

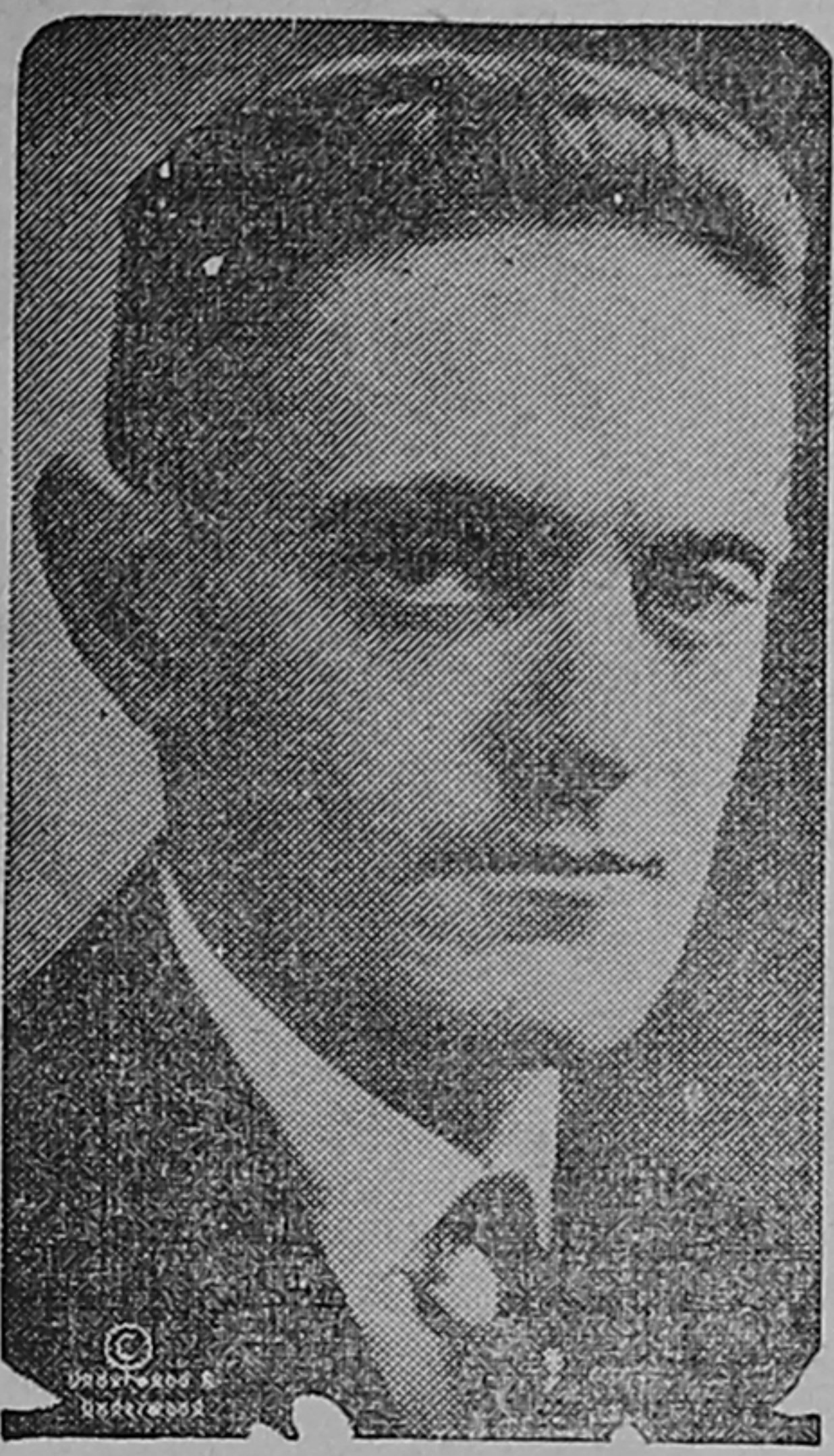
THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 14

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1933

NUMBER 1

Octavus Roy Cohen



This talented southern author and lawyer has thrilled and entertained millions of American readers. His stories are in demand in every magazine in America. The opportunity to publish his books is sought by every book publishing house in the nation. Mr. Cohen made his first success with his southern negro stories. They met with instant popularity, and built circulation for the magazine that carried them. But he is a versatile writer and has created many characters that are known to American readers. Among these is Jim Hanvey, detective extraordinary, and it is Jim Hanvey around which is woven the action and the humor of "The May Day Mystery," one of the most popular of Mr. Cohen's stories.

Mr. Cohen is a native of the South of which he writes. He was born at Charleston, S. C., June 26, 1891, and was educated at the Porter Military academy of that city, and at the Birmingham-Southern college at Birmingham, Ala. His first work was as a civil engineer. He quit that to engage in newspaper work and was employed in the editorial departments of such papers as the Birmingham Ledger, the Charleston News and Courier, the Bayonne (N. J.) Times and Newark (N. J.) Morning Star. He was admitted to the bar in South Carolina in 1913 and practiced law for two years before devoting himself entirely to writing. During the war he served as a lieutenant in the navy. His story, "The May Day Mystery," will run serially in these columns, and every reader will enjoy it.

It will start soon. Watch for it.

Hail Storms Visit Three Communities

Ogden, Homer and Sidney Townships had a hail and rain storm late Sunday afternoon about equal to the one Champaign-Urbana had about seven years ago, says the News-Gazette.

Hail fell at Homer as large as hen's eggs. Albert Richards of the county highway office took several to Sidney, and after they arrived, found them to measure 6 inches around. Many automobiles caught in the storm had their tops ruined by hail.

Justice Reynolds spent the afternoon at his farm near Sidney. He said rain fell all afternoon. The Salt Fork was unusually high, and small buildings were floating.

At Tolono, the ground was covered with hail.

Oak Park Girl Enters 15th Month of Sleep

Oak Park, May 1.—Patricia Maguire slumbers on. Stricken with sleeping sickness she is in her 15th month of coma. Meanwhile a supply of serum made from the blood of persons who have recovered from the disease is running out and efforts are being made to obtain more of it. The serum is being given to the girl regularly.

You tell us—we tell the world.

Frost proof cabbage plants for sale at 6c a doz.—Howard Clem.

Last Rites For Robert Miller Held on Friday

Funeral services for Robert Miller, who died at his home here on Wednesday afternoon of last week, were held at the local Methodist church last Friday afternoon, with Rev. C. M. Temple of Warrensburg officiating, assisted by Rev. J. T. Hendrix, pastor of the church.

A quartet composed of O. P. Witt, P. O. Rayl, Harry Richard and Geo. H. Cook sang, "The Old Rugged Cross," and "Going Down the Valley." Mrs. Kenneth Dicks and Miss Mildred Freeman sang "Whispering Hope," as a duet. Mrs. Bertha Cook presided at the piano.

The pallbearers were Howard Porterfield, O. E. Anderson, F. A. Messman, George Walker, Mark Moore and A. A. Cable.

Interment was at Fairfield Memorial cemetery, southeast of Broadlands.

Robert Miller, son of Thomas L. and Jane Miller, was born at Scarborough, England, Nov. 25, 1866. He passed away at his home in Broadlands, April 26, 1933, aged 66 years, 5 months and 1 day.

At the age of 4 years he came to America with his parents, who located on a farm near Jacksonville, Ill. When he was 18 years of age his parents moved to a farm near Allerton where he lived until 1921 when he came to Broadlands where he resided until his death.

He was united in marriage to Anna Astell in 1902. She preceded him in death in 1907.

In 1908 he was married to Leanna McClelland who survives him.

When a young man he joined the M. E. church at Allerton, later transferring his membership to the M. E. church at Broadlands.

He was preceded in death by his father and mother; three sisters, Mary, Anna and Ethel, and one brother, George.

He leaves his widow, a stepson, one grandson, several nieces and nephews, and a host of friends.

Delinquent Tax Date Extended to June 1

Springfield, May 2.—By a vote of 128 to 0 the House of the General Assembly today passed a bill extending the delinquent date on taxes to June 1. The bill now goes to the Governor.

Senator H. C. Boeke, Democrat, of Freeport, introduced the measure which applies to real property and personal taxes for 1932.

The bill provides such taxes shall become delinquent and bear interest after June 1, 1933. The original delinquent date was May 1, 1933.

"Once In A Lifetime"

Jack Oakie and Sidney Fox in "Once in a Lifetime," at the Illinois Theater, Newman, this Saturday and Sunday nights. Read ad elsewhere in this paper.

Three marriages, three divorces before she is 24. The story of a young millionairess who is ready for her 4th marriage is told in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next Sunday's Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Bergfield Bros. are advertising Friday and Saturday specials in this week's issue of The News.

Home Talent Play Was Grand Success

The three-act comedy, "Short Thirty-Six," presented by the Young People's League of the local St. John's Evangelical church, at the Broadlands Theater last Saturday night, was largely attended and a grand success financially as well as from a standpoint of entertainment. The directors as well as the members of the cast are to be highly commended for the fine entertainment given us.

The following were in the cast: Oscar Limp, Harry Nohren, Raymond Frick, Leonard Block, Carl Zenke, and the Misses Evelyn Schumacher, Vera Bahlow, Mabel Bahlow, Natalie Jordan, Selma Limp and Muriel Mohr.

Music between acts was presented by Ed and Raymond Frick.

Longview High School News

Anne Harden, Editor.

Joe Job has discontinued his school work here.

The sewing girls have completed their silk dresses, the last project of the year.

Seniors have begun practice on their play "Engaged by Wednesday" to be presented Friday evening, May 19.

Everyone is working hard trying to get magazine and book reports in at the last minute. Will they never learn!

The Juniors are busy preparing for the Junior-Senior Reception which will take place in the high school gym, Saturday evening, May 13.

Several students attended the Ocoee Track meet at Metcalf on Friday afternoon, April 28th. Longview placed fourth in the events.

Due to rainy weather the County track meet which was to be held at Tolono, Tuesday afternoon, May 2nd, was held at the U. of I. stadium.

Thursday evening, April 27, at the Champaign County Literary Meet at St. Joe, Anne Harden received 1st place for her humorous reading "Dumb Dora Attends the Matinee." Erna Klautsch was awarded second place for piano solo.

Friday evening, May 5, the following will compete in the finals of the Ocoee Literary meet to be held at Allerton:

Humorous Reading—Melvin Todd.
Humorous Reading—Anne Harden.
"Wake Thee Now Dearest"—Girls Chorus.
"Ragged Vagabond"—Boys Chorus.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

(Allerton-Broadlands-Longview)
J. T. Hendrix, Pastor.

BROADLANDS
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.

ALLERTON
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Epworth League—6:30 p. m.
Preaching—7:30 p. m.

Robert H. Allen Called Beyond

Robert H. Allen, age 83, died about 10 o'clock last Saturday morning, at the home of his brother, Harry Allen, after suffering a heart attack.

Funeral services were held at the Allen home on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, with Rev. J. M. Bean of Allerton conducting the rites. Music was furnished by Mrs. Kenneth Dicks and Mrs. Forrest Dicks with Mrs. George Cook at the piano.

Robert H. Allen was born at Tean, England, Nov. 15, 1849, and died at Broadlands, Ill., April 29, 1933. He was the son of George and Elizabeth Allen.

He leaves to mourn his departure, one sister, Mrs. Mary Ebborn, of Colwyn Bay, Eng.; and a brother, Harry Allen of Broadlands. One brother, George, preceded him in death.

Mr. Allen came to this country in the winter of 1879. Most of his life was spent in this community except for a few years at Crawfordsville, Ind. Since the death of his wife, Annie, in 1922, he has made his home with his brother, Harry, of this place.

At an early age he was confirmed in the Episcopal church of England.

Allerton High School News

Jessie Witt, Reporter.

Clara Haines, Bruce David and Lucille Fleetwood were absent from school this week.

The Juniors are making plans for the Junior-Senior banquet which is to be held sometime in the near future.

The finals of the Ocoee Literary and Music contests will be held in the high school gym on Friday night (tonight). The event will start at 7:00 o'clock.

With Harry Archer scoring 1st place in javelin and Bruce David 4th, Harry 2nd in the discus, with Bruce tied for 1st in the pole vault, they gave Allerton a tie with Hume for 5th place in the Ocoee meet with 11¼ points at Metcalf last Friday afternoon.

Archer's throw of 147 ft. 11 in. is the best javelin mark listed in our high school records. His 109 ft. 2 in. at the discus is also something to be proud of.

With a few boys on the cinders to place in the running events the above boys would finish up a good all around track team.

The Vermilion County Meet is at Georgetown Saturday.

Card of Thanks

I wish to extend my sincere thanks to the neighbors and friends for their many acts of kindness during the illness and after the death of my beloved husband, Robert Miller.

Mrs. Robert Miller.

Market Report

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

No. 3 white shelled corn 32c
No. 3 yellow corn 30c
No. 2 white oats 20c
No. 2 soy beans 50c

Your news items would help to make this paper more interesting.

G. T. Club Meets With Mrs. Maude Fitzgerald

The G. T. Club met at the home of Mrs. Maude Fitzgerald with Mrs. Jennie Nohren, assistant hostess, on Thursday afternoon of last week.

The popular game "500" furnished entertainment, Mrs. Edna Dicks being the prize winner.

Refreshments consisted of sandwiches, perfection salad and coffee.

Guests present were Mrs. Lena Biesterfeld, Mrs. Esther Rothermel, Mrs. Leathie Boyd.

Members present were Mesdames Jessie Bergfield, Pearl Edens, Jennie Nohren, Leona Bergfield, Tillie Schumacher, Irene Witt, Edna Dicks, Eva Boyd, Elsie Walker, Sue Harden, Ruth Henson, Delia Nohren, Minnie Anderson, Olive Rayl, Clara Hedrick, Maude Moore, Edna Struck, Irene Wiese, Hazel Block, Zernah Witt.

Robert Miller Estate Goes To His Widow

The will of Robert Miller, who died at his home in Broadlands, April 26, was filed Tuesday with the County Clerk, for probate. He leaves \$1,000 in personal property, and considerable real estate.

He leaves all of his personal property and a homestead in Broadlands to his widow, Mrs. Leanna Delia Miller, in fee simple, and a life estate in the balance of real estate.

At her death, the real estate is to be divided between Raymond F. McClelland, Gladys McClelland, and Robert Oliver McClelland, in equal shares.

Mrs. Miller is named sole executrix to serve without bond.—News-Gazette.

State Gets Check on Inheritance Tax

State Treasurer John C. Martin recently received a check for \$1,000,000 from J. B. McDonough, county treasurer of Cook county, as partial payment of the inheritance tax of the estate of Nettie McCormick.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all of our neighbors and friends who assisted us in any way after the death of our brother, Robert Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Allen and Family.

Announcement

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church will meet at the church Thursday, May 11th, at 10 o'clock, to clean the church.

A covered dish luncheon at the noon hour. The regular meeting will be held at two o'clock.

Miss Merle Brewer closed an eight months' term of school at Alexander, Tuesday, with a community dinner.

Mrs. David Walsh and Miss Wynnie Cadwallader were here from Champaign, last Friday to attend the funeral rites of the late Robert Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Culton and family of Longview; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Cooper of Pesotum.

Chicago People Hurt; Car Upsets on Rt. 49

High speed and a blowout caused a bad spill on Route 49, a few miles north of Brocton last Sunday afternoon. The occupants of the automobile were Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Mulvane and little daughter, and Mrs. Martha Boyd, mother of Mrs. Mulvane, all of Chicago. Mr. Mulvane stated that they were traveling about 60 miles an hour when the tire blew out and their car upset and rolled over several times.

Shortly after the accident two strangers appeared on the scene and assisted the injured people in getting out of the wrecked car and took them to Allerton. Not being able to secure the services of a doctor, the party then continued on to Broadlands, being accompanied by Ralph Rudder, the restaurateur, of Allerton.

The injured people were attended by Dr. T. A. Dicks and taken to rooms at the Gallion Cafe. All of the occupants of the car were more or less injured. Mrs. Boyd was suffering from a crushed chest and many bruises. Mrs. Mulvane sustained head and shoulder injuries and was irrational for several hours. Mr. Mulvane sustained back injuries. The little girl was cut and bruised but not seriously hurt. Their car was badly damaged and was towed to Allerton for repairs.

On Tuesday evening the injured folks left for their home in Chicago.

Proposition To Oil Roads Carries Here Saturday

The proposition to oil the roads of Ayers township carried by an overwhelming majority at the special election held here last Saturday afternoon. A total of 129 ballots were cast. Four of the voters spoiled their ballots because they didn't know how to mark them. All that was necessary for the voter to do was to make an X after the word yes if he favored the proposition, or make an X after the word no if he was against the proposition. Fifteen voted no, while 110 voted yes.

Storm Carries Mule 50 Ft. Gets Up Alive and Kicking

Carbondale, May 3.—Earl Watson, a farmer, whose barn was blown about 50 yards from its foundation during a windstorm, today told about his "flying mule."

Watson's mule was tied to the manger in the barn when the wind lifted the barn into the air. The mule dangled at the end of the rope, but accompanied the barn through the air.

When Watson reached his wrecked barn, the mule was putting the finishing touches on the wreckage by wildly kicking the debris. He was unhurt.

