

The Mirror of Nature

By COSMO HAMILTON

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

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

He could see the blurred outline of a well-dressed woman who was about to make a spring. "Oh, don't do that," he said.

There was no anger in the voice this time. Only weariness and appeal. "Oh, do go away. I'm not interfering with you."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What Rosalie Wanted

By ALICE DUANE

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DUSK was settling down on the campus of Triwell college on the day before commencement as Rosalie Dale stole—or tried to steal—quietly across one of the side paths to her dormitory. But it was hard for anyone as vivid as Rosalie, even in the gray dusk of a mid-June evening, to go anywhere unnoticed. At any rate, Tom Johnson saw her slender, white-clad figure as clearly as if it had been illumined by the sunlight of midday.

"Hello, Rosalie," he said, striving for nonchalance as he puffed breathlessly from his watching place across Rosalie's path.

"Oh, Tom," said Rosalie, in a voice like heavenly music to Tom's ears, "is that you?"

"Well, yes," said Tom, and then felt the awkward inadequacy of his reply.

"That is to say, Rosalie," he went on, making matters worse with his fumbling speech, "I've got something to say to you."

Strange, thought Tom, how impossible it was for him to speak forcefully and effectively to Rosalie. Tom had won more than one intercollegiate debate. But when Rosalie, small and lovely and gentle, stood before him, he could not talk.

But this was his chance—his last chance, he told himself bitterly, as he stood tongue-tied and ill at ease before Rosalie.

"Rosalie," said Tom, "I want you to marry me."

"Oh, Tom," exclaimed Rosalie, "how unexpected this all is!"

"Don't tease me, Rosalie. You know you haven't give me a chance. You know I'd propose to you once a week, if you'd let me."

"If I'd let you, Tom? But I haven't time tonight. Tomorrow, as perhaps you've heard, is commencement. And I've a thousand things to do between now and day after tomorrow morning when, at twelve sharp, we sail for a vacation trip abroad. You know all about it. It's Dad's graduation gift to me. And I've got to write some letters and pack and get my clothes arranged for tomorrow and wash my hair and—"

"Yes, and then sail right out of my life and maybe meet a duke or a count or something like that and marry him before I ever see you again."

"Perhaps. Who knows?" said Rosalie lightly. "You'll come and see us in our castle on the Rhine, or wherever it is, won't you Tom?"

Tom stood stiffly, angrily before her. "Cut out the foolishness, Rosalie. Be serious for once. I've got to talk."

"All right," said Rosalie, soberly. "I'll be serious. Only I'll do the talking. I won't marry you, Tom. And I don't want you to propose to me. I've tried to show you that I didn't. I don't want to settle down, Tom. I want to go places and do things and have a good time without a schedule to follow, for once in my young life."

"Well, of course, Rosalie. Of course you're going abroad. But why can't you promise not to get engaged while you're gone? If you won't promise now to marry me, promise that—just to hold off till autumn when you come back."

"No go, Tom," said Rosalie softly. "I suppose—well, if I loved you, it would all be different, wouldn't it? But all this—" she waved her hand vaguely about—"is so dull and uninteresting. I want something exciting, different. It's final, Tom."

And she was off down the darkening path toward her room.

Two months later, Rosalie, a lovelier Rosalie than ever, was sitting on the broad, stone terrace of her hotel in Switzerland, watching the lengthening light of the late afternoon strike across the distant mountains, throwing the valleys into shadow. At Rosalie's elbow, on a small wicker stand, was a newly opened box of roses with a note from a most prepossessing young German of position and wealth. Beside the roses was a partly eaten box of chocolates with the card of a delightful and important young member of the Swiss government. Two or three books, a gift from a British army officer on holiday, were on the stones beside her. But Rosalie looked at them all, and at the glorious mountains, with distaste.

Just then she heard a well-remembered voice, and looked up to see a hotel attendant pointing her out. And there was Tom before her.

"Why, Tom!" said Rosalie brilliantly, seeming tongue-tied before him.

"I've come to compete," said Tom. He glanced sternly at the offerings beside her. "Are you engaged, as yet, to any of these birds?"

Rosalie shook her head mutely. "Good," said Tom. "I've borrowed enough money from my father for this trip, and however long it takes, I'm going to win out. I'll make myself over—doll up in any clothes you like, and do the things you want to do and everything. And then—well, Rosalie, I can see how a girl like you would like all this better than things back home. But I'll change; and then I'm going to take you back with me."

Rosalie stood before Tom. "But, Tom," she said, "I don't like it better. I'm tired of it. And I like you just as you are." She patted the wrinkled sleeve of his coat and looked happily at his rather tousled hair. "Tom, let's get married next week and have a little honeymoon and then go home and begin to pay off the debt to your father."

A Three Headed-Lion

"Bredden an' sistern," said the colored minister, "Ah's goin' ter preach today on a mos' important subjee'. Ah's takin' fo' mah text de passage whah it say 'de' debbil goeth about like a roarin' lion, seekin' who he may devour.' Now, Ah's gwine ter divide dis-yeah subjee' into three separate heads. First, Ah's goin' ter ask who de debbil he was; second, where de debbil he was a-goin', and las'y, what de debbil he was a-roarin' 'bout."

Plants For Sale

Cabbage, tomato, pimento, sweet potato and mango plants.

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Great Scheme.
One movie director can get his actors to follow him perfectly. His scheme is simple enough, too. "You're a fine actor, Walter," he yells. "Register joy." Walter registered joy. "That is, you used to be a fine actor, but you're slipping. Now register disgust." And Walter does.

Mixed Blood in Ireland
In the population of Ireland, three major types are usually recognized. The most primitive is the short, black-haired type, sometimes called Firbolg, variously defined by anthropologists as non-Aryan or Iberian or a branch of the Mediterranean race. The conquerors of these peoples were a tall and blond race known as Tuatha de Danann, who were either Scandinavian or Celtic-speaking peoples. They were followed by the Gaelic invasion probably within historic times. This Celtic-speaking race is identified with the predominant type of Irish of the present day—Washington Star.

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

Housewife—Mandy, have you seen Jane's fiance?
Mandy—No, ma'am; it ain't been in the wash.

Teacher: Every day we breathe oxygen. What do we breathe at night?
Willie: Nitrogen.

Abbie—I don't understand

baseball at all, do you?
Lou—You don't have to understand it. Everything is decided by a man they call the vampire.

Father—I don't favor your marrying that young man, he's earning only \$6 a week.

Daughter—Yes, but think how quickly a week passes, Daddy.

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Outdoor life will do those things to the skin. Just a few days exposure to winds and cold causes the face to chap . . . to become red and old-looking.

But your skin need not grow old! There is a new Olive Oil face powder known as OUTDOOR GIRL which enables even the most delicate complexion to remain soft, firm and youthful. This unusual powder acts

as the skin-oils do to keep your skin smooth and supple. Yet it is as dry and light as thistle-down.

