

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 14

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1933

NUMBER 10

News Items of 13 Years Ago

The following items are taken from an issue of the Broadlands News of Oct. 1, 1920:

The local baseball team won over the Danville Tigers 4 to 2.

Louis Stuebe of Danville was the guest of friends here.

A. C. Zane and family and G. L. Parsons and family of Villa Grove visited relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ramsey of Veedersburg, Ind., visited friends here.

Mrs. Robert Smith entertained the Immanuel Lutheran Ladies' Aid.

John M. Smith drove to mines near Fairmount and brought back 15 tons of coal at \$3 per ton.

Mesdames John Rayl, John Nohren and Delf Struck visited P. O. Rayl and family at Tuscola.

Members of the M. E. Ladies' Guild, their husbands and families, held an indoor picnic at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson.

U. B. Aid Meets With Mrs. Ruth Henson

The Ladies' Aid of the U. B. Church met at the home of Mrs. Ruth Henson, Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Pearl Edens was assistant hostess.

After the devotional and business session the afternoon was spent in a social way.

Refreshments consisted of pineapple ice cream, angel food and sunshine cake, and coffee.

Visitors present were Misses Marcelle Nohren and Dorothy Turner, Mrs. Anna Struck and Rev. J. F. Turner.

Members present were Mesdames Mary Rayl, Jennie Nohren, Lillie Bowman, Allie Struck, Della Reed, Ella Maxwell, Ora Brown, Huldah Seeds, Thelma Clem, Bessie Loomis, Frankie Pettyjohn, Leona Bergfield, Lucinda Clem, Nola Donley, Freda Maxwell, Zermah Witt, Jessie Bergfield, Agnes Turner, Pearl Edens, Ruth Henson, and Miss Anna Clem.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Nola Donley.

Roll of Honor

The following is a list of those who have renewed their subscription and new subscribers for this paper since our last report:

Mark Moore
W. F. Smith
Bergfield Bros.
R. R. Bergfield
Chas. Wendling
Geo. H. Cook
Ed Maxwell
P. O. Rayl
John C. Wienke
The State Bank of Allerton
Carl B. Dicks
Hugo Dewitt
Glen Doney
G. A. Smith
Mrs. Dora Gaines
Harry Allen

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

Whole Fair May Be Seen For \$26.20

It costs an adult just \$26.20 to see A Century of Progress—the Chicago World's Fair—completely. A boy or girl under 12 can do the same thing for \$16.80.

These figures were announced after a complete check by the World's Fair weekly and are set down in an exact tabulation, as opposed to the casual guesses and wild estimates ranging up to \$85.

If an adult covered the Fair grounds from end to end, paying admission and going into every pay concession and riding in every conveyance available, his total would be \$26.20. This includes a \$3 ride in a dirigible, another \$3 ride in an airplane, an hour's ride in a ricksha, a roller chair, a cruise in one of the boats in the lagoon fleet, and a ride in a gondola.

Without the rides, which might be classified as extras, an adult can see the Fair completely for \$16.65. A child can see it for \$12.05.

Long View News

O. L. Brooks has treated his residence to a new coat of paint.

Ernest Fansler and family spent the Fourth at Patterson Springs.

E. J. Downie and family were guests of relatives at Terre Haute, Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. Turner, Misses Dorothy and Julia Turner, and Juanita McGee attended a Bible Institute at Lewiston last week.

Clarence Churchill and son, Junior, left Friday for a visit with relatives in New York, making the trip in their Austin.

Frank McGee carried the mail on route one Wednesday while E. C. Hagerman took a day's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Moore of Indianapolis spent the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Warnes.

Mrs. Frank Martinie spent the past two weeks in Danville with her mother, Mrs. Rice, who recently submitted to a surgical operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Smith, Miss Frances Daniels, and Mrs. Taylor Sharp motored to Kentucky, Saturday. Mrs. Sharp remained for a visit with relatives, while the others returned home Sunday.

About New Postage Rates

Postmaster G. W. Astell informs us that many of the patrons of the local postoffice do not understand the new postage rate which became effective July 1.

The rates are as follows: 1c for drop letters. Drop letters are letters that are sent to persons residing in the village of Broadlands. 2c for letters mailed at the local office for persons on the local rural routes. Also, those residing on the local routes may send citizens of the Village of Broadlands letters for 2c. The rate for letters going from Broadlands to other towns is 3c.

Know the news—read it in the papers.

Don Richard Writes From Camp in Oregon

Harry Richard recently received the following letter from his son, Don, who is now located in a reforestation camp at Elsie, Oregon:

C. C. C. Co. 1656,
Camp Hamlet P. 208,
Elsie, Ore.
June 28, 1933.

Dear Dad:

Well here we are, situated at our final work camp. It is just like a jungle out here. Hanging moss on all the trees, and rivers running under the underbrush. Hills, valleys, cliffs, big Douglas firs, tall slender aspens, willows, and just about everything else but signs of habitation. We are camped about 40 miles from the nearest railroad; two miles from Elsie which is just a post-office. Jewel is next and it is small, has two stores and about 200 people. Clatskaine is the nearest railroad and that is 40 miles. On a straight line it is only about eleven miles to the sea shore, but it is about forty or fifty miles by road. I'm going down some day and look at it.

It rains every morning here and frankly, I don't like it. All of us have colds and as we are on field rations we only get about half enough to eat. Everyone is grumbling and raising Cain about it. Seven guys went home last night. I don't know how they made out; it's a long way home from here. Merle Jackson says he is coming home pay day. The field work is pretty hard but I don't do so much of it. At present we are building a road right through the middle of a woods. It's plenty tough too. I just saw some guys cut down a big tree about four feet thick. What a crash it made.

Well tell the kids to write to me. Tell Warren not to feed me a big line though. Oh say, we sure had a swell trip out here; went through Glacier National Park. The mountains are sure pretty. We saw Mt. Hood and Mt. Everest. They are only about 150 miles away. Well if you can possibly spare the time write and tell me all the news.

Your son, Don.

Metcalf, 12; Blue Caps, 2

With hits few and far between the Blue Caps lost to the Gordon Cubs at Metcalf last Sunday by a margin of 10 points. The Blue Caps garnered but 7 safe hits while Metcalf collected 11. A. Klautsch scored first in the 3rd inning for the local team with a home run over center field and Logan crossed the plate in the 7th inning to score the second run.

Wilbur Luth and V. Luth did the hurling for the local team.

A. Struck leads the season's scoring with a total of 12 runs.

Box Score:

Blue Caps—	AB	R	H
A. Luth, lf	4	0	0
O. Klautsch, 3b	4	0	1
V. Luth, cf	4	0	1
A. Struck, rf	4	0	0
W. Logan, 1b	4	1	1
E. Mohr, 2b	3	0	2
A. Klautsch, e	3	1	1
W. Luth, p	3	0	0
H. Smith, ss	3	0	0

The weather is still hot and very dry. A good rain is badly needed.

Phi Beta Delta Class Meets at Frick Home

The Phi Beta Delta Class of the St. John's Evangelical church recently met at the home of Raymond Frick.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Raymond Frick. After the business was discussed the meeting was closed with the Lord's Prayer.

Various out of doors games furnished an enjoyable entertainment. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and cookies were served.

Those present were Misses Vera and Mabel Bahlow, Marie Benschneider, Muriel Mohr, Wilma Messman, Geraldine, Ruth and Helen Ferguson, and Fern Maxwell; Erhart Benschneider, Harry Nohren, Edward Schumacher, Oscar and Otto Limp, Jess Todd and Raymond Frick.

Fairland News

Garnett Gibson, Correspondent.

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

J. A. Richardson of Berea, Ky., is spending a few days with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Riddle and children spent Sunday with relatives near Bainbridge, Ind.

Leo Kirk of Danville was a Sunday guest of E. M. Maxwell and daughters.

William Riggie returned to Danville on Wednesday after painting and decorating the John Lewis, Sr. residence.

Mrs. R. A. Harris and daughter, Ollie, have returned home after spending a few days with her sister in Paris.

Mrs. Mabel Chlapathy and small daughter, Doreen of Chicago are spending a few weeks with the former's mother, Mrs. Mollie Statzer.

George W. Goldsberry accompanied by Herbert, Edward and Ephieum Goldsberry, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hawkins at St. Elmo.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Gibson were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Burton and Charles Lawlives and family at Georgetown. They were accompanied home by Miss Georgeann Burton who will visit a few weeks in the Gibson home.

Mrs. Mollie Statzer received a card from her son, Eugene, recently saying he is located at Camp Bly, Oregon, for the rest of the summer. Statzer is enjoying camp life fine and thinks that Oregon is an ideal state for pretty mountains and scenery.

Mrs. Lula Robertson has returned from Romney, Ind., after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Johnson. She was accompanied home by her mother who will spend a few months in the Robertson home.

The L. S. L. Club met with Mrs. Cora Warnes on Thursday afternoon. After the program which was given by club members a business meeting was held. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Pearl Allen.

Local and Personal

Rev. and Mrs. Theo. Haefele spent the Fourth at Decatur.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCarey of Sidney visited Wm. Messman and family, Sunday.

Misses Phyllis Bergfield and Alice Maxwell are visiting in Fairland this week.

Uncle John Rayl celebrated his 80th birthday anniversary on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. John M. Smith spent the weekend with relatives at Milwaukee, Wis.

Kerna Block recently purchased the Schweineke property in the north part of town.

Wayne Brewer spent the past week with relatives at Norborne, Mo.

Mesdames Pearl Edens and Anna Struck were Champaign visitors, Saturday.

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

Glen Doney and family were guests of relatives at Oakwood, Sunday.

Miss Bessie Harris spent the past few days with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Warren, near Hume.

Alvin Zenke, Henry Dohme and Henry Kilian, Sr., were Champaign business callers on Wednesday.

Henry Kilian, Sr., and Misses Florence Schumacher and Wilma Messman were Newman visitors, Monday.

Mrs. John Bahlow, Misses Mabel Bahlow and Wilma Messman were Homer callers, Saturday.

Mrs. Herbert Krenzien and Mrs. Wm. Messman visited Herman Luth and family at Ridgefarm, Saturday.

Miss Clara Haines returned home last Friday after a ten days' visit with friends in Champaign.

Miss Florence Schumacher returned to Urbana, Wednesday, after a few days visit with home folks.

Inez and Lena Owens, of Danville, and Bertha Belle Snow, of Champaign, visited Miss Clara Haines on last Friday evening.

Miss Margaret Gore returned from Indianapolis, Tuesday, after a few days visit with relatives.

Misses Odell and Gladys Swangle returned home Saturday after a visit with friends and relatives near Sidell.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Stuebe, of Danville, spent the first of the week with Mrs. Anna Poggen-dorf and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Bus Baldwin spent the week end at the Thomas Fitzsimmons home in Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Nohren entertained Elmer Bergfield and family of Tuscola, Guy McElwee and family of Sidney, at dinner on Sunday.

Mrs. Hobart Harris and Miss Helen Warner spent the first of the week with Mrs. Lyle Cummings in Danville.

Wm. Biggs returned to St. Louis, Thursday, after a few days visit with his sister, Mrs. Leanna Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Killian, Sr., Mrs. Henry Schumacher and daughter, Miss Evelyn, were Urbana visitors, Saturday.

If you want to read some really good news—just read the grain market in this issue of The News.

A quartet from the Indiana Central College, of Indianapolis, will be at the local U. B. Church, Sunday, for the morning services. Everyone welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dicks entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Logan Hedrick and Geraldine Hedrick of Homer; Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald.

The Methodist Ladies Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. Bertha Cook next Thursday. Mrs. Nora Griffin and Mrs. Mary Dicks are assistant hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Walsh, Uncle Billy Cadwallader and Miss Wynnie Cadwallader were here from Champaign, Thursday.

Miss Wynnie left today (Friday) for Houston, Ky., to resume her school work.

Poor waitress marries the rich banker—just like they do in the movies. Read this romantic real life love story in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next Sunday's Chicago Herald And Examiner.

The following were dinner guests at the Harry Richard home, Sunday: Harry Richard, Jr., of Indianapolis, Mrs. Alice Fidler of Newman, Mrs. Virginia Kilby and children of Georgetown, Mrs. Naomi Ellers and son of Danville.

George Dohme, Hobart Harris, Jim Handley and Charles Swick attended the all-star baseball game at Chicago, Thursday. The two teams were selected from the best players of both the National and the American leagues.

The News received a card from Othol Hardyman, Monday, who is now located at the reforestation camp at Duquoin, Ill. Walter Thode is also stationed at Duquoin. The boys were kept in the state on account of the condition of their health, so we are informed.

Market Report

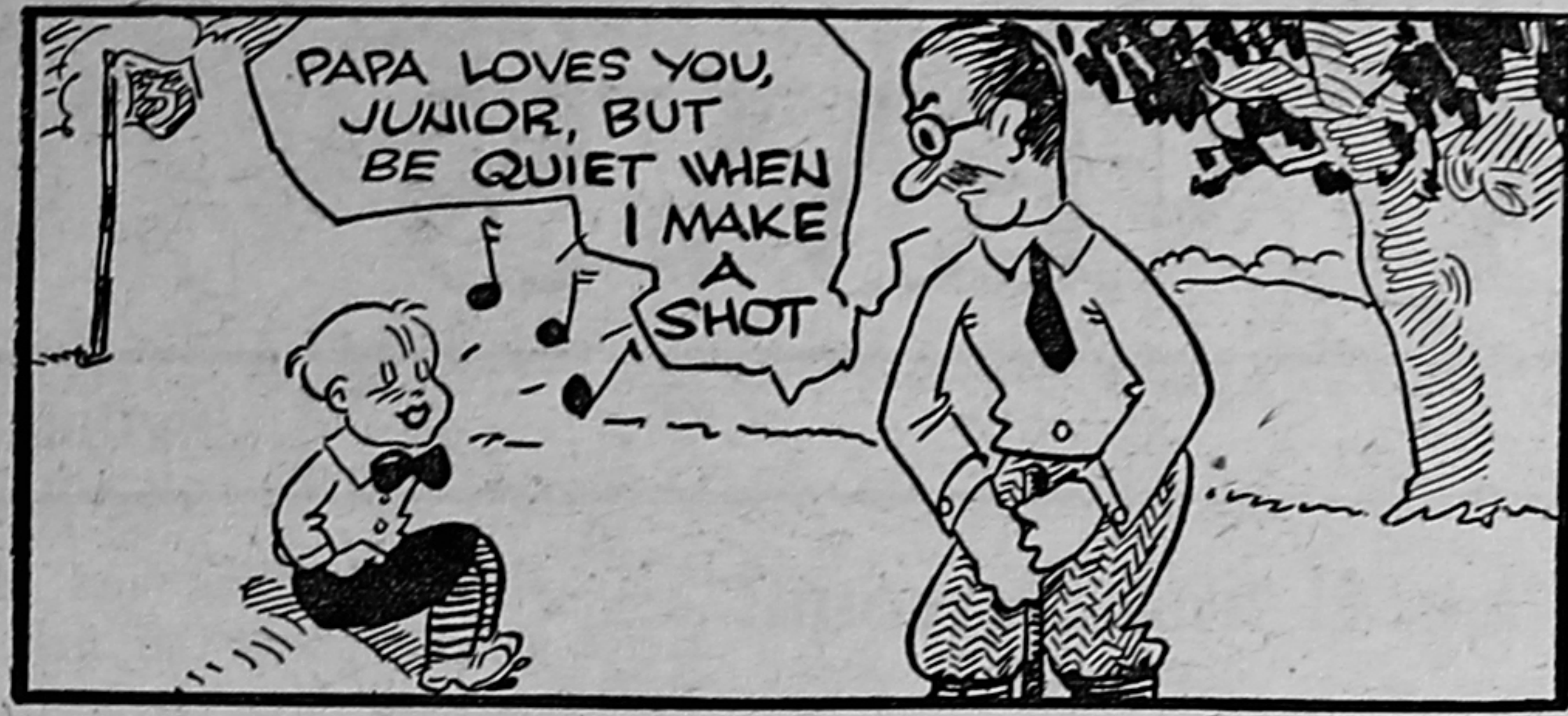
Following are the prices offered for grain Thursday in the local market:

Wheat	88c
No. 3 white shelled corn	53c
No. 3 yellow corn	51c
No. 2 white oats	40c
No. 2 soy beans	65c

For Sale—Oliver Typewriter; slightly used; A 1 condition. Price \$7.—Roy H. Gibbons, Bentley, Ill.

