

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 13

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1933

NUMBER 46

Republicans Elect Entire Ticket

Astell, Anderson, Thode and Richey are Elected.—269 Ballots are Cast.

Considerable interest was manifested in the Ayers township election last Tuesday, there being two full tickets in the field. The entire Republican ticket was elected. A total of 269 ballots were cast, two of the number being spoiled.

R. M. Astell, the successful candidate for Assessor led the ticket. Others elected were: Harold Anderson, Town Clerk; B. H. Thode, Justice of the Peace; Roy Richey, Constable.

Following are the results:

For Assessor	
R. M. Astell, R	184
E. D. Gorham, D	77
For Town Clerk	
Harold Anderson, R	153
P. O. Rayl, D	95
For Justice of the Peace	
B. H. Thode, R	164
L. W. Donley, D	71
For Constable	
Roy Richey, R	176
Ray Huddleston, D	69

Mrs. Roy McCormick Is Given Shower

Mesdames Lillian McCormick, Bertha Kracht, Beulah Reed and Miss Helen McCormick entertained at a miscellaneous shower at the home of Mrs. Lillie Baker on Thursday evening of last week, in honor of Mrs. Roy McCormick, a recent bride.

The evening was spent in social conversation and writing recipes for the bride's cook book. Mrs. McCormick received many nice gifts. There were about 55 present.

Refreshments consisted of chicken sandwiches, cake and coffee.

Mr. and Mrs. Huddleston Entertain at Card Party

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Huddleston entertained several friends at a bunco and euchre party last Friday night. Refreshments of pie, coffee and popcorn balls were served.

Those present were Phyllis Bergfield, Clara Haines, Aileen Jackson, Odell and Gladys Swangle, Pauline and Selma Limp, Opal Sconce, Earl Eckerty, Roscoe Swangle, Lloyd Skinner, Floyd Seeds, Merle and Bernard Jackson, James David, Dwight Haines, Emery Seeds, Oscar Limp, Otto Limp, Mrs. Lula Swangle, Mrs. Lillie Baker, Mrs. Beulah Reed.

An Appreciation

I take this means of thanking the voters of Ayers township for the loyal support given me at the polls last Tuesday, when I was elected Town Clerk. I will endeavor to merit the confidence reposed in me by filling the office to the best of my ability.

Harold O. Anderson.

"Racing Youth"

Slim Summerville, Louise Fazenda, Frank Albertson and June Clyde in "Racing Youth" at the Illinois Theater, Newman, this weekend. Read ad elsewhere in this paper.

Frost proof cabbage plants for sale about April 15th.—Howard Clem.

Allerton High School News

Clara Haines, Reporter.

The Junior play is to be given April 14.

Vocal solo preliminaries were held Friday (today). Harry Richard was the judge.

The County district Literary Contest was held at Georgetown, Tuesday, April 4.

The Operetta, entitled "The Tea House of Sing Lo," is to be given April 28.

John Richard, Gayle Potter and Jessie Witt were absent from school this week due to illness.

Dorothy Meitzler will take Jessie Witt's part in the play, because Jessie, who has pneumonia, has not been able to resume her school work.

The Juniors are having play practice every night during the week. A lot of interest is being taken by the class in presenting the play entitled, "The Heart Exchange."

Two contestants that were in Literary Contest, Tuesday, gave their readings before the Assembly, Monday afternoon. They were: Paul Smith—"Something Lost;" Helen Goodall—"Good-bye Sister."

Helen Goodall and Paul Smith were the contestants going to Georgetown, Tuesday night.

Helen Goodall won first in humorous reading.

Paul Smith won first in oration.

Helen Goodall got fourth in dramatic reading.

The schedule for track meet is given as follows:

Dual meet—Sidell here, Friday, April 14.

Triangular meet—Sidell and Indianola at Allerton on Friday, April 21.

Ocoee Conference meet at Metcalf, Friday, April 28.

District meet—Saturday, May 13.

County B meet—Saturday, May 20.

County meet—Saturday, May 27.

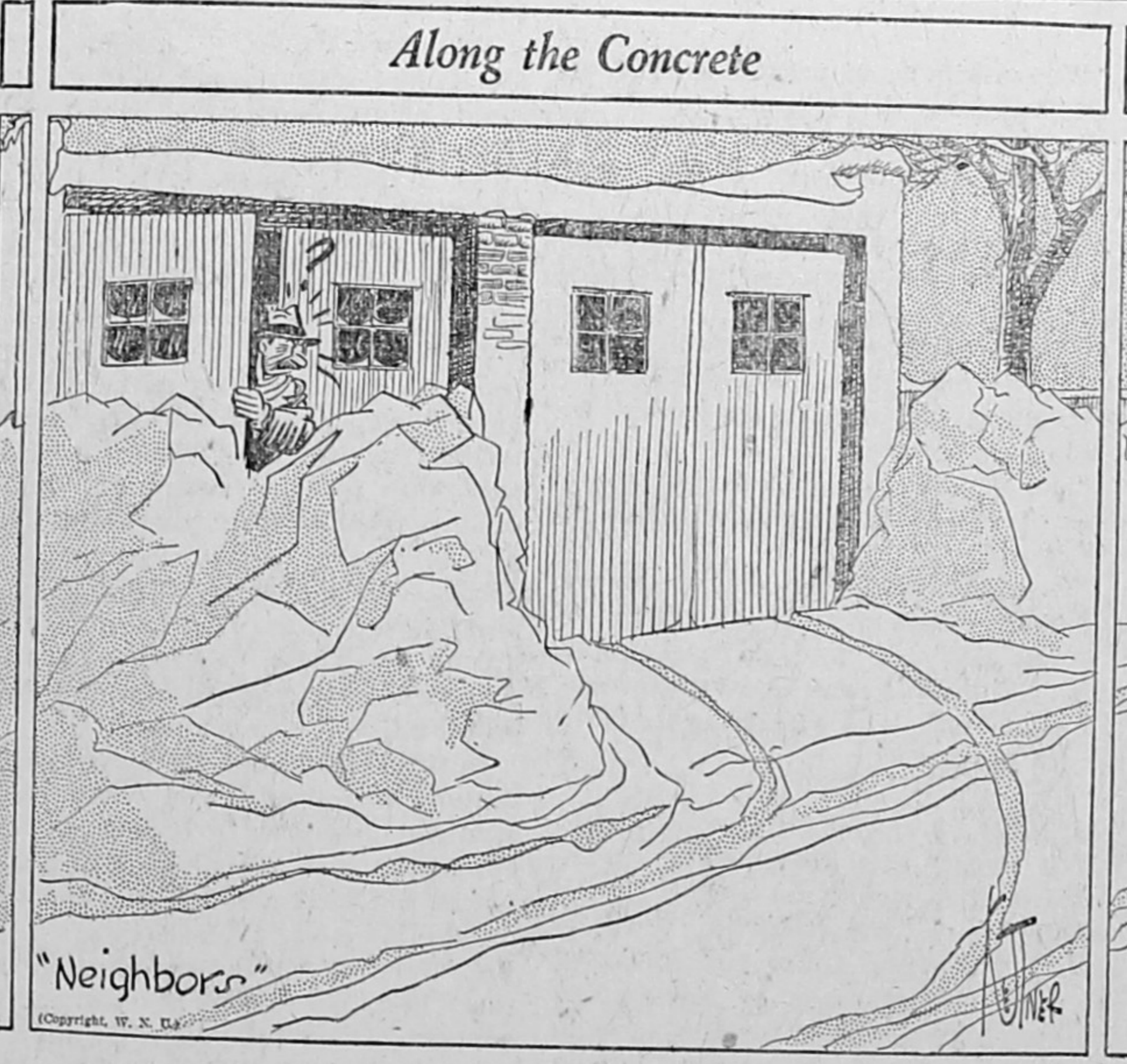
Track work has started again at Allerton High School after a week's by-off due to bad weather.

Though no letter men are out from last year's team, it is expected that the boys will come through for places in all events.

The more promising of the prospects for this year's team are: Harry Archer, Bruce David, Thomas Hendrix, Harold Lundy, Emery Seeds, Floyd Blacker and Bob Hurt.

Archer handles the shot, discus and javelin. Hendrix runs the 880 and mile. Lundy, the dashes and broad jump. Seeds, Blacker and Hurt enter the weight events. Bob Upp is high jumper and hurdler. Archer is a general utility man, but an injured ankle of last year keeps him out of his favorite events, the high and broad jumps.

Earl Loop runs 880 and mile. Perry Potter runs the 440 and 880. Sigmon, a freshman, is showing steady improvement in the 220 hurdles.



Assessors Will Attempt To Equalize New Listings

Champaign County assessors started work Saturday morning on 1933 assessments for taxes payable next year. Their work is devoted principally to personal property assessments. No real estate is listed except where new homes and buildings have been completed since April 1, 1932. The assessed value this year is to be one half the actual value, the same as last year.

In the teeter-totter of farm prices, horses again have forged ahead of milch cows. Assessors will list good farm horses this year at \$40, and milch cows at \$15.

Feeding cattle will be taken at 2 cents per pound, and natives at 1½ cents. Hogs will be taken at 1½ cents per pound, and sheep at \$1 per head.

It was agreed that corn will be taken at 16 cents full value, or 8 cents assessed, oats at 6 cents, and wheat and soy beans at 20 cents assessed value.

An effort is being made to have assessors turn in names of all automobile owners, even if the car is not worth taxing, so the board of review will not have to send out notices without getting results.

An effort will be made, also, to have car figures equalized better this year than last. Sidney Township was the highest spot in the county with an average of \$95, while other townships ran as low as \$32. Champaign was \$73, while Urbana was only \$45.

Entertains at Card and Dance Party

Mrs. Lula Swangle entertained friends at a party at her home on Wednesday night. Cards and dancing furnished the entertainment. Refreshments of sandwiches and coffee were served.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ray Huddleston, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Coryell, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Limp, Mrs. Beulah Reed, Mrs. Lillie Baker, Mrs. Hazel Lee, Phyllis Bergfield, Alice Maxwell, Aileen Jackson, Zelma and Pauline Limp, Odell and Gladys Swangle, Delbert Reed, Merle and Bernard Jackson, Reynold and Oscar Limp, Dwight Haines, Floyd Seeds, Roscoe Swangle, Ivan and Clint Lookingbill, Walter Thode, Emery Seeds.

Rapp's Comedy Company will present Uncle Tom's Cabin, at the local Theater, this Saturday night, according to bills posted in local business houses. It's a movie.

Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald Given Birthday Dinner

Mrs. Carl Dicks entertained at six o'clock dinner, Sunday, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, the occasion celebrating her 62nd birthday. The table was decorated with a large white frozen cake. After dinner the evening was spent in playing euchre and bridge.

Mrs. Carl Dicks' birthday occurred on the preceding Saturday, her age being just one-half that of her mother.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fitzgerald, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Nick Hooker and family, Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald and son Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fitzgerald of Longview; Mr. and Mrs. Dick Fitzgerald and children of Urbana; Mrs. Martha Madigan and family of Homer; Mrs. Fannie Fitzgerald and daughters of Champaign; Mr. and Mrs. Logan Hedrick, Geraldine Hedrick and Miss Marjorie Harvey of Homer; Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dicks.

U. B. Aid Entertained at Home Mrs. Leona Bergfield

Mrs. Leona Bergfield and Mrs. Lillie Bowman entertained the U. B. Ladies Aid at the home of the former on Wednesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by the president, Mrs. Leona Bergfield. An interesting article from The Telescope was read by Mrs. Olive Rayl.

Refreshments consisted of escalloped chicken, perfection salad, hot rolls, butter, and coffee.

Visitors present were Mrs. Bertha Cook, Misses Bessie Harris and Juanita Bergfield, Rev. Turner.

Members present were Mesdames Bessie Loomis, Lucinda Clem, Thelma Clem, Frankie Pettyjohn, Huldah Seeds, Flora Bailey, Pearl Edens, Hattie Dicks, Mary Rayl, Lillous Harris, Beulah Reed, Allie Struck, Ruth Henson, Jennie Nohren, Della Reed, Agnes Turner, Ora Brown, Jessie Bergfield, Belle Smith, Lillie Bowman, Leona Bergfield, Miss Anna Clem.

Market Report

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

No. 3 white shelled corn	25½c
No. 3 yellow corn	24c
No. 2 white oats	15c
No. 2 soy beans	42c

Read a newspaper—keep your mind polished to the last minute.

Longview High School News

Anne Harden, Editor.

Patricia Harden has resumed her school work.

The Senior class is now choosing their class play to be presented in May.

The Junior class play, "Girl Shy," presented in the High School auditorium Friday, March 31, was well attended.

Monday evening, April 10, the literary contestants for the Ocoee and County meets will present their entry numbers in the High School gym. Every one is welcome. This program will include dramatic and humorous declamations, orations, essays, solos, and chorus numbers. Also the one-act play cast will give their play "The Great Dark." There will be no admission charge.

The one-act play "The Great Dark" will be entered by L. V. H. S. in the County "Little Theater Contest," the preliminaries of which will be held at Tolono, April 12.

This play has a foreign cast. The cast is as follows—

Mrs. Slunsky—Elizabeth Harshbarger.

Mrs. Petrovich—Anna Marie Collins.

Mrs. Ryan—Anne Harden.

Mrs. O'Keefe—Mary Sullivan.

Orna—Muriel Mohr.

Mrs. Garcia—Frieda Klautsch.

The Longview High School basketball season was brought to a triumphant close Wednesday evening, April 5, when 175 basketball fans attended a banquet in the team's honor in the high school gym. The team and Mr. Jarman well deserved praise for their excellent cooperation and sportsmanship during the last season of basketball. Two regulars leave us this year; they are Paul Hedrick, center, and Howard Baptist, captain. We also have two other boys leaving—Carl Wade, the team's Kate Smith, and Orville Charlton, manager.

The program was as follows—

Toast—Anna Marie Collins.

Talk—Howard Baptist.

Talk—Paul Hedrick.

Numbers by Harmonica Club.

Talk—Earl Smith.

Piano Duet—Frieda and Erna Klautsch.

Talk—Joe Jobe.

Whistling Solo—Elizabeth Harshbarger.

Talk—presentation of letters and personal awards—Mr. Jarman.

Talk—Harold Fonner, new captain.

Thieves Enter Limp Home Wednesday Night

Sneak thieves entered the Philip Limp home last Wednesday night, some time between 7:30 and 8:30 o'clock, while Mr. Limp and family were attending church services. The thieves gained entrance by prying a window open. Once inside they found a screw driver with which they opened two children's banks, taking \$2.55. One of the banks contained pennies which belonged to the local Campfire Girls' Club.

Mr. Limp states he knows who the persons are that broke into his home and that if they do not return the money by Saturday noon of this week, that he will send the sheriff after them.

Frank Mohr Is Elected Supervisor

Raymond Township Election Is Warm Affair.—Mohr Beats Hiler 1 Vote.

The election in Raymond township last Tuesday was certainly a warm affair. Frank Mohr, present incumbent, defeated Horace Hiler for Supervisor by just one vote. The results were as follows:

For Supervisor	
Frank Mohr, D	192
Horace Hiler, R	191
For Assessor	
Ed Carleton, R	197
John Nohren, D	184
For Town Clerk	
Wm. Fitzgerald, D	197
W. E. Ringo, R	175
For J. of P.	
Manuel Smith, R	186
Chas. Hopkins, D	177
For Constable	
Wm. Chapman, D	208

News Items of 13 Years Ago

The following items are taken from an issue of the Broadlands News of June 25, 1920:

Dr. T. A. Dicks made a professional trip to Danville.

Gerald and Irene Thomas had the measles.

Broadlands was planning to hold a chautauqua.

Rev. R. Krenzien made a trip to Watertown, Wis.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer.

Mrs. Clara Nohren was visiting relatives at Chester, Neb.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boyd.

Mrs. J. A. Clester and Mrs. O. N. Graham were visiting relatives at Ordway, Colo.

Kenneth Dicks was recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

J. E. Johnson had been named business agent of the Champaign County Farm Bureau and was preparing to move to Champaign.

Announcement

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church will meet at the home of Mrs. Ira Laverick, Thursday, April 13th, at 2 o'clock. Mrs. D. P. Brewer will be assistant hostess.

The meeting will be in the form of a spring party.

Don't fail to come to the spring time party.

You will be sure to receive a welcome, most hearty.

We'll help you plan your garden and flowers

Then you'll be ready for the April showers.

The fun begins at two o'clock sharp.

So be on hand for an early start;

Leave behind all worries and be wearing a smile.

The afternoon then will be worth your while.

Know the news—read it in the papers.

