

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

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Vacation Bible School Now In Session

The Vacation Bible School opened on Monday, June 5th. The daily program is as follows: Worship, 9 a. m.; story, 9:30; handwork, 10:00; supervised play, 10:20; music, 10:45; dramatization, 11:00; reassembly, 11:20; dismissal, 11:30. The theme of this school is "Finding Good in all People." The motto is "Be Good and True to One Another and Thy Reward Will Be Great." On Monday, Rev. Turner gave a talk on "Truthfulness." Tuesday, Rev. Hendrix gave a talk on "Finding Good in all People." The Kindergarten and Primary rooms are making booklets. The Juniors and Intermediates are making string and pot holders in their handwork hour. One of the most interesting periods in the school is music. The Juniors and Intermediates sing "pep" songs with Mrs. Haeefe as director. Although we do not have the enrollment of last year our school has an average of 47. The kindergarten has the largest number of pupils. One week of school is gone but we still invite you to attend. Visitors are welcome. Aileen Jackson, Reporter.

Fair Visitors See 500 Elaborate Exhibits on Admission Ticket Alone

The thousands of visitors who thronged into the grounds of Chicago's 1933 World's Fair—A Century of Progress—last Saturday found a startling, colorful realm of new wonders in science and invention—eighty-two miles of exhibits in more than 500 elaborate displays. They saw all this without spending another penny other than the gate admission price of fifty cents. Should a visitor wish to inspect every detail of the magnificent display which tells the story of a century's progress in art, science and industry, he should be prepared to spend at least three weeks on the Exposition grounds. And every minute of that time could be used with profit in the many buildings stretching along three miles of Lake Michigan shore. The exhibits range from a tiny drop of water to a reproduction of an entire countryside and community; they come from the north and south poles and almost every country under the sun.

Leland Reed Celebrates Fifth Birthday With Party

Mrs. Mamie Reed entertained at her home on Monday afternoon nine boys and girls in honor of her son, Leland, the occasion being his fifth birthday anniversary. Refreshments of angel food cake decorated with five small candles, and ice cream were served. Guests present were Reba Jean Lee, Bobby and Betty Jackson, Wanda and John Paul Rayl, Donald and Harold Elliott, Loren and Garnet Comer, and Leland Reed. Many motorists seem to think that warning signs at railroad crossings are intended for the locomotive engineer.

Mrs. Norman Seider Is Given Shower

Misses Mabel and Vera Bahlow and Wilma Messman entertained at a miscellaneous shower for Mrs. Norman Seider, recent bride, at the home of the Misses Bahlow on Wednesday afternoon. There were seventy-five guests present and the bride received many lovely gifts. Refreshments consisting of ice cream, angel food cake, burnt sugar cake, and punch were served. The following program was carried out during the afternoon: A one-act play, "Doings of the Seiders," written and read by Miss Wilma Messman. Piano duet—Misses Marcelle Nohren and Edna Schumacher. Reading—Miss Anne Harden. Vocal duet—Misses Mabel Bahlow and Wilma Messman.

Broadlands Lodge Elects Officers Monday Night

Broadlands Lodge No. 791, A. F. & A. M., held the annual election of officers in the Masonic Temple, last Monday night. Officers named for the ensuing year are as follows: Worshipful Master—J. F. Darnall. Senior Warden—O. P. Witt. Junior Warden—John A. Bruhn. Treasurer—Geo. H. Cook. Secretary—Carl B. Dicks. The appointive officers haven't as yet been selected. Installation will be held Monday night, June 19.

A Greater State Fair

Director of Agriculture, Walter W. McLaughlin, says: "Plans for the 1933 Illinois State Fair to be held Aug. 19-26, are well underway. It is apparent, even at this early date, that this year the Illinois State Fair again should be the greatest in its history. From the proceeds of licensed racing, and without drawing upon funds derived from property taxes, the 1933 Illinois State Fair will offer \$130,000 in premiums. That amount is greater than any other state supported or state sponsored agricultural fair will distribute this year, and, in itself, is sufficient guaranty of the Illinois Fair's continued leadership, if other improvements had not been made by the new officials. While adhering strictly to Gov. Henry Horner's economy program, and thereby reducing expenditures by a considerable amount, the management feels that it will offer a better balanced fair than ever before. The entire premium list has been revised; inequalities among classes added to give our own farmers more opportunities to win awards and for the third time, we shall present the National Swine Show and its instructive exhibits; also the Second Annual Hereford Exposition."

Ted Crain Painfully Injured

Ted Crain suffered a painful injury at the Oscar Witt farm last Saturday evening when he fell off a rotary hoe, one of the prongs having pierced his leg. Dr. Dicks dressed the wound and Ted is recovering nicely.

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

Othol Hardyman Writes From Jefferson Barracks

Mr. and Mrs. Oren Hardyman received the following letter from their son, Othol, of Jefferson Barracks, Mo., who recently joined the reforestation army: Dear Folks—I am O. K. and I hope that this letter finds you the same. I got another shot yesterday and as yet it hasn't hurt me yet. My vaccination didn't take and I'm only supposed to get one more shot but one of the men in the doctor's office told me that I would have to take two more. I sure hope I don't for I want to leave when the company does. I don't know whether that will keep me from it or not. I think our tent today is the sick tent for there is four in our tent that is sick. Three of them is sick from their shot yesterday and one of them has poison ivy. As yet I haven't got it yet. Enos is sick today also and he's not in my tent now for they put all of the same squad in the same tent. Also Walter is O. K. Him and I just got through doing the biggest part of our washing and I don't suppose we will get the rest done until tomorrow. And that will be the only time I will have. The other nite Walter, Enos and I and another guy went to the Amusement Park out in the suburbs of St. Louis and we sure did have some time. They have got anything out there that a guy is looking for and we didn't get in until late. We can go out almost every nite that we want to as long as we behave.

Today for dinner we had one pickle, beans, potato salad, two kinds of meat, one onion, bread and butter, grape juice and a piece of cake. So I guess we won't starve.

There are six cots in the tent and we are close to the river, and we can hear the steam boats whistle and once in a while we can see one of them. The mosquitoes are thick and they are really big. We have two sticks in the shape of a cross on each end of the cot and over that we have mosquito nets. We sleep under the nets for we would get the heck bit out of us. In the day time it is hot here and about midnite on you almost freeze your can off. And when it rains here it really rains and we have little ditches dug around our tent so the water won't wash our tent away.

There sure has been lots of boys deserting this company for they don't like this way of living. But so far I can't see anything wrong with it. Oh, once in a while they don't give you enough to eat and usually the next meal they make up for it. For breakfast we have fried potatoes, scramble eggs and breakfast food which is cornflakes, puffed rice or oatmeal, and bread and butter and coffee, so you see a guy hadn't ought to.

Just a few minutes ago the sergeant called us out and give us a little speech and say boy, was he hard boiled. He gave us orders and what I mean they were orders. He also asked for volunteers in the kitchen. I would of went but I don't want to work tomorrow for it is Sunday. I don't know when we will leave here.

Othol.

The Evangelical Young People's League presented the comedy, "Short Thirty-Six," at Sidney on Thursday evening.

Herrick Wins Seat State Supreme Court

Armstrong, McDavid, McLaughlin Elected Circuit Judges In 6th Dist.

Following the preference expressed by the State of Illinois at large in the judicial election, last Monday, the Third District elected a Democrat, Lott R. Herrick, well-known Farmer City attorney, to a seat in the State Supreme court by a margin of some 30,000 votes over his Republican opponent, Judge James S. Baldwin of Decatur. Democrats also were elected Circuit Judges in the Sixth District. John H. Armstrong, of Champaign, Horace McDavid, of Decatur, and Joseph L. McLaughlin, of Sullivan, defeated the Republican candidates, Wamsley, Leonard and Redmon.

The vote in Ayers township for judge of the supreme court gave Herrick (D) 66 votes, and Baldwin (R) 65.

For circuit judges, Leonard (R) Wamsley (R), and Redmon (R), were given pluralities over Armstrong (D), McLaughlin (D), and McDavid (D), the six candidates ranking in that order in the township.

The vote on Repeal of the 18th Amendment in Ayers township was: For, 77. Against, 50.

With Chicago voting 10 to 1 in favor of ratification of the 21st Amendment repealing the 18th Amendment, the total vote over the state showed a decisive margin of victory for repeal.

Blue Caps Trim Brocton, 8 to 3

The Broadlands Blue Caps won their fifth straight game of the season, last Sunday, when they defeated the Brocton nine in a 5-inning game, 8 to 3, on the local field.

One of the Brocton players suffered a broken nose when hit by a foul ball during the 1st half of the 5th.

Al Luth and Alfred Seider now lead the season's scoring with six runs each.

Box Score:

Blue Caps—	AB	R	H
A. Luth, lf.....	3	2	2
Seider, 3b.....	3	1	2
Struck, rf.....	3	0	0
Rohl, 1b.....	3	2	2
Logan, cf.....	1	1	1
W. Luth, cf.....	2	1	0
Mohr, 2b.....	3	0	1
V. Luth, p.....	3	0	2
Smith, ss.....	2	0	0
A. Klautsch, c.....	2	1	0

Next game with the Broadlands Blues on the local diamond on June 11th.

John Nohren Given Birthday Surprise

John Nohren was pleasantly surprised last Sunday when a number of relatives and friends gathered at his home to remind him of his birthday.

Those present were Ed Nohren and family, Mrs. Pearl Edens, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, Otis Rayl and family, Louis Stuebe and family, Bert Boyd and family, Mrs. Minnie Boyd, Mrs. Allie Struck and daughter Miss Etta, Mr. and Mrs. Will Messman and daughter Miss Wilma.

Virgil Reed and family of Champaign spent the week-end here with relatives.

Allerton State Bank Entertains Depositors

Allerton, Ill., June 5.—The Allerton State Bank was host to its depositors Friday night in the school gymnasium. There were about three hundred present. The busy season kept several of the farmers at home. Ralph Allen was toastmaster. The singing was led by F. A. Dicks. An address of welcome was made by W. H. Morris and a pleasing program was presented. Refreshments of chicken sandwiches, ice cream, cake and coffee were served. After adjourning from the gym the orchestra and a throng went to the I. O. O. F. hall for a dance.

Market Report

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

No. 3 white shelled corn.....	35c
No. 3 yellow corn.....	33c
No. 2 white oats.....	20c
No. 2 soy beans.....	62c

Local and Personal

Miss Florence Schumacher was home from Urbana over Sunday.

Glen Doney and family visited relatives at Oakwood, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Walker were Champaign visitors on Wednesday.

Clarence Kilian and family spent Sunday at the August Wiese home near Brocton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frick entertained friends from Tremont, Sunday.

Clark Henson and family, and Mrs. Lucy Sullivan were Champaign visitors, Saturday.

Gilbert Buckles and family of Decatur visited J. W. Gallion and family, Sunday.

Mrs. D. P. Brewer spent the past few days with relatives in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland, and Mrs. Leanna Miller were Urbana visitors, Monday.

Clark Henson and family visited relatives at Murdock, Sunday evening.

Merle Jackson and Don Richard left Sunday for Jefferson Barracks, Mo., having joined the reforestation army.

Rev. and Mrs. Theo. M. Haeefe returned Saturday from a visit with their parents at St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Harris moved from the Laverick property to the Gilbert property last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith at Fairland.

Mrs. John Blossie and daughter of Danville spent the past week at the August Zantow home.

Mrs. Kenneth Dicks and children, Mrs. Hugo Dewitt and children visited at the Charles Logan home near Philo, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook and Ray Eckerty attended the World's Fair in Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Miller and children of Gibson City were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bahlow.

Mrs. Henry Kilian Jr., entertained the Royal Guards' Class of St. John's Ev. Church at the church basement Tuesday evening.

Bert Seeds and family, Cleo Seeds and family attended the funeral of Mrs. Bert Seeds' father, Wm. Watson, at Sidney on Sunday afternoon.

John, Wilma and Warren Richard were Arcola visitors last Friday evening, where Warren sang at a young people's meeting held in the Presbyterian church.

Mrs. Kate Michener of Independence, Kan., and Mrs. Fannie Miller of Chicago returned to their homes Tuesday after a few days visit with Mrs. Yuba Catlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson, Mrs. T. A. Dicks, Mrs. Carl Dicks and Miss Margaret Gore attended a political meeting at Champaign last Friday night.

Miss Wilma Messman and Mrs. Norman Seider returned from Charleston, Thursday of last week, where they have been attending Illinois State Teachers College.

Roy Hobbs and family of Covington, Ind., spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Dicks. Little Barbara Jo Hobbs who had been visiting here accompanied them home.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook had as week end guests, Lynden Hornbrook of Petersburg, Ind., Robert Hornbrook of Phoenix, Ariz., and Ray Eckerty of Brockport, N. Y.

Henry Schumacher and family, Emil Schumacher and family, Rev. and Mrs. Theo. M. Haeefe were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. August Wiese visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kilian over Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Wiese plan to move to their new home in Broadlands next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Highsmith and daughter of Mt. Vernon spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Laverick. Their son, Roy, who has been attending the U. of I. accompanied them home.

Mrs. John M. Smith entertained about 40 guests at her home on Thursday afternoon of last week at a shower for her neighbor, Mrs. Murray. Refreshments consisted of ice cream, cake and punch.

"The Campline Murders," a thrilling new novel by Whitman Chambers about a crafty criminal on a college campus starts in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next Sunday's Chicago Herald And Examiner.

Rooms to rent for World's Fair in private home in Blue Island. Thirty minutes rail transportation direct to Fair. Rates \$1 a day. For information and reservations write to Mrs. Norman Westfield, 12017 Artesian Ave., Blue Island, Ill.

This Week

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

- Good News, Two Sources
- A Little Lady Came
- Hope Versus Memory
- Gold Standard Gone

Information that indicates a depression "fadeout" comes from friends in Dayton and Detroit, by wire.

From Dayton James W. Irwin wires that one branch of General Motors has orders for June that will exceed the total of any 30-day period in the company's history. E. G. Blechler, president and general manager, gives out the figures.

Most important, 10,000 men, greatest number since 1929, are working full time in the company's two Dayton plants, and the new manufacturing is to fill orders, not to create stock. H. G. Mook of Walter Chrysler's organization telegraphs from Detroit that his plant has broken its records for production and employment, turning out 39,000 cars during the month of May. This means that Walter Chrysler continues to be a person of considerable energy.

A press agent of superior horsepower introduced into the senatorial investigation room in Washington a tiny lady midget in need of conspicuous advertising.

Senator Fletcher objected violently, and naturally, saying that no press agent should "make a circus" of solemn senatorial proceedings.

Mr. Morgan took the little lady on his lap, smiled, and they were photographed.

An observer of human nature, Mr. L. J. H., remarks, "Hope is stronger than memory."

Some now gambling gaily, whose memory is weaker than their hope, will wish, later, perhaps, that it was the other way around.

