

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 19

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1938

NUMBER 8

Miss Frances Clem and Leonard Thomas Wed

Grace Frances Clem, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clem of near Homer, and Leonard Joseph Thomas of Jackson, Mich., were married at six o'clock Tuesday evening at the Methodist parsonage in Homer, Rev. R. M. Petty performing the single ring ceremony.

Miss Anna Clem of Broadlands and Walter Clem of Homer were the attendants.

The groom is a son of J. M. Thomas of Terre Haute, Ind., a former Broadlands resident. He was raised in this community and is well and favorably known here. He has lived in Michigan for about two years.

The happy couple left for Jackson, Mich., on Wednesday, where Mr. Thomas is employed with the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

Mrs. Thomas was given a shower at the home of her brother, Everett Clem, near Homer last Saturday afternoon, and was presented many nice gifts for her new home. Several relatives and friends of the couple from Broadlands attended the shower.

News Items of 12 Years Ago

June 4, 1926

The U. B. Ladies Aid, held their annual picnic at Allerton park.

Miss Wynnie Cadwallader arrived home from Farmer City to spend the summer.

Wilfred Shumway and family of Indianapolis visited friends here.

Lyal Brown was here from Champaign advertising the Urbana auto races.

Mrs. Chas. Brown and baby of Lake Wales, Fla., arrived for a visit with relatives.

Miss Flora Rothermel underwent an appendicitis operation at Lakeview hospital, Danville.

Philip Limp was given a pleasant surprise when a number of friends gathered at his home to help celebrate his birthday.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock. You will be welcome into its helpfulness.

The Preaching Service next Sunday is in the evening at 7:30. The church invites and welcomes you.

St. John's Evangelical Church

Karl F. Albers, Pastor.

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Worship Service at 10:30 a. m. Those young people interested in organizing an Evangelical Young People's League, the recognized organization of our Synod, please meet at the parsonage Monday, June 6, at 7 p. m. Join the membership of 30,000 workers who are serving 60,000 people of our denomination.

Mrs. Maude Anderson will be hostess to the Methodist Aid on Thursday, June 9.

"PEDESTRIAN POINTERS" SUGGESTED BY THE CHICAGO MOTOR CLUB



Mrs. Elsie Cress is Hostess to Lutheran Aid

The Ladies Aid society of the Immanuel Lutheran Church met at the home of Mrs. Elsie Cress on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Rev. Wm. Klautsch led the devotions and Mrs. Lena Biesterfeld conducted the business meeting.

Refreshments of sandwiches, pickles, strawberry short cake with whipped cream, and coffee were served.

Guests present were Mrs. Anna Poggendorf of Danville; Mrs. Paul Madigan, Champaign; Misses Mildred Messman, Ella Luth, Caroline Wienke.

Members present were Mesdames Marie Bundy, Leda Messman, Amelia Smith, Josephine Schweineke, Ida Windler, Bertha Kracht, Esther Rothermel, Rickie Rothermel, Martin Sy, Mary Klautsch, Lena Biesterfeld, Minnie Miller, Lena Nonman, Lena Wienke, Caroline Wienke, Freda Luth, Hannah Luth, Louise Struck, Lena Seider, Mary Struck, Tena Seider, Elsie Cress.



What can we do for the pedestrian? Approximately three out of four traffic fatalities result from vehicles coming into contact with pedestrians. Safety education has helped to reduce the number of fatalities among school children, and from experience in various cities we know that adult education in safety is also effective in reducing the number of accidents.

Laws and regulations alone will not prevent accidents. The idea of carefulness must be instilled in the minds of our citizens, and until the time comes when every man, woman, and child is safety conscious, little progress can be expected.

Safety meetings, lectures, the movies, and articles in newspapers and magazines will all help to educate the public and to keep the important problem of safety uppermost in the minds of pedestrians and motorists.

Oscar Gallion and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ora Smith at Newman.

Fairfield Society Meets With Mrs. J. H. McIntyre

The May meeting of the Fairfield Missionary Society was held at the home of Mrs. J. H. McIntyre.

Mrs. Fuller Freeman had charge of the devotions.

Mrs. Church had the home topic, Spanish Speaking Americans.

Grace Ann Young played a piano solo.

Mrs. J. M. Coolley gave a beautiful memorial for the departed members. She was assisted by Mrs. J. C. Church in song.

Mrs. McIntyre served delicious refreshments during the social hour.

Seven guests were present.

Miss Margaret Rothermel Graduates From I. S. N. U.

Miss Margaret M. Rothermel of Broadlands will be among the 518 graduates participating Monday in the 79th annual commencement exercises of the Illinois State Normal University, at Normal.

Timothy Sullivan New Postmaster at Longview

Washington, D. C., May 29.—Congressman Hugh M. Rigney, of Arthur, Ill., announced today the appointment of Timothy Sullivan as postmaster at Longview.

Roll of Honor

The following is a list of those who have renewed their subscriptions and new subscribers for this paper for April and May:

Miss Marie Witt.
Mrs. John C. Wienke.
John Struck.
Adolph Bretz.
Albert Reed, Champaign.
Mrs. Dean Upp, Vincennes, Ind.
Mrs. Iva Oye, Chicago.
R. M. Hood, Logan, Okla.
Dr. Clara W. Smith, Champaign.
Central Press Clipping Service, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Eckerty entertained at dinner, Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Eckerty of Newman; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Eckerty of New York; Billy Barracks, Villa Grove; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eckerty and son.

Mrs. Delia Nohren is Hostess to G. T. Club

Mrs. Delia Nohren was hostess to the G. T. Club on Thursday afternoon of last week.

The president, Mrs. Edna Struck had charge of the business meeting at which time the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. Neva Frick; vice-president, Mrs. Anna Struck; secretary, Mrs. Lorraine Mohr; treasurer, Mrs. Helen Eckerty.

Six tables of "500" were in play, high score prize being won by Mrs. Bertha Cook; high score guest prize, Mrs. Maude Luedke; low, Mrs. Wallace Warnes.

Refreshments consisted of pineapple ice cream, cake, nabisco and coffee.

Members present were Mesdames Ida Messman, Jessie Bergfield, Clara Hedrick, Freda Maxwell, Edna Telling, Neva Frick, Olive Rayl, Bertha Cook, Leona Bergfield, Irene Wiese, Maude Fitzgerald, Lillie Bowman, Mary Dicks, Ruth Henson, Elsa Walker, Edna Struck, Gladys McClelland, Jennie Nohren, Zermah Witt, Anna Struck, Helen Eckerty, Lorraine Mohr, Delia Nohren.

The next club meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Edna Dicks.

Totals in Ayers Township About Same As Year Ago

Assessor R. M. Astell has returned his books to the County treasurer. The books for Ayers township, in which Broadlands is located shows totals about the same as a year ago. Following is a comparative statement:

	1938	1937
Automobiles	117	121
Trucks	30	31
Cattle	536	438
Horses	181	202
Sheep	142	98
Swine	345	311
Furniture	\$ 4,860	\$ 5,110
Office furniture	780	800
Personal effects	290	270
Machinery	8,980	8,730
Merchandise	7,250	6,500
Money	1,120	4,650
Other property	24,410	18,380
Total	\$75,480	\$76,740
Dogs	54	57

Change in Prices for Meals

Our new prices for meals are as follows:
Regular meals, 35c.
Chicken dinners, 40c.
Eckerty's Cafe.

John Struck, 82, Takes Own Life

John Struck, 82, retired farmer and highly respected citizen of Broadlands, was found dead by his son, Henry, on Tuesday morning, May 31, at 5:30 o'clock, having hanged himself in a tree near the barn in his yard. Mr. Struck at once called Roy Richey, Dr. T. A. Dicks and Kenneth Dicks to the scene of the tragedy, and the body was removed to the Dicks Bros. funeral home, County Coroner Dr. Richard C. Shurtz having given the local undertakers permission to do so.

During the inquest conducted at 8 a. m. in the Dicks' Bros. funeral home by Dr. Richard C. Shurtz, it was brought out that Mr. Struck had been ill for some time and under the care of a physician. He had been deaf for several years which made it impossible for him to converse with his neighbors and friends. His condition became unbearable in the past two weeks, and this is thought to have caused him to take his life. The verdict was "death from hanging." The coroner's jury was composed of Clark Henson, chairman; John Smith, Frank Kracht, Bud Poggendorf, Hugo Dewitt, James Skinner.

It has been the good fortune of the editor of The News to have known Mr. Struck for a period of over 20 years. He has been a continuous subscriber to this paper ever since we came to Broadlands, 22 years ago. He subscribed on the 18th day of April, and on this date each year he promptly came to our office and renewed for another year. It never became necessary for us to send him a statement. We purchased milk and ground chicken feed from him during the many years he was engaged in those lines of business and became intimately acquainted with him. Accordingly, we greatly admired him, learned he was honest and upright in all of his dealings.

Funeral services were held at the late residence, today (Thursday) at 1 o'clock p. m., with Rev. W. Earl Ballew, pastor of the local Methodist Church officiating.

Music was furnished by a quartet composed of Mrs. Fred Messman, Mrs. Kenneth Dicks, Charles Smith and Oscar Witt, with Mrs. George Cook at the organ.

The casket bearers were Messrs Thos. Bergfield, Carl Dicks, Robert Potter, Fred Messman, Ray Bowman, B. H. Thode, sr.

His remains were laid to rest beside those of his wife, in the family lot in St. John's Evangelical cemetery, northwest of Broadlands.

John Struck was born in Hannover, Germany, July 15, 1855, and passed from this life at his home in Broadlands, May 31, 1938, being of the age of 82 years 10 months and 16 days.

When a boy of only 12 years of age he came alone from Germany to the United States, and settled in Wisconsin, where he worked on a dairy farm. His mother later followed him to this country, his father being deceased at that time. He remained at his work in Wisconsin for five or six years, and then came to his brother's farm northwest of Broadlands. He made this his home until he later established a home of his own.

On Feb. 7, 1882, he married Anna Christina Witt, of the

same community. She preceded him in death on Nov. 9, 1914. Three children were born to this union and survive: Mrs. Minnie C. Teel, of Broadlands; Delf C. Struck, of Homer; and Henry F. Struck, of Broadlands. One granddaughter, Etta Struck, of Homer, and several nieces and nephews survive him.

Mr. Struck left the farm and came to Broadlands about 45 years ago, where he has lived continuously ever since. Here he engaged in the dairy business until his health began to fail.

He was confirmed in the Immanuel Lutheran Church near Broadlands when he was 16 years of age, and held his membership in this church until his death.

Mr. Struck had been in poor health all winter, which led to a gradual decline of his strength.

The people of the Broadlands community held him in esteem for his honesty and dependable characteristics. He was a good neighbor, and always willing to help others where help was needed.

Vacation Bible School to Open Monday, June 20

A meeting for the purpose of organizing the 1938 Daily Vacation Bible School was held at the home of Rev. Albers on Monday night of last week. The following officers were elected:

Council Members—Miss Wilma Messman, Miss Dorothy Turner, Mrs. Harold Anderson, Mrs. Emil Schumacher.

Secretary—Miss Leone Bergfield.

Treasurer—Miss Nellie Thomas.

Kindergarten and Primary Pianist—Miss Edna Schumacher.

Junior and Intermediate Pianist—Miss Anna Clem.

Council of Ministers—Rev. Ballew, Rev. Turner, Rev. Albers.

The Daily Vacation Bible School Council met on Thursday of last week and made plans for the school. The theme for assembly worship to be taught is "The Ten Commandments." The following staff of teachers has been chosen:

Kindergarten Dept.—Mrs. Louis Frick, Mrs. Norman Seider, Miss Edna Schumacher.

Primary Dept.—Mrs. Clark Henson, Miss Ferne Walker, Miss Norma Jean McCormick.

Junior Dept.—The Misses Julia Turner, Marcelle Nohren, Kathryn Warner.

Intermediate Dept.—Mrs. Harold Anderson, Miss Anna Clem, Miss Pauline Limp.

The school will open at 9:00 o'clock, Monday morning, June 20, and close on Friday, July 1.

Each parent is urged to heed the command of Jesus words, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Lodge Meets Next Monday

Broadlands Lodge, No. 791, A. F. & A. M. will meet next Monday night at 7:30.

John Nohren, W. M.
Carl B. Dicks, Sec.

Market Report

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

No. 2 new hard wheat	60c
No. 2 new white corn	48c
No. 2 new yellow corn	48c
No. 3 white oats, new	22c
No. 2 beans, new	73c



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK—Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy has been an effective social and political ally of both her father, former mayor of Boston, and her husband, ambassador to the Court of St. James. But the news that, in accordance with her husband's decision, she presented only seven American women at court is one of her rare appearances in the headlines.

The 11 engaging Kennedys have been viewed more or less en bloc in the news and Mrs. Kennedy has never been in a very sharp lens focus.

She was one of the prettiest of Boston debutantes, 30 years ago, a rollicking girl with black hair and eyes of Irish blue. Back home from her convent training, she taught her father "Sweet Adeline."

He was John F. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald, and in his campaigns he sang his way to memorable political fame—riding like a surfer on the long, lingering "swipes" of the song taught him by his daughter—"the flower of his heart."

Joseph P. Kennedy, her childhood playmate, was twenty-five years old when they were married in 1914. He borrowed \$2,000 for a down payment on a \$6,500 house. Their fortunes grew as their family, with Mr. Kennedy president of a bank, in a year or two after their marriage.

Mrs. Kennedy once told a Boston drygoods clerk that she bought 200 suits and dresses a year. It takes a heap of shopping to make a home, like the Kennedys', and she became known among her friends as a paragon of household efficiency comparable to the one in Solomon's off-hand apostrophe to such skills and virtues.

