

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 19

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NUMBER 9

Mrs. R. Jackson Found In Dying Condition on Road Near Newman

Lying in Pool of Blood Near Her Car; Douglas Officials Seek Man for Questioning.

BULLETIN

Newman, June 8—Grover Lewis, a paroled convict, was found dying at 1:20 p. m. in a thickly wooded section of the Brushy Fork creek vicinity about one half mile from where Retha Jackson was found this morning. Lewis, lying unconscious in tall grass, had his throat and wrist slashed with a razor. He was found by authorities who were seeking the assassin of Mrs. Jackson. Authorities said they believed the wounds were self-inflicted.

Newman, June 8—Mrs. Retha Jackson, about 55, a practical nurse, was found about 7:50 a. m. Wednesday, in a dying condition, on a lonely country road about five miles southwest of here in the Nippentuck vicinity. She was taken to Jarman hospital, Tuscola, where attendants said there was little chance of her recovery. Her skull was believed to have been severely fractured.

Mrs. Jackson, her head battered, was found face up in a pool of blood about four feet behind her blood-spattered car. The discovery was made by Clinton Boyer, Douglas county old age supervisor, and his son, Don, a U. of I. student. They were en route to their home at Newman. Boyer reported his discovery to H. B. Smith, publisher of the Newman Independent, and Dr. H. I. Conn.

Douglas county officials immediately launched a search for a Grover Lewis, about 48, said to be a paroled convict, for questioning. It is reported that Mrs. Jackson had been seen several times recently in company with Lewis.

Authorities found a blood smeared claw hammer and a man's straw hat on the rear seat of the car. On the front seat was a woman's overnight bag containing a nurse's uniform, a pillow case with several rings and other pieces of jewelry pinned inside, and two women's pocketbooks containing several bills and silver.

Blood was spattered all over the inside of the car, and a trail of blood was from the driver's seat to the spot where the victim was found. Evidently she had managed to get out of the car, stagger to the rear and collapse. There were large pools of blood immediately behind the car, and also where she lay two feet away.

Water in a roadside ditch was discolored and footprints were found near it, which led authorities to believe the assailant had washed his hands after the crime. Another trail of blood led into the timber of the Brushy Fork creek, and authorities organized an immediate search of the timber.

C. L. Farber, fingerprint expert, and Frank Figuera, assistant to T. P. Sullivan, chief of the state bureau of criminal identification and investigation, arrived here at 10 a. m. and immediately took prints from the hammer and the car. It was also learned bloodhounds were en route here from St. Elmo to aid in the search.

Other authorities working on the case are Sheriff Clark Ed-

wards, Deputies Guy Foley, Paul Blomquist and Vaughn Pilcher; Pete Jensen, state highway patrolman, district 10, and State's Attorney Charles Dotson.

Neighbors of Mrs. Jackson said they had seen her back her car out of her garage about 7 a. m. She was found less than an hour later. There were five hammer blows on the back and sides of her head.

Waldo Myers, trucker living about two blocks from the scene, said neither he nor members of his family had heard anything unusual at the time.

Mrs. Jackson is the former wife of George Jackson, Danville real estate operator. They were divorced about 15 years ago. She has one daughter, Leona, Des Plaines.

Children's Day Exercises at St. John's Church, Sunday

Children's Day exercises will be held at St. John's Evangelical Church on Sunday evening, June 12, at 7:30 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend. Following is the program:

Prelude.
Song by congregation.
Scripture reading and prayer.
Merely an Introduction—Richard Seider.

Welcome—Frances Dohme.
Four Little Girls—Four beginners.

Song—Zenke trio.
Two Little Rosebuds—Juliana Bretz.
Traffic Signal—Kenneth Partenheimer.

Sunbeam Exercise—Class No 2
If Dad Only Knew—Paul Bretz
Solo—Wanda Nohren.
The Family—Paul Mohr.
Your Aim—Four boys.

Clarinet Solo—Margaret Ann Mohr.
Sunday School Ship—Marion Zenke.

Song—Classes 1 and 2.
Position Reversed—Harold Kilian.

Vocal Duet—Marianna Kilian and Norma Partenheimer.

Bible, Church and Home—Exercise by four girls.

Quartet.
Rose Drill—Ten girls.

Tableau.
Farewell Blessing—Zella Mae Bretz.

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

Congressman Hugh Rigney's Washington News Letter.

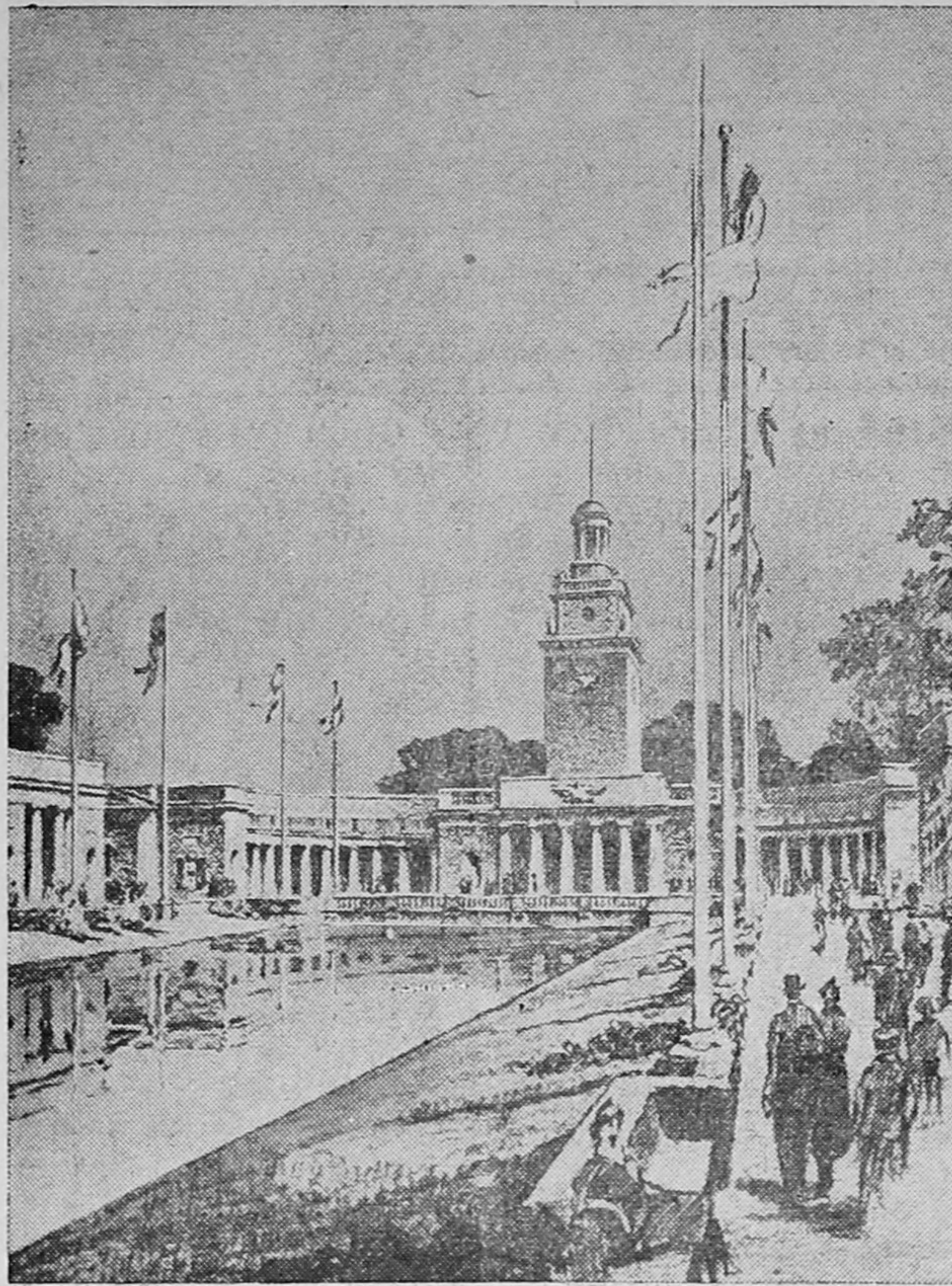
Important developments in today's installment of "To Ride the River With," the new Western serial by William MacLeod Raine.

The crisis for Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane is the topic for Rev. Harold L. Lundquist's Sunday School lesson. The text is Mark 14:32-36.

Is government ownership of railroads inevitable? Most government officials and bankers think so, according to Carter Field in his Washington letter.

A trigger finger highly effective with the six-shooter is revealed as one of the abilities of Brazil's versatile President Vargas in a life study by Lemuel F. Parton. See "Who's News This Week."

States' Buildings at New York Fair



NEW YORK—This sketch was made from final plans for the Court of the State Buildings at the New York World's Fair 1939. Here the various states of the union, most of which have taken space for their displays, will exhibit their natural advantages and industrial accomplishments. The English section is shown above. There will also be French and Spanish areas.

Mrs. Eva Brewer is Hostess to F. T. F. Class

The F. T. F. class of the M. E. Church met at the home of Mrs. Eva Brewer on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Addie Freeman led the devotions and read an interesting paper, her subject being, The Bible. Mrs. Anna Laverick sang, Holy Bible, Book Divine.

The names of the Mystery Pals for the preceding year were revealed, after which a social hour was enjoyed.

Refreshments of ice cream with strawberries, cake and coffee were served.

Guests present were Mesdames Anna Laverick, Nora Griffin, Leona Cooper, Merle Block.

Members present were Mesdames Mary Fitzgerald, Leanna Miller, Addie Freeman, Maude Anderson, Eva Walker, Cora Chafin, Frances Smith, Emma Jackson, Eva Brewer.

Danville Man to Wed Broadlands Woman

Herbert Otto Drews, 21, of 11 South Griffith street, Danville, has applied to the county clerk for a license to wed Miss Erna Etta Klautsch, 20, Broadlands.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

Next Sunday is Children's Day and all the interest of Sunday School and Church centers in it. The program will be given at 11:00 o'clock.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Southbound 1:31 p. m.
Northbound 3:26 p. m.

Star Mail Route

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

Place your news items in our mail box at foot of stairway.

Local and Personal

Fred Rose of Mayfield, Kan., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Mide Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Smith of Danville visited relatives here Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mrs. Arch Walker has returned from Chicago where she visited her daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Boyd. She also attended a banquet at the Chicago Beach Hotel.

Mesdames Freda Maxwell, Leanna Miller, Irene Witt, Bertha Cook, and Miss Alice Maxwell attended a meeting of the Order of the Eastern Star, at Arcola, Wednesday evening. Miss Alice Maxwell served in the escort for Grand Conductress Lula E. Benson, of Oak Park.

Mrs. Albert Smith and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Smith, and Mrs. Leona Bergfield attended the wedding of Mrs. Smith's niece, Miss Elizabeth McCarty, to Willie Oye at Tuscola, Sunday. In the evening they attended a reception at the home of the groom at Galton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wills of Taylorville, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Barth of Danville visited friends here last Tuesday. Mr. Wills conducted the Wills & Barth Hardware and Furniture store here for a number of years, leaving here about 20 years ago. Mr. Wills is working in the mines at Taylorville.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dicks and Mrs. T. A. Dicks spent Sunday with LeRoy Hobbs and family in Indianapolis. Mrs. T. A. Dicks remained for a longer visit. Dr. Dicks and Mrs. Carl Dicks went to Indianapolis on Tuesday where together with Mrs. Dicks they attended the high school graduation exercises, Miss Rosemary Hobbs being one of the graduates.

C. T. Henson Heads Masonic Lodge

Broadlands Lodge A. F. & A. M. at its annual meeting last Monday evening, elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Worshipful master, C. T. Henson; senior warden, Henry K. Mohr; junior warden, Lyman Mohr; treasurer, Geo. H. Cook; secretary, Carl B. Dicks.

John Nohren is the retiring worshipful master.

The new worshipful master will select the appointive officers and the installation ceremonies will take place on Monday evening, June 20.

News Items of 12 Years Ago

June 11, 1926

G. H. Cook drew a radio given away by Dicks Bros. Hardware.

William Thode received a broken arm when he attempted to crank a Ford.

Patricia Harden returned from a visit with her grandmother at Covington, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lunsford moved to Hoopston.

Bergfield Bros. installed a new McCray refrigerator in their store.

A celebration and family reunion was held at the Rev. W. E. Klautsch home.

The first band concert of the season held here Saturday night drew a large crowd.

Miss Gladys Zenke accepted a position at the First State Bank of Broadlands.



The three C's of traffic, Care, Courtesy and Control will help every driver on the highway.

Every other driver on the road may be a fool, but that is no reason for making it unanimous. Never try to pass the car ahead until you are sure you have the room, the time, and the ability.

Slow down before you reach the intersection, not after you are in it. Take your own sweet time when pulling away from the curb; you may be glad you waited.

It's smart to be careful.

Hogs Bring Top Price

Chicago, June 1—Champaign county hogs brought the extreme top price of the Tuesday trade at the Chicago Stock Yards last week.

They were owned by Dean Mullen, who farms near Tolono. There were 26 head in the drove, averaging 200 pounds per head. They sold without sorting at \$8.95 per cwt., the extreme top quotation of the day and the highest hog price on this market in six weeks.

Found—A pair of spectacles in the St. John's Ev. Church. Owner may have them by identifying same and paying 25c for this notice.

Evelyn Schumacher, Phyllis Bergfield

Graduates Lake View Hospital School of Nursing; Local People Attend Exercises.

Miss Phyllis Bergfield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfield, and Miss Evelyn Schumacher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schumacher, are now registered nurses, having recently graduated from the Lake View Hospital School of Nursing, Danville, Illinois.

Local people attending the graduation exercises which were held in the St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, Danville, on Friday, May 27, were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schumacher, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfield and daughter, Miss Leone, Clark Henson and family, Prof. and Mrs. George H. Cook, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, Henry Kilian, jr., and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, sr., Mrs. Irene K. Witt, Clarence Kilian and family, Miss Wilma Messman, Miss Alice Maxwell, Mrs. Harold Anderson, Mrs. T. A. Dicks, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bergfield, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eckerty, Vernon Luth, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Struck.

St. John's Aid Meets at Home Mrs. Blanch Bergfield

The Ladies Aid of St. John's Evangelical Church met at the home of Mrs. Blanch Bergfield on Thursday afternoon of last week.

The president, Mrs. Anna Mohr had charge of the business meeting and Rev. Karl Albers led the devotions.

Mrs. Frank Mohr was a guest. Members present were Mesdames Anna Mohr, Ora Wiese, Ethel Mohr, Freda Kilian, Mary Partenheimer, Lizzie Schumacher, Jennie Nohren, Katherine Dohme, Edith Jordan, Hattie Zenke, Hilda Seider, Tillie Schumacher, Blanch Bergfield, Rev. and Mrs. Karl Albers.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Hilda Seider.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our deep appreciation of the kindly and helpful ministrations of friends and neighbors at the time of the loss of our beloved father and grandfather, John Struck. We also wish to thank those who honored him with beautiful floral tributes.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Teel,
Delf Struck and daughter,
Henry Struck.

Oscar Frick Dangerously Ill

Frank Frick, son, Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frick left Wednesday evening for Eureka Springs, Ark., being called there by the serious illness of Oscar Frick, who has been a patient in a hospital there for a number of weeks.

Market Report

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

No. 2 new hard wheat 62c
No. 2 new white corn 49c
No. 2 new yellow corn 49c
No. 3 white oats, new 23c
No. 2 beans, new 73c

The News \$1.50 a year.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—President Getulio Vargas of Brazil was a far-western frontiersman in his youth, still wearing "bombachos," or gaucha trousers, for informal dress, and quite in character pumping a six-gun at the palace, and putting down a Graustarkian revolt.