You can judge a man pretty accurately by how he comes through adversity. The man with the real stuff in him never says quit. He works out his problem and quietly whips it. The quitter gives up, says there is no use trying, for everyone and everything is against him.

SUCH IS LIFE—Golfers Are Fussy!



By Charles Sughroe

Dainty Tit-Bits for the Summer

Rolled Sandwiches Easy to "Fix" and Not Too Expensive.

For the summer occasions at which sandwiches are required, a variation of the ordinary kind is the rolled sandwich. These form an epicurean touch and are no more expensive than the usual sort. The skill in making them is not so much an acquired ability as it is a matter of seeing that the ingredients are adaptable to this shape and style.

Dried beef encircling a mixture of cream cheese, chopped parsley, and a dash of onion is a very successful savory sandwich. These rolled sandwiches measure about two inches long and half an inch through. The cheese mixture is first prepared by putting cream cheese in a bowl into which a little raw onion juice is pressed or extracted by scraping the surface of a halved onion. A few sprigs of parsley, finely chopped, are added. A teaspoon is used to lift the seasoned cheese onto a very thin slice of dried beef. The cheese should be slightly piled up and rounded in the middle of the shaved slice of beef, which is then rolled about it. The rolls should hold their shape, but if inclined to uncurl, thrust wooden toothpicks in them. No bread is used in these savory sandwiches. The beef used in them should be of the freshest, as it is then the most pliable.

A well-known kind of rolled sandwich has asparagus tips for the centers, one tip to each sandwich, encircled with rolled buttered bread. The bread is cut as thin as possible and the butter well creamed and soft before spreading. The sandwich, which is about four inches long, is held rolled by an inserted toothpick. The asparagus itself may first be wound in a leaf of lettuce with mayonnaise, if desired.

A delicious summer sandwich to serve with iced tea is a rolled sandwich of some dark bread, spread with lightly salted butter, and chopped fresh mint. It is a sandwich which differs from the other rolled sandwiches, being made as a jelly roll is made. A loaf of bread is cut into lengthwise slices. One entire lengthwise slice is spread liberally with the mixture, to which cream cheese may be added to make it more adhesive, if desired. The slice is rolled with the spread inside, and then cut through in flat slices, each of which shows circles of the filling. Do not cut until just before serving, and wrap in paraffin paper if time elapses before serving. Keep on ice.

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Repression Overdone
The thoroughly self-repressed man can seem somewhat unnatural.

Face a Sight with Painful Eruptions Healed by Cuticura

"I was bothered with an eruption on my face that started as pimples with white centers. They were in blotches about as big as a nickel and had flaky crusts on them. They were painful and I spent some miserable nights. The skin was inflamed and my face was a terrible sight."

"I had several treatments but could get no relief, and the trouble lasted about three years before I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. At the end of two weeks the eruptions were growing smaller and in three weeks I was healed altogether." (Signed) L. W. Cushman, Warrenville, Conn.

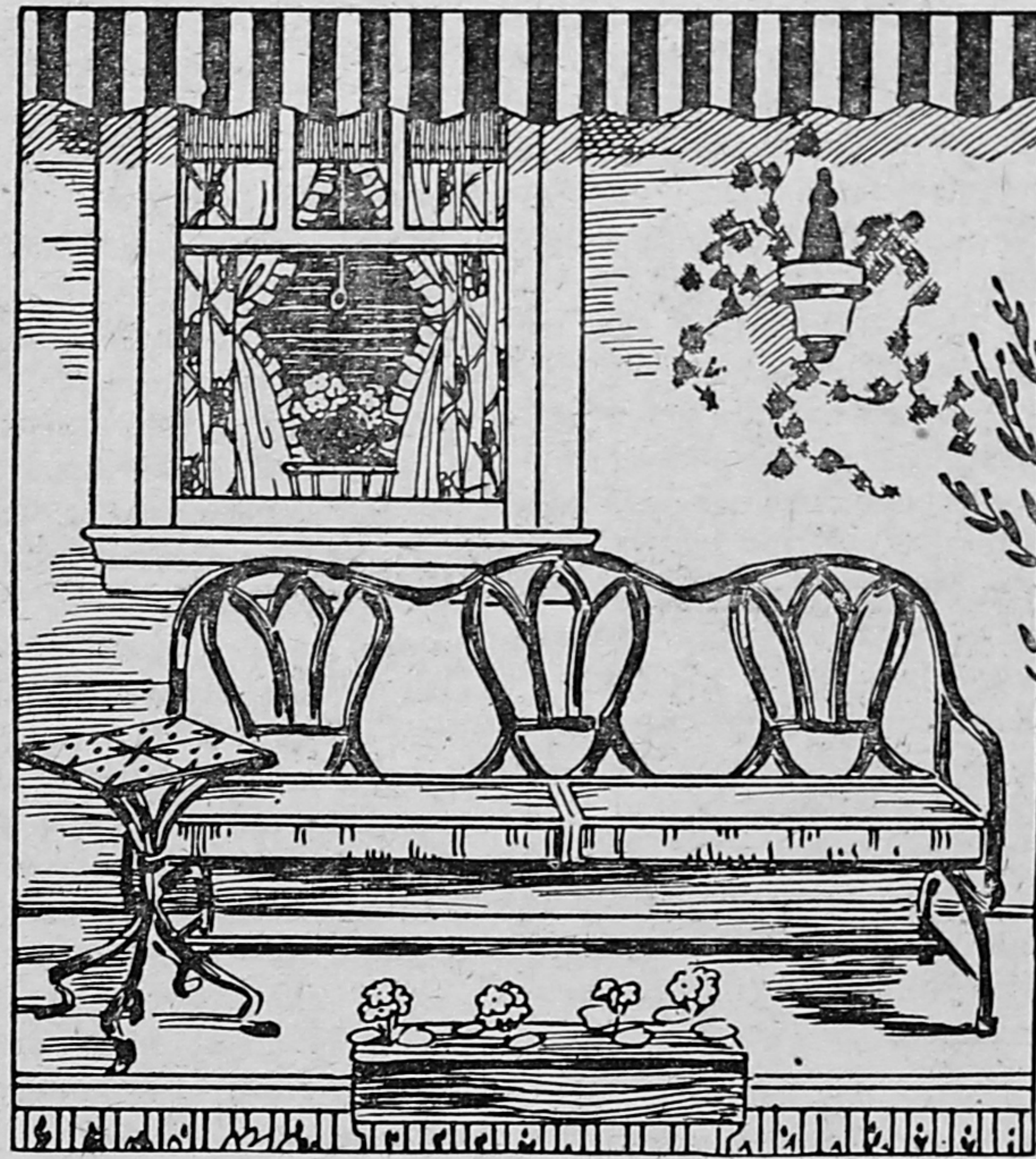
Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

For the Young Lady



One of the latest of Parisian fashion creations for the well-dressed young lady is this embroidered white and pink linen dress with an assorted cap.

The Household
By Lydia Le Baron Walker



Furniture and Accessories of Wrought Iron Are Equally Well Suited to Covered or Uncovered Piazzas.

Those who are intending to refurbish their piazzas can do it in either of two ways. They can buy new furniture, or they can do over old pieces which are suitable to outdoor purposes. The type of piazza largely determines its treatment. If it is of the sun-parlor variety, it can be treated as a sunny room, without regard to the effect of the elements on the furnishings, which however must be of porch type. Upholstery will not suffer, neither will textiles nor cushions. This type of veranda has decided advantages in furnishing range. But it must not be so treated that it appears like an indoor room, or its character is lost. It is intended for an out-of-doors room, one where free sweep of air is permitted, and which is excluded only when driving rain or cold would bar its use if it were not for the protecting inclosure.

Wicker, grass, fibre, etc. Wicker, willow, grass, and fiber and canvas furniture comes in wide assortment of piazza pieces. While rain is not ruinous to fiber furniture it is not advantageous, either. It holds water longer than wood or iron, and is not so immediately useful after a drenching rain. It is used to advantage in sun parlors and very well protected but more open verandas.

If furniture for a porch is not new, it may be possible to cull from pieces in the house, such furniture as is right for piazza purposes. Paint will restore a new look.

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Coming Back
By
LEONARD A. BARRETT



Inflation is on, and we sincerely hope it is the wisest course. Had the alternative method been chosen, that of "laissez-faire," which advocates a policy of "let well enough alone and all will end well in time," doubtless the financial disaster would have been much greater. We are assured, however, that the method of inflation is only temporary, that it will be controlled, and ultimately we shall return to the gold standard.

The economic recovery, while important, is not the only problem involved. We should be more vitally concerned with the re-establishment within the heart of the people of those moral and spiritual qualities upon which the welfare of our country depends. It is a matter of very serious concern that our lost courage and confidence be regained. It is only upon these two moral qualities that any return to prosperity can be established.

The disastrous effect of fear must also be completely eliminated if we are to have a permanent reversal of the economic trend of the last few years. Fear plays havoc with the psychic centers. Once given fear free reign and the very foundations not only of economic but all moral life are shattered. Fear destroys the capacity to reason and sends a man to his work more of a coward than a hero. Fear completely destroys both confidence and courage.

More insidious than anything else is the tendency in every city and village to depreciate the value of education, especially in our public schools.

Remembers Napoleon



Born in 1805, this aged resident of Santa Ana, Calif., Senora Martina de la Rosa, recalls Napoleon's conquests and other events far back in history. The one hundred and twenty-eight year old American has lived most of her life in Mexico.

Where ignorance abounds fear is present doing its disastrous work. Very little serious attention has been given to this matter by those who are seeking, by various and sundry methods, to end the depression. The education of our youth is of vital importance if we are to have a coming generation capable of directing the affairs of government. Some of the colleges are offering free tuition to unemployed young people. This is very encouraging and indicates a full appreciation of the serious part education is destined to fill in molding our future destiny. On the other hand many high schools and grade schools are reducing hours of instruction, cutting courses and, in some localities, not even paying their teachers. Let no person underestimate for a moment the grave importance of the public school in the future development of our American democracy.

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"Bunch of Keys" Given High School Diplomas

Hollis, Okla.—The quadruplet Keys sisters, Mary, Leota, Roberta and Mona, who look, act and dress alike, were graduated from high school here, but the event did not portend separation from their life-long unity of thought and activity.

The "bunch of keys," as the girls have become known, plan to go to college together, and perhaps after that to go on the stage as a group.

LINDBERGH'S DIARY IS NOW ON DISPLAY

Becomes Part of Exhibit in St. Louis Museum.

St. Louis, Mo.—To the hundreds of valuable and interesting relics now contained in the Lindbergh exhibition at Jefferson memorial here has been added Col. Charles A. Lindbergh's own handwritten log of his air adventures beginning with his first air venture in 1922, and earlier notes of his career.

The reticent nature of the famous flyer is shown in the abbreviated notes, some of them being so short as to require special elucidation. For instance, where the initial "A" occurs along with a notation, it means that Anne Morrow, now Mrs. Lindbergh, accompanied him.

The record, which was placed on exhibition on the sixth anniversary of Lindbergh's epochal flight to Paris, goes back beyond his first ride in an airplane. Page after page, covered with the names of cities visited by motorcycle or automobile, attest the wanderlust which claimed him early. Occasionally a leg of the journey is sketched in a rudimentary map.

Barnstorming Flights.

Topping a six inch stack of tiny loose leaf pages is the log, printed in the aviator's painstaking hand, of his first training flights at Lincoln, Neb., and his 1922 barnstorming flights as a wing walker and parachute jumper. In that year, the log shows he made 200 flights and 10 parachute jumps. Numerous other incidents relating to flying troubles and hazardous jumps are recorded.

The Spirit of St. Louis, in which

Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris was made, had its own log all to itself, beginning with the first test at San Diego on April 28, 1927. The record shows it had flown 27 hours and 25 minutes before the flight to Paris. The trans-Atlantic flight takes up only two lines of the log: "May 20, 1927, and May 21, 1927. New York to Paris, 33 hours 30 minutes."

Every step in preparation and execution of the famous flight is revealed in the notebook. When he arrived in Paris, it seems he wanted to remember just these things: "Arrange for care of plane. Arrange for guard. Cables. Arrange for clothes. Arrange for quarters." And then, as an afterthought, "Postcards—U. S."

Havana to St. Louis.

His greatest flight, in the opinion of aviators, was that from Havana to St. Louis, made in what meteorologists called the worst day he could have chosen in several months—February 13, 1928. He made it in 15 hours and 35 minutes.

On the following day he greeted 60,000 school children assembled on the St. Louis levee and the log records, "Flew three hours over St. Louis." In those three hours perhaps he was saying farewell to his faithful partner in the unbeatable combination, "We" for the ship two months later—April 30—to be exact, was flown from Lambert field in St. Louis to Washington where it was placed on permanent exhibition at the Smithsonian institution.

Prize Offered Writer of Peace Hymn Words

Boston.—The League of Nations association, with headquarters here, has selected the first sixteen bars of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony as the tune for a new hymn of peace.

Instead of the words set to the strain as it appears in the Unitarian and Methodist hymn books, however, the association wants three verses that sing the glories of international amity. A prize and royalties are offered for such verses in a contest open until September 1.

Befriended Robins Returned to Woman

Columbia, Pa.—Two robin fledglings, befriended by Mrs. Irvin Guistwite when they were deserted by the mother robin a year ago, returned this year and nested on a window ledge of the Guistwite home in Cordelia, near here.

The baby robins had been taken into her home, fed and tamed until they responded to pet names. When they were old enough to fly they refused to leave the premises until cold weather.

Recently two grown robins came to the Guistwite home and figuratively knocked at the door. The housewife insists the two birds are the same that she cared for last summer.



Johnny Goodman of Omaha, the young amateur who captured the national open golf championship at the North Shore Golf club, Chicago, is here shown with the coveted trophy which he won.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

DINOSAUR ROCK —
A NEW NATIONAL MONUMENT IN UTAH CONSISTS OF AN IMBEDDED DINOSAUR SKELETON FROM WHICH THE ROCK HAS BEEN CAREFULLY CUT SO IT STANDS IN RELIEF.

5,000-YEAR HOMES —
SPACIOUS DWELLINGS OF TWENTY ROOMS HAVE BEEN FOUND IN INDIA WHICH WERE OCCUPIED OVER 5,000 YEARS AGO.

SPANNING THE POLES!
PLANTS OF THE NORTH POLAR REGIONS ARE FOUND ALSO IN THE MOST SOUTHERN LANDS, HAVING MIGRATED ALONG NORTH TO SOUTH MOUNTAIN RANGES.

WNU Service

She Sets New Record for Butterfat



The first and only dairy cow in the world to exceed a thousand pounds of butterfat in a year on strictly twice a day milking has just been announced by the Holstein-Friesian Association of America. This cow, Winterthur Boast Ormsby Ganne, bred and owned by H. P. DuPont, Winterthur farms, Delaware, made 1,042 pounds of fat and 23,446 pounds of milk with an average test of 4.3 per cent. Her fat yield exceeds the former world's record by the wide margin of 145.8 pounds.

ANTS DIE
Sprinkle Ant Food along window sills, doors and openings through which ants come and go. Guaranteed to rid quickly. Used in a million homes. Inexpensive. At your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Cheapest and Best
Ask your dealer for Daisy Fly Killer. Placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, convenient. Lasts all season. Made of metal. Can't spill or tip over. Can't soil, or injure anything. Harold Somers, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DAISY FLY KILLER

WNU—A

27—33

Supervisor's Annual Report

State of Illinois }
County of Champaign } ss
Town of Ayers

Office of Town Supervisor
The following is a statement by F. A. Messman, Supervisor of the Town of Ayers, in the County and State aforesaid, of the amount of public funds received by him during the fiscal year just closed, ending on the 28th day of March, A. D., 1933, showing the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of said fiscal year, the amount of public funds received and from what sources received, the amount of public funds expended, and for what purposes expended, during said fiscal year ending as aforesaid.

The said F. A. Messman being duly sworn, doth depose and say that the following statement by him subscribed is a correct statement of the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year above stated, the amount of public funds received, and the source, from which received, the amount expended, and the purposes for which expended, as set forth in said statement.

