

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 19

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1938

NUMBER 19

Howard Noblitt, 22, is Crash Victim

Mrs. Elmer Chafin received word Thursday evening of last week of the death of her nephew, Howard Noblitt, 22.

He was killed Thursday morning in an automobile accident at San Diego, Cal., where he was stationed with the U. S. Navy.

The body is being brought here for funeral services and burial.

Funeral services will be held from the local M. E. Church on Saturday afternoon at 1:00 o'clock, conducted by Rev. W. Earl Ballew, the pastor.

Burial will be made in the Oakwood cemetery, with Dicks Bros., the local undertakers in charge.

Young Noblitt was born Feb. 23, 1916, at Catlin. Most of his life was spent in Broadlands. He was preceded in death by his parents and two brothers.

Surviving are three sisters, Mrs. Hilda Hogan, Mrs. Julia Friend, Joplin, Mo., Freda Noblitt; and four brothers, Harold and Glenn, Broadlands; Louis of Ft. Riley, Kan.; and Claire of Indianapolis.

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Aug. 20, 1926

Mrs. Clara Smith entertained the D. of D. class of the M. E. Sunday School.

Wm. Camerer and family of Springfield arrived for a visit with relatives.

Rev. Wakefield of Chrisman conducted communion services at the local M. E. church.

Anna and Patricia Harden were visiting relatives at Cayuga, Ind.

Misses Anna Dohme and Leone Brewer were Bloomington visitors.

Fuller Freeman and family returned from a camping trip along the Okaw river near Findlay.



We have repeatedly mentioned in this column that the one thing needed by drivers today is more courtesy. Place a little more trust in your own ability to drive and make that ability live up to the trust you have placed in yourself.

A great many traffic accidents could be prevented if people would only realize that they cannot depend upon the other fellow doing the thing which common sense, or the law, or courtesy dictates should be done.

In other words, in driving today you cannot trust anybody but yourself.

Courtesy pays.

Win Prizes at Newman Fair

Miss Nellie Thomas won 1st prize with her Hereford club calf at the Newman fair last Wednesday, receiving \$8.50, and Ralph Clem won 3d prize, receiving \$6.00.

Howard Clem won 3d prize on plums, and Mrs. Clem won 3d prize on devil's food cake.

Philo Woman Celebrates 81st Birthday Anniversary

Mrs. Emma Allen of Philo, celebrated her 81st birthday on Wednesday, August 3. She has been a resident of Philo many years and until recently, has kept house and enjoyed having a garden and many flowers, which she cared for.

She has three daughters, Mrs. Henry Selmeier, with whom she has resided since spring, Mrs. Eva Downey, Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. Hazel Kesterson, of Waveland, Ind.; 14 grandchildren, and 9 great grandchildren.

She enjoyed her anniversary at the home of her grandson, Charles Burns, in Charleston, where she accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Henry Selmeier, Mrs. Hazel Kreinhop and son Paul, for the day and where a lovely dinner was served in her honor.—Sidney Times.

Mrs. Allen was a former Broadlands resident, and the wife of the late Albert Allen, a rural mail carrier here for many years.

Mrs. Henry Kilian, Jr., Hostess to Ladies Aid

The Ladies Aid Society of the St. John's Evangelical Church met at the home of Mrs. Henry Kilian, Jr. on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Clarence Kilian had charge of the business meeting and Mrs. Reimer Witt led the devotions.

Guests present were Mrs. Estor Block, Mrs. Frank Kracht and Mrs. Marie Edens.

Members present were Mesdames John Nohren, Howard Mohr, Edward Nohren, Henry Mohr, Clarence Kilian, Edward Heppe, Henry Schumacher, Henry Wiese, John Jordan, Reimer Witt, Norman Seider, Alvin Zenke, Carl Partenheimer, Emil Schumacher, Henry Kilian, Jr., Rev. and Mrs. Carl Albers.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Henry Schumacher.

Charles Beckman Is New Music Teacher

The board of education of the Broadlands Public School has employed Charles Beckman as music teacher for the coming year, Mrs. Atchley, who taught here last year having resigned her position.

Mr. Beckman is a graduate of the School of Music, U. of I., and has also done postgraduate work in music and education.

Public School Opens on Monday, September 5

The Broadlands Public School will open on Monday morning, Sept. 5, at 8:25 o'clock for one hour only for registration. School proper will begin Tuesday morning, Sept. 6, at 8:25 o'clock.

Seeing Sights in Northwest

The News is in receipt of a post card from Henry K. Mohr from Longview, Wash., who together with Fred J. Mohr and Frank Vedder are seeing the sights in the northwest. Carl Benschneider, who accompanied the party as far as Montana, returned last Tuesday. The party left here on August 4 and are expected home soon.

Kerna Block Takes Charge Standard Service Station

Kerna Block took charge of the local Standard Service Station last Monday morning, having purchased the same some time ago. Ellsworth (Nick) Nichols will be his chief helper.

Mr. Block will specialize in car washing, simonizing and lubrication for the present.

We wish Mr. Block success in his new business venture.

Read his ad in this paper. Hugo DeWitt, who has been conducting the station for a number of years, states he hasn't as yet made any plans for the future. Arrah (Penny) Pickle, who has been working for Mr. DeWitt, informs us he has accepted a position at Bus Baldwin's garage.

O. E. Anderson Is Given Birthday Surprise

Mrs. O. E. Anderson entertained at a surprise birthday dinner, Sunday, honoring her husband whose 60th birthday occurred on the following Tuesday.

Guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hall and Miss Belle Anderson of Homer; Mr. and Mrs. Dale Anderson of Clinton, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Boyd and son, Oliver, and Miss Kathryn Thode.

Comer Reunion Held at Patterson Springs

The sixth annual Comer reunion was held last Sunday at Patterson Springs with about fifty in attendance.

The oldest member present was Wm. Comer of Tuscola and the youngest present was Lex Jackson, Hillsboro, Ind. Those coming the farthest distance were Mrs. Wilma Lowden and daughter of Hollywood, Cal.

Those from Broadlands attending were Fay Comer and family, James Jackson and family, Bud Comer and family, Mrs. Chester Lookingbill and children.

Mrs. Anna Laverick is Hostess to M. E. Aid

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church met Thursday afternoon of last week at the home of Mrs. Anna Laverick with Mrs. Edna Telling assistant hostess.

Mrs. Daisy Gore had charge of the business session during which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. Eva Walker. Vice president—Mrs. Mary Dicks.

Secretary—Mrs. Edna Telling. Treasurer—Mrs. Mary Dicks. Mrs. Anna Laverick led the devotions.

Guests present were Mrs. Myers and Rev. W. Earl Ballew.

Members present were Mesdames Lottie Astell, Maude Anderson, Bertha Cook, Pearl DeWitt, Mary Dicks, Mary Fitzgerald, Daisy Gore, Ida Messman, Leanna Miller, Gladys McClelland, Rosa Smith, Eva Walker, Elsa Walker, Gladys Walker, Edna Telling, Anna Laverick, and Miss Mildred Neal.

It's A Boy

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Block are the proud parents of a son born at Jarman hospital, Tuscola, last Monday. He has been named Daniel Frederick.

Oscar E. Frick is Called Beyond

Oscar Edward Frick, 33, died at 1:25 a. m., last Monday at his home northwest of Broadlands. Death was due to cancer of the stomach and followed a lingering illness. He had been confined to his bed the greater part of the time for the past nine months.

Rites were held from the St. Paul's Evangelical Church, near Sidney, last Wednesday afternoon, with Rev. Theo. M. Haefele, a former pastor officiating, who was assisted by Rev. Karl F. Albers, the pastor. Music was furnished by a male quartet of Sidney. A large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends attended the last sad rites, and there were many beautiful floral offerings.

The casket bearers were Messrs Raymond Frick, Albert Nonman, Raymond and Leland DeWitt, Russell Woods and Oscar Limp.

Interment was in the St. John's Evangelical Church cemetery, with Dicks Bros., local morticians in charge.

The following obituary was read at the funeral services:

Oscar Edward Frick, son of Frank J. and Meta Newkirk Frick, was born Jan. 25, 1905, on a farm near Broadlands. He was baptized in infancy at St. John's Ev. Church north of Broadlands and was confirmed there on April 13, 1919. He received his education at White Hall school near Broadlands and grew to manhood in this vicinity.

On Jan. 17, 1929 he was married to Miss Mabel Kleinemeier at Broadlands. Later they moved to their present home one and one half miles south of Block.

Four children were born to this union, Orville, 9; Waneta, 7; Kenneth, 4; and Walter, who died in infancy.

Those remaining to mourn his untimely passing are his wife, Mrs. Mabel Frick and the three children; the father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frick; three brothers, Elmer, Louis and Arthur Frick; and the grandfather, Mr. Charles Newkirk, and many other relatives and friends.

Mr. Frick was a life long member of the Broadlands-Sidney church, a member of the church council for a number of years, and a man held in high esteem by all who knew him.

His wife and Mrs. Louis Frick were constant attendants thruout his long illness. He died on Monday, Aug. 15, 1938, at 1:25 o'clock in the morning. He reached the age of 33 years, 7 months and 20 days.

The old town pump refuses to give water without first being given a drink, and here's hoping the village dads will have the same repaired one of these fine days.

Bruce and John Richard of Champaign visited friends here Wednesday evening. Bruce remained for a few days visit at the home of Mrs. Dophia Warner.

Mrs. D. P. Brewer returned Thursday of last week from a visit with relatives at Norborne, Mo. Wayne H. Moore and family of Chicago, who had been visiting in the western states accompanied her home and were supper guests at the Brewer home.

\$100,000 Blaze Razes Newman Canning Factory

Newman, Aug. 15.—Fire of undetermined origin destroyed the Crites Canning company plant here early Monday morning. The blaze, discovered by neighbors at 3:45 a. m., had gained such headway, the local fire department was helpless.

George Crites, manager of the plant, estimated the loss at \$100,000. A large quantity of sugar and \$2,500 worth of new cans were among the contents destroyed. The factory had planned to open the fall canning season Monday morning.

The cannery was opened in 1922 by the Crites company of Circleville, O., and had been canning on an average of 2,000,000 cans of sweet corn each year. The average employment during the canning season was approximately 250 persons.

Crites said sweet corn in the Newman vicinity would be taken to Tuscola for canning at another Crites cannery.

Mrs. Sue Harden is Hostess to Longview F. H. H. Club

Mrs. Sue Harden entertained the F. H. H. club at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John M. Beatty, Longview, on Thursday of last week.

Three tables of rook were in play with prize for high score going to Mrs. James Carleton, second high prize going to Mrs. Wallace Warnes, and prize for low score to Mrs. Ed Block.

Guests present were Mrs. Francis Satterfield and Mrs. George Harden.

A two course luncheon was served. The first course of iced tomato juice, cheese and peanut butter sandwiches, potato chips, pickles and olives was followed by ice cream, angel food cake, coffee and nuts.

Elson-Bruhn Marriage Is Told at Monticello

Monticello—Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Lola Bruhn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bruhn of Monticello, and Robert Elson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Elson of Chicago Heights. The ceremony took place Saturday evening in Covington, Ind., and was performed by Rev. Lawrence P. Greene in the Methodist parsonage.

Mrs. Elson is a graduate of the Monticello Community high school and is employed as manager of the Kaiser Abstract office here. Mr. Elson is a member of the U. S. air corps and is stationed at Rantoul. The couple will reside in Monticello.

United Brethren Sunday School Elects Officers

Officers were elected for the U. B. Sunday School as follows: Superintendent—Oscar Witt. Assistant Superintendent—Mrs. Lillie Bowman. Secretary—Miss Leone Bergfield.

Assistant Secretary—Andrew Henson. Treasurer—Mrs. Olive Rayl. Pianist—Miss Anna Clem.

Assistant Pianist—Mrs. Zermah Witt.

Mrs. Dora Gaines of Chicago is among our renewal subscribers this week.

Alice Maxwell and William Crain Wed

Miss Alice Ella Maxwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maxwell, and William Riley Crain, son of Mrs. Neva Crain, both of Broadlands, were united in marriage in a formal wedding at the local Methodist Church, last Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in the presence of about 150 guests. Rev. W. Earl Ballew officiated, using the single ring ceremony. The bride's father, Mr. Edward Maxwell gave her away.

Miss Phyllis Bergfield was bridesmaid, and Charles Crain, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. Andrew Henson and Ted Crain were ushers.

Mrs. Oscar Witt played bridal airs and Mrs. Lillie Bowman sang, "I Love You," preceding the ceremony. As a procession Mrs. Witt played Lohengrin's Wedding March. Following the entrance of the bridal party, Mrs. Bowman sang, "I Love You Truly."

The bride wore a gown of shell pink marquisette embroidered in blue, and a tulle veil with a halo band. She carried an arm bouquet of tea roses and baby's breath.

Miss Bergfield was attired in a peach colored dress of cable net and a bridesmaid's cap. She carried a bouquet of white primroses.

The church was beautifully decorated with huge baskets of flowers, and the altar was banked with ferns and flowers.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents for relatives and close friends. Refreshments of pink and white ice cream, pink and white individual cakes, and iced tea were served. The couple received many lovely wedding gifts.

Mrs. Crain graduated from the Allerton high school and attended Barycastle Business College, Champaign. She has been employed since the first of April as bookkeeper for the Broadlands Oil Company.

Mr. Crain also attended the Allerton high school and is an industrious and capable young man. He is at present employed on road work.

The happy young couple will make their home in Broadlands.

Joanne Donley Given Party on 9th Birthday

Mrs. Nola Donley entertained several children at a birthday party in honor of her daughter, Joanne, who celebrated her 9th birthday on Tuesday.

Refreshments of fruit salad, cake and orange ade were served.

Those present to enjoy the afternoon were Betty Jackson, Joan Baker, Helen Louise Nichols, Eleanor Pickle, Loraine and Alberta Hardyman, Wanda Rayl, Mary Rose, Jimmie and Joanne Donley.

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	44c
No. 2 new yellow corn	44c
No. 3 new white oats	18c
No. 2 new beans	67c

Mark Moore of Indianapolis is among our renewal subscribers this week.