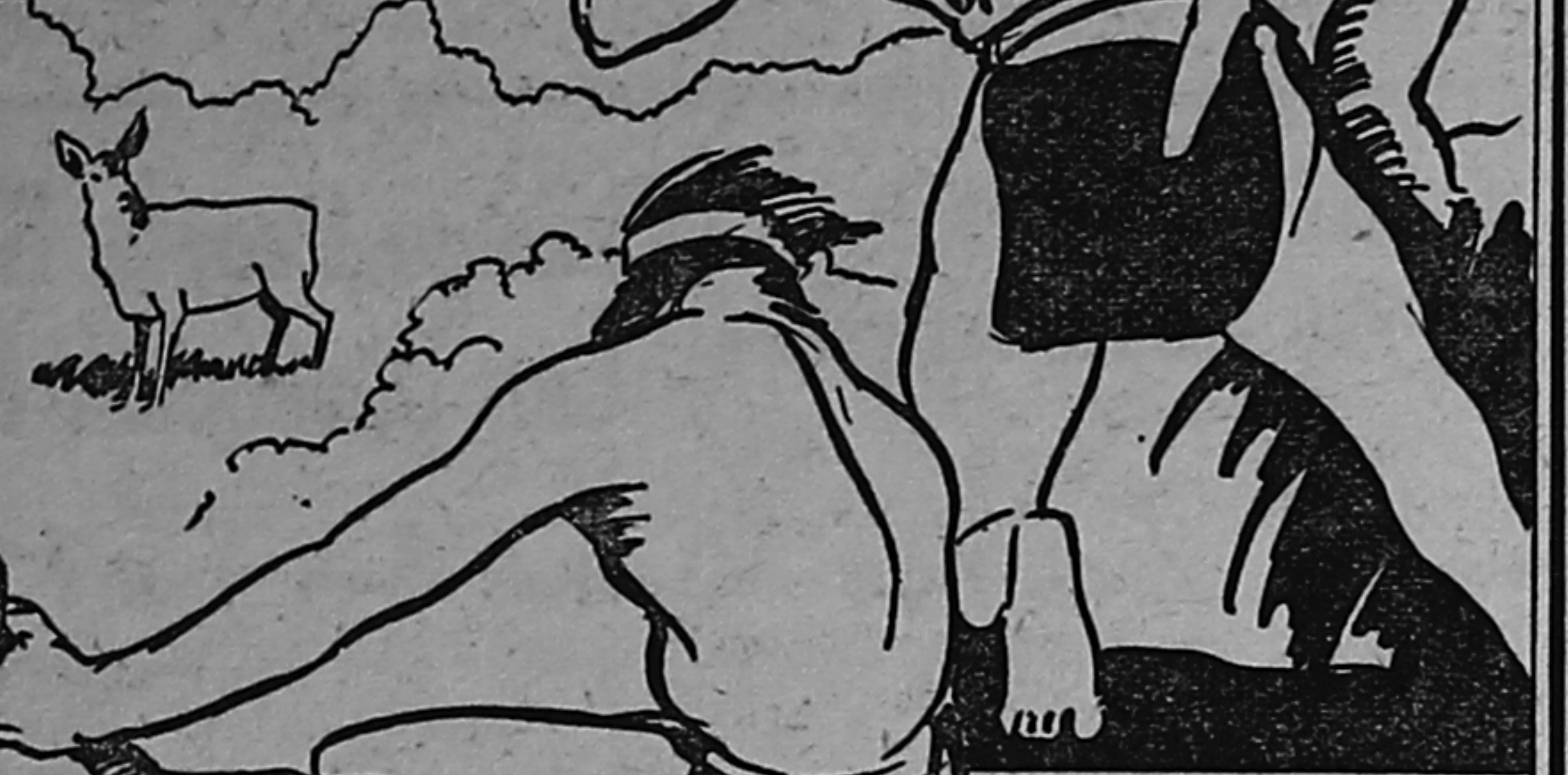
Still Some Who Believe Two Can Live Cheap as One

A total of 41 marriage licenses were issued by the County Clerk during the month of April, eight more than a year ago.

That there are still many people who believe that two can live as cheaply as one, is evidenced by the fact that in the first third of the year, 159 licenses have been issued.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

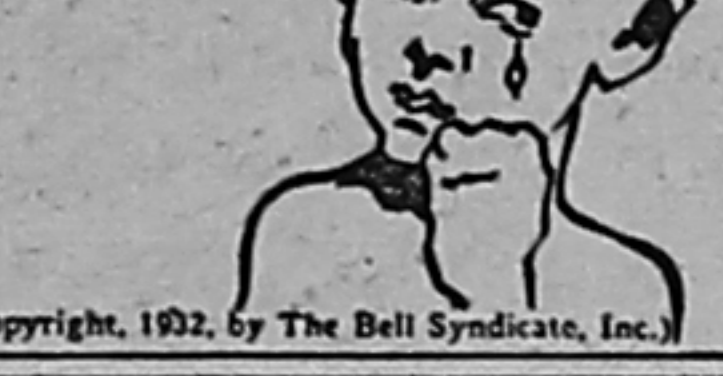
A SAVAGE POPULATION—NOT MORE THAN 15 OR 20 MILLION PEOPLE COULD SUBSIST IN THE WORLD WERE IT NOT FOR THE PLOW AND CULTIVATION OF PLANTS.



BEAVER CALL—TAME BEAVERS CAN BE MADE TO RESPOND TO THEIR NAMES.



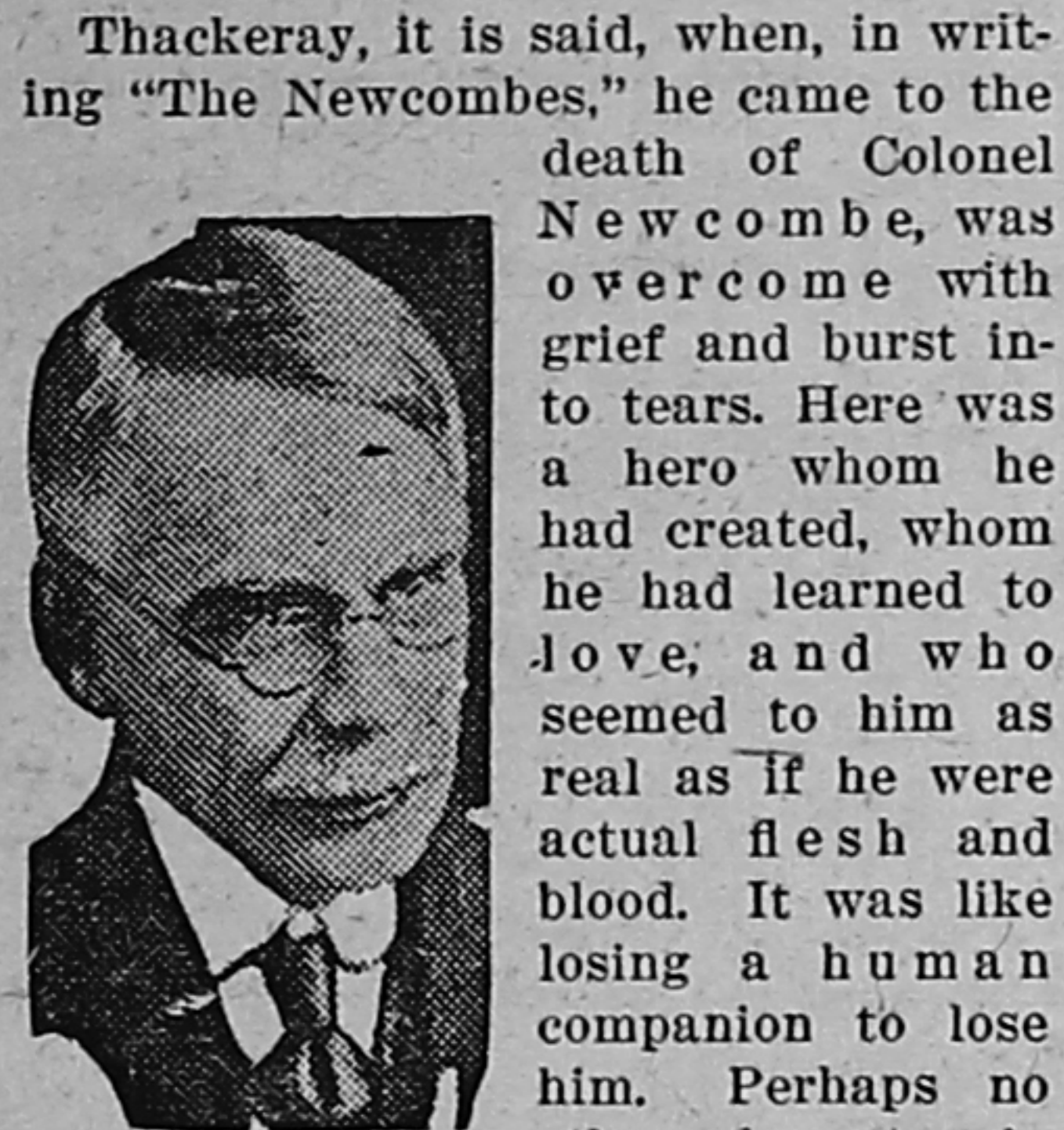
CRYING EYES—RED, BLOODSHOT EYES FROM CRYING ARE CAUSED BY THE BURSTING OF TINY BLOOD VESSELS JUST UNDER THE FRONT SURFACE OF THE EYEBALL.



WNU Service

DEAD HEROES

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Late Dean of Men,
University of Illinois.



Thackeray, it is said, when, in writing "The Newcombes," he came to the death of Colonel Newcombe, was overcome with grief and burst into tears. Here was a hero whom he had created, whom he had learned to love, and who seemed to him as real as if he were actual flesh and blood. It was like losing a human companion to lose him. Perhaps no other character in fiction has ever been more vividly drawn.

The character of old Jolyan Forsyte in Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga," is as real as if we had known him throughout the long years of his life. When his death comes, as death inevitably must, it is like tearing the heart strings loose to see him go.

It is strange how these heroes of fiction take hold of us and influence our thinking and our conduct—stimulate us, encourage us, inspire us to greater activity. Hugo's Jean Valjean, for illustration. What hardships and injustices he endured and how nobly he met his misfortunes!

There is the hero of adventure, too. We learn strategy from D'Artagnan, physical courage, loyalty to friends. The Count of Monte Cristo sets us the same example. It seems as we read that they should have lived on forever.

A few years ago Sir Conan Doyle allowed Sherlock Holmes, his great solver of mysteries, to disappear—dropped over the ledge of a great rock and crushed to death it seemed—and we thought we had lost him forever. But he was not dead; he came back again to fascinate us for a dozen years more with his keen insight. Nothing is more sad than to see a hero whom we have set up for ourselves wane in his power, gradually lose the characteristics which have won our admiration. It is better that they should leave the stage while they are still heroes.

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Just Like Grown-Ups



The smart sub-sub-deb this spring wears the same trim tailored lines and feminine fluffiness as grownups, Carolyn T. Radnor-Lewis writes in Child Life Magazine. A two or three new dress effect may be achieved by varying the combination in one ensemble. There's the suit and its ally, the cape, preferably detachable. This suit may be a pleated skirt and reofer combination; a dress and long coat linked in the gay scarf and lining; or a bolero affair with a full little blouse. Always will it stress the contrast in color and in fabric.

Bear Frozen in Pond
Rockland Maine.—While skating on Jefferson pond Mrs. H. E. Porter's attention was attracted to a dark object huddled in the middle of the pond. Investigating she discovered it was a black bear which had become frozen in the slushy ice. A game warden freed the prisoner and it scampered away.

Smallest "City" in the World



A Tom Thumb city, consisting of one inhabitant and two cottages, believed to be the smallest city of the world, exists near Chippenham in Wiltshire, England. The city, known as Christian Malford, was built 300 years ago and consists of these two thatched cottages. An abandoned canal runs in front of it and a railway runs at the back although trains never stop here because there is no station. Half of the "city" is occupied by a widow whose husband lived there for 87 years. His father owned the cottage for 92 years and his grandfather lived in it for 97 years. The nearest village is two miles away.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

A purpose in life is an essential to success whether it be in the world of business, art, of professional circles, or home making. Without some definite aim, one's forces are dissipated. They do not focus. The person has no direction, and drifts through the years finding a lack of interest in life until dissatisfaction writes its lines across the face with no uncertain marks. A dissatisfied face is never attractive. It is one by no means confined to those in advancing years. I have seen hundreds of young faces with dissatisfaction expressed so clearly that everyone can see it. Such a person, young or old, is usually without a sufficiently absorbing purpose, the sort which brings an alertness to a countenance and an alacrity to mind and body.

The person who discovers something of intense interest early in life, and pursues it with unflinching determination is the one who keeps young when years advance.

Promoting Youthfulness.
One reason why women of today often grow older in appearance than men at the same age, is because men are engrossed in lively topics of business. In matters of vital importance to them, while women are drifting along with days filled with striving to find entertainment for useless hours. Yet it is the women who are using every artificial method to retain a youthful appearance. Pathos is as often found in such faces as success in looking young. Lines of dissatisfaction and of fear of the ravages of time, are as strongly penciled as beautifying lines. Talk with such persons and rapid minds are discovered, minds totally lacking in interest. They contribute nothing to conversation, and their beauty is not sufficient to hold one's attention. They are old, no matter how young in years.

A life filled with purpose is a young life even in old age. There is an alertness of countenance and a lively interest in what is going on. Strange as it may seem, a purposeful life reaches out to other interests as well as the definite one of pursuit. A homemaker finds a purpose in life when she uses her energies to give beauty to rooms and health and beauty of character to those entrusted to her care. Her interests are wide. Each mind is individual, and with unfolding youthful minds about her, the scope of her own mind is broadened. Those occupied in art and professions find fulfillment of their purpose in contributing something, however little, to their especial vocation. Whatever the work, or however much leisure a woman may have, it is only when life is lived with some definite purpose in view that satisfaction and an attractive countenance can be attained.

Lighting Fixtures.
Metal lighting fixtures should never be washed. Not so much as a drop of water should touch them, for it mars the finish. They should be dusted and wiped off lightly with a soft cloth. Accessories to fixtures may require washing, such as crystal pendants, and such portions of a fixture as may be of glass. When the glass forms an actual nondetachable part of a fixture, care should be exercised not to let so much as a drop of the water or any liquid touch the metal. Pendants are detachable, and so are strings of crystal. These should be washed in warm soapy water with a little ammonia in it, rinsed in water a trifle hotter, as the glass will be tempered in the warm washing solution, and dried thoroughly and also rubbed to give the desired polish and glisten to the glass. Then the pendants are rehooked to the fixture in the specified holes. It is when crystal chandeliers catch the light and break it into rainbow hues that their real beauty appears.

Japanned Ware.
Japanned trays and other articles with this attractive finish should never be washed in hot water. It causes the Japan surface to crack and even scale off. Then the article loses its good looks. Use lukewarm water and white soap, since this is milder than yellow. With the solution given, wash the tray or whatever piece is being cleaned. Do not immerse in the water, but wash with a cloth wet with it. Wipe with clear rinsing water. Wipe dry. Then sprinkle with a little flour and let it remain on for twenty minutes or so. Then rub the article with a soft cloth and finally with a piece of soft old silk.

Avoid putting very hot dishes on lacquered and japanned trays. The marks left are very difficult to remove. Sometimes they respond to rubbing with a flannel wet with sweet oil. After a few minutes wipe off the place quickly with a cloth that is wet with alcohol.

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Runs Own Radio Station

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Irene Rolle, Los Angeles Junior college coed and accomplished violinist, is spending more time in a little shack in her back yard than at her music or studies. Her spare hours are spent operating her recently completed radio station whose call letters are W6-GPE. Miss Rolle devoted a year to the study of radio before she entered college, which enabled her to make at home the complete equipment of her radio station and put it together in the proper manner.

Placidity Only Desire of East Indian Mystic

Old India, says a traveler, has never known anything except the height of insolent magnificence and the depths of poverty. India lives today much as it lived a thousand years ago, or two thousand, despite its mountain peaks of thought and the nagging of the British Raj. Here is the source of that teaching which forms the basis of oriental philosophy, that it is not worth while for a man to gain the whole world if he loses his own soul.

The Hindu phrase it differently but that is the idea. It accounts, perhaps, for the placid, slightly pitying look which the Indian mystic gives the smart European who comes to look down upon his civilization. You get that look from men who have nothing in the world to call their own, not even a rag to cover them, who sit in the dirt and smear their bodies with ashes and take what food the people give them. They regard the visiting westerner with detachment, despite the money that jingles in his pocket. A sheltered cave or corner of quiet is all they ask of this world.

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

Exceptions.
Seeing isn't always believing. One sees lots of people he can't believe.



STOPS a Headache

There seems to be no safer way to end a headache—and there certainly is no safer way—than two tablets of Bayer Aspirin.

You've heard doctors say Bayer Aspirin is safe. If you've tried it, you know it's effective. You could take these tablets every day in the year without any ill effects. And every time you take them, you get the desired relief.

Stick to Bayer Aspirin. It's safe. It gets results. Quick relief from headaches, colds, or other sudden discomfort.



Like Some Men
A mule has will power; that's what makes him balk.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

SHE could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Consultation! The very morning after taking NR (Nature's Remedy), as she felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. NR—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box, 25c—at NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT Druggists.

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

Large Pimples on Face Twelve Years Healed by Cuticura

"I was troubled with pimples all over my face, neck, back and arms. They were hard, large and red, and hurt when I touched them. They festered and scaled over and at times I could hardly stand to have my clothes touch my back and arms. I could get no rest or sleep and was in that condition about ten or twelve years. "I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I purchased more and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two twenty-five cent boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Marsha Nevils, R. 6, Box 125, LaGrange, Texas, July 28, '32. Cuticura Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

SORES AND LUMPS—My Specialty
Write for Free 148 Page Book, Dr. Boyd Williams, Madison, Wis.

WNU—A

18—33

NEXT TWO YEARS ON SUN WILL BE COLDER

Scientist Makes Forecast of Solar Radiation.

Washington.—It's going to be colder on the sun for the next two years, but who knows what will happen on the earth?

A long-range forecast of solar radiation has just been made by Dr. Charles G. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and published, with the supporting data, in an institution bulletin.

There is believed to be a very intimate relationship between the sun's "weather" and the earth's weather, but it is so extremely complex that as yet it is not possible to make valid deduction from one to the other. So, Abbot stresses, the prediction has nothing to do with terrestrial temperatures.

For two years the average radiation of the great star into space—from which the earth obtains the heat and light which make life possible—promises to be below normal. It has been rather consistently higher than normal since 1930.

Basis for Prediction.
Abbot bases his prediction on periodicities found by calculation in the solar constant—the amount of radiation per square centimeter per second received at the outside limit of the earth's atmosphere. The normal value is 1,940 calories. This varies with an extremely complex periodicity. By observations and calculations extended over many years Abbot has discovered the existence of seven such periodicities—of 7, 8, 11, 21, 25, 45 and 68-month periods—which are intricately interwoven.

In making the two-year prediction

Locker Boy to Coach



Starting his career as a locker boy 16 years ago, Ralph E. Chambers has risen from his lowly position at the Longwood tennis courts at Boston to the dignity of head coach of tennis at West Point, after having served as professional instructor at the club where he was employed. He has taken up his new duties at the United States Military academy.