Try this different face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes—10c, 25c and \$1.00. If you want to sample five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon.

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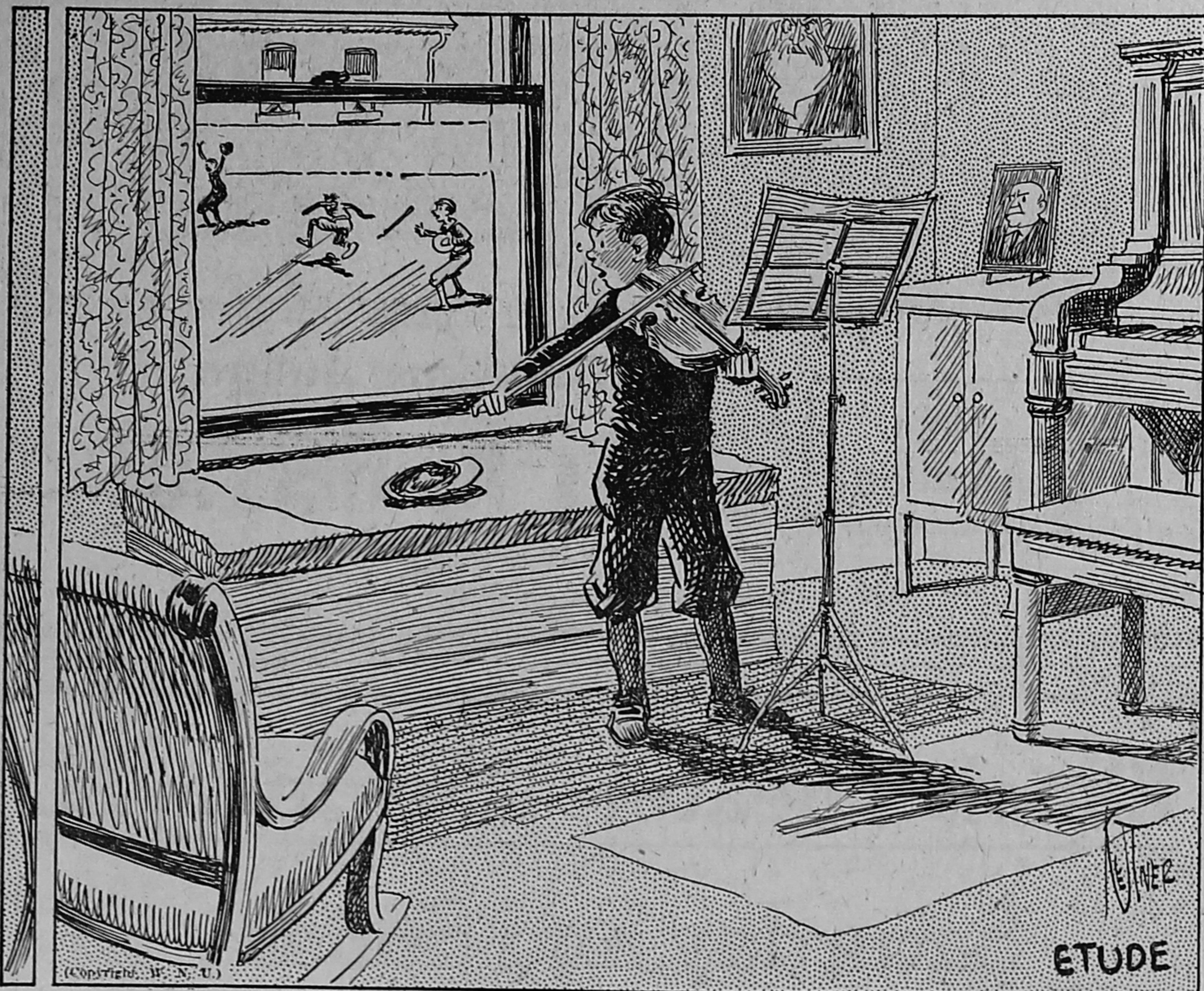
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I enclose 10c to cover postage and handling. Please send me your OUTDOOR GIRL "Introductory Sampler" containing liberal trial packages of Olive Oil Face Powder—Lightex Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream—Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

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OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



KASHMIR VALE FULL OF CHARM

Srinagar Is a Lovely Place for a Vacation.

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

A WARM weather approaches, the Vale of Kashmir, one of the famous garden spots of the world, beckons to the vacationists of India. Its wooded hillsides don a new green which is reflected in the clear, blue, placid streams of the valley; and houseboats are put in order for a busy season.

The Vale of Kashmir lies among the lower Himalayas, north of the Indian Punjab. One reaches Srinagar, the summer capital of the native state known as the domain of the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, over a long route by rail and motor. From Bombay one travels northward by train, via Delhi and Lahore, to Rawalpindi, one of the chief army posts of British India. There the way to beauty opens.

Almost at once on leaving Rawalpindi the motor road begins to climb. Up and up through the deodar-clad slopes of the lower mountain the road twists and turns, the heated air of the plains grows cool and invigorating, until, when travelers make their first overnight stop at Tret, they feel captivated by a joyous holiday spirit.

Everything seems amusing and interesting. Ruffled punkas swing from the ceiling, though you may have no need of them. Your delft and turbaned servants patter barefooted about the rooms, unrolling your bedding on the striped charpoys, the fairly comfortable beds of India. Even the not-too-bad food served by the bungalow cook is a matter for hungry jest. Lovely, lovely world, with a summer of Kashmir ahead.

Native Chauffeurs Are Speedy.

The road from Rawalpindi to Srinagar is a well-built motor road, some 200 miles long, and it lies through the mountains north of the Pir Panjal pass. Snowy peaks rise high above you. The rushing waters of icy streams chatter noisily below. Hair-pin turns in the road make you catch your breath and curl your toes, for the ways of the native driver are his own and without fear, and, alas, you have not the knowledge of his language wherewith to express your feelings.

Soon, from the first traveling sahib, you may learn to say, "Ahista, ahista!" But you never succeed in making an Indian chauffeur drive slowly, slowly.

It is possible to make the trip to Srinagar in a day, but not ahista! Quite the contrary. You spend two night in dak bungalows (resthouses) along the way, the second at Baramula, which lies at the edge of the great depression known as the Vale of Kashmir.

From Baramula one can go the rest of the way by boat, up the Jhelum river; but you may prefer to drive. The last 35 miles lie across a level stretch, the road bordered on either side by slender poplars.

The people passed along the way are quite different from those one sees in India. Ekkas and tongas, the two-wheeled horse-drawn vehicles of the country, draw aside to let you pass.