A swarthy, stocky little man, quick on the draw, he has never been gun-shy, and impromptu shooting has been an occasional obligation in his rise to supreme power.

When he established his totalitarian state on November 10 of last year, there were those who said he was dealing in the dark of the moon with the green shirts—that here was where Germany and fascism got a toe-hold on this continent.

The green shirt revolt and its vigorous suppression by Sr. Vargas seems to be an answer to that, even if he had not previously made it clear that his authoritarian state was not of the European model.

Brazil has a complex racial makeup which provides no proscribed group or racial myth, the first requirement in fascist technique, and furthermore, when it comes to strong-arm government, all South American countries have plenty of home talent and indigenous skill.

Sr. Vargas recruited his political following as a liberal. He denounced monopoly and promised the overthrow of the "coffee plantation kings."

He seized power in 1930 by the overthrow of President Washington Luiz, with the aid of his lifetime friend, old General Aurelio Monteiro. Luiz had won the election against him, but Vargas raised a cry of fraud.

From the first he ruled partially by decree, now entirely, since the adoption of the constitution of November 10. His reorganization of the country followed established dictatorial practice in the formation of labor "syndicates," the fixing of maximum and minimum wages, and the denial of all rights of free press and free assemblage.

He is a famous orator, speaking a fluent and flowery Portuguese, using the radio a great deal in national appeals. He is credited with just about the shrewdest political intelligence in South America. In his prairie town, he attended a private college, later enrolled in a military college, but was diverted to the law.

His rise through minor offices to the national congress parallels the standard career chart of our congressional record biographies—district attorney, state legislature and all the rest of it.

THE make-believe war in which the eastern seaboard was defended against "black" expeditionary forces from overseas was the first large-scale work-out of our "flying fortresses" under a unified command. Major General Frank M. Andrews, running the show, is one of the few flying generals.

He gathered up the strands of the unified service when the GHQ air force, which he commands, moved into the huge air base at Langley field, March 1, 1935.

Called the "handsomest man in the service," he is quietly effective and the last man in the world to be called a swivel-chair officer. He warns the country against a shortage of fliers and urges civilian training. He was not an A. E. F. fier.

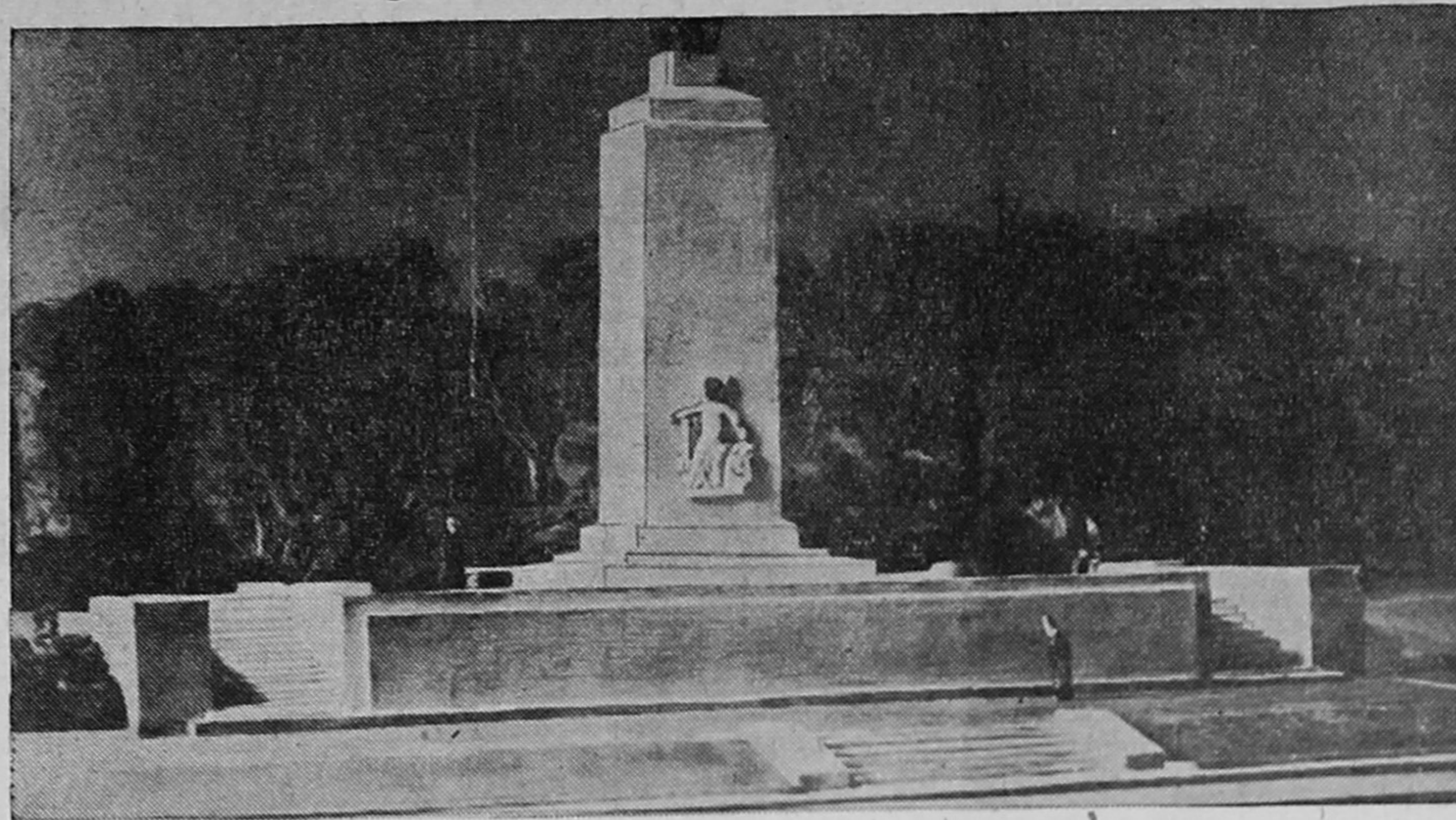
In 1934 he made the unusual jump from lieutenant-colonel to brigadier-general and was made a major-general in 1935. He was graduated from West Point in 1906 and was with the cavalry on the Mexican border, before he found his wings.

Consolidated News Features, WNU Service.

The Mayflower Party

The Mayflower brought 41 men and their families—102 in all. The Speedwell, which set out with the Mayflower, proved unseaworthy and turned back. The Mayflower was followed the next year by the Fortune of 55 tons, which arrived at Plymouth in November, 1621, with some 30 additional emigrants. In 1623 the Ann and the James of 140 and 44 tons, respectively, arrived with 60 more members for the colony. The passengers in these vessels completed the list of those who are usually called first-comers.

Eternal Light Peace Memorial for Gettysburg



Architect's rendering of the "Eternal Light Peace memorial" that will be dedicated on Oak Hill, Gettysburg battlefield, on Sunday, July 3, by President Roosevelt as a feature of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the famous Civil war battle. A joint reunion of the Blue and the Gray surviving veterans of the four-year struggle will be held for the first time in history in commemoration of the battle.

Kennedys Presented at Court



Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, wife of the American ambassador to London, with two of their daughters whom she presented with five other debutantes to the king and queen at Buckingham palace at the first court of the season recently. Left to right, Miss Kathleen Kennedy, Rosemary Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy.

GOLD STAR MOTHER



Mrs. Bess Duncan Wells of Portland, Ore., who was elected national president of the Gold Star Mothers at their national convention in Philadelphia. She succeeds Mrs. Horace B. Blake of Philadelphia. The war mothers hit "isms" as they urged in a resolution that aliens swearing allegiance to a foreign country's dictatorship be deported.

STILL BELTS 'EM



Gene Tunney, who retired undefeated as world's heavyweight champion, drives one from the eighth tee during a golf tournament at Pinehurst, N. C., recently sponsored by Attorney General Homer S. Cummings. The will to win that carried Gene to the top of the heavyweight heap is apparent in the determined expression on golfer Gene's face as he watches the flight of the ball.

"Safety Sallys" Reduce Accidents



Papa Dionne and his quintuplets doesn't rate with City Manager Randall M. Dorton of Long Beach, Calif., and his large family of "Safety Sallys." Sponsored by one of the city's service clubs, Safety Sallys have been placed at all school crossings and have done their duty so well that not one single accident to school children has been reported in nearly five months.

Soviet's Armed Might Parades in Moscow



Red square in Moscow was filled with tanks in an impressive demonstration of the armed power of the U. S. S. R. during the recent celebration of the international proletarian holiday in Moscow.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Ulysses Made Great Hero in Homer's Saga

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES
WE FORGET 70 per cent of all we have ever learned—so the scientists say. But fortunately, we never entirely forget anything. The path is still in the brain, though not plain enough for use. No doubt you remember Ulysses as a former acquaintance, but perhaps his story as told by the immortal Homer, is vague.

When Paris stole Helen of Troy from Greece, all the kings of Greece were held to their oaths to fight in her behalf.

Ulysses, noted for his wisdom, refused to go into such a war. His life was happy with Penelope, his beautiful wife, so he feigned madness and went about the countryside sowing seeds that had been cooked. The councilmen of Greece suspected cunning so they placed the young son of Ulysses in the path of his plow. When the "madman" reached the child he turned the plow aside, thus disclosing his sanity.

The ten years of siege at the walled city of Troy were tedious to Ulysses, who ever longed for Penelope and who feared for her safety after his long absence. In olden days a beautiful woman was none too safe without a husband to protect her. Glad was he indeed, when Troy fell into the hands of the Greeks after the trick of the wooden horse. With light heart he sailed away.

But ill winds beset him and Ulysses wandered over the whole sea, suffering disappointments and nar-

"GREATEST UNKNOWN"

Seven cities claim to be the birthplace of the Greek poet Homer. There is no accurate source for any definite information about the life of this man, yet he composed two of the greatest epics in all the centuries of mankind.

We do know that he lived sometime between the Sixth and Twelfth centuries before Christ was born, and we know that in old age Homer was blind. He made his living wandering from city to city entertaining the people with the stories of the Trojan war and of the wanderings of Ulysses. His "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are known round the world.

rowly escaping death on many occasions. It was even necessary for him to make a trip into Hades, land of departed souls.

Once he and his men found themselves on the island ruled by the one-eyed giants known as Cyclops. They hid in a cave which they discovered to be the home of a giant, who gleefully shut them in his cave and killed two men each day for his dinner. While he slept one afternoon, Ulysses heaved a staff and put out the eye of the giant, hoping then to escape. But the passage-way was narrow and the giant carefully felt each animal as he let his sheep out to pasture.

With cunning, the Greeks killed all the sheep and skinned them. In the morning they walked out, holding the skins over them.

Other adventures beset the men. There was the island of the Sirens, the lovely women who sang divinely, luring men to their island where the men were then powerless. By stuffing cloth and wax into the ears of his men and having himself lashed securely to the mast, Ulysses passed the Sirens, being the first man to hear them and to escape their charm. Another adventure was the island where an enchantress turned men into animals, but Ulysses gained power over her and freed all the men whom she held.

Penelope's Troubles.
After wandering long and far, Ulysses reached Greece. He had fastened the suitors who had fastened themselves to the household of Penelope on the assumption that her husband had long been dead. They had stolen her substance until she had much ado to protect her husband's home. To evade them she had said that as soon as she completed the web which she was weaving, she would choose a husband. Each day she wove, and each night she unravelled, but now they had discovered her trickery and had forced her to set a date for choosing a husband from among them.

Disguised as a beggar, Ulysses went to the back of his home. The only living thing that recognized him was his dog and it died of joy. His old servant, now a swineherd, recognized a scar on Ulysses, and rejoicing and sorrowing together, told his master of the situation in his home. He praised Penelope's skill in handling the lecherous men. Ulysses sent for his son, now a man, and they two planned revenge.

As a beggar Ulysses went to the banquet. While the revelry was high, he removed the weapons from the hall, leaving the suitors without arms. The time came, and with his son, Ulysses killed the suitors.

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CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

MISCELLANEOUS

FARM TELEPHONES, REPAIRS AND parts, line material, Save 50% or more. Money back guarantee. Farm Telephone Supply Co., Rogers Park Station, Chicago.

UNIFORMS

UNIFORMS LETTERED Cut to Fit—Sanitized Write for Prices 71 N. W. St., Galesburg, Ill.

AGENTS

SALESMEN WANTED: Sell Guaranteed Paints Direct from Factory. Freight Paid. Free Sales Outfit. Write K. K. Paint Manufacturers, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

REMEDY

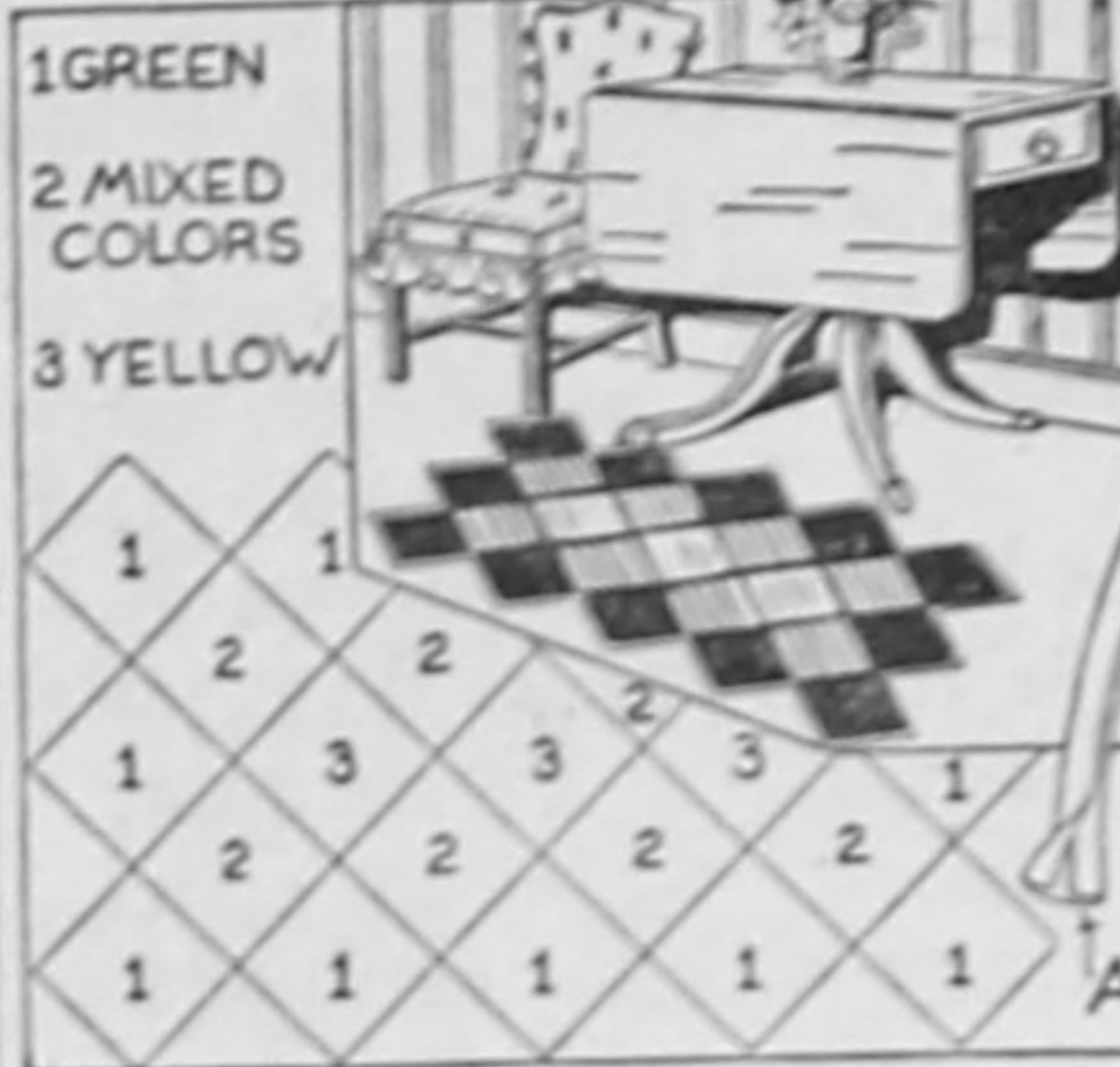
Psoriasis: That dreaded Skin Disease. A Remedy that relieves and controls. Guaranteed. (15 yrs. experience with success.) Price \$2. Stuchlik, 3958 W. 16th St., Chicago.

