

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 19

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1938

NUMBER 15

News Items of 12 Years Ago

July 16, 1926

Miss Anna Edens entertained several friends at a slumber party.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Messman celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

The grading was started for the Broadlands - Allerton pavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dicks, Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Zantow left for a fishing trip at Webster Lake, Ind.

Mrs. Lottie Astell was pleasantly surprised when a number of friends gathered to help celebrate her birthday.

The Loyal Workers of the U. B. church met with Mrs. Bessie Loomis. The afternoon was spent in sewing.

Concert at Allerton Presbyterian Church

A group of talented musicians from Potomac, under the direction of Arthur W. Barstead, will give a sacred concert at the Allerton Presbyterian Church next Sunday evening, July 24, at 7:30. The program will consist of solos, trios, quartets and group singing. Also a number of Negro Spirituals, and several old familiar numbers with special musical arrangements.

Musical readings and novelty numbers will add to the interest of the concert.

There will be no admission fee, just a free will offering.

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

Important developments in today's installment of "To Ride the River With," a hard-riding, fast-shooting story of cattle rustling and the law.

Who is Gideon? Reverend Harold L. Lundquist gives the background of a great Bible name in this week's Sunday school lesson.

Cordell Hull is currently the most acceptable compromise candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, says Carter Field. He tells why in his Washington letter.

Probably not one person in a thousand has read the greatest novel of the century. Lemuel F. Parton writes about its broken and despairing author in Who's News This Week.

Market Report

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

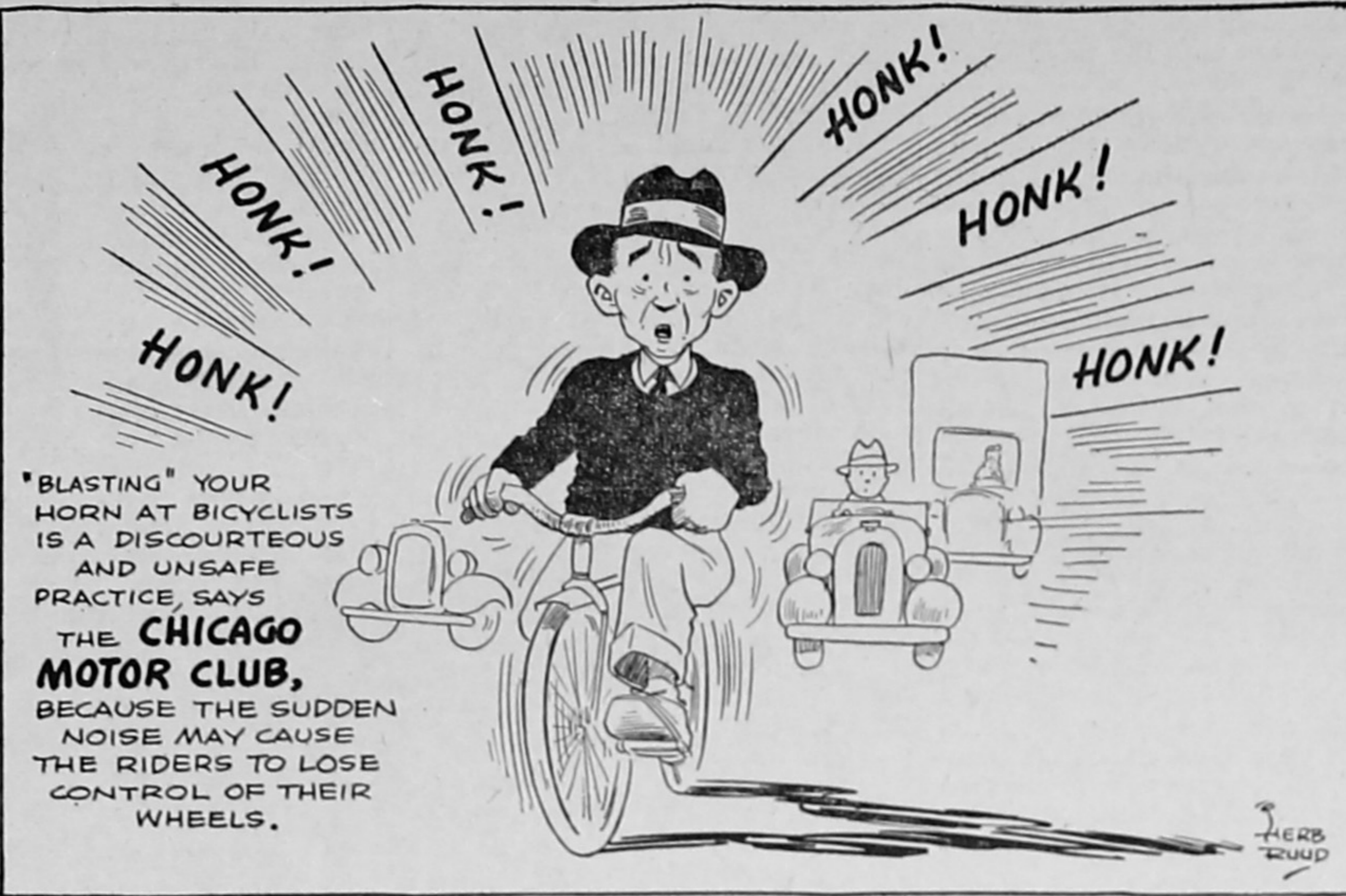
No. 2 new hard wheat	60c
No. 2 new white corn	51c
No. 2 new yellow corn	50c
No. 3 new white oats	20c
No. 2 new beans	74c

After a long search, Mrs. E. E. Allison of Kansas City, Mo., found her diamond ring frozen in a pan of ice cubes.

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

MOTOR MANNERS

Suggested by the
CHICAGO
MOTOR CLUB



Local and Personal

Herman Struck and John Bahlow delivered livestock to Indianapolis, Monday.

E. C. Schumacher and family were guests in the C. P. Hoggatt home in Urbana, Sunday.

Miss Evelyn Schumacher was home from Lakeview hospital, Danville, over the week end.

Rosemary Cummings spent the past week with relatives at Indianola.

Mrs. John Bahlow and father, Wm. Hipsher, visited relatives at Dana, Ind., Monday.

Bud Struck and family and Miss Wilma Messman left Friday for a two weeks fishing trip in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Grace Cook and daughter, Rosalind, of Danville visited Mrs. Arch Walker, Thursday of last week.

Miss Edna Schumacher returned home Sunday after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hoggatt at Champaign.

Leon Struck and Ben Rayl attended a banquet and lecture given by the Westinghouse Electric Co. in Champaign, Monday evening.

Broadlands was well represented at the Allerton-Westville kittenball game at Allerton last Tuesday night. The score was 8 to 6 in favor of Westville.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Seeds, Misses Alice David and Louise Duncan, Walter Schumacher and Bruce David were Danville visitors, Thursday evening of last week.

Mrs. Gwendolyn Zane Phillips of East Chicago, Ind.; Miss Genevieve Zane of Rialto, California, are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Bessie Loomis, and aunt, Mrs. P. O. Rayl, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Eckerty and Mrs. Chloe James were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Lewis at Chicago. Mrs. James remained for a longer visit.

Mrs. Ella Eckerty and Mrs. Phoebe Mavity of Longview spent the weekend at the home of Earl Eckerty caring for the children while the Eckerty's were in Chicago.

Ronald Cable and family of Chicago spent the weekend here with relatives.

Broadlands Lodge A. F. & A. M. had 2d degree work last Monday night.

Frank Frick, village treasurer, publishes his annual statement in this issue.

Allerton defeated Pesotum 6 to 2 in the kittenball game at Allerton on Tuesday night of last week.

Miss Marie Witt returned Friday after several days visit with Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Neff at Brazil, Ind.

A light rainfall visited this locality last Wednesday afternoon. We've had plenty of rain the past two months and gardens, crops and pastures are looking fine.

Clarence Kilian and family, Henry Kilian, Sr., and Mrs. Irene Witt visited relatives in Chicago, Sunday. Mary Ann Kilian remained for a longer visit.

Leo Loveless and family of Warrensburg; Mrs. Nancy Scroggin, Harristown; Mrs. Ida Loveless, Mrs. Margaret Young, of Mattoon; Wm. Hipsher, Alton, were guests of John Bahlow and family, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl and daughter, Wanda, Mrs. Phillips and Miss Zane spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Springfield with C. O. Combs and family, and on Thursday, accompanied by Miss Margaret Hudson of Danville, they went to Paris to visit Mrs. Frances Parsons Walker.

Mrs. Lucy Sullivan spent Saturday at Danville, Sunday at Allerton with Mrs. Lottie Clester and sons, and Monday at Homer with her sister, Mrs. Cora Savage.

Rev. C. M. Temple and family of Lacon visited Fred Messman and family, Wednesday. Mary Frances, who had been visiting in the Messman home two weeks returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frick, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Frick left early this Friday morning for Eureka Springs, Ark. Oscar Frick, who has been in failing health for the past few years will enter a hospital for observation and treatment.

Mrs. McLin Collom spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Ida Lauber at Paris.

Miss Imogene Baird of Indianola is visiting in the Albert Cummings home.

Mrs. Jess Ward and baby son returned home from Jarman hospital, Tuesday.

Thomas Henson of Champaign was a week end guest at the Clark Henson home.

For Sale—Green Beans at 75c per bushel.—Grover Peterson, Broadlands.

Mrs. Alonzo Zantow, daughter, Lois, visited Mrs. Lydia Cole at Mercy hospital, Urbana, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson had as their guest last Saturday, the former's cousin from St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Messman daughter, Miss Marjorie, and Mary Frances Temple were Champaign visitors last Friday.

Oscar Gallion sang in the male quartet at the political meeting held at the Tuscola home coming on Thursday afternoon of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Duncan and Mr. Cook of Tuscola, and Miss Hazel Duncan of Champaign were Sunday guests of Mrs. Mary Duncan. Miss Duncan remained for a week's visit.

Among those attending the music club picnic given by Mrs. Rae Winkler of Newman, at Twin Lakes, Paris, Monday afternoon were Mrs. Kenneth Dicks and sons, Hugo Dewitt and family, Mrs. A. G. Anderson, daughter, Jane, Mrs. Roy Bergfield, daughter, Leone, and Miss Ferne Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moore, Mrs. Kathleen Armstrong, daughter Helen and son Ralph, of Norborne, Mo., arrived Sunday for a two weeks visit with D. P. Brewer and family, and other relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Moore left Monday for Hebron, Ind., for a visit with their daughter and family.

Mrs. Armstrong and daughter, Mrs. Brewer and son Carlos, left Wednesday for a short visit with relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. Irene Witt Hostess to F. A. Bridge Club

The Friday Afternoon Bridge Club met with Mrs. Irene Witt Friday of last week.

Those winning prizes were Mrs. Delia Nohren, high; Mrs. Jessie Bergfield, low; Mrs. Olive Rayl, traveling; and Mrs. Bertha Cook, guest prize.

The hostess served white house cream, white cake, coffee and mints.

Guests present were Mrs. Bertha Cook and Mrs. Hilda Seider.

Members present were Mesdames Edna Telling, Jessie Bergfield, Gladys McClelland, Zermah Witt, Jennie Nohren, Delia Nohren, Neva Frick, Olive Rayl, Minnie Limp and Irene Witt.

Long View News

Miss Julia Turner submitted to an appendix operation, Monday, at Lakeview hospital Danville.

Albert Baptist of LaGrange, spent the weekend with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hanley and Mrs. Alice Hanley spent Sunday with relatives at Chrisman.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smith of Peotone, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Smith.

Mrs. E. E. Fansler was hostess to the Friends Society last Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. J. E. Raymond was a guest.

Mr. and Mrs. George Walter and daughters, Mary and Vivian, and Harold Seeley, Tangier, Ind., spent Sunday in the E. C. Hagerman home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Baptist and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. R. Haydock and T. R. Haydock of Tupelo, Miss., spent Sunday in the Manuel Smith home.

Mrs. Ruth Boyd and children of Cicero, came Saturday night to visit relatives. They returned home Sunday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Baptist and daughter.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Parker are spending from Thursday to Saturday in the E. C. Hagerman home with Mrs. Colson, while the Hagerman family are away.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Dean of Advance, Ind., called on friends here last Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Dean is the former Miss Lucy Miller, teacher of the intermediate room of the local school 1936-'37.

E. C. Hagerman and family left Thursday afternoon for Peoria where they will attend the state convention of the rural mail carriers. M. F. Parks will substitute on the mail route.

Cars driven by Rachel and Lloyd Davis collided last Saturday evening at the intersection two miles north of Longview. Miss Davis was thrown from her car and was seriously injured, while Lloyd escaped with only slight injuries.

A miscellaneous shower was given last Saturday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Russell Smith, for Mrs. Gerald Gaines. Assistant hostesses were Mrs. D. A. Smith, Mrs. B. Gaines, Miss Ruth Smith and Mrs. Kenneth Mast. A large crowd attended, and Mrs. Gaines was the recipient of many lovely gifts. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and fruit punch were served.

Mrs. Bertha Cook Entertains Aid Society

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist church met at the home of Mrs. Bertha Cook on Thursday afternoon of last week. Mrs. Helen Eckerty was assistant hostess.

