

# THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 14

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1933

NUMBER 16

## Peter Witt Celebrates His 90th Birthday

Mr. Peter Witt passed his 90th birthday on Thursday. His children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren spent the day with him and all enjoyed a basket dinner at the noon hour. Ice cream and cake were served in the afternoon.

Mrs. Ira Laverick and Mrs. O. E. Anderson presented him with a beautifully decorated cake, having the years 1843 and 1933 on it.

## News Items of 13 Years Ago

The following items are taken from an issue of the Broadlands News of Nov. 19, 1920:

George Messman was given a surprise party in honor of his eighteenth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Zeimer of Tuscola visited Elmer Sy and family.

Mrs. A. A. Gaines visited her daughter, Mrs. T. B. Mayo, in Chicago.

Several young ladies of Broadlands entertained the ex-service men of Ayers township at a banquet at the Masonic hall.

Lawrence Block, 16, was considered the champion corn husker of the community, having husked 137 bushels, and was averaging 130 bushels.

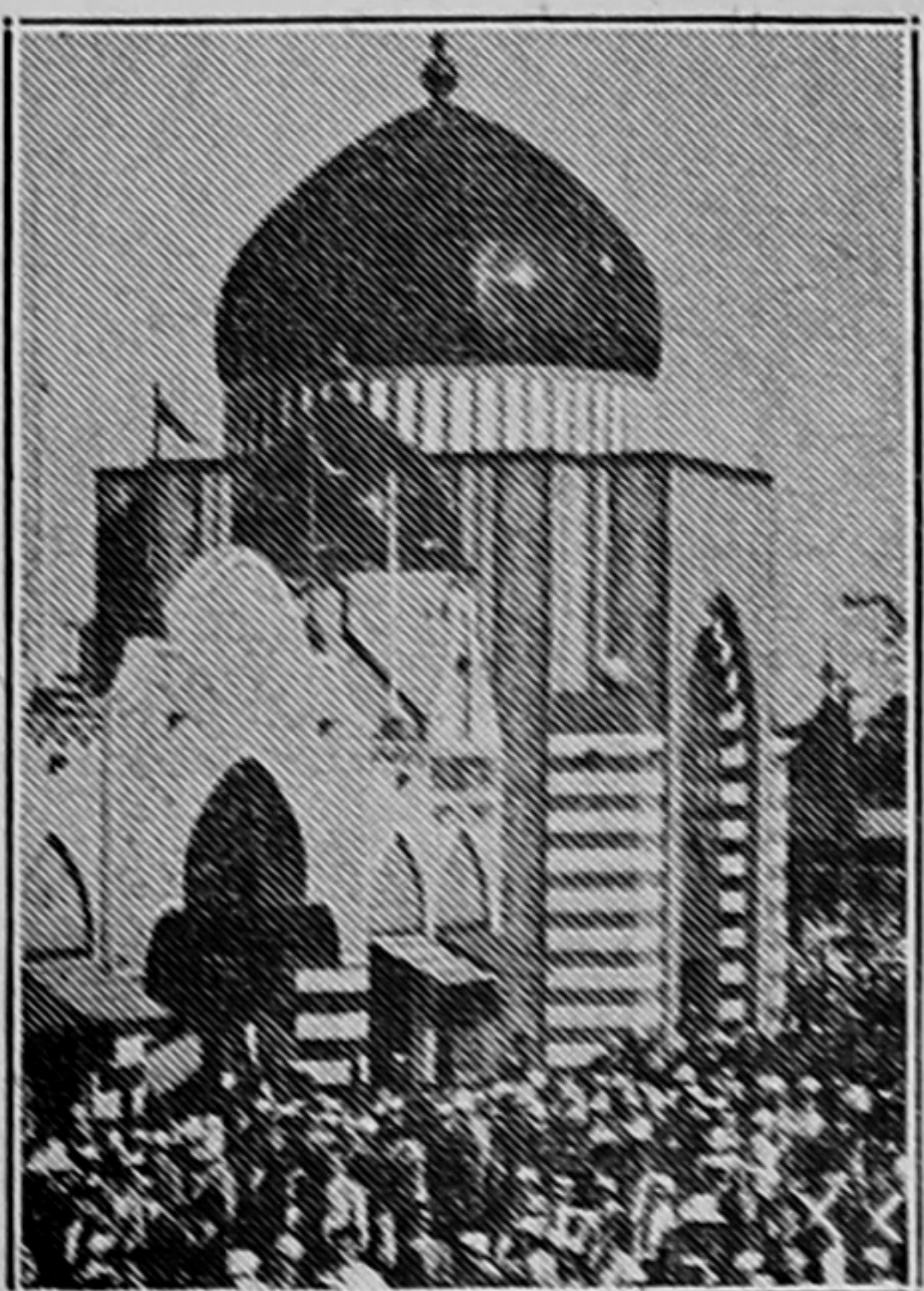
Adolph Hoops arrived home from Clark, South Dakota, to spend the winter months. He stated that six inches of snow had fallen in South Dakota when he left.

### Celebrates His Birthday

Mrs. O. E. Anderson entertained the following at dinner, Sunday, in honor of Mr. Anderson's birthday anniversary which occurred the following Wednesday: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hall of Homer, Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Laverick, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Boyd and son, Oliver.

The perfect mother-in-law! Science now finds that the perennial jokes about the mother-in-law are actually based on fact. How they describe the various types is told in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next Sunday's Chicago Herald and Examiner.

## Orient at Fair



All the color, life and charm of the Orient is concentrated in the Oriental Village—visited by thousands daily at A Century of Progress—the Chicago World's Fair.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

## Extends Tax Penalty Limit to September 1

Champaign County taxpayers will not have to pay penalties for non-payment of taxes during July and August, it was decided by the Board of Supervisors, Thursday afternoon. The board unanimously adopted a resolution which postponed the addition of a penalty until Sept. 1.

Many persons, however, took no chances during the period the Treasurer's office was closed and mailed checks covering their tax payments to that office.

Adoption of the resolution on Thursday afternoon, automatically extends the limit for the payment of taxes without penalty another three weeks.

## Mrs. Maude Moore is Hostess to D. of K.'s

The D. of K. class of the M. E. Sunday School met at the home of Mrs. Maude Moore on Wednesday evening of last week. Twelve members and guests were present.

After the business meeting clever contests were enjoyed, Mrs. Edna Dicks being the prize winner.

Refreshments of date pudding with whipped cream, and coffee, were served by the hostess.

Those present to enjoy the evening were Mesdames Mary Dicks, Edna Dicks, Clara Smith, Bertha Cook, Ida Messman, Helen Ward, Irene Witt, Helen Dalzell, Grace Schechter, Gladys Zantow, Nannie Doney, Jessie Bergfield, Leathie Boyd and Maude Moore.

## Dance Hall is Ordered Closed on Objections

State's Attorney W. E. Gilmore and Sheriff Fred Shoaf, following a conference Monday morning, decided to order dreamland Dance Hall in Crittenden Township out of business. The officials acted on the numerous complaints regarding the place from people residing in that territory, although nothing of a damaging nature has as yet been found.

The place, Mr. Gilmore understands, has a state license to sell beer. He will ask the state to revoke it immediately. He is also requesting that no dance hall license be issued.

The Sheriff has visited the place several times, but each time he visited there everything was peaceful.

The officers decided that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire and so decided to order it put out of business.

The place is located far out in the country south of Philo and east of Pesotum in a place known as Shaffer's Grove.

### Market Report

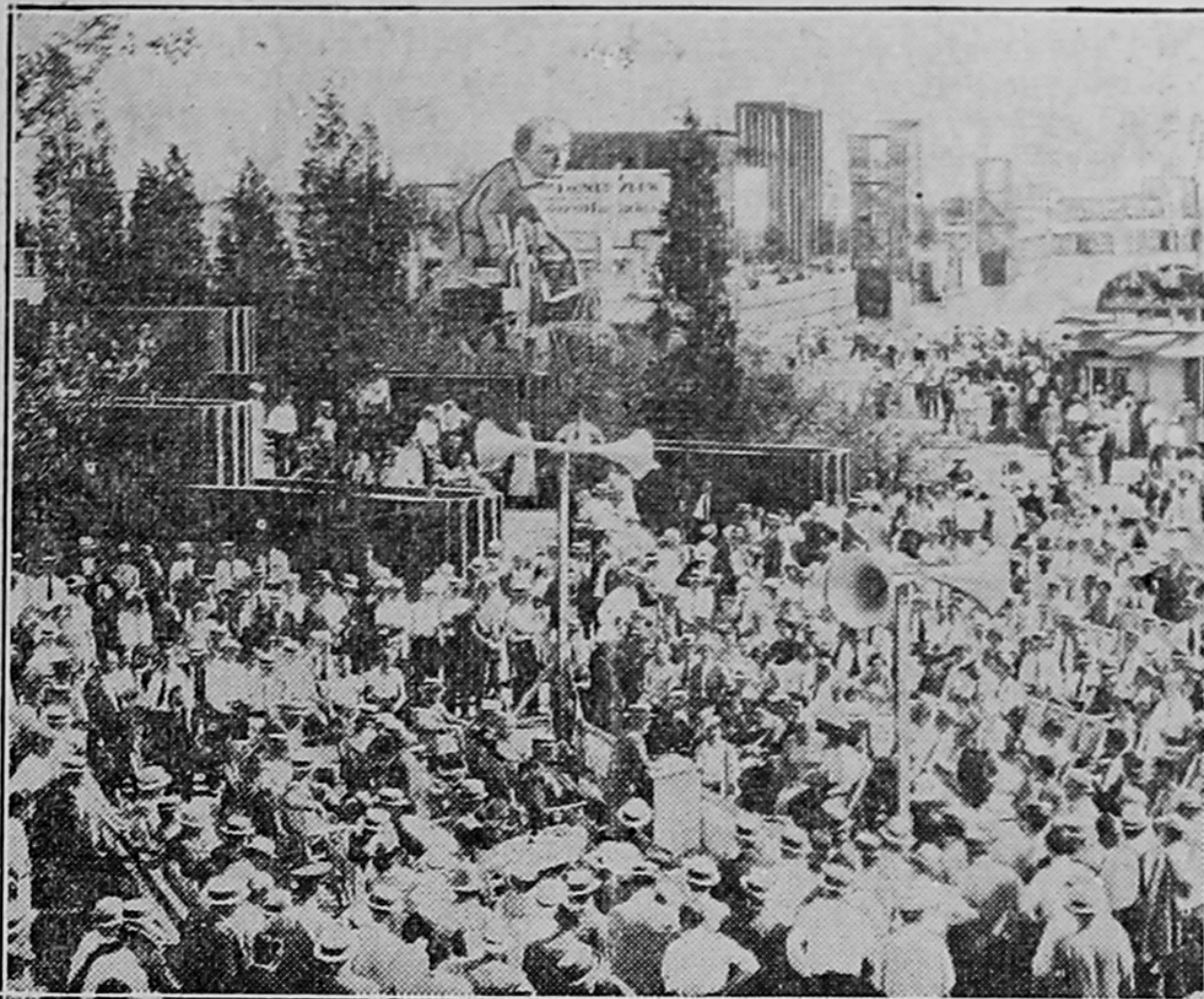
Following are the prices offered for grain Thursday in the local market:

Wheat	80c
No. 3 white shelled corn	44c
No. 3 yellow corn	43c
No. 3 white oats	28c
No. 2 soy beans	75c

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

Broadlands Lodge, A. F. & A. M., will meet on next Monday night.

## Millions Find Joy on Fair Isle



The millions of visitors to A Century of Progress—the Chicago World's Fair—find a multitude of joys on Northerly Island. Here is a typical daily crowd passing the Electrical Building on the way to colorful Enchanted Island—the million dollar playground for boys and girls. For the 50-cent admission 82 miles of exhibits can be seen at the Fair.

## Local and Personal

Mrs. John Bahlow and daughter, Miss Vera, were Sidell callers Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Block of Hubbard Woods spent the weekend with Mrs. Emma Block.

Miss Evelyn Seider spent the past two weeks with relatives at Tuscola.

Garnet Walsh of Champaign spent the past week here with Marjorie Messman.

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

Mrs. Margaret Kracht spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Katherine Seider.

Chester Murry and Harlin Taylor left Tuesday on a motor trip to Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfons Struck attended the World's Fair at Chicago last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Seider and son, Walter, spent Sunday with relatives at Tuscola.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cable spent the week-end with relatives in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Biesterfeld and daughter, Elvira, visited relatives in Tuscola, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Noll and Mrs. Ida Loveless of Mattoon were Sunday dinner guests at the home of John Bahlow.

Mr. and Mrs. George Trick of near Sidney visited at the home of Peter Witt last Friday afternoon.

Clarence Kilian and family and Miss Florence Schumacher left Thursday for Chicago to attend A Century of Progress.

Mrs. Ida Loveless returned to Mattoon, Sunday, after a weeks visit with John Bahlow and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Ward attended a steak fry at the home of J. R. Ward, near Mansfield, given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Rick, Tuesday evening.

Ralph Messman, Arthur and Raymond Struck, Misses Leora Gerike, Enola Sy and Bertha Seider are attending A Century of Progress.

Miss Bertha Bell Snow of Champaign spent the past week here with Miss Clara Haines.

Leone Bergfield is visiting at the home of her uncle, Willard Stearns, near Philo.

Glen Doney and family attended the World's Fair at Chicago, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fountain Gordon of Christiansburg, Va., arrived Saturday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Hamp Teel.

Henry Kilian, Sr., Raymond Kilian, Evelyn and Edward Schumacher returned last Friday after a ten days visit to Chicago and the World's Fair.

Mrs. Leslie Cooper and Miss Merle Brewer are in Chicago this week visiting W. H. Moore and family and attending the Fair.

Miss Edith Smith returned to Lafayette, Ind., Monday, after a few days visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith.