Now she is mistress of the "castle" which was once J. Pierpont Morgan's home; also of a beautiful mansion in Bronxville, N. Y., a huge summer estate at Hyannisport, Cape Cod, and a villa at Palm Beach, built by one of the Wanamakers.

She is slender and girlish, comely and vivacious, weighs 115 pounds and takes size 14 in dresses. Vionnet makes her gowns and she is envied by other women for her magnificent jewels—noteable among them being a ruby and diamond bracelet which, it is said, is matched only by the one the Aga Khan gave his princess.

But she never lets the children run to unseemly display, holding them to restraint in regime and dress. Even without all these adventitious fixings, say her friends, she would be an admirable ambassador's wife, with her own quite adequate equipment of tact, charm and intelligence.

MAN and boy, this journeyman has helped process a lot of explorers' and adventurers' copy through the news mill. If it was ghost-written, it had only slick and synthetic excitement, like Ersatz pastry, and if it wasn't it was usually dull. Happily in contrast are the doubtlessly authentic and personally written yarns of W. H. Tilman, leader of the British Mount Everest expedition, now getting under way.

These stories from the Tibetan base camp have a professional ease and fluency, along with a ring of integrity which gives assurance that Mr. Tilman is really writing them. There is no ghost on the job here.

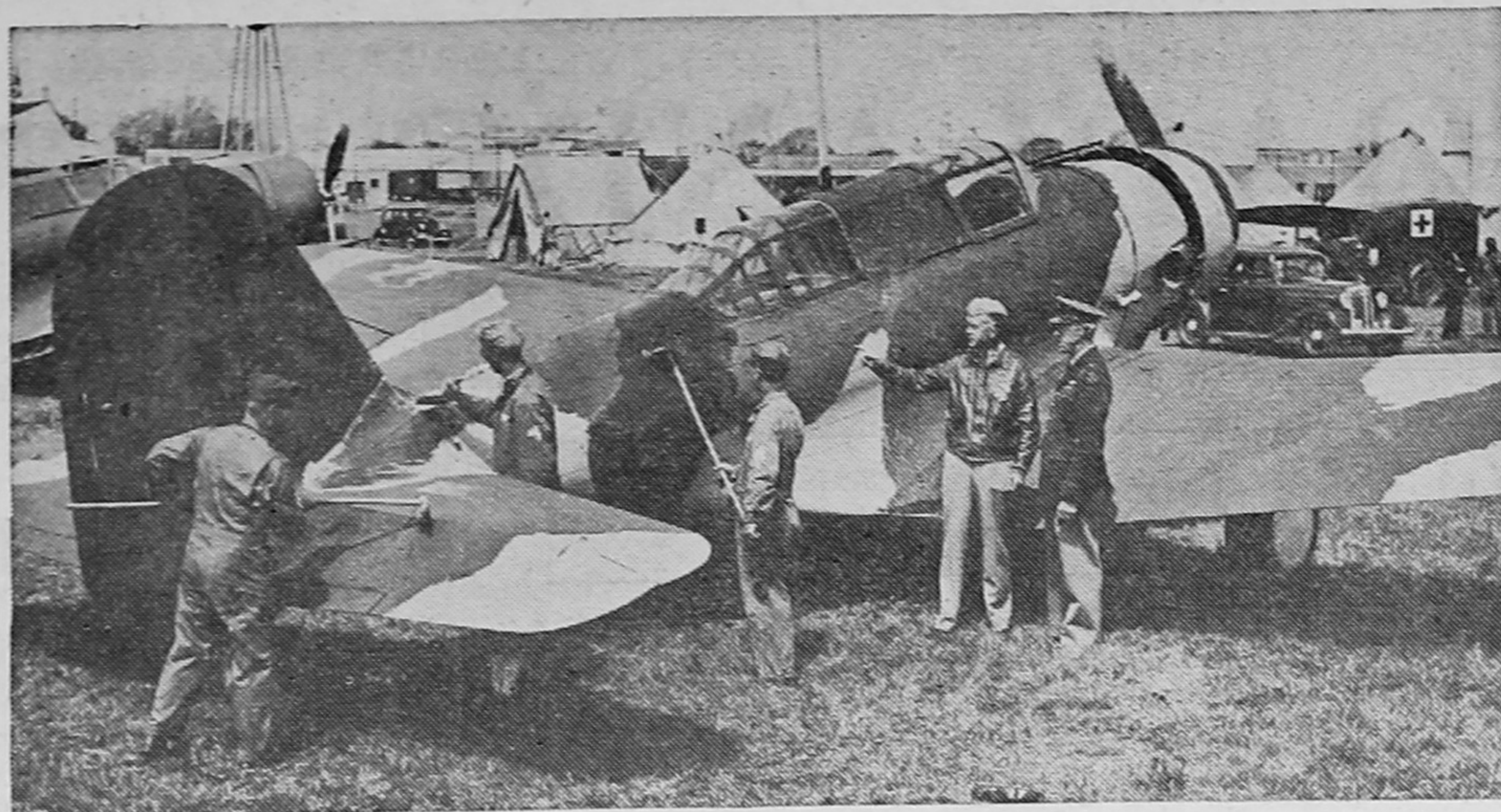
Mr. Tilman is thirty-nine years old, a keen-faced, hard-muscled Britisher of medium stature, who has been exploring ever since he left college.

He has climbed mountains in the Alps and in Africa, including Mounts Kenya, Kilimanjaro and Ruvenzori. This is his fifth expedition to the Himalayas. The entrants in this high hurdle event are not youngsters. N. E. Odell is forty-seven, F. S. Smythe is thirty-seven and the others are all over thirty.

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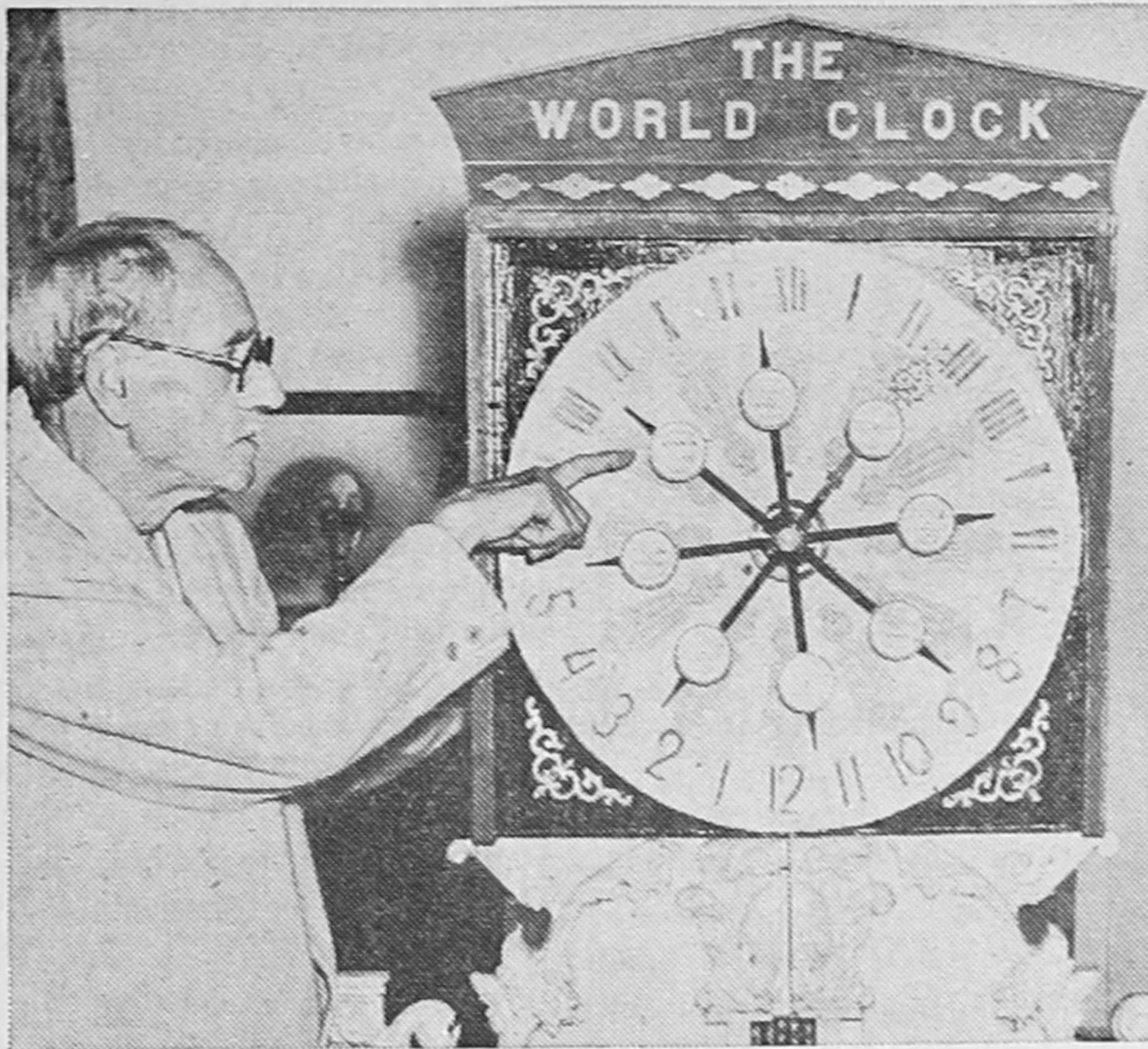
Bull Terrier, White Dog
When bull baiting was abolished by law in England, sporting men developed the bull terrier for dog fighting and badger baiting. About 1875, dalmatian and pointer blood were introduced in the strain, making them look less like bulldogs. The bull terrier is always white, has a long tapering head, wide, deep chest, stiff, glossy hair and tapering tail. He is gentle and good natured, but fears nothing and is a good watch dog.

New Camouflage Makes Planes Invisible



Maj. Emil C. Kiel, squadron commander of the Ninety-fifth attack group, United States air corps, showing Brig. Gen. Frank Martin the progress on camouflaging the A17A warplanes stationed at Hartford, Conn., for air maneuvers in the northeastern section of the United States. The camouflaging makes the planes practically invisible at a short distance.

World Clock Tells Time Anywhere



Whether it's midnight in Miami or high noon in Nanking, this world clock will tell it. With eight hands and two sets of numbers on the face, it tells time all around the world. It was made by Prof. Hirsch Yankelwitz, Russian scientist now living in Miami.

Screen Actress Hitler Favorite

Leni Riefenstahl, who received the film prize for this year for her Olympic film of last year. This photograph was taken on the occasion of her recent visit to Vienna. Leni



is said to be the film favorite of Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler and there is a persistent rumor that if the chancellor ever marries, she will be the bride.

Charlie McCarthy Learns Swedish



That gabby wooden Irishman, Charlie McCarthy, had to learn Swedish as a result of his selection as "chief spokesman" at a celebration in Hollywood, Calif., marking the three-hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the first Swedish settlers in America. Charlie is shown getting some tips on the language from boss Edgar Bergen, whose mother, Mrs. Nellie Bergen, was born at Hassleholm, Sweden.

March of Progress Detours Forest Giant



Engineers surveying northern Jefferson county, N. Y., for approaches to the new Thousand Islands International bridge near Watertown, were almost forced to remove this giant cottonwood tree, for which Clinton Hodge, seventy, Si D. Ball, ninety-one, and Lorenzo Vanderwalker, seventy-four, left to right, have a sentimental attachment. Last survivors of a large group, they pay their sixtieth springtime visit to the tree which has records since 1799 and measures 33 feet in circumference and rejoice that the march of progress has not been inexorable.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for June 5
SERVING BY PERSONAL DEVOTION TO CHRIST

LESSON TEXT—Mark 14:3-11, 27-31. GOLDEN TEXT—She hath done what she could, Mark 14:8. PRIMARY TOPIC—Mary's Present to Jesus. JUNIOR TOPIC—Mary's Love Gift. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Showing Our Love to Christ. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Heart of Christian Service.

"The love of Christ constraineth us" (II Cor. 5:14) was the all-sufficient moving force back of the greatest life of service rendered by any man. It is this personal devotion to the One whom we love "because he first loved us" (I John 4:19), which makes Christianity "different from all other religions. Christianity alone acts through this natural and deep hunger of mankind with a personalized religion which can be a satisfying joy and pleasure. Yet at this point Christians fail the most and make difficult the work of serving Jesus. They see religion as a job to be done, a form to be observed, a duty to be fulfilled" (W. R. King).

We need to renew that devotion to Christ which expresses itself in true worship. Prayer is too often asking for things; praise, thanking for things (unless we become so engrossed with them that we forget to return thanks); and worship, which is a coming to God in adoration and thanksgiving for what He is rather than what He can give, is forgotten. Our Heavenly father wants us to show love toward Him. The act of Mary was pure personal devotion and worship, and its fragrance lives to this day.

I. Wasted—But Eternally Saved (vv. 3-9).

The dark hours of betrayal and death were before our Lord. All around Him was hostility. Even in the inner circle of the disciples there was misunderstanding and bickering. Mary (to be distinguished from the sinful woman of Luke 7) with the quick intuition of an understanding woman's heart knew what He was passing through, and with a magnificent act of love stood by Him in the fellowship of His sufferings. Dr. Morgan points out that it was "an impulsive act . . . born of the impulsiveness of love daring not to calculate." In the words of verse 9, Jesus declared that the gospel and that which this woman had done were to "stand side by side with each other forever. That keen intuition of love, that uncalculating outpouring of love, was Godlike, and an act in fellowship with the act of God by which a world is redeemed."

Judas, who was a thief, said she had wasted money that should be used for the poor (John 12:6). The other disciples thought well of his argument and murmured against her. But Jesus commended her. To be thrifty and frugal is commendable, but there are times when the heart should speak without being silenced by the drawing of purse strings.