This Week

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

\$1 and Board
A Boomerang Boycott
Bankruptcy for Cities
17,000,000 New Babies

Without a roll call, the house of representatives passed a bill authorizing President Roosevelt to send 250,000 idle men to work in national forests for \$1 a day and board. It isn't much, and as Mr. Green of the Federation of Labor said, it may establish a bad precedent in low wages. But one dollar a day and board is better than nothing a day and no board, and good workmen used to be hired in this country for \$100 a year.

Some congressmen tried to defeat President Roosevelt's will, but decided that the time has not come for that yet.

The Hitler party starts a nationwide boycott against Jews in Germany, calling the boycott "a reprisal for the atrocity campaign" alleged to have been made by Jews.

If carried out, without interference by the German government, the boycott will be harmful to German Jews, in the beginning, infinitely more harmful to German business and prosperity in the end.

Action that would deprive Germany of the Jewish commercial and industrial ability that has done so much to build up German prosperity, will probably not last long. The Germans are intelligent.

A bill to be introduced by Congressman Wilcox of Miami will interest holders of municipal bonds. Mr. Wilcox' bill would allow cities overburdened with debt to go into bankruptcy as individuals do, settle with their creditors on a basis of their ability to pay, and have a clean bill of health following the bankruptcy. This will startle those taught to look on municipal bonds as first mortgages on the city. They are nothing of the kind, because nobody would have power to sell a city to meet the mortgage, or would exercise the power if he had it.

Mussolini, constructive dictator, tells mothers and fathers of Italy, also young men and women not yet married, that he wants Italy's population increased in the next 10 years by 17,000,000. In other words, a country much smaller than California, far behind California in fertility, and wealth of every kind, already possessing nearly ten times the population of California, proposes to add in 10 years four times California's population to what Italy has already.

As usual, Italians co-operated with Mussolini in his plans. They have come to believe that what he says ought to be done.

Some Italian cities offer cash rewards for marriages, others rewards for babies. Houses, cribs, bedding, sums in cash, many inducements attract "the first ten brides and grooms, the first 50 babies," etc.

Wise Mussolini knows that the real wealth of the world is intelligent population, and that he will find room and useful work for the seventeen million new Italians when they come. The most energetic will go to Italy's possessions in Africa, and elsewhere outside Italy.

Mr. Wyatt, lawyer of the Federal Reserve bank, says congress has power to abolish state banks and put all the banking under the national government. Apart from that President Roosevelt has convinced you of his own ability to do things, anyhow, and make congress say "Amen."

It is important, as Frederick H. Prince of Boston says, not to deprive small communities of services that only the little local banks can render. No gentleman sent from Washington could possess intimate acquaintance with a community's financial needs and its citizens' responsibility.

However, banks controlled to prevent their bursting at the rate of thousands a year, with an occasional moratorium, would be desirable. Our American system that breaks down, stalls and breaks up, like an automobile eighteen years old, isn't much of a credit to the country.

It is proposed that government regulate the quantity and character of stocks sold to the gullible public. The other assorted thievery that has been practiced on the American people is nothing compared to a fraudulent issue of watered stock. One concern issued more than sixty million shares of stocks against one unimportant light and power company, selling the stock at a price, that for the whole lot, would amount to more than fifteen hundred million dollars, enough to build five Panama canals. With such "bargains" you need not be surprised at any depression, any series of bank explosions or private bankruptcies.

Spain decides that Spanish women may vote beginning April 23 in municipal elections. That is a start. The Latin races oppose "votes for women," perhaps because Latin women play so large a part in their husband's affairs and have already plenty to do. Where you find a man of Latin race running a business, you are apt to find his wife, dressed in plain black, behind the cashier's desk, or otherwise carrying one-half the burden.

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News Review of Current Events the World Over

President Scraps Farm Board and Combines Several Bureaus Into One Agency; Wins First Round With British on Debts.

WHAT the President terms the "farm credit administration" was created by executive order which, if it meets with congressional approval, as is expected, will become operative May 27.



Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

The "farm credit administration" replaces the federal farm loan board, the federal farm loan board, and the farm credit activities that have been scattered through seven different governmental agencies.

The "administration" will be headed by Henry Morgenthau, Jr., with the title of governor, and an assistant, for the present at least, Paul Bestor, with the title of commissioner. Governor Morgenthau said, after issuance of the order, that the activities of the government in granting loans to farmers and farm organizations will be fully co-ordinated. In the past, with the government making loans through the Department of Agriculture, the R. F. C., the farm board and other agencies, varying rates of interest were charged and different purposes and conditions were set up, and under the new regime, Governor Morgenthau said, unity of purpose and treatment will be observed strictly.

He also declared that all employees of the new credit administration will be placed under civil service, instead of under a patronage system as exists in many of the bureaus at present. The executive order issued by the President directed the abolishment of the farm stabilization activities of the farm board which have resulted in losses of three hundred million dollars, except that he provided they should be continued only to liquidate the left over holdings of the board. This consists of thirty million bushels of wheat and twenty-eight thousand bales of cotton.

In a message to congress accompanying the order President Roosevelt said his purpose was to "maintain and strengthen a sound and permanent system of co-operative agricultural credit subject to federal supervision and operated on the basis of providing the maximum of security to present and prospective investors in bonds and debentures resting on farm mortgages or other agricultural securities—all for the purpose of meeting the credit needs of agriculture at minimum cost."

The consolidation of these various activities under one head is expected to result in an administrative saving of approximately two million dollars a year.

THE efforts of European nations to cancel or greatly reduce the war debts owed to the United States are on, and it is said President Roosevelt has won the first skirmish to the extent of considering world economic conditions before any discussion of war debts.

As a result of Mr. Roosevelt's insistence it is reported the British government has backed down from the position announced by Austen Chamberlain, chancellor of the exchequer, when he said that Britain would not swap economic concessions for revision of the debt. The British are now willing to discuss economic concessions before the debt question is taken up. By virtue of this sudden change of front on the part of the MacDonald ministry, the world economic conference is likely to be held in April or May instead of next summer or autumn, as the European powers were planning.

The British ambassador, Sir Ronald Lindsay, has discussed with Secretary of State Cordell Hull, the questions to come before the economic conference before the debt question is considered. The French are also willing to discuss economic questions before considering war debts. Following a White House conference between President Roosevelt and M. Jacques Stern, vice chairman of the finance committee of the French chamber of deputies, M. Stern said that he had not discussed war debts with the President; that their conversation had been confined to the economic conference which the deputy thought "it would be very important to hold as soon as can be made possible."

Asked about the debt, he said "it would be very important for France to pay the December installment as a mark of respect to President Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull have taken the position from the start that the war debts are secondary in importance to the removal of tariff, embargo, quota, exchange and other restrictions on international trade.

A preparatory commission named for the purpose of preparing an agenda for the economic conference has listed the following subjects for consideration:

"The original and present weight of debt and interest obligations.

"Price of primary commodities and price of manufactured goods, both wholesale and retail.

"The existing volume of production in different staple commodities entering in world trade.

"The willingness of creditors to make international loans and their unwillingness to receive payment in goods and services.

"The distribution in different countries of the available gold supplies of the world.

"The disharmony between the stable and fluctuating rates of exchange." Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, of England, will preside at the economic conference and will name the date for its convening.

PROGRESS of the farm relief bill in the senate has been slow. Senatorial dignity would not permit of the speeding up of the ponderous machinery of the upper house regardless of the plea of Secretary of Agriculture Wallace for speed and for the passage of the bill as originally written by the President and his advisors. There just had to be hearings on the bill and everybody, for and against, must have a chance to talk, and they have talked.

At this writing it seems that "a" bill will eventually pass but whether it will be the bill that passed the house, and is acceptable to the administration, or whether it will be so radically changed as to be unrecognized by its proponents, or unacceptable at the White House, is for the future to reveal.

FARM relief in other directions moved along more rapidly. The proposal for refinancing farm mortgages has taken form and the proposition is for the selling of farm mortgage bonds to the extent of from nine to ten billion dollars on which the government will guarantee the interest, but not the principal. It is expected the government's guarantee of interest will make the bonds marketable at a comparatively low interest rate.

Farm leaders have urged a government guarantee of the principal on such a bond issue, but such a guarantee would make them a direct obligation of the government, and mean simply an increase in the national debt of nine or ten billion dollars. Guaranteeing the interest only means that should there be a complete default on the part of the farmers, which is never probable, the treasury would have from three hundred to four hundred million dollars to pay annually until the bonds had matured.

THERE is a growing belief in Washington that the budget will not be balanced during the next fiscal year beginning July 1, regardless of the economies made by cutting the pay of government employees, reorganization of bureaus and departments, and reductions in payments to veterans, amounting to an expected total of some seven hundred millions, and regardless of an added revenue from the tax on beer, estimated at about one hundred and fifty million.

The relief grant of five hundred millions provided for in a bill now before congress, and the two hundred millions for the reforestation plan, will alone off-set the economies. It is probable that the more ambitious plans of the President will be financed through new bond issues, but there will be increased interest charges and a sinking fund to provide for which will run into hundreds of millions annually.

Along with these things tax yields are falling short of estimates because of the continued prostration of business.

FIVE hundred million dollars to be provided by the federal government and distributed as unemployment relief by the states is called for in a bill introduced in the senate by Senators Wagner of New York, Costigan of Colorado, and La Follette of Wisconsin.

The bill provides that the huge sum shall be given outright to such states as shall apply for aid, and places the responsibility for seeing that the money is given wisely in the hands of a "federal relief administrator."

This official would be appointed by the President, with the consent of the senate, and carry on his duties independent of any other department.

The Reconstruction Finance corporation is given authority, under the bill, to borrow the five hundred million dollars, but will have no powers beyond turning the money over to the relief administrator. Ten days after the appointment of the relief executive, the Reconstruction Finance corporation would cease to have any control over the granting of loans to states or municipalities for relief purposes, and thus all of the government's relief financing would be under the one jurisdiction.

A NATION-WIDE boycott on all Jewish business and professional men in Germany has been clamped down by Chancellor Hitler's National Socialist party. The announcement states that it will last "until Jewish life in Germany is paralyzed." Hitler's government, while not officially countenancing the boycott, is not expected to intervene.

At Nazi headquarters it was said that the boycott "is a purely defensive measure solely directed against German Jewry as retaliation for the anti-German campaign in foreign countries."

All over Germany Jewish owned shops and department stores closed their doors and were picketed by storm troopers.

THE President's bill providing for the employment of 250,000 men for the purpose of reforestation and other work in government forest reserves and along the rivers, passed congress with some amendments made by the senate. One of these amendments removes the state quota restrictions on the sixty-eight million dollars remaining of the relief funds in the hands of the Reconstruction Finance corporation. This makes it possible for states that have borrowed up to the quota previously provided to continue to borrow until the sixty-eight million is exhausted.

In the house the bill was adopted without a roll call, but with the Republican members in opposition. This opposition was not directed at the bill but at the methods of ruling the house by the Democratic majority. It was the first of the administration bills that had not received non-partisan support. The bill was strongly opposed by President Green of the American Federation of Labor.

DIRECTOR of the Budget Lewis W. Douglas has completed the task of revising the payment to veterans under the terms of the economy bill giving the President dictatorial powers for such revision. This revision eliminates from the pension rolls all veterans with non-service disabilities, and reduces the payments to those with service disabilities by approximately 15 per cent, the same percentage of reduction as that made in the wages of government employees.

The economies that either have been, or are expected to be, effected cover the reduction of 15 per cent in the wages of all government employees made by the President; reduction in veterans' benefits and administration now made; reorganization of the departments and bureaus in the administrative branch of the government, for which the President has authority, and on which he is now working; postal service economies, now being considered. When all have been completed the following savings will have been effected:

Veterans' benefits and administration	\$480,000,000
Reorganization of administrative branch of the government, including abolition of functions	250,000,000
Reduction in the pay of government employees	125,000,000
Postal service economies	75,000,000
Total	\$930,000,000

Among the new expenditures that will offset these savings is the appropriation of five hundred million dollars as a gift to the states to be used for non-employment relief, and the reforestation plan of the President which congress has authorized, and which involves an expenditure of not less than two hundred million dollars.

MEXICAN Communists object to Josephus Daniels as American ambassador at Mexico City. Posters captioned "Out with Daniels" have appeared on walls in the capital. They call him "the murderer of Azueta and Uribe." These men were Mexicans who were killed in the fighting when United States forces landed at Vera Cruz in 1914. At that time Mr. Daniels was secretary of the navy.

UNDER the authority granted him by congress the President has ordered a 15 per cent cut in the pay of all federal employees, effective April 1. The order affects the employees in all departments including officers and enlisted men in the army and navy, Post Office department, and all others on the government pay rolls, a total of approximately 800,000.

The authority given by congress provided for such cut as reduced living expenses might warrant up to a total of 15 per cent. An investigation of living costs made by the Department of Labor showed a decrease from June 30 of last year to the present time of 21.7 per cent. On the strength of that report the President ordered the cut in pay to the limit of that allowed by the terms of the economy law. It is estimated the saving to the government will be approximately \$125,000,000 annually.

FEDERAL regulation of new stock and bond issues is proposed by the President. He asks the passage of legislation that will require the organizers, promoters, and sellers of the issues to submit for public information a complete financial statement concerning the stocks and bonds offered.

The proposed law would provide that full information be given on every prospectus offering securities for public sale, and similar information be made available at other sources. Bonuses and commissions paid to sellers would also be revealed to the public.

No serious objection to the terms of the bill is expected in either the house or the senate.

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Peru's Capital Gets New Dress

Lima, Ancient City of the Pizarros, Is Transformed Into Modern Metropolis.

(Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)—WNU Service.

D EMOUSHING here, building there; installing modern water and sewerage systems; tearing up rough, age-worn cobblestones, putting down smooth modern concrete and asphalt in their stead; opening up new highways both to the mountains and the sea; and developing motor routes to the outlying regions of the plain; thus the makers of New Lima are transforming the Peruvian capital, city of the Pizarros.

The older portion of the city, as well as the newer region which circumscribes it, is sharing in the modernization. True the older section is and must remain an area of one-way streets, for its thoroughfares are so narrow that even street cars must observe the one-way law. Likewise, the sidewalks are so lacking in elbow room that only two people can pass one another at a time, and the one on the outside must keep a close watch lest he be struck by a passing trolley.

Old and new fight for supremacy. The blue-necked turkey buzzards have lost their role as the official scavengers; the ox-cart has given place largely to the motor truck; the old barouche has abandoned the streets to the modern automobile; and the patient, panniered donkey is making his last stand.

Even Pizarro's stern old palace is feeling the urge toward modernization. In days gone by, there was no street in Lima that had a single name throughout its length. Each block had its own particular designation. The two streets that lead from the Plaza San Martin to the National Palace are six blocks long. Each possessed six different names, one for each block.

The municipal authorities wanted to change all this and gave each street a single designation for its entire length. The one they called the Giron de la Union and the other the Giron Carabaya.

But the populace would have none of it. The man who did business on the northwest side of the Plaza de Armas still wanted to have his store



Sale of Shoes in a Peruvian Market.

on Escribanos, and the one who held forth on the next block still insisted he was doing business on Mercaderes, and they continue to do so. Consequently the Giron de la Union is swallowed up by the several calles which compose it.

These may be named without modern-day rhyme or reason, and they certainly are without alphabetical or other indication of their sequences; but the people cling to them, despite whatever confusion it costs the post office, however much it may perplex the visitor, and whatever harvest it may bring the taxi drivers.

How the System Works.

Many interesting stories are told illustrating how this mysterious system works. One concerns a stranger who hailed a taxi in Calle La Merced and asked the chauffeur to drive him to "Baquijano veinte cinco." The driver did not bat an eye, but drove like Jehu up Jesus Nazareno, skidded on two wheels into Giron Carabaya, raced around Plaza San Martin, and whirled up through Boza, landing his shaken passenger at the address given—on the same street, but simply in the next block from where he started!

The name Mercaderes tells us of the day when that block was the Wall Street of Lima and Escribanos or the public letter writers who were sheltered under the portals, on the west side of the Plaza. Calle Mantas proclaims the square where the ladies of Peru's golden past "spent their husbands' substance in riotous purchase of shawls, homespuns, Indian textiles, and lingerie."

The history of Lima's past is written in her streets, in names that the municipality long has wanted to wipe out in favor of through designations and numbered blocks. But the people of the city cling to their streets with a devotion that will not permit convenience to triumph over romantic ties with the past.

In wandering about the old city, one comes upon many an architectural relic of the days of the viceroys; but, among all of these, none is more impressive than the monastery of San Francisco. There one may be ushered into a porcelain garden where the artistic tiles of the cloister compete with the living flowers that bloom in the earth they inclose.