Field of Corn Waves in City Street



Three Chicago youngsters with a taste for truck gardening "plowed" and cultivated a tiny patch of ground near the curbstone of their residential street and soon had a thriving field of corn. Photograph shows the three city "farmers" tending their crop in the extremely foreign city atmosphere. Left to right, Joe Damble, Rose Huntsman and Neal Damble.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—The playing fields of Eton have been given due credit for Britain's power and durability. We seem to have overlooked the playing fields of West Point. A sweeping technical reorganization of the army is news this week. It might not have come off had it not been for a certain incident on the West Point football field. Gen. Malin Craig, chief of staff, is the reorganizer. He is preparing the army for the open game—swiftness, mobility, adaptiveness, as in modern football. It was an instant of inspired open football, back in the juggernaut days of the guards back and the side-line buck, that saved young Malin Craig for the army and the current reordering of tactics and equipment.

Just before the game with Trinity college in 1897, the West Point scholastic command had decided to retire Cadet Craig. Of an ancient army line, with many relatives in the service, he had been visiting around army posts. His marks had suffered. The ax was to fall just after the game.

Craig was a brilliant backfield player, but somewhat given to unplanned maneuvers. Carrying the ball at a critical turn of the game, he lost his interference in a broken field. He shook off several tacklers, but, somewhere around the 35-yard line, a stone wall of Trinity players loomed ahead.

Ducking a hurtling body, scarcely checking his stride, he booted a perfect field goal—winning the game, with appropriate Frank Merriwell trimmings. Of course, the faculty couldn't fire a hero. The ax was put away, a tutor was found, and Cadet Craig finished creditably—to establish the open game in the American army.

He was a baseball star, also, and old Pop Anson tried to sign him for the Chicago National team. Born in St. Joseph, Mo., he was the grandson of a Civil war general. His father was a major and he has a son recently out of West Point.

In the Spanish-American war, the Philippines, France and in minor mixups, he was a quick thinker and a self-starter, heavily garlanded from the first and known as a "progressive" tactician.

A FEW years ago, Richard Strauss was in trouble with the Nazis. The libretto of his opera, "The Silent Woman," had been written by Stefan Zweig, a "non-Aryan." The opera was a flop and Herr Strauss was ousted as president of the Reich Culture chamber and chairman of the Federation of German Composers. He is now restored to official favor.

His librettist for his new opera, "Der Friedenstag," is a certified Aryan, Joseph Gregor, a Viennese poet, and its world premier at Munich is a brilliant success, with new garlands for the seventy-five-year-old composer.

So apparently all is forgiven, and the traditional rebel of the musical world is rebelling no longer. He had decided to save the world at any cost, but turning sixty, he concluded he was doing well enough by merely keeping out of jail.

When "Salome" was presented in 1905, puritanical New York was shocked, and the mere idea of its being given here caused a row. Its presentation in New York in 1921 was taken calmly. Strauss' "Murky Psychographies," as the critics called them, didn't bring any riot calls. These muddy phantasmagorias of his earlier years got him into many battles, but he settled down to writing and—being a good business man—to money making. Once, when he was quarreling with Berlin, he was asked if he would play there. "I would play on a manure pile if they pay me for it," he said.

He is no kin of the famous waltz family of Vienna. In mellow and beery old Bavaria, his father was a horn-blower and his mother a brewer's daughter. He has prospered through his later years, the owner of a castle in Vienna and an estate in Bavaria.

In 1930, German cities were fighting for him as their leading citizen, with chambers of commerce competing and making offers. Then came the brief eclipse over the "non-Aryan" associations, and now the full effulgence of his restored career.

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Lemonade Stand Up to Date



Complete with cash register is the lemonade stand opened on a St. Louis street corner by Dickie Bradley, left, twelve years old. Constantine Demmas, six years old, hands over a penny for a glass, after a sample sip. Dickie says business is booming.

CLARA BOW'S SON



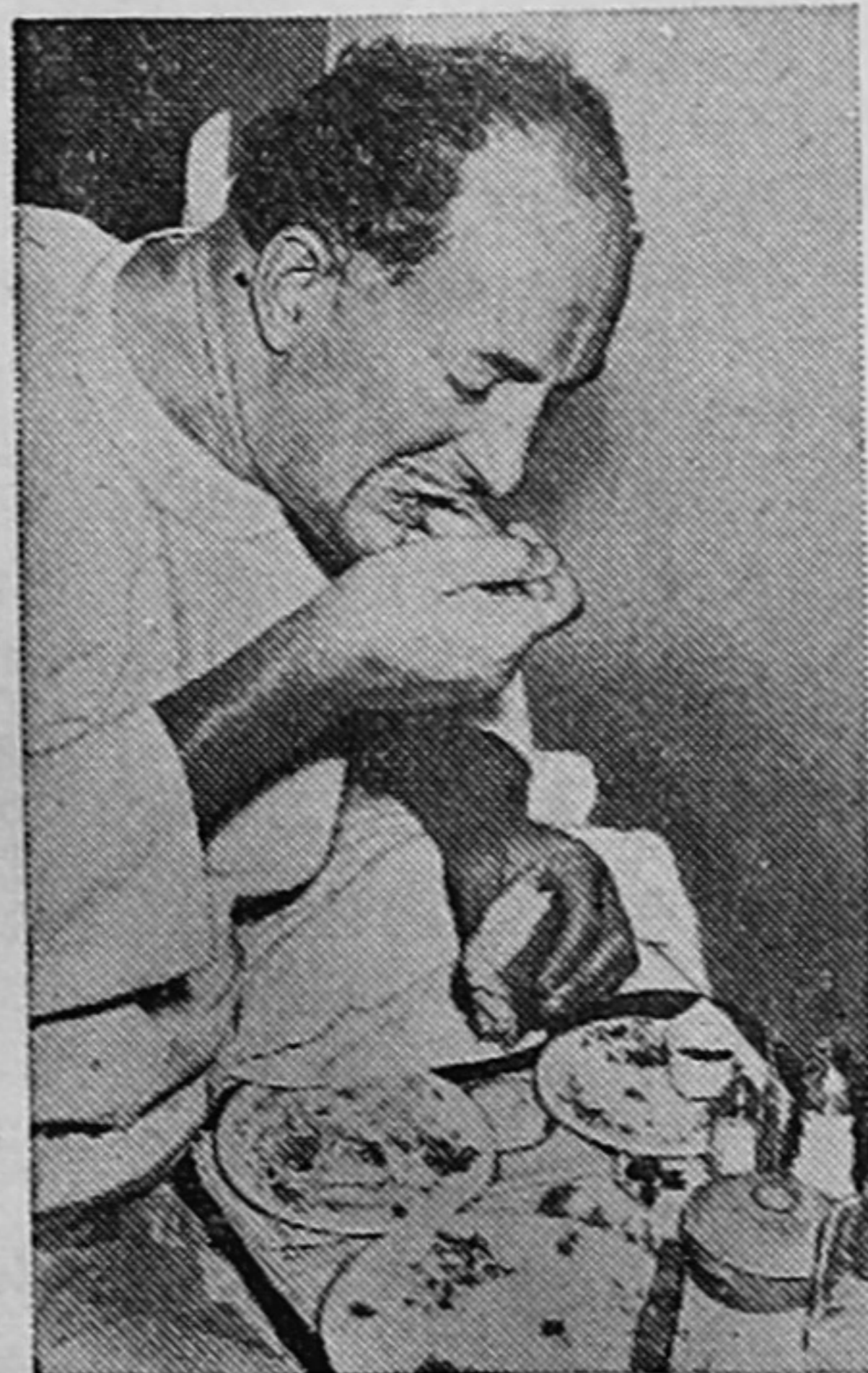
Clara Bow, former screen glam girl and wife of Rex Bell, film cowboy actor, shown with her baby son, photographed for the first time in her home in Hollywood, Calif. The son has not yet been named. Miss Bow has a three-and-one-half-year-old boy named Toni.

Czechoslovakia Aids Political Refugees



Poverty-stricken political refugees from Germany and Austria are finding a haven in Czechoslovakia. The government has established a camp for these unfortunate people at Bruenn where they work together at various chores. This group is peeling potatoes.

SWAM 50 MILES



Paul Chotteau, sensational forty-year-old distance swimmer shown taking a bit of light nourishment in Santa Monica hospital, following his spectacular 50-mile swim. Holder of two world's records, Chotteau demanded a steak, but physicians said he was still too exhausted to take anything but light nourishment.

Flood of Pennies for China



Putting her heart and soul into a miniature relief campaign all her own, Carolyn Wong, six years old, collected 4,000 pennies from fellow Chinese school children with which she surprised officials of the United Council for Civilian Relief in China. The money will be added to funds for relief of sufferers of the Japanese invasion.

WHAT to EAT and WHY ★

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses the Food Value of Ice Cream

Nationally Known Food Authority Describes Its Place in the Diet

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

ONE of the most significant contributions of modern nutritional science was the discovery of the importance of the protective foods—milk, eggs, fresh fruits and vegetables. These foods abound in the minerals and vitamins that help to insure normal growth and health, and safeguard us against the deficiency diseases.

In this group, milk and dairy products made from it assume a commanding position because milk is the best and most practical source of calcium and vitamins A and G. These substances should be consumed in much greater proportions than at present if we are to increase health and efficiency and improve our chances for longevity.

The first rule in providing adequate amounts of the protective foods is to allow daily a quart of milk for every child and at least a pint for each adult. This amount of milk need not always be consumed as a beverage, however. It may be used in cooked dishes or eaten in the form of cheese and ice cream.

Composition of Ice Cream
Ice cream is often regarded as a confection, but it deserves to be classed among our most nutritious foods. It is composed of varying proportions of cream, milk, sugar, flavoring and frequently a binder or stabilizer such as gelatin. The composition varies somewhat between the home-made and the commercial product, and the commercial product differs in various states. That is because standards governing the butter fat content differ widely so that the requirement ranges from 8 to 14 per cent. Most large commercial companies produce an ice cream with about 12 per cent fat.

Guard Against Contamination
Some states require the pasteurization of the milk or cream used in manufacturing ice cream; others stipulate that the entire mix must be pasteurized before freezing. These measures are desirable, as ice cream requires the same scrupulous care that should be given to milk and cream.

Because of the possibilities for contamination, several precautions should be observed in buying ice cream. Choose cream manufactured by a reputable concern. Be sure to buy from a dealer who keeps it well frozen, for ice cream that has been melted and frozen again may be dangerous, owing to the opportunity for the multiplication of bacteria while it was melted. See to it, also, that the dealer uses sanitary methods in dispensing.

Home-Made Ice Cream
An easy way to make certain of the purity of the ice cream you serve is to make this delicious dessert at home. Motor-driven freezers are available, as well as those that are manually operated. And the homemaker with an automatic refrigerator finds it easier to make ice cream than to prepare many less interesting and nutritious desserts.

Ice cream powders which simplify the preparation of home-made ice cream, can be obtained unflavored, or in a variety of flavors, including lemon and maple, in addition to the popular vanilla, chocolate and strawberry. The ice cream powders may be used with milk or a combination of milk and cream to produce a healthful des-

Send for this Free BULLETIN on Keeping Cool with Food

You and your family will enjoy better health and greater comfort during the sizzling days of summer that remain, if you send for "Keeping Cool with Food," offered free by C. Houston Goudiss. It lists "cooling" and "heating" foods and is complete with cooling menu suggestions. A post card will do to carry your request. Just address C. Houston Goudiss, 6 E. 39th St., New York City.

sert suitable for every member of the family. They also may be used for less rich but equally refreshing milk or buttermilk sherbets. A canned freezing mix is likewise available and is especially nice in a fruit flavor as it contains pieces of the whole fruit.

A Comparison With Milk
If we regard one-sixth of a quart of ice cream as an average serving, and compare it with one cup of milk, we make the interesting discovery that there is a close relation between the two. The ice cream provides about 24 more calories and only a trifle less protein, calcium, phosphorus, iron and vitamin A. There is considerably less vitamin G, but ice cream is nevertheless considered an excellent source of this important vitamin.

A Healthful Food
It then becomes apparent why ice cream is considered as an excellent food, not only for adults but for children and convalescents, and why one outstanding authority urges the liberal use of ice cream as a means of increasing the vitamin A content of the diet.

Plain ice cream may be used interchangeably with simple milk puddings. Rich mixtures, such as those filled with nuts and crystallized fruits, rank with the heartier desserts and should follow a lighter meal.

Ice cream is so rich in nourishment that it should not be consumed indiscriminately between meals, but should always be considered as part of the day's ration. When that is done, one nutrition authority states that its beneficial effects can hardly be overestimated.

Effect on Digestion
One frequently hears the question, "Doesn't the eating of ice cream retard the digestion of other foods consumed at the same time?" The answer is that it does slow up slightly the emptying time of the stomach but this delay is without significance and is more than compensated for by the important nutrients it provides.

Many people believe that it is injurious to follow ice cream with hot coffee. But it has been demonstrated that just the opposite is true. The coffee raises the temperature of the food in the stomach and thus modifies the cooling effect of the ice cream.

Another common question concerns the effect of cake or pie a la mode. Experiments indicate that eating ice cream with cake or pie produces a more satisfactory gastric juice than when either of these foods is eaten alone. One must take into consideration, however, that cake or pie a la mode is a rich combination and plan the remainder of the meal accordingly.

Use More Ice Cream

It has been estimated that five billion pounds of milk are used each year in the production of commercial ice cream, which provides about three gallons of ice cream per capita. The amounts of ice cream made at home will raise this figure somewhat. But the amount consumed may well be further increased, because when properly made from pure ingredients, ice cream deserves to rank with other dairy products among our most wholesome and nourishing foods.

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THIS FREE BULLETIN REVEALS THE SECRETS of a BALANCED DIET

SEND for the Homemaker's S Chart for Checking Nutritional Balance, offered free by C. Houston Goudiss, and discover that a balanced ration is not a puzzle. This useful chart lists the foods and the standard amounts that should be included in the daily diet. It contains skeleton menus for breakfast, dinner and lunch or supper to guide you in selecting the proper foods in each classification. Just ask for the Nutrition Chart, addressing C. Houston Goudiss, 6 E. 39th Street, New York City.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

● T.V.A. investigation flattens out as congressional committee fails to get excited over either side's charges... Sentiment grows for one-man control of board.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Conviction that there is no great merit in the charges of David E. Lillenthal and Harcourt A. Morgan that Arthur E. Morgan, deposed chairman of the Tennessee Valley authority, attempted to "sabotage" the government's case in a lawsuit against the utilities, or was "tampering" with witnesses or seeking to bring about a decision adverse to the government, is almost general in the special congressional committee investigating the TVA.

