

# THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 19

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1938

NUMBER 17

## News Items of 12 Years Ago

Aug. 6, 1926

Miss Marjorie Freeman was visiting friends at Decatur.

Albert Cummings was papering the St. John's Evangelical Church.

Wendell Walsh accepted a position with a filling station in Urbana.

A daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Neibarger.

Miss Neva Crain returned home after a few weeks visit with relatives in Chicago.

Vohn Snow arrived from Detroit, Mich., for a visit with his family.

Mrs. Arthur Zane and children returned to Chicago after a few days visit here with relatives.

The home of Fred White, southwest of Broadlands was considerably damaged by fire when a gasoline stove exploded.

A large crowd was in Broadlands on Saturday night to attend the Ford drawing. Fuller Freeman held the lucky number and drove home the Ford roadster given away by the Harden Sales & Service. Arch Walker drew a radio given away by Kenneth Dicks Hardware.

## More Undulant Fever in Illinois

More undulant fever has been found in Illinois this year than in a similar period in any year since the disease was first recognized in the state in 1925, according to the State Department of Public Health. This fever is a debilitating, long-drawn malady transmitted to man from infected cattle and swine. One hundred and one widely distributed cases have been reported in the state thus far this year. Drinking raw milk from diseased cows, coming in contact with infected animals and handling carcasses of slaughtered animals are the most common ways in which human beings get the disease.

In domestic stock this disease is commonly called contagious abortion. The State Department of Agriculture will make free tests for the disease in cattle, provided the owners agree to get rid of animals found to be infected.



It is a lot easier to back into trouble than to back out of it. Backing dangers are a source of worry to truck drivers who do not have helpers. Statistics prove that there is good cause for this worry.

Whenever possible, backing up should be avoided. For example where you can park parallel instead of at an angle, do so.

If you must back, know the way is clear for you to do so. Always back slowly.

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

## Mrs. W. N. Dicks Dies at Auburn, Ind.

Mrs. William Dicks, 65, former Broadlands resident, died Tuesday at 1:15 a. m., at her home near Auburn, Ind. She had been critically ill since suffering a paralytic stroke six weeks ago.

The body was brought to the home of Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Dicks in Broadlands on Wednesday.

Funeral services were held at the local United Brethren church on Thursday afternoon, Rev. J. Frank Turner officiating.

Interment was in Fairfield Memorial cemetery south of Broadlands.

Besides the husband she leaves the following children: Mrs. Mildred Mortimer, St. Cloud, Minn.; Mrs. Grace Knepper of Coldwater, Mich.; Mrs. Florence Whitaker, of Ypsilanti, Mich.; Gene Dicks, Chicago; Clarence, of Auburn; and Arthur at home. Also surviving are one sister, Mrs. Lucy Cole, and four brothers, Charles, Walter, Oliver and Oscar, all of Michigan.

Mrs. Dicks was formerly Carrie Johnson. She spent her early life in Broadlands. The family moved to Indiana about 25 years ago.

## Lunger-Henson Marriage Has Been Announced

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Lorraine Henson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Henson, 308 East Green street, to Dale N. Lunger, son of Mrs. Stella Lunger, 709 North Neil street.

The ceremony was read July 24 in Rockville, Ind., by Rev. W. T. Smith, pastor of the Methodist church. Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Weatherford of Champaign attended the couple.

The bride wore a white linen suit with white accessories and a corsage of gardenias. Mrs. Weatherford was attired in a powder blue street dress.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lunger attended Champaign high school. After August 10 they will be at home to their friends at 202 So. Grove street, Urbana.—News-Gazette.

## Roll of Honor

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

A. A. Cable.  
Mrs. Leanna Miller.  
Howard Clem.  
Ray Bowman.  
H. K. Allen, Champaign.  
Edgar Moser, Chrisman.  
Harry Allen, Allerton.  
Paul Decker, Champaign.  
Leonard Block, Alton.  
Wendell Walsh, Champaign.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Archer are the proud parents of a daughter who arrived at their home last Wednesday. Her name is Harriet Louise. Mrs. Archer was formerly Miss Jessie Witt.

Members of the G. T. Club enjoyed a theater party at the Virginia in Champaign, on Thursday afternoon of last week, with 18 members and two guests present. Following the show, the ladies had refreshments at Vakeys in Champaign.

## Just Another Day in New York



NEW YORK—It is a dull day when New York does not have some sort of a parade. Pictured above is scene at 23rd Street and Broadway during Motorecade and Preview of the New York World's Fair 1939. In the background is the tower of the Empire State Building. All floats in this parade were on wheels. The procession ended in the Fair grounds where half a million people were assembled.

## Local and Personal

Miss Anna Clem spent the weekend with Mrs. Lillie Bowman at Charleston.

LeRoy Pigg underwent a tonsillectomy at Lakeview hospital, Danville, last Saturday.

Mrs. Ira Laverick will be hostess to the Methodist Ladies Aid on Thursday, August 11.

Mary Ellen Mellinger of Danville visited her grandfather, R. H. Hardyman, Sunday.

Mrs. Lucy Sullivan spent from Friday until Sunday evening at the home of H. M. Sawyer at Sidell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Holt left Sunday for a few weeks visit with relatives at Moline and Peoria.

Mrs. Walter Logan and son, Philip, returned Sunday after a few days visit with relatives at Greenup.

Mrs. Dean Upp of Vincennes, Ind., spent the past week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schumacher.

Albert Cummings and family visited in the Frank Deffenbaugh home near Catlin, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Elmo Baldwin and son, Johnny, spent the weekend with Mrs. Anna Poggendorf in Danville.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson and children, Mrs. Lillie Baker and daughters, spent Sunday at the oilfields, Centralia.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Block and son, Stanley, of Champaign, were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Fred Newkirk and family.

Arthur Kellum of Orleans, Ind., spent the weekend here with relatives and attended the Eckerty reunion at Newman on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Cable of Steger; R. O. Cable and family, Chicago; K. D. Cable and family, Terre Haute, Ind., gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cable last Sunday to help their dad celebrate his birthday.

Celesta and Wayne Combs of Springfield are spending the week with relatives here.

Miss Anna Mary Highsmith of Mt. Vernon arrived Tuesday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ira Laverick.

Mrs. McLin Collom left Monday for her home in Lander, Wyo., after a six weeks visit with Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Dicks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Struck and children and Miss Wilma Messman returned Tuesday after a three weeks outing in Wisconsin.

Claude Combs and children of Springfield and Mrs. Bertha Combs of Casey were Sunday dinner guests at the Charles Newkirk home.

Miss Lillian Smith of Springfield, Ohio, and Billie Busch of Hammond, Ind., spent the past week here with Oscar Gallion and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McCormick, Roy McCormick and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Christian at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Robert Trimble and son, Leland, returned to their home in Indianapolis, Tuesday, after a six weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kracht.

Hugo DeWitt and family, Kenneth Dicks and family, Bobby McClelland and Tommy Hobbs attended a picnic at Crystal Lake Park, Urbana, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Sr., Henry Kilian, Jr., and Clarence Kilian attended the funeral of Mrs. Christina Kelly, sister of Henry Kilian, Sr., at Wilton Junction, Iowa, Sunday.

Howard Clem and family, Nellie, Wilbur and Dean Thomas returned Tuesday after a few days visit with relatives at Fort Wayne, Ind., and Auburn, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frick, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Frick returned from Eureka Springs, Ark., Thursday of last week, where they had gone to consult a specialist in regard to Oscar Frick, who has been failing in health the past few years.

## Mrs. Jessie Bergfield Hostess to U. B. Aid

The U. B. Ladies Aid met with Mrs. Jessie Bergfield last Wednesday afternoon.

Officers were elected for the coming year as follows: President, Ruth Henson; vice president, Thelma Clem; secretary-treasurer, Jessie Bergfield.

Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess.

Visitors present were Mrs. Anna Struck, Celesta Combs and Rev. Turner.

Members present were Mesdames Bessie Loomis, Lydia Brown, Ora Brown, Agnes Turner, Ella Maxwell, Ruth Henson, Nola Donley, Jennie Nohren, Leona Bergfield, Gail Reasor, Jessie Bergfield.

## Mrs. Bertha Kracht is Hostess to Lutheran Aid

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Emmanuel Lutheran Church met at the home of Mrs. Bertha Kracht on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Lena Beisterfeld had charge of the business meeting, and Rev. Klautsch led the devotions. The afternoon was spent in piecing quilt blocks.

Refreshments consisted of pressed chicken sandwiches, coffee, home-made ice cream and angel food cake.

Guests present were Mesdames Mamie Trimble of Indianapolis, Ind., Nellie Kilian, Lottie Bahlow, and Miss Mabel Bahlow.

Members present were Mesdames Tena Seider, Lena Seider, Mary Struck, Louise Struck, Lena Wienke, Hannah Luth, Minnie Wienke, Flora Mohr, Lena Beisterfeld, Mary Klautsch, Leda Messman, Rickie Rothermel, Amelia Smith, Esther Rothermel, Josephine Schweineke, Ida Windler, Martin Sy, Freda Luth, Caroline Wienke and Bertha Kracht.

## Bill Crain Receives Injured Left Foot

Bill Crain sustained an injured left foot last Saturday morning while working on the new hard road which is being built four miles north of Broadlands. The accident occurred when a truck driver drove too close to the bridge banister on which Bill was standing, catching the member between the truck and the banister. The three miles of concrete road which is being constructed in Homer township connects with Ayers township's four mile slab.

## How Many?

City Boy—How many kinds of milk are there?

Father—Oh, three or four. Why do you ask?

Boy—I was drawing a cow and I wanted to know how many faucets to put on her.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Young left last Friday for a three weeks trip to Yellowstone National Park. Mr. and Mrs. Aubert Young of Chicago accompanied them.

Those from here attending the Eckerty reunion held at Newman Memorial Park, Sunday, were Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Messman and daughter, Miss Marjorie, Mrs. Lettie Eckerty, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eckerty and son, Billy, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Eckerty and sons.

## Drivers' License Law Enacted

Illinois now has a drivers' license law. The bill was passed on June 30, 1938, during the closing hours of a special session of the Sixtieth General Assembly. It becomes effective on January 1, 1939 for chauffeurs and on May 1, 1939 for others who drive motor vehicles on the highways of the state.

No examination is required of an applicant for license unless the Secretary of State believes the applicant is not qualified. When examinations are deemed necessary, they are to be given by the State Department of Public Works except in municipalities of 500,000 or more where examiners will be designated by the Secretary of State. Licenses may be revoked only by a court of record. All licenses expire on May 1, 1942, and every third year thereafter on May 1. A fee of fifty cents is required for a regular license and twenty-five cents for temporary permit for learners under eighteen years of age. Children under fifteen years of age are not eligible for a drivers' license. Habitual drunkards, persons addicted to the use of narcotic drugs, the insane, and others whom the Secretary of State has cause to believe are physically or mentally disable to operate a motor vehicle, are not eligible to obtain a drivers' license.

The enactment of this law, which appears to be sound and practicable, is potentially an important forward step in the program of safety. It gives to law enforcement agencies an effective instrument with which to control the reckless and careless drivers.

## Missionary Society Meets With Mrs. Elbert Job

The Fairfield Missionary society met on July 19th, at the home of Mrs. Elbert Job.

Mrs. Fuller Freeman had charge of the devotionals.

Mrs. Woodrow Wolverton read a paper on "The Mormans."

Marcelle Nohren and Dorothy Job played a piano duet which was much enjoyed.

Mrs. Russell Young read a paper on "Young People."

Delightful refreshments were served during the social hour.

Five guests were present at the meeting.

## Declare C I P S Preferred Dividend

Springfield, Illinois, Aug. 2.—A dividend of \$1.00 per share on the \$6 and 6% Preferred Stocks of Central Illinois Public Service Company has been declared by the Board of Directors, payable September 15, 1938 to stockholders of record at the close of business August 20, 1938.

## Market Report

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

No. 2 new hard wheat .....57c  
No. 2 new white corn .....47c  
No. 2 new yellow corn .....47c  
No. 3 new white oats .....18c  
No. 2 new beans .....73c

'Tis better to have loved and lost than to have won and got stuck for alimony.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—The British lion has been taking kicks from all-comers lately, but it stiffened up and began looking a lot more heraldic when the ancient bill of rights seemed to be infringed. It was no rubber-stamp parliament which reacted angrily to the army's summary action against young Duncan Sandys, conservative member, who had revealed undue knowledge of air defense secrets. The government was embarrassed and backed up considerably. The swift parliamentary kick-back was an instance of the latent staying power of the British democratic tradition, as the representative body rattled the bones of its late and great libertarians in telling the executive where it got off.

The row overflows into important political by-ways, as the tall, handsome, loose-gear Mr. Sandys is both a son-in-law and political ally of Winston Churchill who is pot-shooting the government just now in a political no-man's land.

There is a threat of conservative defection to the side of the still ambitious and powerful Mr. Churchill, with labor and liberal recruits, and, according to close observers of British politics, some important new alignments may result.

