

Broadlands News

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Light and Health

Electric lamps of the future will be health-giving as well as light-giving, declares an engineering publication. It is well known that quartz mercury lamps which radiate the beneficial ultra-violet rays have been used by physicians for some time. But these have required expert and careful handling.

Now it appears, lamps giving off these healthful rays have been developed for use in general lighting, thus performing a double duty. In fact, such lamps are already available, but so far their use has been restricted principally to home treatment of diseases in which sunlight or its equivalent is necessary.

When the new lamps are adopted for general use, as it is believed they eventually will be, it is expected that they will be of immense benefit, especially to indoor workers who have little contact with the health-giving rays of natural sunlight.

Southern Pine Paper

After years of patient experimenting, Dr. Charles H. Herty, the famous Georgia chemist, has succeeded in producing excellent newsprint paper from Southern slash pine. He is now seeking to reduce the cost of manufacture, with every prospect of success.

When this is accomplished a vast new industry will arise in the South which will be of immense benefit to the entire country. For many years an enormous amount of newsprint and pulp has been imported from Canada and other foreign countries, because domestic manufacture has been inadequate to supply the demands of American newspapers.

Dr. Herty was recently congratulated on the success of his efforts by President Roosevelt, who said: "I am delighted that his dream and that of all of us has come true, and that we are to use Southern pine for newsprint paper purposes."

Plight of the Aged

While not a pleasant subject to dwell upon, an occasional look ahead to the condition which may surround old age would be advisable, even for those whose circumstances in early life are satisfactory and whose future seems secure.

We may well be reminded that nearly 80 per cent of all old people are wholly or partially dependent upon others for support. Yet many of these in early and middle life were prosperous and some even wealthy.

Who can not look about him and see acquaintances who were once the envy of their neighbors, but who through business reverses, accidents, illness or extravagance are now brought to feel the sting of poverty.

Usually such disasters might have been averted by a reasonable exercise of prudence and thrift. Keeping up with one's neighbors in a false display of prosperity is one fruitful source of old age poverty, and there are many others. Much of the misery which usually accompanies old age might be avoided by looking ahead before it is too late.

Railway Safety

In contrast with the ever increasing number of automobile

deaths, fatal accidents to passengers on railways of the country have dwindled almost to the vanishing point, due to better equipment and the greater exercise of safety precautions.

Based on the experience of a leading transcontinental railroad, a passenger could travel around the world 2,400 times without an accident, and many times that far without being killed.

Safety measures have achieved even greater comparative results with respect to railroad employees. A reduction of 27 per cent in the number of casualties to railroad workers was attained in a single year. It is figured that on an average one of these would be able to work 120 years for each accident that would happen to him.

At present, it is pointed out by a recent writer, railroading is safer than banking or any other important calling. A passenger on a railroad train is safer than he would be sitting in his own home or attending the movies. Many large systems go a whole year without killing a passenger.

The Indian Problem

There has been an Indian problem in the United States ever since its earliest settlement, but that problem is being solved by the gradual absorption of the Red Man into our general population, according to former Secretary Wilbur of the Department of the Interior.

We have about 350,000 persons of Indian blood in the entire country, of whom about one-third are in Oklahoma. The rest are widely scattered among 25 states, but even the reservation Indians are intermarrying with the white population and are rapidly assuming the white man's manner of living. A notable exception to this general trend is seen among the Navajos of Arizona, who have a reservation as large as the state of New Jersey and still hold aloof from the paleface.

It is the policy of the government to encourage the remaining Indians to obtain education and training with a view to giving up reservation life and taking their places among the independent citizenship of the country. There are 203 schools for Indian pupils, where instruction, food, lodging and clothing are furnished free by Uncle Sam.

Dr. Wilbur declares that it has become obvious that the Red Man eventually must lose his identity and become as the rest of us, and adds: "From a sentimental standpoint there is much to regret in this fact, but it is none the less inevitable."

Wrongful Imprisonment

In spite of the many legal safeguards which surround those accused of crime, a good many innocent persons suffer imprisonment, and even death, as the result of perjured or otherwise unreliable evidence. A few instances are related by Margaret W. Stewart of the Library of Congress in a recent article.