F. A. MESSMAN,
Supervisor.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of March, 1933.

B. H. Thode,
Justice of the Peace.

RECEIPTS

1932—	
April 1—Bal. brought forward	\$19.48
April 5—August C. Meyer, bank refund	103.59
April 5—A. D. Sizer Co. Treasurer	600.00
Aug. 11—A. D. Sizer Co. Treasurer	500.00
Sept. 29—A. D. Sizer Co. Treas., dog tax	12.40
Oct. 29—A. D. Sizer Co. Treas., pauper relief	1085.23
Nov. 21—A. D. Sizer Co. Treas., tax 1931	1.29
	\$2,321.99

EXPENDITURES

1932—	
Mar. 29—O. P. Witt, clerk fees	59.25
April 15—Ray L. Bowman, meetings	40.00
Apr. 16—Bergfield Bros. pauper relief	164.93
Apr. 16—E. K. Eckerty, pauper relief	1.65
Apr. 1—The Broadlands News, publishing ballots and printing	16.50
Apr. 4—The Broadlands News, publishing road oil election notices and ballots	26.00
Apr. 25—Edgar Moser, hauling flour	3.50
Apr. 30—F. A. Messman com. meeting	2.00
Apr. 30—Wm. F. Smith, clerk of election	3.00
Apr. 30—Alonzo Zantow clerk of election	3.00
Apr. 30—Walter Witt, clerk of election	3.00
Apr. 30—R. M. Astell, judge of election	3.00
Apr. 3—Russell Potter, judge of election	3.00
Apr. 30—F. A. Messman judge of election	3.00
May 30—F. A. Messman com. meeting	2.00
June 7—The Broadlands News, publish report	33.50
July 27—Earl Eckerty, pauper bill	25.50
Aug. 12—Bergfield Bros. pauper relief	67.88
Aug 31—Evelyn Garrett railroad fare	10.00
June 30—F. A. Messman com. meeting	2.00
Sept. 17—E. K. Eckerty pauper relief	18.00
June 29—F. A. Messman com. meeting	2.00
Aug. 29—F. A. Messman com. meeting	2.00

Nov. 4—E. K. Eckerty, pauper relief	12.00
Dec. 9—Dr. T. A. Dicks	52.50
Dec. 28—Bergfield Bros. pauper relief	85.08
1933—	
Jan. 25—E. K. Eckerty, pauper relief	12.50
Mar. 3—County hospital	304.25
Mar. 25—F. A. Messman com. meeting	2.00
Sept. 6—Geo. E. Walker assessing	150.00
Jan. 28—Dr. T. A. Dicks	73.50
Sept. 6—B. H. Thode, J. P. services	1.50
Sept. 6—O. P. Witt, meeting	28.00
Dec. 30—Broadlands Grain & Coal Co., coal	94.30
1932—	
Sept. 9—George Dohme, meeting	28.00
Sept. 6—F. A. Messman auditing	1.50
Dec. 6—Twin City Printing Co., books	11.75
1933—	
Mar. 3—Crain's Drug Store	13.65
Mar. 3—F. A. Messman, overseer of poor	50.00
	\$1415.24
Bal. Mar. 28, 1933	\$906.75
	\$2321.99

Statement of Funds For Publication

State of Illinois }
County of Champaign } ss
Town of Ayers

Office of Treasurer of Road and Bridge Funds
The following is a statement by F. A. Messman, Treasurer of the Road and Bridge Funds of the Town of Ayers in the county of Champaign and state aforesaid of the amount of Road and Bridge funds received and expended by him during the fiscal year just closed, ending on the 28th day of March, 1933, showing the amount of funds on hand at the commencement of said fiscal year, the amount of funds received and from what sources received, the amount of funds expended and for what purposes expended, during said fiscal year, ending as aforesaid.

The said F. A. Messman, being duly sworn, doth depose and say that the following statement by him subscribed is a correct statement of the amount of Road and Bridge Funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year above stated, the amount of funds received, and the source from which received, and the amount expended, and for what purposes expended, as set forth in said statement.

F. A. MESSMAN,
Treasurer.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of March, 1933.

B. H. Thode,
Justice of the Peace.

RECEIPTS

1932—	
April 1—Balance brot forward	\$ 320.32
April 5—A. D. Sizer, Co. Treasurer	600.00
April 5—August Meyer's Dividend Bank Refund	55.03
Aug. 1—Village of Allerton, sewer pipe	10.00
Aug. 11—A. D. Sizer, Co. Treasurer	400.00
Aug. 26—Howard Clem, oiling road lane, worked out	1.50
Aug. 26—Walter Neal, oiling lane, worked out	3.50
Sept. 1—Hugo Dewitt, for oil	1.00
Aug. 3—Village of Broadlands, oiling streets	20.00
Sept. 26—Sidell Township, oil county line	65.00
Oct. 3—Village of Allerton, oil on county line road	20.00
Oct. 7—Bertha Block, oiling lane	2.50

Oct. 29—A. D. Sizer, Co. Treasurer, Road and Bridge Fund final	968.25
Nov. 26—Co. Treasurer, 1931 tax due, Road & Bridge & Permanent	19.52
1933—	
March 27—Mrs. Bevers, oiling lane	8.00
	\$2494.52

EXPENDITURES

1932—	
March 30—Ray L. Bowman, dragging roads	\$ 43.75
March 30—Ray L. Bowman, dragging roads	60.00
April 4—Arthur Hart, lumber	50.00
April 15—Vernon Luth, dragging	2.00
April 15—Central Culvert Co., culverts	168.66
April 15—Kenneth Dicks hardware and paint	18.96
April 30—Willis Myers, day work	5.00
April 30—J. A. Thomas, hauling	2.00
April 30—Sigal Yeazel, dragging	3.00
April 30—Enos Gallion, day work	4.50
April 30—August Zantow, repairs on plow	2.00
April 30—Howard Clem, dragging roads	5.25
April 30—Henry Kunkle day work	5.00
April 30—Ray L. Bowman, grading	79.50
April 30—Wm. Zenke, dragging	11.50
April 30—Walter Neal, dragging	3.00
April 30—Kenneth Dicks paint	26.31
April 30—Clinton Lookingbill, labor	5.00
April 30—O. P. Witt, com. services	47.50
May 30—Willis Myers, scraping	4.50
May 30—Elmer Sy, scraping	3.00
May 30—John Magers, dragging, team work	\$15.00
May 30—Howard Clem, dragging	4.50
May 30—Henry Kunkle, labor	6.00
May 30—Clinton Lookingbill, scooping	4.00
May 30—Walter Neal, dragging	2.25
May 30—Joe Luth, dragging	12.00
May 30—O. P. Witt, com. services	45.00
May 30—Arnold Smith, hauling junk	24.00
May 30—Ray L. Bowman, grading and leveling	69.00
June 27—C. D. McCormick, filling scrapers	6.00
June 27—Ray L. Bowman, hauling beams	5.00
June 27—Arthur Struck, team work	7.00
June 27—Walter Neal, team work	11.25
June 27—Alfred Poggen-dorf, dragging	11.50
June 27—Ed Kunkle, trimming trees	2.00
June 27—Howard Clem, scraping	5.25
June 27—Fay Comer, labor on sewers	3.00
June 27—Jess Ward, culverts, team work	8.00
June 27—Elmer Sy, dragging	2.50
June 27—Harold Smith, dragging roads	5.50
June 27—Ray Thode, dragging	3.75
June 27—O. P. Witt, com. services	50.00
June 27—Messman & Astell, insurance	106.70
July 29—Elmer Sy, dragging roads	10.50
July 29—Walter Neal, dragging	7.00
July 29—August Zantow sharpening blades	4.50
July 29—Howard Clem, dragging	4.50
July 29—O. P. Witt, com. services	55.00
July 29—Merilatt R. S. Co., G. blades	4.80
Aug. 26—C. & E. I. Ry., demurrage	20.00

Aug. 26—Harold Luth, dragging	2.50
Aug. 26—Howard Clem, dragging	7.00
Aug. 26—Joe Luth, dragging	4.00
Aug. 26—Walter Neal, dragging roads	9.50
Aug. 26—John Bahlow, dragging	2.50
Aug. 26—P. J. Limp, dragging	2.50
Aug. 26—Elmer Sy, dragging	2.50
Aug. 26—Gordon Warters, dragging	2.50
Aug. 26—O. P. Witt, com. services	60.00
Aug. 26—Alfred Poggen-dorf, dragging	3.00
Aug. 26—Claude Turner labor	3.80
Sept. 17—Central Culvert Co., culverts	162.53
Sept. 17—Central Culvert Co., culverts	103.39
Sept. 24—Everett Chandler, repairs on bridge	3.00
Sept. 24—O. P. Witt, com. services	52.50
Oct. 6—Dobbins & Dobbins, legal advice	5.00
Oct. 29—William Seider, labor, team	6.00
Oct. 29—Lester Edens, dragging	3.75
Oct. 29—Othol Hardyman, labor	11.00
Oct. 29—John Barnes, labor on bridges	11.00
Oct. 29—Frank Gurnea, labor on bridge	11.00
Oct. 29—C. T. Henson, lumber and material	106.24
Oct. 29—Merilatt Road Supply Co., road drags	56.50
Oct. 29—Kenneth Dicks, hardware	5.78
Oct. 29—O. P. Witt, com. services	55.00
Oct. 29—Walter Neal, hauling waste	5.25
Oct. 29—Othol Hardyman, bridge labor	3.00
Dec. 3—Howard Clem, scooping snow	3.10
Dec. 3—Leonard Thomas, scooping snow	3.50
Dec. 3—Willis Myers, scooping snow	2.00
Dec. 3—Enos Gallion, scooping snow	1.60
Dec. 3—Ray L. Bowman oiling roads	103.38
Dec. 3—Adolph Klautsch scooping snow	1.00

Dec. 3—August Zantow, repairs on tools	1.75
Dec. 3—O. P. Witt, com. services	35.00
Dec. 31—O. P. Witt, com. services	35.00
1933—	
Jan. 19—Frank Kracht, for lots	100.00
Jan. 28—Kenneth Dicks lock and stove pipe	1.75
Jan. 28—Lester Edens, dragging	1.90
Jan. 28—Walter Neal, dragging	3.50
Jan. 28—Howard Clem, dragging	3.75
Jan. 28—O. P. Witt, com. services	35.00
Feb. 25—Alfred Poggen-dorf, dragging	5.25
Feb. 25—Wm. Zenke, dragging	1.30
Feb. 25—John Magers, dragging	1.90
Feb. 25—Howard Clem, dragging	4.65
Feb. 25—John Bahlow, dragging and hauling rock	15.00
Feb. 25—Walter Neal, dragging	1.50
Feb. 25—O. P. Witt, com. services	27.50
March 25—Walter Neal dragging	2.70
March 25—Lawrence Lee labor	1.80
March 25—Harold Anderson, plow and labor	8.60
March 25—C. T. Henson lumber and nails	5.60
March 25—O. P. Witt, com. services	32.50
March 28—F. A. Messman, care Road and Bridge Fund	42.06
	\$2247.95
Bal. March 28, 1933	\$ 246.57
	\$2494.52

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.

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

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Physician and Surgeon
Broadlands, Ill.

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The Broadlands Community Club
Cordially Invites You to
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Free Movie Show
At Broadlands
Every
Saturday Night

This Week

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

**Better Babies, Maybe
Homemade Lightning
Prohibition Doomed
A Better Eye Than Ours**

In Germany the new broom is sweeping clean, with much new lawmaking, and sweeping away some things that will be missed later.

The most recent announcement tells of a "Spartan eugenics code" which is to produce better German babies. Fathers and mothers selected from the eugenic standpoint. Mothers are told to cease filling their brains with useless education, and concentrate on producing fine German children. Modern Germany is to be inspired by the example of ancient Sparta.

When a cowboy was offered ox-tail soup he said, "That's going a long way back for soup."

Going back to Sparta and Draco is going a long way back for inspiration.

A new electrical machine called "Van Der Graaff's 10,000,000 electric volt generator" is a very good imitation of lightning.

From the day when men shivered and prayed to some red nosed idol when thunder crashed and lightning flashed, to this day, when men make lightning for their own purposes, is quite a change.

This new electrical generator will make possible the sending of power over thousands of miles of wires, especially insulated.

Doctor Compton, describing the great generator, says in future engineers will rule society, deciding what it shall and shall not do.

In that the learned gentleman is mistaken. Engineers will rule engines, Human desires and inborn instincts will rule society now as they did 1,000,000 years ago. Neither science nor Hitler can change that.

Prohibition is doomed apparently, and "the saloon is back already" as far as beer is concerned. Long bars with brass rails are numerous.

The country will have two problems: First, how to control the army of criminals that prohibition and bootlegging have created. Second, how to deal with the whisky problem, which will come back in the open. Education must do the latter. Compulsion has failed.

Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykins has invented "an artificial eye" expected to make television in the home practical and inexpensive. With its help radio listeners will actually see those whom they hear—singers, talkers, prize fighters or actors.

The artificial eye, far superior to the human eye, has 3,000,000 photo-electric cells in place of the millions of rods and cones back of the human retina, the photo-electric cells so small they can be seen only under a microscope.

The rest of the world is very much interested in the important question:

What will happen if all the nations abandon gold and the world suddenly finds itself without the old familiar golden "yardstick of value"?

One thing is certain, this country will suffer, if at all, less than any other country. Money is "worth" what it will buy, and the American dollar will buy anything in the United States, which has more things worth buying than any other country.

Also, more plentiful dollars will continue to promote business and raise prices, which this country needs.

The greatest individual hoarder of gold in the world is said to be an Indian potentate, the Nizam of Hyderabad, whose ancestors accumulated a fabulous gold treasure, which he has increased.

The British hope that he can be persuaded to deliver that gold to England in return for the extension of his rulership over Behar, which was formerly under his dominion and is craved by him.

If he had his hoard in the United States it would be much simpler. He would be told to bring in the gold and take nice green paper instead, and he would bring it.

Herbert R. Wilkin, who is a Detroit banker of consequence, not a red Russian Bolshevik, makes the interesting statement that the closing of banks in Detroit was done by Wall Street powers "to get" Henry Ford.

The accusation will interest Mr. Cummings, the attorney general of the United States, and President Roosevelt.

The financial gentlemen did not "get" Mr. Ford, an undertaking not easy in the case of a man with four or five hundred millions in cash on hand.

But whoever engineered the closing of those Detroit banks, if anybody did, caused hardship, worry and loss to tens of thousands that did not deserve such treatment.

The distinguished Mr. Pecora and the impartial and powerful attorney general might get more information from Banker Wilkin.

Wheat that you could have bought a little while ago for 42 or 43 cents a bushel sold last week for one dollar on the grain market of Fort Worth, Texas.

Many farmers will welcome the battle cry: "Good-by, gold dollar! How do you do, dollar wheat?"

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News Review of Current Events the World Over

London Conference in Danger of Collapse as Moley Arrives—California and West Virginia Vote for Repeal of Prohibition.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

PROF. RAYMOND MOLEY arrived in London seemingly full of confidence and optimism, but there was a serious doubt whether he could or would save the world economic conference from collapse. Prices in the United States were jumping daily, the dollar was declining in the foreign exchange markets, capital was fleeing from Holland and Switzerland, and the countries still remaining on the gold standard were excited and angry. Their delegates



Senator Couzens

In London got together and declared unanimously that immediate stabilization of currencies by international agreement was imperative, and that without that it would be useless to continue the conference.

The American delegates, despite many specific stories of dissension in their ranks, were declared by Secretary Hull and others to be in complete accord and acting entirely in conformity with the instructions and wishes of President Roosevelt. Senator James Couzens of Michigan, the lone Republican in the delegation, delivered a significant speech before the monetary subcommittee in which he urged immediate action to raise prices and lighten the debt burden as a means of helping solve the world crisis.

He said, however, that he did not believe prices could be raised sufficiently to bring about the proper equilibrium with the existing debt burden.

While prices must be raised and the debt burden lightened, Mr. Couzens said, this must not be construed as an invitation to debtors able to pay to scale down their indebtedness.

"Certainly it is not an invitation to default," he said. "It emphasizes the necessity for organizing creditors throughout the world, of establishing some form of permanent body to act in an advisory capacity between organized creditors and organized debtors to study by what means the necessary adjustments may be brought about with the minimum of delay and injustice."