Mr. Sandys, thirty years old, is still just a rookie in this league, and, like Mrs. O'Leary's cow may not have intended to start anything in particular. He is, however, an energetic and capable young politician and there are those who say he may be another Anthony Eden in a few years. Running for parliament in 1935, he was assailed by the comely young Mrs. John Bailey who was leading the fight for the opposition. She is a daughter of Winston Churchill.

He won the election in a rock-and-sock battle and then, in the chivalrous Eton and Oxford tradition which is his background, he married Mrs. Bailey. She, incidentally, is a granddaughter of the Jennie Jerome of New York who became Mrs. Randolph Churchill and the mother of Winston Churchill. Jennie Jerome's father was one of the fighting editors of the New York Times in the 1860s.

Mr. Sandys, studious and somewhat ministerial, was with the diplomatic service until 1933. He is a second lieutenant in the London anti-aircraft force, a son of the late Capt. George Sandys.

GREECE never had any luck in trying to get the Elgin marbles back from England. Judging from this precedent, American aviators have a long fight ahead in trying to bring back from the Kensington Science museum in London the Wright brothers' airplane of the historical Kitty Hawk crowd of December 17, 1903. Such will be the endeavor of the newly formed association of men with wings.

They will appeal to Orville Wright, who let the plane go to England in 1928, after the Smithsonian institution had tagged the Samuel P. Langley plane as "the first machine capable of flight carrying a man." There is as yet no word from Mr. Wright, who lives and works somewhat aloofly in his office and laboratory at Dayton, Ohio.

That twelve-second flight put him in the history books, brought him a string of honorary degrees and gathered more medals than his plane could lift, but all this was marred by the misunderstanding about who flew first.

He had been trained in science at Earlham college when he and his brother made their plane in a bicycle shop. He continued his studies in aerodynamics and his later contribution was the stabilizing system which has made modern aviation possible. Wilbur Wright died of typhoid fever in 1912.

STIFF-NECKED, hard-boiled General Alexander von Falkenhausen, German sparring partner and coach for the Chinese generals until recently, stirs excitement in Shanghai by predicting Chinese victory.

He says, "I feel sure that China is gaining a final victory and that Japan will fall in both war and peace."

The general and all others of the German military mission to China are homeward bound, suddenly recalled by their government, although their contract, with \$12,000 a year for General von Falkenhausen, was to have run until 1940.

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



WASHINGTON.—A very prominent New Dealer, Thurman W. Arnold, now the official trust buster of the administration, frequently expresses amazement at the morals and sense of civic duty and mental processes which permit big corporations to cut wages or lay off help if they have a surplus at the time.

The curious element about this statement is that it comes from the official trust buster. It involves a very simple question in economics, which anyone who has ever been in business, even if it were a peanut stand, can follow.

To dismiss all questions of morality, loyalty to one's employees, and that sort of thing, assume that the Ford Motor company has a huge cash surplus, which it actually has, but that none of its competitors has, which is not true. Also assume that Henry Ford is deeply imbued with the thought that Mr. Arnold thinks he should have. (The writer does not know that Mr. Arnold has ever applied his theory to the automobile industry. He talks mostly about steel when he is discussing it.)

What would happen when the normal situation, which results in cutting pay or laying off workers, develops? Obviously Ford, having a big surplus, would go on producing cars at top speed, while his competitors, in this illustration not having any surplus on which to draw, would have to close down.

Lead to Monopoly There being no demand for cars, that being the cause of the situation, Ford would be forced to do one of two things. He could either store his product in the hopes that a revival of buying would eventually take them off his hands, or he could slash prices in order to force the cars out. If he did the latter, he would eventually put all his competitors out of business. He would be selling cars below cost, using up his surplus, in order to keep his workers employed. But the moment that times became better he would have a tremendous advantage. His plant would be going under full steam. Big production would have cut his costs way down. Operation, instead of idleness, would eliminate the wastes of a shutdown. He would be able to slash prices still more in order to continue going full blast.

Meanwhile, especially if the depression were of some duration, this very activity would have made the resumption of selling by his competitors more difficult. There would not be the piled up demand that usually ends a depression. There would not be hundreds of thousands of persons who had run their old cars a few years too long. They would have bought new Fords at the reduced prices.

Carried to its logical conclusion, the company with a big surplus could thus eliminate its competitors, and acquire a monopoly in almost any field.

Food for Thought One of the spokesmen for the New Dealers has just written a short article predicting government ownership of the steel industry. The article attracted singularly little attention merely because nobody believed it! Actually there is considerable food for thought in it. It was far from the half-baked statement most readers thought. It showed a study of the steel industry had been made by some of the informants of the writer, and it was remarkably accurate in predicting the probable course, as seen by men inside the steel industry.

For instance, the government has been seeking for several years to break down the so-called basing-point system. Actually the basing-point system was a lifesaver for the smaller steel companies. It forced the quotation of prices as of certain places, the basing points, the price always being the fixed amount plus freight from this basing point.

Naturally, being the biggest of the steel companies, and a merger of many original units, the U. S. Steel company has plants in more localities than its competitors. Therefore, with basing-point bidding eliminated, and with all bids submitted providing for delivery on freight cars at the steel mill, the company with the most widely separated plants has a tremendous advantage.

Buyers patronizing it would have to pay only the freight rate from the mill of that company closest to the point where they proposed to use the steel.

In view of this situation, it is difficult to understand why the trust-busting section of the government has been so anxious to break up a practice which actually helped maintain competition, or at least it was until this article by a comparatively unofficial spokesman. He states the only answer that has been made which appeals to the logic of those who have been wondering about the government's course.

The answer, of course, is that the government is looking ahead of the immediate developments, and planning to take over the steel business just as it has been moving in on the electric business now for several years.

All-American Waterway

Development of an all-American waterway in lieu of the St. Lawrence seaway is urged in a letter to Secretary of State Cordell Hull by Commander Eugene F. McDonald Jr. McDonald was a member of the MacMillan polar expedition.

"Many years' experience," McDonald wrote Secretary Hull, "in navigation of the salt and fresh waters of the world, from within 11 degrees of the North pole to and beyond the equator, prompts this letter to you.

"Recently, while returning from a 12,900-mile winter cruise through the Caribbean and as far as South America, I brought my 185-foot Diesel yacht Mizpah through the St. Lawrence waterways to Lake Michigan and then on to Chicago. I have made this same trip many times before, but my recent experience brought again rather forcibly to my mind the St. Lawrence system as it exists today.

"Born in Syracuse, N. Y., I have known the Erie and Barge canals since boyhood. For 25 years I have explored the waters of the Great Lakes and their tributaries, and have a deep interest in their development as waterways. I have no personal or commercial interests of any kind at stake.

"I hope I am, therefore, able to consider the problems presented by the proposed Great Lakes-to-ocean waterways with an informed, but detached and objective, viewpoint.

Enlarge Barge Canal

"The conclusions that have forced themselves upon me are the following:

"1. A deep waterway—a ship canal—between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic ocean is, unquestionably, to be desired. Especially is this true when we consider that, in years of normal crop movement, some 12 per cent of the total United States foreign trade clears through the Great Lakes—even with our present inadequate waterways.

"2. Why build this great waterway through Canada, either wholly or partially with American money, when the more logical, more economical, shorter route can be wholly an American waterway? I am speaking of enlarging the Barge canal, through New York state, to the proportions of a ship canal.

"3. New York city, as a seaport, is closer than the mouth of the St. Lawrence to all the world markets, with the exception of Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, Newfoundland, and northern Europe.

"By this all-American waterway route Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Port Arthur, Fort William, Toronto, Detroit, Milwaukee, Duluth, Chicago, and all the other Great Lakes ports—whether Canadian or American—and their tributary territory, will be 1,559.3 miles closer to New York and to all the seaports of the world than they would be by the St. Lawrence route, with, of course, the few exceptions named above. From Buffalo to New York, via the Welland canal and the St. Lawrence, is 2,066 land miles. Yet it is only 506.7 miles from Buffalo to New York via the Barge canal.

"The Hudson river is already dredged, and available for ocean-going ships, from New York to Albany, with a 27-foot draft channel. The all-American route would merely entail the deepening and widening of the Barge canal, the installation of new locks, and the removal of fixed bridges over a distance of 362.5 miles, from Buffalo to Albany.

Another Suggestion

"A still more practical, economical, all-American route can be made by merely enlarging the Barge canal from Buffalo, or Tonawanda, to Lockport, and creating a new canal, of a length of 12 miles, from Lockport to Olcott, which is on Lake Ontario. The route then to go through Lake Ontario to Oswego, and enlarging the Barge canal from Oswego to Albany. This latter route would entail the deepening of the Barge canal for a distance of only 213.6 miles, and the creation of a new canal of 12 miles.

"In my opinion, either of these shorter, all-American routes can be constructed for less than the proposed deepening of the St. Lawrence waterways. In case of emergency, we would then have an all-American waterway to move our much needed vessels from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic ocean.

"If a plan such as I have outlined were adopted, it would not be necessary, in order to get some of our vessels to the seaboard, to dismantle them and, in fact, actually cut them in two, as was the case during the last emergency because of the inadequacy of the present waterways.

"Last, but not least, it should be borne in mind that because of the more favorable southern latitude of the all-American route, it would be open a number of weeks longer each year than would the Canadian waterway. The low cost of transportation by the all-American waterway is bound to increase business and create jobs for the unemployed.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

SIX GUNS and CARPET TACKS

A Gallos County Story

MOST times, here in Gallos county, a six gun's a-got just a leetle the best of the argument, but there was one time when the difference between two gun toters was a box of carpet tacks.

See that tree a-standin' out there, there at the bend in the road. Well, that's where they finally lynched Butch Manton. Folks just heard that some of Butch's friends was a-plannin' to ride in to town and take him out o' jail. And Butch a-bein' a cow thief like he was, they just up and taken him out and strung him to that tree. And Butch'd been livin' right, like as not, if it wasn't for them carpet tacks.

It was right here in the Happy Hour where things was a-beginnin'. Butch was at the bar when Johnnie Rucker comes in and was a leetle slow when he said somethin' 'bout Butch stealin' 50 head of steers from Johnnie, but Johnnie did nick Butch's right foot as the lead from Butch's gun went a-tearin' through his own heart. Course, Butch'd shot Johnnie

without givin' him a chance, but Butch still had that gun in his hand when he backs out of the Happy Hour.

'Fore long after the shootin, Sheriff Tom rides into town and hears 'bout the shootin'. It kinda hits him hard on account of Johnnie bein' a pal of his'n, and he don't wait for reason why there ain't been no posse after Butch. He lights out for the Diablo canyon country down close to the border where Butch and his gang has held up for years.

Butch oughta gone right on to the border, but he don't. He stops by the shack, sends them riders of his'n on with them steers he stole from Johnnie and waits back to see if he can't do somethin' 'bout that foot of his'n.

He's a doin' a leetle doctarin' of his own when Tom rides up. Tom ain't never been a fool 'fore, but a-thinkin' 'bout Johnnie musta got him off, 'cause Butch gits the drop on him and takes Tom's gun but Tom does manage to kick a table over and put out a candle,

Along the Highway

Don't let ownership of an automobile rob you of your politeness. Probably the worst fault in driving a car is believing you haven't any fault. In these days, on the roads, it's a case of the survival of the fittest. Thinking about one thing while doing another causes accidents.

