

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 16

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1935

NUMBER 11

Cash Specials For Friday and Saturday

Ice Cold Watermelon, lb.	02c
New Sweet Potatoes, lb.	05c
Roast Beef, lb.	18c
Bananas, 3 lb.	17c
Cakes, Pineapple Peaks, fresh, lb.	19c
Sugar Corn, Farmers' Pride, can.	09c
Fig Bars, fresh, 2 lb.	19c
Fanchon Toilet Soap, bar.	04c
Jumbo Bread - 3 for 25c	
Matches, 6 boxes	20c
Lighthouse Cleanser, can.	04c
Starch, Gloss, 3 lb. pkg.	21c
One Lot Ladies' Dresses, each	49c
One Lot Men's Summer Pants, each	95c
Men's Plain Blue Work Shirts, all sizes	46c

**You Are Invited to
the Free Show This
Saturday Night.**

Bergfield Bros.
Phone 27 Broadlands, Ill.

Y. W. O.
Carnival
Saturday Night
August 3
At Broadlands

Serve Dinner Daily
INCLUDING SUNDAY
Chicken Dinners Every Thursday
Eckerty's Cafe
BROADLANDS : : : ILLINOIS

Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. George Walker were Sidney visitor, Monday.

H. W. Six, Township Treasurer, places his annual financial statement in this issue.

Geo. H. Cook has treated his house to a new coat of paint, giving it a very neat appearance.

David Freeman spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. George Harden in Danville.

Broadlands beat Art Moore's nine of Champaign on the local diamond last Sunday, 8 to 5.

Mrs. Charles Smith who has been quite ill with a severe cold is improving.

Miss Katherine Miller returned to her home in Chicago, Tuesday, after a week's visit with Miss Adelia Poggendorf.

Mrs. Marcel Ragon and Miss Gayle Roberts of Greenup, spent last week with their sister, Mrs. Walter Logan.

Mr. and Mrs. George Walker visited at the home of Jack Astell, north of town, Monday afternoon.

Effective July 18, 1935. Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by anyone other than myself.—L. W. Donley.

William Thode and Othol Hardyman departed for Davenport, Wash., the latter part of last week, where they expect to find employment.

Mrs. Anna Poggendorf and daughters, Misses Clara and Adelia, Mrs. Bus Baldwin and son Johnny, and Miss Katherine Mills were Champaign visitors last Friday.

The crowds at the free movie shows at Broadlands are getting bigger and bigger each Saturday night. Isn't it a shame we do not have enough seats to accommodate all comers.

Mrs. Orville Reed and little son of Oakley, Kan., arrived Saturday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Reed. Mrs. Reed is the widow of the late Orville Reed.

Misses Geneva Callahan, Florence Gray, Glorene Miller, Thelma Pennington, and Donald Callahan of near Springfield visited at the Ralph Messman home last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Struck entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Messman, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frick and son, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cress and son, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Struck and son.

Mrs. Clarence Bergfield gave a party for her daughter, Rita, Saturday, it being her fifth birthday. There were eighteen guests present. The afternoon was spent in outdoor games, after which delicious refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Keefe entertained about thirty guests at their home south of Longview recently, in honor of the latter's brother, Roy Wendling, it being his twenty-fifth birthday. He was the recipient of many nice gifts.

Mrs. R. Young Given Miscellaneous Shower

Members of the F. T. F. Class of the M. E. Church entertained at a miscellaneous shower honoring Mrs. Marjorie (Freeman) Young, recent bride, at the home of Mrs. Nellie Astell on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Young received many lovely gifts.

During the evening Miss Juanita Bergfield sang a solo, Mrs. Lillie Bowman sang a solo, and Mrs. Ida Messman and Miss Juanita Bergfield sang a duet.

Refreshments consisting of pink and white ice cream, angel food cake and coffee were served.

Local and Personal

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

Mrs. Peggy Smith and son of Pennsylvania are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dicks.

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

Members of the U. B. Sunday School enjoyed a picnic at Crystal Lake Park, Urbana, Sunday. About 50 were present.

Mesdames Ruth Henson, Ella Maxwell, Mary Rayl and Bessie Loomis visited Mrs. Emma Allen at Philo, Thursday.

Alvin Zenke has been having considerable work done on some of his properties in the village the past few weeks. The front of the garage occupied by D. P. Brewer has been covered with dipped shingles, adding much to its appearance. The buildings occupied by the Broadlands Grain & Coal Co., the Broadlands Oil Co., the Postoffice, and the house occupied by Mrs. Mabel Haines and daughter, have also been improved with a coat of paint. P. O. Rayl and A. E. Reed are doing the work.

St. John's Evangelical Church

REV. ROBERT J. BALDAUF, PASTOR.

Sunday, July 21—
Sunday School at 9:30.
Worship Service at 10:30.
Everyone is welcome.

The Ladies' Aid will have a picnic at Crystal Lake, Urbana on Wednesday, July 24. The Royal Guard Class will have its picnic at the same place on the afternoon of Sunday, July 28.

Allerton News

Miss Helen Anderson is home for her summer vacation.

Mrs. Geo. Allen and Mrs. Bertha Hodgson spent Saturday in Danville.

Mrs. Nettie Payne entertained the Missionary society at her home last Thursday afternoon.

Miss Ethel Burtner and Mrs. Mae Jones entertained the T. C. Class at the home of the former Thursday afternoon.

The Junior class of the Presbyterian church gave a party at the church basement Friday afternoon.

Sunday was "Go to Church" day at the M. E. Church. All business places were asked to close from 9 to 12. Rev. R. H. Beatty delivered the sermon.

New St. John's Minister Is Given A Reception

A large number of the members of St. John's Evangelical Church attended a reception given in the honor of their new pastor on the night of July 12. The reception was planned and carried out by the Ladies' Aid of the church.

After a splendid musical program which was held in the church auditorium, refreshments were served in the basement.

The new pastor, Rev. Robert J. Baldauf, was showered with many fine gifts with which he will be enabled to start house-keeping in the parsonage.