No one has described more beautifully the effect of this porcelain garden than Mr. F. P. Farrar, of "The West Coast Leader." "Here," he says,

"is a porcelain garden, a ceramic border of springtime, where the blues of delphinium and lupine, the yellow of cyprus and the gold of colchicum, the creamy white of arabis and the mauves of aubrieta, blend into the fresh foliage of the overhanging trees and the azure of the new-washed skies."

The charm of the story of the origin of this porcelain garden almost equals the beauty of the ceramic triumph itself. On a November morning in 1619 a vast crowd had gathered in the Plaza de Armas, for there was to be a public hanging, and these events were Roman holidays for the populace.

The public crier had announced: "The Warrantable and Royal Audiencia of this City of the Kings has condemned to suffer a shameful death on the gallows Alonso Godínez, native of Guadalupe, in Spain, for the murder of Marta Villoslada without fear of judgment human or divine. Let him who did so pay the penalty! This sentence is to be read in the presence of all lest they meet a like end! Let justice be done!"

Came a Reprieve.

The condemned man had taken his stand beneath the noose and the hangman was nervously adjusting the fatal knot. Suddenly a monk pushed his way through the throng, climbed the gallows platform, and handed a parchment to the captain of the guard. After the latter had read it, the two engaged in a moment of animated conversation, after which the padre led the condemned man away and into the portals of the monastery of San Francisco. The crowd, disappointed, hung about the Plaza de San Francisco discussing this strange overthrow of justice and berating those who had denied them their holiday.

But later the reason for reprieve became known. That morning the condemned man had made what he thought would be his last confession on earth, to the prior of the monastery. He said that he was a potter by trade and that he had learned the art both of making and setting tiles.

Years before, Dona Catalina Huanca had brought from Spain a magnificent collection of tiles for the decoration of the new cloisters at San Francisco; but neither plan nor a tile setter had come with them, and Lima had no tile setters. So for years the tiles had been piled up in a corner of the monastery; many were stolen and more were broken. Would Providence ever open a way for their setting?

Here seemed to be the answer; the prior saw an opportunity to let the man who had murdered a woman in a drunken brawl repent his sins in a lifelong task of setting these splendid tiles. So he hastened to the Viceroy to implore the pardon of the murderer, and the Viceroy, a descendant of the Borgias, seeing poetic justice in remitting the penalty of the scaffold and imposing a task of service that would require a lifetime, granted the commutation of sentence.

One can see today the wisdom of that act of mercy-tempered justice. Alonso Godínez was a true artist, who loved his work and threw his soul into it. Today "the walls blossom with pictures which in their mellowness, richness, and seductive beauty rival those of the Alhambra itself; and it is doubtful if outside of Spain there is to be found a finer example of porcelain en-tablature in the heyday of its art than here."

Lima is peculiarly a city of churches, with some 70 in its limits; and, with nearly four centuries of outstanding ecclesiastical tradition behind them, the people are much given to buying religious objects. The Cathedral is a magnificent structure, much larger than Pizarro built, but still not so grand as the one erected during the early years of the viceregal regime and destroyed by the great earthquake that wiped out Callao, the nearby seaport.

The high altar is of massive silver construction. In the chapel of the Virgin is a celebrated image presented by the Emperor Charles V of Spain, and in the Chapel Arcediano an original painting attributed to Murillo, representing Jesus and Veronica. Here rests a glass-and-marble casket which is most interesting of all, for it contains the half-mummy, half-skeleton reputed to be the remains of the great conqueror.

Fashionable Hats Taboo.

The attire for church occasions is perhaps the most conservative in the New World. Even those women who dress in the latest Parisian modes elsewhere put on their plain black mantillas when going to church. In some congregations those who come in fashionable headgear are told politely to remove them and substitute their mantillas before they are allowed to be seated.

Among the fine old residences of Lima one of the most impressively beautiful is the famous palace of Torre-Tagle, once the home of the marquises of that name, but now the headquarters of the Ministry of Foreign Relations.

The City of the Kings long has been famous for its brilliant social life, with a constant succession of luncheons, teas, dinners, dances, champánadas, and receptions. Nearly four centuries of wealth, leisure, and opportunity have written their impress of culture on the descendants of the nobility and official classes of the colonial regime.

Most of the higher class residents, so to speak, board with their cooks. The latter are given specified allowances each day, and out of that are expected to keep their masters' tables up to the exacted standard, and to keep the market men with whom they deal happy through gratuities doled out to them.

Celebration for Janie

By GEORGE GROGAN

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JANE RAINEY looked across the lamplit living room at Janie, who sat relaxed and lovely, gazing sadly from the window at the Hudson river. "She's beautiful," thought Jane. "I don't wonder he loves her." Jane, too, was beautiful, with the maturity of forty. She, too, looked somewhat sad.

Her husband, Clarkson, rustled his paper nervously. Tension was in the air. He gazed over the tops of his glasses at his wife and his daughter. "They're beautiful," he thought. "It's a darn shame that young whippersnapper has to spoil it all."

"Well, Janie," he said, "you're not by any chance gracing the family circle with your presence tonight, are you?"

A little sarcasm, but a lot of affection. Clarkson Rainey was very fond of his daughter Janie. And so was she of him.

"Daddy," she said—"and mother: I'm going over to Molly's for the evening. Bert's going to be there. But I want to tell you and mother something before I go. I'm going to marry him."

Clarkson Rainey spoke with an effort, guardedly. "I don't like that Janie," he said. "You know that."

"Yes," she said, facing her father bravely. "I know that. You and mother don't like Bert. But I—love him."

"Oh, Janie," said her mother. "It isn't that we don't like Bert—he's a dear boy, but—"

"Father was a dear boy once—he'll outgrow that: I mean Bert will," said Janie.

Jane and Clarkson talked all evening. "I won't have it," Clarkson stormed. "I won't have it. He's just a boy. He's no more fitted to take care of Janie than—well, it just won't do."

Jane raised objections, but she really agreed with him. They couldn't think of Bert as grown up. They had known him from babyhood, just as they had Janie. "Of course, Clarkson, I suppose we ought to be glad we know him so well—know he's decent, and all that. But if it had only been Mr. Gregory."

That was the trouble, of course. They both favored another suitor for Janie's hand, a man of twenty-eight, established, charming, mature. Not Bert, twenty-two, stumbling at his first job, awkward, boyish.

They went to bed that night without seeing Janie. While they were dressing next morning they decided they must make the best of it. "It's Janie's life, of course," admitted Clarkson. "I guess we've got to make the best of it. Tell you what—I'll get four tickets for that show Janie wants to see, and we'll have dinner first at the Ritz. Tell the child to bring her boy along for our blessing."

But there was no chance to tell Janie, that morning, of their change of heart. She had gone, before breakfast, to Molly's.

Jane tried half a dozen times to get in touch with Bert by telephone. "Well, naturally," said Janie, when she came in at six. "I told him not to talk with you—not till I'd seen how things were. But I'm awfully sorry, mother. You and father are sports."

"Yes," said Jane, contritely. "I said the message was from you."

It was a radiant Janie who got out of the taxicab behind her father and mother at the gay hotel an hour later. But when seven-fifteen came and no Bert appeared—when seven-thirty came and they had to sit down to dinner without him, Janie wasn't so happy. She had telephoned his apartment. He wasn't in.

So the celebration of Janie's engagement wasn't very gay, after all. Her father was all contrition. It was his bungling fault, he thought. His reaction toward Bert improved by the minute.

At quarter past eight three rather subdued people stepped into a taxicab, to go to the theater. "Well, for heaven's sake," said Clarkson. A stooped, damp figure with a bunch of chrysanthemums, which he was offering for sale, stood by his elbow. "Oh, daddy, get some. He's one of the unemployed—please."

But Clarkson took the shabby figure by the coat collar. "You poor goose," he said. The damp, stooped man straightened out and, under a worn coat and battered hat, emerged as Bert. "What ever did you do that for?"

"I had to see Janie—she telephoned me, or somebody did, to meet her here at seven. Well, I saw you go in and couldn't get her eye. So I paid five dollars to a fellow selling flowers for his coat and hat—gave him mine—and his flowers, and I've been hanging around since then waiting for Janie to come out hoping to get a chance to speak to her disguised as a flower seller."

"Oh, Bert," said Janie's mother, "you're such a baby. Here, get in here with us. We're glad you're going to marry Janie. We're celebrating."

Clarkson slammed the taxi door as he crowded in on the little seat across from his wife. His hand sought hers in the dark. One thing—Bert wasn't going to take their responsibility away from them; they'd have two children, now, instead of one.

Tenting Tonight

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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THE Streeters had been "out" a month, and by that I don't mean out of jail, but on the road, in the great out-of-doors, hitting the trail, or what you will in camp lingo.

To look at them, you would know they had been out for some time. A thick coating of dust hid the newness of duffle bags, suitcases, stove, umbrella tent, telescope cots, and collapsible table, all stowed on running boards, fenders, bumpers and either side of the hood.

The latter arrangement was very awkward for Mr. Streeter when putting in oil but, as his wife said, it was one of these small inconveniences which one should not mind. She didn't.

Mrs. Streeter had been the instigator of the trip. She had had difficulty in persuading her husband to go. As for Darienne, their daughter, it required all of their combined parental authority to get her to accompany them. And it was because of her that they were there.

"We must get Darry away from that plumber's boy," Mrs. Streeter had insisted. "I suggest that we take the car and go touring."

"Stopping at hotels, of course?"

"Nothing of the kind. It isn't being done as it used to be. We will put up at those lovely state parks and municipal camps you hear tell of. The Dunbars were out all last summer and they said they just rode all day long, looking forward to the camp at night, some of which had electric lights, caretakers, showers, and everything!"

So here they were on this warm August day doing a mean forty-five and hoping to reach a camp the man in the chain store where they had bought some groceries had told them about. "Somebody's camp grounds or other, it says on a sign. Don't know about the shower baths, but it's right on the highway and you can't possibly miss it."

However, darkness, unlighted by moon or stars, for the night was cloudy, had descended before the Streeters reached their destination; sure enough, there was the sign, on which, aided by the spotlight, they could at least make out the welcome words "camp grounds."

In the background, a dark bulk, as of a tent, loomed up, and a general trodden-down appearance of the level ground seemed to indicate that other campers had preceded them.

Within an hour, mother, father and daughter were wrapped in slumber. Darry's sleep, to be sure, was interwoven with pleasant dreams of Charley regarding whom absence had only seemed to make her heart grow fonder.

The sun had been up some time, when Mrs. Streeter awoke with a start. Then she nudged her husband. "Listen, Ed, am I dreaming or do I hear an awful lot of people outside?"

Ed turned over drowsily, roused up, and peeked through the tent flap. Then he sat up suddenly. "There are at least two hundred," he said, "sitting around and acting as if they were waiting."

"Waiting?" cried Mrs. Streeter, in a loud whisper, "waiting for what?"

"Well," groaned Mr. Streeter, "they look as if they were waiting for us to get up!"

"And that canvas thing in back we thought was a tent," broke in Darry, who had been doing some peeping on her own account, "looks like a statue waiting to be unveiled!"

Those storied Arabs, who folded their tents and silently stole away had nothing on the Streeters that morning. In utter stillness and with never a glance at one another, they crept into their clothes, packed up their equipment and climbed into their car.

Just as Ed put his foot on the starter, a portly woman rushed over to them and shook Mrs. Streeter's hand violently. "We do hope we didn't disturb you, but you know we're a club made up of his descendants and we've come to dedicate this statue on the anniversary of his birthday. If you would like to stay—"

But Mrs. Streeter declined her well-meant invitation kindly but firmly. Not until they were many miles away did she open her mouth again. Then, "Well, I would like to know whose descendants they were, but I don't suppose I ever shall, for never, in all my born days will I come back this way again."

"Well, I can tell you, Mamma," said Darry bitterly. "It was Joshua Putnam. While she was talking to you, I looked over at that sign we half read last night and it said, 'Joshua Putnam Camp Grounds. Where Joshua Putnam made his headquarters in 1777.' We weren't camped in what we think of as camp grounds. We were sleeping in a public park, and if you say another word against Charley, I shall tell everybody at home the whole thing. I just guess it isn't any more disgraceful to marry a plumber's son than to hold up an unvelled celebration while you get your clothes on!"

Next day, Charley received a telegram. "Dearest Charley, we are coming right home because Momma is sick of camping. She says no more camping for her. But lets you and I go camping on our wedding trip. It's all right if you go with the right party and camp before dark so you know where you're at. Love and kisses. DARRY."

She Might Have Explained

By ALICE DUANE

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WHEN Mrs. Hanford managed to get Terry alone in their tiny stateroom, crowded almost to overflowing with handbags, cameras, golf bags, magazines, boxes of candy, flowers and books, she looked at her daughter intently and suggested firmly that she had on altogether too much rouge. "You know your father and I don't object to a little, but you look positively theatrical."

Terry assured her mother that her face was rougeless and rubbed the flawless skin of her pretty cheeks with her handkerchief to prove her innocence.

"Then you must have a fever," decided Mrs. Hanford.

"Just excitement—" Terry told her and dear Mrs. Hanford believed that the excitement was due entirely to the fact that now after all these years of anticipation they were finally going abroad. Not just going for a few summer months, but for over a year of gorgeous adventure, made possible by the fact that Terry's first year out of college coincided with Professor Hanford's year's leave of absence.

And as they hurried out of the stateroom to rejoin their friends who had come to see them off, Mrs. Hanford reflected that among all the good people who had come to wish them a "bon voyage" not one had come on Terry's invitation.

"I'm sorry," she told her daughter, "you didn't have some of your own friends here."

"Oh, well," said Terry, "you know father doesn't like to have young people around very much, and there's hardly anyone here in the city anyway."

"But you expected Bob Taylor—didn't you?" Bob Taylor was one of Terry's friends of whom her parents entirely approved.

Terry was about to explain away her disappointment at Bob Taylor's nonappearance when they reached the dock and found the young man in question in the circle assembled round the beaming professor. Seeing Terry, he broke away, greeted Mrs. Hanford and accepted Terry's invitation to make a tour of inspection.

"We'll be back—soon," she called back. "There's half an hour more before people have to go ashore."

Terry hurried Bob to a secluded corner of the writing room. "Something rather terrible has happened," she told him, "I left my passport and ticket at the hotel. I wouldn't dare tell father. He'd be furious. But if I take a taxi I can go to the hotel and get back."

Bob insisted at first on going with her but yielded to her second plan. "I'll have to go at once. You stay here and explain. Tell them everything will be all right. And if it comes time for visitors to go ashore, you come ashore and wait for me. Don't let them come ashore, whatever else you do. Tell them you'll arrange to get me at the last minute."

Once on the dock Terry sped with all haste back toward West street. Bob made some unsuccessful attempts to explain to the Hanfords who were too absorbed in their friends to think much about their daughter. It was not until the first signal for visitors to go ashore that Bob managed to make them understand.

An hour later Bob watched the last glimpse of the liner going down the bay. And then quietly, from some-

where, appeared Terry, looking entirely serene and unburied.

"Here I am," she told him. "But don't do anything about it till I explain."

"But maybe we can charter a tug-boat or something," he said. "I promised them I'd—and it's all right about your passport and ticket. Your father had them all the time."

"Of course he did," Terry told him. "I didn't go to the hotel. I just stood out on West street until the boat had gone. It was just out of the question any way you put it. Father's a dear and I admire him, but being together, morning, noon and night for over a year would be unthinkable."

"Well, of course I'm glad, Terry—that is, I couldn't endure the thought of not seeing you for so long, and I wouldn't be able to get over even next summer—but what are you going to do? I mean, you'll have to send a wireless as soon as possible to let them know you're safe and what you are going to do—"

"Maybe you better figure that out," Terry told him. "You tell them I'm safe and everything is OK and I'll write them so they'll have a letter by the time they land."

Bob drew a notebook from his pocket and scribbled with a pocket pencil. "How's that?"

"Terry safe. We have decided to be married at once. Letter following."

Goldfish Production

Goldfish are the product of long years of selective breeding. The native fish, from which goldfish were developed, belong to the carp family and are still numerous in the streams of China. They do not naturally have the golden hue but are dark in color much like ordinary carp. Centuries ago the Chinese fish culturists interbred light colored specimens and produced beautiful varieties. Fanciers further induced and strengthened the golden and silvery colors by regulating the quantity of mineral in the water.

Election Notice

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, April 18, 1933, in the Village of Broadlands, in the County of Champaign and State of Illinois, an election will be held for the election of the following officers:

President of the Board of Village Trustees.

Three Trustees for full term; and one trustee to fill vacancy.

Village Clerk.

Police Magistrate.

Polls for said election will open at 6:00 o'clock in the morning and will remain open until 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dated at Broadlands, Illinois, this 31st day of March, A. D., 1933.