William and Alfred Seider, Vernon Luth and Elmer Mohr arrived home from Chicago on Tuesday after a four days visit at A Century of Progress.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bruhn, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clem, Herschel Bruhn and Billy Crain left Thursday for Chicago to attend the World's Fair.

Clyde Smith returned Monday after a week's hitch-hike trip to Louisville, Ky., where he visited relatives. He says he only had to walk about ten miles during the entire trip.

P. O. Rayl and family and Mrs. Bessie Loomis returned home Tuesday after a few days visit with relatives at Quincy. They also visited Keokuk, Iowa, while on their trip.

Ed Koucher, Helen and Martha Kroeger of Grand Island, Neb., spent last Friday night with Mrs. Margaret Kracht. They were enroute to Chicago to attend A Century of Progress.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer entertained at six o'clock dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hammel, daughter, Martha, and son, John, of Villa Grove; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Cooper of Pesotum.

## Mrs. George Tuttle Dies at Newman

Mrs. George Tuttle, 63, who resided on a farm near Kansas, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Vernon Jackson, at Newman, last Thursday morning after a lingering illness from internal cancer.

Mrs. Tuttle leaves her husband, and four children; Vint Tuttle, of Tuscola; Mrs. Harry Waltz, Maywood; Mrs. Vernon Jackson, Newman; and Thomas at home.

Funeral services will be held at the Christian church at Newman on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock conducted by Rev. V. M. Petty.

The Tuttle family were former residents of this community having moved to Kansas early last spring.

## Ladies Aid Meets With Mrs. Maude Walsh

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. church met at the home of Mrs. Maude Walsh in Champaign on Thursday of last week for an all day meeting.

A covered dish luncheon was served at the noon hour. The regular meeting was held at 2 o'clock, opened by all singing "America." Rev. Hendrix led the devotionals and Mrs. Brewer presided during the business meeting. Owing to the small number present it was decided to postpone the election of officers until the September meeting.

Guests present were Rev. Hendrix; Mrs. Ione Allen and Mrs. Frances Decker, of Champaign; Mrs. Wilma Thode, of Sidney; Mrs. Leone Cooper, of Pesotum; Misses Merle Brewer, Bertha Bell Snow, Anna Mary Highsmith, Mary Louise Thode, Garnet and Gene Walsh.

Members present were Mesdames Yuba Catlett, Nellie Astell, Anna Laverick, Minnie Anderson, J. T. Hendrix, Mary Fitzgerald, Eva Brewer, Edna Dicks, Mabel Haines, Mary Dicks and Maude Walsh.

Another nice rain fell last Thursday night.

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

## Egypt at Fair



King Tut-Ankh-Amen doesn't seem much excited over the charms of pretty Marguerite Bremer, New Orleans visitor to the Chicago World's Fair—A Century of Progress. This statue of the ruler who lived more than three thousand years ago is in the Egyptian Pavilion.

## WHY NOT ROCK VILLAGE STREETS?

Uncle Sam Is Willing to Help Pay the Bill—A Fine Improvement.

There has been considerable discussion here of late in regard to rocking our village streets. Right now the opportunity is golden, as the Federal government is willing to help finance the cost of the project. Why not do this? It would not only be a mighty fine improvement for our village, but would also help to carry out the government's unemployment relief program.

In order to make this improvement it would be necessary to bond the village. Supposing the project would cost \$5,000.00, the government would pay 30% of the cost, or \$1,500.00. Since our gas tax refund will be about \$550.00 annually, we could pay the principal and interest on the bonds, which would be \$175.00 annually, and still have \$375.00 left with which to retire the bonds. This means that we could pay the bill in ten years.

Here's a fact that we must consider: This gas tax money cannot be used for all purposes. It must be used only for retiring road bonds and improving streets. And this must be done according to the state's approval. Otherwise we will not receive this gas tax money, about \$550.00 annually.

What will become of our share of the gas tax money, if we do not use it? The State will divide it among other villages and cities that will make improvements.

At a recent meeting of the Village Board of Trustees, a committee composed of Trustees Frick, Henson and Wiese, was appointed to investigate and see what could be done about the matter. If you are in favor of making this fine improvement to our village, let these gentlemen know it at once and they will no doubt see to it that the proposition is carried out.

## Illinois Corn Crop Prospect Is Lowest in Years

Springfield, Aug. 14.—Illinois' 1933 corn crop will be the smallest in 46 years according to present prospects it was revealed today in the Aug. 1 crop survey compiled by the State and Federal Departments of Agriculture.

The condition of the crop was lowered during July as a result of further chinch bug damage and injury from the heat and drought. Conditions are especially unfavorable in the important Central and Eastern sections. Drought conditions have prevailed over those areas for the past two months.

The prospective production of corn in Illinois is estimated at 222,778,000 bushels as compared to 387,048,000 bushels last year, according to the survey.

## Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story"

Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story" with Helen Twelvetrees and others, at the Illinois Theater, Newman, this weekend. Romance, melody and merriment. Sandman Maurice sings sweet lullabies of love, making restless ladeez happee—and happee ladeez restless. It's the baby's night-out, so he has to stay home with the nurse.

# News Review of Current Events the World Over

## Cuba in Turmoil as Machado Refuses to Quit the Presidency—Germany Rebuffs Britain and France—National Recovery Progress.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

GERARDO MACHADO, president of Cuba, appeared to be reaching the end of his rope, but was stubbornly defiant



Gerardo Machado

WELLES for settlement of the island's political turmoil. Mr. Welles told Machado that he should ask congress for a leave of absence after appointing an acceptable man for the position of secretary of state; that secretary, according to the Cuban constitution, would succeed to the presidency in event that office became vacant. He would then select a cabinet representative of all political factions, constitutional reforms would be submitted to congress and later to a constitutional convention; and the vice presidential office would be filled by either the congress or the supreme court.

To this proposition President Machado replied:

"I am and will continue to be the president of the Republic of Cuba, exercising all of my constitutional prerogatives. Of these I cannot relinquish the smallest part without becoming a traitor to the confidence reposed in me by the people of Cuba when they freely gave their votes to me, or without diminishing the independence and sovereignty of a republic that I assisted in founding, having fought in the war for independence."

The Cuban congress supported Machado in his determination to retain his office, and the mediation efforts of Ambassador Welles were denounced as detrimental to the sovereignty of the republic. To those who know conditions on the island this is not surprising. The basis of Machado's power is the state lottery. He controls this institution and by his favor many leading congressmen are able to realize large sums from the sale of lottery tickets.

What the people think of Machado was plainly indicated by the events just preceding the crisis described. It was reported in Havana that the president had resigned and immediately a great throng began demonstrating joyfully. But the police and troops attacked viciously, killing some and wounding many, and the marchers fled in dismay. Martial law was declared and the city was patrolled, but acts of violence were frequent.

For several days the city had been tied up by a general transportation strike that involved many industries. The government announced it had granted the demands of the laborers, but the union men refused to return to work while constitutional guarantees of freedom remained suspended.

Cuban politicians thought Machado's rejection of Welles' peace plan would lead to intervention by the United States, but in Washington this was considered quite unlikely. To send our marines to the island would be contrary to President Roosevelt's declared policy, and would stultify the position he took concerning the Japanese in Manchuria.

Mr. Welles declared that mediation was not ended, and Machado in his statement said: "I am disposed to mediate with my political adversaries and to concede to them their just demands to any extent that will not diminish the authority or the prestige of the institutions of the republic or the head of the state."

### SECRETARY OF STATE CORDELL HULL

back from the London conference, is again in his offices at the State department, and has lost none of his internationalism. He still believes all nations can and should co-operate to end the world depression, and says domestic programs for raising prices and reducing unemployment are but the prelude to such co-operation. Mr. Hull also announced that the United States was ready and willing to promote close trade and commercial relations with the countries of Latin America, and suggested the negotiation of specific commercial agreements.



Sec'y Hull

In advocating bi-lateral trade agreements under the most favored nation principle, Hull explained that such agreements would relate primarily to commodities of a noncompetitive nature. He explained that reciprocal trade agreements would not necessarily conflict with most favored nation treaties, because such agreements would be thrown open to signature by other nations which, however, might not be interested in the products affected by the treaties because the treaties would affect particular products which would best be manufactured in some one nation.

Explaining why the economic conference did not achieve the full measure of success that had been hoped for,

Hull said the various nations found that their economic problems and the problem of co-operation were much more difficult than had been imagined. Nevertheless, he was unwilling to consider the London gathering of 66 nations a failure.

FRENCH fears of another war with Germany were sharply stimulated by the abrupt refusal of the Hitler government to consider the parallel requests made by Great Britain and France that Nazi propaganda in Austria be discontinued. The two protesting nations declared the course Germany was pursuing was in violation of the spirit of the four power peace pact recently signed; but their ambassadors were told by the German foreign office that the Berlin government failed to see any reason for application of the four power treaty in this instance, and that Germany regarded as inadmissible this interference in the German-Austrian trouble.

Italy had declined to join Britain and France in their protest, but did make friendly representations to Berlin concerning the Nazi aerial propaganda over Austrian territory. The Italian government was informally advised that Germany would take steps immediately to end this practice. This eased the situation considerably, but French statesmen were pessimistic and believed the whole affair would lead to the smashup of the disarmament conference when it reassembles in the fall.

ONE of the most important branches of the NRA, the national labor mediation board, met in Washington, formally organized and got busy at once, taking up first a controversy in New Orleans.



Senator Wagner

Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, chairman of the board, was on vacation in Europe but messages were sent to him asking that he return immediately. His secretary represented him at the board's sessions, the other members present being Walter C. Teague, Dr. Leo Wolman, Louis E. Kirstein, John L. Lewis, William Green and Gerard Swope.

Henry I. Harriman, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, is highly optimistic concerning the employment situation. At San Francisco he predicted that 7,000,000 persons would be re-employed by the end of this year.

BUY liberally now, but buy only from dealers who display the blue eagle, is the advice of Gen. Hugh Johnson, national recovery administrator. His justifiable expectation is that prices soon will advance as the various codes get into operation and the purchasing power of the people increases. At the same time the recovery administration is taking steps to keep the retailers within the terms of their agreements and to check profiteering. Housewives and wage earners over the entire country are being organized for house to house and store to store canvasses to insure against infractions of codes and to prevail on buyers to patronize only blue eagle businesses.

Miss Mary Hughes, director of the women's section of the emergency re-employment campaign, announced completion of an organization in 48 states to carry on the educational and "policing" work. Violators of codes and agreements are threatened with publication of their names.

Deputy Administrator A. D. Whiteside, in charge of the retail store temporary code, said he had received reports from many parts of the country that retail stores are entering agreements to shorter hours of operation so they will not have to hire additional workers. The enforced creation of more jobs is the major objective of the campaign.

In numerous cases stores also are "staggering" their employees to avoid an increase of their forces, Whiteside said. He sent a sharp warning to the Indiana Retail Grocers' association, which was intended as an admonition to retailers generally and which was immediately effective.

Among the many codes offered was one for the daily and Sunday newspapers.

ARIZONA became the twenty-first state to ratify the prohibition repeal amendment, the wets winning by a majority of more than 3 to 1. Their victory was unexpectedly complete, although the wets had failed to muster enough votes to place delegates on the ballot.

Mrs. Isabella Greenway, national Democratic committeewoman and a personal friend of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, easily captured the Democratic nomination to fill the congressional post vacated by Lewis Douglas when he was named director of the federal budget. The victory insured her election because of the absence of Republican opposition.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT by his appeal to both sides and Hugh Johnson by vigorous argument and threat brought the big bituminous coal strike in Pennsylvania to an end. Their efforts were ably seconded by Edward F. McGrady, the NRA labor representative in the controversy. At first many of the workers were inclined not to obey the order of the union chiefs to return to the mines, but when Mr. McGrady arrived at Uniontown by plane and told the men: "I am acting for the President of the United States and asking you to go back to work," they cheered him, picked up their lamps and got back to the pits. The trouble was mainly concerning recognition by the operators of the nationally organized unions.

Under terms of the truce reached in Washington the miners are to lay their problems before a board appointed by the President, pending acceptance of the coal code. Miners are to employ their own checkweighmen to calculate the amount of coal produced, upon which their pay depends.

CHINA'S last faint chance to recover Manchuria and Jehol from Japan probably has disappeared, for Gen. Feng Yu-hsiang, the independent commander who had been leading the fight against Japanese aggression, has given up and signed a peace pact with the national government. Under the agreement he abdicates all titles turns over the command of his troops to the national government and retires to political obscurity.



Feng Yu-hsiang

Gen. Sung Chieh-Yuan will become governor of Chahar province, seat of Feng's most recent operations, and the government will be reorganized.

Feng has been one of modern China's most romantic figures and his persistent opposition worried Japan not a little. His capitulation is attributed to a lack of funds and munitions as well as mutiny and dissatisfaction among his own men, said at one time to have numbered 20,000. Added were Japanese threats to boycott Kalgan, and the vastly superior national government forces sent against him.

THREE recognized authorities on economics and finance had a significant conference with the President at the summer White House in Hyde Park, N. Y. They were James Warburg, one of the fiscal experts for the American delegation at the London conference, and Profs. George F. Warren of Cornell university and James H. Rogers of Yale university.

The two professors brought to the President a report on the studies they have been conducting for him, including the budget, taxation, the tariffs, and particularly the possibility of adopting a dollar which would be geared to the commodity price index, rising and falling in value with the values of wholesale commodities.

TWO bold French aviators, Maurice Rossi and Paul Codos, set a new record for non-stop flight and are due to receive a million francs from the French government. Starting from New York, they flew almost directly to Rayak, Syria, about 500 miles further than the previous record. They intended to go to Bagdad but couldn't quite make it. Rossi said he thought the record would be accepted at 9,300 kilometers (5,775.3 miles), although they actually flew more than 10,000 kilometers (6,210 miles) at an average speed of 166 kilometers (82.28 miles) an hour.

