

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 14

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1933

NUMBER 3

News Items of 13 Years Ago

The following items are taken from an issue of the Broadlands News of Aug. 13, 1920:

Louis Wienke celebrated his eighteenth birthday.

Miss Beulah McCormick was hostess to the W. C. B. Club.

Miss Lillie Rayl visited relatives at Tuscola.

Mrs. O. E. Gore and children visited relatives at Bedford, Ind.

Leonard Block underwent an operation for appendicitis at Lakeview hospital, Danville.

Miss Lillian High returned from a few weeks visit with relatives at Hoopston.

Mrs. Irene Berry of Loraine, Ohio, arrived for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swick.

Mrs. Chas. Lunsford chaperoned the intermediate class of the U. B. Sunday School to Allerton Park for a picnic.

Blue Caps, 9; Lost Grove, 8

The Broadlands Blue Caps won their second game of the season last Sunday when they defeated the Lost Grove nine, 9 to 8.

The Lost Grove boys led by a score of 7 to 1 till the 7th inning. The Blue Caps rallied during the 7th and 8th to tie the score. In the last inning the locals put across their 9th and winning run.

Art Struck and Vernon Luth pitched and Adolph Klautsch caught for the locals.

Clyde Bowman pitched and John Doe caught for Lost Grove.

The locals will play Lost Grove on diamond opposite State Elevator on Route 49, north of Homer, this Sunday afternoon.

Local and Personal

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

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Reed and baby of Champaign spent Sunday with C. D. McCormick and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Cooper of Pesotum were Sunday dinner guests at the home of D. P. Brewer and family.

Mr. and Mrs. August Zantow entertained at dinner, Sunday, Lyle Cummings and family, John Blossie and family, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Cline, Mrs. Wm. Brown all of Danville.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer entertained at supper on Thursday evening of last week, Mrs. Onida Forcier of Mt. Clemmens, Mich.; Mrs. Pearl Edens, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Struck.

Wealthy father outwitted by his pretty daughter. How she saw Paris night life despite all his precautions. See the article in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next Sunday's Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Father and Son Banquet Was a Great Success

The Father and Son Banquet sponsored by the local U. B. church last Wednesday night was largely attended and was a great success, there being 216 present to enjoy the festivities of the evening.

Judge Leonard of Champaign was the principal speaker of the evening. Boyd Blaine, Ross Mills, Elmer Hoggatt and other prominent Twin City men gave short talks. P. O. Rayl also gave a short talk.

Male quartets from Longview and Pesotum rendered several selections. Warren Richard sang a solo, and Miss Alice Maxwell and Wayne Brewer gave readings. The program was interspersed with group singing led by Forrest Dicks with Rev. Hae-fele at the piano.

Rev. J. F. Turner was toastmaster and John Richard gave the response.

Allerton High School News

Jessie Witt, Reporter.

Florence Rothermel was a visitor on Tuesday morning.

Baccalaureate services will be held Sunday night at Allerton.

Mr. Harshbarger of Champaign was a visitor at the high school on Tuesday afternoon.

Those on the absent list this week were Kathleen Baker and Ruby Blacker.

The Operetta "The Tea House of Sing Lo," which was given on Friday night was largely attended and enjoyed by all.

Roosevelt Will Attend World's Fair Opening

Chicago, May 18.—The official opening of A Century of Progress—Chicago's 1933 World's Fair—has been set ahead from Thursday, June 1, to Saturday, May 27, so that President Roosevelt may take part in the opening ceremony.

"So far as I know, our decision to open A Century of Progress five days before the announced opening establishes a record for world's fairs," said General Manager Lohr.

Every building and exhibit erected and operated by A Century of Progress will be ready for the May 27 opening.

According to Mr. Randolph, President Roosevelt will be escorted to Soldier Field Stadium on May 27 by the Black Horse Troop. Marching in the procession will be military and naval units, members of American Legion posts and other units in uniforms.

Prior to the arrival of the President the international character of the Exposition will be symbolized by a Salute of "Nations" in which the flags of all nations will be raised by groups in native costume.

There will be four addresses, according to the present program: by President Rufus C. Dawes, Mayor Edward J. Kelly, Gov. Henry Horner and President Roosevelt.

Mrs. Odie Kilby and children of Georgetown spent the past week at the Harry Richard home.



A story that abounds in the Cohen humor, with that famous detective character, Jim Hanvey, in the leading role. A fast moving, colorful, humorous, mystery story that will keep every reader awaiting anxiously for the next installment. An unusually good serial that will be printed in these columns.

Do Not Miss the Opening Chapters

Starting in Next Week's Issue

Fairland News

Garnett Gibson, Correspondent.

Miss Viola Maxwell attended a track meeting at Tuscola, Thursday.

Vernon and Sammie Ingram of Murdock are spending a few days with Donald Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Gibson were Sunday guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Fannie Gibson.

Paul Buker and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Arwine.

Miss Olive Wells spent Thursday night with Georgia and Alta Rose Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Smith and daughter, Doris, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tipton Arwine.

Miss Helen Statzer returned to Chicago, Thursday, after spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Mollie Statzer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adams of Rockville, Ind., were Sunday guests of E. M. Maxwell and daughters.

Mrs. Hattie Baker and son Cecil, and Mrs. Clifton Baker of near Oakland were Thursday

guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Coslet and Mrs. Cela Woolwine.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Douglas of St. Bernice, Ind., spent the week end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, Sr. Helen Maxine Lewis returned home with them to spend the summer.

Mrs. Maude Barrick was called to Camargo, Saturday, by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Ellen Price. Mrs. Price suffered a stroke of paralysis early Saturday morning and at this writing is in a serious condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Taylor of Terre Haute; Mrs. Hazel Stanley and son, Van, of California; Mrs. Emma Elmore of Bedford, Ind.; Ray Beck and family of Murdock; Charles and Gerald Arwine of near Newman were Sunday guests of M. W. Robertson and family.

Farmers in this vicinity have done but little farm work on account of the extremely wet weather which has prevailed for the last four weeks. Most of the farmers in this vicinity managed to get some oats sowed during the first pretty days of April, but practically nothing since then. Corn planting will be at least four or five weeks late provided we have good weather from now on until time to plant.

13 Per Cent Drop In Motor Fatalities

The most cheering down trend during 1932 was the drop of around 13 per cent in the number of motor vehicle fatalities, according to Charles M. Hayes, president of the Chicago Motor Club.

Mr. Hayes pointed out that there were 29,000 motor deaths in 1932 and approximately 905,000 persons more or less seriously injured, as compared with 33,500 fatalities and more than 1,120,000 injured in 1931.

While these figures would indicate a decided improvement in the accident situation, he said, "a careful study of all figures discloses that users of the streets and highways exercised no more care than in the past. This is evidenced by the fact that there was an increase during 1932 of 1.3 per cent in deaths per accident and an increase of 2.2 per cent in injuries per accident.

Of the total of 745,300 accidents, 291,190, or 39 per cent, were caused by collisions with pedestrians and 323,830 or 43 per cent, by collisions with automobiles. The year proved to be relatively more difficult for pedestrians, as there was a gain of 2 per cent in the number fatally injured.

The A. A. A. club executive listed some of the highlights of 1932 accident studies as follows:

Of the more than a million vehicles involved in accidents last year, 94 per cent were apparently in good condition. Eighty-two per cent had four-wheel brakes.

Approximately 85 per cent of the accidents occurred in clear weather; around 80 per cent on a dry surface.

More than 78 per cent of the cars in accidents were going straight ahead.

Of the drivers of the vehicles in accidents, the greatest majority, or more than 92 per cent, had been driving for a year or more.

Miscellaneous Shower

Mrs. Earl Patchett and daughter, Lois, entertained with a miscellaneous shower Saturday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Ernest Wiese, a recent bride. Mrs. August Wiese, who will soon be leaving this community for her new home in Broadlands, was also an honor guest.

Those present were: Mrs. Freda Kiliai, of Broadlands, Mrs. Emma Morris, of Paris, Mrs. Undene Kitchen, of Danville, Mrs. Ernest Wiese, Mrs. August Wiese, Miss Rose Hamilton, Mrs. Suella Geiling, Mrs. Geo. Krabel, Mrs. Mabel Krabel, Mrs. Floy Willoughby, Mrs. Maude Witt, Mrs. Lee Breeding, Mrs. Ruby Davis, Mrs. Nelle Hendrix, Mrs. Edna Wiese, Mrs. Irene Neese, Miss Naomi Geiling and Mrs. Lettie Smallwood.—Brocton Review.

Market Report

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

No. 3 white shelled corn	37c
No. 3 yellow corn	35c
No. 2 white oats	20½c
No. 2 soy beans	62c

The heavy rains of the past few weeks have greatly delayed farm work here and the matter of getting crops planted has become a serious matter with the farmers.

Local and Personal

Editor Fred H. Wood of Sidney was a visitor here Thursday.

Justice B. H. Thode transacted business at Mattoon, Wednesday.

Miss Beulah Gore was home from Indianapolis over the week end.

Glen Doney and family were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Lou Burton at Oakwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Luedke were Danville visitors, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Biggs of Tuscola visited at the Lloyd Donley home Saturday evening.

Mrs. Lloyd Donley and children visited at the Earl Rutledge home in Danville, Sunday.

Forrest Dicks and family and Mrs. T. A. Dicks were Champaign visitors Sunday evening.

Justice B. H. Thode suffered an attack of appendicitis last Sunday.

Miss Edith Smith of Lafayette, Ind., spent the week end at the John M. Smith home.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Limp and daughters, Mrs. Lula Swangle and daughters, visited friends at Homer, Sunday.

L. T. King and family of Aurora spent Sunday with Mrs. King's mother, Mrs. Lottie Astell and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland and son, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Coryell and daughter, and Mrs. Leanna Miller were Danville visitors, Sunday.

Charles Crain left for Chicago Tuesday, where he will work at the fair grounds during the World's Fair. George Harden of Longview accompanied him.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Laverick entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Will Johnson, daughter, Marjorie, of Danville, and Will Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Thomas of Ft. Wayne, Ind., spent the week-end with the former's mother, Mrs. Addie Thomas and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell, Mrs. Lyda Wood and son, Raymond, were dinner guests at the Clark Henson home, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mrs. Esther Johnson, son Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Griffith, and Kenner Wood of Fairland.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clem visited Mrs. Lucinda Clem at Mercy hospital, Urbana, Thursday. Mrs. Clem is recovering nicely from her recent operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dohme entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Baylor, of Champaign, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Krukewitt, Homer, Henry Dohme.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Eckerty, son, Virgil, of Newman, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Barracks and son of Villa Grove were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook, Sunday.

U. S. GRAND JURY IS PROBING BIG BANKS

Senate Committee Also Is Busy Investigating.

New York.—An epidemic of jitters is sweeping the Wall Street financial district.

The impression prevails that the government is "after" big bankers and nobody knows where the lightning is going to strike next. Some of the leading figures of the profession have already been knocked from their pedestals by preliminary bolts. A federal grand jury is probing into the situation with might and main—presumably on orders direct from Washington. The scope of the senate inquiry is being extended, with particular attention to "private bankers and their part in the flotation of securities." Officials and books of some of the biggest houses of the street have been subpoenaed for examination.

President Roosevelt has ordered a general cleanup of the situation and

not the biggest by any means—banks of the city. Harriman, later indicted on fourteen separate charges of making false entries in the bank's books while he was president of the institution, was arrested and arraigned as he lay ill in bed in his home. "Irregularities" involved in the specific charges footed up to a total of \$1,713,225. The accounts of 14 depositors were found to have been juggled—allegedly by the bank's president.

The Harriman bank was the only one of major importance in the city which did not reopen after the March banking holiday.

Another big banker to feel the impact of the administration's heel was Charles E. Mitchell, until recently head of the National City bank, which, as everybody knows, rates as one of the topnotch financial institutions of the country and indeed of the whole world. Banker Mitchell is accused in two federal indictments, one of them returned shortly after his resignation

Activities and Scholarship

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



There is a curious misconception among high school and college students that if you are going to do anything worth while in extracurricular activities you are bound to be a commonplace or indifferent student, and that if you go out after scholastic honors, it follows that you will get no nearer the athletic or activities field than the side lines.

"I don't want to have my nose in a book all the time," the aspirant for honors on the track team announces, "I want to do something else." So he loafs on the books, flunks economics 27, goes on probation and is ineligible for a year. What he really means is that he has a constitutional antipathy to hard work.

Our local high school held a public initiation a few weeks ago of the boys and girls who had been elected to the honorary scholastic society. I wasn't at all surprised to see in the group boys who had won their letters in football who were wearing medals for musical and journalistic excellence and girls who were quite outstanding in other things than scholarship.

"If you're going to be a Phi Beta," some loafer tells me, "you've got to give all your time to it."

It isn't true. One of the best guards we ever had on our team made Tau Beta Phi, honorary engineering fraternity, earned his living and was in love at the same time. Of course he had energy and concentration and desire to do well in each of the activities in which he was engaged. He won his letter, got enough to eat, made the senior honor society, and married the girl to whom he was engaged. What more could one ask? I know an end who made Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year, and any number of editors and managers and debaters who have done the same thing.

© 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

BIG AS A WHALE!
ALTHOUGH A BLUE WHALE AT BIRTH MEASURES 23 FEET IN LENGTH, ON ITS DIET OF MILK IT GROWS TO 58 FEET IN SEVEN MONTHS.

ALLOY —
THE STEEL INDUSTRY DEVELOPED OVER 1500 DIFFERENT USEFUL ALLOY STEELS.

SNOWCONES —
SNOWFLAKES THAT ARE CONESHAPED SOMETIMES FALL IN VERMONT.

WNU Service

World in Turmoil Looks to Leaders

Restoration of Economic Activity in Hands of Individuals.

What is called the swing of the pendulum, by which is meant the lapse of time, is not a real assurance of renewed social and economic life. There must be something more, a combination of knowledge, daring and determination, a writer in the Boston Sunday Globe asserts. It is signs of such activity for which men look into the faces of their fellows and examine what they propose to do.

The seasons of the year seem to come automatically, but the sort of renewal for which all men are now yearning must be obtained through human effort. That is the explanation of the turmoil here and abroad. Great sections of humanity will their own restoration to tolerate conditions of living. They look here and there for leadership giving evidence of power to break through the hard crust that presses down the lives of multitudes.

The process is instinctive rather than reasoned, but that does not mean the intellect has no part in it. Never was more hard thinking done than now. Men and women, who let public affairs take care of themselves in ordinary times, are now stretching their brains to comprehend the problems of economics, the mysteries of finance.

New standards are being set for those in high public office. The negative virtues, so long regarded as sufficient, are not now expected to meet the demands.

Those who look for signs of spring in the economic life of their country and of the world at large must expect to find them in the lives of men. It is where a local leader rallies his community to face a problem and take hold of a task. Or when the executive of a factory, perhaps a very small establishment, sets himself to provide work for those who hope for it from him. The vitality that will break through the crust is of great variety. Like that which quickens the hillside and the valley, it is the power residing in many individuals. Some have attained high office and have also forgotten partisanship. Some have lived obscurely, but in such ways as to preserve the independence of their minds.

The signs of the spring that all desire are becoming manifest in the changing attitude of countless men and women, strong in the faith that this earth and all its goodness belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Women Getting Into Line of Defense



Members of the Women's Air Reserve are undergoing intensive training in expert marksmanship with machine guns and in ambulance service in the line of fire, in their own preparedness campaign. Their national commander is Florence Lowe Barnes. Similar training is given Japanese women by officers of the Japanese army.

is determined that "nobody be spared if he is guilty."