The Vale of Kashmir is a level valley about 80 miles long and averaging about 20 miles in width. It lies, a great oval, surrounded by mountains green with deodar and spruce on the lower reaches and white with snow until well into the early summer. Skies of an incredible blue complete a color scheme of fairy loveliness. Throughout the valley winds the curving line of the River Jhelum, along the banks of which straggle the streets and bazaars which form the ancient city of Srinagar.

Quaint Scenes in Srinagar.

Seven curious bridges span the river, and along the shore quaint old wooden houses lean sometimes at a rakish angle. Many of the city streets end in wide stone steps leading down to the river's edge. These stairways are usually animated scenes of native life. Here the laundry men wash the clothes; here the women come to fill their water jars. Children tumble and play about, and goats and cows ramble freely among them all. From the overhanging balconies lengths of dyed pashmina hang out to dry. All is colorful and gay.

Also there is the interesting river life. A large part of the population of Srinagar lives afloat. Odd, long, pointed boats, called dungas, with superstructures hung with mats of woven reeds, are the only homes which thousands of Kashmiris ever know. Sleeping quarters within, a kitchen of sorts open to the eyes of all, a few pots of brass or copper, and a poor Kashmiri's household is complete.

The native of more ample means has a better boat. Walls of wood replace the woven mats, and as better and better financial status is indicated, so the boats improve. The best are comfortable and well-furnished house boats, such as one might see upon the River Thames.

The English have made their contribution in the development of the house boat in Srinagar; for the Vale of Kashmir has become not only a favorite vacation land for the English army in India, but the permanent home of many retired officers and their families.

Servants All Are Men. One lives easily in Kashmir. A host of servants cost about as much as one good cook in the West, and they feed themselves. Each one has his appointed duties and does them fairly well.

All your servants in Kashmir are

men. The women seldom work out. Even the little children of Westerners frequently have men servants to care for them. Your list may include a mangi, or head boatman; a khitmatgar (chief house servant), assistant khitmatgar, a bhisti (water carrier, sweeper—of lowest caste and doer of menial jobs), a khansaman (cook), a dhoobi (washerman), a dhurzi (sewing man), a mall (gardener), and three little chokers, the small boys who paddle the shikara, a small gondola-like boat in which you go everywhere you desire. It seems an ample list!

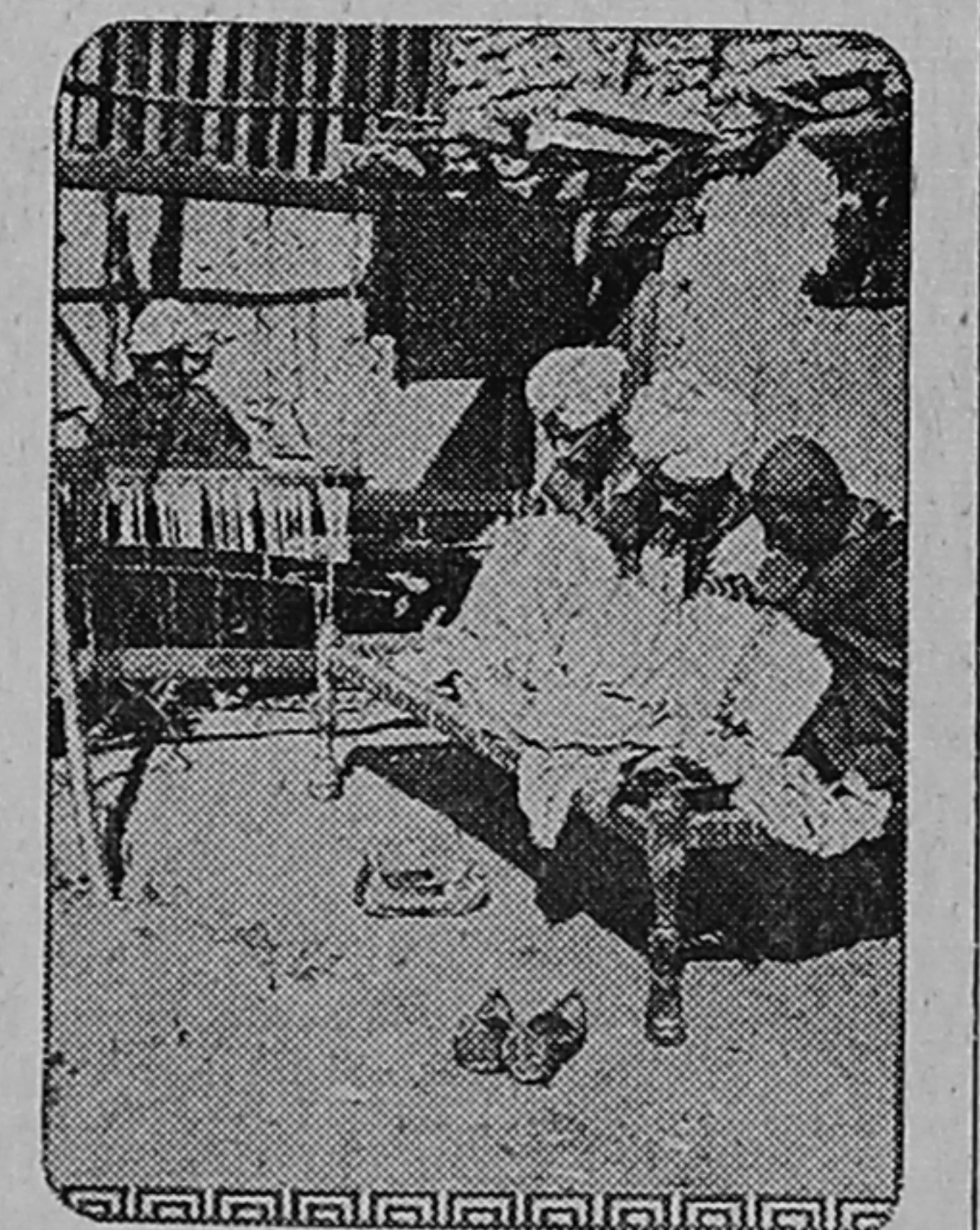
If you take guests for tea to Shalimar gardens, the houseman goes along and serves a perfect meal under the spreading chinar trees. When you plan a morning in the bazaars, the houseman follows respectfully behind, your guide. Your days are carpeted with ease and your home is a joy, thanks to the willing service of an able houseman.

Where but in Kashmir could one call back to a houseman as one is leaving home for all day, "we will have guests for dinner tonight at nine o'clock," and return to find everything in perfect order, fresh flowers everywhere, the table set in holiday attire, and a course dinner perfectly planned?

Many of the Kashmiris are fine looking, the women especially having beautiful eyes and quite regular features. Like other native states of the Indian empire, Kashmir has an English resident, or advisory official, and through him more sanitary ways of living are gradually being introduced into the country. There is an excellent mission hospital and a zenana hospital, as the name implies, for women, and a school conducted by an English clergyman is doing wonders among the youth of the country.