Conviction that Arthur E. Morgan's charges against Lillenthal and Harcourt Morgan are not very hot is also apparent from conversations with committee members.

Specifically, the committee does think the authority took very little pains to protect the federal treasury when it was paying \$680,000 for 550 acres of phosphate land which had been bought a short time before for \$125,000. This was one of Morgan's points of attack.



ARTHUR E. MORGAN
His charges were not very hot.

When it comes to Morgan's charge that Lillenthal and Harcourt Morgan virtually ignored him, sought to hamstring him in various ways, and held meetings with pre-arranged programs of which he was ignorant, the committee members admit privately that Arthur E. Morgan himself is the best witness for the other two directors on that. After listening to A. E. Morgan at length many of the committee members felt that they would have done almost anything in reason to avoid the long drawn-out discussions that would inevitably have resulted had no way been discovered to short circuit the chairman.

In fact, after listening to all three directors at tedious length, most committee members find it in their hearts to sympathize with all of them for having to put up with the others, and to understand why the simple solution of allocating the functions so that there need be fewer discussions in the board itself was adopted.

It was this separation of the functions of the TVA into three almost water-tight compartments, of course, which led to much of the trouble. Arthur E. Morgan had picked the other two directors. He was the first named, he was the chairman, and he had recommended the other two to the President. So he felt a keen sense of responsibility.

Further, he is a very meticulous person. He does not "yes" anybody who wants to agree with him. He does not like to make decisions until he has studied a question for days, talked about it for weeks, and called in three or four outside groups of experts. He is that sort of person. Magnificent for inquiry on some question of great importance but dubious soundness, A. E. Morgan could easily become very tiresome as an associate.

So the committee is inclined to laugh off most of the charges, pro and con.

A strong disposition is developing among members of the congressional investigating committee to recommend that control of the project, in the future, be placed in the hands of one man instead of a three-man board.

There is also a disposition to recommend that in any future organizations of similar type which may be set up the same idea of one-man control be followed.

In recent questions Representative Charles A. Wolverton of New Jersey called the attention of Lillenthal to the success which attended this idea when Gen. George W. Goethals was building the Panama canal. Until he was given supreme command, made virtually a czar, by Theodore Roosevelt, then President, the Panama job was a mess. It was almost as bad in his personal squabbles as TVA has been under the bickerings of Lillenthal and A. E. and H. A. Morgan.

Lillenthal did not agree with this suggestion—on the stand. But committee members took his answers with a grain of salt. Obviously it would be in poor taste for Lillenthal to espouse publicly the idea of one-man rule. It would be too much like his telling a congressional committee what the congress, and the President, ought to do. It just might not happen to please the President.

On the matter of the General Accounting office, Lillenthal was quite outspoken about what congress ought to do. He objected to Former Comptroller John R. McCarr's "playing politics" with TVA two years ago. What he really objects to is the present power of the comptroller's office to audit expenditures before they are made, instead of afterward.

But on the one-man control of TVA it was obvious that Lillenthal had not taken this up with the President. Moreover, for him to say that might have resulted in his trading a reality for a shadow.

At the present time, and in fact since the fall of 1933, Lillenthal has had the substance. Harcourt Morgan has voted for every move Lillenthal made. In return Lillenthal has voted with H. A. Morgan, with A. E. Morgan always in the minority. H. A. Morgan was perfectly happy to let Lillenthal have his way in return for a free hand with fertilizer and the land-grant colleges.

To have stated on the witness stand that he liked the idea of a one-man board would have endangered this now ripened and set alliance. It might plague Lillenthal considerably when that third member of the TVA is appointed to take the place of the ousted chairman, A. E. Morgan.

Nevertheless, committee members are interested in the idea of one-man control. They are not sure the bickering they have listened to almost to the limit of their endurance will not be resumed if and when "another strong-minded man" is appointed to the TVA board.

Explanation of So Much Third Term Talk

Explanation of so much third-term talk is the growing realization of the New Dealers that not one of their number seems likely to "make the grade" at the Democratic National convention in 1940. President Roosevelt himself would have been satisfied if he could have gotten Robert H. Jackson started. But Jim Farley, Ed Flynn of the Bronx, and others with real followings in New York would not give Jackson the chance to make a record as governor of New York. So the crowd around Roosevelt that wants his policies carried on, and each of whom wants to retain his own place in the sun, has come to the conclusion that Roosevelt must make the "sacrifice."

A very important factor in the third-term situation is that the conservative Democrats are getting stronger—seem more likely to control a lot of big delegations in 1940. Roosevelt can have New York's delegation for himself, but could not deliver it against the wishes of the men who balked him on Jackson, especially if Governor Herbert H. Lehman agreed with them. The mere fact that Lehman, opposed to court packing and alarmed about federal spending, is assured of the Democratic nomination for senator is the signpost of this situation.

C. I. O. Faces Unfriendly Congress in January

C. I. O. will face a much more unfriendly congress in January—a congress that will be all set to revise the Wagner Labor Relations act in some essential particulars. No drive to accomplish what many employers would like to see will get anywhere, but the act is apt to be revised as the American Federation of Labor would like, despite any efforts Roosevelt may make to stop it. Sentiment is building up too strong against the C. I. O. and against the National Labor Relations board for alleged partiality to C. I. O.

C. I. O. will face the new congress with an almost unbroken record of defeats whenever it appealed to the voters in behalf of candidates, or against candidates except where the American Federation of Labor happened to be on the same side, as is the case in the campaign for Senator Alben W. Barkley. William Green happened to be on the winning side in every fight so far where his organization has opposed the C. I. O., starting off with Pennsylvania and Iowa.

One of the reasons most of the political dopesters figure Ellison D. (Cotton Ed) Smith is almost sure of renomination, although he was high up on the purge list for having opposed the President on the court and other issues, is that A. F. of L. is fighting for him. Incidentally, the "purge" has narrowed down to Senators Walter F. George in Georgia and Millard E. Tydings in Maryland, so far as any positive results are within the realm of reason. Certainty of renomination of Senator Alva B. Adams in Colorado, added to the list of insurgent victories achieved and certain to come, makes that pretty sure. Under the Colorado law Adams' opponent did not get enough votes in his party convention to get his name on the primary ballot.

Such a mother as Hannah would have such a son as Samuel of whom it is said that he "was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men" (2:26)

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
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Lesson for August 21

HANNAH: GODLY MOTHERHOOD

LESSON TEXT—1 Samuel 1:9-18; 2:1-5.
GOLDEN TEXT—Her children arise up, and call her blessed. Proverbs 31:28.

"Godly Motherhood"—All the power and grace of the infinite God working in and through the most tender and at the same time most potent human relationship—motherhood! There indeed is the solution of many of our national and social problems. For we agree with the poet that man, who regards himself as being mighty, ruling over land and sea, must defer to a mightier power.

"For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Hannah was the mother of Samuel, who became one of Israel's outstanding leaders—a priest, a prophet, and "the maker of kings." God needed a great man, so He chose for him a great mother.

Our study for today will be topical rather than textual and extended to related portions in chapters 1 and 2. We consider Hannah as a mother who was spiritual and sacrificial, but at the same time practical in her daily life and service.

I. Spiritual.
Many are the tributes offered to mothers, but none has deeper significance than the testimony of a boy or girl that their mother has led them both by precept and example to have faith in God. Though other advantages may be beyond the reach even of the most self-denying mother, this most important of all benefits she may bring her children, but only if she herself is an earnest and faithful follower of the Lord.

1. Hannah trusted God in her hour of trial and sorrow (1:10). Although her husband was a man of good qualities, he had followed the custom of his times and taken a second wife. Hannah, childless in the presence of Peninnah and her children, was in deep sorrow. But she knew where to take her burdens; she brought them to the Lord in prayer.

2. She prayed—fervently and effectually (1:17, 18, compare James 5:16b). Mother's prayers have followed many a wayward boy and girl and brought them back to God. When every other influence for good had been swept aside, they have been unable to forget mother's prayers. One wonders what will happen to boys and girls who go out to face a wicked and bewildering world, with the memory of a prayerless, worldly mother to blight rather than to bless them.

3. She recognized children as a gift of God (1:11). And surely they are. Christian men and women should protest by both word and deed against the vicious modern theory that children are a sort of biological accident to be avoided.

II. Sacrificial.
The most precious possession a woman can have is a child of her own. It was, then, the deepest and finest sacrifice of a noble mother-heart when she

1. Dedicated her boy to God, even before his birth (1:11). Yet this act so fine and commendable was in reality only an intelligent recognition of the fact that children are a gift of God. Your children and mine belong to God. Let us not stand in His way (or their way) as He graciously leads them out into service for Him.

2. She kept her promise (1:24-28). Many parents have solemnly dedicated their children to God before their birth, and then later the prospect of separation from them has been too much for the parents, and the promise to God has been thrust aside. The writer has on many occasions seen young men and women weep with broken-hearted dismay because a mother or father has forbidden them to go to China, Africa, or elsewhere at God's call. Mother, have you kept your promise to God regarding your boy, your girl?

III. Practical.
Hannah not only promised her boy to God; she made the completion of that promise certain.

1. By guiding her boy in the right way (1:24). As a matter of fact, she went with him to the temple. A mother who "sends" her boy to Sunday school or church will never help him like the mother of whom it may be said "she brought him unto the house of the Lord."

2. By providing for her boy (2:18, 19). There is no more tender and meaningful story in all literature than that of Hannah bringing her boy his "little coat." It is still true that the best "support" a missionary of the Cross can have is a home that "stands by."

The story is told of a missionary candidate who had no "board" back of her but the "washboard" of a godly mother, and who made a valiant and useful servant in the foreign field. Such an arrangement may not be the most desirable and it really should not be necessary if God's people would give, but it has its glorious advantages.

Such a mother as Hannah would have such a son as Samuel of whom it is said that he "was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men" (2:26)

AT EVENING TIME

By
Madeline A. Chaffee
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WNU Service.

The "Briny Toyshop" was closed for the day. Its tiny show window still displayed an enticing array of delightful playthings, but the latch was hard down on the door, and its little lady proprietor had retired to her favorite low rocker by a rear window facing the sea.

The most persistent youth in the small sea-faring village rattled the door, but in vain. Miss Matilda Bell did not even hear.

There seemed more than ordinary magic in the glowing spell cast by the sun at this close of day. The old-fashioned garden sloping to the rocky shore seemed a fairy place. The sea was many-hued, dusky, wondrous, and its melody came pleasantly to Miss Matilda. There were dreams in Miss Matilda's eyes as she watched; not the happy, hopeful dreams of youth, but the deeper, sadder dreams of one who has lived long.

Miss Matilda was so much a part of her surroundings that she had ceased to notice them in detail. Her mind had flown back nearly 50 years, to the time when she had not the faintest thought of ever being a little, elderly, sweet-faced lady sitting by herself in the twilight.

To the time when she was a young, adventurous girl pledging her troth to a dashing young naval officer. Even now her eyes grew dim as the memories came drifting in on the breeze. Dream pic-

tures blotted out the garden, the rocks, the sea itself, and Miss Matilda felt herself in the arms of her young lover, so tender, so dear—

And he had sailed away, full of hope and happy anticipations of the day when he should return to make her his wife. Miss Matilda's eyes blurred. That day had never come. There had been a fire aboard the ship—and the young officer, who belonged heart and soul to Matilda Bell, had given his life for another.

Years had taken away that first tragic grief, but Miss Matilda had loved too deeply to forget. How she wished she had been with him! Sometimes he seemed to speak to her in the voice of the sea, and she would say that she was coming—some day soon, very soon—coming to be with him.

On the rocks below Miss Matilda's cottage two figures were silhouetted against the dull red sky.

"But, dear girl"—the man's voice was tender, serious—"you don't know what the life is. I do—and I wouldn't condemn any woman to it, least of all—you. It will be a torture without you—but it wouldn't be fair to take you."

The girl's straight, sweet gaze held his steadily.

"But, Tom, don't you see I want to go? It may be years before you come back. Our marriage—that-is-to-be is going to be

Wise and Otherwise

"A child must have a chance to express its ideas," says a psychologist. Yes, but not on plain wallpaper!

"Girls were quicker in their movements eighty years ago," says a writer. They got a bustle on them.

"And they call America the land of free speech," said the disgruntled Scot when the telephone operator told him to put a nickel in the box.

The best husbands are those who marry young. If a man waits till he has money it hurts more to pay it out.

true partnership, Tommy boy, and it must begin by my going to South America with you now. I can face anything—with you!"

The two silhouettes suddenly converged into one as Tom said huskily:

"Bless you, sweetheart, you're coming with me. We'll play the game of life squarely—together."

And up in the little dusky window above the garden, with the sea still crooning a low love song, Miss Matilda had come into her own.

See by Mirrors

Tapestry weavers are obliged to watch the progress of their work in mirrors, as a tapestry has to be woven from the back. The weaver checks his work in a mirror facing the front of the fabric.—Collier's Weekly.

CONTINUED BY POPULAR REQUEST

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Radio Program

WINS APPLAUSE OF FARM LEADERS EVERYWHERE

REQUESTS for reprints of the interviews between Everett Mitchell and Champion Farmers evidenced so great an interest that these entertaining and instructive programs will be resumed beginning the week of August 14.

In addition to the interviews conducted by Everett Mitchell the Firestone Orchestra and quartette complete a pleasant and instructive fifteen minute program.

The list of stations with days and times over which the broadcasts can be heard appear below.