General Balbo and his Italian seaplane fleet reached the Azores, some of the planes coming down at Ponta Delgada and the others at Horta. After a night of festivity and rest the big planes took off for home via Lisbon; but one of them, commanded by Captain Ranieri, upset and was left behind. Lieutenant Squaglia was killed, Ranieri was injured, and the others of the crew suffered from shock and bruises.

OUR government is getting out of the shipping business as fast as possible. Under an executive order from the President the shipping board is now abolished, and the merchant fleet corporation and its remaining 38 ships and 1,000 employees are transferred to the Department of Commerce for direction. Secretary Roper's department intends to carry on the policy of winding up commercial maritime activities.

Two years ago the corporation had approximately 300 ships. It had hundreds of employees scattered about this country and in foreign ports. Sale and lease of its shipping lines have reduced both personnel and ships.

Under reorganization the Commerce department may re-employ within the next four months as many of the workers as it needs. Many will be absorbed temporarily by the department, officials expecting the force to be decreased gradually as the fleet corporation's affairs are closed up.

VIOLENCE in the New York state milk strike increased daily and Gov. Herbert Lehman, though reluctant to call out the National Guard, consulted with its commander and prepared to take that extreme step if it were deemed necessary. The state police, acting as guards for milk trucks, were in conflict with the strikers in many localities, using bullets and tear gas against the armed farmers. Most of the cities and towns obtained plenty of milk.

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## Howe About:

### Welfare Workers Baseball Fundamental Truths

By ED HOWE

WELFARE workers have always robbed the poor as cruelly as the politicians have robbed the people. The earliest book and public speaker began with a plea for the poor, and the clamor has grown ever since, but the poor have not been relieved. Welfare workers seem to prefer to keep the poor as exhibits when they inaugurate a new drive, as teachers exhibit children when school directors are being appealed to for another appropriation. The present world-wide poverty is disgraceful; had we handled ourselves with the intelligence and vigor we are capable of, have actually shown in other ways, poverty would not exist.

O. O. McIntyre says baseball is slowly passing out, and must inevitably disappear. I hope so; baseball has become one of the greatest American bores. The first ambition of an American youth should be to become a good provider for a family, a safe and respectable man in his community; to occupy a good job so capably he is more apt to be promoted than discharged. It is bad for a young man when his greatest ambition is to become a sandlot rowdy called Spec Hitemhard or Red Bringham.

There are millions of thinkers at present, and millions in the past have left records of their thoughts, yet few have ever recognized fundamental truths that should occur to almost anyone. One of such truths generally missed is that all men have equal rights in the world. You may say this right has been abundantly granted. It hasn't: no one grants rights except to the poor. Have the rich not been denied their rights from the beginning? And are we not lately agreed in denying the rights of the middle class? You may say again I am mistaken, but in this case I am not: no one is freely and generally granted human rights except the poor man, who will not take advantage of them.

In the few cases where writers have sound sense, they will not be understood unless extremely careful in expressing it. There is so much going on people will not bother long with paragraph or page not simply written and easily understood. Among the small number of men whose names attract my attention on encountering them in print is Benjamin DeCasseres. I do not know who he is; only that he seems to be struggling to make a living as a writer, has a good deal of real genius, and writes too much about the old days of heavy drinking and bartenders.

Lately he had two pages of paragraphs in a magazine, and I was able to understand only four of them:

1. The honest man is one whom the world both respects and plunders;
2. Belief of any kind is impossible without some degree of intolerance;
3. Whatever exists aspires to tell a petty lie about itself;
4. There is a kind of sweetness of character that is extremely disagreeable. (I have changed the last paragraph somewhat, as DeCasseres uses many objectionable words in his writings, mistakenly believing they add strength).

Young people should think about old age earlier than they generally do. Heedlessness, carelessness between fifteen and thirty result in many unnecessary troubles from thirty on.

The pleas of parents to children to behave is the one bit of human wisdom on which all men of all ages have agreed. The Cretans, the Babylonians, the Greeks, the Romans, left the same story: The better you behave, the better you will get along. It is the one Bible all men have haltingly accepted. I beg adults as well as young people to find the True Church early, and remain in it, in spite of frequent transgressions.

Dog story for O. O. McIntyre: As nice a girl of nineteen as I know owns a pup seven months old; and there never was a more useless, troublesome, lovable, impudent, natural or amusing nuisance. Being given a bone, and unable to get outside to properly bury it, he hid it in the bed of his mistress, and awoke her in the middle of the night vigorously digging it up. Another (and Mr. McIntyre will miss this, unless he is careful): A woman owns a bulldog very smart, good-natured and appreciative, but, alas, he is getting old. He usually sleeps on the floor in the bedroom of his rather elderly mistress. One morning, when she awoke, the dog was sound asleep, and his mistress addressed him affectionately. As he paid no attention, she then declared he no longer loved her, and threatened tears, etc. Finally the old dog, actually disposed to politeness, and really loving his mistress, could no longer avoid paying attention to the propitities, so he very slowly began to yawn, to stretch. (This is the point of the story: his slow, deliberate recognition of the affection offered, owing to age. Finally, in his stretching, he managed to turn over, and went to sleep again).

No pope, professor, poet, statesman, patriot ever left a simple guide to direct simple people, although these are the guides we simple people are urged to follow.

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MIGHT BE WORSE

A visitor to a seaside town was observing the crowd. "I suppose you serve a good many fish dinners," he remarked to the hotel proprietor.

"Yes, the people eat fish, mostly."

"I thought fish was supposed to be brain food, but these people are about the most unintelligent specimens of humanity I've ever seen."

"Well," returned the other with a shrug of his shoulders, "just think of what they'd look like if they didn't eat fish."

### Too Much Democracy

Friend—Don't you worry—tomorrow, when you give your speech you will have all intelligent men on your side.

Candidate for Parliament—That is what is worrying me. I would rather have the majority.—Lustige Blatter (Berlin).

### Home Life

"You attend many bridge games and lectures?"

"I enjoy them," admitted Miss Cayenne.

"Don't you think a woman's place is in the home?"

"Yes, but not necessarily her own home."—Washington Star.

### Expressive

Two caddies were discussing, in the way caddies do, the players whose clubs they were carrying.

"What's your man like?" asked one.

"Left-handed," was the laconic reply, "and keeps his change in his right-hand pocket."

### Louise's Lesson

Little Louise had been in the beginners' class at Sunday school for some time. Her mother wished to know what she was learning so she said to her one day: "Louise, what did the teacher tell you today?"

"She told me to sit down and be still for once," was the reply.

## CROSSWORD "TEASER"

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34	35		36		37			38
39		40		41			42	
43							44	

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### Horizontal.

- 1—Mohammedan call to prayer
- 5—Fatten
- 9—Large vehicle
- 10—By way of
- 12—South American reptile
- 13—Beast of burden
- 14—Boy's name
- 16—Initials of a famous President
- 17—Possesses
- 18—Elongated fish
- 20—To allot
- 21—At a distance
- 23—Body of water
- 24—To fix
- 25—Envelop
- 28—Luck
- 31—Crafty
- 32—Card game
- 34—Impersonal pronoun
- 36—Sets of three
- 38—Note of scale
- 39—Notch
- 41—Unit of work
- 42—Human beings
- 43—Metal
- 44—A landing place

### Vertical.

- 1—Acknowledge
- 2—Tool for trimming slate
- 3—Indefinite article
- 4—Species of pine
- 6—Hebrew month
- 7—Decay
- 8—Attempt
- 10—Receptacle
- 11—Region
- 14—Head covering
- 15—Coniferous tree
- 17—Listens
- 19—Cowboy's rope
- 20—Cat's cry
- 22—Affirmative
- 26—High in the scale
- 27—Funeral pile
- 28—Dancing shoe
- 29—Goddess of Dawn
- 30—Islands of the South Sea
- 33—Simpleton
- 35—A sailor
- 37—Anger
- 38—Meadow
- 40—Proceed
- 42—Greek letter



**Holiday Manners**

By JANE OSBORN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**What Rosalie Wanted**

By ALICE DUANE

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

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

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

"Well, yes," said Tom, and then felt the awkward inadequacy of his reply. "That is to say, Rosalie," he went on, making matters worse with his fumbling speech, "I've got something to say to you."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rosalie shook her head mutely.

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

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

**Interesting Notes**

Mrs. Barget Wallach of New York has a watch so thin that it is encased in a \$20 gold piece.

Pitying his thermometer, Billy Morris, of Oklahoma City, Okla., took it in for a rest when it registered 142 degrees in the sun.

For six hours Dr. Von Baumann of Los Angeles fished in a man's stomach and finally pulled up his teeth.

It is estimated that 28,000 out-of-town automobiles visit the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago each day.

The present strength of the British Royal Air Force is 2,600 officers, including 2,200 pilots, and 22,000 other ranks.

Leonard Schuyler, who went to sleep at the wheel of his auto, drove into Lake Michigan and was awakened by the cold water.

His four sons having married four sisters, Dad Sisley, 70, of Alliance, Neb., made it unanimous by marrying the girls' mother.

"The United States is not on a prune basis," said Police Judge Fish, of Dalles, Ore., when Fred Miller offered dried prunes to pay a fine of \$50 for reckless driving.

Henry C. Oliver of Spokane, Wash., charged in a divorce complaint that his wife took all the wedding presents when she left him and then returned and drove away with all the hay.

George Martin of Chicago, pleading his previous good record to escape a long sentence for theft, said it must have been "in a moment of weakness" that he carried away 200 pounds of lead.

James Colber of Chicago testified in his divorce suit that his wife's tongue never stopped its wagging.

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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, reproaching Ivy for "breaking a date" with him. Thayer and Vernon threaten each other. Prof. Larry Welch, Ivy's brother, is appealed to by Tony to end his sister's friendship with Thayer. Welch and Tony are in love. Tony tells him she is married to Thayer, but is his wife only in name. Larry determines to end Thayer's association with Ivy. Tony persuades him to wait until she has appealed to her husband. She visits him at a fraternity house. Vernon, soon after her departure, leaves the house, excited. Welch goes to Thayer, and after he leaves, Carmicino, frat house janitor, finds Thayer dead, stabbed. The Marland bank is robbed, the robber escaping with \$100,000, after being shot. Jim Hanvey, famous detective, comes to investigate the robbery. Randolph Fiske, the bank president, tells him he believes Max Vernon was driving the car in which the robber got away. Thayer, Fiske says, has been robbing Vernon of large sums, in card games, Vernon, apparently, finally realizing it. Reagan, Marland's police chief, induces Hanvey to take charge of the murder case, evidence implicating Vernon in both the murder and robbery. Tony Peyton, Larry Welch, and Vernon are under arrest as Thayer murder suspects. Welch insists Thayer was alive when he left him, and Hanvey and Reagan are convinced he is lying. Hanvey questions Carmicino, the janitor who found Thayer murdered. Carmicino admits furnishing Thayer with whisky for forbidden revels in the frat house.

### CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"It was theesaway, Meester Hanvey: Always sometimes the boys give a party which the faculty they do not understand about, so they want liquor. Meester Thayer, he says he knows where he can get real stuff which has never been cut. So they give him the money and he orders it from me."

"I see. . . . And you and he would split the difference, eh?"

"Yes sir. For real thing, the fellers they pay me one hundred dollars a case. I pay for it sixty dollars a case, and Meester Thayer he take twenty dollars and I take twenty dollars."

"Then you were close friends, eh?"

"Oh, no, sir. Meester Thayer, he is ver' fine gentleman and he would not be friends with no janitor."

"I see. . . . He certainly was a fine gentleman, Mike—no mistake about that. Thayer and Vernon were pretty good friends, weren't they? Did you ever hear them quarrel?"

"No, sir. Not one time even."

"They used to play cards a good deal, didn't they?"

"Maybe so—maybe not. I think maybe so."

"Vernon never mixed up in this liquor business, did he?"

"No, sir. Just Meester Thayer."

"Hmm! When was the last time you bought liquor for him?"

"Let me see. . . . about one week ago, sir. It was a nice party. They wanted two cases."

"Two hundred dollars' worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you get it?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Did Thayer pay you for it?"

"Right away quick, sir, all except the forty dollars which he keep for himself."

"He always looked after you, didn't he?"

"Yes, Meester Hanvey; always he sees that I get my money ver' quick so the man from which I buy it off, he also does not be force' to wait."

"Did Thayer usually pay you when he ordered the whisky or only after the boys paid him?"

"After the fellers they pay him. You see, it is for them and so he should not pay me until he get the money from off them."

"And when he died, Mike—did he owe you anything?"

"No, sir. Meester Thayer, he did not owe me one cent."

"Good." Hanvey hoisted himself to his feet, and nodded to the janitor. "That'll be all, Mike."

"You do not ask me no more questions?"

"Nope. Nothing else. I'm much obliged for everything."

"Thank you, sir."

Reagan led the way into the hall and thence upstairs to the main floor.

Several boys, having heard that a new detective was on the case, were gathered on the veranda, struggling to appear disinterested. But all eyes were directed at Hanvey's ungainly figure as he and Reagan stood at the foot of the steps chatting.

"What now, Hanvey? Would you like to see Max Vernon's room?"

"You've searched it, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Find anything?"

"Not a thing. But I thought—"

"My Gosh! you're a thorough bird. Well, let's go. But Lordy! how I hate those steps."

Hanvey panted to the top floor and Reagan conducted him into a small but handsomely furnished room, resplendent with pennants, pillows, tennis rackets and numerous lithographs depicting pulchritudinous damsels in various conditions of deshabille.

But despite the markedly collegiate tone, there was more than a hint of taste in the general arrangement. In a corner was a delicate statuette perched on a teakwood tabouret. And over the mantel was a collection of curio weapons: A fencing foil, a broadsword, a Malay kris, an Arab scimitar, a rusty revolver of Civil war days, a Philippine bolo, a bow and arrow of genuine Indian origin. Hanvey glanced at them, and then at the arrangement of the room.