Foreigners Like Kashmir.

The foreign element in Srinagar increases yearly. From the terrible heat of the Punjab come English army peo-



Men Needleworkers of Kashmir.

ple, seeking the cool air and health of the hills, and these bring with them the influence of English manners and customs, and, better still, of English fair play. There is not in all Srinagar a merchant who does not rely wholeheartedly on the honor of the English Sahib.

Shopping is a quaint pastime in this City of the Sun. As one strolls along the Bund, eager merchants press their wares. Mohamad Jhan assures you that not in all Srinagar—no, not even at Ali Jhan's, his rival—can you procure such embroideries, such fine pashmina, such beautiful designs. Will not the Lady Sahib buy?

Or, as the small shikara of a merchant is rowed alongside your boat, deftly timed to find you at home, he eagerly spreads his wares. He is insistent that you see his treasures. "Only looking, Lady Sahib. Not buying, only looking." The foxy merchant well knows his goods are tempting. He is sure that some time you will buy.

The native industries of Kashmir, alas, have cheapened and some have almost died out entirely. No longer, for instance, can one procure the very finest shawls, such as made the name of Kashmir, famed throughout the world. One can get good shawls, soft and fine, but the exquisite, old-time shawls are hardly to be found outside of museums.

Pashmina is one of the loveliest products of the land. It is a soft cream-colored woolen cloth, made from the fine under-hair of the Tibetan goat. The finer weaves are incredibly soft and the shawlmaker, hopeful for your order, will show you how a length of it can be drawn through a finger ring.

A much heavier woolen cloth, something akin to Scottish homespun, is called puttoo, and the better weaves make splendid outing clothes.

Queen and Parliament in Ancient St. Kilda's

Two strange things about St. Kilda, which has been abandoned by its inhabitants, were that it had a queen and a parliament of its own. The first "queen of St. Kilda" was a woman from the mainland who went there as a domestic servant to the minister many years ago. She was the only person on the island, except the minister, who could speak English, and being a well-educated and intelligent woman, the St. Kildans thought a great deal of her. Partly in jest they gave her a royal title; and when she died tragically in a boating accident, the title passed to her daughter, and then to the prettiest girl or woman on the island. The parliament, as it was called, met every day in the open air to decide the work that was to be done, whether fowling or work on the land. Sometimes disputes were settled by drawing lots, but the business of the "house" was conducted in a friendly spirit.

MAY BE ANTIDOTE FOR DEADLY GAS

A San Francisco man who attempted suicide by the inhalation of carbon monoxide gas from the exhaust of his automobile in a closed garage and was for half an hour "out of this life," as the doctors solemnly asserted, was almost literally snatched from the grave by injections of methylene blue, administered by his physician in an experimental test of the efficacy of that chemical.

It had been conjectured by chemists that methylene blue might be an antidote for poisonous gas, though its common use is for coloring fabrics. The idea of employing a synthetic dyestuff as a medical agent was scoffed at by some physicians, but in the San Francisco case it worked out, and the effect produced is regarded as something of a scientific wonder.

Carbon monoxide gas poison is produced by burning carbon-containing fuels in a chamber in which there is a deficiency of air. It exerts its extremely dangerous action on the body by displacing its oxygen content, thus removing it from its combination with haemoglobin, which forms the solid coloring of red blood corpuscles, and destroying bodily tissue. Formerly the treatment of monoxide poisoning was by artificial respiration, the administration of pure oxygen and the stimulation of circulation. But in cases where a person has been under the influence of the gas for as much as thirty minutes' treatment of the latter kind usually has been of no avail.—Los Angeles Times.

Washing Woolens

To be safe, test new woolens for color fastness before washing, by squeezing a sample or inconspicuous portion in lukewarm water for five minutes or so.

For the washing, briefly: make rich, lukewarm or cool suds with mild, neutral soap flakes. Put in the garment and wash quickly, by gently forcing the suds through and through the material. Never allow colored woolens to soak, even for a few minutes, nor to remain rolled up, or in a heap while wet.

Rinse the garment thoroughly in lukewarm or cool water. Squeeze out the water, or put it through a wringer, adjusted loosely. Don't twist. It is helpful, where practical, to roll woolen garments in a dry turkish towel to absorb the excess moisture. Then ease into shape and dry at moderate temperature.