TWICE WEEKLY AT THE NOON HOUR

City	Station	Kilocycles	Days	Time
Ablene	KFBI	1050	Wed. & Fri.	11:30 A.M. CST
Amarillo	KGNC	1410	Tue. & Thur.	11:30 A.M. CST
Amrita	WSB	740	Tue. & Thur.	12:45 P.M. CDST
Bakersfield	KPMC	1550	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. PST
Baltimore	WBAL	1060	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. EDST
Billings	KGHL	780	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. MST
Birmingham	WBRC	930	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Bismarck	KFYR	450	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CST
Boise	KIDO	1350	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CST
Boston	WBZ	990	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. EDST
Buffalo	WREN	1200	Tue. & Thur.	12:45 P.M. EDST
Burlington	WCAX	1200	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 P.M. EDST
Charlotte	WBT	1080	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 P.M. EST
Chicago	WLS	870	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. CDST
Cincinnati	WLW	700	Saturday	2:00 P.M. CDST
Clay Center	KMMJ	740	Tue. & Thur.	11:45 A.M. CST
Cleveland	WTAM	1070	Tue. & Thur.	11:00 A.M. EST
Corpus Christi	KRIS	1330	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 P.M. CST
Dallas	WEAA	800	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. CST
Des Moines	WIO	1000	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. CST
Detroit	WJR	750	Wed. & Fri.	12:00 P.M. EST
Dodge City	KGNO	1340	Mon. & Wed.	12:15 P.M. CST
El Centro	KKO	1500	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. PST
El Paso	KTSM	1310	Tue. & Thur.	12:45 P.M. CST
Eugene	KORE	1420	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 P.M. PST
Fargo	WDAY	940	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Fresno	KMJ	580	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. PST
Ft. Wayne	WOWO	1160	Wed. & Fri.	12:45 P.M. CDST
Gainesville	WRUF	850	Wed. & Fri.	11:30 A.M. EST
Great Falls	KFB	1280	Tue. & Thur.	1:00 P.M. MST
Greely	KFKA	880	Tue. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. MST
Hartford	WTIC	1040	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. EST
Hot Springs	KTHS	1060	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Houston	WIRE	1400	Wed. & Fri.	11:30 A.M. CST
Indianapolis	WIRE	1400	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Kansas City	KMBC	950	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. CST
Klamath Falls	KFJI	1210	Mon. & Wed.	12:00 N. PST
LaCrosse	WKBH	1380	Wed. & Fri.	11:45 A.M. CST
Little Rock	KLRA	1390	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Lubbock	KEYO	1410	Wed. & Fri.	11:45 A.M. CST
Medford	KMED	1410	Wed. & Fri.	12:35 P.M. PST
Memphis	WREC	600	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Miami	WQAM	560	Wed. & Fri.	12:45 P.M. EST
Milwaukee	WTMJ	620	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. CST
Minneapolis	WCCO	810	Wed. & Fri.	12:45 P.M. CST
Nashville	WSM	650	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. CST
Newark	WOR	710	Mon. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. EDST
New Orleans	WWL	850	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CST
Oklahoma City	WKY	900	Wed. & Thur.	12:00 N. CST
Omaha	WOW	590	Wed. & Fri.	12:00 N. CST
Phoenix	KTAR	620	Tue. & Thur.	10:30 A.M. MST
Pittsburgh	KDKA	980	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. EDST
Plattsburg	WMEF	1310	Mon. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. EDST
Pocahontas	KSEI	900	Wed. & Fri.	12:45 P.M. MST
Presque Isle	WAGM	1420	Tue. & Thur.	11:45 A.M. EDST
Pueblo	KGFH	1320	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. MST
Richmond	WRA	1110	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. EST
Rochester, Minn.	KROC	1310	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. CST
Rapid City	KOBH	1370	Wed. & Fri.	12:00 N. MST
Salom	KSLM	1370	Wed. & Fri.	12:35 P.M. PST
San Antonio	WOAI	1190	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 N. CST
San Bernardino	KEXM	1210	Tue. & Thur.	12:45 P.M. PST
San Francisco	KFO	680	Mon. & Thur.	1:00 P.M. PST
Santa Ana	KVOE	1500	Wed. & Fri.	11:45 A.M. PST
Schenectady	WGY	790	Sat. & Sun.	12:15 P.M. EDST
Scottsbluff	KGGY	1500	Tue. & Thur.	7:15 P.M. MST
Shreveport	KWKY	1100	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CST
Sioux Falls	KSOO	1110	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CST
Spokane	KHO	590	Tue. & Thur.	7:15 A.M. PST
Springfield, Ill.	WCBS	1420	Mon. & Wed.	12:45 P.M. CST
Springfield, Mo.	KGBX	1230	Wed. & Fri.	12:00 N. CST
Springfield, Mass.	WBZA	990	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. EDST
St. Joseph	KFO	680	Wed. & Fri.	12:20 P.M. CST
St. Louis	KMOX	1090	Wed. & Fri.	1:00 P.M. CST
St. Petersburg	WSUN	620	Tue. & Thur.	12:45 P.M. EST
Syracuse	WVSR	570	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. EST
Twin Falls	KTFI	1140	Wed. & Fri.	11:45 A.M. CST
Tulsa	KWY	1240	Tue. & Thur.	11:15 P.M. MST
Waco	KRGV	1260	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 N. CST
Wichita	KFH	1300	Mon. & Wed.	12:30 P.M. CST
Wilmington	WDEL	1120	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. EDST
Yankton	WNAX	870	Wed. & Fri.	11:45 A.M. CST
York	WOKR	1320	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CDST

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Broadlands News

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An Expanding Crop

In its recent soybean acreage report, the government shows for the entire United States a total of 6,743,000 acres, which is 9.8 per cent higher than last year, and some 103,000 acres above the record 1935 acreage.

This confirms predictions of recent years that the soybean is destined to rise to great heights as a cash crop of the American farmer.

The high merit of soybean products makes possible a market for increased production. So great has become the demand for soybean oil meal in the feeding of livestock and poultry that more than is now produced could be consumed in the states where the crop is grown.

In pointing out the advantages of this meal, agricultural experts stress the fact that it is digestible and palatable, having a good physical effect on all animals, besides being economical.

Death of a Scientist

The nation in general, and the South in particular, suffered a severe loss in the recent death of Dr. Charles H. Herty, 70-year-old chemist, whose development of processes for utilizing slash pine in paper making has been hailed as an epoch-making achievement.

Born in Milledgeville, Ga., Dr. Herty was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1886, and received his doctor's degree from Johns Hopkins in 1890. For several years he was a university professor but he had begun chemical experiments which led finally to his successful production of newsprint paper from slash pine, which is plentiful in the south, but formerly considered of little value.

Definite success was assured when on Nov. 20, 1933, eleven Georgia newspapers were printed on paper from pine pulp. The American Newspaper Publishers Association took an interest in the production of the new paper on a commercial scale with the result that ground will soon be broken for a \$7,500,000 newsprint plant at Lufkin, Tex.

Through the labors of Dr. Herty a new industry has thus been created, which will be of inestimable value to the South and to the whole nation in the years to come.

A School Problem

Earnest educators throughout the United States are giving serious thought to a reform of curricula, with a view to better adapting them to the needs of the present-day student. No current question deserves more thoughtful consideration.

It is no reflection upon our educational leaders that present methods are proving inadequate to the demands of the times. With the ever-increasing store of available knowledge, it becomes more and more difficult to choose that which should be taught in the limited time that can be given to formal education by the average student.

But the problem is not new. As far back as 1758 the prevailing system of education in England came in for drastic criticism by Thomas Sheridan, who labored with little success for its reform.

Sheridan contended that the established system of that day

did not fit the young for their duties in life; that it was uniform for all and profitable for none. He also stressed the importance of imparting a better knowledge of the English language.

The latter point, at least, might well be taken to heart today. It would be a great step forward if the children might emerge from high school with a reasonable acquaintance with their mother tongue.

Buy Home Products

Campaigns for the encouragement of buying products manufactured near at home have been carried on in various communities with varying success for many years. Nearly everyone agrees that the idea is sound in principle, but many fail to put it into practice when the time comes to buy.

Any small industry which manufactures a worthy product and sells it at a reasonable price might be enabled to grow large through the loyal support of home people. Its growth would enable it to increase its payrolls, increase its consumption of locally produced raw materials, build up increased taxable wealth and in every way contribute to the progress and prosperity of its community.

These are trite and self-evident facts which have been put forward time and time again, yet many otherwise good citizens deliberately contribute to the up-building of distant cities at the expense of their own towns and counties, through failing to patronize home establishments.

The policy of buying at home would do more for the average town than can be accomplished by all the commercial organizations and boosters' clubs which may be maintained. These organizations are needed of course, but their efforts should be aided by supporting the enterprises already present in the community.

Sidelights

Among the questions asked in the examination of an applicant for a place on the Washington police force was this one: What would you do to disperse a crowd quickly and without violence? His answer: I'd pass the hat.

Because he looks like the G-men's sketch of the kidnaper of little Charles Mattson, Leo F. Ash was arrested nine times in various cities. Finally the Washington state patrol gave him an identification card certifying that he is not the man wanted.

George Rooney, 80, who specializes in crying jags, has been arrested in Butte, Mont., 500 times in 50 years, according to his own admission. A few days ago Police Judge Buckley decided that George was an incorrigible drunkard and ordered him to the county farm for keeps.

Millions of pieces of mail fail to be delivered each year because of poorly written or incorrect addresses. A high postal official reveals the almost incredible fact that more than 100,000 letters were mailed last year with nothing at all on the envelopes except a stamp. It's a poor habit.

Because the sculptor had a faulty knowledge of natural history, his model for an arch for Ottawa's parliament building had to be changed. He designed it to represent a beaver with nine young, but someone pointed out that beavers never have more than three or four in a single litter.

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.

What's New

Rear wheel suspension that operates like a telescope, absorbing shocks of the road, is incorporated in a new motorcycle being built in Germany.

Scientists at Carnegie Institute report that they have succeeded in forming the first man-made meteorite, a nickel alloy crystal about the size of a hickory nut.

The fossil of a previously unknown six-inch lizard was found near Powell, Wyo., by a Princeton university scientist, who indicated that the animal lived 55,000,000 years ago.

At Langley Field, Va., is a "free flight wind tunnel" in which a model is unrestrained and flies freely, offering a new method of studying airplane characteristics, especially stability and control.

Less costly than cleaning the conventional metal can, a paper cup for spraying is discarded after use. It is made of three-ply paper with a metal bottom, and can also be used for storing paints and lacquers.

Interesting Notes

Almost twice as many men were killed in the World War as in all the wars from 1790 to 1913.

David Glaenz of Duluth lost his right ear diving through a window to escape arrest.

Dr. Charles G. Berger of Atlantic, Mass., has a collection of over 500 pairs of antique spectacles.

Henry Elsen of Chicago asked police to arrest his wife because she had driven him to attempt suicide twice.

While an officer slept in a police car at Cambridge, Mass., thieves jacked up the machine, removed a wheel and tire and fled undetected.

Nineteen years after he had deserted his wife and married his niece, Andrew Green of Hull, Eng., was traced and arrested for bigamy.

The game warden of Tipton, Ga., is looking for an automobile fisherman who drives up to a stream, hooks a naked wire to a spark plug, casts it into the water and starts the motor. Then he gathers up the electrocuted fish.

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

Men in the Moon

THE first, and probably the greatest, of all American newspaper hoaxes appeared in the New York Sun in August, 1835. It was the invention of Richard Adams Locke and told how Sir John Herschel, the eminent British astronomer, had invented a telescope to find out if the moon was inhabited. He discovered that it was—by a kind of manbat, as well as by many other curious forms of animal and vegetable life, all of which he described.

Of course, the story caused a sensation. A party of scientists called at the Sun office to see the original accounts which were supposed to have been taken from the Edinburgh Journal of Science (a publication that existed only in Locke's imagination, also). It also fooled the other newspapers and when one of them, the Journal of Commerce, asked permission to reprint it, Locke confessed the hoax.

He then explained that it was written as "an elaborate satire upon the monstrous fabrications of the political press of the country and the various genera and species of its party editors," especially "a notorious foreigner who is the supervising editor of one of our largest morning newspapers." That was James Gordon Bennett, founder of the New York Herald, who had enraged the conservative papers of the day by his sensational methods.

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Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

Columbus' Diary

IN 1924 Angel Delmote, a Mexican lawyer, announced that he had obtained from some Jews in Havana, Cuba, an almost priceless historical document. It was the original diary of Christopher Columbus which, enclosed in a wax casing, had been thrown overboard when it appeared certain that his ship was about to be wrecked in a storm near the Azores in 1493.

Thereupon, the experts on historical documents laughed long and loud. "So the original log of Columbus has bobbed up again" they said. "Well, it's about time—it comes to light about every two years." They know it's a fake for the very good reason that the diary is written in German and, so far as is known, Columbus could neither speak nor write German. More than that, the language of the "diary" is excellent modern German but resembles that spoken in the Fifteenth century no more than the English language of today resembles the English of Chaucer's time.

A year previously this "diary" had made its appearance in San Francisco. The two men who had bought this "500-year-old document" took it to a paper company to establish its authenticity by chemical tests. The tests were made and proved that the paper on which the "diary" was written was scarcely 30 years old!

What's the answer? Simply that forgers of "historic documents" continue to ply their trade, confident that they can always find a victim to buy their spurious "antiques."

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The Mexican orchid grows with its roots upward, its blossoms downward.

A popular movie actress declares she prefers the simple things of life. And will probably marry three or four of them.

