THE BROADLANDS NEWS

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News Items of 12 Years Ago

Aug. 27, 1926

The Walker family reunion was held at Douglas Park, Danville.

Walter Witt and Guy Astell attended the State Fair, Springfield.

The Methodist Ladies Guild met at the home of Mrs. Allie Bruhn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell and daughter, Cecil, attended the Rice reunion at Sadorus.

Miss Alice Craig, Broadlands, and Lester Bedient, Chicago, were married at the Christian Church parsonage, Villa Grove.

Announcement was made of the marriage of Harvey Six of Broadlands, and Miss Erma Handley of St. Louis, Mo. They were secretly wed in St. Louis on June 21.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Allen returned from Montreal, Can., where they went to meet an aunt and cousin, who were coming from England for a visit.

Star, Villa Grove, Presents Two Great Pictures for Weekend

Saturday August 27, the picture "Racket Busters," with George Brent, Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Dickson. It is based on the actual life of Thos. E. Dewey, the famous attorney, who is making a cleanup in New York on the rackets. It is thrilling as well as educational. Placed on Saturday to enable everyone to see it.

Sunday and Monday, August 30-31, the picture of the Hardy family that has critics raving from coast to coast. The picture is being held over in all the larger cities—Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, "Love Finds Handy Andy."

Safetygrams

BY FRED W. BRAUN — The Safety Man

Many motorists have complained to me about hitchhikers. The question usually is, "What shall we do with the hitch-hikers?"

My answer is: "Let him hike.' Frequently people decide to pick up hitch-hikers, stop suddenly on the road, giving no warning to others behind them, and thus cause accidents.

Hitch-hikers themselves are becoming more daring daily. To avoid hitting them motorists have to turn out of their regular lane of traffic and thereby endanger other cars going in the opposite direction.

The sooner we let the hitch-hiker hike, the sooner he will disappear.

Win Prizes at St. Joseph

Miss Nellie Thomas won 2nd prize on heavy weight Hereford calf at the St. Joseph fair this week, receiving $4.50; Ralph Clem won 5th prize, receiving $3.00.

Howard Clem won 1st prize on men's cake, receiving $1.25; and Mrs. Clem won 1st prize on a bouquet of zinnias, receiving $1.00.

A. A. Allen of Sidney advertises in this issue.

Illinois State Park Has An Interesting History

Giant City State Park, located in the "Illinois Ozarks," twelve miles southwest of Carbondale in Jackson and Union Counties near U. S. Highway 51, refutes the contention that Illinois is without scenery of the type commonly associated with the mountains of the eastern seaboard and the far West.

The hills here are an extension of an ancient mountain range which ages ago soared to peaks higher than those of the Rockies but which by erosion and weathering have worn down and assumed fantastic forms. Giant City proper is a series of huge cubical blocks of stone resembling rows of windowless buildings along streets lined with wild flowers.

The site, comprising 916 acres acquired by the state in 1927, has an interesting history. The old stone fort at the north end of the park supports the legend that early Indian tribes used it as a stronghold of defense. During the Civil War, deserters from both armies sought refuge in the area.

The recreation area of the park is on a table-land which is reached by a motor road from the entrance. Here a stone and log lodge provides comfort and refreshment facilities for visitors and nearby are tourist cabins for overnight visitors.

Foot trails through the park lead hikers past interesting geological formations, dense growth of colorful wild flowers and ferns, magnificent old trees, and numerous springs of clear water.

Pouring of Lost Grove Slab Done

Pouring of three miles of state slab extending north from the C. A. Messman corner, where it joins the Broadlands pavement, to the cross roads north of J. C. V. Taylor's home, has been completed, with only cement work to be done on the bridges.

Once this work was under way it was completed in record time. It is planned to continue the pavement siill further north to the Homer-Sidney slab when funds are available, and is scheduled for an early letting.—Homer Enterprise.

Glen Elston and family of Effingham were Tuesday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Peterson.

Block Reunion Held at Lafayette, Indiana

The fourth annual reunion of the Fred Block family was held Sunday, Aug. 21, at Columbian Park, Lafayette, Ind.

A bountiful dinner was enjoyed at the noon hour, and the afternoon was spent socially and in enjoying the many interesting things in the park.

Mr. Henry Messman was the oldest member present, while the youngest member present was little Mary Lee Messman, two months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Messman.

Those attending were Ed Block and family, Mrs. Guy Charlton and son Kenneth, Miss Nellie Block, Longview; Albert Nonman and family, Villa Grove; Mr. and Mrs. George Messman, Ralph Messman and family, Walter Messman and family of Homer; Henry Messman and family, Broadlands; Paul Wright and family, Lafayette, Ind.

Newman Boy is Struck By Automobile

Larry Hopkins, 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hopkins, of this city, had a very narrow escape from being fatally injured, about 8:15 o'clock Saturday evening, August 13. He was struck by an automobile driven by Mrs. Ludwig Bretz, of Broadlands, when he ran across the street at the corner of Broadway and Yates streets.

He was rushed to the office of Dr. H. I. Conn, where an examination showed that he received very severe cuts and bruises about the face and head. It required several stitches to close the wounds about his mouth and nose.—Newman Independent.

Saw Douglas Corrigan

Miss Anna Clem returned Wednesday after a week's visit with relatives at Decatur. Mrs. Frank Williamson of Houston, Tex., who had been visiting there accompanied her home for a visit. On Monday Miss Clem was a St. Louis visitor and while there attended the Municipal Opera. During an intermission, Douglas Corrigan, "the man who flew backwards from New York to Ireland," was introduced and made a short talk.

Miss Anna Grover returned to her home at Indianola, Friday, after a few days visit with Rosemary Cummings.

L. W. Class Meets With Mrs. Warner

Mrs. Dophia Warner was hostess to the L. W. class of the U. B. Sunday School last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Leona Bergfield had charge of the meeting. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Lydia Brown.

Vice President—Belle Smith.

Secretary and treasurer—Ora Brown.

Refreshments served consisted of cheese and meat sandwiches, banana salad, pickles and iced tea.

Visitors were Miss Helen Warner and Wanda Rayl.

Members present were Mesdames Belle Smith, Ora Brown, Olive Rayl, Leona Bergfield, Bessie Loomis, Mary Duncan, Agnes Turner, Lydia Brown, Dophia Warner.

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

Harold O. Anderson Wins Premiums at Fairs

Harold O. Anderson of Broadlands has been winning a goodly number of premiums at surrounding fairs during the past month. His winnings were as follows:

At Fairmount—1st on mare 2 years old and under 3 in Percheron class; 2nd on gelding 4 years old and over.

At Newman—2nd on gelding 4 years old and over; 2nd on match team; 3d on heavy draft team; 3d on two produce of dam; 2nd with John M. Smith and Tipton Arwine in 3 gets of one sire; 4th on mare 4 years old and over.

At St. Joseph—1st on gelding 4 years old and over; 1st on mare 2 years and under 3; 2nd on three colts produce of dam.

All Dolled Up For Opening of School

The board of education of the Broadlands Public school has been having considerable work done on the interior of the school building the past month. The woodwork has been painted, the walls and ceilings have been repapered, the floors have been sealed and some new light fixtures have been installed.

The annual Lost Grove school reunion will be held at the Lost Grove school house on Sunday, Sept. 4.

Lorama Wiese Becomes Bride of William L. Boggs

The home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emil L. Wiese at Newman, was chosen by Miss Lorama Wiese as the setting for her marriage to William Labert Boggs, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Boggs of Veedersburg, Ind., which took place at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

The home was transformed into a bower with a profusion of smilax and white gladioli. The altar, before which the couple and their attendants stood for the single ring ceremony, was banked with the same flowers. A tall candelabra holding twelve candles lighted the altar. The stairway was also lined with smilax.

Rev. R. S. Fairchild of the Newman Methodist church read the impressive service in the presence of 125 relatives and friends. The bride chose her Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority sister, Miss Ruth Wade of Oak Park, to be her maid of honor. Little Joyce Ann Wiese, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Wiese niece of the bride, served as ring bearer. Attending the bridegroom as best man was his Alpha Tau Omega fraternity brother, Lawrence L. Heinen of Danville.