Mr. Couzens declared that the United States does not believe prices can be raised by monetary means alone. Purchasing power must also be increased, he said, and America is acting on that belief by instituting the largest program of public works ever undertaken in the history of the world.

PRIME MINISTER MACDONALD was scurrying about in desperate effort to save the conference, and after the meeting and pronouncement of the gold bloc he had a talk with Georges Bonnet of France and then called Mr. Hull and other American delegates into conference. He showed them that they would be held to blame if the parity failed, and the Americans resented what they considered to be an attempt thus to force President Roosevelt to alter his position that the dollar should not be stabilized until there has been a substantial rise in commodity prices and wages in the United States. Mr. Hull told MacDonal that the question of immediate stabilization of currencies is beyond the jurisdiction of the American delegation.

Since Mr. Hull refused to do anything about immediate currency stabilization, the monetary subcommittee decided to report favorably on Senator Key Pittman's gold resolution, which provides, among other things, for withdrawal of the yellow metal from circulation and reducing the gold coverage of central banks to 25 per cent. It inserted a statement that such monetary changes "must not be taken as an excuse for unduly building up a larger superstructure of notes and credits."

There was fear throughout Europe that the developments would compel all nations to abandon the gold standard, and this was given force by the announcement that Estonia had taken that step. Other Baltic countries, it was expected, would follow suit.

GEN. HUGH S. JOHNSON, administrator of the industrial recovery act, opened hearings on codes submitted for government control before an interested crowd in the Department of Commerce building in Washington, the first one to be taken up being that offered by the cotton-textile industry which was described in this column a week ago.

In his bluff manner General Johnson introduced his deputy, W. L. Allen, and his counsel, Donald Richberg, and the latter laid down the rules of procedure to be followed, which were rather disconcerting to many of his hearers. After explaining the manner in which codes would be received from industrial groups, Mr. Richberg said that the hearings were intended to produce facts only, and that no oral arguments upon questions of law would be permitted. If any interest felt its legal rights were being trampled, it must be content to present its plea privately in writing to the administration, according to this rule

ing laid down by Mr. Richberg.

Another section of the Richberg code was even more drastic. It provided that the control of testimony to be presented at the hearings will rest entirely with the deputy administrator. The deputy will call all witnesses, question all witnesses, and no questions may be asked by any one else without the consent of the deputy.

Deputy Administrator Allen took charge of the hearing later and the textile code was discussed, with witnesses both for and against it. The tire makers, especially, objected to some of its features. The proponents of the code agreed to ban child labor. President Green of the American Federation of Labor, who is strongly opposed to the wage scale proposed by the textile group, was present part of the time, as was Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins.

ONE-THIRD of the states have now declared themselves for ratification of the prohibition repeal amendment, the score standing 16 to 0. The latest to go on record are California and West Virginia. The coast state was never in doubt and the vote there was about three to one for ratification. But West Virginia the dries had hoped would uphold prohibition. However it set an example to the rest of the South by giving the repeal cause a substantial majority. The hill counties and farming regions were strong in opposition but their votes were overwhelmed by those of the cities and the mining areas. Twenty more states for repeal are needed, and the wets have some hope that these can be secured before the close of this year.

The state conventions of Indiana, Massachusetts and New York met and carried out the mandates of the people by ratifying the repeal amendment. Al Smith was president of the New York convention and said: "This gathering will go down in history as a warning for all time that questions like prohibition should be decided by the people themselves and not by legislators."

THERE were those who thought the acquittal of Charles Mitchell on income tax evasion charges would take the heart out of the senatorial investigation of private banking methods, but the committee resumed its inquiry, and Prosecutor Ferdinand Pecora put on the stand Otto Kahn, head of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and distinguished patron of the fine arts. Mr. Kahn talked at length of the philosophy of private banking and of the processes for the marketing of securities, with especial reference to those of railroads. He said the good private banker does not chase after business, and he condemned competitive bidding for securities put out by corporations.



Otto Kahn

There was much discussion of the whoopee days of 1927 and 1928. In dwelling upon the mania of those days, Mr. Kahn held that so far as controlled inflation is concerned he knows of only one agency that can exercise a corrective influence whenever needed, and that is the federal reserve board.

The committee took up the matter of the Chilean bond issue of 1925, which has been in default for two years. Mr. Kahn said that Norman H. Davis, roving ambassador in Europe, received fees of \$35,000 for his services in the negotiations for the floating of those bonds, but that Mr. Davis at that time was a private citizen.

Later in the inquiry Mr. Pecora questioned Mr. Kahn closely concerning his income in recent years and the tax upon it which he has paid. If he and his partners took advantage of loopholes in the income tax laws, at least there was no evidence that they had made fake stock sales to their wives.

ATTORNEY GENERAL CUMMINGS announced that before long he would make public the names of hoarders of gold who refuse to turn in their stores of the yellow metal, then if this publicity fails to bring them to terms, they will be prosecuted. Even if the government wins a criminal case against a hoarder, however, it may have to proceed civilly against him also to get the gold back unless he voluntarily yields up the precious metal, Cummings admitted. He said, however, that he believed holders convicted in criminal cases would bring in their gold as a step toward obtaining leniency.

VATICAN City police are convinced that the bomb explosion in a cloak room of St. Peter's church in Rome was the work of a Spaniard who was arrested, and was instigated by the enemies of the Catholic church in Spain. No one was injured by the blast and the property damage was small.

AMBASSADOR SUMNER WELLES' conciliation plans for Cuba ran into a snag when the Machado government suddenly made wholesale raids on the homes of the opposition leaders, arresting many prominent men. The police said they seized machine guns and other weapons and a radio transmitter recently used by the A. B. C. terrorist society. The oppositionists charged that Machado had violated the truce that had been accepted by almost everybody; and they also resented the appointment to cabinet posts of two men who are considered subservient to the dictatorship of the President. It was feared in Havana that the war of terrorism would be renewed, and Mr. Welles was much disappointed.

Col. Juan Blas Hernandez, leader of a band of rebels in Santa Clara province, agreed to call off his revolt during the period of political conciliation Mr. Welles was arranging.

EMULATING Dictator Mussolini, Chancellor Hitler is rapidly exterminating all political parties in Germany except his own National Socialists. Following the Nazi raids on the Nationalists, the suppression of their "fighting" units and the arrests of their leaders, that party dissolved itself and most of the members announced they would join the Nazis. Hitler released those arrested and promised political posts for some of the converted ones. About the same time Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, head of the National party, resigned as minister of economics and agriculture in the reich cabinet. The State party also was attacked by Hitler, its members being excluded from the Prussian diet. The Centrist party remained the only important group in opposition, and the Nazi assaults on the Catholics led to the belief that it, too, would soon be brought into line by force.

In Bavaria, the Nazi government announced that all Bavarian People's party members of the reichstag and diet were under arrest. The government defended its action by asserting that "political Catholicism is trying in every way to sabotage the government's orders."

WHEN a group of students in the University of Wisconsin appeared before a legislature committee to protest against a bill for compulsory military training, Assemblyman Joseph Higgins of Milwaukee said they expressed views that indicated belief in Communism, Atheism and Bolshevism. So at his instance the legislature has ordered an investigation into reasons for an alleged large number of Communists in the student body, with a view to reducing the number of scholarships given persons of other states.

RELATED news has come of another of those terrible disasters that periodically afflict the Chinese. A cloudburst in eastern Kweichow province destroyed the important city of Tung-jen, drowning thousands of persons; and the wall of water then swept down the Mayen river valley, wiping out many villages and taking a thousand more lives.

THE disarmament conference in Geneva decided to adjourn until after the session of the League of Nations in September because the statesmen are so busy now with other more immediate problems. During the recess Chairman Arthur Henderson will negotiate with the principal governments and has high hopes for good results.

TESTIFYING before a one-man grand jury consisting of Judge H. B. Keidan, a Detroit banker, Herbert R. Wilkin, was asked why Detroit's two big banks were closed last winter. "It was a plot by Wall Street to get Henry Ford," he replied. He said that in his opinion it was decided by the New York financiers, long before the two banks closed their doors, that they must pass from the picture and be replaced by one bank.



H. R. Wilkin

And this one, the new National bank of Detroit, is "the child of Wall Street," he added.

Wilkin, who became vice president of the Union Guardian Trust company at the request of Henry Ford, said that, for the second time, the Eastern bankers had been soundly whipped in their attempt to force the motor manufacturer to bow to them.

"Wall Street believed," he said, "that by tying up Ford's capital he would have to deal with them or go broke. They were sadly fooled."

In the course of his testimony Wilkin made these additional startling charges:

"That huge withdrawals of 'smart money' had been made just before the two banks were finally closed, and that one of those who cleared out a personal account was Mrs. James Couzens, wife of the Michigan senator.

That Detroit bankers generally, previous to the closing, had become convinced Wall Street was trying to control all the credit of the state of Michigan.

That many checks of the two institutions were cleared through the Detroit clearing house after the state bank holiday had been declared by Governor Comstock.

That federal bank examiners had co-operated with the enemies of the Guardian group, which had a chain of Michigan banks, in undervaluing assets of at least one institution so the new National bank of Detroit could buy it at a low price.

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OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

FORCING RIGHTNESS

YOU might as well give up. You cannot force rightness. Rightness comes of right thinking and thinking is the opposite of force. You can force a child's body, for a time, but you cannot force his thinking for a single instant. You have to cultivate his thinking by suggestion, example, situation, but you have to leave the result to him.

Two wrongs do not make one right. Suppose the young person is thinking wrong. Will it help him to think right if you impose the weight of your authority to make him think right? Not a thought's worth. When you command him to obey your commands you do two things. You increase his distaste for your idea. You increase his faith in his own idea. He will resolve to prove himself right at the first chance. That means the first time he is free of your authority he will try out his own way.

He may be very wrong. That means he is in great need of your help. Study how you can put the right idea before him so that he can see it. Children are not wilfully blind.

One day young Peter asked his father to give him permission to sail the boat alone from his dock to one mile away, all by himself. "I want to be all alone by myself with nobody with me."

Father knew the boat was not safe. Instead of saying emphatically, "No sir, you can do no such thing," he said, "Well, I'll make a bargain with you. First you show me that you can manage the boat with me as a passenger. I'll promise not to open my mouth or lift a finger. If you can make it, all right. I'll give you a license to sail alone. If you don't, then we go on as usual."

The two set sail for the point. Inside of five minutes both were in the lake. Father reached for Peter, hauled him alongside and both swam for the shore.

After it was all over and they were clothed and rested once more, Peter said, "I owe you an apology for dumping you into the lake, dad."

"Not at all," said father. "It wasn't your fault. You are a good sailor. The boat is topheavy. The mast and sail are for a much bigger boat. Your uncle can manage it but you can't. When you get a decent boat you'll sail her all right."

I suggest co-operation, reason, help, when the child thinks one way and you are certain in another. Authority is to be used only in emergencies and emergencies are in their nature, few and far between. A life-time span is more common than not.

Life is a leisurely matter after all. It takes more than seventy years to come to its full flavor for most of us.

HURRY

IT IS not for nothing that hurry and worry are always tied in the same breath. Hurry is first cousin to worry. One brings the other. The person who is always in a hurry is not a well balanced intelligence. He has allowed one thing to get ahead of another, instead of trying to keep all of them in their places. He has done either too much or too little and done it too early or too late. Hurry won't cure that.

There is a difference between speed and hurry. Speed is a controlled swiftness that is accurate and timed to the dot. Hurry is a fluttering haste that may or may not arrive. Speed implies thought and accuracy. Hurry implies neglect and panic.

When children have to hurry to get out to school in the morning they are in poor shape to begin the day. I need not tell you about the half-eaten breakfast, the clothes tossed on any way, the forgotten things, the irritations and the setbacks of the morning hurry. It all leaves the child breathless and in a state of mental confusion.

The morning start must begin the night before. Things must be laid ready for the morning. Send the children out in a calm rather than in the hurry of storm and the whole day will go better for everybody.

Children are likely to put off things that they ought to do until the last moment. Then they hurry. That kills all benefit the work might have conferred upon them.

When he suddenly starts up and shouts, "Gee whiz, I forgot. Our monthly theme has to be in tomorrow. Quick. Somebody lend me a pen. Got any theme paper, Bess? Ma, I have to go down to the store for theme paper. How do you know he hasn't any? Then I'll have to go down to Billy's house and borrow some from him. Gee whiz. I forgot all about it. Ma, how do you spell constitution? There. That'll have to do. I'll get by anyway." That lesson did not catch.

Hurry is born of poor organization. When one plans and follows the plan there is no need for hurry save in the emergencies.

The children can be trained to avoid the appearance of hurry. They can have a schedule and follow it closely enough to save them this strain. The home that eliminates hurry is a strong force for success in the lives of its children. Hurry's password is Maybe. That is not good enough for us. We need to be certain.

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"Salad First" Is Now the Vogue

Idea Adopted by President's Daughter Finds Favor.

The United States is witnessing an interesting transition of one of its important food customs—the serving of salads. Our food customs in the past have most frequently originated in the East and spread westward. In this instance, the custom originating on the west coast, in California, and is spreading eastward.

For many years the people of California have eaten their salads as an appetizer at the beginning of their meals, while those living in the East have been accustomed to eat their salads with their meat course, or as a special course following the meat.

The California custom of serving salads at the beginning of the meal has been spreading rapidly eastward during the past few months and is now becoming the popular mode on the eastern seaboard. The custom first gained great headway in the South, and has recently been spread to all parts of the country largely through hotels and restaurants.

The custom of "salads first" became somewhat of a vogue in the East this summer when it was adopted and sponsored by no less a person than Mrs. Curtis B. Dall, daughter of President Roosevelt, who is popularly known as the "Darling of the White House."

When served at the beginning of the meal, salads are found to be more popular, especially with men and children, who otherwise would seldom eat them, thereby insuring them a balanced meal. The new mode also lends itself to colorful decorative schemes, which always please the hostess.

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Howe About:

New Literary Find
History and Fiction
Domestic Mystery
By ED HOWE

WHEN one encounters what he believes to be a good tendency in human life, I believe he should mention it frequently, there is so little of such encouragement to be found. I therefore mention again the statement of a literary observer and critic that the people seem to be tiring of the society stories so long used as vehicles of sex filth and foolish romance.

The critic cites a story called "The Victory," as an example of the new naturalism he says is growing in popularity. The story is simple and well-written, and naked human nature appears in every paragraph, but the substance may be told in a few lines.

A worthy man lives to old age with a cold, critical wife who finally completely dominates him as she dominates everyone with whom she comes in contact. The old man fears her as a child often whipped fears a cruel mother and lives a completely suppressed life. In his last illness he has a bad cough which he knows particularly disturbs his wife, and he constantly struggles to smother it. When in dire need of assistance he is afraid to ask it, and spends many nights alone struggling to suppress his coughing. One night when seriously ill he knows he should call his wife asleep in an adjoining room, but, afraid to disturb her, he staggers about, old and gaunt, and pitiful. But he manages to suppress his coughing; his wife is not disturbed. When she enters his room at eight o'clock next morning, she finds him dead.

I lately visited a circulating library, hoping to find a book to interest me during an approaching evening promising to be dull. There were hundreds of shelves displaying fiction, but only one little corner containing books devoted to sober truth. During a lull I talked with the librarian. "All books are fictitious," she said. "The historical novel intended as fiction contains as much truth as the memoirs of Silerius, said to have been written by the own hand of a powerful Roman. Silerius told only such truth as suited him, and exaggerated that. Was he truthful in speaking of the five wives with whom he had controversies? Was he truthful and fair in his references to other Roman generals? He wrote when very old; when all those he criticized were dead. Take the Bible, a sacred book; it gives different accounts of the same events. All truth is hidden in fiction and the reader must find it."

Silerius says in his memoirs he never knew whether he was fool or wise man.

Grotius, contemporary and friend, in a long and interesting introduction to the memoirs, says that while Silerius was probably an exceptionally sensible man, he also had unusual respect for the average intelligence of the people. Grotius believes this was the reason Silerius declared he never knew whether he was foolish or wise.

There were so many opinions conflicting with his own and he had such marked respect for the opinions of others he was uncertain as to his own judgments and rights.

During the most troublesome days in the history of Rome, Grotius further says, Silerius opposed public policies later proving disastrous, but was so much in doubt as to rights of the questions under discussion did not use the army as he might have done to enforce his own conclusions as to what was best for the nation in an emergency.

