

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 14

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1933

NUMBER 26

News Items of 12 Years Ago

The following items are taken from an issue of the Broadlands News of Feb. 18, 1921:

C. H. Griffin visited relatives in Atwood.

Miss Lillie Otte of Little Rock, Ark., visited her sister, Mrs. O. E. Anderson.

About thirty friends helped Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Reed celebrate their 21st wedding anniversary.

Wm. Zenke was injured while burying a large boulder, the boulder having fallen into the pit on top of Mr. Zenke and injuring one leg severely.

Misses Grace Astell, Esther Maxwell and Leone Brewer entertained a number of friends at a St. Valentine party at the home of Mrs. Mary Jacobsen.

Longview High School News

DECEMMA MARTINIE, REPORTER.

Frieda Klautsch visited school Monday.

We had assembly singing last Friday. Miss Mitchel played Sabbath Chimes, a piece requested by some of the students.

The Junior class will entertain the student body and faculty at a Hallowe'en party Friday night October 27. Everyone is to come masked.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarman and daughter, Jane, visited in the home of Allen Parks at Carlyle, Ind., Sunday. Mr. Parks taught Manual Training and Science here several years ago.

The Junior class met Wednesday night for play practice and the president elected the following committees:

Property—Decemma Martinie, Hoyne Hales, Alaric Heidorn, Erna Klautsch.

Usher—Howard Dyar, Raymond Kilian.

Ticket—Helen Smith, Marian Carlton, Gayle Hardy.

Publicity—James Beatty, Dorothy Turner, Charles Boyd, Herschel Bruhn.

The Juniors have been working on the class play "Clover Time." The characters are:

Peter West, poor but honest—Gayle Hardy.

Sally West, Peter's granddaughter—Helen Smith.

John Flint, owner of the hardest heart and the fattest pocket-book in town—James Beatty.

Fanny Flint, his wife—Decemma Martinie.

Harry Flint, her son—Howard Dyar.

Katherine Flint, John's niece—Hazel Block.

Stumpy Smith, Peter's Pal—Hoyne Hales.

Fatty McCullough, the town constable—Alaric Heidorn.

Mike, Fatty's friend—Raymond Kilian.

Wink, Harry's shadow—Herschel Bruhn.

Emmaline, Caroline, Margarine, three Brown sisters—Marian Carlton, Dorothy Turner, Erna Klautsch.

The date, time, and admission will be printed in this paper later.

Celebrate Their 47th Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. August Zantow celebrated their forty-seventh wedding anniversary on Sunday, all of their children being present for the family dinner served at the noon hour. The home was decorated for the occasion with fall flowers. A social afternoon followed the dinner.

Those present to enjoy the festivities of the day were Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Cline, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Cline, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schultz, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Zantow and son, Kenneth, Mrs. Naomi Ellers and son, Sammie, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown and sons, Wilbur, Elmo and Erwin, Mr. and Mrs. John Blasse and daughter, June Ann, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Cummings and son, Lowell, all of Danville; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Moser and daughter, Glodean, of Bloomington, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Seeds and son, Emery, Alonzo Zantow, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Harris.

Fairland News

Garnett Gibson, Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans F. Vaughn are the proud parents of a girl born Wednesday morning.

J. M. Ewin is re-decorating his store with a new coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jessee of Champaign were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Youngblood.

Mrs. Ethel Youngblood entertained at a Quilting Bee, Mrs. Lloyd Bonnell, Mrs. Effie Woodard, Mrs. Minnie Owens, Mrs. Sadie McGill, Mrs. Dorothy Smith and daughter Belva Gean all of Sidney. A covered dish luncheon was served at the noon hour.

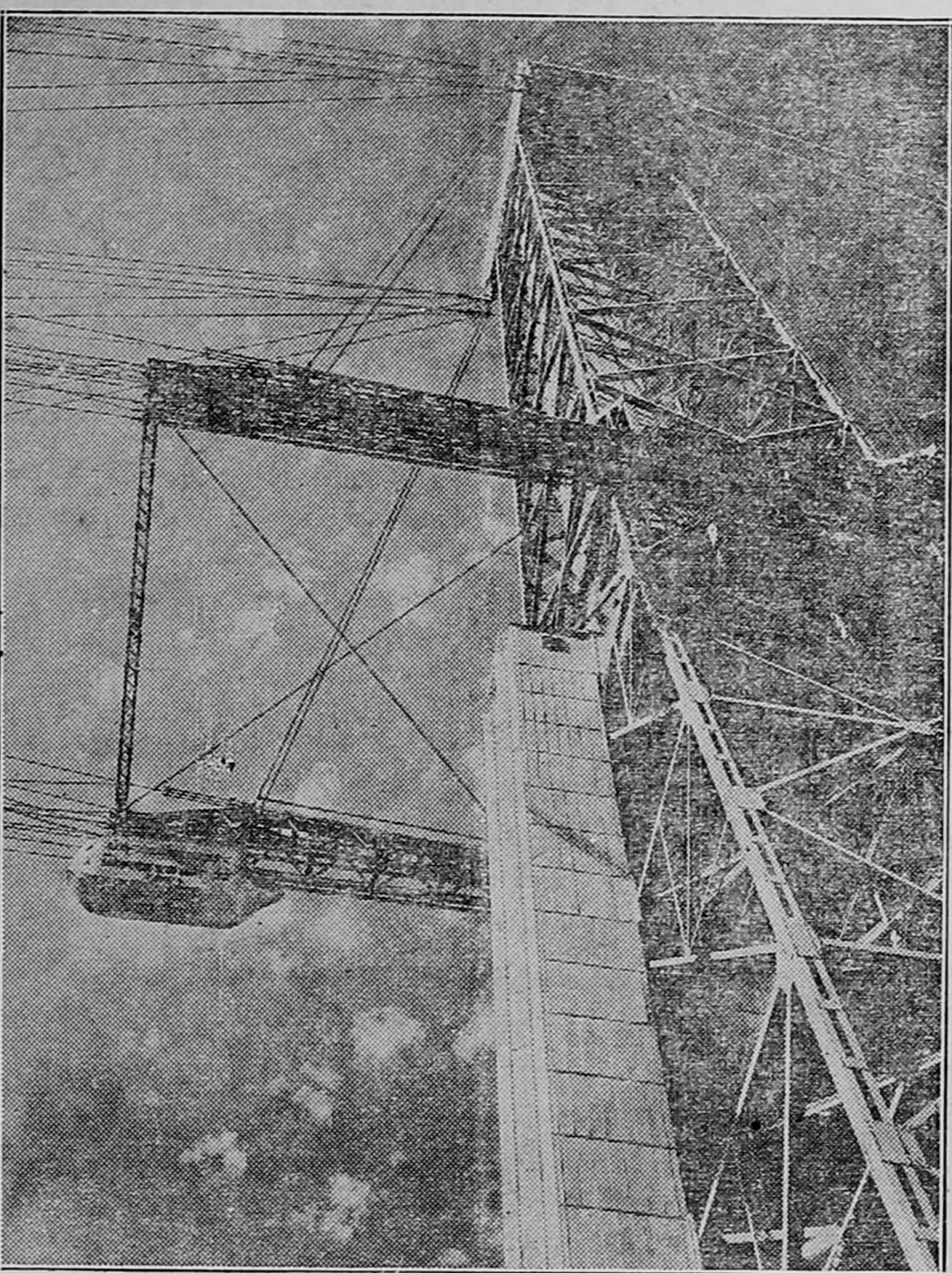
On November 5th a community sing will be held at the M. E. Church at 2 p. m. Music and readings will be furnished by the Camargo, Villa Grove, Murdock, Hugo and Mt. Gilead Churches. Thirteen churches are supposed to be represented. An invitation is extended to all neighboring churches.