3 Way Savings

- * IN FOOD
- * IN TIME
- * IN MONEY



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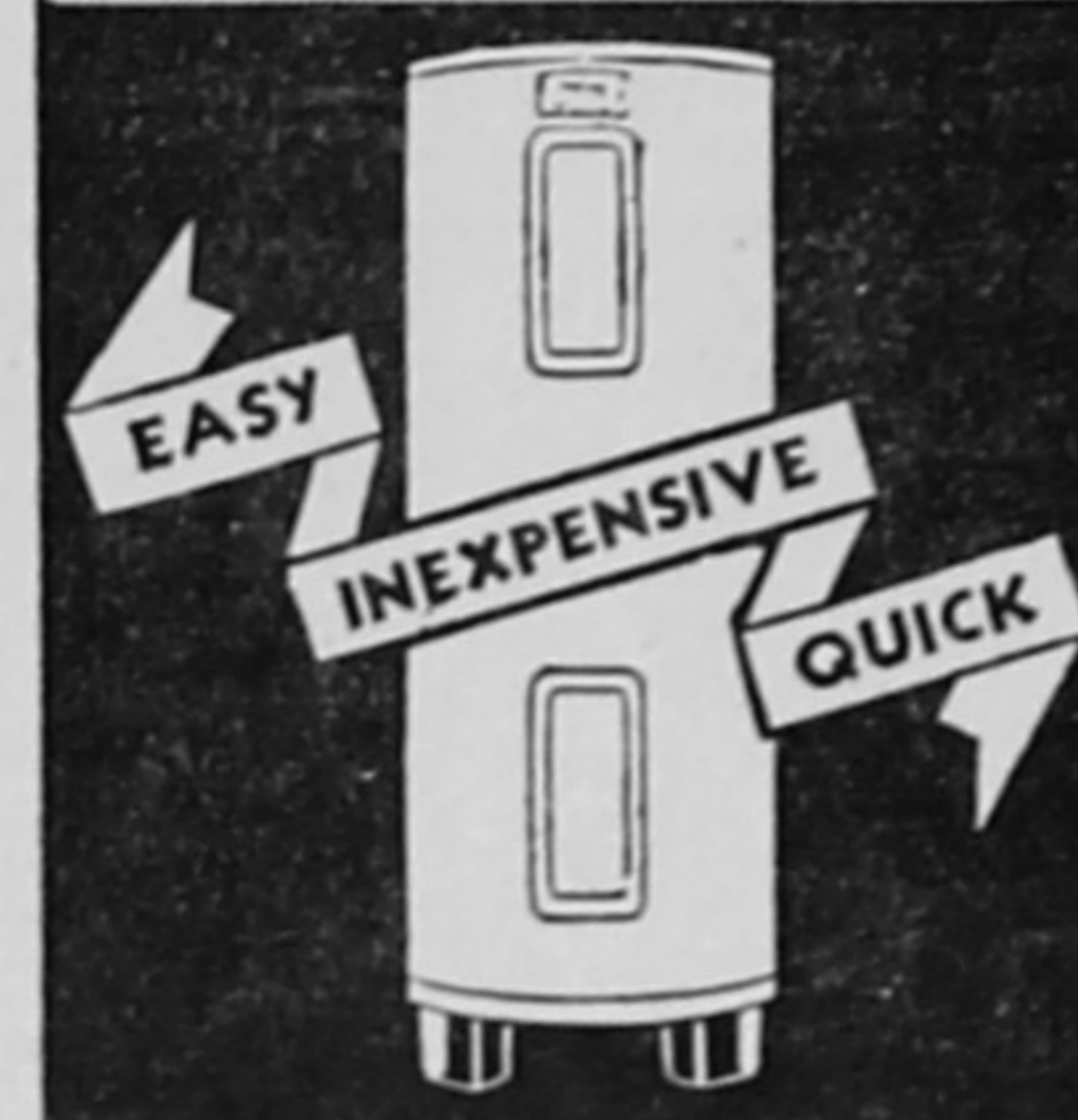
Price of a Meal in 1837

Home town folks were favored guests in 1837 at Middletown, now a part of Logan County, Illinois. Research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, have noted, in examining material for a guide book to the state, that early county commissioners licensed a tavern owner to charge local guests 25 cents for meals and gave him permission to add 50 percent of that amount for meals served to the transients.

A credit man is the guy who directs that your order be sent C. O. D.

While fighting a junk yard blaze in Perry, N. Y., volunteer fireman Hubert Harter's trousers caught fire. He calmly stepped out of them and continued to combat the fire for four hours.

150° HOT WATER SERVICE



with a New Hotpoint ELECTRIC WATER HEATER

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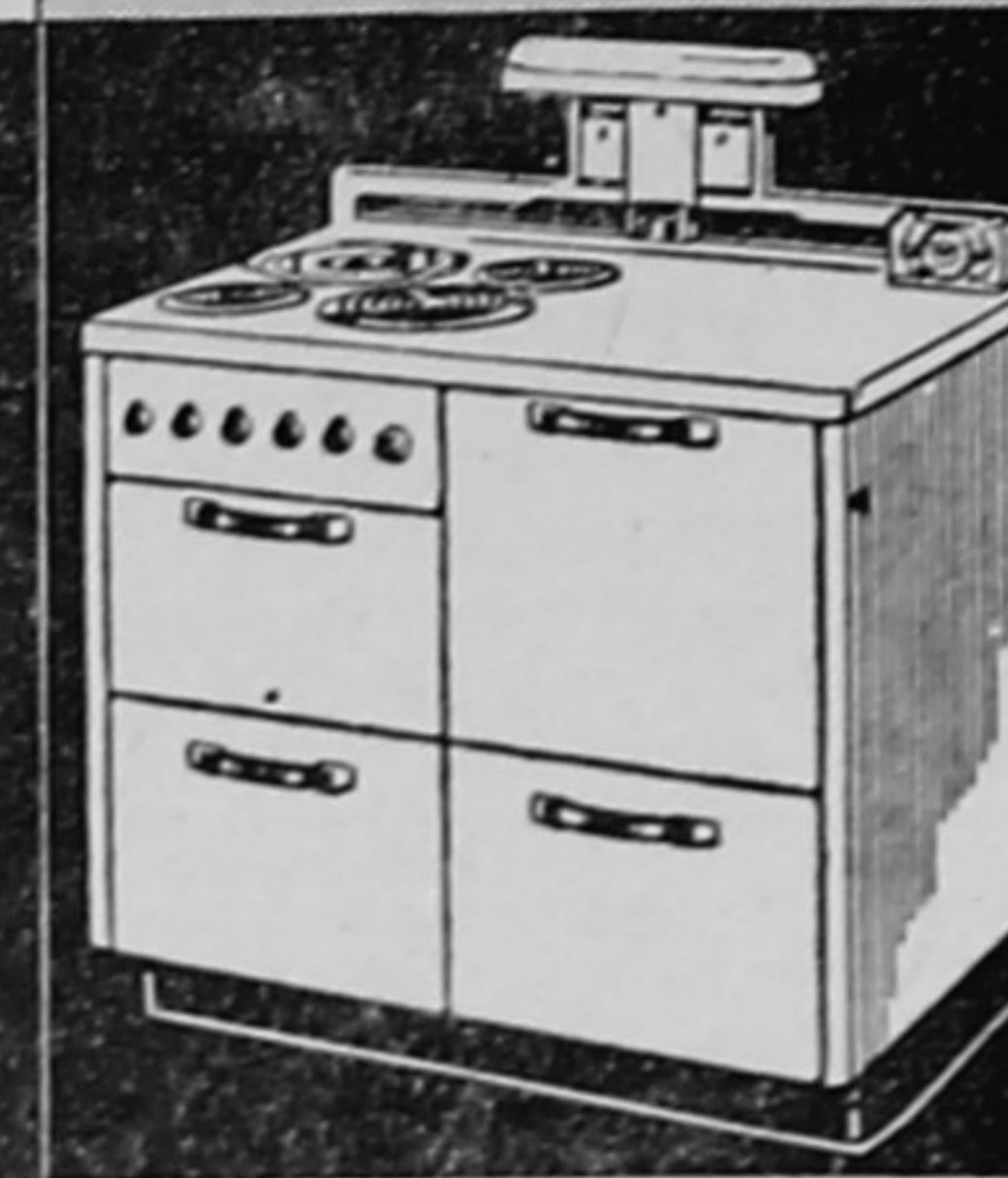
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Curing Phil

By RAY SAPERSTEIN
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IT WAS snowing hard when Mr. and Mrs. Culver and their daughter Anna saw the machine approaching and went on the porch to meet their guests. But the greetings were scarcely over before it became apparent that something was wrong. Phil Marley was pale and thin, while the face of Edna Marley, nee Culver, wore a harassed and anxious expression.

"What's wrong, darling?" asked Mrs. Culver, a few minutes later. It was the first time she had seen her daughter since her marriage.

"It's Phil, mother. He's been sick for a long time, and he won't take any medicine, or see a doctor, or anything. And I'm worried to death."

Anna, who had been listening to her sister's tale of woe, went to the medicine chest, and returned with a spoon and an awe-inspiring bottle containing a greenish liquid.

"This is the best cough medicine in the world," said she. "A single dose will relieve him."

Phil Marley eyed her with suspicion, and sat up with a jerk as she brought the spoon near. "Is that for me?" he demanded.

"For no one else. Drink it like a man, and not like a foolish child. It will make you well."

It didn't make Phil well at all, for the simple reason that he pushed the spoon away, and the health-giving liquid made a dark stain on the rug.

"I'm going upstairs for some rest," he declared, grimly. "If

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

there's a thing like that to be found in this house."

Edna began to cry. She hadn't thought Phil's illness serious, but if other people did—"What—what shall I do?" she asked, quite overcome.

"Telephone Doctor Strong."

"But he doesn't want a doctor."

"Telephone, anyway, and when the doctor comes it will be too late for Phil to object."

Edna hesitated, knowing her husband's temper when crossed. However, for his own good—she gave a reluctant consent, but her conscience troubled her so much that when it was nearly time for the doctor to come she ascended the stairs to her husband's room, sat down beside him, and said: "Phil, dear, I hope you won't mind our sending for the doctor—"

He jumped up like a jack-in-the-box. "You—you sent for the doctor?"

"Yes. You have such a cough, and—"

He tumbled out of bed and began fumbling for his clothes. He found his bathrobe and slippers, muttering, as he put them on, "So you think I'm crazy, do you? A fine wife I've got—a wife who conspires with others to make an idiot of her husband. But you're not going to—"

The clang of the doorbell downstairs shut off further speech. Clad in his slippers, a bathrobe and a silk hat, which, in his excitement, he put on without thinking, he rushed down the back stairs just as the doctor climbed the flight of steps in front.

No patient greeted Doctor Strong. Instead, he found, a pretty young woman wringing her hands and weeping.

"Where's the sick man?" he demanded.

"Somewhere downstairs, I guess."

But a search of the house failed to reveal him. Doctor Strong went about his business, leaving a distracted family behind. Where could Phil have gone—in a bathrobe and slippers and a silk hat? After another fruitless search, Edna came to the unhappy conclusion that her husband had jumped into the river a few miles away.

Night came, and Mr. Culver went downstairs to replenish the furnace—and discovered his son-in-law stretched on a couple of blankets before its genial glow.

"Well!" said the old gentleman, emphatically, after staring a few seconds to make sure it was indeed the missing man.

Phil Marley opened his eyes, looked around, sheepishly, and said, "It was nice, and warm here, and I knew nobody would bother me. The heat from the furnace seemed to warm me clear through, and I feel a whole lot better."

Mr. Culver repressed the retort on his tongue, and said, mildly, "Well, if you feel better, perhaps you'll go upstairs and convince Edna that you're not drowned. We were thinking of dragging the river for you tomorrow."

"I'll go right up. I guess I've been pretty cranky, but I won't be any more."

Lafayette's Citizens of Maryland
In gratitude for Lafayette's military service in the Revolution, the Maryland general assembly in 1784 passed a law providing that he and his male heirs forever should be citizens of Maryland.

Mildred Sets the Stage

By ANNABEL ALLEN
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

IF GEORGE WILSON could have seen Mildred choosing fresh linen for his homecoming it would have astonished him.

SHORT SHORT STORY

George was one of those round-faced, sandy-haired, easy-going husbands who begin every third sentence with "come up to the house."

His opposite in every way, Mildred, with her dark hair and high coloring, was cordial, but with reserve.

He had been on a trip. That meant one Sunday free from the ever-present Marshals. For many weeks before that the Marshals had, one way or another, managed to spend Saturday and Sunday at the Wilsons.

George said he was glad they felt free to come.

"That's the word, free," murmured Mildred under her breath.

"George, before you go," she had said, "we really need some new things—sheets, towels and things like that. Why not leave me some money, and I will get them while you are away?"

"Yeh," George turned the page of the trade paper he was looking over and read on.

"Marshal is taking Mabel on his trip this week," began George, later, having finished reading his paper.

"Yeh," returned Mildred. He didn't notice, nor did he see the gleam in her eye.

Just the opportunity she had been waiting for.

Thus it was that she was choosing only the torn sheets, the pulled, stringy bath towels, the curtains that looked as if a breath would melt them, tablecloths whose usefulness had long since ended.

Mildred fixed the slits in the oldest sheets on George's side of the bed. The towels with the largest holes, the most bedraggled-looking face cloths found themselves on his rack. The most worn part of the tablecloth was at his place.

The stage was set.

Back and forth she walked many times to look out of the window.

Just as she was busy spreading out a particularly holey dish towel on the rack in the kitchen, the bell trilled sharply and George's key jingled in the lock.

"I'm home, Mil," announced George, slamming down bag, umbrella, magazine and brief case.

"As if anyone wouldn't know it," giving the noisy offender a welcome that showed beyond a doubt how glad she was to see him. "Why not close the door, or have those hotel people spoiled you?" Laughingly she gave the door a push. Something was in the way, maybe a present he had brought home and left it there for her to find.

A familiar giggle and in stepped the "present"—the Marshals.

"Surprise! Surprise! Met 'em on the way up from the station. Their machine passed my taxi. Put something over on you that time!"

"I'm starved. When do we eat?" he began, cheerfully.

"Just a couple of minutes, Father Bear," returned Mildred, trying hard to act naturally.

George began the meal with a flourish of his napkin. It was in shreds. "Too obvious," thought Mildred, not glancing up.

Then followed the deluge. One by one the defects began to loom up, until a final "swish" followed by, "Gosh, I've split this sheet, Mil," brought the evening to an end.

After breakfast Sunday morning the men were sitting silent, reading as usual when Mabel Marshal announced that they were leaving early. Mildred intimated that there was no hurry. Mabel, however, avoided her gaze and they left.

The house seemed very still after the Marshals had gone, the stillness that bespeaks racing thoughts and a slight restraint.

"Queer they should go off so early and suddenly," ventured George, puzzled.

"Not so queer," returned Mildred seriously. "They thought you were no longer prosperous, and they love prosperity, that's all."

"Everything did seem kind of ragged. What happened, anyway?"

Being human, she told him.

George listened for a few minutes, then he laughed until the tears rolled down his smooth, round face.

"Good joke," he gasped when he could speak again. "You're some little arranger, you are."

In a dramatic manner he pulled his bulky black wallet from his pocket.