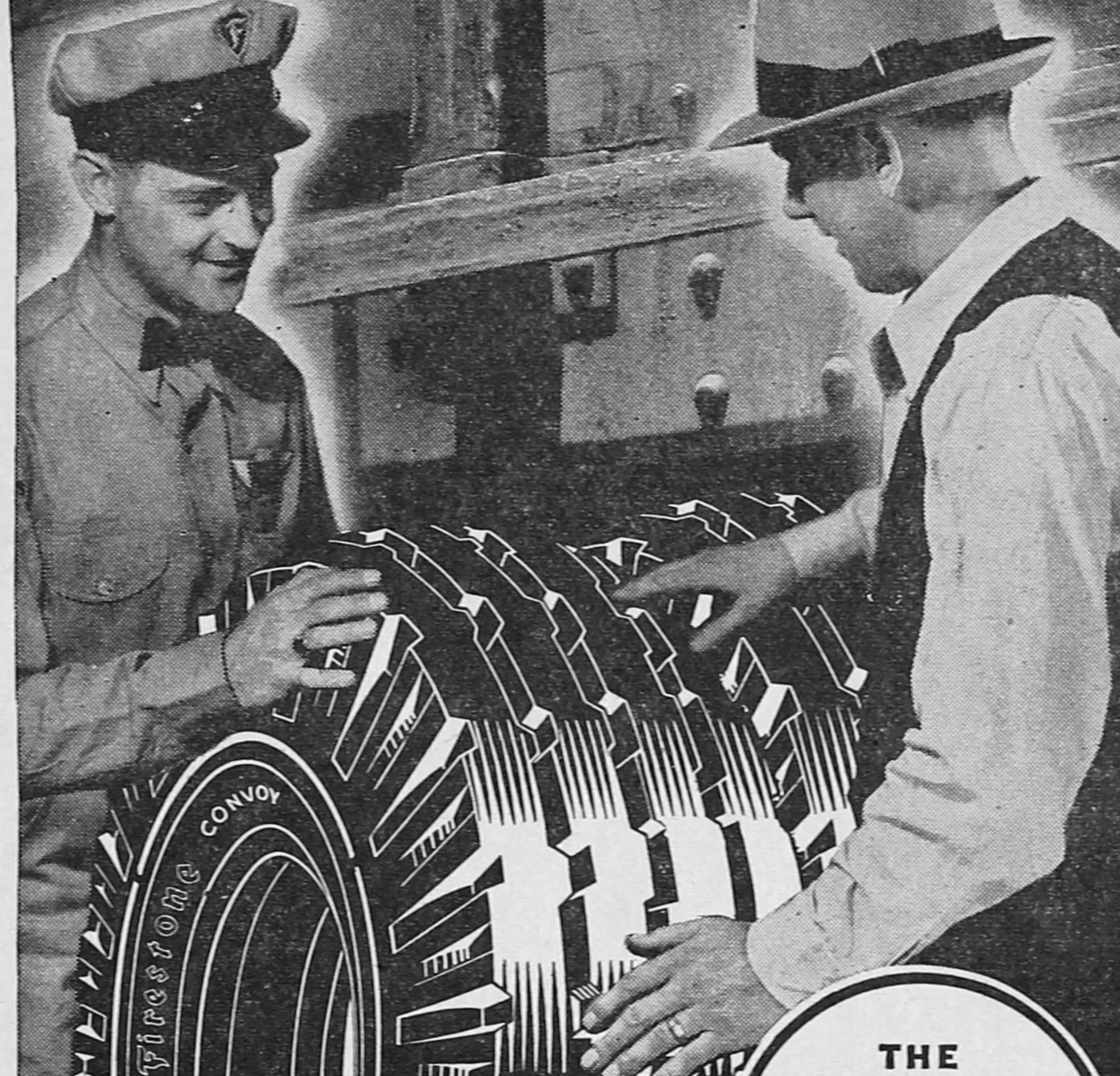
the only light that's in the room. No sir, Butch don't get away from Tom and Tom lives to bring Butch Manton right to the jail from which he was taken and hung on that tree at the bend of the road, down yonder.

You see, Tom, he's been out a-tackin' up signs when Johnnie was shot. Well he'd just brung them tacks long with him, and them tacks is how he caught Butch.

He just spread them on the floor quiet-like while he was movin' around there in the dark and a-fore long Butch steps on one with his foot that ain't got no boot on.

Butch's kinda surprised and lets out a hoop and Tom just grabs in the direction of that hoop.

Firestone CUTS THE COST OF TRUCK TIRE OPERATION



THE LOW PRICE ON TRUCK TIRES will AMAZE YOU!

Just at the time when you need a new set of tires for your truck, Firestone makes it possible for you to buy high quality tires at a new low price. Now, for the first time at a price so low, you can get those patented and exclusive Firestone construction features which have made Firestone Tires famous for safety, long-mileage and economy on truck operations of every type.

- 1. Gum-Dipping, the patented Firestone process which protects against blowouts.
2. Two extra layers of Gum-Dipped Cords under the tread, a patented Firestone construction feature which protects against punctures.
3. Scientifically designed tread which provides long mileage, quick stopping and protects against skidding.

Call on your nearby Implement Dealer, Firestone Tire Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today and see for yourself how you can cut your truck operating costs by equipping your truck with Firestone Convoy Tires.

Table with 2 columns: Car Size and Price. AS LOW AS \$760 for 4.50-20. Other prices range from \$7.90 to \$11.80.

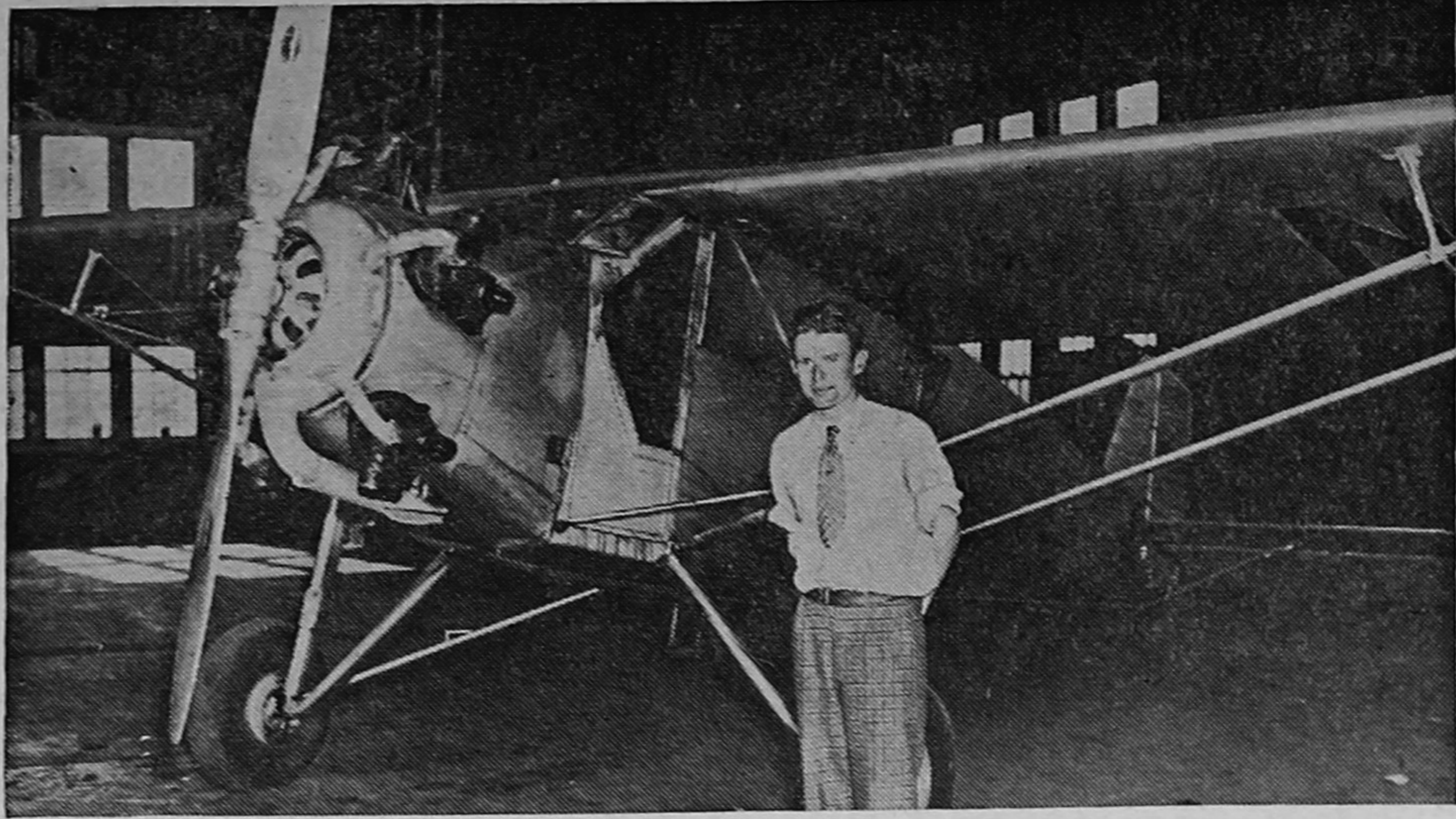
LIFETIME GUARANTEE Every tire of our manufacture, bearing our name and serial number, is guaranteed by us to be free from defects in workmanship and material, without limit as to time or mileage, and to give satisfactory service under normal operating conditions. If our tire has failed under the terms of this guarantee, we will either repair the tire or make an allowance on the purchase of a new tire.

MORE MILES PER DOLLAR!

THE FIRESTONE VOICE OF THE FARM—Interviews with the Champion Farmers of America, featuring Everett Mitchell. Twice weekly during the noon hour. Consult your local paper for the station, day, and time of broadcast.

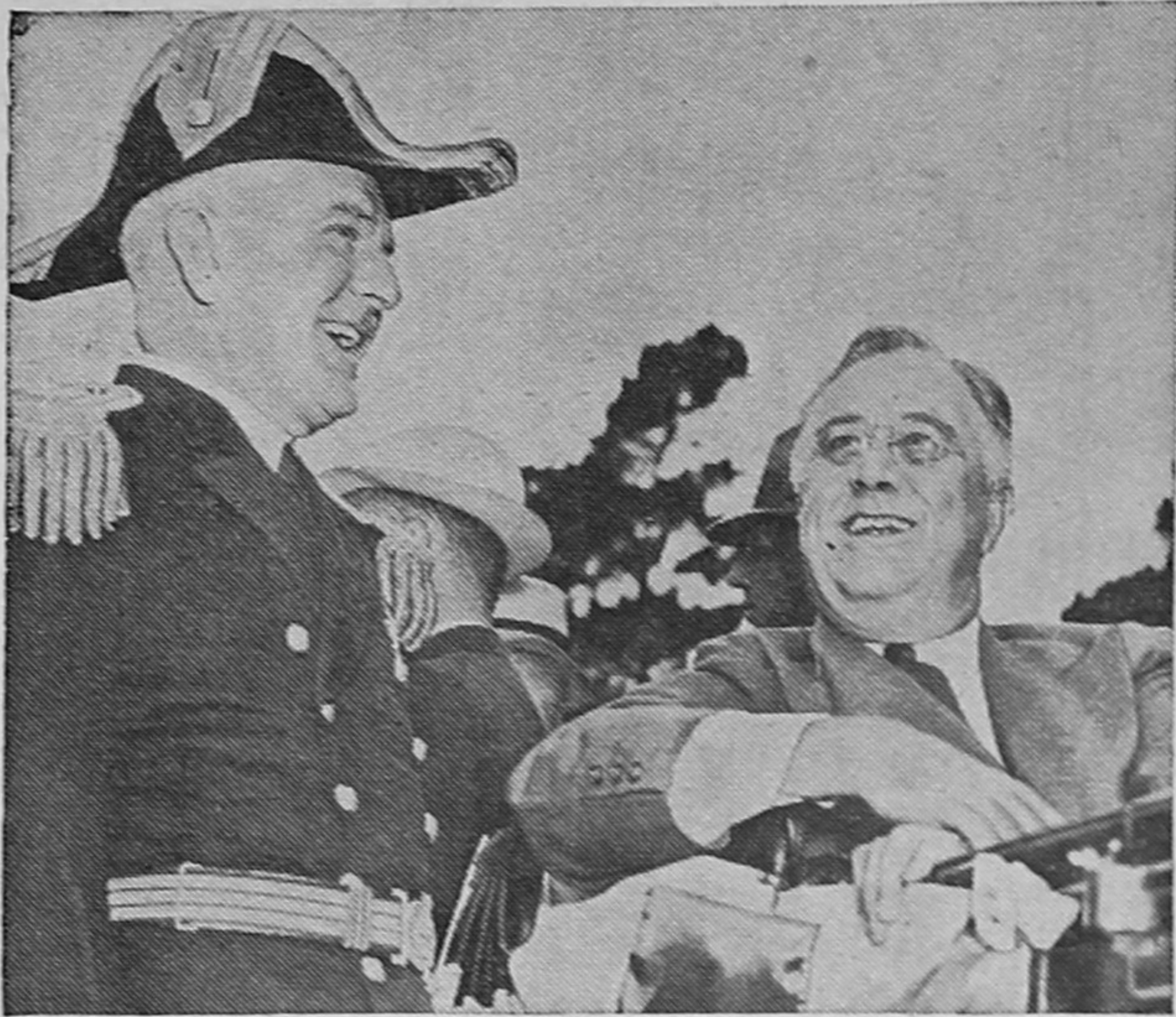
THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Featuring Richard Crooks and Margaret Speaks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network

## Flies Atlantic in Second-Hand 'Crate'



Douglas P. Corrigan, young American aviator who flew the Atlantic ocean in a second-hand, nine-year-old single-engine biplane which he bought for \$900. Previously making a non-stop transcontinental flight from California to New York, Corrigan took off from Floyd Bennett field and landed at Baldonnel, Ireland, 28 hours and 13 minutes later. Refused government permission for the flight, he left the field saying Los Angeles was his destination. On landing he said he had made a mistake in his direction.

## President Inspects Shipyard



President Roosevelt makes a brief inspection of Mare Island Navy Yard, near Vallejo, Calif., before he proceeds over the Golden Gate bridge to San Francisco and thence to the Treasure Island site of the 1939 Golden Gate International exposition. Here the Chief Executive is snapped as he greeted Commandant David Worth Bagley.