Mrs. Eva Brewer, vice president, had charge of the business meeting, and Mrs. Anna Laverick led the devotionals, with Rev. W. Earl Ballew offering prayer.

During the social hour Miss Wynnie Cadwallader gave an interesting talk about the work at Buckhorn College, Ky.

Guests present were Mrs. G. A. Ball, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Chas. Eckerty, of Newman; Miss Wynnie Cadwallader, Buckhorn, Ky.; Mrs. Marjorie Achley, Urbana; Mrs. Marie Barracks, of Villa Grove; Mrs. Chloe James, Mrs. Jessie Bergfield, and Rev. W. Earl Ballew.

Members present were Mesdames Maude Anderson, Mary Dicks, Eva Brewer, Pearl DeWitt, Lettie Eckerty, Anna Laverick, Mary Fitzgerald, Leanna Miller, Ida Messman, Gladys McClelland, Edna Telling, Gladys Walker, Eva Walker, Elsa Walker, Helen Eckerty, Bertha Cook, and Miss Mildred Neal.

The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Anna Laverick.

Owen Long, 73, Dies at Champaign Hospital

Owen Long, 73, of 212 East Clark street, Champaign, died at 7:30 p. m., last Friday in a local hospital. Death was due to complications. He had been a patient in the hospital since June 25.

Funeral services were held at 2:30 p. m. Sunday in the Christian Church at Camargo, with Rev. J. Frank Hollingsworth of Urbana officiating. Burial was in the Camargo cemetery.

Long was born Oct. 24, 1864, at Camargo, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Long. He had spent his entire life in Illinois and the last 15 years in Champaign county. Long had been employed as a grocery clerk. His wife preceded him in death.

He leaves two sisters, one being Miss Nancy Long of Tuscola. —News-Gazette.

Wheat Field and Truck Destroyed by Fire on Farm Near Garrett

Igniting from the exhaust of a truck on which wheat was being hauled, a twenty acre field of standing wheat, and the truck which set it on fire, were destroyed on the farm of Frank DeBolt north of Garrett, one day the latter part of last week, says the Tuscola Review.

The wheat which was apparently making a yield of around 40 bushels per acre, was being combined, and two rounds had been so harvested when the fire started.

With the heavy coat of stubble, it was impossible for the few men present to stop the fire, and it was with difficulty that the harvesting machine was saved from the flames.

According to estimates the loss amounted to around 800 bushels of wheat besides the truck.

Chameleons are able to see in two different directions at the same time; one way with each eye.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK—Several years before Romain Rolland finished "Jean Christophe," Leo Tolstoj called him the warden of the conscience of Europe. In his quarter-century exile in Switzerland, he has remained "above the battle," warning of war, decrying hatred, pleading for peace and understanding. His has been a voice crying in the wilderness. His exile ended, he returns to France, "an old man, broken and despairing," as the news dispatches report. The world seems to have little heeded his impassioned appeals. He wants to die in Clamecy, the village where he was born.

The greatest novel of a century, possibly of many centuries, "Jean Christophe" has been called by great critics and multitudes of lesser lights. It was published in 1913. This writer has found few young persons, even those majoring in literature, who have read it.

He has found others who have never heard of Romain Rolland, the Nobel peace prize winner exiled from his country, while Carl von Ossietzky, German Nobel peace prize winner, was impoverished, jailed and harried to his death in the same "years between." There is in this age swift obsolescence in the spiritual heritage as well as in machines.

But another, even greater teacher, looking sadly down on the multitude from a hill in Jerusalem, was also unheeded: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" But neither He nor His teaching was altogether forgotten. There will also be those who will remember Romain Rolland.

When he was exiled from France, vast sums of money were offered him if he would go to America, to write and lecture. Publicity, or any form of self-exploitation, is to him profoundly distasteful. He withdrew to a secluded villa near Zurich, Switzerland.

There is one definite attitude in all these post-war writings. He had no faith in "movements," in "ideologies," right or left. He repulsed Henri Barbusse, his clart group and the various "united fronts," as he did the emissaries of bloody reaction from the right. He knew that the righteous can be as cruel as the wicked, once they find reliance on force.

Like the great German Fichte, whom he esteemed, he believed only in the "inner light"—never in organization or force. But he was not a "political agnostic." He fought, and suffered, to arouse the world conscience, as the dying Tolstoj had enjoined him.

He is a tall, spare, pallid old man, with thinning hair and sad, deep-set eyes as he returns to France at the age of seventy-two. Educated in music, at the Ecole Normale, he became a devotee of Wagner, whose genius inspired his life—then of Tolstoj and Shakespeare. He has written many times in the last few years that he sees little hope that the world will escape a last devastating war.

IT WAS reported that Sir John Reith, director general of the British Broadcasting corporation, was badly licked in that international Arabic crooning contest a while back. Virtually all observers gave the decision to Italy. If so, it probably was the only time he ever lost a contest.

The tall, bald, grim Scotsman is upped to the job of running the Imperial Airways, as a civil arm of rearmament, with a sizeable hike in salary. It is now \$50,000 a year, instead of \$35,000.

He is an engineer, and in 1916 was here with 600 technicians checking on war material contracts. He didn't like America or Americans but eased up on us later on. Running British radio, he has been execrated as a tyrant, but he has held to his line and confounded all his adversaries. His views on radio programs were outlined by him as follows: "To set out to give the public what it wants, as the saying is, is a dangerous and fallacious policy."

Contents of the Potato A potato is more than three-fourths water, only one-tenth to one-fifth starch, an excellent source of phosphorus and iron, and a fair source of vitamin C.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for July 24

GIDEON: FOLLOWING GOD'S PLAN

LESSON TEXT—Judges 7:4-7, 15-23. GOLDEN TEXT—Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage. Joshua 1:9.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Why Gideon Won. JUNIOR TOPIC—Gideon's Band. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Lord's Three Hundred. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—A Wise General.

Who is he? What are his connections? How large an organization does he represent? These are the measures of the greatness of a man which are common in the world. Even in religious circles there is a seeking for the men with "big names" when something is to be done. Our lesson for today reiterates the principle which we all know but which we practice so little, namely, that whatever is accomplished that is really worth while is done by God and that He uses only humble instruments—the "foolish things," the "weak things," the "base things," and "things which are despised" (I Cor. 1:26-29). No flesh is to have any opportunity to glory in His presence. If men who are accounted great by this world are useful to God it is only because they are themselves humble in spirit and service.

Gideon came from an obscure family in a small tribe in Israel—and was astonished when God called him (Judges 6:15). He asked God for several signs to assure him that he was the chosen instrument of the Lord (read Judges 6), but once he was certain he went forward, nothing doubting.

I. An Insignificant Army (vv. 4-7). At first thought it seems almost foolish to comment on this story of repeated reductions in the size of Gideon's army in these hectic days when the nations of the earth are living for but one objective—to create a fighting machine bigger and more fully manned than that of any other nation.

But on second thought it is just the time for such comment, because what the nations are doing is a perfect example of the hopeless philosophy of men, while what Gideon did is a presentation of God's way. These notes are being prepared in a city distant from the writer's home, where he is attending a conference of national leaders in a field of great and international importance. A long session just concluded was addressed by a number of brilliant and capable men and women—and the conclusion they reached was that America was a badly befuddled nation, lost without a sense of direction in a wilderness of incoherent and inherently contradictory theories and about to lose its dearly bought freedom, unless someone points the way out. The only solutions offered were bigger and better human programs, and when a suggestion was made that our need might be spiritual the discussion was promptly directed in another direction.

We need the lesson today that it is by the seemingly insignificant Gideon's band that victory is to be obtained. Take courage, ye 300, rid yourselves of the 22,000 fearful ones, let God sift out the 9,700 who are not alert to the danger of the enemy, and then, under some Gideon who is obedient to the command of God, go forward to victory. You are the hope, and the only hope of our nation. Do not fail God in this crucial hour.

II. Obedience to God's Command (vv. 15-23). After the Lord had encouraged the heart of Gideon by the account of the dream of the Midianite (vv. 8-14), he and his band are sent forward with strange weapons and even stranger instructions.

It is not ours to question "Why?" when God tells us to move forward. When will we learn that He knows more than we do, and that obedience is all we need to render unto Him? "Behold, to obey is better than to sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams" (I Sam. 15:22).

III. The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon (vv. 18, 20). While some folk err in counting the Lord out and making everything depend on man, there are a few who make the opposite error and become fatalistic in spirit and relatively useless to both God and man—because they hold an improper view of the manner in which the Lord works through human agencies.

A man who objected to soul-winning efforts, and especially personal work, said that he believed "God could save a man if he were alone on the top of the Alps." Of course He could, but God does not ordinarily work that way. It is the "sword of the Lord"—yes, but do not forget that it is "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." God has graciously condescended to do His work on earth through human agencies. Let us be ready and subservient instruments for His use, but let us at the same time be alert and active in His service. The two are not at all inconsistent, in fact the one whom God chooses to use is usually the one who is already busy about His work.

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



WASHINGTON.—Cordell Hull, President Roosevelt's secretary of state, stands in the position of being the most acceptable compromise candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, assuming there is any compromise candidate. This is a strange bit of politics. It is an entirely new twist on the political history of the United States. For the fact stands out that it has been held, up until now, an unbreakable political law that whoever monkeys with the tariff structure courts trouble.

One does not have to go way back for examples. Most of Herbert Hoover's troubles dated from the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, rushed through as the second big piece of legislation in his administration. As so often happens to a President, he was "shown up" in the fight around that bill. He had announced from Miami Beach, just before his inauguration, that he would permit only certain small revisions, to cover changes, in the then tariff law. Actually congress rode over him, passing a bill which was sharply up all the way down the line.

Democratic spokesmen made much of this. They played hard the argument that because of this bill, with its high rates, various foreign countries shut out American products. In fact, time and again Democratic spokesmen have insisted that the world depression that began in 1929 grew out of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill.

The last tariff bill before that was the Fordney-McCumber bill. It was passed in the early days of the Harding administration. It brought nothing but grief to all who had to do with it. Senator Porter J. McCumber was beaten in the next election, and Representative Joseph W. Fordney never figured again.

War Saved Wilson

The one before that was the Underwood-Simmons bill, at the outset of Woodrow Wilson's administration. It is generally admitted by observers that this bill would have defeated Wilson for re-election had it not been for the outbreak of war in Europe so speedily after its passage, resulting in such demand for American goods, especially food and war supplies, that no tariff law would have made any difference. Examination of business conditions during the months after the passage of the act and before the outbreak of the war, however, shows very clearly that this tariff changing would have spelled disaster, first economically and then politically, had not the war changed the picture.

Yet Cordell Hull has been tinkering with the tariff for five years now, and he is the one man whose name can be mentioned in any gathering of Democrats without provoking violent denunciations. He is loved and admired by every one of the conservative southern senators, most of whom, if not all, Roosevelt would like to see retired to private life.

He has thrown man after man out of public office, starting off with Ray Moley and including George Peek. He has been ruthless when opposed, yet there is no important opposition to him. Constantly his policies are peppered by representatives or senators whose districts and states are hurt by his tariff changes, effected through his reciprocal trade treaties.

Hull's Strength

The extraordinary strength of Cordell Hull among such widely opposed and bitterly hating groups of the Democratic party is difficult to explain. His successful tinkering with the tariff without disaster to his political standing is already a matter of wonder among observers and historians. No one ever did it before.

Perhaps the real explanation lies in the old friendship between Hull and the President. Hull was an outstanding tariff expert, so bitter against high schedules that he was regarded as a free trading fanatic, in the eight years that Roosevelt spent in Washington as assistant secretary of the navy during the Wilson administration. The President is noted for his loyalty to old friends. Despite what critics may say of him, he changes very little. If he disliked a man 10 years ago that man is still in disfavor. If he liked a man 10 years ago, and especially 20 years ago, that man would have to do something really dreadful, in the Roosevelt eyes, to get relegated to outer darkness today.

Witness his secretariat! Marvin McIntyre and Steve Early became his fast friends in the years between 1913 and 1917, when they were newspaper men covering the navy department.

Cordell Hull captured Roosevelt's imagination back in those same years. Roosevelt watched his rise later with interest and pleasure. Hull came to the senate. Naturally, being a tariff expert, he did some of the most effective pounding on Hoover's tariff bill while Roosevelt was governor of New York. Roosevelt knew the feeling was reciprocated. He knew, long be-

fore the convention of 1932, that Hull was ardently for his nomination, and was pulling Tennessee along with him.

Banked on Hull

But it came as a tremendous surprise to Jim Farley, Arthur Mullen, the late Thomas Walsh, senator from Montana, and other Roosevelt leaders when they got the last word from Hyde Park just before the convention opened. That word, in effect, was this: If any emergency should arise at the convention, which required action before Roosevelt himself could be consulted, the judgment of Cordell Hull should be followed!

Which may explain—what some people have never understood—why Ray Moley and George Peek and certain other important gentry hit such a stone wall when they attempted to do battle with the secretary of state.

Roosevelt doesn't change very easily. Meanwhile, Hull has had little to do with most of the pullings and haulings within the New Deal. It is taken for granted that he approves what the administration does on matters outside his own province. That is taken for granted by New Dealers. Hull's conservative friends on Capitol Hill take it for granted that he does not!