Mrs. Mabel Haines Hostess to Ladies' Aid

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Church met at the home of Mrs. Mabel Haines on Thursday afternoon of last week, with Mrs. Bertha Cook and Mrs. Alice Cable assistant hostesses.

Refreshments consisted of brick ice cream, angel food cake and orangeade.

Guests present were Mrs. Jessie Bergfield, Gertrude Hughes and Clara Haines.

Members present were Mesdames Mide Walker, Cora Chaffin, Alice Cable, Helen Nichols, Nellie Astell, Nora Griffin, Ida Messman, Letta Eckerty, Leanna Miller, Pearl DeWitt, Eva Brewer, Mary Fitzgerald, Bertha Cook, Mabel Haines, and Misses Mildred and Gladys Neal.

News Items of 12 Years Ago

July 20, 1923

The Broadlands baseball nine defeated the Fithian nine 17 to 0 on the local diamond.

Ross Hardyman entered the Presbyterian Sanitarium in Chicago for treatment for diabetes.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Cook visited friends at Huntington, Ind.

Miss Ella Bahlow of Chicago visited at the home of her brother, John Bahlow.

Mrs. D. P. Brewer entertained twelve children at a party for Carlos' third birthday.

Mrs. Emma Moser and daughter of Paris visited relatives here.

Miss Marcelle Nohren Hostess to Phi Beta Deltas

The monthly meeting of the Phi Beta Delta Class of the St. John's Evangelical Sunday school was held at the home of Miss Marcelle Nohren on Tuesday night, July 16.

Eighteen members and visitors were present. Following the business meeting, games were played, and refreshments were served by the hostess.

The August meeting will be held on the 13th at the home of Miss Edna Schumacher.

Hoopeston Coming Sunday

The Hoopeston baseball team will come to Broadlands this Sunday for a game with the locals.

Good Fellows Make Free Movies Possible

Following is a list of the names of the good fellows who have made it possible to have free movies at Broadlands each Saturday night through the summer months by contributing to a fund for the same:

- Alvin Zenke
- George Dohme
- Carl Dicks
- Oscar Witt
- Smith Maxwell
- George Cook
- Leonard Block
- George Walker
- Alfred Zenke
- Hamp Teel
- John Smith
- Fred Mohr
- Frank Frick
- Mark Moore
- Harold Anderson
- Wm. Zenke
- E. Nichols
- Neva Crain
- Clark Henson
- Oliver Anderson
- Roy Richey
- Hugo DeWitt
- Fred Messman
- Kenneth Dicks
- Thos. Bergfield
- Russell Astell
- Dan Brewer
- Earl Eckerty
- Fred Eckerty
- Roy Bergfield
- Ray Bowman
- Joe Darnall
- Village of Broadlands

There are no doubt other good fellows in the community who would have contributed had they been solicited.

Y. W. O. Class Meets with Rev. J. F. Turners

The Y. W. O. Class of the U. B. Church met at the home of Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Turner in Longview on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mrs. Oscar Witt had charge of the devotions and business meeting, after which a social hour was enjoyed.

Refreshments consisting of brick ice cream, cake and ice tea were served.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren, Oscar Witt and family, Howard Clem and family, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bergfield, Otis Rayl and family, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, Henry Turner and family, Rev. J. F. Turner and family.

Edward, John Burmeister of Tuscola Are Murdered

Edward Burmeister, 35, filling station attendant, and his brother, John Burmeister, 56, of Tuscola, were murdered when they obligingly delivered 10 gallons of gasoline to an unknown "stranded motorist" four miles west of Tuscola, Saturday night.

The Burmeisters are cousins to Mrs. Chris Seider and Mrs. Jake Seider of this place.

Market Report

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

No. 2 new wheat	75c
No. 3 white corn	80c
No. 3 yellow corn	79c
No. 3 new oats	24c
No. 2 yellow soy beans	45c

Read the advertisement of the Star Theater, Villa Grove, for the latest and best movie shows.

Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

Published Every Thursday

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

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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

Who Dare Advertise?

Usually the argument is made that every business concern should advertise. Generally speaking, this is true, but there are exceptions. In fact, some concerns hardly dare advertise, because they cannot make good according to the requirements of modern practices.

When advertising is untruthful and misleading it does more harm than good. Only an enterprise which fulfills the promises made in its advertising can stand the spotlight of publicity. Hence when we find a firm boldly advertising its wares or service, month after month and year after year, we may generally conclude that it can and does give real values.

Observing the advertised businesses of any community, large or small, will enable one to identify the most dependable concerns in that community. Only efficient and reputable establishments dare to advertise.

U. S. Citizens Abroad

State Department records show that more than 400,000 citizens of the United States now have residence in foreign countries, more than half of whom reside in Canada.

Among European countries, France has the most American citizens, about 24,000, while Portugal has the next largest number. The urge to get back to nature probably accounts for the 114 Americans now living in the Society Islands of the South Pacific. Naturally enough, Cuba and Mexico have attracted the greatest number of those who have removed to Latin-America.

While this large number of Americans now live in other countries, many of them are not American-born, but are naturalized citizens who have returned to their native lands.

And some of the native Americans who now prefer residence abroad do not do so entirely from choice, but because if they had not made a getaway they might now be in American prisons.

Oaths For Teachers

In a number of states laws have been passed, or have been proposed, requiring teachers in the public schools and colleges to take the oath of allegiance, as must be done by officials in various branches of the government.

The demand for such laws has been brought about by the spread of Communistic doctrines, in which many educators of note, as well as teachers of lesser rank, are said to have taken part. That organized groups of teachers have protested against taking the oath is perhaps one of the most convincing arguments for requiring it. It is difficult to see how any true American could object to taking the oath, which officials from the President down must take before entering upon the duties of their respective offices. The oath is as follows:

"... do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to

enter. So help me God." It seems to us that anyone who would refuse to make this simple declaration of loyalty to American principles is unfit to be entrusted with the training of future American citizens.

A fool may know all the questions, but only the wise know the answers.

It is said the brain works best early in the morning. Until one gets to the office.

Assisting a criminal to escape the law is a crime, unless you happen to be a lawyer.

A hen belonging to Charles Larkin of Missouri is 20 years old and still lays. Or he lies.

