

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

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Wiese Reunion Held Sunday

Mr. and Mrs. George Dohme were host and hostess to the eighth annual reunion of the descendants of Ernest and Anna Wiese on Sunday, Sept. 3. A basket dinner was enjoyed at the noon hour. The afternoon was spent socially, the men playing a ball game. Later ice cream and cake were served.

The members of the family organized, George Dohme being elected president, and Mrs. Leon Struck secretary.

There were 40 present, two of these, Mrs. Ernest Wiese and Marjorie Wiese, 11 months, being new members.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. August Wiese, Mr. Henry Wiese, Mrs. Emma Block and son, Leonard, Clarence Kilian and family and guest, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wiese, Mr. and Mrs. Ormal Wiese, Otho Wiloughby and family, Harold Wiese and family, Leon Struck and family, George Dohme and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Block, James Gorman and family, Mr. Henry Dohme.

The 1934 meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wiese the first Sunday in September.

News Items of 13 Years Ago

The following items are taken from an issue of the Broadlands News of Dec. 17, 1920:

Mrs. Raymond Block was ill with measles.

Miss Floy Wiese of Brocton visited Mrs. Clarence Kilian.

Marjorie Messman and Phyllis Bergfeld were ill with measles.

O. G. Anderson shipped a carload of hogs and cattle to the Chicago market.

The high school girls were preparing to give a play "Miss Fearless and Company."

The marriage of Miss Grace Evelyn Lamb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lamb of Helena, Mont., formerly of Broadlands, and Earle K. Hilger, was solemnized.

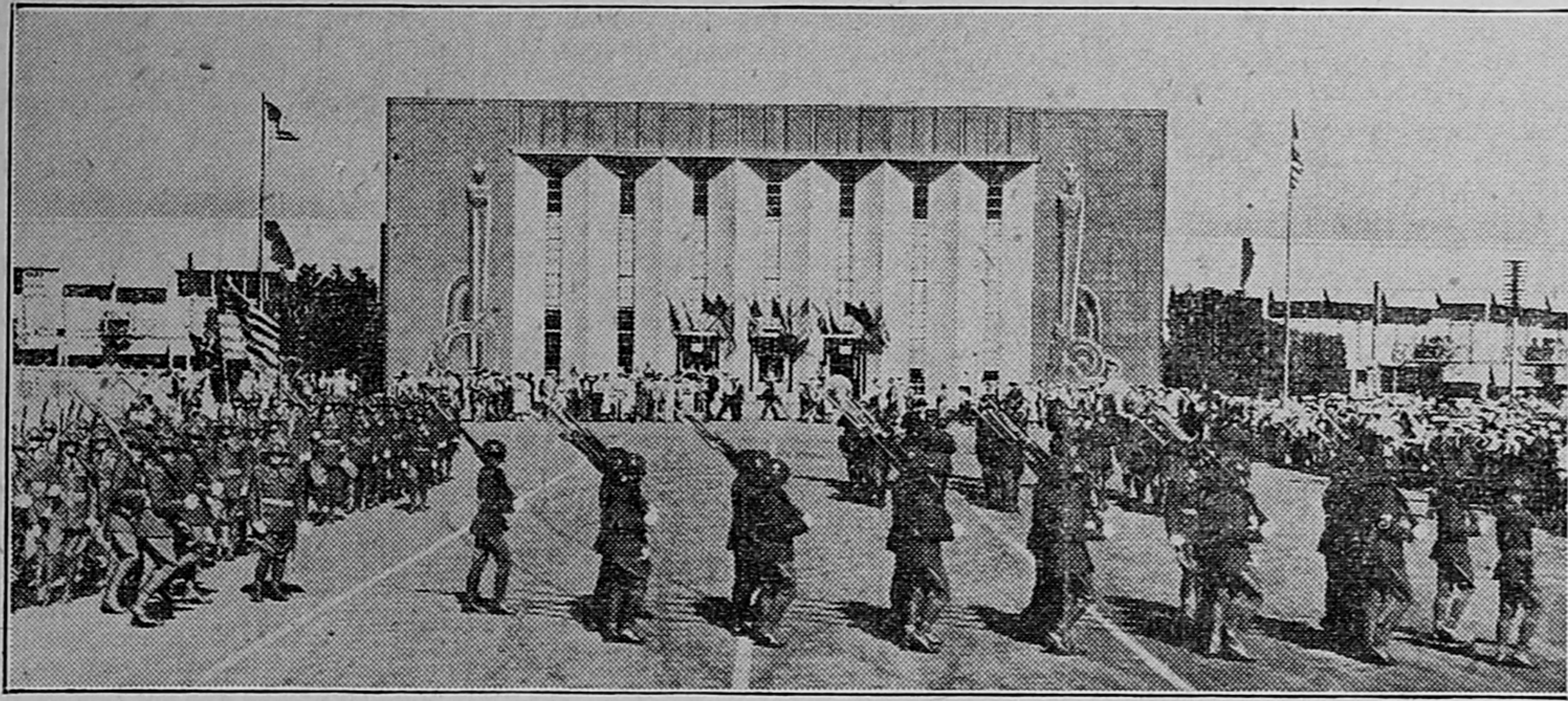
Johnson Reunion Held at Allerton Sunday

The Johnson family reunion was held at Allerton Park, Allerton, last Sunday. Everyone took well filled baskets and a bountiful dinner was served.

Those present to enjoy the day were Mrs. Alice Johnson, George Johnson and family, Finley Johnson and family of Horace; Mr. and Mrs. Harley Phillips, Paris; Mrs. Nora Curtis, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. Ida Bailey, Muncie, Ind.; David Hancock, of Tulsa, Okla.; Frank Reed and family, Mrs. Alice Turner and family, Frank Reed, Jr. and family, of Allerton; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Griffin and daughter, Miss Grace, of Broadlands.

Win \$1,000 A Year For Life! Or One Of Nine Other Great Cash Prizes—Just For A Slogan—An Idea. Read full details of this remarkable offer in next Sunday's Chicago Herald And Examiner.

Uncle Sam's Soldiers at World's Fair



Guard mounts, parades and other military ceremonies are daily occurrences at the World's Fair, participated in by infantry, cavalry and artillery of the United States army. The above pictures an infantry guard mount in front of the administration building.

Local and Personal

The weather has been very hot the past week.

Jerry Crain of Chicago spent the past week with home folks.

Miss Beulah Gore of Indianapolis spent the week end with home folks.

Mrs. Clara Smith returned Monday from a visit at the World's Fair, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Boyd of Chicago spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Arch Walker.

O. P. Witt and family attended the Clem-Benefiel-Niles reunion at Shelbyville, Sunday.

Miss Marie Witt spent Sunday and Monday with relatives in Danville.

Mrs. Will Messman entered St. Elizabeth hospital, Danville, Tuesday, for an operation.

Mrs. Clara Smith entertained the D. of K. Class on Wednesday evening.

Arthur Busick and family of Flat Rock, Mich., spent the first of the week here with friends.

Earl Clem of Harristown spent Sunday night at the home of Mrs. Lucinda Clem.

Rev. Theo. Haefele visited J. W. Gallion at Burnham hospital, Champaign, Monday.

Mrs. Ida Bailey of Muncie, Ind., spent the past week with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Griffin and family.

Oscar Thode and family, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Thode visited relatives near Waveland, Ind., over the week end.

Dr. T. A. Dicks and Wm. Gallion visited J. W. Gallion at Burnham hospital, Champaign, Tuesday.

Misses Mabel and Vera Bahlow have been attending the World's Fair at Chicago this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bahlow and Emil Schumacher and family attended the World's Fair at Chicago last week.

Mrs. J. W. Gallion visited her husband at Burnham hospital on Monday. Mrs. Arch Walker and Mamie Darnall accompanied her.

Walter Thode and Otho Hardyman returned to the reforestation camp at Du Quoin, Monday, after spending the weekend with home folks.

Mrs. J. W. Gallion visited her husband who is a patient at Burnham hospital, Champaign, Wednesday afternoon.

Roy Richey received word from his half-brother, Fred Nehren, of Cincinnati, Ohio, telling of the death of Mrs. Nehren, which occurred Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith, son George, daughter Rosetta, and Miss Sadie Oglesby were guests of Miss Edith Smith, at Lafayette, Ind., Tuesday.

The attendance at the free movie show wasn't as large as usual last Saturday night, a good many people having stayed home on account of the rain.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Zenke and children, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wiese attended the Gust reunion at Crystal Lake Park, Urbana, Sunday.

Miss Sadie Oglesby returned to her home at St. Joseph, Mo., Wednesday, after a few days visit with her aunt, Mrs. M. E. Smith.

Mrs. Hazel Elliott, Miss Helen Potter, Lyle Potter and friend, Miss Burns, motored down from Evanston Monday to visit their aunt, Mrs. Nellie Astell.

Mrs. J. W. Gallion received word Tuesday night that her sister, Mrs. Mollie Buckles, of Decatur, was to undergo an emergency operation for appendicitis.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will meet Thursday Sept. 14, at the home of Mrs. Anna Neal with Misses Mildred and Gladys Neal assisting. At this meeting will be the election of officers for the ensuing year. Every member is requested to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Mulson, Miss Elsie Basford of Columbus, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Walker and son, Dane, of Sidell, visited Mr. Walker's mother here Sunday evening. Mr. Walker and Mr. Mulson were "buddies" in France during the World's War.