The wrong policies later proving disastrous had more popular support than the policies Silerius believed to be the best way. This opposition from men he respected so confused him, he hesitated, and Rome was destroyed.

Much of the last part of the Memoirs of Silerius was written when he was old and ill. In the last chapter he says: "A funeral director is being kind to me. I think I will leave directions that he be employed, although I shall dislike to offend other acquaintances engaged in the same trade. I like those who solicit me, if the soliciting is done with reasonable politeness."

I once lived in a community where a rather decent man left his wife and stubbornly refused to longer live with her. The neighbors were astounded, for the wife was known among them as gentle, womanly, capable and intelligent. No one can understand why a man should refuse to live with such a woman. They have children, and the wife has said to me after the separation that her husband had always been good to her and the children. It was the reigning mystery for years and is today.

I am like others in that I do not understand it. I suppose the explanation is that in the gentlest wife's disposition there is a touch of the Old Harry not observed by the neighbors, but which appears occasionally in mingling with a husband.

When two men meet now they soon drift into renunciation of congress; I have not heard a politician favorably mentioned in months, and Democrats are as active in the cursing as Republicans. . . . There is fine opportunity now to form the new party long needed, but it seems to have occurred to no one that Americans can possibly get along without the Republicans and Democrats.

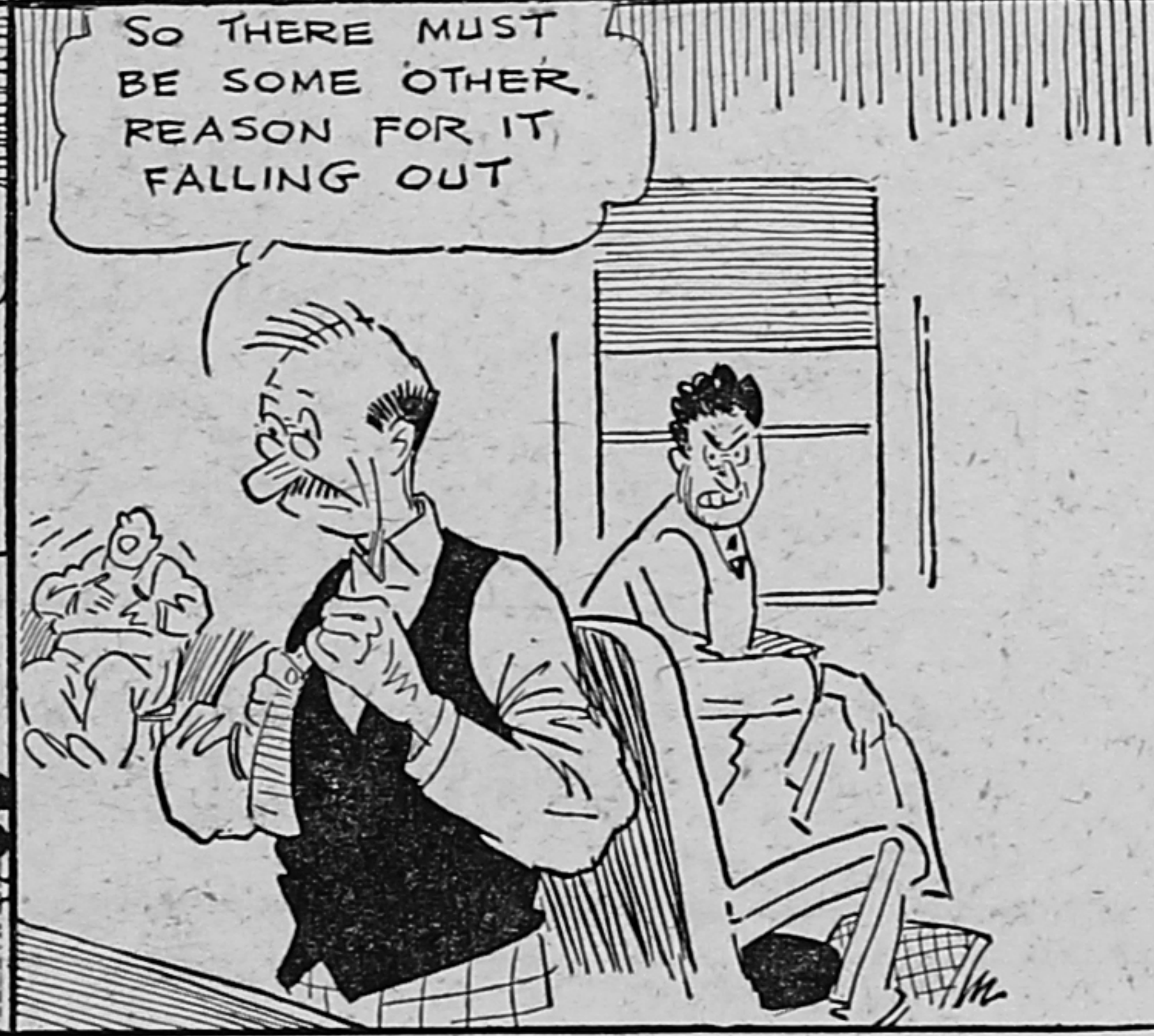
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OUR COMIC SECTION

THE FEATHERHEADS



Can't Blame It on the Tonic

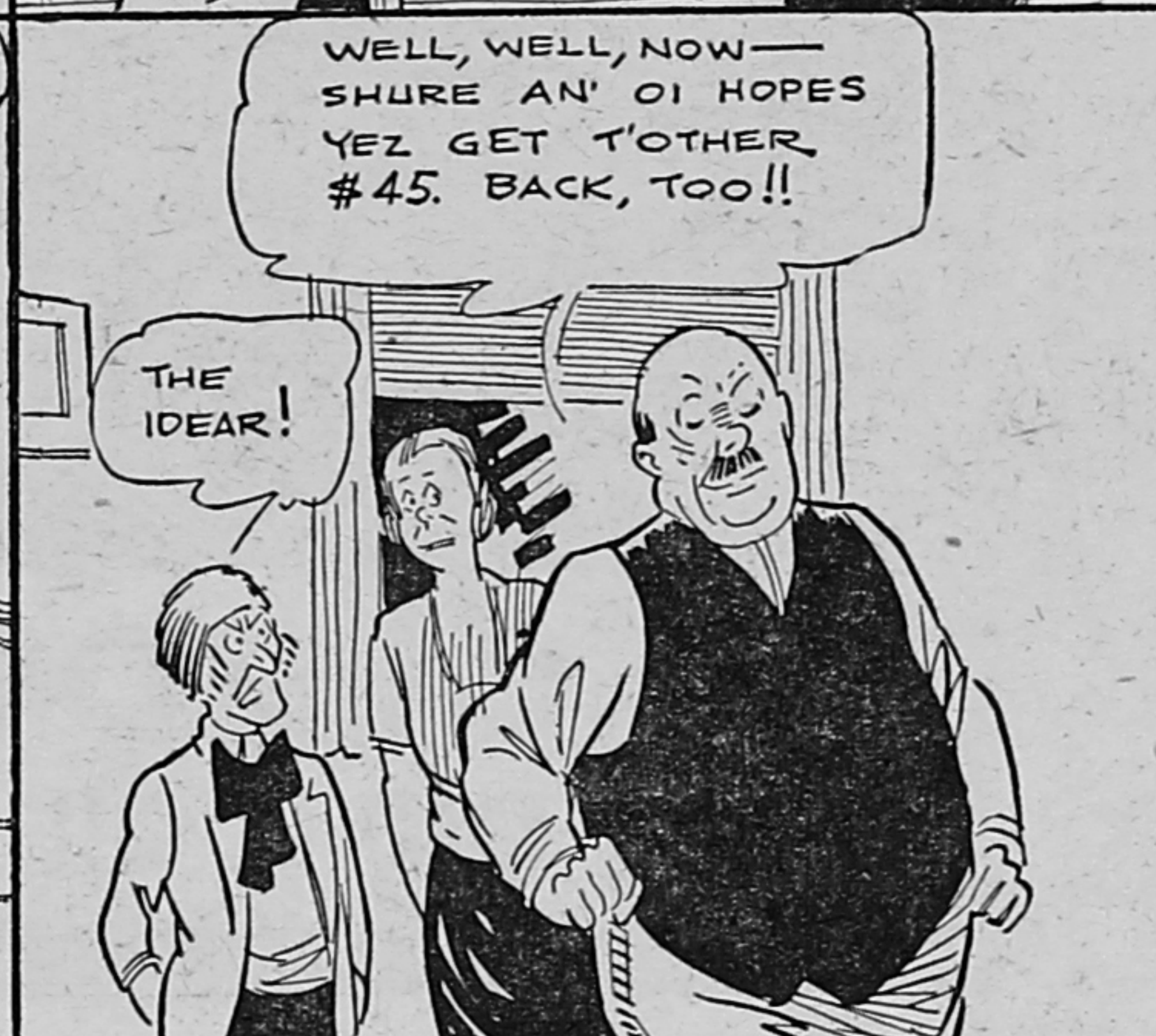


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FINNEY OF THE FORCE



Just on Account



© Western Newspaper Union

KEEN TASTE



Fresh Boarder—Yeh. A swallow.

WARM ENOUGH



"That's no excuse. Jack offered to lay his burning heart at her feet when he proposed to her."

FIFTY-FIFTY



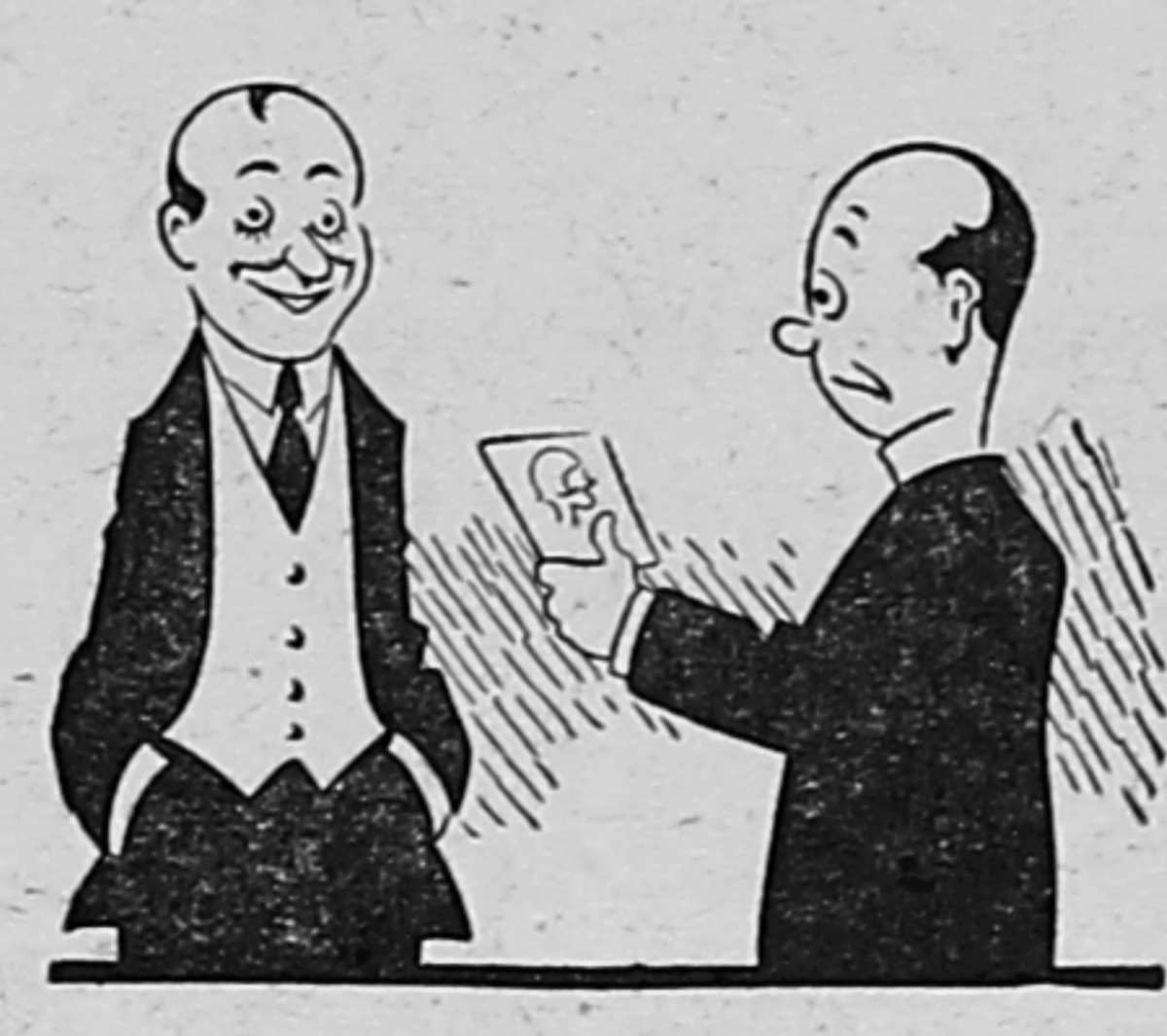
"And did you post it?"
"No, she forgot to give it to me."

JUST LOVELY



Wife—Yes, what a splendid time the other women must have had.

TRUE TOUCH



Fred—From what I've seen of her you had better get one of those hand painted ones.

FORE!



"Oh, she doesn't mind. She'd rather play bridge than cook."

Wit and Humor



Descriptive
A young wife, wishing to announce the birth of her first child to a friend in a distant city, telegraphed: "Isaiah 9: 6." Which passage begins: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."
Her friend, unfamiliar with the Scriptures, said to her husband: "Margaret evidently has a boy who weighs nine pounds and six ounces. But why on earth did they name him Isaiah?"

Maybe He Was O. K.
At a recent gathering, the nervous young secretary of a church social club was apparently confused by the presence of one or two people of title, and prefaced his opening remarks with "Ladies, Gentlemen, and others—"

Debatable
Man at Desk—Why do you claim a trombone player is less of a bore than a pianist?
Man in Chair—He is because he doesn't get the chance. He doesn't find a trombone in every home he visits.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

IN A HUMOROUS VEIN



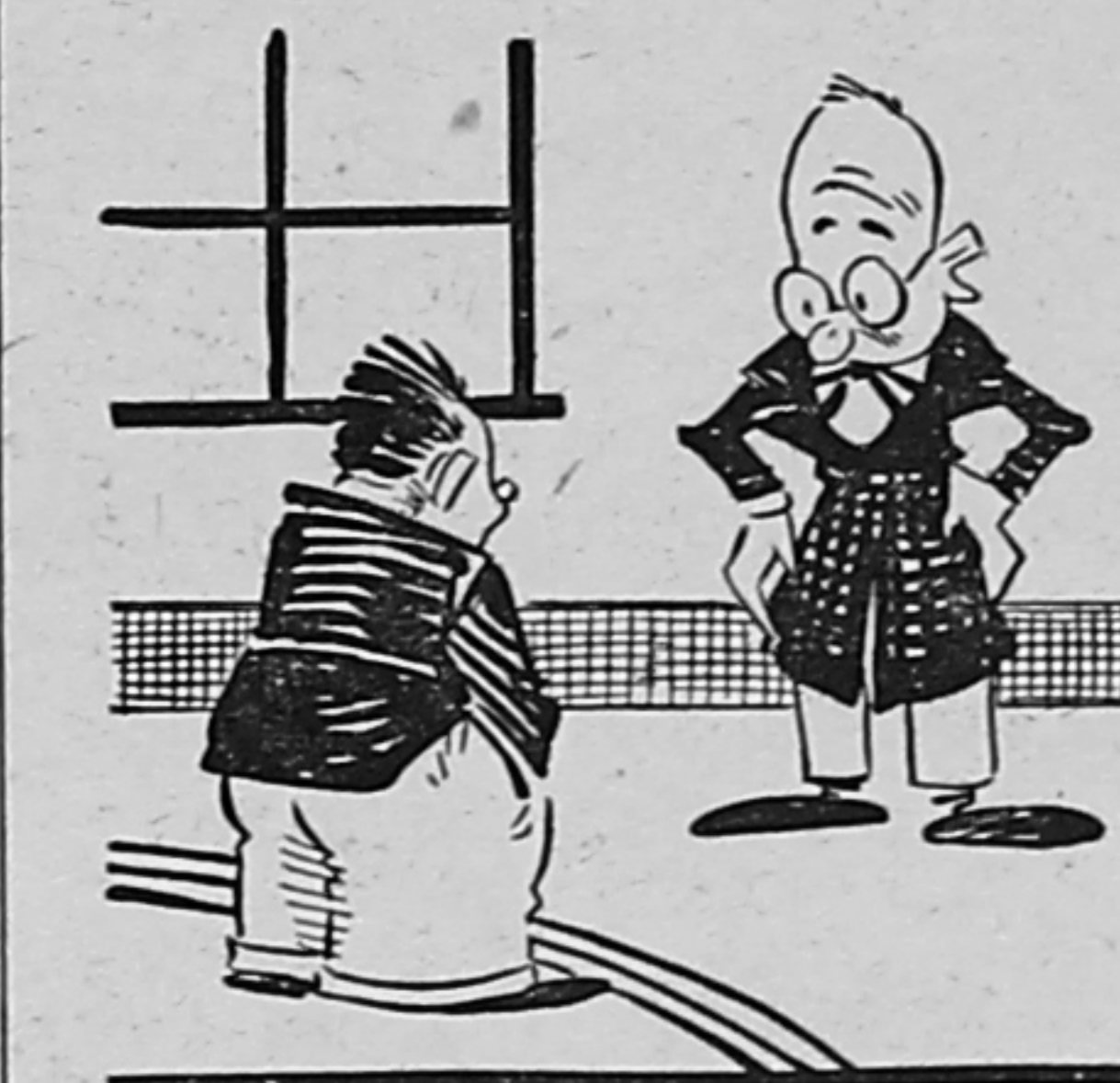
"She says that I am dull."
"You should crack a few jokes once in a while; ask her to marry you, or something like that."