It was cozy, in a youthful, happy-go-lucky sort of way. Hanvey casually opened the dresser drawers and rummaged indifferently through the masses of expensive linen. He opened the door of the hanging closet and exclaimed over the multitude of tailored suits disclosed.

"Vernon sure must be a snappy dresser, John."

"Looked that way to me," answered Reagan enviously. "I always did wish I could afford them kind of clothes. I'll bet there ain't a suit in yonder that cost less'n a hundred bucks."

Hanvey walked to the window and stared off toward the sprawling town of Marland. Mid-afternoon, and most classes were finished, so that the shady spots under the trees were peopled with male students and coeds. They seemed to be doing nothing whatever and doing it with enthusiasm. Jim sighed.

"I used to think I missed a lot by not going to college, John. Now I know it."

"Don't they have it easy? Just sitting around under the trees and talking to girls. . . ."

"I wish I was young again—and not so darn dumb. Somehow, John, I never could knock any book stuff into my fat dome. I'd study the idea and it'd sort of die before it reached my brain. But man! I'd sure have been a whale at this laying around stuff."

Hanvey sank into a chair and lighted a cigar. "Ain't it tough to think of a kid like Vernon having it easy like he did and then getting mixed up in a nasty mess like this?"

"You tell 'em, Jim. That's one reason I was glad to get you on the case. They're a nice sort, these kids. I didn't used to think so. I thought they were a bunch of crazy high-hats, but, by golly! they ain't. I haven't met a one who didn't strike me that he'd be a real guy if he wasn't so dam' educated."

Hanvey moved his head laboriously toward the mantel.

"What's all the military equipment?" he asked, referring to the knives and swords on the wall.

"I asked about that," said Reagan. "It seems Vernon has traveled a good deal and he's sort of collected these things. That funny-looking one is from where the Malays live. I think they call it a kris. And that one over the clock is a bolo, or whatever it is the Filipinos use. Vernon was a nut about 'em."

"Funny hunch. . . . But at that I guess it's more sensible than collecting stamps or art things." He blinked. "You've looked all through the room, John?"

"Everywhere. I'm sure I didn't miss a thing."

"You never can tell. . . . Just to make sure, though, we'll make one more search."

Reagan started with the dresser. He rummaged through the drawers and into every corner. He inspected every ornament and spot of dust on the mantel. He looked behind pennants and pictures which were tacked to the wall.

He opened the door of the hanging closet, where he commenced a systematic search into every pocket of every suit of clothes.

It was a tedious job and Reagan—glancing occasionally into the room—was quite sure that Hanvey's suggestion for a new search had not been entirely without ulterior motive.

The prodigious body was settled snugly into the big chair; the pudgy hands were folded contentedly across the massive mezzanine and Jim Hanvey could discern—sleeping superbly.

Sleeping! Or was he? The longer Reagan was with Hanvey the less he understood the big man. At times he appeared to be obtuse, at times brilliant—and at times just plain dumb. Reagan returned to his task. If Hanvey wanted a search he'd darn well get one. Reagan had been over every inch of the ground before. . . . but he was determined to do this job as thoroughly as he had the first.

And then the silence of the room was shattered by a sharp cry from the closet.

Hanvey's eyes uncurtained slowly, but he exhibited no other excitement—even when Reagan leaped into the room holding something gingerly between his thumb and forefinger.

"Good G—d, Chief—look here."

Jim eyed the trophy curiously.

"Dog-gone. . . . It's a knife. And there's blood on it, too. Where'd you find it, John?"

"In the corner of the closet. On the floor. I—I don't understand, Jim—because I looked there day before yesterday. . . ." He was more excited than he cared to show. "But we've got something here, Chief—no matter if I did overlook it before. With this, it ought to be plain sailing."

"How come, John?"

"Because," snapped Reagan triumphantly—"that is the knife that killed Thayer, and Chief—I've got another idea."

"Good for you, John. What is it?"

Reagan stepped swiftly to the mantel. He designated a spot on the wall where the papering was of a lighter color.

"Unless I'm all wrong, Hanvey," he said—"this knife belongs right in that spot. And if it does—there ain't much

question but that Max Vernon is the man who used it."

CHAPTER IX

Hanvey declined to become interested. He and Reagan regarded the weapon. It was a powerfully delicate thing and beautiful as a poisonous snake.

The handle was of polished metal, whether nickel or silver, neither knew. The guard was exquisitely carved, and the blade, which was unusually long and perilously keen, was of the finest tempered steel.

At the moment it was not a pretty sight, however, for the steel was covered with blood which had clotted almost to blackness. Hanvey moved away, leaving the knife lying on the table.

"I hate to look at anything like that, John."

"I don't."

"You're hard-bolled."

"Oh, h—! It isn't that, Jim. But I like to find something when I'm on a case which means I don't have any farther to look."

"I see. . . . I reckon that's natural, John." Hanvey placed his hands behind his back.

"Where'd you find that?"

"On the floor of the hanging closet—in the corner."

"Didn't you look there day before yesterday?"

"Sure I did."

"Yourself?"

"Yes."

"I thought you said there wasn't anything there."

"I did, Jim; but I suppose I overlooked it. Though I'm darned if I see how I did."

Hanvey shrugged. "Those things can happen, all right. It's queer, though. . . ."

"What?"

"Nothing. . . . I was just thinking."

Jim seemed disinclined to comment further, and Reagan did not force him. As a matter of fact, the chief of the Marland plainclothes force was elated. "It's like you told Fiske, Jim—a dick can make a dozen mistakes provided he does the right thing just one time. The crook can't afford to slip once."

"True enough, John. You sure don't get any argument out of me. But it is funny you didn't see that knife when you first looked in the closet."

Hanvey rummaged around in a dresser drawer until he found a collar box. He emptied this and then waddled into the bathroom, from which he returned with a roll of absorbent cotton. He lined the collar box with cotton and then gingerly placed the knife in the box. But he did not immediately look up. His eyes were fixed steadily on the weapon.

"Funny," he said at length.

"What?"

"The handle of that knife, John—it's polished metal, and yet there isn't a fingerprint on it."

"Well, I'll be . . . darned if you ain't right, Jim."

"What you reckon—?"

"Cinch. Max Vernon had enough sense to polish the prints off the handle."

"You sure think fast, John."

Reagan looked up sharply, but the face of the fat man told him nothing. "D'you think I'm wrong?"

"Seems like you must be right. It just looks kind of funny, though, that you didn't find that knife day before yesterday."

Reagan was disturbed. He was certain that he had looked in that identical spot the afternoon of the murder, and he had found no knife. His brain was racing, and suddenly he whirled on his companion.

"I've got it, Chief."

"What?"

"The answer to that knife. First, there's the off chance it was there all the time and I just didn't find it. I hate to admit that, but it's possible. The second theory is that Max Vernon had it with him and when he came back yesterday evening from Steel City he dumped it in there before I stuck him under arrest. He was in this room when I grabbed him."

Hanvey's big head nodded slow approval. "Now you're talking, John?"

"You think I'm right?"

"It sounds mighty reasonable. Question is, are you sure it is Vernon's knife?"

"We'll ask him—that's one way of finding out. And in the second place, look at that spot on the wall. It's like this, see—" Reagan stepped to the mantel and removed a scimitar which hung there. "Notice how you can see on the wall paper just where this hung, Jim? Yonder is the place the dagger was hanging—it fits that spot exactly. And you can tell it's a foreign thing."

"Ain't any question about that. It sure don't look awful healthy for Mister Vernon."

"It don't—and I'm sorry. I believe the kid has gotten a lousy deal all 'round. This Thayer evidently wasn't a thing but a plain, high-class hustler. It's a cinch that he must have been trimming Vernon at cards, and we know that he was gypping his fraternity brothers on the liquor game. Of course, Carmicino thinks Thayer was a fine gentleman, but he would think that. As a matter of fact, Thayer was a dud and we both know it."

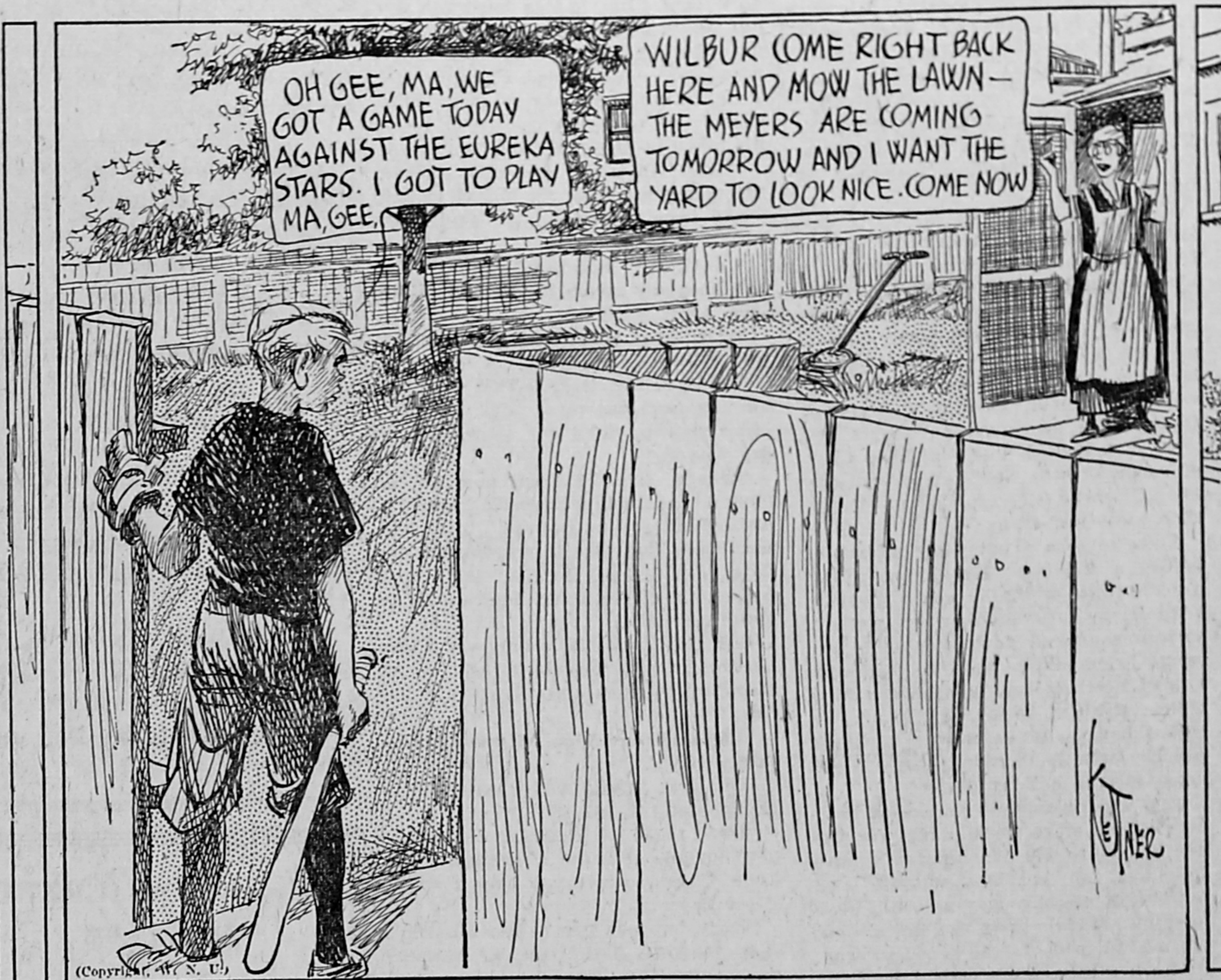
"We sure do."