A petition was circulated in this town and vicinity, Saturday, in order that a Station Agent be employed and maintained here full time. Since Feb. 27th the Railroad Company has maintained an agent here only part time, which makes it a handicap not only for the town people but also for the farmers.

Mary Wells entertained a group of boys and girls at a Hallowe'en party at her home on Saturday night. After spending a very pleasant evening they paraded the streets in their costumes to remind the town people that Hallowe'en was just around the corner. Refreshments of candy and popcorn were served.

Mrs. Mollie Statzer has received word from her son, Eugene, who is stationed at Bly, Oregon, in the C. C. C. Re-forestation Camp, that they will soon be transferred to Los Angeles, Calif., where they will spend the winter. Several of the boys in this vicinity have returned home from the camps the last few days, but Jean reenlisted for another six months.

Towering Sky Ride Thrills Fair Crowds



The photographer tilted his camera toward the clouds to get this unusual view of the 628 foot mainland tower of the Sky Ride, the \$1,000,000 thrill attraction of A Century of Progress Exposition—the Chicago World's Fair. To the left may be seen a rocket car that travels over a 1,850 foot cable 200 feet above the lagoon to the tower on Northerly Island. Above may be seen the observation tower reached by elevators which gives the visitor an unusual view of the Fair grounds and the city of Chicago stretched out below.

Local and Personal

Some of the farmers in this vicinity have begun husking corn.

Miss Alice Anderson visited her mother in Newman, Monday.

Miss Jessie Witt was a Sunday dinner guest with friends in Allerton.

Miss Wilma Schweineke was a guest of Misses Lola and Lois Nonman, Sunday.

Lois Zantow, who has been quite ill the past ten days, is improving nicely.

"The Feast of The Red Corn." It is coming. Wait for it. Watch this paper for further particulars.

O. P. Witt and family, accompanied by Mrs. R. C. Hardyman of Champaign will spend this week end at A Century of Progress in Chicago.

Oh! Look, "Yum, Yum!" A Fish Fry—Saturday, November 4th, by the U. B. Ladies Aid Society. Fish, mashed potatoes, salad, pie and coffee, 25c.

Pupils of the Broadlands Public school are planning to present the play "Step Lively." Rex Tyler of Newman will be the director.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Benefiel and Mrs. Hinman of Rankin; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hardyman and daughter, Rovella, of Champaign, were Sunday guests at the home of O. P. Witt.

Corliss Palmer's Life Story! The poor girl who became a beauty champion of the nation tells how her charm won the love of Eugene Brewster, heir to millions and how she was sued for \$200,000 as a Love Pirate and lost. This interesting true story starts in next Sunday's Chicago Herald and Examiner.

L. W. Class Meets

With Mrs. Mary Rayl

The L. W. Class of the U. B. Church met at the home of Mrs. Mary Rayl on Wednesday afternoon of last week.

After the regular business meeting, lunch was served, consisting of scalloped chicken, cabbage salad and coffee.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Alice Struck.

Former Pastor Dies

Rev. G. W. Metsker, 77, of Colchester, former pastor of the local U. B. Church, died last Tuesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Leighty. He is also survived by one son, S. G. Metsker. Funeral services were held on Wednesday.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

Edward Hardy, Pastor.

BROADLANDS

Sunday School 10 a. m. Everybody should attend the Sunday School. A class for every age is awaiting you.

"Song Sermon" service at 7:30. Special music. You will enjoy this service.

Epworth League 6:45.

LONGVIEW

Sunday School—10:00 a. m. Preaching, 11:00 a. m. Several numbers of special music. Come!

The supper and program which was to be given this week Thursday has been postponed to Thursday, Nov. 2.

"I Love That Man"

"I Love That Man," at the Illinois Theater, Newman, Saturday and Sunday nights, Oct. 28 and 29.

Read ad elsewhere in this paper.

Rehearsals for "The Feast of The Red Corn," are progressing nicely. Be sure to attend. Tickets will be out soon. Watch for them.

Walter Logan and Miss Roberts Wed

Sidney, Oct. 24.—Announcement was made Tuesday of the marriage of Miss Berdina E. Roberts and Walter C. Logan. The couple was married at 5 o'clock, Saturday evening in the home of Rev. Charles Bromley.

Rev. Bromley, who is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Urbana, read the single ring ceremony. The couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Everett McCartney of Urbana.

Mrs. Logan is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. D. Roberts of Greenup and attended the Greenup schools. For the last two years she has resided around Sidney, where she has been employed.

Mr. Logan is the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Logan who reside six miles southwest of Sidney. He is a graduate of the Longview High School with the class of 1928, and is now employed with the Broadlands Oil Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Logan will make their home with the groom's father for the present, and later will reside in Broadlands.

Allerton High School News

Jessie R. Witt, Reporter

Wilma Richard and Mary Elizabeth Payne attended the World's Fair last week.

Report cards were handed out on Friday of last week. Everyone is working to make the second six weeks better than the first.

Don't forget the play "Let's Get Married," to be given Oct. 27 (tonight) in the high school gym. The members of the cast are working hard to make this play a success. Everybody come!

The poster contest which was staged in the high school was brought to a close on Tuesday, Helen Goodall receiving the free ticket to the play, "Let's Get Married." There were several clever posters handed in for the contest.

The Allerton High School and Alumni basketball game will be played Monday, Oct. 30, at 8:00 p. m. The high school squad has been practicing the last two weeks. Two daily sessions are held, one at noon and the other after school. Ten boys report at each practice. Of this group of twenty the probable line-up on Monday will be:

David, F.
Freeland, F.
Archer, C.
Seeds, G.
Hendrix, G.

Our new basketball suits arrived and have been given out by Mr. Wade. They are scarlet with white numerals on front and back.

A Chili Supper and Masquerade Oct. 28

The G. O. P. class of the Allerton M. E. Church will hold a chili supper and masquerade in the basement of the church on Saturday, Oct. 28. Supper will be served from 5:30 to 9:00, masquerade from 7:00 to 9:00, prize for the best masked. Proceeds to go to insurance on church and parsonage. Everybody come and bring a friend.

O. E. S. Celebrates 35th Anniversary

Broadlands Chapter, Order of Eastern Star, celebrated their 35th anniversary on Wednesday night.

There was a large attendance, quite a number of guests from Hume, Villa Grove and Newman chapters being present.

Refreshments consisting of pumpkin pie with whipped cream and coffee were served.

An enjoyable program was given, consisting of the following:

Song, America.
Solo—Forrest Dicks.
Play—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Witt and Ed Maxwell.
Reading—Miss Anne Harden.
Play—Mrs. Mabel Anderson, Mrs. Jennie Porterfield, Mrs. Betty Dicks.
Reading—Miss Merle Brewer.
Solos—G. W. Telling.
History of the Chapter—Mrs. H. W. Six.