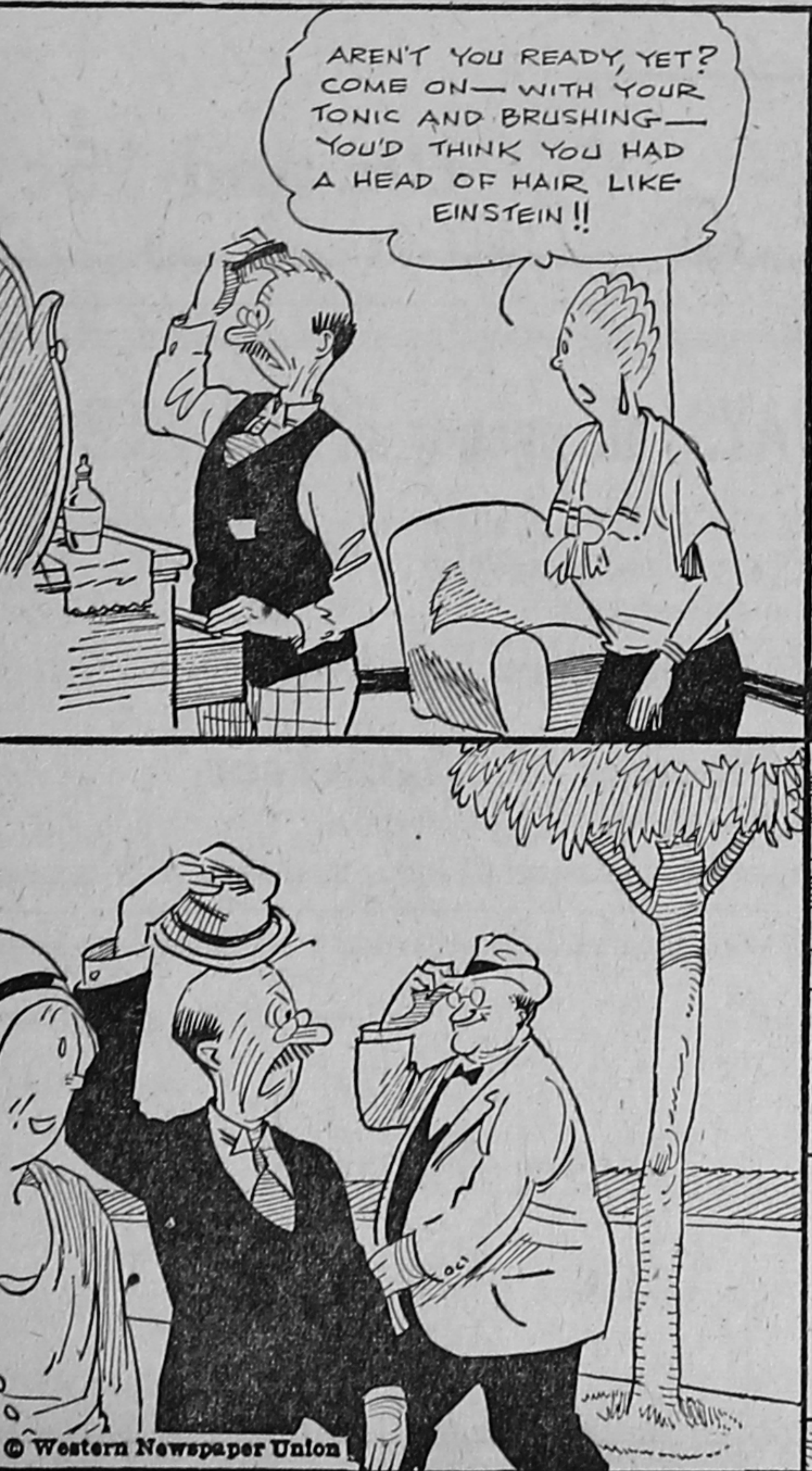
FINNEY OF THE FORCE



Law in the Lead



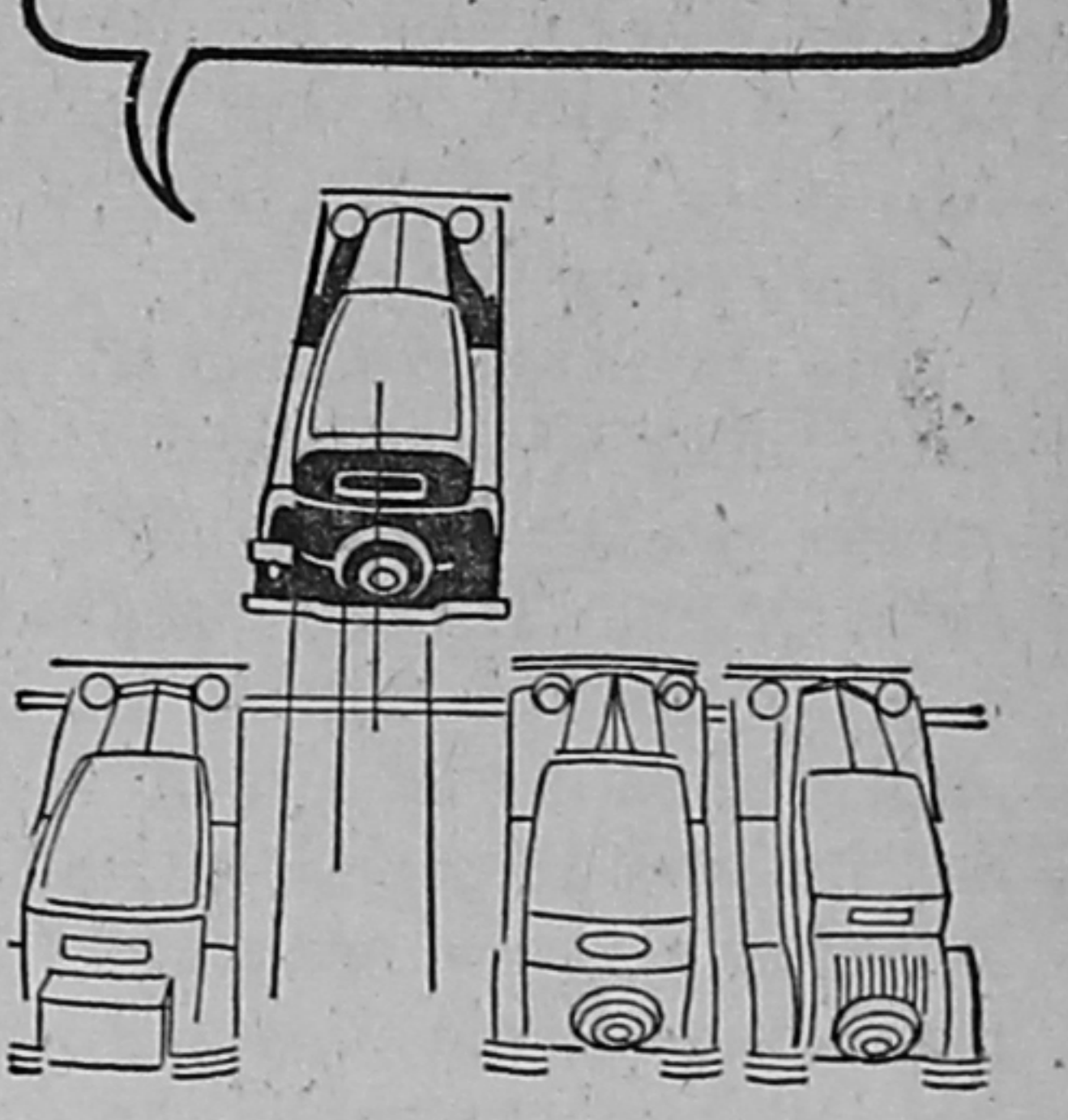
THE FEATHERHEADS



Hair Raising Stuff



BOY! WHAT A GETAWAY



Watch how the big new Dodge "Six" shoots ahead in traffic its always in front and gets you there quicker

It's fun to drive a car that's so far ahead of others—in performance, style, beauty!... And it's more fun to own it—when you know how little more it costs than the lowest-priced cars!... See it—drive it—and thrill!

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Broadlands News

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Presidential Luck

That whether Presidents are esteemed successes or failures is largely a matter of luck or circumstance, is illustrated in a recent article by former Congressman Collier of Mississippi, now a member of the Tariff Commission.

Mr. Collier entered Congress with the advent of the Taft administration in 1909. Being a Southern Democrat, he was not especially enthusiastic about President Taft, but he has the candor to say a good word for that distinguished but unfortunate executive. He says:

"Few of our presidents by training, environment and experience were better equipped for chief magistrate than Taft. He had been secretary of war, governor general of the Philippines and a federal judge. The failure of his administration was brought about through no fault of President Taft. It was inevitable, and was the result of circumstances too powerful for any one man to circumvent. Unfortunately it began at a time when the country was still suffering from the panic of 1907.

Different circumstances attended the administration of the late President Coolidge, who was privileged to serve during a period of unusual prosperity, and who enjoyed unusual popularity as a result. But President Hoover came into office just as the boom balloon was about to burst, and he was blamed for the depression which neither he nor any other executive on earth could have prevented.

Now President Roosevelt has taken office with economic conditions at the lowest ebb in many years. If these conditions improve greatly during his administration, as everyone hopes and believes they will, he will be hailed as a great president. If his policies do not work out well he will be condemned by the public and his administration will be considered a failure.