Mrs. Harvey Winkler of Newman presided at the piano and accompanied Mrs. Lawrence L. Heinen of Danville, who sang I Love You Truly and O Promise Me. Mrs. Heinen sang a third song, From This Day Forward, written by the bridegroom in honor of the occasion. As the bridal party entered the living room to take its place before the altar, the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin was played by the pianist.

The attractive blonde bride presented a stunning picture in her lovely gown of white chiffon, fashioned with white lace bodice and bolero jacket, and having a slight train. She wore a fingertip veil of tulle falling from a monk's cap of white lace. She carried a colonial bouquet of gardenias and white roses, and wore a star pendant of diamonds and pearls as her only jewels.

A reception during which the couple received the wedding guests, immediately followed the ceremony. A buffet dinner was served at the home of the bride's parents Friday evening for the bridal party.

Later in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs left for a wedding trip to Canada and after Sept. 15 they will be at home at LaPorte, Ind., where Mr. Boggs will teach in the high school as head of the music department the coming year.

For traveling Mrs. Boggs wore a suit of forest green trimmed in lynx fur with brown accessories. —News-Gazette.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our deep gratitude to our many friends and relatives for their kindness, sympathy and beautiful floral offerings in the recent death of our nephew and brother, Howard Noblitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Chafin and Family,
Noblitt Brothers and Sisters.

O. P. Witt has been attending the 39th annual Grand American trapshoot at Vandalia, Ohio, the past week, where 1,000 of the nations topnotch shotgun artists launched a five-day battle for $50,000.

Accident Mars Honeymoon of the Bill Crains

The honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Crain of Broadlands was sadly marred on Friday evening of last week, when both were injured in an automobile accident. The accident occurred while they were enroute to Newman to attend the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Crain, accompanied by Chas. Crain of Broadlands and Miss Gladys Morrison of Homer, were rounding the curve toward Newman at the southeast corner of the Fairfield cemetery, when a car occupied by Mrs. Hayes Aydelotte of Newman, and a daughterinlaw, who was driving, came from the south and failed to leave the slab which is on the left side of the road, crashing head-on into the Crain car.

Mr. Crain's left arm was broken in two places below the elbow, his left hand was injured and he received numerous cuts and bruises on his face and head. Mrs. Crain sustained a severe cut on her forehead, several stitches being required to close the wound. She also received numerous cuts on the back of her head, from flying glass from a broken windshield, and was rendered unconscious for a short time. The occupants of the Aydelotte car escaped with a few scratches.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Brewer, who were trailing the Crain car, took Mr. and Mrs. Crain to Newman, where they were given medical attention.

Both cars were badly wrecked the Crain car being beyond repair.

Two Killed and Four Hurt in Race Crashes

Springfield, Aug. 22. — Two men were dead and four recovering from injuries today as a result of accidents in automobile and motorcycle races at the Illinois state fair.

The second casualty of the fair races occurred yesterday when Floyd Faulkner, 20, of Tilton, died of injuries received in time trials for the motorcycle events.

The first fatal accident took place Saturday when James M. (Billy) Winn, well known dirt track driver, cracked up in his racing automobile in the sixth lap of the 100-mile race.

Three other motorcycle racers were in St. John's hospital today suffering from cuts and bruises. They were Dwight Beatty, 21, Washington, O.; Louis Biscaldi, 21, Springfield; Roy Wanless, Bay City, Mich. Robert Miller, Akron, O., also received minor injuries in an accident, Sunday.

Longview High School Registration, Sept. 2

Long View High School will have registration on Friday, Sept. 2, and classes will convene on Tuesday, Sept. 6.

General Science will be offered in place of Physiography and Physiology.

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	45c
No. 2 new yellow corn	45c
No. 3 new white oats	18c
No. 2 new beans	67c

HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS

That Youngster of Yours—Genius, or Just Plain 'Kid'?

Science Examines These 'Child Wonders' and Gives Its Opinion

By JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Many, many years ago a polite four-year-old boy sat on his stool while two portly and well-dressed women sipped tea. The maid walked in with a pot of hot water, stumbled, and spilled it on the little boy's legs.

"Tommykins! Tommykins!" gushed one of the women, "did the nasty water hurt 'oo?"

Tommy looked at her wisely for a moment, then replied:

"Thank you, madam, the agony is quite abated."

"Tommykins" was Thomas Macaulay, who later became one of England's greatest statesmen and essayists. Incidents like the above stamped Tommy as a "child genius" from whom great things could be expected.

Thomas Macaulay really amounted to something when he grew up, but was it genius?

Every now and then American newspapers recite the wonders of a four-year-old child who plays difficult sonatas on his mother's piano, or of a second grade pupil whose poetry shows remarkable talent. Immediately such youngsters are stamped with the title "genius" or "prodigy" and grow up under the withering spotlight of publicity.

The Simple Truth.

The "prodigy" problem has offered science one of its most fascinating studies these past few years and some startling decisions have been reached about child wonders. In essence, it boils down to the fact that such youngsters are simply brighter than average and that they'll grow up to be perfectly normal men and women—if handled properly.

But incorrect supervision can be devastating. One little youngster was given an intelligence quotient rating of 184 (100 is normal). Her mother never quite got over the shock of hearing that her child was brilliant. She literally stood in awe when the child was around, waited on her hand and foot and in the end made the "prodigy" entirely dependent on her mother.

These few cases, in which brilliant children have been ruined by publicity and improper training, often make parents shudder with fright to learn their youngster has a high intelligence. A few "prodigies" have broken down nervously; some have even gone to the insane asylum. But the record shows that most likely they grow up to take a commanding position in the business or professional worlds.

Back in 1922 Dr. Leta S. Hollingsworth of Columbia University Teachers college selected a group of 116 New York children with I. Q. ratings of 130 or higher. Some of them received specialized training for three years. Then they were forgotten, left to lead their own lives.

Bright Children Grow Up.

But last year Dr. Hollingsworth and Dr. Irving Lorge located 62 of them, ranging in age from 22 to 25 years, and examined their private lives. The promise of childhood was being abundantly fulfilled!

Out of the 62 there were five who tested above 180 (which goes "through the ceiling" of the best intelligence tests). Before reaching 22 one had done excellent research work in history, another in mathematics, another in chess. The other two were already establishing enviable places for themselves in chosen professions.

These were cases of true, native ability, carefully managed and developed. But educators shudder when they hear of an ambitious parent heaping work upon his child's head, merely because an intelligence test has shown some degree of brilliance. Mentally overstuffed children seldom get any place in life; more often these are the youngsters who become mental cases. It's happened time and again, maybe in your own experience.

But how about these unusually bright tots who pop into the headlines? As unusual children, should they not be given special treatment, just as retarded youngsters are segregated to overcome their handicaps? Dr. Hollingsworth thinks so, and to bear out her theory she's started the Speyer school for gifted New York children.

Dr. Hollingsworth set about with the special Stanford-Binet tests to select her 50 pupils. When they were chosen, she found these prodigies (and she hates the term, prodigies!) weren't tall and spindly, eccentric or shy. They didn't even wear horn-rimmed glasses. They looked like any normal group of youngsters between the ages of 8 and 11 and they had only one sin: They talked their heads off in class to pour out the overflowing supply of ideas accumulating in their alert minds.

Maybe you think it's unfair to give thse youngsters special advantages, but look at it this way:

First, let us repeat that they are just as extraordinary as mentally retarded children, and as such require special consideration. In an ordinary class, the brilliant child finds his lessons too easy, ending up by working half the time and wasting the other half. He "rusts away" and a potential leader of future America is lost.

Back Down to Earth.

So New York's 50 shining lights have been placed together in a school where none shines brighter than the rest, where the competition is keener and they have to work to get ahead. You'd be surprised how angry they were when the first report cards were issued: instead of the A marks they got before, they now received C's.

"The first thing these pupils learn," says Dr. Hollingsworth, "is that there are other people in the world just as bright as they are."

The intelligence quotient test, briefly, is nothing more than a child's mental age divided by his actual age and multiplied by 100. The mental age, though, is where the work has come in. Psychologists have been testing and observing children for years to determine just what an average three-year-old—for example—can do. They have compiled lists of what youngsters should be able to do at various ages and they compare those with the actual abilities. Then if a three-year-old can do just what a three-year-old is supposed to do, his I. Q. is exactly 100.

But even these patiently sought results are not conclusive. Just because your child rates more than 140 on his I. Q. test, it doesn't mean he's a genius. In the first place, there are only 300 to 400 men in the world's history who have been regarded as true geniuses.