C. F. Seeds, Village Clerk.

Wallpaper

New low priced wallpaper. 64 patterns 6c to 15c per single roll. Hanging 10c per single roll.—Albert Cummings.

Frost proof cabbage plants for sale about April 15th.—Howard Clem.

Time Tables
C. & E. I.

Southbound	1:55 p. m.
Northbound	3:19 p. m.
Star Mail Route	
Southbound	7:15 a. m.
Northbound	8:30 a. m.

Executor's Notice

Those having Executor's Notices for publication can have them published in the local paper for about one-half the amount that daily papers charge.

You tell us—we tell the world.

DR. R. W. SWICKARD
DENTIST
X-Ray

Now permanently located at
Newman, Illinois.
Telephone 83.

Know the news—read it in the papers.

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

L. W. Donley

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KEEP Springtime Beauty ALL YEAR 'ROUND

WITH THIS MARVELOUS OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

No one has to tell you what weather does to your skin. A few days' exposure to the elements and you can feel your face growing dry and chapped. You can see it becoming red and rough.

But these conditions can be overcome easily by one simple precaution. The daily use of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder will help your skin retain its youthful beauty and charm.

OUTDOOR GIRL is new. Different. It's the only face powder made with an Olive Oil base. It soothes and soft-

ens the skin. Keeps it firm and supple. OUTDOOR GIRL is light and fluffy, yet it clings longer than any other powder. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes—10c, 25c and \$1.00. If you want to sample five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon.



Made in America

for Miss America

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, Willis Ave., N.Y.C. Dept. 107
I enclose 10c to cover postage and handling. Please send me your OUTDOOR GIRL "Introductory Sampler" containing liberal trial packages of Olive Oil Face Powder—Lightex Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream—Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

ECONOMY CAN BE PLEASING TREAT

Some Clever Suggestions for Hard Times Party.

By EDITH M. BARBER

A letter came in the other day asking me to help in the planning of a "Hard Times" party. I am printing a copy of the suggestions I made and adding the comments from the letter I received from the hostess after the party had taken place—of course, successfully, as is always almost certain when gathering of friends is informal.

"Now about your request for suggestions for a 'Hard Times' party. I wonder if it wouldn't be amusing to have your dining table covered with a red and white check table cloth and to serve for a first course, onion soup with cheese and to have long loaves of French bread to be cut at the table. You might have as well a number of different kinds of cheese and dill pickles or home-made pickles, of which I imagine you have a ready stock. For dessert you might have hot ginger cake or apple or sweet potato pie.

"Another suggestion is to borrow the grills in your neighborhood and let each person bake his own griddle cakes and to have ready baker sausages or crisp bacon and maple syrup to serve with them. If this is not feasible, you could have large griddle cakes, the size of a plate, prepared in the kitchen, put together with shaved maple sugar and brought in to be cut into pie shape pieces at the table.

"Another suggestion is to have an old-fashioned Dutch lunch of cold meats, potato salad, cheese, rye bread, white bread, pickles, sauerkraut, and herring. If you want dessert with this sort of refreshments, chilled fruit is perhaps the best choice.

"Of course you have found out that few things appeal like scrambled eggs and bacon for a late supper. Hot toast goes well with this and you might serve various kinds of jam as well.

"Any of these menus appeal to me much more for an evening party than the usual salad, ice cream and cake, which for some reason, has become the typical menu for parties of this kind."

Quick Meal.

Hamburg Chop Suey
Endive Salad, French Dressing
Hot Rolls
Pumpkin Pie
Coffee

A one-dish meal is often a good choice for a quick supper. There are any number of combinations of cut or chopped meat with spaghetti or potatoes and savory seasoning that are appropriate for serving this purpose. A very good recipe is the one for Hamburg chop suey. With this you will need only a salad, as your vegetables

How It Started

By Jean Newton

"Singe, Sir!"

EVERY man who has ever entered a barber shop is familiar with the obsequious tonsorial artist's suggestions for a hundred other kinds of service in addition to the thing he went in to get; among them "singe, sir." A genuine Parisian singe for thinning hair will bring back a rich, luxuriant growth. The same treatment that gives ladies their flowing tresses.

It may console the harassed seeker after a plain shave or haircut to know the origin of this unique tonsorial operation.

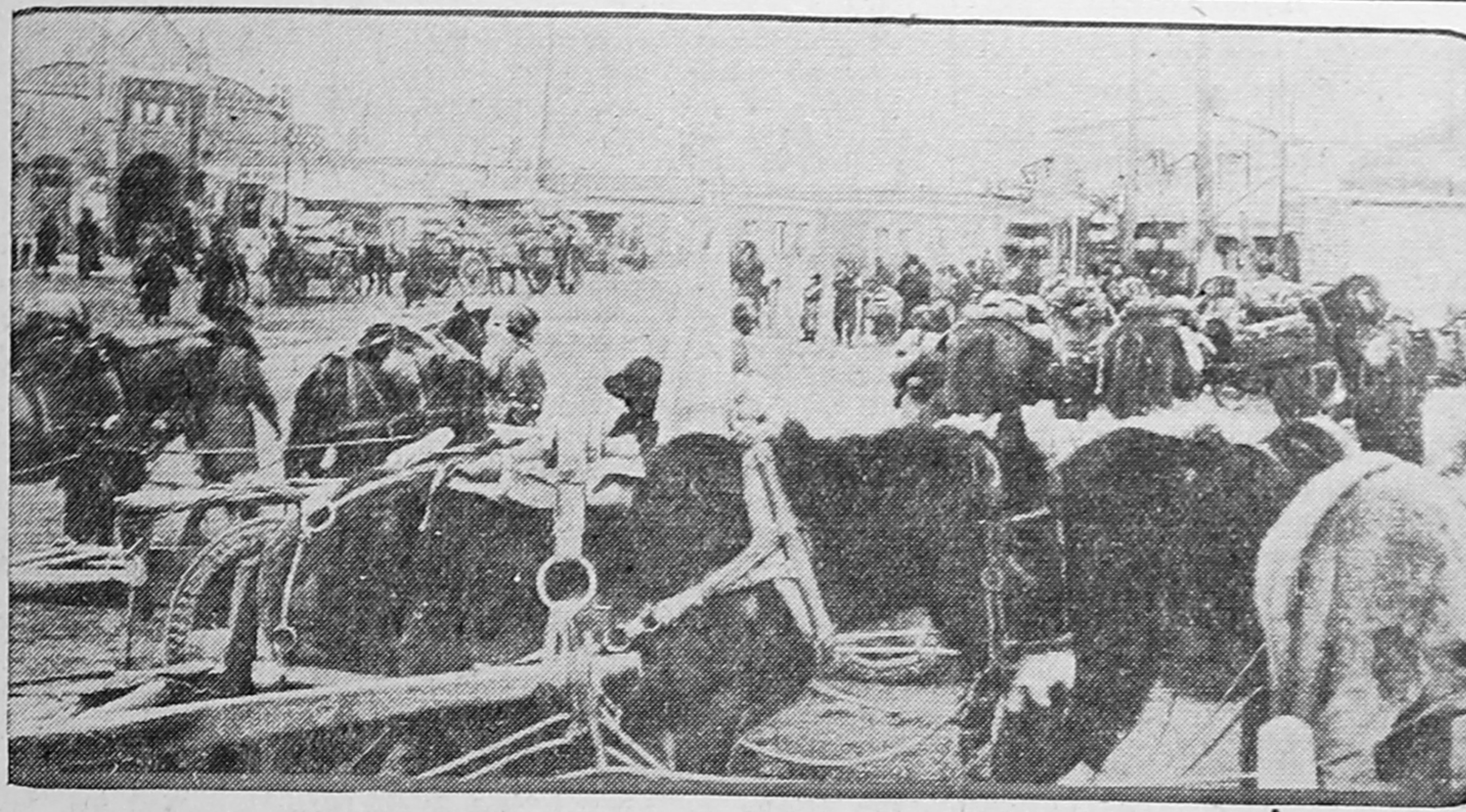
It was not long after the introduction of tobacco into Europe. One day the king of France was indulging in the solace of the weed. A spark brushed his upper lip and before he knew it, burned away some of the sleek and curly mustache that adorned it.

The dismay of the unhappy king at this marring of his manly beauty knew no bounds. But it was soon changed to joy, we are told. For it was found that the burning or singeing as it is now called, had induced a fuller and stronger growth and that his mustache would wax more luxuriantly than ever!

Soon it became the fashion for gentlemen to have a periodic "singeing" of sluggish hair and the treatment has not yet gone out of vogue.

© 1933, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Where Mars Shivered, Waiting for Action



Only the bustle of troop activity, the movement of ammunition caravans, the checking of supplies and the march of Japanese soldiers relieves the extreme bleakness of the market square at Chinchow, Manchuria, from which point the Japanese launched their successful offensive against Jehol.

are included in your main dish. Hot rolls will go well with this. You probably know how to heat them so as to keep them soft—in a paper bag with the ends turned over in a moderate oven.

For dessert, I am suggesting a pumpkin pie from that good bakery which you are sure to have discovered near the house or the office.

Order of Preparation.

Cook spaghetti
Prepare and chill salad and dressing
Finish making chop suey
Heat rolls
Make coffee

Onion Soup.

3 slices bread
6 medium-sized onions
3 tablespoons butter
1 quart soup stock, or 5 bouillon cubes and 1 quart water
½ cup grated or strained cheese
Slice bread one-half inch thick, cut in halves, and toast lightly. Slice onions and brown in butter. Add soup stock and bring to boil. Put in casserole. Float toasted bread on top of soup and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven, 500 degrees F. 10 minutes or until cheese melts.

Potato Salad.

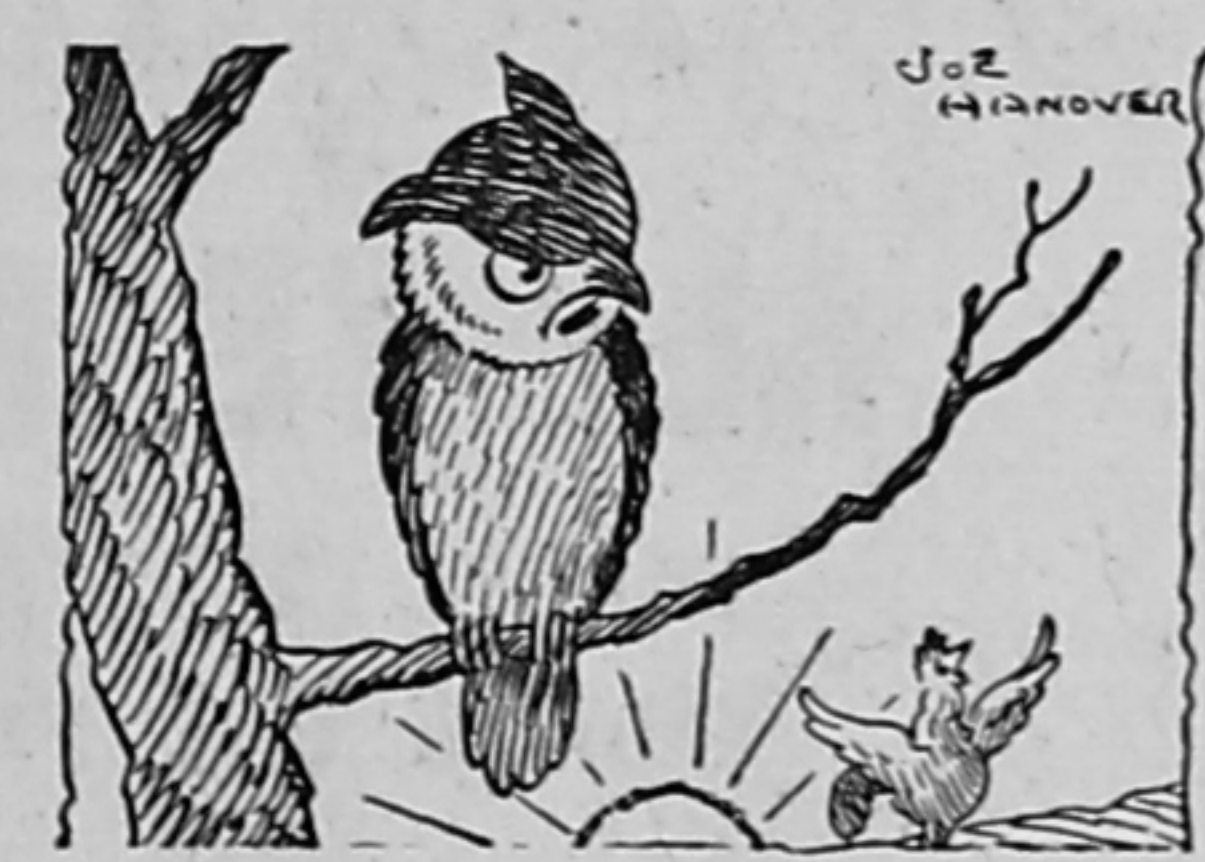
4 cups cold boiled potatoes
1 chopped onion
1 cucumber or 2 pickles
¼ cup French dressing
Cooked salad dressing
Celery or celery seed
Cut potatoes into dice or slices, add onion and sliced cucumbers or pickles, mix with French dressing, which should be very well seasoned, and let stand in the refrigerator one or two hours. Mix with the salad dressing, serve on lettuce, and garnish with parsley. Celery, cut into cubes or celery seed may be used with the other ingredients if desired.

Hamburg Chop Suey.

¼ package spaghetti
2 cups canned tomatoes
¾ pound cheese (grated)
1 large onion (chopped)
4 tablespoons oil
3-4 pound hamburger steak
1 stalk celery, cubed or cut in strips
½ teaspoon chop suey sauce or other sauce

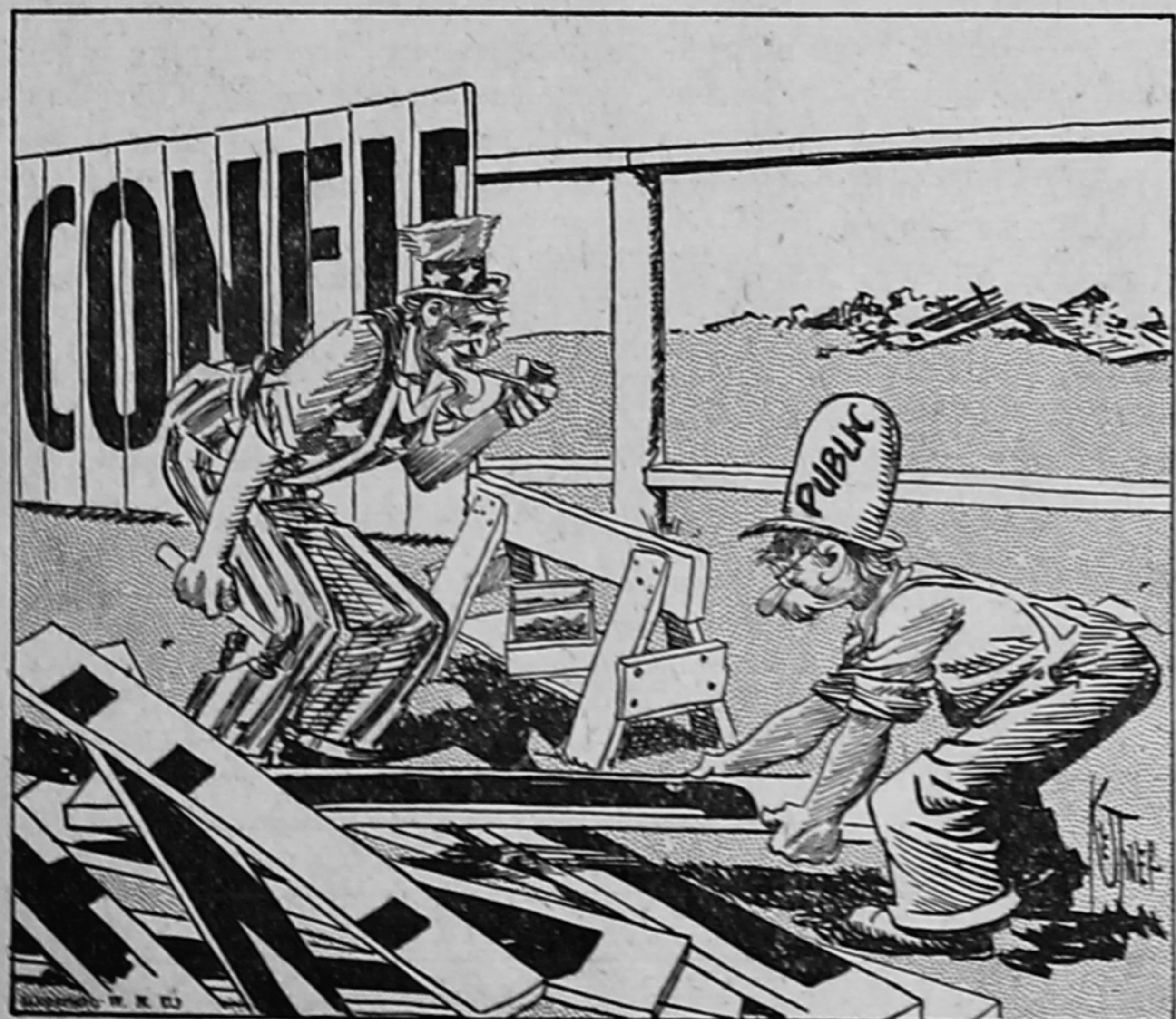
Seasoning
Add spaghetti to two quarts boiling salted water without breaking pieces. Cook until soft and drain, reserving liquor. Return to kettle and add one-half cup spaghetti, water, tomatoes and grated cheese. Fry onion in oil until slightly yellow; add meat and stir until meat is cooked, then add celery. Add to spaghetti with sauce, salt and pepper.