II. Saved—But Eternally Lost (vv. 10, 11).

Judas betrayed Jesus for thirty pieces of silver. He "made" some money. The fact that he did it by betraying the Son of God may be worse in degree but is not worse in kind than the betrayal of the youth of our land by those who make merchandise of their eternal souls. A recent news item from England declared that church organizations were making money out of properties publicly known as centers of prostitution. The leaders deplored the situation, but said they could not prevent it without losing the income of the property. Why not lose every cent rather than be party to the betrayal of any man or woman?

III. Bold Words—But Weak Actions (vv. 27-31).

Verses 12-26 tell of the gathering of the Lord and His disciples for their last passover and for the establishment of the Lord's supper. As they left the sacred meeting and went out into the Mount of Olives Jesus foretold His betrayal and His coming denial by the disciples.

Peter, quick with his tongue, and bold in spirit, spake swelling words of devotion and assurance. Sadly the Lord foretold his threefold denial of that very night. Again Peter and all the disciples declared their willingness to die with Him. They undoubtedly meant what they said, but reckoning without the weakness of the flesh they failed Him.

The lesson that is written large in this story for you and for me is, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" (I Cor. 10:12).

Complaining

We have no more right to put our discordant states of mind into the lives of those around us and rob them of their sunshine and brightness than we have to enter their houses and steal their silverware.—Julia Seton.

Fortitude and Duty

True fortitude I take to be the quiet possession of a man's self, and an undisturbed doing his duty, whatever evil besets or danger lies in his way.—Locke.

Work That You Can "Carry With You"



Pattern 6030.

You, too, can enjoy the luxury of beautiful lace . . . all you need is a crochet hook and some inexpensive string. Carry them with you wherever you go and make a square—(it is just a square)—at a time. Sew them together to form cloths, scarfs, bedspreads, or pillows. There's rare charm in this Italian-type lace . . . smart, exclusive and long-wearing. In pattern 6030 you will find complete instructions for making the square shown; an illustration of it and all stitches used; material requirements; a photograph of the square.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Radio and Weather

The United States weather bureau says that radio waves do not affect the weather, and statements that have appeared from time to time that the tremendous outpouring of radio waves all over the world has caused bad weather are without scientific basis.

In comparison with the tremendous amount of energy broadcast continually into the atmosphere as a result of thunderstorms, the amount added from the radio stations is comparatively minute.

MEN LOVE GIRLS WITH PEP

If you are peppy and full of fun, men will invite you to dances and parties. BUT, if you are cross, listless and tired, men won't be interested. Men don't like "quiet" girls.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure.

Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today WITH-OUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit.

Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

Weighty Words
Gentle words fall lightly, but they have great weight.

PILES AND OTHER RECTAL TROUBLES
Successfully Treated! NO PAIN NO DANGER
Work performed by leading Chicago Proctologist, Surgeon, and Physician. Write for free booklet.
DR. NYSTUL'S SANITARIA
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WNU—A 22—38

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

PLENTY OF DATES NOW... DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL

Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

Watch your complexion take on new beauty
Even the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesia make a remarkable difference. With the Denton Magic Mirror you can actually see the texture of your skin become smoother day by day. Imperfections are washed clean. Wrinkles gradually disappear. Before you know it Denton's has brought you entirely new skin loveliness.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER —Saves You Money
You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made—good for a few weeks only. We will send you a full 12 oz. bottle (retail price \$1) plus a regular sized box of famous Milnesia Wafers (known throughout the country as the original Milk of Magnesia tablets), plus the Denton Magic Mirror (shows you what your skin specialist sees) . . . all for only \$1! Don't miss out on this remarkable offer. Write today.

DENTON'S Facial Magnesia

SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc. 4402—23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y. Enclosed find \$1 (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

Fill out and return this coupon NOW

Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—The strong stand taken by Joseph P. Kennedy as to what must be done about labor disputes in the merchant marine if the United States is ever to get one has been completely scuttled through the influence of Secretary of Labor Perkins and the national labor relations board while Joe tells reporters he will wear long pants to the court receptions.

The senate commerce committee, which at first adopted the recommendations of Kennedy for compulsory mediation of labor disputes of water carriers, and a prohibition of strikes until after the mediation board had acted in such controversies, cut his stiff, mandatory provisions from the new shipping bill. The senate followed its committee.

Though striking out the substance, the senate curiously enough retained the shadow. For in the "shadow" were some lucrative jobs, nice \$10,000 commissioner type jobs of the lame duck variety. Copying the railroad mediation board, the proposed new board (of course the house may strike this out in conference) would have no real power at all. More astonishing, it is deliberately short circuited by a direct statement that the national labor relations board is not deprived of any of its functions!

The substitute provisions provide only for mediation in case both parties to the water controversy favor it, and are not compulsory in any sense of the word. They are much more in line with the mild treatment of striking seamen and dock workers recommended by Secretary Perkins than with the views expressed by Joe Kennedy.

It was shortly before Kennedy left Washington to take his diplomatic post that he, as chairman of the maritime commission, and Miss Perkins as head of the Labor department locked horns before the senate commerce committee, of which Senator Copeland, of New York, is chairman. West coast shipping was tied up very generally by strikes at the time.

As Kennedy Saw It

Kennedy argued that the railroad mediation board, which functions satisfactorily in the settlement of disputes involving rail carriers, might widen its scope of jurisdiction to cover disputes involving water carriers. He recommended that the provisions against strikes by the railroad men until after the mediation board had acted be made applicable to the seamen.

Miss Perkins pleaded for maintenance of the "status quo," argued that tolerance must be shown to the various waterfront unions, because they are comparatively young, declared that the shipping industry was not "ripe" for compulsory arbitration, and contended that anything savoring of it would be more harmful than helpful. President Roosevelt, consulted by senators, refused to take sides.

Then the committee senators proceeded to exercise their own judgment. They sided with Kennedy. But after this decision something happened. John L. Lewis is not without resources when it comes to pulling political wires. Especially as everyone in Washington knows that he has it in his power simply by sulking after last week's Pennsylvania primaries to return anti-New Deal Senator James J. Davis to the senate, and throw the state government at Harrisburg, with 30,000 employees, over to the Republicans.

The admirals who were so anxious to get a real auxiliary fleet for the navy in the event of war are frantic over what has been done to the bill. They frankly admit, in private, that the building of a merchant marine is impossible under the senate bill, or without something like the Kennedy recommendations.

But there seems no prospect of Kennedy and the admirals having their way, despite the President's very definite desire to do everything possible to strengthen the navy, everything of course except to antagonize the labor leaders.

Real G. O. P. Problem

Connecticut is one of the real problems for the Republican party, and of enormous interest because it is typical of a great many other states, some of which have more and some less electoral votes. It is a tower of strength to the New Deal, and a staunch bulwark against the menace of the LaFollette movement.

The disease from which the Connecticut Republicans are suffering is the same malady which affects the Republicans in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Rhode Island. All four of these states were always regarded as just about sure Republican in a presidential election, despite the prognosticators' silly chatter during campaigns, that New York was "pivotal" and doubtful.

They were the backlog—especially if New York was excepted—of the Republican end of the balance of power, when joined with Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Mas-

sachusetts in the Northeast, and Illinois, Iowa and the whole group of so-called Mormon states—Utah, Idaho, Nevada—in the mountain region. The Democratic end of the balance of power, of course, was the solid South.

The disease which has hit the Republicans of the Northeast, and most of the other one-time Republican states as well, is loss of leadership.

For years J. Henry Roraback was the dictator of Connecticut. He was the Republican boss, national committeeman, and what have you. No one thought of doing anything in the Republican party without consulting Henry. There were little centers of dissent, notably in New Haven, where the rebels even dared to select their own congressman. But Roraback's ability began to slip, and so great had been the fear of him, that despite this slipping, obvious to all who knew him, no one dared to take the initiative toward perfecting a new organization.

Made It Tougher

To make the problem tougher for aspiring Republicans, it so happened that even before Roraback's slipping had become apparent, Connecticut elected a Democratic governor who was a great personal friend of Roraback's. Roraback praised him publicly. So as that once great political mind weakened the Democrats were developing patronage as well as organization.

Finally Roraback died, but he did not leave a strong successor. There had been no regent during the period of disintegration. New would-be leaders, so to speak, started from scratch, with more interest in their personal advancement than in building up a strong organization.

At the present moment there are three distinct factions aspiring to state control of the G. O. P., and any number of little groups not allied with the Big Three. No one of the Big Three would be pleased at the success, even though it meant the election of Republicans in place of Democrats, by any of the other forces.

Were They Surprised?

Utility officials and army officers alike were flabbergasted by reports of the President's conference with Assistant Secretary of War Louis Johnson and Power Commissioner Basil Manly as to a proposed new survey of the national power situation, from the standpoint of national defense.

The President said this matter had never been studied from that angle, and that it is not so much a question of additional power as it is tying in existing power lines that are not connected. He said if anything should happen the District of Columbia could not borrow power from Baltimore or vice versa. In the city of New York, he said, there is no physical connection between one side of the Hudson and the other.

Of course the President was simply illustrating to the newspaper men the kind of information he wanted mapped out. Actually there is a power line between Baltimore and Washington intended for the very purpose of permitting one city to serve the other in the event of some emergency.

Actually also New York city is protected against failure of its normal supply. There is a connection, made for that purpose, with the power lines of the Niagara and Hudson company. Incidentally the President was enormously interested, about two years ago, when some of the power companies cut their connections at certain state borders, notably the New York-Connecticut border, in the hope of escaping federal regulation and the death sentence of the public utility holding company act.

Here's Amusement

But this is not the amazing part of the story. What really surprised the army and the utility men was that there is a marvelously accurate survey of the whole situation right in the government's possession. It was made by the army engineers.

Unfortunately, this report is confidential. In fact, it is regarded by the army as a very important part of its war plans, and is kept on tap with other plans for industrial mobilization.

Why Assistant Secretary Johnson did not mention this to the commander in chief of the army, the President, when they were talking about this survey, and emphasizing its national defense aspects, is rather a mystery to some, but is explained, with political logic, by others.

The President, these others point out, is not in precisely a friendly mood toward the army engineers. He still remembers with some bitterness the strength which the army engineers developed as a lobbying force a few weeks ago on Capitol Hill. The engineers, whose friends on Capitol Hill are legion, were afraid that perhaps Harold L. Ickes or somebody else in the administration might at some time persuade the President to take the engineer's functions away from them, and transfer them to PWA or elsewhere.

So the army lads went to work; and when they were through the senate reorganization committee actually wrote a provision into the bill, to the broad general effect that the functions of the army engineers were not to be tampered with. Furthermore, there was not even an attempt on the floor of the senate to strike out this notable exception.

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FAMOUS STORIES

King Arthur's Death Told in Tennyson Tale

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

IN THE last days of King Arthur, his men were led in revolt against him by the traitorous knight, Sir Modred. Warfare had continued many months and the time had now come for the last struggle. Among those faithful to the king was the knight, Sir Bedivere, now constant companion to the lonely and aged king.

Overlooking the camps which were arrayed for battle, the king thought sorrowfully of his knights whom he was now fighting. His heart was heavy as the battle began, relates Lord Tennyson in his story, "The Death of King Arthur."

On every side there was strife to the death until the field was strewn with men. At the point of Excalibur, King Arthur's famous sword, Sir Modred met his end. But, alas, King Arthur was sorely wounded. Carefully Sir Bedivere carried his king off the field. But King Arthur knew that now he was to die.

Calling his loyal knights to him, he requested Sir Bedivere to carry Excalibur down to the lake front and throw it into the water. The knight thought this a strange request, but he lifted the treasured sword and went his way to the lake.

Standing beside the water, Sir Bedivere thought of the needless waste of so many jewels and of so much beauty and he hid Excalibur in a tree. When Sir Bedivere stood again before him, King Arthur asked what he had seen when he threw the sword into the water. Sir Bedivere answered, "The rippling of the waves."

"Betrayer!" cried the king. "Do as I bid you!"

Standing again beside the water the knight thought: the king is ill and does not know what he says, so I will hide the sword. Accordingly,



Elizabeth James

"BEAUTIFUL" LIFE

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, lived a life as beautiful and unreal in its romanticism as that of any hero in his King Arthur stories.

The drowning of Arthur Hallam, Tennyson's college friend who understood and encouraged the sensitive poet, caused Tennyson to suffer a nervous collapse and to live ten years in retirement. At the end of that time he presented for publication "In Memoriam," an elegy to Arthur Hallam, a poem said to have brought more comfort to sorrowing people than any other poem.

Tennyson was not wealthy, and he and his sweetheart wanted to leave the path of his life open for writing instead of trying to earn a less precarious livelihood, so they waited many years before marriage was possible. Speaking of his marrying Emily Sellwood he said, "On the day I married her, the peace of God entered into my soul."

At the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was made Poet Laureate of England, having long enjoyed the friendship of Queen Victoria. After that he was so besieged by sightseers, that he was forced to move to the Isle of Wight, which place is now famous for having been his home. Tennyson died in 1892, at the age of eighty-three.

he once more placed it safely away. The second time the king asked what he had seen and the knight gave the same answer as before, "The rippling of the waves."

With great effort King Arthur cried, "If you do not do as I command, I will kill you with my own hands!"

Sir Bedivere ran to the lake, wheeled the sword high, and with all his might, hurled it into the lake. Instantly an arm clothed in rich apparel rose from the lake, caught the sword, brandished it three times and drew Excalibur under the waves. When the king had heard what Sir Bedivere had seen, his soul was satisfied. Then he made his last request of his knight, that Sir Bedivere would assist him to reach the shores of the lake.