Psychologists are pretty well agreed that it takes more than a high I. Q. to make a genius. A lot of it depends on the times a man lives in, luck, and the right kind of publicity. One fellow who recorded an I. Q. of 175 shortly before the World war has disappeared completely. Another, who lectured on the fourth dimension when seven or eight years old, ended up a streetcar conductor.

Maybe your child is a genius, but don't be too sure about it. Chances are he's just one of these youngsters with superior intellect who, if handled sensibly, will turn out to be a credit to his parents.

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Jimmy Woods, three years old, whose early training was under direction of the child development clinic of New York's Columbia-Presbyterian medical center, chatters into a microphone as his twin brother, reared without scientific aid, listens silently.

Six-year-old Phyllis Anne Thompson arranges an exhibit of her art at the Grand Central art galleries in New York. Critics were amazed at the work of this "child wonder."

How Smart Is Your Child?

The following Terman mental age scale, taken from Watson Davis' "The Advance of Science," is part of the tests used by psychologists to determine the mental age and subsequently the I. Q.'s of youngsters given mental tests. At the various age levels, the average youngster is supposed to be capable of the activities listed.

6 Months—Turns head toward ringing bell; vocalizes several well-defined syllables, like "da, da" and "ma, ma"; listens to speech attentively; can hold one object in each hand briefly.

1 Year—Can play with two objects, banging them together; speaks four words; uses jargon; can hold three objects; uses spoon; helps in dressing.

18 Months—Looks behind mirror for reflection; uses tool to pull object within reach; speaks five or more words; points to nose, eyes, hair.

2 Years—Obeys simple commands; understands two prepositions, names three out of five objects; points to five objects on card; uses words in combination; creases paper in imitation; vocabulary, 272 words.

3 Years—Can copy a circle in three trials; knows five prepositions; names key, penny, knife, watch, pencil; repeats six to seven syllables; vocabulary, 896 words.

4 Years—Can copy a cross and square; counts four pennies; repeats four digits (such as 7934); vocabulary, 1,540 words.

5 Years—Can draw imitatively a triangle and prism; names four colors; gives age; vocabulary, 2,072 words.

6 Years—Knows right from left; counts 13 pennies; can name nickel, penny, quarter, dime; repeats 16 to 18 syllables; vocabulary, 2,562 words.

8 Years—Can count backwards 20 to 1; can give similarities between common objects; defines objects otherwise than by giving use; vocabulary, 3,600 words.

10 Years—Can detect absurdities in statements; can name 60 words in three minutes; repeats six digits or 20 syllables; vocabulary, 5,400 words.

12 Years—Can define abstract words like pity and justice; can interpret fables; repeats five digits reversed; interprets or tells the story of a picture; vocabulary, 7,200 words.

14 Years—Can give differences between a president and a king; can reason out arithmetical problem; repeats seven digits; vocabulary, 9,000 words.

16 Years—Can give the difference between abstract terms like ignorance and stupidity; repeats six digits reversed or 28 syllables; has adult intelligence; reads adult books and follows adult recreation; vocabulary, 11,700 words.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by **CARTER FIELD**

● Strength of state political machines in primaries surprises observers . . . Proves power of federal spending can't swing an election in every case.

WASHINGTON.—The tremendous strength exhibited by local organizations in many states, despite the power exercised by Washington through federal spending, has been a constant source of surprise to political observers during the primaries so far.

It was the powerful political organizations in Illinois which made it impossible for President Roosevelt to obtain the renomination of Senator William H. Dieterich. It was the powerful state organization in Iowa which renominated Senator Guy M. Gillette over the New Deal opposition as voiced by Harry L. Hopkins and James Roosevelt.

It was the organization of Boss Ed Crump, of Memphis, and Senator Kenneth McKellar, in Tennessee, which defeated a sitting senator—and three other candidates — to name their own man for senator in place of George L. Berry. It was the organization in Indiana, interested more in the presidential boom of former Governor Paul V. McNutt than in the New Deal purge, which forced the renomination of Senator Frederick Van Nuys.

The New Deal burned its fingers badly in Virginia, making a national story of the fight of young William E. Dodd Jr., son of the former ambassador to Germany, against the sitting congressman, Howard W. Smith, but the reason for the failure of Dodd to make much headway, and the reason for the only upset in the state, the defeat of Representative Norman R. Hamilton, was the strength of the state organization headed by Senator Harry Flood Byrd.

In Pennsylvania the Republican machine won easily both senatorial and gubernatorial primaries. In the Democratic primary David Lawrence and several other lieutenants took the machine away from Senator Joseph F. Guffey.

PRESIDENT'S PREFERENCE FOR JACKSON IGNORED

But the most amazing development of machine strength of the year was in the President's own state of New York. Jim Farley himself headed the revolt, apparently, when the President decided that he wanted his brilliant young Brain Truster, Robert H. Jackson, nominated for governor. The wish was pointedly ignored.

The only case which seems to go against the grain is Kentucky, and there is room for argument there. It is true that the state house organization, dominated by Governor A. B. (Happy) Chandler, was beaten, but it is scarcely accurate to term Chandler's organization THE state organization. Senator Alben W. Barkley has been regarded the Democratic boss of the state for a good many years. He had his own organization. It was strong enough to re-elect him to the senate the first time he came up, although Kentucky had never before, since the Civil war, re-elected a senator. This was before Chandler was a state-wide figure. It was before Senator Barkley had any federal patronage. It was long before there was any WPA and PWA.

Senator Barkley

Estimates have it that there are about 100,000 WPA workers alone in Kentucky, many of them employed just a few months before the primary. Senator Barkley never made any bones about the use to be made of this pay roll. In fact he virtually told the senate, when that body was considering the Hatch amendment aimed at preventing this "playing politics with human misery," that he had to use this power in order to offset the state machine of Governor Chandler.

But in view of the final vote, it would seem reasonable to doubt that this would have been enough had it not been for the organization Barkley had built BEFORE Roosevelt.

BARKLEY OBSESSED WITH PRESIDENCY IDEA

Incurable conservative optimists are now predicting that, with six sure safe years ahead of him, Senator Barkley will not be the rubber stamp for New Deal measures he has been in the past.

The trouble with this reasoning is that President Roosevelt will or will not run for a third term. If he is elected again he will be President for the precise length of the new Barkley term, and Barkley has never shown any particular originality. He just follows the leader.

Barkley is obsessed with the notion that if Roosevelt does not run, he will be the candidate to succeed Roosevelt, which involves the necessity of having New Deal support, for he would never get to first base with the conservatives. Their leaders not only distrust him but do not appraise him very highly.

COCKEYED POLITICS IN T.V.A. INVESTIGATION

Just how much juggling with figures to prove that government ownership is fine the expert accountants employed by Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania will discover in TVA is a matter of conjecture. Never, however, in the history of Capitol Hill has such a procedure occurred before. A minority member of a committee employs experts, without even revealing who is paying their salaries and expenses. These experts are given carte blanche by the committee to go delving.

The explanation of this cockeyed politics is twofold. First, the committee is sore because its purse strings were drawn so tight in the closing days of the last session. Second, it doesn't believe anything can be found which would smear the administration, or even the TVA concept. They would not mind in the slightest if the present personnel of TVA is ruined. That would just make more jobs for lame ducks after November.

Victory to Senator Bennett C. Clark of Missouri by a tremendous margin over two 100 per cent New Dealers combined, plus a fourth candidate, strengthens the prospect that New Dealers will not be able to control the 1940 convention. Interesting here is the fact that the Pendergast Kansas City machine was not able to nominate its judicial candidate in a state-wide contest. Similarly the grip of Senator Matthew M. Neely of West Virginia on his state organization was upset by triumph of candidates in several state-wide contests. Neely never hesitates about taking White House orders.

Senator Clark

Senator George McGill of Kansas, another 100 per cent New Dealer, was renominated without trouble, but will face a very progressive Republican in the election, former Governor Clyde M. Reed. Standpat Republicans dislike Reed, but opinion here is that he will be driven against Roosevelt by the very fact that all the New Deal strength will now be thrown against him in the election battle. Most observers figure a close race.