Pessimists should be happier than optimists, because they are never disappointed when expectations fail.

One thing may be said for poverty; it keeps us from having a lot of things we are better off without.

Czechoslovakia lends Russia money with which to buy arms. There are statesmen with soft heads in Europe, also.

Farmers used to promise to pay when they sold their crops. Now it is when the government pays them for not raising any crops.

We read of a girl who pencilled her name and address on a good egg and thereby got a husband who turned out to be a bad egg.

We read that Americans are becoming more radio conscious. But some of the programs would make a fellow wish he were unconscious.

Interesting Notes

Seeing two men carrying a small safe from a Newark store, Mrs. Helen Hayes caused them to drop it and flee by throwing dishwater on them from an upper window.

Now comes the radio-controlled bomb to combat the radio-controlled airplane. Perhaps the time will come when we can have a nice war with automatic machines doing all the fighting.

C. F. Sessinger, a bonding company official, declares that "90 per cent of the people of this country are potential crooks. Of course, most of us like to think we belong to the trustworthy 10 per cent."

Federal authorities report a marked increase in the number of aged aliens who are applying for first naturalization papers. They hope to be admitted to citizenship in order to be eligible for old age pensions under the proposed new law. It's great to be an American when Uncle Sam's purse is open.

A unique figure passed away a few days ago, when Mrs. Alice Brown Davis died in Wewoka, Okla., at the age of 82. She was chief of the Seminole Indian nation, to which office she was appointed by President Harding in 1922, and was a princess of the Tiger clan of the Seminoles before her elevation to the chieftaincy.

Figures on cigarette sales for 1934, just issued by Standard Statistics Co., show consumption for the United States reached an all-time high point of 125 billion. The three most popular brands ran nip and tuck in sales: Chesterfield, 34.5 billion; Camel, 33.8 billion; Lucky Strike, 33 billion. All other brands combined showed sales of 23.7 billion. Twenty years ago less than 16 billion cigarettes were consumed annually in the United States.

Tony

By SCOTT W. RYALL
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

TONY BECCHIO came home in June, home to a dim flat in a Grimm street tenement where the smells of cooking, stained walls and people were more pungent than its neighbors.

Tony, like every other boy, had much of good and much of bad in him. At eighteen, he was caught in a robbery and sent to the reform school. Three years later he came out to find his family moved from the river-side shanty to the big, Ninth ward tenement on Grimm street.

The family prepared a welcome home dinner for him. They did not refer to where he had been. There were his mother and father, the twins and little Giuletta. They tried so hard not to refer to the school that Tony knew it set on them as a sort of shame.

For a time after the return, he was an outcast. Everyone was kind to him. Even Officer Casey who had instructions to watch him, talked cheerfully enough whenever they met.

He was an outcast by reason of his own thoughts, and although the tenement was a far cry from the other place, he felt a depressing influence from its stains, its smells, its throng of inhabitants.

"He'll come out of it," said Pete, his father, one night when the mother was worried and Tony was up alone on the roof, brooding. "Give him time."

"All right for you to say, Pete," she replied, "but he think-a things. Not-a nice things, Pete."

Maria Becchio managed their adopted language less perfectly than her husband or Tony. But she did realize more keenly than Pete that Tony was "thinking things; not nice things."

Tony was sitting against a chimney on the roof, his mouth pulled down bitterly and he dwelled on the inequalities of life for he had learned something at the reform school besides a trade.

They taught him shoemaking and there was no job among the shoemakers. Even if there had been, they would find his record. He was a bitter, disillusioned outcast who could do nothing useful and at that moment the vague class of humanity known as "Rich people" were dining in hotels, each one spending more money in one night than he needed for a month.

His breath caught in a sob. It wasn't sorrow or self-pity. It was anger; anger at his situation, at his failure to get a job but more than all else, he was angry at the weakness which seemed keeping him from taking what was his right.

He rose suddenly, decisively; climbed over the roof parapet onto the fire escape and descended to the alley. It was dark down there. A damp wind swept against his face.

One of the boys at the prison school—a thick-headed, lewd young thief—told him how he had robbed a man by holding his hand in his coat. The man thought he had a gun and trembled so his teeth, which were false, rattled. It was funny. And he had over forty dollars on him.

Forty dollars! The big fellow had got forty dollars with nothing more than a harmless threat. Forty dollars! And some men had as many hundreds, even thousands.

The young man was fanning the flame of determination. His hand pressed tightly in his coat pocket. He walked aimlessly until he found himself in the warehouse district, then purpose took form and he saw his victim.

The man turned slowly, then came toward him, the metal point of the cane tapping more briskly as he neared. Tony's lip quivered. He waited for him to pass then stepped softly after. He was trembling all over.

Suddenly the man whirled. Tony gasped. He tried to snarl, "Put up your hands!" but no sound would come. The man's eyes seemed fastened on him like gimlets.

"Who is there?" he asked sharply. Again Tony tried his threat and failed. In that instant the man turned his face to the blank building wall.

"Who is there?" he repeated and the young man saw in the attitude the tense listening of a blind man.

His breath caught in a gasp of terror. "Gotta match, mister?" he asked hoarsely.

The man faced him again. Then he laughed softly, musically. "Certainly. And could you tell me where I am? I've been walking farther than I thought and my sight is—bad."

The hesitation before the last word was so habitual, Tony knew it only represented an old pain. The boy's eyes protruded as he stared at those sightless ones. His hand mechanically reached for the offered match and was caught in a hard grip.

He writhed quickly, futilely. The man's free hand traveled searchingly over his face, feeling the lines of bitterness, the pinched cheeks and tense jaw. Then came that soft laugh and he released him.

Tony felt a nauseating weakness. How could the man laugh like that in the dark?

"Boy," he said kindly and the would-be assailant knew that sightless as he was, nothing had been hidden from him, "you must yet learn to suffer. Lead me to a restaurant and we'll have dinner together."

Again he laughed softly as if secretly amused, and Tony, feeling a lightness of mind, unknown since his arrest three years ago, leaned weakly on the blind man's proffered arm.