Costell Sanatorium for nervous mental disorders, alcoholism, drug addiction. New shock treatment (insulin-metrazol) administered. Particulars on request. Harry Costell, MD, 1109 No. Madison, Peoria, Ill.

Use Odds, Ends for Crocheted Rag Rug

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THE diagram shows how the contrasting squares are arranged to give the rug its interesting design. Whatever color scheme you use, black will be most effective for joining the squares and for an edging of single crochet around the outside of the rug. If the materials you have are not the colors you want, don't forget there is always the dye pot.



Producing your own colors may be the most exciting part of rug making.

A crocheted rag rug like the one shown here uses odds and ends. Wool rags make a nicer rug than cotton, or rug yarn may be substituted if desired. Either a wood or large steel crochet hook is used. The rug shown here measures 36 by 21 inches. The 5-inch squares are made separately in single crochet stitch and then joined with crochet slip-stitch. If rags are used, tear or cut the strips not more than 1 1/4 inches wide, and work with the raw edges turned in as shown here at A. Measure each square carefully so they will all be exactly the same size. Full instructions for slip covers for side chairs like the one shown are in the book offered below.

NOTE: Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' book SEWING, for the Home Decorator. Forty-eight pages of illustrated directions for making slip covers and curtains; also dressing tables; lampshades and other useful articles for the home. Price 25 cents postpaid (coin preferred). Address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

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Illustrated booklet sent upon request

Under Same Management Los Altos Apt. Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif.

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington. — Most congressmen and government officials who have studied the situation, and practically all bankers, will tell you privately that government ownership of the railroads is inevitable. The financial situation of the railroads grows worse by the month. More and more government money, via the RFC, is being poured into the doomed financial structures. Which merely means that they are tied over the immediate emergency, whatever it may be in each individual case, and therefore will have a harder row than ever to hoe from now on. For there will be interest, not to mention sinking fund, for the additional debt so kindly advanced by the government.

Politics being what it is, no one can think of any solution, not even President Roosevelt, who is more willing to be helpful to the railroads than to any other industry. Yet the apparent fate of the railroad companies is actually bad news for nearly everybody.

It is very bad for the stock and bondholders, of course. And in turn it is bad for the people with whom these investors have been spending their money, for obviously they will spend less when the "day" comes.

It is very bad for the treasuries, and therefore for the politicians and taxpayers of every state in the Union. For at present the railroads are paying staggering amounts of taxes to state, county and city governments.

It is very bad for the federal Treasury, for not only do the railroads pay a huge load of federal taxes direct to the Treasury, but their officers, high-ranking employees and security holders sweeten their own individual income taxes no little because of the fact that the railroads are privately owned.

Bad All Around

It is bad for the federal Treasury, and therefore every living person (for everyone contributes heavily to the federal Treasury, directly or indirectly, to an extent which very few realize) for another reason. Scarcely a single government official or member of congress believes that federal operation of the railroads will be as economical as private management. Hence the prospect is that when the day comes the railroads will quickly become a burden on the government.

Politics being what it is, no really drastic plan to avoid this approaching catastrophe seems likely of adoption. As a matter of fact, none is being proposed.

No man running for office, for example, would be likely to propose that the railroads be liberated from all regulation, to follow their own judgment or that of their individual officers, with a view to seeing if they could not work out their own salvation. On the contrary, there has been very little criticism of the interstate commerce commission for refusing recently to permit the railroads to increase certain rates, despite the fact that the I. C. C. made its decision not because it did not think the roads entitled to the additional money, but because it did not believe the proposed increases would result in additional earnings! Commissioner Joseph B. Eastman dissented violently from the right of the commission to substitute its own judgment for that of railroad managers, though personally he admitted he did not think the increases would provide more revenue.

Every traffic man, and most farmers, know that if roads were permitted to juggle rates as they pleased, they could often turn a pretty penny by cutting rates on perishable crops, providing they did not have to maintain the cut rates afterwards. But the feeling that this would be against public interest has prevented this ever being tried, though every store in the land can have a bargain Tuesday if it likes.

Problem for Farley

The problem confronting James A. Farley in Pennsylvania this summer and fall is plainly shown in the figures of the Democratic and Republican primaries. New Dealers, of course, are hoping that many of the voters in the Republican primary who cast their ballots for Gifford Pinchot will swing over to Charles Alvin Jones in the election. There was no such bitterness against Jones at any stage of the campaign as was manifested against his running mate, Gov. George H. Earle, who is now the Democratic nominee for senator. In fact if John L. Lewis had not been so dictatorial, if he and Sen. Joseph P. Guffey had been willing to take a beating with a smile and accept half a loaf—they had their candidate for senator all selected—the story might now be very different.

Lewis, at least, could then have concentrated on Gifford Pinchot in the Republican primary. No one can tell what would have happened in that case, of course. With hindsight it would seem doubtful that the Lewis strength would have been enough to save Pinchot. But there are a good many shrewd Pennsylvania politicians who believe that the reason Pinchot was beaten so

badly was that Lewis moved heaven and earth to get his Republican miners to change their affiliations so as to vote for Tom Kennedy in the Democratic primary, and obviously almost every vote so changed was a loss for Pinchot. Not only because of Lewis' friendship for Pinchot, but because Pinchot as governor made warm friends of the miners.

This may or may not be true, but it would not explain why Lewis made such a poor showing in the mining regions. The vote in these ran just as strongly against Kennedy as it did elsewhere.

Want to Beat Davis

The chief problem of the New Dealers, however, is to beat Puddler Jim Davis, and this looks like an uphill job indeed. For instance nearly 171,000 votes were piled up for former Attorney General Charles J. Margiotti. Margiotti had denounced Governor Earle during the primary campaign, accusing him of taking money from the brewers.

It must be remembered that the total Republican vote for senator was about 8,000 in excess of the total Democratic vote for senator. This would be insignificant, normally, but it must be considered that most of the votes cast against Senator Davis were organization votes, which normally can be expected to swing to the winner on election day.

Out of the total Democratic votes in the senatorial race, however, S. Davis Wilson, mayor of Philadelphia, piled up about 323,000. During the campaign Wilson attacked Earle bitterly, although he had been a former ally, charging that Earle had borrowed money from a state contractor.

Conceivably something might be done which would bring Wilson into the Democratic camp. Conceivably Wilson may even be making speeches for Earle before election day. But the fight was so bitter that it is very difficult to imagine all of Wilson's supporters voting for Earle in November. Some of them may have believed the plain intimation of the man they were supporting that Earle's actions in borrowing this money were not ethical, to put it mildly.

Zero in Marching

There has been a tremendous lot of marching up the hill and down again since last month, when the opinion was ventured that "Follow the Leader" was no longer a political necessity for senators and representatives in voting on measures affecting business.

But the net result of all the marching is pretty nearly zero. Pennsylvania, where the New Deal lost not only its shirt, but its reputation for infallible political prediction, just about offsets Florida, where a strongly pro-New Deal senator triumphed in his primary over a New Deal critic seeking his toga.

A good many more cards will be played, in various states, before the picture is complete, and it would be dangerous now to predict that New Deal ideals will not be slavishly followed by a chastened congress after the primaries and the November election have recorded their mandates. But—present conviction in Washington is that the results will be mixed, with administration victories and defeats so counterbalancing that the net result will be, next session, that individual senators and representatives who want to be independent will be.

Regardless of what may happen to the Roosevelt prestige, however, it would seem next to impossible for John L. Lewis again to inspire the political fear in congressional hearts which has dwelt there for the last few years. By the same token William Green, and the American Federation of Labor, have regained the prestige and political power which they enjoyed until Lewis and his C. I. O. moved in on Roosevelt.

Political Loser

Important now, however, is the fact that the labor outfit which has been dominating the New Deal policies and appointments turns up as a political loser. Since the Pennsylvania primaries congress is paying more attention to William Green's attack on the national labor relations board.

Shrinking of the Lewis political menace in the minds of our national legislators has also resulted in many members of the house and senate paying more attention to the flood of protests from manufacturers and other employers of labor as to the high-handed, arbitrary and discouraging methods of the NLRB. Now congress is being told very emphatically that the labor policy of the government is also a wet blanket on enterprise, and particularly on any contemplated expansion. In short that it is one of the big contributing causes of unemployment. Up to now it has not been a question of disbelieving this contention. But individual congressmen, with their eyes on the primaries and election this year, were timid about making any move which might bring a strongly organized group out against them in their districts or states.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST,
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute
of Chicago.
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Lesson for June 12
FACING THE SUPREME TEST
OF SERVICE

LESSON TEXT—Mark 14:32-35.
GOLDEN TEXT—Not what I will, but what thou wilt. Mark 14:36.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus in the Garden.
JUNIOR TOPIC—In Gethsemane.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Courage in the Face of Danger.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Challenge of God's Will.

No man has ever faced such a crisis as Jesus met in the Garden of Gethsemane, for He was the Son of God incarnate in order to bear the sins of the world. No one can ever fully understand the agony of soul involved when God "made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (II Cor. 5:21). It is, therefore, true that we may never say that we have gone "through Gethsemane." But there is a very real sense in which our Lord's experience is shared by His disciples, in a lesser degree and as ordinary human beings.

Our lesson brings before us the closing scene of Thursday before the crucifixion. The day has been crowded with important events, among them the eating of the Passover, the revelation that there was a traitor among the twelve, the institution of the Lord's supper, the precious words of the upper room, the intercessory prayer in the garden.

I. Exceeding Sorrowful (vv. 32-36)

The text uses many words to convey the depth of His soul's agony, as though it were impossible to express it in the faulty medium of speech. So it is, for our Lord here experienced something far more serious than a dread of physical death. He was not a coward. He was not afraid to die. His soul was about to have put upon its spotless sinlessness the stain and dishonor of the world's sins. Little wonder that He was "sorrowful even unto death" (v. 34).

Since this was the road the Master trod, should not His servants tread it still?

II. Alone with God (vv. 37-41)

Jesus took with Him into the secluded place in the Garden the three who were closest to Him in the circle of disciples. He counted on their fellowship and sympathy in His hour of anguish. Merely to have them near Him, to know that they were there to watch and pray even though they could not share His holy burden, was to be a comfort to Him. We try to do as much for one another in hours of bereavement and disappointment, but how much greater was the opportunity of these three, and how ingominously they failed. The spirit was willing (v. 38), but the flesh took the upper hand, and they slept! He was alone with His Father, when He prayed that if it were possible the hour might pass from Him, but in true and beautiful submission said, "not what I will, but what thou wilt."

The follower of Jesus will know this experience, too. While he will ever find it to be true that there is nothing more precious than the friends God gives him, he should prepare himself to expect the arm of flesh to fail him. There is no more bitter experience in human relationships than to count on those who should stand by, come what may, and to find that they have slept through our hour of soul-struggle.

III. Betrayed by a Kiss (vv. 42-46)

To betray the one who had done nothing but good, who had loved him and served him even in the washing of his feet, this would have been far more than one could have expected of even the sin-blackened heart of a Judas. But he fills the measure of his iniquity by overflowing by betraying his Lord with the sign of affection—a kiss.

We know full well that we may not stand on the same ground as our Lord even here, for, whereas He had done nothing to merit betrayal, we at our best are not able to stand forth without fault. Nevertheless, great is the hurt when we face the betrayals of life. It may be one whom we have befriended, who has been the object of our loving thought and care, and who in the hour when he thinks to gain himself some advantage or avenge some fancied wrong strikes us in the back, even as he smilingly professes to be a friend. Shall we be embittered in soul and give like for like? God forbid! Let us rather say as Jesus did to Judas, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" (Matt. 26:50.)

If We Knew All

The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace.—Isa. 57:1, 2.

Secret of Holiness

They ask me for secrets of holiness. For myself I know no secret than to love God with all my heart and my neighbor (who is all mankind) as myself.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Warns Against Food Fads and Fallacies

Nationally Known Food Authority Explains How They May Endanger Health

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

AS SCIENCE and civilization have progressed, painstaking investigators have sought to replace ignorance with knowledge, to substitute truth for superstition. But in spite of their efforts, our eating habits are still influenced by a multitude of food fads and fancies, which should have no place in this enlightened age.

Some of these are harmless; others may endanger health. And the homemaker must learn to distinguish between fact and fancy.

Fish Is Not a Brain Food

One of the most persistent fallacies is the notion that certain kinds of food are especially beneficial for certain parts of the body. Many people believe that fish is a brain food and celery a nerve tonic. Lettuce is thought to be a soporific. None of these things is true.

The idea regarding fish probably arose because fish contains phosphorus and the brain also contains phosphorus. How simple it would be if one could increase brain power merely by eating fish. Unfortunately, there is nothing to it! The brain, like other parts of the body, requires a balanced diet. No case has ever been reported of a man soothing the irritated nerves of his wife by feeding her celery. And as for lettuce, it is a fine source of minerals, vitamins and gentle roughage, but it does not contain any narcotic drug that induces sleep.



Other Fallacies Disproved Science has exploded many common notions about vegetables which may change your ideas of what is best to buy and eat. Many homemakers prefer lettuce that is light green in color and they believe that string beans which snap are superior in quality. But it has been demonstrated that deep green lettuce is much richer in vitamins and that a snap in string beans merely indicates that the beans have been kept in a cold, moist place.

False Notions About Fruit

A score of superstitions cling to the eating of fruits. There is a false notion that acid-tasting fruits cause or aggravate rheumatism, because they produce "acidity." The truth is that most fruits, regardless of their acid taste, leave an alkaline ash following digestion. One often hears that fruit should not be taken at the same time as milk because the fruit acids will cause the milk to curdle. But the fact is that milk is always curdled in the stomach by the hydrochloric acid.

Not Necessary to Sip Milk

Another false idea is the widespread notion that milk must be sipped slowly or it will be difficult to digest. This has been refuted by a widely known investigator who made many tests. One day he fed a man a pint of milk in 10 seconds. The next day the same man was fed the same amount of milk in 10 minutes. On both occasions the contents of the stomach were examined a half hour later. It was discovered that the milk which was drunk in 10 seconds had formed smaller curds than the milk which was sipped in 10 minutes. And in both cases, the curds were of practically the same consistency.

It is widely held that water should not be taken with meals, the argument being that it dilutes the gastric juice and thus interferes with digestion. This sounds logical and many people have been fooled. But the truth of the matter is that water stimulates the flow of the digestive juices and careful research has established that normally, water taken with meals in reasonable quantities aids digestion.

Danger of Half Truths

The most insidious food fallacies are those which contain some portion of truth—for example, the belief that cooked fruit is more wholesome than raw fruit. It is true that cooking increases the digestibility of some fruits and also has a sterilizing effect. On the other hand, most fruits are easily digested in the raw state, are more palatable and richer in vitamins.

A widespread belief which has a small portion of truth, is that whole wheat bread is vastly superior to white bread. Whole wheat bread contains more minerals, vitamins and roughage than white bread. But the minerals and vitamins lacking in white bread can easily be supplied by other common foods, and there is no justification for going to the extreme of omitting white bread entirely from the diet.

Fad Diets Lack Balance

Far more harmful than the fallacies regarding individual foods are the fad diets constantly put forth by those who seek to exploit the homemaker's desire for dietetic knowledge.