Bedouin Tribesmen Hard Hit by Famine

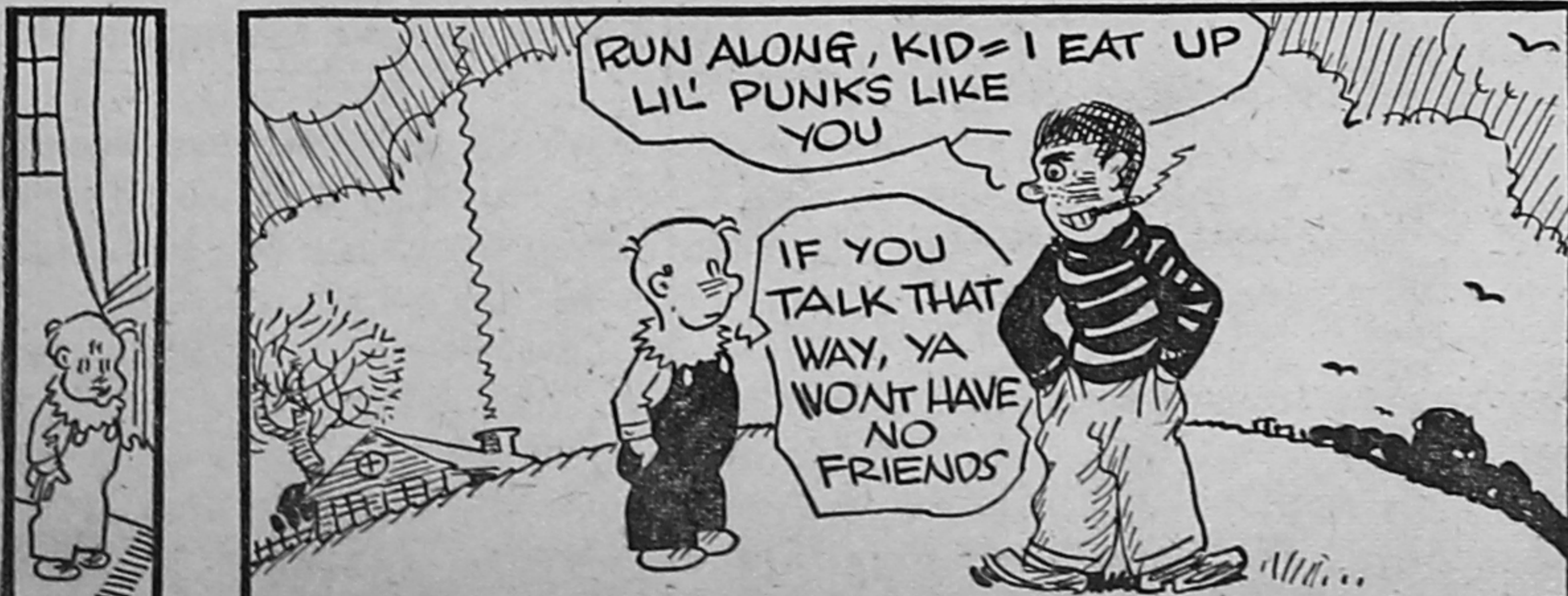
Mosul, Iraq.—Recent rains have come too late for many of the Bedouin tribes in the Syrian desert. Stricken by famine as a result of a two-year drought, they have been unable to withstand the bitter cold of the last two months, living as they do in open desert stretches 2,000 to 3,000 feet above sea level.

Dair-as-Zor, on the frontier, reports many refugees pouring in, having deserted their villages of reed huts and mud houses when their live stock either died or was slaughtered to keep the villagers alive. These refugees are practically destitute.

Reports from Amman state that alarm was felt when bands of Bedouins appeared on the Trans-Jordan frontier, but it was not a hostile attack. The starving tribesmen were merely on the move in search of food.

In one district it is reported that the Emir Abdullah's patrols have found numbers of starving babies in deserted tents. In all, six truckloads of these children were collected and taken to Amman.

SUCH IS LIFE—The Tough Boy



The Dance

By JOHN GRAY

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IT WAS the day before the all-important junior ball at Tilton college. On the "spare room" bed in the Denby farmhouse lay the pink chiffon frock that Bertha had bought for the big event. Silver slippers and stockings lay beside it.

The whole house was in an air of expectancy and even the cows and chickens in the barnyard and pasture must have suspected that something was in the air from the happy, preoccupied air of Bill Denby, gruff and usually indifferent as he went about his daily chores. Bill Denby was Bertha's brother, her elder by ten years, who, though he avoided society himself, never seemed more content than when his pretty sister was included in the festivities at the nearby Tilton college.

Then George Fulton came with the news that changed all this air of pleasurable expectation to one of gloom and dejection.

"I've done the thing that seems most honorable," he announced. "It means that I can't take you to the ball." And with much faltering and many hesitations he proceeded.

"Last summer I met a girl who lives out in Wyoming. We played tennis together and went swimming and sailing and—well, before we parted I asked her to go to my junior ball with me. That was before I met you. Well, we wrote once or twice and nothing more was said about the ball, and then we didn't write any more. I had met you and she didn't seem to care whether I wrote or not. This morning I had a letter from her. It just says: 'I'm coming for the ball. Will arrive at 5 Friday. I know you haven't forgotten your invitation.'

"It's too late to prevent her coming—she is almost here. I didn't know what to do. Of course, I want to take you more than anything else. I made up my mind that the right thing for a fellow to do in the circumstances was to go to the girl he really cared for, the one who—well, the one who trusted him and understood him—and tell her."

It was not till George had gone and Bertha had gone to nurse her grief in sight of the pink frock laid out so neatly that she permitted tears to flow. Bill Denby, who had looked in vain for his sister downstairs, found her there in the spare room. Bertha explained, "I don't care so much about going with him," she fibbed, "but I wanted to wear the dress. I never had such a pretty dress before."

"I'll take you," Bill said firmly. "But they won't let you in—you're an outsider."

"See here," said Bill, shaking a defiant finger in her face. "you said this George is the boss of the dance. I'll show him I'm no outsider this time. I'm going and he's going to let me in. That's the least he can do."

In the thirty hours that were to elapse before the dance Bill found only a few for sleep. There was a hasty trip by motor to Tilton in quest of evening clothes. It was eight years since Bill had worn them.

He came back with numerous bundles. "Here's everything from soup to nuts," he announced, "dancing pumps, silk socks and everything. Now start in and show me the steps."

The next evening at half-past eight, when Bertha, dressed in her pink chiffon, started off with her brother to Tilton college, she was inclined to think that this smooth-shaven, well-dressed young man must be some one else other than her big, rough brother.

It was an uncomfortable moment for Bertha at the door when the student whose duty it was to receive tickets, barred the way and looked skeptical when Bill said he would see the chairman of the committee, who would fix things up for him. George came forward, sensed the situation in a flash, and escorted the Denbys past the dismayed door committee.

What followed made Bertha feel as if she had suddenly been swept off her feet. The girl, beautiful, stately and brunette, but certainly older than George, took both Bill's hands in hers.

"What a wonderful surprise," she said. "I was going to get in touch with you tomorrow, but I didn't expect to meet you at the dance." Then she and Bill gravitated to some chairs behind some palms, and when the music started for the first dance, and George was expected to be the first on the floor, he did not even try to locate Bill and the mysterious girl.

They danced for a few minutes and then drifted toward two chairs which they utilized for a conversation. "That's Helen Dawson," George said. "She's the one Bill was engaged to. One of the boys was in Wyoming a few weeks ago and told her about Bill—how he'd never married and didn't like girls, so she decided to come and look him up. She found out when the dance came off, remembered I'd asked her, and took that as an excuse to come East. She didn't think that she might have spoiled it for me. But everything is turning out all right, I guess," added George as he looked across the room to where Bill and Helen Dawson were still talking, oblivious of music, dancers and possible on-lookers.

And that night when Helen and her new-found friend, Bertha Denby, whom she had seen once before as a little girl, said good night, Helen whispered to Bertha that she was engaged to Bill again. And Bertha, sublimely happy, confessed that with little persuasion she had accepted George.

The Mirror of Nature

By COSMO HAMILTON

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THE instinct of self-preservation made the man draw back. The taxi-cab, unconscious of his escape, cut experimentally through the thick yellow fog. He laughed as he felt his way to the embankment above the sullen Thames. That movement into safety on the part of one who was on his way to commit suicide was comic in its irony, it seemed to him. He faced the city over whose hard pavements he had trod hungrily and shabbily in search of bread, and waved his hat. He put his hands on the stonework so that he might vault into peace and fetched them back with a jerk. One of them pressed against something that was warm and soft.

"What is it? What do you want?" There was fright in the woman's voice. "Go away. I want to be alone."

He could see the blurred outline of a well-dressed woman who was about to make a spring. "Oh, don't do that," he said. There was no anger in the voice this time. Only weariness and appeal. "Oh, do go away. I'm not interfering with you."

"Well, as a matter of fact, you are. It's difficult to work oneself to the necessary pitch again and I've been looking over this place every night for weeks."

"Oh, then you. . . That's funny," she said. "Odd that we should have chosen the same spot at the same moment, don't you think? I made up my mind to do this thing half an hour ago."

"But I haven't got your pluck." "Pluck? I need more pluck to go on living than to end my life tonight."

"Oh, I see," he said. "But then I'm fond of life and if some beneficent person gave me a helping hand—"

The woman moved closer and peered into his face. "Come with me," she said, seized by a new idea. "We may be able to shed a little mutual philosophy on the question of Life and Death. I live quite close to this place."

And this they did, arm in arm. His hungry eyes had often rested on what had appeared to be an inhospitable door.

"Follow me," she said, and opened another door.

He drew up short with a cry. It was years since he had stood in a place so warm and companionable. "And you went down to the river," he said reproachfully.

"I'm thirty-six," she answered, "and I'm all alone in this place. I came from the country at twenty where all my blood had danced and my future was filled with romance and idealism. Every day since then I've worked from hunger by poring over old volumes for the benefit of other people. And when a week ago I came out of a monotonous coma to find that my business enabled me to take these rooms and that my income was large enough to permit me to employ an assistant so that I could find an hour or two a day during which I could stand in the sun—"

"You went into the nearest church and thanked God on your knees."

"That's where you're wrong," she said. "My sense of joy has been deadened by my work."

He watched her for several minutes with intense eagerness. Here was an unhappy woman, despoiled of joy by work, for whom he might be able to do something before he groped his way back to the bridge and wrote failure against his name.

He said, "I was born without ambition, unpractical from the start, and when the money which I had inherited was all spent and no one would give me a job I left the streets of the city with nothing but a song. I carried all my possessions on my back. I made hay for honest farmers. I walked the river tow-path and pulled people's boats along. So long as summer lasted I broke my bread to the orchestra of birds and was lulled to sleep under haystacks by the quiet song of the stars. The beauty of sky and trees, the intimate friendship of nature, the charity of men and women made rain less wet and hunger less intense. In winter I returned to the city, sold papers and slept in doorways—yours among others. Now this life has shown its effect on me—one of my lungs has gone. There is only suicide for I cannot wait for death. Nor do I care for a pauper's hospital and a nameless hole in the ground. I would gladly go on living, for the world is beautiful and one can always lend a hand."

He stopped and got up slowly. "I go alone," he said, holding out his hand.

"Go into the country when the summer comes. The stars will send you messages and all young growing things will hold up the mirror of nature and you'll begin again. Thank you and good-bye." He smiled as he bid his new friend farewell.

"No," she said. "We will only say goodnight."

There was a tremble on his lips. "I can afford an assistant," she said. "Take your place in my office. I engage you from tonight. It was God who placed your hand on mine out there in the dark. Help me to lift this fog."

He bowed but couldn't speak. And when he was alone he stood up with his eyes alight in the room of which he had dreamt. The unsatisfied river moved on to the sea.

Interesting Notes

Air transportation increased 30 per cent in the United States during 1932.

The United States still pays Civil War pensions amounting to nearly \$2,000,000 weekly.

Nearly 40 per cent of the people in the United States owe their living to industries that did not exist 40 years ago.

More than 7,500,000 foreign-born persons of voting age have become naturalized citizens of the United States.

County Judge H. H. De Armond smoked a cigar in Bend, Ore., recently that he had kept since 1903.

Two white mice, a cat and a dog are pets owned by Peter McKinnon, 12, of Wakefield, Mass., and all are friendly.

Four fox squirrels whose mother lost her life by tumbling from a tree have been adopted by a cat belonging to Louis Baker of near Metamora, Ind.

The Island of Formosa, in the China Sea, has approximately 4,000,000 growing camphor trees some of which are more than 1,000 years old.

A powerful radio station nearing completion in Luxemburg will be devoted to international commercial advertising in different languages.

Speed and Hearing Good

A negro was a witness in a matter involving some shooting in the lobby of a hotel. Witness examined:

You were present when there was some shooting in the hotel office?

Yes, suh. How many shots were fired?

Two. Now, just tell the jury by the clap of your hands about how far apart these shots were.

Negro claps his hands twice and says, Dey was jes like dat.

Where were you when the first shot was fired?

I was settin' in a chair in the office.

Where were you when the second shot was fired?

I was jest outside the city limits.

Know the news—read it in the papers.

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.

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.

Friend—You will soon forget her and be happy again.
Jilted Suitor—Oh, no, I shan't. I've bought her too much on the installment plan.

T. A. DICKS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Broadlands, Ill.

DR. R. W. SWICKARD

DENTIST

X-Ray

Now permanently located at
Newman, Illinois.

Telephone 83.

FREE Painted Enlargement

in natural oil colors
with every roll

Kodak Film Developed
and Printed. Inclose 30c in
Coin. Mail Ad with first
film for snapshot folder Free

Janesville Film Service
Janesville, Wisconsin

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Phone No. 22

ICE

City Transfer
Long Distance Hauling

Broadlands, Illinois

Frost proof cabbage plants for sale at 6c a doz.—Howard Clem.

Guernsey bull calf for sale.—Levi Hardyman.

ALWAYS an agency of SERVICE

In these DIFFICULT times an agency of good insurance because: I represent companies of PROVEN merit—No bargains, no assessments—

Just Good Insurance

Harold O. Anderson

Office 1st Door South of Bank Building, Broadlands, Ill.

Forrest Dicks
Allerton

Kenneth Dicks
Broadlands

Dicks Bros. Undertakers

Ambulance Service

Ambulance Service

See

Messman & Astell

For

All Kinds of Insurance

Rear room bank bldg.

Broadlands, Illinois.

When you want better than ordinary printing—the kind that satisfies, and you want it to cost you no more than necessary—and you want it to impress all those who see it, and to bring the desired results—just phone No. 6, or better still, come to The News Office.



The Witchery of a SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN can be yours WITH THIS MARVELOUS OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

It is so easy for a woman's skin to become red and rough. Particularly at this season... Sharp cold and biting winds attack the face. Destroy its smoothness and charm... Indoor heat saps the natural oils from your skin. Leaves it dry and old-looking. Protect your complexion from these harsh extremes. If your face has a tendency toward redness... if it often feels dry and rough... begin using OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder at once. Dust it on every day before going out. And again when you come in. OUTDOOR GIRL is the only face powder made with an Olive Oil base. It is soft and fluffy in look and feel, yet it clings longer than any other powder. With the first application you'll notice a distinct improvement in your complexion. Try this different face powder today. 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 below.

Made in America for Miss America

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, Willis Ave., N. Y. C. Dept. 109 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—Lighten Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream—Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

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

This Week

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

Hitler Marches On Farewell Gold
What is Good Money?
Mumbling in Washington
 Dispatches from Berlin report that Hitler is to have his way in control of Germany's churches, Protestant and Catholic.
 Catholic bishops, according to reports, conclude that it is futile to oppose the trend of nationalization and they will unite in a proclamation retracting all existing measures in force against the Nazis.
 Doctor Kappler, head of the German Evangelical Church league, announces: "Work will immediately begin on the creation of a new church constitution. Protestantism therewith begins a new era. The German church is determined to hear the call of the hour and give the united people a united church."
 Hitler continues his onward march to absolute power. Born in Austria, he is a Catholic; Hindenburg is a Protestant.

The big news important to the whole world tells you that Canada has gone off the gold basis, officially. Canada practically abandoned it long ago when it forbade gold exports.
 The Canadian finance minister puts it gently, "Canada has halted the redemption of dominion notes in gold."
 Gold is abandoned; its last great stronghold is France. How long will France stick to "too dear money"?

The financial world asks, "What is money?" "What is real value?"
 One thing is certain—a lump of gold hidden away in the treasury is not "real value." Money is something used for convenience in trading, something with which you can buy what you want, if you are able to pay for it.

And bear in mind that whatever the United States calls "money" will always be good money, unless we play the fool and print money recklessly.
 The United States people will learn little by little what all the muttering and mumbling in Washington is about. Faces of foreign gentlemen, as they leave, will tell us something.

David Lawrence suggests a plan to concentrate all gold, Uncle Sam's included, in an international bank in Switzerland. Then "the legal ratio (back of paper money issued) could be reduced to 20 per cent."

Uncle Sam could then imagine himself on the gold basis, presumably, although he wouldn't have any gold.
 And Mr. Stalin of Russia, when he got around to it, with his airplane fleet sufficiently developed, might set out through the air, headed for Switzerland, with an object worth while.

If you have any gold hoarded, exceeding \$100 in amount, you are liable to a \$10,000 fine, or 10 years' imprisonment, or both. You might call that being really off the gold basis, as regards American citizens. They hope that foreign nations will not be allowed to draw from Washington the gold that is considered too good for ordinary America, but they would not bet on it.

Britain evidently expects substantial good to come of MacDonald's visit, not merely "friendly talk" but good cash results.

The British budget for 1933-34 as presented to the house of commons, leaves out any provision for paying anything to America.

Under the debt agreement which scaled down obligations, England should pay to Uncle Sam, in the coming year \$193,000,000, at the present rate of exchange amounting to 51,000,000 pounds.

If Premier MacDonald can talk us out of that, as other intelligent foreigners have talked us out of other things, England will be much obliged.

The "Chinese Swastika Society" (you wonder what that is, any connection with the German branch), has contributed 100,000 Chinese dollars, silver, and the Japanese Red Cross has contributed 10,000 yen to earthquake sufferers in southern California. Such sincere good feeling is appreciated, but many in California and elsewhere feel that this country, in spite of its troubles, should be able to get along without foreign help.

China especially, with thousands dying of starvation every year, should not contribute to a country in which the most serious problem is how to distribute "too much of everything."

Jacob Ruppert, whose brewing business dates back to early days in New York, demands, wisely, that the sale of beer be kept separate from that of whisky and other "intoxicating liquors" in the interest of permanent temperance and national welfare.

Mr. Ruppert says, "The saloon was the Frankenstein which forced the brewers into a false position."