In one way Hull has been particularly fortunate. With this tariff specialty so developed, and so generally recognized, plus the additional fact that there is never a week in which he is not facing a stiff fight with foreign interests over some phase of some new treaty under negotiation, no one tries to drag him into any other controversies.

Chandler Irked

Southern employers of labor, from big magnates down to share croppers, are going to find a changed situation when it comes to employing workers from now on, as a result of the big increase for the southern states just put into effect by Harry L. Hopkins' Works Progress administration.

It may be fly-specking, critics admit, but Governor Albert B. Chandler's rage at the method of "breaking" the story is something to talk about. It seems that the WPA gave Senator Alben W. Barkley, who is fighting Governor Chandler for re-nomination, a "scoop" on the story. So Senator Barkley announced the pay raise for "Kentucky WPA workers" for Sunday morning's newspapers, while the general story, applying to the whole South, was given out for publication in Monday morning's newspapers.

The natural result, in all the Kentucky papers, was that the Kentucky story was big local news on Sunday morning, and the general raise of WPA rates all over the South was a comparatively unimportant general news story the next day. So that Barkley naturally got all the credit for the boost for Kentucky workers.

But the effects of this raise are going to be interesting. An immediate effect of the increase in WPA wages in the 13 southern states is to establish hourly rates for common labor higher in all counties with more than 25,000 population than the statutory minimum of 25 cents prescribed by the wages and hours regulation law.

No Politics in It

Denying there was any politics in the raises, Deputy WPA Administrator Aubrey Williams insisted the adjustments were made to bring levels more nearly into line with schedules of other states.

The new monthly wages, on WPA's 140-hour basis, are equivalent to hourly rates of 25.7 cents in counties with 25,000 to 50,000 population, to 27.1 cents an hour in counties from 50,000 to 100,000 population, and 28.5 cents an hour in counties of more than 100,000 population.

Heretofore WPA's wages reached an hourly rate of 25 cents only in those counties which had a population of more than 100,000. New hourly rates in rural areas in the South still fall short of 25 cents, figuring 18.5 cents an hour in counties under 5,000 and 21.4 cents an hour in counties from 5,000 to 25,000, as compared with 15 cents and 17.1 cents an hour in the past.

Differentials between North and South—the bone of contention in the wages and hours regulation fight on Capitol Hill—are narrowed for unskilled labor by the boost in the South to a point where the highest rate in the South converges with the lowest rate in the North at 23.5 cents an hour. The increases in the South have reduced the spread in rates between the North and the South from 14.2 cents an hour to 10.7 cents an hour in counties with more than 100,000 population; from 13.6 cents to 10 cents an hour in counties from 50,000 to 100,000 in population; from 13.5 cents to 8.5 cents an hour in counties from 25,000 to 50,000 population; from 14.3 cents to 10 cents an hour in counties from 5,000 to 25,000 population, and from 13.5 cents to 10 cents in counties having less than 5,000 population.

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GREAT BOOKS

'Robin Hood' Is Favorite of Children

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

PERHAPS the first time that you met Robin Hood and his Merry Men, you were a little child and were in bed with the measles. Perhaps your mother sat by the window where a ray of light permitted her to read to you from the stories of Robin Hood. Anyway, you certainly remember Robin's fight with Little John.

One summer's day Robin Hood and his Merry Men stopped their journey in the forest to rest in the shade. Their leader set out to rove the woods alone, taking his horn which he used to summon his men should he need them.

Going along gayly Robin found himself over a rushing river on a narrow log bridge, face to face with a man seven feet tall. Hot words passed between them for neither would go back to allow the other to pass first. Pulling an arrow from his sheaf and placing it to his long bow, Robin prepared to end this argument, but the tall man taunted him with the name of coward.

"Do you not see me unarmed except for a staff?" cried his opponent. "And yet you would use your bow."

Robin left the bridge and cut himself a stout cudgel from a tree. Returning he faced the tall man and they began to fight, both balancing on the narrow log.

Robin Hood Falls.

A blow from Robin's staff seemed to shiver the bones of the other, but a quick stroke nearly cracked the crown of Robin's head. Thus they were struggling, hand to hand, when a dextrous stroke from the stranger tumbled Robin Hood into the water. Pulling himself from the river by the overhanging boughs of a bush, Robin gave a mighty blast on his horn. Running at top speed came his band of Merry Men in their liveried suits of green. Seeing their leader wet from head to foot, they asked the reason, and when Robin told them of the fight they beset the stranger to give him a ducking.

"Stop!" cried Robin Hood. "If this brave man will join us, he can become a member of the Merry Men!"

Shouts greeted these words, and the tall man agreed to accept this

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

The authors of the Robin Hood stories are unknown as individuals but much can be deducted about them as a group. They hated the rich Normans who had taken the best of everything in England, they hated many of the churchmen who taxed the people excessively in the name of religion. Robin Hood was their champion for he robbed the rich and helped the poor. What King Arthur was to the nobility, Robin Hood was to the poor.

The deeds of Robin Hood have come down to us in ballads which were told and sung by the evening camp fires, long before the people could read or write.

invitation, having heard much of Robin Hood's men.

"We must have a feast in his honor," they cried and set about preparing the venison and wines.

And so it was that on a summer's day in their secret haunt in Sherwood Forest, Robin and his Merry Men took Little John to be one of their band.

Another day Robin Hood heard of an archery tournament which he very much wished to win. Wearing a disguise he entered the contest and was soon left with only one opponent, a slender youth who shot with grace and skill. When the last round came, Robin stepped back to give first place to his opponent, who in turn gave way to Robin Hood. Then the outlaw saw that the hands of his opponent were trembling. So Robin Hood stepped to the mark and shot his arrows, making a perfect score. The youth missed the center of the target by a small margin.

It was then time to remove disguises. When the villagers saw Robin Hood they were astonished for they knew that the Sheriff of Nottingham was searching for him. At this very moment the Sheriff dashed up on his horse and a free-for-all fight began. The villagers helped Robin Hood for they loved him as a hero. In the confusion Robin noticed the slender youth beside him, fighting in his defense.

When the fight was over, Robin sought out the youth and inquired why he had fought thus in his behalf. The youth removed his disguise and his cap; beautiful long hair fell to his shoulders. Robin gasped, for the slender youth was really Maid Marian, Robin's sweetheart.

Robin Hood and his sweetheart rode away together, leaving the villagers smiling.

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HOTELS

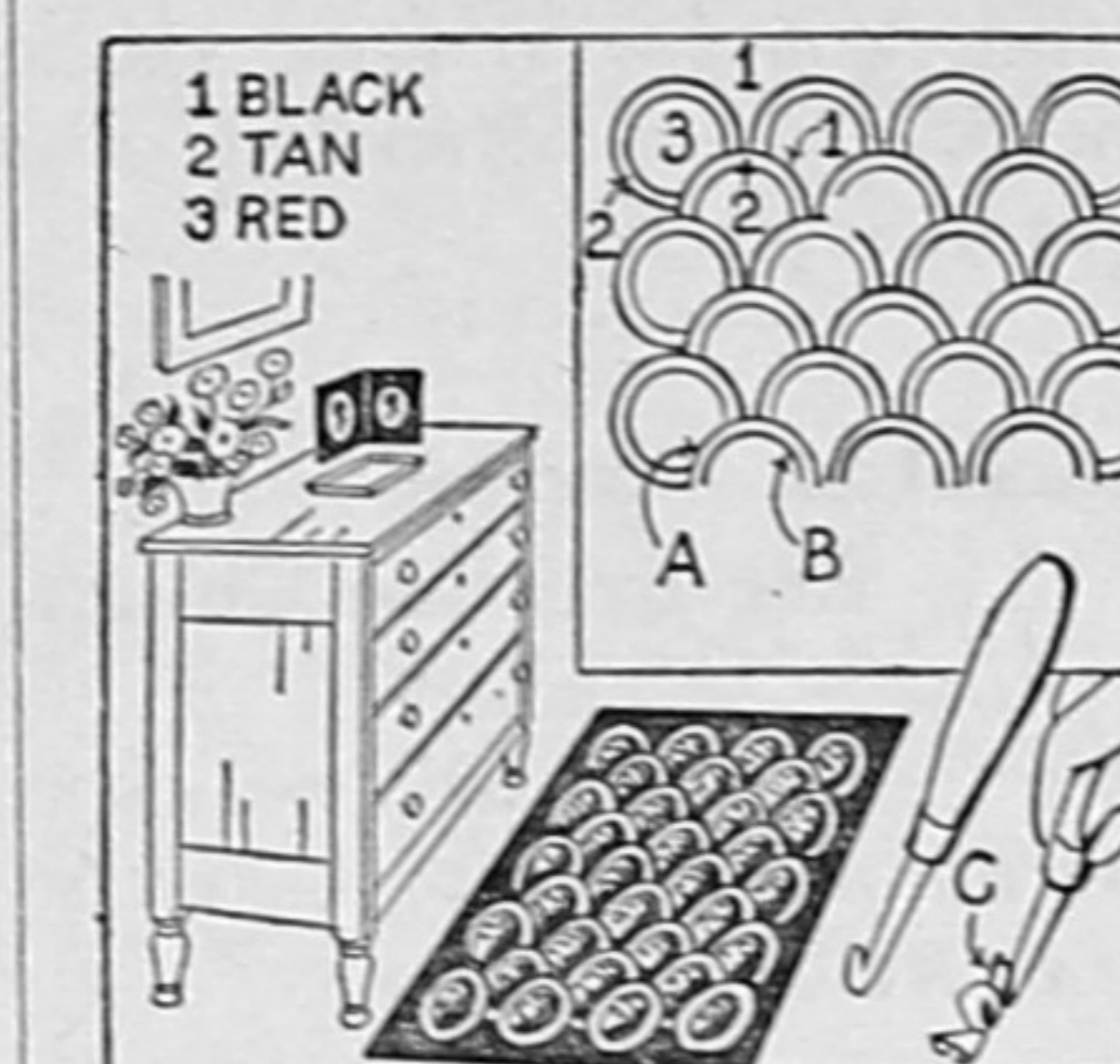
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Saucer, Plate Design For a Hooked Rug

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER made her own designs for quilts and hooked rugs and many of her most interesting patterns were developed by drawing around pieces of china. The antique rug shown here may be copied either in rags or rug yarn. Great-Grandmother used rags, and her best rugs were always made of woolen materials torn in strips about 3/4-inch wide or narrower.

The foundation of the rug is burlap. The design is drawn on the burlap with a very soft pencil or crayon by tracing part way around a medium sized plate as at A and then a saucer as at B. Allowance should be made for a hem



and the plain border. The three colors indicated in the diagram are repeated throughout this rug.

Some hook rug makers stretch the burlap foundation tightly over a wooden frame while they work. Others think they do just as well without a frame. Rug hooks of the general type shown here are for sale in department stores. The strip of material, or yarn, is held under the burlap with the left hand and the loops pulled through to the right side with the hook as shown at C.

NOTE: If you wish to use these weekly articles for reference paste them in a scrapbook, as they are not included in either Sewing Book No. 1 or 2. Book 1, "Sewing for the Home Decorator," covers curtains, slipcovers, dressing tables; 48 pages of fascinating directions. Book 2 illustrates 90 embroidery stitches with numerous applications; doll clothes and gift items. Order by number, enclosing 25 cents for each book desired. Address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells. Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

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DAISY FLY KILLER

WNU—A 29—38

HELP KIDNEYS To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, up pitting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Civil War Vets Reunite at Gettysburg



Two of the Confederate soldiers, who with Union veterans gathered at Gettysburg, Pa., to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle. Left to right are Gen. Sampson S. Simmons, ninety-four years old, of Los Angeles, Calif., who was a member of the Eighth Virginia cavalry; and R. D. Brooks, ninety-two, a member of the Seventy-fourth Virginia cavalry, talking with a friend between courses. Attended by World War veterans and Boy Scouts the aged veterans held their last encampment.

Swedes Celebrate Tercentenary



Prince Bertil and his stepmother, Crown Princess Louise of Sweden, who took part in the ceremonies at Wilmington, Del., to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Swedes and Finns on the shores of Delaware. Prince Bertil substituted for his father, Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf, who remained aboard the Swedish liner Kungsholm which brought the royal party across the Atlantic for the festivities.

RAJAH'S NEW CAREER



Rogers Hornsby, pictured in the uniform of the Chattanooga "Outlooks" of the Southern league, of which he is now manager. The Rajah, who managed four teams in the major leagues before signing with Baltimore in the International league as coach this year, inherited a tail-end team at Chattanooga, but hopes to build it into a winner.

TENNYSON SCION



Harold C. Tennyson, nineteen-year-old great-grandson of Alfred Lord Tennyson, English poet, who is making his first visit to the United States. Arriving in New York, young Tennyson left for the West coast to join his father, the present Lord Tennyson.

Bees Take Over Fire Hydrant



It was a good thing that a fire didn't break out in Detroit in the area of this fire hydrant which was taken over by a swarm of bees. Bee experts say the bees crossed the Detroit river from the Canadian side and decided that the fire plug would be a good spot to rest. Two Detroit policemen are shown trying to get the bees to move away from the hydrant.