Y. W. O. Class Meets at Ed Maxwell Home

The Y. W. O. class of the U. B. Sunday School met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Maxwell on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mrs. O. P. Witt was re-elected teacher of the class with Rev. Turner assistant. After the business session contests were enjoyed.

Lunch consisted of hot dog sandwiches, pickles, pumpkin pie with whipped cream and coffee.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Rev. Turner.

Members present were Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Witt, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bergfield, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson, Rev. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Rayl, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, Mrs. Pearl Edens, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Maxwell.

Wheat Statement Published in This Week's Issue

An advertisement containing acreage statements by farmers in the Longview Unit, who have contracted for wheat allotments this year appears in this week's issue of The News. All together 16 applications have been made from this unit.

This advertisement gives the total acres of the farmer who applies, together with the acreage sown and bushels harvested.

If the grower is not satisfied as to this report he should appear before the Wheat Production Association at the Farm Bureau Office in Champaign, Monday afternoon, Oct. 30.

Highway Between Newman and Broadlands Surveyed

Tuscola, Oct. 22.—L. O. Hackett, superintendent of county highways, stated Saturday that they were surveying 1 1/4 miles of highway preparatory for a 9-foot pavement which will join Newman with Broadlands.

Market Report

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

Wheat	75c
No. 3 white shelled corn	38c
No. 3 yellow corn	37c
No. 3 white oats	29c
No. 2 new soy beans	60c

Broadlands News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

Entered as second-class matter April 18 1919 at the post-office at Broadlands, Illinois under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Display Per Column Inch.....20c
Readers and Locals, inside pages, line.....10c
Cards of Thanks.....\$1.00

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

1 year in advance.....\$1.50
6 months in advance......90
3 months in advance......50
Single copies......05

Without A President

It may not be generally known that every four years the United States is without a President for several hours, but such is the fact. The term of the outgoing President expires at midnight on March 3 and the new President is usually sworn in about noon on the following day. During the intervening hours the country is without a chief executive.

The question of whether a vacancy existed during this interval was discussed early in the history of the country. In response to an inquiry, Chief Justice John Marshall wrote on February 21, 1821:

"There has been uniformly and voluntarily an interval of 12 hours during which the executive power could not be exercised."

If an emergency demanded, the new President could be sworn in immediately after his predecessor's term expired at midnight on March 3, but no situation has ever existed to make this necessary.

To Save Niagara Falls

After several years of discussion a treaty was signed by Canada and the United States looking to the preservation of Niagara Falls and a joint board recommended a \$7,500,000 program for this purpose, after an investigation of conditions.

The rate of erosion was found by the board to be not so great as was feared, being very slight on the American side and from three to four feet a year in the Horseshoe. Extensive protective works were recommended, however, in connection with which it is believed that considerable additional water may be diverted for power purposes without affecting the scenic beauty of the Falls.

Much anxiety has been felt concerning the possibility of a serious impairment of the grandeur of this great natural spectacle, therefore the action of the two governments in providing for its preservation will be approved by the people of both countries.

Auto Power By Radio

Another prediction which may sound fantastic was made some time ago, to the effect that we shall in a few years have automobiles that will run without fuel, the motive power being supplied from a central station by radio.

The idea is advanced, not by a crank or visionary, but a no less authority than G. M. Williams, president of the Marion company, who declares that such a plan is receiving serious consideration by leading automotive engineers.

According to this plan, each car would have a certain receiving wave-length, and by throwing the switch a generator of corresponding wave-length in the central station would supply the power. Many cars might have the same wave-length, so long as the total load could be carried by the corresponding generator.

We do not vouch for the practicability of this suggestion, but only pass it on as an indication of what may happen. In any event it illustrates the daring conceptions of the modern engineer. And who can say that the idea may not some day be made to work?

Our Changing World

Selecting a trade or occupation today is a rather more serious matter than in years gone by, owing to the rapid changes in methods of manufacture and in the products demanded by the public.

In hardly any line of manufacture does one know how soon some new method or process may render all his present skill useless as a means of gaining a livelihood. Highly skilled hand craftsmen in many lines are continually being replaced by machinery, while products which were formerly in great demand are rapidly becoming obsolete, such as the buggy and other horse-drawn vehicles.

Speaking from the manufacturer's standpoint, E. W. McCullough of the United States Chamber of Commerce said: "I could enumerate a hundred lines of business this evolution has wiped out, and lines without number have changed in materials, construction and form."

These changes have affected the individual workmen, as well as their employers, and never were changes made so rapidly as at present. Those who enter the mechanical trades must be prepared to adapt themselves to new conditions as they arise.

An Eskimo in New York

Abie Broomfield is the Anglicized name of a 45-year-old Eskimo dog driver, who has been enjoying his first visit to civilization as illustrated by New York and its environs. And he is getting an eyeful.

Staring at the Empire building, Abie pronounced it a "big, big shack; bigger than Cape Mugford." Most of the sights he witnessed were observed in silence, but he was evidently thinking a lot, as he had never been in a settlement of more than 50 people before.

Being much like other sons of Adam, Abie was greatly interested in the New York girls. Asked how he liked them, he turned on a flow of Eskimo oratory lasting a full half-minute, which was interpreted to mean, "very fine." But he thought they were too thin, and suggested that they didn't get enough to eat. Asked how he would like to have one of them for a wife, he said: "You bet. Take her one year first and give her plenty fried pork. I fatten her up so she dam fat, and good wife for the best dog driver this side of North Pole."

Going to Church

Going to church—no matter what denomination—is a good thing for the community. It is a good thing in family life and it helps in government. There is so much else to attract and divert the youth of today that religion is too easily subordinated to livelier and less important activities.

Under civil service regulations, national and local, it is improper to judge an applicant for office by his religion. But it is safe to say that the average appointing power would be more kindly disposed toward the applicant who is known to be religious rather than irreligious. Better service would be expected from one who was not embarrassed by the simple admission that he went to church and found it beneficial.

While all of us are prone to err, experience in public affairs brings us to the belief that the self respecting, God-fearing man or woman is more to be relied upon, both in word and deed, than the man or woman who has no faith and is generally defiant of conventionalities. The man who is happily married, who has children growing up in the home, who is providing for them, who goes to church and expects his children to attend Sunday school is less apt to do wrong in the public service; less likely to risk his job and his reputation by

wrong-doing, even though it be temporary gainful, than the smart thinking fellow whose conscience is sufficiently elastic to warrant his taking a chance. A black sheep may go to church, and some do, but the average church going man is not of that type. He is God-fearing, self-respecting and unashamed.—Providence Journal.

Disease Takes Hand in Reducing Hog Surplus

A new malady is taking a hand in the federal hog reduction program in Champaign County, wiping out a large number of porkers and leaving a loss to the producer.

The disease, unheard of three years ago and unknown in Eastern-Central Illinois until this year, resembles erysipelas. Recovery in the small number of cases reported, leaves the animal partially paralyzed.

Little is known of the combative measures of treatment although inoculation with cholera serum has proved ineffective.

What's New

An electric machine to determine the freshness of fish has been developed.