## INSULL PASSES



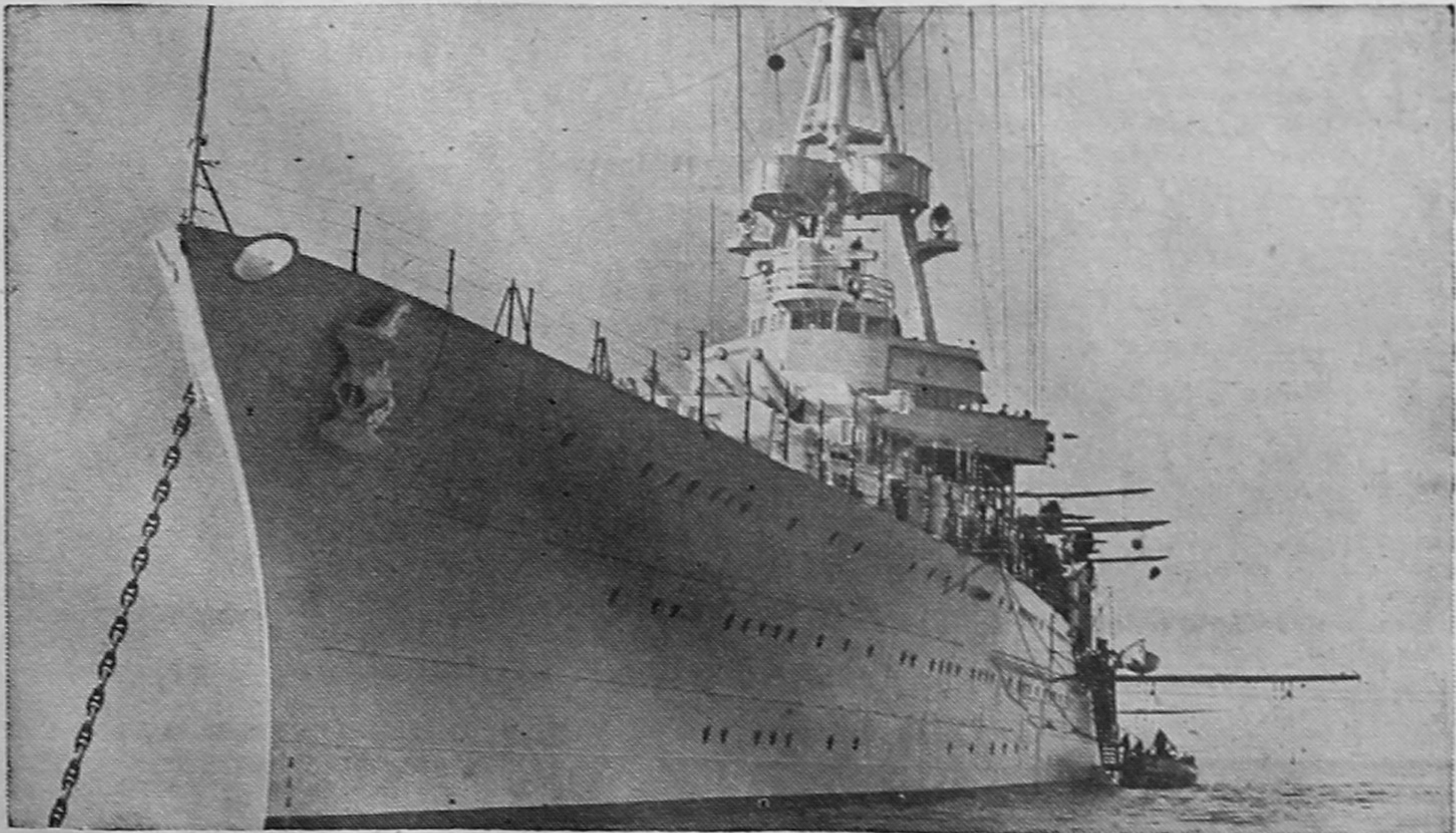
Memories of the titanic days when he was the utility king of America were recalled in the recent death of Samuel Insull in Paris. The famous Chicagoan passed away at the age of seventy-eight. The utility company empire he erected in his heyday crashed after the 1929 stock market panic, causing the loss of billions to investors. Insull, who came to America as a poor young man, rose rapidly to success. He was secretary to Thomas A. Edison for a number of years before he entered business in Chicago.

## Astor Kin Sells Golf Balls



Francis Ormond French, impecunious father-in-law of John Jacob Astor, III, who was refused unemployment relief and a WPA job recently, is shown selling a customer a pail of golf balls for a quarter at a golf driving practice range at Brighton, Mass., where he secured a job. French is paid \$5 a day and 50 per cent commission on all golf balls he actually sells.

## Cruiser Is President's Vacation Home



The cruiser U. S. S. Houston, which President Roosevelt has used for his South American vacation. The President reviewed the navy's massed fleet in San Francisco harbor before starting.

# WHAT to EAT and WHY

## C. Houston Goudiss Interprets the Modern Conception of Meat

Nationally Known Food Authority Explains Why It Rates As a Top-Notch Food.

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

AMERICANS spend from one-fourth to one-third of their total food budget for meat. In order to discover whether this expenditure is justified, let us examine the nutritive value of meat, and consider its contribution to the diet.

Almost everybody likes the flavor of meat, from the man who considers that no meal is complete without it, to the child who instinctively eats the meat on his plate before he touches the other foods. The desire for meat is one of the strongest human appetites.

For centuries, man accepted this craving for meat as an indication that it was essential to his well being. But with the advance in civilization, there was an increase in many diseases, and for a period of years, meat was blamed as being a contributing cause to kidney trouble, rheumatism, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries and gout.

In recent years, there has been a careful investigation of the possible association between meat and disease. In the light of our newer knowledge, the old notions have been discarded. And in many cases, meat now has a place in the treatment of the diseases that it was once believed to cause!

### Composition of Meat

Meat is a protein food of the highest type. It is useful both for repairing the millions of cells that are worn out daily and for building the new tissues that are necessary for growth in childhood. The proportion of protein varies with the kind of meat, and the cut. In beef, lamb and veal, it comprises between 14 and 26 per cent of the edible portion.

The other constituents of meat are fats, water, minerals, extractives, enzymes and pigments.

The amount of fat present is an important factor in determining the fuel value of meat. And the more fat it contains, the less protein will be found in a given unit of weight. The different cuts of pork contain less protein than corresponding cuts of beef and lamb, with the exception of lean ham, lean pork chops and tenderloin.

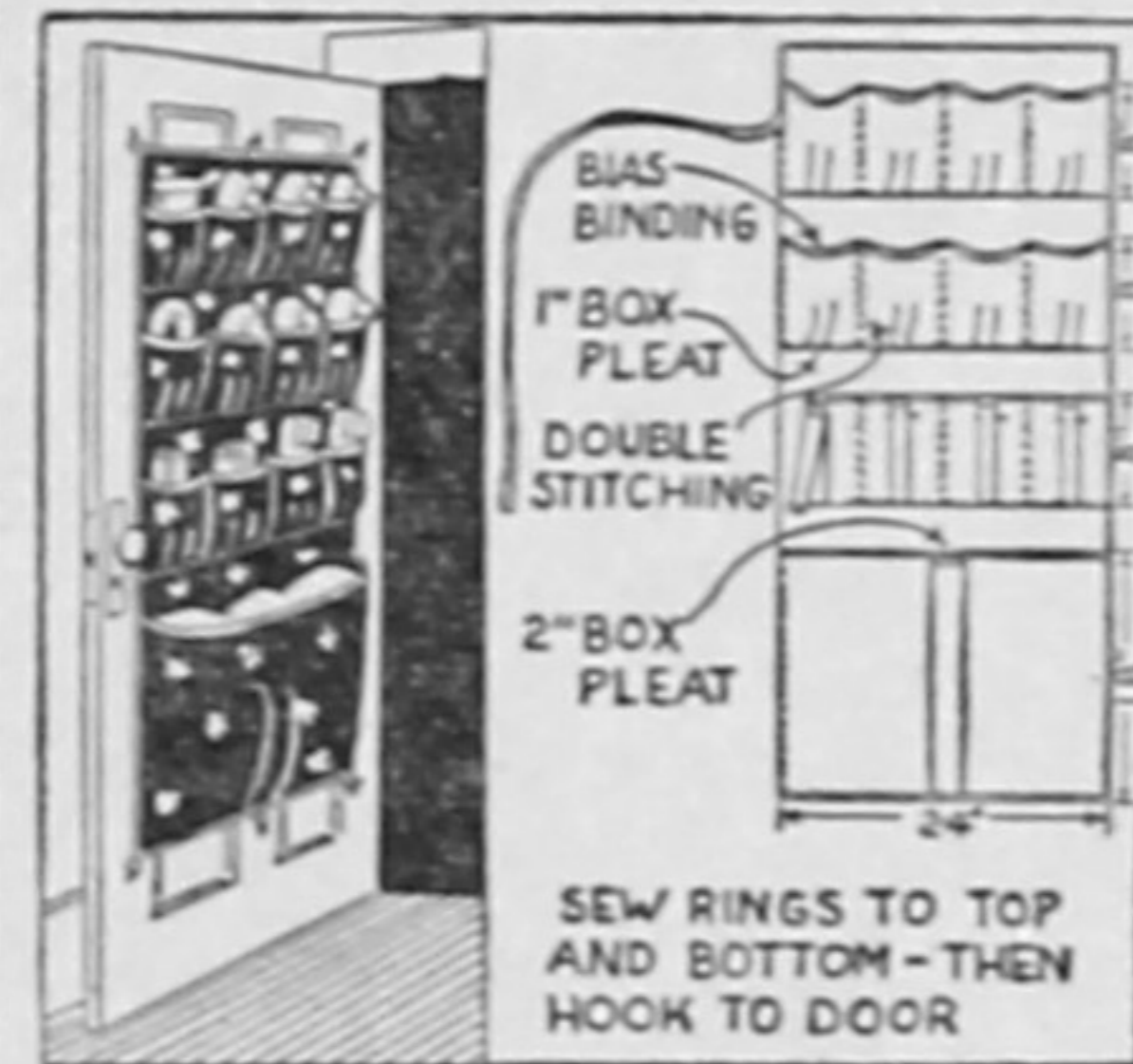
### Meat as a Blood Builder

Both glandular and muscle meats are rich in the blood-building mineral, iron, and meat also contains copper. The glandular organs, particularly liver, have great value in the prevention and treatment of anemia. Pernicious anemia baffled physicians for many years until, in 1926, two noted American scientists discovered that liver contains a principle which stimulates red blood cell formation. This discovery has been ranked with the discovery of insulin as one of the greatest in our times.

Meat also contains a high percentage of phosphorus. It is poor in calcium, however, and this necessary substance must be obtained in adequate amounts from

Send for This Free Bulletin on **KEEPING COOL with food**

YOUR family will be far more comfortable during the next few weeks if you send for "Keeping Cool with Food," offered free by C. Houston Goudiss. It lists "cooling" and "heating" foods, outlines the principles of planning a healthful summer diet, and is complete with menu suggestions. Just put your name and address on a post card, ask for "Keeping Cool with Food," and send it to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.



large pocket at the bottom takes care of small pieces of laundry. This door pocket may be made from 2 1/4 yards of 35-inch-wide cotton material. All the dimensions are given here in the diagram.

There are other doors in every house where pockets of various types and sizes may be used to good advantage. The broom closet door offers a place for cleaning brushes and bottles of furniture polish. Two large pockets on the pantry door—one for clean dish towels and one for soiled ones, have been in use in my kitchen for years. A large pocket of heavy ticking on the inside of the door leading to the basement makes a place for old newspapers that are so useful for many purposes.

NOTE: Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' book, SEWING, for the Home Decorator. Forty-eight pages of directions for making slip-covers and curtains; dressing tables, lampshades and many other useful articles for the home. Price 25 cents postpaid. Ask for Book 1, and address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

This Free Chart Makes It Easy to

## BALANCE YOUR DIET

YOU will find it a simple matter to safeguard the health of your family by serving a balanced diet if you send for the Homemaker's Chart for checking Nutritional Balance. It lists the foods and the standard amounts that should be included in the daily diet. Contains skeleton menus for breakfast, lunch and dinner or supper to guide you in selecting the proper foods in each classification. A post card will bring you this valuable aid to good menu planning. Just ask for the Nutrition Chart. Address C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City

This calling forth of great physiological activity of the stomach is one reason why meat is said to be the most satisfying of all foods, and to "stick to the ribs" longest.

### Digestibility of Meat

In considering the nutritive worth of any food it is necessary, not only to analyze its contributions to the diet, but to determine how well its nutrients are utilized by the body. Meat has a high food value because its protein is digested rapidly and thoroughly. Tests show that 97 to 98 per cent of meat protein is digested and absorbed. The length of time meat remains in the stomach will depend upon various factors, such as the amount of fat present, the method of cooking and the degree of mastication. But there is no marked difference in the thoroughness with which the different kinds of meat are digested.

Since it is so completely digested, however, meat supplies little bulk, and it is therefore essential that an abundance of leafy vegetables and fruits should be eaten at the same time.