Dick Young, the horse buyer of Bismarck, was buying horses here last week. A. S. and E. B. Maxwell sold two draft teams, one team of blacks and one team of sorrels. The black team weighed 3760 and the sorrel team weighed 3580.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wiese entertained at dinner, Monday, their cousins from Minnesota, Mr. John Gust, son and daughters; Mrs. Bertha Wilmert, Mrs. Tracy Broenke, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gust, and Mrs. Nellie Plotner of Philo.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Landis, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bartz, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bartz, Mr. and Mrs. August Honath and son Donald, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Witt. Mrs. Henry Kilian, Sr., accompanied them to Chicago for a few weeks visit.

Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Temple and the latter's mother, Mrs. Douglas Champion, were visitors here Friday of last week. They had been attending the World's Fair in Chicago and were enroute to their home at Warrensburg. Little Mary Frances Temple who had been visiting in the F. A. Messman home, returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moore and daughter Marjorie, of Norborne, Mo., spent the week end with D. P. Brewer and family. Mrs. R. L. Armstrong and children of Lewisville, Ark., who had been visiting in the Brewer home accompanied them to Norborne for a visit before returning home.

Local People Win Prizes at the St. Joseph Fair

Following are the names of local people and the prizes they won at the Champaign County Fair which was held at St. Joseph last week:

Dozen white eggs—Mrs. Anna Poggendorf, 2nd.

Barley—John M. Smith, 1st.

Chester White boar under six months—Raymond Kilian, 1st and 2nd.

Champion boar—Raymond Kilian.

Gelding horse, 1600 pounds or over—John M. Smith, 4th.

Mare under 1600 pounds—John M. Smith, 2nd.

Three year old mare—John M. Smith, 2nd.

Two year old mare—John M. Smith, 3rd.

Yearling under two years—John M. Smith, 4th.

Light team in harness—John M. Smith, 2nd.

Match team in harness—John M. Smith, 4th.

Champion mule—Henry Kilian Jr.

Single horse mule—Henry Kilian, Jr., 1st and 3rd; John M. Smith, 4th.

Yearling under two years—John M. Smith, 2nd.

Best mule team in harness—Henry Kilian, Jr., 1st.

Matched team—Henry Kilian, Jr., 4th.

You tell us—we tell the world.

Read Rialto Theater ad in this paper.

Maxwell-Mecham Family Reunion

The annual reunion of the Maxwell and Mecham families was held at the home of T. G. Maxwell in Homer last Sunday. A bountiful dinner was served at the noon hour and ice cream was served later in the day.

Members present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell, E. B. Maxwell and family, C. T. Henson and family, all of Broadlands; Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Griffith, Kenner Wood, Mrs. Esther Johnson and son Smith, E. M. Maxwell and daughter, Marie, all of Fairland; Mr. and Mrs. Will Davis, Jr., Will Davis, Sr., and family, of Sidney; Fred Wacker and family, Ivesdale, Ralph Mast and family, Sadorus; Earl Maxwell and family, Tolono, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Taylo, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylo, T. G. Maxwell and family, of Homer; Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, Dana, Ind.

Visitors were Mrs. Roy Davis, Fairmount; Miss Julia Davis, of Indianapolis; Rev. and Mrs. Miller and daughter, and three nieces of Mrs. T. G. Maxwell.

Next year the reunion will be held at the home of E. M. Maxwell, at Fairland.

Miss Neva Crain is Bride of Alvin Monroe

Miss Neva Crain, daughter of Mrs. Neva Crain of Broadlands, and Alvin Monroe, son of C. B. Monroe, of Allerton, were married at the home of the bride's mother last Saturday evening at 5:30 o'clock with Rev. Theo. M. Haefele, pastor of St. John's Ev. Church, officiating.

Mrs. Peggy Rucci of Chicago, and Ted Smith of Allerton were the attendants.

The bride wore a navy blue suit with white satin blouse. Mrs. Rucci was attired in yellow.

Several relatives and close friends of the young couple witnessed the ceremony. Following the wedding a luncheon was served.

On Sunday a wedding dinner was served at the home of the bride's mother, after which the couple left for Galva, where the groom is employed in road construction work, and where they will make their home.

Rob Newman Bank Thursday

It is reported here that the Newman National Bank of Newman was robbed during the noon hour (yesterday) Thursday. The bank has been in charge of a conservator for several months. The two bandits took the conservator with them, letting him out of their automobile a few miles northeast of Newman, it is said. As we go to press, no estimate of the amount of money taken by the bandits has been made.

Elect Officers

The Epworth League of the M. E. Church elected the following officers for the ensuing year, last Sunday evening: Wayne Brewer, president; Gladys Swangle, 1st vice president; Wilma Richard, 2nd vice president; Gladys Neal, 3rd vice president; Warren Richard, 4th vice president; Clara Haines, secretary; Ferne Walker, treasurer; Gertrude Walker, pianist; pastor, counselor.

Gust Family Hold Their First Reunion

About 50 members of the Gust family gathered at Crystal Lake Park, Urbana, Sunday, holding their first reunion.

Among those attending were members from Blue Earth, Minnesota, and Faribault, Minnesota; Decatur, Brocton, Newman, Broadlands, Long View, Urbana and Champaign.

J. L. Wiese, Sr., was the oldest present, and little Hope Celestine Zenke of Long View, the youngest.

A bounteous dinner was served at noon after which a program was given. A history of the family was related by the different sons and daughters. Mrs. Fred Wiese, who was a resident of Broadlands for many years prior to her death in 1911, was the first of the family to leave her home in Germany and come to the United States, arriving here with her husband and two children in 1857, locating in Champaign. Her brothers and sisters followed within a few years. Her father, Daniel Gust, was at last alone in his home land and he too started for America, but, being old and somewhat deaf, was killed by a train in Hull, England, and was buried there.

Following the program, election of officers was held. E. H. Wiese of Broadlands was elected president, and Mrs. Nellie Plotner of Philo, secretary-treasurer.

The reunion will be held next year at the same place and on the same date.

J. W. Gallion Recovering From Injuries Received In Fall From Scaffold

J. W. Gallion, proprietor of the Gallion Cafe, is in Burnham hospital, Champaign, recovering from injuries received on Thursday of last week, when he fell from a scaffold, while doing carpenter work for C. T. Henson on a house in that city.

Mr. Gallion fell a distance of 20 feet. He received a broken collar bone, a crushed shoulder, and internal injuries. He also had several ribs torn loose from the spine.

Mr. Gallion was in a serious condition for the first four days following the accident and suffered intensely, but since that time his condition has improved and he is getting along nicely.

He will probably have to be in the hospital another week before he will be able to be removed to his home.

Nancy Carroll In "Child of Manhattan"

Nancy Carroll in "Child of Manhattan," with John Boles. Young, pretty, eager for love. The drama of a girl impatient for the emotional thrills life had to offer. This great Columbia picture will be shown at the Illinois Theater, Newman, Saturday and Sunday.

Market Report

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

Wheat	70c
No. 3 white shelled corn	41c
No. 3 yellow corn	38c
No. 3 white oats	26c
No. 2 soy beans	70c

This Week

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

State No. 24
Something Is Moving
Cuba Welcomes Jews
Science Goes Ahead

Before the prohibition vote started in the state of Washington some earnest drys said: "A shock is coming to the wets in this case."

What came is no longer a shock. Washington going wet as rapidly as possible, had decided to be state No. 24 in the wet column, with never a state in the dry column. The United States seems to know what it does not want.

Railroad figures indicate that something is moving in the United States.

General Atterbury of Pennsylvania has already paid back all of the millions that he borrowed from the R. F. C. to finance the electrification of his railroad from New York to Philadelphia, and the "first 58" railroads making July reports show increases of net operating income for the month of July of 420 per cent, or from \$9,423,000 to \$49,454,000. When the railroads prosper, the country prospers, for then goods are moving and money is being spent.

A little while ago Spain and Portugal said to the Jews, "We do not want you, get out." The Jews left, and commercial prosperity went with them to Holland and to England. Time's whirligig takes another turn, and Cuba, controlled largely by men of Spanish blood, invites Jews to come from Germany, offering a sincere welcome and easy naturalization as citizens.

Cuba's new President, Cespedes, says "the new government will make every effort to aid the Jews in becoming Cuban citizens, and finding here the 'promised land.'"

Marconi, truly great because he increases knowledge, comfort and safety, announces a short-wave instrument to protect airplanes and ships. It will tell the flyer his height above the earth and the ship captain how near the bottom is to the ship's keel. Marconi provides the improved "altitude-measuring" machine that flyers need.

Thanks to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's kind heart, there has been established a camp for "forgotten women."

There they are well fed. A kind-hearted "counselor" sees to it that they rest after meals. It is comforting to read of that. The pity is that the women who camp in kitchen and the laundry, whose exercise is mending, darning, washing the children and making their clothes, have nobody to impress on them that they should "rest after meals."

Another girl, number eight, has swum the English channel. Twenty-two years old, named Sunny Lowry, she finished in fifteen hours and forty minutes, one hour and ten minutes behind Gertrude Ederle's record.

These channel swims show what terrific power of endurance nature has given to women, fighting choppy waves, strong currents, cold water, and swimming violently with strain on heart and courage, all the way. Women need the power, since part of their task is to produce the entire human race.

Dispatches from London have repeatedly reported the English as "smiling" at Ireland's hostile attitude toward Britain. The smiles are partly explained by the news that Irish sales of goods abroad, England being the principal market, have dropped by nearly \$150,000,000 during the first seven months of this year. If, however, the Irish have eaten their own butter, ducks, chickens, eggs and beef, instead of sending them to England, that would not be such bad news.

Everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds, presumably, but angels that don't know how we manage must be surprised when Gabriel says to them: "Down there, with hundreds of millions hungry, they are cutting down earth's food supply, diminishing the planting of wheat by law, and with other millions half or entirely naked, they are cutting down the cotton acreage by law."

Those that have lived in Bavaria and know the religious character of the people will be interested in the statement that "the Bavarian village of Mainbernheim, in repairing the steeple of the Evangelical church, mounted the swastika emblem instead of the usual cross."

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is old, but "an ear for an ear" is new. The news about it comes from Valencia, Spain, land of bull fighting. When a bull fighter does something brave it is customary to make him a present of an ear cut from the slain bull. This he nails up for the admiration of his friends, as English fox hunters nail up the "brush" and "mask" of the fox.

Ruled by a feeling of justice, Valencia's bull fighters have decided that an unusually brave bull deserves something, and to such a bull they give a human ear, only it is a human ear made of silver, not actually cut from the body of a man.

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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.) ©, 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for September 10

JONATHAN

LESSON TEXT—I Samuel 18:1-4; 19:1-7; 20:30-40. GOLDEN TEXT—A friend is born at all times, and a brother is born for adversity. Proverbs 17:17.

PRIMARY TOPIC—New Friends. JUNIOR TOPIC—David's True Friend. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Choosing Worthy Friends. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How to Be a Friend.

I. Friendship Established Between Jonathan and David (I Sam. 18:1-4). The friendship of Jonathan and David has become immortalized in the world's thought. It was unique in that it occurred between two men of rival worldly interests. Jonathan was the crown prince and heir to the throne, according to hereditary rights. David was to be king according to divine choice and arrangement. Jonathan knew this and yet magnanimously waived his natural, personal rights in favor of God's chosen.

1. Love at first sight (vv. 1, 2). At the end of the interview between David and Saul, following the victory over Goliath, Jonathan's soul was knit with that of David. While there was mutual love, this trait stands out pre-eminently in Jonathan. To him it meant great loss, the loss of the throne, while to David it meant immense gain, the acquisition of the throne, to which he had no natural right.

2. A covenant established (vv. 3, 4). This mutual love found expression in the establishment of a covenant between them. Following this love covenant, Jonathan stripped himself of his court robe and equipment and gave them to David. This act was a virtual abdication of the throne to David. Truly, "Love seeketh not her own." (I Cor. 13:5).

II. Jonathan Defended David Against Saul's Frenzy (I Sam. 19:1-7). David went into the battle with Goliath out of zeal for God and true religion, not for personal glory; but it turned out as always, that because he put God first, God honored him. It is always true that those who honor God shall in turn be honored of God.

On David's return from victory over Goliath, he was met by a triumphal chorus of women of all the cities of Israel, chanting praises to him of the victory over their enemy. They ascribed more praise to David than to Saul. The one group sang "Saul has slain his thousands," and the other answered, "And David his ten thousands." This praise of David aroused the murderous envy in Saul's heart and moved him twice to attempt to kill David.

This wickedness was in Saul's heart. The occasion fanned it into a flame making it a burning passion of evil. Let no one think of this as an imaginary sin. Its counterpart may be found in many of us. The supreme test is as to whether the success of others and the honor bestowed upon others arouses within us envy and jealousy. It is hard to forgive those who outdistance us in the race of life.

In Saul's third attempt to kill David, Jonathan defended him and secured from his father the oath that David should not be slain. He thus exposed himself to the anger of his infuriated father for David's sake. This willingness to lay down his life for David proved his real friendship (John 15:13).

III. Jonathan Revealed to David Saul's Murderous Attempt (I Sam. 20:30-40).

The beginning of the new moon was celebrated by sacrifices and feasting, at which all the members of the family were expected to be present (v. 5). David's excuse for being absent was that he might go home to attend the yearly sacrifice of his family. Matters were now so serious that Jonathan and David renewed their covenant. In this renewal the terms were broadened beyond the life of Jonathan (vv. 14, 15).

Saul's anger was now so fierce that for Jonathan to be found in David's company was most dangerous, so he cleverly planned this sign by which he could make known to David Saul's attitude and purpose. True friendship warns those who are exposed to danger. This pledge was faithfully carried out by David (II Sam. 9:7, 8).

Testing Christianity

To examine its evidences is not to try Christianity; to admire its martyrs is not to try Christianity; to compare and estimate its teachers is not to try Christianity; but for one week, for one day, to have lived in the pure atmosphere of faith and love to God, and tenderness to man, that, indeed is to have made experiment of Christianity.—William Archer Butler.

Beautiful Sentence

One of the most beautiful sentences in the Bible is this brief sentence from the thirty-second chapter of Genesis: "He blessed him there." No life can be at its fullest, strongest and best until one can say, referring to some time and place: "He blessed me there."

Like a Diamond

"The nature of a human being is like a finely-cut diamond; it reflects a multitude of color-flashes as the light of other personalities is played upon it.

Howe About: OUR CHILDREN

The Arctic Circle Communism Farmers in Russia

By ED HOWE

I HAVE lately been wondering if I am a less intelligent, efficient and moral man because of my long contact with reformers. In 1930 a man named Robert Marshall went to the town of Wiseman, north of the Arctic circle, and remained more than a year. Recently he has written a book about his experiences while there. The inhabitants number 127; 76 whites, 44 Eskimos, 6 Indians, and 1 light mulatto. Forty-five of the whites are native born, and 32 foreign born; Germans, English, Scandinavians, etc.; a fair cross section of the people of the United States. Living so far from what is commonly called civilization, and being snowed in six months of the year, one would think they lived like savages.

On the contrary, their average in all respects is higher than ours.

One white and two native women profess to be religious, but the rest of the inhabitants pay less than usual attention to the subject, and there is no disturbance about it. When there is an occasional case of poverty or distress (both very rare) it is promptly and generously relieved, although there are no welfare workers in the town. Nor is there any stealing, and violence is unknown, except a tradition that a crazy man once killed a native; sentiment is strongly opposed to quarreling. There are no newspapers, politicians, pastors, policemen, judges, lawyers, doctors, teachers, movie plays, or welfare workers of any kind.

Mr. Marshall gave forty-five of the adults, and most of the children, the commonly accepted Intelligence test, and found that 46 per cent ranked above our average. Times are always hard, and nature harsh, but the people manage to get along comfortably and decently. Some are well-to-do, some middle class, and some poor, but there is no rioting about it, all being given the same opportunity.

This history seems to indicate that the troubles of the average civilized community are largely artificial, and introduced by the reformers; also, that those of us in civilization, in trying to get rid of our troubles, become less intelligent, less effective, and less moral.

I believe one bugaboo with which men have long frightened themselves may be safely given up. I refer to Communism. Men will continue to be mean, idle, foolish, but the worst of them have lost respect for the contention of Karl Marx that the best solution of the human problem is for all men to pool their work and earnings, and, at the end of the week, divide evenly.

Everybody knows and admits now that individualism-capitalism (every man handling his home, his job, his family, to his own taste) is the best way because it is the human way; we have at last admitted some men will not work, and that the industrious will not divide with them.

I think we may also dismiss the old fear of general rioting, burning and murder. Men are still mean enough to do these things, but are discovering there is no common sense in burning such houses and food supplies as we have; that it is easier to possess them through election booths or judges; that instead of killing industrious men, it is better and easier to let them accumulate more that may be stolen.

The friendliest critic of the Russians, Walter Duranty, says the Russian town people and soldiers have plenty of food, but that millions of farmers are dying because of malnutrition; which means disease caused by lack of food. In the United States town people have never been that rough with farmers; we have made fools of them, but always allowed them enough to eat.

I have known men a long time, and had occasion to remark many cases of extreme shiftlessness, but believe men are more shiftless now than ever before. A man of forty-five (and who confesses he is healthy), in writing to me for help, says: "I have no one to appeal to now except my sister Ruth, but she has been sick three years, and unable to do anything for me." I have observed also that more men than usual are lately "working" the women. Note any woman who has achieved considerable prosperity as a result of the new freedom, and you will find a lot of men hanging to her skirts; one successful actress confesses she is supporting seven families.

A tramp said the other day he is nearly always roughly rebuffed or insulted if he asks for work, but that anyone will give him a dime or a quarter, with a kind word, when he says he is hungry.

Balzac says every man of sixteen or seventeen falls in love with a woman much older, and has trouble if he marries her.

The allied nations agreed it was a good idea to compel Germany to pay the cost of the World war, and occupied the country with soldiers to see that the Germans did it.

But there was one serious weakness in the plan: Germany couldn't do it, so the allies withdrew their troops, after spending a good deal of money foolishly.

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PLAYTHINGS

I WANT a toy for a little boy seven years old."

"Oh, just some little thing that he can play with. I have to take him something. Any bright, attractive toy will answer."

"How's this tumbling man? You wind him like this and he does like this."

The little boy gets another toy. He twists the key and watches the man turn over and over and then lie still. He winds him again and watches. Each time his interest grows less and less until by the tenth time he has wound him and watched him he has had enough. That is the life story of many and many a toy.

I like the tumbling men and their relatives for the Christmas stockings. All children like some junk in their playbox. But when they are fed to children all year round, there is little pleasure in them and much waste.

The attraction a toy holds for a child is its promise of activity. Not its own activity. The child wants the activity for himself. The more he can do with his plaything the better it is for him and the more he likes it.

When you buy a doll ask yourself how many things the child can do with it.