Inflation talk is what is forcing the use of midnight oil around the treasury in a search for new taxes which congress might reasonably be expected to impose next session, and which would not be too certain of inviting the often talked about but never realized taxpayers' revolt. The treasury's view of the other branches of the government—and of congress—is that there is no chance of cutting down on government spending. It fears the spending is more likely to increase than diminish. It knows also that corporation and individual income tax returns next March are apt to be well under those of March 15 last, even though the present business improvement should continue.

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Tending Garden on Liner Proves a Difficult Job

PARIS.—Andre Cartier is a seagoing gardener. He follows his trade on board the Normandie, nurturing and pampering a garden full of plants.

He had 15 years experience in gardening in the province of Normandy before he went to tend the gardens of the Normandie, but he finds his new job demands a specialized skill.

"Flowers and plants are as temperamental as passengers on ocean voyages, and just as prone to be sick," he says.

He must keep his charges at an even temperature at all times, which is difficult, with a ship which moves quickly from warm gulf streams to cold channels. Cartier must be particularly careful with the watering of his charges, as their thirsts change with the varying degrees of ocean moisture.

Though Cartier aims to make his a garden "where seasons are abolished" he finds that cactus and fatty plants thrive at sea and often bear fruit more actively than on land.

Market Basket Suggested To Take Babies on Trips

WASHINGTON.—The best way to carry a small baby on a long trip is in a market basket, says the children's bureau of the department of labor.

"A market basket is more comfortable for the baby than his mother's arms and much more convenient for the mother. The basket should be deep enough so that the baby won't roll out and should have a thin pillow for a mattress."

Dog Rescues Sows and Pigs From Blazing Barn

JERSEYVILLE, ILL. — A large collie dog is being cited for unusual animal intelligence during a fire which destroyed $5,000 worth of barns and property on a farm near here.

The dog entered one of the burning buildings and drove two sows and a number of small pigs from the fire-swept place to safety at the edge of a pond some distance away.

Smart Dresses for Now and Later On

HERE are two perfectly charming fashions that will fill a definite place in your life if you make them up immediately in pretty cotton or cool silk. And they are so perfectly in key with future fashions that you should by all means repeat them later in fall and winter materials. You'll be surprised, when you study the detailed sew chart included in each pattern, how quickly and easily you can finish them. You don't need experience. Even beginners enjoy working with these simple patterns.

Tailored Dress of Pique.

If your daytime wardrobe needs replenishing for the remaining weeks of summer, make this nice tailored dress of pique or gingham, and see how refreshed and comfortable you'll feel. Later on, wear it for fall in challis, jersey, or flat crepe. The short sleeves, easy waistline and action pleats in the skirt make this dress very easy to work in—and the deeply notched collar and patch pockets give it finish enough so that it is appropriate for street wear, too.

Tiny-Waisted Afternoon Dress.

Here's the type of dress that all important fashion sources show for fall! The shaped, rather high square neckline, the short sleeves, puffed at the top, the gathers that give you flattering bust fullness and the very, very small waist—these are all new notes. Just five steps, too, in the sew chart. For immediate wear, make it up in dotted Swiss or voile. Your fall version should be thin wool, crepe de chine or rayon jersey.

The Patterns.

No. 1462 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 1561 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material; 1⅝ yards ribbon for belt.

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

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AS FRAGRANT AS FLOWERS IN MAY

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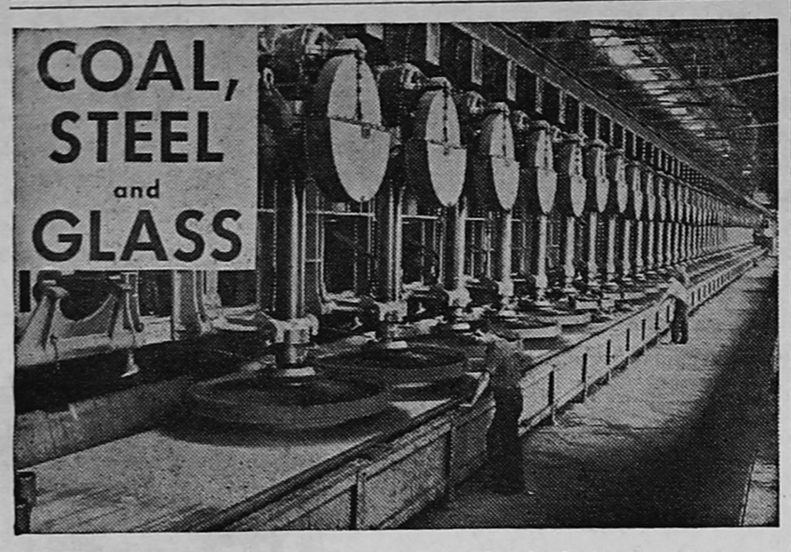

Polishing plate glass in Pennsylvania factory.

Coal, Coke, Steel, Cement and Glass Are Pennsylvania's Great Industries

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

GREAT events have happened and the lives of all Americans have been transformed in many ways since Obediah Gore, the Connecticut blacksmith, moved to the Wilkes-Barre country and taught the neighborhood smiths how to fire their forges with anthracite; since Jesse Fell invented the grate for burning hard coal in homes; since Philip Ginter stubbed his toe on a piece of hard coal and thereby laid the foundations of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation system of coal mines and coal roads.

Even in the depths of the depression in 1931 Pennsylvania was producing 60,000,000 tons of anthracite and 97,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, or approximately a third of the nation's entire coal output. When you consider how much the country owes to its vast supplies of sunshine stored up in the earth through millions of years, you realize how great is its debt to Pennsylvania, for in service to humanity coal far outshines the magic wonders of Aladdin's legendary lamp.

As one travels through the coal fields, there are many sights reminiscent of a century of mining. One sees in the anthracite fields every type of coal breaker, from the old dry breaker with dust everywhere and much of the coal wasted, to the latest Rheolaveur breaker where water is used from beginning to end, and where even the dust is saved.

Tremendous Coke Production.

Pennsylvania is the nation's foremost producer of coke.

For generations the beehive coke oven had its day. It was a wasteful day, it is true, but the beehive oven fitted its time. It was not until the World war period that it relinquished first place to by-product ovens.

Then the cry went up for more and more of the chemicals hidden in bituminous coal to take their place in the explosives that were indeed "the power behind the gun" of war-making. Now the alchemist of coal is getting more coke out of a ton of coal made in a by-product oven than could be obtained in a beehive oven, and in addition he is able to capture enough ammonia and its compounds, light oil and its derivatives, gas, tar, fine coke, and other products to bring the total value of by-products up to $3.86 per ton, all of which were lost in the old-time beehive oven.

Those were spectacular nights before the World war when one rode for miles through the beehive oven districts. Today those old ovens stand row after row along scores of railroad tracks, some almost completely in ruins but others looking as if they might be fired again tomorrow.

Pig Iron and Steel.

Pennsylvania's role in the iron and steel industry is as remarkable as her position in the coal and coke industry of the nation. In 1931 the Keystone state produced only 1 per cent of the nation's iron ore, but it turned out 28 per cent of its pig iron and 32 per cent of its steel.

With every 1,000 tons of pig iron requiring in its making about 1,800 tons of ore, 700 tons of limestone, 1,000 tons of coke, and 4,500 tons of air driven by powerful fans, one may easily imagine that its production is the Keystone state's heavy industry.

There was in the days of peak production no more inspiring night sight than the view from a high hill at Pittsburgh, looking down the Ohio and up the Monongahela and the Allegheny rivers, beholding Titan at work, transforming ore into pig iron.

The era of the Bessemer process in converting pig iron into steel is largely gone in the Keystone state. No longer do these huge metallic eggshells send their streams of fiery sparks heavenward. The awesome "spitting" of the spectacular converter during certain periods of the blowing of air through its molten contents has given place to the open hearth.

New Ways of Making Cement.

Here enormous jets of gas flame are played over the molten pig metal, producing iron oxide which combines with added iron ore to form a basic slag—the "skimmings" of the fiery caldron.

Nowhere in industrial Pennsylvania does one discover more progress in processes than in the cement industry. A pilgrimage through a cement plant 20 years ago was like working at the "bunghole" of a threshing machine before the days of the straw blowers. There was dust everywhere. As one surveyed the horizon of Lehigh and Northampton counties, it seemed that there were a hundred whirlwinds perpetually blowing and marking the sites of the cement plants scattered over the countryside.