ANNOYING



Owl—There's that fool rooster saying "good morning" at bedtime again

Rebuilding After the Storm



AMERICAN ANIMALS

CARIBOU

If anyone should ask of you,
"Who drives a team of caribou?"
You ought to say without a pause,
"It surely must be Santa Claus!"

And you'd be right, as right could be,
As you shall very shortly see,
For reindeer is the other name
We give a caribou that's tame.

In the northland far away
He hears the wolf pack's hungry bay
And gallops off through drifts of snow
Because a wolf's his deadly foe.

The mother caribou is queer,
And not like other kinds of deer—
She has a set of antlers, too,
Just like the old bull caribou.

(© By P. F. Volland Company—WNU Service.)

Lights of NEW YORK

By WALTER TRUMBULL

Most of the big baseball players have a very warm spot in their hearts for youngsters. I know that Lou Gehrig, for example, recently broke an engagement to go to a party at a boys' club. And when he got there, with smiling good nature he autographed books, cards and everything the kids offered him on which to write his name. Gehrig, the man Clark Griffith and many other baseball men have frequently selected as their all-star, all-time first baseman, is a modest, likable giant, who has none of the so-called bad habits. Yet his baseball idol is Babe Ruth, who has not always followed the straight and narrow path. Because he has been on the same team with the Babe, Lou Gehrig has not always had the recognition his ability deserves, and it might be only natural if he felt some resentment. But his admiration for Ruth is uncolored by the slightest tinge of jealousy. The Sultan of Swat has no more loyal booster. Gehrig declares and believes that Ruth is a grand fellow and the greatest ball player that ever lived.

.....

Ruth now sees humor in an experience he once had, but he didn't laugh when it happened. He was driving his car to keep a golf engagement at a club which is pretty well out in the country, and he was hurrying. A small town motorcycle cop chased and halted him.

"He didn't recognize me," said the great man, in relating the incident to his friends, "so I told him my name."

"And what did he say then?" inquired a listener.

"He said," roared the Babe, "So your name is Ruth? Well, what business are you in?"

To a man who can't walk a block or two in New York without tying up traffic, this was a crushing blow.

.....

When the New York Yankees are on the road, Gehrig sometimes goes down to the dining room ahead of Ruth and the Babe asks Lou to order his dinner for him.

"He always eats the same thing," says Gehrig. "I order him a steak,

and if it is not two inches thick, he sends it back."

But I know another favorite dish of the Babe's. I have often known him to drive from St. Petersburg to Tampa, because there is a restaurant in the latter city which gets stone crabs from the East coast.

It is an experience to walk on a busy thoroughfare in almost any large city with either of those two superlative showmen, Ruth or Jack Dempsey. Before you have gone a block, you realize that as far as avoiding attention is concerned, you might as well lead a lion on a leash, or take an airing on an elephant. As a matter of fact, I saw an elephant led through our streets for advertising purposes, and it attracted considerably less attention than I have seen crowds display for both the Manassa Mauler and the Bambino.

One more story about Ruth. When he was making a picture in Hollywood, a certain news service assigned

My Neighbor Says:

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
© 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for April 9

JESUS REQUIRES CONFESSION AND LOYALTY

GOLDEN TEXT—Mark 8:27-38. And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. Mark 8:34.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Being True to Jesus.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Passing a Hard Test.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Loyalty to Christ.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—What Jesus Expects of His Followers.

The time had now come for Jesus to take account of his ministry. Having been rejected by the rulers he went into retirement with his disciples. The primary object in his teaching at this time was to prepare the disciples for the tragic hour of the cross which he knew was so near. His teaching centered in the great cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith. He instructed them, touching his atoning death, resurrection, and glorious coming again. He knew that in the measure that they intelligently apprehended these things they would be able to pass through the ordeal before them.

I. Peter's Confession of Christ (vv. 27-30).

This confession was provoked by two questions of Jesus.

1. "Whom do men say that I am" (vv. 27, 28)? This question referred to the opinions of the people regarding Jesus. Some believed him to be John the Baptist; some Elijah, and some, one of the prophets. They all recognized him to be a teacher or prophet with more than human authority and power.

2. "Whom say ye that I am" (vv. 29, 30)? Jesus persistently claimed to be the God-man, the very Son of God, incarnate. He wanted the disciples to know him personally as the Son of God.

II. Jesus' Teaching Concerning the Cross (vv. 31-33).

He charged the disciples not to make public his Messiahship as that would precipitate a crisis.

1. What he taught (v. 31).

a. "The Son of man must suffer many things." He suffered weariness, hunger, ridicule, contempt; and even misunderstanding and lack of appreciation on the part of his friends and disciples.

b. "Be rejected of the elders, chief priests, and scribes." These were the nation's official representatives, who should have known and received Christ and recommended his reception on the part of the nation.

c. "Be killed." Jesus now states with definiteness that he must die on the cross. The disciples had not yet come to know that redemption was to be accomplished through the passion of the cross.

d. "Rise again." Though this was utterly incomprehensible to the disciples, he showed them that this would be the glorious issue of his death.

2. How the disciples received his teaching (v. 32). So unwelcome was his teaching, touching the cross, that Peter, the spokesman of the disciples, rebuked him.

3. Jesus rebukes Peter (v. 33). He told Peter plainly that his attitude was due to his being under the influence of the devil.

III. Jesus Going to Jerusalem to Die (Mark 10:32-34).

He went to Jerusalem with the consciousness of the awful tragedy before him, the treachery of Judas, the fiery persecutions of the priests and scribes, the unjust judgment, the delivery to Pontius Pilate, the mocking and scourging, the crown of thorns, the cross between malefactors, the nails and the spear—all were spread before him. He had not only come to minister but to give his life a ransom for many. The joyous outlook of the victory which was to be accomplished through the shedding of his blood led him forward (Heb. 12:2).

IV. The Cost of Discipleship (Mark 8:34).

The law of the Christian life is suffering. To follow Christ means to turn one's back upon the world and share his sufferings.

1. There must be denial of self (v. 34). There is a vast difference between self-denial and denial of self. All people practice self-denial, but only Christians deny self.

2. The cross must be taken up (v. 34). This means that suffering and shame will lie in the pathway of the one who is loyal to God (II Tim. 3:12).

3. Christ must be followed (v. 34). The blessed issue of following Christ is a life of freedom here and now, and eternal life hereafter.

BLIND FAITH

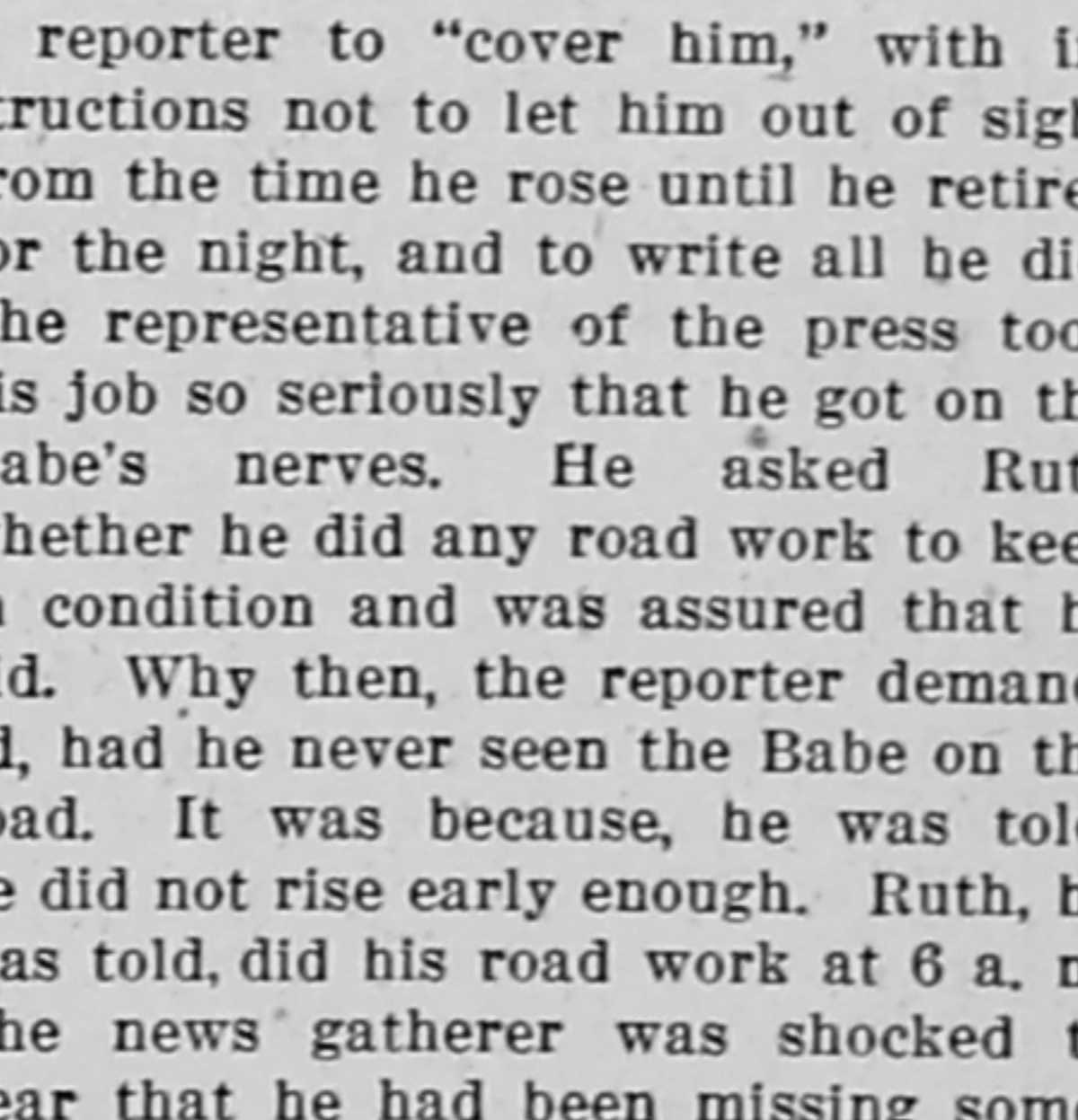


a reporter to "cover him," with instructions not to let him out of sight from the time he rose until he retired for the night, and to write all he did. The representative of the press took his job so seriously that he got on the Babe's nerves. He asked Ruth whether he did any road work to keep in condition and was assured that he did. Why then, the reporter demanded, had he never seen the Babe on the road. It was because, he was told, he did not rise early enough. Ruth, he was told, did his road work at 6 a. m. The news gatherer was shocked to hear that he had been missing something and announced that he would be on hand the next morning.

This was unwelcome news, but the Babe and Artie McGovern, who was with him, set an alarm clock for 5:45 and struggled out into the early dawn. They found the reporter waiting. They started to jog up the street and the reporter jogged with them. But then the Babe increased the pace. At the end of a couple of blocks, the news hound was all in. He gasped a question as to whether they would return by the same route, was assured that they would, and dropping breathlessly on a convenient lawn, stated that he would wait for them. The Babe and Artie McGovern started on briskly, made a couple of right angle turns, came back to a side door of the hotel, and went back to bed. The reporter waited two hours. When he next saw the runners, he received the combined apology and explanation that, before they realized it, they had covered twelve miles and had caught a ride back.

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MODERN TRICKS



Visitor—Is your wife a good cook?
Newly Wed—You bet. She can make coffee with a curling iron.

New Speaker of House and His Aids



Henry T. Rainey, speaker of the Seventy-Third congress, with his aids. On his right, Lewis Deschler, house parliamentarian. On his left, William T. Roy, assistant parliamentarian.

Lady Blanche Farm

A Romance of the
Commonplace

By Frances
Parkinson Keyes

WNU Service
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SYNOPSIS

Motoring through Vermont, Phillp Starr, young Boston architect, meets Blanche Manning, seventeen, with whom he is immediately enamored. It being a long distance to Starr's destination, Blanche suggests, the village of Hamstead not boasting a hotel, that he become, for the night, a guest of her cousin, Mary Manning. Mary receives Phillp with true Vermont hospitality, and he makes the acquaintance of her cousin Paul, recognized as her fiance. Paul is inclined to be dissipated. Gale Hamlin, long a suitor for Mary's hand, visits Hamstead but makes no progress in his lovemaking. Phillp, from records of the Manning family, learns the sorrowful story of the "Countess Blanche," Frances wife of a Revolutionary hero, Moses Manning, and of the peculiar "curse" she has transmitted to her descendants and the women of Hamstead. The evening of Phillp's marriage to Blanche, Paul, under the influence of liquor, bitterly affronts Mary, and tells her their engagement is ended. Mary, at first acutely conscious of her position as a "diluted" woman, is greatly comforted by her lifelong friend, Sylvia Gray, and the love of her two small brothers, Paul, really loving Mary, though with a selfish attachment, finds life a good deal of a blank with her out of the picture. He expresses contrition and a keen desire to re-establish himself in her esteem, but Mary, disillusioned, rejects him.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Violet, having fixed a date for her visit with Blanche, decided to go to New York for a few days' shopping first. She had no intention, she said, with a slight flutter of "nerves," when Paul, who had been giving some painful attention to the subject, pointed out to her that the state of their finances was still low after his sister's wedding and that such trips and shopping were expensive, of looking "countified" when she first went to stay at her new son-in-law's home, and to meet her daughter's new friends.

"If you had shown any consideration of me at all, we wouldn't have been so straitened!" she sobbed.

"Why, I never urged you to spend all that money."

"Don't argue with me! You know it always prostrates me to have vulgar quarrels going on. As if this wretched affair with Mary hadn't ended every hope of our having her money! And then you try to put the blame on me and accuse me of—"

"Well, I've played Mary so many dirty, mean tricks that I suppose it's natural you should think I'd use her money to pay our silly debts. I probably would have—the way things were going. But I haven't accused you of anything. I only said—"

"Oh, I know what you said, but it makes all the difference how a thing is said, and the meaning back of the saying counts still more! I suppose you'll refuse to drive me to the midnight train, next!"

Paul did not, of course, refuse to do anything of the sort. To tell the truth, he was almost glad to see his mother go. Her indolence, her extravagance, her selfishness, seemed so appalling to him just then, that he found them increasingly difficult to live with, and none the less so because he thought he saw all these qualities reflected and magnified in his own character. It was also becoming clear to him that he must either earn more—or rather earn something—or spend less, if they were to get out of debt, and that he could put considerable time to advantage in figuring out how he was to do this. He began his reflections in this direction on his way home after taking her to the station. An unusually heavy snow storm had obliged him to drive the old family horse, instead of using the new motor, and it was two o'clock in the morning when he reached home. There was, he happened to notice, a light in Mary's room. When he had put the horse up and was going from the barn to the house, he saw that it was still burning, and heard her voice at the telephone through an open window. Seth and Jane were both away, he knew, attending a Sunday school convention. Mary was therefore alone with the two little boys, and something was certainly wrong. He went up close to the house and called.

"Mary! Mary! Is anything the matter? Can I help?"

He was more frightened than before at the agonized voice that answered him.

"Yes—YES—Oh, thank God you've come!"

He pushed open the front door and bounded up the stairs. Mary was bending over the bed. And on the bed lay Algy, gasping and writhing, and then lying deathly still.

"He's got convulsions," Mary managed to say in a stifled voice. "I can't leave him a second. He might choke to death if I did."

"What am I to do first?"

"Start the kitchen fire. We'll get him into a hot bath."

Paul vanished without another word. In an incredibly short time, he was back again.

"What next?"

"See if you can get hold of a doctor. I tried, but Central was so slow in answering I didn't dare . . . Oh—Oh—" for the livid child was choking again.