The important thing in Europe at present is the effort of Mussolini, in need of time to build up his people and their prosperity, to establish a four-power "club" to compel peace. Italy, France, Germany and England. In a four-power pact would guarantee the peace of Europe.

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News Review of Current Events the World Over

Senate Passes Farm Bill With the Inflation Amendment—Roosevelt to Ask Authority to Deal With War Debts—Herriot Enters Conversations.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

BACKED by the administration, by the big Democratic majority in the senate and apparently by the favor of a large part of the population of the country, the Thomas inflation amendment to the farm relief bill won an easy victory in the senate. With this most portentous addition the farm bill was passed and sent back to the house for concurrence. The anti-inflationists, led by Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, made a desperate but hopeless fight, arguing that while "controlled" inflation, as promised by the amendment's sponsors, might temporarily restore a measure of prosperity to the nation, previous experience here and abroad showed that control could not be maintained and that the ultimate results would be disastrous. Reed, Tydings of Maryland, a Democrat, and others seemed terribly dismayed by the prospects for the future and their sincerity could not be doubted.

Sen. Thomas

Senator Thomas of Oklahoma himself led the debate for the affirmative, opening with the startling statement that the amendment, if it prevailed, should transfer value to the extent of almost \$200,000,000,000 from the creditor class to the debtor class. Of course, the effect of this assertion is greatly weakened when one realizes that our people cannot really be divided into such classes. There is scarcely a creditor in the land who is not also a debtor, and vice versa. But this point and many another were ignored by the proponents of inflation. Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, for instance, on the second day of the debate, confined his efforts mainly to taunting the "Mellon-Mills-Reed" group for its alleged failures during the Hoover administration.

The Wheeler-King silver coinage amendment was accepted by the senate. It would enable the President to fix the ratio between gold and silver and to provide for unlimited coinage of both metals at the ratio so fixed.
 JUST what inflation, even if "controlled," will do to the nation and its business is a question on which economists and financiers are as far apart as the poles. For the present the prospect of its adoption and the abandonment of the gold standard have served to create almost a boom in certain lines of business, and the prices of commodities have begun to rise. But how this will in the long run benefit the ordinary citizen has not been shown to the satisfaction of most of us.
 An especially dangerous clause in the Thomas amendment is the one giving the President power to devalue the gold dollar to the extent of 50 per cent. Senator Borah, an inflationist, argued that this would be declared unconstitutional. It may be this power will never be exercised by the President, but if it is it will be followed by steps to abrogate the gold clause in bonds, mortgages and other contracts. Provision for such action is made in the pending Goldborough bill which provides that existing contracts shall be satisfied by payment of their face amount in legal tender, that after its enactment, gold clause contracts cannot be made legally and that any profit made from exchanging gold for legal tender would be subject to a 100 per cent tax.

Some experts are of the opinion that the inflation bill may never be used; that it is "a mere bluff intended to have the very effect it is now having—arresting and reversing the downward course of prices," and giving the President a better position in the economic conversations with foreign statesmen, as did the abandonment of the gold standard, which also was inflationary.

WAR debts and reduction of armaments came to the fore in the White House conversations as Prime Minister MacDonald concluded his part of the parleys and prepared to depart for home, and former Premier Edouard Herriot of France began his sessions with the President. These three gentlemen met together, and after an informal dinner, Mr. Roosevelt took up the disarmament question with them, his evident purpose being to bring France into line at the Geneva conference. French demands for guarantees of security against attack, which have blocked all agreement hitherto, were discussed by the President, and it was said he indicated that he was "searching sincerely for means of associating the United States" with international efforts to check aggressor nations. Such association might take the form of consultation with signatories of the Kellogg peace pact in the event of its violation. And in addition there is the administration bill authorizing the President to join other nations in declaring embargoes on arms and munitions.

As for the war debts, they were first brought up by Mr. MacDonald, who let Mr. Roosevelt know that Great Britain would like a downward revision; and their communique said that the basis was laid of a clearer understanding of the situation affecting the two nations, though no plan of settlement was under way yet. This encouraged M. Herriot and his expert associates to press the arguments of France for cancellation.
 Then Mr. Roosevelt let the correspondents know that he was planning to ask congress for authority to re-open the war debt settlements and negotiate a reduction of the 11 billions which European nations owe the United States. If he were vested with this power the United States would enter the London conference prepared to bargain for stabilization of currencies on a modified gold basis, re-orientation of silver, lowering of tariffs and other trade barriers and adoption of measures to raise commodity prices and restore purchasing power.

Members of the French delegation said the President had promised MacDonald and Herriot that he would ask congress for authority to postpone the debt installments due June 15, and that in return Herriot would ask the French parliament to pay the defaulted December 15 payment of \$19,000,000.

As Mr. MacDonald said good-by to the White House, he and Mr. Roosevelt announced that they had agreed on the following:
 An increase in the general level of commodity prices.
 Re-orientation of commercial policies.
 Reduction of tariffs, quotas and exchange restrictions.
 World expansion of credit.
 Capital expenditures by governments to stimulate business.
 Re-establishment of an international monetary standard.
 Improvement of the status of silver.

PRIME MINISTER RICHARD B. Bennett of Canada was already in Washington to talk with the President; Finance Minister Guido Jung of Italy and Hjalmar Schacht of Germany were on their way, and Japan announced that Viscount Kikujiro Ishii would arrive May 23. Mr. Bennett told the newspaper men that Canada stands ready to discuss any proposals that look toward closer commercial relations with the United States, and said the Ottawa agreements do not affect these trading possibilities. In a prepared statement he used these emphatic phrases:
 "We have reached a point where it is certain that nothing but united action can avert world disaster."
 "Immediate action is imperative."
 "The world is in tragic trouble and distress."
 "If we do not soon defeat the forces of disruption and discord, they will defeat us."
 "We must act boldly and unselfishly, otherwise we shall be certain witnesses of the wreck of our civilization."

Asked whether Canada really had gone off the gold standard, as had been asserted by Finance Minister Rhodes, the prime minister replied: "Canada is as much off the gold standard and as much on the gold standard as the United States."

REFUSING to accept the Norris senate bill as a substitute, the house passed the Muscle Shoals development, the vote being 306 to 91. Seventeen Republicans and five Farmer-Laborites voted with the majority.
 The house version is regarded as a less drastic measure than the Norris bill. The principal point of difference between the two is that the house bill provides an appropriation of \$10,000,000 and a bond issue of \$50,000,000 for starting the development program, while the Norris bill simply authorizes "all appropriation necessary." The Nebraska measure is likewise more rigid with regard to government construction of power transmission lines.

WHEN the world disarmament conference resumed its sessions in Geneva the French plan for an anti-war pact of consultation was presented by Rene Massigli. It excluded the American continent on the ground that it was impossible at present to make the pact universal. Massigli suggested the creation in the capital of each signatory power of a commission which would determine violations of the Briand-Kellogg pact and the rights of a victim to assistance.
 Concrete measures to prevent misuse of civil airplanes for military purposes were presented by the United States, Canada, Argentina and Japan.

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MUSSOLINI'S four-power peace plan is causing a lot of excited discussion in various European countries. Great Britain and Germany might gladly agree to this, but France still asserts the sanctity of treaties must be respected, and in this she is of course supported by all the nations of the little entente, and by Poland. In Czechoslovakia especially sentiment was aroused, and Foreign Minister Edouard Benes told the parliament in Prague that whoever desires to change the boundaries of that country must bring an army along with him. He criticized the Mussolini plan as a "great backward step," and added: "History shows that surrender of territory always is connected with the bloodiest wars."

SOVIET Russia was on the verge of a quarrel with Japan over the equipment of the Chinese Eastern railway, and in that connection it was interesting to note that a new alignment was bringing Russia and France together, the former drifting away from Germany and the latter beginning to take sides against Japan. Already the French and Russians have arranged for exchange of military information and military instructors. Before long the situation on the European continent may be pan-Germanism against pan-Slavism, with France on the side of the latter and Italy with the former.

CONTINUED Chinese resistance near Kepingkou pass on the road to Peiping so enraged the Japanese military command that it announced the early occupation of all strategic points in the North China area. With this in view, the Japanese launched a general attack south of the Great Wall designed to open the way to the old Chinese capital. As usual, Japan finds a ready excuse for offensive movements already planned.
 The Manchukuoan government has announced that only nations recognizing that state will benefit by its promise of an open door trade policy.

THE Nazi campaign against the Jews in Germany continues with vigor. Dr. Joseph Goebbels, minister of propaganda, speaking at Cologne, said: "We consider the Jews our enemies, but hitherto have exercised a clemency which the Jews do not deserve. If they believe that this clemency is weakness we will quickly teach them differently."
 Goebbels proclaimed May 1 as the "festival day of national labor," to the disgust of the Communists, who have long considered that day sacred to their cause.
 Students of Kiel university asked the rector to compel 28 Jewish professors to resign.
 The anti-Jewish movement also was manifested in Rumania, where a ten-day boycott of all Jewish shops in the province of Bukovina was ordered by a Fascist organization.

FORMER Gov. Nellie Taylor Ross of Wyoming finally has been placed in a federal position. The President appointed her director of the mint. Obviously Mrs. Ross was entitled to a good place, for as vice chairman of the Democratic national committee and head of the party's women's organization she has been very active and valuable.

"REPUBLICAN Federal Associates" is the name given an organization just formed by men prominent in the Hoover administration to aid the party in returning to power in the 1934 congressional elections. Walter F. Brown, former postmaster general, is its president, and Ogden Mills, secretary of the treasury under Hoover, is chairman of the board. Arch Coleman, who was first assistant postmaster general in the Hoover administration, is in charge of Washington headquarters, and W. Irving Glover, who was second assistant postmaster general, is director of organization.
 Mr. Coleman said the organization was primarily to keep together those who have been active in Republican circles for the last twelve years; to keep them advised of what is going on, and to bring back to the party fold those Republicans who supported Roosevelt last year.
 Ernest Lee Jahneke, the Hoover assistant secretary of the navy, is first vice president; Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, second vice president; Charles J. Moos, third vice president; William R. Castle, treasurer, and Coleman, general secretary.
 Six of the Hoover cabinet members are represented on the board of directors—Mills, Brown, Roy D. Chapin, Arthur M. Hyde, William N. Doak and Ray Lyman Wilbur. Others include Walter E. Hope, former assistant secretary of the treasury; James J. Patchell, Union City, Ind.; Mrs. Longworth, Castle, Moos, St. Paul; Jahneke, Harry Culver, Culver, Cal.; Coleman, Glover, John Richardson, Boston; Ferry K. Heath, former assistant secretary of the treasury, and Mrs. Albert G. Sims, New Mexico.

WISCONSIN has the honor of being the second state to ratify the prohibition repeal amendment to the Constitution, and the first to do that by unanimous vote. Fifteen delegates, assembled in the Capitol building in Madison, were addressed by Governor Schmedeman, and in eight minutes thereafter the resolution of ratification had been drawn up and adopted to the accompaniment of cheers.

MA, HECTOR JONES won't let me alone.
 "No? How's that?"
 "Every time I go out to play ball he always comes and mixes it up with me."
 "H'm. What did you do to him?"
 "I never do anything to him. He begins it. I only hit him when he wanted to take my ball from me. Then he runs and tells his mother."
 "You didn't tell your mother, did you?"
 "Well. Anyhow. Well, he began it."
 "You can both settle it. If you can't hold your own with a boy your own age I'm sorry for you."
 The telephone rang before mother had said the last word. It was Mrs. Hektor Jones. "I don't like to complain but really, Hector comes in daily with a complaint about Robert hitting him or something. I did hope the children could play together nicely but if this goes on I shall have to forbid Hector playing with Robert at all."
 "That would be too bad. Mrs. Jones, but I think that they ought to be able to settle their own difficulties. I imagine they aren't as bad friends as they seem to think. They'll be going to school together this afternoon as usual."
 "I suppose so, but it's getting on my nerves."
 Don't let it get on your nerves. Once the children have gone to school let them stay off your mind and rest your nerves against the time when they come back. No good ever come of settling children's disputes for them.
 There is only one situation that ever, in my opinion, needs the interference of the grown people. When a helpless child is being made the butt of the crowd some grown person has to take the matter up with the youngsters, explain about the helpless child, put him in their care and keeping. Once they take him under their wings we betide the luckless one who hurts him.
 Healthy children can always hold their own. Now and then a bully appears but the group usually settle with him promptly enough. Public opinion on the playground is a powerful weapon and the bully soon finds it turned against him. Hands off in the children's squabbles is usually the best policy.

OGDEN MILLS

ERNEST LEE JAHNEKE

WISCONSIN has the honor of being the second state to ratify the prohibition repeal amendment to the Constitution, and the first to do that by unanimous vote. Fifteen delegates, assembled in the Capitol building in Madison, were addressed by Governor Schmedeman, and in eight minutes thereafter the resolution of ratification had been drawn up and adopted to the accompaniment of cheers.

OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

"PICKING UP"

DEAR Boys and Girls: There is a little matter, very easy for you to set right, that is giving a great many people a lot of trouble. Will you please pick up after yourselves?

In the house you throw your hat on a chair, your rubbers, one under the table, one beside the chair, your books are scattered from one end of the house to the other. When you get out of your night clothes you leave them in a heap on the floor. You drop your bathrobe in another corner.

As you hurry along the street to school you toss the chewing gum wrapper on the walk, the wrappings from the bar of chocolate follow after. The skins from the orange or banana you took from the breakfast table are tossed anywhere as you go along.

When you get to school you throw anything you don't happen to need anywhere you happen to be. The yards, so well swept before you entered them, are soon littered from end to end.

Somebody has to pick up everything you throw down. That is not fair. In this game everybody has to pick up his own things so as not to overburden anyone else. Of course if you learned not to throw them down, but to put them where they belonged the first time, nobody would be overworked and everybody would be helped.

There is another side to it. We would not bother so much about the extra work you gave us at home and abroad if it helped you any. It does not help you to throw things about. It hurts you. Disorder and dirt and confusion are not the conditions in which you can grow. They check your growth. You do not feel harmonious, content, happy in the messy place. That is why we try to decorate it and keep it a cheerful, colorful place. You need that orderly beautiful quality in your surroundings for your growth.

Every time you help disorder you hurt yourself. There is always a spiritual reaction to every physical action. When you are careless and disorderly in your habits your thinking takes on that quality. What you think, that you are. The way of your doing becomes again the way of your thinking and round and round you go on this whirling merry-go-round of dirt, disorder and confusion. It isn't healthy, it isn't childlike, it isn't decent.

Lift the weight off your mother's shoulders first. Pick up after yourself. Never leave a room without looking back to see what you have left out of place and turning back to set it where it belongs. Never drop anything where somebody else will have to pick it up. If you reform in this respect the whole community will bless you. And you will feel very much better inside and out.

FIGHT YOUR BATTLES

"MA, HECTOR JONES won't let me alone."
 "No? How's that?"
 "Every time I go out to play ball he always comes and mixes it up with me."
 "H'm. What did you do to him?"
 "I never do anything to him. He begins it. I only hit him when he wanted to take my ball from me. Then he runs and tells his mother."
 "You didn't tell your mother, did you?"
 "Well. Anyhow. Well, he began it."
 "You can both settle it. If you can't hold your own with a boy your own age I'm sorry for you."
 The telephone rang before mother had said the last word. It was Mrs. Hektor Jones. "I don't like to complain but really, Hector comes in daily with a complaint about Robert hitting him or something. I did hope the children could play together nicely but if this goes on I shall have to forbid Hector playing with Robert at all."
 "That would be too bad. Mrs. Jones, but I think that they ought to be able to settle their own difficulties. I imagine they aren't as bad friends as they seem to think. They'll be going to school together this afternoon as usual."
 "I suppose so, but it's getting on my nerves."
 Don't let it get on your nerves. Once the children have gone to school let them stay off your mind and rest your nerves against the time when they come back. No good ever come of settling children's disputes for them.
 There is only one situation that ever, in my opinion, needs the interference of the grown people. When a helpless child is being made the butt of the crowd some grown person has to take the matter up with the youngsters, explain about the helpless child, put him in their care and keeping. Once they take him under their wings we betide the luckless one who hurts him.
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COLORS FOR AUTO TAGS IN YEAR 1933

Here is a list giving the color combinations of the 1933 automobile license plates for all of the states and the District of Columbia. The color of the numerals and lettering is given first, and then that of the background.
 Alabama—White on blue. Arizona—Copper on black. Arkansas—Black on white. California—Orange on black. Colorado—Black on orange. Connecticut—White on maroon. Delaware—Colonial blue on old gold. District of Columbia—Yellow on black.
 Florida—Black on orange. Georgia—Blue on orange. Idaho—Orange on black. Illinois—White on blue. Indiana—White on red. Iowa—White on midnight blue. Kansas—White on dark blue.
 Kentucky—White on green. Louisiana—Black on orange. Maine—White on black. Maryland—White on blue. Massachusetts—White on green. Michigan—Black on white. Minnesota—Black on aluminum. Mississippi—White on green. Missouri—Buff on chocolate.
 Montana—White on green. Nebraska—Blue on orange. Nevada—Black on orange. New Hampshire—Green on white. New Jersey—Red on black. New Mexico—Red on orange. New York—Black on yellow. North Carolina—White on blue. North Dakota—White on green.
 Ohio—Black on orange. Oklahoma—Yellow on black. Oregon—Ivory on black. Pennsylvania—Gold on blue. Rhode Island—Black on white. South Carolina—Black on white. South Dakota—Yellow on black. Tennessee—Cream on brown. Texas—Orange on white. Utah—White on black.
 Vermont—White on blue. Virginia—Black on white. Washington—White on green. West Virginia—Yellow on black. Wisconsin—White on blue. Wyoming—Black on ivory.
 —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Ohio—Black on orange. Oklahoma—Yellow on black. Oregon—Ivory on black. Pennsylvania—Gold on blue. Rhode Island—Black on white. South Carolina—Black on white. South Dakota—Yellow on black. Tennessee—Cream on brown. Texas—Orange on white. Utah—White on black.

Vermont—White on blue. Virginia—Black on white. Washington—White on green. West Virginia—Yellow on black. Wisconsin—White on blue. Wyoming—Black on ivory.