All children like and use balls. A ball is not just a ball. There are balls for many occasions. Try to find what the child can do with this ball and so make it worth his while to own it.

You see, toys are really tools. We have called them playthings so long that their real use has been overlaid with a heavy coating of misinformation. Toys are the tools that a child uses to build the ladder he must mount to carry him from infancy up to maturity. The quality and the implications of his tools are of the highest importance to his success. Regard them with respect and select them with understanding care.

Toys need not be costly to be effective. Their effect depends upon their service to the child in question. Blocks do not cost as much as miniature automobiles and they do more for the children. Balls, dolls, miniature cooking outfits that work, sewing kits and baskets, materials of all kinds for constructive work and crafts, all these are good. A loom is a good investment for one sort of child and a garden set for another. Study your child and make your gifts conform to the dignity of their use. They are the child's means of growth.

BITING

"MY LITTLE daughter, three years old last May, is a lovely child. She is healthy and full of life and very affectionate. She likes to play with her other children and they seem to like her but we have one dreadful trouble with her. She bites the other children.

"She plays along nicely for a time, but before she finishes the game, is sure to rush up to some perfectly harmless child and bite him or her on the cheek. She doesn't seem to be mean about it. She runs up to the child as though she was loving him, kissing him, and bites him hard.

"I have talked to her, kept her in, spanked her, and still she does this. She says she is sorry, but the next time she does it again."

The child does not bite in anger. The bite is not a purposeful bite intended to hurt the other child. It is an emotional bite and quite impulsive. The child plays hard. She enjoys the association with the other children. Harder and harder she plays and her excitement mounts as she plays. The energy she releases is too much for her control. It is as if a flood rushed over the shallow tracks of controlled impulses and drowned out all control. The emotion runs and works its will up the child. To rid herself of it, she bites.

What to do? Certainly slapping won't cure it. We have to help the child to establish control and that takes time and experience.

I would have an expert look the child over to see if there is anything he can do to help the child control her excitement. Sometimes there is a physical basis for it. Then I would guard against the crisis. I would try to have her play with children who did not overstimulate her. The gentler sort of play will help. Then I would stop the game before the crisis. That needs great forethought and skill on your part. If you snatch her away in the height of her excitement, she will probably bite you. Redirect her thought. Study and you will find the way. Poise comes with growth and established control.

Some children bite in anger. That is another matter and more easily controlled. Some children bite because they are teething. That means call in the dentists. Spanking and shaking and scolding will not do much good.

What I would like to have you believe with me is that a child who bites is not a wicked little monster. There is a reason underlying his action that calls for careful study and thoughtful behavior on your part. Children really do not bite because they are biters. They bite because some impulse drives them to rid themselves of nervous pressure. Relieve that and the biting disappears.

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Menus for Leisurely Meal

Wide Variety of Delicious Dishes Resourceful Hostess Can Command for the Late Breakfast That Will Please Guests and Household.

What might be called a combination breakfast and lunch meal should appeal to the hostess seeking something new for the entertainment of guests and the pleasure of her household. The suggestions offered, it will be noted, involve very little trouble in their preparation.

One of the nicest ways of entertaining in summer as well as in winter is that combination meal served at noon on a Sunday or a holiday, at which we may give our guests those savory dishes which are usually associated with breakfast.

Almost every one likes these dishes particularly well, but in this busy life we are not likely to have the leisure to enjoy a heavy breakfast early in the morning during the week even if we have the "big breakfast" habit.

When I see menus of former days which include steaks, creamed potatoes, several kinds of hot bread and possibly porridge, as an ordinary breakfast meal plan, I wonder that a former generation was not generally obese. I still visit occasionally an old-fashioned household where breakfasts like these are not unknown and I can enjoy them as a guest at leisure if I am not expected to eat a full-sized lunch as well.

One of my friends has made a great reputation for herself because of the well-cooked Scotch oatmeal which she serves, with plenty of cream, after the fruit course. She then gives us broiled ham cut very thin and cooked very crisp at the edges, popovers—tall and golden brown—and her special kumquat marmalade.

At another breakfast not long ago we began with tomato juice cocktails. The next course was kidney stew with corn griddle cakes for which both honey and maple sirup had been provided. Another hostess serves breakfasts in buffet style. She has bowls of berries and several kinds of cereal from which the guests may help themselves. One of her specialties for the main course is poached eggs served on toast over which hot rich milk is poured. These eggs are always served in a soup dish and you may have more hot milk if you like. Bacon crisply broiled, or fried liver with bacon, are other meats particularly liked for breakfast.

I must not forget to mention frizzled beef, although when I met a reader recently she told me that she was sure it was my favorite dish because I mentioned it so often. She was almost right at that. With frizzled beef or any other creamed meat, either griddle cakes or waffles go particularly well. You may eat them first to accompany the meat and then finish up with sirup, honey or jam. Sweet rolls, cinnamon buns or coffee cake are always well liked at meals of this sort, but there must be, of course, toast or unsweetened rolls served as well.

With any of the broiled or fried meats there is nothing better than creamed potatoes. I particularly like the type sometimes known as "stewed" and sometimes known as "hashed in cream." I am afraid I have mentioned this almost as often as I have frizzled beef, but I have a letter from a reader who asks me to print a recipe for them, so I shall hope that some of the rest of you will be interested in it. By the way,

you may dress up these potatoes a little by adding minced onion, pimento or even green peppers.

While sausages, excepting frankfurters, are not at the height of their season just now, you can get very good ones in cans, so that you may use them if you like. Pork chops with apple rings or fried apples are sometimes featured at breakfast, and I like that eastern Pennsylvania custom of serving fried tomatoes with a creamy gravy. Hot muffins or biscuits are always appreciated, as are hot breads at a meal of this sort and, of course, you will have a liberal quantity of fresh, sparkling coffee.

Spoon Bread.

- 1/2 cup cornmeal
1 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 teaspoon baking powder

Scald the milk and remove from the fire. Stir in the cornmeal gradually and cool slightly. Add the salt, the egg yolk, the baking powder and the stiffly beaten white of the egg. Pour into a greased earthen baking dish and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahrenheit) until brown. Serve with meat and cream gravy.

Stewed Potatoes.

- 3 tablespoons butter
3 cups diced potatoes
2 cups milk (part cream)
Salt
Pepper

Melt butter in a frying pan, add the potatoes and seasonings, and stir over the fire until the fat is absorbed. Add the milk and cook slowly from 25 to 30 minutes. More milk may be added if needed.

Ham Griddle Cakes.

- 2 cups soft crumbs
1 cup scalded milk
1 cup minced cooked ham
2 eggs, beaten
2 tablespoons melted shortening
Salt and pepper

Mix ingredients in order given. Drop from spoon on hot greased griddle and brown on both sides.

Method in His Tribute

"Your fiance," said her girl friend, "goes about telling people that you're worth your weight in gold." "The silly boy!" said the other girl. "Who's he saying that to?" Her friend smiled. "To his creditors most of all!"

Mercolized Wax



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Powdered Saxolite

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

WNU—A 36—33

I'm a stenographer — but I help in the kitchen at home and I've discovered a thing or two about soaps. I find that Fels-Naptha loosens grease quicker. When I'm through, the dishes and pans fairly shine. And my hands are out of water so fast, that they don't get red. Mother now swears by Fels-Naptha, too. She uses it for the family wash and says it's so much easier to keep the clothes white and sweet-smelling.



WE DO OUR PART



It's true—the greasiest dirt hustles right out when you use Fels-Naptha Soap. It has to— for Fels-Naptha holds a special grease-loosener. Lots of naptha in addition to good golden soap. That means extra help—a better job—and less work for you.

change to FELS-NAPHTHA

JOY FOR WAIF IN RANCH HOME

Lucky Youngster to Have His
Chance in Life.

Of unusual appeal is this simple human interest story of a waif rescued from the harshness of the world, written by John Steven McGroarty, in the Los Angeles Times:

"From a certain institution which cares for orphaned children and takes in little human waifs, we have had good news, lately.

"The good news is that the institution has found homes for the waifs that have come to its doors. It is a salvage house which goes out and gathers in children who have been, from one cause and another, cast upon the mercy of the world. Darling little ones, so much like those whom the Wanderer of Galilee gathered about his knees, saying, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"Well, what this children's home that we are talking about does is that it calls in childless men and women and says to them, 'Wouldn't you like to have one of these adorable tykes in your home that now knows no no child's prattle and laughter?' And so the hearts of the childless men and women long for the babies and take them away with them to their homes. It is all very wonderful.

"But, what we started to tell you all in the Synagogue this blessed Sabbath morning is that when we looked over the pictures of the waifs who had been adopted into good homes, we came across a picture of one sturdy little fellow who had been adopted by a rancher. God knows who the little chap's father or mother is. But what difference did it make?

"The picture showed the boy on the ranch, sitting on a farm wagon holding the reins of the horses, and the old rancher sitting beside the boy and smiling proudly down on him. It was a picture so happy that it would almost make you cry just to look at it.

"No doubt other children adopted into good city homes are to be reckoned fortunate. But, this boy who was taken into a ranch home is more fortunate still. He will grow up to be a real man. The strength of the good earth will grow into the fiber of his soul and body. He will live with nature. He will know the delight of green things growing. Seed-time and harvest will be his. He will know what Lincoln knew when a boy and what Washington learned from sun and rain and forest trees.

"It is wonderful just to be a boy anywhere, but to be a boy with nature to companion and teach him is the most wonderful thing of all.

"God keep all boys, and all girls, too. But, you, little fellow out there on that ranch, God is very near you now, and he will have you in the shadow of his wing."