### Meat in the Child's Diet

There has been considerable discussion regarding the place of meat in the child's diet.

There are the same good reasons for using meat in the diet of the child as in the diet of the grown-up. Moreover, the child's protein requirement is greater than that of the adult, in proportion to his body weight.

At the beginning of the second year, many authorities advise that small servings of tender and finely minced beef, chicken, lamb or liver may be given about three times a week. As the child becomes older, he may have meat more often and as his ability to chew increases, he may be given larger pieces.

Some Fallacies Regarding Meat Many people believe that veal is less completely digested than other meats. But it has been demonstrated that even very young veal digests as rapidly and as completely as beef. It has also been held that red meats are less digestible and, therefore, less desirable than white meats. There is no evidence to support this point of view.

Someone with a gift for concise expression once remarked: "No meat—no man!" His point was well taken. For considering its delicious flavor, essential food values, and ease of preparation, it is easy to agree that THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT.

As You Look The world is a looking-glass—and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face.—William Makepeace Thackeray.

**KOOL-AID** MAKES 10 GLASSES 5¢ FREE! AVIATION CAPS FOR BOYS! GIRLS! ASK YOUR GROCER

Much in Little A little body doth often harbor a great soul.—Proverb.

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Only the stoutest heart enters a restaurant and proceeds to order filet of beef, lobster Thermidor, or even ham-and-eggs without first consulting the menu-card. For here are suggestions to set the taste-buds aqiver . . . and prices plainly marked.

Shopping for merchandise can be pleasantly conducted in the same manner. The advertising columns are in effect a bill-of-fare, with prices that protect as a bill-of-rights. In the leisure of your home, at the breakfast-table, you may check and choose before starting to town.

## BILL-OF-FARE

And what a varied bill-of-fare it is! Everything your heart may desire, your home may require, and your budget may permit. Presented in a readable and interesting fashion. Sponsored by a merchant whose name you know, whose services you have come to rely upon. Get the advertising-reading habit. It saves time, temper, and shoe-leather, to say nothing of your hard-won cash. The advertiser's word is as good as his bond. On no other basis could he hope to win and hold your custom.

### Dee's Diamonds

By BETTY ABBOTT  
 © McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
 WNU Service.

THE 12 members of the club were enjoying their regular Monday afternoon bridge. A non-stop conversation was on and the bidding was becoming a bit desultory.

### SHORT STORY

At a table in the corner with the light of a bridge lamp shining full on her crown of blonde waves, sat Dee Mansfield, the prettiest and latest member of the club. She wore a severe gown of navy blue satin. In contrast to her simple attire, her left hand literally blazed with diamonds in the golden light.

Her partner obtained the bid. "Since I'm dummy, I'll run up stairs and get my kerchief, if you don't mind, Mary."

"Go on and then you can't criticize my play," answered the amiable Mary.

No sooner had Dee's lithe figure made its way among the tables to the hall, than the substitute at her table leaned forward breathlessly. "What gorgeous rings!"

"Yes, aren't they marvelous! She's had three since she was married. Her husband gives her one every anniversary. That's four, counting her engagement ring," supplied Elinor, loquaciously.

"They must have money," suggested the sub. "But, my dear, they haven't. Have they, Mary?"

"I should say not. Dee's worn that dress all winter, and their apartment is so small we have to put a table in the hall when we meet there."

At this instant there was one of those lulls which fall upon a buzzing roomful and simultaneously Dee appeared through the dining room door, to avoid pushing past the tables again.

An embarrassed silence lay upon the group in the corner. Things were very quiet from then on. Only the munching of a mint, or comment on the plays was audible.

However, even an afternoon bridge ends and Dee could scarcely wait to get home to give vent to her pent-up emotions.

"Those horrid girls—and they seemed so friendly!" Floods of tears streamed down angrily flushed cheeks, and the determined chin quivered pitifully.

"And the worst of it is, I can't tell them now. Oh! Why did I do such a foolish thing?"

Her tempestuous weeping having spent itself to the snuffle stage, Dee fled to the kitchenette, for men must eat, even if women must weep.

The front door clicked and she was in Roy's arms. "What's for dinner? Have a good time? What's the matter? Tell your daddy."

"I wasn't going to tell you, but I must or I shall die," wailed Dee. "What happened—get the booby prize?"

"Don't. It's terrible. We are disgraced."

"Yeh? Let's have it," soothed Roy.

"It's Aunt Millie's rings," she began unsteadily.

"No cause for tears, I'll say. Some legacy. Say, you haven't lost them?" he broke off.

"No; but I wish I had never seen them. You see, the first time I went to the club all the girls were telling about what their husbands bought them and what they were always giving them, and, of course, I know you can't give me anything because it costs us so much to live and all, but I know we love each other twice as much as those others do — and it made me unhappy to hear them go on. Then, one of the girls admired my rings and asked me if you gave them to me, and it flashed into my mind that the girls would think you were crazy about me and gave me wonderful things if I said, 'Yes,' so I told them you gave me one every anniversary."

"For crying out loud!" ejaculated her fond husband. "I didn't think you were in that deep."

"Oh, Roy, here is the awful part. I left the room and they talked about me. They said I had a set chin and that you had to slave to get the rings and wear a shabby overcoat to satisfy my passion for diamonds."

A ringing laugh met this outburst.

"What shall we do?" quavered Dee.

"We might eat."

"Don't you despise me?"

"Not much; but," he added with mock severity, "I am afraid you will have to suffer the penalty of being misunderstood to pay for your folly. I'll tell you what I will do, though," he went on, with a mischievous glance at her downcast face, "I'll buy a new overcoat!"

A King and His Statue  
 A little over a hundred years ago old King Ferdinand of Naples, who died in 1825 after ruling for 66 years, set up a colossal statue of himself on the main highway, with soldiers standing by day and night, and every one who passed had to doff the hat to the great stone statue of the king.

### Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.  
 Published Every Thursday  
 Entered as second-class matter April 18 1919 at the post-office at Broadlands, Illinois under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Advertising Rates  
 Display Per Column Inch.....25c  
 Readers and Locals, inside pages, line.....10c  
 Cards of Thanks.....\$1.00

Terms of Subscription  
 1 year in advance.....\$1.50  
 6 months in advance......90  
 3 months in advance......50  
 Single copies......05

#### Rebuke to Pedants

Teachers of English who cling to all the ancient rules were given a thorough-going rebuke in a recent lecture by Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, one of the greatest living authorities and editor of a leading dictionary.

Among other things, the doctor countenanced ending a sentence with a preposition, approved the split infinitive, testified to the forcefulness of a moderate amount of slang, and otherwise played havoc with many pet traditions of the pedants.

The English language, like all others, is still in the making and will continue to grow. Spelling, pronunciation, grammar and everything pertaining to the language have undergone many modifications through the centuries. The rules and usages sanctioned by the best writers and speakers will always constitute the highest authority in any particular period.

#### Danger on the Tracks

Fatalities to trespassers on railroad property during the first three months of this year totalled 440, while 439 were injured in accidents resulting from trespassing.

These figures, furnished by the protective section of the Association of American Railroads, illustrate the danger of fooling around on railroad tracks and trains where one has no business to be, and where there is no excuse for being.

Considering the fact that an average of more than 250,000 trespassers are ejected from railroad property each month, before they have been killed or injured, the wonder is that accidents are not more frequent than they are.

Trespasser casualties comprise approximately 50 per cent of all casualties on railroads, including accidents at highway grade crossings, over which the railroads themselves have virtually no control.

A regular passenger on a railroad train is in one of the safest places on earth, but a trespasser on railroad property is in one of the most dangerous.

#### Modest Mr. Hughes

Amid all the acclaim which has been accorded him because of his record-breaking world flight, Howard Hughes has borne himself with becoming modesty, giving much credit for his feat to the four companions who shared the hazards of the great adventure.

By circling the earth in 3 days, 19 hours and 16 minutes, Hughes set a record that may stand for many years, and made the flight in less than half the time required by Wiley Post in 1933.

But Hughes does not seek to have comparisons made between his flight and Post's, because no real comparison can be made, except in the matter of time. Wiley Post flew alone, in a plane greatly inferior to the one used by Hughes, and faced many handicaps not experienced by the latest hero of the air.

Shortly after his arrival in New York, Howard Hughes said the solo flight by Wiley Post was still "the most remarkable job of flying ever done and, probably, that ever will be done." He added: "I can't imagine how he (Post) did it. It is tough

enough with modern instruments but alone it appears almost impossible. Some people believe other flights were more important, but air pilots know that Wiley Post's feat was the greatest.

#### Wash Day A Picnic

Sections of logs or stumps were used as washboards by pioneer women in Illinois, who often went to nearby streams to do the week's washing, research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, have learned. In the early period of the State's history, it was the custom of housewives living in Pin Oak, Township, Madison County, to gather on an appointed day at Silver Creek. Garments were pounded until clean, and then placed upon the grass or hung on limbs of trees to dry. A picnic lunch and swim completed the day.

#### Wool Prices Rise

Wool that would have sold for 15 to 17 cents at shearing time is now bringing around 22 cents a pound, according to a report received by the Champaign County Farm Bureau from S. F. Russell, director of livestock marketing with the Illinois Agricultural Association.

Farmers who received a non-recourse loan on their clip and still maintain their equity in it through the Champaign county wool pool, will get full advantage of this rise in price. They will also benefit by subsequent increases until their wool is sold, the report said.

#### Historic Key

A key to an early Illinois court house remains as the only reminder of an incident long since forgotten. It is on display in a museum at Watseka, in Iroquois County, research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, have learned.

According to accounts, a pioneer charged with counterfeiting, who was placed in the old wooden structure in 1861 to await trial, escaped into the corridor during the night of Feb. 25, 1862, when through an oversight his cell was left unlocked. Not knowing that the courthouse had been lined with iron, he set fire to it, hoping to gain his freedom. The fire got out of control, however, trapped the prisoner, who lost his life, and burned the building completely.

The key to the cell door, which was in the possession of the jailer at the time of the fire, was preserved.

#### What's New

Six miles of telegraph wire was laid by an airplane in eight minutes by the Swedish army air service.

A new fire engine pumps streams of carbonic acid powder, instead of water, which smothers flames without injury to surrounding property.

Automatic ticket machines have been installed in London subway stations that not only present a ticket, but also the correct change when a larger coin is inserted.

A wireless system, which automatically notifies a railway locomotive engineer when he is approaching a signal which is set against him, has been developed in France.

An apparatus has been developed which can be attached to a telephone to assist a caller if unable to get his connection, to type a message which will be reproduced on the phone at the other end.

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

### Interesting Notes

Some Chinese temples sell tickets to heaven.

A California law prohibits a person from entering a tavern while on horseback.

Mrs. A. Zackheim of Tel Aviv is said to be the only woman taxicab driver in Palestine.

A farm of 84 acres near Lamoni, Iowa, is operated by Mrs. Pearl Johnson and her four daughters.

Standing on her toes for 14 hours and 15 minutes, Mlle. Adrienne Flouris, Viennese dancer, claimed a record.

A man named George Washington was jailed at Jacksonville, Fla., on a charge of trying to chop down a cherry tree.

Awaking with a cramp in his arm, Herman Winfree of Melbourne, Ark., looked and found a rattlesnake coiled around it.

A Chicago woman divorced her husband because he took a goat riding in his automobile and wouldn't take her.

When a vendor of Los Angeles started selling pop-corn at \$2 a package, police investigated and found a bottle of whiskey in each bag.

Attorney G. C. Kleine of New York City stammered so much when he tried his first case in court that proceedings were adjourned for a day.

### The Lost Ship

The last lost ship of the American Navy to vanish at sea was the fleet tug Conestoga (617 tons), commanded by Lieutenant E. L. Jones, USN with a crew of 56 officers and enlisted men.

The tug left Mare Island, California, on March 25, 1921 bound for Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii. A search covering several months was made in which all available ships and aircraft forces were utilized, but no trace has ever been found as to the fate of the vessel or her crew.

The first freight-handling tunnel system was put into service in Chicago in 1906.

The first round the world flight was made by two planes piloted by U. S. Army flyers in 1924. The total time consumed was 175 days.

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.

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

# Free Talkie Show

## At Broadlands

# Every Saturday Night

"And They Lived Happily—"

By LOUISE HILL  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

Wednesday, Dec. 27.  
**DICK** and I have been engaged just a year this Christmas. Thinking back, I visualized the unfolding (nice dramatic word) of our love for each other since that jolly Christmas vacation when Robert brought him home for the holidays. I truly think I loved Dick the instant I saw him. Lovableness simply emanates from him. Everyone loves him, including Robert, whose love is not generously spattered and who rooms with him—greater test hath no man.  
Dick's big, huge, as 'twere—six feet four inches, and the best speed skater McGill has (I quote, this not being proud love speaking), I can hardly wait for Thursday and Dick. The carnival races will be over then, and he can spend the rest of his vacation here. Hurray for vacations and brothers with nice room-mates, I say!