Foods Not Incompatible

A fad diet which has gained a large number of adherents in recent years is based on the notion that certain foods—notably starches and proteins—are incompatible and should not be consumed at the same meal because they cannot be digested at the same time. It is interesting to note that this fad has been condemned by the medical profession and that a physician of the highest standing has proved clinically that starches and proteins do not interfere with one another in the stomach.

Early Trial

In Panama, a man indicted for a crime, even though he may be a fugitive from justice, undergoes trial at once, while the witnesses for the state are alive, present and of sound memory. Recently a safebreaker was captured and began his six-year sentence a few hours later, his trial having taken place in 1935.—Collier's Weekly.

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 healthful weight reduction.

Dangers of Fasting

Fasting is urged by some fadists as a means of "detoxifying" the body. Advocates of this practice claim that it is nature's method of housecleaning. As a matter of fact, fasting for any length of time may be dangerous to health, because it may result in the accumulation of incomplete oxidation products of fat, and the development of acidosis.

Homemakers must put aside superstitions, half-truths and food fallacies if they are to nourish their families properly.

Put your faith only in established food facts. Remember that upon your knowledge and breadth of vision depend, to a great degree, not only the health but the happiness of your family.

Questions Answered

Mrs. A. F. R., Jr.—Light corn syrup yields nothing but energy values, but dark corn syrup is a good source of iron. Pure molasses is rich in calcium and iron.

Miss M. F.—Nut protein is similar to the protein of meat and fish and nuts may be used in place of these foods when desired. They should not replace milk and eggs, however, as with few exceptions, they are low in minerals and cannot compare with eggs or milk as a source of vitamins.

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Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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New Bible Version

Twelve distinguished theologians have undertaken to make a new revision of the Bible, a task which will take five years or more. This revision, sponsored by the International Council of Religious Education, will be the first to be made since the American Standard version was published in 1901.

It will be the aim of the council to produce an official version embodying the best results of modern scholarship, and bring the text more into conformity with the language of the present.

The English Bible known as the King James version was published in the year 1611, but many of the words and phrases of that work are obscure, if not entirely unintelligible to the modern reader, and the same is true to a less degree of the American version of 1901, according to Dr. William A. Irwin of the University of Chicago, one of the scholars engaged in the new revision.

During the centuries innumerable revisions and translations of both the Old and New testament have been made, and the validity of various portions has been the subject of endless discussion by theological scholars.

Until printing was invented in the fifteenth century, the Bible, like all other writings, was in manuscript. The earliest manuscript of any portion of the Bible known to be in existence is a fragment thought to have been written in the third century, which was found in Egypt in 1892, and is now in the British Museum.

Where Soybeans Go

E. F. Johnson, internationally famous soybean expert, addressing the Farm Chemurgic Council at its recent annual conference, said with the exception of the soybean oil meal used in glue production, other industrial uses are negligible.

In 1937, 459,978 tons of soybean oil meal were used in livestock feeds, the major portion going into poultry, dairy and hog rations. Into food products went 1,335 tons of soybean oil meal. Combined, these two items represent 99 per cent of the total meal produced.

He predicted the soybean crush from the 1937 crop would be the largest in history. The meal has been eagerly sought for livestock feeding because of the unusual nutritive value and the superior cash returns to the feeders.

Prices paid the farmers for soybeans the past season have netted them comparatively larger return per acre than any other major crop produced, said Mr. Johnson, who is president of the National Soybean Processors Association.

He told the conference of scientists and farmers from all over the country that in 1937 some 79 percent of the soybean oil was consumed in the edible field.

Soybean crushing capacity, he said, is twice as great as any commercial crop yet grown.

Politicians often need to be acrobats, able to straddle a fence and keep an ear to the ground at the same time.

First Call For Dinner

When settlers came to Illinois in the 1820's, their food supply was soon more varied and abundant than pioneer conditions would seem to afford. According to records examined by research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, W. P. A., in compiling a guide book to the state, wild turkeys and deer were numerous on the prairies. Lakes and streams provided many kinds of fish. Bee trees yielded tubs of honey, and the camps for making sugar and syrup were set up in maple groves. Vegetables and small fruits added considerably to the variety of fresh foods. Corn, usually the first principal cultivated crop, showed up at meal times as bread, or Johnny cake, mush, and hominy.

Settlement of Henry County

Henry County, established in 1825 and re-organized in 1836-37, when its present boundaries were fixed, was largely settled by colonies organized in the east. Weathersfield, now a part of the city of Kewanee, according to information obtained by the Federal Writers' Project, was founded by the Connecticut Association, a stock company. The first settler arrived in 1836, and three years later the colony numbered 100.

Early in the 1830's, about 30,000 acres were occupied by colonists from the East who settled Andover. Morristown, the first county seat and now extinct, was part of 20,000 acres of land purchased by a New York Colony west of the present village of Cambridge.

In 1846, Eric Janson and 400 of his followers, who had separated from the Swedish official church, established Bishop Hill. In 1851 the population numbered 1,100. Dissension and the national financial crisis of 1857 ended the colony in 1861. Property valued at over a half million dollars was divided among 415 shareholders, who scattered north and west over the Mississippi Valley. The village of Bishop Hill today numbers about 200 persons.

Smile Awhile

She—Are you the new life here?
He—Yes; who are you?
She—Oh, just the gal who's about to drown.

'Ow did Joe die?
'E fell thru some scaffolding.
What was he doing up there?
Being 'anged.

A Denver real estate firm is said to have been swamped with applicants when a typographical error caused its rent advertisement to read "Venetian blonds in every apartment."

Interesting Notes

Mrs. Susan Machoquette, 106-year-old Indian of Oconto, Wis., cast her first ballot in a recent election.

Alleging that her husband taught their four-year-old son to swear and smoke, Mrs. Edna Anguish of Topeka, Kan., filed suit for divorce.

Don Moore, rancher of San Diego, Calif., has fitted his sheep dog, Red, with leather moccasins for all four paws to protect them from sharp foxtail burs.

As a reward for ridding the province of Quebec, Can., of 57 bears, Joseph Boily, 71-year-old hunter, has collected \$885 in bounty.

In spite of a court decision that a train has the right of way over its own tracks, a good many automobile drivers are unconvinced.

James Paul, two years old, fell from the window of his parents' second-floor apartment in Coldwater, Mich., and suffered only a scratched thumb.

While Judge Clifford Baldwin of Camden, N. J., was lecturing eight prisoners, a thief stole the hats of three spectators in the court room.

Donald Fisher, 10, of Liberal, Kan., found a ring on his family's farm and presented it to his mother. It was her wedding ring, lost six years before Donald was born.

Mrs. Eliza Bankes of Birmingham fears being buried alive, so has ordered that her grave and coffin be provided with air holes and a telephone for use in case she comes to after interment.

After exhausting the supply of water in a cistern, the fire department at Warsaw, Ind., stopped a passing milk truck and pumped 500 gallons of milk on the burning farm home of Mrs. Ed Hoagland, saving it from destruction.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Place your news items in our mail box at foot of stairway.



Marine—Tomorrow evening, I'm going out to the suburbs to see a model home.

His sweetie—Listen here, big boy, if there's any model to see home you let somebody else do it.

Conductor—Young man, you will have to keep your head inside.

Young man—I guess I can look out if I want to.

Conductor—All right, but if you break any iron work off the bridges as the train passes, you will have to pay for it.

An ordinance in Mobile, Ala., declares it illegal for the owner of pigeons to allow them to fly at large.

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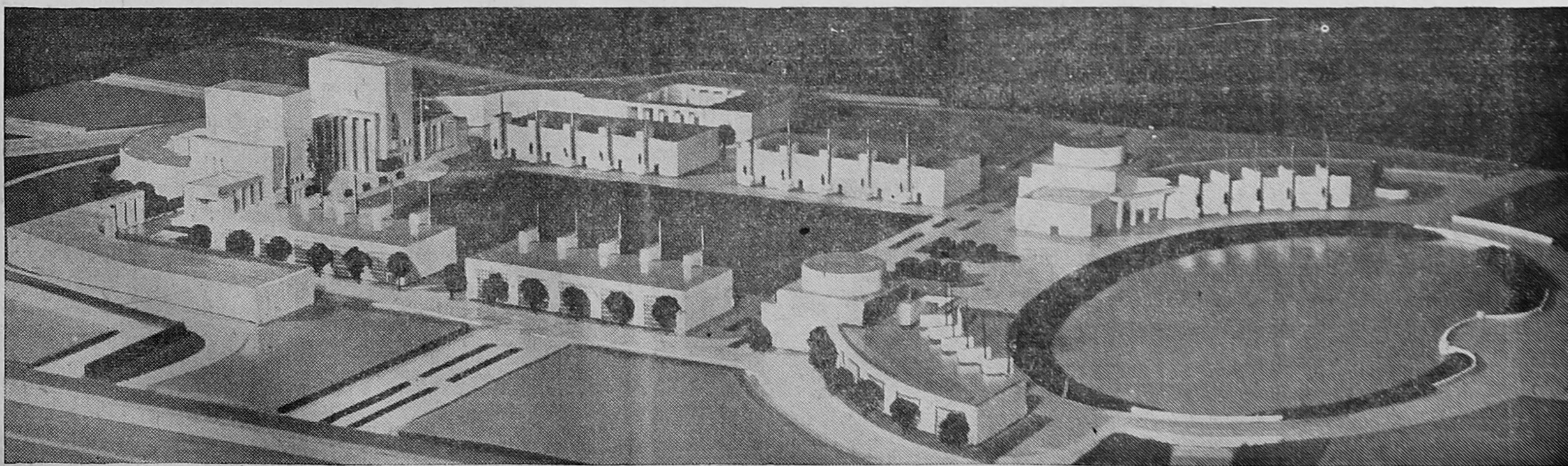
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Uncle Sam's "Peace Table" at New York World's Fair 1939



NEW YORK — (Special) — Giant steamshovels are tearing away at the soil and hundreds of men are working on the \$3,000,000 Federal Area for the New York World's Fair where Uncle Sam will preside, figuratively, at a 1939 world peace table that is expected to have a lasting beneficial

effect upon international relations. Uncle Sam will be represented by a huge Federal Building which will be placed at the head of a Hall of Nations, where foreign countries, 64 of which have agreed to participate, will show their official exhibits at the Fair. All the buildings will be grouped

around an enormous parade ground which will be the scene of parades, pageants, drills and other colorful events of a like nature, and where many thousands of Fair visitors will gather on opening day to listen to a speech by President Roosevelt. The architect is Howard L. Cheney.

This structure, which is now being built under the direction of the United States New York World's Fair Commission, will contain exhibits interpreting the background and functions of the legislative, judicial and executive branches of government. Secretary of Agriculture Henry A.

Wallace is Chairman of the Commission and its membership includes Secretary of Commerce Roper, Secretary of Labor Perkins, Senators Wagner and Copeland of New York and White of Maine and Representatives Merritt and Wadsworth of New York and McReynolds of Tennessee.

Self-Service

By GERTRUDE CUSHING
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WNU Service.

FOR the satisfaction of that numerous unimaginative company who like to ask "who?", "when?" and "where?" it may as well be admitted that this chapter in two young lives reached its consummation in the month of January, 1928; that it was enacted in a cafeteria within walking distance of the State house (if one was a good walker), and that the "he" and "she" involved might have been that young couple you noticed at the table across the aisle.

SHORT STORY

"I hoped I'd find you here, only I hoped I'd get in before you were seated so I could carry your tray for you."

"It's lucky you don't overtake me every night, you'd soon spoil me."

"Was it a hard day? Are you tired?"

"Not a bit. I feel great. I had a raise today, and after the first of April I'm to have my own office."

"What do you mean by your own office? Are you going to leave where you are?"

"Oh, no, I should hope not. I mean that I'm not to work in the general office with a lot of other girls. I'm to have a little corner near my boss."

"Is he married?"

"I never asked."

"Would you care?"

"Not a snap."

"Do you mean you like him so much it wouldn't make any difference whether he was married or not?"

"I mean it wouldn't matter to me, yes. What have you been reading since I saw you last?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"You sound as though you might have been examining a shipment of would-be best sellers—a bit Freudian. But I wish you'd eat something."

"Say, do you agree with that chap?"

"Who, my boss?"

"No, that Freud."

"I never read him. I don't have time to read anything but novels, working all day, and in the evening sewing and mending, and a dash of washing and ironing; and sometimes I like to go to the pictures or a show."

"You've never let me take you to a show, yet, and I've asked you times enough, Lord knows."

"Oh, you've been fine to ask me, and I do appreciate it; but, you see, I can't quite bring myself—I'm not exactly flapperish, you know, and—"

"I don't even know each other's names."

"Well, what of it? Say, listen. Did you ever think it out like this? Suppose you're walking with a girl friend and a man comes along that she knows and she names him to you and you to him and you all walk along together and come to her house and she says good-by and goes in. You walk along with this strange man and it's all right for you to ask him in to your house just because she's told you his name. And perhaps he's a man you ought not to know at all."

"Would you be so kind as to fill my glass for me?"

"What I was going to say was," he continued, "that if we were introduced a hundred times we wouldn't know each other any better on that account. We've talked about books—of course, I didn't believe what you said just now about not reading—and music and pictures and life, and that's the way you get to know people. Why, I can read your thoughts about things as if they were photographs."

"Oh, you can, can you? Just to test you and show you up, what am I thinking now?"

"You won't be angry?"

"No, I'll take the risks."

"Well, then, you're thinking things are reaching a point when I'm going to talk about something besides books and music and pictures—something more personal, and you want to hear and you're half afraid. You're held back by inhibitions that aren't worthy of you. You rather envy girls that take the bit between their teeth and bolt, but still you cling to old-fashioned ideas. Am I right?"

"Yes, and you make me feel ashamed, somehow."

"Look here, what is your name?" She told him.

He left her abruptly, to return in a few minutes with the manager of the cafe.

"Good evening," said he, "this young man is a neighbor of mine and he's very anxious to be introduced to you. You'll excuse me if I don't stop. I see I'm wanted at the desk."

"I'm pleased to know you, and now that the conventions have been observed, will you marry me?"

"You make me more and more ashamed with every word you speak—to take me on trust like that—"

"But I love you, YOU, no matter what your name is. If you distrusted me, why did you let me join you night after night?"

"I don't distrust you. I love you, too."

"Come on, let's cut dessert."

They went out, the young man carrying both checks conspicuously in his hand.

Perspiration Road

By HATTIE OXFORD
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WNU Service.

ROLFE RUPERT CLEVERTON could flash enough charm into the eyes of his intimates, his wife included, to blind them to the shame of his joblessness and his easy acceptance of an inadequate living on the little his late parents had left behind them.

For months Rolfe had been keeping a secret until it should be ripe enough to share. That time had now come.

Madeline, his wife, had closed a fat, family magazine with emphatic energy and turned to smile at her handsome husband just entering the room. "Rolfe, once more I've had to shut up that insistent salesman who jumps out at me here, there and everywhere in this magazine. He interrupts my reading of household economy articles by showing me tempting luxuries I know I can't afford."

"Scrap the economy articles, but open your book and tell me what luxuries you see there you want," Rolfe invited graciously.

Madeline complied, laughing: "This and this and this and—" she continued turning pages.

"You may have all these and—more," her husband assured her grandly; "for I am a rich man!"

In this way came the Clevertons' good fortune: Years back, three brothers, Richard, Rupert and Rolfe, loved the charming and beautiful Miranda. Richard won her.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

The two others went their separate ways to foreign lands to forget Miranda in piling up the dollars. Their piles grew higher and higher, but they did not forget.

In the course of time, they received photos of a little niece who had Miranda's big brown eyes. Their checks made life easy for Richard, Miranda and the little girl.