Old Order Changeth

When the king stood beside the waters, there appeared in the distance a barge. Nearer and nearer it came, until the richness of the black draperies could be seen. Three queens weeping in lamentation stood on the bow looking toward King Arthur, Sir Bedivere supported his king, until the outstretched arms of the queens assisted King Arthur to take his place on the barge.

Slowly the barge began to leave the shore. Standing alone as King Arthur moved into the distance, Sir Bedivere cried out, "I am left alone! What shall I do?"

Kindly answered the king, "The old order changeth, giving place to new—Pray for me, for more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of . . ."

So ended the life of King Arthur, for many years ruler over the Round Table.

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WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Describes the Place of Fats in the Diet

Nationally Known Food Authority Compares the Different Cooking Fats and Shortenings

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
6 East 39th St., New York City.

THERE are, perhaps, more false notions concerning fats than any other class of foods.

Some homemakers, considering them as "fattening" only, try to eliminate them entirely from the diet. Others have the impression that foods containing fat are difficult to digest, and for this reason deprive their families of many delicious and healthful foods. Both points of view arise from ignorance of dietary facts.

Fats Are Necessary to Health

Fats have a number of important functions to perform. They are a concentrated fuel food, having more than twice the energy value of an equal weight of protein or carbohydrate.

One-half ounce of fat, that is one tablespoon, yields 100 calories, and were he able to eat it, a man could obtain an entire day's fuel from three-fourths of a pound of fat. It is interesting to note that it would require nearly eight pounds of cooked rice to give the same number of calories.

In Oriental countries, where large populations live in great poverty, fat is usually scarce and it is necessary to consume huge quantities of food in order to meet the daily fuel requirements. As a result, most of the people develop distended abdomens.

Because fat is such a compact food, nutritionists agree that for growing boys and girls, and men engaged in strenuous physical exercise, fat is almost essential, if they are to get enough total calories.

There is also experimental evidence that at least a small amount of one or more of the unsaturated fatty acids must be supplied by the food if normal nutrition is to be maintained. And two competent investigators found, experimentally, that the presence of fat in the diet tends to conserve vitamin B in the body.

Some fats, especially those from animal sources, are rich in vitamins A and D, and fats made from vegetable oils may contain vitamin E.

Fat and Hunger

Perhaps the greatest service performed by fat is its ability to give "staying power" to the diet—to satisfy hunger. In this respect, it directly affects the disposition and may influence the ability to enjoy life.

The shortage of fats in European countries during the World war graphically demonstrated how a deficiency of this class of foods can destroy the morale of entire nations.

With supplies cut off or very greatly curtailed, the warring countries found it necessary to ration fats closely. As a result, their people were always hungry and dissatisfied, even when their actual needs were satisfied. In this connection, it is interesting to note that a slice of bread and butter or margarine will delay the onset of hunger longer than a slice of bread and jam, even though the number of calories may be the same.

Different Fats Compared

As sources of energy, the different food fats are very similar. Thus, the homemaker's choice may be determined by preference, convenience, economy, and the use to which the product is to be put.

The various forms of edible fats and oils are derived from both animal and vegetable sources. They include butter, margarine, lard, compounds, which are a mixture of animal fats and vegetable oils, hydrogenated fats, and the liquid vegetable oils.

Butter and margarine are used chiefly as a spread, and it is interesting to note that the annual per capita consumption of margarine is steadily increasing, as homemakers have discovered that the use of this less expensive product releases more money for milk, fruits and vegetables. Margarine is interchangeable with butter for dressing vegetables and in doughs containing spices, fruits and chocolate. Its shortening power and keeping qualities are similar to those of butter.

Lards, compounds and other shortening fats are useful not only as a means of increasing palatability and food value, but to add flakiness to baked foods and to produce a crisp coating which seals in the minerals and vitamins of fried foods.

Lard is used chiefly as a shortening for pastry, and a good grade will be found to be white and free from objectionable odors. The highest grade, called leaf lard, is produced from the leaves of fat in the sides of the hog.

When made by a reputable manufacturer, the compounds prepared especially for cake making, for shortening pastry and for deep-frying, are wholesome, highly nutritious and give most satisfactory results. They are a most economical form of shortening.

Digestibility of Fats

Because of their ability to retard digestion somewhat and thus give satiety value to a meal, the impression has grown up that fats are "difficult" to digest. This results from confusing the length of time required for digestion and the completeness with which a food is digested.

When "digestibility" is regarded in the popular sense of the ease, comfort and speed with which the digestive organs carry on their work, it is conceded that fats in general retard the secretion of the gastric juice and thus cause food to remain longer in the stomach.

On the other hand, most fats have such a high coefficient of digestibility, that under normal conditions only about one-twentieth of the fat eaten escapes digestion. Experiments indicate, for example, that the coefficient of digestibility of oleomargarine is 97.55 per cent.

It is sometimes erroneously stated that pastry is indigestible. This statement is without foundation, provided the pastry is made from a high grade shortening and is properly baked. Similarly, fried foods come in for a great deal of criticism that should not be charged to the use of fat, but to incorrect methods of cooking. If

Are You Overweight? You can REDUCE Safely - Surely - Comfortably

Send for This Free Bulletin Offered by C. Houston Goudiss

Readers of this newspaper are invited to write to C. Houston Goudiss, at 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for his scientific Reducing Bulletin, which shows how to reduce by the safe and sane method of counting calories.

The bulletin is complete with a chart showing the caloric value of all the commonly used foods and contains sample menus that you can use as a guide to comfortable and beautiful weight reduction.

food is properly cooked in fat that has a high smoking point, there will be no opportunity for decomposition products to develop.

How Much Fat?

Nutritionists have ample evidence that health is best served when 30 to 35 per cent of the total energy value foods is provided in the form of fat. This will include the fat of meat and the fat used in cooking the many delicious fried and baked foods which make eating a pleasure.

Questions Answered

Mrs. M. L., Jr. — Dandelion greens make an excellent food. They contain more phosphorus than any other common leafy vegetable, and supply vitamins A, B, C and G.

Miss C. B. R.—It is difficult to compare the iron content of meats because of variations in the amount of fat. It has been established, however, that organ meats, as liver and kidneys, contain more iron than muscle meats, and that pork and lamb contain much less iron than beef.

Mr. F. K. C.—Answering your query as to whether pineapple juice possesses special properties as a laxative—all fruit juices contain fruit acids, which tend to have a stimulating effect upon the entire digestive tract. However, the pulp of any fruit is far more effective than the juice in providing normal elimination.

Mrs. N. H. R.—As to whether a tendency to overweight is inherited: the body build is inherited. That is, some individuals tend to be short and stocky; others are tall and slender. However, there is no reason why the stocky individual should allow himself to become obese. Frequently, a condition that is blamed on inheritance can be traced to faulty habits of diet, exercise and sleep, passed from one generation to another.

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AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

Treating the Rubber Plant.—The gloss of a rubber plant is greatly increased by dropping about a teaspoon of sweet oil about its roots once a month.

Preserving Books.—To keep books on shelves or in cases in good condition, sprinkle occasionally with powdered camphor.

Identifying Sheets.—If you use sheets of two different sizes, one for single and one for double beds, fold sheets for double beds in a large square and those for a single bed in smaller squares. You will then have no difficulty in finding the right sheets.

Kitchen Necessity.—A knife rack saves the edges of blades and prevents cut fingers.

Too Salty Soup.—A slice of raw potato added to soup to which too much salt has been added, and

boiled in the soup for a few minutes will absorb much of the salt.

To Clean Picture Frames and Glasses.—Wash with warm water and ammonia (a teaspoonful to a quart of water). For gilt frames, use the water in which onions have been boiled, as it will restore their brightness.

Preparing Rice.—Before boiling rice, wash it in hot water to remove any soil and also the fine starch powder that may be on the outside of the grain which makes it sticky.

Are Women Better Shoppers than Men?

GRANTING a woman's reputation for wise buying, let's trace the methods by which she has earned it. Where does she find out about the advantages and details of electrical refrigeration? What tells her how to keep the whole household clean—rugs, floors, bathroom tiling—and have energy left over for golf and parties? How does she learn about new and delicious entrees and desserts that surprise and delight her family? Where does she discover those subtleties of dress and make-up that a man appreciates but never understands?

Why, she reads the advertisements. She is a consistent, thoughtful reader of advertisements, because she has found that she can believe them—and profit thereby. Overlooking the advertisements would be depriving herself of data continuously useful in her job of Purchasing Agent to the Family.

For that matter, watch a wise man buy a car or a suit or an insurance policy. Not a bad shopper himself! He reads advertisements, too!

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
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3 months in advance .50
Single copies .05

The Pension Roll

According to the figures last published in the National Tribune, there were still on the pension rolls two widows of soldiers who fought in the War of 1812, and 199 widows of the War with Mexico.

While only 5,458 Union veterans of the Civil War remained to draw pensions, there were 69,189 widows on the rolls. As a result of the Spanish-American War, 170,956 veterans and 53,170 widows were drawing pensions.

Several thousand veterans and widows of Indian wars, the World War, and those receiving special pensions for peace time service were also on the rolls.

It seems remarkable that two widows are still drawing pensions on account of a war which ended more than 123 years ago. It happens, of course, because as very young women they married very old veterans of that war.

During March of this year, 203 Union veterans of the Civil War died, while deaths among Spanish-American War veterans numbered 605.

Mother Of The Year

Following a custom inaugurated in 1934, the Golden Rule Foundation of New York has selected Mrs. Grace Noll Crowell of Dallas, Tex., as the outstanding mother of 1938. There were several close contestants for the award, which was based on character, record as a mother, and community activities.

The "American Mother of 1938" is a native of Iowa, but has lived in Texas since her marriage to Norman H. Crowell in 1901. She has three sons, one a

bank clerk, another an artist, and the third an instructor at Southern Methodist University.

Mrs. Crowell has written some 1,000 poems and has won numerous prizes for her work, including virtually all the prizes offered by Texas literary societies, and received honorable mention in the Bookman poetry contest in London, England, in 1914. She is also known as the poet laureate of Texas.

The Golden Rule Foundation, which sponsors the selection of a mother of the year, is a charitable institution, which aids underprivileged mothers and children. The annual contest serves to call attention to the organization in connection with its campaign for funds.

Health Can Be Bought

Thanks to the advances of medical science, health is now purchasable, according to a distinguished health commissioner. Of course, there are limitations to the extent to which this statement is true, but the fact remains that the possibilities of preventing disease are greatly neglected through false economy.

By employing well known sanitary measures it is possible for any community to abolish typhoid fever, diphtheria, malaria and other age-old enemies of mankind. Tuberculosis can be largely prevented and practically every communicable disease can be reduced to a minimum.

Aside from the misery and loss of life that results from a failure to take advantage of scientific health measures, the economic loss is also appalling. The earning capacity of every community is needlessly reduced through preventable sickness. As a business proposition it pays to utilize every possible means for the preservation of the public health, aside from humanitarian considerations.

Much has been done in the direction of better sanitation and the eradication of disease, but not one-half of what can or ought to be done. Within reasonable limits, the people can purchase as much of health as they are willing to pay for. And nothing else worth having can be had at such a low cost.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Happy Marriages

Psychologists, sociologists and other ologists are continually checking up the well known human race with respect to all its varied activities nowadays, so it was inevitable that they should make a study of the happy marriages, if any, to determine how come.

After long and patient research several of these experts have disclosed their findings, which show that persons who marry relatively late are more likely to live happily ever afterward than those who marry at an early age.

To give a few examples from the statistics compiled by these indefatigable researchers, the following conclusions are quoted:

A girl who marries after she is 25 is three times as likely to find wedded bliss as one who rushes into matrimony before she is 20.

Men who marry after the age of 25 have 2.2 times the chance for married happiness as those who marry at an earlier age, according to one expert, while another places the ratio at 2.5.

Where both parties to a marriage are over 25, the chances for making a go of it are still greater.

Now tell all this to two youngsters between 16 and 20 who are that way about each other, and see what happens.

What's New

Government chemists have developed a cheap and effective method of fireproofing canvas.

A new German quartz lamp is used to detect frauds in precious stones and fabrics.

Sugar cane pulp is being converted into wrapping paper in a plant in Mexico.

It has been found that earthquakes are more frequent when the moon is nearest the earth.

Greater progress has been made in checking tuberculosis among old people than among children.

Dr. Victor Conquest of Armour's recently reported that the addition of exzymatic extract from the pancreas of a hog made cow's milk more closely resemble human milk.

Smile Awhile

What is that I smell?
That's fertilizer.
Oh, for the land's sake!

He—Does the moon affect the tide?
She—No! Only the untied.

Doctor—You think too much about yourself. Bury yourself in your work.
Patient—And me a concrete mixer.

How's your garden getting along old man?
Well, if the green things coming up are vegetables, it's fine, but if they're weeds, it's terrible.

Visitor—And how old are you Bobbie?
Bobbie—I'm just at the awkward age.

Visitor—Really? And what do you call the awkward age?
Bobbie—I'm too old to cry and too young to swear.

Anyway, when Adam and Eve had to move there were no inquisitive neighbors snooping around to see what kind of furniture they had.

Mrs. Sarah Brodsky, 97, of New York City, is busily engaged in crocheting a bedspread which she hopes will be exhibited at the New York World's Fair in 1939.

FOR SALE

Now is a good time to buy a farm. Interest rates are low and terms are made to suit the purchaser.

We have several choice farms for sale, three of which are located on Route 49, near a good market and priced to sell.

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Northbound.....3:26 p. m.

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Northbound.....8:30 a. m.

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Sacrifice

By MYRA A. WINGATE
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WNU Service.