Today it is different. Now the rock is crushed under streams of water and the final powdering of the stone produces a sludge of about the consistency of mush. This is introduced into the big rotary kilns —some of them as much as 120 feet long and 15 feet in diameter.

Here it meets a stream of powdered coal under a flame that gives a temperature of from 2,500 to 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The coal has been so finely ground that 95 per cent of it will pass through a screen that has 10,000 meshes to the square inch. When the powdered coal, the sludge, the fiery heat, and a regulated amount of air meet, glass-hard clinkers are formed.

These clinkers in turn are the intermediate materials between cement rock and the finished product. They are mixed with heavy steel oval-shaped globules and conveyed into rotary grinders. Round and round these big machines turn hour after hour until all the clinkers have been ground almost to impalpable dust, in which form it is Portland cement.

Among all of Pennsylvania's dramatic industries there is none possessing greater fascination than plate-glass making. Such opaque substances as salt cake, pure limestone, and quartz sand go into a furnace in 3,500-pound batches, become liquid, and then pass out as a continuous sheet of plate glass which is cut, ground, and polished until it is as transparent as thin air.

In a Plate Glass Plant.

Up the Allegheny river from Pittsburgh stands the little village of Creighton. On its outskirts is the largest plate-glass plant in the world. The company owns at its back door the coal mine that supplies its fuel, for coal is used in such quantities that such a plant is always located near its fuel supply rather than close to its raw material.

Here are huge bins for storing salt cake, soda ash, glass sand, limestone, and other ingredients.

There is the giant furnace that holds 1,200 tons of molten glass. With a colored glass shield before your eyes look into the fiery furnace. Here are little hills and tiny mountains, survivals of the last 3,500-pound mouthful of material dumped in. There you see a miniature lake of incandescent molten mixture.

Twenty-one days of warming are required to bring the temperature of the furnace up to operating requirements. The marvel is that its linings can be made heat-resistant enough to stand temperatures that convert sand and limestone into liquid and to take that punishment for months on end.

At the rear of the furnace is a giant lip out of which the molten glass flows. Glowing hot, of doughy consistency, it passes under tremendous rollers, which convert it into a ribbon about 7 feet wide. Along this it travels through an annealing lehr for 400 feet. By now it is cool enough for the cutters who trim off the edges, cut it into lengths, and mark the defective spots.

Then a sort of mechanical spider with vacuum-cup feet swoops down on each piece, lifts it high overhead, and deposits it in a plaster-of-paris film on the six-ton cast-iron car that is to be its bed while passing under the grinding machines, where sand and emery smooth it down. From these grinders the plate passes under the felt-footed polishers where enough rouge to color the lips and cheeks of an army of women is used to produce that perfection of smoothness which gives perfect vision through your motor window.

After the glass has traveled 125 feet in the fiery furnace, 400 feet on the cooling lehrs, 400 feet under the grinders, and 400 feet under the polishers, it is ready for its trip through the Duplate works where two pieces are cemented together with a DuPont product and become safety glass.

Mud

By HAZEL R. LANGDALE

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

THE Petitcodiac river, whose bottle shaped mouth where it empties into the Bay of Fundy is responsible for the world famed Bore, is, at certain portions of its length, margined with steep banks of mud of such insidious, slimy slipperiness that to look at them has somewhat the same effect on the observer as the glistening eye of the snake on its bird victim.

It had that effect on Marcia Makepeace, who had come up from Boston to visit her grandparents.

For 19 years—that is to say, since the day of her birth, Marcia's life had been bounded by Massachusetts bay and the Charles river. Of course, she had summered on the Cape and had motored through the White mountains. She had even spent a few weeks at Ogunquit. But none of these places, not even the Cape Cod creeks or the flats exposed on the Maine coast at ebb tide, could offer the mud of the Petitcodiac and its tributaries.

"Looks like primeval ooze, doesn't it?" asked Barry Robins, between

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

puffs at his disreputable old briar. Barry lived in one of the five white farm houses that made up the hamlet of Ste. Stephanie and Marcia had been warned against him by her grandparents.

"It certainly does!" agreed Marcia, amiably, but not for worlds would she have disclosed the horrid fascination those unbelievably smooth declivities had for her.

Barry had rather fallen in love with Marcia at sight and was trying to fall out again because it was evident on the face of it that he was a poor sort of fellow for a girl like her.

Three days after this conversation, Marcia, in hunting for a lost slipper in her trunk, came upon her bathing suit.

She pulled it out and shook it. Then she went to the top of the narrow flight of stairs.

"Oh, grandmother! Is there any place where one could go swimming?"

After a moment, her grandmother's voice came back doubtfully, "Why, I don't know. There's a pool down at the bend that the boys used to use. Kind of shallow now, I suppose."

Barry saw her go by his gate and guessed her destination from a pair of gay red rubber bathing shoes protruding from her coat pocket. He started up, then sat back again and slowly refilled his pipe. For some time he sat smoking and thinking.

If only Marcia had been just an ordinary girl with no maternal relatives in Back Bay, no Radcliffe diploma, no Cambridge accent, he would have felt more like going to her and saying, "Darling, I'm a poor devil of a writer who threw up a job as reporter to go off by myself and write a book. I was born in Pawtucket and I don't know the Common from Copps Hill burying ground. But I love you and will work my fool head off to keep the wolf from the door!"

Grabbing his hat and apology for a proper walking stick—an old length of what had once been a gate rail—he set forth along the dusty gravel road that skirted the river.

At the turn of the road the pool made by the widening of the river became visible, but in its depths no bright head was visible.

Suddenly his face blanched.

"Help! Help!"

He broke into a run. Yes, the cry had come from Marcia. Half way down the bank at the spot where it was steepest she could be seen in a condition that to any but a lover might have been unrecognizable. Petitcodiac mud coated her from head to foot.

Barry could see where she had tobogganed down by long slide marks. Halfway, she had sunk into the brown ooze and her struggles had only served to submerge her still more. Terrified, she had cried for help.

Gingerly, lest he make matters worse, by inviting a similar predicament for himself, Barry stepped to the edge, then down a foot or two, and extended his stick.

"Grab it!" he ordered. "Now hold it while I pull." The whole bank quivered and Barry went in halfway to his knees. Splashes of mud went over him. Then the smeared and trembling Marcia was hauled to safety beside him.

"Poor child!" he said, kindly. "But how did it happen?"

"Marcia gulped. "I—I did it on purpose," she said sheepishly.

Barry just looked at her. Marcia Makepeace of Boston sliding down into primeval ooze for the fun of it!

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" was all he could say for a moment. Then, taking her in his arms, mud and all, he enlarged upon that theme until Marcia had indeed promised to become his dear.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Explains the Causes of Food Allergy

Well-Known Food Authority Names the Foods That Cause Trouble

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

6 East 39th Street, New York City.

A NEW phrase has crept into daily usage in recent years, has in fact become so common that comedians use it in jest and draw laughs from their audiences when they mimic, "I'm allergic!" But the words have deep significance for perhaps 30 to 60 per cent of the population who have cause to agree with the old saying that "one man's meat is another man's poison."

They are victims of the curious phenomenon known as food allergy and have an abnormal reaction to the proteins in certain foods and other substances. As a result, foods which are beneficial in themselves and which usually have an important place in a normal balanced diet, cause a variety of unpleasant effects.

These may range from hives or a skin rash to a gastric disturbance with spells of nausea. The individual may suffer from migraine headache or an attack of hay fever or asthma; or he may have a tendency to what appears to be bronchial or head colds.

It has been determined that these symptoms in an individual who is allergic are due to intolerance of certain proteins. Even when the offending foods are fruits and vegetables, it is the protein that is responsible. It has been suggested that the sensitization results because at some previous time, an unsplit or undigested protein in some way passed through the membranes lining the digestive tract and entered the blood stream. This acted very much like a foreign substance and sensitized body cells in some way so that whenever the same food is eaten, the disturbing symptoms occur as a sort of defense mechanism.

—★—

Heredity a Factor

A tendency to allergy seems to be inherited. But the substances which cause a disturbance differ with each individual, and the type of reaction also differs. For example, a mother may be allergic to milk; her child inheriting the tendency may be allergic to fish. Drinking milk may give the mother an attack of asthma; eating fish may cause the child to break out with hives.