Old Pessimistic Wail

Justice is lame, as well as blind amongst us.—Otway.

Clear Your Skin of Pimples

Anoint the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in a few minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for several minutes. Nothing purer or better for skin troubles.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.
Sample each free
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 115,
Malden, Mass.

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A Doctor's Private Formula

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No obligation—write today
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Soft, Clear Skin

Contains 33 1/2% Pure Sulphur

Skin eruptions, excessive perspiration, insect bites, relieved at once by this refreshing, beautifying toilet and bath soap. Best for

Bohland's Styptic Cotton, 2c

SORES AND LUMPS—My Specialty
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Dr. Boyd Williams, Hudson, Wis.

The May Day Mystery

By
Octavus Roy Cohen

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CHAPTER X—Continued

"Just this: Thayer was alive when Larry Welch went to see him. Larry saw the ring and knew what it meant. He had it out with Thayer and killed him. Then he took his sister's ring off Thayer's finger, because he knew if he left it there it could be traced back to her. Am I right?"

"Durned if I know, John. But whether you are or not, you sure sound reasonable."

The Marland jail bulked forbiddingly against the full moon of a perfect May night. Citizens of Marland were proud of their jail: of its staunch concrete walls, of its marble portico, of the heavy iron bars which proclaimed to an erring world that it would do well not to err here.

Jim Hanvey stood at the curb and commented in complimentary fashion on the building, thereby bringing a thrill to the heart of the local detective. Then they walked through the big gates and thence to the warden's office. The big man was to have access to the prisoners at any time. The warden conducted the two men to the little room which was occupied by Antoinette Peyton.

She rose as they entered: a trim, womanly figure in a dark blue dress. She showed signs of the strain: there were faint circles under the eyes and it was plain that she was making an effort to remain calm. Reagan introduced Hanvey and all three seated themselves.

"You understand, Miss Peyton," said Hanvey quietly, "you don't have to talk if you don't want to."

"I have no objections to talking," she answered calmly.

"Good. I shall have to ask questions which might be kind of well-direct. Is that all right?"

"Yes."

He liked her cool, quiet, straightforward manner. It was as though she had nothing to hide and nothing to fear.

The big man reached for the golden toothpick and clicked it open. It seemed impossible for him to talk unless his pudgy fingers were busy with that ghostly instrument.

"I'm not going to waste your time with a lot of silly questions, Miss Peyton. I reckon I could start at the beginning and check up with you on all the things I know already just to see if you'd tell me the same story. But I won't."

"Thank you," said Tony gratefully. "I'm only going to ask you about those things that nobody else can tell me." A broad, engaging grin split Jim Iips. "That's fair enough, ain't it?"

"Yes. . . ." She found herself warming to this big man. He seemed honest; genuinely, deeply honest.

"I know," continued Jim softly, "that you overheard a sort of love scene between Mr. Thayer and Ivy Welch. You butted in, and a general row followed. It don't matter just what was said. The point is that you and Thayer and Ivy were all sore, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Now the first important thing I've got to find out is this, Miss Peyton: What was your relationship to Pat Thayer? What I mean is: What right had you bawling him out for making love to another girl?"

Tony's face flushed, and, for an instant, her eyes flashed. She answered rather coldly:

"I think you're presuming a good deal, aren't you, Mr. Hanvey?"

"No ma'am. Honest, I ain't as dumb as I look. I know there was something between you and Thayer. Maybe it was jealousy—maybe something else. But it's awful important that I find out."

"Because if I don't know the truth, I've got to figure things my own way. You see, that's a sort of link in the chain that's got to be welded. . . . and one of the most important things is what there was between you and Thayer."

"I don't see. . . ."

"I'm sorry if you don't," pleaded Hanvey, "because it ain't helping nobody for you not to tell me the truth. Even if I know the truth it couldn't hurt you any worse than having me think things. That is, unless you really killed him yourself—"

"Good G—d!"

"I didn't say you did. But listen, Miss Peyton: Put yourself in my place. What do I find out: You run across Thayer making love to a pretty little blond. You give him thunder—and it's clear there's something between you. At the end of that interview you're threatening each other. Then a little later you walk straight up to Thayer's room in the fraternity house and a little while after you leave they find him dead. Could the real truth hurt you much worse than that?"

Tony rose and walked the length of her cell. Then she stood in front of Jim Hanvey and gazed intently into his round face and kindly gray eyes.

"I feel that I should speak frankly. I—I have a bunch that you're not trying to trick me."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am. And you've got me right: I swear you have."

She bit her lip, then spoke sharply. "You are wondering how I dared to go to Mr. Thayer's room in the fraternity house when I knew it would start the whole campus gossiping, aren't you. Therefore you know I had a good reason for going there?"

"That's it, Miss Peyton. Because no matter what you went for, or what happened after you got there, it was a cinch that you were going to start the whole campus talking."

"That," announced Tony bravely, "is precisely why I went there."

"To start gossip?"

"Just that."

"Why?"

"So the truth would come out, and when it did, Pat would be forced to let Ivy Welch alone."

"The truth? What is the truth, Miss Peyton?"

Tony did not evade. Her answer came in a firm, cool voice:

"I am Pat Thayer's wife!"

Jim blinked and fumbled for his toothpick. There was an audible gasp from John Reagan. And then, as they



"What Right Had You Bawling Him Out for Making Love to Another Girl?"

listened in stupefied silence, Tony told—in a level, emotionless tone—of how she had happened to marry Pat Thayer and of what had occurred since that time. When she finished she seated herself, limp and frightened. Suppose she had done the wrong thing? Suppose . . . her eyes quested hungrily for Jim Hanvey. He seemed so comfortably friendly. There was something in his solid calmness which compelled one to avoid evasion.

One gathered that he instinctively knew truth from falsehood; that he respected the former and despised the latter. The girl took a deep breath. Her brain told her that she had erred; instinct said that she had done the best thing.

"And so you see," she said, after a long pause, "I had to protect Ivy. I knew Pat Thayer was married—but she didn't."

"I see. . . . And, of course, you were not jealous, were you?"

"Of him?" She gave a short, bitter laugh. "He is dead now—and this may not sound well: but I despised him."

"That explains a good deal. . . ." It was as though Hanvey were talking to himself. "Of course, no one could be expected to guess that you were Thayer's wife. And nobody else knew it, did they, Miss Peyton?"

"No. . . ." The color flooded her cheeks.

"You mean: Not then?" prompted Hanvey.

Reagan's head jerked up sharply. He saw the girl start with surprise. He saw her cheeks blanch. Then he looked curiously at Hanvey. The big man seemed totally disinterested. He was gazing fondly at the gleaming toothpick—apparently unmindful of the vital question he had asked. Reagan had just concluded that Jim didn't even know what he had stumbled upon when Hanvey repeated his question in a quiet, conversational tone:

"Even Larry Welch didn't know then that you were Thayer's wife, did he?"

And now Tony Peyton was defiantly on guard. Her tiny fists were clenched and she was sitting forward tensely.

"No," she said sharply. "He didn't know."

"But," suggested Jim, "you told him a few minutes later, didn't you?"

"Who says I did?"

"Gosh! Miss Peyton—I didn't say anybody said so. I was just asking: that's all. And please don't get all worked up. You'd think I was trying to trap you. I ain't; honest, I ain't."

"But you said—"

"I just suggested that you went straight to Larry Welch and told him the truth. Ain't that a fact?"

"I think I'd rather not discuss it any more, Mr. Hanvey. I'm afraid I've already said entirely too much."

Jim didn't argue. He rose ponderously and bowed with a queer courtesies.

"That's all right, Miss Peyton. I promised you I wouldn't try any police tricks on you, and I won't. I'm trying to help, not hurt, and I can't help unless I get the truth. But I ain't advising you to tell me a thing you don't want. So me and Mr. Reagan will say much obliged—and good night."

He moved toward the door. Reagan, inwardly seething at Hanvey's stupidity, followed reluctantly.

As Jim opened the door, the girl spoke.

"Wait. Please."

"Yes, Miss?"

She faced them bravely. "I suppose I'm a fool," she said. "But I believe I can trust you. If you don't mind staying a little longer, I'll be glad to tell you the whole truth."

Even yet Hanvey did not press his advantage. Reagan was fighting to restrain his own impatience—and meeting with little success. Here was the big chance: an opportunity to gather important facts from a woman who had been locked up for two days and was willing to talk.

But Reagan was a good sport. If he didn't understand Hanvey's slow, friendly, ponderous methods, he could at least follow them since he himself had offered the case to the fat man.

They seated themselves once more and Tony spoke in a brittle voice.

"What is it first, Mr. Hanvey?"

"We-e-ll, suppose we start with your visit to Larry Welch. What did he say when you told him you were married to Thayer? Was he sore?"

"No-o. I wouldn't say that exactly! The thing seemed to shock him."

"Did he say anything about seeing Thayer?"

"Yes. He wanted to go right over, but I begged him not to."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to see Pat first."

"For what reason, Miss Peyton?"

"Because . . . well, there's another detail we left out. Larry was quite determined that Pat should not go with Ivy any more. I had a right to seal his lips about my marriage to Pat, but I had no right to say that he shouldn't keep him from going with Ivy. So I asked him not to go over until I had seen Pat myself."

"Why?"

She met Jim's kindly eyes levelly.

"I was afraid."

"Of what?"

"A fight. Pat Thayer was a big man. Larry is perhaps more powerful. So far as I know, Mr. Thayer was not a coward, and no man can very well permit another to order him away from a girl without—well, without resenting it."