Republicans joined Democrats in a vote, 283 to 57, in favor of the theory that this country can get along without the gold standard. We have some billions of gold in the treasury, so that we are not quite "off the gold basis." No other country has as much, and if some sloppy, sentimental congressional or other authority does not hand over our gold to Europe we shall keep that "gold rabbit's foot" to prove our "gold respectability."

At least 122,000,000 out of 123,000,000 Americans have got along without gold thus far. Our kind of dollar will buy anything for sale in the United States, and that ought to be a good enough dollar with or without gold behind it.

Gandhi the sincere ends his 21-day fast weighing 80 pounds. The western world cannot understand what good it does India's millions of "untouchables" to have an old man risk death by starvation, but Gandhi and the "untouchables" know.

Mr. Voliva, prophet of Zion, Ill., not discouraged by a receivership, says he has increased the city's assets from \$3 cents to \$10,000,000. Mr. Voliva is the man who investigated for himself, and can prove the world is not round, in case you are interested.

Wall Street will be amazed at the statement that assets of \$3 cents could be increased to \$10,000,000. They would be less surprised to learn from the Washington investigation, for instance, about \$10,000,000 of watered stock reduced to an actual value of \$3 cents.

Lord Derby's horse, Hyperion, at odds of 6 to 1, won the one hundred and fiftieth English derby. A fine old English family is that of Lord Derby. His ancestor, the fourteenth earl of Derby, did the British empire a good turn when he helped to make the brilliant young Jew, Disraeli, prime minister of England.

New Jersey's "nature colony," practicing "nature healing," believing in nudism (going naked), although it does not practice that, says its members hope "to live for centuries," not merely for 100 years.

Their rules include "no meat, no soap, no romance." Under such conditions, why live for centuries?

Giant turtles of the Galapagos islands, with similar rules, live hundreds of years. But what of it!

Roosevelt the First used to shake his big stick violently, and invented the term, "malefactors of great wealth." But the job of disturbing the malefactors was left, apparently, to Roosevelt the Second. What will Roosevelt the Third do, twenty or thirty years hence? Perhaps supply us with our Mussolini.

British and French newspapers unite in attacks on the United States because Uncle Sam has abandoned the gold standard without asking permission. England had done the same thing, but what England does is one thing, what the United States does is another.

Three were killed in the Indianapolis 500-mile automobile race. Lewis Meyer, one of two that ever won the race twice, finished first, averaging 104.162 miles per hour. On a straight-away course a much higher speed would have been attained, but even so, assuming that speed development is important, because it improves ordinary cars, this country of great engineers should do better.

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News Review of Current Events the World Over

American Delegation on Way to London Economic Conference—Brookhart Becomes "Agricultural Ambassador" to Russia—Morgan Inquiry Proceeds.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

SIX delegates and nineteen experts are on their way to London to represent the United States in the international economic conference from which so much is expected in the way of finding a path out of the world depression. Secretary of State Cordell Hull heads the delegation and his associates as announced by the White House are: James M. Cox, vice chairman, former governor and Democratic Presidential candidate in 1920; Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, Democrat; Senator James Couzens of Michigan, Republican; Representative Samuel D. Reynolds of Tennessee, Democrat, and Ralph W. Morrison of Texas, retired banker. Chief of the experts are William C. Bullitt, executive officer; James P. Warburg, financial adviser; Fred K. Nielsen, legal adviser, and Herbert Feis, chief technical adviser, under whom will serve several members of the "brain trust."

Of all the delegates the one consistent conservative is Congressman Reynolds. He is chairman of the house committee on foreign relations and his influence is expected to be potent in the deliberations of the delegation. Senator Couzens, the one Republican member, has frequently lined up with the more radical Republicans and Democrats in congress.

The administration, according to Assistant Secretary of State Raymond Moley, has considerably modified its expectations of what the conference will accomplish, and now realizes that the prospects are definitely limited and do not include a lowering of tariffs or an immediate permanent stabilization of currencies. Secretary Hull is said to be the only one of the administration leaders who still advances the urgent necessity of a drastic international agreement to lower tariffs and trade barriers.

Mr. Moley included only the following among the solutions which probably would be obtained at the conference: An agreement on monetary policy through action of central banks supplemented by an agreement among governments to synchronize policies of internal public expenditure. An agreement on progressive removal of restrictions on exchange. The international wheat conference moved from Geneva to London and there the representatives of the United States, Argentina, Australia and Canada continued their discussions. If they agree upon any plan for curtailing wheat acreage it will be submitted to the economic conference for approval.

GREAT BRITAIN, France, Italy and the other nations that owe war debts to the United States failed in their effort to have the debts included in the agenda for the economic conference, but their delegates enter the conference with the cancellation or drastic reduction of the debts their chief aim. The Roosevelt administration insists that the war debts, however important they may be, were not a major cause of the depression and are not a major remedy. Consequently the parleys in London are almost certain to develop into a great battle of diplomacy.

President Roosevelt has flatly denied that he intends to negotiate new settlements of the war debts without recourse to congress. This was made necessary by dispatches from Washington published in London, saying Mr. Roosevelt had offered to accept from Britain \$10,000,000 as part payment of the \$75,900,000 due June 15. It seemed fairly certain that the British government would make this payment in full. This will be easier than before because of the devaluation of the dollar. Britain can either pay in paper dollars, which cost about 2 per cent less to buy than gold dollars, or in American securities, which can be bought with paper dollars at a discount and turned in at par.

CHAMPIONS of the gold standard in both the house and the senate had little chance as the administration forces, pushed through the Fletcher-Steagall resolution for the abrogation of the gold clause in all governmental and private contracts, both present and future. The measure, asked by the President to legalize action already taken, was first passed by the house by a vote of 283 to 57. Twenty-eight Republicans and all five of the Farmer-Laborites joined with the Democrats in favor of the resolution. Representative Luce of Massachusetts, who led the small minority, denounced the measure as a breach of faith on the part of the government; but Chairman Steagall of the banking committee said it was essential for the recovery of national prosperity.

INVESTIGATION of the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. was resumed by the senate banking com-

mittee, and a new list of important persons who had received bargains in stocks was produced. Ferdinand Pecora, the committee's counsel, was persistent in his probing, but was compelled to tell the senators, in executive session, what evidence he proposed to introduce and what he expected to prove by it, and to convince them of the propriety of his purpose. Senator Glass was still determined that Pecora should not bring out matter outside the committee's jurisdiction or irrelevant to the inquiry. Mr. Glass said he had received a number of anonymous threats by mail and what he termed "blackguard telegrams" because of his stand.

Though William H. Woodin's name was on one of the Morgan lists of "preferred" customers before he became secretary of the treasury and hence demands for his resignation were made by various men in public life, Mr. Woodin declared he had not resigned. His statement left no doubt that he would be willing to quit his office if his presence there in any way hindered the return of prosperity, but it also was interpreted to mean that Mr. Roosevelt wished him to hold on, at least for the present. More serious, perhaps, is the case of Norman H. Davis, the very active "ambassador at large" in Europe, who also was on a Morgan list. Representative George H. Tinkham of Massachusetts has demanded a congressional investigation of the financial dealings Mr. Davis may have had with international banking and business interests.

Asserting that Mr. Davis has spoken at Geneva in "repudiation of the traditional American foreign policy," Mr. Tinkham said that a congressional committee should also investigate Mr. Davis' connection with "disloyal and seditious American organizations and foundations in the United States."

SMITH WILDMAN BROOKHART, former senator from Iowa, has a new job. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace has appointed him "agricultural ambassador" to Soviet Russia, and has instructed him to explore the opportunities for disposing of American surpluses of cotton and live stock in that country. In effect, this means the opening of trade negotiations with a government that is not recognized by Washington, but Brookhart says his connection with the question of diplomatic relations, though he hopes recognition will result from his efforts to effect a thriving trade between the two countries.

The Iowan has been given the title of "special adviser to the agricultural administration" and serves under Administrator George N. Peek.

"I've done a lot of work already," he said. "I have gone into the matter with people here, including the Soviet representative, Boris Skvirsky. He's a pretty fine fellow and I've had several talks with him."

Mr. Skvirsky is not a trade representative of the Soviet, nor has he connection with the Amtorg corporation, organized by the Soviets to transact business in America. Mr. Skvirsky said that he is a representative of the Soviet foreign office.

GERMANY has refused to accept an unfavorable report of the League of Nations on her treatment of the Jews and virtually told the league that the affair is none of its business. The league council, however, referred juridical aspects of the issue to a committee of jurists with the understanding that the matter will have a complete airing.

WHEN President Roosevelt the other day selected Arthur E. Morgan, president of Antioch college at Yellow Springs, Ohio, as director of the vast Tennessee valley conservation project, there were many derogatory remarks about the appointment of just another professor for a big job. But the skeptical ones did not know about Morgan. Since 1902, when he was just out of high school, he has been active in engineering work and has planned and supervised construction of about seventy-five water control projects. These include the important reclamation work in St. Francis valley in Arkansas and the Miami conservation project at Dayton, Ohio. He was chief engineer in the Pueblo (Colo.) conservancy district; he drafted the revised drainage codes for Minnesota, Arkansas, Ohio, Mississippi, Colorado and New Mexico, and has been consulting engineer on drainage and flood control projects all over the nation. He is entirely familiar with conditions in the Tennessee valley.



Rep. S. D. Reynolds



S. W. Brookhart



Arthur E. Morgan

REVERTING to the matter of the gold standard, dispatches from Vienna tell of how, in the seventeenth congress of the International Chamber of Commerce, the United States was bitterly denounced by Charles Boissvain of Holland for what he called its "immoral" monetary course. He condemned the behavior of those nations which abandon the gold standard "although unquestionably in a position to maintain it." He condemned also what he described as the "repudiation" of the gold clause in contracts by the United States.

In the transportation section, Ira Campbell of New York defended United States shipping against what he termed an international attempt to rule it off the seas. American merchant marine cannot exist without subsidy, he said, and an international agreement to abolish subsidies would mean the abolition of American ships.

W. L. Runciman of Great Britain objected to his argument that the American marine is needed for national defense, asserting such argument is out of place in a commercial congress.

War debts also came up for discussion, W. H. Coates, British delegate, asserting that they must be settled before it would be possible to improve world economic conditions.

MILITARY representatives of Japan and China signed a formal armistice in the warfare in north China at Tangku, where the negotiations took place under the guns of Japanese naval craft. The truce provides for demilitarization of the area bounded by the great wall on the north, the Peiping-Mukden railway on the east and the Peiping-Suiyuan railway on the west; for dissolution of the Chinese volunteer corps in this area and for resumption of rail traffic between Peiping and Shanhai-kwan.

Just before the signing of the truce the banner of revolt against the Chinese Nationalist government was raised by Gen. Feng Yu-hsiang, usually alluded to as the "Christian general." Feng denounced Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, the dictator, as a traitor and announced himself as commander-in-chief of the "people's anti-Japanese army." He had been recruiting a large force at Kalgan and it was believed he was acting in close co-operation with the army of Canton, which was reported to be moving to the northward. In Tientsin it was thought that Feng must have been receiving large supplies of arms and ammunition from the Russians of Mongolia by the old caravan route from Urga.

The National government issued a declaration that the Tangku truce is entirely local and of a temporary nature. "It is not incompatible with the declared policy of continuing a sustained resistance and efforts for the recovery of lost territories," the statement said.

"It is absolutely impossible for the National government to agree to an ignominious surrender since the Manchurian issue is entirely outside the sphere of the local military truce with Peiping."

LANSING state penitentiary near Leavenworth, Kan., was the scene of a sensational escape of 11 convicts who were led by Wilbur Underhill, a lifer and one of the most desperate outlaws of the Southwest. During a baseball game Warden Prather and two guards were seized, used as shields and forced to accompany the fleeing convicts over the wall. Other guards were disarmed and the men got away in the car of the prison farm superintendent, keeping their prisoners with them as hostages until hours later, when they were released in Oklahoma. In their flight they commandeered two other cars and captured three women, who were set free near Pleasanton, Kans.

SIX bandits held up the State Exchange bank of Culver, Ind., and fled in an automobile with \$16,000. But the men of the town had been trained as vigilantes and, receiving word of the crime, they mobilized immediately under command of Captain Obenauf of the Culver Military academy and went into action. Result: All six bandits were captured, one of them being fatally wounded, and the loot was recovered.

ONE hundred thousand spectators saw Louis Meyer of California win the 500-mile automobile race at the Indianapolis speedway in record-breaking time. They also saw a series of fatal accidents that sadly marred the great spectacle. Three men were killed and three others were badly injured. Mark Billman of Indianapolis was crushed to death when he lost control of his car and it crashed into the retaining wall, and Elmer Lombard, his mechanic, was hurt. Later the car driven by Malcolm Fox of New Jersey lost a wheel and skidded into the middle of the track where it was smashed by the car of Lester Spangler of Los Angeles. Spangler and G. L. Jordan, his mechanic, lost their lives, and Bert Cook, Fox's mechanic, was injured.

In a test run the day before the big race William Denver and Robert Hurst lost their lives.

Meyer completed the run in 4 hours and 48 minutes, his average speed being 104.162 miles an hour. He won \$12,000 first prize money and \$1,150 in lap prizes.

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Howe About:

Martin Johnson Virtue Among Kings Railroads

By ED HOWE

ALTHOUGH born in a country town in Kansas, there is a famous and rich man named Martin Johnson. All he had to start with was a good deal of natural sense (as most people have), and good parents and neighbors to teach him the importance of politeness, fairness and industry.

Probably at first he was ambitious to fight Indians and hunt buffalo, but was soon able to understand that such adventures were no longer available. Happening on a book about Africa he determined to go there to take moving pictures of big game animals, capture them alive for sale to parks and museums, etc., and now lives in a palace in Nairobi, in South Africa. He has had wonderful adventures, met many famous people, and appeared before great audiences in every part of the world.

Anyone who denounces Martin Johnson because he is famous and a gentleman, or says he acquired his fortune by means not available to everybody, is a cad. Johnson's average decency has been a little above the average of those who denounce him because of his prosperity.

And I like his wife Osa, who is also from Kansas. I do not know either of them; have seen them only in their wonderful public performances and paid for the privilege.

Every one is writing now; even kings and business men are seeking such defense as print affords. There is lately available a book by the recently deposed king of Spain, although the actual work was done by a ghost writer. The title is "By Ways of Royalty," and the ghost writer, the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, is thoroughly familiar with his subject. It is the first intimate story of royalty I have ever read, and I wonder the book does not attract more attention. The intimate life of a king is as curious and strange to me as the intimate life of a Russian peasant, with his tea drinking, fleas, sheepskin clothing, and running away from wolves and fannies. The author, although a grand duke, writes surprisingly well; he believes democracy a false system, but is fair in dealing with it.

Having been a humble subject all my life, and gazed on rulers only from afar, I found many surprising statements in the book, and quote one for your amusement:

"No major country has ever gone bankrupt because of its king's mistresses, but the worst fate that ever befell a monarch befell the czar of Russia because of being ruled by a foolish wife."