Electric heaters have been installed in the grandstand of an English football club to keep crowds warm.

Rubber upholstery is being developed in England. This will do away entirely with springs, metal frames and wooden parts.

A weighing machine has been patented that announces the weight by means of a voice instead of showing it by an indicator.

An automatic air pump can be installed on each wheel of an automobile that will keep the tires inflated to the proper pressure at all times.

Science Finds Shaving Does Not Affect Beard

Among the many interesting facts science has found out about hair is that men's whiskers and lovely feminine tresses, as well as cats' claws, bird beaks, stag antlers and even fingernails and teeth all come from the scales of our fish ancestors. In this connection it has been found that our hair is closely related to our teeth. In fact, they are claimed to be only slightly different developments of the same stuff—nature's made-over fish scales.

Through its discoveries science has cleared up much of the mystery about our hair. Common opinion has always been that the effect of a razor on hair is like that of a lawn mower on grass—to make it come out thicker and heavier. But this is not so and it is quite safe to remove offending hair with a razor whenever one desires. Experiments have shown that there is no noticeable difference in quality or quantity after shaving. The only difference is that short hair seems to be stiffer and heavier than long hair. But when the short hair has reached its normal length again there is no apparent difference.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Lotteries Were O. K'd by Government, States

A New York woman who had the time and money has gathered several hundred lottery tickets which had been officially sanctioned by the government, state or city of this country at some time in its history. It has been presented to the historical society of that city. The collection included advertisements and other references to this method of raising money for various public purposes.

There are tickets in the collection for a United States lottery sanctioned by congress: a New York city lottery in 1790 for enlarging city hall, and tickets for a Washington monument in Baltimore in 1816, with engraved portraits of George Washington on them. Of equal interest are Delaware lottery tickets of 1772 signed by Lord Sterling, major general in the Revolutionary war; the Hon. William Byrd's lottery signed by Peyton Randolph of Virginia, in 1768; a Faneuil hall lottery ticket, dated Boston, 1765, and signed by John Hancock. In 1860 the state of Delaware sponsored a lottery for its benefit with \$578,557 offered in prizes. The Louisiana State Lottery Co. was incorporated in 1868 and was perhaps the largest doing business in the United States.

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

Illinois Theater---Newman, Ill.

**Saturday and Sunday
Oct. 28 and 29**

**Wanted: for Breaking Hearts and Emptying Pocketbooks!
But, She Cried,**

"I Love That Man"

with
Edmund Lowe and Nancy Carroll.

Always A Good Comedy

**Coming Next Week---
The Big Laugh Hit, Wheeler & Woolsey in
"So This Is Africa"**

Admission - - - - 10c and 20c

A Big Feature and a Timely Aid is

Advertising!

... It will turn the spotlight of public favor on your business.

... It will bring new customers and add sales to your business.

... It will make money for you and give growth and leadership to your business.

... It will create customer interest and the desire to possess.

Mail order houses spend thousands of dollars each year placing their catalogs in rural communities and in return take hundreds of thousands of dollars from those same communities, which rightfully should go to local merchants, but does not because local merchants do not keep their customers informed relative to their merchandise.

Your Friends and Neighbors would rather spend at home.

**The Broadlands News
Can care for all your advertising wants.**

Home Work

By JANE OSBORN

© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
(WNU Service)

STANLEY JONES was thinking of his sister Sally. He likened her to a duck. Water sliding off a duck's back. Sally had been like that—responsibilities, cares, things that other people would be troubled with—water that would soak through the plumage of any bird but a duck—always sliding off Sally, whose feathers were always as smooth and glossy and perfectly dry as those on a duck's back. Nice metaphor that, thought Stanley Jones, as he drove home from his office to what he had once considered his cozy, comfortable bachelor's apartment. It was no longer either cozy or comfortable—not even a bachelor's apartment since Sally, the duck, and her husband, Bill Ames, had sailed away to the south of France for the remainder of the winter, leaving eight-year-old Stan, named after himself, to share the apartment with him.

Having proceeded thus far with his meditation Stanley found himself in front of his apartment house. He found young Stanley joyously playing in the basement with the janitor's children. That was the only arrangement that could be made on afternoons when Stanley could not get home from work early enough to take charge after school hours.

Now it was five, and there would be an hour and a half before they would be out for dinner—and an hour and a half that had once meant peace and tranquillity with pipe and book for Stanley. Now it meant home work with Stanley. Young Stanley had been rather slow with arithmetic, but before Sally left for France she had explained to Stan's teacher that the deficiency could be easily made up when young Stan was staying with his uncle, who was a good mathematician, said Sally, and would have nothing to do but help his nephew.

There was a neatly penned note that first afternoon in Stan's school bag. It was from his teacher, "Dear Mr. Jones," it said. "Stanley still needs help in his tables. He understands the theory apparently, but he has not had enough drilling. And Stanley is careless. Would you please see that he knows his tables better and please drill him in accuracy." It was signed Matilda Hawkins.

"I'd like to see that teacher of yours," said Uncle Stanley, with a fine tone of sarcasm that was lost on his nephew. "How old is she?"

"Oh, she must be very old. I shouldn't wonder if she was forty or maybe sixty."

"Is she good looking—at all?" said Uncle Stanley.

"Well, some of us fellows think so—but you wouldn't. She's got a kind of roundish face with a sort of a funny nose and a bump on her head and a kind of queer mouth."

"She doesn't sound like a beauty," observed Stanley, undoing the buckles of his nephew's school bag. Spelling came first and then some written work in English, and after that, drill with the tables. Stanley found that since the day before his nephew had quite successfully forgotten all he had ever known of the seven times table. It didn't worry Stan very much. "Teacher says you ought to drill me more," he observed.

The next day Stan's bag contained a note from his uncle for the teacher. He regretted his failure as a tutor, and asked if arrangements could be made for her to tutor the boy from five to six every evening.

Stan brought back word that teacher said that it would be against the rules of the school for the teacher to accept fees for tutoring, but teacher had said she would come around at five to help, and would talk things over with Uncle Stanley.

So at a little after five that evening teacher arrived. But when Stanley answered her ring at the door and saw the pretty young woman standing there in the hall he hadn't the faintest idea that she really was his nephew's teacher.

"Is Mr. Stanley Jones at home?" she asked, somewhat perplexed.

"Why, I am Stanley Jones—won't you come in?"

"You are not little Stanley Ames' uncle?" she gasped. "I am little Stanley's teacher. He said you were—"

They stood regarding each other with amazement. "He said you were quite an old man—probably sixty at least—with wrinkles—"

"I've got wrinkles teaching him," laughed Stanley. "I happen to be twenty-nine. No one would guess that you were somewhere around fifty yourself."

"I'm twenty-three," protested the teacher. "The little wretch—"

Together they worked with little Stanley, somewhat bewildered over the mysteries of the multiplication tables. At six Matilda rose to go, but little Stanley, with his arm around his teacher begged her to stay, and big Stanley suggested that they all dine together. Matilda had already said she lived away from home in a boarding house.

After that three times a week Matilda came to help tutor little Stanley, and when at the end of the spring the wandering duck and drake cabled that they had decided to stay on—and tour Europe for the summer months—Stanley cabled back this surprising message:

"Will meet you in Paris in July. Coming on honeymoon. Will leave Stanley with you. Stanley Jones."