"Here, woman," he said, waving his arms about, "take my roll and buy yourself a couple of face cloths." Then, somewhat seriously he added, "No more lessons, now. Once is enough."

Mildred made a dive for the wallet, at the same time snatching up the Sunday paper to see what was advertised in the way of linen.

With a grin George pulled a new trade journal from his pocket and settled down in the big arm chair.

"Gilbert has a sale."

"Yeh?" The paper rustled as a page was turned.

Mildred looked up and smiled at the cover of the trade journal. It read, "Nothing Counts but Results."

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

The Lost Explorer

FROM Ladysmith, Wis., in January, 1926, came a story about an important historical discovery which caused something of a sensation in the Middle West. Two woodsmen, Art Charpin and Walter Latsch, had found in a hollow tree a petrified body which was identified, by the clothing and a piece of paper in one of the pockets, as Pierre D'Artagnan, lost member of the Marquette-Joliet expedition of 1675.

The story, first published in the Rusk County Journal at Ladysmith, was reprinted in many Wisconsin papers, then spread to other parts of the country. But after two months it was exposed as a hoax.

A bulletin of the Wisconsin Historical society pointed out the many absurdities in the tale—the claim that mineral matter in the sap of the tree had acted as an embalming fluid, that the clothing of the explorer should have been preserved and the piece of paper in his pocket should have been readable after 250 years.

After this expose, M. D. Hinshaw and Edward Richardson, publisher of the Ladysmith paper, who turned out to be the "woodsmen" of the tale, admitted that the yarn had been concocted as a promotion for the newspaper. But they also pointed out what had been obvious to anyone who had read the first story carefully—that, although it was printed in the Rusk County Journal, it was credited to the Rusk County Lyre!

© Western Newspaper Union.

Who remembers when wets argued that liquor taxes would support the government?

There may have been no book-keeping in the Garden of Eden, but we understand there was a loose-leaf system.

Mrs. Elsie Graham, an Illinois woman, was granted a divorce on offering as evidence a letter from her husband saying that "one wife means monotony."

Mrs. Kate Lorsen of St. Paul asked a policeman to carry her home because crocodiles were following her. She was arrested for intoxication.

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WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

Lou Howard lay on a bunk staring at the ceiling. Buck Conrad, his guard, had turned in for the night. He was sullen, and despondent. Why was his father not doing something to get him out of this trouble? He knew Sherm had sent a messenger to Chiswick threatening reprisals if any harm happened to his son. But why didn't he do something instead of just talk?

The prisoner could not get to sleep. He was worried. The best he could hope for was a term in the penitentiary, unless his father could work out some slick scheme for getting him off. The only escape from this was to turn state's evidence. If he did this, his name would be a hissing by-word. He would have to get out of the country.

A faint tapping on the window reached him. He sat up, as well as he could for his bonds, his stomach muscles tightening. A pricking of the skin ran over him.

A voice murmured, "That you, Lou?"

"Yes. Who is it?" he whispered. The saw ripped through a resinous knot, died down for a moment, and attacked another.

"Morg Norris. Listen. Where does this Gray sleep?"

"He's gone to town. Get me out of here, Morg—please."

A second voice asked hoarsely, "Only one fellow in the dog-house with you?"

"Yes. Buck Conrad. All right. I'll tell him."

Conrad awakened at the sound of young Howard's urgent voice.

"What's eatin' you?" he asked sleepily.

"Someone has been calling you. Sounds like Chiswick."

Buck sat up and listened. Someone outside shouted his name. He went to the door, not waiting to light a lamp, and threw it open.

"Who wants me?" he asked.

They were his last words. Two guns roared. The cowpuncher caught at the jamb, and slid down, his knees buckling under him. Morg Norris ran forward and flung another bullet into the prone body. The face of the outlaw was distorted with rage. He had nothing personal against Buck, but the fury of the kill was on him. He spat out a venomous epithet.

"Get out your knife and cut me free," implored Howard.

The second man came into the room. With a jackknife he severed the rope that bound the prisoner. Lou Howard was surprised to note that the sinister face bent over him was unfamiliar.

"Hurry!" urged the young man. "They'll hear the shots and be on us in a minute. We got to get out sudden."

"Let 'em come," boasted Norris, with an imprecation. "We're ready to swap lead with them."

"Anyone else with you?" Lou asked, rising from the bunk.

"No more. We came to get Gray. Lucky for him he's not here. Don't need an army, do we?" the killer wanted to know. He added, cruel laughter in his voice: "Wish it had been the spy Gray we had croaked instead of this dumbskull here."

The three men passed swiftly out of the cabin. Already they could hear voices and the sound of men running. It was time to be gone. Someone came out on the porch of the big house and wanted to know who was there.

Norris was in the saddle. He galloped up to the porch and fired at the man standing there. Out of the foreman's cottage came Dan Brand, sketchily dressed. He blazed away at the young outlaw with a rifle. The bandit wheeled his horse and cantered back to his companions.

"Hit the grit, boys," he ordered. "Gonna be hot here if we stick around."

The stranger gave Lou a foot for a rest and Howard swung to his saddle behind him. As the horses pounded down the road, the roar of guns followed them. Howard looked back anxiously, his heart thumping with fear. Framed in a window, he saw the face of Ruth Chiswick.

The fugitives headed for Tail Holt. They kept to the road. Pursuit would probably be useless, since the outlaws could turn into the brush whenever they heard the sound of riders back of them.

The lights were still blazing in the Golden Nugget when they drew up at the hitchrack. Norris walked 'nto the gambling-house, the other two at his heels.

Mile High and some others were at the bar drinking. A man who started to lift his glass put it down instantly.

"Morg Norris!" he exclaimed. The card game was suspended. The wheel ceased to turn. All eyes turned upon the three who had just entered the place.

"Don't get on the prod, boys," warned Norris. "I'm here peaceable. Listen to what I've got to

spill before you start foggin.' I been out to the L C ranch for a li'l call on Lee Chiswick. I bumped off one of his warriors and brought back with me Lou Howard. I got to apologize for not getting that spy Gray. He wasn't there."

"Didn't I have something to do with all this?" sneered Clint Duke. "Sure. You went along with me. But I thought of it. I ran the show. The killer swaggered to the bar. Mile High said, not lifting his eyes from Norris: 'You got quite some explaining to do, fellow. Kansas?'"

"He was aimin' to give me up to Chiswick's warriors. I had to get him before he got me. Same with Curly. He was firing at me when I wounded him. I could of killed him, but I didn't."

"And I reckon you ran away with the young lady for a joke."

"No, sir. I made a mistake there, but I was taking her back home when Gray's posse bumped into me. She'll tell you I didn't hurt her any. Send for Sherm. We'll have a powwow and fix things up."

"You run hog-wild, then come back and say, 'Forget it, boys.' I got a better memory than that," Mile High flung back.

Morg slid an ugly look at him. But he spoke with unusual restraint. This was not the time to indulge a bad temper.

"I went out to the L C with Duke here and rescued Lou, didn't I, Lou?"

"You run hog-wild, then come back and say, 'Forget it, boys.' I got a better memory than that," Mile High flung back.

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"I went out to the L C with Duke here and rescued Lou, didn't I, Lou?"

The older man spread plump white hands. His expressionless eyes were fixed on the other.

"Come clean, Lou," he ordered. "What does this Gray know? What did you tell him?"

Tiny beads of perspiration began to stand out on the forehead of the younger man. "You didn't do a thing for me," he protested, with the violence of weakness. "Left me there to be hanged. If they hadn't got Ruth home safe, that's what would have happened to me, too. You look after your own hide mighty well, but you don't want me to do the same."

"I was doing all I could for you, but never mind that. I've got to know where we stand. What did you tell Gray and Chiswick?"

"What I told under fear of death doesn't count," Lou evaded. "Maybe I said more'n I should. So would you have. So would anyone."

"I'm listening."

Lou told what he had confessed, bit by bit, his father sweating the story out of him.

After the son had finished, the older man sat staring in front of him, piecing together the things that he knew and those that he suspected. What Lou had told Chiswick did not matter so much. It had been general, and it had dealt only with the attack on the Mexicans. But what he had admitted to the United States marshal would hang or put behind bars half a dozen of the Tail Holt outlaws. The questions Gray had put showed that he had plenty of information and was only seeking confirmation.

Sherm Howard knew he must act quickly. He had to destroy Gray before the marshal closed the net on him. Tomorrow might be too late.

"Tell Morg and Mile High I want to see them in here," he ordered. "You go home and go to bed. Keep your mouth padlocked. Don't tell anybody else what you've told me. If you do, someone is liable to fill you full of lead."

Howard waved the two outlaws to chairs when they entered the room.

"We've got to get busy, boys," he told them. "Lou is right. This fellow Gray is dangerous. While he was at the L C, Lou picked up one or two bits of information. Gray knows a lot more than we think."

"Hmp! Do you expect me to comb the brush for him?" asked Norris.

The big man slumped in the chair and the oblique look at the killer. "If you're looking for him you can be accommodated, Morg. Gray is in town."

"In Tail Holt?" snapped Norris. "Roosting right here," corrected Mile High. "Five or six hours ago. We bumped into him, Morg, in Curly's room."

"Bumped into him and didn't knock him off," jeered Norris. "You're a fine bunch of warriors."

"Lou was still at the L C," Mile High retorted angrily. "We dassent touch the fellow, for fear Chiswick would hang Lou's hide up to dry. Gray had the gall to tell us so."

"So you said 'Adios, amigo,' and walked out on him," the other young man snarled. "If it had been me, I would sure have sent him to hell in smoke."

"Keep feeling that way, Morg," said Howard evenly. "Lou isn't at the L C any more. Far as I'm concerned it's an open season on Mr. Jeff Gray. We'll all be safer when the dirt is patted down on him in Boot Hill. I'm an old man myself, and peaceable, but if you young bucks are snorting for battle, I can give a guess where you'll find him."

Four eyes fastened to those of Howard.

"Fine. We would have had Lou, anyhow, in a day or two." The fathomless eyes of Howard rested in those of Norris. "Did you bring Kansas back with you too?"

Norris began to bristle. "Kansas was a double-crossing son-of-a-gun."

"You told me the other day a posse killed him. That right?"

The killer hesitated. There was no use holding to that story, since everybody knew that Ruth Chiswick had refuted it. "A fellow has to go through," he said sulkily. "Kansas was fixing to throw me down. It was him or me. I had to beat him to it."

Pete, the bartender, threw in a low-voiced suggestion. "That's right, Sherm. The young lady says Kansas told her he meant to line up with her dad."

"Like to have a little talk with Lou," that young man's father said. "Afterward I want to see you and Mile High, Morg."

Lou followed Sherm into the little room Curt Dubbs used as an office. The big man closed the door. He sat down ponderously in a chair.

"What you want to see me about?" his son asked nervously.

"Where's he at?" asked Norris, a sharp edge to his voice.

"Unless I'm 'way off he's spending the night with his friend Hank Ransom."

"How d'you know?"

"I don't know for sure. I'm reasonably certain. Maybe a little bird told me."

Howard was secretive by nature. It was his opinion that one made no mistake to live under his hat, as he expressed it. The habit had grown on him. When mystery was not necessary, he had an irritating way of hinting at one. There was no reason for not telling that a Mexican had brought him word he had seen Ransom catch and saddle a horse in Willard's pasture, none except that he liked to convey an impression of omniscience.

Norris swaggered to the door, followed by Mile High.

CHAPTER XIII

Lee Chiswick looked down at the body lying on the cot.

"Buck would have been alive now if I hadn't given him the job of guarding that scamp," he said sorrowfully.

"He'd been alive if he had obeyed orders," Dan Brand said. "You got to look at this right, Lee. We told him not to open the door unless he was sure who was there. I reckon he was roused from sleep and didn't stop to use his head."

Ruth stood behind her father, her gaze fixed on the still figure of the cowpuncher. "Who did it?" she asked in a low voice.

"That devil Morg Norris," answered Lee, his face set and rigid. "I recognized him when he rode up to the porch to take a crack at me."

The girl shuddered. The thought stabbed her that she was responsible for the death of Buck Conrad. If she hadn't interfered with the aim of Jeff Gray, he would have put an end to the killer.

"No use trying to follow him in the dark," her brother Frank said. "If we got close he'd take to the brush."

"They'll likely head for Tail Holt to get Lou Howard home," Brand guessed.

The eyes of Ruth grew wide with horror. The paralyzing conviction had come to her that Jeff Gray would not know until too late that the prisoner at the L C had escaped. He would carry on under the impression that he had a hostage in the camp of his friend that Sherman Howard dare not move to his destruction.

She cried out her fear to her father.

For a moment he stared at her, letting her warning sink into his mind. "You're right, girl," he answered. "I don't know how he is playin' his hand, but we've got to let him know there's nothing to keep Sherm from him now."

Lee gave curt orders. "Get the boys together, Dan. See they're armed. Frank, you and Tony run up mounts. We'll take off with what men we have. Round up the men at the line-camps, Bob, and bring them to Tail Holt. This looks like war, and we may need all the help we can get."

Five minutes later, Ruth walked into her father's office and found him examining guns and ammunition.

"What are you going to do with me and Nelly?" she asked.

He looked at her, startled at the problem posed. "By jinks, Ruth, I hadn't thought of that. Can't leave you here alone. Once was too often. And I can't spare any men to guard you. We're short-handed now. Only five of us."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Investigation Discloses That People of Stone Age Suffered From Toothache

No you can't blame it all on the can opener. The handy gadget, called "the housewife's best friend," has been charged with direct responsibility for toothaches, gum boils and other dental atrocities just because it opened the cans whose ready-to-eat contents could be gulped down without first passing through the process called mastication.

But science has stepped forward and declared that the can opener and the gaudy hued carton are not responsible for all the tooth ills which have been charged against them. At least that is the indicated opinion of Prof. W. M. Krogman of Western Reserve university, Cleveland, Ohio.

"The widespread belief," said Dr. Krogman, "that man's dental ills are attributable solely to modern civilization—its canned and mushy foods, its unbalanced diets and dietary fads, its frantic tempo—is not wholly correct."

"An extensive study which includes thousands of prehistoric, early historic and modern dentitions has revealed that ancient man had plenty of toothaches and that primitive man today (the back-to-nature

savage) frequently has work for the dentist.