The czar and Grand Duke Alexander were cousins; the grand duke knew the Russian royal family intimately and for many years. The author concludes kings as husbands average about as do draymen, dentists, clerks, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and other town men. He thinks it possible, however, that the average among farmers, as to outside love affairs, may be a little higher than it is among kings, owing to farmers being isolated on lonely creeks and prairies.

The moving picture people have about all the money now, but the radicals are not suggesting that they divide with the poor; that demand is made on manufacturers and other useful persons who haven't any.

One "movie" man in Hollywood lately authorized his press agent to broadcast the statement that his income from salary alone was half a million a year.

The class one railroads (meaning a group comprising all the best ones) last year lost more than a hundred and fifty million dollars, as against a profit of sixteen million in 1931. Throughout the year of this terrific deficit, the class one railroads gave employment to hundreds of thousands of men at the highest average wages paid in the world; yet there is not a community in the country, or a jury, that does not join the government and courts in efforts to further impoverish the railroads.

But how the "movies," of no use to anyone, prosper!

It is another exhibition of the American spirit, unintelligent and dishonest, that must be changed before the country can again get on its feet.

Nothing is ever settled. When I was a boy I heard quarreling which greatly disturbed those taking part. I have heard the same quarreling about the same subjects within an hour, now that I am in my eightieth year. If, after death, I am restored to consciousness I shall be surprised, but whether I land in the bosom of Abraham or in the clutches of the devil, I think I shall appreciate once knowing positively where I am at.

Everyone knows you are a weak creature; you will finally admit it yourself after reaching considerable age. I can offer no advice here except that everyone become as strong as possible. Emergencies are always coming up, and a little strength and sense will be found of great value in considering them.

It has actually been proposed that the government do something to prevent earthquakes; several congressmen have bills ready as soon as they begin campaigning again.

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SALT'S HIGH PLACE IN WORLD TRADE

Medium of Exchange Long Before Gold.

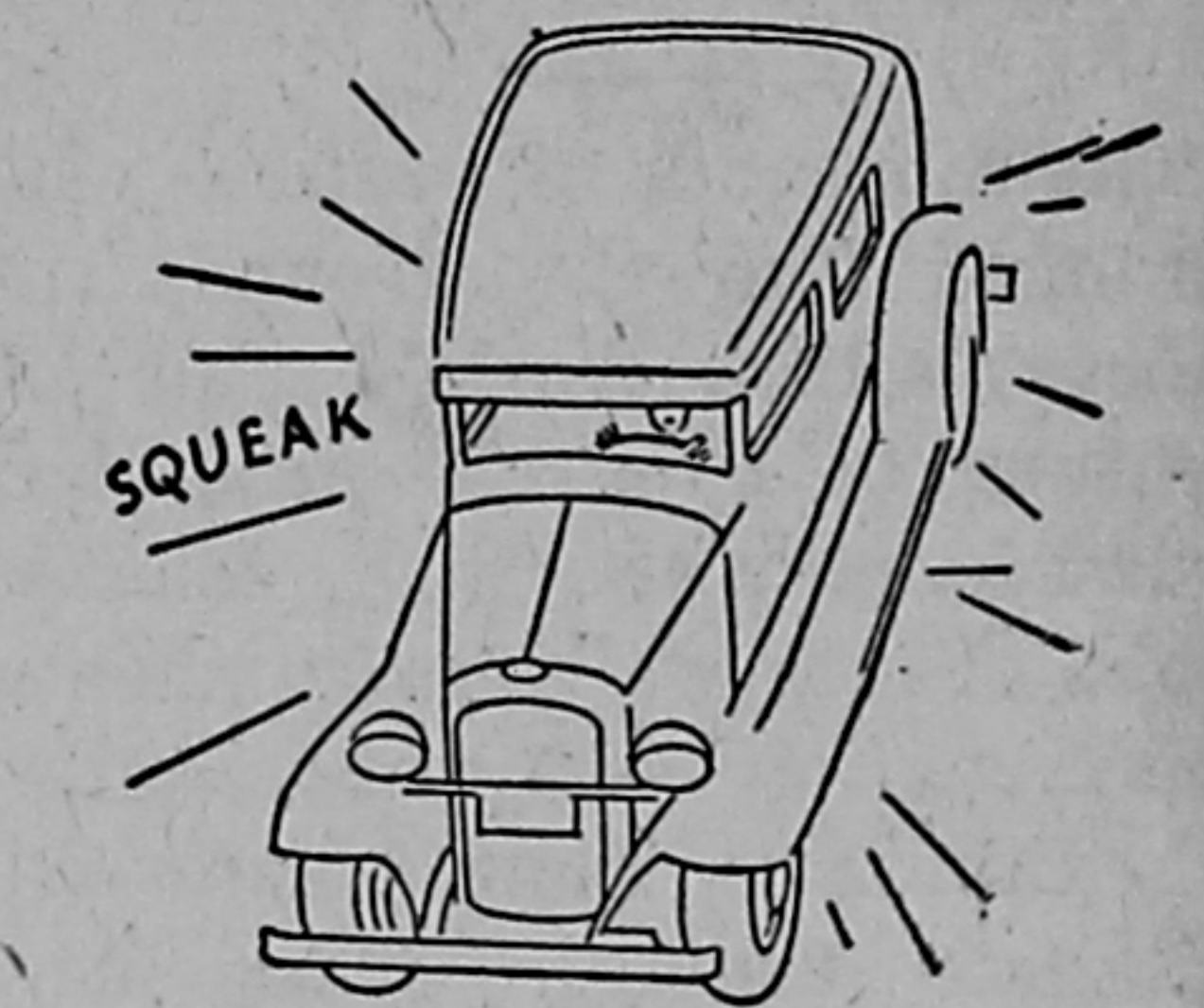
Less than a century ago a good buxom wife in the East Indies could be purchased for a handful of salt; many slaves which were brought to the United States from Africa were bought and paid for, not with gold, but salt, reports the Worcester Salt Institute in outlining the many interesting activities carried on by man in seeking to satisfy his need for salt, remarking that the salt standard in the history of commerce antedated the gold standard.

As a medium of exchange salt was widely used in many ancient countries. The Mogul conquerors of India made decrees thousands of years ago regulating the standard of salt that was used for money. In Asia and Africa cakes of salt were frequently employed as money. Up until comparatively recent times salt was used as a medium of exchange in the Shan markets in Indo-China.

Besides being used as money, salt in days gone by was a powerful developer of commerce. Being essential to life, and unavailable to tribes remote from the sea, from which the substance was obtained by evaporation, trade routes were early developed to provide the transportation of salt. For hundreds of years a caravan route was maintained between Palmyra and Syrian ports. Even today much of the caravan traffic in the Sahara is largely in this precious commodity. The oldest road in Italy is not the Appian way, but the "Via Salaria," the Salt road along which salt was anciently carried from the evaporating pits at Ostia to the Sabine territory.

Indeed, according to historians, the largest city in the world, London, was first founded because of the salt trade, continues the Worcester Salt Institute. During the earliest days of European history salt was sent from England to the continent. Cheshire and Worcestershire provided salt for Britain and Gaul, and the route for its transportation crossed the country in a southeasterly direction, crossing the Thames, then very shallow, at a ford where Westminster now stands. An inn was built to accommodate salt haulers when the river was too swollen to ford. From this humble beginning as a resting place for salt traders the great city of London resulted.

Nonentity
The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything.



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Slippers of Destiny

By JUNE WATSON

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WNU Service

RAYMOND found the package on his table when he went up to dress for the Flemmings' dance. He had thought that she would give up dancing, but this was a particular occasion, Billy Flemming having a birthday and his wife insisting on a real old-time party.

So Raymond had hied him to his favorite shoe shop and been fitted to dancing pumps, and the oblong box testified to their arrival at the last minute. Raymond dressed leisurely, and when he had finished he untied the oblong box and opened it.

There he stopped aghast. Instead of a pair of shiny patent leather pumps, he found nestling in the white tissue paper a tiny pair of high-heeled slippers, frivolous cloth of gold trifles that glistened in the light.

"Hang it all—of course I can't wear these," he told the world in a complaining tone. "Of all the absurd mistakes—well, Mrs. Billy, you can count one dancing man out." He put the little slippers away in his chiffonier, smiling at them as he did so. Some little fluffy thing might be sighing for those very slippers, but she could not help smiling at sight of his new and shining pumps when they reached her! "Not dancing?" asked Mrs. Billy, frowning at him.

He told her that, lacking dancing shoes, he had ordered them and been disappointed in their delivery.

"You are like poor Nellie Warren—she says she received an enormous pair of men's shoes instead of her own—she is wearing an old pair and is as cross as can be. Go find her and dance with her, fellow sufferers should console each other."

Raymond skirted the dancers and found a place comfortable for wall-flowers. He wondered which girl would prove to be Nellie Warren. He rather liked her name, simple and unassuming, but she would have been splendid in gold slippers if—

He fell to watching the dancing feet of the girls, noting the dainty footgear until his eyes were dazzled with the procession of silver and colored ones. Then he started, for tripping along in perfect time to Billy Flemming's ponderous feet, were a tiny pair of shabby gray slippers—they were emergency shoes, he knew, for they were worn with golden hued silk hose and a golden tissue frock.

The girl herself—he caught a glimpse of a dark, bewitching face, golden hued eyes, a flash of rose color in cheeks and lips, and she was gone. She might not be his Cinderella of the slippers, but she was undoubtedly a wonder-girl.

"Hello!" bellowed Flemming's voice beside him. "Do take care of Miss Warren—Raymond. Arch Raymond—you've heard of him. Nellie; can't dance tonight because he hasn't any shoes. I am called away to the phone—"

He drifted away into the crowd and Raymond smiled down at the wonder-girl whom Fate had set to him.

"Aren't you going to dance?" she asked as her little feet kept time to the alluring music.

He glanced down at his feet. "I might try—I'm a clumsy beggar at my best," he apologized.

"Such a pity," she said teasingly after awhile as they paused for breath; "if you only had the stunning pair of patent leather pumps that came to me instead of my own darling golden shoes—you couldn't dance a bit better than you do."

"Is that a compliment or otherwise?" "It isn't otherwise!" she laughed.

Later in the evening they had danced together so often that people were smiling indulgently at Arch Raymond. His appearance at a dance was a mark of signal triumph for his hostess, and that he should be worshipping at the shrine of penniless Nellie Warren was a social triumph for the girl.

They had supper together, and when the huge birthday cake was cut, it was Nellie Warren who found a ring in her slice. "I've had the most delightful time," she sighed as they said good night.

"I shall never forget it," he said gravely, "and perhaps, tomorrow you will let me come and bring Cinderella's slippers."

"You had them?" she gasped.

He nodded. "Mine went to you, and yours to me. If I had not seen you—" he stopped, for he was saying too much for a short acquaintance.

"I may come?" he asked instead.

"Of course—I am staying with the Flemmings."

So he went home—back to his rooms where the golden slippers were locked in his chiffonier. Suppose he did take them out of their wrappings and reverently kiss each bit of glistening gold—were they not the shoes of destiny—had not their owner danced her way into his heart? And she—had not their eyes met?

He put the shoes away, his young eyes dreaming.

He knew that love had come at last.

Misfortunes

Wrote Elizabeth, the poet-queen of Rumania: "Do not be proud of having borne your misfortune. Could you have done otherwise?" A very pertinent question. Inasmuch as we can in no way evade our misfortunes, there is no cause for pride in meeting them. But the spirit in which we meet them is in our own control. In that there may be cause for pride or for shame.

Fire! Thief!

By PEGGY STOKES

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WNU Service

IT WAS an absurd thing, the quarrel that made Marian decide not to marry Stewart Browneley. It wasn't that they didn't love each other. They did. But they were both a bit hot tempered, and when Stewart came out flatly and said he wouldn't allow Marian to work after she was married, they both said more than they really meant, and soon found themselves involved in a real quarrel.

Marian hadn't wanted to work, really. She had even told the principal of her school that she would resign at Christmas because she expected to be married early in January. But she had fought for the right of a woman to work outside her home and still be a good wife.

"And," Marian had ended up, after hot and unconsidered words on both sides, "I won't be a slave in your kitchen."

"I don't want a slave," said Stewart. "If I did I'd hire one. What I want is a decent wife—not a shouting, quarreling—"

So, before they knew it, they had broken their engagement. Within five minutes after they had parted each had realized the mistake—the absurdity of letting something trivial break what was so beautiful, so strong. And it wasn't just that. Their house was waiting for them.

Marian couldn't think of that house rented to strangers.

Half the time she abused herself for her stupidity. She realized that she and Stewart were unusually well suited—unusually likely to make a real success of their future together.

If anyone had kept track of what Marian did with her time, it might have seemed strange that she spent so many hours shut in her room sewing.

Marian never looked at the house, but turned her gaze to the other side of the street. Nevertheless she could feel the unfriendly and resentful attitude of the house that should, even now, have been filling with furniture and rugs, dishes and curtains, to make ready for her first homecoming.

That's what started Marian to sewing. Table and household linen lay all finished and marked in a trunk. She had done that work in summer vacation. But she had planned to make the curtains for the seventeen windows of the little house after she had had a chance to measure them—and now that most of her evenings were free, she could just as well spend them sewing as not—well, she decided to make the curtains anyway. Those staring windows were getting on her nerves.

She took the dotted net from her bureau and went to work.

Then, one moonless night, with a flash light in her pocket and a yardstick buttoned under her coat, she stole over to the little house, went up the front porch, measured a window.

When all the downstairs curtains were finished Marian faced the problem of the upstairs windows. Those on the side of the house were probably the same height as those downstairs, but those at the front and back, dormered over from the deeply sloping roof, were surely shorter. She's have to measure them.

That night, with her trusty flashlight and yardstick hidden away, she went to the dark little house. She would have liked a ladder, of course. But she hadn't lost her childhood ability to climb trees, and it wasn't long before she was stepping along the flat little strip of roof outside the back dormers.

It was rather spooky work up there in the dark, Marian thought. She peered into the darkened windows as she pulled at the yardstick under her coat. But—they weren't dark. A dull glow, flickering, now bright, now dim, showed through the half-opened door into the hall. The house was on fire!

Marian's only thought was to get inside and put out the blaze. It was her house that was burning—hers by every right. She couldn't bear to see it consumed or even damaged by flames. She must save it.

She tried frantically to open the windows. But they were securely locked. Then she tried her shoe. If she could only get in! She didn't remember, at the moment, that the water would not have been turned on and that a far more sensible course would have been to notify the fire department. And when she heard the glass crack under the heavy impact of her shoe heel she gave a little cry of joy. Then she screamed.

There was a loud sound of footsteps coming up the stairs, and in another minute one of the windows was pushed up. A man's head appeared and, "Stop, thief!" he cried.

"Fire!" shouted Marian.

And that's all there is to the story. The man crying thief, on hearing Marian's voice, had crawled through the window to the roof and taken her into his arms.