It has been many a day since the country's hitherto all-powerful financial barons have trembled so in their boots.

Noted Banker Indicted.

The opening gun of the "cleanup campaign," one important phase of which is aimed at the modern bank practice of reckless "speculation with other people's money" was fired with the arrest of Joseph W. Harriman, chairman of the board of the Harriman National Bank and Trust company, one of the best known—although

Would Boss Austria



Prince Ernst Ruediger von Stahrenberg, who is only thirty-three years old, is ambitious to be the dictator of Austria, a la Hitler. He was with the Hitler putsch of 1923 in Munich, and fought with the German insurgents in Upper Silesia. He inherited vast estates with many retainers, whom he welded together in a private feudal militia of about eight hundred fighting men, completely outfitted with slogans and uniforms. He built up his little army into an important unit of the Austrian heimwehr, of which he assumed supreme command. He has two heimwehr men in the cabinet under Chancellor Dollfuss, and recently he issued a manifesto dissolving the schutzbund and providing for a federal commissioner to run the realm, intending to take that post himself.

and the other some two weeks later, of evading the payment of income taxes totaling more than \$730,103 by concocting fictitious losses through the transfer of securities which were later deeded back to him.

The second indictment charges the evasion of payment of \$156,791.09 in income taxes for the year 1930 by a fraudulent sale of \$759,000 worth of stock which the banker is alleged to have repurchased five months later for substantially the same sum.

Another Banker in Hot Water.

Still another "big league" banker in hot water with the government is Horace C. Sylvester, until recently vice president of the National City company, an affiliate of the National City bank, who is under indictment on a charge of third-degree forgery growing out of his testimony in the senate stock market inquiry about the time Mitchell was making his grudging admissions. Sylvester is accused in the true bill returned against him by the federal grand jury here of having directed the treasurer of his company to take \$12,020 out of the account of a syndicate formed to float a Port of New York authority bond issue as an expense of the syndicate when it was really used for a loan to John E. Ramsey, general manager of the Port of New York authority. The loan, it developed, was made six weeks after the National City company had underwritten an issue of \$66,000,000 in port authority bonds.

Scientist Calculates Date of His Own Death

Carmel.—Charles Robert Aldrich, scientist and writer, who recently died following a sudden heart attack, had analyzed his own mental condition and

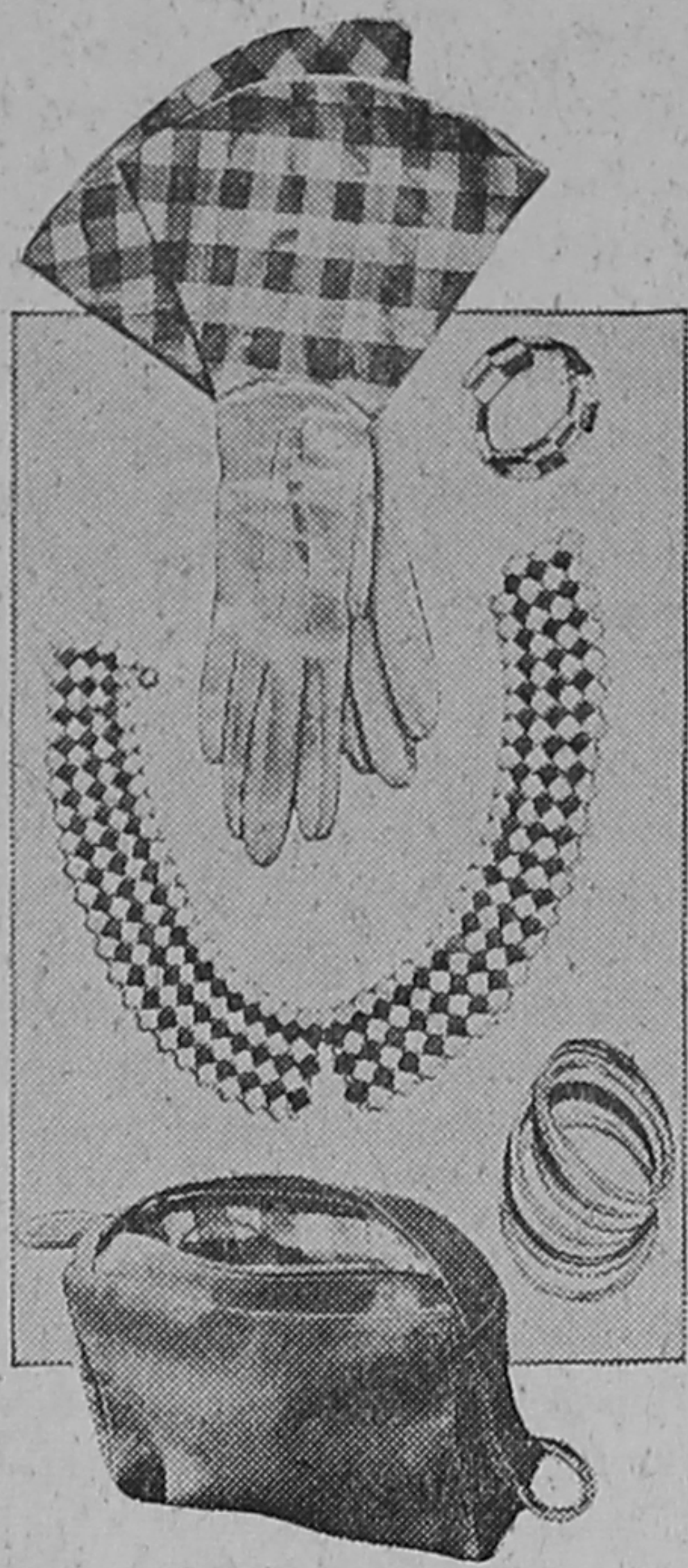
Towns in Mexico Lose Holy Names

Mexico City.—Gov. Estrada Caligal, of the state of Morelos, has asked authorization to change the names of numerous important towns in his state which now carry holy names. The department of communications has authorized the National railways therefore to change the names of the stations of Tres Marias, San Vicente, Santa Inez, San Carlos and others. Names of local patriots will be substituted.

had known definitely he was going to die, according to a statement of his widow, Mrs. Wilma Aldrich.

She says Mr. Aldrich had discussed the probability of death with several of his close friends and had written a scientific article on death which he sent to his colleague, Prof. C. G. Jung of Zurich, Switzerland. Mr. Aldrich's theory held that every person, if he cares to search his mind, can predict his own death weeks ahead. Apparently believing in this theory and knowing his time had come, Aldrich, on the day of his death, placed all his business in order. Then he retired for the night and less than half an hour later he died of a heart attack, although a previous medical examination had shown him to be in excellent condition.

Spring Accessories



A study in red and white, a flat enameled collar, flexible galathil bracelet and a glittering 16-strand bracelet in cut metal and enamel. The cotton gloves and the red pique bag sport-checked gingham.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

A splendid bearing and posture is part of the equipment necessary to those who are graduates from West Point and Annapolis. Much of the reputation for being handsome which distinguishes this class of young men, is derived from this feature of their training. Whether or not they also



consider the fact that a face is to an individual something the same as a flag is to a country, there is a certain amount of truth in it which civilians of both sexes do well to think about. Certainly it is important not only to the individual, but to those in contact with him or her, to "carry the colors" gallantly and with effect.

A person is observed by so many people in the course of a lifetime with whom no opportunity for conversation is afforded. Yet even strangers receive an impression, either of a person who is a discouraging individual or a cheering one, a gallant man or woman, or one indifferent to the great values that are in every life. By the expression in their eyes, smile and bearing, they advertise as plainly as does the flag of a nation, what is the nature of their allegiances. A casual glance at the individuals in any group will suffice to give an estimate of who "wear the colors" of a land of pessimism in which the citizens carry a constant burden around with them, to inflict its weight whenever possible on others; and also those who "wear the colors" of a more optimistic country where the best thought, and good cheer 's in order.

A standard bearer, he who carries the colors in military functions, as well as drill where there may not be a band, would not hold his position long if he did not do it with the air of importance, authority, and pride, as well as erectness. One may argue that it is because he is always under inspection in so doing. The argument holds in private life also. Whether among strangers or not the individual is always "under inspection."

We have observed strangers, with good news in their possession which makes them walk as if to martial music and we have known that they had good news. And we have seen others, unconscious of our gaze, who advertised the fact of their failure just as plainly. The face "is the flag" which proclaims the sort of boundaries one lives within. To make public admission of unworthy ones is not anyone's necessity.

Seldom has there been a time when

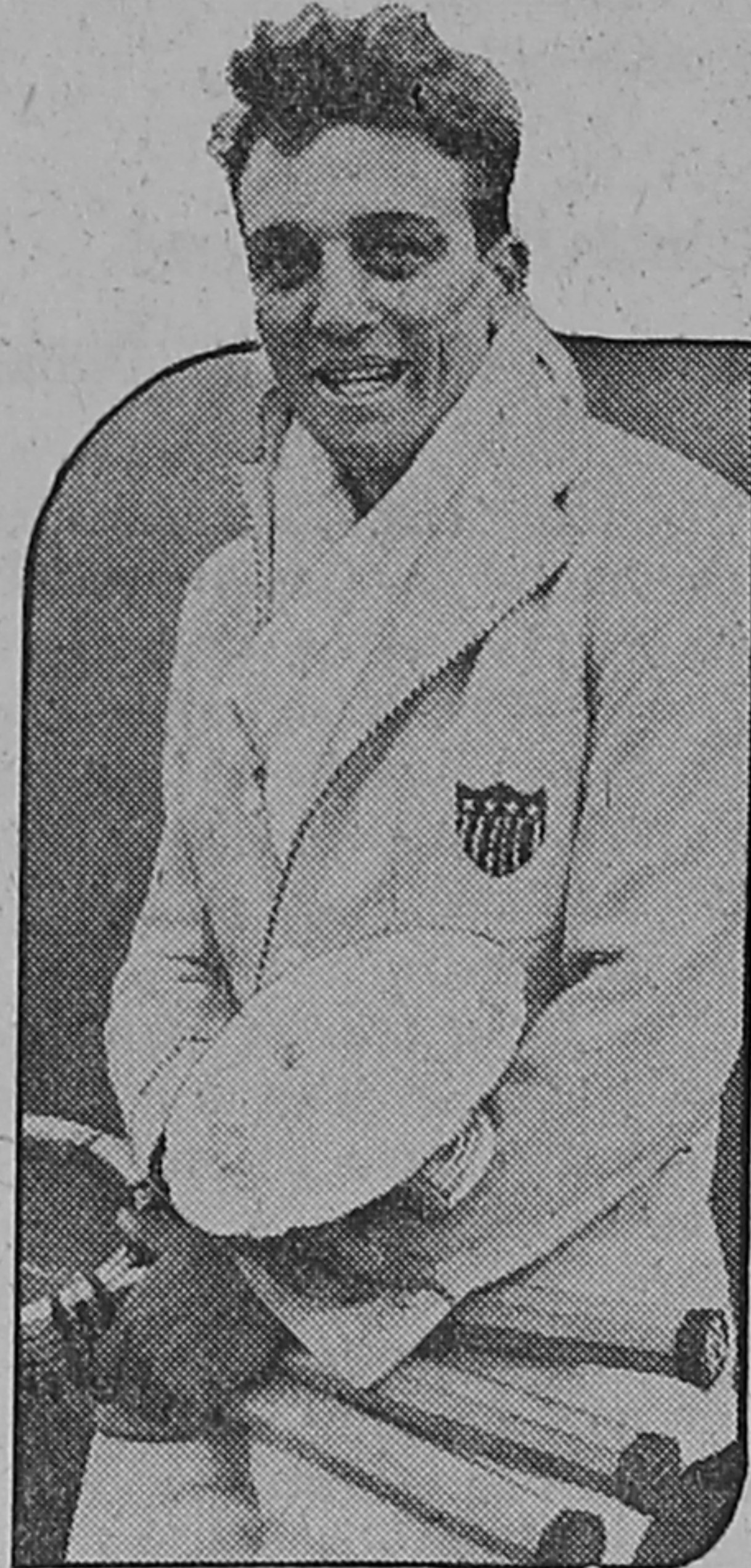
fashions in frocks lent themselves better to making over of old styles into new. Seldom has there been a time when the economy made possible by such styles was more desirable. The home dressmaker can, from discarded garments, have an interesting new wardrobe, not of so many dresses, but of up-to-date ones by taking advantage of these present voluminous sleeves of today, which, whether sleeves be long or short, require probably the use of the good parts of one old frock for them, while another frock goes into the main portion of the dress, with perhaps some of the sleeve material used as belt or trimming.

In this "warming over" two dresses into one, be sure to select well for each use of material. A heavier textile is best for the dress itself, with lighter colored and lighter weight goods for sleeves. Or the same weight of goods may be used for both parts, in which case the sleeves would be brighter. Or, the goods for sleeves may be both brighter and lighter weight. There is a notable exception in the disposal of light and heavier weight goods when it comes to velvet.

Sleeves are frequently of velvet even when gowns themselves are in the goods called "sheers," which term applies to certain weaves not actually transparent, but of light and fine weave such as georgette and those of approximating texture.

© 1933, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

On Davis Cup Team



Clifford Sutter of New Orleans played so impressively in winning the men's singles in the North and South tennis tournament at Pinehurst, defeating George Lott of Chicago, that he was placed on the American Davis cup team.

Exhibits Huge Egg

Springdale, Ark.—A hen egg which would "make a meal for an average family" was exhibited here by W. E. Browner. The egg weighed more than a half pound, measured 3 1/2 inches in length, and was 8 inches in circumference.



How to get to SLEEP

When you can't sleep, it's because your nerves won't let you. Don't waste time "counting sheep." Don't lose half your needed rest in reading. Take two tablets of Bayer Aspirin, drink a glass of water—and go to sleep.

This simple remedy is all that's needed to insure a night's rest. It's all you need to relieve a headache during the day—or to dispose of other pains. Get the genuine tablets of Bayer manufacture and you will get immediate relief.

Bayer Aspirin dissolves always immediately—gets to work without delay. This desirable speed is not dangerous; it does not depress the heart. Just be sure you get the genuine tablets stamped thus:



Motoring Hint

Keep this in mind when motoring and be prepared for it: A bee may sting you.