"It was found that in the old Stone age, over 10,000 years ago, the frequency of dental caries ranged from 5 to 20 per cent of the adult population; in the new Stone age, 20,000 years ago, the frequency ranged from 15 to 45 per cent.

"In the next succeeding ages, the frequency gradually rose until in 3500 B. C., just before the dawn of history, an early Iranian people showed as high as 75 to 90 per cent of the entire adult population afflicted with dental caries—a frequency as high as any 'civilized' group today.

"Man is paying the price not for civilization as such, but for domestication started thousands, perhaps millions of years ago. We can do, and are doing, a little something about it in our vitamin-mineral food-intake studies, but they are like inadequate thumbs in a crumbling dike."

Early Ohio Inhabitants

At the end of the Revolutionary war the only white inhabitants of what is now Ohio, with few exceptions, were Canadian fur traders.

Two Pretty Frocks, Both Easy to Make



IF YOU'RE one of those women who so often say "Dear me, I wish I could sew!", then by all means try your hand on these smart designs, and like many, many others, just as inexperienced as you are, you'll find that you can sew, and enjoy it! Our patterns include detailed sewing charts that show you just what to do, step by step.

The Woman's Dress.

Here we have a diagram design, which means you can finish it successfully in a few hours. And you'll find it one of the most becoming and comfortable you ever wore around the house. The short sleeves are slashed, which makes them easier to work in, and prettier to look at. Sleeves, neckline and pointed closing are trimmed with ricrac. Make this dress of gingham, seersucker, percale or calico.

The Little Girl's Dress.

This dress will make your small daughter look even more adorable, with its high, snug waist, square neck, puff sleeves and full skirt. You'll probably want to make her half a dozen dresses just like this! And she'll certainly beg for a little sweetheart apron. For the dress, choose dimity, dotted Swiss, gingham or percale. For the apron, organdy, dimity or lawn.

The Patterns.

No. 1559 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 35-inch material; 2 1/2 yards of ricrac to trim as pictured.

No. 1468 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for the dress; 3/8 yard for the apron. Six yards of ribbon or braid to trim dress; 1 yard for belt. Two

and one-half yards of ruffling to trim apron. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

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

Unequaled

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.—Dickens.

PILES AND OTHER RECTAL TROUBLES
 Successfully Treated! • NO DANGER
 Work performed by leading Chicago Proctologist, Physician and Surgeon. Write for free booklet. Board and room at Great House
DR. NYSTUL'S SANATORIA
 3952 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Illinois

KILL ALL FLIES
 Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills flies. Guaranteed effective. Neat, convenient. Cannot spill. Will not soil or irritate anything. Lasts all season. 20¢ at all dealers. Retailers: 10¢. 150 De Kalb Ave., Bklyn., N.Y.
DAISY FLY KILLER

No Friend Without Foe
 He makes no friend who never made a foe.—Tennyson.

Sentinels of Health
 Don't Neglect Them!
 Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—1/6 itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feet tired, nervous, all worn out. Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbances. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.
DOAN'S PILLS

Need for Discretion
 Even great ability, without discretion, comes almost invariably to a tragic end.—Gambetta.

"WE'VE TRIED THEM ALL BUT PREFER DWIN FOR OUR OWN USE"

150,000 GROCERS CAN'T BE WRONG

Grocers, restaurants, hotels and other handlers of food, know insect killers. It is truly significant when such a great number of them select DWIN for their own use. Surely there must be good reasons for this selection. The very reasons why grocers and other food handlers select DWIN is your best guide to adopt DWIN for your own use.

AS FRAGRANT AS FLOWERS IN MAY

KILLS INSECTS IN HOUSE AND GARDEN

Matter of Taste
 The greatest element of criticism is taste.—Sainte Beuve.

Self Dishonor
 No one can disgrace us but ourselves.—J. G. Holland.

Reasonably priced Feeder Cattle and Feeder Pigs
 Largest feeder pig market in U.S. Our pigs have quality. Drive down to see us or phone or write. 4 Bonded Commission Firms:
 Burnette-Carter Com. Co. Winfrey Com. Co.
 Lightfoot-Howse Com. Co. Farmers Com. Co.
SOUTH MEMPHIS STOCK YARDS
 TRIGG and RIVERSIDE • MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

SCHOOLS

ANNAPOLIS—WEST POINT COAST GUARD ACADEMY
High School graduates, undergraduates, 16 to 22. Write: Lieut. A. W. Bryan, USN (Ret.), Annapolis, Md. Oct. Civil Service exam for appointments.

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RHEUMATISM
ARTHRITIS—NEURITIS
Successfully Treated—No Danger, No Pain
Reasonable rates. Investigate our record of success. Board and room at guest house.
Write for booklet—It's Free
DR. NYSTUL'S SANATORIA
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PHOTOGRAPHERS! I make brilliant 6x10 glossy blow-ups, 4 for \$1.00. Send negatives to George Herbert, Photographer, 600 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

OPPORTUNITY

FREE: WONDER MENDING SOLDER FORMULA. Also a chance of a life time to make money. Just send self addressed envelope for all
LIPS SERVICE, LAURIUM, MICH.

PHOTO FINISHING

ROLLS DEVELOPED
25c coin. Two 5x7 double weight professional enlargements, 8 prints, Club Photo Service, Box 144, LaCrosse, Wis.

Gay Kitchen Means a Gay Housewife!



Pattern 1783

Brighten your kitchen and lighten your tasks with decorative towels. Use up scraps for the applique flower pots—or do the entire motifs in plain embroidery. Pattern 1783 contains a transfer pattern of 6 motifs averaging 5 3/4 by 9 1/4 inches and pattern piece for applique; illustrations of stitches; materials required.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York City.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Coffee for Ginger Cookies.—Try mixing ginger cookies with cold coffee instead of water.

When Cooking Rice.—Try adding a few drops of lemon juice to rice the next time you are cooking it. It makes it beautifully white and keeps the grains whole.

Onion Absorbs Paint Odor.—If an onion is cut in halves and placed in a room that has been newly painted it will absorb the odor of paint in a few hours.

Don't Soak Brushes.—If clothes and hair brushes become very dirty wash with water in which a little borax has been mixed. Dip brushes into water and wash with another brush covered with a light coating of soap. Never soak in water.

When Sugar Gets Lumpy.—When sugar gets hard and lumpy, put it in the refrigerator for two or three days and you will find it will become quite soft again.

WATCH the Specials

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.

BIG TOP

BANGS BROS. MAMMOTH SHOW had launched its twenty-fifth annual season successfully, but from the very start something seemed to be wrong with ALTA, the performing elephant.



© Frank Jay Markey Syndicate, Inc.

BUTCH SNYDER AND **FLIP** FLANAGAN, TWO OF THE CLOWNS, NERVOUSLY WATCHED THE PERFORMANCE OF THE HUGE BEAST. UP TO THIS SEASON SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN AS GENTLE AS A LAMB.

GEE, I HOPE ALTA BEHAVES HERSELF, **FLIP**!

SO DO I, **BUTCH**! WHAT'D YA SPOSE HAS GOT INTO HER LATELY?!

— ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA A Slight Nervous Attack

BABETTE, I FEEL AS WEAK AS A KITTEN—THIS CONSTANT ROUND OF SOCIAL DUTIES IS SAPPING MY STRENGTH—CALL DOCTOR FROTHINGHAM.

YES, COUNTESS.

SIS, I GOT MIXED UP IN A POOL GAME AT DOYLE'S AND THEY SENT ME TO THE CLEANER'S—SLIP ME A FIN, WILL YA?

YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BUM! I'M SORRY I DIDN'T INCLUDE YOU IN THE CONTRACT WITH THE EXTERMINATORS.

BABETTE, NEVER MIND ABOUT CALLING DOCTOR FROTHINGHAM—I FEEL STRONGER NOW.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP—Someone Was Bound to Think of This

POP I'VE BEEN THINKIN'!

NAW!

YA KNOW THESE DINERS' SUITS? YA COULD GO DOWN IN ONE AN' FIND OUT IF ANY FISH WAS THERE. AN' NOT WASTE A WHOLE DAY FER NUTHIN'!

A-H-A!

AINT YA GLAD I THINK, POP?

ME FOR THA PATENT OFFICE!

I JUST GOT WORD 'BOUT EZ TUCKER.

REALLY?

I AINT HEARD ANYTHIN' ABOUT HIM SINCE HE WENT TO TH' CITY. WHAT'S HE DOIN' TH'ER?

WAL, HIT 'PEARS LIKE EZ GOT TO PLAYIN' TH' HOSS RACES.

I SUPPOSE HE LOST HIS MONEY?

NAW, THESE HERE WERE JEST MENTAL BETS—

HE LOST HIS MIND.

By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

I JUST GOT WORD 'BOUT EZ TUCKER.

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HE LOST HIS MIND.

Another Also-Ran

POP—The Unexpected

I TURNED THE WAY I SIGNALLED!

I KNOW! THAT'S WHAT HAD ME!

I TURNED THE WAY I SIGNALLED!

I KNOW! THAT'S WHAT HAD ME!

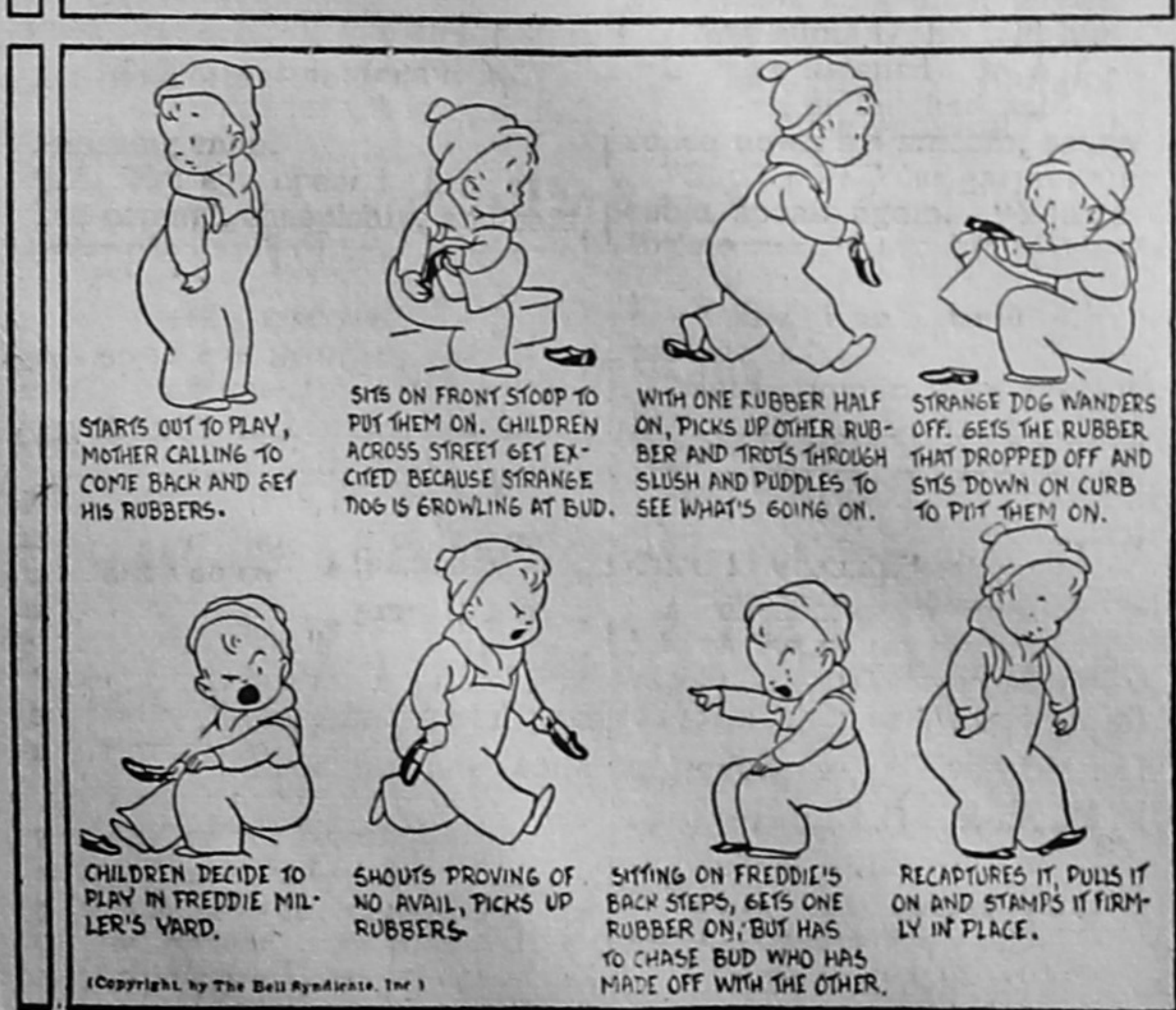
I TURNED THE WAY I SIGNALLED!

I KNOW! THAT'S WHAT HAD ME!

By J. MILLAR WATT

PUTTING ON RUBBERS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STARTS OUT TO PLAY, MOTHER CALLING TO COME BACK AND GET HIS RUBBERS.

SHE ON FRONT STOOP TO PUT THEM ON, CHILDREN ACROSS STREET GET EXCITED BECAUSE STRANGE DOG IS GROWLING AT BUD.

WITH ONE RUBBER HALF ON, PICKS UP OTHER RUBBER AND TRIES THROUGH SLUSH AND PUDDLES TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.

STRANGE DOG WANDERS OFF, GETS THE RUBBER THAT DROPPED OFF AND SITS DOWN ON CURB TO PUT THEM ON.

CHILDREN DECIDE TO PLAY IN FREDDIE MILLER'S YARD.

SHOUTS PROVING OF NO RIVAL, PICKS UP RUBBERS.

SITTING ON FREDDIE'S BACK STEPS, GETS ONE RUBBER ON, BUT HAS TO CHASE BUD WHO HAS MADE OFF WITH THE OTHER.

RECAPTURES IT, PULLS IT ON AND STAMPS IT FIRMLY IN PLACE.

SURPRISED

Policeman (about to reprimand fair motorist)—Now, miss, I've had my eye on you for a long time.

Lady Driver—How perfectly thrilling of you, and I thought you came over to me about some beastly driving offense.—Stray Stories Magazine.