"Fire?" he echoed, as he pulled her into the empty house after him. "Yes—down in the living room—the fireplace, where I was trying to think things out, wondering how I could get on without you, Marian."

"Thief!" echoed Marian. "Never again, Stewart. If you'll take me back I'll never again try to steal anything that belongs to you or your little house, as I did when I left you, Stewart. Have you some candies? Let's go get the downstairs curtains and put them up."



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O-46

HERE'S HOW—WITH PINEAPPLE!



Another food innovation—the iced pineapple cup, made from crushed canned pineapple or tidbits—has been added to the housewife's list of cooling afternoon refreshments.

It made its appearance recently at winter resort beaches in the wake of announcements of nutritional studies which revealed canned pineapple as a valuable source of vitamins A, B and C and five essential minerals. In addition, it is being served as a breakfast

fruit and as an appetizer or dessert at dinners. Eaten regularly, the dietetic studies showed the fruit also aids digestion and in the prevention and correction of acidosis and nutritional anemia.

Teaching Hawaii about pineapple might seem like carrying coals to Newcastle. But after all, it took America to give the hula dance, the ukulele and the beach at Waikiki an international reputation.

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SUCH IS LIFE—Out of the Frying Pan—



By Charles Sughroe

NOT MUCH JOY IN BEING "BIG BOSS"

(Mrs. Walter Ferguson, in the New York World-Telegram.) A custom that never goes out of style is the habit of telling women in what their whole duty consists...

Kidnaping Is Mostly Work of Racketeers

"Amateurs" Usually Display a Lack of Skill.

New York.—A new light may have been thrown on kidnaping in the United States the other day when the police closed in on the men involved in the abduction of little Margaret McMath of Horwichport, Mass., and found, instead of a group of desperate gangsters, two Cape Cod merchants, says the New York Times.

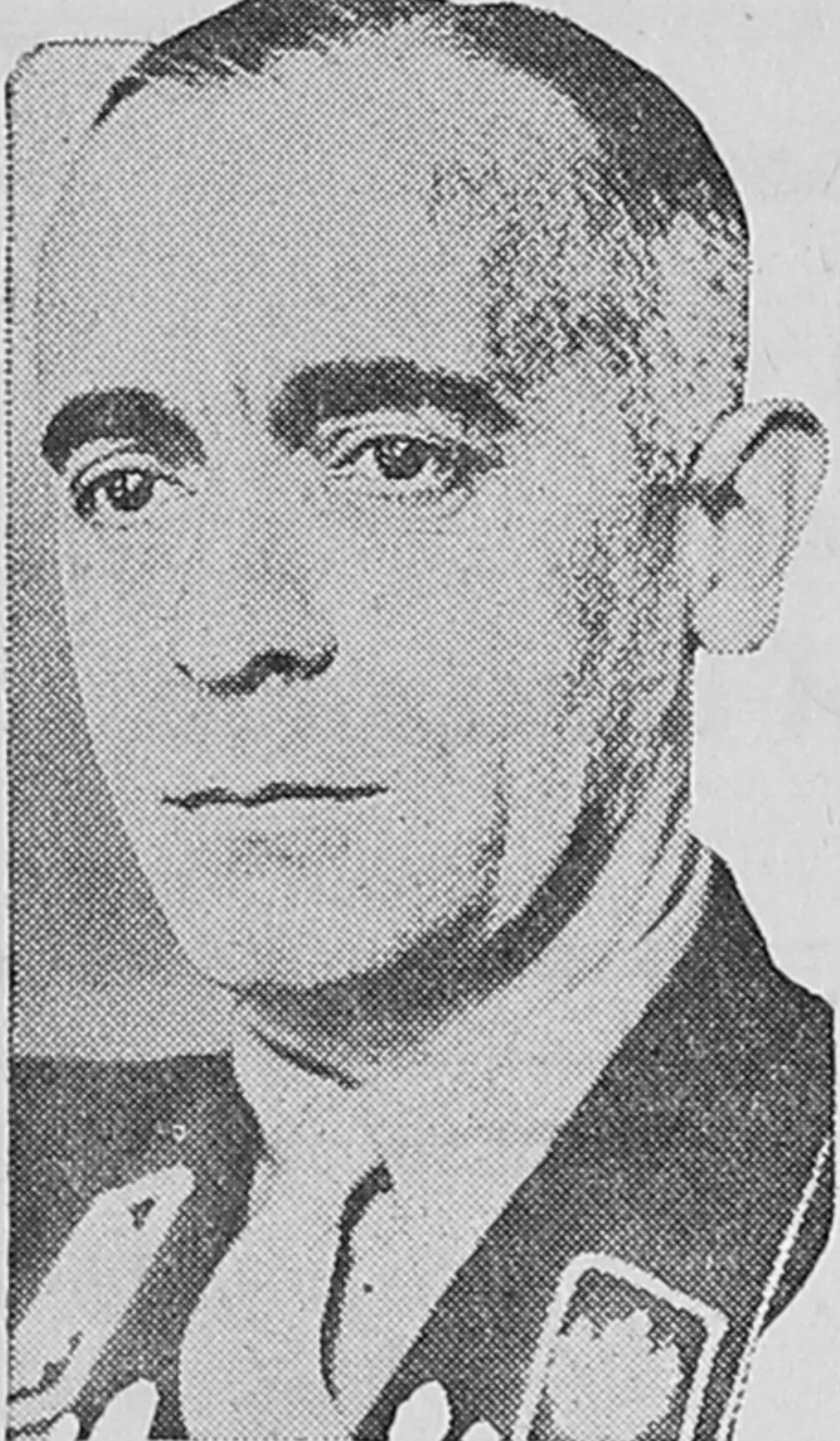
The fact that the Buck brothers were not gangsters does not disprove the frequently made assertion that there are organized bands in the United States who specialize in this particularly vicious and cowardly type of crime. There is plenty of evidence that kidnaping groups do exist. But the McMath case suggests that many kidnapings are attempted or carried out by men who may be described as amateurs.

Began With Racketeers.

The history of organized kidnaping, as investigators have pieced it together, is that it began with the abduction of racketeers, gangsters, gamblers and others not on good terms with the law by fellow denizens of the underworld. The victims in such cases were rarely in a position to appeal to the police.

So far as can be ascertained, and the theory is borne out by the records, organized kidnapers prefer to deal with adults, probably because a kidnaped adult can be bargained with directly and because popular indignation does not reach quite so high a pitch. When they invade the normal, law-

Olympics Manager



Capt. Hans von Tschammer-Osten, newly appointed German sport commissioner, who is in charge of Germany's arrangements for the 1936 Olympic games. Tschammer-Osten is a member of the reichstag and a prominent Nazi storm troop leader.

abiding world they deal in large figures. The kidnapers of Charles Rosenthal, a young New York broker, in August, 1931, asked for and got \$50,000 ransom. They also got, without asking, 60 years in prison when the four of them were captured and convicted.

Sixty thousand dollars is reported to have been paid for the release of Claude Boettcher, son of a wealthy Denver man, kidnaped last March. John Factor of Chicago, sometimes known as "Jake the Barber," is said to have paid \$100,000 for the release of his young son, Jerome, though it must be added that Factor refused to confirm this statement. One hundred thousand dollars was demanded of Michael H. Katz of Kansas City, \$150,000 of Dr. Isaac D. Kelly of St. Louis, \$75,000 of Mrs. Nell Donnelly of Kansas City, \$50,000 of Benjamin Bower, a Denver baker.

Risky Enterprise.

Nevertheless, kidnaping is a risky and uncertain enterprise, particularly since "Whiskers," as the United States government is said to be called in the underworld, entered the field in opposition. Until last year it was difficult for the federal officials to make a case against kidnapers, even when the United States mails had been used or victims had been carried across state lines. Two statutes, passed by congress in June and July, 1932, remedied this situation.

One of them imposes a maximum penalty of 20 years in prison and a fine of \$5,000 for the use of the mails to convey threats to injure, to kidnap, to accuse of crime, or to demand ransom or reward for the return of an abducted person. The second provides for cases in which a kidnaped person has been carried across a state, territorial or international boundary of the United States; the judge, on conviction, may impose any penalty up to life imprisonment. This is said to be the only federal statute in which such discretion is allowed.

Rats Show Cunning in Stealing Eggs

Monroe, La.—A barnyard mystery was cleared up here with the explanation of Mrs. C. H. Sutton, an authority on the cunning of rats.

Eggs had been missing from nests, and one farmer, while digging around his hen house, found several eggs, still intact, in rat holes.

The question arose as to how the rats could carry the eggs into a hole. Mrs. Sutton explained the rat system of nest robbing.

Two rats do the work. One lies flat on its back with its feet in the air while the other rat rolls the egg up on the stomach of the reclining rat, which holds the egg in that position with its four legs.

The other rat then takes the tail of the rat holding the egg and drags it into the hole.

HOW WE LIVE by LEONARD A. BARRETT

When archeologists uncover a library all other work ceases and every workman is instructed to assist in the task of recovering the treasures. Relics are always interesting, especially those which confirm our interpretation of history; but the most interesting discovery is a library because from that source we learn how people lived.



How people lived is the most important factor in evaluating history. It also determines the stability of governments, the value of art and literature, and the permanent influence of national character. Every well equipped library contained histories of the national development, struggle for supremacy and the final overthrow of the civilization of every race; but, when we ask what has been left to us from the ruin of these civilizations we are amazed to find how little we really possess. The splendid

Our New Treasurer



Informal portrait of W. A. Julian of Ohio, who has been appointed treasurer of the United States by President Roosevelt. Mr. Julian has long been Democratic national committeeman from Ohio and has rendered great services to his party.

civilization of the Roman empire lie in ruins. We do not know the names of their rich men and we care less. We are not deeply concerned about the material possessions of past nations, but the poetry of Virgil and the writings of Horace are among our priceless possessions. The same may be said of Greece. We possess nothing of the material conquests of her splendid civilization except ruins, but the literature of Socrates, Homer and Plato is imperishable. The literature of an age reveals the aspirations, ambitions, purposes and dreams of that age. It tells us how people hoped, struggled and lived.

Whatever may be said concerning the transition through which this nation is now passing, the fact remains that we are making history. Some future historian will write the story of our age, but to those who will read that story, the skyscrapers of our day will remain only as monsters of the markets of our time. Our material possessions will be studied not for their financial worth, but for the effect their changing values have had upon the stability of our national character and personality.

How we live determines the future of our democracy and shapes our destiny. The motives, ideals and ambitions governing our efforts to restore the economic order to normalcy are the most important factors in determining the permanency of that recovery.

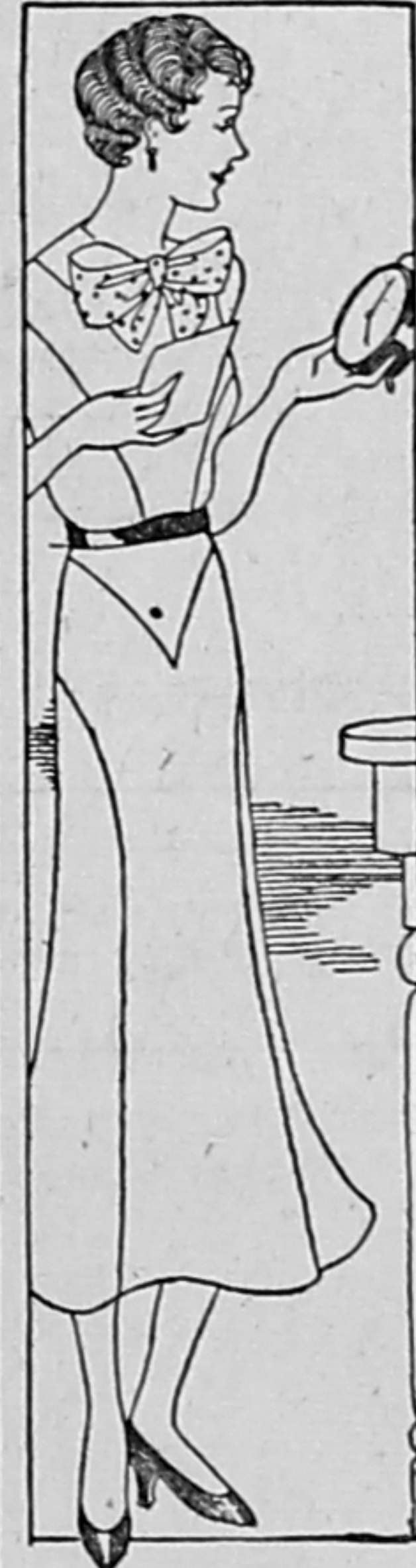
Bible 100 Years Old

Emerson, Ark.—A Bible more than one hundred years old is owned by H. L. Stephens. The oldest date recorded, according to Stephens, is the birth of Mrs. Jonathan Stephens, June 25, 1807.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

Routine is a stabilizing method to follow when one has many duties to perform, and especially when outside activities are entered into, or special work must be accomplished. In order to make the most of the working hours, a daily schedule is advised, since no two day's work follows the precise order throughout. This daily schedule is put to good use by one



woman of my acquaintance who has to combine household duties with remunerative occupation which can be done at home. Her schedule is as important as her engagement book in which dates and times are noted for social and other engagements.

The schedule is made the night before each week day. Hours and even minutes are definitely set down against each occupation, and the times stipulated when it is time for the next to begin. The amount of time required for the specific things is sufficiently allowed for, such as preparation of foods for meals, serving them and clearing up afterwards. For example, while meals are punctual, the time which is needed for the preparation and cooking of some foods is less than others. Therefore, the scheduled time for getting meals varies with menus. A certain flexibility results, and so each day has its agreeable variety without sacrificing efficiency.

Every homemaker appreciates the multiplicity of tasks which are included in her vocation, and that many of these tasks are continual although constantly different. For example sewing may consist in dressmaking or in darning, but it remains sewing. It needs to be pushed ahead, sometimes a little, sometimes a great deal, each day. But the idea of getting it finished definitely is not considered, any more than actually finishing any daily routine work. A dress is finished, a meal is through, but repetition in variety follows.

Sewing.

So in making a daily schedule a set time for sewing is included. The work progresses, within the limitations of the time scheduled. Then this work is stopped without expecting the completion of the job. The work is pushed ahead along the lines most needed and within the time scheduled. The rush of sewing is, in this way, eliminated. The woman knows she has a daily amount of

time for needlework, and accomplishment is made easy.

A time for rest is scheduled. This comes right after the midday meal. Then a period of relaxation for reading or napping gives the afternoon tasks new zest. A time for her own vocational work is so placed that her mind is fresh, as it must needs be as it is one of mental activity. Evenings are free. When anything comes up in the way of entertainment appointments, the schedule is arranged to permit of them.

One great advantage of this schedule system is that it prevents a person from getting diverted from doing the important things by frittering moments away in trivialities. It also keeps one keen to recognize what must be done, and to include time for it in the near future. By daily scheduling one's time routine is given its needed variety.