"But that don't make Vernon's position any happier. He quarrels with Thayer about a girl. We know that Thayer had trimmed him good and plenty. We know that Vernon was desperate for want of money. We know that he went to Thayer's room and that shortly afterward Thayer's dead body was found. Now we locate the knife with which he was killed

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# OUR COMIC SECTION

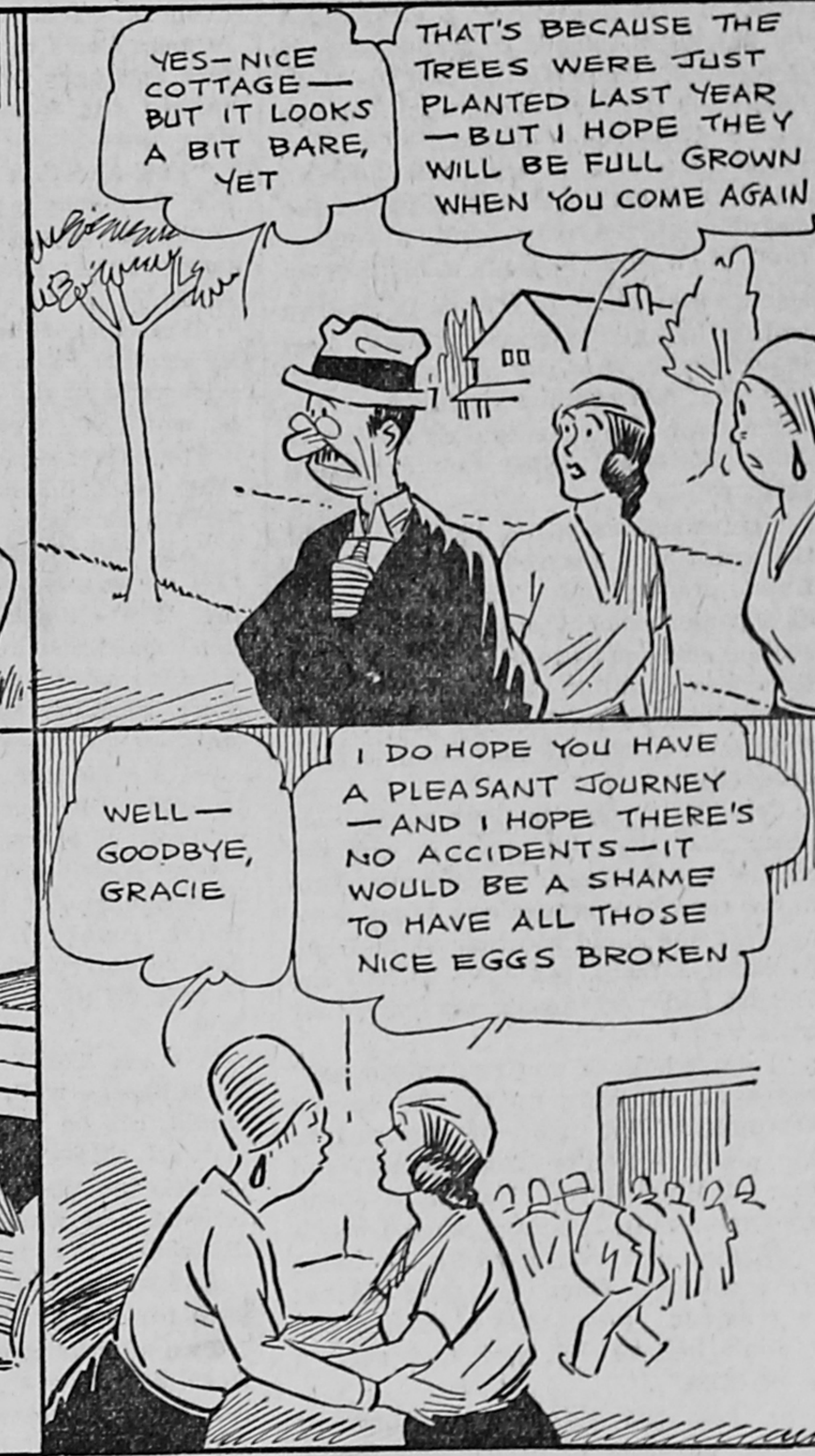
## Events in the Lives of Little Men



## THE FEATHERHEADS



## Always Saying Right (?) Thing



## FINNEY OF THE FORCE



## Wants a Job as FILE Clerk



**This Week**

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

**Worried Cuba  
Around the World, Soon  
Do We Need Poetry?  
Distance Kills Interest**

The worry of the western world centers in Cuba. Many have been killed. Bad conditions are caused by much poverty and suffering.

Because the Monroe Doctrine does not permit foreign countries to interfere on this hemisphere, Uncle Sam feels responsible to other countries whose citizens have been killed in the Cuban rioting. Those countries not unreasonably say to Uncle Sam: "If you cannot protect our nationals we shall do it ourselves."

Americans will read with amazement the announcement that representatives of Cuba's government have called upon Cubans of all parties to "unite against an attack by the United States."

Memory must be short to forget that Cuba belonged to Spain a little while ago, was taken from Spain by this country and given back to the people of Cuba voluntarily.

And Uncle Sam didn't send in any bill for his expense in thus freeing Cuba from the Spaniards. Other countries might have done that.

Bleriot, who designed the Rossicodos plane that has just beaten the world's long-distance record, speaks with authority on flying. Twenty-four years ago he was the first to fly the English channel. Now his plane has easily flown the Atlantic, the whole of Europe and on to Damascus. Bleriot predicts "the earth will be encircled nonstop, either by a craft using a heavy oil, or as soon as a means is found for utilizing electrically driven engines."

John Masfield, poet, says that what the world needs is "the thrill of poetry." Lacking poetry, the world invents substitutes, like high speed in airplanes and automobiles. Poetry would supply all the excitement needed.

This innocent statement shows how little a real poet knows his commonplace brothers.

Fifty million in this country respond to the purr of a 16-cylinder automobile, or the roar of a high-power airplane engine, that would find little excitement in:

Charm'd magic casements,  
Opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Distance makes all the difference. If the wife says, "John, there is a foot of water in the cellar," you hurry to the cellar.

The Associated Press says: "Three hundred Chinese villages along the Yellow river in North Honan province are flooded, with heavy loss of life."

You skip to the next headline. The Yellow river is far away.

Another dispatch from Seoul, Korea, says 414 have been killed and 7,348 houses destroyed by typhoon and floods. Again you pass on. If you heard that the great nebula in Orion had exploded you would still skip on.

Before you worry about dollar inflation read figures from the United States treasury. Dollars in circulation at the end of July were fewer by more than 91,000,000 than in June. And all our dollars in circulation, now that we have gone off the gold basis, are fewer by 96,549,000 than a year ago.

All the money in the United States amounts to less than \$40 for each inhabitant. That does not seem too much, considering that a healthy black slave in the old days was worth \$1,000. Should we not, on the contrary, and without any inflation, have at least \$5,000,000,000 or \$10,000,000,000 more in circulation?

In the last 12 months the world has used 24,725,000 bales of all kinds of cotton, against 23,007,000 in the preceding 12 months. American cotton used in the last 12 months amounted to 14,132,000 bales, a gain of 1,620,000 bales over the preceding year.

This is good news for American cotton growers.

When men buy new automobiles it proves they have money to spend usefully, and money to spare is the surest sign of vanishing depression.

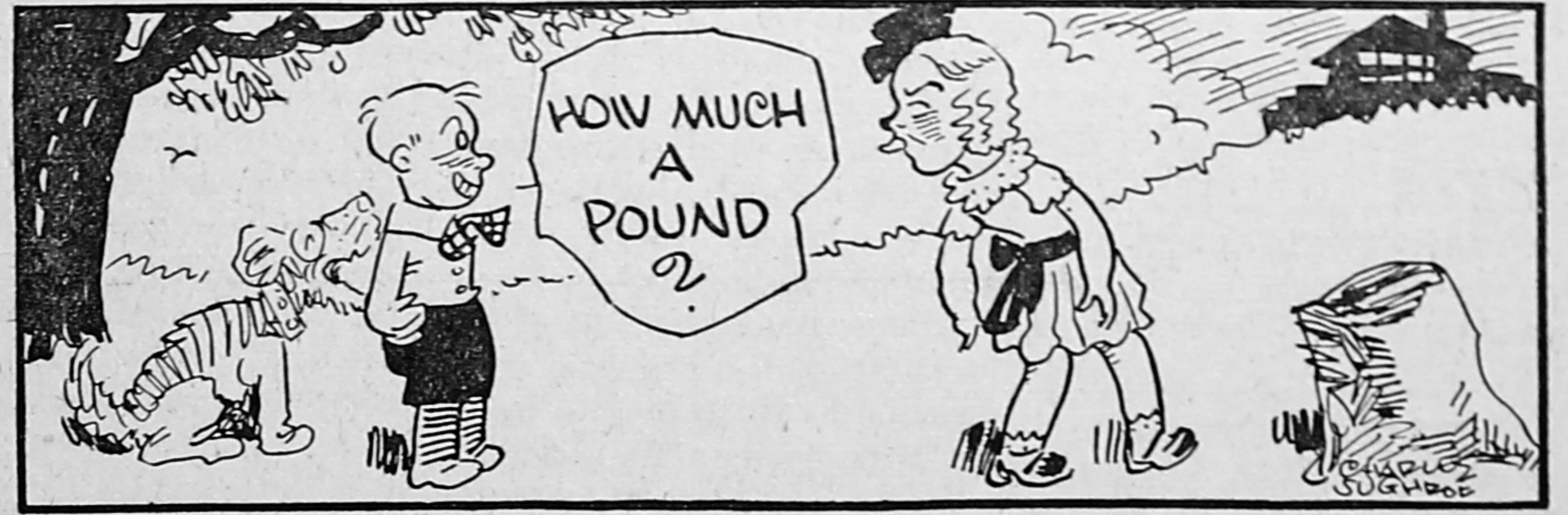
Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors, announces that sales of his corporation in the United States, Canada and overseas countries showed this July an increase of 190 per cent over July, 1932. In July a year ago the total number of General Motors automobiles sold was 36,872. In July this year it was 106,918.

Mr. Farley, postmaster general, predicts that 36 states will have voted to repeal prohibition before the first day of 1934. Arizona, youngest state in the Union, formerly bone dry, voted three to one to repeal prohibition. The vote was 34,389 for repeal, 10,147 against it. Arizona is the twenty-first consecutive state to vote against prohibition.

The dancing masters of America, numbering 4,500, have invented a new step, called "Nira," in honor of the national industrial recovery act. The new dance is a fox-trot with new arrangements.

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**SUCH IS LIFE—The Smartie!**



**New "Flying Wing" Gives Higher Speed**

**Four Miles a Minute Predicted for Device.**

New York.—A new type of "flying wing" monoplane, which is expected to attain a high speed of four miles a minute with two engines of small power, is under construction behind barred doors of a western plant, it was revealed here. Wind tunnel tests conducted by Prof. Alexander Klemin of the Guggenheim school of aeronautics at New York university, reveal the high performance possibilities of the new craft.

The new plane represents no radical departure. The four-mile-a-minute performance on two engines of 125 horse power each is obtained by almost perfect stream lining, plus the setting of the engines to get the best results.

It is a cabin type with a capacity of four passengers, and if the performance of the first plane comes up to the wind tunnel measurements on the model it will be the fastest low-power plane ever constructed.

**Retractable Landing Gear.**

The craft employs a retractable landing gear and has a short bullet-like fuselage which is streamlined into the wing so that only a little more than half of it is visible above the high wing lift from a head-on position. The two engines also are streamlined into the leading edge of the wing in projectile-like nacelles, which have very little frontal area. The landing gear retracts into the engine nacelles.

Professor Klemin was agreeably surprised by the performance data collected for the designer, Thomas M. Shelton of Denver, Colo.

The tests show that the craft with a full load will have an initial climb of 1,700 feet a minute, and with the flaps in use will have a landing speed

of 55 miles an hour, which is low, considering the high speed of the plane. On one engine the craft will have a speed of 150 miles an hour and will be able to climb at the rate of 675 feet a minute.

The method of performance calculation used by Professor Klemin to arrive at the figures for the new plane, which Shelton will call the "gyroplane," is considered reliable by the aviation industry, and the results in the past in flight figures has consistently shown agreement with the tunnel calculations.

**22 Per Cent Faster.**

Shelton, in comparing the performance figures with those of other planes in the same class, said that the gyroplane would be 22 per cent faster than any marketed thus far. An outstanding safety factor in the design is the plane's capacity not only to fly but to climb on one engine.

Shelton said the project was financed completely and that the construction of the first plane would be pushed so that it may be tested in actual flight by the first of the year.

"After we iron out the 'bugs' in the four place craft we intend to build a 20-passenger ship with two engines of 700 horse power," he said. Although all the regular planes are to be built of metal, Shelton said the construction of the first would be of wood and fabric. The power units on the first model probably will be inverted in-line, air-cooled engines.

**Lambs Born in Mine**

Opal, Wyo.—When a cold snap broke over the wide-open spaces of Wyoming, Matt Bertagnoli, Opal sheep owner, had his herder run a band of sheep into a coal mine to escape the storm. Nearly 100 lambs were born in the mine during the storm and all of the sheep and lambs were saved.

**Counts World's Noses**

Geneva.—About 2,000,000,000 persons dwell on this terrestrial globe, says the new year book of the League of Nations. Both births and deaths show a tendency to decrease.

**Rat's Cancer Cured by Cobra's Venom**

Paris.—Dr. Albert Calmette, under-director of the Pasteur institute, and member of the Academy of Medicine, announced that the institute had stopped the growth of cancer in a white rat by using the cobra venom treatment discovered by Dr. Adolph Monae-Lesser of New York.

The rat cancer is a much simpler form than cancer in humans, he said.

"We proved successful in treatment of the cancer in a white rat," said Doctor Calmette, "after twelve injections of venom, each of which represented one-tenth of a mortal dose."

**The Failure of Egotism**

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" during the years of his confinement in prison at Seville. It is the story of one man's experience lived in a world of constantly changing conditions. The character of Don Quixote is intended to illustrate the folly of that spirit which refuses to consider the opinions of others, but is led on entirely by his own delusions. Cervantes keenly felt how irresponsible was



that type of Spanish life which interpreted no higher law than "let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." In order to portray the utter folly of this type of life, he wrote Don Quixote. Don Quixote is mad with egotism, typical of a prevailing Spanish madness, but typical also of a universal madness when imagination runs riot with reason. Cervantes was born in Spain in 1547 and died in 1616. The book represents the product of his best and more mature life, having been completed and published only eleven years before he died.

Some persons are so constituted that they refuse to listen to reason or be guided by the advice of others. Con-

**"Squirrel Man"**



For fourteen years J. G. Arthur of San Francisco has spent his leisure time making friends with the squirrels in Golden Gate park. Every Sunday Arthur may be seen among the fir trees on the main drive armed with a sack of nuts, enticing his small friends from the trees. He wears a flat green hat on which the small animals jump and stay to be fed.

vinced they are absolutely right in their point of view, they spare no strength or time in self-sacrificing efforts to realize a definite objective. Self-centered egotism, like the madness portrayed by Cervantes, sooner or later brings one to a tragic end. No person was ever so well endowed that he did not need the wisdom and counsel of others.