A few years later, uncles received photos of grand-nephew, Rolfe Rupert, who also had Miranda's eyes. Uncles' checks sent grand-nephew, grown to young manhood, through college.

The bachelor uncles, now old and broken in health, were living together in California, surrounded by all the comforts their wealth could buy. Rolfe Rupert, shortly before his marriage, was summoned thither to meet these relatives for the first time. Uncle Rupert was hobbling around on a cane, Uncle Rolfe was in bed.

Said Uncle Rupert: "The bulk of our possessions will go to you; we are glad to do this for Miranda's grandson."

"Miranda's eyes!" Uncle Rolfe murmured weakly, studying young Rolfe's face.

Uncle Rupert, apparently the stronger of the uncles, died soon after the young man's return home, and now young Rolfe was in full possession of a substantial legacy from him.

But, a few years later, Rolfe and Madeline could see clear through to the end of those "everlasting dollars."

"You must get a job, Rolfe," urged Madeline.

Rolfe shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, Uncle Rolfe can't last much longer."

Suddenly, out of the West, Mr. Vincent Carr, advanced in years, but powerful in personality and possessions, sprang into the activities of the eastern city where the Clevertons lived.

One day he was standing before a decadent, colonial mansion he had bought to restore. Rolfe, money all gone, his first child recently arrived, approached him for a job, just plain job, anything.

"I have an excellent opening for you in South America," Mr. Carr surprised him one day. "It will be hard at first, but it will pay you royally in the end, if you do right by it."

Rolfe studied the ground in frowning thought.

"What!" Mr. Carr shot at him. "Hoping your remaining uncle will die soon?"

Rolfe started nervously, blushed, "I—I—he—he—he suffers and wants to go, and I—"

"I know more about him than you do. Listen. He got wind of the fact that you had exceeded all decent speed laws in racing through his brother's money. 'Get me out of bed,' he commanded the best physician in the country. 'I want to spend my own hard-earned money myself, as it ought to be spent. I want the spoiling of my nephew to stop right here; I've spoiled relatives enough.' The man's will and the doctor's skill changed your uncle sick in bed to the Rolfe Vincent Carr before you now, fine and fit, and likely to make what he leaves behind look like 30 cents. As for you, Rolfe Rupert Cleverton, if you want to spend magnificently: first travel PERSPIRATION ROAD as I did. Go to South America, but DON'T keep sending me photos of my great-grandniece."

Rolfe controlled his feelings and accepted PERSPIRATION ROAD.

What's New

A new road surface being used in India consists of molasses, charcoal powder and slaked lime.

Having oversize treads three feet wide, a farm tractor has been designed that can operate over the lightest soils.

Helium has been melted by a German process at the exceedingly low temperature of 437 degrees below zero.

Mrs. Grace Fowell of Northampton, Mass., has perfected a noiseless theater program made of material similar to blotting paper.

A map showing unevenness of railroad tracks may be made with a device that records oscillations and jolts on a roll of paper.

Harvard University has an ap-

paratus that can press water in five different solid forms, and has squeezed air into a substance as dense as water.

Activated carbon, a new form, is so potent that one pound will remove any undesirable odors and tastes from 100,000 gallons of water.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Southbound.....1:31 p. m.

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

Star Mail Route

Southbound.....7:15 a. m.

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

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

The first airplane sleeping berths were introduced by a Chicago transport company in March, 1933.

The first armored automobile was manufactured at Peoria in 1898.

Oddly enough, the reckless driver's car is likely to last him a lifetime.

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- Tonic.....20c
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- Neck Clip.....10c
- Shampoo.....25c
- Shoe Shine.....10c

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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 Sherm Howard, decides to save him by eloping with young Lou Howard, Sherm's son, and comes to the town of Tall Holt to meet him. While in Yell Sanger's store, a crook-nosed stranger enters, 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 off the elopement, and sends the stranger for her father at the gambling house across the street. There the Morgan Norris, a killer, curly Connor, Kansas, Mile High, Sid Hunt, and other rustlers, and Sherm Howard, Lee Chiswick enters, with his foreman, Dan Brand, and tells Sherm Howard of his orders to shoot rustlers at sight. Jeff Gray returns to Ruth and coldly reassures her of her father's safety. At supper, Ruth introduces Jeff to her father and Brand. Coming out into the street, they are greeted by sudden gunfire. 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. Ruth is credulous of Jeff's story of shooting the assassin rather than at her father, and later pleads with Lee to listen to him. When Lee arrives at Pat Sorley's camp, he finds only a note to Pat from Jeff. Meanwhile, Jeff rides into Tall Holt and sends word to Sherm 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 asks their confidence. They agree 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 hoofmarks on the trail with the suspected rustlers. Jeff calls on Frank and warns him Norris and Lou are threatening him. Frank receives a message that his father wants him at Sanger's, and despite warnings, starts out. Shooting starts, and Gray helps Frank hold off the killers until he and Frank can escape. Arriving at L C ranch Frank tells of the ambush and of the part played by Gray.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Gray said: "Ready to leave town yet? Or am I still too big a liar to believe?"

"I don't know what you are," Frank answered. "Hadn't been for you they would have got me. But you fired the first shot at me."

"You were walking right into their ambush. I fired to stop you. Lucky for you. It started them up before you were close enough to hit in the darkness."

Frank was still suspicious and ashamed of it. "You disguised your voice when you talked with them in the barn."

"So I did. I'm staying here. Would you want me to yell out my name to them?"

"You saved my life. No two ways about that. At the risk of yore own."

"Oh, hell!" Gray said. "You're such a fool someone has to look after you. . . . Where is yore horse?"

"At the Alamo corral." "Then get down there and saddle. Hit the trail for the L C—quick as you can."

The younger man agreed. "I'm much obliged," he added gruffly. "I won't forget it."

Gray watched him go, then cut across to the main street and joined those who were hurrying to the fire. He saw the roof of the barn crash in as he climbed over the wall.

His gaze swept the crowd. He caught sight of Morgan Norris and joined him.

"How'd the fire start?" he asked. Norris slid a look at him. "How would I know?"

"Thought maybe you were among those here early," Gray said lightly. It was important for him to find out whether he had been recognized by the ambushers. He thought not, since in the darkness he had not known any of them. But he had to be sure.

"No, sir, I wasn't."

The eyes of Norris were slits of shining light. This business tonight had got out of hand, and he had to watch his step. He had started out to kill one man, not three. Now there would be war to a finish with the L C outfit. Lee Chiswick would not rest until he had avenged the death of his son and the other two riders.

"Thought I heard some shooting," Gray said guilelessly. "I was down at Ma Presnall's fixing to turn in when things began to pop."

"I reckon some drunk was punctuating the scenery," Norris said, watching his words. "Me, I was playing seven-up with some of the boys."

"Likely some lad was bedding down in the hay and lit it from his cigarette," Gray suggested.

"Might be that way. If so, hope he got out."

"Time this town had a fire department," the red-headed man mentioned. "If a fire started when the wind was blowing hard, the whole main street would go."

"So it would," Norris agreed indifferently. "But I got no chips in this town's real estate."

A vaquero known as Kansas sidled up to them.

"Fire's burnin' out," he said to Norris.

Gray read fear in the man's shifty eyes. He decided that Kansas had

been one of those involved in the attack. Like Norris, he had been appalled at the swiftness with which three men had been wiped out so horribly. To shoot men was one thing; to burn them up another.

"Morg and I were just hoping nobody got caught in there," Gray told the cowboy.

The startled eyes of Kansas stabbed at Norris. "Why would there be anybody in there?" he asked hoarsely. "You don't figure that—that?"

"We don't figure a thing," Norris answered, his cold gaze fixing Kansas. "Crook-Nose here allowed that maybe someone sleeping in the hay might have lit it from a cigarette."

"Gray is the name, if you're meanin' me," the red-headed man drawled gently.

"That's right." The young killer's words dripped malice. "Clint Gray, isn't it?"

"No, sir. Nor Jeff Duke. Jeff Gray would be right. I'm a little particular about my name, Mr. Norris." The steady gaze warned the other that he was treading on dangerous ground.

"Call yourself Paddy Ryan or John L. Sullivan for all I care," Norris said, his laugh insolently offensive. "Well, the show's over. I'm headin' back to the seven-up game. You comin' along, Kansas?"

Gray watched them go. "That's two of them," he thought. "Lou Howard is probably another."

He walked up the main street to the Golden Nugget and sat in at a poker game.

Sherm Howard slammed a big fist down on the table in front of him.

"Never saw anything more crazy in my life. That's no way to get a man—lie in wait for him right here in town so Lee Chiswick will know



"A fellow who calls himself Jeff Gray saved my life."

some of us must have done it. Couldn't some of you have bushwhacked him out on his own range? On top of that, you bump off three men instead of one. Bad medicine, Morg. These aren't the old days. We got to be more careful what we do. And you're not satisfied with shooting. You've got to burn 'em to death, like you were a bunch of Apaches."

"Ride yore son Lou," Norris said sulkily. "He was in it deep as any of us."

"I'll ride you all. It was the most foolish thing I ever heard of white men doing. We'll never hear the end of it. Were you all drunk?" demanded Sherman Howard.

"Not drunk. We'd been drinking some," Norris explained resentfully. "Not our fault three of them got caught. We laid for young Chiswick. The other two popped up out of nowhere. Nobody knows who they were. They got what was comin' to them for buttin' into a game where they weren't invited."

"We didn't aim to burn 'em," Lou Howard whined. "We told them to come out so we could arrest Frank Chiswick."

"Arrest nothing," Norris said, snarling at young Howard. "We aimed to put him outa business. You egged us on because you were sore as a toad on a skillet account of his having whopped you. What's the use of lying among ourselves?"

"You're whistling right we meant to rub him out," Kansas admitted despondently. "But like Lou says, we didn't mean to burn him. The idea was to blast him as he walked up to Sanger's from the boarding-house. And we didn't figure on the two other guys who busted in and took chips."

"When did they come to town?" Sherman Howard snapped, his superabundance of stomach overflowing the table as he leaned forward

accusingly. "Who saw them after they got here? Does anyone know who they were?"

"I wouldn't know the answer to any of those questions, Sherm," answered Norris, sulkily defiant. "Better ask Lou. It was his party. Maybe he knows."

The opaque eyes of the older Howard rested on his son, not without contempt. It was plain that Lou was sweating fear. Maybe he had better get him clear out of this part of the country before he broke down. That could be arranged later. Just now he would send him up into the hills. The big man brought his mind back to the immediate business of the day.

"Mighty funny about these two mysterious L C men," he said, thinking aloud. "What did they come here for? Where did they leave their mounts?"

"Search me," Kansas replied. "I didn't see but one of 'em."

"How do you know there were two? Who saw the other? Did you, Morg?" challenged Howard.

"Sure I saw him. He was in the barn. Up in the loft. Saw him when we rushed the stairs," Norris rubbed tenderly the side of his head, where he had been pistol-whipped during that rush. To him it seemed that the loft had been full of defenders.

"But you don't know who he was?" "No, I don't. It was black as a manzanita gulch in the dark of the moon. No way of telling who was roosting up there."

"Hmp! Something here I don't get. Looks like Lee Chiswick has a card up his sleeve."

A knock sounded on the door. Sherm Howard barked, "Come in!"

Jim Reynolds, owner of the Alamo corral, walked into the room. He was a short, thickset man with slanted eyebrows that always seemed to be asking a question. He nodded a casual greeting.

"Just happened to be passing, Sherm," he said. "Don't know as it's important, but I thought I'd let you know young Chiswick has left town."

After Reynolds had gone, the big man turned on the others with bitter sarcasm. "Now we don't know where we are at. You're a fine bunch of warriors. Arbuckle hands, I would say. Why pack guns at all? Better shuck them and go back to Kansas and Iowa. All four of you plugging at this Chiswick and he gets off scot free. You'd better find out soon as you can about the other two fellows who were with Frank. Maybe they're getting sore sides laughing at you. Was there a back door to this stable?"

"No, there wasn't," Norris said, sulkily. "I don't see—"

He stopped, a sudden gleam of light in his smoky eyes.

"Well?" asked Sherm.

"They kept making a noise upstairs in the loft—some kind of pounding." Morg Norris ripped out a vicious oath. "I'll bet they knocked a hole in the 'dobe wall and got away."

"Sounds reasonable," jeered their leader. "You boys were having such a good time at the fire you never thought to watch the back of the barn."

"Why should we, Sherm, when there was no door and no window?" Kansas protested.

"What did you figure the hammering was about—that they were making toys to play with?"

"We didn't know. Looked like we had them trapped and we were watching the front door for the time when they made their break." Kansas added a heartfelt wish: "Hope you're right, Morg. I'm no Injun. I'd hate to think I was anyways responsible for those men being burnt."

Remains of Far-Famed "Sea Serpent" Property of University of California

The University of California stands ready to stake its scientific reputation on the existence—if not at present, at least some 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 years ago—of the far-famed "sea serpent," writes a Berkeley (Calif.) United Press correspondent.

Whether there also existed at that time seaside resorts where the press agents could take advantage of the appearance of a sea serpent to attract the patronage of the public to his beach, the university does not know.

However, the existence of the sea serpent in what is known as the Upper Cretaceous period has been definitely established by the finding in the San Joaquin valley of a splendidly preserved fossil.

The monster, which is some 30 feet long in its fossilized form, is of a particularly rare type, according to Dr. L. C. Camp, curator of the museum of paleontology at the uni-

versity, who assisted in the excavation.

Up to this time, the pleisosaur, as the marine reptile is scientifically known, has been unknown on the Pacific coast, although fossil fragments have been found in other parts of the country.

The present specimen, which is one of the most complete ever found, first was uncovered by a laborer, while hunting for gypsum in the oily shale near Mendota.

He notified Fresno State college, which in turn notified the University of California and the two joined in the final excavation of the stone-like carcass and which involved something of an engineering feat.

The rounded portion of the body, with three flippers, weighed a ton and had to be dragged from the ravine where it was bound on a specially constructed sled attached to a truck by a rope.

"All right. Go find out the facts," ordered Howard.

Twenty minutes later his men reported that there were no bodies in the ashes and that a hole had been knocked in the stable wall.

CHAPTER VII

Frank Chiswick swung from the saddle stiffly.

"How's every little thing?" his brother Bob asked.

"All right with me."

"Anything doing at Tall Holt?"

"Plenty. Where's the old man?"

"In the house writing a letter."

Frank unsaddled and turned his horse into a pasture.

"Better come along and listen to my story," he said.

From a kitchen window Ruth saw her brothers and followed them into the office. She heard her father's booming greeting.

"Lo, Frank," she said. "You haven't changed much. We still have the same old cat."

"You came mighty near not holding the same old brother," he told her with a grin.

"Had trouble, did you?" Lee inquired.

"Some. Maybe it was my own fault. I had a fight. I've been shot at several times. I was cornered in a hayloft when the stable was on fire. A fellow who calls himself Jeff Gray saved my life."

The family stared at him. This category of adventures struck them dumb for a moment.

"Sit down, son, and tell it," his father suggested after he had found speech.

When Frank reached in his narrative the fight with Lou Howard, his sister cut in sharply.

"I told you to leave him alone—that it was my fault as much as his," she scolded. "Now you've made more trouble."

"Sorry it came out that way," Frank said, in penitent justification. "He was bragging around how he jilted you. It came to me from two different people. One was Ma Presnall. I thought I ought to stop it."

"You did right, son," his father approved. "I hope you whopped him good."

"He wouldn't fight—not to amount to anything," Frank said simply. "But I marked him up considerable. I reckon he made up his mind to have me rubbed out and took that killer Morg Norris in with him. They had two or three others along."

"Along when?" Bob asked. "When they ambushed me."

"You recognized Howard and Norris," Lee said, his eyes blazing with excitement.

"No, I didn't. No time for that. Jeff Gray warned me they were intending to bushwhack me."