Thursday, Dec. 28.  
Oh, bitter blow! Woe is me! Alas! Alas! My heart is broken! No more does my soul sing nor my feet dance. My happiness is blighted and I am a wretched woman. Received a telegram from Dick this morning saying that the ice not being ice, due to warm weather, the races are postponed until Saturday. That means he'll not arrive until Tuesday, and there'll be no one to take me to the costume party Saturday night.

Friday, Dec. 29.  
The Campbells are coming, hurray, hurray! Meaning I can go to the ball after all. Stan Ericson dropped in this afternoon to chat with Robert about old times (they haven't seen much of each other since high school, Stanley having chosen Yale to be his alma mama), and what do you think, O

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

diary, receiver of my aches and pains? He asked me to go with him tomorrow night. I'll admit I wasn't over reticent about letting him know I had no escort. Anyway, he fell for my simulated sobs and moans, asked for my company, and here am I, unlike Atlas, sitting on top of the world and singing "God's in His heaven, all's right with the dance."

Saturday, or rather Sunday morning.  
"After the Ball."

Sweet grandmother! We danced—and how! Never—if I live to be as old as an elephant's godfather—will I have a jollier evening than I've just spent with Stan. That boy is funny—riotously, gloriously, funnily funny, and good looking, and considerate, and has cash.

Sunday, Dec. 31.  
I'm worried! All day I've mentally arranged Dick and Stanley side by side and truly I can't see but that Stan is as pleasing in every way as Dick. Stan called this afternoon and displayed much interest in future dates, so the attraction isn't all on one side, 'twould seem.

What shall I do? Do I really love Dick? Do I like Stanley better? Should I permit him to come, so we can get better acquainted or should I squelch any attention? I wonder—is Dick the man for me? Will we get along together always as well as possibly, Stan and I might? Surely, Dick and I never spent a more enjoyable evening than Stan and I did last night. Oh, dear! Maybe I'm forgetting the ecstasies of our first being engaged, but I'm sure I'd enjoy being engaged to Stanley.

Oh rats! My head's in a whirl and I don't know which end of it I'm standing on. Perhaps I'd better discuss things with Jean. She's a broadminded and close-mouthed sister-in-law, and is always willing to talk about a problem. Dick arrives Tuesday so I'd better decide P. D. J. whether I'm going to cherish, honor, and disobey him for the rest of my natural life, or give some other man—Stan, maybe, who knows?—a chance to make his life miserable.

Monday, Jan. 1.  
Well, it's all over! The debating and the turmoil dies, the worryings and the doubts depart. I presented my problem to Jean this morning, and after much arguing about it, we drew up the great decision and, rain or shine, Christmas or Easter, I'm going to abide by it.

It really isn't my decision, it's Jean's. She claims it's an old, old problem ever new (original statement), that she spent the entire two years of her engagement wondering about it and that now, after four years of being married, her bag of decision still holds water.

Jean says there are a great many fine, lovable men in the world, that all this raving about the one great love in a person's life is bunk. A girl can love one splendid man as well as another—really love, she says she means, not just a mixture of admiration, respect and tolerance—and that a contented, loving life is just a case of picking your man and sticking to him.

Roses

By MARCIA DINSMORE  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

"WELL, do you find Rayville changed?" The satisfaction in Carrie's tone bordered on smugness. She was greeting an old friend.

Amelia turned to give her a curious look. The little railroad station seemed suddenly drearier than ever. Had people, then, forgotten so easily? Did Carrie really think that the little girl who had been turned so piteously from the town, sent to the cold comfort of an orphan asylum, could forget, even after all these years?

"You know I lived here only a few months," she replied tonelessly.

"Oh, of course," Carrie was uncomfortable. "You were about ten, weren't you?"

"And I'm thirty-five now."

"And rich," commented Carrie enviously.

"And widowed," replied Amelia quietly. A short silence fell, while Carrie searched wildly for plitudes. The door opened, bringing with it a gust of rain from the night. Amelia stared at the newcomer, a little wizened woman dressed in black and bedecked with pink roses, made of paper.

"All about my gala hat I wear a wreath of roses." It was the cynical voice of the sophisticated woman who spoke, but Amelia's heart beat wildly.

"What? Oh, her," Carrie's tone was tinged with contempt.

"Mad Mary, we call her. She's not really mad, of course. If it weren't for those ridiculous paper roses she'd be thought sane enough."

"Does she always wear them?" Amelia's voice was a whisper.

"Always."

"I think I'll stay in Rayville after all, over night," Amelia said irrelevantly. "Do come and tell me more about this Mad Mary, as you call her."

As they rose Amelia came face to face with the little withered woman decked in paper roses. They eyed each other for a long, tense moment, then Amelia turned abruptly away. She heard small, pattering feet hurrying after her, and when she emerged into the darkness outside she found a pink paper rose clutched tightly in her gloved fingers. She thrust it hastily out of Carrie's sight, but her brow puckered in puzzled thought. Roses! Pink roses!

"Since Mad Mary is the only thing in this town you've deigned to be interested in," began Carrie, sinking back in the limousine in some annoyance, "I'll tell you what I know."

"She came here about 20 years ago, I should say, and settled for no reason at all in the old Carter mansion on the hill. All alone, you understand, and no one dares go near her."

Amelia caught her breath sharply, and leaning forward, spoke to the chauffeur. "The old Carter mansion," she repeated slowly.

"Can you possibly have forgotten, Carrie, that that was my home?" Carrie flushed. "Oh, but that was years ago," she said, with a dismissing gesture.

"I lived there less than a year, Carrie. When my parents were drowned—in a double catastrophe, shortly after our arrival in town, I was allowed to stay in the Carter house—till I was found to be penniless. Then I was shipped to an orphan asylum. Rayville refused responsibility."

"Oh, no!" Carrie gasped. What had happened to Amelia? Why rake up the past?

"Probably you all knew then what I have learned recently—that my parents were not drowned."

Carrie sat up. "Not drowned!"

"No. My father reached a crisis in his life. He couldn't go on as he was. But it was June and life was sweet. So he just—disappeared."

"And your mother—she deserted you?"

"It was a bitter choice he forced on her, to go with him or stay with me. Of course, she went. He came first with her always." The clear voice faltered. "I wouldn't have understood then. I do now."

"Why are you telling me all this?" Carrie was rigid with horror.

"Because I want you and Rayville to know it."

"Where—where are they now?"

"My father died shortly after." The car stopped. "We've circled around a bit," said Amelia. "The chauffeur will take you home." She stepped out quickly in front of the Carter mansion and shut the car door.

The front door was unlocked, she found, the light switch where she remembered it. Familiar furniture leaped into radiance, pictures bedizened with the bright pink of June roses.

A rustling sound came from the next room. Frightened, hesitating footsteps approached the door.

"Who—who is it?" quavered a voice, and a small, wrinkled face came into view.  
Amelia tossed off her hat. June! Time of roses! Her fingers trembled as she ran them through her hair, feigning calmness.  
"It's Amelia, mother," she said gently. "I've come home."

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

A President Hoaxed

IT ISN'T often that hoaxers dare trifle with the dignity of a President of the United States. But it happened at least once in history.

In 1901 President Theodore Roosevelt was scheduled to visit Charleston, S. C., and speak at the exposition there. Several formal receptions were planned for the distinguished guest by the citizens of Charleston. Then a woman gave them the shock of their lives!

She was a social climber, a "lion hunter" who was determined to add T. R. to her collection of celebrities just to pay off the society women of Charleston who had snubbed her. So when Roosevelt came ashore at the South Battery after an excursion around the harbor, she managed to reach his side and asked if he would stop at her house for a cup of tea.

The President thanked her but explained that the committee had requested him to accept no personal invitations. Thereupon she played her ace. She wanted him to come to please an old negro who had been the faithful servant of her family since slavery days. "He would die happy if only such a thing could come to him as handing a cup of tea to his President," she said.

So Roosevelt accepted her invitation for the sake of pleasing the old slave. The women of Charleston were enraged when they learned how the "climber" had triumphed over them. But the men were less enraged than amused at the woman's cleverness. It seems that she had come from the West and her family had never owned a slave. The "faithful old servant" had been hired for this special occasion! © Western Newspaper Union.

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A lone apple tree on the 10-acre farm of Walter McClellan, near Centerville, Ia., has produced enough fruit every year for sometime to pay \$14 taxes on his land.

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WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Go in and light a lamp, Pete," ordered Norris in a low voice. "Put it close to yore friend. Then I'll come in."

Haskins lit a lamp and set it on a table. The light shone on a man sitting up in bed. His hair was tousled, his face unshaven. The chest of the man, seen through the opened shirt, was matted like a mane tangled with cockleburrs. He held his right hand beneath the blanket. The scarred cheek, in conjunction with the shifty, ratlike eyes, gave him a sinister appearance.

Norris came into the room, moving with the padded, panther-like stride that marked him. His gaze locked with that of the stranger. That there was a weapon in the hand beneath the blanket he did not need to be told.

"Who are you?" he demanded in a snarl. "He's visiting me, not you, Morg," mentioned Haskins mildly. "Keep out this, Pete," advised the Tail Holt bandit out of the corner of his mouth. "I'm asking a question, and I aim to get an answer."

"My turn to ask one now," the man in the bed said, a hard rasp in his voice. "Who do you think you are to talk thataway to me?"

other angry oath. "Like you just said, he had luck. Came out the bushes at me and whanged away before I had a chance. All I ask with him is an even break. I'm gonna get it too. Me, I'm tired of being hunted. I aim to turn hunter. This Gray is poison to you, the same as he is to me. What say we throw in together and collect him—hang his hide up to dry?"

Doke slanted a side look at him and grinned. "They ought to call you Sudden Morg. Five minutes ago you hadn't made up yore mind whether to cut loose at me with yore hogleg or not. Now you're talking up a partnership. May be good medicine, but I'd have to sleep on it first. We don't hardly know each other."

"Sudden Morgue is good," Norris said, and broke into jangled laughter. "I've sent a plenty guys who got in my way to morgues here and there. I'm in this part of the country for only a short visit longer, but before I leave I aim to meet Mr. Jeff Gray and stop his clock."

"We'll talk about this again," the man from Texas said. "Doesn't have to be settled tonight. With



He moistened his parched lips.

yore feet the way they are you're in no shape to travel for three-four days yet. If we can find out where this fellow is roosting, and if he hasn't got too many friends around him, I might take chips in yore game."

To the surprise of Ruth, her father did not blame her for having assisted Morgan Norris to escape. He was so happy at the fortunate termination of her adventure that there was no room in him for criticism. Apologetically he defended what she had done, explaining the reason for it to Gray.

"Ruth was so nervous and worked up she didn't know what she was doing. You saved her. That's the main point. Someone else will kill the miscreant even though you didn't."

Gray shrugged his shoulders. "All right with me. I was sore at first, but I'm past that now. Yes, one of these days someone will get him."

"When I was captain of Rangers more than once I was forced to kill men who were better dead," Chiswick said, his speculative gaze on the red-headed man. "Ruth doesn't understand that this is in the day's work for an officer, that he doesn't rub out the scoundrel personally. You and I know it is the law wipes him out."

"So I'm an officer, am I?" Gray countered. "Must be. The criminal on the dodge story won't hold water. Of course you're under sealed orders and can't talk. Probably you're gathering information. Well, when you've got it, count on me if you need help."

"Much obliged. I may take you up on that. I'm going to drift to town today, but before I go I want to talk with young Howard, if you don't mind."

"I'll have the boys bring him in to you," Chiswick rose from the chair where he had been sitting. "About that going to town? You mean Tail Holt?"

"Yes."

"Don't you reckon that would be a little foolhardy? By this time Sherm Howard must have a pretty good idea you are responsible for his boys falling down at Live Oak canyon."

sense of duty. But that reason was one he could not discuss with anyone. They had killed his oldest son, a boy of nineteen, a fine lad who had enlisted in the Rangers a month or two before.

To get evidence against the Brayton gang, Lee Chiswick had gone into the brush country alone and spent weeks there. Not until he had built up a convincing case had he sent for his men. There had been only one slip-up. He mentioned this now, harshly, his eyes fierce and hungry.

"I didn't do so good a job," he said. "I missed one, the brains of the outfit. He escaped."

"I didn't know that," Gray replied. "Left the country, I reckon."

"Yes. Left Texas and came here."

"Here?" The steady eyes of his guest were fixed on the cattleman.

"Unless I've been fooling myself for years, I'd never met Buck Brayton, so there's a millionth chance I'm wrong."

"Sherm Howard," Gray guessed. "Yes. Hope you have better luck and don't let him slip away."

"I'll put my cards on the table, Chiswick. No reason why I shouldn't tell you now. I'm a special deputy United States marshal sent to get evidence against the outlaws operating around Tail Holt. I'm pretty nearly ready for the gather. When I am I'll need you."

The face of the cattleman lit. "Best news I've heard in a long time. The L C men will be with you to the finish."

"God. Now if I can have a pow-wow with this scalawag."

"Soon as I can get him to you," Chiswick promised as he left.