"I see. . . . And why were you afraid of a fight?"

"Because of the scandal," she answered promptly. "Larry is an instructor here. He is about to earn his Master's degree. It wouldn't have been nice. . . ."

"You weren't afraid of any serious results—that is, physical results?"

"No. Of course my sympathies were all with Larry, and I knew he could handle Mr. Thayer."

Jim focused his eyes on the toothpick. "You are in love with Larry Welch?"

Her cheek grew white, but she did not evade.

"Yes."

"Does he know it?"

"Yes."

"How long has he known it?"

"I think he has known it for a long time, but I didn't put it into words until—until day before yesterday."

"I see. . . . Day before yesterday Larry learned that a married man was fooling with his kid sister. He learned that you could not marry him because you were married to another man—the same man. He learned of the petty blackmail which Thayer had practiced on you. It makes a rather damning lineup, doesn't it, Miss Peyton?"

"Yes. And I've told it to you straight because I believe Larry is innocent."

"I hope so. . . . Now would you mind telling me what happened when you went to see Thayer at the fraternity house?"

"I went there with a definite object in mind, Mr. Hanvey. A girl cannot visit a man's room in a fraternity house without starting all kinds of gossip. I told him that I had done that so I would have no choice but to announce our marriage. You see, I felt that I could spike his guns that way."

"For what?"

"So that he'd have to drop Ivy Welch—or else she would drop him. And that would make it unnecessary for Larry to interfere."

"You were still afraid of what might happen between Larry and Thayer?"

"Yes—and I regretted having told Larry. But things happened so fast and I had been under such a strain for so long a time. . . . I—I just wanted someone to talk to."

"While you were in Thayer's room. . . .?"

"He was furious, of course. We quarreled bitterly. I suppose I was as angry as he was. And then I left."

"Where was he when you left, Miss Peyton?"

"Standing near the dresser."

"Alive?"

She caught her breath sharply. "Of course. . . . Surely you don't think. . . .?"

"I had to ask you that. I'm sorry. Did you know that Larry Welch has been arrested?"

"Yes. . . ." She spoke almost in a whisper.

"Do you realize that everything you have told me serves to incriminate him?"

"Yes." She flung her head back. "I don't believe the truth can hurt anybody. I know Larry didn't do it, just as I know that I didn't. I've told the plain, straight truth, and that's all. It's what Larry would have me do."

"It isn't what he has done," said Jim softly. "He hasn't been honest with us."

"He couldn't be. He gave me his word that he wouldn't tell anybody I was Pat Thayer's wife."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



WINGS

"Is your family going to be active in society?"

"I suppose so," answered Senator Sorghum. "You can't expect them to deny themselves the same pleasures that they enjoy at home."

"Will you become a social butterfly yourself?"

"No, I'll keep working hard and try to fly high enough to get into the airplane class."—Washington Star.

'Sposin' Pigs Had Wings

Mabel—What's worrying you, David?

David—I was just wonderin' if Dad would see to the milkin' while we're on our honeymoon, supposin' you said "yes" if I asked you.—Buen Humor.

Proof of Progress

Briggs—Well, the world seems to move faster all the time, doesn't it?

Griggs—Nonsense! During the Revolutionary war they had minute-men—but during the World war we had four-minute men.

His Experience

Clifton—Do you think 13 is an unlucky number?

Murphy—Yes. I tried once to lick a bunch of 13 men and they almost got the best of me.

REAL (ESTATE) BARGAIN

Customer—That lot you sold me in Venice Gables is three feet under water.

Real Estate Agent—That's splendid. I'm glad to hear it. Let me congratulate you!

Customer—Congratulations! nothing I want my money back.

Agent—Oh, don't throw up such a bargain as that. I can sell you a canoe for only \$40 and you can enjoy all the delights of boating without going off your own property. Think of it!—Pathfinder Magazine.

Up and Coming

Father—Did you stamp that letter before you put it in the box?

Son—No, I didn't have to buy a stamp for it. I slipped it into the box for nothing when nobody was looking.—Hummel, Hamburg.

POSITIVE PROOF



"I once knew a fellow who gave a girl an engagement ring of opals."

"Wasn't that unlucky?"

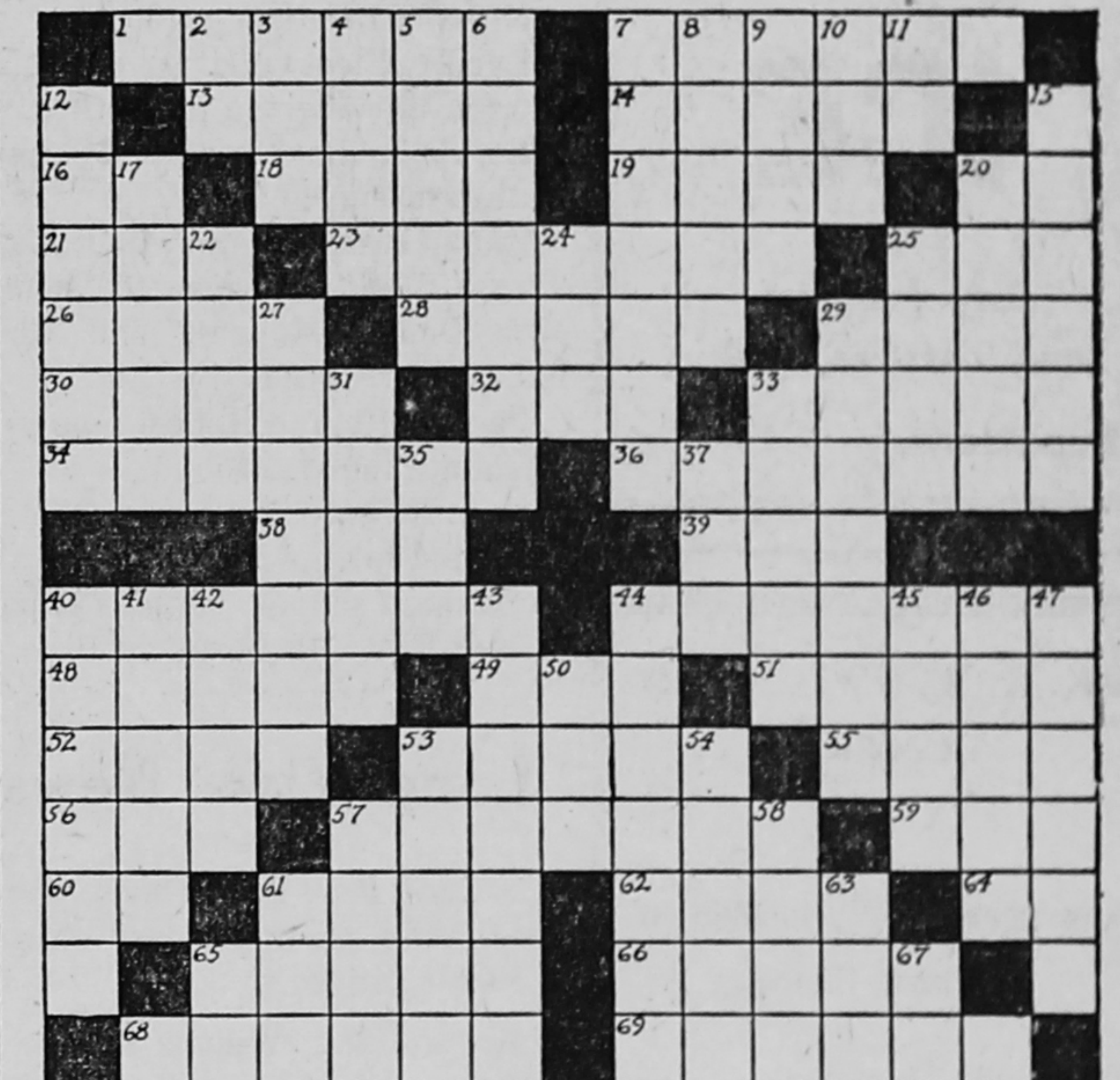
"You bet it was! She married him."

Lower Away

Scribbler—Let's see, how does that proverb run: "When poverty comes in at the door—?"