It is a great honor to be President of the United States at any time, but it is infinitely more comfortable to be President when the country is prosperous.

What's New

A new Swedish method makes it possible to extract about sixty pounds of sugar from 100 pounds of wood.

Milk is being shipped from the northern parts of Europe to tropical India frozen into blocks by a quick process invented by a Russian.

A sailboat of fabricated iron plates, welded together, is being built, with the idea of producing a boat proof against the boring attacks of shipworms.

An Australian inventor has designed an appliance which instantly detects and marks on a chart any sudden depression in a railroad track while the train is passing over it.

Lodge Monday Night

Broadlands Lodge A. F. & A. M. will meet in regular stated meeting next Monday night, at 7:30 o'clock. A good attendance is desired.

J. Mark Moore, W. M.,
Carl B. Dicks, Sec.

News Items of 13 Years Ago

The following items are taken from an issue of the Broadlands News of Sept. 3, 1920:

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bostwick.

Miss Lillie McCormick accepted a position at the local telephone office.

Wm. Messman and daughters, Dora and Wilma, attended a Farm Bureau picnic near Sidney.

Mrs. Hilma Hobbs and baby of Indianapolis were visiting relatives here.

Miss Pearl Clester returned home after a visit with Dave Owens and family at Jamaica.

Miss Lillie Rayl attended teachers' institute at the county seat.

About 85 persons attended the U. B. Sunday School picnic at Crystal Lake park.

Orville Reed was carrying his arm in a sling as a result of being kicked while cranking a Ford.

G. L. Parsons and family moved to Villa Grove where Mr. Parsons had taken a job as city mail carrier.

Sidelights

Disregarding all warnings against December-May marriages Dr. Albert Shaw, 75, editor of the Review of Reviews, and one of America's most distinguished publicists, recently married his 22-year-old secretary, Miss Virginia McCall. Dr. Shaw's first wife died in 1931.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen has taken up her duties as minister to Denmark, being the first American woman to hold such a post. Her job should be a pleasant one, as there is nothing rotten in Denmark at present, so far as we know, and that country of contented cows owes Uncle Sam no war debt.

How's this for a war debt hangover? In 1861 the town of Exeter, R. I., borrowed \$9,150 given as bounty money to soldiers sent to the front, and the principal is still unpaid. The town has done better than some of our late allies, however. It has paid the interest promptly, a total amount of more than \$25,000 to date.

Authorities of Subotista, Jugoslavia, have exceeded in ingenuity our American tax inventors. In that city each street sign and door plate is taxed \$16 a year, with the result that there are few of either left. Only the largest of establishments have signs, and doctors, lawyers and other professional men are harder to locate than an American speakeasy.

Turkey's new anti-foreign employment law permits only native janitors, gardeners, milk-waiters, grocers, chauffeurs, doctors, lawyers, chemists and musicians to pursue their vocations in that country. Several American jazz bands will be affected by the law which goes into effect June 16. Just why jazz players are classified as musicians is not quite clear.

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.

Burglar Alarm

By ALICE DUANE

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THE bareheaded young man who stopped before the Barkley Jones house did not look undernourished or weak. He was tall and thin. He glanced at the front door, then at a slip of paper in his hand. Then he rather stealthily made his way from the front of the house to the back door.

He asked the maid who answered his rapping if there was something to be done about the place. "Just anything," he said rather pathetically. "Just anything you can give me to do." Annie, the maid, gave one look into his gray eyes and decided that, if she had to pay him out of her own pocket, he would have work for the afternoon.

"Sure," she said. "Just sit down on the steps and I'll ask." She was a pretty girl, and the man smiled at her thankfully. Her eyes filled with tears as she turned away from him. She hurried off to her mistress.

This lady, overplump, over-endowed with this world's goods, sat idly before the living room fire. "I must say, Elsie," she said irritably to a young girl who was playing solitaire, "that you're about as unpleasant a guest as I can imagine. Why can't you suggest something to do."

"Oh," said the girl contritely, "I'm awfully sorry, Aunt Bess, but I came to visit you just to get away from seeing people, especially men. I just love to sit here safely—"

"It's safe enough," snorted Aunt Bess—otherwise Mrs. Barkley Jones. "But I'm bored." Then catching sight of Annie at the door, "Well, now what?" she added crossly.

Annie told her story. "A poor young feller," she said, "As nice looking as you please. And he doesn't look as if he'd eaten for a week. Just anything he'll do, he says."

"Oh, well!" Mrs. Jones considered. "Why, of course. You couldn't turn him away. Tell him he can clean the cellar. And make him some coffee and sandwiches, if you want. You might bring us a trayful, too, Annie!"

"I wish," Elsie thought, "that I hadn't been such a fool. But it was his fault, too. He was too brutal to leave me without a chance of explanation. I wish I'd sent him that letter. It would be better to have him know I haven't a speck of pride than not to have him at all."

In the cellar the young man—"My name's Pete," he told Annie—was looking in troubled perplexity at the neat tray the maid had just brought him. A small pot of coffee, cream and sugar, a pile of bread and butter, sliced chicken and ham and swiss cheese.

"More food," he thought. "What'll I do with it? I can't hurt the girl's feelings. Oh, well," he thought, "I might as well try it."

Then, fortified by his lunch, he began to clean up the cellar.

It wasn't until he was almost through that Annie was frightened. Then she realized what he probably was—a burglar.

Annie couldn't stand keeping her suspicions to herself. "Here," she said, "you empty these trash baskets into the barrel there." And she went upstairs, carefully locking the door at the top of the kitchen side, so that the man couldn't follow her.

She burst in upon Mrs. Jones and Elsie.

"Oh, Mrs. Jones," she cried. "It's my fault, I suppose—but that young feller down there—he's been asking me questions, and I'm afraid I've told him a lot about the house and the family! Such a nice young man he seemed, too, at first. But he's a burglar!" And Annie began to cry.

Aunt Bess subsided into a state of semi-hysteria. It was the last straw, she thought, as she watched Elsie trying to quiet the weeping Annie.

"But he can't be a burglar, Aunt Bess," said Elsie reasonably. "He was too obvious, pumping Annie like that. I'll go and see." And she started cellarward, the shaken and still fearful Annie close behind her.

In the cellar, when Elsie got there, bending over the trash barrel with a rapid and ecstatic expression, was the young man.

"Why, Peter Wales!" cried Elsie.

"How on earth did you get here?" "Motored over this morning. Found out at your house where you'd gone. I knew you wouldn't see me, so I tried this way of getting in with some old clothes." He smiled at the bewildered Annie. Then he walked over to Elsie and took her firmly in his arms. "Now listen to me, Elsie," he said. "We'll have no more fooling. You'll marry me—now. As soon as we can get a license. You and I both made a mistake with our silly quarrel."