A FAMOUS MAN

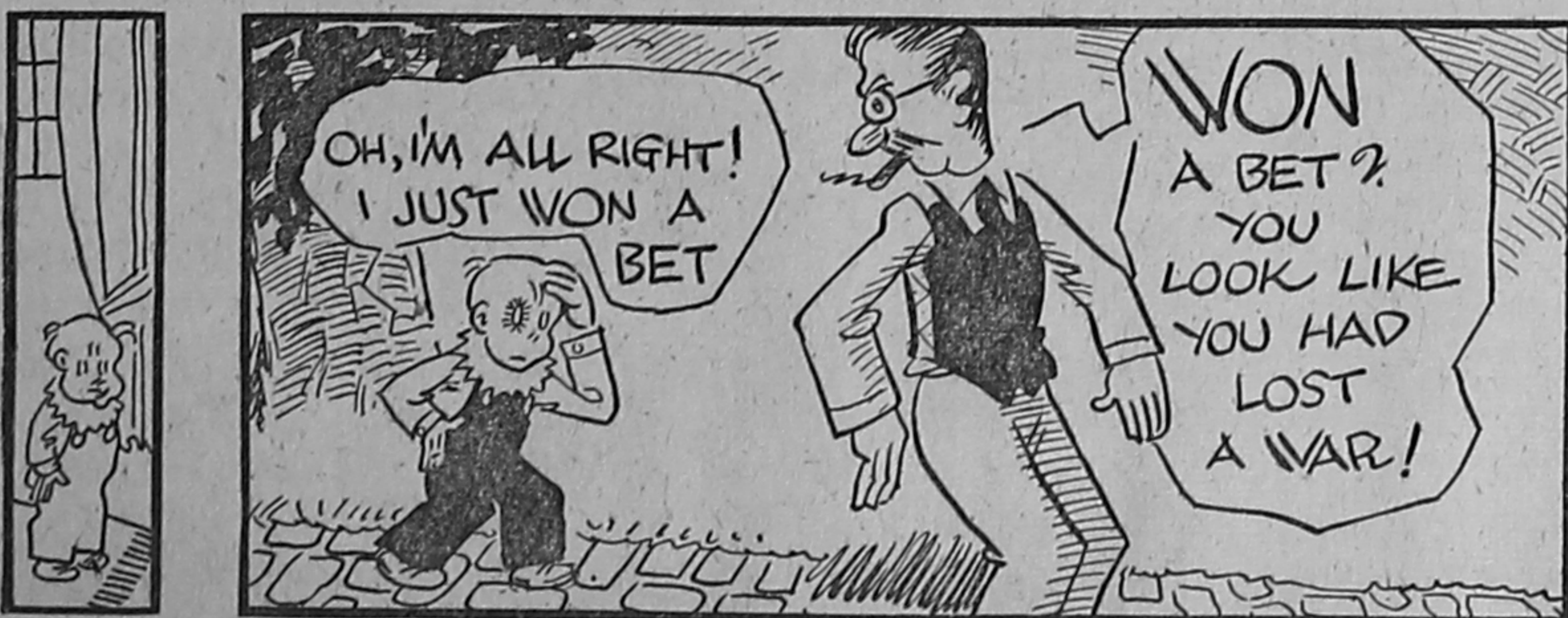
OVER sixty years ago Dr. Pierce, whose picture appears here, placed in all the drug stores of this country his Favorite Prescription for women suffering from weakening cramps, monthly sickness, headaches, backaches, hot flashes. Women of all ages testify to its merits. What it has done for others, it should do for you. Try it now! This is one of Nature's remedies composed of roots and herbs and contains no alcohol.

If you want free medical advice, write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y.

WNU—A

20—33

SUCH IS LIFE—What a Victory!



"The" Sally Whitcomb

By ALICE DUANE

©. by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service

SALLY Whitcomb, from her high window, watched the guests gathering on the terrace above the lake before dinner with unexpected resentment.

"I'll cheat," she said. "I'll cheat if I have to."

Depression had struck Sally a double blow. First it had killed her well-to-do father, after he had lost all his money in one of the financial crashes. She had pluckily looked about for a means of making money. As a result of her college diploma, natural taste and aptitude, she had landed a job teaching smart young girls in a fashionable school. But smart young girls, like everybody else, were feeling the depression, and the Rosecliff school found it necessary to curtail expenses. Sally, being the last teacher taken on, had been the first laid off. And no other work seemed to be open to her.

So, after several months when the shreds of her old fortune had been her only means of support, she had gratefully accepted employment from the mother of one of her old friends—now married and living abroad.

"It may be a bit trying, Sally," Mrs. Van Arsdale had said. "Aunt Jane is a bit of a trial, and you may get awfully bored. There's a trained nurse, of course, to look after her, but she wants someone young and attractive as a sort of companion."

So Sally went to the Adirondacks with the Van Arsdales as Aunt Jane's companion. It wasn't so bad. She read to the crotchety old invalid, she wrote letters for her, she helped her do crossword and jigsaw puzzles. Aunt Jane always went to her room at six, and the nurse took charge of her then, so Sally's evenings were free.

She had been swimming in the lake while Aunt Jane had her usual afternoon nap when she first saw him. She hadn't seen him enter the lake. But there he was, sitting on the float when she came up from a dive.

"Nice work," he said, lazily, admiringly.

Sally pulled herself deftly up beside him.

"Nice water," she said. "When did you come? Today?"

"Yes, I'm Jack Barnwell. Ever hear of me?"

Sally racked her brain. "No," she said, after a minute. "I'm Sally Whitcomb."

"Oh!" said Jack. "The Sally Whitcomb?"

Sally laughed. "Well, I'm Sally Whitcomb. I don't suppose there are two of me."

They sat silent, content, for a few minutes.

"Come on," he said suddenly, jumping up and reaching out a hand to help Sally to her feet. "It's time to go dress. Race you to the dock."

They plunged together into the cold water and swam silently to the house.

Sally liked him, and sensed he liked her, too.

She had looked for him again the next afternoon when she went for her swim. But he hadn't been there.

Today Aunt Jane had been particularly trying, and Sally had missed her swim. "I'm not going to take a nap," Aunt Jane had said. "It's such a nice day I'm just going to stay awake and work out that new crocheted mat."

"I'll cheat," said Sally to her reflection in the mirror, as she brushed her burnished hair. "I'll make him like me."

After dinner that night she wandered away from the other guests in quest of Jack. She found him smoking under the pine trees at the edge of the little beach. He jumped to his feet as she came toward him. "It's you, isn't it? I was just going up to the house." And he started to walk away toward the voices on the terrace and the lights of the house.

"Well, you're not very polite," said Sally. He turned toward her suddenly and took both her hands in a strong, nervous grasp. "I came out specially to find you. Anything the matter with me?" Sally went on.

"Yes," said Jack sternly. "You're too darned—attractive. I'm sorry. I've tried to avoid you. But I can't help it. I knew, the minute I saw you, like a million dollars there on the float, and now you doll yourself up so you look like a princess and follow me out here. What do you think I'm made of?"

Sally giggled in the dark. "It's two years old," she said. "Are you rich?"

"No," said Jack, gruffly. "I'm poor and I'm nobody. And coming up on the train Mr. Van Arsdale said I'd meet Sally Whitcomb here—The Sally Whitcomb. Said your father was an old friend—"

"Yes," said Sally quietly. "Is that all he said?"

"All? It was more than enough, when I went to South America two years ago, with the vain and mistaken idea that that continent needed me to gather up a fortune, I knew all about you. I'd fallen for you then—your picture in the rotogravures. One of the richest, most popular girls in town—"

"Well? Didn't you make good?"

"No. I lost what little I had. And now I'm sort of a secretary for Van Arsdale."

"But so am I. I mean, I haven't a cent in the world but what the Van Arsdales pay me to amuse their funny old aunt, and I thought you were—well, anyway—you see—we match, don't we?"

And Jack decided that they did.

"How to Win Men"

By CORONA REMINGTON

©. by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service

ALMOST on the verge of tears Claire Newton sat curled up in the one big comfortable chair in her bedroom. Her chin cupped in her hand, she reread the paragraph in "How to Win Men," chapter 12, page 226.

"Men like girls to do as they wish them to do, they like to feel that they are ruling things. Any girl who foolishly dares to have opinions contrary to her lover's—or to refuse to do things he wants to do and think the way he thinks is imperiling her popularity."

Well, she had always done as Dick Barton had wanted. She had gone to the movies when she had wanted to dance. She had eaten in a restaurant when she had preferred preparing a picnic supper and driving out to the country to eat it in some green pasture, beside a brook. She had done everything according to the directions given in "How to Win Men" and—she had failed.

Here was the last day of the second week slipping into eternity since Dick had not so much as called her—and she had liked him, more than she would admit even to herself. She loved his sunny manner, his tall, wiry slimmness. She had thought that he liked her—a little perhaps. For weeks he had been so attentive, calling her up nearly every day, taking her out, sending her flowers and candy; then suddenly it had all stopped. And last night when she was at a movie with her sister, didn't she run right into him with some girl hanging on his arm and looking up at him as only blue-eyed girls can look at men!

She brushed away the stinging tears with a gesture of impatience and flung the book she had been reading across the room.

"Darn you!" she said to the prostrate volume, to Dick, to the girl she had seen draped on his arm last night.

Then she got up, turned off the light and slid into bed.

The next morning there were dark circles beneath her big brown eyes that gave them a tragic expression and instead of the staccato little tap-tappings her heels usually made as she hurried gaily along to work, she moved listlessly this morning without animation or joy.

"Miss Newton, what happened?" asked Mr. Dedron, her boss, pulling out his watch as she entered the office. "I've been waiting for you for twenty minutes."

"I—can't help it!" she was amazed to hear her voice say, "I know I'm awfully late and what can I do about it?"

Tears were standing in her eyes and her voice broke on the last words. It was just like old Dedron to come to the office on time the only morning she had been late in months.

"Let's take dictation first," he said more kindly a moment later, making a mental note to see that she didn't work overtime quite so much.

She had scarcely begun the first letter when the telephone at her elbow jangled in its important, persistent way. With a jerk she removed the receiver from its hook.

"That you, Claire?" Dick's voice asked.

"Yes," replied the girl, too taken back to think what manner she should use toward him after his cool neglect.

"Is Mr. Dedron there yet?"

"Yes."

"Hang! I'm sorry. Well, anyhow, let's go out to the beach tonight."

"Darned if I will!" said Claire with unmistakable vehemence as she slammed the receiver on its hook.

When she reached home late that afternoon she found Dick seated in his car waiting for her.

"Jump in, Claire," he called cheerfully, but she only flushed angrily and started up the stairs to the house. With a bound Dick had left the car and was at her side.

"Come on, Madcap," he teased, gently but firmly leading her toward the car.

She knew if she attempted to argue with him she would begin to cry so she permitted him to help her into the car. Quickly jumping in beside her, Dick threw in the clutch and they sped away. For the first few miles he said nothing, then placing a hand over hers he slowed down and began to talk:

"You know Claire I always thought you were a cute kid and I was goofy about you, but you seemed sort of wishy-washy. Fact is I got tired of hanging around a girl who never had any opinions of her own; when you ripped out that 'Darned if I will' this morning, I could have hugged you. You have independence of your own after all."

"Dick, is that really—why you—quit?" she asked breathlessly.

"Sure. Why not?"

"Oh, oh, oh, and I thought—" she checked herself suddenly.

"Come on, what did you think?" he said coaxingly.

He stopped the car and took both her hands in his. "Thought I liked that sort of girl?"

Claire flushed and nodded.

"Thunderation, no! No man cares for a namby pamby. But, say, did you really want me to—like you?"

Without waiting for her answer he boldly took her in his arms. "You lmp," he laughed—and kissed her.

1933's 'BIG BUYING' DOLLAR is Leaving NOW

Present low prices guaranteed for models in stock only



ELECTRIFY
At Today's Low Prices

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGES

Any Model

\$10

down

2 years to pay.

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
GENERAL ELECTRIC or KELVINATOR

Any Model

\$10

down

2 years to pay.

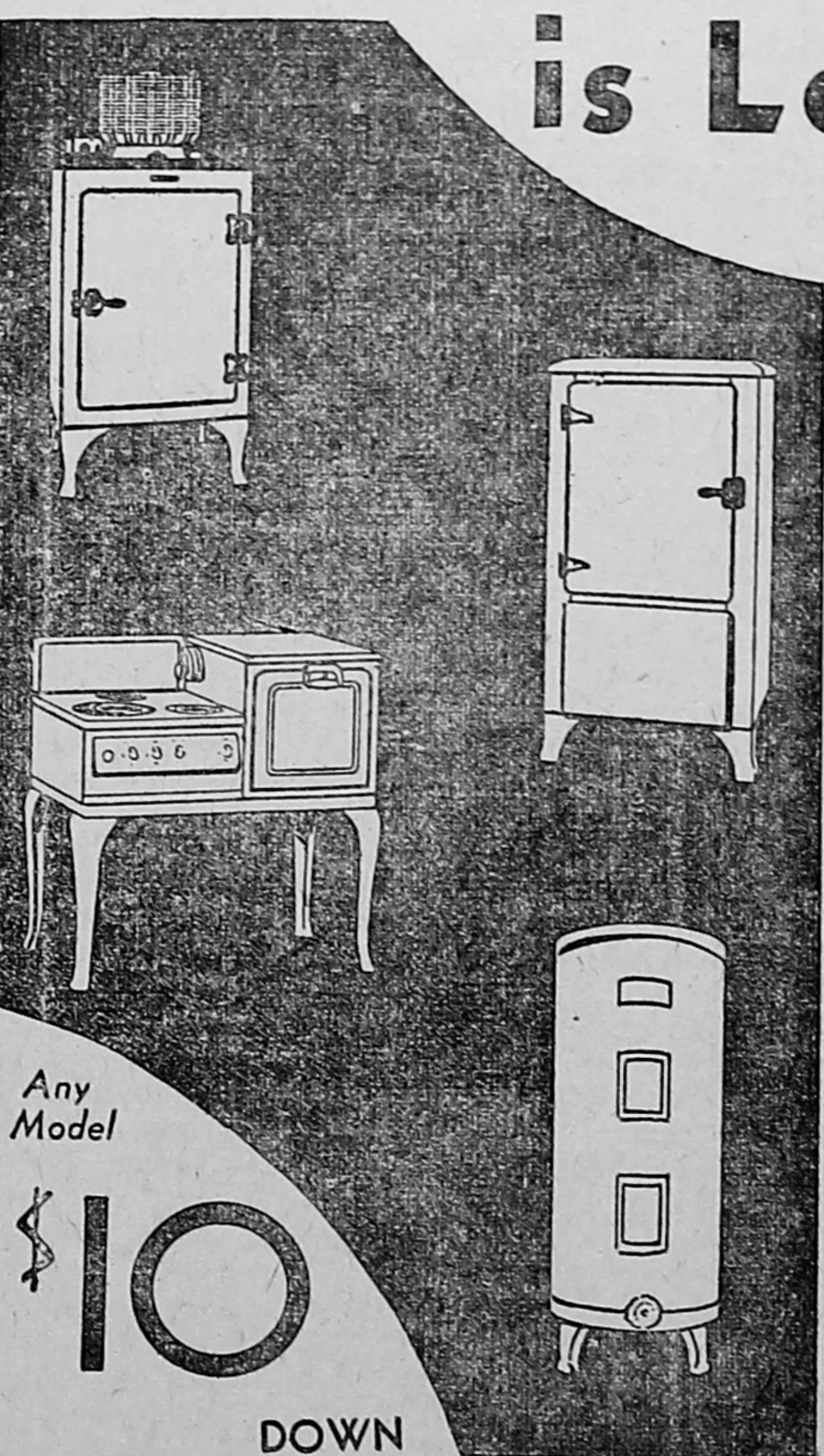
ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS

Any Model

\$10

down

2 years to pay.



Any Model

\$10

DOWN

CENTRAL ILLINOIS PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

SA 1494

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 Marshall, William Marshall, Vada Countryman, Guy Marshall, Orphie Marshall, Myrtle Grove, Adelbert Marshall, Frank Marshall, Myrtle Grove, Adelbert Marshall, Frank Marshall, and Charlie Marshall.

Petition to Sell Real Estate to Pay Debts.

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, 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.

In Illinois are two small villages—Henpeck and Harmony—within two miles of each other.

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

L. W. Donley

Phone No. 22

ICE

City Transfer
Long Distance Hauling
Broadlands, Illinois

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

Tramp—Yes, lady, I had to give up work because I couldn't make both ends meet.

Lady—Dear me, that was a silly thing to do. What was your work?

Tramp—I was a contortionist.

Brush Agent—Can I see Mrs. Swellbody?