Smart—The installment piano goes out at the window.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

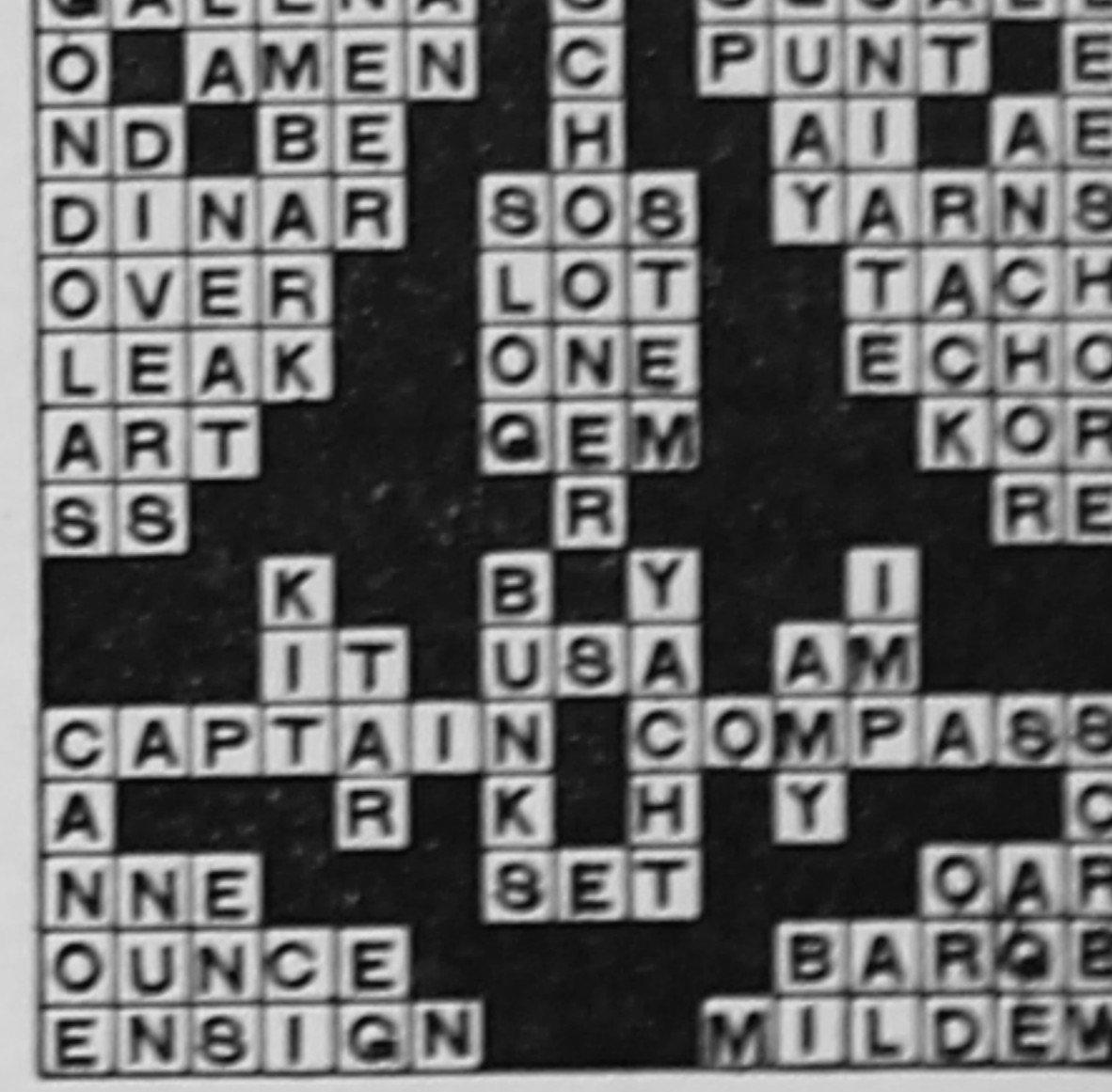


(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

- Horizontal.
- Where Easter eggs are alleged to come from
 - Mystical interpretation of the Scriptures among Jewish rabbis
 - Dig
 - Make happy
 - Conjunction
 - Middy
 - Absence of anything
 - Note of musical scale
 - Deface
 - Had faith in
 - Father (Coll.)
 - Ship's prison
 - Belonging to you
 - Part of the ear
 - Fabulist of note
 - One (French)
 - Courage
 - Latent work
 - Wood lice
 - Exceedingly small part of matter
 - Clattered
 - Native metal
 - Mar
 - Bravery
 - Whistles
 - Same as 39 horizontal
 - Sword
 - Overhasty in action
 - Sacred song or poem
 - Shakespearean king
 - Beverage
 - Clattered
 - One of the words you use when singing a song of which you don't know all the words
 - Addition to a letter
 - Throw
 - News article one paragraph long
 - Roadway (abbr.)
 - Painting dealing with everyday life
 - Feel
 - One who makes a sacrifice to a principle
 - Meeting place
- Vertical.
- Commercial notice (abbr.)
 - Nickname of famous printer
 - Stair
 - Destine composing elephant's tasks
 - Thin, slender
 - Place in the middle (var. sp.)
 - Wood of the scallion
 - Fetter
 - Consumed
 - French article
 - Fight
 - Frolics
 - Scarce
 - Work
 - Go up
 - Source of heat
 - Long stick
 - Biblical giant
 - Of or pertaining to the side
 - Schemes
 - Deformity in which foot is grown inward
 - Legal combination (abbr.)
 - Card game
 - Narrow pieces of flexible material
 - Pieces of hot fuel
 - Flower
 - Groom
 - One who plays a stringed instrument
 - Encourage
 - Cog wheels
 - Mistakes in printing
 - Rodent
 - Ward off a blow
 - Automatic registering instrument
 - Person of small stature
 - Contradict
 - Obj. of she
 - Writings (abbr.)
 - Southern state (abbr.)
 - And (French)

Solution will appear in next issue

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.



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N R A
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Modern Times
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AND AGE"**
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fighting for Love and Life.
A Paramount Picture.
5000 new faces, 5000 new
stars. Among them Holly-
wood's second generation.
Cheer them as you cheered
their famous Dads.

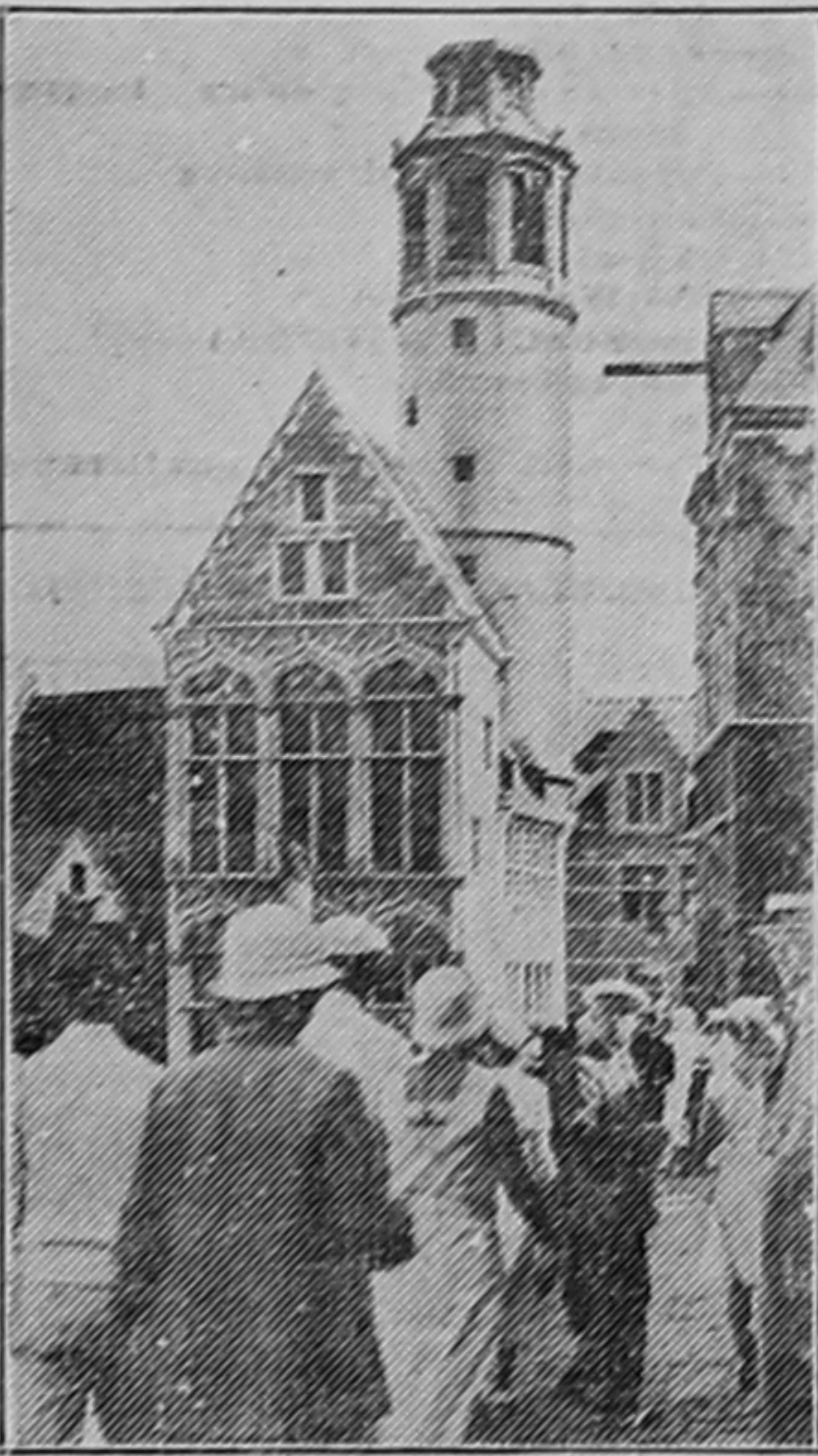
SEE—
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Washburn, jr., Carlyle Black-
well, jr., Neil Hart, jr., Eric
Von Stroheim, jr., Fred Koh-
ler, jr., Elsie Ferguson II.

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Old World Charm



Here is the watch tower of the Belgian Village at A Century of Progress, the Chicago World's Fair. Thousands of visitors daily through the buildings and cobble-stone streets of this reproduction of seventeenth-century community with its old-world charm and quaintness.

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

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

Allerton High School News

Jessie R. Witt, Reporter

Miss Toney thinks she has "snap" courses as she has twelve in shorthand class and sixteen in typing. These are the largest classes she has had here.

Allerton High School will play "Kitten Ball" this fall, the diamond is in shape and the boys are anxious for the sport to start. Games are wanted with nearby schools. Games are arranged with the local business men.