Not the Only One
Chlupp—I understand that Quiggle has a very good voice. Does he cultivate it?
Cutajar—I don't know whether he cultivates it but I do know that he irrigates it sometimes.

Vital Information
"So you joined the army so as to 'see the world,' as the posters say? What made you leave?"
"They didn't tell me that I would have to do it on foot."

Boating Party
She—Where did you put the records?
He—Records? I had work enough lugging this heavy gramophone along without bringing a box of records.

QUESTION



"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the professor sternly of his class.
"Oh, no sir," came the reply from the class president.
"Then," asked the professor, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

Reason for It
"This egg is bad."
Landlady—Well, what do you expect when you come down so late to breakfast?—Everybody's Weekly.

Drug Shop Burglars
First Burglar (to companion during raid on chemist's shop)—I'll take the cash; you'd better take something for that cold.

No Escape
Two clubmen were discussing their wives.
"I suppose I mustn't grumble at mine," said Martin. "She looks after me very well."
"In what way especially?" asked his friend.
"Well, for instance," said Martin, "she takes off my boots in the evening."
"What, when you come home from the club?" asked the other.
"Oh, no; when I want to go there," came the reply.

Blooming Liar
"You don't say you got rid of that nice lodger of yours, Mrs. Brady?"
"Yes! I got suspicious of him. He told me he was a bachelor of arts, and I found out he had a wife and two children."—Sheffield Weekly Telegraph.

WISE JACK



"Jack is a foxy individual. He proposed to Miss Peaches by wireless."
"What was the great idea in that?"
"It leaves the record up in the air where it can't be read in court in case he happens to change his mind."

Has Her Price
"I'll give you thirty shillings for that pup."
"Can't be done, sir. That pup belongs to my wife, an' she'd sob 'er 'eart out. But I tell yer what—spring another ten bob an' we'll let 'er sob!"—Humorist Magazine.

Little Sunshine
Stern Mistress (to maid)—You are discharged, Sarah, for allowing the master to kiss you. What sort of reference do you expect from me after that?
Pretty Maid—Well, you might at least say that I tried to please every one, madam.

No Luck a'Tall
Bobby—I lost a quarter this morning.
Nellie—That's a pity, Bobby. How did you lose it?
Bobby—Aw, the man what dropped it heard it fall.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

GOING THE LIMIT



She—Don't you think that women should have the privilege of proposing, as well as men?
He—Certainly they should, and they ought to have the privilege of buying theater tickets and cigars for the men if they want to.

An Angel in Sight
Muriel (at pantomime rehearsal)—Who's the proper-looking Johnny? Not in the show, is he?
Frank—Well, we're trying to persuade him to put up the money for the production—our "Principal Buoy," so to speak!—London Tit-Bits.

Wasted
"Here's a dandy car with a rumble seat, too," said the enthusiastic salesman.
"Rumble seat 'd be no use to me," growled the unenthusiastic customer, "my wife insists on doing all her back seat driving from the front seat."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Up to the Player
Binks was making a hopeless first attempt at golf, and to cover his embarrassment he remarked to the caddy, "Golf's a funny game, isn't it?"
"Sometimes it is, sir," retorted the boy, "but it isn't meant to be."

Exact Change
"I have known gents what gives a bit over," observed the taxi-driver.
"Ay," said McPherson, "that's why I asked ye to stop under a lamp."

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Broadlands News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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A Useful Hobo

In the minds of most persons, the terms hobo, tramp and bum have practically the same meaning. But this idea is wrong, according to M. Leinen, agent for a large New York employment company, who declares that he has hired as many as 133,000 Bowery hoboes for railroad work in a single year, and says they were "a fine bunch of men."

Mr. Leinen describes the difference between the three classes mentioned somewhat as follows: a hobo is a traveling worker; a tramp is a traveling non-worker; a bum is a stationary non-worker. While the three intermingle in the large cities during the winter, and the classes are not strictly defined, when the opportunity comes the hobo is willing to work, while the others are not.

Hoboes travel from place to place seeking reasonable employment, such as harvesting, railroad and other construction work as common laborers, so they fill a real place in the country's economic system. While they are not always exemplary in morals and conduct, they are honest and industrious, as a rule.

And they have a sense of pride as well. The hobo wants to be known as a hobo, and he is insulted when called a tramp or a bum.

Independence Day

July 4 marks the 157th anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress, and the birth of our nation. As time has proved, this was one of the most significant legislative acts in the history of the world.

The idea of a separation of the American colonies from England was first expressed in the Congress through a resolution by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia on June 7, 1776, but it was not passed immediately. A committee composed of Thomas Jefferson as chairman, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, R. R. Livingston and Roger Sherman, was appointed on June 10 to draw up a suitable declaration in accordance with Lee's resolution, and the drafting of the immortal document was entrusted to Jefferson.

The Declaration as written by Jefferson, with slight amendments by Franklin and Adams, was presented to the Congress on June 28. Lee's resolution was adopted on July 4.

After the formal document had been engrossed on parchment it was signed by the delegates present in Congress on August 2, 1776, and by the absentees on later dates. One delegate, McKean of Delaware, did not sign until 1781.

Of the 56 signers, 7 were not members of Congress on July 4, and of those present on that day 7 never signed the Declaration. All except 8 of the signers were born on American soil; 34 were lawyers, 13 planters or farmers, 9 merchants, 5 physicians, 2 mechanics, 1 clergyman, 1 mason and 1 surveyor.

Two of the signers, Adams and Jefferson, became president. Nearly all played important parts in the early days of the republic. It is fitting that we should pay tribute to their memory on Independence Day.

Lockjaw Is A Summer Time Risk

While tetanus or lockjaw may and does occur in almost every month of the year in Illinois, the risk appears to be definitely greater during the hot weather season. The reason for this is not far to seek. Tetanus germs reach man chiefly from the soil and dust. Man gets out of doors and in contact with the soil more during hot than cold weather and dust is more prolific.

Tetanus infection takes place, if it occurs, when the skin is broken through an injury of any kind. The risk of the disease is greater when dust or dirt, particularly soil that has been enriched with stable manure, is crushed into the wound.

Clean-cut wounds that bleed freely are less dangerous with respect to tetanus than are contused wounds like those caused by the explosion of powder, as in fire crackers and fire arms.

Fortunately tetanus can be prevented. Wounds should be cleansed and dressed promptly after the injury. Treatment with anti-tetanic serum immediately after an injury removes danger of an infection with tetanus. Medical advice and service is therefore important in preventing tetanus in case of accident. While patients occasionally recover from an attack of tetanus the mortality rate is high and recovery is rare once the disease becomes definitely established.

Interesting Notes

Mrs. Edith Teague of Kansas City found a snake coiled in her bed and killed it with her shoe.

Nine nails were removed from the stomach of J. C. Christens, a carpenter of St. Paul.

Because Ben Sadow of St. Louis tried to kiss her, Miss Mary Grome cut off part of his ear with a breadknife.

After being given a 3-year sentence for kidnapping his wife George G. Brown of Leeds, Eng. kidnaped her again.

Arrested for intoxication, Richard Phillips of Chicago admitted that he had stolen communion wine from a church.

Mrs. Effie Sellers of Aldershot, Eng., smuggled tobacco to her husband in prison by putting it inside a cake.

Harrison Finn of Los Angeles has sued for divorce, charging cruelty, because his wife sprinkled tacks on the stairs when he stayed out late at night.

Charles Belt, 7 years old, of Detroit has suffered no ill effects despite the fact that he devoured a 10-pound supper at a restaurant recently.

John Moran, arrested for trying to steal a New York policeman's purse, admitted that he had been in jail 53 times for picking pockets.

When he obtained a divorce on cruelty charges, Thomas Turner, of Pomeroy, O., received a 150-acre farm as alimony from his wife.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Southbound.....1:55 p. m.
Northbound.....3:33 p. m.

Star Mail Route

Southbound.....7:15 a. m.
Northbound.....8:30 a. m.

Professor—Is this wrong: "I have et?"
Freshman—Yes.
Prof.—What's wrong with it?
Fresh—You ain't et yet.

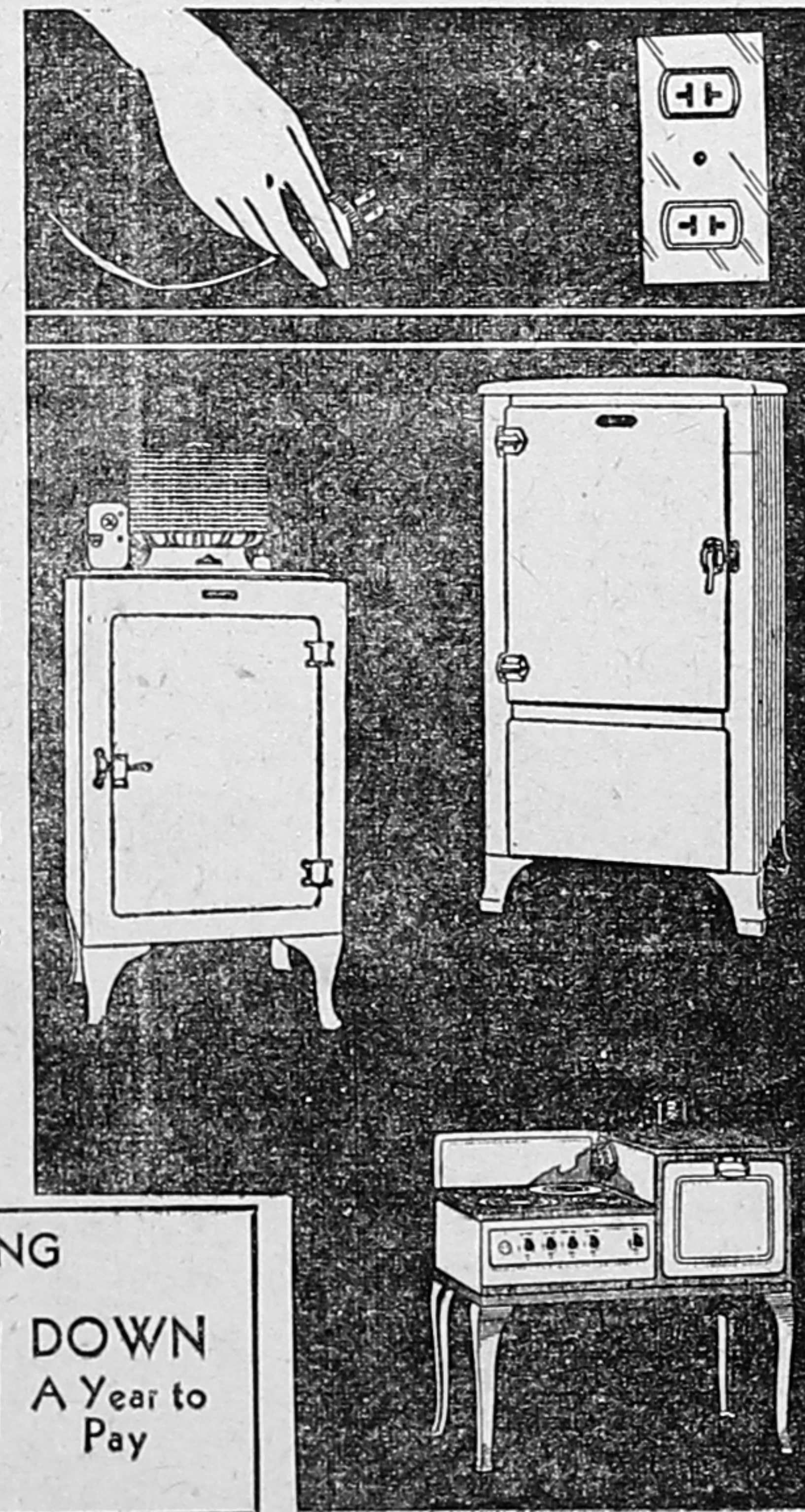
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Address.....
City.....State.....

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THE MAY DAY MYSTERY

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

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SYNOPSIS

Antoinette Peyton, senior at the University of Marland, resents Paterson Thayer's attentions to Ivy Welch, seventeen-year-old coed, and there is a stormy scene, the tension being increased by Max Vernon, another student, approaching Ivy for "breaking a date" with him. Thayer and Vernon threaten each other. Larry Welch, Ivy's brother, professor at the university, is appealed to by Tony to end his sister's friendship with Thayer. Welch and Tony are in love. Welch does not see what he can do in the matter. Tony then tells him she is married to Thayer, but is his wife only in name. Larry determines to see Thayer and end his association with Ivy. Tony persuades him to wait until she has appealed to her husband. She visits him in his room at a fraternity house. Max Vernon, living in the same house, arrives and goes to his room. Tony ends her visit to Thayer and departs. Vernon leaves the house almost immediately afterwards, in a state of excitement. Welch's appeal to Ivy to end her affair with Thayer is fruitless. He determines to see Thayer. Despite Ivy's protestations, he does so, and after the leaves, Carmine, frat house janitor, finds Thayer dead, stabbed. Reagen, Marland's police chief, takes charge of the case.

CHAPTER V

The town of Marland spread fan-wise from the foot of the hill on which stand the buildings of the university. Oak street, some three miles from the University, is the chief shopping center of Marland. Archer street carries the traffic load. It runs east and west. At the four corners which mark the intersection of Oak and Archer there are two gas filling stations and two drug stores. The latter, however, open on Oak street, and next to one of them, one door from the corner, facing Archer street and west of Oak, is the snug little gray stone home of the Marland National bank.

The Marland National bears an enviable reputation. It is small but staunch, and on its roster of directors one will find names which carry great weight even in the city of a quarter million which exists twenty miles away. It is spoken of boastfully by natives of Marland, and Randolph Fiske, its president, is a real power in the community.

This morning—the morning of May third—Randolph Fiske sat at his desk in the office which was marked "President—Private." He was a tall, well-proportioned man, fifty-eight years of age, whose hair matched the gray of his bank building. He had a fine, broad forehead and iron-gray brows from beneath which a pair of keen eyes peered in a manner which gave an impression of unimpeachable efficiency.

He was gazing attentively at a tiny bit of pasteboard. There was printing on its surface—printing, not embossing. It said simply:

James H. Hanvey
Bankers' Protective Ass'n.

Mr. Fiske's eye roved to a yellow telegram which had arrived two days previously from New York. It was from headquarters of the Bankers' Protective association and was very explicit.

"Our best operative arrives Marland morning May third."

Mr. Fiske heaved a sigh of relief as he prepared to shift a very great burden to the shoulders of another man—one professionally equipped to bear such burdens. He looked up at Miss Seward.