Sole Means of Support

"Why does a stork stand on one leg?"

"I don't know."

"Why, if he lifted it, he'd fall down."

Bumper Crops
Barber—Is there any particular way you'd like your hair cut?
Freshman—Yeah, off.

STYLES

"Have you studied modern fashions?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Every time I go riding I am surprised at the thought of the old-fashioned girl who pulled her skirts carefully over her knees when she sat down."



IRIUM In Pepsodent Tooth Powder
makes the BIG DIFFERENCE, say Millions!

Pepsodent alone of all tooth powders contains remarkable Irium!*

Marvelous... that's what millions are saying about Irium, the exciting new cleansing agent contained in Pepsodent alone of all tooth powders... Try Pepsodent Powder. See how Pepsodent's wonderful new cleansing agent—Irium—helps brush away masking surface-stains from teeth. See how speedily Pepsodent polishes teeth to a glorious natural radiance! And Pepsodent Powder is safe on teeth... Contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT. Get yours today!

*Pepsodent's trade mark for Purified Alkali Sulfate

Exit Dodo

By **GERTIE KANGAS**
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WNU Service.

MRS. HERMAN PERCIVAL was the most popular woman in Ashville. She said so herself. She had the biggest house and the most expensive as well as the most exclusive furniture. Her flower garden was the rarest of its kind. And no other woman in town had two cars. Those who found themselves guests at her parties thought they had received the highest honor Ashville could give.

And of what did Mrs. Percival's household consist? There was James, the chauffeur, who had served Mrs. Van Dyke of New York city before entering the employ of the honorable Percivals. Then there was Marie, the maid, who had dressed Mme. Richard's hair when she had come to visit America. And Liza, the cook, had served many a titled guest at "Nizviu," the popular summer resort.

Ah, but one important member of the great Percivals must not be neglected. That member was fluffy little Dodo, Mrs. Percival's poodle dog and constant companion. Dressed always in gayly colored collar bands, Dodo would look out at the world in the same manner that

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

Mrs. Percival was wont to use on her inferiors. In short, Dodo's little turned-up nose was ample advertisement of his egoistic self.

Then, out of courtesy, one must not forget to mention Mr. Herman Percival, husband to Mrs. Percival. His wife's money had placed him in the estimable position of director of the Ashville National bank. He never said much when in public, but that didn't matter, as his wife was always there to continue or add whatever he had forgotten to say. At home, Mr. Percival came next to Dodo in importance.

Several of the leading women of the town were gathered at Mrs. Percival's for bridge one Wednesday afternoon. The day being rather warm, they were settled comfortably on the lawn. Dodo, in all her dainty white fluffiness, was watching beside her mistress.

Suddenly Dodo's attention was attracted by a horse and buggy that was parked on the other side of the street. Far be it from dainty Dodo to be interested in an ordinary buggy. Oh, no, he was interested in the desperate-looking bull dog that was sitting so importantly on the front seat.

Dodo barked and Mrs. Percival patted him on the head soothingly. "There, there, Dodo. Don't bark, please. It interrupts the game so, dear."

Dodo was silenced for a few minutes and then he turned to the bulldog. What business had that ugly looking brute to hold his head so high and act as though he alone ruled the world? Very cautiously Dodo made his way from the side of his mistress toward the gate. Pausing there, he looked askance at the intruder across the street.

Now Dodo was no brute, far from it. But this impertinent little thing near the gate—what did he think he was, anyway? He'd teach the wretch a lesson.

Fido jumped from the seat and rushed at Dodo. The latter, all excited, dashed for his mistress, who stood up and confronted the bulldog haughtily.

"Go way, you dirty thing! Keep away from my Dodo."

Fido knew a lady when he saw one and would have bounded away at the command had he not seen the contemptuous smile lurking in Dodo's eyes. That was too much for any dog. Fido jumped at Dodo, in the arms of Mrs. Percival, and she was forced to let go. Dodo scampered across the lawn with Fido close at his heels.

Mrs. Percival called frantically for Dodo but to no avail. The dog had disappeared.

Herman Percival advertised high and low for Dodo, offering rewards that sounded unreasonable for a mere dog. But all efforts were futile, and Mrs. Percival mourned the disappearance as a mother mourns a lost son.

Several weeks later another bridge party was being held on the Percival grounds. The same group of players was there, but another white dog was sitting beside Mrs. Percival.

"There, Fluffy," she said tenderly and cooingly to the dog. "Sit still and watch Mumsie."

Fluffy looked meekly at her mistress and wagged her curly little tail in apparent understanding.

At the outer gate a bulldog was watching with interest. Beside him stood a small dog, once white and dainty, but now a dirty gray and unkempt. Dodo peered through the gate at the dog who had taken his place. How silly she looked with that pink ribbon. What a prude, and what a life she was leading!

Fido barked and Dodo answered immediately. The two dogs continued down the street, wagging their tails in perfect harmony and content.

Recompense

By **RAMONA C. WOODBURY**
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

OLD Stephen Mayhew stood before the mottled glass in his bedroom, and, with fingers that trembled with anticipation, tied his black silk cravat.

SHORT STORY

His wasp-like face glowed with satisfaction as he noticed the result. It was the one part of his entire costume which was not shabby. Stealthily, he listened for a sound of Mary's activities. Washing dishes in the kitchen. Good! His hand crept beneath the old commode and drew forth a cup, in which floated a viscous, transparent fluid. With a scrap of clean linen he meticulously applied the contents to his worn, black shoes. Suddenly, Mary stood in the doorway.

"Stephen Mayhew, what you doing?"

"Polishing my shoes."
"My sakes, I was gettin' worried. Thought you might be comin' down with somethin'. Might have known 'twas just your vanity! Who is it sings tonight?"

"Yvette Yselda . . ."

Alarmed, Stephen's nervous fingers sought and found the precious bit of cardboard. "A front box seat. Who do you suppose sent it?"

"Oh, one of your feminine admirers, I s'pose." Her blue eyes twinkled.

"Wish they'd sent two, Mary."

"Sho, now, you go ahead and enjoy yourself. Music's your life."

Stephen smiled, then said soberly, "Poor Mary, you haven't had such fat pickings with me, have you?"

"It depends," said Mary shrewdly, "on what you call pickings. But if you count in all the laughter and the loving, I should say no woman had had richer."

But all the way down to the Civic auditorium, a little imp of worry gnawed at Stephen's vitals. During the two years since he had been discharged from the position of superintendent of music of Fairlea's schools, for the inglorious smashing of a cane on an impudent pupil, Stephen had struggled bravely to keep the little home.

Unthankful business, teaching music. In all the 40 years he had taught Fairlea's young, he had never awakened in one the passionate love he had for beautiful music. Wait, he'd take that back. There had been one. A black-haired, unkempt girl from the wharves district, who had burst into tears when he had sung "Le Jongleur." And he remembered the day when he had burst into tears when she told him she was going to leave school to sing in a cabaret. He had painted visions of a brilliant future if she worked hard. Jazz songs would ruin her exquisite voice.

"Yeh," she grinned, "but they bring in the hard cash." And left him raging. He wondered if the wharves had swallowed her up.

Yvette Yselda. Stephen had gazed her on the phonograph and heard in the sheer beauty of her voice.

At the end of the program, after unending curtain calls, Yvette paused before the footlights and signified that she wished to speak to them.

"My friends," she said, "and I hope that you are my friends, for I have given you of my best, I have come to Fairlea tonight to pay a debt. Not so many years ago I lived amongst you. I shall not tell you my name, for you would not recognize it. To you I will always be Yvette Yselda. My tribute tonight is to the one person of all the world who inspired in me the love for good music, who taught me so thoroughly the beauty of the old masters, that when I would have sold my gift for gold, for I needed the money badly, I found I could not sing their banal songs."

"Through inquiries that I have made today, I learn that hard times have fallen upon my friend. And although I am confident that the authorities in due season will recompense my friend for his years of service, yet, since committees work slowly and the need to live is urgent, I wish to present the proceeds of tonight's concert to my old teacher and benefactor, Mr. Stephen Mayhew."

Then a red-faced man from down front rose for his speech.

"Seems to me, folks, Madame Yselda has an idea that the Fairlea school committee works slowly. We got more than a quorum here—I been countin' noses. How about it, Lefe? Want to put it in the form of a motion?"

And before the audience could gasp twice, the vote went through, unanimously placing Stephen Mayhew on the pension list at full salary. Someone had gone post-haste for Mary, and she shared with Stephen the impromptu reception on the stage of the auditorium, where the entire audience filed past and grasped their hands. Some time about midnight, Stephen managed to whisper to her:

"Do I look all right, Mary?"

"Real smart," she smiled proudly.

Light Given by Full Moon

The total amount of light given by a full moon is believed to be less than one-three hundred thousandth that of the sun.

Long View News

Miss Virginia Rayburn of Urbana spent the week in the E. C. Hagerman home.

A family reunion was held last Sunday in the Mrs. Ova Martinie home.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Davis are in Kirksville, Mo., where the former submitted to an appendix operation in the hospital at the college of Osteopathy.

Misses Ruth and Jessie Williams of Mitchell, came Wednesday to visit in the E. C. Hagerman home.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Paine received announcement of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Bollinger at Hume on August 9. His name is Curtis Kenyon.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Reynolds and Mrs. Ida Harris of Adrian, Mo., attended the Parks-Hart reunion at Lincoln Park, Danville, and remained to visit in the M. F. Parks home.

Guests in the A. R. Hales home Sunday at the Christian Church dinner were the Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Parker, Villa Grove; Fred Messman and family and Miss Kathryn Warner of Broadlands; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Eckerty and the Chas. Dewitt family, Newman; and Mrs. Phoebe Mavity.

Mrs. Sue Harden of Chicago spent last week with her daughters, Mrs. John Beatty and Fannie Harden. On Tuesday the Harden family held a reunion in her honor at the fair grounds in Danville. There were about 35 present to enjoy the picnic supper.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. How many counties of Illinois are named for Presidents of the United States?

A. Six: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams and Jackson.

Q. When were these latter counties organized?

A. Washington, Jan. 2, 1818; Jefferson, March 26; 1819, Madison, Sept. 14, 1812; Monroe, Jan. 6, 1816; Adams, Jan. 13, 1825; Jackson, Jan. 10, 1816.

Q. What are the county seats of these counties?

A. Washington, Nashville; Jefferson, Mount Vernon; Madison, Edwardsville; Monroe, Waterloo; Adams, Quincy; Jackson, Murphysboro.

Q. For which Adams is Adams County named?

A. John Quincy Adams, sixth President, not John Adams, second President.

Q. How many counties of Illinois are named for Governors of the state?

A. Four: Bond, Coles, Ford and Edwards.

Q. When were these latter counties formed?

A. Bond, Jan. 4, 1817; Coles, Dec. 25, 1830; Edwards, Nov. 28, 1814; Ford, Feb. 17, 1859.

Q. What unusual circumstance marks the naming of Bond County?

A. It was named before Bond was elected Governor.

Q. When were the last counties of Illinois formed?

A. 1859.

Q. What counties were formed in 1859?

A. Douglas, Feb. 8, and Ford Feb. 17.

For Sale Cheap

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

Harlan W. Six.

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

Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Walker were Champaign visitors, Monday.

B. H. Thode, Jr., and family of Sidney were Sunday guests at the home of B. H. Thode, Sr.

Mrs. Mabel Haines, Mrs. Clara Craig and daughter were Champaign visitors last Friday.

Clark Henson and family spent the weekend at Springfield and attended the State Fair.

Hugo Dewitt and family spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Logan near Philo.

Betty Jackson spent the weekend with Mary Jean Comer at Fairmount.

Miss Creyola Hardyman spent the past week with Miss Hilma Timmons at Sidell.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schumacher and son, Edward, visited Mr. and Mrs. Dean Upp at Vincennes, Ind., Sunday.

Mrs. Adolph Anderson, daughter, Jane, and Mrs. Harold Anderson were Champaign visitors, Monday.

Misses Thelma and Helen Martin of Champaign are spending their vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Martin.

Virgil Reed and family and Jess Rice of Champaign visited at the C. D. McCormick home Sunday.

Mrs. Lillie Bowman returned home Saturday after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hedrick at Chrisman.

Mrs. Isaac Lewis of Indianapolis spent the weekend with her daughter, Mrs. Albert Cummings and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Vermillion, Rantoul, Bernard Jackson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Moreman of Hillsboro, Ind., were Sunday evening guests in the James Jackson home.

Mrs. Rebecca Baldwin, Detroit Mich.; Mrs. George Johnson and daughter, Joan, Mrs. Alice Johnson and Miss Mary Louise Johnson, all of near Paris, were dinner guests at the Chas. Griffin home on Thursday of last week.

STAR Now Showing the New Season's Parade of Hits

Thur. & Fri., Aug. 18-19

Melvyn Douglas
Florence Rice

Fast Company

"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, Aug. 20

Mat. 5c-10c Nite 10c-20c

**Hopalong Cassidy
Pride of the West**

Also chapter 13 of The Lone Ranger.

Sun. & Mon., Aug. 21-22

You'll Love This Picture

Cary Grant
Katherine Hepburn
Lew Ayres
Doris Nolan

Holiday

10c-25c

Tues.-Wed., Aug. 23-24

Shirley Temple
Little Miss Broadway

10c-25c

The first moving picture was taken in 1878. It showed a race horse in track action.

The highest lake in the United States is Lake Tulainyo, 12,865 feet above sea level, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

The first hospital in America was opened in Philadelphia in 1752.

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(Champaign County Fair)

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\$7,000 in Premiums**

This Fair will be bigger and better than ever before. Entertainment has been arranged for every minute, day and night. A few of the splendid attractions are listed here, as follows:

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WLS Acts

Hoosier Hotshots, Tuesday afternoon and evening; Hayloft Fiddlers, Bill O'Connor and Possum Tuttle, Wednesday afternoon and evening; Joe Kelley, Tom Corwine and Kentucky Girls, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Gus Sun Revue

Musical Comedy, with 20 Dancing Girls, on Friday afternoon and evening. This show carries its own band.

Other Attractions

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Admission

Season Tickets—Adults, \$1.00; Children, 50c. General Admission—Adults, 25c; Children, 15c.