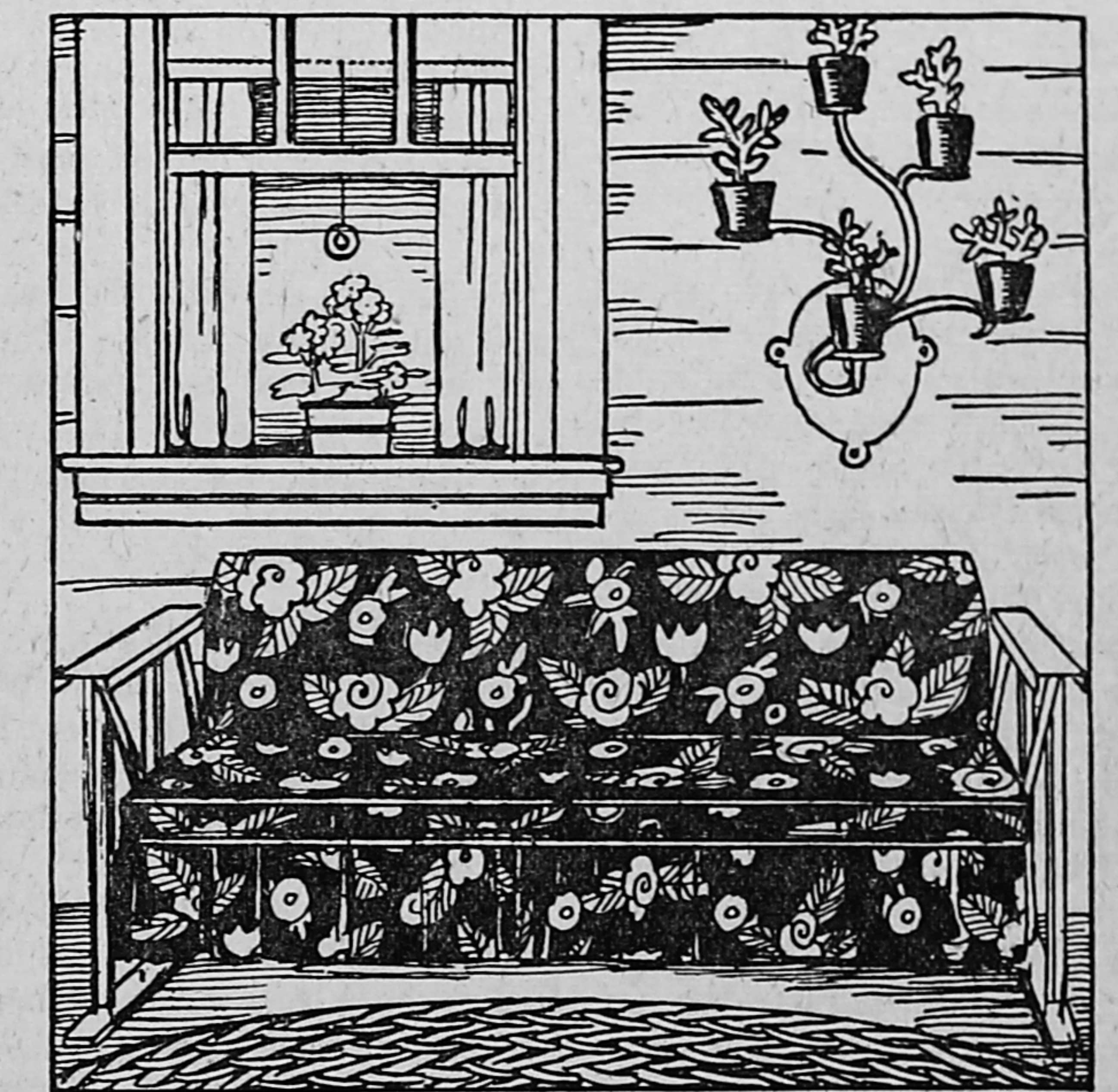
Self-confidence is one thing and greatly to be desired, but that bragadocio spirit of "I know it all" will soon lead to disaster, if not complete failure. If we will not learn from the experience of others, perhaps we deserve to fail. The greatest teacher in all history sought the companionship and counsel of a group of twelve men. The very best counsel many times comes from those who are nearest to us and who are more interested in our career than any other person. No scientist, however brilliant, ever speaks in terms of finality. No wise man ever tries to win in the battle of life alone. The foolish man, full of himself and dominated by his own conceit seldom accepts counsel when it is offered to him. The old philosopher Seneca wrote, "Consult your friend on all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsel may then be useful where your own self-love might impair your judgment."

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**Father Sage Says:**

Financial experts do not seem to be at hand to warn the people when there is real danger. But as hindsighters, they come out strong.

**The Household**  
By Lydia Le Baron Walker



One of the New Style Gliders Admirably Suited to Use on Piazzas.

A modified living out-of-doors has gradually been developing in places which are not actual cities. It is a middle court between the restricted life of thickly settled districts, and the freedom of country life. Its expression is found in sun parlors, sleeping porches, screened-in verandas and screened-in rooms detached from houses. Roof gardens in cities are a decided trend in this direction, being the only opportunity afforded hotel and apartment dwellers for quick relaxation out-of-doors. When residences have even small garden plots they are often as carefully treated decoratively as the inside of the house so that they lure the family who remains in town to relax outdoors, or entertain under the open sky.

This phase of living has brought in to use a definite kind of furniture and furnishing, no longer novel except in the introduction of new styles, as is true of other furnishings. For example, once a Gloucester hammock was delighted in, with its wide and comfortable swinging seat, long and ample enough for afternoon siestas or for sleeping on, in case of torrid heat indoors, or when extra company made another sleeping place necessary.

**Modern Improvements.**

Today, these are seldom found. The swinging standard hammock, "gliders" as they are termed, have supplanted the Gloucester and couch hammocks. In selecting one of these, the upholstery should be removable or of waterproof material for porches where rain may blow in. Some of the latest models have separate mattresses with cushions for backs, and these can be carried indoors during storms. Others have smart waterproof textile upholstery. If the "glider" has neither of these protections, a waterproof cover for the mattress can be made which can be quickly tucked about the upholstery and be snapped or tied in position. This takes a bit longer to ad-

**Balance in Furniture.**

To preserve the balance between scantily furnished and overfurnished rooms is one of the problems of the home decorator. In the first instance, although the furniture may be adequate, the rooms have a bare appearance which robs them of the needed cozy welcoming character. There is a curious aloofness about the pieces in a scantily furnished room which is sapping to cordiality. It indicates either lack of funds to buy wanted articles, or an institutional trend in the nature of the home decorator. The woman may not be aware of this tendency, but the rooms betray it.

The well-furnished house must be carefully considered, for it should have in it every needed thing, and as many labor-saving devices as can be afforded. It should not be so full that it suggests work to keep it clean, nor should it be so lacking in furniture that it has a bare appearance. It should suggest comfort, restfulness and that home attribute of coziness which is instilled by having loved things about.

**Knowledge**

Much of anyone's knowledge is really only information gained by reading or hearing the facts and not by actual witness or examination of them.

**Chicago Author Weds Titled Girl**



Henry Channon of Chicago, a well-known author, and Lady Honor Guinness, daughter of Lord and Lady Iveagh, leaving St. Margaret's church, Westminster, London, after their wedding. George, former king of Greece, was one of the ushers.

**ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode**

**SMALLPOX SCOURGE—**  
EUROPE HAD 60,000,000 DEATHS FROM SMALLPOX IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

**TRUE TEARS OF BLOOD—**  
THE HORNED TOAD SHEDS TEARS OF BLOOD, CAUSED WHEN DISTURBED BY A RUSH OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD, CONGESTING THE EYELIDS AND CAUSING BLOOD TO ISSUE.

**TOP-SOIL AGE—**  
400 YEARS ARE REQUIRED TO NATURALLY BUILD ONE INCH OF GOOD TOP-SOIL.

WNU Service

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**Students and Beer**

Citizens who are neither fanatical dries nor fanatical wets, but who desire to promote real temperance by whatever means seems best, are watching with interest the results of the legalization of beer by the recent session of Congress.

Some expressions by college and university authorities on the subject, in the light of their observations since the new law became effective on April 7, seem pertinent at this time.

President Hopkins of Dartmouth College, where beer is permitted to be sold on the campus, declares that there would seem to be a tendency for beer to displace hard liquor in undergraduate consumption.

Needless to say, all the educators named desire to see drinking of intoxicants in their institutions reduced to the minimum. Every good citizen desires to promote temperance. If harmless light beer can be substituted for vile bootleg liquor, a decided gain in the desired direction will have been made.

**Post's World Flight**

In completing a solo flight around the world in 7 days, 18 hours and 49 minutes, Wiley Post, one-eyed Oklahoma aviator set a record which is likely to stand for some time to come. This was accomplished in spite of a crash at Flat, Alaska, which almost ended the attempt.

Post's former globe-circling flight in company with Harold Gatty in 1931 consumed 8 days, 15 hours and 51 minutes. On that flight Post acted as pilot and Gatty as navigator.

Post arrived in New York in time to exchange congratulations with General Italo Balbo, who led 24 Italian airplanes in their flight from Rome to Chicago. The General said:

"I am most glad on the last day of my stay in New York to meet Mr. Post after his splendid world trip. I think no single man will do what he has done for a long time to come."

**Eat and Reduce**

It isn't necessary to starve one's self in order to reduce weight, declares Dr. Kenyon, a leading woman specialist of New York, who prescribes a liberal diet for her too heavy patients. This is her recommendation for the day's meals:

For breakfast, a serving of fruit, one egg plus the white of another egg, coffee or tea without sugar. For lunch a large serving of lean meat, fish or fowl may be taken, or a small helping of either with a glass of buttermilk or skimmed milk, also any vegetable that grows above the ground. For dinner a liberal portion of lean meat again may be taken with vegetables and fruit, but no bread, using a bread substitute if desired. Before retiring a half cup of orange juice is permissible.

On such a diet Dr. Kenyon asserts that 13 of her women patients reduced about 30 pounds in 13 weeks, while one lost 72 and another lost 74 pounds in about nine months.

We do not guarantee this information, but simply pass it along as it was given to a women's medical society at a recent meeting.

**A Prize Jackass**

Numerous stories are told, some true and some untrue, of the stupidity of government officials "clothed with a little brief authority." One which seems to be well authenticated was told in press dispatches recently about a federal deputy game warden in Indiana.

A humane gentleman and bird lover named Foster Lewis found a red bird with a broken leg in his back yard. He had the wounded bird's leg set, cared for it and nursed it back to health. After the bird was well it refused to leave its benefactor and persisted in staying about the house.

Then comes the deputy game warden, who points out to Mr. Lewis that he is violating the federal migratory bird law by keeping a red bird on his premises. And Mr. Lewis is arrested.

We don't know how the case came out, but if that game warden was not fired and branded as the prize jackass of 1933 he didn't get what was coming to him.

**New French Lottery**

Hard pressed by need for funds, the French government is about to adopt an old expedient to replenish its coffers—a national lottery.

Lotteries are generally held in disrepute in these days, but in former times they were common. For several years, back in its early history, Harvard University was partially supported by a lottery, and the United States government authorized many such enterprises in the first years of the nineteenth century.

According to press reports, the proposed new French lottery will provide that 60 per cent of the sums realized from ticket sales will be distributed to prize winners, while the remaining 40 per cent will go to the government.

The act under which the lottery will operate specifies that the first 10 million francs accruing to the government shall be distributed to "destitute families, the victims of agricultural calamities and droughts."

A commission of distinguished war veterans will conduct the lottery's operations, and no income tax will be charged winners on their gains.

The odds against a ticket buyer are heavy, but human nature being what it is, there will no doubt be many customers for the new gamble, even at the odds of 100 to 60.

**Circling the Globe**

No one has ever really circled the globe, because to literally do that would mean going around the world at its circumference, whether by following the equator or otherwise. But going around the world is generally understood to mean any passage around the earth between the two poles.

How the time required for this feat has been reduced is strikingly illustrated by the fact that Magellan's ship *Victory*, the first to circumnavigate the globe in the accepted sense, took three years, lacking 12 days, for its voyage, 1519 to 1522.

Drake made it in 1,052 days, something over a half century later. Cavendish in 1856 sailed from Plymouth, England, and returned in 781 days.

Then, challenged by Jules Verne's book, "Around the World in 80 Days," Nellie Bly, a newspaper woman, went around the world by boat and train in 72 days in 1889. The next year George Francis Train did the stunt in 67 days. Other records ranging around 40 days were made in the succeeding years before the advent of the airplane.

In 1827 Linton and Wells, employing train, boat and airplane, completed the circuit in 28 days. In 1928 Mears and Collyer reduced the time to 24 days; the

dirigible *Graf Zeppelin* in 1929 cut the record to 21 days.

Then came the real record-breakers. Wiley Post and Harold Gatty in 1931 made the trip by airplane in 8 days, 15 hours and 51 minutes. A few days ago the speediest world flight of all time was made by Wiley Post, one-eyed aviator, flying alone, in 7 days, 18 hours and 49 minutes. And that's something for other globe trotters to shoot at.

**Sidelights**

Many accidents have occurred in bathtubs, but one of the strangest befell Mrs. Mary Benson of Denver, who got wedged under the water taps in her tub. With no one near to hear her calls for help, she remained there four days until neighbors found and released her.

After being held up on six different occasions, Louis Wajay, a young Chicago pharmacist, concluded that enough of anything is plenty, so concealed two automatics under his counter. When two bandits attempted the seventh hold-up, Wajay beat them to the draw, killed one and caused the other to flee.

As Achilles was vulnerable in the heel, so is Thomas A. Hodgdon of Skowhegan, Me., vulnerable in the ankle. He says that every time he is hit on the ankle he becomes blind for a week or more. His peculiarity is giving veterans' compensation officials a perplexing problem in determining when he is blind and when he isn't.

When a mouse bites a snake it is news. This story comes in a press dispatch from Coalinga, Calif. L. E. Taylor tried to make pets of two rattlers but they would not eat. When he tried to tempt them with two live mice placed in their wire cage, the mice chewed on the snakes so viciously that one snake died and the other was rescued badly bitten.

An electrical robot that answers 180 questions has been set up on a prominent Berlin street intersection. When an attendant presses the appropriate button the answer to a question comes forth on a printed card. The machine is designed to aid persons who want to find various buildings, stores and the nearest places to obtain certain goods or services. The answers are free.