There was no resident physician at the little cottage hospital. Doctor

Noble, the head surgeon, lived at home. After what seemed like endless waiting, Paul got his house.

"David's with Sylvia Gray," he said a minute later, turning with a white face from the telephone. "She's very ill."

"Try Doctor Wells, then."

There was another long wait, and then again Paul faced the despair in Mary's eyes. "He's gone there, too, it's—it's a desperate case. Shall I call him up, there?"

"Yes—no—Oh, Paul, you know what the trouble is there! It's two lives, maybe, against one!"

"He might at least be able to tell us what to do."

"You'll have to try White Water—Wallacetown—any place you can think of."

Again Paul tried. One doctor was sick himself. Two had gone away to attend a medical congress. A fourth, twenty miles away, appealed to as a last resort, didn't know how he could get there—"the roads aren't broken through down this way."

"We've got to face it alone," said Mary at last.

Paul knew that it was in this moment that his selfish and idle boyhood

can say that?—"Mine can't," he ended, his voice breaking.

Next to Austin himself, there was no one, perhaps, in the whole village, to whom the loss of Sylvia came as such a horrible shock as to Mary. Algy was still very ill. The fear that the child would yet die, in spite of her fight for his life, grew a thousand times larger now that Sylvia's death had brought the Valley of the Shadow so close to her.

Mary did not close her eyes, nor stir from her little brother's side for three days and nights. And all that time, beside the actuality of the stricken child that she saw there, she visualized the picture of Sylvia and one little baby—of Austin and the other. And she thought—involuntarily, but constantly—of Lady Blanche's dying curse and its reiterating fulfillment. Whom would it strike next? She thought of Blanche, seemingly so secure in her radiant happiness, and trembled until her teeth chattered. The first time that Paul saw her again after the night of the double tragedy—that long night through which they had fought for the sick child together—he felt that he would gladly have given ten years of his life if he had not thrown away his right to take her in his arms and kiss away the tears and bring a little color into her white cheeks and a smile to her drawn lips. As it was, he could only venture to lay one of his hands on the two that lay so tightly clenched in her lap, and put the other gently on her shoulder.

"Don't," was all he could think of to say, all that is, that he dared to say, his own lips quivering. "Don't Mary," and was thankful when she did not repulse him, but clung to him, sobbing, while he stroked her soft hair.

Paul was suffering, too, suffering with the revelation of truths that he had never sensed, with the facing of problems he had never solved nor tried to solve. The way that Austin loved Sylvia—was that the way men cared for women? The way that Mary loved Algy—was that the way women cared for children? Passion that was all love, love that was all self-sacrifice—what had that to do with careless sensuality, or equally careless affection? When, for the second time, David Noble sought him out, he found that the boy had already started to find him.

"What can I do to help?" Paul asked abruptly.

"There isn't much. Your Cousin Jane is proving a tower of strength to Mary by relieving her of the burden of ordinary daily grind. We men never stop to think that meals have to be cooked and dishes washed and fires built, no matter who lives or dies, do we? Everyone is trying to help Mary now. And no one in God's world can help Austin."

"Then what were you looking for me for?"

"I wanted to tell you that I thought you did darned well the night that kid almost slipped through Mary's fingers. He would have, if you hadn't been there. And also—to give you a message from Sylvia. She seemed to have a good deal of faith in you. I had a rather long talk with her about a week before she went—and one of the things she said to me was, 'Tell Paul Manning not to stop fighting to get Mary back, if he has to die doing it.'"

"How—how am I to go about it?"

"I should think it might be rather difficult," said David dryly. "I confess it's hard for me to see the justice of a Divine Providence that snatches Sylvia from Austin who worshiped the ground she walked on, and lets you treat Mary like—"

Something in Paul's face stopped him abruptly. "Well, I suppose Providence sees a good many things we ignorant mortals don't," he ended.

"Yes," said Paul slowly, "I guess it does. Do you remember saying to me a while ago that as long as a man had a woman like Sylvia, of course he'd make her his first consideration as long as he could? Maybe the time had come for Austin to make some thing else his first consideration. Maybe he's needed a lot more in France than he realized. Perhaps it took a tragedy like that to show him how much he was needed."

For a moment David stared silently at the boy. He was too surprised at such conclusions reached from such a source to give utterance to speech.

"I think you're right," he said at last. "But Austin isn't the only one, you know, who's needed in France just now."

"I know," said Paul. "I've been thinking that over, too—what you said about the Foreign legion. I'll be up tomorrow night to have you look me over."

"Good for you! About eight? I shall be off myself pretty soon, now. I waited before signing up until—after Sylvia's time, because Austin begged me to do so. Well, I'll see you tomorrow night! Meanwhile, there are probably lots of little things you can find to do for Mary, if you really want to!"

As David drove away, he found he could not get Paul and his unexpected sentiments out of his mind. "Darned if I don't believe Sylvia was right about him, as usual," he reflected. "The phase that he's been passing through has been pretty unattractive, Lord knows, but it may have been just a phase. If only he hadn't lost Mary— But if he hadn't, he never would have started to think again—he was too lazy. Well, it's all beyond me."



"He's Got Convulsions," Mary Managed to Say in a Stifled Voice.

died and that the potential manhood in him came to life.

"We've got to face it together, Mary," he said.

It was eight o'clock in the gray November morning when David Noble finally came to them. Mary was sitting in a large rocker, with Algy, a little gray shadow of the rosy child of the day before, clasped in her arms. Paul, a glass of brandy-and-water in his hand, rose from his knees beside his cousin's chair.

"Algy was all right when he went to bed last night," he stated, briefly. "He woke up in convulsions at midnight. I was passing about two o'clock and saw Mary's light. She was all alone with him till then. We've done the best we could."

David raised the child's eyelids to look at the pupils and felt his pulse while Paul was speaking. He bent over, listening intently to the little heart. Then he raised his head.

"You've saved his life," he said, with equal brevity.

A few minutes later, in the blessed sense of security that had come over her, Mary asked for Sylvia.

"She didn't get her twins, of course?" she asked, almost lightly. "She's talked of nothing else for months."

David's face contracted, and Mary noticed for the first time that he looked strangely old and very, very tired.

"Yes," he said huskily. "She did. Twin girls, just what she wanted. And—she's taken one of them back to Heaven with her."

CHAPTER X

The tragedy of Sylvia Gray's death shook Hamstead to its very foundations. Austin was almost crazed with grief. Even David, who had always had more influence over him than anyone else except Sylvia herself, could not move him.

"This won't bring her back, Austin, you know," he said, at last, as gently as ever, but more firmly. "And—and she would have been the last to want you to take it like this. Her courage never faltered through anything."

Austin neither answered nor moved. "We must think what to do for the other baby. You've got her, you know, and the two little boys."

"I don't want to think of the baby."

"It isn't the baby's fault," said David, still more gently, divining what was passing in Austin's mind.

"No—but it's mine! She wasn't strong enough for this! You said yourself, when the second boy came so soon after the first, that—that she shouldn't have another for a long time."

"Yes." David chose his words carefully. "But, Austin—you came first, with Sylvia, just as she did with you. She was so brave that it was hard to get her to admit, ever, that she felt ill—that everything wasn't all right. But once she said to me, 'David, if anything should go wrong, be sure to tell Austin, afterwards, that there wasn't one minute in our life together that I would have had different—that there's no price too great to pay for perfect happiness.' She meant it. How many men's wives do you think

True Wisdom
To finish the moment; to find the journey's end in each step of the road; to live the greatest number of good hours—is wisdom.—Emerson.

Howe About:

Making a Fortune Problem for Stenographers Reading

By ED HOWE

HOW is a fortune made? In seven out of ten this is the process: A young man finds himself with a wife on his hands, and a family of children coming on. (How universally children keep coming on!) He works and saves with a view of providing for them. From an expert workman he becomes foreman, superintendent, proprietor in a small way, and works long hours. He discovers that the more reliable he is, the more he helps in community affairs, the more his business prospers. In course of time his little business becomes a big business, if he continues to manage it well. Finally, along toward old age, he becomes well-to-do; occasionally rich. And at forty, fifty or sixty he is more reliable than he was at twenty or at thirty, when a small business man, foreman or superintendent. There is nothing in the general belief that as soon as a good workman is advanced, he becomes more careless in his morals.

A man in Florida, separated from his wife, employed a woman as his secretary. One day when the secretary came out of her office she was shot and killed by the wife; five balls were fired, and although women are supposed to be poor pistol shots, every one was deadly. Was the trouble between the husband and wife due to the bad acts of the secretary? If the secretary was actually an honest woman, seven newspaper readers out of ten, and the twelve jurymen to be called later to decide the case, will believe she was not. It is an exhibition of human unfairness that the millions of good girls who study stenography at business colleges must consider.

Books, newspapers, magazines and pamphlets have become so numerous many say they are a pest.

Still, in the stream of print is all the wisdom the race has accumulated, and all the good writing; the problem is to find it in the pile of rubbish.

I have a friend of reasonable taste who is an enormous reader. He gets his start in selecting books of possible value by belonging to book clubs in New York, and has accumulated a great number of such selections. I lately visited him, and came away with ten he specially recommended. Only three of them actually interested me, although I looked over the others, and found some curious things in the process.

Books are like men; so many of them do not amount to anything. I know an old fellow who walks occasionally, for the benefit of the exercise and fresh air, and during these walks he looks straight ahead, that he may see as few men as possible.

"The English," says a Canadian writer, "seem to have a world perspective, a world outlook and world philosophy, unequaled by any other people on earth." I neither deny nor accept the statement, but it causes me to wonder just how much truth there is in it. I should say France and Germany are close rivals of England as possessing, on an average, the wisest and most efficient inhabitants. Up to the time of the war Germany was crowding England for first place; since the war France has shown itself smarter than either of its rivals. The United States is entirely out of the competition, not because of lack of efficiency, but because of lack of common sense has become our national misfortune. Some say the island of Java is the Garden of Eden so far as ease of making a living is concerned, and that the rule of the Hollanders comes near being the wisest and best. Denmark, Sweden, Norway, should be considered in picking out the country best managed. Switzerland, although it has far better scenery than soil, has long attracted attention as specially well managed so far as public affairs are concerned.

In reading sea stories I have observed that when there is a strong wind, a good captain drives his ship, and takes risks. Occasionally he meets disaster from driving too hard in a roaring gale; at best the decks, the cook house and life boats are afloat, and the sailors get little rest. The best captains take chances in everything, to get along. Still, a man who drives his ship in a hurricane, to make up for the days he is becalmed, must have sound judgment; sound knowledge as to the strength of ropes, masts and sails.

In my home in the country I have heard no show commended as much as "Of Thee I Sing." The show has not come within two or three hundred miles of me, but travelers to the big towns have seen it, and told me of its unusual cleverness.

The writers of the play have made a great fortune. Soon we will be hearing of their yachts, their strings of race horses, of their being sued for alimony.

Can anyone doubt they have won their distinction and money honestly? Any poor man who abuses them because they do not divide with him, or charges we need a new form of government because these men have succeeded, is unfair and mean.

These men spent many a day and dollar in drilling dry holes; now that they have struck oil, they are fairly entitled to all a gusher may bring in.

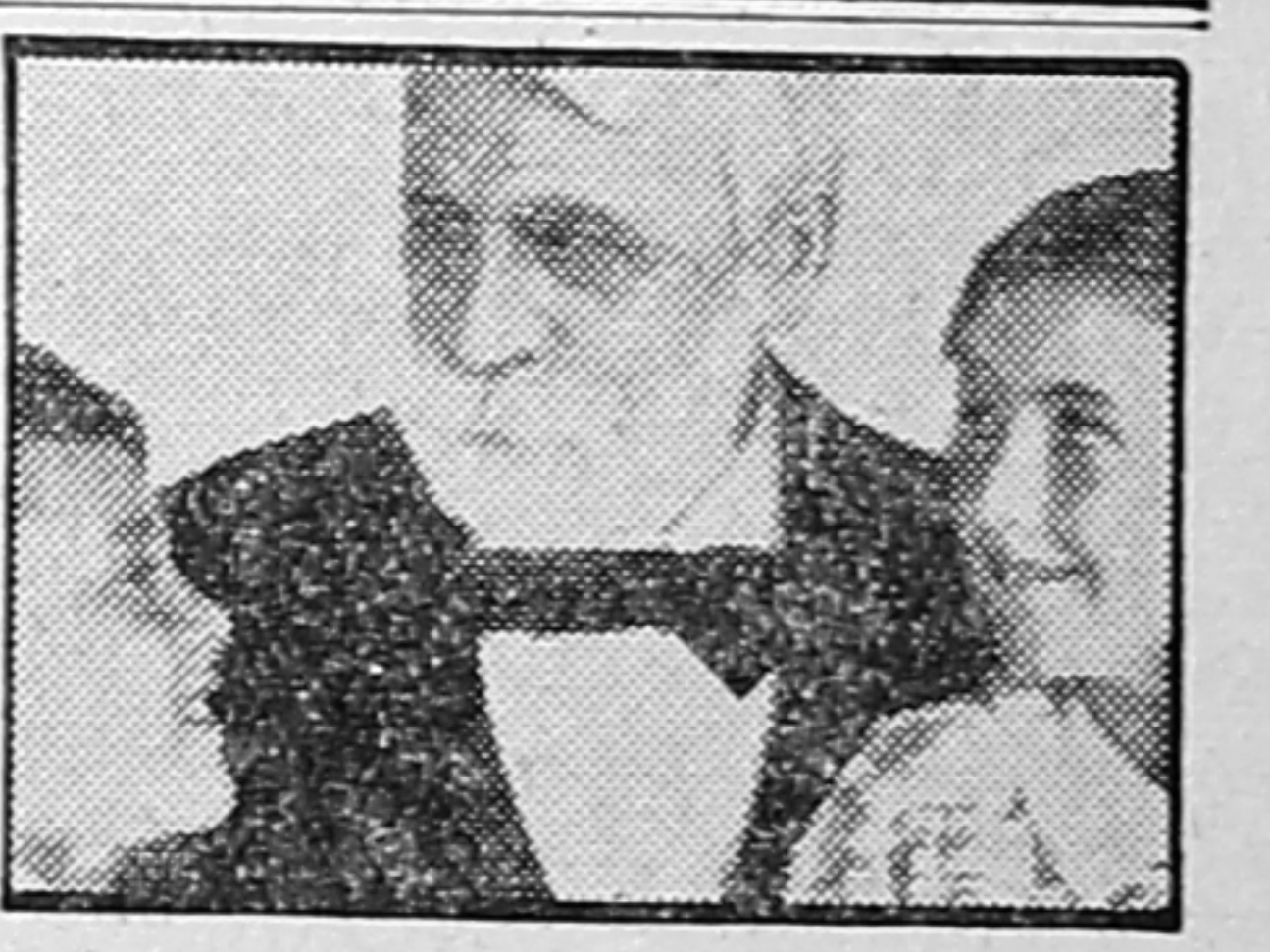
'Rush' Has Doomed Travel by Water

Lovers of leisurely travel cannot read without a sigh of the evil days upon which the steamboat has fallen, the steamboat whose traffic was for so long indispensable to the prosperity of the country's inland waterways. It is only a little while since a newspaper paragraph recorded the financial distress of the Hudson River night line, and now we read that the day line, which has made the loveliness of the Hudson and of the Rip Van Winkle country familiar to generations of tourists, is in the same plight—sunk in debt. That, too, is the story of the famous Lake Champlain line which for 106 years has been carrying passengers and freight between Ticonderoga and Burlington. The automobile has left these once profitable enterprises with only the bare bones of traffic. Our age demands the service of speed, and the steamboat which 60 years ago, surpassed our grandsires' childhood dreams of all that was imaginable in rapid and luxurious travel, is now looked upon as a conveyance fit only for old fogies and slowpokes.

Yet nothing in the rocket-flight of the automobile can make up to some of us for the comparatively deliberate journeying by steamboat, for the slow unfolding of the landscape from her deck as she moves with hardly perceptible sound or motion, calmly, restfully, from one landing-place to another. It is a rare automobile trip that can afford us those vistas and reaches that open to us as we thread the Highlands of the Hudson in a steamboat for instance.

The Sound lines of steamers between Boston and New York survive and there are indications that they prosper, a reminder of the spacious days long ago when every evening a proud procession of rival Sound boats curved round the Battery in New York, Boston bound, gay with hunting from stem to stern, filling the hearts of children on East river ferries with inexpressible longing just once to make that splendid voyage to the mysterious East, the scene of Bunker Hill and the home of Paul Revere. One of these days, we hope, the steamboat will come back into its own and plow our lakes and rivers and bays and sounds with all the dividend-earning glory of the enchanted past.—Boston Transcript.