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Trouble-Making Foods

It is difficult to generalize regarding the foods that cause trouble, because they vary so widely among individuals who are sensitized, and often one person is sensitive to a number of foods. It has been found that the foods most frequently causing allergic symptoms include wheat, milk, eggs, chocolate, pork, fish and shellfish, tomatoes, cauliflower, cabbage, strawberries and oranges.

Skin rashes are believed to be caused most frequently by hypersensitiveness to milk, cereal or pork. Hives are reported to occur often from eating strawberries, chocolate, fish and tomatoes. Wheat is frequently an offender in migraine headaches. Asthma seems to be common in persons who are sensitive to milk, eggs and butter.

—★—

Other Offending Substances

Foods are not always responsible for allergy, and the symptoms may be produced by contact with wool, feathers, dust, pollen, dander from horses or other animals; or even the sting of a bee.

—★—

Discovering the Offenders

The ideal procedure for the allergy victim is to find out the offending foods or substances and avoid them. For early recognition of a tendency to allergy may prevent discomfort and trouble.

There are two ways to discover the trouble makers. One is to learn by experience, either by keeping a record of the foods eaten and noting the appearance of symptoms, or by eliminating from the diet, first one and then another of the foods that are suspected of causing difficulty. The other is to let your doctor conduct simple skin tests. Small scratches are made on the arms and legs, and each scratch touched with a solution made of the protein of a food or substance known to cause trouble. If a person is allergic to that substance, the skin around the scratch swells and becomes inflamed. The inflammation disappears after a few hours and causes no pain or inconvenience.

—★—

Other Foods Must Be Used

Once the offending food or foods are determined, they should be eliminated either for all time or until the individual becomes desensitized. If the trouble maker is an uncommon food, such as lobster or clams, the allergy presents no great problem, but when children react to necessary foods such as milk, eggs and wheat, the homemaker faces a difficult task.

When milk is the offending food, it must be avoided, not only as a beverage, but in bread, cakes and puddings. Sometimes dried or evaporated milk, goat's milk or soy bean milk may be used instead. When wheat is the trouble maker, the alternatives include cornstarch, rice flour, potato or rye flour; rice and corn cereals; tapioca or barley. When hen's eggs are injurious, duck's eggs can sometimes be used with success, or meat or fish may be substituted.

Sometimes after a period of exclusion, an immunity is built up so that later the foods may be reintroduced gradually into the diet.

—★—

Don't Jump to Conclusions

It must be borne in mind that many of the symptoms produced by food sensitivity may also result from other causes. For this reason, it is unwise to decide that one is allergic without due investigation. Nor must the imagination or the current widespread discussion of the subject be allowed to cause adults or children to mask their unwillingness to eat certain foods with the false notion that they are unduly sensitive.

On the other hand, homemakers should be sympathetic with both children and adults who say with good cause, "I can't eat that!" And it would appear that there may even be some compensation in this unpleasant situation. For a group of scientists who have studied the subject announced a few years ago that those who belong to the allergy group appear to have a definite capacity for becoming intellectually superior. Thus, the child who suffers from a skin rash or stuffy nose today, due to food sensitivity, is apt to be full of energy when he reaches manhood and exhibit unusual ability for cultural leadership.

SEND FOR THIS
FREE CHART
of
FOODS THAT OFTEN CAUSE TROUBLE

C. Houston Goudiss will gladly send you, FREE, a chart showing which foods have been found most frequently to cause allergic reactions, and also those which are the least likely to cause trouble. Just state your request on a postcard and address it to C. HOUSTON GOUDISS, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

Questions Answered

Mrs. A. F. J.—The caloric value of fresh or canned mushrooms is very slight, as their carbohydrate is in a form that cannot be readily assimilated. They are useful, however, for adding savor and appetite appeal to many dishes.

Mrs. A. M. T.—The notion that onions or lettuce contain opium or some other narcotic drug is wholly without foundation. They are two of our finest vegetables.

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Send for This
FREE
VITAMIN PRIMER
Offered by C. Houston Goudiss

DO YOU want to know where to find the different vitamins? Just write to C. Houston Goudiss at 6 East 39th St., New York City, for his new "Vitamin Primer." It tells the facts that every homemaker needs to know about vitamins. In simple chart form, the functions of each vitamin are explained, and there is a list of foods to guide you in supplying your family with adequate amounts of these necessary food factors.

• *The bulletin will be especially helpful to those who must avoid certain foods, as it offers a wide choice of foods containing each vitamin.*

HOW to SEW

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

SO MANY readers have expressed interest in rag rugs that I know many of you will want to copy this one. I discovered it in a village on Buzzards bay where, a century ago, whaling ships put out to sea. In the book offered below there is a knitted rag rug found one time on a trip through Ohio. I have not yet done a special book on rag rugs. It does seem that there should be a way to exchange designs from different parts of the country.

The center medallion of the rug shown here is its outstanding feature. The braiding is fine and tight. The braided strips should be sewn together with strong linen thread or about size 8 cotton thread used double. The center round should be 8-inches long as shown. Sew around and around until the center oval is 14-inches long, then make the eight loops shown in the next round—three along each side of the oval and one at each end.

These loops should be 2-inches long. In working around the loops with the next rows, the trick is to "ease" the inside edge of the braided strip in just enough to keep the work perfectly flat, and to give the scalloped effect shown. As you work around, the scallops gradually straighten out and the rug becomes more oval in shape.

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

Overburdened

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—Johnson.

REVOLUTION on Main Street

Give a thought to Main Street as you scan today's headlines! All the world's excitement isn't in Europe.

For, in our town . . . and towns like ours clear across the country . . . there's a daily revolution going on. Changes in dress styles and food prices . . . the rise of a hat crown . . . the fall of furniture prices—these matters vitally affect our daily living . . . and the news is ably, fully covered in advertisements. Here, in concise, meaty form, makers of the world's goods tell you what's new, what's good . . . and how to make your dollars S-T-R-E-T-C-H.

Smart people who like to be up-to-the-minute in living *and* current events, follow advertisements as closely as headlines.

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HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS

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J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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Negroes Owned Slaves

Few of the present generation, particularly in the North, know that before the Civil War, a great many free negroes in the South owned other negroes as slaves. Some interesting facts concerning the subject are given in Prof. Carter Goodwin Woodson's book, Free Negro Heads of Families.

He shows that as far back as 1830, one-seventh of the negroes in the country were free, some of them rich, owning large plantations and other valuable property. In 1857 one negro in South Carolina owned 200 slaves. Many others owned smaller numbers, it being estimated that 40,000 free negroes owned nearly 100,000 slaves at one time.

The story is told of a Charleston negro who admired a female slave owned by a neighbor and bought her for a wife. Later on when she failed to behave herself as he thought proper, he sold her at a profit of $50.

A Quiz of Words

In a recent questionnaire sent to a number of eminent persons it was asked: What words seem to you most annoyingly overused or misused?

Among those suggested were: Intrigued, kiddies, cute, awful, gorgeous, very, sure, nice, grand glamorous, colorful and I.

Another question was: What word in English seems to you most beautiful in sound?

Replies included the following: Mother, love, violet, lake, laughter, willow, melody, and I. A well-known educator voted for payday, with which most teachers will agree, while a Mexican poet liked the sound of cuspidor best.

In answer to the request to pick the most awful word in the language, these were suggested: No, yes, the, of, and, in, it, do, have, and I. An editor thought eat the most useful.

It may be observed that the pronoun I was selected in answer to all three questions, and a prominent physician declared it to be at once the most beautiful, the most useful and the most annoyingly overused of all words.

Poisonous Snakes

About 2,000 persons are bitten by snakes every summer, according to an estimate by Dr. Raymond Ditmars, curator of reptiles of the New York Zoological Gardens, but it is believed that many cases are not reported to health authorities. It is also estimated that about 300 cases of snake bite or approximately 15 per cent, result fatally.

Poisonous snakes are found in all the states of the Union except Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and these consist of two principal families. One family is known as the pit viper, and includes copperheads, moccasins and several varieties of rattlesnakes. The other is the cobra family, represented in this country by a single species, the coral snake, found chiefly in the South.

Snakes take their greatest toll of human life in India, where the deadly cobra abounds, and snake bite deaths are estimated to reach as many as 20,000 in a year.