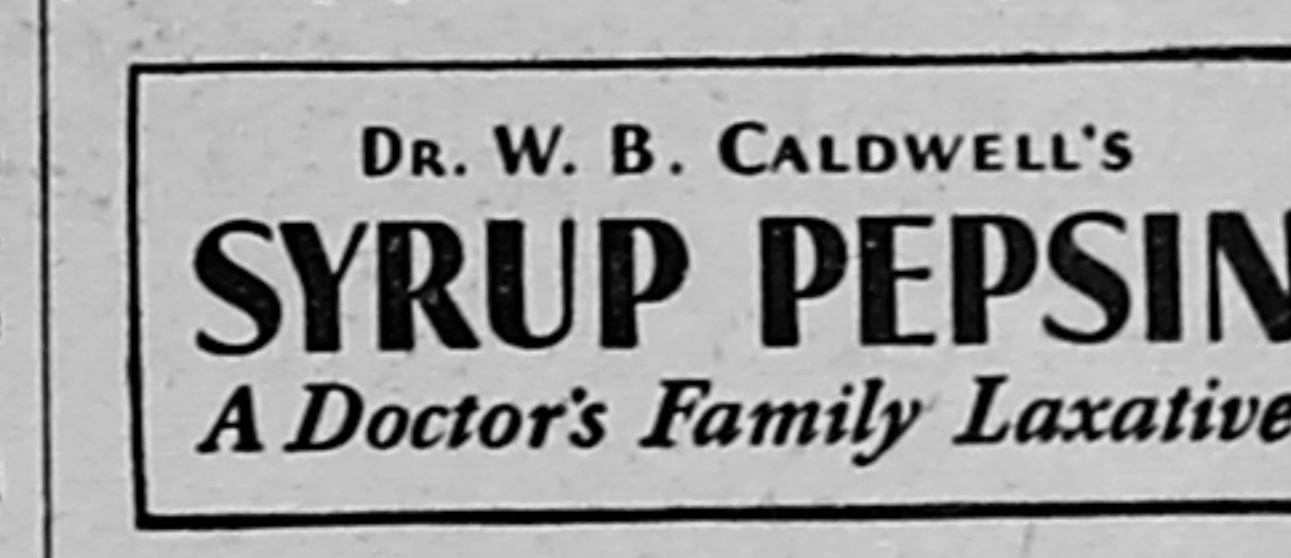
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



POISON in Your bowels!

Poisons absorbed into the system from souring waste in the bowels, cause that dull, headachy, sluggish, bilious condition; coat the tongue; foul the breath; sap energy, strength and nerve-force. A little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will clear up trouble like that, gently, harmlessly, in a hurry. The difference it will make in your feelings over night will prove its merit to you.
 Dr. Caldwell studied constipation for over forty-seven years. This long experience enabled him to make his prescription just what men, women, old people and children need to make their bowels help themselves. Its natural, mild, thorough action and its pleasant taste commend it to everyone. That's why "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is the most popular laxative drugstore sell.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN
 A Doctor's Family Laxative
Providence on the Job
 Almost every boy at one time or another yearns to run away, but Providence somehow saves him.



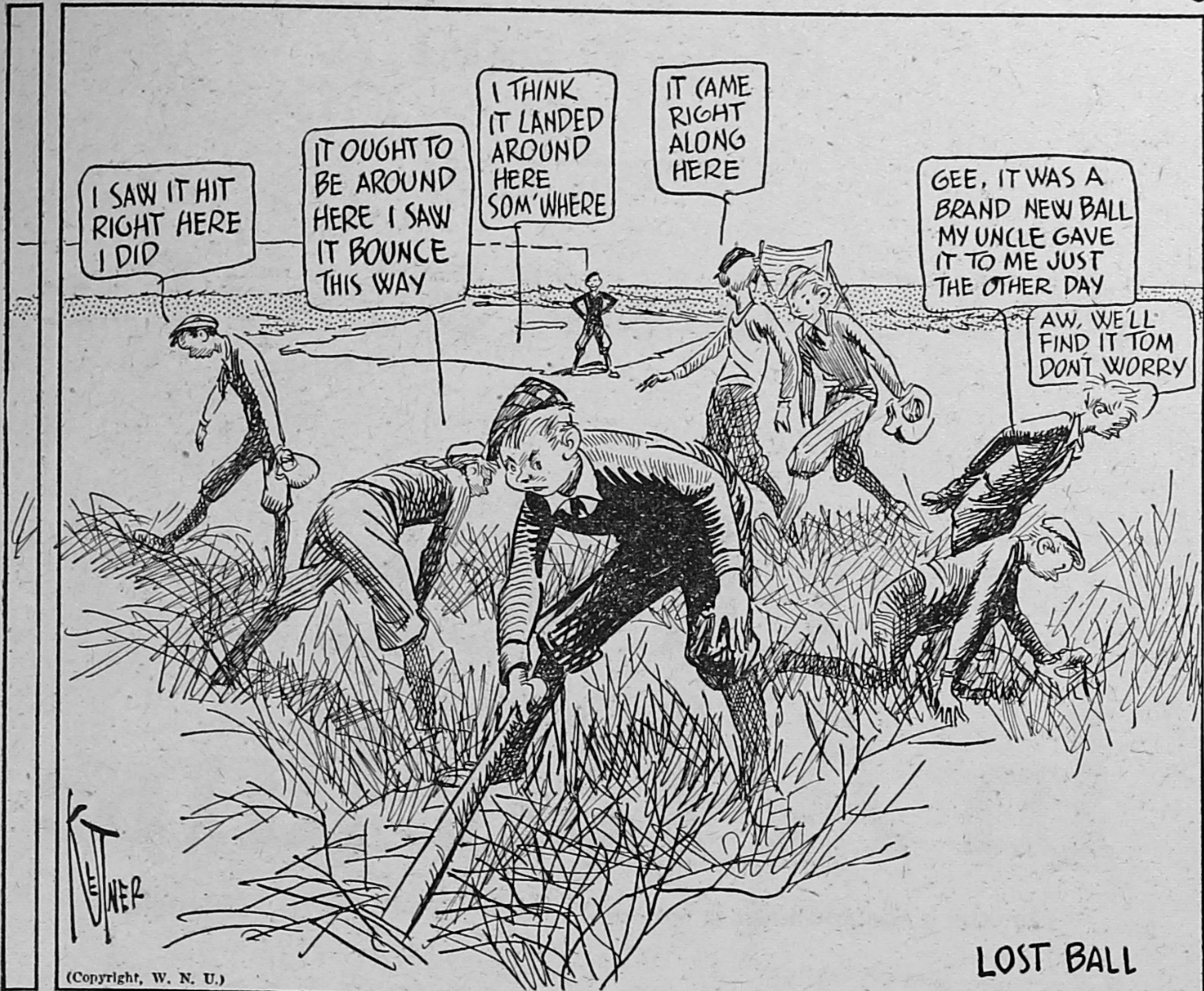
No More Boils or Ulcers!
 Kalona, Iowa — "About 30 years ago I was bothered a great deal with boils and I suffered with an infection just above the ankle, which the physician called an ulcer. After doctoring and suffering for quite a while, the sore getting steadily worse, I started taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," said C. C. Swartzendruber of Route 4. "Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed an improvement and continued using it until I had taken six bottles. The sore steadily healed until I was entirely rid of trouble. I haven't had a boil since that time."
 Sold by druggists everywhere.
 Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

SALE EXCHANGE, MY 40 ACRE FARM.
 Fruit, higs., good roads, near town Central Mich. C. D. KING, ZION, ILL.

USE GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP
 Contains 3 1/2% Pure Sulphur
 Skin eruptions, excessive perspiration, insect bites, relieved at once by this refreshing, beautifying toilet and bath soap. Best for Soft, Clear Skin
 Rolland's Striptyle Cotton, Inc.
 © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



Howe About:

Ordinary Men Too Much Charity Parental Love

By ED HOWE

I RECALL being startled some years ago on reading a statement in a book that only the ordinary men have real intelligence; that poets, philosophers, professors and prophets go so far in their speculations that they finally camp far beyond the truth.

I was startled by the statement because throughout my life I have been reading books of the Intelligentsia declaring that ordinary people are weak creatures, and must be constantly directed by preachers and writers.

I think this great compliment was paid us by Herbert Spencer; and there is some evidence to warrant it. In Russia the ordinary working Americans are accepted as superior men, and sent for as foremen in building factories, railroads, power and irrigation dams, etc. But note the contempt the Russian leaders express for our writers and statesmen! None of their notions are accepted.

I give credit above to Herbert Spencer for the compliment. It may have been Samuel Butler; I should have better remembered the name, in gratitude. Anyway, both men have come down to us with reputations for unusual intelligence and learning; and let ordinary working citizens remember that such a man believed they are the source of real intelligence, and in future combat mistaken notions of writers and statesmen with more vigor.

The Soviet leaders in Russia have some excellent ideas. One is that the thousands of idle and mischievous men in the big towns must give good excuse for remaining or get out into the country, and earn an honest living on farms. In every town there are many characters known to police, who live by scheming almost or entirely robbery. These men are responsible for nine-tenths of the law breaking; the ordinary citizen with a good job does not require the attention of police a half dozen times in his lifetime. . . . The most serious trouble in the world today is too much charity for the more than half loafers, dead beats and criminals. And this excessive charity is a new growth. I distinctly remember a time when all communities had a vagrancy law; vagrants were arrested with considerable promptness and discretion, and made to work on the rock pile. Nearly everywhere now the vagrants are in charge of public affairs.

Writers highly compliment mothers in some ways, and misrepresent them viciously in others.

Writers almost universally charge that mothers do not properly educate daughters in sex matters. There never was a mother who neglected such education.

I have long believed the love of parents for children is the thing that never fails. And parents add a patience and self-sacrifice in dealing with their children that is about the most creditable thing to be said of our miserable race.

Some parents, poor wretches, have bad judgment, but fierce devotion to children never fails so far as I have observed. If love for our children will save us we will all finally get to heaven.

Some children may fail to sit on the right hand of God because of meanness to their parents, but if love of children is sufficient virtue to save us, I expect to find all parents there.

An English writer says: "A boy is more often disqualified than qualified in economic life by a prolonged education." H. G. Wells has long been saying time spent in a university is wasted, and a training in idleness and rowdiness. England is deliberately cutting its educational budget; and it has never been as foolish about education as have Americans who have steadily made it more expensive and ineffective.

One of the impressive incidents of my life has been knowing an old woman who had had two worthless husbands, several children, and on an average not more than half enough to eat and wear. She almost worships every man able to make a good living. Such a man is her ideal, and a success.

I rate men in the same way. Those who make a good living, pay their debts with reasonable promptness, help somewhat in decent human progress, and are in line for honest promotion, are our best men. From their ranks come the millions who have slowly improved their manners and their services, and been able to distinguish their race. There are many limitations in the creature called man, but if he is ambitious to get out of life the best there is admittedly in it, he is good enough and a success.

I have long believed a majority of the people are good enough, considering all their handicaps. . . . But now that times are harder than ever before, I am wavering somewhat; honesty is always at a specially low ebb during hard times. One is most apt to be honest when getting along fairly well; the word of the man in worst trouble must be discounted most.

I have lived a long time in the United States, and my wrongs have not been those of a slave, but of a free-man badly managing himself.

SUMMING UP WISDOM
And he is off the wisest man who is not wise at all.—Wordsworth.

STOP WITH SYMPATHY
Don't mingle your sympathy with advice.



Speeds up dishwashing . . . easy on hands, too

TRY RINSO on the things that are hardest to wash. Floors, basins, tubs, greasy pots and pans. When you see how clean and spotless everything becomes—quickly and easily—you'll never want to be without this modern work-saving soap again. You'll never use anything else on washday—for Rinso soaks the week's wash whiter—without scrubbing or boiling.

And Rinso is so easy on the hands. Easy on the budget, too—saves the clothes! A little Rinso gives a lot of thick suds—even in hardest water. Get the BIG box.



The biggest-selling package soap in America



TAKES A MUD BATH AT "SIXTY"

You wouldn't dare put an ordinary car through a test like this! But day after day, week after week, this big new Dodge Six goes through every test that engineers can devise . . . through mud, sand and water, struggling up steep hills . . . heart-breaking trials that put every part of the car under terrific strain.

But the big new Dodge Six comes through every step with flying colors! Lesser cars quit cold after as little as 11 minutes of such torture. Dodge is still going strong after 600 hours of it! **AMAZING ECONOMY . . . COSTS LESS TO RUN** No wonder this new Dodge Six gives you record-breaking economy. Excess weight is eliminated . . . lighter, stronger materials make this car safe and economical. So of course it gives you more miles per gallon. That's one reason why it costs less to run—and why it outperforms its rivals in traffic, up hill, or 'cross country. Yet this tough conqueror of the test pit . . . this car of amazing economy on the highway . . . is the same Dodge Six that stuns Miami and other smart places with its beauty. See this sensational new Dodge today. Drive it. Test it. Compare it with any others. Any way you figure it, Dodge gives you most for your money.



JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN LOWEST PRICED CARS

DODGE "SIX"

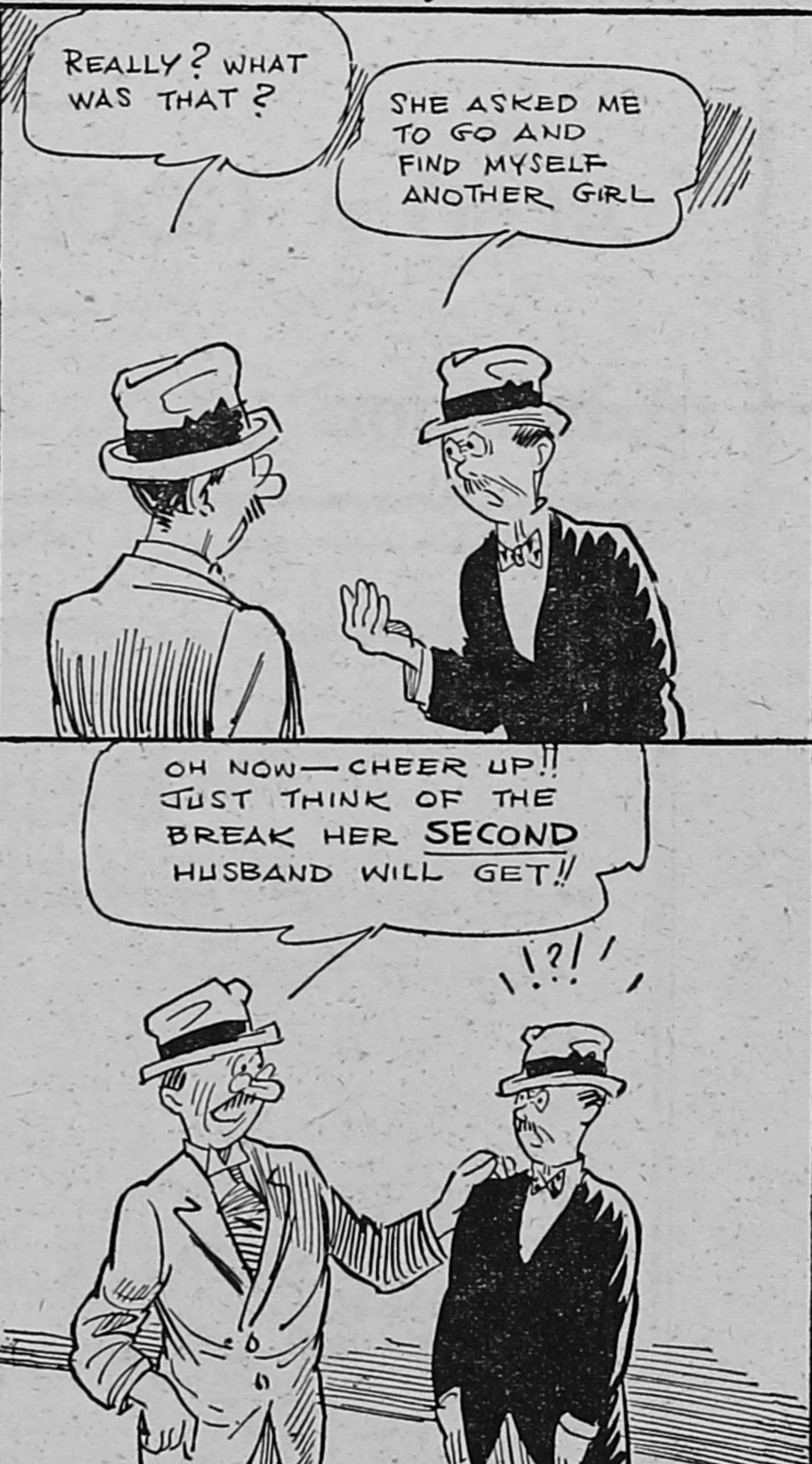
with Floating Power engine mountings
\$595 AND UP
F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT
115-INCH WHEELBASE

Dodge Eight priced from \$1115 to \$1395 f. o. b. factory, Detroit

THE FEATHERHEADS



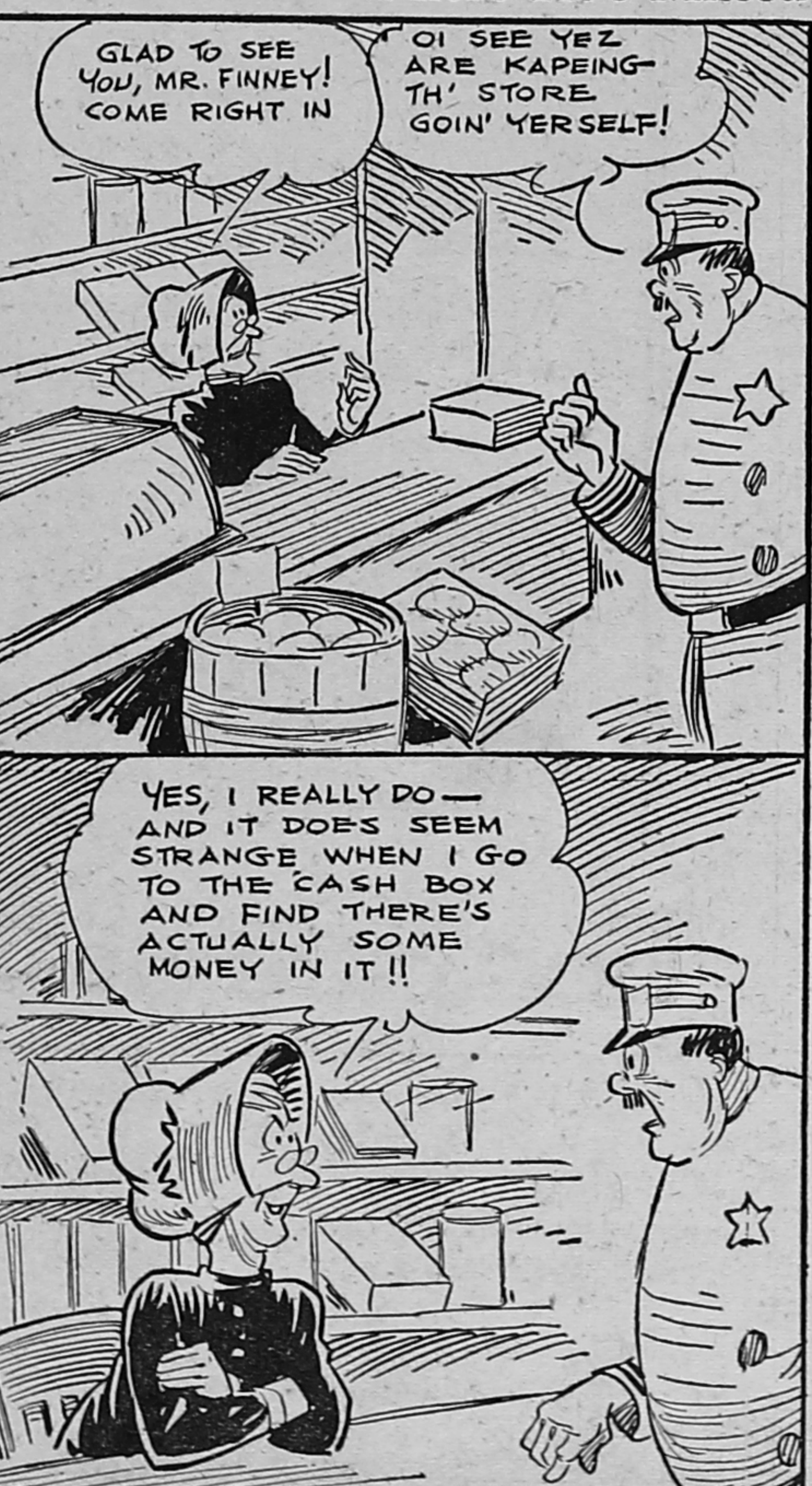
An Eye on the Future



FINNEY OF THE FORCE



Where He's Missed



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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Italian bachelors must pay a heavy special tax. Sort of premature alimony, as it were.