Lee Chiswick's face was a map of bewilderment. "Jeff Gray! Why would he help you?"

"I don't know. I never did find out."

"Then what?" Ruth asked tensely. Frank told his story.

"Son, I ought never to have sent you to town alone," exclaimed Lee. "I knew there were a lot of bad hombres in that bunch of rustlers, but I didn't think they would go so far as to try to burn a boy to death. Well, I've had my lesson. I might have known that any outfit bossed by Sherm Howard would be rotten. About this fellow Gray. I don't get him at all. We no sooner get him pegged for a double-crossing scoundrel than he up and goes into th' fire for you. What's his game? Wh in time is he?"

"Two or three times I heard that he was an outlaw wanted in Texas for robbing a train," Frank said. "Name of Clint Duke, it was claimed. He's in with Howard's gang somehow. When we were in the barn he changed his voice so they wouldn't know who he was."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Slenderizing Shirtwaist Dress. If you take a woman's size, choose this smart tailored type with notched collar, short kimono sleeves, and action pleats in the skirt. It is cool and unhampering. Gingham, percale, seersucker or tub silk are smart materials for it.

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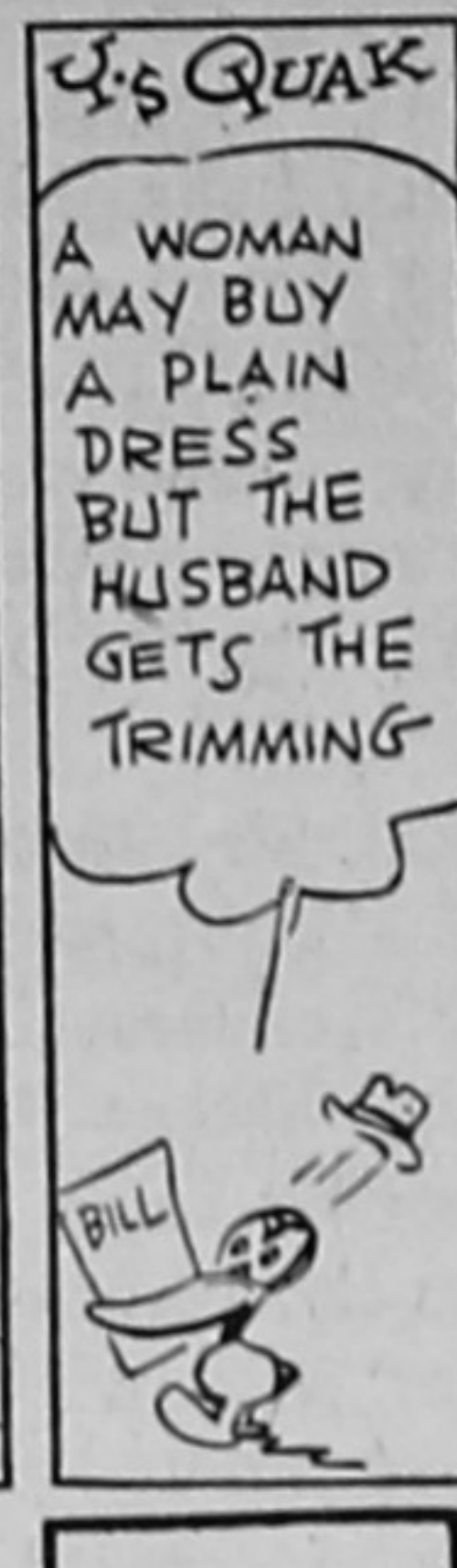
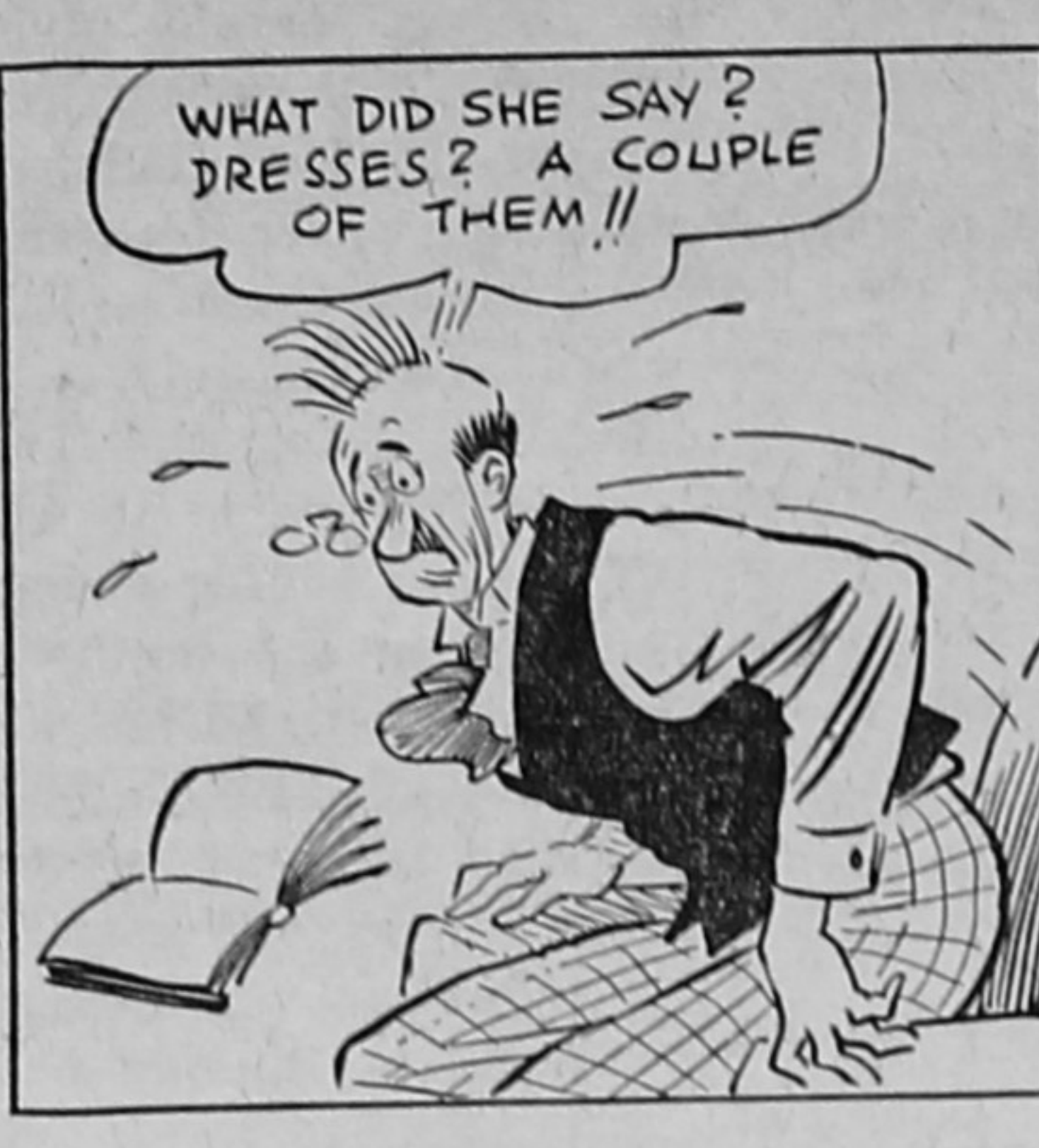
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THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

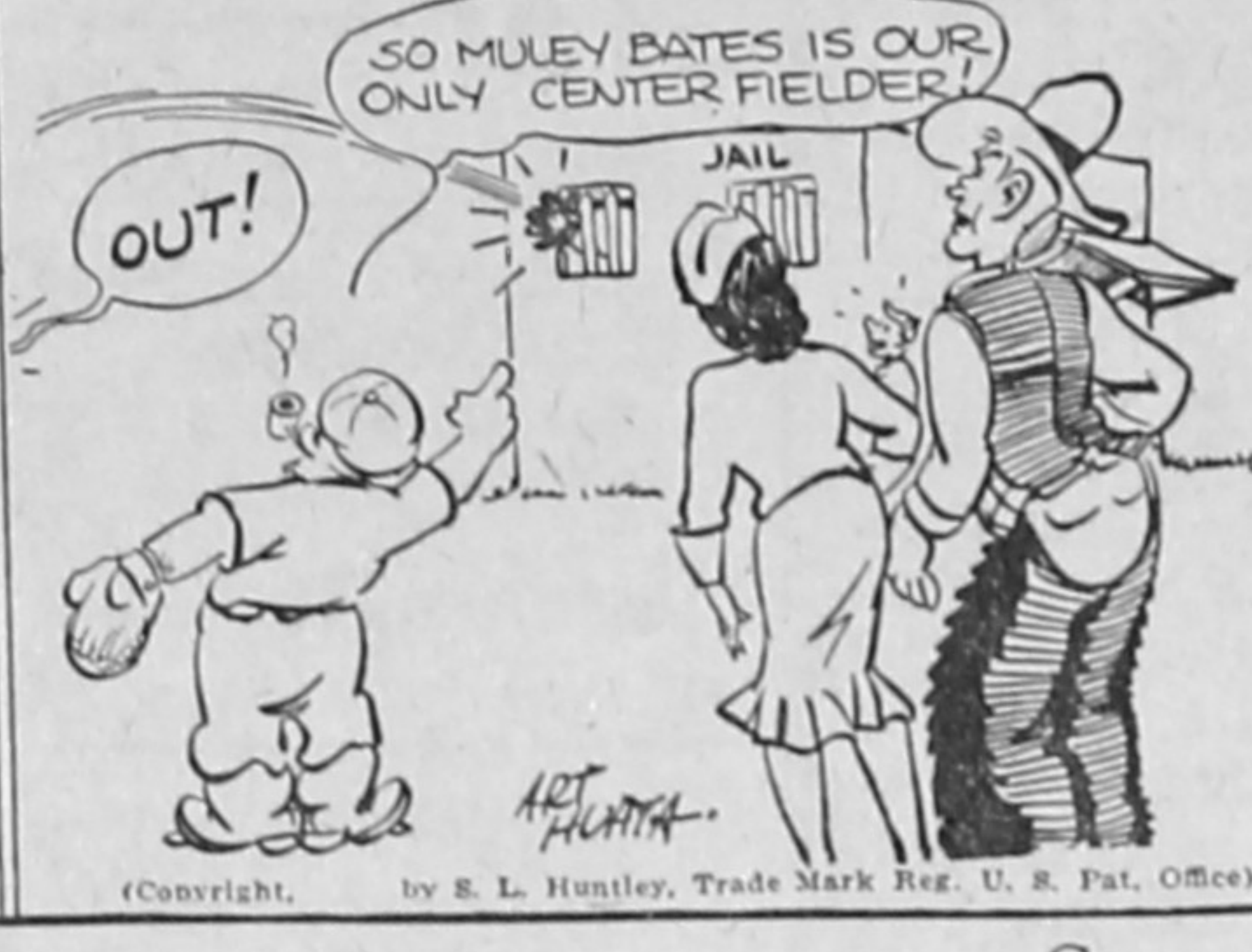
THE FEATHERHEADS By Osborne



S'MATTER POP— Wise Guy, Huh?