Maid—No, she's not at home. Agent—When will she be back?

Maid—I dunno; she ain't gone out yet.

See
Messman & Astell
For
All Kinds of Insurance

Rear room bank bldg. Broadlands, Illinois.

Forrest Dicks Kenneth Dicks
Allerton Broadlands

Dicks Bros.
Undertakers

Ambulance Service Ambulance Service

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.

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.

This Week

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

What of U. S. Workmen? Remember Wilson's Trips Mr. Insull Finds a Job Swift Death in Italy

Great Britain "gives approval" to the tariff armistice. The assumption is that United States tariffs are to be lowered, and everybody made happy "by ending economic warfare among nations."

Ending economic warfare sounds pleasant. But what about the international differences in wages and manufacturing costs, and different standards of living?

Tearing down tariff walls to obligate foreign workmen and manufacturers that need our markets, and at the same time "revising foreign debts" to oblige nations that borrowed from us, would be pleasant for foreigners, less pleasant for Americans.

This country feels that a good worker is entitled to a decent home, automobile, education for his children, radio, bathtub and reasonable leisure.

He cannot have that if he must compete in wages with Asiatics or the Europeans getting 25 cents to \$1 a day. Americans should buy from American workers, spend the money in the United States, where they get it. He who advocates bringing down the tariff, to put American workers on a par with 25-cent workers in Asia, or \$1 workers in Europe, is not a friend of the United States, its prosperity or its working people.

London, much pleased, hears that President Roosevelt will go to England to attend the economic parley, "making a record crossing on the United States cruiser Indianapolis."

The President announces that he has "no present intention" of attending the conference. Perhaps he remembers what happened after President Wilson made such a trip, visiting en famille at Buckingham palace and getting his portrait substituted for Garibaldi's in many Italian homes.

That Buckingham lodging and Garibaldi substitution cost this country many millions of dollars, to say nothing of the depression.

Chicago will not be surprised that Samuel Insull, at present residing in Greece, should be inspecting mines of lignite, a low grade coal, near the village of Devl. Backed by British capital, Mr. Insull expects to supply fuel to ports on the Black sea and the Aegean. If he succeeds, as he probably will, perhaps, when conditions change, North and South Dakota will invite him to come and show them how to utilize the endless supplies of lignite that they possess.

Now they import expensive coal from the East. Why not from the lignite where it lies, distribute it in electric current?

In Italy, Ugo Travaglia, secretly tried and convicted of treason for disclosing Italy's naval plans to a foreign power, has paid with his life. It was a typical prompt Mussolini event.

The condemned man was tied in a chair, his back to the firing squad. Before his death, he begged pardon of the squad that was to kill him, and shouted: "Long Live Italy!"

The condemned man's wife knew nothing of his whereabouts, speed and secrecy marked everything. Shooting in the back is the penalty for enemies of Italy, which does not punish ordinary murder with death.

Millions that heard President Roosevelt talking to the country will congratulate him on the possession of a "perfect radio voice," every word distinct, every idea clear, a voice carrying conviction. The radio, putting the President in direct touch with those that elected him, is a President's greatest asset and defense.

Chancellor Hitler tells German labor: "My life has fitted me to see the needs of all classes." It ought to have fitted him to see those needs, for he has been a worker, a plain soldier, desperately wounded, in prison, in hospitals, in poverty.

But all this has not enabled him to see the most important truth, namely, that where there is no justice there can be no success.

The League of Nations being still engaged in futile peace talk, the Japanese continue their conquest of China. A Japanese plane drops leaflets on the forbidden city of Peking, warning Chinese to cease resistance or suffer. Efforts of Chinese anti-aircraft guns are worthless, of course. The Japanese plane flies too high.

Sir Francis Goodenough, wise Englishman, predicts that when prosperity comes back it will rise to a height "never before enjoyed by the human race."

Americans, asking each other "What do you think?" will forget their present troubles in a great burst of prosperity when the time comes. The main thing is not to make too many foolish mistakes now.

What temperance requires is that workmen should be able to get, as they used to do, a glass of beer properly made for five cents. Big, established brewers who understand manufacture and distribution will bring that about, unless taxation is made prohibitive.

© 1933, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service

News Review of Current Events the World Over

International Tariff Truce Seems Assured—Progress Toward War Debt Settlement—Senate Passes Bill for Control of Securities.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

ONE of the busiest men in the world these days is Norman H. Davis, American ambassador-at-large in Europe, and it would appear that he is doing his multifarious jobs very well. It was up to him to persuade the British government to accept the proposal of President Roosevelt that there be an international tariff truce pending the outcome of the world economic conference in London.



N. H. Davis

This he accomplished, according to an announcement by Prime Minister MacDonald in the house of commons, although Great Britain made important reservations providing that the trade pacts now being negotiated by Britain should not be affected. The text of the agreement between Davis and MacDonald was cabled to Washington for the final approval of the American government, which was promptly given.

France, Italy and Belgium have accepted the tariff truce, the two former stipulating that it be based on the present dollar valuation and that a superduty can be imposed if the dollar depreciates further. Favorable responses were expected in Washington from Japan, Germany, Holland and China.

PRIME MINISTER MACDONALD in his speech to parliament also took up the subjects of war debts and world disarmament, throwing considerable light on the negotiations between his government and President Roosevelt.

He declared that the world economic conference cannot be fully successful unless the war debt difficulties have been removed before it comes to an end. He said that on this "there is complete union of opinion." The premier asked parliament to hush up discussion of this question and not ask embarrassing questions concerning his negotiations with the United States.

He said that if the world disarmament conference was to come to anything like a satisfactory conclusion, the United States would have to take part in a consultative pact, "the effect of which would be to increase the security of European nations and the safety of threatened nations against war." The United States, he said, had so agreed and an announcement would soon be made in Washington to that effect.

President Roosevelt presumably agrees with MacDonald concerning the necessity of settling the war debts. He sent to congress a message asking that he be given authority to deal with the other nations in settling the debt issue, at least temporarily. Secretary of State Hull admitted that the debt matter would be taken up concurrently with the issues before the economic conference, but both he and MacDonald insisted it would not form part of the conference discussion. MacDonald said the June 15 due date on debts was "an awkward hurdle" and asked parliament not to make it harder to surmount by premature debate.

France hopes for a moratorium or its equivalent on the payment it owes June 15, and the cabinet confirmed its decision not to pay the nineteen million odd defaulted in December unless it is granted, rejecting Herriot's proposal that the debt interest due be paid immediately. In Washington it was said the administration felt strongly that no consideration should be given France on the June 15 payment unless she first paid up the sum that was due in December.

In his message to congress President Roosevelt also asked for a grant of blanket power to negotiate tariff revisions so he can carry out his program for stimulating world trade by breaking down high tariff barriers.

TURNING back to the matter of world disarmament, we again find Norman Davis active. He had a long talk in London with Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, who is Chancellor Hitler's chief adviser in foreign affairs, and is said to have told him flatly that the United States is utterly opposed to any increase in armaments by anyone, and that America regards Germany's present policy of demanding a larger army as an obstacle to the success of the disarmament conference. He let the German know that the United States government thinks Germany is tending to become a disturber of European peace.

Rosenberg in return, it is said, disclaimed any intention on Germany's part to disturb peace, but reiterated Germany's claim to equality of armaments, preferably to be obtained by disarmament of other nations to the present German level than by Germany's rearming to their level.

THE Wheeler resolution, urging American delegates to the world economic conference to work for an agreement to remonetize silver at 16 to 1 with gold, was approved by the senate. The resolution merely calls on the delegates to "work unceasingly

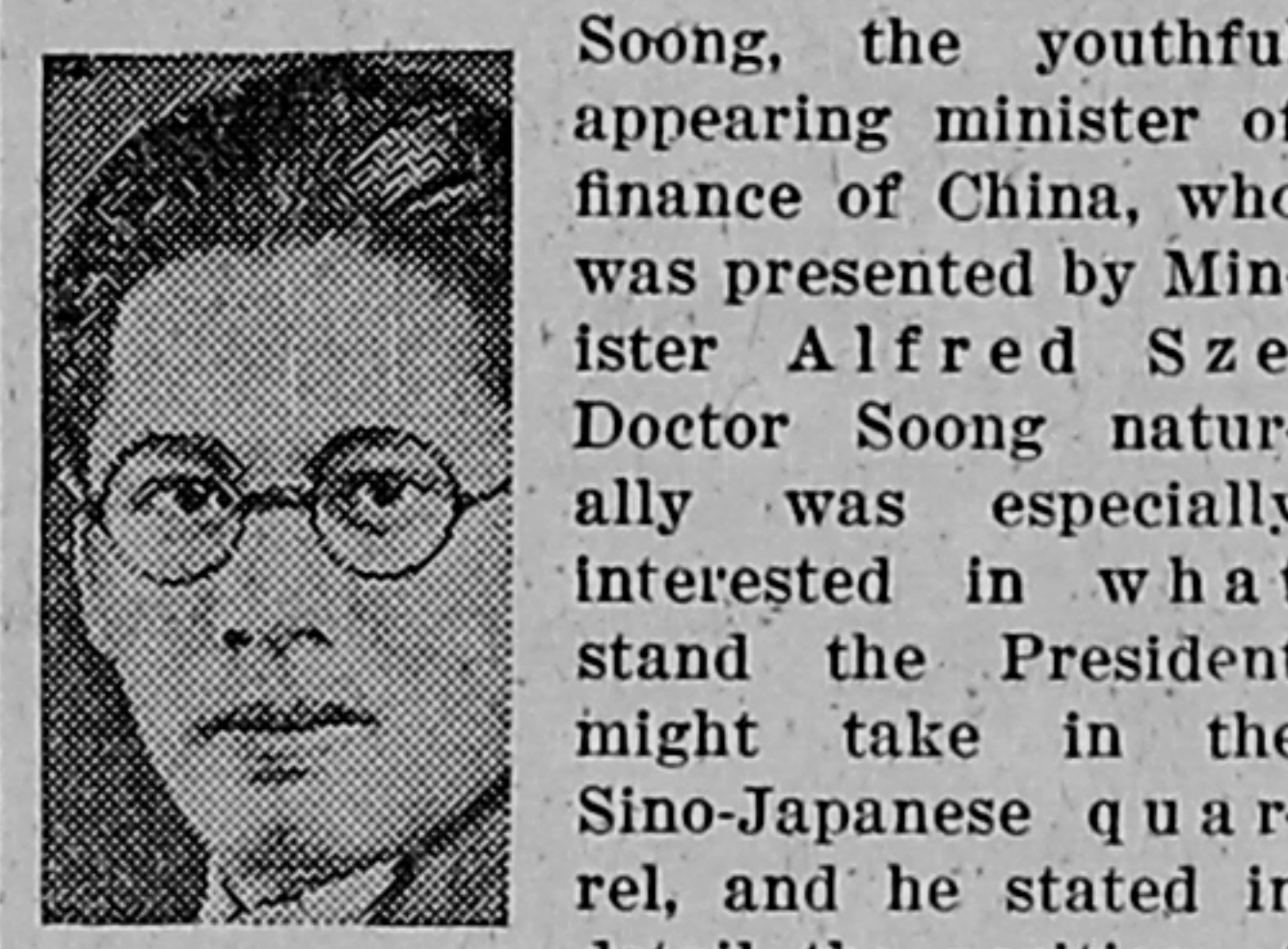
for an international agreement to remonetize silver on a basis of a definite fixed ratio of not to exceed sixteen fine ounces of silver to one fine ounce of gold."

THE international wheat conference opened in Geneva and the American delegation was on hand, its members including Henry Morgenthau, Sr.; George C. Haas, member of the federal farm board, and Frederick E. Murphy, publisher of the Minneapolis Tribune.

THE Simpson price-fixing amendment to the farm bill was rejected by the house by a decisive vote—283 to 109—because Chairman Jones of the agriculture committee declared the President was opposed to it and Majority Leader Byrns urged the house to stand behind the administration.

The senate agreed to the report on the measure by the conference committee after vain protest by advocates of the price-fixing amendment. It also yielded to the house by agreeing to broaden the power of the secretary of agriculture to initiate and approve agreements for marketing farm products, without regard to the anti-trust laws, and to license the handlers of agricultural commodities. Under the bill as finally passed the secretary may include under these provisions not only the seven basic commodities embraced by the benefit and production control portions of the bill but all agricultural products processed and marketed in this country.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT continued his economic conversations with foreign statesmen, and the most colorful of his visitors was T. V. Soong, the youthful appearing minister of finance of China, who was presented by Minister Alfred Sze.



T. V. Soong

Doctor Soong naturally was especially interested in what stand the President might take in the Sino-Japanese quarrel, and he stated in detail the position of China. No information was given out indicating Mr. Roosevelt's intentions in the matter, but press dispatches from Washington were received in Peiping quoting Soong as saying he had been assured of American intervention in China if Japanese troops captured Peiping. These dispatches probably were misleading if not entirely false.

Viscount Kikujiro Ishii is on his way from Japan to Washington, and when he meets the President he, too, will be concerned mainly with the American attitude toward the Far East embargo. He is prepared to defend the Japanese conquest of Manchuria and will urge American recognition of the puppet state of Manchukuo. One of his important tasks will be to learn how far the idea of a consultative pact to implement the Kellogg-Briand anti-war treaty has developed. As was said above, Mr. MacDonald told parliament that the United States had agreed to take part in such a pact.

Others who consulted with Mr. Roosevelt were Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, who brought up the questions of German equality at arms and boundary revisions; and Albert J. Pani, finance minister of Mexico.

GOING ahead with the President's program for federal regulating of most things, the senate passed the administration bill for the control of securities sold in interstate commerce. Differences between the senate measure and that already put through the house were mostly slight and easily compromised. The former, however, contained an amendment offered by Senator Hiram Johnson of California setting up federal machinery to aid holders of foreign bonds that are in default.

Under the bill, the federal trade commission will become the governing body of the securities trade. Persons or corporations about to sell securities in interstate commerce and agents of foreign governments about to sell foreign securities must register each issue with the commission, together with detailed information concerning the issue.

Large groups of securities are exempt, such as short term commercial paper, government, state, and municipal bonds, securities of railroads and other utilities subject to federal regulation, national bank securities, and securities issued by educational and benevolent organizations.

WAR against Bolivia in the Gran Chaco dispute was formally declared by President Eusebio Ayala of Paraguay, the peace negotiations conducted by neutral South American nations having failed. The warfare has been going on unofficially since June, 1932. Neither nation shows any signs of yielding. The Paraguayans hailed their President's action with joy, and the Bolivians said they were ready to fight.

SUMNER WELLES, the capable new American ambassador to Cuba, was received at the dock in Havana by a few officials and about 100 other persons who were permitted to pass through the strong guards established by the government to prevent a demonstration. Along the sea wall drive on his way to his hotel he was cheered by thousands who hope he can help in restoring prosperity and peace in the island republic. In a statement handed to local newspaper men the ambassador referred to the historic bonds between the United States and Cuba.



Sumner Welles

"I will give my most earnest consideration to the fundamental problem of regenerating the healthy flow of trade between us," he said. "I hold the sincere conviction that it is to the prime interest of Cuba, as well as to the interest of the citizens of the United States, that there be considered at an appropriate moment the bases for an agreement which will stimulate the advantageous interchange of commodities to an equal extent between both countries."

Concerning the Cuban political situation, Mr. Welles said: "The government of the United States reiterates the Platt amendment in 1901; that is, that the Platt amendment is not synonymous with intermeddling in the domestic affairs of Cuba."