The school term opened Monday morning, Sept. 4. On Tuesday, the first whole day of school, the total enrollment was 53, there being 18 Freshmen, 9 Sophomores, 8 Juniors, 17 Seniors, and 1 Post-graduate. This is the largest enrollment to be found on the records now in the building.

The faculty this year is composed of the following:
Mr. Talbott—Principal.
Mr. Wade—Coach.
Miss Toney—Commercial.
Miss Poole—Latin and Home Economics.
Miss Snyder—English and History.

Miss Snyder is taking the place of Miss Paul who resigned from the position to accept a similar position in the Tolono high school.

News of the 1933 graduates:

Lucille Fleetwood is postmistress in the Allerton post office.
Kathleen Baker and Mildred Guthrie are at home.
Ruby Blacker and Carmen Spessard are now married, being Mrs. Dennis Murphy, and Mrs. Ivan Lee, respectively.
Paul Smith and Robert Upp are attending the U. of I.
John Richard and Perry Potter are again taking work in the Allerton high school. John still has his position with Bergfield Bros.

Long View News

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis were here from Michigan last week to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dalzell of Newman visited in the Frank Dalzell home Sunday.

A reunion of the Smith-Baptist families was held Sunday at the home of Mrs. Anna Baptist.

Mrs. J. C. Deere spent several days recently in Chicago visiting in the Rudolph Heurich home and attending A Century of Progress.

George Harden of Chicago visited his mother and sisters, Mrs. Sue Harden and daughters, Sunday and Monday.

Frank McGee and family and Mrs. Lavina Kincannon attended the Rice reunion at Allerton on Sunday.

Mrs. Catherine Herins is much improved, following an operation at St. Elizabeth's hospital, recently.

Mrs. Alice Hanley returned on Saturday from a two weeks' visit with Mrs. Earl Franklin at St. Louis, and Miss Celia Berry at Carlyle.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Warnes, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Davis and children, Richard and Dwight Davis attended the Erb reunion at Joliet, Sunday.

Longview grade school opened Monday with teachers as follows: Principal, John Keefe; Intermediate, Miss Elizabeth Ducey; Primary, Miss Leora Fansler.

Mrs. Nora Crawley arrived on Tuesday from Alpha, Minn., to be with her sister, Mrs. Alice Jordan, who is critically ill at her home here.

The annual Carleton reunion was held at Covington, Ind., Sunday. Guests from Longview included the families of Joe Beatty, Sam Fields, James Carleton and Ed Carleton.

Wheat Growers Meeting at Longview Tonight

The sign-up meeting for all wheat growers in Raymond and Ayers Townships was held last Friday morning at the Longview High School.

John Seltzer was elected director, and John Warnes and Harlan Six were elected as local committeemen.

Since a number of the wheat growers did not have all the information necessary for signing the applications for wheat allotment contract, a meeting will be held Friday evening, Sept. 8, at 8:00 p. m. at the Longview High School. The local committee will be there to receive the applications.

Fairland News

Garnett Gibson, Correspondent.

Mrs. Esther Johnson and Viola Maxwell attended teachers' institute at Tuscola, Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Gibson were Sunday guests in the T. L. Burton and Charles Lawlyes homes in Georgetown.

Mrs. Zora Lewis and Rushen Nicholas were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Endicott in Terre Haute.

Clayton Porch who is suffering from an infection on his arm is somewhat improved at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jessee of Champaign, and Mrs. Zella Detwilder of Chicago were Friday afternoon guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Youngblood.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thomas of Springfield, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Birch of St. Louis were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carrier.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Gibson, Mrs. Fannie Gibson and Alice Sparks visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Huber in Murdock last Friday evening.

Pauline Hodgson, Georgie Robertson, Martha Grace Ewing, Fincella Flood and Guy Statzer registered at the high school in Villa Grove last Friday morning.

A family gathering of relatives and friends met at the home of Kenner Wood Friday afternoon. Supper was served and a social good time was enjoyed.

Claude Dunlap and family of Charleston moved into the O. C. Wells property Wednesday. Mr. Dunlap will teach the upper grades of the Fairland school.

Among those attending the St. Joseph fair were Mrs. Henry Fabert, Mrs. Clara Lewis, Mrs. John Lewis, Jr., Mrs. Raymond Lewis, son Donald, and Rushen Nicholas.

Among those attending the Maxwell-Meachem reunion at the home of Tom Maxwell in Homer, Sunday, were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith, E. M. Maxwell and daughter, Marie, Mrs. Esther Johnson, son Smith, and Kenner Wood.

Mrs. Mollie Statzer has received word from her son, Eugene, who is in a reforestation camp at Bly, Oregon, saying that he is in a hospital suffering from a ruptured artery in his leg. He received the injury while playing baseball at the camp.

A special election was held in the Ewin store on Saturday to decide whether a special tax be levied for the purpose of improving and oiling dirt roads in Murdock township for 1934. The proposition carried by a majority of 182 votes for and 7 against.

Broadlands News

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J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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The Co-ops Are Ready

Keep your eye on the farm co-operatives.

They're ready for recovery. They've had an important hand in legislation designed to bring it about. And they're all set to go now that it is coming.

They've come through ten years of depression—yes, the farmer has had it for that time, as compared with three years for the rest of us—with flying colors. They've labored mightily in the face of obstacles, and they've produced results. More farmers are organized—more farmers know what the cooperative plan is—more farmers are enthusiastic about its potentialities than ever before.

The groundwork has been done. And the job now is to build a staple structure on top of it.

The average farmer has at last learned that non-cooperation is another word for sheriff's sale. He must sell his products in highly organized distributive channels. The buyer is going to buy at the lowest possible price—the unorganized farmer takes what is offered or goes without a sale. Fair prices are possible only when the selling and buying groups meet on equal grounds—when the cooperatives face the middlemen.

Industry's plans for recovery are all wisely based on cooperation—on enlightened self-interest. And the farmer is in exactly the same position.

The Week's Tragedy

During the coming week a ghastly tragedy will occur.

Two hundred or more lives will be destroyed. Property valued at about \$8,000,000 will be reduced to ashes. Because of it, businesses will close, men will lose their jobs, taxes will increase.

You won't hear much about it—because it won't happen all at once. It will be divided among a thousand communities, a thousand different kinds of property. The destruction of a great factory or a portable garage will all contribute to it.

The world remembers the great fires—the Iroquois theater, the Cleveland hospital, the little school at Collinsville. What the world does not realize is that these fires are no worse than those that take place every week in this so-called civilized world, and which, by cumulative action, even exceed these single disasters in loss of life and property. Many years can pass without the occurrence of a fire as horrible as that in the Iroquois theater, but each year witnesses the destruction of ten thousand lives and half a billion dollars in property values.

If we look on fire in the mass, we will come close to gaining some idea of the unnecessary menace it is. Billions of dollars have been spent in seeking to prevent it—and while these efforts have borne good fruit, public indifference has prevented the success that should be achieved. It is time for a "Fire Prevention Year."

Two famous government bureaus officially died the other day. One is the Shipping Board which, with its subsidiaries, received the neat sum of \$3,600,-

Longview Township High School Future Farmers of America



A National Studying
Organization Vocational
For Boys Agriculture

W. B. BRAEUNINGER—Instructor in Vocational Agriculture.

Longview High School Agriculture Boys Win Several Prizes at St. Joseph Fair

The boys that exhibited their projects at the St. Joseph Fair last week won the following placings:

Exhibitor	Entry	Plac'g	Prem.	Total
L. Buddemeier	Spotted Poland China	Gilt 2nd	\$4.50	
"	"	5th	\$3.00	
"	"	Sow 5th	\$2.00	\$9.50
Clarence Phelps	"	Litter 3rd	\$4.00	
"	"	Boar 4th	\$3.00	
"	"	Boar 5th	\$2.00	
"	"	Gilt 8th	\$1.50	\$10.50
Hoynes Hales	"	Gilt 6th	\$2.50	
"	"	Gilt 9th	\$1.00	
"	"	Gilt 6th	\$1.00	\$4.50
Raymond Kilian	Chester White Boar	1st	\$6.00	
"	"	1st	\$4.00	
"	"	Boar Champion	\$5.00	
"	"	Litter 2nd	\$5.00	
"	"	Gilt 4th	\$3.50	\$23.50
C. Leerkamp	White Wyandotte Cockerel	2nd	\$.75	
"	Barred Rock Pen	2nd	\$1.00	
"	Rhode Island Red Pen	3rd	\$.50	\$2.25
Virgil Charlton	Garden Display	2nd	\$4.00	\$4.00
Kenneth Bickers	Guernsey Heifer Calf	4th	\$4.00	\$4.00
				Grand Total \$58.25

Illinois Theater--Newman, Ill.

Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 9 & 10

NANCY CARROLL

IN

Child of Manhattan

with John Boles

Young, pretty, eager for love! The drama of a girl impatient for the emotional thrills life had to offer!

A Fine Comedy Admission 10c & 20c

See

Messman & Astell

For

All Kinds of Insurance

Astell Building Broadlands, Illinois.

Forrest Dicks Kenneth Dicks
Allerton Broadlands

Dicks Bros. Undertakers

Ambulance Service Ambulance Service

000 in appropriations during its life, and had a book value of \$288,000,000 at last report. Its functions—what are left of them were transferred to the Department of Commerce.

The other casualty was the Prohibition Bureau which came into being in 1920, and spent \$100,000,000 in 13 years. Most of the 1,800 dry agents were dismissed. Executer's Notice Those having Executer's Notices for publication can have them published in the local paper for about one-half the amount that daily papers charge.