Civilians Welcome Rebel Army to Castellon



The civilian population welcomes soldiers of Generalissimo Francisco Franco as they arrive in Castellon de la Plana, key position in the present insurgent drive on Valencia. Shortly afterward, 3,000 civilian refugees from the provinces poured into the city, adding to its food and housing problems.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Offers Practical Advice on How to Keep Cool With Food

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

FROM the standpoint of health, the summer months constitute the most important period of the entire year. They should be used to build stamina and vitality that will fortify your body against disease. But to many people, the warm weather means merely a succession of exhausting days and restless nights. And hardly a week passes without reports of heat prostrations.

Meeting the Challenge of Hot Weather

While abnormal heat or humidity may be a secondary cause, the real reason behind much warm-weather suffering is a failure to meet the challenge of summer with a judicious diet.

Automobile owners know that no car is better than its engine, and in warm weather, careful drivers watch the gauge on the dashboard to be sure the engine does not become overheated. But most people give little thought to that most remarkable of all engines—the human digestive machinery.

Compared to the engine in your body, the one in your car is a crude, rough affair that can stand no end of punishment. Moreover, the automobile is driven for a certain length of time and then permitted to rest. But the marvelous mechanism which transforms your food into blood, bone, muscle, and your capacity for thought and action is never wholly at rest.

Importance of the Right Food

If the automobile engine requires special attention, how much more important to stoke your body engine with food suited to the weather!

No one would think of going about in midsummer wearing the same garments that were worn all winter. Yet many women continue to serve the same type of meals which were required to keep the body warm in winter. Such a practice is sure to make you miserable. But more than that, it lowers resistance and may, therefore, lead to illness.

Beating the Heat

There are several factors to bear in mind when planning the hot-weather diet. The first secret of keeping cool is to supply the body machinery with food fuel that can be utilized with the least expenditure of energy.

Warm weather is responsible for muscular relaxation in the digestive tract, as well as other parts of the body. And you run the risk of digestive upsets, with their discomfort and health hazards, unless you make every effort to lessen the work of your digestive system.

Eat lightly of rich fatty meats, pastries, rich cakes, sauces and gravies. At all times, choose easily digestible foods.

Overeating Saps Vitality

Don't overeat. The task of handling excess food is a burden to the body at any season. In hot weather, it will cause the body temperature to mount along with the thermometer, and may result in a serious upset. It is also advisable to cut down somewhat on the quantity of heat and energy producing foods consumed—that is the carbohydrates and fats.

Need for Body-Building Foods

The protein requirement remains the same summer and winter. Some people think that meat should not be eaten in summer, or should be reduced to a minimum. But there is no closed season for growth in children, and moreover, they play so constantly and indulge in such strenuous exercise that they break down body tissue very rapidly. Adults also have a constant need for protein to rebuild the millions of cells that are worn out daily.

It is desirable, however, to avoid rich, fatty meats and to

select protein foods that are more easily digestible, as chicken, lamb, lean beef and lean fish. Special emphasis should be placed on milk, cheese and eggs. These splendid foods not only supply Grade A protein, in an easily digested form, but also fortify the diet with minerals and vitamins.

Liquids Essential

To help you keep cool, the summer diet must include an abundance of liquids. These are necessary to make up for the large amounts of moisture lost from the body through increased perspiration.

Liquids may be taken in the form of milk, fruit juices and cooling drinks made from pure water and packaged beverage crystals containing dextrose, fruit acid, flavoring and coloring.

Hot Weather and Vitamin C

Two European investigators recently found that exposure to high temperatures causes a 50 per cent loss in vitamin C from the body tissues. And lowered vitamin C reserves are partially responsible for that tired feeling so often experienced in warm weather. Their research indicates that drinking orange or lemon juice, which are rich in vitamin C, actually helps to mitigate the effect of the heat.

Choose Cold Drinks Carefully

A cold drink is comforting on a hot day. And in addition, sweetened beverages help to relieve fatigue, for their carbohydrate content supplies available energy. Sugar is the least heating of the energy producing foods, for less than one-sixteenth of the energy

Keep Cool
Improve Health

With this Free Bulletin on Planning a Correct Summer Diet

SEND for the free bulletin on "Keeping Cool with Food," offered by C. Houston Goudiss. It outlines the principles of planning a healthful summer diet, lists "cooling" and "heating" foods and is complete with menu suggestions. Just address C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City. A post card is all that is necessary to carry your request.

it supplies to the body is converted into heat. The rest goes into brain and muscle power.

Therefore, one good way to prevent needless fatigue in summer is to take a cool, moderately sweetened drink whenever you feel tired during the day. This will satisfy thirst and ward off exhaustion like a rest by the road after a long hard tramp.

Too highly sweetened beverages, however, may be heating to the body, though they are cooling to the palate. For this reason, it is advisable for homemakers to mix their own cool drinks so that they can control the amount of sweetening used. It is possible to buy inexpensive packaged beverage crystals in a variety of flavors, which make delicious, refreshing and cooling drinks for general family use. One of these contains added vitamin D, and as the sugar is added by the homemaker, you can be the judge of how much to use. This is an excellent idea, especially in households where there are children, for the home-made drink satisfies thirst, provides needed energy and discourages them from buying bottled beverages of doubtful purity.

Cooling Foods

I offer free to readers of this column a new bulletin containing a list of cooling foods, plus practical, specific advice in planning the warm weather diet. There are also menus showing how easily you can KEEP COOL WITH FOOD.

© WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—20

Simple, Keep-Cool Cottons



crepe are good fabric choices for this frock.

The Home Frock.

This is a diagram design, that you can finish in a few hours, and oh my, how you'll enjoy it! The sleeves, cut in one with the shoulders, are so easy to work in, the soft collar, with the little tab, is so becoming. Best of all, this design is cleverly darted at the waistline in a way that makes you look much, much slimmer than you are. Make this of gingham, percale, handkerchief lawn or calico. In tub silk it will be appropriate for home afternoons, too.

The Patterns.

1537 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35 inch material with short sleeves.

1395 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35 inch material; contrasting collar (if desired) takes 1/2 yard cut bias.

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

Making Friends

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.—Thomas Hughes.



The HOUSEWIFE... "RESEARCH PROFESSOR OF ECONOMY"

SHE'S not a Ph.D. or an LL.D. She hasn't a diploma or a cap and gown. Her research is not done in the laboratory or the library. As a matter of fact, her findings are made, usually, in the street car, in the subway, in the suburban commuter's train.

She reads the advertisements in this paper with care and consideration. They form her research data. By means of them she makes

her purchases so that she well deserves the title of "Research Professor of Economy." She discovers item after item, as the year rolls on, combining high quality with low.

It is clear at once that all who make and keep a home have the same opportunity. With the help of newspaper advertising you, too, can graduate from the school of indiscriminate buying into the faculty of fastidious purchases!

Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

Published Every Thursday

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Can Japan Win?

Reports from China indicate that the Chinese in their peculiar philosophical manner have not the slightest doubt that the Japanese will wear themselves out economically before they have conquered China and that China will be triumphant in the end.

While to the casual observer this may look like a fighter contending that his chin will last longer than an opponent's fist which is battering mercilessly, the patient Chinese know the Japs can't go on forever. They haven't the resources.

In a year's time, Japan's wealth abroad has shrunk from \$400,000,000 to \$35,000,000. All the large foreign bank balances have been recalled. The export business has suffered a tremendous loss, and the end is not in sight.

Japan made the sad blunder of believing she could make a sudden and almost effortless conquest of China. The resistance surprised her even as much as it astonished the rest of the world. The Chinese have contended from the first that if they could withstand the invader for a year victory would be theirs.

So it remains to be seen if the Chinese grindstone will keep turning, and ultimately wear away the gleaming Japanese sword until it is nothing but sparkling dust.

Feeding the World

As nearly as can be estimated the population of the world reached 850 million in 1800 and in the century between that and 1900 it practically doubled. It is now about 1,850 million.

When it is considered that it took the human race possibly half a million years to reach 850 million and only 100 years to double that number the fact is significant. Looking into the future, it must be remembered that human life is being lengthened and preserved through better observance of the laws of health and the advancement of science; also that if in the future wars can be reduced, still greater increases may be expected.

The question naturally arises, for how many people can the earth supply the necessary food? When, if ever, will famine become general, instead of occasional and local, as in the past and present?

So far, there is ample food in the world, if it could be distributed where it is needed. But right now hundreds of thousands in the Near East, in Russia, in India, in China and in many other parts of the world are dying from lack of food.

In the past hundred years vast new areas of fertile land have been opened to cultivation, but famine still exists, partly through congestion of populations and partly through lack of transportation.

While this problem may not seriously affect America for several generations, at the present rate of increase in population it will only be a question of time until the food situation will be a grave one for the entire world, unless improved chemical means for sustaining life can be developed.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Four Ways To Happy Hay-making

Falls from loads and mows, and fingers pinched or cut off in pulleys, comprise most of the hay-making accidents reported these days—states the Illinois Agricultural Association department of safety.

Very few common farm activities are fruitful of so many mishaps as is haying. Most of these injuries could be avoided, however, if:

1. The racks were not overloaded.
2. The driver would stay on level ground.
3. Other riders on the load would sit down while moving from the field to the barn.
4. All workers would recognize the danger of getting fingers caught in pulleys.

Claim to Ownership Illinois

Right of ownership to the greater portion of Illinois was asserted by an Iowan in 1878, research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, have learned in the course of collecting historical data about the State. This claim was based upon a deed reported to have been made out to the petitioner's great-great-grandfather and 19 others at Fort Gage, opposite the village of Kaskaskia, by ten Indian chiefs in 1773.

The Indians received, it was said, about two tons of gunflints, cloth for breech-clouts, oxen, and other items in payment for the grant. Boundaries of the territory comprised one section lying above Cairo and embracing most of Southern Illinois, and much of the western part of the State.

Sidelights

We read of a merchant who divorced his wife because her red hair turned black. But what a treasure she would have been if she could have made the red ink on his ledger turn black.

They all commit a social error occasionally. At the wedding of John Roosevelt and Anne Lindsay Clark, the best man forgot himself and knelt with the bridal couple for the benediction by the officiating clergyman. The best man was Franklin Roosevelt, Jr.

While a union picket patrolled the sidewalk in front of a Chicago grocery carrying an "unfair" banner a few days ago, a number of children marched back and forth alongside him with a sign which read: "Don't mind him. This store is fair. This guy is nuts."

One baseball record that may never be equalled was hung up recently by Johnny Vander Meer the sensational young southpaw of the Cincinnati Reds, who pitched a no run, no hit game against the Boston Bees, and performed the same operation on the Brooklyn Dodgers in his very next game.

John Fyfe, scalded and disabled while working in a government heating plant in Washington last September, waited nine months for the U. S. Employees Commission to do something for him, then in despondency committed suicide. Next day his wife was informed that Fyfe had been awarded \$116.66 a month.

Worse Than A Cross Word Puzzle

Why did the salt shaker? Because he saw the spoon holder, the potato masher, the lemon squeezer, the egg beater, the can opener, and the nut cracker; but when he saw the cork puller he gave her up.

Martin Dale Proposes

By JANE OSBORN
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

MARTIN DALE began his career as a professor at the venerable little college at Henshaw. As he looked out of the windows of his office in Gifford hall across at the elm-shaded campus, he felt convinced that Henshaw would never have much of an influence on his life. It was a conservative old college. He had accepted the position because it left him plenty of leisure for the research work he had in hand.

That was before he met Joan Gifford—whose name Martin Dale remembered because it was that of the founder of the out-of-date old building in which he had his office and lecture room. She was, he learned, the great-granddaughter of old Thomas Gifford, who had given the building.

But Joan Gifford did not look the least like old Thomas, the founder. It was at afternoon tea at the house of the president of the college that Martin first met her. She approached him with flattering eagerness, and made the inquiries that were usually made of new professors. Did he like Henshaw?

After the tea party was over and Joan had departed, Martin Dale with a young married professor in

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

his department strolled across the campus in the direction of the college inn where Martin made his home.

"Nice girl, that Joan Gifford," Martin Dale commented. "She doesn't seem as if she quite belonged here at Henshaw—"

"Joan—why, Joan is an institution. Henshaw would no more be Henshaw without her than without compulsory chapel or the freshman cane rush."

"Funny she's never married."

"That's what everyone says," said the young professor. "But I can't dope out a girl like that. She's crazy about men. She's known every boy in college for, well—about ten or twelve years now, and out of every class about 75 per cent of them have fallen in love with her before the end of sophomore year and the other 25 per cent succumb before graduation. Most of us young professors have had our turn, too. Fortunately, I never proposed to her. I can't dope her out perfectly, but I was wise enough to realize that she wasn't the marrying kind. Of course you get bravely over it—we all have—and then you're just a good friend."

It was at a second tea at the president's house that Martin Dale realized fully that he had become a victim past rescue of the charms of Joan Gifford.

Suddenly as Martin looked at her she turned, blushed ever so slightly and cast him a challenging look.

As soon as she could tactfully manage to do so Joan deserted the other bachelor professor and made her way to Martin Dale who was standing in a rather melancholy fashion in the enormous bay window of the drawing-room.