HIS name was Baggs, though Rags would have been more appropriate. He was sadly in need of a bath, a shave, and a haircut, was Baggs. Youth would never again be his, yet, even in approaching age, fortune had come to him on the wings of the storm. There were blisters on the leathery palms from long hours of handling the snow shovel, and in his pocket a \$5 bill, product of his own painful toil. It meant food and warmth for several days to come, and beyond that Baggs did not think.

He stopped in a doorway as a police officer strolled along. The instinct for freedom was strong in his breast, and he had his reasons for avoiding notice from the watchful eyes of the law.

Isabel Morrison passed his shelter, hastening toward her room in a cheap boarding house, down a side street. Baggs' eye appraised and labeled her "country-bred," by signs as unmistakable as those that proclaim the city-bred to the villagers.

Baggs had come from the country himself, in the long ago, every whit as buoyant and hopeful as this girl. The association of ideas caused him a vague discomfort of mind. He stood shivering against the wall, waiting for the officer to pass. His breath caught convulsively in his throat at the thought of four smothering walls.

Isabel came back to the crossing in front of the doorway. She hugged tightly under her arm the paper bag containing her cheap and tasty supper of rolls and hot dogs, while she fumbled in her pocketbook for a few pennies to buy the evening papers from a newsie. The "Help Wanted" columns were of grave interest to her.

Her cheeks were pink, and tiny, curly tendrils escaped from under the close hat. Her eyes were bright with the hope of the young, and this in spite of the fact that she was down to her last five dollars. While the newsboy pocketed his pennies, the girl brought out from

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

her paper bag a still warm roll with its enclosed, spicy morsel. On a winter's night what worker would not share with another?

"Aw, gee, lady! I call that white," said the boy, his eyes glistening.

"Two left," laughed Isabel. "And what lady would eat three?"

Baggs laughed, in sympathy with the newsboy and the girl. It was sheltered in the doorway and he still lingered. He had no home, nor even a cheap room down a side street, though he knew where he could spend the night for a few cents.

Fully 15 minutes had elapsed when the man emerged once more. His breathing was better for the rest and he could move briskly.

Crossing the street, retracing her steps, came Isabel. The color and the smile were gone from her face. As she looked searchingly about the spot where she had stood with the newsboy, her eyes were wide and anxious. She touched them with her handkerchief, but when she saw old Baggs looking at her, she tried to appear composed and indifferent.

"Lost something, young lady?" he asked.

"Nothing of importance," she answered bravely. Then her trouble overcame her dignity. "Oh, yes, I have. I've lost a \$5 bill and it was all I had. It had to last me until I found work. You did not see anyone pick it up? I must have lost it here, where I bought the papers."

Baggs knew there wasn't a chance in the world that she would ever find it. He hesitated a pardonable moment, while visions of food and warmth tempted him. He had had very little of either in the past two weeks. A life, young, good and beautiful was weighed in the scales against a life old and worthless and ugly—and the decision went against him.

"Why, lady, I picked it up myself," he lied blithely. "Lucky you happened to come along. Here it is."

He drew it from his pocket and handed it to her. Her face lighted with relief.

"You ought to have part of it," she said quickly, her eyes noting his rags. "If you'll wait until I change it—"

"Just earned one myself," he told her. "Shovelin'. Keep it all, girl. You'll need it."

Nodding in answer to her eager thanks, he slouched away, hands deep in his bottomless pockets, pondering what he might do.

Dark was coming down as he went cautiously back to his gloomy hallway. He threw down the newspapers and burrowed among them for such comfort as he could find. The drowsiness increased. He grew warm and light, and drifted slowly away—away. He did not return.

Interesting Notes

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

Recent geological studies indicate that Puerto Rico was once joined to South America.

The heaviest rainfall in Los Angeles was in 1884, when more than 38 inches of rain fell.

Jesse M. Coombs of Boone County, Ind., lived for 13 years after his stomach had been removed by a surgeon.

A Washington chemical engineer believes coal will in the future become an important source of paint.

Science is making wonderful improvement in nearly everything except human nature.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado river is the longest and deepest in the world, being in some places a mile deep.

It is estimated that moths do 100 million dollars damage to clothing in the United States every year.

Hurrying home to tell his wife of a prize he had won for careful driving, Karl Stark of Detroit was arrested for speeding.

George McQueen of Smith Center, Kan., escaped an operation when a jolt of his car dislodged a fishbone in his throat while on the way to a surgeon.

A plow which M. A. Bantz of Otterville, Ia., bought 40 years ago for \$6 and which he has used ever since was recently sold at auction for its purchase price.

Sentenced to serve from ten to 25 years in the Ohio penitentiary for robbery, Robert Neal begged for the death penalty instead. The judge refused.

Herman Kanwischer of Valparaiso, Ind., ordered in his will that the pall bearers at his funeral be given a half barrel of beer and \$10 each.

Because her dog could not be landed from a Venezuelan steamer with her, Senora Maria Torosa refused to debark at Plymouth, Eng., and went on to Holland.

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

Shakespeareana

ONE of the most famous of all forgers of historic documents was Samuel William Henry Ireland, son of an Eighteenth century admirer of the great Shakespeare. One day the boy brought to his father what he claimed to be an original version of "King Lear," a fragment from the original "Hamlet," and a letter from Queen Elizabeth inviting the Bard of Avon to tea. But most important of all was the manuscript of a hitherto unknown tragedy, "Vortigern and Rowena."

The elder Ireland, overjoyed at getting such treasures, didn't inquire too closely where the boy had obtained them. He exhibited them in his London house where they were examined by Samuel Johnson, Boswell and other notables who pronounced them genuine. Immediately the London theatrical managers began bidding for the privilege of producing the newly-discovered tragedy and the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan of the Drury Lane theater captured the prize by paying Ireland 300 pounds in cash and a promise of 50 per cent of the profits on the first performance.

Then Edmund Malone, authority on Shakespeare, burst the bubble by proving that all the documents were fakes. But it was too late to prevent the first performance of the play with the famous Mrs. Siddons as the heroine, "Rowena." To make the best of a bad situation, the actors turned the play into a burlesque of Shakespeare which delighted its audience. Then the play was withdrawn and the younger Ireland ended the affair by confessing that he was the "author" of all these Shakespeare documents.

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Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

A Bogus Declaration

ONE day in 1930 newspaper headlines in Toronto, Canada, carried this startling declaration: "Draft of Declaration of Independence Signed by Penn, Instead of Jefferson, Is Fabulous Art Treasure Now Here." The story under those headlines stated that Mrs. Ellen Field of Stoke Poges, England, last of the lineal descendants of William Penn, had on her deathbed ordered certain fabulous heirlooms returned to America, among them the original draft of America's most famous document and presumably written by John Penn, first governor of Pennsylvania. One word in that headline was quite correct—"fabulous."

It was pronounced that by experts who pointed out that John Penn could not have been the author of the Declaration for the very good reason that he was a Tory. Also, the minutes of the Continental congress show that Franklin, Adams and Jefferson were members of the committee appointed to draw up the Declaration and that Jefferson actually wrote it.

The original manuscript has disappeared. An examination of the Toronto parchment showed that the text of it may have been a contemporary copy of the original draft. But the signatures were clearly forgeries. So the forger who hoped, perhaps, to sell his "treasure" for a large sum to the United States government was foiled.

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Broadlands, Ill.

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Eckerty's Cafe

BROADLANDS : : : ILLINOIS

The first man to use a parachute was the late Major Baldwin of the U. S. Army, who descended from a balloon at San Francisco in November, 1883.

A reformer's idea of a good time is to keep his neighbors from having one.

It rains more on the just if he leaves his umbrella in reach of the unjust.

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Bring your shoes to us for half sole and heels and we will shine them, put in new laces and new heel pads and they will be as good as new.

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WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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SYNOPSIS

Ruth Chiswick of L C ranch, obsessed by fear of danger to her outspoken father, Lee, from a band of lawless rustlers headed by Sperm Howard, decides to save him by eloping with young Lou Howard, Sperm's son, and comes to the town of Tail Holt to meet him. While in Yell Sanger's store, a crook-nosed stranger enters, sizes up the situation, and when a drunken cowboy, Jim Pender, rides in and starts shooting, protects Ruth, while Lou Howard hides. Disgusted with Lou's cowardice, Ruth calls on the elopement, and sends the stranger for her father at the gambling house across the street. There the stranger, calling himself Jeff Gray, meets Morgan Norris, a killer, Curly Connor, Kansas, Mile High, Sid Hunt, and other rustlers, and Sperm Howard. Lee Chiswick enters, with his foreman, Dan Brand, and tells Sperm Howard of his orders to shoot rustlers at sight. When Lee returns to Ruth and coldly reassures her of her father's safety. At supper, Ruth introduces Jeff to her father and Brand, and in Sanger's store later she speaks cordially to Curly Connor. Coming out of the store, they are greeted by sudden gunplay. Lee is wounded, and Jeff Gray appears with a smoking revolver. Two days later, Ruth tells her father of her projected elopement and her disillusionment. Later, Ruth meets Jeff Gray, whom she thinks tried to kill her father. Ruth accidentally wounds Jeff. She takes him to Pat Sorley's camp. He finds only a note to Pat from Jeff. Meanwhile, Jeff rides into Tail Holt and sends word to Sperm Howard he wants to see him. He shows Howard a poster with his picture, with the name of Clint Duke, wanted as the leader of a band of outlaws. The rest of the band arrives. Jeff shows the outlaws the poster and evidence, and tells them to allow him to stay. Another raid on the L C cattle causes Lee to line up his men in pursuit, and to send his son Frank to town to reconnoiter. Pat Sorley finds Gray's horse's hoemarks on the trail with the suspected rustlers.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"He didn't whop me," blustered Howard. "Didn't you hear me say he jumped me when I wasn't looking?"

"I heard you," Curly said with a skeptical grin.

"I never saw the day I couldn't comb that bird's feathers for him," the damaged man bragged.

He finished his drink and went away to repair his wounds.

Jeff Gray, watching him, caught the look that passed between young Howard and Morgan Norris. Presently the latter left the bar and sauntered back to the wash-room after Lou.

Gray also drifted in that direction. He sat down at a table close to the washroom wall and began to deal out a hand of solitaire. Intently he listened to catch anything that might be said back of the thin wall.

CHAPTER VI

Frank called "Come in," and Jeff Gray walked into the bedroom.

"What are you doing here?" Frank demanded, jumping to his feet.

"Like to have a few words with you," Gray said.

"I won't talk with you about anything!" Frank cried, excited.

"Something important."

"No," the boy exploded.

"Important to you."

"I won't have you here," Chiswick barked at him. "Unless you want trouble, get out."

"I'm going to get out in just a minute. All I want is to tell you something I've heard."

Walking to the table where his gun lay, Frank shouted at him, "Get out, you double-crossing polecat."

Swiftly Gray whipped out his gun. "Don't make a mistake, Chiswick," he advised quietly.

"So that's it," Frank said. "You've come to kill me. Does yore contract call for me, too, as well as Father?"

"You damn fool!" Gray broke out in exasperation. "I never saw so crazy a family. I've come to tell you something, and you're going to listen to me whether you want to or not. Morg Norris and Lou Howard are fixing to rub you out."

"If it were so, would you be here telling me?" Frank asked, with a scornful lift of his lip.

"I am here. Boy, forget what you've got against me. I overheard some talk. You'd better light out of town before they get you."

"Are you afraid if they do you'll lose the reward for me?"

Gray shrugged his shoulders. "Have it yore own way. But listen to what I've got to say. You're going to draw you into a fuss. At the right time you'll get it. Understand?"

"I understand you ate supper with my father and tried to gun him from behind afterward," Frank told him wildly. "And that you loaded my sister with lies so she took you to one of our line-camps to be doctored up. We've got yore number, fellow. You were with the thieves who drove our stuff up Box canyon. What's the use of pulling this line of talk when I know you are in cahoots with these rustlers here—with the very scoundrels you are warning me against?"

Gray swept this aside with a gesture of the revolver. "All right. Leave it lay at that. I'm a hired

killer and a thief. Say I'm paying off a grudge I owe Lou Howard and Morg Norris. That would make me a double double-crosser. Put it any way you like. But get this through yore noodle. If you stick around here another day, you'll go home in a wagon covered by a sheet."

"I wouldn't believe anything in the world you told me," Frank answered.

"Then don't believe it because I tell you. Use yore head. Young Howard is no-account, but right now dangerous as a trapped rat you try to pet. He's mostly vanity, and you've hurt that cruelly. He'd go the limit to get even. Norris is one of these snake-in-the-grass killers, mean all the way through. Boy, I'm going to tell you something I can't prove. Likely you won't believe me. Morg Norris is the man who tried to kill yore father at Tail Holt. I'm most sure of that."

"You're one of this outlaw gang, but don't mind throwing down on them when it suits you," jeered Chiswick.

"Smart as a whip, you are," Gray drawled. "You'll never find out whether I am all the kinds of skunk you claim, because inside of 24 hours Morg Norris will blast you off the map."

"Maybe he sent you here to scare me. If he did, you go back and tell him I don't scare worth a cent."

"I give up," Gray said, putting away his weapon. "When a lunk-head has got hell in the neck there's nothing to do about it. You're grown

shoulders. He would not have to play a lone hand any longer.

A man coming into the house stepped to one side to let Frank out. The man was Jeff Gray.

"Wait a minute, Chiswick," he said urgently. "They're aiming to ambush you."

Frank did not answer, nor did he look back. He was not going to let this fellow influence him. But the heart under his ribs began to pound furiously. Involuntarily he quickened his pace.

"Come back, you fool!" the crook-nosed man ordered. "They're posted in the cottonwoods over there."

Chiswick did not believe him, but a queer chill ran up and down his spine. He kept going, following an adobe wall parallel to the road.

The angry bark of a revolver sounded. Frank whirled, dragging out his weapon. Swiftly he fired at Gray. He knew the shot had come from the gun of Gray.