We favor the reforestation idea in the hope that it may give us better timber for candidates.

It is said that President Roosevelt works 15 hours a day, but doesn't favor any share-the-work program for the White House.

Sometimes an able man is satisfied to live in a one-horse town because he happens to be the horse.

One trouble is that so many of our so-called liberal statesmen are liberal only at the expense of someone else.

If President Roosevelt gets everything settled by June what problems will be left for the new crop of valedictorians to solve?

Even the prospect of "new deal" farm relief should not prevent the planting of a liberal amount of garden truck this spring.

An investigation of the Akron disaster should include an investigation of the heads of those responsible for building such death traps.

We read that bad weather costs half a billion dollars a year. But the raw material for conversation it furnishes is probably worth it.

European statesmen rub their hands in glee whenever Uncle Sam calls a conference, knowing it means they will get another piece of his shirt.

Had You Ever Thought of This?

Gov. Horner is probably the only ruler in the entire history of the world who has been able to exact taxes from paupers. When a man on the unemployment relief dole now goes to a store for groceries he has to lay down 15c with a \$5 relief order, or take \$4.85 in goods.—Chrisman Courier.

Better Get Married

If statistics recently compiled by Dr. William F. Ogburn of the University of Chicago are to be accepted as accurate, those who desire to retain health, sanity, and even life itself, should get married if they are not already that way.

He declared that most of the inmates of poorhouses and insane asylums are unmarried; also that the death rate for single men and widowers is twice as high as that for married men.

It has often been asserted that married men live longer, but a cynic once declared that this was not literally true, as "it only seemed longer." However, Dr. Ogburn's researches seem to bear out the idea that married life is really conducive to longevity.

To be on the safe side, therefore, a young fellow had better get married; provided, of course, he can find someone who is willing to assume the role of party of the second part.

News Items of 13 Years Ago

The following items are taken from an issue of the Broadlands News of July 30, 1920:

The home of Mrs. Vashti Busick was damaged by fire.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frick.

Chas. Swick, Lonnie Zantow, Carl Dicks and L. F. Vickery attended a circus in Champaign.

Mrs. Jake Seider entertained the Ladies Aid of the Lutheran church.

Mrs. John Foreman and son of Cardington, Ohio, visited at the Wm. Astell home.

Mrs. Oliver Johnson entertained members of the U. B. Ladies Aid.

Guy Astell, R. R. Bergfield and Howard Clem departed for Davidson, Sask., Canada.

Hal Warner and Orville McCormick went to Akron, Ohio, expecting to work in a factory.

Mrs. J. E. Johnson entertained sixteen members of the primary class of the M. E. Sunday School at a party.

All Allerton H. S. Teachers Re-Hired

Allerton, April 28.—The high school teachers here have been given their contracts for next year. They are: principal, James Talbott; coach, Everett Wade; History and English, Miss Mary Paul; Economics, Miss Florence Poole; Commercial, Miss Gladys Toney. Miss Toney and Miss Paul have been here four and three years, respectively, and the other three came last fall.

Taxes on 80-Acre Farm 37c In 1839; Now \$89.72

N. F. Tull, well known farmer of Windsor, has a tax receipt bearing the date 1839 for all taxes on 80 acres the total amount of which was 37½ cents. The receipt was signed by T. H. Fleming, sheriff.

The 1932 taxes on the 80 acres amounted to \$89.72. The receipt bearing the date of 1839 was written on brown wrapping paper, and the land was homesteaded by his father the previous year.

State Tightens Up on Gas Tax Collections

Applications for refund of gasoline taxes from the State Division of Motor fuel tax must be accompanied by purchase tickets on all gasoline bought including that purchased at filling stations for automobiles and trucks, according to information received by the Douglas County Farm Bureau from the Illinois Agricultural Association.

The state announced the new ruling following investigations which the Division says revealed considerable tax evasion. Applications for refund in some instances, according to J. M. Braude, head of the tax division, have included gasoline used in autos and trucks as well as that used in tractors and engines. "We insist that gas used in vehicles driven on the public highways pay the tax, and that those applying for refunds subtract from their purchases amounts used in the automobiles and trucks.

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

Peter

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service

PETER, or as everybody called him, Pete, was big and square shouldered with that kind of red hair that seems always to have been rumpled by a stiff breeze. He was stubborn and pugnacious when there was anything to be stubborn and pugnacious about, but usually he was easy going and gentle.

Pete was as putty in the hands of Daphne Baker, but no one but he knew it. Daphne was so fragile that he thought she must have stepped from a Watteau canvas—Pete had once seen a Watteau canvas in London. Her hair was like spun gold.

Sometimes Daphne treated Pete with all the sweetness in the world and sometimes she seemed to regard him as just a big, solid doormat. Pete absorbed her kindnesses and forgot the rest. He felt reasonably sure that in the end Daphne would give herself to his safekeeping, and he waited patiently.

Nobody but Pete knew that just outside the city limits on a sunny hill there sprawled a bungalow, with wide lawns and flower gardens and a fountain playing against the glorious distance of great trees. He pictured Daphne there, and, of course, himself somewhere close by.

Daphne had heaps of flirtations. What pretty girl has not? But always she drifted back to the great bulwark that was Pete.

He had not worried much about these affairs until the advent, on the screen, of the handsome, soulful-eyed Geoffrey Collins. Daphne simply went wild about him.

During these fascinated days Daphne looked at Pete's unruly red hair and his big useful hands and his broad grin with comparisons in her mind that did not bode well for Pete. When Pete took her across a crowded street, he simply took her arm in his strong hand, guided her swiftly and surely to where he wanted to take her and then let her go. Now, Geoffrey, on the screen, of course, would look questionably and most soulfully into the eyes of his ladylove, take her arm gently and wait most gracefully for the traffic to clear before risking his own and his ladylove's life in crossing.

And invariably when Pete took her to dinner he did all the ordering. He made her eat a huge steak, some fine vegetables and a good pudding.

"No," he declared at her protestations. "Girls require more than hearts of lettuce and sardines for dinner. You eat that—all of it." And Daphne did.

On the other hand, Geoffrey would have toyed daintily with some tid-bits that might have satisfied a Persian kitten.

So, when the great announcement came that there was to be a combined society and movie garden party for the benefit of the unemployed, and that Geoffrey was to dance with all and sundry, Daphne knew that the great moments of her life were approaching. But just to make sure, she got herself appointed on the refreshments committee. It was to be a tremendous affair and the whole of the city would flock to see the favorites of the screen in varied forms of charitable performances.

"No," declared Pete, adamant in his decision, "I'd rather go fishing than doll up on a hot day like this. You put on your best frock, look your prettiest and have a dozen or so dances with the great Geoffrey." He knew Daphne was annoyed, but he wanted to give her free rein. In his heart Pete feared for the first time, for Geoffrey seemed like a man of real charm. Pete felt that his castle of dreams might tumble that day, and he went off to fish, far up the river.

Daphne was exquisite in a silvery wisp of a dress, and a wide droopy hat shadowing the deep violet of her eyes. No wonder that Geoffrey gloried in his partner when it came Daphne's turn to dance with him. Daphne's heart had pounded when she stepped forward to meet him, but no sooner were they on the floor actually dancing than she became her normal, level-headed self.

Geoffrey was delightful. He was a wonderful dancer. He gazed soulfully and respectfully into her eyes but there was the faintest bit of make-up beneath his eyes—and a becoming tint of sunburn that the sun had not produced on his face. Daphne smiled softly as she finished her dance with him, then fled swiftly from the garden party. She didn't take time to change her clothes but hurried to her little roadster and drove recklessly far beyond the city limits. Then, parking her car, she walked quickly along the river bank to a tiny grove of trees with some great rocks that lay out on the river. Pete sat there fishing, but even if a whale had been on his line, there would have been no joy in it. For Pete was seeing Daphne in the arms of Geoffrey Collins.

"Pete—dear!" Daphne hurled herself into Pete's arms. There wasn't a soul in the world in sight and her white, silky arms went up clingingly about Pete's neck and she lifted her lips to be kissed.

The fishing rod floated down the river while Daphne gloried in Pete's strong arms, his rumpled hair and his rugged face with its broad grin. Pete knew his voice would tremble if he spoke, so he only tightened his grip and visualized the bungalow on the sunny hill.

Illinois Theater---Newman, Ill.

Saturday and Sunday May 6 and 7

Jack Oakie and Sidney Fox

-in-

ONCE In A Lifetime

In which the spotlight is turned on Hollywood in a riot of laughs

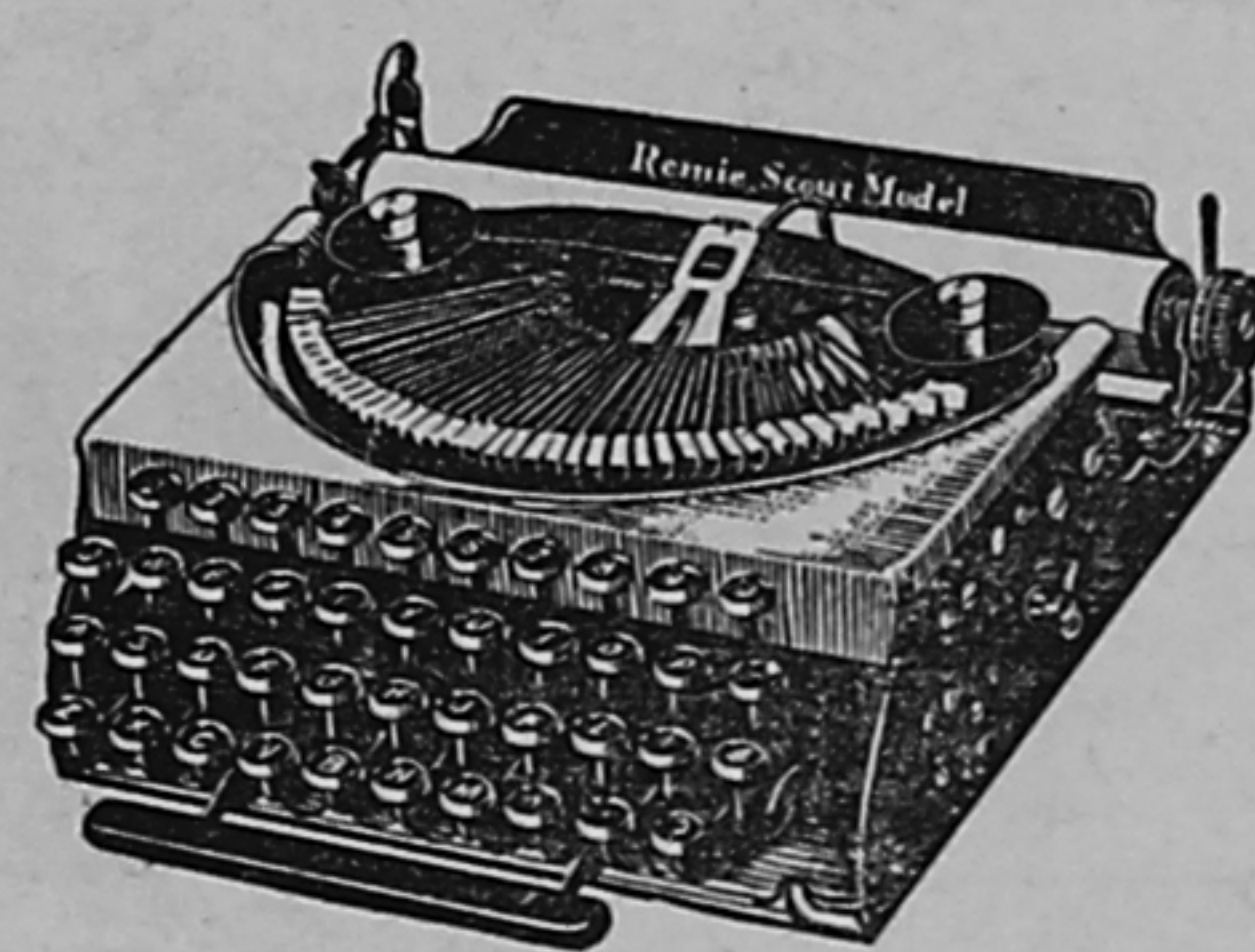
A riotous picturization of the play that pokes fun at the movies and their makers

ALSO A GOOD SNAPPY COMEDY

Admission - - - - - 10c and 15c

The Remie Scout

will help every member of your family



◀ \$19.75 ▶



◀ \$34.75 ▶

Lowest Prices in History!

For all home writing. A sturdy, thoroughly practical typewriter in every way. Made in the same factory, by the same workmen, and with the same care as Remington office models. Standard 4-row keyboard.



YOU . . . with the work you bring home from the office.



YOUR WIFE . . . with her correspondence.



YOUR CHILDREN . . . with their home study.

For Sale at The News Office

Henry—Did you hear what they do with ferry boats when they're late?

John—No—what?
Henry—Dock 'em.

Teacher—What is it that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?

Johnny—It's father, when he

brings home his wages.

Mrs. Gabb—A decent husband gives his wife all the money she wants.

Mr. Gabb—Oh, no; there isn't that much money in the world.

Father: Is your business course for girls considered a success?

Teacher: Yes; our figures show that over 60 per cent of our graduates marry their employers within a year.

Your news items would help to make this paper more interesting.

Yonkers, N. Y., was at one time known as Terrace City.

LADY BLANCHE FARM

A Romance of the Commonplace

by Frances Parkinson Keyes

WNU Service
Copyright by Frances Parkinson Keyes

CHAPTER XII—Continued

Mrs. Elliott had seen Mrs. Gray watching her slow approach through the deep snow from the kitchen windows, and had waved a greeting. Now, as she mounted the porch, she shook her umbrella and stamped the snow from her overshoes.

"No, I ain't a bit wet," she said, returning Mrs. Gray's hearty kiss. "I'm dressed real warm. If we're goin' to set in the kitchen, I guess I won't lay off my overshoes. If I keep 'em on my feet, it'll take 'em off my mind."

This point being satisfactorily settled, the two ladies sat down in rockers beside the stove and started work on their sleeveless sweaters. Mrs. Elliott, as usual, scarcely stopping for breath before she began her recital of the recent news of the neighborhood.

"Have you heard that old Miss Hunter, up to White Water is married again? Mr. Taylor tried to reason with her, seen' he's buried four of her husbands already, but she said, as long as the Lord took 'em, she would. Shockin', ain't it?—How's the baby? I shouldn't have thought that Austin could have borne to go off and leave that little helpless creature, but it seems to be thrivin', don't it? I don't s'pose you have the least notion he'd want to marry again, not for a while, anyway. Yes, I knew he was real fond of Sylvia, but men are human. Writes you real regular, does he? And Thomas, too? I'm always real pleased to hear about your boys, but I declare I steer clear of Violet Mannin' these days. You know how set she was against Paul goin' to war. But now she's got the biggest service flag in town and we are 100 per cent subscribed on her Liberty loan card. I bet all she bought was \$50 bonds, don't you? Be that as it may, mornin', noon and night she don't open her head except to talk about 'her hero. Goes around with a letter of Paul's in her hand, and—"

"Does he write her regular?"

"Seems to. I can't make out that he's ben in any great danger yet, and I've questioned her close. Enjoyin' him considerable, I should say. Them Mannin' children always just fitched and hankered to get out of Hamstead and I shouldn't be a mite surprised if that itchin' and hankerin' didn't have somethin' to do with Paul's 'patriotism' and Blanche's 'romance.' And that brings me to my main piece of news—Phillip Starr's number's been called and he's goin' to Devens this week. Blanche's comin' home for the present and I hear she's mad clear through."

"Oh, the poor child!"

"Poor child nothin'. I don't deny Blanche is pretty and pleasant, but there ain't nothin' very deep about her. I bet she's lookin' forward to comin' here with lots of good-lookin' clothes and new ideas and puttin' on airs with her old neighbors. Mary's got her faults, but I'll say this for her, she ain't near so high and mighty as the rest of the family. Well, I must start along home. Clearin', ain't it? Well, this'll make nice sleighin' and that's one thing to be thankful for. It's lucky we got a few comforts left."