**What's New**

After years of experimenting the Sangerhausen Rosarium in Germany now claims to have developed a perfect black rose.

Germany is exhibiting a windmill plane which can be used on the ground as a three-wheeled automobile.

Photographic prints now can be made directly on cloth from any negative by using a solution which sensitizes the material.

A new type of false teeth, showing a larger part of the natural gums and held together by less bridgework, was shown at the annual convention of the Northeastern Dental Society.

E. Hubold of Germany has invented a small paddle boat which fits over the shoulders of a bather, holds her head above water, and enables her to paddle in any direction.

A new device was recently demonstrated by which the sound of the propeller is transmitted through microphones to the airport, where it causes a light to flash on a ground map, showing the location of the plane at all times.

**Illinois Theater---Newman, Ill.**

**Saturday and Sunday  
August 19 and 20**

It's the baby's night out, so he was to stay home with the nurse!

**Maurice Chevalier**

-in-

**"A Bedtime Story"**

with

**Helen Twelvetrees Adrienne Ames Baby Leroy**

**Romance Melody Merriment**

**Always A Good Comedy**

**Admission . . . . . 10c and 20c**

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

**Free Movie Show**

**At Broadlands**

**Every**

**Saturday Night**

How did that bank teller come to get such a terrible cold?

All the drafts in the bank go through his window.

Minister—Really, my dear, you should wait for more than three months, after your husband's

death before marrying again.

Widow—Yes, but you forget, Reverend, that he was paralyzed for eight months.

Tramp—Madam, I have seen better days—

Madam—That may be, but I

have no time to discuss the matter with strangers.

Mrs. Elizabeth Racker of San Francisco named her twenty-first baby after Queen Charlotte hospital, where it was born.

# OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

## KEEPING PROMISES

WHEN one makes a promise to a child one must keep it or lose the child's confidence. The loss of a child's confidence costs the child dearly and makes no happiness for the one who was responsible.

Christmas was drawing near and little Harry was excited. He got into all kinds of mischief. He discovered new ways of being troublesome. New ways of getting into danger. Altogether he rode on the consciousness of his family day and night until his mother lost all patience and said, "Listen to me young man. You've gone just far enough. Another such exhibition as this and you get nothing for Christmas. Not a thing. Santa Claus will not come to a bad boy like you."

Harry seemed to consider this for a time and his mother thought she had made an impression upon his mind and that he would behave a little better. But she changed her mind about all that when the cook brought Harry into her presence and charged him with breaking every egg in the pantry and smearing the place with the mess. "Just for fun, I did it," said he.

"Very well. You get nothing for Christmas." But when Christmas morning came all the presents were ready and Harry enjoyed them to the full. Neither he nor his mother mentioned the threat about bad boys and Santa Claus.

By and by his birthday approached and he began the same wild antics. "Now look here, young man. If you don't behave yourself you'll get nothing for your birthday."

Harry forgot all caution. "Huh. You said that about last birthday and I got all my presents. And you said it at Christmas and I got them too. I'll get them just the same."

Well, that time his mother held out and he got no presents. A sad little boy went to bed that birthday night, and a sadder mother and father. Threats are promises and if you make them you have to keep them or have a very good reason for not doing so—one that the child will accept as true.

"Be a good boy Daniel and go to the dentist and have that shaky tooth taken out and I'll take you to the circus," said Aunt Minnie.

"Don't believe her, Dan. She told me that and never took me," said Hortense looking up from her doll's carriage toward her guilty aunt.

Anyway a surprise is better than a promised treat. And threats are better left out of things.

## POOR VISION

THOSE who would help children must have clear vision. They must see the child truly. Now there is none among us so wise as to know the truth about a child. None of us has the true vision that sees the truth, the whole truth. The most any of us can expect to see is a glimpse of the spirit that is the child.

It is sad that so many well meaning teachers and supervisors cultivate a warped vision of childhood. They are so intent upon redeeming the child from his errors that they fix their vision on that point and see nothing else. The child becomes a child of sin, a thorn in the flesh, a creature to be punished, corrected, re-created in our own image. And that is not vision at all, but blindness, for a child is good.

Have you not known the teacher who all day long kept saying, "How many had you wrong?" and when informed of the enormity of the error, shook her head and wrote down a failure in red ink? Have you not known the supervisor who examined a class to find out what the children did not know? If he finds they know one thing he drops that and goes on searching until he finds the weak spot in their knowledge. Then he dwells there measuring the extent of their ignorance. Have you not known parents who kept reminding the children of the mistakes they had made, reciting all their poor marks, impressively lecturing about their lack of effort, their low aim? It was but yesterday that I heard a parent say to a fine boy, "Yes, I know you have an average over 95. I know you have a 100 in three majors. I know all that. What I want to know is why you couldn't get a high mark in music?"

"Maybe it is because I'm not a musician. I can't be everything, you know, mother."

"You could get an honor mark in every subject of the curriculum if you put your mind to it. I don't want any low grades. Nothing below an A is any good. Work up that music."

Consider that. Do you imagine for a moment that this exacting lady had made such grades in her school days? You know she did not. Had she been as intelligent as all that she would have cultivated a vision that enabled her to see strength where it was, see beauty and power where they were clearly in operation instead of finding the one weak place and dwelling on it. The right vision sees the effort the child has made; sees the struggle and the triumph shining through the low rating; sees the steady upward growth of the child who is feeling his way through the tangled maze of school lessons and adult standards and queer regulations.

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# IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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## Lesson for August 20

SAMUEL

LESSON TEXT—I Samuel 3:1-10; 12:1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT—And Samuel said unto the people, Fear not: ye have done all this wickedness, yet turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart. I Samuel 12:20.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Samuel Talking to God.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Samuel Listening to God.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Training for Service.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Responding to God's Call.

I. Samuel's Birth (1:1-20).

He was given to Hannah in answer to her prayer. His name means "asked of God."

II. Samuel Lent to the Lord (1:24-28).

In connection with Hannah's prayer for a man child, she vowed to give him to God. He was to be a Nazirite all the days of his life. In fulfillment of her vow, she took him at an early age to the sanctuary and gave him over to the charge of Eli, the priest, to minister therein.

III. Samuel Called of God (3:1-10).

Dwelling within the sacred courts and ministering before the Lord with Eli, is the innocent Samuel who is to become the saviour of his people. In Samuel we have a striking pattern of child religion. The Lord gave him in answer to his mother's prayer, and from his birth he was dedicated to the Lord. In the Scriptures we have set forth two types of experience; the one experiencing the saving grace of God after having lived in sin; the other of one brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord from his infancy.

Two traits of Samuel's character stand out in his call—his cheerful obedience to the Lord's call, and his surrendered will.

IV. Samuel Established in the Prophetic Office (3:11-21).

Up to this time Samuel obeyed Eli. The time has now come when he must directly hear and obey the Lord. The first message entrusted to him was a most terrible one. It doubtless was a bitter experience to Eli to see Samuel recognized, and himself passed by, but he was submissive. This fearful visitation upon Eli's house was due to the sins of his sons. Eli was accountable because he had not restrained them. He was a good man, but lax in the discipline of his children. Samuel grew and the Lord was with him and did not let any of his words fall to the ground. So fully did the Lord bless his ministry that all Israel knew that he was established as the Lord's prophet.

V. Samuel, the Judge (7:1-17).

1. People called to forsake their idols (vv. 1-6). Because of their sins God permitted the nation to be bitterly oppressed by the Philistines. Samuel promised them deliverance on condition of repentance (v. 3).

2. Samuel prayed for the people (vv. 7-14). In response to his prayer God miraculously delivered them from the Philistines. This victory was memorialized by the setting up of the stone called Ebenezer (v. 12).

3. Samuel judging Israel (vv. 15-17). Bethel, Gilgal, Mizpeh, and Ramah were his circuit, to each of which he made annual visits. These centers were for the accommodation of the people.

4. Samuel's final address (12:1-25). When Saul, the new king, was crowned, Samuel graciously retired, turning over to him the nation's affairs.

a. Samuel's challenge to the people (vv. 1-5). He reminded them of the way the king had been given and showed their direct responsibility for the change in government. He reviewed his own administration, showing his walk from childhood, and his career as judge and ruler. To this the people responded by a vote of confidence. It was Samuel's right as he laid down the reins of government to have his records vindicated.

b. Samuel reviews God's dealings with the nation from the time of Moses (vv. 6-15). He showed them that national prosperity was conditioned upon obedience (v. 14). Though they had displeased God in choosing a king, if they would fear the Lord and render obedience, national prosperity would still be given them.

c. Samuel's personal vindication (vv. 16-25). The hour was so critical in the nation's history that Samuel sought to indelibly impress upon their hearts its meaning. This he did by praying for thunder and rain out of season. They saw this as an example of God's mighty power which, if directed against them, would destroy them instantly.

## He Turned to Prayer

He lived in the atmosphere of prayer from first to last; and when any specially important work had to be done, any specially difficult crisis had to be faced, any specially trying experience had to be endured, he met it by special prayer.—G. H. Knight.

## Thank God Daily

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day that must be done, whether you like it or not.

# JOY TO BE HAD IN "WORD BOOK"

Our language is a superb inheritance, blessed with richer variety of expression and implicit with a more ranging music than most other living tongues. It has pith, color and energy. Its flexibility and scope are enormous—as might be expected from a tongue dowered out of the precision and beauty of Greek, the rolling vowel music of Latin, the northern strains of Celt, Angle and Saxon. Surely, as heirs to this bequest and as living contributors to it, we should not be content without exploring it. To do so would be like emulating the beggar, who, coming into a fortune, was satisfied with a few worn counters when the gold coin of the realm was his for the seeking.

In a century now long forgotten men and women were accustomed to keep what they described as "commonplace books"—notebooks in which one entered any quotations of prose or verse which seemed apposite, wise or endowed with beauty and felicity of expression. It was a happy idea. Any who desire to discover what effect it had upon the mind of an age might do well to explore a bit into Eighteenth century letters.

A word book, wherein one jots

down any unfamiliar word he meets with in the reading of good books, together with its verified meaning, will go far to rescue him from present afflictions that beset our language as it is written. Only one who has tried this expedient knows the fun it offers, the renewed sense of vitality in thought, the sharper edge given ideas, and, simultaneously, the rapid growth of discriminative taste in reading.—Boston Herald.

## Oils Life's Wheels

Politeness enables one to appear concerned if he is not.

## Mercolized Wax



## Keeps Skin Young

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

## Powdered Saxolite

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

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—6c and 1.00 at Druggists. Hiscox Chem. Wks., Pathebone, 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, Pathebone, 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

## WOODSHED TECHNIQUE

If a child begins to become unmanageable, advises a Chicago expert, switch his attention. Ah, how we do progress! That wasn't what they used to switch when we were a boy.—Boston Herald.

## ONLY FAIR

"What's that dollar for you've added to this bill?" demanded Hardupp. "That," snapped the collector, "is to pay for the shoe leather I've worn out coming here trying to collect the bill."



## Quick way to wash dishes!

MAKE things easy for yourself—use Rinso! Grease goes like magic in its creamy suds. Rinso makes washday easier, too. It soaks out dirt—saves scrubbing. Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Get it now—**at your grocer's.**



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**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**

FREE Valuable Information. Every Automobile Owner buys. Costs 1c, sells 25c. Manufacture yourself. Details free, no catch. ALCO, 202 W. Gage, Los Angeles, Calif.

# THRIFTY CAR OWNERS WROTE this CODE

## THE THRIFTY CODE FOR TIRE BUYERS

I hereby promise to trade in my thin, worn, dangerous tires today and equip my car before prices advance again, with the Safest and Most Dependable Tires I can find.

**They must have:**  
Every fiber in every High Stretch cord in every ply saturated and coated with pure liquid rubber, to give me Extra Blouout Protection.

**They must have:**  
Two Extra Gum-Dipped Cord Plies Under the Tread for Greater Strength and Blouout Protection.

**They must have:**  
Scientifically designed non-skid tread to give me EXTRA SAFETY.

*Mr. Car Owner*

MAKE the Thrifty Code—your Code. Raw materials, commodities and wages are up—and going higher. When you know tire prices are going higher—it's smart to Buy Now and Save.

REMEMBER—Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires hold all world records on road and track for Safety, Speed, Mileage and Endurance.

Drive in today—we'll save you money and serve you better.

## THE NEW Firestone SUPER OLDFIELD TYPE

Built to equal all first line standard brand tires in quality, construction and appearance, but lower in price—another Firestone achievement in saving money for car owners.

Ford Chevrolet 4.50-21	\$7.10	Buick Chevrolet Nash Plymouth Rockne 5.25-18	\$9.00
Ford Chevrolet Plymouth 4.75-19	\$7.55	Studebaker Auburn 5.50-18	10.15
Nash Essex 5.00-20	\$8.35	Other Sizes Proportionately Low	

**3 LINES of TIRES with Firestone NAME and GUARANTEE**

Built with Superior Quality and Construction Yet Priced as LOW as Special Brands and Mail Order Tires

Firestone OLDFIELD TYPE		Firestone SENTINEL TYPE		Firestone COURIER TYPE	
Ford Chev. 4.50-21	\$6.30	Ford Chev. 4.50-21	\$5.65	Ford Chev. 30x3 1/2	\$3.45
Ford Chev. 4.75-19	\$6.70	Ford Chev. 4.75-19	\$6.05	Ford Chev. 4.40-21	\$3.60
Nash Essex 5.00-20	\$7.45	Nash Plymouth Rockne 5.25-18	\$7.30	Ford Chev. 4.75-19	\$4.65
Other Sizes Proportionately Low		Other Sizes Proportionately Low		Other Sizes Proportionately Low	

See Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires made in the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at "A Century of Progress" Chicago

# Firestone

Go to your local Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store—Buy today before prices go higher

**Three Bears and Goldilocks**

By MARY CARR

ONCE upon a time there were three bears—a great big bear, a middle-sized bear and a little bear. . . .