International Complications

By H. IRVING KING

© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
(WNU Service)

WITH the approbation of her parents, Barbara Holden had become engaged to Benjamin Littlefield. That ought to have settled it; there should have been nothing further except the wedding bells, the old shoes and the rice. But then, on the other hand, had there not been there would have been no story. Barbara and Ben were just two wholesome, rather commonplace, young people well established in their own social world.

Then Canfield Rogers cast his eye upon Barbara and saw that she was fair. Then he investigated her father's financial standing and saw that it was fairer still. Then he began to hunt for points against Ben and stumbled across something which afforded him ghoulish glee.

Rogers and Ben had been in the same class at college and among their classmates had been a certain Harry Butterworth who had been appointed since his graduation United States consul at Porto Gulfo, a little banana port on the Central American coast. Ben and Harry had been not only classmates but friends, belonged to the same fraternity, etc.

The little republic in which Porto Gulfo was situated was lively all out of proportion to its size, and Harry wrote Ben such graphic accounts of the tropical scenery and of his own weird experiences that Ben, having nothing to do, took ship and went down to visit his old college chum. Having spent some time there, he came back and, a year later, fell in love with Barbara Holden.

It was after Rogers had gazed upon Barbara and upon her father's financial record and had become filled with a longing to possess them both that he met the former consul at Porto Gulfo, returned home and awaiting appointment to a more important post.

"Hallo, Butterworth," said Rogers. "Well, how is the rising young diplomat? Got an embassy yet?"

"Why, it's Rogers, isn't it?" replied Harry. "Ever see any of the old boys now? Good old Ben Littlefield comes from your part of the country. Do you see much of him? I haven't seen him since he paid me a visit at Porto Gulfo. For the last year he has written only at rare intervals. When you see him ask him about his wife. Ask him if he has ever heard of her since they parted at Gulfo? Ha! ha! That's a good story. I'll tell you how it was. You see—"

"Great Scott!" he cried as he read it, "I must try and catch the next train for Washington. Ask Ben to tell you the story of his dusky bride—Inez Castellon. Ta, ta!"

Within a few days Rogers rang Barbara's front door bell at an hour when he was certain he would find the lovers together. They received him politely, though not enthusiastically. He was beaming, jolly, full of jokes. "Oh, by the way," said he at length, "I have just got back from New York. Met Harry Butterworth at the club. He talked a lot about you, Ben. Told me to be sure and ask you if you had heard from your wife, Inez Castellon that was, since you parted from her at Porto Gulfo. Seemed quite anxious about it."

Barbara sat pale, rigid—her eyes wide and anguished. Ben looked confused at first and then said with a laugh: "Oh, that? It's quite a story."

"Never mind now, old top," replied Rogers. "Some other time. I've delivered my message and must toddle."

As the door closed behind him, Ben turned and looked at Barbara. For the first time he realized the seriousness of the situation. "Barbara," said he, "what is the matter? You surely don't believe—"

"I don't know what to believe—what to think," she faltered. And then with "Oh, Ben! Oh, Ben!" she burst into tears and rushed from the room.

Ben tried to tell himself that Barbara was unreasonable. But then was she—very? He must furnish an explanation, that was clear. He went and worked the long-distance telephone, at last getting what he wanted.

Then he wrote a note to Barbara saying that he would not see her again until he had a full and satisfactory explanation to offer which would be within two or three days.

On the evening of the day specified Ben called at Barbara's home. With his card was sent up that of Harry Butterworth, late consul at Porto Gulfo. Barbara appeared, still pale.

Butterworth told his story. When Ben was at Porto Gulfo there was a revolution on—as usual. Inez, President Castellon's daughter, was in Gulfo about to embark for Panama and safety. The rebel general tried to catch her and hold her as a hostage. She took refuge in the American consulate. The revolutionary general demanded her—she as a native, not entitled to sanctuary. "Oh, you can't have her," said Butterworth, inspired by a happy thought. "She has just been married to this gentleman here, an American citizen. And the wife takes the nationality of the husband."

"It was a lie out of whole cloth—but it went. Inez was smuggled on board the Panama steamer that night and the next morning Ben took a fruit steamer for New Orleans. The fair Inez subsequently returned," concluded Harry, "and is now—what do you think? The wife of the revolutionary general who tried to kidnap her—and the general is president of the stormy republic!"

The Dance

By JOHN GRAY

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(WNU Service)

IT WAS the day before the all-important junior ball at Tilton college. On the "spare room" bed in the Denby farmhouse lay the pink chiffon frock that Bertha had bought for the big event. Silver slippers and stockings lay beside it.

The whole house was in an air of expectancy and even the cows and chickens in the barnyard and pasture must have suspected that something was in the air from the happy, preoccupied air of Bill Denby, gruff and usually indifferent as he went about his daily chores. Bill Denby was Bertha's brother, her elder by ten years, who, though he avoided society himself, never seemed more content than when his pretty sister was included in the festivities at the nearby Tilton college.

Then George Fulton came with the news that changed all this air of pleasurable expectation to one of gloom and dejection.

"I've done the thing that seems most honorable," he announced. "It means that I can't take you to the ball." And with much faltering and many hesitations he proceeded.

"Last summer I met a girl who lives out in Wyoming. We played tennis together and went swimming and sailing and—well, before we parted I asked her to go to my junior ball with me. That was before I met you. Well, we wrote once or twice and nothing more was said about the ball, and then we didn't write any more. I had met you and she didn't seem to care whether I wrote or not. This morning I had a letter from her. It just says: 'I'm coming for the ball. Will arrive at 5 Friday. I know you haven't forgotten your invitation.'"

"It's too late to prevent her coming—she is almost here. I didn't know what to do. Of course, I want to take you more than anything else. I made up my mind that the right thing for a fellow to do in the circumstances was to go to the girl he really cared for, the one who—well, the one who trusted him and understood him—and tell her."

It was not till George had gone and Bertha had gone to nurse her grief in sight of the pink frock laid out so neatly that she permitted tears to flow. Bill Denby, who had looked in vain for his sister downstairs, found her there in the spare room. Bertha explained.

"I don't care so much about going with him," she fibbed, "but I wanted to wear the dress. I never had such a pretty dress before."

"I'll take you," Bill said firmly. "But they won't let you in—you're an outsider."

"See here," said Bill, shaking a defiant finger in her face, "you said this George is the boss of the dance. I'll show him I'm no outsider this time. I'm going and he's going to let me in. That's the least he can do."

In the thirty hours that were to elapse before the dance Bill found only a few for sleep. There was a hasty trip by motor to Tilton in quest of evening clothes. It was eight years since Bill had worn them.

He came back with numerous bundles. "Here's everything from soup to nuts," he announced, "dancing pumps, silk socks and everything. Now start in and show me the steps."

The next evening at half-past eight, when Bertha, dressed in her pink chiffon, started off with her brother to Tilton college, she was inclined to think that this smooth-shaven, well-dressed young man must be some one else other than her big, rough brother.