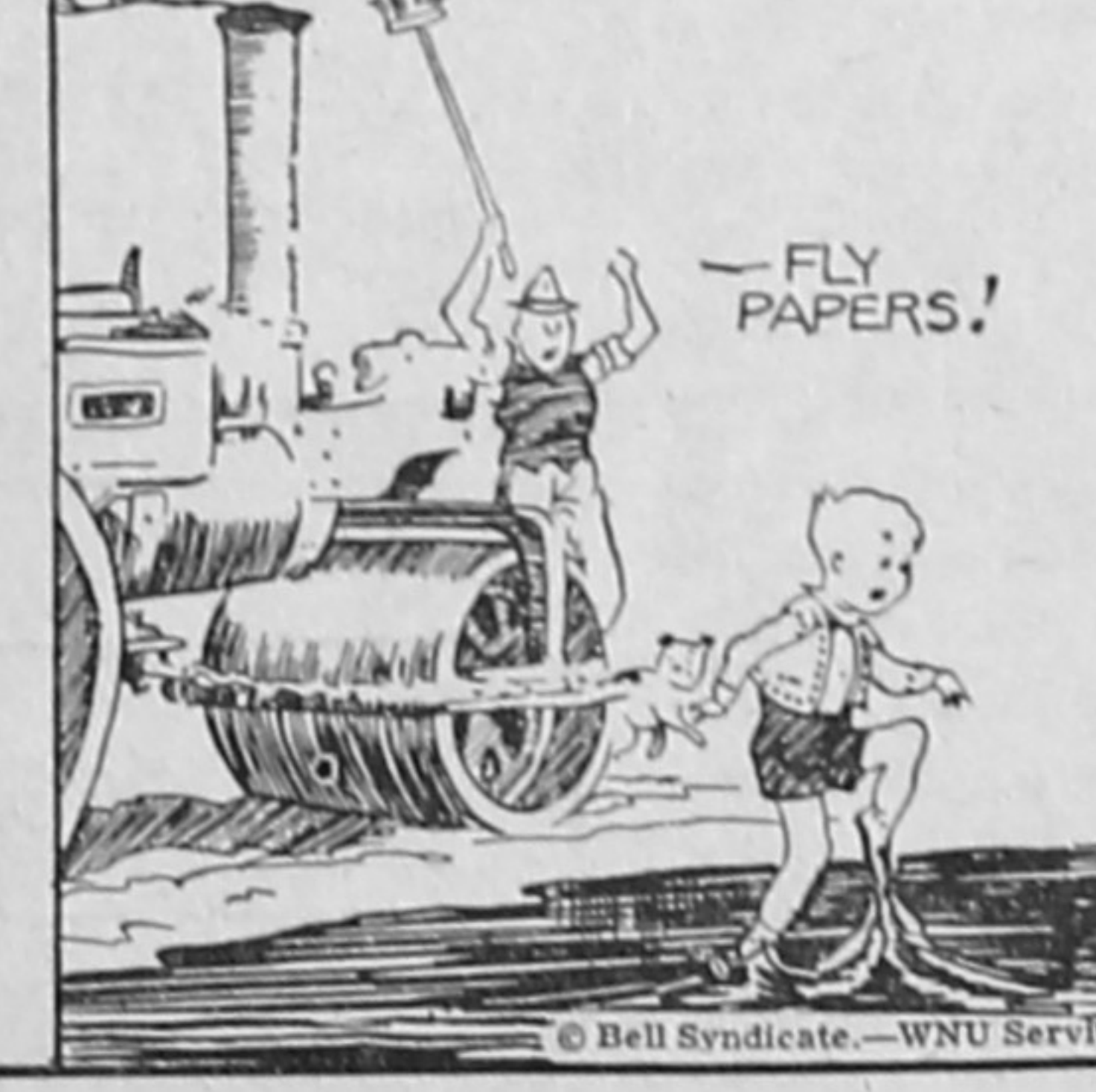
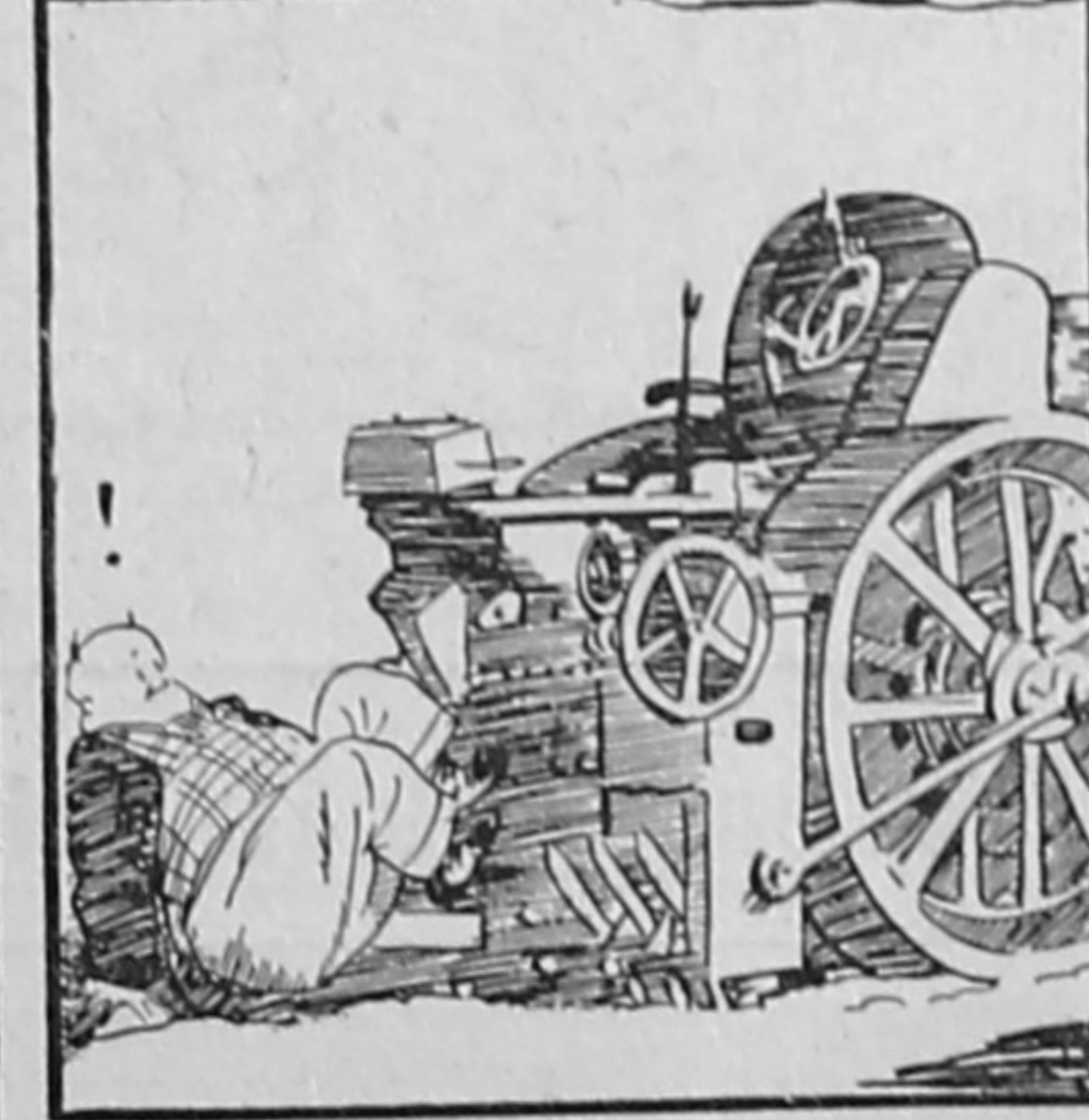
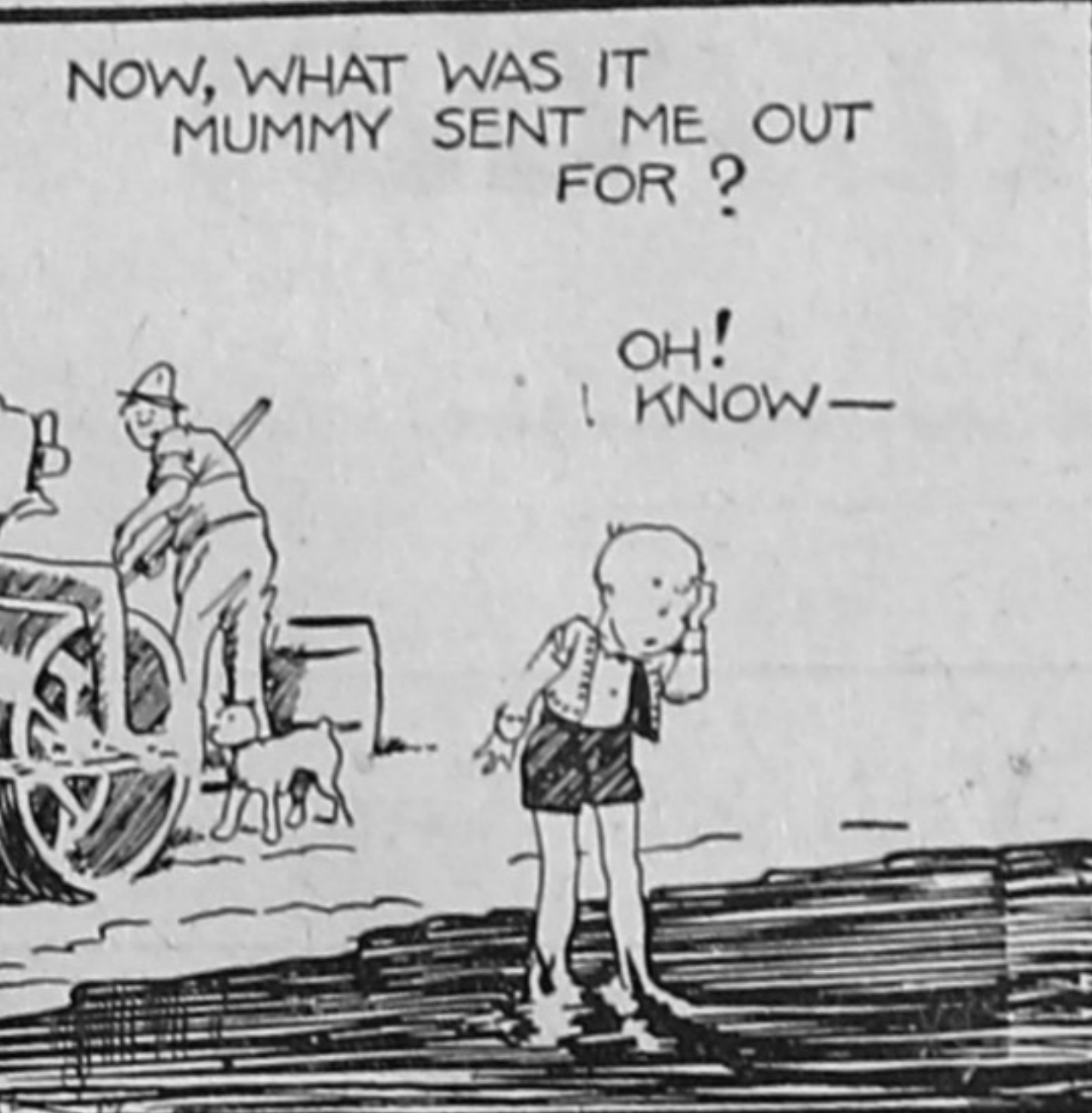
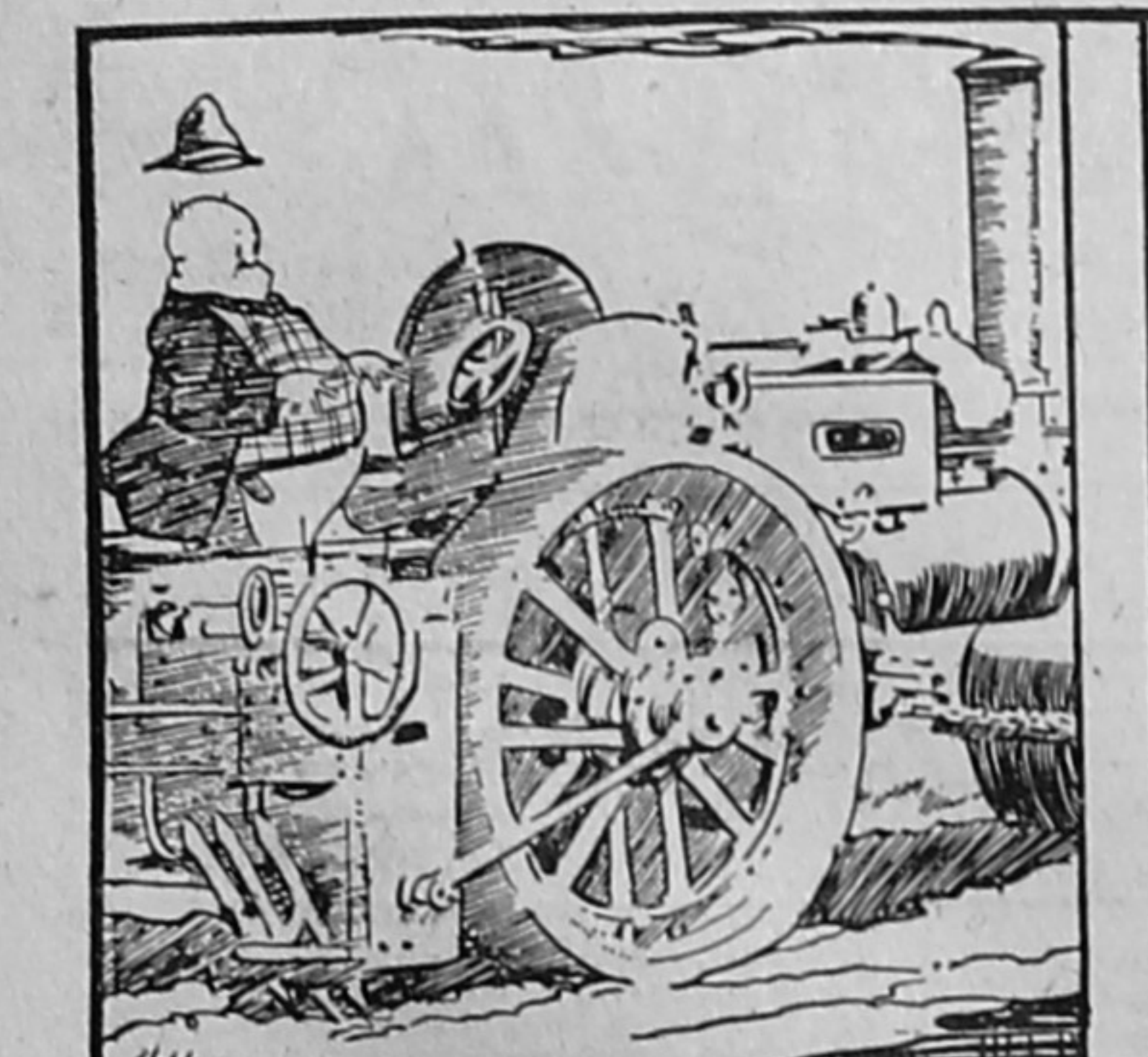
MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY



FINNEY OF THE FORCE By Ted O'Loughlin



POP— A Suggestion



THE CLOWN By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



JUNE BUGG

Mrs. Tellit—Cousin Dorothy, you know, always wanted to have a little baby daughter so she could name her June.

Mrs. Askit—Yes. Did she do it?

Mrs. Tellit—No, the man she married was named Bugg and it wouldn't do, you see.

Willing
He had just stolen a hurried kiss. "Don't you know any better than that?" she demanded indignantly. "Sure," he replied, "but they take more time."

Subtlety
Voice over phone—Pop, guess who just got kicked out of college.—Los Angeles Collegian.

REALLY MEAN

Stranger—Can you tell me the mean temperature of this place?

Native—Sure; it's so mean that in the winter the women use ice cakes as fuel for their cook stoves and in the summer it is so hot the drug stores get rich selling boiling water for cooling drinks.—Pathfinder Magazine.

TOUGH BUNCH



Housekeeper—Well, Mary, what do you think of the people in our house?

New Cook—They're a murdering lot to be sure! I jes' heard the missus say they're goin' to hang the old master in the music room as soon as the boss comes home!

WOODSHED PROGRAM



Modern Mother—Clarence's trouble is a complex, doctor, I'm sure—What treatment would you prescribe?

Old-Fashioned Doctor—The sole use of a slipper, madam, I think would do.

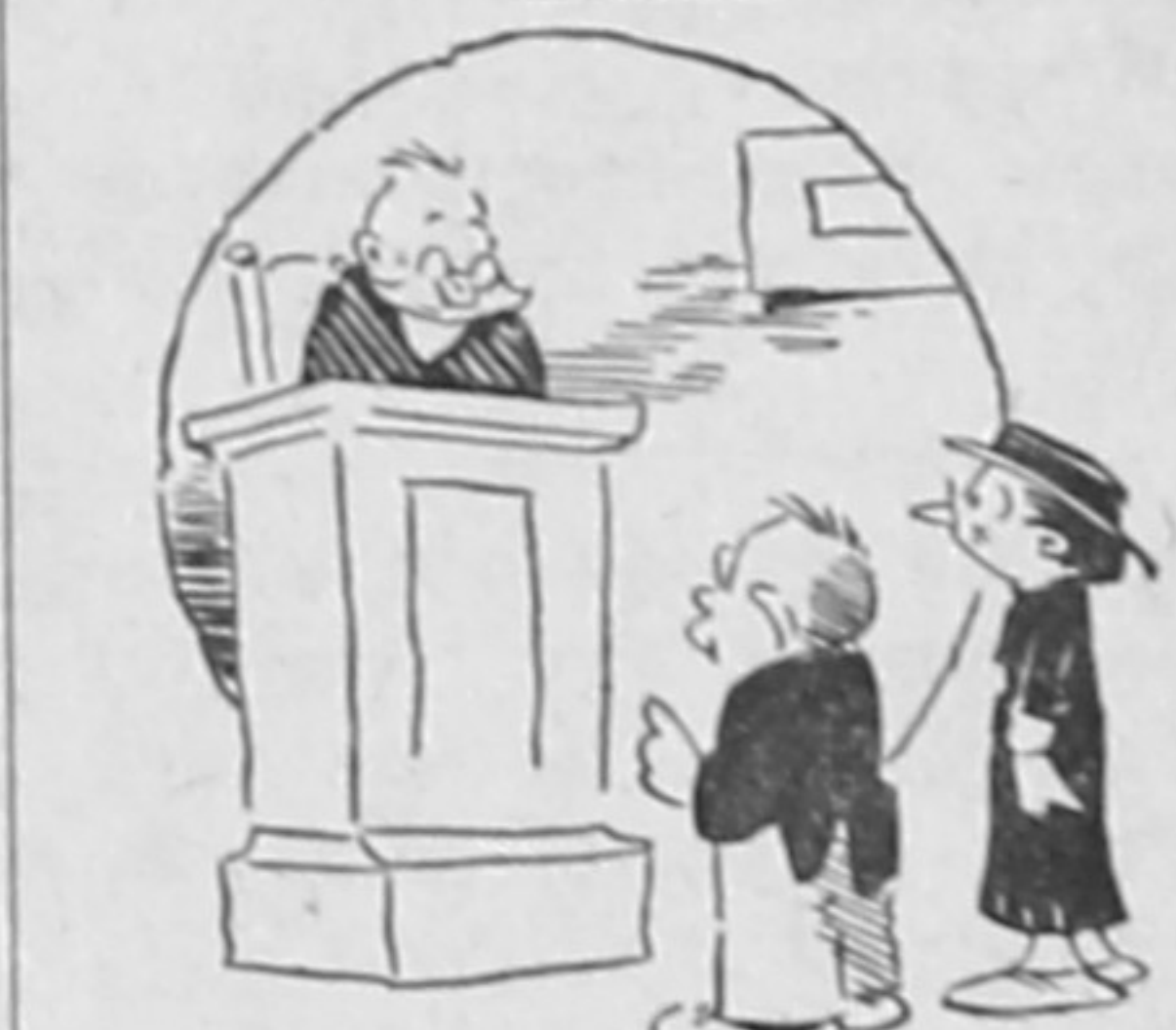
O. K. WITH HIM



"Well, young man, I don't mind you calling on my daughter, but remember I put the lights out at 10:30."