Bedroom Ensembles.

An ensemble of a hooked rug and a coverlet or quilt to match in design and colors is a smart appointment for a chamber, especially when the room is furnished in old-fashioned style. An equally distinctive ensemble results when the rug and coverlet are developed in quilted patchwork, which has all the appeal of quick work to modern homemakers.

The coverlet to go with the hooked rug can be in candlewick tufting in which the little tufts closely resemble those in the hooked work. Or the design on the rug can be developed in patchwork or the spread in the same colors found in the rug.

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Practical for Outdoors



A string guimpe which may be removed, and adjustable slide fasteners which permit the sports frock to be loosened for active sports make this a most practical outdoor costume.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

Advertisement for 'RICE ENTRANCE' featuring a car and text: 'RICE WAS BROUGHT TO THE U.S. BY A SEA CAPTAIN, RETURNING IN 1694 FROM MADAGASCAR. CLOSED WINDOWS FOR SPEED. TOP SPEED OF A CAR CAN BE INCREASED 3 MILES PER HOUR BY DRIVING WITH WINDOWS CLOSED. 4 ACRES FOR FOOD—1,900 POUNDS OF FOOD ARE EATEN IN A YEAR BY THE AVERAGE MAN. NEARLY FOUR ACRES ARE REQUIRED TO RAISE THIS FOOD.'

Three Great Characters in Medicine



As a main feature of the national hospital day celebration in Glendale, Calif., the physicians of that region staged a fine "pageant of medicine." Three of them impersonated great characters in the history of their profession, as shown above. Left to right are Dr. C. J. Sloan as Hippocrates, Father of Medicine; Dr. G. B. Kryder as the Indian Medicine Man, and Dr. R. N. Farnham as the Padre.

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

The May Day Mystery

By Octavus Roy Cohen

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SYNOPSIS

Antoinette Peyton, senior at the southern university of Marland, resents Paterson Thayer's attentions to Ivy Welch, seventeen-year-old coed, and there is a stormy scene, ending with bitter recriminations, the tension being increased by Max Vernon, another student, Tony Thayer's friend, reproaching Ivy for "breaking a date" with him, Thayer and Vernon threaten each other.

CHAPTER II

Larry Welch, Bachelor of Arts, Marland-1928, and candidate for a Master's degree, sat at his desk in Academic hall facing rows of empty benches. From the outside came the drone of a campus gone lazy, and Larry leaned back in his chair, half-closed his eyes, and gave himself over to the luxury of formless-but delicious-thoughts.

One more month and he'd have his Master's degree. One more month and his connection with Marland would be officially severed. Today of all days it came to Larry Welch most poignantly that he was sorry.

For five years his life had been lived on the Marland campus. Until the preceding June there had been showered upon him all the calcium glare that a great athlete and an outstanding student can receive in a small, intimate and prideful college.

He was not a large man. At no time had Larry ever weighed more than a hundred and sixty-five. A casual observer would have considered him well formed, but rather inclined to slenderness; never suspecting the powerful muscular development beneath his loose-fitting clothes; nor the superb synchronization of those muscles with a keen and alert brain.

Nor was he handsome in a classic sense. Like his sister, Ivy, he was intensely blond—rather Norse in type. His cheeks were pink and boyish; his eyes the blue of a spring sky.

Every person in college was Larry's friend, or wanted to be. The freshmen who took English from him this year adored him. Frankly, he considered himself a rather poor teacher and was delighted that his freshmen liked him so well that they studied reasonably hard and did not confront him with the horror of flunking anyone.

She shook her head and seated herself on one of the benches. "Sit next to me, Larry. I want to have you close when I talk—without the necessity of looking straight at you."

"Sweet suffering tomatoes! I never had that one pulled before." "I'm serious—I mean I want to talk seriously."

"Oh, shuh! Tony—this is no day for melancholy. Forget what's eating you and let's thrash it out tomorrow. What say? Let's grab my flivver and take the air for an hour. Lord knows no healthy person has the right to stay indoors on this sort of a day."

She pressed his hand. "Trying to snap me out of it, aren't you, Larry? Good scout! But it's no go. We're in for a talk—"

He settled himself beside her. "Fire when ready. But there's nothing in the world to justify such seriousness."

"Yes, there is. Plenty." "Convince me. If it's anything about this job they've offered me here—"

"It isn't, Larry. It isn't about you at all." "No-o. . . ." He glanced at her out of the corners of his eyes and felt a premonition of trouble.

This wasn't the Tony he knew. Usually she had a laugh on her lips; was ready with quick repartee . . . seemed to look upon life with a smile. But now the cameo face was set in lines which bordered on sternness: Larry received the impression that she was older than herself—a thing manifestly absurd. There was trouble reflected in those fine eyes. . . . Her first words, which came hesitatingly, bore out his fear.

"Something's wrong, Larry; awfully wrong. I've got to talk it out with you." He fell in with her mood. "All right, Tony. Let's have it. You

know dog-gone well if there's anything I can do—"

"I know. That's why I came to you. At any rate, it's one of the reasons." "And the other?"

"Because. . ." She hesitated, then took the plunge bravely. "Well, it's about Ivy."

He straightened. "My sister?" She nodded, and something in her manner caused a look of worry to dawn in his own eyes. Not even Tony quite fathomed the depth of affection which existed between Larry Welch and his sister.

"What about Ivy?" Tony turned in her seat until she faced Larry directly.

"I can talk straight, can't I?" "You know you can. As a matter of fact, I've never known you to do anything else. You've got me a trifle scared."

"I want to," she said simply. "Ivy's in trouble?"

"Yes. . . and no. That is, Larry, she isn't now—but she may be, unless something is done. I'm mixed up in it, too. You'll most likely hear from Ivy about it. . . and I thought I'd better come to you first."

He was more concerned about Tony than about his sister. "You're worried about Ivy?" he asked when she had finished.

"Yes." "Because Pat Thayer doesn't seem to be the right sort of fellow?"

"It's because I know he isn't." He shook his head and a slow, tolerant smile played about his lips.

"I'm afraid you're not fair to Thayer," he said. "We understand, of course, that ugly rumors followed him to Marland. But nothing was ever substantiated. Now listen, Tony: I'm going to be honest with you. I think you've gone off the deep end. We're friends and Ivy is my sister. You forget that she's a kid girl just like any one of a hundred other freshmen coeds.

Perhaps it's better that she picked a man like Pat Thayer for her first love affair. I reckon every girl has to go through that once—an infatuation for a man older than herself. I'll admit frankly that I don't know anything against him, and—"

"How has he been living since he came to Marland?" she questioned abruptly.

Larry frowned. "You mean the Max Vernon thing?"

"Exactly. It's common knowledge, Larry, that Thayer has bled Vernon of every cent he had. They've played cards for big money. . . . and Max has lost. Have you watched that kid in the past few months? Up to last fall you never saw him that he wasn't grinning. But now. . . he's older, and he's serious. Every one knows that he's broke."

"Isn't that Vernon's lookout? But you're accepting rumor as fact. We don't know that Pat has been trimming Vernon."

"Trimming? Stealing his money, you mean. Of course, we don't know it. But the whole college is pretty sure. And now he's gone out after Ivy. He seems to take a perverse delight in making Vernon miserable now that he's got his money. Max is crazy about Ivy."

"Sure he is. And he's a nice kid. But I've got no right to tell my sister whom she shall run with. She's got a good head on her shoulders, Tony; a darned good head. I'm fond of her and I think she likes me pretty well. But she wouldn't stand for it a minute if I chased after her telling her that she must and mustn't do. Now listen—"

He faced her once again and took one of her hands in his: "Something has run off with your nanny. You've magnified nothing into something terrible. . . . and you're all wrong. I don't hold any brief for Thayer, but I do say that until we know something we have no right to butt into his relationships with any girl on the campus—even if that girl is Ivy. Let's forget it, Tony."

She rose and walked to the window. Her figure was outlined in the brilliant sunlight and Larry Welch stared at her curiously. Here was a girl he didn't know at all; a girl gripped by a resentment which he could not understand.

Tony looked out across the campus. It was all so peaceful and quiet; the stage was so magnificently set for gentle romance untempered by grimness. And yet. . .

Oh! Larry was right not to understand. He was a generous person who had the faculty of looking at things through the other fellow's eyes. She knew that he didn't like Thayer. It was equally certain that Larry could not be incited to action by mere conjecture or rumor. Tony Peyton left the window suddenly and returned to Larry. She stood before him, slim and determined, and something in her manner caused him to rise from his seat. He waited for her to speak, his face grave. And when she did, her words startled him.

"Larry," she said in a voice little above a whisper, "you've often told me that you love me. Do you?" His face flamed and, impulsively, his arms went out toward her. . . . then dropped again.

"I love you, Tony." She looked up at him. There was no sign of color in her cheeks. "I will tell you something I have never said before, Larry. I love you. . . . No!" as he impulsively stepped close to her. "Don't touch me—please! Not now. I'm not finished."

"But you do love me. . . ." "Yes. I wonder that you haven't known it. I wonder that you haven't seen it in every look and word that has passed between us. You have; haven't you?"

OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

TRUTH TELLING

WHAT'S this I hear about your telling lies in school, John Thomas?"

"I'm not telling lies in school. When she asked me did I hand in my homework I said Yes. I knew I could have it on her desk by noon and I would have only had an extra assembly and that cut our study hour and so she said I told a lie. Maybe I did but it wasn't anything to make such a fuss about. I'll bet she tells more than I do if it comes down to it."

"Now, John Thomas, don't begin putting blame on other people because you're caught in the wrong. We have always taught you to tell the truth, haven't we?"

John Thomas mumbled something that might be taken for assent by one anxious to have it so.

"Then why don't you stick to our teaching? Why can't you be truthful about a little thing like homework?"

"It's no little thing when you have to stay in after hours and write something a thousand times. Makes me sick. Does she tell the truth all the time? I'll say she doesn't. Nobody does. But if I try to help myself out of a tight place I'm a liar. I'm not any worse than anybody else I know and you know it."

"I told you, John Thomas, that it won't help any for you to put blame upon other people for your mistakes. You've got to own them and pay for them."

"Well, I did. I had to stay after school and write for an hour and then I had to go to the office and listen to a lecture about telling the truth and then I came home and had to listen to another. Makes me sick. As if everybody told the truth but me."

"Who do you know that doesn't tell the truth? Say what's on your mind."

"Why Ma, you couldn't get along for a day if you told the truth as you want me to. Doctor Mullins told Aunt Katie that she would be all right in a day or so when he knew she was going to die, Uncle Clark—"

"That's enough of such talk, John Thomas. The minute any of those people slipped off the truth standard you lost respect for them. You stick to the truth no matter what anybody says and you will be better off. Every time you tell a lie somebody knows you are afraid."

"I'm not afraid. What do I care?" "You cared so much that you told a lie about nothing at all."

Right then John Thomas looked as though a new idea had come to him. If a good example follows the precept there is a fair chance of his getting acquainted with truth all over again.

PROJECTED EMOTIONS

GROWNUP people are too much given to crediting children with emotions they do not have. This wears them out and does the children no good. A mother met me with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I cannot tell my son this. You must change his marks. It will break his heart to find that he only got an eighty when he expected to get over ninety."

"Doesn't he know his marks? How did you get them before he did?" "I know how sensitive he is so I went to the teacher and asked for his mark and she gave it to me. I am so disappointed. I know he will be heartbroken. You must change this mark."

Marks cannot be changed. If they can they are useless. I explained this to the weeping mother. "Your boy doesn't seem to me to be the sort that would suffer because he got an eighty-seven instead of a ninety-seven. I'll call him and tell him about this, if you don't mind."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

Lesson for June 11

JESUS ON THE CROSS

LESSON TEXT—Mark 15:1-47. GOLDEN TEXT—But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. ROMANS 5:8. PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Dying for Us. JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Giving His Life. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Jesus Accepting the Cross. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Meaning of the Cross.

This is the grand climax of the year's lessons. Without apprehending the significance of the crucifixion of Christ, all the other lessons are meaningless. It is not a matter of learning lessons taught by a great teacher or imitating the example of a great and good man, but apprehending the vicarious atonement made by the world's Redeemer, Christ saves, not by his ethical teaching, but by his shed blood.

I. Jesus Arraigned Before Pilate

(vv. 1-15). They bound Jesus and delivered him to Pilate in the early morning before the mock trial of the high priest. The Jews would gladly have killed him but they lacked the authority to do so. They delivered him to the Gentile governor, thus involving the Jews and Gentiles in this crowning act of human sin. Pilate questioned him without delay. He was accused of pretending to be a king. To this slanderous accusation of the chief priests and elders he made no reply, to the utter astonishment of Pilate, who sought to release him because convinced of his innocence. After several unsuccessful efforts to escape responsibility, he resorted to the expedient of letting the people choose between Barabbas and Jesus.

II. Jesus Crowned With Thorns

(vv. 16-20). After Pilate had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified. 1. Crown of thorns (vv. 16, 17). Knowing that Jesus had been condemned for claiming to be Israel's King, they clothed him with purple and crowned him with a wreath of thorns. The crown of thorns typified the cross which he bore for man's sins (Genesis 3:17, 18).

2. Their salutation (v. 18). In derision they said, "Hail, King of the Jews!" 3. Their mock worship (vv. 19, 20). They smote him on the head with a reed, taunted him, and went through a process of mock worship.

III. Jesus Crucified

(vv. 21-47). 1. They led him away to the place of crucifixion (vv. 21-23). At first they compelled him to bear his own cross, but when physical weakness made this impossible they forced Simon, the Cyrenian, to bear it. Christ's face was so marked by the thorns and cruel blows that there was no form nor comeliness (Isa. 53:2).

2. Gambling for the clothing of the Lord (vv. 24, 25). They gambled for his seamless robe under the very cross upon which Jesus was dying. 3. The superscription (v. 26). It was customary to place over the victim on the cross, his name and a statement of his crime. He was indeed the king of the Jews.

4. Between two thieves (vv. 27, 28). His identification with the two robbers was in fulfillment of the Scripture (Isa. 53:12). 5. The dying Savior reviled (vv. 29-32). They taunted him by bidding him come down from the cross, and said derisively, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." He could not save himself and others, so he chose to die to save others.

6. Darkness upon the land (v. 33). Nature threw around the Son of God a shroud to hide him from the gaze of a goddess company. 7. The cry from the cross (vv. 34-36). When God laid upon his beloved Son the world's sin and turned his face from him, there went out the awful cry of anguish, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

8. He dismissed his spirit (v. 37). When the price of redemption was fully paid, Jesus as sovereign dismissed his spirit. 9. The rent vail (v. 38). This symbolized the giving up of his life (Heb. 10:20).

10. The centurion's confession (v. 39). He said, "Truly this man was the Son of God." 11. The lingering group of women (vv. 40, 41). Having lovingly ministered to him in life they were now waiting to care for his precious body.