SHUN THE PEST! A grouch is usually seeking to undermine your happiness.



BOWELS need watching

Let Dr. Caldwell help whenever your child is feverish or upset; or has caught cold.

His simple prescription will make that bilious, headachy, cross boy or girl comfortable, happy, well in just a few hours. It soon restores the bowels to healthy regularity. It helps "break-up" a cold by keeping the bowels free from all that sickening mucus waste.

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Get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from your druggist and have it ready. Then you won't have to worry when any member of your family is headachy, bilious, gassy or constipated. Syrup Pepsin is good for all ages. It sweetens the bowels; increases appetite—makes digestion more complete.

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SYRUP PEPSIN
A Doctor's Family Laxative

Does Your Mirror Reflect
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Then Use
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and have a clear skin

Anoint the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off after a short time with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for several minutes. Pimples, rashes and all forms of skin troubles quickly yield to this treatment.

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SAFE!

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No one need ever hesitate to take Bayer Aspirin because of its speedy action. Its rapid relief is due to the rapidity with which tablets of Bayer manufacture dissolve. You could take them every day in the year without any ill effects.

For your pocket, buy the tin of 12 tablets. For economy, bottles of 100 at the new reduced price.

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Broadlands News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

Entered as second-class matter April 18 1919 at the post-office at Broadlands, Illinois under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Cards of Thanks.....\$1.00

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3 months in advance......50
Single copies......05

There is an overproduction of gossip, too, but it never seems to exceed the demand.

A popular composer is one who can make a judicious selection of fragments from old tunes.

The wise person wastes no time whining for things he knows he can't get.

When enemies bury the hatchet they generally keep a blueprint of the spot.

An optimist is one who depends on the town clock when he wants to catch a train.

One nice thing about that bank holiday was that debtors got an even break with the creditors.

Democracy is a form of government in which those who holler the loudest get what they want.

The idea that women are hard to please is refuted by a look at some of the husbands they pick out.

Illustrating once more that there is little in a name, a Mr. Wise of Kansas is charged with having five wives.

To be able to speak several languages is desirable, but not so important as to be able to think clearly in one.

A physical instructor has discovered that the daily dozen before breakfast is unnecessary. But we beat him to it years ago.

Farmers know crop acreage should be reduced, but most of them expect their neighbors to do the reducing.

Some Tax Figures

Last year the expense of federal, state and local government in the United States amounted to about 14 billion dollars, while the entire national income was less than 50 billion. In other words, considerably more than one-fourth of the money earned by the American people goes for taxes of one kind or another.

An illustration of how this affects certain industries is given in a recent issue of the Industrial News Review. Taking the electric utilities as an example, it is shown that they pay a tax bill of more than 200 million dollars a year. In the case of most companies this tax bill amounts to from 10 to 12 per cent of their gross income.

Even with this handicap, it may be added that privately owned electric companies render service at rates generally below those charged by tax-free municipally owned plants, with but few exceptions. In fact, the cost of electricity is about one-third less than in 1913, in spite of the ever increasing burden of taxation.

As the Review truly says, "had government been as efficient and economical as the utility industry we would have no tax problem today."

Chicago's Brightest

Chicago's brightest school pupil, Johanna Xenos, aged 8, was heard in a short radio broadcast a few nights ago in a special program arranged by Quin Ryan

the veteran announcer.

Johanna was graduated from Morris grammar school in January, having completed eight grades in a little more than two years. She entered school a few days before her sixth birthday and completed the first grade in one semester, the second and third grades in three months, the fourth in six weeks, the fifth in two months, the sixth in three weeks. She skipped the seventh grade and completed the eighth in three months.

She is now enrolled in the Lake View high school and will probably be ready for college in less than two years if she keeps up the pace she has set for herself.

This remarkable child is a native of Chicago, of Greek and Polish extraction. Her parents and four sisters are intelligent, but they are not exceptional in any way. Just why Johanna should have been endowed with such extraordinary gifts is another of those mysteries which are impossible of explanation.

Missing Ships and Men

Loss of life by accident or through a general disaster is somehow more shocking to relatives and friends of the victims than death from disease. This is due perhaps to the suddenness of the bereavement, for which those left behind are unprepared.

Most terrible of all the mental agony of those whose loved ones disappear without leaving behind anything to indicate their exact fate. The history of the sea is filled with such occurrences, in many of which hundreds of lives were lost in a single disaster.

One of the earliest cases after the development of large vessels was that of the City of Glasgow bound from Liverpool to Philadelphia in March, 1854, and was never heard of after sailing. She carried 450 passengers.

Other vessels carrying 150 or more persons which likewise disappeared without leaving a trace behind include the Tempest in 1857, the City of Boston in 1870, the British training ship Atlanta in 1880, the liner Naronic in 1893, the Waratah in 1909.

Perhaps the most mysterious disappearance at sea was that of the United States Navy collier Cyclops, of 19,360 tons displacement and carrying 293 men, which left Barbadoes, West Indies, on March 4, 1918, never to be seen again. During the remainder of the war it was thought that her crew might have been captured and imprisoned by the Germans, but at its close they declared that their war ships had never seen the Cyclops. The anxiety, the hopes and fears of relatives of these 293 men can be better imagined than described. The sea still keeps its secret.

Humble Beginnings

It is a strange human trait that in later life a man often boasts of the very things of which he was somewhat ashamed in his youth. Successful men point with pride to their humble origin, to their early struggles and menial nature of their first employment.

And it is a just cause for pride to have overcome such obstacles through one's own energy and determination. There is no doubt that the man who has had to fight his way from the bottom is generally better off, hard as it may have seemed to him while undergoing the experience.

It is equally true that many men fail because of a false pride which causes them to shrink from humble tasks which might lead to ultimate success. Henry Ford was a machinist's helper, Thomas A. Edison was a newsboy, John D. Rockefeller was a clerk, and neither had any early education to speak of. They and thousands of others succeeded because they were not ashamed to toil with their hands until

something better presented itself.

Not every boy can become a Ford, an Edison, or a Rockefeller, but every one who is not afraid or ashamed to work can make an honorable and useful place for himself, and he doesn't have to begin in a white-collar job, either.

The Hungry Bureaus

It is a chronic condition that the work of government and state departments, bureaus, commissions, boards and what not are hampered for lack of sufficient funds according to their reports.

We wonder what would happen if each of these innumerable tax spending agencies were given "sufficient funds," according to the ideas of the bureaucrats in charge of them. Our guess is that half of the population would be on federal, state and local payrolls within a year. One person out of every ten is on such a payroll now.

One needs only to read one or two of the current bureau reports which clamor for more funds to get an idea of the crazy research fads which are sought to be promoted and extended. For example, the Woman's Bureau lists a few of the most important subjects which a waiting world is dying to have investigated, as follows:

Surveys, studies and information concerning the employment of married women, employment in plants using poisonous substances; investigation of the piecework system; a study of posture while sitting at work; a study of women in professional and semi-professional pursuits; the effect of fatigue on production and on the worker; and of course an elaborate preliminary investigation of the best methods of making these investigations. These, the bureau says, are only a few of the great vital problems. Dozens of others should have prompt attention if funds were available.

Then the results would be printed in a great volume perhaps, and that would be the end of them. Of course, Congressmen might read them in order to get a lot of new laws requiring still more thousands of public officials and employees.

It seems that no bureaucrat ever investigates the effect of all this on the taxpayer's pocket-book.

Smile Awhile

Uncle—Engaged to four girls at once! How do you explain such shameless conduct?

Nephew—I don't know, unless Cupid shot me with a machine gun.

Henry—Did you-all evah speak befo' a large audience, Gawge?

Gawge—Ah 'low ah did, once, yowsah.

Henry—What did you-all say?

Gawge—Ah said 'Not guilty.'

Sergeant—See here, why don't you do your shaving in your quarters? Do you always shave outside?

Private—Sure I do, Sarge; did you think I was fur-lined?

Hey, Bill! What is it? asked the garage man.

The doctor's out here with a tire that needs fixin'.

Diagnose the case as flatulency of the perimeter and charge him \$5.

More Nonsense

A youngster from the Amazon Put nighties of his Gramazon; The reason's that He was too fat To get his own Pajamazoon.

Is your subscription paid?

Crawls Out of Car Bumped off Bridge

Allerton, April 1.—How the human nervous system will hold man's powers together in case of an emergency was demonstrated Thursday morning when John Hubbard, a former Allerton barber, escaped death when he saved himself from drowning after his car ran off a bridge, plunging into the water 13 feet below.

Hubbard lowered a rear window in his car and climbed out and lapsed into unconsciousness when his feet reached the shore. It is said that his car was crowded off the road by another automobile, which three occupants took Hubbard to a physician.

Read a newspaper—keep your mind polished to the last minute.



Hayes' New Low Prices

All popular pure-bred varieties \$5.95 per 100. Heavy assorted \$4.45 per 100. Hatch days—Monday and Thursday.

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Here's A Bargain!

The Chicago Daily Herald & Examiner and The Broadlands News

Both One Year For Only

\$5.00

This offer applies to new subscribers only, in the states of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin. Any old subscriber whose subscription expired on or before Jan. 15th will be considered as a new subscriber. This offer will expire April 15th.

Illinois Theater---Newman, Ill.

Saturday and Sunday April 8 and 9

Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda

-in-

'Racing Youth'

with

Frank Albertson and June Clyde

See one of the screen's greatest comedy teams . . . and one of the screen's newest starring teams . . . in one of the screen's most entertaining pictures . . . It's fast! It's funny! . . . It's Fine!

And Other Added Attractions

Coming Next Week - - - "That's My Boy"

Admission - - - 10c and 15c

OUR COMIC SECTION

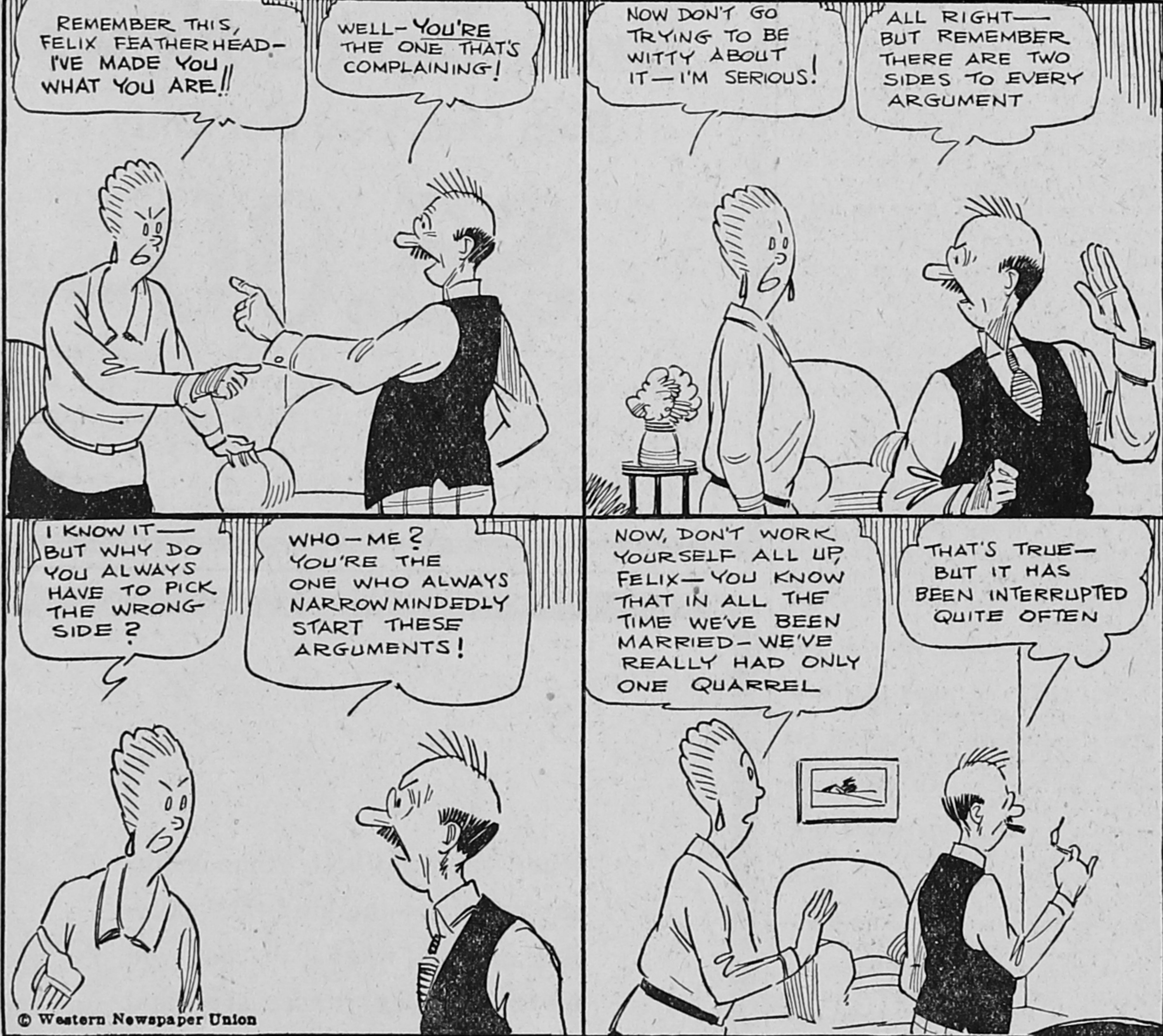
Events in the Lives of Little Men



(Copyright, W. N. U.)

THE FEATHERHEADS

They Take Time Out



© Western Newspaper Union

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Knows Her Too Well



© Western Newspaper Union

Good Bread High in Food Values

Contains Large Percentage of Calories Needed for One's Health.

Bread in some form or another has been from the beginning of civilization an important contribution to the nutrition of mankind. After man discovered that he could grind wild grain into meal, mix this with water and bake bread between hot stones, he began the cultivation of grain for food and the establishment of a settled home.

It was centuries later that the use of "leaven" was discovered. Bread in anything like its modern form is said to have been first made by the Egyptians. The first bread was merely cakes of coarsely ground meal held together by water. A great variety of grain was and is used for bread. In this country we find wheat bread is used almost to the exclusion of other grains. Most of this bread is made from refined wheat flour, known as "white" flour. In France and England this is the favorite bread. In the other countries of Europe we find rye bread, known in some places as black bread, used largely.

"A fine white loaf" was a symbol of luxury food, and used only by the great until the last centuries, when large scale milling operations began to produce fine white flour in large quantities. Within a much shorter space of time commercial bakeries turning out thousands of loaves of bread each day have taken over the task of baking bread for large communities. The majority of this bread is made from white flour and the quality produced is often excellent, sometimes much better than the average loaf of home-made bread. Large scale operations has put the loaf on the market at a cost which little more than covers the cost of the material and fuel for a home-baked loaf. Prices per pound differ, depending largely upon the other ingredients besides flour used in its preparation. "Milk" bread is preferable from the food value standpoint.

We depend upon bread for a goodly percentage of the calories needed daily in our diet. We get from it an appreciable amount of protein. Bread, made as it is from a good quality wheat, with the addition of shortening, milk and yeast, is a valuable food for the sake of its "fuel" and protein. It is also so easy for digestion that it is completely utilized. At the same time it is an inexpensive source of food.

Bread must, of course, be supplemented by other foods which provide more protein, minerals and vitamins. In a well-varied diet we will get the supplements easily from extra milk, meat, eggs and vegetables and fruits. Whole wheat bread is of higher value in minerals, especially iron, and in vitamin B, than white bread. It is not so generally popular as white bread, but it is a good plan to use it to some extent in the weekly meal plan. Where the money to be spent for food is too limited in amount to allow of the purchase of liberal amounts of the more expensive foods, whole wheat bread should be counted upon to provide iron and vitamin B.

From the nutritive points of menus we should not discount the contribution of bread to the diet. We hear so much about the value of fruits, vegetables and milk that we

somehow forget the importance of this inexpensive food.

Pineapple Betty.
1 can crushed pineapple
2 cups dry fine bread crumbs
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup sugar

Drain pineapple and reserve juice. Grate or roll crumbs and cook in butter until yellow. Add sugar to crumbs and mix well. Sprinkle greased baking dish with one-third of the crumbs. Arrange pineapple and rest of crumbs in alternate layers and pour juice over pudding. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) twenty to thirty minutes. Serve with hard sauce.

Meat Timbales.
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons butter
1 cup finely minced chicken, veal or ham
Salt and pepper
2 egg whites

Cook bread crumbs and milk to a smooth paste over a low fire, stirring constantly. Add butter, meat and seasoning to taste. Fold in the beaten whites of eggs. Fill small greased individual molds two-thirds full. Set in pan of hot water and bake until firm in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) for about twenty minutes. Turn out on serving dish and surround with eggs, mushroom or cheese sauce and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Melba Toast.
Cut bread in thin slices and arrange on a baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven (300 degrees Fahrenheit) until light brown. The slices will curl slightly during the baking. Serve unbuttered for lunch or dinner.