"I simply must know what you were thinking," she insisted.

"I'd like to tell you. But not now," said Martin Dale. "I'd have to know you a great deal better than I do."

"Then let's get acquainted," suggested Joan. "I've often wondered why you never called on me."

Martin Dale called on Joan Gifford, and yet he refused to satisfy her curiosity. After the fifth call, after having had dinner at the house once or twice, and tea on Sunday afternoon and a walk through the woods with her, he consented.

"I was wondering," he said, with ill-concealed embarrassment, "why you had never married. Most people here think it is because your heart cannot be touched, and because you have made up your mind never to marry. Somehow I can't believe that—"

"I promised to tell you truly," she said. "Well, Martin Dale: One reason I have never married—is because—no one ever actually asked me to. Really, no one ever asked me to."

Martin Dale took Joan's two slight wrists and prised them in his two strong hands. "Joan Gifford," he said quite solemnly, "will you be my wife?"

"Martin Dale, I will," said Joan.

Riding Ghost Appears

County Kildare, Ireland, has its ghost, and although the phantom is supposed to have regular habits, no one knows when he will appear. Legend says that he is the earl of Kildare and that every seven years he rides across the Curragh, a vast plain, on a white horse shod in silver. In his hand he is supposed to carry a silver cup. When this disappears, legend states that the race of the Fitzgeralds shall have died out. The silver shoes, too, have a significance, for according to one tale the earl will return to destroy Ireland's enemies when they are worn off.

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

Many Ladies' Man

EUGENE FIELD took special delight in tormenting Edward S. Bok, because Bok, who was a bachelor, was editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. That apparent inconsistency was amusing to the poet and humorist.

One day he inserted in the news columns of the Chicago Daily News a notice of Bok's engagement to Miss Lavinia Pinkham, granddaughter of Mrs. Lydia Pinkham of patent medicine fame. The story went out over the Associated Press and was reprinted in papers throughout the United States. A few days later there was a story about Miss Pinkham's departure for Paris to buy a trousseau.

Soon letters and inquiries began to pour in upon Bok, who pleaded with Field to put a stop to such stories. Field obliged him by printing a denial of the Pinkham engagement but at the same time linked Bok's name with that of Mrs. Frank Leslie. Again there was a flood of letters to the unfortunate editor of the Journal, also some caustic comment about the fickleness of his affections. Shortly afterwards Bok's engagement to the daughter of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher of the Journal, was officially announced and Field was very contrite for the joke he had played on the Philadelphia editor.

But that didn't stop him playing jokes on Bok. His next was a fake interview "at quarantine" with Bok upon his return from a trip to Europe. Since the interview dealt with changes in women's fashions in Paris it was widely copied by fashion papers all over the country and it even fooled Bok's office in Philadelphia. The people there believed that he was still in Europe and there was much scurrying around to prepare for his arrival before they learned that it was another of Eugene Field's jokes.

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CM 2587-2

Illinois Peach Harvest Near; Choice Quality

Southern Illinois peaches will start moving to market about July 25 from the extreme southern part of the state, according to Harry W. Day, fruit and vegetable marketing expert with the Illinois Agricultural Association.

Picking will continue northward until August 25 when the entire crop should be harvested. The fruit will be of excellent quality and of larger than normal size because trees are not bearing heavily this year.

For Sale Cheap

A good set of Fairbanks-Morris stock scales, with stock rack and office building, located in Allerton yards.

Harlan W. Six.

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**"His Girl Alas—
No More"**

By RUBY DOUGLAS
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

IT HAPPENED that after receiving an invitation to be best man for his last bachelor friend, Clark Darlington came upon a relic of his college days in the form of an old photograph frame.

It had once been the fashion for college boys to frame their various loves thus: "My witty girl, my pretty girl, the girl that I adore; My winter girl, my summer girl, my girl alas—no more."

He had reached the last face in the frame—"my girl alas—no more." A shadow had crossed his eyes. This, then, was the girl. Constance Hoyt was, alas, his girl no more, and yet he had never found one to take her place.

He had not heard of her for years. Probably she was married; possibly she was gone.

For the next few days he was busy attending to last-minute duties of a well-informed best man. Therefore, he had had little time to think of the former love whose face had recalled such tender memories of a lost romance.

It happened that the name of the little girl who was to carry the ring up the aisle on a satin pillow was Constance. She was a pretty tot and Clark quite fell in love with her

**SHORT SHORT
STORY**

Complete in This Issue

at the rehearsal of the ceremony the night before the wedding.

"Isn't she a doll?" asked the bride-to-be.

"She's all of that. Where did you pluck her?"

"Oh—she's the daughter of one of my old school friends. She's married since and—this is her wee daughter. Don't forget anything, Clark. Tom is so flighty these last few days."

As the child passed one of the lower pews he saw her turn her little face up and smile. Clark looked at the face of the woman whom she had greeted and there, almost obscured from his vision by a cluster of American Beauty roses, was Constance—his girl—alas, no more!

After the ceremony, things moved so quickly that he lost sight of Constance. But he realized that she would be at the breakfast and that no doubt he should have an opportunity to speak with her. He wondered whether he dared to trust himself.

Almost before he had decided, he found himself beside her with her little girl.

"Clark—Clark Darlington," she was saying. "I—I thought it must be you."

"I had seen your little daughter," Clark said, awkwardly. "And—I have an old photograph of you in my rooms. Strangely enough, I was looking at it not a week ago."

"I'm sure it's lovely," laughed Constance.

"Your—husband? Is he here?" asked Clark. "You must remember that I do not even know your name—now."

"Poor old Don is 'Somewhere in France.' Didn't you know? He and I were married only six weeks when he was called to his regiment."

"Oh—" Clark Darlington had never felt so awkward.

It was an intensive wooing and when at last Clark had promised the little Constance that he would be a good daddy to her, he felt that Tom's wedding had been the happiest day of the best man's life.

"My girl—forever more," was what he wrote beneath the old photograph of Constance who objected to the "alas—no more."

The Original Harmonica

The original harmonica consisted of drinking glasses, played with moistened fingers. About 1750 a Mr. Packeridge, an Irishman, was noted as a player upon glasses, whose pitch was regulated by the amount of water contained in each one. Benjamin Franklin greatly improved the harmonica by making the glasses revolve about a spindle and fixing the pitch by the size of the glass. He also adopted a different color for each note in the scale, and moistened the rims by passing them through water. A Miss Davis, a relative of Franklin, became a celebrated harmonica player and performed at concerts with great credit. The mouth organ, which is commonly called the harmonica, is a toy in which the sounds are produced by the vibration of metallic reeds, moved by the breath. Reed instruments essentially similar have been in use in China, Germany and Holland from very early times. The inventor is unknown.

Carved From Living Stone

Living stone is a term applied to sculpture to stone in its native or original position as contrasted with marble or granite which has been quarried. The Lion of Lucerne in Switzerland, the Confederate memorial on Stone Mountain in Georgia and the Rushmore memorial in South Dakota are among the famous pieces of sculpture carved from living rock.

FAIR GLAMOUR

We certainly do hear a lot these days about the New York World's Fair 1939. We keep right on hearing it, too, day after day. It seems you can't pick up a newspaper anywhere, or a magazine, either, that you don't run across something about the tremendous, stupendous, glamorous gorgeousness of the Fair, or words to that effect.

Sometimes we lean back in our worn editorial chair and wonder whether the fellow who's sending out all this press literature about the exposition isn't kidding us just a little. New York, you know, likes to kid the country-folk now and then. However, it doesn't seem there are any grains of salt sent with the press news of the Fair, so perhaps we're supposed to take it as is and believe it.

Let's see, now, what some of the wonders are going to be, as they are told to us in all sorts of flowery language. If you want to stick your tongue in your cheek afterward, that's up to you. We're just sitting still till it's time to journey to the Fair and see for ourselves.

To begin with, we're told that the Fair has built a steel globe 200 feet high, the biggest thing of its kind ever put up, and that there's a steel spire 700 feet tall right next to it, and that you are going to travel from the spire into the inside of the globe on the biggest escalator in the world, and that it took a camera man more than half an hour to climb up into the spire to take some pictures of the scenery thereabouts. Well, mebbe, mebbe.

And now try some of these on your imagination:

A statue of George Washington 65 feet tall, the largest portrait in sculpture in the world; a sun dial 50 feet high that's really going to tell time whenever the sun shines; the process, which all visitors will be able to witness, of milking 200 contented cows on a revolving platform so that they'll give 4,000 quarts of milk every 24 hours; the opportunity to make a parachute drop of 250 feet and live to tell the folks back home about it; the presentation of the entire history of railroading in this country, with all the dramatics of hold-ups with big six-shooters, and the like, on real tracks with real trains and masked bandits; a gigantic fountain display at night combining fire, water, sound and color as never before in what has been called "the nearest approach to chaos that man can contrive for purposes of entertainment"; the sight of a great airplane apparently in flight, so that you'll feel like ducking when you see it as if it were coming toward you; the changing of the leaves of a thousand trees to fairy-like fluorescence by the light of hidden mercury vapor lamps; the display of a "rocket ship" of the future in which those who want to "get away from it all" may be shot through the stratosphere to Mars, or to wherever else in the distant universe they have been foolish enough to buy tickets; a wide amphitheatre, as large as those of ancient Rome, where thousands will gather to witness thrilling pageants and spectacular productions of rainbow hues on a huge island stage; an enormous model of the City of New York, with some of its skyscrapers shown twenty-five feet tall, to display the intricate lighting system of the metropolis.

These are only a few of the promised wonders. Is the Fair trying to kid us? What do you think?

Because his heart shifted out of position as the result of an automobile accident, John Kardell was awarded \$3,500 compensation by a jury in court at Detroit.

**OUTSTANDING
QUALITY**
In Our
**BUSINESS
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HAMMERMILL
BOND

**Historic
Hoaxes**

By Elmo Scott Watson

"Christ's Letter"

THE next time you receive a copy of a letter, which is said to have been written by Jesus Christ just before the Crucifixion, don't be afraid to disregard the warning that "misfortune and ill luck will follow you" unless you pass it on to somebody else. For this is one of the most famous of all hoaxes.

So far as it is possible to determine, this letter was written by some unknown person—perhaps a religious fanatic—around 1891 and it has been industriously circulated ever since. "The whole thing is a stupid, clumsy hoax or a modern frame-up" says an authority on the subject. "It is even inconsistent with the teachings of the Bible and is expressed in modern English—sure proof that it is a fake."

The instructions for passing along this letter vary. Sometimes you are requested to make four copies and send them to four of your friends who will send copies to four of their friends and so on. Sometimes the number is seven, sometimes nine.

A more modern variation on this hoax is a letter which, it is asserted, was "written by a dying soldier in France." In either case, refusal to do as requested will "bring you bad luck" and willingness to do it will "bring you good luck." Perhaps it will—and it also helps the United States post office department. It will sell just that many more stamps!

© Western Newspaper Union.

Drunken chickens seen around his home led to the discovery of a still and the arrest of George Skeldin of Lamont, Ill.

T. A. DICKS, M. D.

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Broadlands, Ill.

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For All Kinds of Insurance & Loans**

Ten-Year Real Estate Loans at 4½% interest.

We Make Loans on Unimproved Land.

Bank Building

Broadlands, Illinois.

Flowers that remain open only at night are either yellow or white.

To prohibit the practice of spooning in parked automobiles in the Prairie Chapel Cemetery at Coshocton, O., a caretaker has been placed on night guard duty.

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Walter F. Henriksen of Chicago testified in his divorce suit that his wife refused to give him anything to eat except potatoes.

Though he is worth thousands of dollars, Robert Dorsking of Dover, Eng., prefers to live in the poorhouse, where he pays for his keep.

Serve Dinner Daily

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Regular Dinner, 35c : : Chicken Dinner, 40c

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Some day you may be rich also, if you start Saving Today!

Let Us Save You **\$3.75**

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

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2 Blocks East of City Hall Newman, Ill.

Shoes left at Eckerty's Cafe will be repaired promptly and returned.

When you want better than ordinary printing---the kind that satisfies, and you want it to cost you no more than necessary---and you want it to impress all those who see it, and to bring the desired results---come to The News Office.

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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CHAPTER X—Continued

Jeff fired—missed. A bullet zipped past his ear. He shot again, knocking the revolver from the hands of the bandit into the creek. Norris made a rush to recover the weapon, his arm flailing the water for it. As he pulled the Colt's out of the current, Gray was upon him. The barrel of Jeff's revolver crashed down on his head and knocked him over. He lay motionless, his forty-four again in the brook.

The red-headed man made sure the outlaw did not have another gun on his person. To Ruth he gave crisp commands.

"Get the gun out of the creek, girl. And pick up that rifle over there. Then step behind me out of the way."

Ruth did as she was told. Her face was chalk-white, but she moved lightly on her feet.

Norris groaned and sat up, hands pressing against his bleeding head. "You ain't to kill me?" he snarled defiantly.

"I'm going to drag you back with a rope round yore neck," Gray answered. "Lee Chiswick will hang you to a cottonwood."