IV. Jesus' Burial

(vv. 42-47). Loving hands now took the body and laid it in Joseph's new tomb. This man who did not consent to the foul treatment of the Lord now risks his reputation, and by his action made a bold confession of the Lord.

The Solid Bible

Few books can stand three readings. But the Word of God is solid; it will stand a thousand readings, and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and the most carefully is the surest of finding new wonders there.—Hamilton.

Fire of Holy Spirit

Unless the fire of the Holy Spirit is in our hearts, there will be no burning speech upon our lips.—D. O. Shelton in The Bible Today.

Bells and Bells

By ELSIE YOUNGHANS

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THE Princess Alexandria Sophia stirred ever so slightly. The day was breaking and a ray of light shone dimly on her small white face. Her eyelids fluttered, but were still too weary to lift their heavy fringe of lashes. She pulled the cover closer around her shoulders. Cold! Cold! Really she must ask Katja to unpack Aunt Anna Karlova's coverlet. That funny cover of lace and fur and silk that Aunt Karlova had spent an entire year in embroidering.

Winter! It must be winter! For suddenly sleighbells were ringing in the streets. Strangely muffled and far away they sounded. Perhaps a heavy snow had fallen during the night. Bells! Bells! Bells! An incessant ringing of them. . . . an unending procession of them. Would they never stop! Where were they all going? Ah! But of course! Strange that she shouldn't have remembered. Suddenly it was clear as crystal. How could she have forgotten! Her wedding day! This was her wedding day! The jingling droshkars were bringing the wedding guests. From distant provinces, from the suburbs, from Moscow itself, were coming uncles and aunts and cousins—Victor's as well as her own; schoolmates, friends, officers from Victor's regiment, officials from the court and their families. Why, there must be hundreds of them, thousands of them, there were so many bells! And all coming to celebrate her wedding, her's and Victor's. Yet a strange weight lay on Alexandria Sophia! She felt she was not moving—that she was powerless to move.

And now, as suddenly as they had started, the bells stopped. The guests, then, were all assembled—all waiting. And Victor, her adorable Victor, he too, would be waiting! How splendid he would look in his uniform of the Imperial guard, all white and gold, with the flashing order of St. Stanislaus upon his breast. Ah, but he was wonderful! Swiftly, swiftly, her thoughts flew back to the day she had met him. It was at the ball at the Dolgoruk palace; she was making her first formal appearance in society. Victor had asked her to lead the procession with him. They had passed through an arch of flags, and instead of returning to the ballroom, he had carried her off to the gardens. Under the willow by the fountain, he had kissed her, and told her she was the most divinely lovely thing God had created. And now here at last, she and Victor were to be married—never, so Victor had sworn, would he allow her to part from him.

But suddenly, more guests seemed to be arriving—there were the sleighbells again. The wedding banquet must be already spread in the great hall. But she, Alexandria Sophia, the bride, she was not there. Where was she? Oh, where was Katja? Why didn't Katja bring the wedding dress, that shimmering thing that had been sent from Paris? Where was the veil with headdress of pearls that had been worn by her mother, and her grandmother, and by countless Orlofski brides before them? Why this strange sense of impending doom in Alexandria Sophia's heart! Why this pain, this anguished foreboding—this heavy, heavy weight!

Sleighbells! Sleighbells! Would they never stop? Was all of Moscow coming to her wedding? And she, the bride, not ready—not ready! Ah! They were calling her—it seemed she was hiding somewhere. They were coming for her, some one was pounding at the door, shaking it. Dear God! Some one was breaking in. Why, she had been asleep, fast asleep! Her eyes were still dazed, her mind vague.

Some one stood on the threshold. Katja? good old Katja with the wedding dress? But, no, of course it wasn't Katja. . . . it couldn't be Katja. The little princess was wide-awake at last. . . . rushing with a shudder into the complete awareness. A slovenly woman in a faded wrapper stood before her. She was holding out a thick white cup and talking: "See, dearie, it's coffee I'm after bringing up to ye. I feared as ye'd oversleep this morning, it was so late you got in last night, poor lamb, poor little lamb."

Ah! Awake! How terrible to be awake! To realize the truth! To know that she was only Sophie Orloff, apprentice at a dressmaking establishment, that she lived in a hall room in Mrs. Murphy's boarding house on Lenox avenue, that she had overslept and would be late to her job. And bitterest of all, to remember that she is no longer young, no longer beautiful, that no one in all the world really cares what happens to her.

Victor? Katja? Aunt Anna Karlova? Where were they? The Dolgoruk palace, court balls, wedding veils of lace, silken coverlets? Gone, gone! Borze Moi! Long and long ago had they all vanished. War, revolution, Red fury had annihilated these dear people—these once familiar things. They had vanished utterly, but she was left, to live on, adrift, alone.

But suddenly the muffled bells again. Now at last she knew their real meaning. With a despairing gesture, she pulled an alarm clock from under the pillow and threw it against the wall. "It didn't wake me," she sobbed, "it didn't wake me at all. It made me dream. . . . Ah, Mrs. Murphy. . . . it is not good to dream of sleighbells in my Russia!"



"I Wish I Loved You Less, Tony."

Broadlands News

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Unclaimed Millions

In view of the conditions that have prevailed during the last four years it would seem that almost anyone who had ready money available would be inquiring about it, especially if it were not producing any income.

Yet the treasurer of the United States recently stated that more than 38 million dollars due American citizens as principal and interest on matured Liberty bonds and Victory notes remains unclaimed in the treasury.

Many theories are advanced concerning this seeming indifference on the part of holders of these government obligations, each of which may be correct as to certain portions of the large sum involved.

Some of these bonds and notes have doubtless been destroyed by fire or otherwise, others have been hidden away and forgotten; still other holders do not know that their securities have been called for redemption, while some know they can get their money but prefer to leave it with Uncle Sam.

It has been rumored that a good many purchasers of Liberty bonds thought they were donating the amount paid to help the country win the war, and at least one case is known in which the holder of a liberty bond inquired of the treasury to find out when he must pay interest on it.

Whatever the reason for not presenting these bonds and notes for payment, the government is not doing the worrying. If no claim is made for any amounts due, the treasury is in just that much.

Rat Damage Enormous

Damage by rats to property and produce amounts to 200 million dollars annually in the United States, according to an estimate by the secretary of agriculture of North Dakota, who recommends the waging of a constant and relentless campaign against this pest.

The measures recommended include keeping waste food and garbage in covered containers until destroyed; preventing accumulations of trash and refuse; making corn cribs and granaries rat-proof, and adopting any means whereby the supply of rat food may be reduced.

Among the means for destroying rats the most effective is poisoning, for which purpose the government experts recommend powdered barium carbonate, which is inexpensive and has the added advantage of being odorless and tasteless, and therefore more readily eaten by the rodents when applied to their bait. Care must be taken, of course, that it is not placed in the way of children or domestic animals. When poison cannot be used, trapping is suggested as the next best method to be employed.

In addition to the property destruction they cause, rats tend to spread disease, and from every standpoint they are a nuisance. A nation-wide rat extermination campaign might be considered as an aid to unemployment relief.

It is declared by an observer that the "menace of war is greater than in 1913." We can stand the menace, if a way can only be found to avert the war.

Winter

By KAY WARREN

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JUST what got into William Blodgett Traynor after he married Victoria none of his friends seemed able to decide. He was thirty years older than she—a hale and vigorous fifty to her fragile twenty. He was good looking, successful in a large way in business, he had social background and great personal magnetism.

Victoria was beautiful, she was young, she was well bred in the best sense of the term. Though her family had no money she had been well educated and had traveled a little and met the right kind of people so that she was perfectly able to take her place as head of Traynor's big house. That wasn't where the trouble lay. He had kept the house open for two or three years alone since his mother's death—she had been one of the social leaders of her day. Victoria stepped into his mother's shoes, so far as social graces went. Everybody talked about the reign of the new Mrs. Traynor as a foregone fact.

Victoria really loved Traynor. He knew it. He, of course, adored her. Everybody knew that. And they seemed ideally, beautifully happy. The gracious old house glowed with hospitality of the best sort. Victoria's young friends and his older ones mingled in charming groups.

That may have been where the trouble started. One of her friends was Jack Orcutt. He was an artist. Poor. Not more than twenty-three.

One night William Traynor and Victoria were alone in their big library. He gathered her, unresisting, into his arms. And as he held her he was suddenly painfully conscious of her youth, of his greater age.

If—one of those ifs that change destinies—if Victoria had lain there quietly for a moment in her husband's arms, life would have smoothed out for them in a few moments. William Traynor's mood of bitter resentment, so ready to turn into raging jealousy, would have passed as suddenly as it had come, leaving no memory behind it.

But Victoria, unmeaningly, did just the wrong thing. She loved her husband. She put a soft, creamy hand up to her husband's face.

"William," she said, "I've been thinking. We have so much. I've everything."

He drew her jealously closer. "I've been wondering if you'd do something—rather big—to make me happy."

She went on: "You know Jack Orcutt. He's—well, he's a genius. I know it. But he needs a year in Paris. And he's—well, he can't manage it. You know he has an invalid sister to look after. He's a portrait painter, and somehow or other he ought to be given his chance. See what I'm getting at, dear?"

"I think so," said Traynor in a hard, low voice. But Victoria didn't notice his voice. She went on with her plea for Jack.

"Well, I've been thinking about him. And I wondered if you couldn't perhaps do something to give him his year abroad. We've got so much—and he has so little. I thought maybe we could look after his sister—I mean find a place where she could stay in exchange for tutoring—some place in the country. She's a lovely girl, and awfully bright. And then you could commission him to paint a portrait of me—next summer, when we go to Paris. But you could tell him he must have training there before he does it, and you could pay him in advance—more than it's worth. And that would fix things up." She stopped, flushed and delighted with her plan. Getting no reply from Traynor, she asked him: "Wouldn't you like a portrait of me done by Jack Orcutt?"

Traynor rose, pushing her roughly away from him. He stood his back to the fireplace, his hands on her shoulders. He laughed harshly.

"A picture of you—for me—done by Jack Orcutt? A beautiful idea. A lovely thing, of course. A sort of consolation prize given by Spring to Winter. He'll go to Paris, on my money, and be waiting there for you when we go over next summer? That's a pretty idea. He'll do your portrait for me. You'll keep your old husband and his money—and have your young—"

Traynor said no more. Victoria, her face whiter than her dress, stood facing him. She stiffened under his hands and he took them away. She said nothing, as she turned and left the room.

In fact, she never spoke to Traynor again. Arrangements were made through others. She left the house that night, and in the course of time a divorce was managed.

Victoria really loved Traynor. A couple of years later she married Jack Orcutt. Of course nobody got the story exactly right. People said Victoria had tired of Traynor—it was another case where youth sought youth, and age was left with nothing but memories. She had got most of the blame, though. After struggling along doing illustrating in New York. Orcutt and Victoria went to Paris. They managed it somehow.

Traynor keeps the big house—but it is lonely and unused. Sometimes when he sits musing before the library fire, he seems to see a soft white little figure come pleading up to his side, explaining and explaining, but when he turns the figure has faded away.

Hard to Tell

By MARY MARSH

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IT HAD been a dull executives' meeting. Mr. Stewart, the president of the concern, was going to Europe, and Mr. Stone, of the Chicago office, was coming to take his place at the New York office. The meeting had been called to make final arrangements—arrangements which it seemed to Rodney could have been made as well without his presence.

But when the six other executives were making their departure from Mr. Stewart's office, Mr. Stewart stopped Rodney, placed a fatherly hand on the young man's shoulder and asked him to wait.

"There is something I want you to do—something simple, but very important," began Mr. Stewart. "I have the greatest respect for Mr. Stone and know that his coming here may be fraught with many inconveniences and anxieties. 'Now,' Mr. Stewart hesitated and then plunged ahead. "It's about Miss Drew. It would be a trifle difficult for me, you see. She's an excellent young woman, and invaluable. Miss Drew knows so much about the business, we couldn't possibly have her go. She is to be Mr. Stone's secretary. I'm used to her, but Miss Drew is, well, rather—"

"Yes," agreed Blaine, calling to view the snapping black eyes and vigorous, waving black hair of Mr. Stewart's secretary. "She is a trifle."

"Quite so. I don't mind it now. Though I must confess she rather upset me at first. And of course, if she becomes really annoyed at anyone I imagine that she would be a real tartar."

"Just suggest that as Mr. Stone is a stranger, she might treat him with gentleness. We decided before you got to the meeting that some one would better suggest this to her, and for reasons we decided that you would best be able to do it."

This was the hardest assignment that Blaine had ever had in his association with Mr. Stewart. Rodney had never taken much notice of her before, but now he deliberately studied her face and her carriage when she was not looking. He had made up his mind that the only way to go about it was to become friendly with her, to get her confidence and then to make an honest breast of the matter. He was unsuccessful in the usual wedge of an invitation to luncheon, so he sought to make the acquaintances of those who knew Miss Drew socially.

He would meet her after working hours and thus show his finesse. Meantime Mr. Stewart had sailed and Mr. Stone had come to take his place—Mr. Stone, who proved to be a blond young giant who accomplished twice as much as Mr. Stewart. Something, possibly the long hours and the strenuous business methods of Mr. Stone, very decidedly softened the edge of Miss Drew's sharp temper. Her dark eyes snapped less fire now and the wavy black hair that seemed to typify her high-spirited nature seemed to wave more softly to her face.

Three months had passed and it was the eve of Mr. Stewart's return. Rodney Blaine had done his best. He had never fallen down on an assignment before, and he had not had his little talk with Miss Drew simply because she had never given him an opportunity.

Rodney was the first of the firm to see Mr. Stewart after his return home, and after a very brief discussion of business interests, Mr. Stewart brought up the subject that was apparently uppermost in his mind. "Were you successful in giving Miss Drew her little tip off?"

"Not exactly—" began Rodney. "Heavens, man," interrupted Mr. Stewart, "you don't mean you let her boss Stone around the way she has been bossing me. Don't explain. I was afraid you wouldn't tell her. Of course, Stone wouldn't stand for her tongue—and now she's left, I'm sorry you let this happen. Miss Drew was, without question, one of my greatest business assets."

"But she hasn't left," Blaine explained. Then they were interrupted by the overtowering Mr. Stone, and Rodney Blaine was glad to withdraw.

Mr. Stone waived all discussion of business.

"There is something I want to ask you," he said. "I didn't want to write it. But a good share of my happiness depends on the answer you give. Is Rodney Blaine serious in his regards for Miss Drew? He seems to follow her about, always seems to be trying to tell her something. I am more than interested in the girl myself. Frankly, I'd ask her to marry me—"

"Marry you?" gasped Stewart, sinking in his chair. "Marry a girl with a temper like that?"

"The best tempered girl in the world," interrupted Mr. Stone. "The point is this: I am a newcomer, I have no right cutting Blaine out if he really loves the girl. But what I'm asking you is whether Blaine is in love with her. Why does he dog her around so?"