There is the case of William Wilson of Alabama, convicted in 1914 on the charge of murdering his wife and given a life sentence. After he had served more than three years the supposedly murdered woman was found living in Indiana, and Wilson was pardoned. He was given \$3,500 by the state as partial recompense for his wrongful imprisonment.

Another victim, J. B. Brown of Florida, served 12 years for a murder of which he was finally found entirely innocent. The state gave him \$2,492 in installments, or about \$200 for each year in prison.

Mississippi was not quite so liberal with Moses Walker, who served five years under a false charge, but awarded him \$500 upon his release.

These payments by the states concerned were made thru the

passage of special bills by their legislatures. Two states, North Dakota and Wisconsin, have permanent laws providing compensation for wrongful imprisonment.

It is hard to imagine anything more tragic than the punishment of an innocent person. When such unhappily occurs, it seems that compensation should be made a fixed public policy in every state. No money payment can really compensate for the mental and physical suffering experienced by the victim of false imprisonment, but it would at least assist him in making a new start in life.

Winter Building

The Administration's objective to place 4,000,000 additional men at work this winter, insofar as construction is concerned, is entirely in keeping with engineering possibilities, according to Edward J. Mehrin, President of the Portland Cement Association. "Building in winter is definitely practicable," said Mr. Mehrin. "Some years ago construction engineers and builders exploded the centuries old myth that construction, like the bear, should go into hiding with the first nip of fall. Methods have been in common use for years which permit building in winter with rapidity and safety."

"A survey recently conducted by the Construction League of the United States revealed that normally one of every ten workers in the country has a job in construction or in an industry dependent upon construction. Further, one of every five loaded railroad cars contain materials or equipment for construction. Therefore, when construction hits a snag such as winter, all industry and business, and practically all people, suffer a drop in income and many workers get no income at all."

The Federal government and many of the states, are doing all that is in their power to live up to the pledge that there shall not be another winter like the last. To produce the greatest results their efforts must have the cooperation of the private citizen. By building and repairing this winter he will get bargains in construction values—and he will be demonstrating his faith in the axiom that investment and employment are better and cheaper than charity.

Winter Hazards

The coming of winter, as the National Safety Council points out, brings with it a number of varied and important accident hazards.

Carbon monoxide is one of the foremost. Motorists warm up their cars in closed garages—and the inevitable result is more unnecessary tragedies to add to the annual death toll. Another field where winter brings an increase in fatalities is in hunting, nearly one-half of all firearms deaths each year occur from November to February. Careless or inexperienced sportsmen carry loaded guns in vehicles, leave them leaning against trees, draw them barrel foremost after them when crossing fences, shoot at moving, unseen objects, and so on. And the accident toll soars.

To most of us, winter driving presents the principal hazard. Streets are wet and ice-covered. Darkness comes early. Driving practices that are reasonably safe in the summer, become extremely dangerous. The condition of one's tires, brakes and windshield wiper is vastly more important than at any other time of the year.

Every motorist should have his car examined at the beginning of winter to make certain it is in good operating condition. Then he should remember that only 15 per cent of car accidents can be laid to mechanical failure, and that in the balance the human element must bear the

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blame. The only course to pursue is to drive with a maximum of care under any and all conditions—and drive as little as possible when road and weather conditions are exceptionally bad. In automobiles, in homes and in sport, winter presents a thousand menaces to life and health and property. Practically every

one of them can be offset by care, competence and thought on the part of the individual.

President Roosevelt has made arrangements for Catherine Murphy, 9, an infantile paralysis victim, of Worcester, Mass., to go to the Georgia Warm Springs foundation for treatment.

She—They say I have eyes just like my father.
He—Yes, I've heard somebody say that you were pop-eyed.

Mother—Sammy, what are you doing?
Sammy—Nothing, mother.
Mother—You're getting more like your father every day,

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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.

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Bells and Bells

By **ELSIE YOUNGHANS**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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