Philip had longed to volunteer in the first days of the war and Blanche had been so bitterly opposed to it that he had given in to her wishes, trying not to let her see the bitter spiritual struggle and loss of self-esteem which it had cost him to do this. But when the draft came, there could be no question of evasion or hesitation. His little income would keep her comfortable, and there was no child. This, Blanche knew, had been a source of disappointment and grief to Philip while she had secretly rejoiced at "not being tied down right away." Now the fact that a baby might have kept him at home made her resentful that she did not have one.

It was out of the question for her to stay on in the little Brookline apartment alone, and there was nothing for her to do but to return, rebelliously, to Hamstead. Philip, with never-failing understanding and gentleness, saw how hard it was for her to do this, and insisting that it should hereafter be called "Carte Blanche" to perpetuate his joke, urged her again to amuse herself by jiving the little law office renovated to suit the plans which he had made so long before. This time, the suggestion was a godsend. Blanche became genuinely interested and worked harder and more happily than she ever had done before in order to have the tiny home in perfect order for his first furlough. There was a merry little housewarming, when Philip appeared, wearing his sergeant's uniform, for all Hamstead wanted to see him.

But after the last guest had departed, he lighted a fire in the wide, shallow fireplace of the big, soft-clo-

red bedroom, and unfastened Blanche's party dress by candle-light as they stood before it. It had grown very cold outside, and the many-paned windows were frosting over with delicate shapes. The man, looking towards them from the fire, suddenly shivered a little. They were so icy and sparkling, reflecting the frozen moonlight out there, that there was something of almost unearthly loveliness about them, something ghostly—

"Blanche," he said abruptly, "when you fixed up Carte Blanche, what did you do with those old law books that were here?"

Blanche was standing before the mirror, combing her hair. She did not even turn.

"They were so musty and shabby and dry-looking, I burned them up. Why, did you want them?"

"No. Did you burn them all?"

"Yes."

"Read any of them first?"

"No. I could tell by the looks that they were dull. Not what you and I wanted in our lovely home."

She walked across the room to him, her golden hair falling over her shoulders, her soft white dressing-gown flowing from her bare neck and arms in an unbroken line to the floor. Deliberately, she blew out the flickering candles, one after the other, and, in the dim frelight, put her arms around his neck.

"It is lovely, isn't it?" she whispered.

Philip bent over her. There was something in her manner that had never been there before. Was she, too, feeling the mystery and power of the night? Had these last weeks of separation been teaching her, too—teaching her the lessons that for a time, it seemed as if he, for all his love, had failed to make clear to her? Was the dread which had been slowly growing through the spring and summer that his white star was to prove only a will-o'-the-wisp, to be taken from him after all?

"Yes, sweetheart, beautiful," he answered. "But I want you to know a story that was in one of those books you burned, just the same, if you don't already. I ought to have spoken of it to you before—"

As quietly as he could, he told her first of his reading of the legend and then of his talk with Mary about it afterwards.

"I can't pretend to explain it. But it seems to me the first Blanche didn't want to hurt any person, especially—that it isn't a curse in that sense—but to teach her descendants, if she could, what a terrible thing it is to be selfish. Most of all, the selfishness that calls itself love. Occasionally mothers feel that kind of love for their sons, or children for their parents, or husbands for their wives—"

"You mean that is the kind that Colonel Moses felt for the countess," said Blanche slowly, "and—and it's been so, straight through the family. That's the way mother cares for Paul. That's the way—that's the way I cared for you—once. But, oh, I don't any more!"

"That isn't the way I've cared for you," said Philip. "I'm not very strong, and I'm not very good. I don't think that for a minute. But I do love you with all my heart and soul. That—that makes more difference than anything else, I believe. That curse is never going beyond this generation, and you must tell me tonight, that you're glad—I ought to have gone to war when I first knew it was the right thing for me to do. We can't help that now. But you've got to say you're glad I'm going now—"

His arms tightened around her, his lips, meeting hers, lay for a long time against them.

"If only we had a son—"

"Whenever I think of Lady Blanche farm," he went on, after a long silence, "I think of you and the brook—its freshness and fragrance and purity. It's shallow in places, it rushes into little falls, but where I found you, it widens to a deep pool, clear as crystal, a haven of refreshment and delight and—holiness. That's what you seem to me tonight—do you understand? Oh, my darling—"

CHAPTER XIII

And so the first winter of the war came to Hamstead. The mail that brought letters from Jaqueline, nursing in a convalescents' home in Brittany; from David, operating in a field hospital directly behind the firing-lines; from Austin, driving his ambulance over shell-shot roads; from Paul, "somewhere in France"; from Jack and Thomas and Philip at Camp Devens—all as yet, unharmed and well.

There was a ball, and a banquet, and "comfort kits" for all the boys. There was the preparation of Christmas packages. There was the careful searching of the newspapers for accounts of the unsatisfactory conditions existing at Camp Devens.

Then, suddenly, the first blow fell. A telegram came for Blanche. And Sol Daniels, instead of telephoning it up to the house, as he had telephoned so many times, wrote it down slowly with his stubby pencil, and locking up the station, walked down the road through the deep snow with it in his pocket, blowing his nose hard on his red bandana handkerchief as he went along.

To his intense relief, it was Mary, who was with her cousin a good deal in those days, who answered the knocker at Carte Blanche. Sol handed the grimy paper to her without a word as she opened the door, and cleared his throat.

"For Blanche?" asked Mary in a startled voice.

"Yes—it's a doggone shame. You

better open it first, and then tell her what's in it."

"No—I want it myself, please."

Mary and Sol turned quickly. Blanche was standing on the tiny winding staircase, holding out her hand. She, too, had heard the knocker.

"I've been—been expecting it ever since Philip was home for his furlough. Take Sol in where it's warm, Mary, and give him some coffee. It was awfully kind of you, Sol, to bring it yourself."

"I'd a-rather ben licked than to a-brung it."

"I know—please."

She opened it slowly, almost carefully. It was from one of the doctors, and it was rather long. Philip had been stricken, very suddenly, with pneumonia. The entire illness had been a matter of only thirty-six hours. The doctor was obliged, with the deepest regret, to inform her . . . if she would telegraph her wishes, they would of course, be complied with insofar as possible—

The yellow sheet crackled in her hand. For a moment she shut her eyes, swaying, and Mary started towards her but she put out her hand as if to keep her back. Not even Mary could help her through this moment; she wanted to meet it alone. Then she came slowly down the stairs, and going to the window where the service flag hung, she took it down and stood for a long time with it in her arms, her lips quivering. At last she gathered it up, and crossing the room with it, she hung it, as if it had been an emblem of victory, over the portrait of the little French countess. Then she faced her cousin and her old friend.

"I'll have a new one, with a gold star, in the window," she said quietly, "but that one belongs there. Can you have the express stopped at Hamstead for me, Sol?—You'll go with me, Mary, of course? Please tell mother and Cousin Jane. I'd like to be alone a little while, I think— But I'll be ready to start in an hour."

There was no time to waste in "breaking the news gently." Mary found the two older women together and, without a single unnecessary word, told them what had happened. Violet, horribly stunned and shocked, broke into angry and rebellious grief which prostrated her completely. But when Jane had done all she could to relieve her and the frail woman had recovered somewhat and they had taken the necessary steps to send Blanche and Mary to bring Philip home and to prepare Hamstead for its first military funeral, Jane went alone to her room and sat a long time, the tears rolling down her grim, plain face, the old candy box tied with red ribbons which Philip had given her long before and which she had kept ever since on her bed-side table near her Bible, clasped in her hands.

"That nice, pleasant, happy boy," she said repeatedly, and added involuntarily, "and he was a real Christian, too, same as Mary said from the first."

Violet, when she had discarded her mourning for her husband, had laid it away in her attic with her usual exquisite neatness, and Mary, unlocking the trunk, brought down the things that Blanche needed and helped her put them on, just as she had helped her dress for her wedding, a year and a half before.

"If I had let him go when he wanted to, this wouldn't have happened."

That was the only complaint she made, the only grief which, so far, she seemed able to voice. But she said it over and over again, after she and Mary were on the train, and the door of the Pullman drawing room had been closed, leaving them quiet and alone together.

"Hush, dear! He might have been killed in battle."

"There'd have been some meaning—some compensation—a glory of achievement in that! This was just waste! Hundreds of boys are dying like that—when it could perfectly well have been avoided. They've been almost freezing to death in the camps all over the country."

"I know. I see how you feel. But I don't believe that anything Philip ever did was wasted, just the same."

"If Paul dies, at least it won't be this way."

"No."

"Oh, Mary, how could you let him go the way you did? Supposing he never comes back, either—do you ever think of that?"

Did she ever think of it! Not long before, Mrs. Weston had handed her a letter that had just come from Rosalie King. She had married her floorwalker on a "hurry call" and they had had three days together before he "went across." And that, she had learned, was to be all the honeymoon she would ever have. Mary, taking the letter from Mrs. Weston's limp hand, read it over twice. And she had refused "a week at some quiet place by the sea"—had denied Paul the chance of looking forward to coming back to her "that way." . . . Did she ever think of it!

"Yes, I think of it," she said slowly. "But I had to do what I did, just the same. Even if I'd known he was going to be killed, Paul didn't—didn't love me the way Philip loved you."

"Mary—what do you think it all means? Why do the people who aren't needed, who aren't even wanted, live and live and live? While the ones like Philip—Do you think that it's really punishment for selfishness—not just mine, but—"

"This whole war is a punishment of selfishness—and an atonement for it. Philip is—one of thousands—"

"But my part. That story coming true. And the certainty we both had that it was going to."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Spring Heralds Coming Circus

Much Actual Geography Seen
in Sawdust Ring.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.—WNU Service.)

THE circus, land of sawdust and spangles, pink lemonade and peanuts, is about to emerge from winter quarters. The magic rumble of red wagons and the footsteps of circusdom's spangled battalions have echoed down the corridors of many summers; yet few really know the phantom white city, a nomadic world, a geographic marvel and a mystery from beginning to end.

There is more actual geography within the narrow borders of Spangleland than in any similar space on the face of the earth. From the shores of the seven seas come its citizens, their faces turned toward the open road where lies the winding trail of the big tops. Dainty equestriennes from France and handsome Russians from the steppes; pink-cheeked athletes from Great Britain and Scandinavia; flashing brunettes from Italy, Argentina, Mexico, and sunny Spain; blond Germans with iron bodies; suave, charming Austrians; almond-eyed Nagasaki and from the seething land of the dragon; sun-tanned sheiks from the shifting sands of Arab; whip-crackers from Australia and hard-riding cowboys from the western plains; clowns, acrobats, aerialists, riders, staff executives and laborers from every state in the Union—all owe allegiance to the transient country of tents.

A game of checkers in the circus "backyard" between a genial young Japanese tumbler, heir to half a million dollars, and an old clown who ran away from his home in the Middle West long ago, lured by the spangled Pied Piper and his steel-throated callopio, shows how the big top draws together the ends of the earth. Such is the population of Spangleland, where people from nearly every country under the sun are fed into the hopper of a highly organized machine to emerge firmly woven into the brilliant mosaics of a fast-moving performance, subscribing without reservation to the one supreme law of the trouper—"The show must go on."

The circus is organized socially, but a trouper's geographical background has nothing to do with his qualification for membership in the circus golf club, baseball team, clown society, women's club, or circus chapter of the American Red Cross. Above all else, the population of this nomadic melting pot learns tolerance, and it's what a person is rather than where he came from that counts most.

Got Start in Circus.

Circusdom has been a springboard from which men have vaulted to prominence in other fields. Will Rogers was the "Cherokee Kid" with Wirth's circus in 1904. Al G. Fields, the minstrel king, started trouping as a Shakespearean clown. Fred Stone wore spangles before the footlights claimed him, and some of his best antics were born back in "Clown Alley" during his circus days.

Many persons still look upon circus trouping as something akin to robbing a bank, which accounts for the interesting fact that many present-day circus stars had to run away from home to join. Take Mabel Stark, for example. Her relatives virtually disowned her when she laid aside the crisp, white uniform of the trained nurse to expose herself to the mauling of "big, striped tomatcs," as she affectionately refers to her tigers. But the call of the callopio and the magic of the midway were in her ears and she immigrated to Spangleland, there to become the only woman in the world who breaks, trains, and works tigers. She has more scars on her body than a giraffe has spots, and her exciting career has fed newspaper columns for years.

The almost unlimited geographical aspects of the circus are nowhere more in evidence than in the wild-animal menagerie. To this traveling college of zoology belong animals from every continent, each a splendid physical specimen, receiving the utmost care from the animal attendants. Zoological experts from leading universities never cease to marvel at the exceptionally fine condition of the circus animals, despite the fact that they are moved from city to city almost every day. Variation in climate in different sections of the country presents a serious problem for circus animal attendants, who often pass hours in a cage with a sick jungle charge, so fond are they of their animals. Seldom does a beast die while the circus is on the road.

Under a single spread of canvas are gathered hundreds of animals and birds—tigers from Bengal, Sumatra, and Siberia; lions and leopards from Africa's tangled jungles; tall, silent giraffes from the open stretches of Ethiopia; nilgai, black buck, aoudad, tapir, and gemsbok antelope. In the same circus colony are Russian brown bears, huge black fellows from Alaska, and polar bears from Greenland's icy slopes. But the circus animal population does not end here. There are hippopotamuses from north of the Transvaal; orang utans from Borneo; tiny rhesus monkeys with pathetic faces, affectionate dispositions, and delicate lungs; llamas from the mountains of Peru; pumas from North and South America; macaws from Mexico; sea lions from California; a sea elephant from the Antarctic wastes; wise,

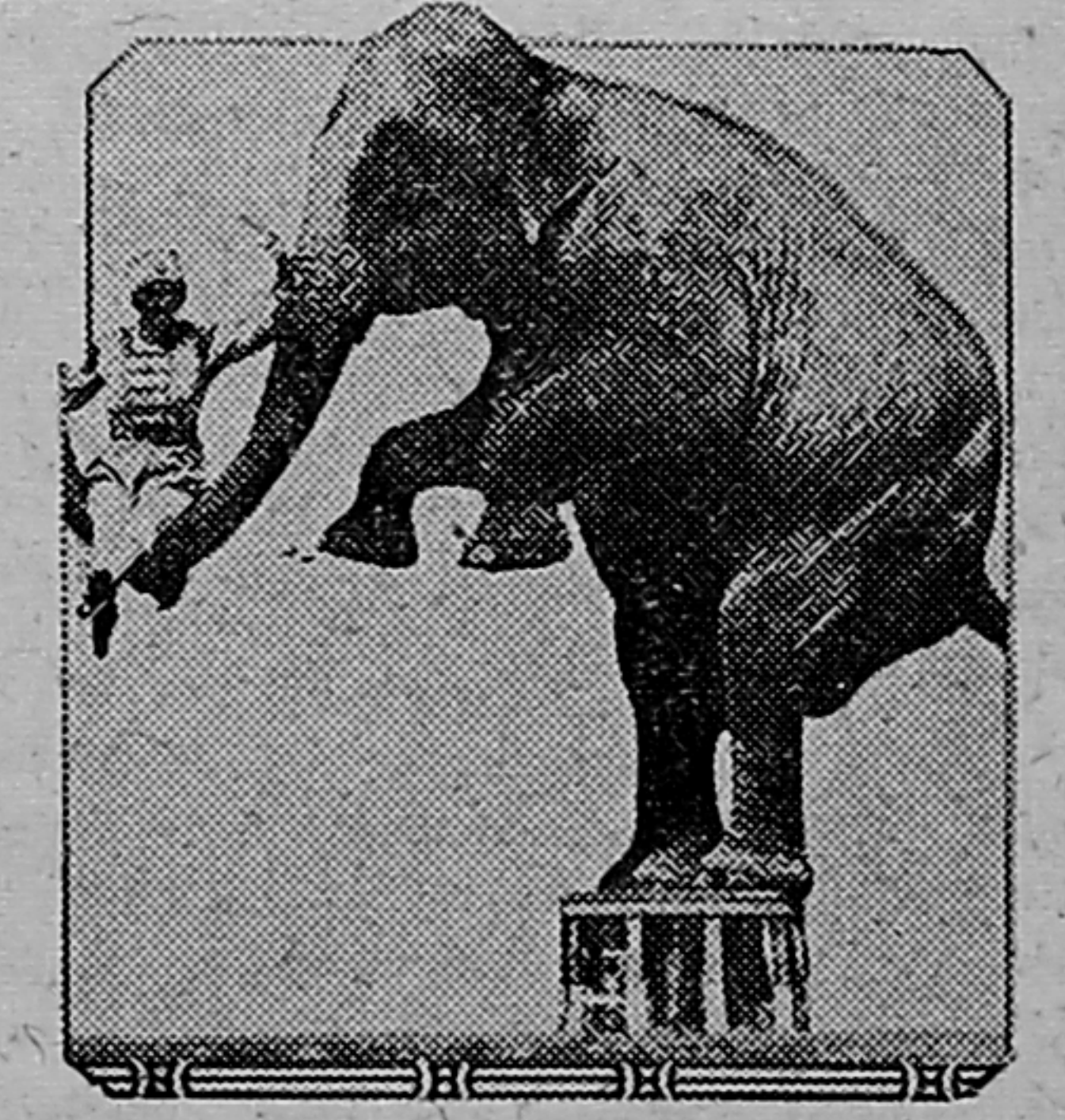
friendly elephants and a curious armored rhinoceros from India; the more familiar rhino from Africa, together with hyenas, dromedaries, zebras, and water buffaloes. Australia contributes the kangaroo.

The rhinoceros, despite his perpetual grouch and his amazing ugliness, is one of the most valuable beasts in the circus, costing about \$10,000 by the time he has been purchased from an exporter and raised to maturity. While the more impressive rhino hails from India, a dwindling species, the African, is a formidable fellow of steam-roller disposition. Rhinoceros, elephant, or water buffalo can whip a tiger or at least discourage him in most instances. In contrast to the evil-tempered pachyderm, with the deadly horn and the tiny, piglike eyes, is the good-natured hippopotamus, as genial as he is fat.

Elephants From India.

Circus elephants, almost without exception, come from India. Their African cousins, though larger, are much harder to handle and have proved pretty generally useless in circuses except for display purposes. Jumbo was an African and he was stubborn, like the rest of his four-footed countrymen. One night years ago, in St. Thomas, Ont., Jumbo got into an argument with a freight train on the wrong track, with the result that his funeral was held the following morning.