From the cottonwoods across the road a rifle cracked. Another boomed before the echo of the first explosion had died.

Frank flung himself at the adobe wall and clambered over it, dropping the forty-four from his hand as he swarmed up. The boy hesitated an instant. Should he go back for his revolver or run the great risk of being caught defenseless? He heard the slap of running feet. If he went back over the wall, he would be the target of several gunmen. Nothing could save him. He must keep going.

In the darkness a building loomed before him. It was a large adobe stable, and it filled the whole back of the enclosure. Frank hesitated. He dared not let himself be trapped in the stable. Better go over one of the side walls.

He caught sight of a figure on top of the wall. A man was astride of it. His gun flashed twice. Then he had jumped down into the yard and was running toward Frank.

Amazement filled the mind of Chiswick. The man had not fired at him, but at someone out in the road.

"This way. Into the stable. They'll get you out in the open."

Frank followed him into the building. Why he did so he could not tell, for the man in front of him was Jeff Gray.

"Up the stairs," Gray ordered, stooping to pick something from the ground.

The two men ran up to the loft. Gray handed Chiswick a crowbar. "Get to work and knock a hole through the wall," he said. "We're going out that way."

Frank pushed aside the hay and began to drive the crowbar into the crumbly adobe bricks. At each thrust of the pointed iron the soft wall disintegrated into sand and straw.

Footsteps sounded below. Someone shouted up a command.

"Come down from there, Chiswick, or we'll shoot you into a rag doll."

In a husky voice Frank did not recognize, Gray called down an answer. "Three of us are up here. We aim to hold the fort. Don't monkey with us unless a lot of you want to be rubbed out."

"Who are you?" the same man called to them.

"L C men," Gray replied, still in the heavy voice. "All well armed."

"Send down Chiswick and we'll let the rest of you go."

"Go chase yoreself through the brush."

A bullet crashed up through the floor. Gray fired one down in the direction from which it had come. There was a whispered conference below.

"Better give up," the spokesman advised. "We'll sure smoke you out."

Gray played for time. The crowbar was tearing into the wall.

"Will you promise not to hurt us if we do?" he asked.



"No. I didn't really see him—He's lit the hay."

stuff. If you have any last messages you had better write them out. Norris will get you sure. Don't get any other notion. You won't be one-two-three with him."

He turned and walked from the room.

Angrily Frank watched him go. An irritable resentment filled young Chiswick. He had an uneasy feeling that he had been an ungrateful boor. This was absurd. Gray was a villain. He had come here for some evil purpose of his own. No point in letting him fool another of the family. His father and sister were enough.

But there was something about the fellow that didn't tie in with the facts. He did not look like a sneaking scoundrel. He was hard as nails, a tough bad hombre. Frank did not doubt he was an outlaw. But everything about him—eyes, bearing, manner—proclaimed him game. His reckless strength gave the lie to all they had found out about him.

Frank decided to take as few chances as possible. He would sidestep any attempt of Norris or Lou Howard to get him into a quarrel. Tonight he would stay in his room.

It came to him later that perhaps Gray had been sent by Sperm Howard in the hope of driving him out of town. There might be something doing they did not want him to know about. He would stick around for another day or two at least.

After supper a Mexican came with a message for him. Lee Chiswick, the man said, was at Yell Sanger's store and wanted to see him at once.

"When did my father reach town?" Frank asked.

The man shook his head. "No sabe, senior. His horses are at the hitchrack in front of Sanger's."

"Not alone, then?"

"Senior Brand is with him."

"Tell him I'll be there pronto."

Frank went back to the bedroom for his hat. He felt as if a load had been rolled from his chest. In spite of what he had told Gray, he had been worried at the warning. He had wanted to light out for the ranch and only his sense of duty was keeping him in town. Now he could pass his fears to broader

"Sure. What would we want to hurt you for? We got a warrant for the arrest of Chiswick for disturbing the peace."

"Give us time to talk it over."

"Well, hurry up. And no monkey business. What's that noise up there?"

There was a rush up the stairs. In the darkness the defenders had all the advantage. Gray pistol-wiped the first man and sent him tumbling back against the others. Frank drove the point of the crowbar into the midriff of another. The attackers fell back in disorder. Hurriedly they scampered out of the barn. One of them had to be dragged.

"Back soon," Gray said grimly. "How are you getting along with that exit-hombres hole?"

With the sleeve of his shirt Frank wiped away the perspiration dripping into his eyes. It was hot in the hay under the roof. "Give me ten minutes more," he panted.

"You don't get ten minutes," Gray told him, and he handed his revolver to the younger man. "Give me that crowbar awhile."

With short swift drives the red-haired man slashed at the wall. The point of the crowbar went through. The hole grew larger.

"Why not ten minutes?" Frank asked. "Think they'll rush us again?"

"Not none. They will set fire to the hay below and burn us out."

"Good God! We'd better go down and try to hold them back from getting into the barn."

"I wouldn't say so. Three-four would get killed, including maybe me. We'll just about make it. The creek is below. We'll drop down in the brush and slip away—if we're lucky."

"And if we're not?" Frank asked.

His companion pried out an adobe brick. "I've been in a lot worse tight spots than this," he said.

Frank had been slammed from the saddle to the ground many times. He had been in stampedes and blizzards. These seemed to him trifling hazards compared to the danger he was in now.

"Wish it was lighter, so you could see better," he replied, emulating the coolness of the other.

"It will be light enough soon, if I don't miss my guess."

Gray stooped and worked at a loose brick with his hands.

Someone ran into the barn. From the top of the stairway Chiswick fired.

"Get him?" inquired Gray.

"No. I didn't really see him. . . He's lit the hay."

The flame leaped up. Through the loose floor it caught the hay in the loft. Frank tried to stamp out the fire. A brick crashed down from the wall into the creek outside.

"The hole is big enough," Gray cried. "Slide out, fellow."

"You first," Chiswick urged.

The smoke was pouring up in great waves.

"Do as I say," the older man ordered.

Frank wriggled through and dropped. The heat and smoke went almost unbearable. Gray worked his legs and body into the open. He dropped, landed on a stone, and rolled over and over into the bed of the dry creek.

"All right?" Chiswick asked, in a whisper.

"Yes," Gray snapped. "This way."

He ran crouching along the bed. The brush along the bank protected them from observation. Leaping flames from the stable drove back the darkness. The fugitives were brought up by a barbed-wire fence stretching across the creek. They crept between the strands.

They stood in a clump of mesquite on the edge of the creek.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

shirring at the shoulders, full, short sleeves and the built-up waistline emphasize the slimmness of your hips, and make the dress very graceful. Make it up in georgette, chiffon, voile or handkerchief linen.

Tot's Play Suit.

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1517 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material.

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Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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History of Earth Divided Into Five "Eras," Seven "Ages" and 22 Periods

The divisions of time established by geologists are based upon the formations of strata and the advents of different forms of animal life. The history of the earth is divided into five "eras," seven "ages," 22 "periods," and the last two periods are subdivided into seven epochs. These divisions, proceeding from the fifth downward to the first, states a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, are as follows:

Fifth—Psychozoic era, age of man, human period, and recent epoch.

Fourth—Cenozoic era, age of mammals, embracing the quaternary period, which comprehends the terrace, Champlain, and glacial epochs, and the tertiary period, which comprehends the pliocene, miocene, and eocene epochs.

Third—Mesozoic, or middle, era, the age of reptiles, the cretaceous, jurassic and triassic periods.

Second—Paleozoic era, the car-

boniferous age, or age of acrogens and amphibians; the Devonian age, or age of fishes; the silurian age, or age of invertebrates, or mollusks—the names of the fourteen periods into which these ages are divided are not in common use.

First—Archean, or eozoic era; the archean age, and the Huronian and Laurentian periods. The term is restricted by the United States Geological survey and most American geologists to the earlier portion of the pre-Cambrian, represented in the record chiefly by metamorphosed igneous rocks, but subordinately by metamorphosed sedimentary beds. The Archean rocks contain carbonaceous material, iron ores, limestones, etc., which probably indicate the existence of life, but no fossils have been found. The duration of the era during which the Archean rocks were formed was very great, possibly exceeding a subsequent time.

June Fashions for Chic and Comfort

NEITHER of these new designs will be much trouble to make—each is accompanied by a detailed sew chart—and both of them will give increasing joy and satisfaction all summer long.

Pretty Afternoon Dress.

A perfect style for afternoon teas, club meetings and luncheons, delightfully cool to wear, with lines that flatter the figure.



Shirring at the shoulders, full, short sleeves and the built-up waistline emphasize the slimmness of your hips, and make the dress very graceful. Make it up in georgette, chiffon, voile or handkerchief linen.

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Do You Want to Learn How to Plan a Laxative Diet?

Get This Free Bulletin Offered by C. Houston Goudiss

READERS of this newspaper are invited to write to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for a free copy of his bulletin, "Helpful Hints on Planning a Laxative Diet."

The bulletin gives concrete suggestions for combatting faulty elimination through correct eating and proper habits of hygiene. It gives a list of laxative foods and contains a full week's sample menus. A post-card is sufficient to carry your request.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5c PLUG

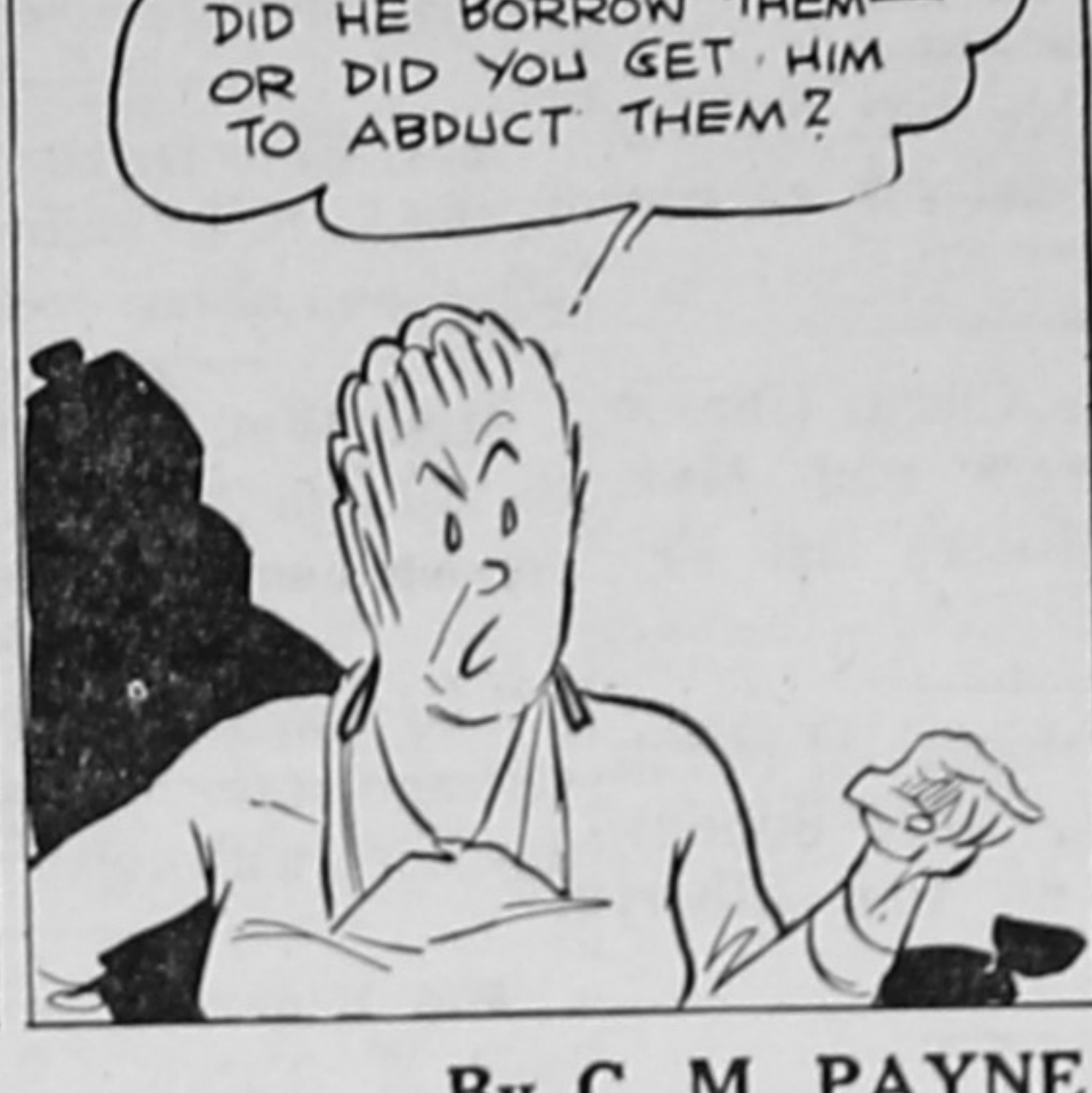
DIZZY DRAMAS By Joe Bowers



Fun for the Whole Family

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



4,5 QUAK



WHOSE PA TOLD HIM?



Disgusted Teacher—What do you children think I'm teaching here for, anyway?
Bright Pupil—I know, teacher.
Teacher—Oh, you do, eh?
B. P.—Yes'm—for fifty dollars a month!

OUT OF DATE



"But I thought he loved me."
"You are old enough not to think."

MORE IN PROSPECT



Percy—Youah daughtah wishes to marry me and—aw—I—want to know if theahs any insanity in youah family?
Old Crusty—There must be.

NO HELP NEEDED



Visitor—I suppose it was evil companions that brought you here.
Inmate—Evil companions? Sir, I'm a self-made man.