It was an uncomfortable moment for Bertha at the door when the student whose duty it was to receive tickets, barred the way and looked skeptical when Bill said he would see the chairman of the committee, who would fix things up for him. George came forward, sensed the situation in a flash, and escorted the Denbys past the dismayed door committee.

What followed made Bertha feel as if she had suddenly been swept off her feet. The girl, beautiful, stately and brunette, but certainly older than George, took both Bill's hands in hers. "What a wonderful surprise," she said. "I was going to get in touch with you tomorrow, but I didn't expect to meet you at the dance." Then she and Bill gravitated to some chairs behind some palms, and when the music started for the first dance, and George was expected to be the first on the floor, he did not even try to locate Bill and the mysterious girl.

They danced for a few minutes and then drifted toward two chairs which they utilized for a conversation. "That's Helen Dawson," George said. "She's the one Bill was engaged to. One of the boys was in Wyoming a few weeks ago and told her about Bill—how he'd never married and didn't like girls, so she decided to come and look him up. She found out when the dance came off, remembered I'd asked her, and took that as an excuse to come East. She didn't think that she might have spoiled it for me. But everything is turning out all right, I guess," added George as he looked across the room to where Bill and Helen Dawson were still talking, oblivious of music, dancers and possible on-lookers.

And that night when Helen and her new-found friend, Bertha Denby, whom she had seen once before as a little girl, said good night, Helen whispered to Bertha that she was engaged to Bill again. And Bertha, sublimely happy, confessed that with little persuasion she had accepted George.

Time Tables
C. & E. I.

Southbound	1:55 p. m.
Northbound	3:33 p. m.
Star Mail Route	
Southbound	7:15 a. m.
Northbound	8:30 a. m.

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The Broadlands News

It is said that good dancers make the safest auto drivers because of the "cultivated instinct for easy and rapid changes of direction." The same accomplishment ought to help pedestrians a lot, too.

All men are born equal, at least as far as clothes are concerned.
Optimists are more pleasant fellows than pessimists, and also go broke oftener.

Folks who keep their noses to the grindstone seldom turn them up at their neighbors.
Teacher—Johnny, what are the seasons?
Johnny—Football and baseball.

Ticket to Sparta

By EMILY V. SPEARS

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WNU Service

WHEN Peggy Burleson's mother found her shamelessly crying over a bunch of dead violets, she decided something must be done.

"But," protested Peggy, when her mother had explained her plan, "I don't want to go to see Aunt Helen. I want to stay right here in Longhope, where Dick is."

In the end Mrs. Burleson won her point. And two weeks later Peggy was comfortably established in her aunt's luxurious New York apartment, leading a gay life.

And of course Peggy had a good time.

Then suddenly, early in the afternoon of her birthday, a week after her visit began, Peggy suddenly decided she couldn't spend another hour in New York. She must get home. The memory of a shiny white box, layers of gleaming, transparent green paper that she had pulled aside a year ago to disclose a bunch of violets from Dick, came to her so vividly, so poignantly, that she felt almost faint from their nearness.

She was going home. She couldn't go back even for an explanation to her aunt's apartment. Her aunt wouldn't understand.

She hailed a taxi and hurried to the station. It wasn't until she opened her purse to pay the taxi man that she saw she had only two or three dollars. She paid him. Then she stopped to consider what to do next. She'd telephone her aunt—leave word with a maid that she'd gone home for the night. She couldn't make explanations. It was too inconsiderate of her to do it, of course.

She'd buy a ticket that would take her as far as possible on her way. Then, if the conductor remembered—he might forget and let her ride a few stations extra, perhaps the whole way—she'd get off the train, wherever he put her off, and perhaps she could walk the rest of the way.

A crazy plan, of course, but to Peggy at the moment it seemed beautiful.

Fortunately a maid's voice answered her telephone call. There was little surprise in the well-trained, "Yes, Miss," but that was all. Peggy had banked on that. Aunt Helen had high-class servants that never batted an eyelid, no matter what happened.

Peggy's eyes blurred as she worked her way to the head of the line for her ticket. She pushed two dollars and a quarter through the grating. "How far will that go toward Longhope?" she asked the ticket salesman. "To Sparta," he answered. "All right, ticket please," said Peggy. And he gave it to her, with fourteen cents change.

She had to wait half an hour for her train. But that was all right. The maid had told her that her aunt was away at a card party and wouldn't be home till five-thirty.

Snow was falling as the train emerged from the tunnel just beyond the station. Small, business-like flakes. But what was snow to Peggy? She saw violets floating through the air. Sparta was a long way from Longhope. But if she couldn't walk the distance in the naky snow—oh, well, something would happen.

The warmth and regular motion of the train lulled Peggy to sleep.

A firm but gentle tap on the shoulder awakened her an hour or so later. She looked up to find the conductor leaning over her.

"Excuse me, Miss," he said "Where was your ticket to?"

Silently, Peggy produced it.

"We've passed Sparta, Miss. Tomkins is the next stop."

"Oh yes," said Peggy, glad that she had been asleep when the station was called. "I'm sorry. I'll just get off at the next station."

"Twenty-one cents," said the conductor.

"But—" demanded Peggy.

"Can't help it. I called the station. You'll have to pay."

"Pardon me," said a voice behind her, to the conductor. "The young lady wants to go to Longhope. We are together. I have her fare from Sparta the rest of the way."

The conductor grunted a dissatisfied sound as he accepted a ticket from Dick, and looked at him a bit askance as he slid into the seat beside Peggy.

But that didn't matter to Peggy and Dick.

"You see," he explained, as his hand sought and clasped hers, "It's your birthday. I remembered. And I wanted to be with you—I wanted to tell you, to ask you to marry me. I got to your aunt's apartment just after you'd telephoned, and that nice wooden image of a maid was all excited. She told me what you'd said over the telephone—she'd just been thinking of calling a taxi and going to the station to see what was the matter. Seems she knew—well, she knew you and I knew each other. Your old Annie and she are friends—they've corresponded since you came to New York. Anyway—I got to the station a few minutes before the train left and followed you. Sort of lost my nerve, I guess. Seemed funny to take it for granted you'd feel as I do. But you do, don't you, Peggy?"

Dick's rambling talk had been interspersed by little interjections and exclamations from Peggy, quite satisfying and expressive to him. Darkness was gathering thickly outside the windows, the wind was sighing, and big, white flakes were beating against the warm, lighted windows.

The Print of the Hand

By SIDNEY WALDO

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WNU Service

THE body lay close to the rows of corn, and the sheriff was bending over it. Then he straightened up slowly and turned to Will Grainger, the older of the murdered man's two nephews.

"You and Ruth and Tom Hathaway dived to church together in the car," "Yes."

"You left your brother, Dan'l, and your uncle at home here—arguin'."

"They stayed home. Yes."

"Arguin'!" the sheriff insisted. "That can't be covered up, Will. Plenty people heard 'em, hot at it, as they went by to church. The winders was open."

"Yes, they was arguin'."

"And you three come home from church separate."

"Yes, Separate."

For the first time, the sheriff looked directly at Daniel. "And how about you, Dan?"

"We—got through arguin'; and I went for a walk in the woods."

The sheriff studied the lowered stubborn face of the twenty-year-old boy. Then he made a little gesture of distressed helplessness and began to lead the way toward the open shed door.