Indian elephants are natural actors and enjoy doing tricks in the big show. They are quick to learn, once they realize what is expected of them, and their ears are tuned to applause like those of a born trouper. Most of them are surprisingly good-natured, and they are so anxious about a firm footing that in most cases they will not voluntarily step on a man. Giraffes are captured by means of a lasso, and often an African-born giraffe will be seen to have about two inches of hair missing from his stubby mane—evidence



Trained Circus Elephants

that the lasso was instrumental in his capture.

The big circus cats, unless born on the show, are captured in the jungle regions with traps and pits covered with jungle foliage and baited with young goats. A new method of capturing wild beasts alive involves shooting them with a gas bullet that puts the animal to sleep without pain. When the creature wakes up he finds himself a prisoner. These recently perfected gas bullets are said to be capable of bringing down a lion or a tiger at a distance of 200 feet. But circus animals from the four corners of the earth are imported for a far more interesting purpose than mere exhibition. Many of them are educated. In the circus "classrooms" the natural enemies of the jungles are taught to tolerate one another.

Mystery of Circusdom.

Much of the mystery of circusdom lies in the moving of this miniature cosmos, with its citizenry of animals and people from every clime, and in the pitching of the tents that compose the canvas city. The largest circus carries its own doctor, lawyers, detectives, barber shop, blacksmith shop, fire department, chefs, business experts, and postal service, and it travels on 100 railroad cars in four sections. There are long, steel flat cars for the wagons and other vehicles; huge box cars for the hundreds of horses, elephants, camels, llamas, zebras; commodious sleeping cars for the performers, staff, and laborers.

That the moving of the show may be expedited, cook and dining equipment is packed up at 5:30 in the afternoon, and is sent ahead aboard the flying squadron, along with the wild animal cages and the menagerie tent, which is loaded immediately after the start of the night performance. The land of the white top remains static for just about six hours—between the time the last wagon moves upon the lot, in the late morning, until loading begins again, in the late afternoon. But, if there is a late arrival, the time between unloading and packing up again is shorter still. Of course, when the circus arrives on Sunday or when it remains in a city for more than one day, as it does in a few very large cities, this schedule is not followed. The longest run made by a circus in 1931 was the Ringling-Barnum jump from Springfield, Mass., to Montreal, Canada, a Sunday trip of 335 miles. The shortest run was 12 miles, from Philadelphia to West Philadelphia.

Circus exhibition in the United States had its beginning in 1785 and President Washington attended Rickett's circus in Philadelphia in 1793. The circus of those early days was a puny ancestor of the present-day show. Indeed, it had no elephant! The first pachyderm to set foot in the United States arrived several years later, aboard a sailing vessel called America. Spangleland scarcely could lay claim to being a complete world in miniature were it not for the fact that within its boundaries can be seen the freak as well as the normal handiwork of Nature. The side show is a separate and distinct kingdom.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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Lesson for May 7

JESUS FACES THE CROSS

LESSON TEXT—Mark 10:32-52.
GOLDEN TEXT—And it came to pass, when the time was come that he should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem. Luke 9:51.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Doing Hard Things.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Doing Hard Things.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Cost of True Greatness.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Greatness Through Sacrificial Service.

I. Jesus Foretells His Death and Resurrection (vv. 32-34).

This is the third time he makes this prediction. This time it was while on his way to Jerusalem.

1. Jesus going before the disciples (v. 32). Jesus was going with the full consciousness of the awful tragedy of the cross before him, the treachery of Judas, the fiery persecutions of the priests and scribes, the unjust judgment, the delivery to Pontius Pilate, the mocking, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the cross between malefactors, the nails, the spear—all were spread before him. The notion that the death of Christ was incidental to his career is most fallacious. The very purpose of the incarnation was the vicarious death (Heb. 2:14).

2. The amazed disciples (v. 32). His utterances and demeanor filled their minds with perplexity and their hearts with awe.

3. The crowd followed in fear (v. 32, R. V.). The strange atmosphere and happenings struck them with awe and fear.

4. Jesus instructed the twelve (vv. 33, 34). In this state of confusion Jesus called them to himself and patiently instructed them as to "what things should happen unto him."

a. "Delivered unto the chief priests and scribes."

b. "They shall condemn him to death and deliver him to the Gentiles."

c. "They shall mock, scourge, spit upon, and kill him."

d. "The third day he shall rise again."

II. The Ambitious Request of James and John (vv. 35-45).

1. What it was (vv. 35-37). It was for a place of pre-eminence in the Kingdom. According to Matthew, their mother was the intercessor (Matt. 20:20). Christ had told them of the awful agony of the cross and also of the glory which should follow. It was not entirely for their glory that they made this request, but because of their personal desire to be with their Lord.

2. Jesus' reply (vv. 38-45).

a. To James and John (vv. 38-40).

(1) Their misconception reuked. "Ye know not what ye ask."

(2) Positions of glory in Christ's Kingdom are earned, not obtained through favor or arbitrary assignment. The way to honor is through suffering. The cup which they were to drink was all that they were to suffer because of his crucifixion.

b. To the ten disciples (vv. 41-45).

(1) Their displeasure (v. 41). They were displeased with the request of James and John, because they were not free from selfish ambition.

(2) True greatness declared (vv. 42-45). To minister to others is greater than to be ministered unto (v. 43). Among the Gentile nations greatness was conceded to those who exercised authority over others. The highest standard of Christ's Kingdom is to forget self in devoted service to others, even to the giving of one's life.

III. Jesus Cures Blind Bartimaeus (vv. 46-52).

Though already bearing the weight of his cross, he had time for gracious deeds. Blind Bartimaeus received his sight.

1. Bartimaeus' request (vv. 46, 47). As soon as he heard that Jesus was passing by he cried to him for help. The fact that he addressed him as the Son of David showed that he recognized his Messiahship.

2. Rebuked by the multitude (v. 48). This rebuke provoked even a more earnest cry from Bartimaeus.

3. The blessing granted (vv. 49-52). Though Jesus knew his desire, he wished him definitely to commit himself. Note the progress in the experience of Bartimaeus.

a. A blind beggar (v. 46). b. His cry for mercy (v. 47). c. The persistence in his cry (v. 48). d. His response to the call of Jesus (v. 49). e. His specific request (v. 51). f. He immediately received his sight (v. 52).

How quickly an earnest soul may pass from sore need to jubilant discipleship.

Hypocrisy

I saw about a peck of counterfeit dollars once. Did I go to the window and throw away all my good dollars? No. Yet you reject Christianity because there are hypocrites, or counterfeit Christians.—W. E. Biederwolf.

Show Them Christ

Let every preacher show the people a Crucified Savior and may it never be said by any who sit under your ministry, "Where are the prints of the nails?"

Fairland News

Garnett Gibson, Correspondent.

Eva Mae Wilson spent Sunday with Louise and Irene Moseley.

Martin Hill of Villa Grove spent Wednesday with his father, E. J. Hill.

O. C. Wells and family were business visitors in Urbana on Wednesday.

Misses Olive and Mary Wells were Sunday guests in the Ralph Stipp home.

Fairland M. E. Sunday School was well attended Sunday with an attendance of twenty eight.

Mrs. Mollie Stutzer returned home Thursday from Chicago after spending a few days with relatives.

Delbert Woolwine returned to Indianapolis on Thursday after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Coslet.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Gibson were Sunday guests of Charles Fabert and Mrs. Vivian Moseley and daughters.

Mrs. Ellis Sparks who is seriously ill with "kidney stones" is very little improved at this writing.

Esther Blaney and Elsie Williams who are ill with pneumonia are somewhat improved at this writing.

Alonzo Houts who is ill with an attack of flu is somewhat improved at this writing. Mr. and Mrs. Doran Farner of Villa Grove are caring for him.

The Fairland Fumblers were defeated by Camargo Sunday afternoon by a score of 7 to 3. This is Fairland's second defeat this season.

John Phillips, who is ill with an infection on his leg caused by dropping a cream can upon it is somewhat improved at this writing.

Mrs. Zora Lewis returned home Tuesday from Terre Haute after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Charles Endicott.

Mrs. Fannie Gilmartin and daughter Mary Alice are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chancellor at Mattoon.

Ellis Sparks and family moved Tuesday to the store room in the brick building south of Harris' restaurant. Nathan Wells and family of Urbana moved Tuesday afternoon to the property vacated by the Sparks.

Fire, caused by a defective flue, damaged the roof on the E. J. Hill property, early Thursday morning. By the work of neighbors the fire was extinguished before much damage was done. The Longview fire department was on duty shortly after the alarm was given.

Miss Viola Maxwell closed a very successful term of school at Fonner, Thursday. A basket dinner and picnic at Patterson Springs Park was enjoyed by both patrons and pupils. Miss Irene Greene of Villa Grove closed a very successful term of school at Smith, Friday.

The 7th and 8th grade pupils of the Fairland school accompanied by their teacher, Miss Virginia Riddle, made an educational trip to Urbana, Thursday afternoon of last week. While there they visited the Natural History Museum at the University of Illinois and other places of interest on the campus.

The lower room pupils accompanied by their teacher, Mrs. Gladys Gwinn, attended a track

meeting at Camargo, Thursday.

Patrons and friends in this school district met on Friday noon at the school house with well filled baskets and including teachers and pupils enjoyed a real "honest to goodness" basket dinner. Cakes, pies, sandwiches and all kinds of "goodies" were piled up on the large table fixed in the lower room, and everybody enjoyed themselves.

After the bountiful dinner, patrons, pupils and teachers assembled in the upper room and there the report cards and rewards were given out to the pupils who had never been absent or tardy this school year.

Those who have never been absent or tardy this school year are Dale Dilthey, Altha Robertson, Junior Wood, Carroll and Mary Wells, Maxine Lewis, Evelyn Blaney, Mary Vaughn, Inogene and Geraldine Windler, James Ewing and Nathan Wells.

Publication Notice

State of Illinois,)
Champaign County,) SS.
County Court of Champaign County to the June Term, A. D., 1933.

Allie Bruhn, administratrix with will annexed of the Estate of Annie Rush, deceased.

vs.
Ethelbert Rush, Fannie Johnson, Nellie Parks, Claud Rush, Charlie Rush, William Marshall, Thomas Marshall, Vada Countryman, Guy Marshall, Orphie Marshall, Myrtle Grove, Adelbert Marshall, Frank Marshall and Charlie Marshall.

Affidavit of the non-residence of Ethelbert Rush, Fannie Johnson, Nellie Parks, William Marshall, Thomas Marshall, Vada Countryman, Guy Marshall, Orphie Marshall, Myrtle Grove, Adelbert Marshall, Frank Marshall, Charlie Marshall, Claud Rush, defendants above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Champaign County, notice is hereby given to the said Ethelbert Rush, Fannie Johnson, Nellie Parks, William Marshall, Thomas Marshall, Vada Countryman, Guy Marshall, Orphie Marshall, Myrtle Grove, Adelbert Marshall, Frank Marshall, Charlie Marshall, Claud Rush, that the said Plaintiff, Allie Bruhn, administratrix of the Estate of Annie Rush, deceased, has filed her petition in the said County Court of Champaign County for an order to sell the premises belonging to the Estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed, to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to-wit:

Lots Two (2) and Three (3), in Block Four (4), of a Sub-division of Blocks One (1), Two (2), Three (3), Four (4), Five (5), Eight (8) and Six (6) of the Original Town of Broadlands in the County of Champaign, in the State of Illinois,

and that a summons has been issued out of said Court against you, returnable at the June Term, A. D. 1933, of said Court, to be holden on the first Monday of June A. D. 1933, at the Court House in Urbana, in Champaign County, Illinois.

Now unless you the said Ethelbert Rush, Fannie Johnson, Nellie Parks, William Marshall, Thomas Marshall, Vada Countryman, Guy Marshall, Orphie Marshall, Myrtle Grove, Adelbert Marshall, Frank Marshall, Charlie Marshall, Claud Rush shall personally be and appear before said County Court of Champaign County on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Urbana, in said County, on the first Monday of June 1933, and plead, answer or demur to the said Complainant's petition filed therein, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

Urbana, Illinois, May 1, 1933.
Elmer P. Hoggatt,
Clerk County Court.
Williamson & Winkelmann,
Complainant's Solicitor.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.
Southbound1:55 p. m.
Northbound3:19 p. m.

Star Mail Route
Southbound7:15 a. m.
Northbound8:30 a. m.

Is your subscription paid?

Know the news—read it in the papers.

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

Local and Personal

O. P. Witt and family visited relatives at Rankin, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bruhn were Urbana visitors, Monday.

Virgil Reed and family moved to Champaign, Thursday.

Miss Florence Schumacher is visiting friends in Danville this week.

The Camp Fire Girls gave a "Tea" at the home of Charles Walker, Saturday afternoon.

Clarence Kilian and Henry Karlou were Danville visitors on Monday.

The D. of K. Class will meet at the home of Mrs. Edna Dicks, Wednesday evening, May 10th. A good attendance is desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Rush of Boswell, Ind., were here to attend the funeral of the late Robert Miller, Friday.

Robert Potter of Evanston was here last Friday to attend the funeral rites of the late Robert Miller.

Rev. and Mrs. Theo. M. Haeffel had as their guests the latter's parents of St. Louis, the latter part of last week.

The tractor demonstration given by the H. J. Harshbarger Co. on the George Walker farm west of Broadlands, last Friday afternoon was well attended.

The U. B. Ladies Aid will serve ice cream, cake, pie and coffee in the Astell building, Saturday afternoon and evening, May 6.

Among those attending the special meeting of the Masonic lodge at Newman last Tuesday night were K. T. Dicks, J. Mark Moore, Glen Doney, W. W. Witt, Geo. H. Cook, Carl B. Dicks.

Fred Albers returned the first of the week from a trip to California. Mr. Albers was quite poorly upon his arrival home and is now being cared for at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Sy.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bass of Danville were visitors in Tuscola a short time Monday afternoon. Mr. Bass will be in charge of the live stock shipping station to be opened in this city by the Whiting Brothers of Paris, and expects to move to Tuscola within the next few weeks.—Tuscola Review.

Long View News

Mrs. Clarence Kracht entertained the members of the L. S. L. club Thursday afternoon.

Miss Leora Fansler spent the weekend with friends in Champaign.

A basket dinner Saturday noon marked the closing of the Longview grade school.

Mrs. Florence Cannon and Miss Fleta Cannon have returned from Oklahoma, where they spent the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hart have moved into the property of the late Mrs. Nellie Hart, vacating the house belonging to Mrs. Joe Cannon.

J. D. Dyar, Mrs. Alice Hanley and Mrs. Rene Brown visited Mrs. Dyar at St Elizabeth's hospital in Danville, Monday.

O. D. Skiles, a representative of the Orphanage and Rescue Home of East St. Louis, was here Monday and received generous contributions from the people of the community.

Your Attention is called to the advertisements of the following firms in this week's issue:

- Dr. R. W. Swickard, dentist.
- Illinois Theatre.
- Harold O. Anderson.
- Bergfield Bros.
- Hayes Bros. Hatchery.
- Messman & Astell.
- Dicks Bros.
- L. W. Donley.
- Janesville Film Service.
- Crystal Corporation.

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.


Guernsey bull calf for sale.—Levi Hardyman.



We have thousands of chicks on Monday and Thursday of each week. These must be sold. All are popular purebred varieties. Low in price, Custom Hatching 1c per egg. The trays hold 150 eggs, Bring even trays, Heavy assorted chicks \$3.95 per 100. Order in advance.

Hayes Bros. Hatchery
(Incorporated)
Phone 2615
66 Chester St. Champaign.

Longview Township High School
Future Farmers of America

A National  Studying
Organization For Boys Vocational
Agriculture

W. B. BRAEUNINGER—Instructor in Vocational Agriculture.

Sectional Judging Contest to be Held at Fairmount

The sectional judging contest will take place at Fairmount on Tuesday, May 9th. Schools represented in this contest will include Armstrong, Bismarck, Catlin, East Lynn, Fairmount, Fisher, Georgetown, Hopeston, Indianola, Long View, Mahomet, Oakwood, Rantoul, Ridgefarm, St. Joseph and Tolono.

Nineteen boys from the Long View High School will compete. The boys and their teams appear in the following list.

- Fat Stock Team (Sheep, Hogs, Beef Cattle and Horses):
1. James Beatty.
 2. Hoyne Hales.
 3. Alaric Heidorn.
 4. Raymond Kilian.
 5. Charles Smith.

- Dairy Cattle Team:
1. Kenneth Bickers.
 2. Ray Fonner.
 3. Fred Chandler.
 4. Lowell Buddemeier.
 5. Louis Klienmeyer.

- Poultry Team:
1. Clifford Leerkamp.
 2. Sam Kincannon.
 3. David Freeman.

- Corn Team:
1. Earl Bengston.
 2. Forrest Neibarger.
 3. Clarence Phelps.

- Grain Team:
1. Virgil Charlton.
 2. Harold Fonner.
 3. Howard Dyar.

The Importance of Judging Contests

The ability to judge crops and livestock is a factor in the success or failure of practically all farmers. In the raising of crops or animals, in the buying and selling of farm products of all kinds, the farmer must be able to judge these products. Judging contests of various kinds of farm products create much interest among the vocational agriculture students and teach them to discriminate between poor and good crops and animals.

The state is divided into fifteen sections and each one has its own contest. In June the state contest is held at the University of Illinois. Last year one hundred and sixty-six high schools competed in the state contest with one thousand six hundred and ten contestants.

Animal Husbandry Class Makes Several Trips in Preparation for Contest

The animal husbandry class visited the B. F. Richardson farm near Sidell on Thursday of last week. On Tuesday of this week they visited the various barns at the University of Illinois. The purpose of these trips is to prepare the boys for the judging contest which is next week.

Cash Specials!

For Friday and Saturday, May 5th and 6th

- Chocolate Cakes, fresh, lb.....17c
- Soap, Swift's Quick Naptha, 11 bars.....25c
- Starting Mash, White Rose, 10 lb bag.....26c
- Calumet Baking Powder, large can, box cocoanut, cake pan...27c
- Hardwater Castile Soap, 3 large bars.....15c
- Apricots, large cans, 2 for.....29c
- Pears, Bartlett, large can.....19c
- Peaches, Veribest, can.....17c
- Cherries, red, 2 cans.....23c
- Flour, Avalanche, 24 lb bag.....39c
- Grapefruit, 3 for.....13c
- Steak, cornfed, lb.....17c
- Roast Beef, cornfed, lb.....12c
- Wieners, large, lb.....08c

Bergfield Bros.

Phone No. 27 Broadlands, Ill.