A Lightning-Change Artist

A can of corn, before it is opened, appears to be a comfortable-looking cylindrical tin container with an appetizing-looking label depicting and describing its contents, as it stands snugly on your pantry shelf. But the moment it's opened a can of corn becomes a lightning-change artist of many varied possibilities. It may become, according to your taste, a cake, a casserole, a chowder, a fritter, an omelet, a pudding, a salad, a scallop, a soup, a stuffing, or, in combination with beans, a succotash.

Of course you probably like corn just as it comes from the can, but you may want to vary occasionally from that. If you do, stir into the contents of a No. 2 can of corn two eggs, two tablespoons of flour, a teaspoon of baking powder, a dash of cayenne and half a teaspoon of salt. Pour in a buttered baking dish, dot with butter and bake, and you'll have an entirely different dish.



Here Are Some Roles

How does canned corn become a cake? Well, here's a recipe for *Corn Cakes*: Beat two eggs well, add half a cup of sour milk, one-fourth teaspoon soda and a cup of canned corn. Sift together one cup flour, one-half teaspoon salt and two teaspoons baking powder, and add. Add one tablespoon melted butter, and fry in small cakes on a hot griddle. Serve with pork sausage and gravy or with maple syrup.

Corn's lightning-change to a casserole is accomplished in the following:

Corn and Mushroom Casserole: Sauté two tablespoons sliced onions and the sliced mushrooms from a 4-ounce can in one tablespoon butter for several minutes. Add the contents of a No. 2 can creamy corn, three-fourths cup grated cheese, three-fourths cup chili sauce and salt and pepper, and turn into a buttered casserole. Bake in a moderate—375 degree—oven for about thirty minutes. Serves six.*

Time Tables
C. & E. I.

Southbound	1:42 p. m.
Northbound	3:30 p. m.

Star Mail Route

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

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

Tests show that a pull of eight pounds is required to break a horsehair.

DR. R. W. SWICKARD

DENTIST

X-Ray

Phone 83

Newman

Illinois

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Lawn mowers sharpened for 50c.—August Zantow.

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—add the Modern

ELECTRIC RANGE WATER HEATER REFRIGERATOR

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LOW PRICES—EXTENDED TERMS ON 2 or MORE if you Act Now!

CENTRAL ILLINOIS PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
SA 1907

See **Messman & Astell** For **All Kinds of Insurance**

Astell Building Broadlands, Illinois.

Serve Dinner Daily

INCLUDING SUNDAY

Chicken Dinners Every Thursday

Eckerty's Cafe

BROADLANDS : : : ILLINOIS



MAKE THIS SUMMER MODERN

Do you prefer to bask this summer under a beach umbrella or to broil in a hot kitchen over a blazing stove? Do you prefer to invite your soul in some dewy glade in the mountains or to sweat over cooking meals when everyone else is having a good time? These are not idle questions because we have an answer to them. Whether you go to the seashore or the mountains you can go modern and minimize your time in the kitchen by a judicious use of canned foods.

What to Provide

The main vegetables you should provide yourself with are corn, peas, tomatoes and beans, but you should also include spinach for the children, and such "treats" as artichokes, asparagus, Brussels sprouts, a delicate combination of carrots and peas, celery, mushrooms and sauerkraut will make a hit with the grown-ups, too. There is no reason why you can't have as varied a table on your vacation

as you ever have at home. Then you should have more fish, especially if you are going to the mountains where the supply of fish is apt to be small. You can have anchovies, clams, codfish cakes and flakes, herring, lobsters, mackerel, salmon, and of course you will want some sardines for picnics and tuna fish for refreshing salads. You can even have caviar, shad roe, shrimps and turtle if you want to be an epicure.

Good Milk Essential

Milk is, of course, the mainstay of the children's diet, and it has to be good milk or you'll know the reason why. You can have milk that is not only invariably good but cheap by using the evaporated kind that comes in cans. As to its goodness there is no question, and as to its cheapness Miss Lucy Gillett, nutritional director of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, stated recently that in New York City where Grade B milk is eleven cents a quart and unsweetened evaporated milk costs six cents a can for a can which is equivalent in food value to a quart of pasteurized milk, mothers where families use three or four quarts each day save as much as \$5.00 a month through the use of evaporated milk.

Take Fruits Along, Too

You should also have a supply of the principal canned fruits and fruit juices for summer drinks. There may be a few local fresh fruits where you go, but never any such variety as you can get in cans. This includes apples, apricots, blackberries, cherries, coconuts, currants, figs, gooseberries, grapes, grapefruit, loganberries, peaches, pears, pineapple, plums, prunes, raspberries, rhubarb and strawberries with a number of combinations of several fruits. Have you ever been to a summer resort that could provide all these, or even a small proportion of them, fresh?

An Easy Method

You are the only one who can calculate the food needs of your family. Jot them down and select from the foregoing suggestions what you think you'll need for a week or two. You'll find that an easy method. When supplies run low you can replenish them by simply mailing a post-card to your grocer. In these days he'll appreciate not losing your summer trade.*

The Trust

By DONALD S. AITKIN
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

IT WAS a dark quiet street in a residential neighborhood. Rain had stopped falling some time ago but water still dripped from the trees.

A man was standing in the dark against the wall of an apartment house. He might have been handsome in a rugged sort of way if it hadn't been for the strained, anxious expression on his face.

He saw the service door of a large private house across the street open. A figure slipped out.

It was a servant. She wore a heavy cloth coat over her print uniform. Her head was bare. She came across the street rapidly.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said. "There's company tonight and I had to help cook. Been waitin' long?"

All he said was, "Have you brought it?" His voice sounded throaty.

She reached inside her coat and took from under her apron bib a roll of bills secured with a piece of black elastic.

He put out his hand to take it but she wouldn't let him. Instead, she unbuttoned the top two buttons of his overcoat and placed the money carefully in the inside pocket of his jacket.

"I slipped out to the bank this afternoon," she told him, rebutting his coat. "It's all there. Seven hundred and ten dollars."

With the money now in his pocket, the man seemed to grow uneasy. But the girl came closer to him.

"Put your arms round me, Harry. It's dark here. I can stay a couple of minutes."