"Show Mr. Hanvey in, please."

Miss Seward put out a bony hand which trembled in protest.

"Surely, Mr. Fiske—not that man! The—terrible person who gave me that card."

Fiske frowned.

"I don't understand, Miss Seward. This man is a great detective."

"There's a mistake, Mr. Fiske. This person couldn't detect anything. I'm very sure of that. Just wait until you see him."

She vanished in triumph, and Randolph Fiske stared after her. "What in the world. . . ?" Then he smiled. At least she had prepared him for a somewhat uncouth person. Probably a squat gentleman with a brown derby, square-toed shoes, a checkered vest and a dime's worth of chewing tobacco. Queer how these detective chaps always dressed so that there was no mistaking their profession. Randolph Fiske saw the door swing open. Then it closed and Mr. Fiske was rendered inarticulate.

Jim Hanvey was everything in the world which one is quite sure a detective should not be. His two hundred and sixty pounds of avoirdupois was distributed with heavily inartistic effect; it wobbled when he moved. . . and he seemed to move with vast reluctance.

But it was the head which rose above triple chins that filled Randolph Fiske with awe. The face was huge and round and utterly expressionless. Randolph Fiske was quite sure that never before in his life had he seen a human countenance so utterly devoid of intelligence. It was—yes, by George!—it was the eyes! Round little eyes which were as vacant and colorless as the orbs of a fish.

The mass of flesh stood in the doorway. Fiske knew he was breathing; he could tell that by the fact that a rather remarkable contraption which appeared in the neighborhood of Jim Hanvey's prodigious tummy kept moving rhythmically. Randolph Fiske kept his eyes fascinated on that particular apparatus. It hung from a hawserlike watch chain and was similar to nothing which the banker had ever before set eyes upon. It was long and slim and seemed to be made of gold.

Then, without warning, the silence

was punctured by a sleepy, drawly voice.

"It's a toothpick, Mr. Fiske."

"Huh?" The banker jerked himself together. "Wh-what's a toothpick?"

"This," Hanvey touched the trinket affectionately and detached it from his chain. "Sweetest piece of joolry I've got. A crook friend gave it to me. It's solid gold—eighteen karat. Great invention: feller don't always have to be running around hunting toothpicks when he's got one of these. Look!" He touched a spring and a wicked little blade leaped out at Randolph Fiske. That gentleman gave a perceptible jump.

"It—it's very—very remarkable," he murmured.

Hanvey reattached the toothpick to the chain. The banker was staring and wondering. . . and then the opaque eyes of Jim Hanvey were raised slowly until they met the gaze of the banker. Hanvey spoke.

"I am kind of funny-looking, ain't I, Mr. Fiske?"

Mr. Randolph Fiske was completely stripped of the poise upon which he prided himself. He did not answer, but picked up the slightly soiled card which lay on his desk.

"You are James H. Hanvey?"

"Uh-huh. In person. Largely, I might say."

"You're the man the B. P. A. sent down here to investigate the robbery?"

"Yes."

Mr. Fiske was getting himself under control. He sought refuge in frankness.

"I imagine my actions have been exceedingly discourteous, Mr. Hanvey. I apologize and only wish to explain that you somewhat startled me. You see, you are not—well, not exactly the sort of detective about which I've read."

"I wish I was," breathed Hanvey ecstatically. "Gosh! I love mystery stories. Them fellers sure are slick. I



"I Am Kind of Funny-Looking, Ain't I, Mr. Fiske?"

never could figure out how they do their tricks."

Another shock for the banker. He blinked.

"And you don't work like the detectives in books?"

"Golly, no. I ain't slick, Mr. Fiske. I don't hardly know any dicks who are. Lemme tell you something." Hanvey leaned confidentially across the desk and his sleepy eyes held the attention of the banker. "My kind of work ain't so hard. And why? Suppose I go on a case. I start off wrong. All right, nobody's the wiser, and when I find out I'm on the wrong track—I start again. Same thing always. A detective can make all the mistakes in the world, Mr. Fiske—but if he happens to do one thing right—he lands the man he's after: see?"

"Yes—I see."

"But the crook, gosh! the poor feller hasn't got a chance. If he slips just one time, he's caught. He has to do everything right. The detective only has to do one thing right. And there you are."

Fiske had been studying his visitor. He was amazed now to find himself warming to the ungainly person. There was an almost childish simplicity about Hanvey which gave Fiske confidence—although he told himself that the man was a caricature.

"The B. P. A. wired me," he said slowly, "that you are their best operative."

"Hokey!" grinned Hanvey. "I've just been lucky—that's all. You see, it's this way: Most all the crooks are my friends, and they don't lie to me—so that makes things pretty easy."

The banker gasped. "Crooks are your friends? I—I never heard of such a thing."

"I guess not. But can't you see how much easier it makes things?"

"You say they don't lie to you?"

"Well, the high class crooks don't. Only the bums."

"Good Lord!" Fiske leaned back in his chair and regarded Hanvey with wide-eyed wonder. "You are quite the most remarkable man I've ever met."

"And the fattest?"

For the first time, Fiske smiled.

"And the fattest."

Hanvey's eyes twinkled for a moment. He fumbled in the breast pocket of his coat and produced two thin and vicious-looking projectiles. He extended these toward his companion.

"Have a cigar?"

Fiske thanked him and accepted one. Hanvey bit the end from the other, held a match to it and inhaled with vast relish. He blew a cloud of smoke

across the room and Fiske turned startled eyes in his direction.

"They are kind of strong," said the detective genially. "Some folks like 'em."

Fiske struggled heroically against the asphyxiating effect of the violent fumes. Then they got the better of him.

"May I open another window?" he inquired weakly.

"Sure. That'll be fine." Hanvey eyed the second cigar which lay unlighted on the desk. "Ain't you going to smoke yours?"

"I'll try one of my own, if you don't mind."

As the banker moved toward the window, Jim sighed relievedly. He rescued the unused cigar and tucked it back in his breast pocket with real affection. Jim's cigars were a source of perpetual worry: he was always afraid that some day some one would smoke one of them.

Fiske seated himself again. "You'd like to hear about the robbery?" he asked.

"Yeh—if you want."

"Isn't that what you came for?"

"Reckon so."

"Then why don't you ask me some questions?"

"Gosh! Mr. Fiske—how do I know what to ask? I'm waiting for you to tell me, and you're waiting until you're sure I didn't escape from some zoo."

Randolph Fiske threw back his head and laughed. "You win, Hanvey. Now—shoot!"

Jim's face did not change.

"When?"

"Day before yesterday—May first—at ten minutes after two o'clock."

"How much?"

"The robber got away with approximately one hundred thousand dollars in currency."

Hanvey blinked. "Lot of cash for a little bank like this."

"Plenty. We were making up the pay roll for the Marland mills. They pay on the third."

"Stick-up?" queried the detective.

"Yes."

"Tell me all about it."

Fiske rose and invited Hanvey to follow him. They passed from his private office into the bank proper. Under the amazed eyes of Miss Helen Seward, Fiske conducted Hanvey to the front door and gestured to the broad thoroughfare passing east and west.

"That is Archer street," said Fiske. "The north and south street is Oak. Oak is a shopping street, but Archer is the main traffic artery. Lots of cars going by here all the time. You will notice that this bank is the only commercial establishment on Archer street. Do you follow me?"

"Easy," grunted Jim. "You sure do talk explicit."

Fiske stepped back into the bank. "Our banking business starts at nine in the morning and stops at two. At two o'clock daily—and on Saturday at twelve—we get rid of our last customer. Then we conceal the interior of the bank by pulling the shades—so."

He stepped behind the open door and pulled a shade which rose up from the bottom of the door. The heavy green shade rose along the glass surface until it was higher than a man's head.

"There are similar curtains on both windows," he went on. "As soon as we get the last customer out, we pull the curtains up, and then all of the employees except two or three go out for a bite of lunch. They invariably go out the back door. That door, which is behind my office, opens onto a little alley through which you can pass into Oak street. Day before yesterday the bank was free of customers at two o'clock. We drew the curtains and shut the front doors."

"Were they locked?"

"No. They never are. We have safety vaults in the basement and they are open until five o'clock. There has to be some way for clients to get into the building. We merely shut the doors and draw the curtains to keep our banking clients out."

Fiske turned away, but Hanvey examined the door. He saw that it was equipped on the inside with a heavy spring lock. He turned and followed the banker.

Back in Fiske's office, the banker resumed his story. Hanvey lolled in a chair, apparently asleep. But occasionally his eyes uncurtained for a moment and he regarded the banker gravely before closing them again.

"May first was a perfect day," said Fiske. "Warm and sunny and almost like summer. As I said, we shut the door and drew the curtains at two o'clock sharp, so that the interior of the bank was effectually concealed from anyone on the street. At the same time everybody went out to lunch except Miss Seward and myself. Miss Seward is my secretary. She was the one who brought you in here."

"Oh!" said Hanvey. And then—

"Nice young lady."

There was no hint of humor in his heavy face, but Fiske chuckled delightedly.

"Efficient—and sour," he explained.

"But mighty loyal."

"I knew she must be something."

"She was behind her desk and I had just gone out to speak with her. At about ten minutes after two o'clock the front door opened. I didn't think anything of it—a box holder, most likely. The man—"

"Remember what he looked like?"

"Only vaguely. He was slim and quietly dressed. He didn't look like a crook."

"Crooks never do."

"He walked straight up to the cage where I was talking to Miss Seward. First thing I knew about anything being wrong was when Miss Seward uttered a little shriek. I turned around and saw the man was pointing a gun at us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GREAT BARRIER LURES SAVANTS

Vast Submarine Reef of Coral Off Australia.

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

IF THE sea went dry along the east coast of Queensland, a thousand miles of coral "maze" would be revealed. The Great Barrier Reef of Australia must not be imagined as a continuous structure, like the Great Wall of China; it is formed by innumerable reefs, and a map of just one section resembles a complex jig-saw puzzle. Then there are the isles, mountainous and forested, of the inner zone, and the atolls and cays that are true coral islands.

For nearly a century the Great Barrier has intrigued science by the problems that it presents to geologists, physiographers and naturalists. It has lured such masters of marine zoology as Alexander Agassiz and A. G. Mayer from America, and recently a British expedition broke camp after a year on Captain Cook's first coral island.

In all the Seven Seas there is nothing so wonderful as this vast submarine "curtain" of coral, the largest coral reef in the world, whose nature and origin remain half veiled in mystery.

Tourists from many lands and thousands of Australians have made the voyage through "Australia's Grand Canal," the area between the mainland, with its purple hills, and the Outer Barrier. A calm and pleasant trip during a portion of the year, it may be perilous in the cyclone season.

Many launches and fishing craft have been wrecked among the coral, or gone down in the heart of a storm within the Barrier. But navigation is no longer the nightmare it was to the early voyagers, before the reef mazes had been mapped and routes safe for even large vessels discovered. Danger exists still, but the old fear has gone—the haunting fear of disaster in the Realm of Coral.

Surf Is Amazing Spectacle.

Majestic is the meeting of leaguelong rollers of the ocean and the Great Barrier. On days when the sunlight water behind the coral bastion is calm enough for a canoe, mountainous waves pound the reefs unceasingly. The surf on the Outer Barrier at high tide, when the broad reefs' crests are hidden, presents an amazing spectacle. A "long line of boiling surf, springing up in mid-ocean without any apparent cause," is the late Charles Hedley's description. That great naturalist, whose knowledge of the Barrier was unrivaled, devoted the last few years of his life to the study of its problems.

Swain Reefs, far south, mark the beginning of the Great Barrier Outer System. Farther north, the linear reefs are developed. They are some miles in length and up to half a mile across, with broad separating channels.

A lighthouse on Lady Elliot Islet marks the southern limit of coral-formed land, "a broad platform of solid coral half a mile in circumference." Then comes an archipelago, the Bunker group, followed by the Capricorn group, popular resort now of naturalists, and almost a picnic ground for holidaymakers from the mainland.

Within the Tropics, the maze is multiplied. From a hill at Cooktown you may see, as Captain Cook did in 1770, the shadows of the coral reefs wherever you look out to sea. The navigator who explored 2,000 miles of the east coast of Australia was ignorant of the existence of coral in those waters when his ship struck on Endeavour reef at night.

Had the weather been stormy she must have been lost, for coral fangs had pierced her hull. But calm sea enabled the sailors to patch up the bark by "fothering," and Cook sailed her to the beach for careening and repairs. Meanwhile, gazing from the hilltop, he discovered the coral.

With a seaworthy ship again, he won a way out of the maze, gaining open ocean through one of the great openings in the Barrier. He escaped many dangers only to meet with others a few days later.

The Endeavour, becalmed off the Outer Barrier, was borne toward the reef. She rose at last on a huge wave and seemed doomed to destruction, with only the breadth of a wave between her and the coral. But "a light air of wind sprung up," and the ship was saved.

Cook Claimed the Coast.

Captain Cook sought eagerly for an opening, and found his "Providential Channel." He was in the Grand canal once more, and with infinite care took the bark to Torres strait. Landing on an island which he named "Possession," he claimed the whole eastern coast of Australia for Britain, in the name of King George III. A memorial to Captain Cook has been erected on Possession island by the federal government, a simple obelisk bearing a tablet of bronze.

Bligh, commander of the Bounty, and his eighteen men who were faithful, made that memorable open-boat voyage from Talitian waters to Restoration island, within the Great Barrier, in 1789. The mutineers' victims reached the reef at midnight, or rather came within sound of the surf, and two days later found a passage to safety. The boat voyage was continued along the east coast of Queensland and through Torres strait to Timor.

These old-time perilous voyages are discussed still in Australia. And round

the campfire on a coral isle the talk may turn from Cook's discoveries and Bligh's amazing boat voyage to the recent loss of a launch, or the fate of a large steamer, sunk in a cyclone within a few miles of the mainland.

The Grand canal varies in width from 20 to 80 miles. There are two regions, however. The inner one is narrow and fairly free from the perils which make the outer zone impossible for shipping. Only small craft are navigated among the reefs of the outer zone.

Luggers are sailed along the channels, with coral fangs threatening destruction—sailed often where the reefs are uncharted, in the quest for sea slugs and pearl and trochus shell. Japanese own many of these venture-some craft.

Many Beautiful Islands.

The depth of the sea outside the Great Barrier is profound, but in the zone where coastal steamers go safely it varies from about ten fathoms to twenty; the outer zone is much deeper, up to seventy fathoms.

It is between these two zones that the mountainous islands lie, many of them beautiful and some the homes of happy people. Over hundreds of miles of sea they are strung, close together or with long gaps between.

Thousands of folk who make the winter tour to Queensland from southern ports say they have been to the Great Barrier reef, whereas they have merely sailed among the lofty islands, maybe without landing even on an atoll or a cay, the low coral isles beyond the high ones of granite. Only the few who go north venture to seek the actual Barrier, where that long lone of thundering surf rises in mid-ocean.

There is charm in the Grand canal trip, and life is pleasant on the favored islands, where a bungalow may nestle amid tropical fruit trees and palms, with a creek singing near on its little journey to the sea. Men have lived half a lifetime on a Barrier reef isle without desire to wander. It may be a lotus-eating life, or one of healthy work and play, as you please.

Rich men and poor men are lured to the region. Beach combers are rare now, yet here and there one meets with the cheerful loafer, who takes to a task only at the urge of sheer necessity.

Spain, though, played her part in pioneer navigation of Australasian seas. In 1605 three ships under Admiral de



The Great Barrier Reef.

Quiros sailed for the South Pacific from Callao. The captain of one was Luis Vaes de Torres, whose name lives forever as that of the strait between Australia and New Guinea. His vessel became separated from the other two, and Torres was probably the first European to sight Cape York peninsula, the northernmost point of Australia, and Prince of Wales island.

But Torres' discovery was a secret from the world until 1762, when among the archives at Manila the record of his great voyage was found by the British. They gave honor where it was due, naming the strait after its discoverer.

Explored by Scientists.

Scientific investigation of the Great Barrier reef began when H. M. S. Fly cruised in the Coral sea and other waters. Her voyage extended over several years, 1842-1846, and J. Beete Jukes was the naturalist on board her, a geologist whose interests were not confined to rocks. Jukes wrote the first description of the Great Barrier, which remains one of the best general accounts we have of this geographical wonder.