WEATHER FORECASTS



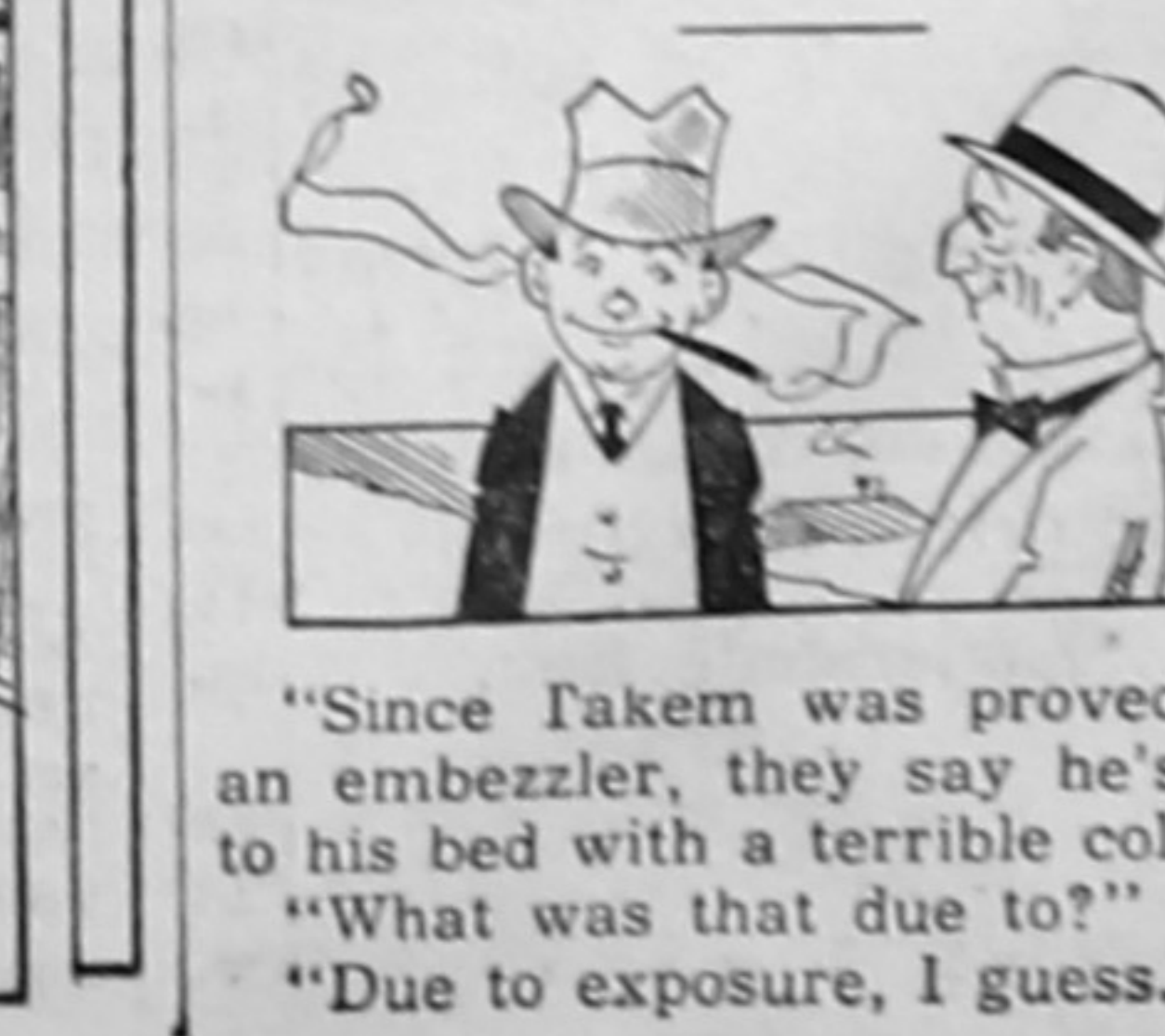
Wife—You used to rave about how fair I was!
Hubby—Yes, but now you do nothing but storm!

WILLING HELPERS



"I suppose it's up to me to tell my wife everything I done while she was away."
"Haven't you any neighbors?"

BEAT'S ON



"Since Takem was proved to be an embezzler, they say he's taken to his bed with a terrible cold."
"What was that due to?"
"Due to exposure, I guess."

Under Suspicion

S'MATTER POP—Whoa!



By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



And You Can't Stop Him From That

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



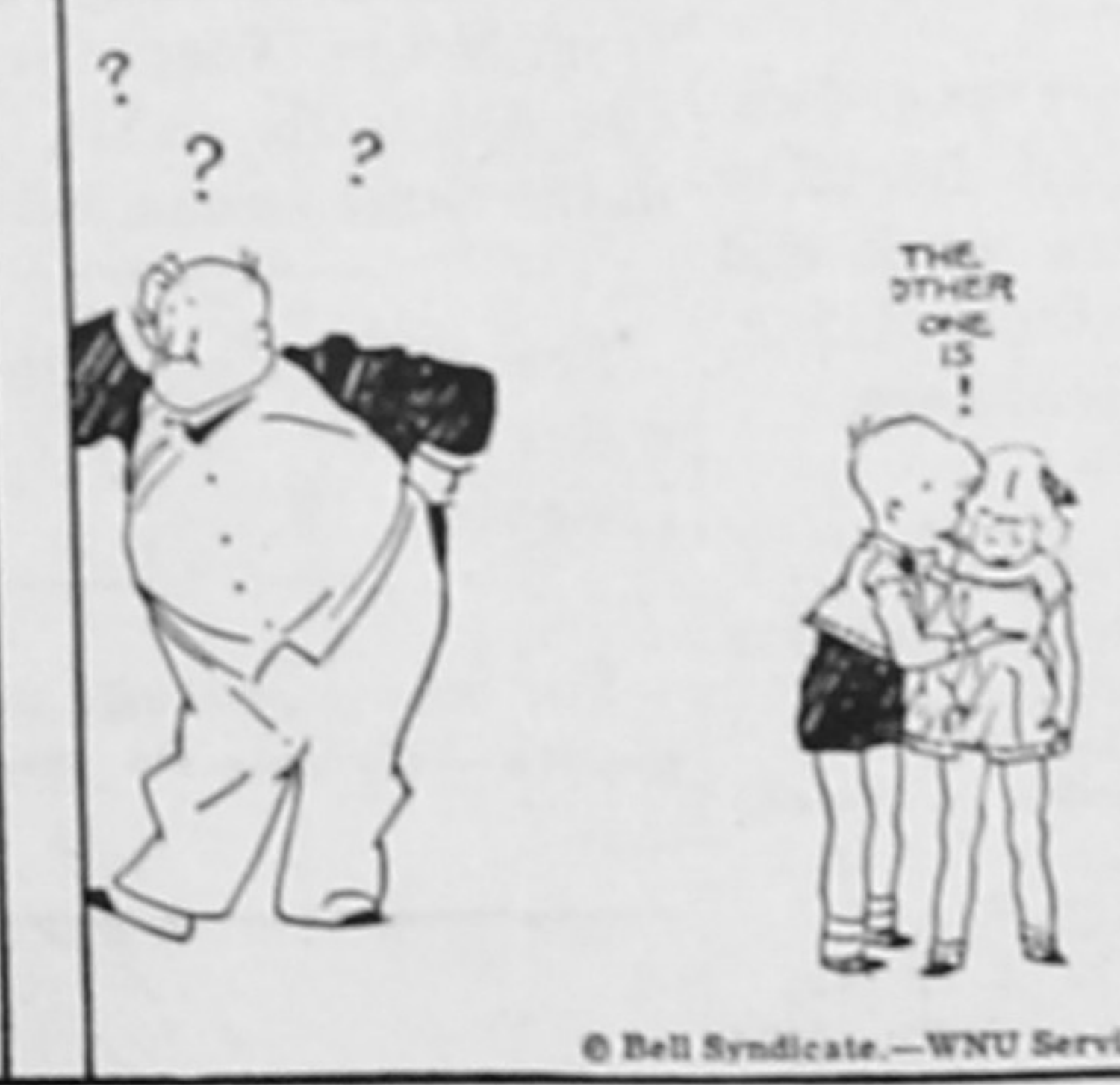
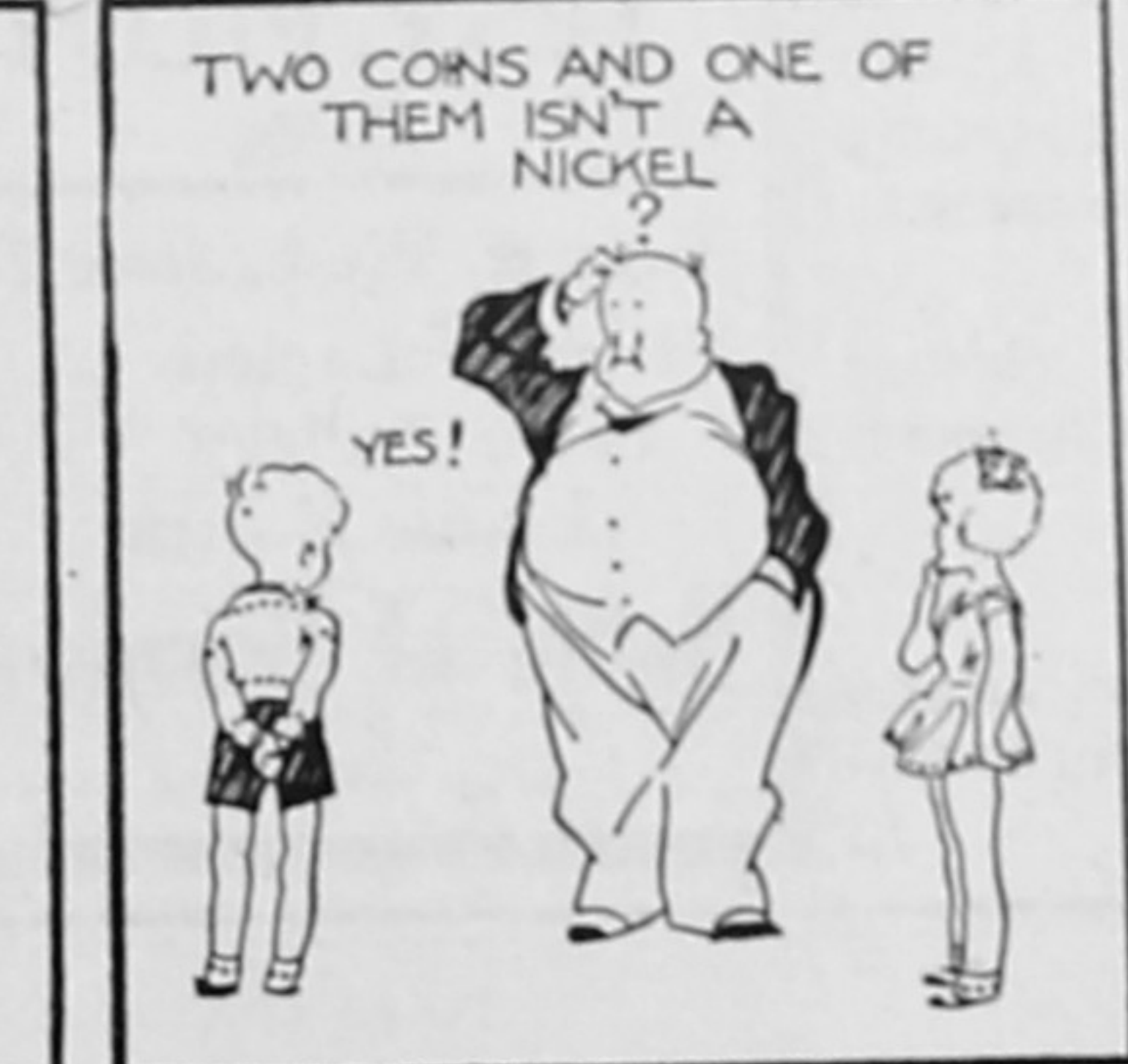
Lolly Gags



Can You Tie It?