REPORTS from Washington that President Roosevelt planned to provide emergency relief to avert a food shortage in cities were ignored by the National Farmers' Holiday association at Des Moines, and an appeal was issued by it to every planter and cattleman in the country to join in the farm strike.

Milo Reno, president of the association, said that when the house of representatives killed the Simpson amendment to the farm relief bill, which would have guaranteed production costs, all hopes of cancelling the strike were shattered.

The other four points of the association's demands are: Settlement of mortgages on a low-interest, long-term basis, lower property taxes, free silver and payment of the soldier bonus.

Meeting in Montevideo, Minn., members of the Minnesota Farm Holiday association voted to join in the strike. They also demanded that the President remove Secretary of Agriculture Wallace from office because he opposed the Simpson amendment. The 4,000 delegates decided they would not pay interest, taxes or other debts until the dollar became an "honest measure of value." The association demanded federal operation of banks and other credit agencies and a national Presidential moratorium on farm, city home and personal property foreclosures, and other relief measures. R. L. Rickard, president of the Oklahoma Holiday association, predicted that 90 per cent of the farmers of Oklahoma would withhold their products from market.

HARVARD adds itself to the list of universities with young presidents, the corporation having selected James Bryant Conant, forty years old, to succeed A. Lawrence Lowell. He is Sheldon Emery professor of organic chemistry in the university and is widely known among scientists for his research work in special fields.

Born at Dorchester, Mass., March 26, 1893, the son of James Scott Conant and Jennett Bryant Conant, he entered Harvard college in 1910, after preparing at the Roxbury Latin school. Completing his college work in 1913, after three years in which he attained high honors, Conant was graduated with the degree of A. B. His degree of Ph. D. was conferred in 1916 and the next year he received an appointment as instructor at Harvard.

After serving during the war with the bureau of chemistry and mines, he returned to Harvard in 1919 as assistant professor of chemistry. In 1925 he became an associate professor and two years later a full professor. His present position of Sheldon Emery professor dates back from the year 1929.

SENATOR GLASS produced a new banking reform bill that was expected to have the backing of the administration. It was approved by the senate banking subcommittee after that body had made an important change, which would require private bankers to abandon either their business in deposits or in securities. The bill is designed to curb the use of federal reserve credit in speculation and to insure deposits in federal reserve member banks through a \$2,000,000,000 corporation.

PRESSED by the budget bureau, the navy agreed to cut its expenses \$53,000,000 in the next fiscal year. As a part of the economy move, officials tentatively have decided to place one-third of the fleet on the "rotating plan," or inactive status. Recruiting and training at the Norfolk, San Diego, Newport and Great Lakes training stations also will be stopped temporarily. It was understood a 1,000 reduction in officer personnel is contemplated.

© 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for May 21

JESUS ANSWERS HIS ADVERSARIES

LESSON TEXT—Mark 12:13-14. GOLDEN TEXT—The officers answered, Never man spake like this man. John 7:46.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Talking With Jesus. JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Answering Hard Questions.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Way to Meet Opposition. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How to Deal With Objectors.

I. Jesus Silences His Enemies (vv. 13-34).

1. The Pharisees and Herodians (vv. 13-17). In order to destroy him they sought to discredit him among the people. To this end they sent representatives of both factions (v. 13).

a. Their question (v. 14). The Pharisees contended that since God was the real king of Israel, it was not obligatory to pay taxes to a heathen king. The Herodians were supporters of Herod. They came to him with flattery on their lips with this subtle question. For him to answer yes would have discredited him with the people, and to have said no would have made him liable to arrest by the Roman authorities.

b. Jesus' reply (vv. 15-17). He asked for a coin to be brought and inquired whose image and superscription it bore, declaring that those who accept the coin of Caesar should pay taxes to Caesar. In this reply Jesus escapes their trap and enunciates a principle which applies to all time and conditions as to the responsibility of Christians to civil government. Those who accept the protection and benefits of civil government should support that government. However, being a loyal citizen is not enough. There is a duty to God.

2. The Sadducees (vv. 18-27). The Pharisees and Herodians being silenced, the Sadducees came with a question which involved not only immortality but the resurrection of the body.

a. The case proposed (vv. 19-23). The law of Moses made it not only legal but morally binding in the case of a man dying without children for his brother to take his wife (Deut. 25:5). They proposed the case of a woman married successively to seven brothers. They asked whose wife she shall be in the resurrection.

b. Jesus' reply (vv. 24-28). By a quotation from the Mosaic law (Exod. 3:6), he proves the resurrection of the dead and their continued existence beyond death as human beings. He showed that marriage is for the present life only. In this respect human beings will be as the angels in the resurrection life. He pointed out that their gross error was due to two things:

(1) Ignorance of the Scriptures (v. 24). In the very Scriptures which they professed to believe was positive proof of the resurrection (Exod. 3:6).

(2) Ignorance of the power of God (v. 24). God is able to provide a life where there will be no death, no births, or marriages.

3. The scribes (vv. 28-34). Perceiving that Christ had effectively answered the Sadducees, one of the scribes came with the question as to which was the great commandment. Jesus summed up man's whole duty in one word, love—"love to God and love to man."

II. Jesus' Question (vv. 35-37).

He now turned upon his adversaries with a counter question. Its answer involves the central problem of Christian philosophy, indeed of all rational thinking. Christ's place in the scale of being is the foundation truth of all right thinking. "Is Jesus Christ man or God, is he God and man?" David spoke of the coming Messiah as both his son and God. There is but one answer to this question—the incarnation of God in Christ.

III. Jesus Condemns the Scribes (vv. 38-40).

The attitude of these people toward Jesus was not determined by insuperable intellectual difficulties, but by their moral nature.

1. They loved to go in long clothing (v. 38). This means they loved ostentation and display.

2. They loved to be saluted in public places (v. 38).

3. They sought to occupy the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts (v. 39).

4. They devoured widows' houses (v. 40). They lined their pockets at the expense of helpless women.

5. They offered hypocritical prayers (v. 40).

IV. Jesus' Praise of the Sacrificial Giving of the Widow (vv. 41-44).

These words of Jesus reveal unto us the fact that in God's sight a gift is measured by the heart motive.

Repentance

Repentance is heart sorrow and a clean life ensuing.—Shakespeare.

The strongest proof of repentance is the endeavor to atone.—Miss Braddon. True repentance consists in the heart being broken for sin and broken from sin.—Thornton.

Keep Your Temper

In any controversy, the instant we feel angry we have already ceased striving for truth and begun striving for ourselves.—Goethe.

Howe About:

Watching Out The Alarm Bell The Youth Movement

By ED HOWE

LOVE of wives for husbands is often said to be a very unstable thing, but Silerius expresses the belief in his memoirs that it is more stable than the love grown children show parents.

Silerius mentions with approval and thankfulness that his third wife once said to him that the blunt regularity with which he was called on daily for money with which to pay household expenses, and the hard way in which he was compelled to earn all his money, excited her pity, and caused her to resolve to be more frugal in her expenses.

Silerius adds a note (page 82, 2nd vol.), that none of his grown children ever said an equally agreeable thing to him.

Another Great Man has gone to the dogs. The trouble seems to be he didn't watch out on his way up.

In climbing, one must be constantly careful; see to it that every round above is as sound as those below which carried him safely.

And such care is always easier than a fall.

I do not believe Samuel Insull was a rogue, but became careless as he climbed, and developed dangerous conceit.

I cannot understand how any man, intelligent enough to fully realize what a man necessarily is, can become conceited.

In youth and age only natural things have impressed me.

And natural things have impressed me only because of the power behind them to force my acceptance.

As a young man I was often ashamed because of youthful incompetence and judgment; because those older daily demonstrated more capability as a result of longer experience. In learning my trade I never doubted the foreman's greater ability, and accepted his instructions as I accepted the suggestions of the older men in the same shop.

I have never been able to understand the Confidence of Youth of which so much is heard.

The other day I met an old fellow who had long lived luxuriously. He seemed "about all in," as the saying is, and told me of his ills. I said the only remedy I had ever found was taking care of myself. His reply impressed me.

"Yes," he said, "I know about that, but I did not begin early enough."

I send out another general alarm to be lost in the magnificent errors of today. Most people live like greedy children until something serious happens.

One should begin taking care of himself before the first alarm, which comes long before forty or fifty. The alarm bell began ringing very early in my life; I believe it does in the lives of most men, and beg them to pay attention earlier.

We frequently hear exclamations as to the Most Amazing Thing in the World. I think it is the dullness, inefficiency, carelessness and dishonesty of adults who are permitted to run at large, bear children and vote, although they refuse to learn the simplest lessons we birch children for not practicing.

Men who are careless, not honest, and do not pay their debts, have bad judgment in other respects; it has been discovered that one-fourth of all automobile drivers having collisions are listed as dead beats in their communities.

As moving an incident in life as I have ever heard is this: A young girl of average good family in my town married at seventeen, and had five children in seven years. One day she disappeared and has never been heard from since, except a letter she wrote her mother from a distant town, which said she couldn't stand the burden of being married. She found no fault with her husband saying he was as great a martyr as she had been. "You may be sure," she added, "there is not another man in the case; the man-lack in my life has been completely satisfied."

One of my greatest humiliations is the manner in which politicians make a fool of me; my helplessness in protecting myself from the harm they constantly do me. I frequently work myself into a frenzy about it, and splutter to others who are also angry, and hurt, but we get no relief out of our exchange of indignation.

Some one excited us long ago by declaring we were not being treated right. . . . The people were never promised, by any real authority, anything they are not getting.

I lately tried to read a book about Abyssinia, the author having traveled extensively in that strange country. But he lacks judgment; he devotes most of his pages to "jokes." . . . Mark Twain, best of our modern humorists, was frequently dreary while trying to be "funny." Books of humor are almost as rare now as books of poetry, so many serious things having developed requiring serious consideration.

© 1933, Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men

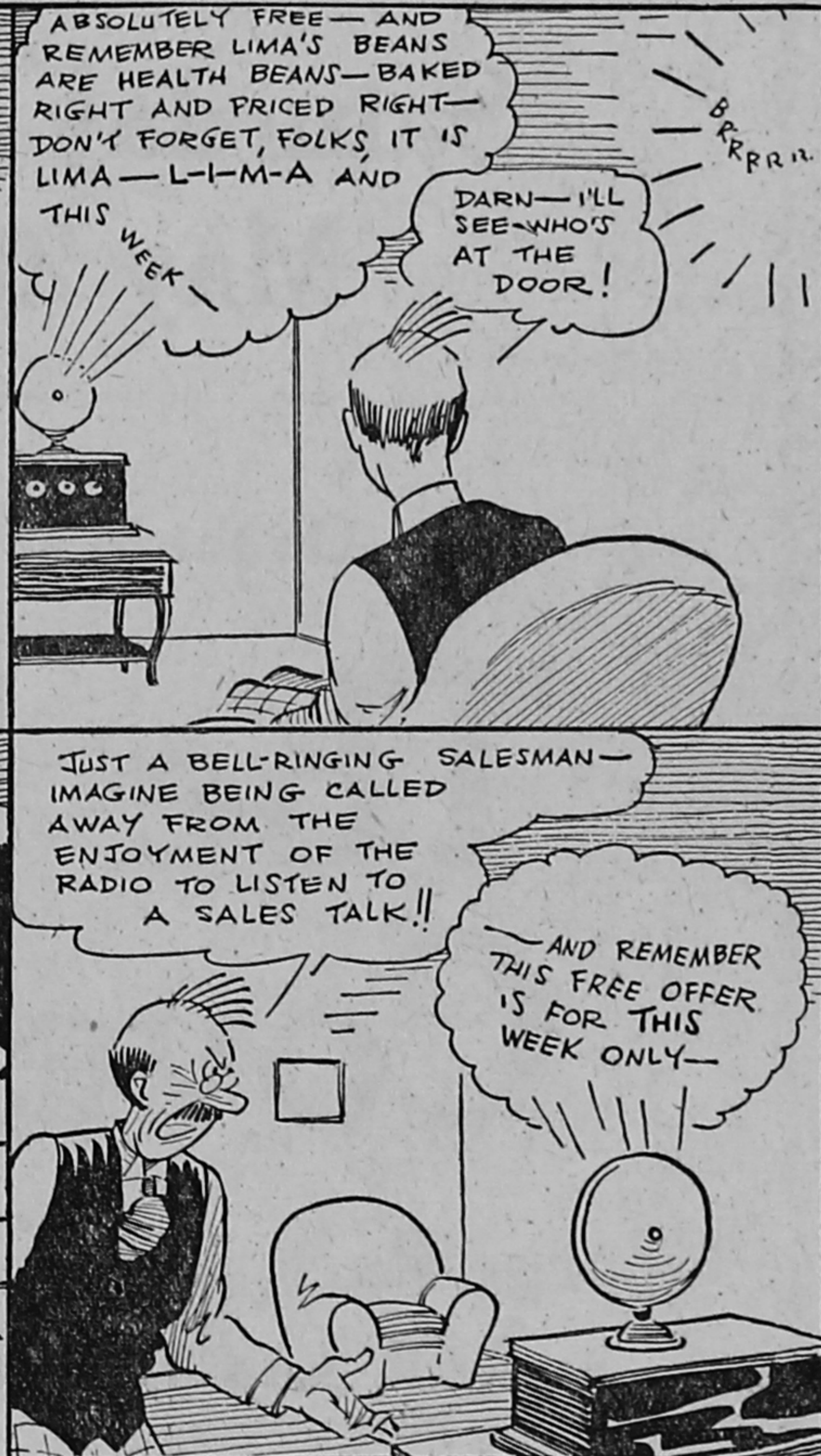


HOUSE CLEANING TIME

THE FEATHERHEADS



Entertainment in the Home



Chapel on Side of Mountain

Edifice in Sierra Madres May Well Be Called Labor of Love.

High up in the Sierra Madre mountains near Los Angeles, Calif., a white stone church clings to the face of a sharp cliff. This church, named Christ chapel, was built by subscriptions from nature lovers who met here to worship.

Architecturally designed to harmonize with its surroundings, the chapel stands at the head of a four-mile trail from the valley. It was built on a break in the face of the cliff, out of rock blasted from the mountain.

Below the tiny white church is the valley. Behind it the cliff climbs toward the mountain peak. And on every side are the blue-tinted mountains of the Sierra Madre.

Christ chapel is a favorite rendezvous of the Sierra club, an organization of mountain lovers. Church groups, college students and individuals of all denominations often climb the trail to hold services there, bringing their own ministers.

Lloyd Austin, manager of a moun-

tain resort near which the interesting church is located, told of the inception and building of Christ chapel.

"One day," Austin says, "a friend suggested the building of a chapel, to be financed by friends of the camp. Arthur N. Benton, architect of the famous Mission inn at Riverstone, drew the design. The cornerstone was laid and work begun."

It was a difficult task. All the building stone was blasted from the cliffside, cement was carried on pack animals, and sand was carried a mile or more.

"But as the cost of labor mounted," Austin continued, "the subscription list grew until the completed chapel, with all its memorials and the rock arches bordering its amphitheater stood for pledges of about \$6,500, all of it provided by people of all denominations, and some of none at all.

"And so," says Austin, "the mountain chapel came, beyond our dream, an adventure in Christian brotherhood.

"Then we wondered—would the week-end hikers cease from play long enough for 'church'? They did, and do, with astonishing unanimity."