"The Great Barrier reefs are thus found to form a long submarine buttress, or curtain, along the northeastern coast of Australia, rising in general precipitously from a very great depth, but resting towards the north on the shoaler ground of Torres strait, and towards the south on the bank stretching off from Sandy Cape.

"If it were to be laid dry, this great Barrier would be found to have a considerable resemblance to a gigantic and irregular fortification, a steep glacis crowned with a broken parapet wall, and carried from one rising ground to another. The towerlike bastions, of projecting and detached reefs, would increase this resemblance."

Captain Cook's description of a coral reef, forgotten by all, perhaps, but readers of the great navigator's "Voyages," is worth quoting:

"A reef such as one speaks of here is scarcely known in Europe. It is a Wall of Coral Rock rising almost perpendicularly out of the unfathomable Ocean, always overflown at high water generally 7 or 8 feet, and dry in places at Low Water. The Large waves of the vast Ocean meeting with so sudden a resistance makes a most Terrible Surf breaking Mountains High. . ."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, 1913, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for July 9

CALEB

LESSON TEXT—Joshua 14:6-14. GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies. Psalm 40:4. PRIMARY TOPIC—A Truthful Soldier.

JUNIOR TOPIC—A Fearless Soldier Rewarded. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Caleb the Courageous. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Caleb's Confidence in God.

Caleb stands out in Bible history as a strong personality. He was a man of such character as deserves special study.

1. Elements of Caleb's Character. I. Independence of spirit (Num. 13:30). Though the multitude clamored to follow the report of the ten, Caleb determined to stand alone. This is a highly important element in human character. One should stand for what he knows to be right regardless of the sentiment of the crowd.

2. Loyal to convictions (Josh. 14:6; cf. Num. 14:6-9). What Caleb knew and felt he spoke out. He did not wait for the opinion of others and then shape his own to suit that of the crowd. The man who can be trusted is the one who is loyal to his convictions. Joseph was an earlier, and Daniel a later example of the loyalty to conviction exhibited by Caleb.

3. Unselfish (Josh. 14:12). He did not wish to thrust some one else into the place of difficulty. He desired to go into the place where it would require fighting in order to drive out the giants which were in the land.

4. Courageous (Josh. 14:12; cf. Num. 13:30). This courage he displayed when he insisted that they were able to go up from Kadesh-Barnea and take possession of the land. Forty-five years have elapsed since that time (Josh. 14:10). Though he would be now considered an old man, he still desired that place for an inheritance which would require fighting to possess. He said, "I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now for war."

5. Loyal to God (Josh. 14:8; cf. Num. 14:24). He served God with a whole-hearted devotion. A man who is thoroughly loyal to God is always true and magnanimous in his dealings with his fellows.

II. Caleb Laying Claim to His Inheritance (Josh. 14:6-12).

Caleb was accompanied by the children of Judah. He did not come alone to present his claim, lest he be suspected of taking advantage. Then, too, he did not wish to wait until after the lot was cast for God had already given a certain portion to him (Num. 14:30). The basis of his claim was:

1. The ground of his service (vv. 6-8). He had endangered his life in spying out the land—had gone to Hebron when the giants were there. He brought back a true report even when his brethren were all against him. He bore his testimony and insisted that they go up and take the land even though to do so incurred the displeasure of his brethren, making it necessary for him to stand alone.

2. On the ground of the oath of Moses to him (v. 9). Joshua had respect for Moses, and was bound to follow the counsels of his faithful master whom he succeeded.

3. On the ground of God's providential dealing with him (vv. 10-12). God had preserved him in bodily health. His natural forces were unabated, though he was now eighty-five years old. He still regarded himself as capable of driving out the giants who possessed the land. The preservation of one's health is an indication of God's will that there is still work to do.

III. Joshua Giving the Inheritance to Caleb (Josh. 14:13, 14).

1. Caleb blessed by Joshua (v. 13). He not only acquiesced in Caleb's claim, but bestowed the blessing of God upon

THE PRICE OF BUSINESS SPEED

Banking Institute Speaker Says That Bank Failures Followed Business Failures

CHICAGO, Ill.—Many appear to think that failures occur only to banks, but the complete story of business shows that failures of American banks have followed the failure of business enterprises, and have not been a cause of those failures, Dr. Harold Stonier, National Educational Director of the American Bankers Association, declared in a recent address here before the American Institute of Banking.

"It is true that we have had more failures in our banks than in the banks of a number of other countries," he said. "It is also true that we have had more failures in drug stores, grocery stores, railroads, and in every other type of business enterprise. At the same time, it must be said that we still have left after all our failures, more drug stores, more grocery stores, more railroads, and more banks than any other country."

People do not realize, he said, that we have in excess of 108 banks which have been in existence over a century and we have more than 2,000 banks which have been in existence over 50 years.

"In other words, we have more banks over 100 years of age than any other country—we have more banks over 50 years of age than any country in the world," he declared. "The American banking system has not fallen down—it is not in danger of decay. Such failures as it has experienced are due to the price we pay for too rapid development of business enterprises, but that is the American spirit."

U. S. GOVERNMENT GREATEST BANKER

Runs Fifty-two Financing Institutions With Investment of Two Billion Dollars—Thirty-nine Agricultural

AMERICA'S biggest banker today is the Federal Government, which is now operating fifty-two financing institutions, says Professor John Hanna of Columbia University in the American Bankers Association Journal.

"Forty of these are owned entirely by the Government," he says. "In twelve more the Government has already a two-thirds interest. Thirty-seven are intended to be permanent. Twenty-five of the permanent ones and fourteen of the temporary ones are agricultural."

"The capital stock held by the United States in these banks has a par value of \$1,380,000,000. The Government's total investment is nearly \$2,000,000,000. Resources of these institutions exceed \$3,000,000,000. In addition the Government has detailed supervision over fifty-one mortgage banks, operating under Federal charter."

"The Government also supervises 4,600 local agricultural loan associations with Federal charters. All this takes no account of the relations of the Government to the twelve Federal Reserve banks, nor of the authority recently given to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to buy preferred stock in national and state commercial banks."

The President has ordered the consolidation of the agricultural credit agencies into the new Farm Credit Administration, says Professor Hanna. He expresses the opinion that before the consolidation of the agricultural financing agencies too much machinery had been created to administer the financing institutions which the Government either owns or supervises.

"Existing institutions represent a considerable differentiation of function and any consolidations should be preceded by a careful survey of the actual activities of the various institutions," he continues. "The only consolidation the Administration has announced is that of the agricultural credit agencies in the Farm Credit Administration. As a permanent solution this arrangement is too closely bound up with politics."

"A better scheme would be to create a finance corporation under Federal charter to take over either the agricultural finance activities of the Government or all its lending agencies."

"The Government's financing and banking activities should be kept severely apart from subsidy and other schemes for raising the prices of farm products. One is business, the other is major political policy. The advantages of the corporation over bureau control for the business functions are real and significant."

Railroad Legislation

RECENT state legislative bill provided that a track man carrying a bell by day and a lantern by night should lead all railroad trains across grade crossings; that conductors must smile when answering questions; that it would be a misdemeanor to serve eggs more than one day old on pullman cars; that trains be required to stop at any time when flagged by hitch-hikers, and that trains crossing rivers wider than twenty-five feet be equipped with lifeboats and life preservers. This one did not pass.

Love and Salesmanship

By FRANCES COWLES

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JUSTINE CARR was certainly not made of the stuff whereof good salesmanship is compounded. But it was absolutely necessary for her to go to work that summer, and the only job available that promised more than a bare living was this job of taking orders for women's gingham dresses. It was in the real country where she got most orders, but there she had to walk endlessly to get to the next house. Really, she ought to have had a flivver.

One very hot day in July she was "doing" the country section near Melrose. She had spent a day and a half without a single order and she had to pay for a night's lodging in Melrose besides. Justine wore a fresh pink frock herself. One of the sort that sold for \$2.98. She looked so fresh and pretty in that inexpensive dress that women seemed to want to buy one like it. But the woman at the last farmhouse had slammed the door in her face and she had walked a good half mile to the next house. She rang an old-fashioned doorbell. After waiting quite a while the door was opened and there appeared a very warm-looking young man holding a frying pan in one hand and a broom under his arm.

"Good morning," said Justine, using the most ingratiating tone of voice. "May I have just a word with your wife?"

"You could if I had one," said the young man bluntly.

"I should have known," said Justine—"then the lady of the house."

"The lady of the house, if that's what you call her, has gone to Europe. Personally, I think she was no lady."

"Maybe there's some other lady here," purred Justine. "You see, I'm taking orders for gingham dresses. This is one I'm wearing—it cost only \$2.98."

The young man whistled. "Gee," he said, "it looks like a hundred dollars to me. But I'm sorry there isn't a lady or a woman in the whole house. If there was I wouldn't be—doing this."

He nodded toward the frying pan in one hand and broom in the other.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Justine, throwing aside her suave manner. "About how far is it to the next house in that direction?" She waved her hand toward the dusty road beyond. Meanwhile she set down her portmanteau and mopped her brow with a dainty handkerchief.

"About a mile," said the young man. "You don't mean you're taking it on foot! Great Scott! That's terrible!"

"Oh, I don't mind the walk—only no one seems to want to order any dresses."

"That certainly is a fine dress you're wearing," he said, and then: "Say, it occurs to me that maybe I might order some—I know my sister would like them. You come on in and get a drink of ice water."

"You see, my sister wanted to go abroad with her husband," the young man called from the kitchen while he was getting the water, and then resumed as he came in the living room, "and she asked me to come out and hold the house down. She had a cook and another girl—said they had promised to stay. You see, there are three children. Well, I was going to spend two months writing a survey of an expedition I took in South America last winter. I thought I could do my work here as well as anywhere. Well, I managed all right until last week. Then the girls had a row with each other and it ended by their both leaving. They hate it off here in the country. I can't get anyone to come out and help me for love or money. I'm doing all the work."

There was a pause and then the young man and Justine spoke at once, and each said, "I was thinking—" Peter said that he was thinking that he could get away long enough to drive Justine on up to the next farmhouse. It was a shame to think of her walking on such a day; and Justine said with some confusion that she was thinking that if Peter really did need a woman to work for him she would be willing to take the position. "I can cook and wash dishes and look after the children," she said.

So Justine stayed. She just took off her hat and went out into the kitchen, found an apron and began washing dishes. Later she sent home for a few belongings. Peter insisted on paying her the salary that had been left for the two maids who had departed—because as a matter of fact she was doing as much as they both had done—and Peter was left undisturbed to work on his survey. Only sometimes he chose to go out into the kitchen and dry dishes with Justine. One day he told her he loved her. He finished drying a plate and then said he wanted to marry her. Justine went on washing dishes. Then he put down the dish and pulled her away, with her hands all covered with soapuds and dripping with water, and held her in his arms.

"But just think what a shock it would be to your sister to come home and find that you'd got engaged to the cook."

"Well, then, let's spare their feelings. Let's get married—and when they come home I'll just say that I got married and my wife came home to help hold the house down."

The Garden of Delight

By COSMO HAMILTON

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THERE was to be a fete that night in the open-air restaurant of the Russian grand duke. A screen of canvas was drawn across the gate.

But that meant nothing to Ivan Storojev, the successful gigolo, who, at three o'clock in the afternoon, had crawled from his comfortable bed. A year ago he had been a waiter, a loyal member of the commonwealth of Russian aristocrats under the leadership of the dead czar's cousin in that place. He made his way through the house, saw Princess Irina Petrovna hanging paper lanterns on the shabby pergola and marched quickly to her side.

"You!" she said lightly. "How nice of you to come. None of us hangs these bedraggled lanterns with such a touch."

He said thickly, "Why don't you answer my letters?" He made no attempt to hang the lantern which she gave him.

Irina continued to put the candles in their sockets with a steady hand. "If you're not going to help me," she said, "you're badly in the way."

He said, "I can't and won't stand the way in which you're treating me. Do you hear? I regard myself as engaged to be married to you. I earn enough money on which we can keep a respectable apartment and I've saved enough to lift you from this place. Why do you hold off?"

Irina assumed an anger that she did not feel. "You bore me, count," she said. "You know the way to the gate."

Ivan stamped his foot, and the two red spots of rage were even redder now. He cried out, "Has the degradation of this cursed place dulled your moral sense? Why not say that you're in love with some one else? You think that I've lost caste by dancing at the hotel. I have. But so have you. I've seen you looking at Shakovskaya, that peasant with his 'magic' violin. If you and he have any idea of going to our church on the hill, I tell you this in cold blood here and now: there'll be murder in this Garden of Delight and suicide as well. As God's my judge, that's true."

He turned on his heels and left. With the disturbing vibrations of his presence removed, the restaurant, with its charming trees, resumed its cheerfulness. General Igorivitch, the head cook, and Prince Vladimir Dionisievitch, the xylophonist of the orchestra, were singing to themselves as they arranged the little tables.

Paul Shakovskaya, peasant and violinist, was tying pieces of colored paper to the pergola. He was simple and huge, broad of shoulder, with a magnificent torso.

If Ivan had seen Irina's eyes as Shakovskaya passed, murder and suicide would immediately have turned the Garden of Delight into a Garden of Despair. She loved him. But to Shakovskaya she was the grand duke's daughter—as far removed as though she was a star.

During the fete that night Shakovskaya watched his chief with affection and deference. Turning to Irina, he said, "A master of men, princess. One whom it is a joy and an honor to serve." And because he was happy at the fullness of the garden he took her hand and raised it to his lips. Excited, too, that the hitherto almost empty place was now filled with laughter and talk, Irina bent forward so that her curls touched one of the high cheek-bones of the peasant's face. She was startled at the effect it had on him.

"Oh, my God," he said beneath his breath, withdrew his hand, clicked his heels, seized his violin and stuck it beneath his chin. And, when, hardly able to pull herself together, Irina took her place in front of the platform to sing, there was a tremor of so great a joy in her voice that it hushed the conversation and brought forth bursts of applause.

And at the back of the garden, in the shadow near the gate, stood Ivan Storojev with madness in his brain and a revolver in his pocket, all according to fate. . . . Irina's heart was to be his target, not that of Shakovskaya.

He had made up his mind to hear Irina sing once more, and as the last echo of what was to her swan song died among the trees to send her out of the possibility of belonging to another man and then follow after her.

The orchestra went softly into the opening bars of "Le Bon Temps Viendra" which Shakovskaya had set to a haunting melody. And as the loyal peasant drew his bow across his strings he caught the gleam of Ivan's weapon and saw with horror and amazement that it was not aimed at him but at Irina—Irina who was standing, wholly unaware of impending death, a few feet to his right. With a sort of divine inspiration he flung himself quickly in front of her. There was a loud report. He fell with a crash at her feet.

And while the startled diners crowded together with screams, a second shot rang out.

Ivan had put the barrel to his head. Chaos, the crush of running people at the gate, the startled movement of the grand duke to the platform with his faithful friends, the crumpled figure of the wasted gigolo lying on his face. And to Shakovskaya the knowledge of a hot sting in his left shoulder and Irina's lips on his mouth in that Garden of Delight.

Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of an order and decree of the County Court of Champaign County, Illinois, made on the petition of the undersigned Allie Bruhn, Administratrix, with will annexed, of the Estate of Annie Rush, deceased, for leave to sell the Real Estate of said deceased, at the June Term, A. D. 1933, of said Court, to-wit: on the 7th day of June, 1933, I shall on the 24th day of July next, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and four o'clock in the afternoon of said day, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m. sell at Public Sale, at the North Door of the Court House in Urbana, Illinois, in said County, the REAL ESTATE described as follows, to-wit: Lots two (2) and three (3) in Block Four (4) of a Subdivision of Blocks, One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Eight and Six of the Original Town of Broadlands, in Champaign County, Illinois, on the following terms, to-wit:

One-third cash in hand on day of sale and the balance of the purchase price six months after the day of sale, the purchaser to give approved security, and mortgage on the premises sold, to secure the payment of the two-thirds of the purchase money.

Dated this 26th day of June, A. D. 1933.

Allie Bruhn, Administratrix with will annexed of the estate of Annie Rush, deceased.

He—Let's go to the theater.
She—No, I haven't a thing to wear.

He—Well, then let's go to a dance.

Goofus—What's the difference between ammonia and pneumonia, Rufus?

Rufus—I doan know; what is it?

Goofus—One comes in bottles and the other in chests.

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