Once inside, the sheriff crossed the uneven plank floor to a broad workbench which ran along one side. Over part of the rough surface of the bench, smooth gray cardboard had been tacked. Cartridge boxes, powder cans, small tools, and a set of scales were neatly arranged on this clean surface. On two wooden pegs above the bench rested a Winchester repeating rifle.

From his pocket the sheriff drew an empty brass shell. Taking a loaded cartridge from the nearest box, he compared the two. He did not make the obvious statement that the two matched; or trouble to remind the others that rifle, cartridges, and the reloading paraphernalia belonged to Daniel.

Instead he turned to Tom Hathaway, the tall spare elderly hired man. "I reckon you knew the old miser, Tom, jest about as well as anybody livin'."

"I reckon," the other agreed.

"You was workin' for him even before the boys' mother died, and they come to live with him."

"To live—on his charity," the other man amended. "As he always took pains to remind 'em."

"I guess there ain't hardly been one cussed meanness he's put on 'em you ain't know of, and tried to help 'em bear."

"I tried to help the boys just so far as I could, sheriff," was the calm reply.

"I tried to show 'em the way of patience," Tom went on. "Especially Dan and Ruth; after they'd fell in love, and was crazy to marry."

"And, this morning," the sheriff suddenly broke in, "their uncle told the boys—because of hard times—he'd have to cut down their triflin' pay. When they knew he had plenty, and more, hoarded in the bank. Money they wanted, now. Needed, now. Money Dan had to have, now. Ain't that what his uncle and him was arguin' over?"

"That can't be denied," Tom said at last, and his expression became deeply thoughtful. "My mind was running along them same lines, too, sheriff, as I sat in church. It seemed to me Dan and Ruth ought to have that money, some way. While they could still be young and happy with it."

"Sittin' there, I took a good look back over my own life—which all lies behind me now, any way you figure it, and it come to me how different things would of been, if I'd had any kind of a start. It all come to me plain. I would of married. Ruth might of been the daughter I never had. I'm mighty fond of them two, sheriff. So, all in all, I couldn't hardly blame Dan for the stand he took."

And, once more, the sheriff broke in abruptly. "That's just the point, Tom. Just what I've been leadin' to. We all know you'd like to ease things for Dan. But here's where you weren't able to help any—and can't. Certain things the law says neither man nor boy can do. About your only way to help Dan now, is counsel him to come along with me, peaceable."

But Tom Hathaway merely looked at the sheriff in feigned surprise. "How so, sheriff?" he asked. "You appear to of forgot somethin'. We all come home from church, separate. We got here, separate. Dan's gun was here, for any of us to use. We all hated the old man, equal. How's the law goin' to tell—which of us to take along?"

"Just this way," the sheriff declared, with forced patience. "The gun's been cleaned and oiled. There'll be no finger prints on it, likely. That, I grant you. But it's a long reach, over the bench, to put it back on them pegs. A man would do it with his right hand. His left, he'd put flat on the bench—palm down—to steady his weight on. His hand would of been oily. There on the cardboard, is a clear fresh print of a man's whole hand."

The tense silence that followed this announcement was short. Dan sent a swift startled glance at his brother. Then he urged sharply: "Quick. Will! Rip that cardboard off. He can't stop us. Chuck it in the stove. Then they never can tell which of us it was."

It was Tom Hathaway, however, who moved, stepping forward to stand beside the sheriff.

"No, Dan," he said. "The sheriff's right enough. Certain things neither boy nor man can do. Not without pay in'. So leave the cardboard be. The print of the hand—is mine."

Wheat Production and Acreage Statements of Members of The Wheat Production Control Association of Champaign County, State of Illinois.

The following is a statement of the production and planted acreages of wheat in the years 1930-32 and planted acreage for 1933 of producers of Longview who have submitted applications for farm allotments. This publication is made in compliance with the regulations of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. It is made so that a check may be made on all statement claims, and so that reports may be made to the county Wheat Production Control Association on any inaccuracies which may appear in the statements.

The allotment for this county has been definitely calculated from official records of the United States Department of Agriculture, and is 227,124 bushels. This is the total allotment for the county. Therefore, if any farmer receives a greater allotment than his past production warrants, he is thus depriving other farmers in this county of their just share.

Total production figures of those who apply for contracts, together with those who do not, must be consistent with the official county production as shown by the records of the United States Department of Agriculture. If the county totals are greater than the official totals, it will be necessary to make a downward adjustment.

Any person may make a confidential report if he finds any statement here which he believes to be inaccurate. Such reports should be made to the community or county Allotment Committee, either in writing or verbally. The reports will be strictly confidential. A farmer whose statements are said to be inaccurate will need to prove his production figures.

Farmers have been asked to furnish evidence of production and evidence of sale, such as thresherman's certificates, elevator certificates, or other records and receipts. Satisfactory evidence will be required of any farmer whose statement is questioned.

The following statements have been condensed to save space. "A." represents acres planted and "bu." represents bushels harvested. The "3-year average" represents the 3-year average acreage and production of 1930-32. Farmers should refer any questions regarding this publication to their Community Committee or the County Allotment Committee.

(Signed) C. W. Tabaka,
Chairman, County Allotment Committee.
F. H. Cogleton,
H. F. Love.

Ayers, Raymond and School District 98 in Crittenden Township

Community Committee: John Seltzer, Chairman; John Warnes, Harlan W. Six.

J. T. ARWINE—Sec. 31, 200 A.; 1928—40 A., 0 bu.; 1929—40 A., 545 bu.; 1930—0 A., 0 bu.; 1931—27 A., 1054 bu.; 1932—0 A., 0 bu.; 5 yr. av.—21 A., 320 bu.; 1933—34 A.

W. J. BURNETT—Sec. 36, 400 A.; 1930—62 A., 304 bu.; 1931—45 A., 1639 bu.; 1932—45 A., 1252 bu.; 3-yr. av.—51 A., 1665 bu.; 1933—54 A.

ROBERT O. BUSEY—Sec. 18-19, 280 A.; 1930—50 A., 592 bu.; 1931—20 A., 686 bu.; 1932—50 A., 1092 bu.; 3-yr. av.—40 A., 790 bu.; 1933—50 A.

R. E. DAVIS—Sec. 30, 240 A.; 1930—0 A., 0 bu.; 1931—20 A., 532 bu.; 1932—20 A., 315 bu.; 3-yr. av.—13 A., 299 bu.; 1933—23 A.

W. G. FULTON—Sec. 27-36, 80 A.; 1930—15 A., 115 bu.; 1931—30 A., 1002 bu.; 1932—30 A., 583 bu.; 3-yr. av.—25 A., 567 bu.; 1933—30 A.

EDWARD D. GORHAM & WALTER POGGENDORF—Sec. 9, 640 A.; 1930—60 A., 0 bu.; 1931—20 A., 1542 bu.; 1932—40 A., 374 bu.; 3-yr. av.—40 A., 639 bu.; 1933—40 A.

WALTER P. HANSON—Sec. 25-37, 240 A.; 1930—40 A., 660 bu.; 1931—40 A., 1320 bu.; 1932—40 A., 839 bu.; 3-yr. av.—40 A., 939 bu.; 1933—40 A.