The eyes in the swarthy face of the trapped man slid away from Gray, to take in the tethered horses and the brush that came close to the camp. What he was thinking could be easily guessed.

Ruth moved close to the man who had rescued her.

"Let him go," she begged in a low, broken voice. "I—I can't stand any more."

Jeff did not look at her. His gaze held fast to the prisoner. "No chance," he said. "He's going back with us to yore father. Go bring me a rope from that saddle."

"I'm afraid of him," the girl pleaded. "He's—horrible. You don't know."

"I can guess. Don't worry about him," Jeff added, grimly. "He'll be rubbed out plenty soon."

The slitted eyes of Norris had come back to them. He watched the man and the woman warily.

"Without a gun and without a horse he couldn't do us any harm," Ruth urged.

"You don't turn rattlesnakes loose because you're afraid of them," Gray told her coldly. "You stomp them out."

"Yes, but—"

Norris dived for the brush, his lithe body moving fast as a streak of light. The gun in Gray's hand roared, and the bullet plowed into the ground. For Ruth had struck down his forearm and was clinging to it with both hands. He tried to free himself—flung the girl roughly away. The escaping man was in the willows. Jeff could see and hear the violent agitation of the young sprouts. He fired at the place twice, then plunged into the thicket after the bandit.

For a hundred yards he followed the fugitive. Abruptly he gave up the chase. He could no longer hear the rustling of foliage. Better get back to the camp. The fellow might hide, wait till he had passed, and slip back to the horses.

Anger grew in Jeff Gray as he swished back to the camp through the willows. By golden luck he had found this villain's camp and saved Ruth from disaster. For some fool woman's reason she had interfered to help him escape. With Sorley he had ridden fifty miles to save her, and for reward she made a fool of him out of sheer caprice.

Pat Sorley burst out of the brush just as Jeff reached the camp.

"I heard shots," the line-rider cried, then caught sight of Ruth and stopped abruptly, staring at her. "Glory be, he found you."

"Yes," Ruth answered, and bit her lip to keep down a sob.

Gray strode up to her. "What do you mean by knocking down my arm and hanging on to me?" he demanded, a cold, contained rage in his voice.

She swallowed a lump in her throat. "I—couldn't help it," she said meekly.

"Couldn't help it. Don't be a fool."

"I couldn't have you kill him, after what I saw him do this afternoon." She shuddered, seeing for a moment the slack body of Kansas crumpling down to the ground.

"I don't get this," Sorley said, looking from one to the other. "You never in the wor-ld kept Gray from killin' this divil when he had a chance?"

"That's just what she did—grabbed my arm and hung on while he was making a break to get away," Jeff said bitterly. "It seems he had become her dear friend during the day. Probably we butted in where we weren't wanted, Pat."

"Don't say that!" Ruth cried. "He's an awful man—inhuman. I never saw anyone like him. His face—when he killed the other man—was like that of a devil. If you hadn't come—"

Her big eyes met those of Gray and shrank away.

"You hated him so much you couldn't bear to have him rubbed

out," Gray said with a curl of the lip.

"I didn't want you or Father to kill him in cold blood while he was unarmed," she explained in a low voice. "I saw him do that today—shoot down a poor man trying to escape from him. Would I want my friends to be like him?"

"So you were thinking of us," Gray said, his drawl derisively insulting. "On our account you turned him loose to kill eight or ten more men. Nice the way you manage our business. I hope Lee Chiswick is as grateful to you as I am."

He turned his back on the girl and spoke to Sorley. "Reckon we'd better get back to our own camp, Pat, eat supper, and move down the creek a ways. He might meet some more wolves and come back to howl at us."

"Not likely, with him afoot and unarmed. Still, it's possible." "I'll walk to camp," Gray told him. "Better saddle those broncs and ride down."

Without another word to Ruth, he picked up the weapons of Norris and departed.

Pat had stopped supper preparations when he heard the shots farther up the creek, but presently he had the coffee boiling and the ham fried. Ruth sat near Pat, at a little distance from Gray, whose face still showed no friendliness. Her shoulders sagged. She felt very



"Don't push on the reins, Morg."

tired, was under a reaction from great fear and excitement that left her a rag.

While they ate their food and drank their coffee the line-rider did the talking for all three. He was garrulously happy at the termination of the adventure. Against all likelihood their luck had stood up. Eagerly he asked questions, and got monosyllabic answers. After a time he protested.

"Begorry, you'd think this was a wake and not the luckiest hour of the year," he snorted. "We ought to be thanking God you're safe again."

"I am," Ruth answered wearily. "Ye don't look like it," he retorted.

"I'm—tired out," she said, in a lifeless voice.

Looking at her shadowed eyes and white haggard face, Sorley felt remorse at his sharpness. "You'll have a good sleep tonight and be rested tomorrow," he said gently.

They packed, saddled, and rode down the creek for a few miles. Sorley chose for a campground a little mesa three or four hundred yards from the stream. No fire was lit, and the night was cold, as Arizona nights in the high hills are likely to be. Pat made a bed of pine boughs for Ruth and tucked her up snugly in two blankets.

"One of us will be on guard all night," he explained to her. "Don't worry about a thing, but let go of yoreself and slip off to slape like a good gir-rl."

She promised that she would, adding with a smile, "You've been awfully good to me, Pat."

Sherm Howard was alone in the house. He had spent the evening at the Golden Nugget and had come home to sleep, but he knew that he was not going to be possible for many hours yet. He sat at a table, a small coal-oil lamp at one corner of it, looking down savagely at the solitary layout in front of him. There was no pleasure for him in the game. While he dealt and played automatically, the undercurrent of his mind was absorbed by the difficulties confronting him.

A heavy gloom lay on his spirits. He was in a jam and knew it. Fifty times he had gone over the facts anxiously looking for an out, and he had not been able to find one. Until the situation had resolved itself one way or another he could be sure of nothing.

Howard came to an impasse in the game, gathered up the cards, and shuffled them. He started to deal, but stopped with a card poised. The outside door of the house had opened a few inches. Through the crack a pair of eyes gleamed. Very little more of the face could be seen, for the hat was well pulled down and a bandanna handkerchief covered the nose and mouth.

Sherm Howard had time for a moment of fervent regret. How had he happened to forget to bolt the door, with his forty-four lying in the cupboard a long five yards away from him?

The door opened farther and a lithe body slid through the widened crack into the room. The eyes of the self-invited guest did not lift from his host while a brown hand closed the door and pushed home the bolt.

Howard's stomach sagged as if from a weight of ice-cold lead. His mouth went dry. The man standing with his back to the door was Morg Norris.

Norris grinned evilly. "Didn't expect me, did you, Sherm? Figured some of yore boys had grug-gulched me up in the hills. But I'll bet you are real pleased to see yore old friend."

The fat man pulled himself together. "What you doing here, Morg?" he asked. "Don't you know this whole county is out lookin' for you?"

"Including all Sherm Howard's willing lads. Sure I know it." The desperado limped forward. "But I dropped in because I knew you'd hate for me to pass through without thanking you for sicking the boys on me."

The man was in bad physical condition. A blood-stained handkerchief was tied around his head. Another served as a bandage for his arm. He looked travel-worn and haggard.

But he was undaunted. Never in his wicked, ribald lifetime had he seemed more master of the situation. Howard expected that the fellow had come to kill him. Morg must have met one of the boys and learned that Howard had thrown in with his hunters.

"What's all this crazy talk about me sicking the boys on you?" Howard asked. "You ought to know better than that. Fact is, you've played the devil, Morg. I thought you had more sense than to pull the dumb thing you did. This country won't stand for doing harm to women. You ought to know that too."

"Don't preach at me," Norris snarled out of the corner of his mouth. "Get me food, and water to wash my wounds. But first off, I want a drink."

The heart of the big man lifted. "Sure," he said. "Surest thing you know."

He heaved himself out of the chair and waddled across to the cupboard. Beside the bottle lay the forty-four he had unwarily separated himself from when he reached the house. This he pushed down between his trouser-belt and shirt. The bottle and a glass he brought back to the man at the table.

Norris poured a large drink into a tumbler. He held it in his hand and slid a menacing look at his host.

"I saw you get that gun," he said, lifting his upper lip in a jeer. "Fixin' to gun me if you get a chance, you damned double-crosser. Well, you don't get it." Norris raised the glass. "Here's to a short life and a smoky end for traitors, Sherm."

He poured the liquor down at a gulp.

Coldly Howard defended himself. "Your information is not straight,

Morg. Where did you hear I had turned against you?"

"I heard it from a ledge back of Coal Creek," Norris told him harshly. "Yore boys were camped just below. I heard 'em talk. Didn't know who they were at first. I found out you'd sent them out to get me, by crikes."

"Why don't you use your bean to think with, Morg? Of course I sent them after you. After you had gone crazy, I had to make a bluff, didn't I? I had to make out we were all hunting you to save our own bacon. Talk about me throwing down on you. What have you done but throw down on every last one of us?"

Howard spoke impatiently, irritably. He wanted to talk the young killer into a frame of mind less deadly, and the best way to do this was to put him in the wrong.

"What you mean, throw down on you?" the fugitive asked sulkily.

"You know what I mean, Morg. When you took that girl with you to the hills you set this whole district ablaze against us as well as you because we are your friends."

"Lou ran off with her first," Norris said.

"With her own consent. That's different. Where is the girl, Morg? What did you do with her?"

"I didn't do a thing," Norris growled. "Are you aiming to fix me up some food? Or ain't you?"

"Don't push on the reins, Morg. I asked you a question." Norris gave information, very reluctantly, for what he had to tell hurt his inordinate vanity. "I turned her over to that double-crossing son-of-a-gun who calls himself Jeff Gray," he said.

The opaque eyes of the big man rested on him. "Tell it to me, Morg," he ordered.

"I'll tell it while you make me some supper," Norris told him. "Me, I could eat a government mail-sack. Haven't seen grub for nearly two days."

The young desperado helped himself to a second drink, then sat down and pulled off his boots. He was careful not to turn his back to Howard. Sherm began to knock together some food, always with his eye on the other.

Norris told the story of what had occurred, edited in such a way as to protect his self-conceit. He said that three men had attacked him at his camp in Wild Horse basin and that he had fought them until the revolver was shot from his hand. He had made his getaway on foot.

"You didn't walk all the way from Wild Horse," Howard said, after he had broken a fourth egg into a frying-pan.

"Most of the way." The outlaw looked down at his swollen feet. High-heeled cowboy boots are not made for walking, and he had been tortured cruelly during the long hours of tramping. "I roped a bronc at Walker's in the night and found a saddle in the stable. Most of the day I lay holed up in the rocks."

"What with yore wounds and all you must have had a hell of a time," Howard suggested.

The young man looked at him, fury in his eyes. "I'm sayin' so."

"If they shot yore gun from yore hand, I reckon you're not armed," Sherm said, very casually.

The killer watched him through slitted lids. "Don't you bank on that, Sherm," he drawled, his words dripping warning.

Howard said lightly, "I was thinking I'd have to fix you up with a gun if you had lost yore own." What he had been thinking was that if Norris was unarmed, he could pump lead into him and take the credit for killing the man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Chinese Elm Is Good for Rapid Growth; Tree Thrives Throughout United States

Whenever a tree is to be set out, the careful gardener takes plenty of time for thought. For there is something permanent about this type of planting in which mistakes are intensified rather than obliterated by time, states a writer in the Philadelphia Record.

Need often is felt for something fast-growing to relate a new house to its location or to give quick shade, screening or protection from wind. Too often poplars are selected because they come along quickly. Time, however, soon reveals their undesirably vast and greedy root systems, while a row rarely gets established before one or another of the trees dies, spoiling the looks of the whole.

The Chinese elm (Ulmus parvifolia) has none of those drawbacks, but it does grow quickly. Indeed, it is a matter of record that one young tree grew to 28 feet in 3 years, that a 4-foot specimen reached 40 feet in 5 years and a 6-footer in 4 years attained 30 feet.

Although native to northern and central China, Korea and Japan, the Chinese elm thrives throughout the United States, eventually growing to 45 feet. It develops a broad,

round head and in maturity is as graceful as a cutleaf birch and quite as hardy as the oak. It is good not only for the suburban lawn, but for street planting in the city as well, since it can withstand soot and gas.

Drouth resistance was revealed as another attribute during the severe dry spell of 1936. Where newly planted weeping willows, Lombardy poplars and cutleaf birches succumbed, the Chinese elm came through triumphantly.

To obtain maximum speed and development and a deep green color in the foliage, feed the tree yearly with a well-balanced plant food. Either early spring or late summer is a good season.

Chauvinism

Chauvinism, the word used to express exaggerated patriotism or jingoism, is derived from a soldier of the French republic and of the First empire, says the Standard American Encyclopedia. Nicholas Chauvin's name became a synonym for a passionate admirer of Napoleon, and the word Chauvinism was formed to signify the almost idolatrous respect entertained by many for the first emperor.

Frosting a Cake for Judges to Sample



A professional cake baker, frosting one of the hundreds of cakes which were made up in the Experimental Kitchen Laboratory, maintained by C. Houston Goudiss in New York City, in the course of selecting the winners in his recent Cake Recipe Contest.