"I guess I told him to," said Stewart weakly. "But it's all right. He doesn't love her. I'm sorry to have you take her away, but—"

Mr. Stewart never finished the sentence, for Mr. Stone had hurried into Miss Drew's office to deliver the words of a long-postponed proposal, which did not come as a surprise and that did not wait long for an answer.

Illinois Theater---Newman, Ill.

**Saturday and Sunday
 June 10 and 11**

**OLD DARK
 HOUSE**

with

Karloff, Melvyn, Douglas and Charles Laughton

There is nothing can stop you from sitting glued to your seat when you see the great mystery picture.

Added--A Good Snappy Comedy

Coming Next Week--AIR MAIL

Admission 10c and 15c

**The Broadlands Community Club
 Cordially Invites You to
 Attend the . . .**

Free Movie Show

At Broadlands

Every

Saturday Night

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.

Plants For Sale

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

Howard S. Clem.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Southbound 1:55 p. m.

Northbound 3:38 p. m.

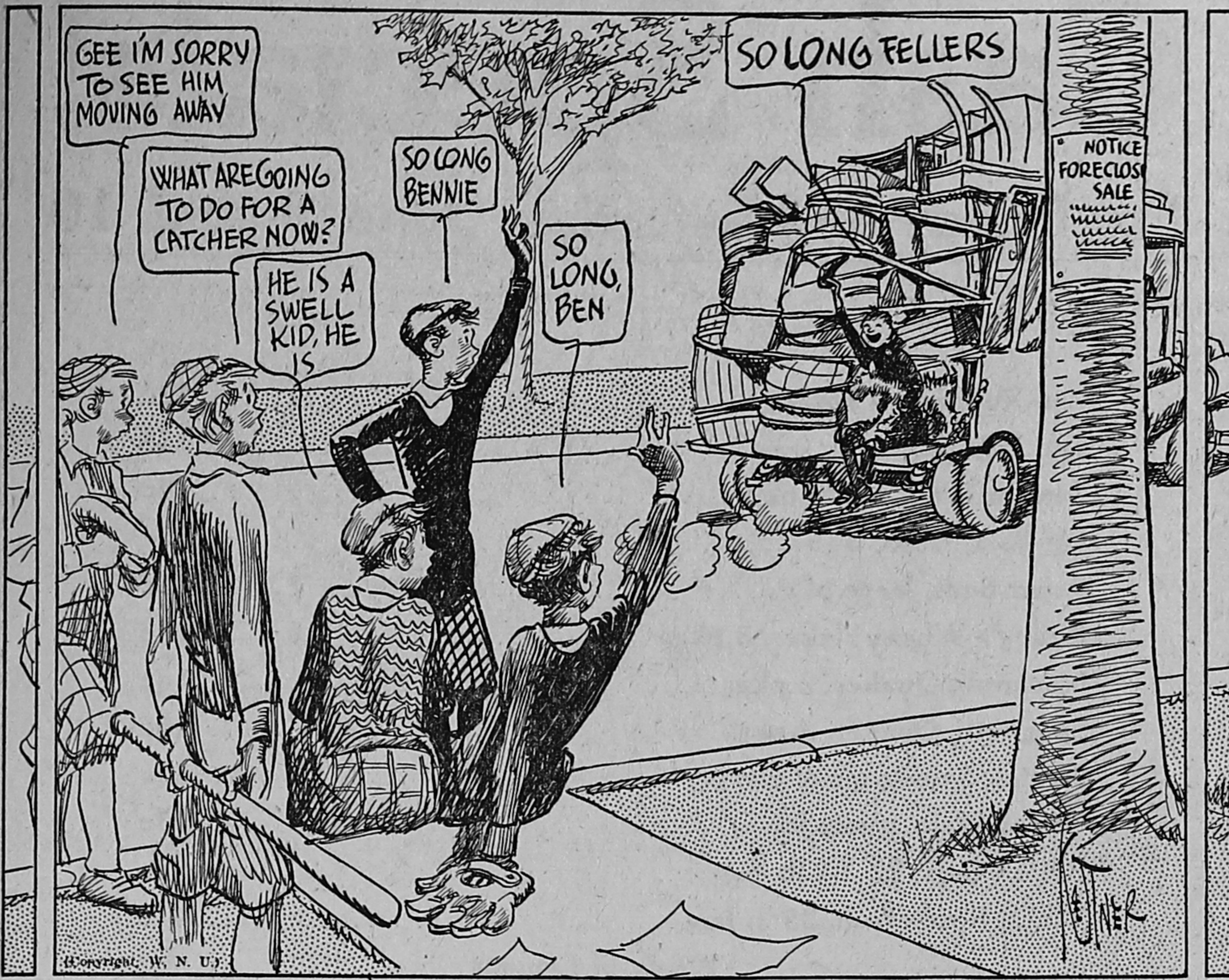
Star Mail Route

Southbound 7:15 a. m.

Northbound 8:30 a. m.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



Simple Cake Baking Rules

Fundamentals With Tested and Easily Followed Formulas.

Here are some more questions about cakes (says a recognized expert on the subject). Here is the letter and here are my answers, which may interest some of you in spite of the fact that I have told you now and again much about cake:

"Because you taught me how to make cream puffs, to my everlasting pride, you may now, if you will, tell me some other things I don't know."

"I make chocolate roll frequently—the kind with nothing but eggs, chocolate and sugar—but it always sticks to the pan and I have to scoop it out—rolling is out of the question. What should the pan be greased with, and does anyone ever get it out whole?"

"I want to make gingerbread but I want to make the kind that is a little moist and quite flaky—not either dry, hard or soggy. Have you a good recipe? I want the kind southern cooks make. It makes me sick but it's worth it."

"One more thing: I cannot learn to make good butter cake—I stick to angel, sponge and the like. Creaming butter bores and tires me and I don't know just how long to keep it up. Someone told me once just when butter and sugar are creamed but I forgot. My cakes—like tea cakes or sweet muffins—are always very loose in texture with crisp crusts—not firm and evenly grained. How can I do it? Isn't it wrong to stir a batter? Shouldn't it always be beaten, except when egg whites are folded in? Do help me, because I adore plain cake and cannot make it."

"This is primer stuff for most cooks, I know, but I do want to make some really delicious little dough buttons."

I find that the kind of pan has much to do with the success of a thin layer such as we use for a chocolate or a jelly-roll. If you have a smooth light-colored tin pan, 15 by 10 inches, which is kept especially for this purpose, you may not find it necessary to line it with paper, but if your pan is not in good condition, or of dark tin, you will do well to use greased paper to line it. If you are using a new pan, it must be lined or else "tempered" by greasing slightly and heating before it is used. A hotter oven than is used for other sponge cake is necessary. If you use a double-action baking powder instead of a phosphate or a tartrate powder, you should use about one-third less than is demanded by the usual recipe.

I will answer the third question next, because this thing about baking powders applies to all butter cakes. The only thing I can do is to give my standard recipe for butter cake,

which never fails me. Measurements must of course be made carefully. Butter must be creamed well. If it is to be used, it will soften at room temperature and will cream quite easily. If a little of the beaten egg yolk or whole egg is added while the sugar is being blended, it is easier to cream it.

Cookies may be beaten one or two minutes after mixing, but not too long. I do not think it makes much difference whether the batter is beaten or stirred, if, when either milk or flour is added, alternately, each one is thoroughly mixed before more of the other is added.

Now about gingerbread. There are so many different standards for this cake. I am only giving you my favorite recipes for it and will say that I think they are wonderful! One is a "cake" gingerbread which can be served hot as is, or with butter, or whipped cream, or cream or cottage cheese for a satisfying dessert. The other is "card" gingerbread which is a cross between a cookie and a cake.

Standard Butter Cake.

- 2 cups cake or pastry flour
- 3/4 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix sifted flour with baking powder and salt and sift together. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until fluffy. Beat eggs well and add. Beat 1 minute. Add sifted flour alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Beat after each addition. Fill 2 greased, 9-inch layer pans or 2 sets of muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees Fahrenheit, 25 to 30 minutes. For a layer cake made from half the mixture, use oblong pan and after baking, cut in halves and put together with frosting.

Card Gingerbread.

- 2 cups molasses
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 tablespoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 1/2 cups flour

Heat molasses and shortening together, do not let boil. When cool, add other ingredients, using enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll in 2 sheets 1/4 to 1/2 inch thick, as preferred. Score the top with fork lines so that it will be corrugated. Bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees Fahrenheit, 15 minutes. Cut in long strips or squares. Serve hot or cold.

Ginger Cake.

- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup sweet or sour milk
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 2 cups cake or pastry flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon soda

Cream shortening, add the sugar

gradually. Beat the egg well and add. Mix sifted flour with soda and spices and salt. Sift dry ingredients into first mixture alternately with the liquid. Bake in a greased shallow pan or in muffin pans in a moderate oven, 350 degrees Fahrenheit, 20 minutes.

© 1933, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Knitted Things Demand Extra Care in Washing

Have you succumbed to the knitting or crocheting fever? Whether or not, you certainly have sweaters, knitted suits, etc., for who can be without them these days? They're so attractive, and almost indispensable for sport and everyday wear, and if washable, as many of them are, it's so easy to keep them clean.

Before washing a new sweater, test it to be sure the colors are fast, by squeezing an inconspicuous portion in clear, lukewarm water for five minutes or so.

Knitted things often get out of shape when wet, so to insure restoring them to the correct proportions just draw an outline on clean, wrapping paper before wetting. Incidentally, the ideal time to draw this outline is when the sweater is new, before you have stretched the elbows, etc. Then this outline may be used each time you wash the sweater.

Remove unwashable buttons, buckles, etc., and turn the sweater wrong-side out. Make rich suds with mild, neutral soap flakes; always have the suds and rinse waters lukewarm or cool. Put in the sweater and wash by squeezing the suds through and through the material. Never rub. Wash quickly. Do not soak colored garments.

When the sweater is dry remove it from the outline, turn it right-side out and press it lightly, using a damp cloth to remove wrinkles and pin marks.

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

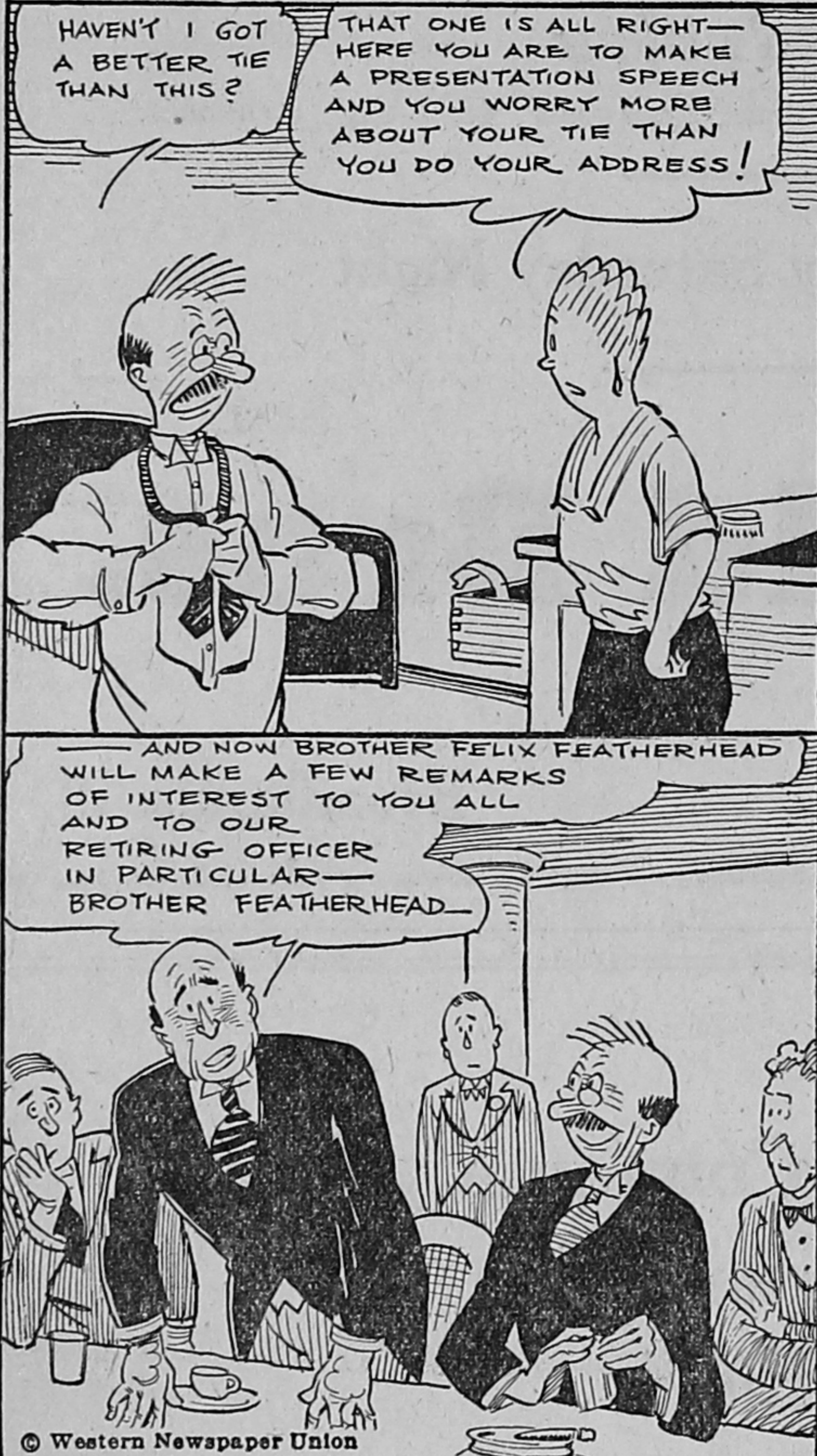
Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Quilt Pieces, Large Bundle 50c. Book of beautiful patterns 25c. "Chicago World's Fair Souvenir" free with each 75c. order. Needle Guild, V-103 E. 43rd St., Chicago.