He did as she told him. Her body was soft and yielding. She raised her face to his. It was round and slightly flushed now. It glowed with a serene happiness.

He bent down slightly and kissed her eager lips. Not because he wanted to, but in order to escape the steady gaze of her bright eyes.

She lowered her hand again and pressed a cheek against the damp wool of his overcoat.

"I'll be a good wife to you, Harry," she said.

He didn't answer. She spoke again. "Will you start lookin' for a house tomorrow?"

"Yes," he said. His voice sounded dull.

Suddenly she wriggled away from him and reached inside her coat again. She drew out a long bulky envelope that was sealed.

"I almost forgot," she said. "Here's something else for you."

He seemed surprised and when she gave him the envelope he looked at it blankly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It's for your birthday tomorrow—I won't be seeing you until Thursday."

"You shouldn't have—" He broke off.

"It's a tie. To go with your blue suit. I put it in the envelope so it wouldn't get wet. Don't open it now."

He put the envelope away in his overcoat pocket as if it were the only thing that could be done with it. Then, without a word, he gathered the girl in his arms again.

She snuggled contentedly against his shoulder for a few minutes then tilted her face and looked up at him.

"You ain't much of a talker, are you, Harry?"

He didn't answer and then she saw that there were tears in his eyes. She gathered up the hem of her apron under her coat and wiped them away. Then she kissed him quickly, broke away and ran back across the street.

The man walked slowly down the block. At the corner, was a short stocky man wearing a cap, waiting under a street light. His face was seamed and coarse-featured.

"Gawd!" the short man complained. "It took you long enough. What was you doin'?"

The only answer was, "I ain't goin' through with this."

"Whaddya mean? You got the dough. I seen her hand it to you."

"Yeah, I got it. But I ain't goin' to rob a girl like her. She trusts me."

The short man snorted. "Sure she does! Ain't I been keepin' you supplied with dough for five weeks so's you could take her to shows an' make her think you was a swell guy?"

"I'll pay you back."

The man with the cap peered through his narrowed, dark eyes. "Say, are you tryin' to double cross me? Listen! I want my split of that seven hundred bucks—an' I want it now, see!"

There was a scuffle. The brief fight ended when the short man drew a blackjack and knocked the other to the sidewalk.

A doorman came running from the next block. He found the injured man staggering to his feet.

The doorman helped him and said, "The guy who knocked you down went through your pockets before he ran off. Better see if he took anything."

The man felt over his pockets. He nodded. "There's an envelope gone out of my overcoat. It had a tie in it."

"A tie?"

"A necktie. A girl gave it to me. The girl I'm going to marry."

Rays and Rays
Daughter—He says I am his ray of sunshine.
Father—He should acquire the dough before aspiring to the ray.—Detroit News.

Annual Financial Statement of the Township Treasurer for Publication

Township 17, Range 14 in Champaign and Vermilion Counties, Illinois, from July 1, 1934 to June 30, 1935.

District Fund RECEIPTS

District 190
Balance July 1st, 1934 \$2294.57
Distribution of trustees 301.40
From district taxes 751.18
Total \$3347.15

District 191
Balance July 1st, 1934 \$500.26
Distribution of trustees 320.33
From district taxes 503.05
Total \$1323.64

District 192
Balance July 1st, 1934 \$2100.91
Distribution of trustees 298.48
From district taxes 836.18
Total \$3235.57

District 200
Balance July 1st, 1934 \$403.55
Distribution of trustees 297.39
From district taxes 540.42
Total \$1241.36

District 201
Balance July 1st, 1934 \$4244.30
Distribution of trustees 1058.99
From district taxes 2278.59
Other twp. treasurers 146.44
Transfers and non-high school pupils 1579.00
Total \$9307.32

District 202
Balance July 1st, 1934 \$2383.38
Distribution of trustees 296.24
Total \$2679.62

District 203
Balance July 1st, 1934 \$34.50
Distribution of trustees 34.50
Total \$69.00

District 212
Balance July 1st, 1934 \$605.44
Distribution of trustees 358.26
From district taxes 429.59
Total \$1393.29

District 213
Balance July 1st, 1934 \$1685.73
Distribution of trustees 1341.90
From district taxes 3696.15
Total \$6723.78

District 235
Balance July 1st, 1934 \$10246.82
Distribution of trustees 245.56
From district taxes 5804.72
Transfers and non-high school pupils 1172.69
Total \$17469.79

EXPENDITURES

District 190
Salary of teachers \$511.00
Teachers' pension fund 10.25
Textbooks and stationery 23.40
Salary of Janitor 13.00
Fuel, light, power, water and supplies 27.50
Repairs, replacements, insurance 151.92
Libraries 16.00
Balance on hand June 30, 1935 2594.08
Total \$3347.15

District 191
School board and business office \$14.00
Salary of teachers 520.00
Teachers' pension fund 10.00
Textbooks and stationery 27.46
Salary of Janitor 23.00
Fuel, light, power, water and supplies 26.36
Repairs, replacements, insurance 326.97
Libraries 27.00
New equipment 94.89
Balance on hand June 30, 1935 253.96
Total \$1323.64

District 192
School board and business office \$10.15
Salary of teachers 580.00
Teachers' pension fund 20.00
Textbooks and stationery 101.01
Salary of Janitor 8.42
Fuel, light, power, water and supplies 33.88
Repairs, replacements, insurance 206.35
Balance on hand June 30, 1935 2275.76
Total \$3235.57

District 200
School board and business office \$10.00
Salary of teachers 510.00
Textbooks and stationery 16.51
Salary of Janitor 27.20
Fuel, light, power, water and supplies 35.07
Repairs, replacements, insurance 5.87

District 201
School board and business office \$25.00
Salary of teachers 3750.00
Textbooks and stationery 276.48
Salary of Janitor 389.50
Fuel, light, power, water and supplies 193.08
Repairs, replacements, insurance 606.29
Libraries 86.07
Transportation of pupils 10.00
Balance on hand June 30, 1935 3970.90
Total \$9307.32