COAL MAKES TOWN RICH

Little Ohrid, one of the poorest towns in Yugoslavia, is celebrating the finding of coal beneath what was to be its park. When work was started on the park recently workmen struck a nine-foot seam of the fuel. Experts say the deposit is worth at least \$3,700,000. Ohrid will lay out new streets, have gas and electric lights and add all modern conveniences.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Cat Has No Prejudice
A black cat likes you just as well as if it didn't bring bad luck.

WHAT DOES A MONO-PIECE STEEL BODY MEAN TO YOUR SAFETY?

Here's a big new Dodge Six rolling sideways down a hill to prove the strength of its Mono-piece steel body! Over and over it goes, bouncing, literally turning handsprings! And at the end of its exciting trip, it drove away under its own power—didn't crack up, didn't smash! Think what would have happened with an ordinary car body! And this SAFE Mono-piece steel body is only one of the features you get in the big new Dodge Six—for just a few dollars more than the lowest priced cars!



Amazing "SHOW-DOWN" PLAN
Wins Thousands To Dodge
Imagine a car that gets itself overnight in city after city... That's what the new Dodge is doing... Try the amazing "Show-Down" test against any other car.

DODGE "6"
with Floating Power engine mountings
115-INCH WHEELBASE
\$595 AND UP
Dodge Eight \$1115 to \$1395. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit.

"WASH DAY" DREAD DONE AWAY WITH

Modern Appliances Almost Make Work a Pleasure.

It is no longer necessary to scrub and boil in order to have the snowy white clothes we want. Put the white clothes to soak the night before, or early in the morning, in lukewarm suds, first removing any special stains, as fruit, coffee, etc. It is easy to make suds with granulated soap. Just shake the tiny granules into a tub of warm water and swish for a second with the hand. Rich, creamy suds!

The next morning make hot suds with the granulated soap in the tub or washer, put in the clothes, and work them around thoroughly in the suds. Be sure to use enough soap to have lasting suds. If the clothes are very much soiled use fresh suds—clean suds are needed to remove dirt. Then wring and dry in the sun if possible.

Hanging garments of a kind together saves time. An electric washer equipped with a wringer or dryer is very helpful, but even when washing by hand, little rubbing is needed if granulated soap is used.

Bright, cheery colors are used everywhere today—in our clothes and house furnishings. And with a little care these colorful fabrics will stay bright through many tubbings.

To be safe, always test a new colored garment before washing it with other things. This is easy—just squeeze a sample or inconspicuous portion in clear, lukewarm water for five minutes or so.

Colored articles which you are sure have absolutely fast color may be washed more easily, especially if much soiled, if they are soaked for twenty minutes in lukewarm suds. Never soak unfast colors at all. Granulated soap is ideal for colored things, for it dissolves quickly and gives rich, creamy suds which gently remove dirt, protecting colors.

Colored fabrics which are even slightly unfast should be washed and dried quickly.

Make rich, lukewarm or cool suds

with the granulated soap in the tub or washer. Put in the garments and wash quickly.

Thoroughly rinse in clear lukewarm or cool water. Some cottons, as curtains, aprons, etc., is desirable to starch lightly. Have the starch lukewarm. Then squeeze out the moisture.

If the color is unfast, it is helpful to roll article in a dry turkish towel to absorb excess moisture, if size permits.

Your colored things should be dried indoors, or in the shade, as the sun tends to fade colors. Iron with a warm iron—too hot an iron often fades colors.

World's Radium Supply
Although at one time it was thought there was not more than half an ounce of radium in the world, at least 15½ ounces have been extracted since 1922, according to figures compiled in Paris. The total obtained since its discovery by Madame Curie is approximately 2½ pounds. At its present price it is worth about \$85,000,000,000. In 1,800 years it will have disintegrated to about half its present weight.



"Complexion Curse"

She thought she was just unlucky when he called on her once—avoided her thereafter. But so one admires pimply, blemished skin. More and more women are realizing that pimples and blotches are often danger signals of clogged bowels—poisonous wastes ravaging the system. Let MR (Nature's Remedy) afford complete, thorough elimination and promptly ease away beauty-ruining poisonous matter. Fine for sick headache, bilious conditions, dizziness. Try this safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective. At all druggists—only 25c.

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

SORES AND LUMPS—My Specialty
Write for Free 140 Page Book
Dr. Boyd Williams, Hudson, Wis.

FINNEY OF THE FORCE



To Cap the Climax



RINSO IS GREAT IN TUBS, TOO. ITS RICH SUDS SOAK OUT DIRT—GET CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER. AND NO SCRUBBING TO WEAR THINGS THREADBARE! CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER—SAVES HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS!

Home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—makers of 40 famous washers—recommend Rinsol. Gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight, puff-up soaps. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning—saves the hands. Get Rinsol today.

Rinsol
America's biggest-selling package soap

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.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Display Per Column Inch.....20c
Readers and Locals, inside pages, line.....10c
Cards of Thanks.....\$1.00

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

1 year in advance.....\$1.50
6 months in advance......90
3 months in advance......50
Single copies......05

When Uncle Sam goes into a European conference he should take a two-pants suit.

Ohio thieves stole a box of dynamite, thinking it bootleg liquor. The effect was probably about the same.

Washington bricklayers accepted a cut from \$14 a day to \$12. Which would still be not so bad if there were any bricks to be laid.

The human body contains 10 million nerves, and some folks make suggestions and requests which seem to bring them all into action.

Few people would know we were off the gold standard if they hadn't read it in the papers. Most of us have been off it a good while.

A Lewisburg, O., paper announced that a pastor's sermon subject would be "Fools," and added that "All those residing in the community are urged to be present."

Wiles of Women

Whatever one may think of the present female habits of painting, penciling, dyeing and the like, it must be admitted that while the effects obtained may be to a degree deceptive, there is no attempt made to conceal the fact that artificial aids to beauty are employed.

Even the least sophisticated of men are aware that art is brot to the aid of nature with the utmost frankness. Whether the effects produced really lend charm to the modern woman is largely a matter of individual opinion.

In former times women who employed cunning devices to lure the male sex were sternly frowned upon. A Massachusetts law of 1634 forbade the wearing of "any apparell, either wollen, silke, or lynnem, with any lace on it, or silver, golde or silver thread." The English parliament in 1770 passed an act providing "that any woman who shall entice into marriage any of His Majesty's subjects by means of perfume, false hair or false hips shall be condemned as a sorceress and the marriage shall be declared null and void."

Since those days customs have changed greatly, but human nature has not.

Daylight Saving Time

Maybe we are old-fashioned but it seems to us that about the silliest proceeding that has come into practice in recent years is the adoption of so-called "daylight saving time" in certain states and cities during the summer months.

The idea is that we may have more daylight by the simple act of turning clocks ahead an hour from May until September. By this hocus pocus it is assumed that we should be willing to rise an hour earlier if the hands of the clock point to 7 a. m. instead of 6 a. m., the real time of day. Also to go to work at 8 o'clock under the delusion that it is 9, and think we have been real wicked in staying up until 1 a. m. when it is really only midnight.

But, humans being as gullible as they are, these illusions may seem real to many—and if so,

perhaps no harm is done, except to make a lot of confusion, especially where both daylight and standard time are used in nearby communities.

Only in two states, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, is there a statewide law requiring the observance of daylight saving time but such laws or ordinances are observed in many cities including New York and Chicago. Congress passed such a law in 1918, but repealed it two years later when farmers objected to it.

You can kid the farmers about relief, but you can't fool them about when night and day begin.

State Quail Farm

Located in the northwest section of the State Fairgrounds in Springfield, on a beautiful plot of ground that was used as a dump heap, is the State Quail Farm, one of the show places of Central Illinois.

The farm has 150 pairs of laying birds with a pair in each pen. The pens are of the latest design. The birds are fed clabber milk in addition to their grain diet during the laying season, and all seem healthy and contented.

The big electric incubator is turning out 1000 birds each week. It takes from 22 to 24 days for each hatch.

The farm expects to ship 10,000 quail to the different parts of the state during the coming season. Last year 6600 birds were shipped. The eggs show a fertility of 75 to 80 per cent; the highest average being 93 per cent for last year.

One of the interesting sights at the farm are the 150 electric brooders, where the young quail are placed as soon as they come from the incubator. The brooders are kept at a temperature of from 96 to 98 degrees at the start. This is gradually reduced as the birds grow older, or until the birds are ready for the big wire cages where they have the same freedom as when in the wild state. This is generally at the end of five weeks, dating from the time they are hatched.

The brooders are controlled by thermostats, and are of the very latest design, requiring very little attention.

The farm is a beautiful sight at this time of the year, with all the buildings painted white and surrounded by a carpet of green grass and trees and shrubbery of every kind. Along the southwest side of the farm are many trees and shrubs which makes a haven for the many birds on that part of the farm.

The State also has another quail farm located near Mt. Vernon which consists of a tract of 800 acres of land. Visiting hours are maintained at both of these farms and the public is welcome to call and see one of the spots dear to the hearts of hunters of Illinois, which is being so well looked after.

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.

Rev. J. A. Sell of Hollidaysburg, Pa., has missed only two services during the 67 years he has been preaching.

Tenderfoot—How can I drive a nail without hitting my finger?

First Class—Hold the hammer with both hands.

Would you believe it, I was going down for the third time, and if it hadn't been for that handsome life guard on the beach, I don't suppose—

Oh, Ethel, and did he resuscitate you?

Well, goodness knows, I was unconscious.

HERRICK

Will Serve YOU BEST



FOR SUPREME JUDGE

Lifelong resident of DeWitt county—one of Illinois' outstanding lawyers—brilliant at the bar—fair, honest and courteous—Lott Herrick as Supreme Judge will assure YOU of able, conscientious service. He is not a politician. He has always believed that politics should be kept out of the judiciary. For your own best interests—

VOTE FOR Lott R. Herrick Democratic Candidate MONDAY, JUNE 5

The May Day Mystery

By Octavus Roy Cohen

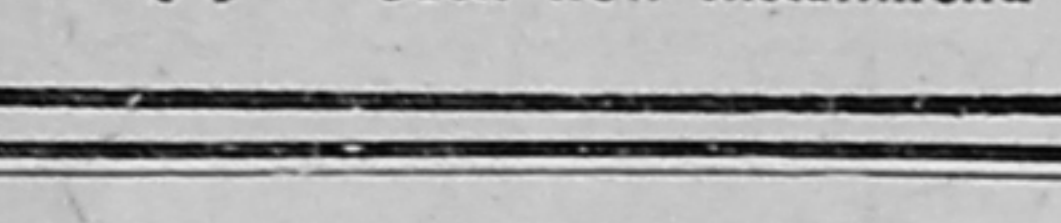
One of the best of the stories by this famous author

Murder is done on the quiet campus of a large Southern University. Around three persons—two students, one the most popular girl in the college, and a professor—is woven a web of circumstantial evidence and incriminating motives.

A second crime—apparently unconnected with the murder—is committed and to solve this is called Detective Jim Hanvey, a figure well known to Mr. Cohen's readers and who here makes his first appearance in a story of serial length. As the clues become more numerous and the trail more involved, the sleuthing methods of Detective Hanvey are followed with increasing zest until the reader fairly races ahead in an effort to check up on his deductions.

It's the mark of a winner when a detective story moves along with the growing tenseness and excitement of *The May Day Mystery*. Ingenious, swift and unusual, it is a yarn to thrill the most jaded mystery fan.

It will run serially in these columns, and no reader should miss the opening chapters. If you start it we know you'll await anxiously each new installment.



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

Resembling a pair of books with rich leather bindings and gold-stamped decorations, a new midget radio receiver makes an attractive addition to the library table or bookshelf.

Mile-long freight trains can be hauled over mountain grades by the latest giant electric locomotive developed by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad in its Tacoma, Wash., shops.

THE SHOE SALE YOU ARE WAITING FOR!

Car Load Shoe Sale

Honest with our customers—honest with ourselves—it's The BIG SHOE STORE'S Way of doing Business. You Know we don't play the game any other way. So when we tell you that our prices are now reduced, for our great CAR LOAD SHOE SALE, you know they haven't been juggled or tampered with—that they were the lowest in Danville to start with. All Footwear on Sale is Brand New Stock. Don't Delay. Bring the Whole Family Early. First Choice is always Best. Be Here When our doors open tomorrow morning

Here's Just A Few Super-Values For Your Consideration

Men's and Boys' Tennis Shoes, Black, Brown, Sun-Tan, All Sizes, Pair.....	Women's and Children's New Sunny Sandals, Many Pretty Colors, All Sizes, Pair.....	Children's New Spring Straps and Oxfords, Wonder Values, All Sizes, Pair.....	Women's Beautiful New Dress Shoes, White, Blonde, 2000 Pairs, \$3 Val. All Sizes, Pair.....	Men's Moccasin Toe Work Shoes, Waterproof Tops, Panko Soles and Heels, \$2 Values, All Sizes, This Sale Only, Pair.....
39c	69c	88c	\$1	\$1

Scores of Other Shoe Bargains Equally Reduced For You. Remember No Half-Way Measures in This Sale. Drastic Reductions Now!

BIG SHOE STORE

26 East Main St. Corner Hazel DANVILLE, ILLINOIS

Illinois Theater---Newman, Ill.

Saturday and Sunday May 20 and 21

On the Way With A Smash!

The Under Cover Man

George Raft, Nancy Carroll, Roscoe Karns
Lew Cody and Gregory Ratoff

Again does Raft prove his artistry. As an "Under-Cover" man for the police, he unmasks men of the upper Underworld. A picture different in its accurate presentation of high racketeering

Also A Wow of A 2-Reel Comedy

Coming Next Week -- "The All American"

Admission 10c and 15c

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.

Arrested for taking bets on the street, James Curran of Hull, Eng., chewed and swallowed his records of wagers.

Tommy—Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner, should I eat pie with a fork?

Grandma—Yes, indeed, Tommy.

Tommy—You haven't got a pie in the house that I could practice on, have you, Grandma?

FARMERS

Bring your live stock to Danville's best market. Highest cash prices paid for your live stock.

LISTEN To Our Market Quotations over **WDZ** TUSCOLA 10 A. M. Daily Except Saturday and Sunday

Danville Union Stock Yards

Section St. and Big 4 Tracks. Phone 710. DANVILLE.

Struck by a speeding auto, 8-year-old Robert Mercer of Louisville, Ky., was hurled into the branches of a tree but suffered only a broken leg.

James Richardson of Leeds, Eng., helped himself to a drink in an inn he robbed and was convicted by his fingerprint on the glass.

LADY BLANCHE FARM

A Romance of the Commonplace

by Frances Parkinson Keyes

WNU Service
Copyright by Frances Parkinson Keyes

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"Yes, she is real peculiar. Her mother was the same. She'd go a long time without hardly openin' her head, Laura Mannin' would, and then she'd up and take the bit in her teeth—like when she named Algy, and sent Mary off to school. I've always thought Mary some like her mother. But the menfolks do seem to like her—they never show much sense in their selections. Why, I never had an offer till I was most thirty!—Blanche don't seem to pindle none, does she?"

"No, she's actually gained since she's been nursing the baby, and she said the other day she'd never be happier in her life. I can't see what all the girls in this generation. Rosalie King has come to visit Mrs. Weston again, and I can't see that she's changed at all. She doesn't even wear crepe—just plain black—and she says 'she should worry,' that she's 'hung on to her old job and got a raise at that' and that although she can't always buy the 'very latest' to wear, she's got a 'long way from September morn'—whatever she means by that! One of her usual vulgar expressions! And yet Mrs. Weston says she knows Rosalie thought the world of that man she married. She can't have, that's all—not in the way a woman of real refinement would have cared. Why, after Martin died, I refused all nourishment—except what was absolutely necessary, of course, to keep up my strength—and lay in a dark room for weeks and never dreamed of stirring out, even after that, except to go to church and to the cemetery. My heart was buried in the grave. I'm afraid Mary has been putting some of her queer ideas into Blanche's head, for when I asked her a little while ago if hers wasn't, she said no indeed, it was all with Philip!"