"Oh, Peter," said Elsie—"I can't! But how did you know?"

"Here!" Peter held her with one arm. He spread the other hand in front of her. She took from it a crumpled, torn scrap of paper. "I saw this in the rubbish—it must have come from your trash basket, a piece of a letter you'd written to me, and then torn up when you decided not to send it."

With shining eyes and flushed cheeks Elsie read, in her own handwriting:—"a silly mistake. Oh, Peter, I can't live without you."

Annie gazed in unnoticed fascination as Peter pressed his lips to Elsie's. Aunt Bess waited, in chill and shuddering fear, for news of the burglar.



Justice for All— Favor for None!

Not a politician but one of Illinois' able, outstanding lawyers, LOTT HERRICK will play no favorites if elected justice of the Supreme Court June 5. His simple pledge to YOU is "justice for ALL, special privilege to none." Honest, courageous, a tireless worker in the prime of life and physical fitness, LOTT HERRICK is your man.

FOR

Supreme Judge

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James Gleason

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Loaded to the roof with wild adventure, mystery and sinister intrigue.

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The Actress Incognito

By H. IRVING KING

THERE was a touch of the theatrical about her as she passed with her swinging gait down the lobby of the hotel. Just a touch, not a loud pronouncement. It was a hotel on a Florida beach; a moderate-priced, retiring, restful sort of place, just suited to its patrons who came year after year.

Of course, every year there were a few new faces. This season the new faces were those of Rosalie Maltravers and Charles Burdick. Rosalie was the girl with the theatrical touch about her and Charles was the young man who sat watching her intently as she strode through the hotel lobby.

It was whispered that she was a celebrated actress down there Incognito, just for rest.

As for Charles Burdick his manner and clothes were so perfect that it had been decided that he was a young man of "wealth and fashion."

On the third evening after the arrival of the perfectly equipped and perfectly mannered Mr. Burdick, he and the celebrated actress Incognito sat on the veranda of the hotel looking out over the moonlit waters.

"Somehow, do you know, Miss Maltravers," said Charles, "your face seems familiar to me. Now where could I have seen you before?"

Rosalie gave a little gasp and replied, "Oh dear. It's no use for me to try and hide away—and just rest. People will recognize me. I may as well admit that I am merely an actress, seeking quiet retirement in this delightful and obscure place to recover from the nervous strain caused by my exacting work."

"Acting must be hard work," replied Charles. "No wonder so many actors and actresses suffer from nervous breakdowns. May I go so far as to ask your stage name?"

"Ah," laughed Rosalie, "that I may not—or will not—tell you. It would be all over the hotel in half an hour and I should have no peace. And may I add that you yourself, Mr. Burdick, appear to be somewhat of a mystery according to the gossip of the hotel? Tell me your real name."

"Really," replied Charles, "I must have my secrets as well as yourself. I, too, seek peace and not publicity."

After that Charles and Rosalie were together so much that everybody at the resort considered the affair as settled. The millionaire was going to marry the actress. Wasn't it delightful?

Never, never had the guests at the little hotel enjoyed their sojourn there so much. They wrote off reams of letters to their friends in the North about it. The lovmaking of Rosalie and Charles progressed rapidly, but after that first talk of theirs they let the mystery of their real identities stand as it was—as if there was no mystery. Or was it that all other mysteries were swallowed up in the mystery of love? Sometimes Rosalie would have a moody spell; sit silent, evidently thinking deeply and letting Charles do all the talking.

One evening as they sat in the hotel garden, the moon shining on the sea and a gentle wind waving the Spanish mass upon the live oak trees, Rosalie after one of these fits of meditation said, "Charles, I am almost tempted to tell you my real name."

"You need not, dearest," replied Charles, "unless you want to. It makes no difference. It is you that I care about. You are all the world to me. You know it. Now, then, will you marry me?"

Rosalie turned her head aside and said softly, "What would your wealthy family say to your marrying an actress? In some quarters there is still prejudice against the stage, you know."

"Nonsense," answered Charles, "that sort of thing vanished long ago. Again I ask, will you marry me?"

"When I have told you who I am, if you still want me, I will," said she.

"Don't bother," replied Charles. "I know who you are. You are that demure little stenographer who works for Hayden and Blankford in the Magathum building and are down here taking a vacation, the first in years. I have often seen you in the elevator, or passed you in the hall, but you never would look at me until I chanced to run across you here."

"You horrid thing," sobbed Rosalie. "Why didn't you tell me, you knew me at once and not let me make a fool of myself posing as an actress. But you needn't think yourself so smart. You are that young lawyer who has an office on the top floor and I have known you all along. But I didn't imagine that you knew me. And, oh, I always did so long to be an actress."

"You are a perfect actress, darling," replied Charles soothingly, "but, as you remarked when we first met down here, good acting is a great strain on the nervous system. What say, Miss Ruth Mathews—shall we go back to New York and get married? Business is pretty good with me; you won't have to work any more."

Of course, Ruth, alias Rosalie, eventually said yes. But at the same time she told Charles that she doubted if she ever could really forgive him for the way he had deceived her in Florida.

Holiday Manners

By JANE OSBORN

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TOM MASON had worked and prospered in the big city for seven years. He considered himself as much a New Yorker as any of his associates and was thoroughly acclimated save in one respect. He couldn't endure to travel in the subway because, in order to get into the trains at all during rush hours, he had to push his way ahead of girls and women. Rather than yield a single point of his code of chivalry, he had stood one night for a half hour gallantly stepping back for every woman who came crowding near him to board a train.

Finally he had hurried away in disgust and had traveled an hour by surface car to his destination. For years now he had had a small bachelor's apartment within easy walking distance of his office and, never having married, he consoled himself that at least he didn't have to use the subway. Men who married apparently found more spacious apartments up-town or in Brooklyn or joined the army of commuters to New Jersey or Long Island, where the crowds at closing time were just as bad.

Then came a Wednesday afternoon before a holiday. By taking a six o'clock train south he could make a connection with another train that, sometime around dawn the next day, would bring him to the out-of-the-way village nestling among southern hills which, faithful to old traditions, he called home. If he missed that six o'clock train he couldn't hope to get home for the holiday dinner.

Tom was delayed on important business in his office, took a taxi for the five blocks to his Washington square apartment to get his suitcase and found that the only way he could hope to catch his train from the Grand Central station was via the hated subway. And even then there would be little time to spare.

Crowds, hordes of people, were pouring into the subway station. With a firm grip on his suitcase, Tom forged forward with the horde. A girl headed for the gates seemed to stand between him and his chance of getting the train and Tom rushed rudely by her—so rudely that as he did so he heard a little gasp and a surprised "Of all things!" There was something in the softness of the voice—just a suggestion of a drawl—that set his conscience pricking. It was as if his own mother had gently reproved him. Tom looked back, saw the girl clearly and saw that at another entrance of the same train she was bravely trying to gain admission. She, too, carried a suitcase.