District 202
School board and business office \$13.35
Salary of teachers 550.00
Teachers' pension fund 10.00
Textbooks and stationery 83.44
Salary of Janitor 19.20
Fuel, light, power, water and supplies 50.96
Repairs, replacements, insurance 179.04
Balance on hand June 30, 1935 1773.63
Total \$2679.62

District 203
Other township treasurers \$3450.00
Total \$3450.00

District 212
School board and business office \$10.00
Salary of teachers 608.75
Textbooks and stationery 28.39
Salary of Janitor 7.50
Fuel, light, power, water and supplies 35.47
Repairs, replacements, insurance 192.13
Balance on hand June 30, 1935 511.05
Total \$1393.29

District 213
School board and business office \$2937.00
Salary of superintendent 450.00
Salary of teachers 3278.86
Textbooks and stationery 98.41
Orchestra 125.04
Salary of Janitor 363.25
Fuel, light, power, water and supplies 278.18
Repairs, replacements, insurance 71.18
Libraries 75.00
Transportation of pupils 54.32
New equipment 226.26
Balance on hand June 30, 1935 1673.91
Total \$6723.78

District 235
School board and business office \$55.00
Salary of principal 1320.00
Salary of teachers 3960.00
Textbooks and stationery 822.56
Orchestra 265.02
Salary of Janitor 300.75
Fuel, light, power, water and supplies 512.51
Repairs, replacements, insurance 267.74
Libraries 125.56
Transportation of pupils 181.25
Balance on hand June 30, 1935 9659.40
Total \$17,469.79

Distributive Fund RECEIPTS
Balance July 1, 1934 \$280.81
Income of township fund 876.99
From county superintendents 4002.20
Total \$5160.00

EXPENDITURES
Incidental expenses of trustees \$23.10
For publishing annual statement 23.40
Compensation of treasurer 250.00
Distributed to districts 4553.05
Balance June 30, 1935 310.45
Total \$5160.00

Township Fund RECEIPTS
Cash on hand July 1, 1934 \$770.00
Real estate notes on hand July 1, 1934 16230.00
Total \$17,000.00

EXPENDITURES
Cash on hand June 30, 1935 \$1170.00
Real estate notes on hand June 30, 1935 15830.00
Total \$17,000.00

Harlan W. Six, Treasurer.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of July, 1935.
Mary D. Hansen, Notary Public.

New equipment 243.50
Balance on hand June 30, 1935 393.21
Total \$1241.36

District 201
School board and business office \$25.00
Salary of teachers 3750.00
Textbooks and stationery 276.48
Salary of Janitor 389.50
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Mary D. Hansen, Notary Public.

O. E. ANDERSON

CASH BUYER

Poultry, Eggs, Hides, Wool

PHONE 41.

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SA 1913

The Grunt

By **BRUCE L. SCHMUNK**
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WNU Service.

JUSTIN wasn't the type one would encounter ordinarily in a line gang. In the first place appearance beguiled his age; secondly, he exhibited more grace of culture than accoutrements of physical prowess.

I looked at the fellow for a moment the morning that Mansel, the district superintendent, brought him to the service desk, and decided in the same moment that he would be a complete misfit.

Smiling at Mansel I asked, "Line gang?"

"Nothing else open?" he queried.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Then give him a chance there," he instructed me. "But," he hesitated to add, "work him into Squint's crew."

On the following morning without formality, Justin was installed in the line crew of Squint Makony.

Squint was foreman, a powerful man physically, and a congenial one socially.

To the "hot stuff" with which he had worked for twenty years he was a blood brother. Mike Rullo, the other veteran lineman of the gang, was a man in a very masculine sense. Mike was careless, rough of manner and possessed of the benign brutality of utterance which is so often characteristic of men whose work demands stamina and develops physical ascendancy.

The third member, Pete Bloom, a junior lineman, ranked well below the other two in moral stature.

Justin became, according to linemen's parlance, "the Grunt." He was to run errands, help load the truck, manipulate the ladders, handle the solder pot and bear the brunt of all jokes. It's a hard road from grunt to lineman.

One day soon after his inauguration, the Grunt was talking to Squint about the period of apprenticeship. He did not say that he would be willing to pay any price for a chance to climb, but such admission would have been superfluous; Squint knew it. Pete, overhearing the Grunt's remarks, seized the opportunity they afforded.

"You want to be a lineman, huh, boy?" he asked, blinding sarcasm with inflection.

Justin colored. "I was talking to Squint, Jete," he answered.

Squint, one eye almost closed, turned to the junior lineman. The latter understood the tacit warning but he ventured one more thrust.

"Okeh, boss; but you ought to be orderin' a set o' rubber spurs for it. Them ones is made sharp."

The last consonant was still audible when a huge hand struck the side of the speaker's head. "You know it's time to lay off!" snapped Squint. "Now lay off!"

Although rain had fallen during the afternoon, there were no indications of an impending storm. The crews had gone off duty. Carter was at the service desk. He told me later he didn't realize there was a disturbance until one of the converters kicked over.

Within an hour four factories became paralyzed. Every minute cost the company money—penalty money. Squint's crew was the first called.

When I found them they were already at work on a pole about two hundred yards from the substation. The beam from the spot light on the truck enveloped Squint and Mike who were feverishly attempting temporary splices on the lower bank. Peter, carrying a searchlight, was walking the lines extending to the mills. The Grunt was making ready dry gloves for the men in the safety belts.

The mits were half way to the top of the stick when it happened. A blinding flash of green light . . . a terrible hissing sound . . . a dull sickening thud as a limp body struck the mud—then silence. Mike sprawled in the muck; Squint hung motionless from his belt below the first cross-arm.

The Grunt looked at me and coughed. I tried to swallow to relieve the nausea. Pete, who had run to us, stood shaking, inarticulate.

While I bent over Mike, the Grunt removed spurs and safety belt. Pete, shaking violently, came nearer.

"Let's get him into the car," I said. Pete responded as well as he could; the Grunt had gone. We turned in time to see him buckle his safety belt around the slippery pole. Pete's teeth were chattering.

"Boss," Pete managed to stutter, "the Grunt ain't never shinned a pole. He'll get burnt, sure as—" The words died in a crash of thunder.