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

NATURALLY, I am accustomed to seeing exhibits of delicious and interesting foods in the Experimental Kitchen Laboratory that I maintain in New York City. But in all the years of its existence, it has never been a busier nor a more inviting place than during the last few weeks when the home economists on my staff have been busily testing and judging the many fine cake recipes submitted by readers of this paper in our recent Cake Recipe Contest.

Imagine, if you can, a big cheerful and colorful kitchen filled with long tables upon which row after row of handsome cakes were arranged—proudly testifying to the skill of the homemakers who cherish the recipes from which they were made.

Every Type of Cake Entered.

A whole tableful of white cakes, with and without icing. Chocolate and cocoa cakes of every possible type. All manner of cakes, fragrant and delicious—spice, ice cream, honey, caramel, maple syrup, nut, date, pineapple, orange, lemon, butterscotch, jam, banana, raisin, oatmeal, cocoanut and marble cakes. Cakes baked in long sheets, square cakes, round cakes, layer cakes. Old-fashioned cakes from grandmothers' recipe books. Very modern and up-to-date cakes. And even one that was said to have been a favorite with General Robert E. Lee. I've never seen anything to compare with the collection, even at the biggest State Fair!

Do you wonder that the home economists on my staff required several weeks to pick the winners? For with such a wealth of exceptional cakes from which to choose, selecting those for top honors, was indeed difficult.

The cake bakers were trained for their work. They followed the

recipes precisely. They measured accurately. They checked oven temperatures.

The scoring system was highly scientific. And we can say with conviction that no matter how close the race, the winners definitely outpointed even their closest rivals.

First Prize Winner.

The first prize of \$25.00 went to Mrs. D. F. Kelly, 1004 Charles St., Whitewater, Wis.

Second Prize Winners.

The five second prizes were awarded to Mrs. H. Harshbarger of 2427 Fifth Ave., Altoona, Pa.; R. A. Williams, 12075 Rosemary Ave., Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. A. Burns, Box 788, Oakland, Miss.; Miss Sadie Cunningham, Avonmore, Pa.; and Mrs. Laura Meyer, 107 Pleasant St., Plymouth, Wis.

Third Prize Winners.

Mrs. T. H. Fjone, Flaxville, Mont.; Mrs. Lester Ralston, 127 South Judd St., Sioux City, Iowa; Mrs. Harry A. Kramer, 16 Marin Road, Manor, Calif.; Mrs. F. D. McDonald, Route 1, Amherst, Texas; Vera Tygar, Commodore, Pa.; Mrs. George Ahlborn, R. D. No. 1, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.; Mrs. B. A. Robinson, Box 578, Emmett, Idaho; Jean Guthrie, 4712 Campbell St., Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Walter Richter, Bonduel, Wis.; Mrs. P. C. Blakely, Alden, Mich.

Honorable Mention.

Emogene Williams, Damon, Texas; Mrs. Simon Moen, Norma, N. D.; Mrs. Dick Collins, Masonville, Iowa; Mrs. B. F. Herman, Box 1118, Crosby, Miss.; Mrs. Paul Lorenz, P. O. Box 225, Strathmore, Calif.; Mrs. S. S. Arntz, Simpson, Nev.; Mrs. Vida Hilger, Box 257, Rockland, Mich.; Mrs. Grace H. Peterson, Box 335, Amherst, Wis.; Mrs. Cecil Skinner, Bedford, Wyo.; Mrs. Joe Furnace, 317 West Twentieth St., South Sioux City, Neb.

My thanks and my compliments to every homemaker who submitted a recipe. I only regret that everyone who submitted a recipe could not win a prize.

Add Radiant Beauty to Your Bedroom



Pattern 5940.

There's grace and beauty in every detail of this cross-stitch motif which you will enjoy embroidering on a bedspread—it's quickly done and so decorative when finished. The bluebirds are in ten-to-the-inch crosses, the greater part of the rest of the design is in five-to-the-inch crosses. Motifs to match make a lovely bolster or scarf. In pattern 5940 you will find a transfer pattern of a motif 15½ by 20 inches, one reverse motif 5½ by 5½ inches and one motif 4½ by 5½ inches; a color chart and key; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York City.

Blaming No One

Common and vulgar people ascribe all ill that they feel to others; people of little wisdom ascribe to themselves; people of much wisdom, to no one.—Epictetus.

COOLING REFRESHING SUMMER DRINK!
FLAVOR-AID
MADE AT HOME
5¢
10 GLASSES or 20 SUCKERS

Joy in Seriousness
A thing seriously pursued affords true enjoyment.—Seneca.

TRY THIS AMAZING VEGETABLE WAY FOR CONSTIPATION

If you suffer from constipation, here's an amazing relief. Relief so nearly natural you'll hardly realize you've taken a laxative except for the wonderful results you'll get. The reason Nature's Remedy—NR Tablets—acts this amazing way is simple. They are made by an exclusive formula from vegetable laxative ingredients and act on the true basic principle of aiding nature. Give gentle, thorough relief without upsetting the stomach—without griping. Leave you clear headed, refreshed, invigorated.

NR Tablets are all vegetable. Guaranteed to contain no salts, no phenol derivatives. Over 500 million NR Tablets have already brought welcome relief. Get a 25c box from your druggist. Whenever you need a laxative, get NR Tablets and get the sure, gentle, dependable relief millions enjoy.

World of Difference
Many a man has mistaken "gall" for grit.

NERVOUS DISORDERS
are in most cases due to systematic disturbances. Dr. Nystul's method locates the basic cause, eliminates it completely, thus restoring robust health. Send for Booklet.
Board and room at Guest House
DR. NYSTUL'S SANATORIA
3952 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Illinois

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THE FEATHERHEADS By Osborne

Panel 1: "—WITH SOME WOMEN YOU CAN'T GET A WORD IN EDGE WISE—"
"WELL, FANNY IS NOT THAT TYPE—"
Panel 2: "—WE HAVE OUR SPATS AND LET IT GO AT THAT"
"WELL—"
Panel 3: "—WHEN MY WIFE AND I HAVE AN ARGUMENT, I ALWAYS HAVE THE LAST WORD"
"OH YEAH?"
Panel 4: "YES—I APOLOGIZE"

Solved

U.S. QUACK

WHAT WOMEN SAY CAUSES MORE TROUBLE THAN WHAT MEN THINK

S'MATTER POP—A Fella Just Can't Believe It!

By C. M. PAYNE

Panel 1: "SURE, YOU'VE GOT DRUMS IN YOUR EARS"
"AW, UNCLE CY, I HAVE NOT"
Panel 2: "POP! UNCLE CY SAYS I HAVE DRUMS IN MY EARS!"
Panel 3: "—YES, THAT'S RIGHT"
Panel 4: "MAW! I'M GONNA ASK YA A QUESTION AN' IF YA WISE-CRACK ME LIKE POP AN' UNCLE CY, I'M GONNA GET MAD"

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

Panel 1: A dog named Mescal Ike is shown with a sign that says "W-PREZ".
Panel 2: The dog is shown in a different setting.
Panel 3: The dog is shown in a third setting.
Panel 4: The dog is shown in a fourth setting, with a sign that says "Lolly Gags".

So That's Started Again—Has It?

ILLUMINATION

FINNEY OF THE FORCE By Ted O'Loughlin

Panel 1: "JEST A MINNIT, MISTER (HOPE OI KIN SELL HIM A TICKET)"
"OHO!"
Panel 2: "OI HAVE SUMPIN' HERE—"
"OKAY—I'LL WALK ALONG WITH YOU QUIETLY—LET'S NOT HAVE A SCENE—YOU CAN READ THE WARRANT AT THE STATION HOUSE—"
Panel 3: "—SO, I'VE BEEN SORRY AND REMORSEFUL—BUT WHEN I TOOK THE MONEY IT SEEMED THE ONLY WAY OUT—"
Panel 4: "THAT WAS GREAT WORK, FINNEY—PICKING UP THAT EMBEZZLER AND GETTING A CONFESSION!"
"TANKS, CAP—BUT IT SHURE SET ME BACK IN ME TICKET SELLIN' CAMPAIGN FER THE COPS' BENEFIT—"

WHO'S AFRAID?

POP—Pop Wants to Know Which to Replace

By J. MILLAR WATT

Panel 1: "I SAY!"
Panel 2: "—I'M THINKING OF MARRYING ONE OF YOUR GIRLS— HAVE I YOUR PERMISSION?"
Panel 3: "YES! WHICH ONE IS IT— THE MAID OR THE COOK?"
Panel 4: A man in a top hat is shown in a different setting.

THAT'S DIFFERENT

QUIET READING By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Panel 1: "MOTHER TELLS HIM TO GET A BOOK AND READ QUIETLY UNTIL GUESTS COME."
Panel 2: "WHILE MOTHER GETS TEA THINGS READY IN KITCHEN."
Panel 3: "LOOKS THROUGH ONE OR TWO BUT DOESN'T FIND THEM VERY INSPIRING."
Panel 4: "GETS ALL HIS OLD FAVORITES DOWN."
Panel 5: "LOOKS THROUGH THEM BUT CAN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND WHICH HE WANTS TO READ MOST."
Panel 6: "REMEMBERS HE WANTED TO LOOK UP ARTICLE ON STAMPS IN BOY'S MAGAZINE AND GETS OUT ALL HIS BACK NUMBERS."
Panel 7: "IS READING QUIETLY IN MIDDLE OF LIVING-ROOM FLOOR AS GUESTS ARRIVE."

CONCESSIONS TO THE TRADE

Customer—A dollar and a half for this prescription? That's very high.
Druggist—No, sir—the drugs in it are very costly.
Customer—Since when? I used to be a druggist myself.
Druggist—Why didn't you say so? It'll be 15 cents.—Farm Journal.

Appropriate
Aviator (entering clothing store)—I'd like some flying clothes.
Bright Clerk—O. K. We'll start you off with a wing collar.

Oak Joke
Officer—Hey, you! What're you doing up in that there tree?
Tramp—Believe it or not, mister, I sat on it when it was an acorn.

YOU CAN'T WIN

"But, my dear," exclaimed the peace-loving husband, "you've been talking for an hour and I haven't said a word."
"No," snapped his wife. "You haven't said anything, but you've been listening in a sassy way, and I'm not going to stand for it!"



Surface-Stains on Teeth Yield to Pepsodent with IRIUM

BOTH Pepsodent Tooth Paste and Powder contain Marvelous Irium

• There's a reason why Pepsodent can make your teeth glisten and gleam as they naturally should! The answer? Irium, that remarkable new cleansing agent found in Pepsodent alone of ALL dentifrices! Once you've used this new-day dentifrice you'll see for yourself how much more effective it actually is! You'll see how Pepsodent—thanks to wonderful Irium—gently brushes away cloudy surface-stains . . . how it polishes teeth to a dazzling natural brilliance! . . . And Pepsodent works SAFELY! It contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO FUMICE! Try it!

SURE TO WIN

He—Do you think this would be a propitious time to ask your father for your hand?
She—I think it would—I've just asked him for a new automobile.

WORSE THAN AN HOUR

"How do you like this daylight saving scheme?"
"Not a cuss; I have to get up about a month before morning."

SOMETHING COMING

"My wife wants nothing but money! Morning, noon and night, it's money, money, money!"
"What does she do with it all?"
"Nothing as yet—I haven't given her any."

ILLUMINATION

Hubby—You can argue all you please, I can't see it! But why did you snap on all the lights?
Wife—Thought you might be able to see the matter in a brighter light.

WHO'S AFRAID?

"Who's that meek little fellow, who's so plainly afraid of his wife, going into the dressing tent?"
"That! Oh, that's the Wild Man of Borneo in the side show."

OF COURSE, OF COURSE

"He's a brilliant young engineer, but talks about nothing but building tunnels, you know."
"Terribly boring, of course."

THAT'S DIFFERENT

"Be honest—it doesn't pay to take anything!"
"How about a hint?"

TRY THAT ONE

Patient—What shall I keep on this bruise on my back, doctor?
Doctor—Oh, nothing—just keep your eye on it—that's all!

SPRING AFFLICTION

Frog—Croak, croak, croak, I can't sing a note, I must have a man in my throat.

Flowers for Irene

By JANE OSBORN

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THE other teachers had noticed that every Monday some time during the noon recess a long box bearing a florist's name was delivered to Irene in the second grade room. One of the older teachers made the remark to another that it was, of course, only to "show off" that Irene had asked her "admirer" to have the flowers sent to the school. That was Miss Gilbert of the seventh grade, who finally could not restrain herself from saying something caustic about it to Irene Hall.

"Odd idea having your flowers sent here," said Miss Gilbert, smiling unpleasantly as she dropped in the second grade room after having eaten her lunch from a box in her own room. "My friends always prefer to send flowers to my apartment. I suppose you wanted us all to know you had such a devoted swain."

Irene looked up surprised from her task of taking the flowers from the box that had just been delivered, and placing them in vases she had arranged on her desk. "I'm my own devoted swain," she laughed. "Did you think some one sent them to me?"

Miss Gilbert noted the name and address on the box cover and was jotting it down for memorandum.

"Ask for Mr. Richard Bradstreet," said Irene. "He's the one I always see and he's so interested in the flowers. His uncle owns the place, and this Mr. Richard Bradstreet has gone into the business since he left college. Be sure and give him your order."