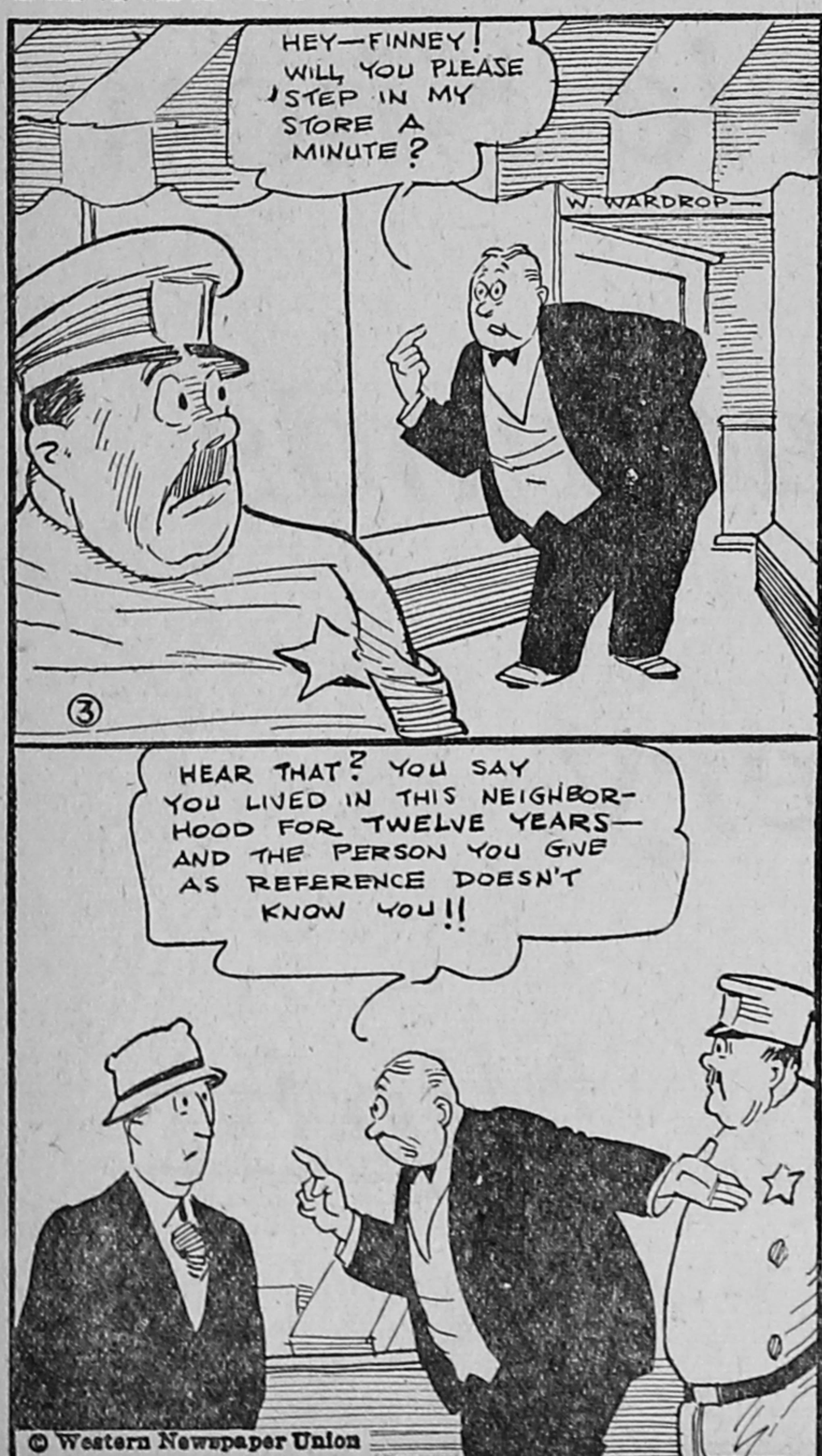
THE FEATHERHEADS



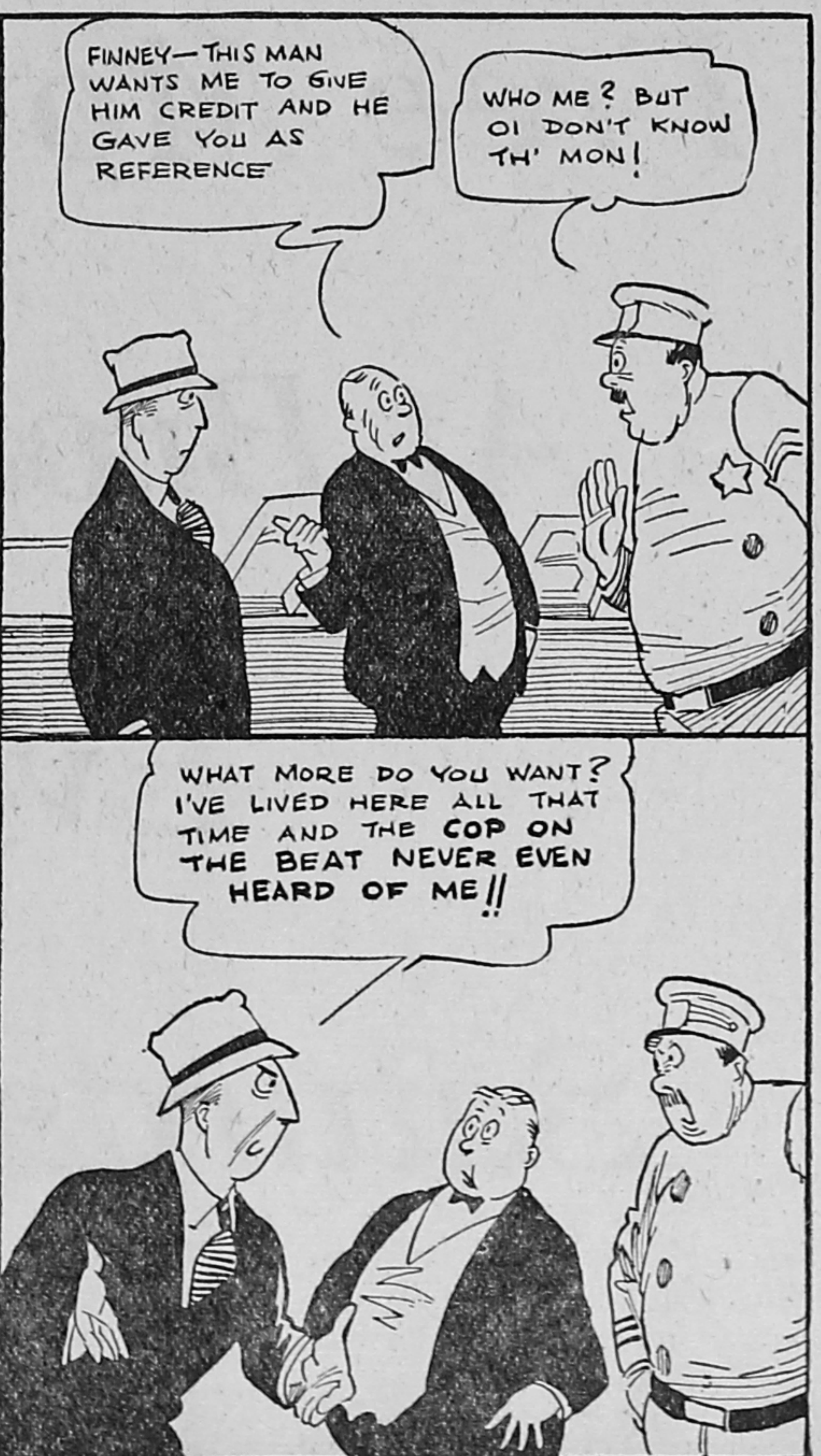
It Won't Run Away



FINNEY OF THE FORCE



A Good Recommendation



Women amazed as clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter —without scrubbing or boiling!

No wonder 316 home-making experts recommend these richer suds!

BECAUSE it washes clothes the whitest ever—because it saves the wear and tear of scrubbing—because it's wonderfully easy on the hands—the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers recommend Rinso.

The makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend it, too—for whiter washes, for brighter washes, for safety! One box lasts and lasts. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water.

Just try it for dishes! Grease goes in a flash. Rinso makes all cleaning easier. Get a package at your grocer's today.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Fairland News

Garnett Gibson, Correspondent.

Edward Ingram of Murdock spent Friday with Guy Statzer.

John Phillips, who has been ill with an infection on his leg, continues to improve.

Mrs. Madge Allen of Villa Grove spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Gladys Gwinn.

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

Mrs. Eulah Gibson left Thursday for Georgetown where she will spend a few days with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell of Broadlands were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith.

Mrs. Esther Johnson and son Smith, Kenner Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith were business callers in Newman, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Weaver and children of Mattoon, Mr. and Mrs. Doc Miller, Mrs. Stella Reaser and daughter, all of Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lewis and children of Deers, Charles Lewis and daughter Pearl of Homer, and Mrs. Durward Barricks of Springfield, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carrier.

Mr. and Mrs. Merit Backman and children, Levona Jean, Luellen, Wayne and Earl of Protection, Kansas, Mrs. Louetta Spark of Wichita, Kansas, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Burton and daughter, Georgeann, Mrs. Lora Lawlyes and children, Ada Jane, Betty Ann and Robert Ray, all of Georgetown, and Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Gibson were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carrier, Saturday.

Farmers in this vicinity are working day and night in order to catch up in their farm work. Much of the corn planting has been done in the last few days, and ground is now being broke for soy-beans. A very small acreage of corn is being planted and farmers are planning on putting out a large acreage of soy beans.

Gardens are beginning to need rain badly. Oats and wheat seem to be of poor quality and prospects are that there will be a very light crop.

Long View News

Mrs. Anna Baptist is visiting relatives at Cicero.

Mrs. Winchell is visiting relatives in Ohio.

Miss Decemma Martinie is visiting relatives in Urbana this week.

A Children's Day service will be presented at the United Brethren church, Sunday evening.

Farmers in this vicinity are working day and night in order to get their corn planted as soon as possible.

Misses Lora, Mabel, and Harriet Deere of Champaign spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Deere.

The first outdoor movie was given Saturday night. The crowd was not so large as usual, due to the fact that so many farmers are behind with their work.

Plants For Sale

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

News From the State Capitol

June 18th has been designated as Fathers' Day throughout the United States.

The state of Illinois will receive \$18,928,000 from the U. S. Road Fund to assist in the building of hard roads for our state.

Illinois has received an additional \$2,105,114 from the federal government for emergency relief work.

County Treasurer McDonough of Cook county reports that more than \$10,000,000 has been paid by Chicagoans in back taxes during the past three weeks.

Governor Henry Horner has sent a special message to the House and Senate urging the passage of a minimum wage bill for women and children.

Senator Earl B. Searcy gave a Memorial Day address at Litchfield. Senator Searcy told his audience that Cook county is today two and one-half years behind in payment of general state taxes.

The Senate has killed a bill requiring the listing of automobiles as personal property with the assessor before a state license could be received. This bill would require many automobile owners in Chicago to pay taxes that are not being paid now.

State Treasurer John C. Martin of Salem asked the General Assembly to cut the appropriation bills for the treasurer's office from \$1,050,000 made two years ago, to approximately \$690,000. Mr. Martin was congratulated by both Democratic and Republican members of the General Assembly.

Don't forget the free movie show at Broadlands, Saturday night.

St. John's Evangelical Church

REV. THEO. M. HAEFFLE, PASTOR.

Sunday, June 11 — Morning Worship at 9:30. Sunday School at 10:30.

Sunday Evening, June 11—Children's Day program at 7:30. Wednesday, June 14—Y. P. L. party at the parsonage at 7:30 p. m.

Daily Vacation Bible School meets every morning except Saturday and Sunday. The last week of this school begins next Monday.

C. I. P. S. Co. Reduce Rates

The Central Illinois Public Service Company has been ordered by the Illinois Commerce Commission to reduce its rates for electric service in Illinois. The company serves some 400 municipalities and approximately 9,000 rural customers.

Under the order farmers now paying \$9.00 per month for electricity will pay \$6.00 per month for a two year period and then \$3.00 per month. Rural and urban rates for customers who use 60 Kilowatt hours per month or more will be cut from 5 to not more than 3 cents per Kilowatt hour.

Executrix' Notice

Estate of Robert Miller, deceased.

The undersigned, having been appointed Executrix of the Estate of Robert Miller, late of the County of Champaign and State of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice she will appear before the County Court of Champaign County, at the Court House in Urbana at the August Term, on the First Monday in August next, at which time all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having same adjusted. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated this 6th day of June, A. D. 1933.

Leanna Delia Miller, Executrix.

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

Those who think the world is not getting better may reflect that Al Capone has been in prison more than a year.

A British safety authority says every driver should learn to skid his car and then bring it out of the skid safely. If we ever voluntarily take any lessons it will be a correspondence course.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Walker visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe Potter at Homer, last Friday.

Rosemary Cummings spent the past few days with relatives at Bloomingdale, Ind.

Cash Specials!

For Friday and Saturday, June 9 and 10

- Can Rubbers, 3 dozen 13c
Can Lids, dozen 23c
Tea for Icing, 1-2 lb pkg 14c
Fig Bars, fresh, 3 lb. 25c
Super Suds, large pkg. 22c
Kellog's Wheat Flakes, 3 pkgs 21c
Macaroni, Quaker, 2 pkgs 15c
Spaghetti, Quaker, 2 pkgs 15c
Pickles, Sweet, quart jar 19c
Olives, plain, quart jar 33c
Rolled Oats, 22 1-2 lb bag 51c
White Rose Mash, 25 lb bag 47c

Plenty of Lemons

Get your chances on the Monstrous Sack of Larabee's Flour

5-lb bag Larabee Flour—1 chance. 24-lb bag—2 chances. 48-lb bag—3 chances.

Free Show Every Saturday Night

Bergfield Bros.

Phone No. 27

Broadlands, Ill.

Table with 3 columns: Week Days, SUMMER PRICES, SUNDAYS. Includes Mat. 20c, Nites 30c, Children Always 10c, 1:30 to 2:30—20c, After 2:30—30c.

Friday and Saturday, June 9 and 10 WARREN WILLIAM in 'THE MIND READER' Fun for the Whole Family—Exposing the Man Who Exposes the Future

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, June 11 - 12 - 13 'THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE' William Faulkner's Novel with MARIAN HOPKINS

LIFE BETRAYED HER—LOVE RE-DEEMED HER RIALTO Not for Children CHAMPAIGN Always Comfortably Cool

Hurry! Save! Saturday Is the Last Day of SEARS' CAPACITY DAYS

- 'Chieftain' Overalls, Triple-Stitched, 220-Weight 43c
White-Back Denim, Capacity Days' Price
The New Kenmore Electric Cleaner, Now \$19.95
Men's Socks, Capacity Day Price, pr 5c Wickless Oil Ranges Were \$27.50! Now \$21.95
SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICES ON ALL BATHING SUITS
Regular \$49.50 Kenmore Electric Washers. A New Lower Price for Capacity Days \$39.95
Dependable Refrigeration For Less With An All-Porcelain Coldspot Electric Refrigerator. Save. Buy This Week. Only \$98.50
Furniture Values That Are Unusual. Don't Fail to Visit Our Second Floor Furniture Dept. 5-Piece Solid Oak Breakfast Sets, Now \$14.95
Felt Base Yard Goods, 6-ft. wide, Sq. Yd. only 29c
New! Studio Couch Gliders Converted to Couch \$13.95
Large Ball-Bearing Gliders, 6 Loose Cushions \$12.95

S-E-A-R-S' Sears Roebuck & Co. 33-35 No. Hazel St. Danville, Illinois

The Broadlands Community Club Cordially Invites You to Attend the . . .

Free Movie Show

At Broadlands

Every

Saturday Night