The kid on the pole swayed in the wind. We watched him dig in his spurs and then with difficulty tie a double hand line around Squint directly under his arms. Through a cross-arm brace he worked the rope, then called to the ground for action. A few inches at a time we let Squint down while the Grunt guided his head past bolt heads and projections. That sight I shall never forget. The Grunt fell the last ten feet.

Back in the substation hours later the crew foreman regained consciousness. I couldn't describe the emotional reaction of the younger man when old Squint opened his eyes.

After the accident the complexion of the gang changed. Mansel transferred the Grunt to the main office. He is short two fingers—crushed that night on the pole, but he is happy; Squint is on the job again. The man who thought of the rubber spurs is Grunt on one of the other crews now. Mike? Well, Mike hasn't been with the company since the night of the storm.

Millie's Best Customer

By **RUTH KELLY**
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

MILLIE FLETCHER'S voice was as crisp as the sheer white apron that circled her tiny waist as she paused beside the young man sitting alone under the balcony.

"Your order, please?"

The young man rumbled his shock of red hair and frowned over the menu. But he wasn't reading it. He couldn't. He was holding it upside down.

"Millie," he said softly, "marry me tonight?"

Millie's cheeks went a deep pink. "Your order, please?"

"It's still the same," said the young man patiently. This time his eyes sought hers—nice eyes, frankly pleading. "Will you, Millie?"

Millie began to write, fast and furiously. Her voice came out in staccato like jerks.

"Tomato juice, breaded veal cutlet, home fried potatoes. Coffee?"

"Millie—"

But Millie with a quick turn on her slim French heels was gone, in swift retreat to the kitchen.

On the other side of the swinging door she just avoided collision with a pile of plates held aloft by Mabel, the dishwasher. Mabel was one of the regulars. So she made allowance for Millie, who wasn't.

"Oh, Mabel," Millie gasped weakly. "Be a pal and take my table—please!"

Mabel's thinly penciled brows arched in surprise.

"Goin' to your art class so early?"

"No, it's not that. I just want to trade jobs with you for a while. Will you, Mabel?"

It wasn't just an ordinary request. Even Mabel knew that. So she waved Millie off with ruby red finger tips.

"I get it," she nodded. "He's in again. Sure, I'll take your place. But what'll I tell him if he asks for you?"

"Tell him anything. Tell him I've gone."

Mabel moved toward the door, shaking her head.

"As if he'd believe it. You won't get rid of him that way. Why don't you marry him and be done with it?"

She didn't wait for an answer. And anyway, Millie didn't give her one. Partly because the tears were already choking her. Digging into her pocket, she felt the rustle of the newspaper clipping. At the memory of the society item she'd read, fresh tears coursed down the soft curves of her cheeks.

Then with trembling lips she jerked on the hot water faucet.

Her hands were still deep in dish water when a firm step behind her caused her to turn quickly. The red-haired young man stood there, grinning.

"Don't blame me," he said, picking a towel off the rack. "It was the manager's idea. You see, honey, that was a delicious dinner you ordered for me but I didn't have the money to pay for it. So the manager asked me how I'd like to wash the dishes. And that was a break!"

Millie's hands clutched the sides of the sink her eyes blazed into his.

"I don't believe it. I don't believe you didn't have the money. You just said that to get out here. And you can't keep coming here—you can't."

"But I've got to, Millie. Don't you see—"

"I see all right!" Millie reached into her pocket for the scrap of paper, thrust it toward him. Plunging her hands into the dish water, she went on: "I see by the paper that today's your wedding day."

The young man didn't so much as bat a sandy eyelash.

"That was this morning. A long time ago. Everything's changed now. Eunice is sailing for Europe tonight—alone."

"I don't believe it," said Millie. "Besides, you gave her a ring, the ring that I—"

"That you turned down!" He was doing things to the dish towel now, twisting it into knots. "Yes, I escort the boss's daughter to a couple of parties and you start thinking things. Eunice liked the ring so I told her to wear it. But get this—" he snatched at a cup on the drain board, gave it a swipe—"she's not wearing it now. And she's sailing for Europe without me."

"Oh," said Millie with dawning understanding, "she walked out on you."

"Not exactly." The latest addition to the dishwashing corps of The Blue Door applied a vigorous shine to a large cracked china plate. "I just don't like ocean travel."

"Oh," said Millie again in a disillusioned voice, "you walked out on her."

"Wrong again!" The china plate fell to the table with a clatter. The dish towel, just a round wet ball now, missed Millie's turned up nose by a hair's breadth and landed in the sink with a plop. The voice at Millie's ear was tense.

"We talked it over. I told her I didn't like the kind of meals they serve at sea. I told her I preferred The Blue Door to the captain's table. I told her—" the voice came even closer as a familiar pair of arms enfolding Millie—"Oh, Millie, I told her I love you, because I do!"

Millie's crisp white apron was a wreck when she moved out of the red-haired young man's arms a minute later to gaze at the solitaire that winked back at her from her engagement finger. And the starch was gone out of her voice too as she murmured softly, her cheek against a rough lapel, "I'd almost forgotten how beautiful it is!"

Long View News

Mrs. W. H. Chapman and Mary Lou Oye spent last week in Chicago with Mrs. Oye.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Sullivan spent Sunday in the James Lowery home in Crittenden.

Mrs. Alice Hanley is visiting her brother, Bert Dyar, at Sheridan, Ind.

Frank Dalzell is still unable to work after having become ill while at work last Thursday.

Loyal Workers of the Christian Church met Wednesday with Mrs. D. W. Culton.

Miss Anna Keefe is spending a few days with relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. Katherine Deere spent Sunday with Mrs. Forrest Koehn at Camargo.

Albert Dailey and family and Mrs. Anna Marsh of Chicago were week end guests at the home of M. H. Keefe.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Paine are here from Chicago to be at the bedside of the former's mother who has been ill for some time.

E. L. and C. W. Murdock of Champaign called on friends here Monday. The former is taking his annual vacation from his duties at the Jos. Kuhn and Company store.

Pleasant Ridge

Mrs. Alva Rhineholt is on the sick list.