"Land! Where does she think Philip is?"

"She said in Heaven. And that Heaven was anywhere, if you could only see it."

Mrs. Elliott arose, and folded her work. "Them kind of notions give me the creeps," she said unasily. "I must be goin'."

Mary was sitting on top of Countess Hill, her chin resting on her hands, looking out over the meadows. She sat very still, watching the changing light. Without understanding why, and in spite of all her grief and weariness, she felt that one of the great hours of her life had come. The beauty and peace and promise of the country suddenly seemed to overcome her as no inanimate things had ever overcome her before. She felt, like an actual presence, the spirit of her puritan forefathers who had turned this valley from a wilderness into a garden, who had lived their simple faith as truly as they had professed it, who had fought and died, when necessary, for an ideal. She turned her head, half expecting to glimpse some heavenly vision, trembling—But there was nothing to be heard, nothing to be seen, only something wonderful to be felt. She bowed her head and prayed.

It was a long time before she lifted it again. When she did, Paul, bare-headed, dressed in khaki, was standing beside her.

She sprang to her feet, shaking all over, entirely unable to speak. He was taller, thinner, paler, infinitely older and graver, all the bloom and softness of his boyish beauty had gone. For a moment she thought—it must be—She shut her eyes, swaying and crying aloud, as she felt herself falling. Then suddenly she was upheld by a strong arm, swung quickly around her shoulder, a firm hand taking both her trembling ones in a warm and steady grasp.

"There, there," Paul was saying, as if he had been speaking to a little child, and patting her arm as he spoke. "It's all right. I didn't mean to frighten you like this. Don't, Mary. Don't cry so. Why, there is nothing to cry about! I'm all right, I'm here!"

"Can't we sit down and talk?" he asked, and drew her down beside him on the big rock, still holding her hand. Then seeing how utterly impossible it was for her to speak, he went on, "I got in on the four o'clock and walked straight up to the farm. I didn't let mother know I was coming, for I thought, if I did, she'd have the minister, or a delegation from the D. A. F. or the Wallacetown band, or maybe all three, at the station to meet me. It never occurred to me that none of my letters from the other side telling her in a general way when to expect me, would have reached her."

"Tell me," said Mary, finding her voice at last.

"There isn't much to tell. You know what happened up to the time I was wounded. And the wound—the first one—didn't amount to anything. I was back at the front in no time. And

then I was—hurt—again, before I was taken prisoner—"

"Go on."

"I was a prisoner several months, you see. I couldn't write then. Even after the armistice was signed, we weren't released right off. And then for a while, I wasn't well—"

"You mean you were starving?"

"Well, I wasn't hungry, anyway!" said Paul, lightly. "But I'm all right now. And I'm home. You won't mind, will you, if I don't tell you more than this, just now? We—the men who've been there—don't like to talk about it much. Won't you say you're glad to see me? All the rest of the family has. Mother had hysterics, of course, but she was awfully glad, just the same. I couldn't help knowing that. And Blanche—well of course Blanche and I both broke down a little. I didn't know, you see, about Philip—or little Philip. Well, then I went to the barn and found Cousin Seth. He said I might find you up here."

Now they were sitting on the old boulder, hand in hand, as they had done when they used to rest after picking blackberries—

"You're not strong," she said with a great effort, "and you've had this—this hard climb to reach me. I'm sorry."

For a moment Paul did not answer. Then he took the hand he held, and laid it against his lips.

"No, I'm not strong," he said huskily. "I know that. And I have had to climb—to climb a long way—to reach you. But I'm not sorry, I'm glad."

"Paul! You know I didn't mean it that way!"

"I know you didn't, dear, but I did. For it's true. But please tell me—aren't you glad I'm here, at last?"

"Yes," said Mary, very low indeed. "Then, may I tell you—anything I want to?"

"Yes," she said again, lower still. "Do you remember what you said to me—that day in Boston—about what loving really means?"

"Yes," said Mary a third time, though it was only a whisper now.

"Well—that's the way I love you. You were right—I didn't then. But I have learned to, since. At first it was just a dreadful physical longing and raging grief because I hadn't got what I wanted. I'd felt so hopeful—so sure—that day I went to you in Boston, that I'd get my week—but all the time the things you'd said about how you loved me, kept hammering themselves into my stupid brain, making me see more and more clearly that, even then, I didn't care for you like that, or it wouldn't be my own disappointment I'd be thinking most about. It would be the way I'd treated you, from the time we were youngsters—taking all your loveliness and goodness for granted—and then throwing it away—"

"Don't, Paul," she said softly. "Don't speak of that, or even remember it any more. I've forgotten all about it."

"I haven't," he said between his teeth, "I never shall, I never can, unless—I can atone for it. I began to forget that I had lost you—and to wonder how—"

"How you could get me back?"

"Not even that—till after wards. Only how I could make things up to you. Whether there was anything on earth I could do to make me worthy to come to you and say I was sorry, whether you were proud of me or not. That I'd got to change inside. I'd reached that point by the time I got to prison, and then it was weeks and weeks before I could think at all. But when I could—it was what kept me clean—"

"And there wasn't any 'pretty little French peasant,'" he said, after a long pause. And in that one simple sentence, Mary understood, though she could not answer, all that he was trying to tell her.

He misinterpreted her silence. He kissed her hand again, dropped it gently, and rose.

"It was wrong of me, maybe, to say all this to you—so soon," he said. "But I saw Mr. Hamlin just before I sailed for home. He told me—that—that you hadn't changed your mind about him, and that he knew you never would. He told me, too, that he knew you'd refused Thomas Gray. Sylvia sent me a message once, by David—I didn't get it until after she died—telling me never to stop fighting for you, if I had to die fighting. I thought for a while, that I was going to die fighting—then in that German prison, I was afraid for a while that I wasn't even going to die fighting—that it was to be starving, rotting. Now I know I'm not going to die at all—not for a good many years, I mean—but I'm going to live fighting. Do you remember, when I was a little chap, how I used to stand in the front yard, whenever I wanted to see you, and simply holler, 'Come over Mary, come over?' And you always came! I'm going right on calling for you now, until I've made you come again! I'll go down now, and see mother—I promised her that I wouldn't be long. But we'll see each other, some way, right along, won't we, Mary?"

He was half-way down the hill when he felt her touch on his arm. He turned quickly.

"What is it, dear?" he asked. "Is anything the matter?"

"No—yes—I haven't been honest."

"You haven't been honest!" echoed Paul in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"I let you go away thinking that. I was afraid to let you think anything else, because I knew, though you 'wanted' me so much, you didn't really love me—then, I—I hoped you would, some day. It's nearly killed me ever since to think if you never came back.

you wouldn't know—to remember that I didn't even kiss you good-by. For I wasn't honest. I mean—it was possible—I mean, I did—"

Paul stood for a stupefied moment, staring at her. Then he cried aloud with joy.

"You care now!" he exclaimed. "You have cared all the time!" Then, as he tried, very gently, to take down the trembling hands with which she had suddenly covered her face, he realized that his own were shaking, too.

"Mary," he said brokenly, "I won't, if you really don't want me to. But if you do—you won't make me wait any longer, will you? I've starved for you, too—"

"You won't ever have to starve again," said Mary with a great sob, and took down her hands herself.

It was very late that evening, when Jane Manning, remembering that she had not "set back her chairs" against a possible storm—though there was not a cloud in the sky—went out on her piazza to "make sure everything was all right" for the night. She stopped in the middle of her pleasant task and stood stock-still. The moon shone very clear and bright and on the wide granite doorstep of her cousin's house opposite, she could see two persons—a man and a girl—standing very close together, their arms around each other. Then the man bent his head, and it was a long, long time before he lifted it again.

"Good night, sweetheart," she heard him say at last, and then saw him turn and come down the walk, his young face lighted with a radiance that did not seem to come wholly from the moon.

"Great Glory!" ejaculated Cousin Jane aloud, and without conscious profanity.

Paul heard her, stopped for a minute, and then walked rapidly toward her.

"Is that you, Cousin Jane," he called, "fixing up the piazza? Here, let me help you!" When complete order was restored, he blocked her entrance into the house for a minute, standing with his back against the door.

"Mary is going to marry me," he said, his voice ringing like a hallelujah, "right off. We're going away for a few weeks—till I get stronger, and she gets rested—to some quiet place by the sea—And then we're coming back here to Lady Blanche farm—coming home together. Oh, God, how happy I am!"

"I dunno's I blame ye," said Cousin Jane.

His mother's house was dark, and Paul did not feel sorry. In the morning, of course, she must be told, and Mary's father—but tonight!—However, when he noticed a faint light shining from the upper windows of Carte Blanche, he went close to the little building and called—

"Blanche! May I come up?"

"Yes—I've been hoping you would." She was sitting in a low rocker, nursing her baby. He crossed the room softly, and sat down on a footstool beside her.

"Mary's going to marry you," she whispered.

"How did you know?"

"How could I help knowing, looking at you? I've seen that look in a man's face before."

"Oh, you poor little thing!"

"Hush! Don't speak that way! I don't feel like that about it! And I'm so thankful—so happy—that I've seen it in yours, too."

They sat for a long time together, after the sleeping baby had been laid back in his cradle. And meanwhile, the woman who had never had a lover went slowly up to her room, and sitting down in the old chair, took up the Bible that lay near it, to read in it, as always, before she went to bed. It fell open at the last chapter of Proverbs:

"Who can find a virtuous woman," read Cousin Jane, "for her price is far above rubies. . . . Her children arise up also and call her blessed. Her husband also, and he praiseth her. Give her the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates."

The Bible slipped from her lap, unnoticed, and Cousin Jane sat for a long time with happy tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I suppose that woman in the Bible may have had her faults," she said aloud at last, "same as Mary has. I shouldn't be a mite surprised if she had a tongue and a temper and a backbone and didn't forgive and forget very easy, though Solomon doesn't mention it. Seems to me there's some likeness between the two. Mary's ben faithful to the trust her dear mother left her and denied herself to do for her father and her little brothers. She's ben strong and wise enough to say 'no' to a rich man she didn't love and turn the poor, weak, shiftless boy she did love into a fine creature that needn't be afraid to look his Maker in the face. And she hasn't shirked or nagged or complained or boasted while she's ben doin' it. She's kept herself sweet and lovely through it all. There may be better jobs for women to do than things like them, but if there is, I never heard of 'em, any more than Solomon seems to hev. We've ben worryin' considerable lately about the little countess' curse, and I don't deny that it seems the Almighty gives strange powers to human bein's sometimes, even after they're dead. But for all that, I guess His blessin' is more powerful than anything else, jus' the same. And I guess, too, that as long as Mary stays here, that blessin' will rest on Lady Blanche farm in the future, same as it has in the past."

[THE END.]

OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

NOT APPROVED

RYAN, the head of the school, scanned the report card before him with troubled eyes.

"Hm-m. Looks all right. Gets high marks in all his subjects. Has an A in conduct, too. Teacher thinks he ought to be promoted. Guess he ought to be. Very smart boy. But I don't like him."

"Not a very good reason for holding him back. He can do his work. No, I'll promote him. But I don't like him. I hate not to like a boy. Well, here goes." "Old Ryan" wrote across the face of the report card, "Promoted, T. R." Then directly underneath he wrote, "Not approved, T. R."

That afternoon a very puzzled boy visited Ryan. "Mr. Ryan, you wrote not approved on my card. How can you write that and still promote me? If I am fit to be promoted during the term don't you think I deserve your approval?"

"No, I don't. If I had thought so I'd have said so. I didn't think so and I said so. Sit down. I expected you."

"You see, Mr. Ryan, I have to show that card to my parents and they will want to know what it means and I'm sure I don't know. I think it very unfair of you. And I'm certain my father will think so, too."

"Are you?" said Ryan dryly. "I know your father well. I have a notion that he is going to agree with me. You see, Sampson, you are determined to get ahead, to be first always. That isn't a bad idea if you arrive without hurting or hindering anybody else. Winning the game is great but if you break the rules of the game to win you're a bounder and you won't be approved."

"I don't know what you mean. I worked overtime and did two terms in one. What's wrong about that?"

"Only this. You used two other boys to help you make the grade. You agreed to help them if they helped you. They did their share and more. You saw to that. Phelps did so much helping you that he had no time left to help himself. Phillips the same. You told them you couldn't find time to help them but you took care always to see that they helped you. You made the grade and they didn't. I promoted you but I didn't approve you. That's all."

I agreed with Old Ryan. It is time we scanned the records and withheld approval of all those whose achievements have been made at the cost of other people. School is a good place to begin.

A PEACEFUL ROOM

I WOULD give a child a peaceful room where he could go to rest and feel himself safe and still.

I like pretty rooms. I like color and the forms of lovely things. What I fear in the children's rooms is the fussiness, the crowded activity that is in the decorations. Children like animals and Mother Goose rhymes. They like the pictures that suggest these old friends. But do you think it is wise to paint the walls of their rooms with trumpeting elephants, charging lions, spouting whales and fairy goblins? I don't. Those pictures please the grownups but I am not so certain that they have a good effect on tired children.

If there is a playroom whose walls can be dressed with all the animals from the zoo, well and good. Decorations that caused no ripple of thought in daytime stimulate fear in the shadows of night. In my experience such things are best kept out of the child's sleeping room. If there is to be a frieze let it be a gentle scheme, soothing and serene in its atmosphere.

A clutter of toys is out of place in the child's sleeping room. We want that room to express rest, peace, quiet. Disorder makes one restless and a tired child is restless enough without adding anything to increase his fatigue. Every object he rests his eyes on stimulates him anew when we want to shut off all stimulation and induce sleep. Have the sleeping room comparatively bare, of soft color, serene atmosphere, and it will do its full share in restoring peace and quiet to the child who so much needs them.

The lighting of the room is very important. It is unwise to allow light to shine in the child's face. Some arrangement to soften the light and still allow plenty of air to circulate about the room is needed.

The bed itself is the chief article of furniture. Have it as near right as possible. That means a rather hard, firm mattress, a flat pillow, if any, and lightweight warm coverings. The mattress and spring are more important than the frame. Spend the money for them and take a sturdy simple frame that will stand up against hard usage.

Simplicity ought to be the keynote of decoration in the children's rooms. The simpler the better. Color and line and mood are not expensive but they are essential to the peaceful, restful room a child needs for a good night's sleep. Sometimes we spend more money than thought and the result doesn't justify us.

©, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Ever in the Style Picture Is Velvet

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WITH a growing appreciation of what the art of good dressing really means, women who "know"

will consider none other than the hat, the gown, the accessories which "do something for you" more than serving merely as wearing apparel.

When it comes to a fabric which performs miracles in the way of doing something flattering for you, such as softening, harsh lines, accenting charms, while it minimizes defects until it takes years from one's appearance, it is generally conceded that velvet has no compeer. Which readily explains why designers of this day and age are seeing to it that velvet be kept in the style picture the whole year round.

Paris adores velvet as a summer item. In creating the newer costumes the best couturiers seldom lose an opportunity to complement sheer and summery frocks with the most ravishing and colorful little velvet jackets or capes one may ever hope to see. If not a cunning wrap, then bows, girdles and furbelows of velvet play an effective contrast to the dainty organdies, chiffons and such which fashions of lady's wardrobe for the coming months.