© 1933. Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Political Speeches?
Silence may be golden but a lot of talk savors of brass.

WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!

To her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy)**. They cleaned and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists—only 25c.

NR-TONIGHT
TOMORROW AIRCURE
"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

And You're Better Liked
The older you grow the less advice you offer gratuitously.

A Body Builder

Build up after colds, grip, bad blood. This is the time of year to put "your house in order." If you're run down with grip, colds, catarrh, it's time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Raymond D. Huff of 4 Page St., Battle Creek, said: "I was nervous and very sickly, my appetite failed, I couldn't sleep and felt all played out. My bronchials were in a weakened condition; I caught cold easily. Two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery corrected all this and my health was normal."

Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

"BEST!"

say millions



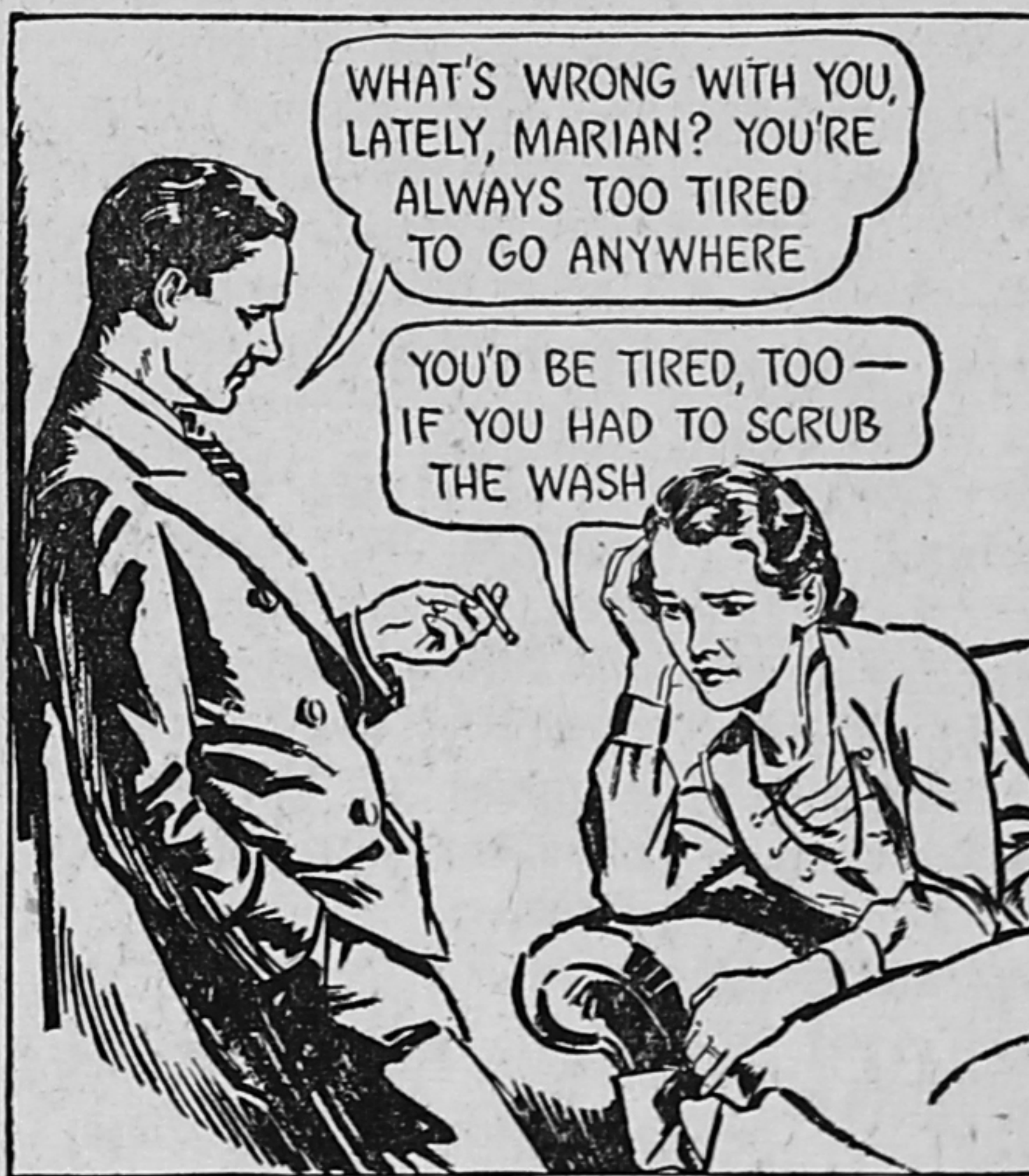
YOU'LL like Premium Flakes for the same reason that millions of others prefer these tender, flaky crackers. That's *quality!* The very highest. Made of selected ingredients, scientifically baked. Packed *fresh*. Delivered *fresh*. Buy the 1-pound or 2-pound package. Your money's worth in real food-value.

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NEW RECIPES FREE

On the package. More inside. And a whole brand-new booklet, "Menu Magic," if you write. Just send name and address on a postcard to National Biscuit Company, 449 W. 14th St., New York.

Uneda Bakers



This way makes clothes last twice as long!
BE MODERN—throw away your washboard! Why scrub when Rinso soaks clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter? Safety, of course. The home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers recommend Rinso. Clothes washed this "scrubless" way last 2 or 3 times longer! Rinso's a grand soap for washing machines, too. The makers of 40 famous washers say, "Rinso for safety—for whiter washes—for brighter colors!" Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—in both hard and soft water. Rich, lasting suds—safe for the finest cottons and linens. Wonderful also for dishes and all cleaning—so easy on the hands. Get the BIG package. A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO. **Rinso**
The biggest-selling package soap in America



Hayes' New Low Prices

All popular pure-bred varieties \$5.95 per 100. Heavy assorted \$4.45 per 100. Hatch days—Monday and Thursday.

Hayes Bros. Hatchery
(Incorporated)

Phone 2615
66 Chester St. Champaign.

Specimen Official Ballot

Community High School Election
April 8, 1933

Allerton Community High School District Number 235, Counties of Vermilion and Champaign, State of Illinois.

For One Member to serve for three years—

(Vote for one)

Wm. A. Warters

Ernest Guthrie

.....

Specimen Official Ballot

Township High School Election
April 8, 1933

Longview Township High School District Number 223, Counties of Champaign and Douglas, State of Illinois.

For President to serve for one year—

T. M. Sullivan

For Two Members to serve for three years—

(Vote for two)

Henry Mohr

John Nohren

St. John's Evangelical Church

REV. THEO. M. HAEFELE, PASTOR.

April 9th — Confirmation service at 10:30 a. m.

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

Friday, April 14th—Good Friday service at 7:30 p. m.

Sunday, April 16th — Easter Sunday. Communion service at 9:30 a. m.

Sunday School 10:30 a. m.

Thursday, April 13th—Ladies Aid meeting at the parsonage.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Southbound 1:55 p. m.

Northbound 3:19 p. m.

Star Mail Route

Southbound 7:15 a. m.

Northbound 8:30 a. m.

Wallpaper

New low priced wallpaper. 64 patterns 6c to 15c per single roll. Hanging 10c per single roll.—Albert Cummings.

Executor's Notice

Those having Executor's Notices for publication can have them published in the local paper for about one-half the amount that daily papers charge.

You tell us—we tell the world.

Local and Personal

Mrs. A. E. Reed spent Monday with friends at Allerton.

Orville McCormick and family were Danville visitors, Sunday.

James Gorman and family of Sidney spent Sunday with Mrs. Emma Block.

Ross Hardyman and family of Champaign spent Sunday at the R. H. Hardyman home.

Miss Beulah Gore of Indianapolis spent the week end here with relatives.

Misses Anna Clem and Margaret Gore were Ogden visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Gerald Hales and Mrs. Gladys Smith of Newman visited Mrs. Lillie Baker, Tuesday.

Clarence Kilian and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. August Wiese at Brocton.

L. T. King and family of Aurora spent Sunday with Mrs. Lottie Astell.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Zantow were Champaign visitors, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland were Danville visitors, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Snapp of Georgetown visited Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson, Sunday.

Mrs. Bert Seeds and son, Max, visited relatives at Sidney on Sunday.

Roy Hobbs and family of Covington, Ind., spent the week end with Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Dicks.

Miss Jessie and Lila Mae Witt, who have pneumonia, are improving slowly.

B. H. Thode, Sr., and Walter Thode were Mattoon visitors on Saturday.

Misses Wilma Messman and Hilda Zenke were home from Charleston over the week end.

Glen Doney and family spent Sunday with relatives at Oakwood.

Clark Henson and family were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith at Fairland.

Mrs. Desda Turpin of Allerton spent the past few days with Mrs. Clark Henson.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Maxfield and baby and Mrs. Golda Skidmore of Villa Grove visited Mrs. Clark Henson, Monday.

Mark Moore is courting at the county seat this week. Roy Pollock of Allerton is taking care of customers at the barber shop.

Mrs. Avery Henson and daughters of Champaign spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson entertained at dinner, Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, E. G. Montgomery.

Lyle Cummings and family, John Blossie and family, Ed Zantow and family, Elmo and Wilbur Brown of Danville, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. August Zantow.

Henry Schumacher has been chosen as grand juror to represent Ayers and Raymond townships at the April term of the circuit court, which will convene at 9 a. m., Monday, April 17.

Local and Personal

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Smith, March 28, a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith and W. F. Smith were Danville visitors, Wednesday.

Rev. and Mrs. Theo. Haeefe and Mrs. Henry Schumacher motored to Chicago, Thursday.

Rev. Miller of Champaign preached at the Wednesday night service at St. John's Ev. church.

The Royal Guards of St. John's church met at the home of Clarence Kilian, Wednesday night.

There were 80 present at Sunday school at the local M. E. church, last Sunday morning.

The Longview State bank reopened for business last Tuesday having been given permission by State Auditor Edward J. Barrett.

A baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Moser last Friday. He has been named Stanley Franklin.

Her stage plots no stranger than her own love tangle. The extraordinary predicament of a woman playwright, related in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next Sunday's Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Long View News

Roy Hurst and family are here from Ohio, visiting in the Wm. Rogers home.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Downie spent last Friday with relatives at Terre Haute.

Howard Dyar was out of school part of last week due to an attack of appendicitis.

J. E. Russell, Paul Hedrick, and Gerald Gaines spent the week-end at Allertown.

S. B. Duncan and W. E. Ringo did some repair work on the Audrey Coslet residence the first of the week.

The King's Workers of the United Brethren church will give an entertainment at the high school gym Friday night.

Guests in the home of Mrs. Alice Hanley Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Cletus Hanley, Mr. and Mrs. K. V. Hanley and children, Milton Dyar, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Allen and baby, and Mrs. Elizabeth Merchant.

W. E. Ringo, Ed Carleton, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Carleton and children, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beatty, and James Beatty, attended the funeral of Mary Margaret Shell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. At Shell, at Waveland, Ind., last Saturday.

Election Notice

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, April 18, 1933, in the Village of Broadlands, in the County of Champaign and State of Illinois, an election will be held for the election of the following officers:

President of the Board of Village Trustees.

Three Trustees for full term; and one trustee to fill vacancy.

Village Clerk.

Police Magistrate.

Polls for said election will open at 6:00 o'clock in the morning and will remain open until 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dated at Broadlands, Illinois, this 31st day of March, A. D., 1933.

C. F. Seeds,
Village Clerk.

Dick's Interfering Muse

By MILDRED WELLS

©. by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service

WHEN Dick Williams decided to try his luck at short-story writing, he made just one mistake. He told Margie.

Margie was his very charming next-door neighbor. Margie danced well, played tennis well enough, and was always full of good spirits. She was twenty-two. And she was pretty. But, so far as Dick was concerned, that was all.

Dick's mother, with whom he lived in the house where he had been born twenty-six years before, was away on a month's visit to a sister. And when the managing editor of the paper on which Dick was a reporter told him to take a day off the next week in celebration of the completion of a good series of interviews Dick had written, felt that he must talk over his idea with someone.

"You see," he said to Margie the evening before the great day, "I know I could write if I had a chance—anyway I think I could. Fiction, I mean. So when old man Elwell passed out this day off to me, I just decided I'd try my luck. I'll just begin early in the morning and work right on. If I get a good story under way, all right. If not, then that's all right, too. I'll feel better to have had a chance to try."

After an early breakfast next morning Margie, the maid, started happily forth with an unexpected day off before her.

"Peace and quiet," sighed Dick—"and no interruptions." Then he made ready for work by a cheerful living room window—and the telephone rang.

"Is Maggie there?" came a rich burled voice.

"I'm sorry, but she's off for the day," answered Dick, still cheerful. "Anything I can do?"

"No, it's nothing very important," answered the voice, "just tell her to call cousin Annie tonight!"

Dick hung up, and went back to his desk and began to plot his story. Hero's name—Stanley Weymouth. Heroine's name—well, what? Margie seemed to fit best. Yes, Stan and Margie. He'd lay the story in—the front doorbell rang.

Five minutes later, after an argument with the laundryman, Dick was back to his table.

Colorado, that was the place for his story. He put down some notes about how his characters looked. "Margie—small, brown, soft eyes, fluffy hair." And then there was a knock at the back door. The butcher's boy and chops.

Dick's muse was a coy one, and after he had answered the telephone to talk for ten minutes with a friend of his mother's, had gone again to the front door to frown crossly at a boy soliciting magazine subscriptions, had gone to the cellar to let in the gas-meter man—by that time Dick's muse was distinctly upset.

Pattering footsteps on the side porch.

"Well, darn!" exclaimed Dick mildly. He went to the door.

There was Margie, a basket on her arm. It was then he realized it had been a mistake to tell Margie his plans.

"Oh—" she said. He looked tired and irritable and uncomfortable. "Well, anyway, here's your lunch. Were you going to have any?"

She pushed her way past Dick and laid out a tempting lunch.

"I've been watching your house this morning, and it seemed as if every Tom, Dick and Harry's been here to bother you."

"You don't know the worst. Telephone's been going the whole darned day. Gosh, this tastes good."

"It's cold," said Margie.

"Oh, hang it," exclaimed Dick. "Guess I've let the furnace fire go out."

"You shouldn't try to write and keep house, too," said Margie. "I suppose you think I'm another bother. Good-by. Just settle down to work again and try to forget all the bothers."

He didn't notice that the side door didn't slam shut. And he didn't hear Margie's investigating steps into the cellar. But five minutes later she slipped quietly back into the room, a log and some kindlings in the basket on her arm. "Furnace is all right," she said reassuringly. "I've opened the draughts. Just stop worrying." And she put the kindlings and log in the fireplace, touched a match to the paper under them, and, when they were blazing, cleared up the lunch things and then sat down quietly beside the fire with a magazine.

The afternoon went amazingly well. It seemed, to Dick, the most natural thing in the world to have Margie there—answering doorbells and telephones and keeping the detail of worries from him.

At six he stretched his long legs under the table, clasped his arms behind his head and looked across the room to Margie, still sitting quietly by the fireplace.

"Margie," he said, rather awedly, "I think I've got it. I mean, I think it's a real story. And it's due to you. Not just keeping away the interruptions—more than that."

"Well—" said Margie.

"Margie, the heroine's like you. She's little, and brown, with soft eyes, and fluffy hair and—Margie, in the end Stan's going to marry her!"

"Is he?" said Margie softly. "I don't mind."

Longview Township High School Future Farmers of America

A National

Organization

For Boys



Studying

Vocational

Agriculture

W. B. BRAEUNINGER—Instructor in Vocational Agriculture.

Alaric Heidorn to Carry on Fertilizer Experiment With His Project

Alaric Heidorn is going to carry on a fertilizer experiment with his potato project. The plot of ground is one-half acre in size and is divided into two equal parts of one-quarter acre each. One side of the plot was treated with a heavy application of farm manure. The other half was treated with Aero Cyanamid, a

new fertilizer containing 22% nitrogen and 70% lime. It is hoped that some comparison can be made between the yields of the two divisions.

U. S. No. 1, Early Ohio potatoes were used as a seed and were treated with formaldehyde before planting. One pint of formaldehyde is mixed with 30 gallons of water and the seed potatoes are allowed to soak in this solution for two hours. The purpose of the treatment is to kill all diseases that are carried by the potato.

Here's A Bargain!

The Chicago Daily Herald & Examiner and The Broadlands News

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Fred Herron of Montclair, N. J., was badly stung by a wasp that entered an open window and hid in his hair brush.