Farmers of this community are combining wheat.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pollock entertained their Sunday School class Friday night at their home.

Mrs. Edna K. Pope of Indianapolis, Ind., Mrs. Chas. Guthrie, Mrs. Josephine Swick and daughter Patty, visited Mrs. Edd Harby on Thursday of last week.

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3

ELECTRIC RANGE WATER HEATER REFRIGERATOR

Special low prices—extended terms on 2 or more if you act **now!**

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DANVILLE, ILLINOIS

It's New! It's Beautiful!
It's Different!
The Miracle Picture!

The First Full Length Film In The New **LIVING COLOR!!**

Sunday Thru Wednesday MIRIAM HOPKINS in "BECKY SHARP"
It's The 7th Great Milestone in Motion Pictures.

Be Among The First To See "Becky Sharp" at the Fischer Theatre.

No Advance In Prices

Read Bergfield Bros. adv. for Cash Specials.

Lawn mowers sharpened for 50c.—August Zantow.

Read Eckerty's ad for Friday and Saturday Specials.

The Illinois Theater, Newman, is advertising some splendid shows in this issue.

Friday and Saturday Cash Specials

- Peaches, Red Robe, sliced or halves, No. 2½ can 19c
- Bread, Jumbo, 3 loaves for 25c
- Salad Dressing, ½ pint jar 10c
- Tea, Imperial Green, 1 lb 29c
- Oleo, Pecola Nut, 2 lb 25c
- Soap, hand, large bar, 3 for 12c
- Soap, Crystal White, 6 giant bars 25c
- Cleanser, Sunbrite, 6 cans 25c

Come See Free All Talkie Show. Bring in Your Eggs.

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Enjoy Our New Cooling System

Illinois Theater
Newman, Ill.
"Always A Good Show"

Shows: 7:15-9:00
Sundays: 3 to 11

Friday and Saturday, July 19-20

Patricia Ellis and Larry (Buster) Crabbee in **HOLD 'EM YALE**
Also Chap. 12 of The Red Rider. And a 2-reel comedy.
Mat. Sat. 5c-15c. Night 10c-20c.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, July 21-22-23

Gene Stratton Porter's great novel brought to life on the screen—
LADDIE
with John Beal, Gloria Stuart and Virginia Weilder.
Also a Color Cartoon—A Sport Reel—A News Reel.
Continuous Sunday—3 to 11:
5c and 20c to 5:00. After 5:00, 10c-20c.

Wed., Thurs., July 24-25

Merchants' Dime Show
Francis Lederer and Ginger Rogers in **ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN**
Also Medbury Among Nordics and a Krazy Kat Cartoon.
All Seats 10c.

Star Theatre - Villa Grove

New Hit Pictures : : : Latest Improved Sound

Thursday and Friday, July 18-19

Baby Face Harrington

with Charles Butterworth. An uproarious comedy drama featuring America's Public Comedian No. 1.

Shows 7:15 to 11:00—Adm. 10c-25c

Saturday—Matinee and Evening

Richard Dix in West of The Pecos

Also Chapter No. 2 of The Call of The Wild.

Matinee at 3:00—Adm. 5c and 10c.

Evening 7:15 to 11:00—Adm. 10c and 15c.

Sunday and Monday, July 21-22

The greatest comedy hit of the season—

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

with Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Zasu Pitts and Charles Laughton. From the world famous story of the same title. Read by millions and you'll just rave about this one.

Matinee at 3:00—Evening 7:15 to 11:00—Adm. 10c-25c.

Tuesday-Wednesday, July 23-24

It's A Small World

with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Great entertainment for all.

Shows 7:15 to 11:00—Adm. 10c-25c.

Coming Soon: Our Little Girl—Going To Town—Doubting Thomas—No More Ladies.

Fairland News

By Garnett Gibson

Mrs. Lizzie Batzell of Tuscola was a week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. John McClintock.

Mrs. Mollie Statzer, Mrs. Esther Johnson and son Smith spent Sunday with friends at Paris.

Mrs. Cora Vaughn and children spent Saturday with her mother, Mrs. Chas. Murray at Philo.

Mrs. E. J. Tilton of Danville and Mrs. Alice Beavers and daughter of Champaign visited Mrs. Maud Barrick Saturday.

Mrs. Philip Hensley, Mrs. Ruby Goldsberry and Mrs. Bessie Moore of Hugo were Thursday guests of Mrs. Goldia Kearns and family.

In a small strip of territory two miles north of Fairland, gardens and crops are suffering for rain. Farmers report that only one light rain has fallen there in over three weeks.

Herbert Goldsberry received a badly bruised foot Sunday afternoon when he fell off the running board of a car while returning home from Hugo. He fell in such a way that the hind wheel of the car passed over his left foot, mashing it.

Woodrow Farrar and Robert Wilson, Springfield youths, left Tuesday on their bicycles for Ann Arbor, Mich., where they will spend several days with Wilson's relatives. They will go from Springfield to Tuscola where they will visit relatives of Farrar, then to Indianapolis and South Bend, Ind. and then to Ann Arbor. They plan to cover 800 miles on the trip. Farrar is a nephew of Mrs. Fannie Gibson and Mrs. W. H. Williams of this place.

Wheat harvest began the latter part of last week in this vicinity. The wheat coming to the local elevator was said to be in fine condition and would grade two as to moisture. The grain is small but firm and tests reasonably good in weight.

Wheat from the Oscar Wacker farm south of town, averaged 22 bu. per acre, while other fields nearby made an average of 10 and 12 bu., which they say was damaged by the Hessian fly, rust and chinch bugs.

The L. S. L. Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Cecile Griffith, Thursday afternoon with 12 members and several guests present. An interesting program was given, after which refreshments of pineapple sherbet and wafers were served.

Those present were Mrs. Mary Krueze of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mesdames Paul Knox, Etta Hagerman Elfie Driver, Thelma Kraft, Nora Arwine, Mildred Stipp, Florence Dilworth, Grover Dubson, Stella Mercer, E. M. Murphy, Vera Ewin, Cecile Griffith and Miss Leah Dilworth.