The largest snakes, such as the boa and python, are not poisonous, but crush their prey to death in their coils. The Malay reticulated python, largest of all, sometimes attains a length of 30 feet or more.

By far the greatest number of all snakes are non-poisonous, and therefore harmless. These include the well-known black snake, garter snake, milk snake, water snake and many others.

Clubs for Farm Youths

No movement having for its object the betterment of rural life is more worthy of encouragement and support than that of forming and maintaining boys' and girls' clubs. It is gratifying to observe that the movement has spread rapidly and that more than two million young people on the farms of the country are enrolled in clubs.

Civic bodies, fair committees, bankers and business men in many states are taking notice of the club movement, and are fostering it through the offering of prizes, scholarships, trips and other rewards for the efficiency shown by farm boys and girls in carrying out the various projects included in the club program.

Club activities not only serve to prepare young people for their life work, if they choose to stay on the farm, but the conducting of their own meetings develops qualities of leadership and confidence in themselves. Even those who enter other pursuits are better fitted for their future careers by the discipline and training which are inseparable from club membership.

Potatoes as Food

Except in Ireland, the general use of the potato covers a period of less than 150 years. In Ireland the potato became a staple article of diet about a century earlier, and from this fact arises the name Irish potato, although its origin appears to have been in Peru, where the natives have eaten it from time immemorial.

From Peru the potato was first carried to Spain by early Spanish explorers of the New World, and thence into Italy, but it was merely looked upon as a curiosity, and as such was seen in the botanical gardens of Europe for two centuries or more before its adoption for food purposes became general.

Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have been first to cultivate the potato in Ireland, about 1592.

At first it was used for feeding hogs, but little by little experiments were made to demonstrate that it was not harmful to human beings, so that it very gradually came into use for food particularly during periods of famine.

It was not until about 1750 that the potato gained a permanent foothold in England and on the continent of Europe, and it was cultivated but little in America before that time.

The spread of potato culture was greatly accelerated by the scarcity of food following the Napoleonic wars in the early part of the nineteenth century, since which time its use has steadily increased.

Lotus Time in Illinois

Lotus flowers, rarely found except in Egypt and China, attract thousands of visitors annually to northeastern Illinois. There in the Fox River region of Lake County, say research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, the quiet waters of Grass Lake form deep green backgrounds for extensive areas of remarkably cream-colored blooms, six to ten inches in diameter. The flowers, which were abundant under favorable conditions, ordinarily begin to appear early in August and remain nearly four weeks.

A cynic says that when he sees two women kiss, it reminds him of two pugilists shaking hands at the beginning of the first round.

A Polite Conductor

Thousands of persons who have ridden with him on his run between Birmingham and Atlanta will miss Captain Sidney W. Baxter, veteran passenger conductor of the Southern Railway, who retired a few days ago at the age of 72.

"Capt. Sid," as he is familiarly known, gained fame among the traveling public as the politest conductor, who treated every passenger as his personal guest.

Upon his first entry into a car to take up tickets, he would doff his cap and greet the occupants with a cordial "Good morning, everybody." When a passenger left the train, he would bid him good-by and tell him he was glad to have had him on board, or make some similar expression of cordiality.

During the trip he was ever attentive to his "guests," and did everything possible to promote their comfort and enjoyment. The aged and the infirm among his passengers were always objects of his special solicitude.

His unusual courtesy and his thoughtfulness caused him to be written about by noted writers, including Dorothy Thompson, and upon his retirement Clyde Ennis of the Birmingham News gave him a feature article, concluding as follows:

"And so this charming, gallant and thoughtful gentleman has been placed on the siding. He will have with him as an ever present solace the fond memory and friendship of thousands. He will be able to recall the joy of old men and women whom he befriended; homesick boys and girls upon whom he has showered his cheerfulness. And this is a reward and a memory not to be lightly earned."

All Bulls Are Killers--- Treat Them That Way

Some Spaniards get paid for it, but all the average Illinois farmer gets out of it is double indemnity, and his family, not he, gets that — we mean bull fighting, says the Illinois Agricultural Association department of safety.

"About once a week we get a report telling of someone being killed or injured by a herd sire that was always gentle as a lamb. Obviously these gentle ones are the most dangerous because they are unwatched and are often given the run of the place," says C. M. Seagraves, director of the department.

"The proven bad actors are usually the safest because they are kept in substantial pens and folks take no chances in handling them. The smart owner realizes that nobody knows when a bull will become unruly and consequently keeps him where the possibility of an accident is remote."

What's New

A cellulose band is being manufactured especially to protect the government tax stamps on bottles of distilled spirits.

Discovery of a common basic substance in blood and chlorophyll supports the contention by some scientists that animals and plants sprung from the same ancestor.

Discovery by the bureau of mines of a new method for the purification of potash promises cheaper fertilizer for American farmers and the elimination of potash imports.

A keyboard has been devised to replace the dial of the automatic telephone and speed up operations on the large switchboards. The signals are transmitted instantly, eliminating the ten or twelve seconds required to dial a number.

Interesting Notes

Seeing a man in a lake near Oakland, Calif., George Jacobs dived into the water to rescue him. Then he went to jail for being drunk. Police said Jacobs saw only his own reflection.

Emmanuel Bornstein of St. Louis was arrested for disturbing the peace. He held two men at bay with a shotgun, thinking they were burglars, and found they were making a social call.

A chicken thief escaped the clutches of police in Miami, Fla., but dropped his loot—11 young chickens, all dressed for cooking —in his flight. Officials turned them over to the city jail kitchen.

When a burglar entered the home of Peter Vignes in New York City, he not only stole the victim's typewriter, but also ran up a $110 long distance telephone bill.

Although in the best of health, William Currie of Shallow Lake, Can., has arranged his funeral. He deposited $2 to be held until the time to rent a building for dancing and merry-making.

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.

The News is $1.50 a year.

Widely Known Bird Haven

Known to nature lovers both here and abroad, Bird Haven at Olney, Richland County, attracts thousands of visitors annually. Its 90-acre tract of land offers protection as a bird sanctuary and the advantages of an arboretum for the development and preservation of a large variety of trees and shrubs. Many of these are native to the state but others are uncommon species from abroad.

Everything we have is taxed—even our credulity and patience.

A Russian scientist has controlled the sex of rabbits 180 times in 200 births.

The Bureau of Standards announces a new method of analyzing the human breath in six minutes. Some wives can make a rough analysis in two seconds.

For Sale Cheap

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

a7 Harlan W. Six.

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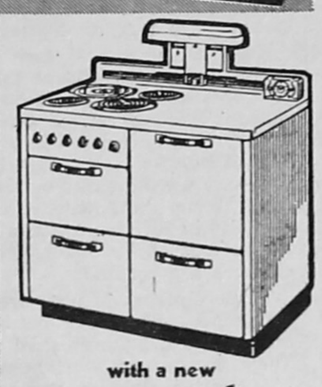

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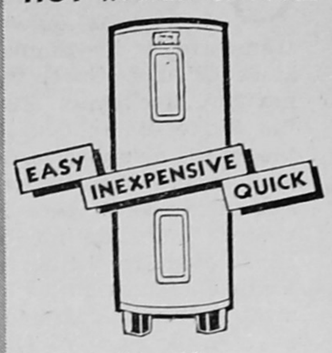

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HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS

Over the Line

By RUBY H. MARTYN

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SHORT SHORT STORY

ROLFE KNAPP'S muscles were tiring. This was the first day he had worked in the woods, and the exhilaration with which he had commenced to swing his axe began to ebb away in physical discomfort as the hours wore on. After the first dead pine crashed down he had rushed to fell the next doomed tree, and when Jack Arnold hailed him, several hours later, Rolfe paused, flushed and spent, amid an unpleasant tangle of the hacked and broken branches.

"Heard the axe and came up to see what you were doing!" cried Jack. "Easy for you to get over on to our land along here!"

Cold as the winter day was, Rolfe wiped his sweating face.

"I don't think I have got over the line," he returned uncomfortably.

This wasn't the first time that Jack Arnold's air of scorn had disturbed him. Jack hadn't hesitated to make him appear at a disadvantage before Nora. More than once he had made Rolfe's ignorance of country ways seem ridiculous to her. More than once he had made game of the young farmer's mistakes when she was by to hear.

"Why don't you get a cross cut saw for the job?" demanded Jack, striking an attitude of superiority.