So Miss Gilbert, austere and unprepossessing school teacher, went to Bradstreet's, asked for "Mr. Richard," and ordered "a box every week, just like the one sent to Miss Irene Hall." The next Monday Miss Gilbert proudly displayed her box from Bradstreet's, which contained a collection of flowers as choice and numerous as those sent to Irene—save that tucked in Irene's

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

box was a single exquisite red rose that Miss Gilbert's did not possess. Seeing Miss Gilbert's box, two more teachers, no more winsome than Miss Gilbert, decided that such a bargain for a dollar ought not to be missed.

Then one day Irene went to Bradstreet's to pay her bill for a month. She happened to see Mr. Richard Bradstreet, who stammered a little at meeting her and then asked her if she had time to go into the green houses—he had some very choice roses he thought she'd be interested in seeing. He looked eagerly at her as she looked at the roses. It was so hard to know just how to begin asking her if he might call on her.

"I'd be very glad to have you come and see me," she said. He called the next afternoon at about five, and before he arrived a messenger boy had delivered at her apartment—not the school—a box containing four or five dozen glorious red roses.

To make short shift of what might have been a long matter Richard Bradstreet proposed marriage to Irene Hall.

"I'm going to give up the flower business," he said. "I don't believe I'd make a great success of it. It's given me a bit of business experience that won't come amiss, and I'll be better able to support a wife on the salary of the new job that I have had offered to me."

"I never think about money or salaries," said Irene. "But your wanting to marry me has come as such a surprise, though of course I had thought a great deal of you and thought maybe you cared a little for me. But, dear me, it will be too bad having you leave your uncle's. I suppose your uncle will take pains with the teachers' boxes."

Richard Bradstreet laughed outright. "I'm afraid," he said, "that there won't be any more bargain boxes for the teachers. You see—well, I thought so much of you that first time I saw you that I put a little extra in your box—and then when the teachers said they wanted boxes just like yours for a dollar—well, what was I to do? I charged up the difference to my own account."

"Then you did like me from the very first?" asked Irene. "We'll ask the teachers all to the wedding—but we won't tell them the joke about the flowers."

Boy Saves 500 Sheep.

Presence of mind on the part of sixteen-year-old Victor Lazarev saved 500 sheep when a snowstorm swept down the Crimean steppe. Moscow reports say the sheep became frightened and refused to move to the Budyonny collective farm, where they belonged, and the shepherds had to spend the night with the flock. A crowd of farmers summoned by the boy were unable to budge the animals, until the young shepherd thought of walking in front of them and ringing a bell. The sheep promptly followed the boy and bell.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. When was General James Shields elected to the U. S. Senate for Illinois?

A. January 13, 1849.

Q. Was Shields admitted to the Senate?

A. Not at this time. On arriving at Washington his eligibility was questioned on the grounds that he, a native of Ireland, had taken out his final papers on October 21, 1840, leaving him eight months short of the nine years citizenship required for a seat in the U. S. Senate.

Q. Was Shields later seated?

A. Yes, another election was held after the disability had been removed by time.

Q. What was the internal improvement policy known as "State policy"?

A. A policy of refusing the granting of charters for the construction of railroads unless the contemplated line should begin and end at some prominent town or city in the State.

Q. What was the origin of this policy?

A. The presentation of a resolution of the Indiana legislature requesting that Illinois should incorporate a company for the building of a railroad to be called the Ohio and Mississippi and was to have its starting point on the Ohio River at Cincinnati and terminate on the Mississippi at St. Louis.

Q. To what did fervor over "State policy" lead?

A. To a special session of the Illinois General Assembly which resolved that "A railroad commencing at our eastern boundary and terminating opposite St. Louis and also uniting with continuous lines of railroad extending eastward through our sister states would be immensely advantageous to St. Louis, at the same time it would impede the growth of the cities, towns and other localities on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River."

Q. How did the next regular session of the legislature act on the Indiana proposal?

A. In 1851 the charter of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad was passed.

Q. What other laws of general interest were passed by the General Assembly at this session?

A. Illinois Institution for the Blind was established; the return to voting by ballot was made; laws for the loaning of money at such rate of interest not exceeding 10 per cent per annum were voted; telegraphs were established; and provision made for township and county organization.

Q. What was the population of Illinois at this time?

A. The census of 1850 gave Illinois a population of 851,470, an increase of nearly 80 per cent over 1840.

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 Cheap

A good set of Fairbanks-Morris stock scales, with stock rack and office building, located in Allerton yards.

Harlan W. Six.

We Do STATIONERY PRINTING or HAMMERMILL BOND

Village Treasurer's Annual Report

State of Illinois, County of Champaign—ss.

Village of Broadlands.

I, Frank Frick, Treasurer of the Village of Broadlands, County of Champaign, State of Illinois, being duly sworn, depose and say that the following statement by me subscribed is a correct statement of the amount of village funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year beginning April 21, 1937, the amount of funds received and the sources from which received, the amount expended and the purposes for which expended, as set forth in said statement.

Frank Frick,
Village Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of July, 1938.

Russell M. Astell,
Notary Public.

RECEIPTS

1937—	
Apr. 21—Balance on hand	\$267.54
Apr. 21—Willard Goodman, tax money	200.00
May 26—Willard Goodman, tax money	200.00
June 5—Malcolm Pigg, one year pool table license	6.00
June 5—Malcolm Pigg, three months' beer license, May to August	6.00
July 12—Walter Neal, one grass mower	3.50
Aug. 11—Alvin Zenke, for rock	5.42
Aug. 18—Willard Goodman, tax money	100.00
Oct. 6—Malcolm Pigg, three months' license, August to November	6.00
Oct. 6—Hardware Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	33
Oct. 6—Minnesota Implement Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	33
Oct. 6—Hardware Dealers' Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	33
Oct. 26—Willard Goodman, tax money	319.20
Nov. 10—Malcolm Pigg, license, Nov., Dec., Jan.	6.00
Nov. 24—Willard Goodman, taxes for '35 and previous years	43.26
Dec. 1—Neva Crain, tavern license	6.00
1938—	
Mar. 3—Malcolm Pigg, tavern license	6.00
May 17—Malcolm Pigg, tavern license to June 1	4.00
June 1—Neva Crain, liquor license	6.00
May 31—Willard Goodman, tax money	200.00
Nov. 22, 1937—transfer to general fund	322.68
Apr. 26, 1937—balance in gas tax fund (but not transferred out)	237.00
	\$1945.59
June 28—Balance to credit of Village of Broadlands	\$100.44

EXPENDITURES

1937—	
Apr. 21—C. D. McCormick, mayor service	\$12.00
Apr. 21—Lonnie Zantow, alderman, and election service	14.00
Apr. 21—Bert Seeds, alderman and election service	15.00
Apr. 21—O. E. Gore, alderman and election service	14.00
Apr. 21—Walter Witt, alderman and election service	5.00
Apr. 21—Geo. Walker, alderman and election service	13.00
Apr. 21—H. L. Krenzien, clerk of Village and election	29.18
Apr. 21—C. T. Henson, alderman, election service and supplies	18.35
Apr. 21—Frank Frick, treasurer fee	18.25

Apr. 21—C. E. Tate, attorney fee	25.00
Apr. 21—J. A. Thomas, labor on dump ground	6.00
May 5—J. A. Thomas, labor on dump ground	3.00
May 5—J. F. Darnall, printing election notices	34.80
May 5—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
June 2—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
June 2—Fred Bruhn, mowing show ground	2.50
June 2—Fred Peterson, mowing show ground	2.50
June 2—J. A. Thomas, labor	1.50
July 8—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
July 8—Ed Reasor, police duty	12.00
July 8—Raymond Comer, hauling rock	16.60
July 8—Fred Peterson, labor	5.50
July 8—Oscar Thode, mowing weeds	6.30
July 10—Ray Bowman, scarifying streets	40.00
Aug. 4—J. F. Darnall, publishing notices	3.70
Aug. 4—Twin City Printing Co., minute book	22.75
Aug. 4—Fred Peterson, mowing	1.75
Aug. 4—Alfonse Struck, mowing streets	16.80
Aug. 4—Ed Reasor, police duty	8.00
Aug. 4—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
Aug. 4—Material Service Co., 44 yds. rock	31.86
Aug. 4—Howard Comer, hauling rock	27.22
Sept. 1—Ed Reasor, police duty	8.00
Sept. 1—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
Sept. 1—J. A. Thomas, labor on junk yard	3.00
Sept. 1—Illinois League, one year membership	10.00
Oct. 6—J. F. Darnall, publishing appropriation bill	22.00
Oct. 6—C. T. Henson, material and labor	12.58
Oct. 6—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
Oct. 6—Ed Reasor, police duty	10.00
Oct. 6—Fred Bruhn, mowing weeds	3.20
Oct. 6—J. A. Thomas, labor	3.00
Oct. 6—Alfonse Struck, mowing weeds, team	15.00
Nov. 3—Fred Bruhn, labor	1.60
Nov. 3—C. T. Henson, material	3.24
Nov. 3—Ed Reasor, labor	6.25
Nov. 3—Herbert Krenzien, trip and postage	3.58
Nov. 3—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
Dec. 1—Lillie Baker, caring for fire whistle	5.00
Dec. 1—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
Dec. 1—J. A. Thomas, labor on dump ground	1.50
1938—	
Jan. 5—Brewer's Garage storage and repair on fire truck	39.25
Jan. 5—J. A. Thomas, labor on dump ground	1.50
Jan. 5—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
Feb. 2—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
Feb. 2—Fred Bruhn, labor on bridge	3.00
Mar. 2—Ben Rayl, repairing fire whistle	1.00
Mar. 2—J. F. Darnall, publishing notice	3.00
Mar. 2—Walter Logan, cleaning streets and catch basins	20.00
Mar. 2—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
Mar. 2—Ray McClelland, seeing about tax levy	1.00
Mar. 2—Ed Reasor, night police	4.00
April 6—Ray McClelland trip to Champaign	2.00
Apr. 6—Lon Thomas, labor on dump ground	1.50
Apr. 6—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
May 4—Dicks Bros., flowers for alderman George Walker	5.00

May 4—J. A. Thomas, labor on dump ground	1.50
May 4—C. I. P. S. Co., lights	37.33
May 4—Chas. Bruhn, mowing	1.75
May 4—Alvin Zenke, alderman services	7.00
May 4—H. C. Harris, mayor service	14.00
May 4—H. L. Krenzien, clerk service, supplies	25.86
May 4—Russell Astell, alderman service	8.00
May 4—Wm. Smith, alderman service	11.00
May 4—Ray McClelland, alderman service	12.00
May 4—O. E. Gore, alderman service	12.00
May 4—Geo. Walker estate, alderman service	10.00
June 1—Fred Peterson, mowing	1.20
June 1—J. A. Thomas, labor on dump ground	3.00
June 1—Walter Logan, hauling dirt	28.00
June 1—C. T. Henson, lumber, concrete and gravel	23.23
June 1—Kenneth Dicks, hardware	8.29
June 1—Fay Comer, hauling dirt	10.00
Mar. 3—C. I. P. S. Co., lights for Mar. 1937	37.33
Feb. 16—To gas fund	112.51
1937—	
Nov. 22—J. F. Darnall, printing	28.10
Nov. 22—Mr. Kinch, engineering	15.00
Nov. 22—Alfred Thode, material	322.68
Apr. 7—O. P. Witt	32.76
Apr. 7—C. I. P. S. Co., March lights	38.89
June 28, 1938—Balance to credit of Village of Broadlands (gen. fund)	100.44
	\$1945.59

We, the auditing committee, have this 16th day of July, 1938, audited the books of the Village Treasurer and find them correct.

Signed:
Alonzo Zantow,
Alvin Zenke.

For Sale—Used ice boxes. Priced \$2 to \$5. Grover Peterson.

Chess games by telephone are popular in England.

Abraham Levy of St. Louis was badly burned when his son set fire to his whiskers with a candle.

After winning a bet by swallowing six safety pins, W. L. Gibbons of Belfast paid \$850 to have them removed.

Miss Edna Johnson of Chicago fractured her leg in three places when she rolled out of bed in her sleep.

F. C. Donahue, arrested for speeding, told the judge at Yonkers, N. Y., that he was hurrying to a high school dance with 12 cases of liquor.

STAR Now Showing the New Season's Parade of Hits

Thur. & Fri., July 21-22
Claude Rains
Jackie Cooper
White Banners
"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, July 23
Mat. 5c-10c Nite 10c-20c
Edith Fellows
Little Miss Roughneck
Also chapter 9 of The Lone Ranger.

Sun. & Mon., July 24-25
Loretta Young
Joel McCrea
Stewart Irwin
3 Blind Mice
10c-25c

Tues. - Wed., July 26-27
2 Features
Mr. Moto Takes Chance
Also
Michael Whalen
Island In The Sky
10c-25c

PILSENER BEER



Have One
There's an invitation that no right-minded man will refuse. Have One - - - if it's one of Fecker's Pale Dry PILSENER Beer, it is a promise of delicious flavor and exhilarating, appetizing effect. Have one---we know you will like it.

FECKER BREWING COMPANY
DANVILLE, ILLINOIS