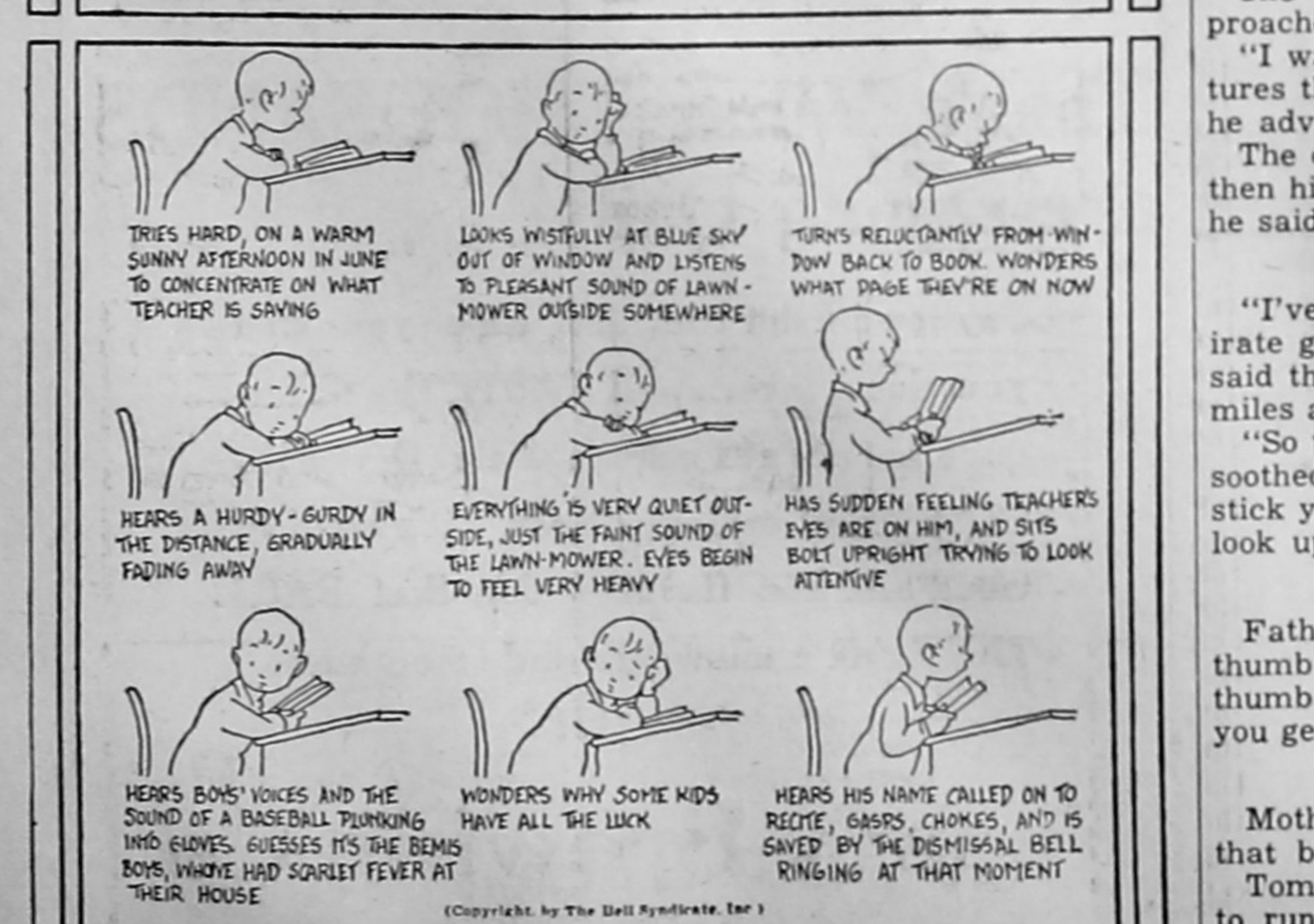
POP—Counted Out



By J. MILLAR WATT

SCHOOL IN JUNE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SMART CLERK

The prospective customer approached the art shop.

"I want to see some of those pictures that are done by scratching," he advised an attendant.
The clerk thought a moment, and then his face lighted up. "O, yes," he said, "you mean itchings."

Aerial Scenery
"I've been cheated!" stormed the irate guest at a resort hotel. "You said there was a beautiful view for miles and miles from my room."
"So there is, mister, so there is," soothed the hotel owner. "Just stick your head out the window and look up!"

Looking Ahead
Father (to young son sucking his thumb)—Hey, kid, don't bite that thumb off. You may need it when you get old enough to travel.

A Future President
Mother—Tommy, how did you get that black eye?
Tommy—Because I did not choose to run.

Curse of Progress



Washington News

By Hugh M. Rigney

Wages and Hours—The Wages and Hours bill passed the House after a continuous session from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m. During that time the emotions of the members turned from seriousness to humor and subsequently to great fatigue. As finally passed by the House, agriculture, retail stores, small canneries and the weekly newspapers were exempted from provisions of the act.

Spotted Fever—Four District of Columbia children are victims of spotted fever, a disease caused from the bite of a wood tick quite common in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. The disease is very dangerous and often proves fatal.

Legislation Long Needed—Washington has been called the gambling capital. One form of gambling, known as the numbers racket, is said to have made the operators a great deal of money. Congress has just passed a bill to stop it.

100,000 Ride Bikes—The bicycle is regaining its popularity, at least in the city of Washington. In addition to individual owners, a check-up shows that 100,000 persons rented bikes in Potomac Park last year.

Bean Soup—In the House and Senate restaurants and House Coffee Shop, which is in reality a lunch counter, navy bean soup and apple pie have been served every day for the past 16 years. It is good soup and pie, too.

Illinois Sculptor—On the Plaza in front of the Washington Union Station, is the Columbus Memorial Fountain. The figures of this great memorial represent the Old and New Worlds with a ship bearing Columbus emerging from the base. This is the work of Lorado Taft, who spent his youth in Champaign and Urbana.

Recording—Congressman Hobbs of Alabama who was formerly a judge, has introduced a bill to test a recording device in court. This device is expected to faithfully reproduce the voices of witnesses and attorneys so that in controversial cases where an appeal is expected, the reviewing court will be afforded the opportunity to hear the actual voices of the litigants, witnesses and attorneys.

W. P. A. Writers—The writers project of the W. P. A. has published a 1000-page book on Washington. The book is well written and illustrated and sells quite reasonably. Books of this nature containing history, sight-seeing directory with explanation of the points of interest and photographs of our larger cities, appear worthwhile, and their compilation gives employment to the needy members of the writing profession.

For Better Treatment—Worn-out government horses and mules need not be sold to the highest bidder, but may be disposed of in a more humane manner, according to a bill which the House has approved.

Ice Skaters—A group of performers on ice skates are entertaining at the Shoreham Hotel here. The dance floor is covered with a composition substance which won't melt. The performance includes all the stunts ordinarily seen on ice in the winter and several unusual dances on skates.

FOR SALE

Now is a good time to buy a farm. Interest rates are low and terms are made to suit the purchaser.

We have several choice farms for sale, three of which are located on Route 49, near a good market and priced to sell.

Anderson & Son, Realtors.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Local and Personal

Mrs. Anna Poggendorf of Danville spent the week end here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook visited in the Wallace Barracks home at Villa Grove, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Cable of Steger spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cable.

Mrs. A. A. Cable left Sunday for a visit with relatives at Steger and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson and sons, Andrew and Max, were Danville visitors last Friday.

Roy Dunn and family of North Manchester, Ind., were Sunday evening guests at the Albert Cummings home.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. James Barnes of Akron, Ohio, visited at the John Barnes home, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Maxfield of Villa Grove spent Monday afternoon at the Clark Henson home.

Mrs. James Wilson and baby daughter returned home Saturday from Jarman hospital, Tuscola.

Mrs. Cora Alcorn and daughter, Naomi of Chicago, and Lyl Nesbitt of Berwin, spent the week end with Mrs. Lillie Baker.

Mrs. Clark Henson, daughter, Maxine, Mrs. Lillie Bowman and Hazel Baker were Danville visitors, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Blemker of Huntingburg, Ind., were week end guests at the Emil Schumacher home.

Clarence Kilian and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Sr., visited Mr. and Mrs. George Beber at Indianapolis, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Upp of Vincennes, Ind., spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schumacher.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dohme, Howard and Ralph Clem attended the 500-mile automobile races at Indianapolis, Monday.

Mrs. Walter Logan and son, Philip, returned home Sunday after a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Logan near Sidney.

Walter Buchhouser and family, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Boetcher of Chicago spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Sr., and other relatives here.

Mrs. Fred Messman, Mrs. Clifford Eckerty and Duane Eckerty attended the commencement exercises at Hume last Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Eckerty, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eckerty, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Eckerty and children, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Messman attended a basket dinner at the Chas. Eckerty home near Newman, Sunday. The dinner was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Eckerty of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clem entertained the following relatives, Sunday, in honor of Leonard Thomas and Miss Frances Clem who were married on Tuesday: Mr. and Mrs. Grant Josseland and Mrs. Sarah Kincaid, Newman; Miss Louise Phipps, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Thomas and Mrs. Verla Darley, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Wilbur Thomas, Willow Springs; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bergfield, J. A. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eckerty and son, Billy.

Long View News

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Flood attended the Passion play at Bloomington, Sunday.

Mrs. Greta Brown of Chicago was a guest in the S. A. Howard home recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Dollaban of Pekin, spent Sunday and Monday in the John Warnes home.

Mrs. Elsie Driver was hostess to the L. S. L. club on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Wm. Warnes, a patient in Jarman hospital, Tuscola, is reported somewhat improved.

Lou Kincannon and family of Chicago spent Sunday and Monday here with relatives.

The Senior class picnic was held at Turkey Run, Sunday. Juniors and other friends were invited as guests.

Mrs. Russell Boyd and children of Cicero spent the weekend here. They returned home on Monday accompanied by Mrs. Anna Baptist.

Andy J. Paine and family of Chicago spent Sunday and Monday in the B. C. Paine home. Miss Ada Paine accompanied them home for a visit.

Carl R. Stover, band director in the Longview high school sustained a broken finger on his right hand while playing ball recently.

Edward Carleton of near Longview, is a patient in Lakeview hospital, Danville, suffering from stomach trouble and other ailments.

Mrs. Chas. Churchill and son, Dale, Wesley Churchill and family, Henderson Daniels and family and Mrs. Russell Smith attended the L. A. Schindler funeral at Danville, Sunday.

Mrs. Phoebe Mavity visited in the Charles Dewitt home near Hume, Monday, and attended the Commencement exercises of the Hume high school. Her grandson, Everett Dewitt was valedictorian of the class.

Illinois Has 466 Oil Wells in Eleven New Fields

Illinois now has 466 producing oil wells in the eleven new fields being developed. Ninety-eight per cent of the 42,700 barrels of oil being produced daily comes from Noble, Clay City, Patoka and Centralia fields, according to the State Geological Survey.

For Sale—Hot Point electric water heater.—W. H. Chapman, Longview, Ill.

For Sale—Cabbage and tomato plants.—Grover Peterson, Broadlands. J2

Historic Hoaxes
By Elmo Scott Watson

The Forest City Man

WHEN Grandpap came back from the World's Columbian exposition in Chicago in 1893 he reported: "One of the most interesting things I saw there was a petrified man—yes, sir, a real one. They found him out in the Dakotas somewhere, so they tell me . . ." It's true that it was "found" out there—in the edge of the Little Cheyenne river near Forest City. And that's why it's famed as the "Forest City Man."

The "father" of this man was William Sutton, a butcher. Perhaps he got his idea from the fame of the Cardiff Giant. Or he may just have thought it up by himself. Anyway, he took into his confidence a young doctor at Redfield, S. D., upon whose advice a limeburner named William Horn and James Sutton were taken into the scheme.

They went to Redfield where James Sutton allowed his body to be used as a pattern and a cast was made of it. To make it seem more genuine, a real human skeleton was placed in the cast, after which it was filled with cement. Then the Suttons and Horn hauled it to Forest City and "planted" it near the river.

Soon afterwards Horn announced that during his search for limestone he had discovered this wonder. It was carefully exhumed and became a nine days' wonder in that part of the country. Then it was exhibited at Chicago, taken on a tour of the country and fooled innumerable people before the hoax was exposed.
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Place your news items in our mail box at foot of stairway.

Don't worry if your job is small; And your rewards are few; Remember that the mighty oak, Was once a nut like you.

STAR Now Showing the New Season's Parade of Hits
Villa Grove

Thur. & Fri., June 2-3
Joan Blondell
Melvyn Douglas
There's Always A Woman
"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, June 4
Mat. 5c-10c Nite 10c-20c
Lou Gehrig
Smith Ballou
RAWHIDE

Also chapter 2 of The Lone Ranger. Cartoon.
Sun. & Mon., June 5-6
Clark Gable
Myrna Loy
Spencer Tracy
TEST PILOT
10c-25c

Tues. & Wed., June 7-8
Victor McLaglen
Brian Donlevy
Louise Hovick
Battle of Broadway
10c-25c

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Good Presswork, Good Typography, Good Paper

We seek perfection on each order we print. An order here does not mean just so much paper and ink but a happy combination of the printer's craft and

HAMMERMILL PAPERS
KNOWN FOR THEIR QUALITY
BUY YOUR PRINTING AT HOME
YOU'LL BE BETTER SERVED

Sidney Fire Trustees Buy Fire Equipment

The Sidney Fire Protection District board of trustees last Friday closed a deal with the Central Fire Truck Co. of St. Louis, Mo., for the purchase of fire equipment for use of the new district.

The members of the board have been busy the past several weeks getting information regarding the equipment handled by various manufacturing companies, and they finally arrived at the conclusion that the Central company equipment was the one which would prove most satisfactory. They met with a representative of the company on Friday and signed a contract for a deluxe 500 gallon triple combination fire truck. The pumper will be mounted on a Diamond T truck, and together with the hose which the trustees thought would be needed, represents an outlay of \$4,271.45.—Sidney Times.

St. Joe Men Spill Ton Milk But Avoid Train Wreck

St. Joseph, May 31—Although they splashed a ton of milk over the C. & E. I. right-of-way near Ogden, two St. Joseph men are not crying over their loss.

They are thankful for their lives. The wreck in which the ton of milk was spilled occurred Monday morning when L. R. Fiock averted a crash with a train by herding his dairy truck into a ditch.

Fiock didn't see the train until he was so close to the crossing that it was impossible to stop. He swerved the truck into the ditch and crashed into a telephone pole spilling the whole white cargo on the ground. Neither Fiock, nor his helper, Marshall Baker, was injured.

Wanted—To take care of children, afternoons and nights. Charge, 50c. Zola Peterson, Broadlands.

"DON'T MISS" "STAN"
THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE THAT HISTORY MADE

Presented BY STANDARD OIL COMPANY (INDIANA)
See your Standard Oil Dealer or Representative

Free Picture Show
Tuesday Night, June 7
8:00 O'clock Longview, Illinois

Sponsored by "Doc" Rowen, Agent and Standard Oil Dealers.

"FECKERS"

MODERN PALE DRY PILSENER BEER
LONG AGED IN WOOD

That's What THOUSANDS are saying Daily!

Say it yourself the next time you visit your local tavern and TASTE the difference between Fecker's Pale Dry PILSENER and ordinary Beer. It's aged in wood and hop flavored for that PARTICULAR mellowness and smoothness.

TRY IT!

Fecker Brewing Co.