"Oh, that's all right, sir! I won't be around till 11 o'clock."

PROOF ENOUGH



Judge—You say this woman had an umbrella in her hand and you thought you were about to be attacked?

Defendant—Yes, your honor.

Judge—What did she do to make you think so?

Defendant—She raised it over her head.

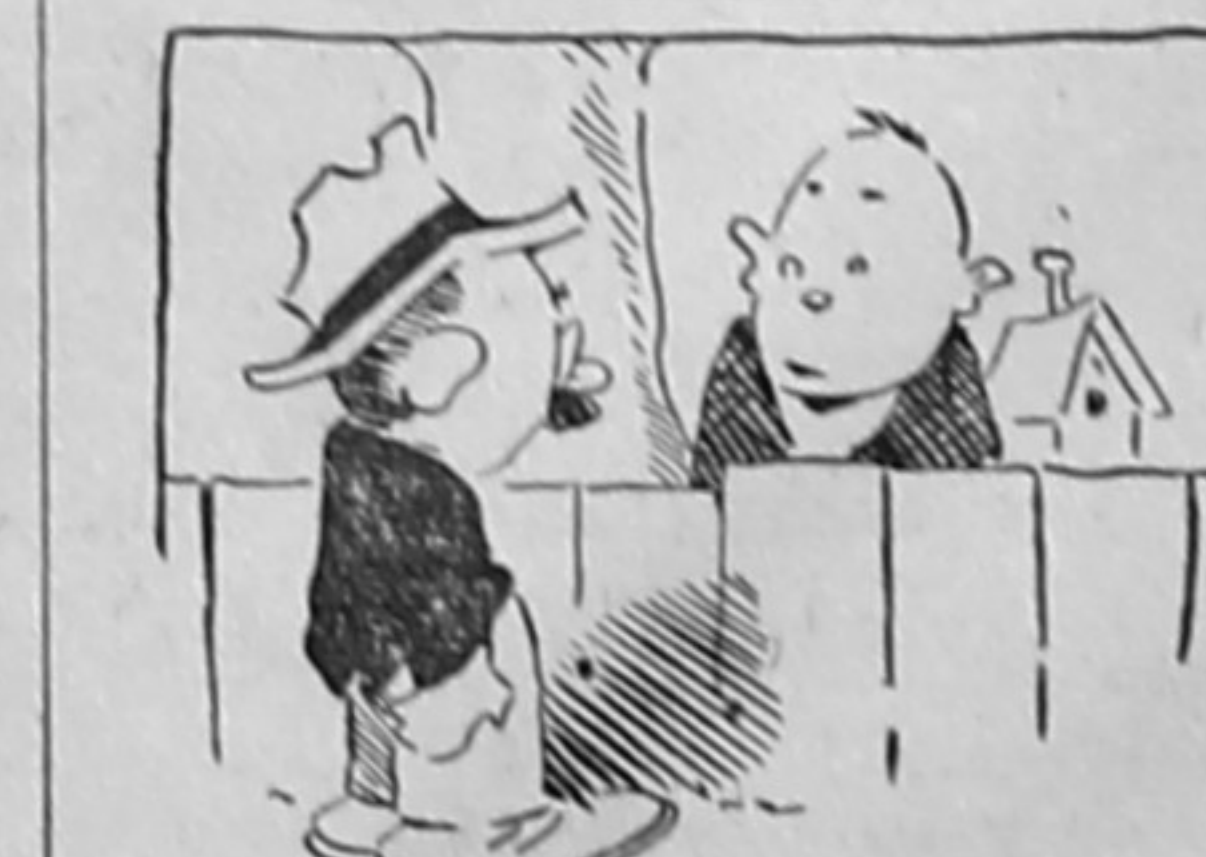
IN CASE THAT—



"I suppose you are preparing yourself to be able to manage your uncle's millions when they come to you?"

"Oh, yes; but I am also preparing to be a carpenter in case they don't."

HAS JUST THAT



"Has he the courage of his convictions?"

"I should say so. He doesn't care how much his neighbors laugh at him; he digs in the garden just the same."

"You Said it—It's Swell!" This Pepsodent with IRIUM

Irium contained in BOTH Pepsodent Tooth Powder and Pepsodent Tooth Paste

You'll get the "Thrill of a Lifetime"... once you use Pepsodent containing Irium... The thrill of seeing your teeth gleam with all their natural loveliness!

You can depend on Pepsodent to bring about a vast improvement to surface-stained teeth! For it is Irium that helps Pepsodent to so thoroughly brush away unsightly surface-stains, polish teeth to such glorious brilliance!... Pepsodent can make your teeth sparkle as they naturally should... and do it SAFELY. It contains NO BLEACH, NO FUMICE, NO GRIT! Try Pepsodent today!

Local and Personal

Lloyd Cummings is confined to his home with measles.

Fred Messman was a Champaign visitor, Wednesday.

Alvin Zenke was a Champaign business caller, Wednesday.

Miss Marcelle Nohren of the U. of I. arrived home Friday to spend the summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dohme attended the funeral of a relative at Springfield, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sullivan of Urbana spent Sunday with Mrs. Lucy Sullivan.

Levi Hardyman and family of St. Joseph visited relatives here Sunday.

Roma Gail Maxfield returned to Villa Grove, Tuesday, after a few days visit with Maxine Henson.

Miss Marjorie Messman arrived home from Champaign Monday to spend the summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith of Fairland were Sunday guests at the A. S. Maxwell home.

Leslie Cooper and family of Tuscola, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Block were Sunday dinner guests at the D. P. Brewer home.

Long View News

Mrs. Chas. Keilbach and Mrs. Frances Dowden have returned from a visit with the former's relatives at Bloomington, Ind.

Because of the illness of Jeanne Kalk, the M. E. Children's Day program has been postponed for two weeks.

Mrs. Geo. Hood is recovering from a tonsil operation performed Saturday in Dr. Taylor's office at Villa Grove.

Gloria Jeane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Kalk, submitted to an appendectomy Monday evening at Jarman hospital, Tuscola.

The Reading Club met Friday at the home of Mrs. Don McQueen. "Art in Everyday Life; Proportion" was discussed by Mrs. Wesley Churchill; and three chapters of "An American Doctor's Odyssey" by Mrs. Elnora Arwine. Roll call was "A worthwhile book".

Mrs. W. E. Warnes entertained twenty-nine "Sunshine Sisters" at a two-course luncheon Wednesday of last week. The first course consisted of creamed chicken patties, escalloped potatoes, spring salad, rolls, butter, jelly and iced tea; second course, ice cream and wafers.

Devotionals were led by Mrs. John Warnes.

Report of her Canadian and western U. S. trip was given by Mrs. Charles Warnes.

Piano duet—Mrs. H. H. Jarman and Mrs. Thelma Buddemeier.

Quartet, The Holy Twilight Hour—Mesdames Warnes, Jarman, Buddemeier, Mathews.

Impersonation of "Man on the Street"—Mrs. Ursa Warnes.

Sunshine sisters were revealed and names drawn for the coming year.

Ninety Per Cent Illinois Homes Have Radios

A recent survey shows that ninety per cent of the homes in Illinois have radios. No neighboring state with the exception of Michigan has so high a percentage.

Washington News

By Hugh M. Rigney

God of Luck—On the campus of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis stands a bronze statue of Tecumseh, the famous Indian Chief, which serves as a God of Luck to the Midshipmen, who, prior to examinations, athletic contests and graduations, throw coins, mostly pennies, at the head of the old warrior. Over a long period of years, thousands of dollars have thus been disposed of, much to the delight of the youngsters of the town, who recover the coins as soon as they are hurled.

435 Midshipmen—A total of 435 Midshipmen in the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, 32 miles distant from Washington, received their graduation diplomas this week. The presentation was made by President Roosevelt, who also delivered the commencement address. The old Academy town was a blaze of color throughout the five-day celebration.

In Old Virginia—Memorial Day week-end provided me two days for a trip into Old Colonial Virginia. First we visited Jamestown, where the first white settlement in America was founded in 1607 and where many remains of that early period are to be seen, among them the Jamestown Church tower built in 1639.

There are a towering National monument, statues of Pocahontas, Captain John Smith and many other historic markers. From Jamestown we drove to Williamsburg, the colonial Capital of Virginia, recently restored by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at a cost of 18 million dollars. Here is located William and Mary College, founded in 1695, the second oldest institution of higher education in America. Other buildings are the capitol built in 1705; Bauton Parish church, 1715; Governor's palace, 1715; and many others. Our next stop was Yorktown, a quiet, unincorporated village of 500, on beautiful York river. It was here that Cornwallis, commanding the British, surrendered to Washington, marking the close of the Revolutionary War. We saw the Moore house, where the articles of surrender were signed, and Surrender Field, where the British Commander delivered his sword. Many of the breastworks are intact. On the return trip we stopped at Richmond, where still stands old St. Paul's Church, in which Patrick Henry made his famous speech closing with 'Give me liberty, or give me death!'

The city is proud of the Confederate White House, occupied by Jefferson Davis; home of John Marshall, first Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, and the old State House, which also served as Capitol of the Confederacy. At Fredericksburg we saw the old law office of President James Madison, home of George Washington's mother, and nearby a monument marking the spot where Stonewall Jackson fell in the Battle of the Wilderness. This area is certainly replete with early American History, all intensely interesting and inspiring.

An Apt Slogan—In a small city in nearby Maryland, a dozen young men in the High School graduating class have adopted this depressing slogan: "W. P. A., here we come!" This is depressing for the reason that most of the boys and girls finishing courses in high schools and colleges really have no jobs in sight and therefore do not know which way to turn. Otherwise this slogan would be funny.

Closing Days of Congress—The closing days of Congress are fascinating and exciting. The hustle and bustle are contagious. Preparation for adjournment in the House and Senate chambers reach over into the offices of the Members, each of whom is packing files and belongings for a

quick get-away as soon as the final gavel falls. Then for home, short vacations and campaigns. Being a Congressman is real work, but it has its compensating phases of forming fast friendships and providing the opportunity to serve one's district and the Nation as a whole. In addition it affords an interesting and varied experience to be found nowhere else in the world.

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.

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

Dr. W. L. Hagebush

DENTIST

X-Ray

Phone 83

Newman Illinois

STAR Now Showing the New Season's Parade of Hits

Thur. & Fri., June 9-10

In Technicolor
Ray Milland
Dorothy Lamour

Her Jungle Love

"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, June 11

Thrilling—Exciting
Lloyd Nolan - Mary Carlisle

Hunted Men

Also chapter 3 of The Lone Ranger.
Mat. 5c-10c Nite 10c-20c

Sun. & Mon., June 12-13

Bing Crosby-Mary Carlisle
Andy Devine-Rufe Davis

Dr. Rhythm

10c-25c

Tues. - Wed., June 14-15

Mystery - Comedy - Romance
Loretta Young-Geo. Sanders

4 Men and A Prayer

10c-25c

LEGALS

Administrator's Notice

Estate of George E. Walker, deceased.

The undersigned, having been appointed Administrator with Will Annexed of the Estate of George E. Walker, deceased, late of the County of Champaign and State of Illinois, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the County Court of Champaign County, at the Court House in Urbana, Champaign County, Illinois, on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1938, the same being the Third Monday of July, next, at which time all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having same adjusted. All persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated this 8th day of June, A. D. 1938.

Harry W. Winston,
Administrator with Will Annexed.

Charles E. Keller, Atty.
401 First National Bank,
Champaign, Illinois.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Illinois has approximately 136 inhabitants to the square mile.

Texas produces almost twice as large a wool clip as any other state in the union.

Experience is what you get while you are looking for something else.

An aged worshipper whose hearing was impaired was being shown to a pew by a Scotch usher, who became suspicious of an immense ear trumpet which the visitor carried under his arm. As he gave the stranger a seat he said to him:
"One toot and you're oot!"



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

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

The Broadlands Community Club
Cordially Invites You to
Attend the . . .

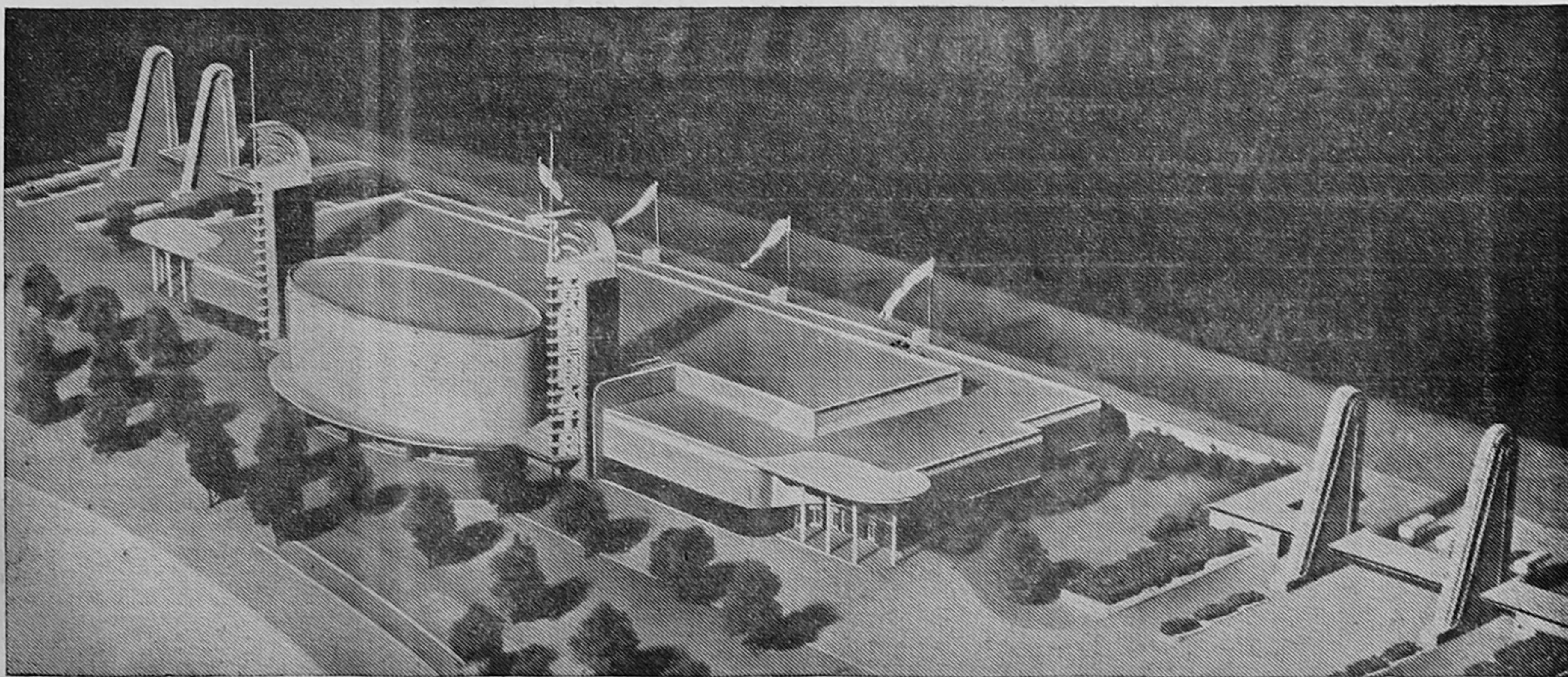
Free Talkie Show

At Broadlands

Every

Saturday Night

These Gates Will Greet You at New York World's Fair



NEW YORK—The two pairs of pylons which are on opposite sides of the picture may be the first objects you will notice when you approach the New York World's Fair 1939, for they mark the entrances to the Transportation

Zone. Similar decorative pylons will accentuate other portals to the exposition. The futuristic building between the entrances above will contain a huge, free focal exhibit. James Gamble Rogers is architect.