Frank Chiswick presently came into the room, bringing with him the prisoner Lou Howard. That young man was dejected, sullen, and alarmed. He no longer looked the Beau Brummel of Tail Holt, but much more a schoolboy called in for a thrashing from the principal.

Gray continued to lounge in his chair. He looked at Howard out of chill, accusing eyes.

"You've sure got yore tail in a crack," he said at last. "They got no right to hold me here!" Lou burst out, his voice shrill with fear and anger. "I haven't done a thing—not a thing."

"Anything I've said because they were third-degreeing me don't go. A man would say whatever they put into his mouth when it was a question of saving his life. You know that, Gray."

"Suits me if it does you," the crook-nosed man said coldly. "I'm a special United States marshal sent to clean up the criminals in this part of the country. If you want to go to prison for ten or fifteen years, in the event you aren't hung, that's all right with me. Today you can write yore own ticket, but you can't do that tomorrow. There are weak links in every chain. As soon as someone else turns state's evidence, you lose yore chance. Talk or keep yore mouth clamped, whichever you like."

The matter-of-fact manner of the officer left young Howard no room for doubt. He was in a trap. A wave of panic swept through him, but he made a feeble effort to stem it.

"Thought you claimed to be Clint Doke," he said, and rolled a cigarette with fingers that trembled. "Curly and Morg saw a poster with yore picture on it."

"I wanted them to think I was Clint Doke and they obliged me," Gray said. He rose from the chair where he sat with the brisk manner of one who has finished his business. "Take him back to the dog-house,

Frank. He has had his chance. I'm hitting the trail." Howard wilted visibly. He moistened his parched lips with his tongue. "Wait a minute," he said hoarsely. "What—what is it you want to know?"

"How did Sherm Howard know the Mexicans were coming up through Live Oak canyon with silver?" the United States marshal demanded abruptly.

"One of the smugglers gets him information, a Mexican called Juan Pasqual," the prisoner said, shakily and reluctantly.

"Who were in the gang that held up the Mexicans last spring?"

Lou shook his head. "I don't know," he pleaded. "They didn't tell me about that. I never was in anything of this kind before. I wish to God they had left me out this time."

"Who held up the Benson stage?" The officer lifted a hand of warning sharply. "Either talk turkey or shut up. Don't lie to me. You know who did it. You've heard plenty of conversation about it."

"Just talk," the badgered man protested. "You know how it is. Folks gab, and it doesn't mean a thing."

"If you aim to save yore neck, Howard, you'll come clean," the officer said quietly.

"The story is that Morg Norris and Mile High did it. All I know is from gossip."

"That's not all you know. You're not a fool. After word of the holdup came to Tail Holt, you looked around to see who had been missing. When did Morg and Mile High leave town? How long before the holdup?"

"The evening before," Howard replied sulkily. "But that don't prove—"

"On what horses?" Gray interrupted curtly.

"Mile High was riding his buckskin and Morg a sorrel with white stockings."

"How'd you know?"

"I saw them when they came back to town."

"Which was when?"

"The day after the holdup."

"Sit down at the table and write a list of all those in the Howard gang. I want all of those connected with it in any way. Any explanations I want I'll ask for later."

Howard took the offered pencil with palpable unwillingness. "I don't know what you mean," he protested. "There's no Howard gang. Maybe there's been a little—"

"Get busy," snapped the officer. "I don't want argument or explanation."

Lou sat down, twiddled the pencil, and began to write names. Sid Hunt, Mile High, Kansas, Curly Connor, Morg Norris, Yorky, Slim Burke, Pete Haskins, Curt Dobbs, Jim Reynolds. The prisoner wrote the names painfully and slowly, biting the end of the pencil between each before he could make up his mind to put it on the list. Three or four others he added.

"That all?" asked Gray.

Another name was scribbled, then still another. "That's all I know," the writer said, pushing the paper from him.

"Add yore own and Sherm Howard's."

"I tell you I wasn't in on whatever was doing."

Gray picked up the list. "I'll have a check on everything you tell me, so you'd better not dish up any lies. We'll take the names in turn. You'll tell me all you know against them."

"I'll just be guessing," Howard said doggedly.

"See you guess right." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Tracks of Birds in Snow Are Easy to Identify; Ringnecked Pheasant Prancer

Although snow tracks of fur bearing animals such as the rabbit, squirrel, mink, and weasel usually are more interesting to the outdoor fan than those left by birds, winter birds can tell us a number of interesting stories if we are familiar with their tracks, notes Bob Becker in the Chicago Tribune.

One of the birds which leaves good sized prints in the snow of fields and woods is the ringnecked pheasant. It is possible to see pheasant tracks whenever there is snow on the ground. They are quite easy to identify.

In the first place, the pheasant leaves a snow print that is large enough to catch the eye. Secondly, the middle toe of the bird stands in an almost straight line in the trail. This particular feature of the pheasant's track is one that makes it quite easy to distinguish from footprints of other good sized wild birds.

One peculiarity of the pheasant tracks in the snow which always catches our eye is the blurred line that usually can be seen between footprints. This mark is left in the snow by the dragging feet of the bird.

When Mr. Ringneck walks he doesn't lift each foot high and then plant it squarely in the snow. Instead he drags each foot, so that a long line is cut in the snow. This is accentuated when the ringnecked pheasant prancer for cover.

There is no game bird that leaves tracks in the snow over such a wide area as the ringnecked pheasant. This bird is confident and bold compared to the Hungarian partridge and quail. The quail, ever conscious of danger, would hesitate to go too far from protective cover and feed in an open field that would be no hazard at all to the pheasant.

The quail makes a snow track about the same size as that made by a barnyard pigeon.

Catalepsy, Nervous Affliction Severe attacks of catalepsy, a nervous affliction characterized by the sudden suspension of sensation and volition, sometimes last for several days, during which the victim loses consciousness, develops an extreme pallor, and has such feeble heart pulse and respiratory movements that he appears to be dead. —Collier's Weekly.

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 August 7

RUTH: ADVENTUROUS FAITH

LESSON TEXT—Ruth 1:6-18. GOLDEN TEXT—Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1:16. PRIMARY TOPIC—A Girl Named Ruth. JUNIOR TOPIC—The Story of Ruth. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Ruth's Wise Choice. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—An Adventurous Faith.

Out of the dark fastnesses of an underground dungeon into the brightness and warmth of God's sunshine—such is the transition we make when we turn from the moral and spiritual failures of Samson to consider the lovely story of Ruth. She lived in the midst of the travails and the sorrows of life, in fact we find her at the beginning of the book which bears her name, a widow who has lost all that the world would hold dear. Yet she, because of her purity of life and devotion to God rises higher and higher, while the one of whom we spoke last week, starting with every advantage, slipped lower and lower because of his sin.

Ruth was the great-grandmother of King David, and thus this Gentile woman became one of the ancestors of Jesus. (See Ruth 4:22 with Luke 3:22.) Many folk are greatly concerned about their ancestry—one could wish that more were concerned about living such lives and developing such characters as will make them good ancestors.

Teachers and classes will do well to read and study the entire book of Ruth—only about three pages long in most Bibles—and give attention to the full story of her life, especially the picture of the kinsman-redeemer, to be later fulfilled in the Lord Jesus Christ. We must confine our comments largely to the printed portion which reveals Ruth first as a loyal and thoughtful daughter-in-law, then as one whose love was not to be denied by sorrow or circumstance, and finally as one so bound to her mother-in-law in unity of spirit that she became one with her and her people.

I. Commendable Loyalty (vv. 6-10).

Tragic misfortune had visited Naomi, who with her husband and two sons had gone from Bethlehem to Moab in a time of famine. Not only had her husband died but also her two sons, who had married Gentile women, leaving three widows in one family to mourn together. Naomi craved the fellowship of her own people in her hour of trial and arose to return to her own land.

Her departure brought out in the two daughters-in-law the expression of kindness and loyalty which should exist in every family, but which is all too often lacking. Her own testimony concerning these girls of Moab is that they had dealt "kindly" with her and with the dead. That word speaks volumes. There is so little genuine kindness in the world. Both Orpah and Ruth went with her on the way—protesting their loyal purpose to go with her all the way. Thus far the two sisters were not differentiated—but the next incident reveals Ruth as the one who had an

II. Undenial Love (vv. 11-14).

No one could for a moment condemn Orpah for yielding to her mother-in-law's entreaty that she return to her own people. She affectionately kisses Naomi and in tears turns away. "But Ruth clave unto her."

Such love cannot be denied. It is the most precious possession that a man can have, apart from his fellowship with God. The love of a devoted father or mother, of a noble helpmate, or of a little laddie or lassie, these are the things that really make life worth while, that stand out as an oasis in the desert of life, as a light in the darkness.

But Ruth takes one more step. Her kindness and loyalty, her unswerving love lead on to a confession of her faith in the true God, and the declaration of an

III. Inseparable Unity (vv. 15-18).

Literature knows no more beautiful gem than verses 16 and 17. It was the Great Commoner, Bryan, who said, "We cannot hope to contribute to literature a sentence so exquisite and thrilling as that into which Ruth poured the full measure of a noble heart, but we can imitate her devotion."

The story is told of a fine young Englishman who left his betrothed sweetheart to go to California during the great gold rush. He was going to make a fortune and then send for her. He sent her his first gold nugget. But alas, there were none to follow and soon he became not only poverty stricken, but ill.

In noble sacrifice he decided to release her from her promise, and wrote to tell her so. She (and one could almost believe her name was Ruth) took the treasured nugget, had it made into a ring engraved as a gift from her to him, with the additional words "Ruth 1:16, 17." In due time it reached the young man with its tender and inspiring message—"Treat me not to leave thee," and the assurance of her devotion until death.

May this dizzy and bemuddled world have many more characters like Ruth.

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

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 62), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men who worry 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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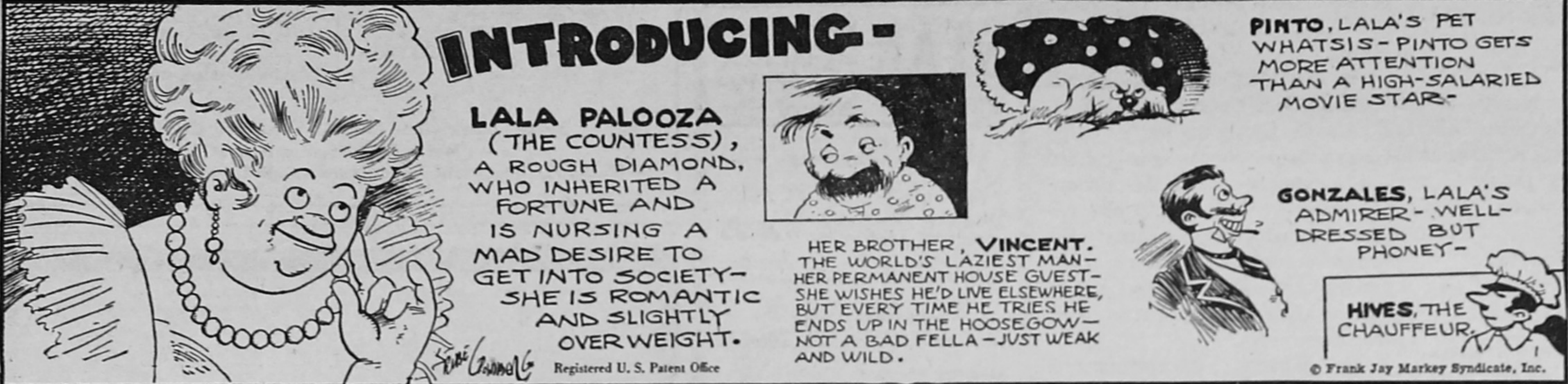
### BIG TOP

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### S'MATTER POP—In Our Who's Who Department

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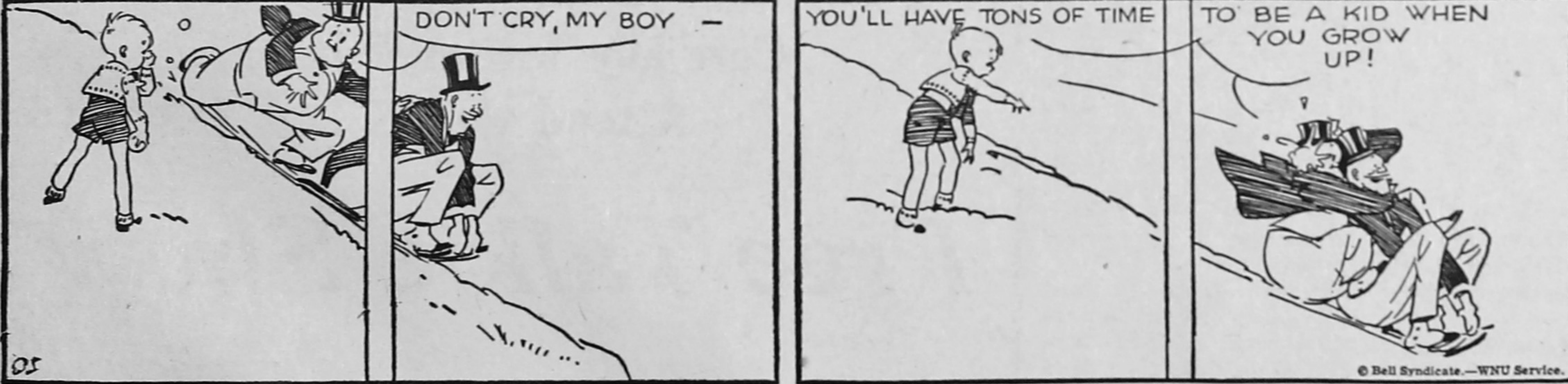
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So That Accounts for It