RAY MILLER—Sec. 31-32, 640 A.; 1930—45 A., 810 bu.; 1931—120 A., 2494 bu.; 1932—134 A.; 1562 bu.; 3-yr. av.—99 A., 1622 bu.; 1933—65 A.

S. H. PORTERFIELD—Sec. 20-21, 360 A.; 1930—40 A., 662 bu.; 1931—40 A., 1244 bu.; 1932—30 A., 562 bu.; 3-yr. av.—37 A., 823 bu.; 1933—40 A.

JOHN F. SELTZER—Sec. 25-30, 237 A.; 1930—24 A., 408 bu.; 1931—0 A., 0 bu.; 1932—5 A., 235 bu.; 3-yr. av.—10 A., 214 bu.; 1933—45 A.

HARLAN W. SIX—Sec. 33, 800 A.; 1930—80 A., 1281 bu.; 1931—60 A., 1821 bu.; 1932—72 A., 939 bu.; 3-yr. av.—71 A., 1347 bu.; 1933—70 A.

HAROLD L. SMITH—Sec. 28, 156 A.; 1930—35 A., 967 bu.; 1931—40 A., 1456 bu.; 1932—40 A., 1183 bu.; 3-yr. av.—38 A., 1202 bu.; 1933—35 A.

ROY J. SMITH—Sec. 9-10, 200 A.; 1930—25 A., 380 bu.; 1931—25 A., 627 bu.; 1932—25 A., 415 bu.; 3-yr. av.—25 A., 414 bu.; 1933—25 A.

JOHN H. WARNES—Sec. 29-30, 159 A.; 1930—20 A., 0 bu.; 1931—20 A., 761 bu.; 1932—20 A., 583 bu.; 3-yr. av.—20 A., 448 bu.; 1933—20 A.

JOHN H. WARNES—Sec. 29., 180 A.; 1928—20 A., 0 bu.; 1929—20 A., 500 bu.; 1930—0 A., 0 bu.; 1931—20 A., 0 bu.; 1932—20 A., 520 bu.; 5 yr. av.—16 A., 204 bu.; 1933—20 A.

EDWARD V. WISEMAN—Sec. 30, 240 A.; 1930—20 A.; 379 bu.; 1931—24 A., 720 bu.; 1932—20 A., 484 bu., 3 yr. av.—21 A., 528 bu.; 1933—14 A.

Long View News

Mrs. Jane Loman has returned from a visit with her son, Chas. Loman, of Newman.

Mrs. E. C. Hagerman and son spent the week end in Chicago, attending the Fair.

Carl Wade is now operating the restaurant recently under the management of Elbert Turner.

The ladies of the United Brethren church, assisted by some of the men, cleaned the church last Thursday.

Mrs. Guy Allen has been in Chicago for several weeks visit-

ing her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Boenke, and family, and her son Paul.

The United Brethren Church has planned to give a Hallowe'en party at the town hall Saturday night. The public is invited. Refreshments will be served.

The Epworth League of the M. E. Church installed new officers at the meeting Sunday evening. They are: president, Patty Harden; 1st vice president, Leora Fansler; 2nd vice president, Leyward Hardy; 3rd vice presidents, Edna Warnes and Marion Carleton; 4th vice presidents, Anne Hurden and Wilbur Warnes; secretary-treasurer, Glen Carleton.

Longview Township High School Future Farmers of America

A National

Organization

For Boys



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W. B. BRAEUNINGER—Instructor in Vocational Agriculture.

Animal Husbandry Class Obtains Practice in Culling Poultry

On Monday and Tuesday of this week the Animal Husbandry class practiced culling poultry on the J. E. Beatty farm. About 200 hens and pullets were culled by the boys. Some of the differences that determine a cull from a laying hen are as follows:

Character	Laying Hen	Non-Laying Hens
Comb,	large, red, full, glossy	small, pale, dull
Eye,	bright	dull
Pubic bone spread,	two to five fingers	less than two
Beak,	white	yellow in yel. skin chicken
Shanks,	white	yellow in yel. skin chicken
Breast,	full, broad	shallow, narrow
Back,	broad, long	narrow, pinched
Abdomen,	soft, pliable	fat, hard
Skin,	soft, thin	thick, dry
Molt,	late, rapid	early, slow
Keel,	slopes downward	slopes upward

REPEATED BY POPULAR DEMAND—ANOTHER

CAR LOAD SHOE SALE

Extremely fine purchases of footwear made for this selling event enables us to pass the savings on to you. Come in and note the remarkably low prices. Here's a few of the super-values:

Women's Arch Shoes Black or Brown A real bargain. Dandy, soft kid leather hand turned soles—the kind that sell for \$3 or \$4 in many stores. Guaranteed solid leather and will wear well - - \$1.49	Men's Work and Dress Shoes We know these are the greatest bargains in the county. All leather genuine oak soles and Goodyear welt shoes for work or dress—hundreds of pairs - - \$1.98
Men's & Boys' Scout Shoes Heavy elk top, pancake soles and heels. In black and brown. Wow! What a bargain. All sizes \$1.29	Men's Police Shoes Double duty soles—A wonderful buy at this low price. This sale only - - \$1.98
Women's New Fall Dress Shoes Thousands of pairs of new suedes, new black combinations, new fall browns, pumps, straps, ties, and oxfords—Greatest selection in all Danville at this low price - \$1.69	

Make This Store Your Headquarters For Rubber Footwear. A Full Line Here. Everything in rubber footwear, all the time. Rubbers, arctics, galoshes, rubber boots. Buy here and save. Prices range from— 79c to \$1.98	Children's Sturdy School Shoes Don't pay big prices, mothers! Every pair guaranteed. Shoes for boys and girls. Now 98c	Children's School Stockings 2 Pairs 25c All sizes. Colors: Biege and Fawn.
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The BIG SHOE STORE
26 East Main St. Danville, Ill.



A \$1.50 Dinner for 6

HERE'S a dinner of vegetables, fish and fruit which will surprise you by its goodness, and surprise you again by costing only twenty-five cents each for six people.

- Iced Radishes 5¢
- Baked Potato Surprise 50¢
- Buttered Beets 15¢
- Bread and Butter 10¢
- Cottage Cheese and Fresh Peach Salad 25¢
- Frozen Fig Cream 40¢
- Demi-classe 5¢

And here's where the fish comes in, in the **Baked Potato Surprise**: Bake three large potatoes, cut in halves lengthwise, and scoop out centers. Mash and season with a little butter, hot milk, salt and pepper.

Beat until fluffy. Make a white sauce of four tablespoons butter, three tablespoons flour and two cups milk, and season with salt and pepper. Add the flaked tuna fish from a 7-ounce can. Half fill the potato shells with creamed fish, and pile the potato lightly on top. Sprinkle with one-half cup grated cheese, and brown in a hot oven.

A Fine Dessert
Frozen Fig Cream: Beat one cup cream, and add four tablespoons confectioner's sugar. Add the syrup from two 8-ounce cans figs, and the figs mashed well with a fork. Add two tablespoons lemon juice, and freeze in refrigerator trays or in an ice cream freezer.*

Executor's Notice
Those having Executor's Notices for publication can have them published in the local paper for about one-half the amount that daily papers charge.