The satisfaction of having caught the train was marred by Tom's continued self-reproof. Then, looking up as a porter escorted a passenger to the section just opposite his, he saw a face that was familiar and heard a voice saying "Thank you," to the porter, that it seemed to him he had heard a hundred times before.

For just a minute Tom racked his brain and then he knew it was the girl he had jostled in the subway. Tom knew that she recognized him. Now at least she could see that he had had to catch a train, but then so had she and he had very nearly prevented her from doing so.

"I don't believe you recognized me," she said, catching up to him in the vestibule of the train on the way to the diner. "You're Tom Mason—and I'm Caroline Dare. I used to spend my summers in Hastings when I was a little girl and you used to be home from college. Once you took me out in your car. I was only about ten and I don't believe I'd ever had such a good time."

So Tom asked for the privilege of taking Caroline to dinner—an invitation which she accepted. Caroline was working in the city—just for a lark—and now she was going back for a four days' holiday to join her family. She hadn't been there for ever so long, but it was the place in all the world that seemed most like home to her.

"People from that part of the country," she explained to Tom, "always seem so much more considerate and well bred than the people you meet in the cities."

Tom told Caroline how delighted he was that they might go on their journey together and made her promise that she would do a bit of exploring around the mountain slopes near Hastings with him during their vacation.

"I'd know you were from Hastings anywhere I met you," she said, with a mixture of shyness and temerity that Tom found delightful. "Do you know, while I was hurrying to catch this train a man almost knocked me down, and he never stopped to beg my pardon—just rushed on to catch his train. Couldn't imagine a man from Hastings doing a little thing like that, could you?"

"Did you have a chance to see what he looked like?" asked Tom eagerly.

"No, I was too much confused trying not to lose my balance. Why?"

"Because a man that treats a lady like that deserves a reproof. I'd count it a privilege if I might give it to him for you. Personally, I seldom use the subways. When I marry I suppose I'll have to—every one goes up town or to Brooklyn, unless they commute."

"I'd much prefer one of the reclaimed old residential sections downtown," said Caroline. And because of that remark Tom Mason told his wife a few months later about the time he had almost knocked her over in the subway.

Long View News

Mrs. Ruth Boyd and children of Chicago were here to attend the commencement exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kracht spent Friday with the former's parents at Sidney.

Mr. and Mrs. John Betts of Gary, Ind., spent Sunday with relatives here.

L. C. Freesh and family of Newman spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Driver.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Claybaugh were Sunday guests in the Merton Parks home.

Mrs. Alice Hanley is spending the week in the J. D. Dyar home.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Russell of Kirksville, Mo., were week-end guests in the H. H. Hedrick home.

J. S. Davis of Clinton, Ind., a former instructor in the L. V. H. S., and Miss Mildred Crawford of Covington, spent the week-end here.

Mrs. J. F. Turner and daughter, Dorothy, and Miss Phyllis Bergfield motored to Findlay on Saturday to take Mrs. Zella Cole and Mrs. Harley House to their homes.

Guests in the home of Mrs. Elfe Driver, Sunday, included Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Butts and E. R. Skilnik of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Everett Green of Mayview.

Your Attention

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

- The Sugar Bowl.
- Lott R. Herrick.
- Crystal Corporation.
- Turners.
- Dr. R. W. Swickard, dentist.
- Illinois Theatre.
- Harold O. Anderson.
- Urbana Park Board.
- Messman & Astell.
- Dicks Bros.
- L. W. Donley.
- Janesville Film Service.

Back With The Milk

First Eskimo Wife—Does your husband stay out late during the winter nights?

Second Eskimo Wife—Late! Why, last night he didn't get home till half past January.

Down With It!

Street Orator—We must get rid of radicalism, Socialism, Bolshevism, Communism and Anarchism.

Voice from the Crowd—And while we're about it, why not throw in rheumatism?

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Southbound	1:55 p. m.
Northbound	3:38 p. m.
Star Mail Routes	
Southbound	7:15 a. m.
Northbound	8:30 a. m.

Plants For Sale

Cabbage, tomato, pimento, sweet potato and mango plants. Howard S. Clem.

Water Spotted

If you should accidentally spill water on the leaves of a book, put the leaf between two blotters and press with a warm iron on one side and then on the other. It will prevent the leaf from wrinkling.

Windows Were Treasures

When Edward I brought back his bride from Spain, his father, Henry III, was so delighted that he made the youthful couple a present of a house furnished with glazed windows, which was heralded throughout merry England as a wonderful gift. Those who later had windows regarded them as treasures and the story is told that in the reign of Elizabeth, the Duke of Northumberland, on leaving his estate, was warned by his steward that he had better order the windows taken out of his house and stored in safe-keeping until his return.

Villa Grove Farmer Plays Hunch Profitably

Villa Grove, May 29.—Chester Lough wouldn't husk his corn last Fall. Not for 11 cents a bushel, he wouldn't.

He let the crop stand in the field, 80 acres of it, all Winter. Today, he arranged to sell it at 35c a bushel!

Lough plans to husk the corn this week.

Is your subscription paid?

The Sugar Bowl
LONGVIEW ILLINOIS
Free Ice Cream To Every Person on Saturday, Evening, June 3
GENE SULLIVAN
Free Out-Door Movies Starting Saturday Night.

Urbana's \$100,000 OUT-DOOR SWIMMING POOL
Opens Saturday, June 3rd
Accommodations for 2,000 bathers. Water is 15 inches to 11 feet deep. It is changed and purified every 30 hours. Two to five life guards on duty all the time. Pool is open daily 2:00 P. M. to 10:00 P. M. Powerful floodlights turn night into day. Water to be regularly inspected by State Board of Health at Springfield.

Admission	Towels Furnished	Bathing Suits
15c	Free	For Rent

This wonderful pool is located in Crystal Lake Park, the finest picnic grounds in Eastern Illinois. Completely equipped playgrounds for kiddies. Boating, pure drinking water and shade. NO ADMISSION CHARGE. Plan a picnic today.

Urbana Park Board Urbana, Illinois.

Illinois Theater---Newman, Ill.
Saturday and Sunday
June 3 and 4

The Devil Is Driving
with
Edmund Lowe Wynne Gibson
James Gleason

What was the mystery of the Metropolitan Garage? Whose screams sent police cars racing to its penthouse?
Loaded to the roof with wild adventure, mystery and sinister intrigue.

WITH A TWO PART COMEDY
Admission - - - - 10c and 15c

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

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

A Texas paper tells of a citizen who "was found dead, hanging by his neck, which had been tied around his throat." He must have been built on the general lines of a giraffe.

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.

Nearly four million Americans are unable to write. Anyway, they don't have to explain their fool letters to a jury or an investigating committee.

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