The lovely models in the illustration convey some little idea of the perfectly charming things leading French designers are doing with velvet. The dotted frock is a Margie Rouff model. Note the new short front of its skirt.

SMARTLY TAILORED

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The casual tailored suit, shown to the right, with its swagger topcoat, chic-tied shoes and cavalier bag, is characteristic of the latest mode for about-town and travel wear. The hat is of straw with an organdie bow and band, and the blouse is of striped shirting silk. Remove the topcoat of this handsomely tailored three-piece and there is disclosed a clever jacket and skirt suit. The suit, above to the left, of men's cloth is in correct tailored form from shoe to hat. Note the series of bracelets and the tailored bag. The little sailor has one of the very new high-back crowns.

Gun Metal Leather Used in This Season's Shoes

Gun metal leather is one of this season's contributions to new and different footwear—and shoes of it solve the problem of one pair for gray, blue and black outfits.

Because of the nature of gun metal, shoes styled in it are generally without much decoration. In some models it is combined with suede.

SPRING LINGERIE IS MOST ALLURING

It is to sigh with rapture, as one catches a glimpse of the latest delectable trifles which Paris has designed in the way of spring and summer lingerie. No signs of hard times here. Exquisite filmy fabrics, cobwebby laces, plenty of handwork seem to be the rule for the latest underthings.

Gowns are more elaborate than ever, borrowing their design from formal evening fashions. One adorable night-dress of palest pink chiffon is pleated from yoke to hem in clusters, emphasizing long slender lines, with fullness released below the knees.

There's a deep yoke of the finest of silk lace which is tinted the same delicate pink as the gown. Double puff sleeves of the lace are held with narrow bands of the chiffon, and a narrow sash belt ties at the back.

The separate jacket scheme turns the nightdress into a tea gown, and is proving very popular.

Sleeve Lengths Vary in New Jackets for Spring

The box type jacket shows interesting new shoulder treatments, such as Lanvin's sleeves with padded or stuffed pleats from shoulder to elbow, and Schiaparelli's cartridge pleats on shoulders or sleeve top.

Other jacket or coat sleeves appear in every length, elbow, three-quarter, seven-eighths and full length. And new style sleeves for ensembles are sleeves bagged from elbow to wrist, or from elbow to any chosen sleeve length; wide cuffs to finish elbow or three-quarter length sleeves; slashed sleeves, with the dress showing through the slashes, and the usual plain, raglan, and set-in sleeve types.

Skirts Generally Longer Than Worn Last Season

Skirts generally are accepted to be longer than last season—considerably longer. Some houses show only a few sport things above the ankle, all the other daytime skirts touching the ankle bone, and evening ones sweeping the floor.

Waistlines are normal to low except in the mind and models of Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli, who continues to place them high, wide and handsome, in an eccentric way.

The End and the Beginning

By COSMO HAMILTON

DEATH, with a pitying smile, was waiting in that room. A decent room, if treated decently, fit to its shabby but comfortable furniture had been known the kindness, gallantry and courage that go with love.

In the adjoining room, a bedroom, sick and tired of the strong turnings and unexpected pains of life, a young and lovely girl who had summoned reluctant death.

Sounds carried during the first of the few short hours of New York's uneasy sleep. The invisible but not grim figure turned towards the door as the echoing footsteps stopped. A latch key turned in the lock and into the dark sitting room stumbled a young man who switched on the light. He flung his overcoat over a chair, looked about with a shudder and went quietly to the mantel-piece, and stared at the photograph.

In a low voice, unconscious of speaking loud, he gave his thoughts full play, "Yes, there you are, with her. John Beacon and Natalie Bond Parker, bridegroom and bride."

"Oh, my God!" The young man went on in disjointed sentences. "What a mess," he said. "What a mess we've made. Whose fault, yours or mine, or a combination of both? Too much money? The microbe of the slackness of these times? Jazz, bad liquor, the weakening of moral fiber, the lack of discipline? As we were two years ago, as we are today! An orgy, a nightmare, the slump that's brought us to these sordid back rooms. Support cut off by parents who've been staggered, knocked speechless and who must save themselves. We, parasites, left stranded, unemployable among the unemployed, clinging in this ghastly torrent to a handful of straws, not on speaking terms. And that's the worst of it."

"You said last night that we were weaklings, the no longer decorative weaklings in a mere fantastic world. Well, then, I'll get out of your way. The last thing I can do for you shall be the best I've done for a year. You can marry a man who'll lift you out of all this."

Holding his breath, Death watched young Beacon put his hand to his hip. He twisted his trembling mouth into a smile of gallantry. Good blood tells. "Not in this room," he said. "When you come back in the morning you shall be saved from that shock."

He went across to the bedroom, opened the door and gasped. "You said you were going to your mother's place tonight."

"I know. I changed my mind."

"Why didn't you let me know? You could have found me at the club."

"Why should I? You don't care. And I shouldn't be here now if you hadn't said this morning that you didn't intend to come back. I never expected to see you anywhere again."

She was lying on the bed in pajamas in that strangely tidy room. He had noticed its tidiness, immediately, with a strong sense of surprise. He now noticed that, with apparent carelessness, she closed her fingers over a bottle on the table at the side of the bed.

Pushed by some irresistible force, he gripped her wrist and wrenched the thing away.

Death held his breath, and prayer was again on his lips.

"Natalie," cried young Beacon, "this is why you never expected to see me anywhere again!"

"Give it back! I want it. Give it back, do you hear? . . . All right, then. Throw it out of the window. I can get some more. I'm sick and tired of living. All I want is death. Why not? You don't love me."

In the curious brief quietude of the city's uneasy sleep, the bottle had crashed in the street.

Young Beacon shut the window and turned his face to the light. It was white and stamped with pain. In imagination he saw that lovely body cold and spiritless, the empty casket which had once contained the heart that he had won. In imagination he stood, as in the photograph, awed by the words of the marriage service, moved to a deep emotion, stirred to a great resolve to make himself an ever worthy beacon to the life whose hand he held.

In imagination he followed the road they had taken after an ecstatic honeymoon in the beautiful places of France. He saw the rift, the break, the gaping ravine into which resolve had slipped and felt the barb of angry words, the astounding and unexpected chaos following the financial crash and the complete revolution of his safe and effortless life, and in the grim truth of actuality he saw that handsome bridegroom, young John Beacon, now a horror-stricken and tragic figure, out of the stucco of false pride into which he had built himself, a white and humble person, with the trembling mouth of a boy.

"You're going to live," he said, "and you're going to live for me. I love you and I need you. I've loved you through it all, though I've failed to let you see. This is all my fault. I'm sorry! Let's pick ourselves out of this mess, darling, this weakness, this frog-hole, this panic and begin again like Pilgrims, as the old people did. Natalie, Natalie, I love you. For God's sake, stay here with me."

He went on his knees at the side of the bed.

Death, with the deepest gratitude, left the room, and the house.

For One

By DOLLY DUNN

© 1933, McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service

ANNE SAUNDERS lived alone. And since incomes had been going down, Anne lived very simply. For she lived on the money her father, dead for a good many years, had left her.

If Anne had been fifteen years younger she might have made a place for herself in the business world. But she had not been specially trained for anything. And for years after her father's death, she looked after an ailing and peevish mother. Then, when her mother's death freed her from all responsibility, she just settled down to a quiet life by herself with no thought of a career.

"I'd like a big family, always making demands on me," she said one Saturday to Sam Prentiss, who came twice a week to sell eggs in the town. "And you know, Sam, every Saturday I cook enough to feed a big family. I always sort of hope unexpected company will drop in on me. I'm making strawberry shortcake and cookies and nut bread and a jellied meat loaf, besides fricassee chicken for tomorrow."

"What do you do with the food if nobody comes?" asked Sam curiously. He was about Anne's age, a quiet, unobtrusive man.

"Why—I give it to a couple of families that are always able to make use of it. They sort of depend on it for their Sunday meals—and they haven't been disappointed yet, though I have."

At twelve o'clock on Sunday Anne was sitting on her front porch reading the morning paper. From down the road came the purr of a motor. Anne looked incuriously up to see a car drawing up in front of her place.

From the driver's seat Sam Prentiss alighted. From the other seats an assortment of youngsters of ages ranging from ten to fifteen scrambled out. There were six all told.

An anxious frown lined Sam's forehead as he made his way with difficulty ahead of the youngsters to Anne's side. "Anne," he said, "I don't know how to explain—but—did you mean what you said about liking to have people come for—well, you know—"

Anne quickly took in the significance of the boys and girls crowding up behind Sam. "Why, of course," she said. "Won't you all have dinner with me? I'll be ready in a jiffy."

"And will there be strawberry shortcake?" asked one of the ten-year-olds. "Yes, and Uncle Sam said something about cookies, Miss Saunders—and I just dote on cookies," said a girl a trifle older. "And if we girls can help, we'd like to."

"No, I'm going to help," said Sam assertively. "That's the least I can do."

"Well, you youngsters just sit here on the porch and—would you like a plate of cookies?" A howl of delight answered the question, and the youngsters spread out over steps, railings and chairs, while Sam followed Anne indoors.

"I mentioned the shortcake, Anne—but of course we don't expect all those things," Sam looked a little embarrassed. "You see what happened was this: I live alone since mother died a few months ago, and today I was sort of tired and was just going to have eggs and milk and bread and butter. And then this morning my brother and his wife and my sister and her husband stopped by with their children—they'd decided suddenly to go off for the day together if they could leave the children with me. And I thought of what you said about a big family, and that maybe you meant it—and I kept smelling those cookies and seeing you working around here yesterday when I was here—" He stopped and blushed.

After dinner the youngsters found plenty to do outdoors to make the afternoon pass quickly. And Sam and Anne, at four, were astonished to find themselves still working over the last of the dishes.

"Aren't you dead?" questioned Anne. "Well—I'm tired. But you're such a good helper—such a good man about the house. I mean—that it's been fun."

"I guess you're right, Anne. I mean, you wouldn't be really happy unless you had a crowd to do for."

"No!" Anne stopped, looking out of the window seriously. "I've changed my mind about that. I mean the youngsters, so many of them, tire me. I've decided that what I missed without knowing it was not a lot of people—but the responsibility of having to do things for—well, for one person."

"Anne—" Sam took her hands in his. "Anne, you couldn't be happy married to me could you? With just me?"

Anne looked softly at Sam. "Would the—nieces and nephews come often?"

Sam looked troubled. "I'm afraid not, Anne. They only get over this way every three or four months. But maybe we could borrow one or two at a time—"

"Oh, no," said Anne. "I mean—I mean they tire me. I'd rather keep house just for one—if that one is you."

Ocean Depths, Mountain Heights
The greatest "deep" ever found was discovered in 1924 in the Pacific by the Japanese naval survey ship *Manshu*. The measurement recorded for this spot was 32,636 feet. It lies about 145 miles southeast of Tokyo. Previously the greatest depth known was a 32,089-foot hole, also in the Pacific, found off Mindanao. The highest mountain peak is Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, given as 29,002 feet.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES
(Allerton-Broadlands-Longview)
J. T. Hendrix, Pastor.

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

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

On the call of Bishop Waldorf and Dist. Supt. Tobie all the Methodists, ministers and laymen of the Champaign district are urged to meet at Wesley Foundation Monday afternoon, May 22, beginning at 2 o'clock. The evening banquet (35c) and mass meeting will be held at the First Methodist Church, Urbana.

Bishop Waldorf will give the evening address and will deal with matters vital to the church and demanding immediate action including prohibition.

Supt. Tobie asks that in each church the S. S. superintendent, president of Epworth league, and presidents of Women's Missionary Societies organize a group and come in a body, especially to the evening session beginning with the banquet at 6:30. The mass meeting begins at 7:45.

Executor's Notice

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

You tell us—we tell the world.

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

Cabbage plants 5c dozen; tomato plants 8c dozen.
Howard S. Clem.

And so you are an ex-slave, said the traveler in the South. How interesting. But when the war was ended you got your freedom?

No, suh, replied Uncle Rastus. Ah didn't get no freedom. Ah was married.

Long View News

Mrs. Ted Wegeng and children of Villa Grove visited Sunday in the T. M. Sullivan home.

An interesting Mothers' Day service was held at the United Brethren church Sunday evening.

Mrs. O. T. Rowen is now able

to be up part of the time, after being confined to her bed since before Christmas.

Roy Hurst moved his household goods here from Ohio, this week, and will continue working in the J. A. Hart grocery.

Misses Alvena Bamberger, Harriet Deere and Martha Dively of Champaign spent Saturday night and Sunday in the J. C.

Deere home.

Mrs. Harley House and daughter of Findlay, and Mrs. Zella Cole and son of Easton, are visiting in the home of Rev. J. F. Turner. Mr. House, Mr. Cole, Elbert and Evan Turner spent Mothers' Day in the Turner home.

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

STRAUS and LOUIS CO.
Danville, Illinois

Height-Of-The Season Apparel Reduced

A Value-Giving Event That Brings Drastic Reductions on All New Spring Coats and Suits

What animated shoppers will be seen in our Second Floor Ready-To-Wear Department when this good news gets around! There will be "ohs" and "ahs" of delight to find Spring Coats and Suits of such distinctive beauty at the amazing low prices.

A Marvelous Group of Spring Dress and Sport Coats

This Season's Styles, All of Them—Now 1-3 Off!

These Regular Prices Were Fair to Start With	You Save This 1/3 Now!	Amazing Low Prices For This Sale
\$19.50	\$6.50	\$13.00
29.50	9.84	19.66
39.50	13.17	26.33

Many of our dress coats are fur-trimmed, while others achieve a smartness through intricate and individual designing.

Spring Suits You Want For Wear Now; 1-3 Off

A real opportunity to purchase that New Suit you need at a saving. When Purchased they were so advanced in style that most of them are in the much wanted fashions of today, 1/3 off now!

All \$19.50 Suits Reduced \$6.50, Now Selling For \$13.00
All \$29.50 Suits Reduced \$9.84, Now Selling For \$19.66

Now is the time to Buy at Rock Bottom Prices. All Indications Point to Increased Prices and You'll Probably Pay More if You Wait. Choose Early Tomorrow! First Selection is Always Best. We Invite You to Shop. Compare and Save Money on Your New Spring Coat or Suit Now!

Illinois Theater---Newman, Ill.

Saturday and Sunday
May 20 and 21

On the Way With A Smash!

The Under Cover Man

George Raft, Nancy Carroll, Roscoe Karns
Low Cody and Gregory Ratoff

Again does Raft prove his artistry. As an "Under-Cover" man for the police, he unmasks men of the upper Underworld. A picture different in its accurate presentation of high racketeering

Also A Wow of A 2-Reel Comedy

Coming Next Week --- "The All American"

Admission 10c and 15c

LET
TURNERS
DO YOUR
CLEANING

We CLEAN CLOTHES LEANEST

Longview Illinois

Save Almost One-Half On Your Entertainment

Great States Theatres
Danville, Illinois

DOLLAR DAY S-A-L-E

SATURDAY, MAY 20th
You Can Buy:
5 FISCHER THEATRE
Tickets \$1.00
Value \$1.75

6 PALACE THEATRE
Tickets \$1.00
Value \$1.50

Good any day—any time in theatre for which they are purchased. No Restrictions. Buy All You Want!

FISCHER

Danville, Ill.

4 Days Starting Sunday
Great as Life Itself

CAVALCADE

The Picture of the Generation. Forty Feature Players. 3500 in Cast.