The great big bear was John Holman. He was twenty-four, and he was an exceedingly attractive young man. He was a bear. Barbara said so.

The middle-sized bear was Hollis Holman. He was fifty-five, and an exceedingly attractive middle-aged man. But he was a bear—Barbara said he was.

The little bear was Darius Holman. He was seventy-nine, and he was a most lovable old man. Barbara said he was. But she also said he was a bear. And Barbara knew.

Barbara was the Goldilocks of this story, and she lived in the house of the three bears. She had recently come there to live, as the wife of the great big bear. Now, on a soft June morning, she sat at breakfast looking most tantalizingly attractive.

"You're just bears, all of you," said Barbara. "And I'm not going to pay a bit of attention to what any of you say. I'm going to take John's car, and father Hollis' raincoat, because I haven't any and I might have to get out, and grandfather Darius' money, and I'm going right straight over that mountain all by myself, no matter what you think. Give me ten dollars, grandfather, will you, because John's so cross I don't like to ask him for any."

Grandfather Holman chuckled as he reached for his wallet. "I think you're a stubborn young lady, Barbara," he said, "but as you'd go whether I helped you out or not, why here it is." He took out a twenty-dollar bill and handed it to his grandson's wife.

"I wish you wouldn't, Goldilocks," said young John. "It'll be skiddy as the dickens on those high hills. Why can't you telephone—send 'em a check and telephone you can't come?"

"It isn't just the money they want—though grandfather was a darling to give me all this. But it's that they want me, too. I've got to go."

In the end both Jim and Hollis Holman gave money to Barbara for Harvest Home day at her pet charity, the Children's hospital at Brompton.

"But be careful," cautioned her husband as he and his father got into his car to drive to business. "What time'll you be home?"

"Oh, by five o'clock, anyway. Don't worry, John. I'll be careful."

When John and his father got home that night from work they entered the warm, lighted house with anticipation. A howling storm raged outside.

"Here's grandfather," called John from the living room. "So you won't have to take the car down to meet the bus for him. Too bad, grandfather, we didn't get home earlier to meet you. Slow traveling, though, in this weather. Where's Goldilocks?"

"I don't know," said the old man. "I just got in three minutes ago—and stopped here to warm my bones on the way upstairs."

John dashed upstairs. Their room was empty. And just at that moment his father came running breathlessly in from the garage. "Just ran the car in," he said, "to get it out of the storm. Goldilocks' car isn't there."

"I know," said John. Grandfather Darius joined them in the hall. The three men looked at each other.

"Those slippery roads," said Darius. "What'll we do?" demanded John.

"I'll telephone the hospital," said Hollis.

"I'll go upstairs and get my raincoat on," said John—"so if I have to drive over that way, you know—"

Hollis had trouble with the telephone. But finally he was told that the wires to Brompton were down.

"Well," John said—"guess I'll have to go over to Brompton—over the road she took."

"I'm going too," said grandfather Holman. "I'm not going to sit home here and wonder what's happening."

And grandfather Holman started upstairs. "I'm going to get my winter overcoat," he said. "It's in a moth bag in my closet."

A moment later a hoarse shout came from upstairs. "Holman! John!" he called. "Come here."

When John and Holman precipitately answered his hurried call they tiptoed behind him, at the behest of the finger held warningly over his lips, into the guest room. In the beam of the flashlight with which the old man had armed himself to help in the search of Barbara they saw her—Goldilocks curled up on grandfather Holman's bed, under a warm comforter.

"Oh—" said Goldilocks, sleepily, opening starry eyes. "Why, what's the matter? Why the fancy light? What time is it?"

Goldilocks stretched luxuriously and then jumped nimbly to her feet. "Sorry, grandfather," she said. "It's like Goldilocks getting caught by the three bears. You see, I was cold, and this northeaster made our room like a barn, so I came in here to lie down. You weren't worried, were you?"

"But where's your car?" asked her father-in-law.

"Yours, you mean, don't you dear?" laughed Barbara. "I ran off the road—but it was right down in the village. So the garage man there brought me home and he's hauled the car to his garage to fix a flat—guess that's what made me run off the road. Well, come on, Three Bears, and let's get ready for dinner."

**Nothing to Chance**

By J. W. TAFF

©, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service

CHARLES RANKIN, vice president of the First National bank of Colton, had just murdered Robert Knowles, president of the First National bank of Colton. Rankin looked down at the crumpled body and silently he gloated. He'd removed the last obstacle to his success. Tomorrow when the death of Knowles would be learned, he, Charles Rankin, would be elected to take the place of the dead president. And no one would ever guess that his rise from cashier to president in but a few years had not been the workings of a lucky fate. Only he knew that everything had been accomplished by cold, deliberate planning.

When George Curtis, former vice president of the bank, had been discovered in a hotel room in a compromising situation which had resulted in his disgrace and finally in his forced resignation, it had not been an accident. Not at all. He, Rankin, then cashier, had seen to that. "And when I'm elected president, tomorrow," he visioned, "no one will ever learn that everything didn't happen through the mere whimsy of chance." And now with success in his grasp he was not going to slip.

He glanced at the clock on the mantel. Knowles' servant would be back in thirty minutes. He must work quickly. He knelt beside the dead body and rifled the pockets. Money and papers were taken from the dead man's pockets and dropped in the fire flickering in the fireplace. Then he dropped the iron cudgel into the flames. Blackened and charred it would tell nothing. Finally, satisfied that his plan for making robbery seem the motive of the crime was completed, he left the fire.

He began to walk to each piece of furniture in the room. Anything which he might have touched by accident was scrutinized carefully and closely. The most perfect crimes have been spoiled by fingerprints and he was taking no chances. He walked to the table in the center of the room at which Knowles had been sitting when he came in. He peered at it closely. Not a mark was on it. At last, satisfied that on nothing in the room had he left any evidence which might implicate him, Rankin began to search himself. Too many murderers have been caught by the accidental dropping of some memento at the scene of their crime and he was playing it safe. He searched himself carefully. When his fingers went into the right side pocket of his overcoat and pulled out but one glove, he felt a chill start over him. He steadied himself and turned the pocket inside out. No glove. A premonition of danger, a momentary loss of confidence swept over him.

As he stood there, a sound stabbed him. Like a statue of stone, set and cold, he stood, listening intently. Then he remembered and looked at the clock. It had struck the quarter hour. He started. Only fifteen minutes left. His breath was coming in quick, short gasps. "The glove," he muttered, "the glove." He must find it. Or he'd be ruined. He retraced his steps, very thoroughly. It was useless. He could not find the glove. His eyes turned on the clock. Twelve minutes left. It throbbed in his mind. "Twelve minutes . . . twelve minutes . . ." For a moment a wild terror swept him. He shook it off. He must keep cool. He must. The glove was in the room. He was certain of it. He'd find it. Of course he'd find it. He must find it. He threw a straining, searching glance around the room. He saw the body on the floor. It was the only place he had not looked. In desperation he went to the dead body and turned it over. The glove was lying there. He grabbed it. Shivering from the contact with the murdered man, he stood up. A long sigh of a body relieved came from him. He was beginning to feel better. His confidence in himself was returning. Hurriedly he turned the glove over in his hand. Good. No blood on it. He shoved it in his pocket. From the relaxed tension a nervous sweat drenched him.

How dry his mouth was. How weak his body felt. He snatched the wine glass from the table and in one quick gulp, he drained it. Ah, that was better. He hurled the glass into the fireplace and heard the tinkle as it broke. No glass with finger prints on it was going to be found.

He looked at the clock. Eight minutes left. One final moment he let his glance rove and loiter on everything in the room, and then sure of his safety he started to leave.

Suddenly a great vice-like pain seemed to be cracking his heart. His feet buckled under him. He staggered. He tottered to the table and braced himself. In his struggle for breath, he shook the table and the book on it fell off. He saw there a sheet of paper and it had writing on it. It seemed to be mocking him. With a great effort he straightened up and regained a bit of control over himself. He picked up the paper. With fast dimming eyes he read:

To the First National Bank of Colton. Gentlemen:

This is my resignation. For the last year I have been gambling in the stock market and losing. I have lost not only my money but also the bank's. In a few days the auditors will find it out. Rather than bear the disgrace, I am drinking poison in my wine tonight.

I would suggest as president of the bank the election of Mr. Charles Rankin. He is a fine man, has much ability, and is too shrewd to take chances.

ROBERT KNOWLES

**Fairland News**

Garnett Gibson, Correspondent.

Leo Kirk of Danville spent Sunday with E. M. Maxwell and daughters.

The attendance at the M. E. Sunday School on Sunday was 29 and the collection 61 cents.

Sam Hawkins of St. Elmo was a Sunday afternoon visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Gibson and Georgeann Burton were week end guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Fannie Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Kruger of near Sidney are the proud parents of a ten pound son born the first of the week. Mrs. Nettie Lewis is caring for them.

Mrs. Clara Lewis returned home Wednesday from St. Bernice, Ind., where she spent several days with her daughter, Mrs. Helen Douglas.

Miss Helen Statzer returned to Chicago, Saturday, after spending several days with her mother, Mrs. Mollie Statzer. She has employment with the National Tea Company there.

Miss Marie Maxwell returned Friday from Chicago where she spent several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Begalke and attended a Century of Progress.

Miss Bernice Baird of Villa Grove has been employed to teach the Smith school the coming term. Miss Irene Green who taught the school last year has a position in the Villa Grove grade school.

Mrs. Maud Barrick returned home Friday from Camargo where she attended the funeral of her brother, Albert Price. Mr. Price died Sunday of a self inflicted bullet wound at his home in Indianapolis and was brought to Camargo for funeral services.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Robertson attended the funeral of Forrest Schwartz at Ashmore last Friday. Mr. Schwartz was the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Schwartz of that place and was a former resident here when his father conducted a store here several years ago. He died on Wednesday of last week at a Charleston hospital of a ruptured appendix.

**Administrator's Notice of Final Settlement**

State of Illinois, } ss.  
Champaign County, }

Estate of Annie Rush, deceased. To the heirs of said estate:

You are hereby notified that on Monday, the 18th day of September 1933, the Administratrix with will annexed of said Estate will present to the County Court of Champaign County, Illinois, at Urbana, Illinois, her final report of her acts and doings as such Administratrix, and ask the court to be discharged from any and all further duties and responsibilities connected with said Estate, and her administration thereof, at which time and place you may be present and resist such application, if you choose so to do.

Allie Bruhn, Administratrix,  
Williamson & Winkelmann, Attorneys.

**For Sale**

7 shoats, weight 70 lbs. each; 2 sows, to farrow in September, weight about 300 lbs. each.

Ben C. Paine, Longview, Ill.

There are over 1,500 foreign language newspapers in the United States.

**Long View News**

Mrs. D. O. Moore of Indianapolis spent last week with her sister, Mrs. W. E. Warnes.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dalzell were guests of relatives at Chatsworth over the week end.

E. J. Downie and family motored to Kinmundy, Sunday to spend the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Reifsteck of Seymour were callers here last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Warnes motored to Chicago, Monday to attend A Century of Progress.

Members of the Martinie family attended a reunion at Crystal Lake, Urbana, Sunday.

Leonard Kalk and family motored to Centralia on Saturday night and brought back several baskets of peaches.

James Carleton and family spent several days recently visiting in Chicago and attending a Century of Progress.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dyar, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hanley, Mr. and Mrs. Cletus Hanley and Mrs. Alice Hanley attended the Dyar reunion at Freedom, Ind., Sunday.

Mrs. Bertie Johnson who has spent several months with her sister, Mrs. Elfie Driver, returned to her home at Racine, Wisconsin. She was accompanied by Mrs. Driver and Mr. and Mrs. Everett Green of Mayview.

**Dr. George S. Robison Dentist**

Formerly located in the Dale Building is now located on the 6th floor front of the BAUM BUILDING DANVILLE, ILL. where he will be glad to see his old patients and see new ones.

Prospective Tenant—I like this room, but the view from the windows is rather monotonous.

Landlord—Well, of course, this is just a rooming house; it isn't a sight-seeing bus.

Patient—But, Doctor, suppose this operation is not successful.

Doctor—Oh, don't let that worry you. If it isn't a success you won't know it—and what you

don't know won't hurt you.

Mike Muchmore, I hear, has secured an appointment in the government service.

I'm glad to hear it. Do you know just what his official capacity is?

I wouldn't want to be quoted, but I believe it's upwards of two gallons.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Bargain Summer Prices	N R A	<b>Rialto</b>	Cooled By Washed Air
—CHAMPAIGN—			

Thursday-Friday-Saturday Aug. 17-18-19 HELEN TWELVETREES in <b>"Disgraced"</b> with Bruce Cabot Adrienne Ames	Sun.-Mon.-Tues.-Wed., Aug. 20-21-22-23 WM. POWELL in <b>"Private Detective 62"</b> with Margaret Lindsay Ruth Donnelly
Too much in love to be safe! Too unafraid of life and the danger of too much freedom.	
He's the dashing scoundrel again—in a picture that throws a searching light on the men who shadow wayward wives.	

**Biggest Attraction Coming!**

**Fischer - Danville - 3 Days**  
Aug. 20-21-22

**MARCUS SHOW**  
La Vie Paree  
On The Screen

**GEORGE RAFT**  
in **"MIDNIGHT CLUB"**  
Sunday and Nites 50c      Week Day Mats 40c

Tuesday Only—Midnight Frolic—2 Hour Stage Show  
—All Flesh—  
**"A Night at the Folies Bergere"**  
All Seats Reserved      50c and 75c, Including Tax  
**LOW DEFLATION PRICES**

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

**Free Movie Show**

**At Broadlands**

**Every**

**Saturday Night**