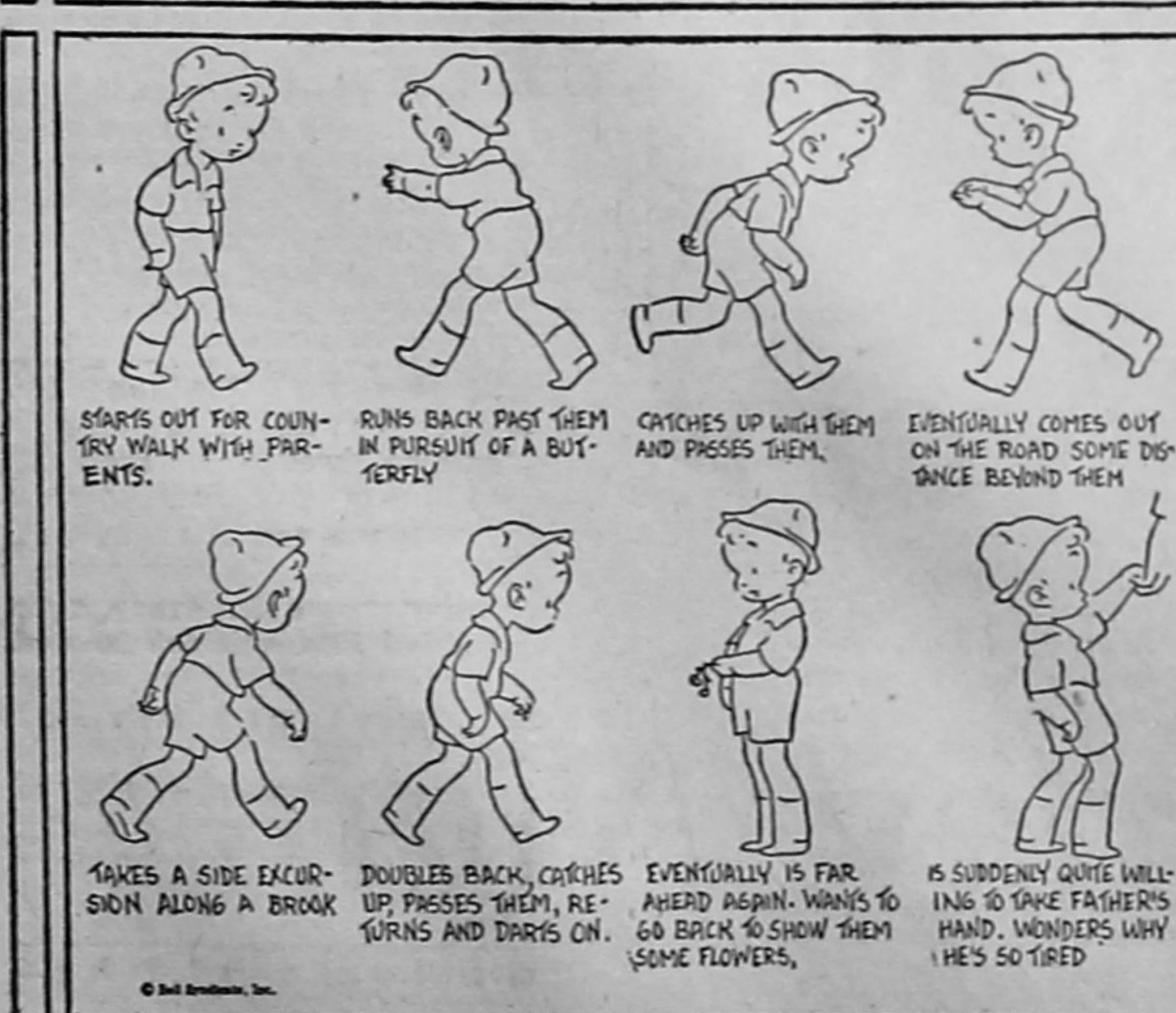
### POP—Second Childhood

By J. MILLAR WATT



### EXTRA MILEAGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



### NOTHING CHEAP

"Lady, if you'll give us a nickel my little brother'll imitate a hen."  
"What will he do?" asked the lady.  
"Cackle like a hen?"  
"Naw," replied the boy in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that. He'll eat a worm."  
—U. S. S. Reina Mercedes.

### He Taught It

"I'm grieved you use such language. Do you hear it at school?"  
"At school, mother! Why, I teach the other chaps!"

### Efficiency

Clerk in Bookstore—This book will do half of your work for you.  
Student—Fine! I'll take two.—Detroit Free Press.

### HELPFUL

Brown has been speculating again, Smith—You must be a very rich man, Brown.

Brown—I am, but what use is it to me? I cannot take money into the next world.  
Smith—No, it would melt there.—Moustique, Charlerol.



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THESE last few hot weeks will be a whole lot easier to bear if you have some fresh new dresses to wear around the house—cool, slim-waisted styles that are finished enough for shopping and porch wear too. A detailed sew chart comes with each pattern.

#### Day Frock for Slim Figures.

This little dress is right at the top of new fashions, with its gored skirt and shaped square neckline, short pleated sleeves for coolness and comfort. It's very easy and Notice that the skirt seams are



extended above the waistline, to give a little bosom fullness, which makes the dress more becoming. The skirt has a charming flare. Make this in linen, dotted Swiss, dimity or organdie in a pretty flower print, and you'll love it.

#### Day Frock for Large Figures.

You'll find this straight, well-cut dress one of the most becoming, most slenderizing, you ever put on. It has a deep v-neck and unhampering in line, so that you can work in it comfortably. Darts on the shoulders and at the waistline give it an unusually trim, slimming fit. A touch of prettiness is added by ricrac braid and the pointed closing. This is a diagram design that you can make in a few hours, and you'll want several dresses made just like this—in dimity, calico, percale and seersucker.

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## Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

### Lieut. Replie W. Thenuz

DURING the Spanish American war Joseph Pulitzer's New York World had reason to believe that Hearst's Journal was stealing its news by rewriting stories which had appeared on its bulletin board or in early editions of the World. So the World laid a trap for the "pirates."

One day it carried a list of Spanish officers reported to have been killed in battle. This list was a long one and the World had paid expensive cable tolls to get it. Included in it was the name of Lieut. Replie W. Thenuz. Immediately the Journal came out with the same list of names, including that of Lieut. Thenuz. Then the World printed a story featuring this mythical officer, whose name spelled backward reads "We pilfer the news," and the Journal was caught red-handed.

Similarly, the Jacksonville (Fla.) Star was caught during the Balkan troubles of 1912 when it appeared with a front page story about an airplane battle near a Greek town named Temehtmorfelots which it had "borrowed" from the Jacksonville Metropolis. The next day the Metropolis announced that the name of this Greek town when spelled backward, was "Stolen from the Met."

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## Local and Personal

Duane Eckerty spent the week end with friends in Chicago.

Dr. T. A. Dicks was a business caller in Danville, Tuesday.

Raymond Kilian is showing 12 head of Chester White hogs at the Arthur fair this week.

Leslie Cooper and family of Tuscola spent Tuesday with D. P. Brewer and family.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Gore and Mrs. Harold Anderson were Danville visitors Monday.

Mrs. Lillie Baker and Mrs. Alfred Thode were Champaign visitors, Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzgerald near Sidney.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Maxwell and children were Champaign visitors, Thursday of last week.

Orville Rinehart of Champaign was a Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland.

Glenn Busick of Detroit, Mich. visited friends here Thursday. His friend, Mr. Nipper, accompanied him.

Miss Phyllis Bergfield of Danville spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCoy are parents of a son born Friday, August 5. He has been named Otha Reuben.

Betty Sy suffered a broken right ankle when she stepped off the porch at her home on Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Comer of Villa Grove were callers at the James Jackson home Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Potter, sons, Perry and Ernest, expect to leave this Thursday night for a few days visit with friends in Kentucky.

Miss Marianna Kilian returned Friday of last week after a three weeks visit with relatives in Chicago. Miss Betty Drews accompanied her home for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. August Honath and son, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Bartz of Chicago visited at the Henry Schumacher home, Wednesday.

Bernard Jackson and family of Hillsboro, Ind., were guests at the James Jackson home on Sunday. Bobby Jackson accompanied them home for a visit.

D. F. Freeman is attending a Dealers' Convention of the DeKalb Hybrid Seed Corn Co., at De Kalb, this Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland, son, Bobby, Mrs. Leanna Miller and their guest, Mrs. Floyd Holler, visited relatives in Peoria and Pontiac, Friday and Saturday.

George Dohme and family left Monday for a weeks trip in Wisconsin. They will visit Mr. Dohme's sister, Mrs. Hazel Kiosseff and family at Waukesha before returning home.

Mrs. Anna Poggendorf and daughter, Miss Clara, arrived from Danville, Sunday, for a few days visit with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Poggendorf and other relatives.

Claude Combs and family of Springfield were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl. Celesta and Wayne Combs who had spent two weeks here returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren, Mrs. Allie Struck and Mrs. Lillie Bowman, accompanied by a party of friends from Chrisman and Georgetown, attended a picnic at Turkey Run, Sunday.

Mrs. Floyd Holler returned to her home in Decatur, Tuesday, after a ten days visit in the Ray McClelland home. Mr. and Mrs. McClelland, son Bobby, and Mrs. Leanna Miller accompanied her home and spent the day.

Kenneth Dicks and family, Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Dicks spent Sunday at the LeRoy Hobbs home in Indianapolis. Barbara Jo Hobbs accompanied them home for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Todd and daughter, Miss Estelle, Mr. and Mrs. James Todd, of Milwaukee, Wis., spent the week end here with Miss Lena Todd. On Monday they motored to Springfield and spent the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Upp returned to their home at Vincennes, Ind., Sunday. Mr. Upp had been at Crossett, Ark., on a business trip, while Mrs. Upp had spent the week here with relatives.

Bus Baldwin, Billie Zenke, Norman Seider and family, Carl Zenke and family returned Saturday from a week's vacation at Newaygo, Mich. They report a nice catch of fish. Carl Zenke caught the largest fish, having landed an 18-inch pike.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Poggendorf and Mrs. Lena Wienke returned Saturday from a few days motor trip to Missouri and Arkansas. They visited relatives in St. Louis, and while in the Ozarks they visited the places described in the book, "Shepherd of the Hills," by Harold Bell Wright. They report a most delightful trip.

## Long View News

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hood are vacationing in the state of Washington.

Harry Jarman and family have gone to Wisconsin for their annual fishing trip.

Miss Lucile Briscoe of Westfield, former English-Latin instructor in the high school here, was a guest of Mrs. Ed Nohren last week.

Horace L. Martinie is in a Champaign hospital recovering from an appendix operation to which he submitted last week.

B. C. Paine and daughter, Miss Ada, motored to Gilman, Sunday, to attend the funeral of Harold Buss, great-nephew of Mrs. Paine. Mrs. Paine was unable to attend the funeral.

Members of the fair association met last Wednesday evening and elected Winston Churchill president. Other officers are vice president, Bert Boyd; secretary, Harry Jarman; treasurer, J. A. Hart. Fair date has been set for Sept. 7-8.

Mrs. Glen Busick and daughter, Marie, of Detroit, Mich., spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Luther Betts and other relatives. Mr. Busick accompanied a friend to Tennessee and upon his return they will go home by way of Gary where they will visit the John Betts family.

## Very Dry

Sailor—You remember when you cured my rheumatism, a couple of years ago, you told me to avoid dampness.

Doctor—Yes, that's right. Sailor—Well, I've come to ask you, can I take a bath now?

## GENIUS

Genius is only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we are often on the line and don't know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seems hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.

The understanding man is not apt to be misunderstood.

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**Mr. Chump**  
"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, Aug. 13  
Mat. 5c-10c Nite 10c-20c

The Mauch Twins  
**Penrods**  
**Double Trouble**

Also chapter 12 of The Lone Ranger.

Sun. & Mon., Aug. 14-15  
Dick Powell  
Pat O'Brien  
Priscilla Lane  
Dick Foran  
Ann Sheridan

**Cowboy From Brooklyn**  
10c-25c

Tues.-Wed., Aug. 16-17  
Wallace Beery  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Frank Morgan

**Port of Seven Seas**  
10c-25c

Charles Griffin is giving his residence a new coat of paint. Will Smith has improved his residence with a coat of paint.

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