Tired as his muscles were, Rolfe meant to chop his way out of this barricade of fallen trees before the day was done. The jaggedly hacked, high stumps silently rebuked a boyish voice.

Rolfe welcomed the lad with a laughing groan that betrayed his aching shoulder. Rolfe was thankful that he had managed to clear away some of the barricade of fallen trees before this boy came.

"I'm a good man for the other end of a cross-cut saw," declared Buddy, pausing with his overwhelming shoulder load.

"I suppose Jack Arnold's been spouting around your place," said Rolfe, bitterly.

"You said it " returned Buddy with disgust. "That's what got a rise out of me. Said he had you guessing whether you'd got over onto his father's land, too!"

"He'll get over the line himself sometime!" threatened Rolfe grimly.

"You said it," repeated the loyal lad. "He shoots off his mouth too much to suit me!"

Buddy was strong and his heart was brave. The little dead branches of the fallen pines cracked and snapped under their feet as they trod to and fro. As Rolfe watched the lad's eager face a glow of gratitude warmed his heart. This was a true neighborliness that thrust Jack Arnold into a forgotten pit.

Buddy began to croon a chopper's chanty. The saw sang to and fro in the wintry sunshine of the waning afternoon. Suddenly the teeth grated on something resistant in the wood. The unexpected rasp of it tingled and stung Rolfe's tired arms. Buddy dropped the handle at his end and wrung his hands with a cry of pain.

"Gee, but that hurt," he grinned wryly, tears welling in his eyes.

The man and boy were staring at each other when Nora joined them. Rolfe wanted to groan as he greeted her. How dear and instant was her questioning. What had happened to make them stop so suddenly? Way down home she had heard the saw singing and had come to see.

"There's something like a stone in the tree," said Buddy, excitedly. "Something must have got grown over."

Feeling was returning painfully to Rolfe's stunned arms. He reached for his axe.

"I'll split it out," he said. "Perhaps it's a treasure, hidden for the princess."

They were all breathless with excitement when the corner of an iron box was laid bare. Another blow of the axe showed its twisted end, and through a broken corner showed a glow of color.

"Jewels!" cried Nora. "They were hidden in the tree long, long ago!"

"Pirates used to come ashore along here sometimes," added Buddy. "Probably one put his loot in the tree when it was young."

Rolfe leaned on his axe while Buddy loosened the twisted box with trembling fingers. They could hear the jewels rattle inside, and a heavy ring set with a glowing emerald dropped through the broken corner.

"Treasure for the princess!" said Rolfe, softly.

Nora slipped her hand under his arm. Rolfe guessed that Jack Arnold had crossed the line of her patience by ridiculing him once too often, and that she had come to him before they found the treasure. That freed her to care now! Reverently, gladly, he bared the hand he laid upon her clinging fingers.

The Right Thing

By MARY ELLEN MACK

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SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

FOR two weeks Anne Marie had been managing a house and family with one hand and the exacting position of stenographer to his Honor, the Mayor of Laboria, with the other. With her mother away visiting a sick relative, she rose to the brazen clamor of the alarm every morning at six, built a fire in the kitchen stove, started breakfast, called or hauled (as the case required) the family from their respective beds, dressed herself for work, and served breakfast at a rate of speed that left her breathless upon her arrival at the mayoralty office.

On arriving 20 minutes late, she felt more abused than ever to find that his Honor had already been there and had gone out after first inquiring for her. "And I haven't been late for months," she grumbled. "Isn't that just my luck?"

She attacked the mails furiously and was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"Hello, this you, Anne dear?" It was Bob, her soon-to-be fiance, and the cause of her being out late the evening before and thus, indirectly, the source of this day's train of minor catastrophes. From its hidden lair, Anne's feminine perversity arose, and she sniffed.

"Oh, it's you."

"Sure it's me. Who'd you suppose? You sound awfully disappointed."

"Oh, do I?"

"You certainly do. Say, what's the matter with you? Tired?"

"No, nothing's the matter."

"Well, I'm glad of that. Listen—I called you up to tell you that Tom McNair wants me to run down to Boston with him to see the game, Saturday, and he wants me to stay over Sunday. Do you mind?"

He had promised to take her riding Sunday and she had been looking forward to it all week as a heavenly relaxation from the everlasting grind. She was so disappointed she could have cried then and there, but anger and pride prevented, so instead she snapped:

"No, I don't. Why should I?" She slammed the receiver on its hook and, her anger vented, flung her arms on the desk and, burying her face in them, wept the tears of the tired, the nervous and distrait.

At home she prepared the evening meal like an automaton, and served it to her father, sister and brother, eating none of it herself. Leaving the dishes for Sissy to do, or not to do, as she happened to see fit, Anne Marie sought the refuge of her bedroom and flung herself on the bed.

A horn honked out front and by a purely reflex action Anne Marie sprang up, then she lay down again. Let him honk. He needn't think she would let him in. He knew she didn't like him to blow his horn like that, and she was through putting up with things just because she was used to them. Then the door bell rang, but she paid no heed.

The next day was Saturday, and a half holiday. When Anne Marie finished at noon there was the familiar buff and blue car parked out front. Some one was in it, some one who saw her the minute she left the building and who, springing to meet her, caught her arm.

"Well, Miss Sulks, I had to stay home from the game to see you, but I'm going to make it worth it." He made her get into the car and, without giving her a chance to say anything, chattered incessantly and inconsequently while he started the motor.

They drove through the traffic in complete silence, however. When they drove past her street thorough indignation compelled Anne Marie to ask in as icy a tone as she was capable:

"May I ask where you are taking me?"

"You may." Calm, so maddeningly calm Bob could be.

"Well, where?" decidedly belligerent.

"To be married, dear."

"Wh-a-a-t?"

Bob put an arm around her and she struggled to get away.

"Will you please stop this silly joke and take me home? I have an appointment at two."

"I know you have, sweetheart. Didn't I make it for you?" Bob had stopped the car, and now had both arms around her, in spite of her none too desperate resistance.

"Now, I'll tell you all about it. In the first place this is no joke; I'm in deadly earnest. Secondly: you are temperamental, accent on the temper. Thirdly, you are working yourself to death. Fourthly, and most important, I love you."

Just to show her, he kissed her and while she was thus rendered helpless, slipped a ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Now, my lady, you're engaged. In less than an hour, you'll be married."

And so they were.

An Austrian wrote the mayor of Leeds, Eng., offering him $50 "for picking out a nice wife for a lonely farmer."

G. L. Fenton of Marden, Eng. almost reached the top of a hill when his car went wrong, and he guided it for ten miles as it ran backward at high speed.

To win a bet of 25 cents from a neighbor, Eugene Sanders of Homestead, Fla., swallowed a live frog.

Any body of water 0.1 square mile in area, or larger, is classed by the U. S. Geological Survey as a lake, a smaller body of water is a tarn.

Robert Stanton of Burnham, Ill., was fined for killing two of his neighbor's pigeons and eating them in a pie.

Two men in Boise, Ida., received letters containing $105 from a man in San Francisco, who did not sign his name.

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HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

—21—

"There's only one thing to do with us," Ruth said. "You can take us to Tail Holt and leave us at Ma Presnall's. We'll be safe there. You'll have us under your eye all the time."

"All right," Lee assented. "I'll take you with me—both of you. I wouldn't if I could help it, but there's nothing else to do, as you say. You and Nelly fix up your war-bags. We may be there two-three days. While we're at Tail Holt you'll stay right in the house every minute. Understand?"

Ruth said she understood.

They took the road two hours after midnight.

Steadily they rode, through a lovely night of stars that softened the harsh and desiccated face of Arizona to a strange, ghostly loveliness. Even the sahuaros, with their intimation of age-old decay, were like magnificent candelabra waiting to be lit. Peace reigned over the land.

Jeff Gray was a light sleeper. Awakened by the furious barking of the blacksmith's dog, almost instantly he was out of the bunk and at the window. Silhouetted in the moonlight on the brow of the little hill in front of the cabin were a number of men. They were moving toward the cabin. The marshal counted eight of them.

He called to his companion: "Wake up, Hank, and come here."

Ransom struggled to consciousness. "Lord love ye, man, what are ye doing at the window?" he asked.

The dog was still barking savagely at the intrusion of so many night visitors.

"They've found out where I am and are coming to get me," Gray replied.

The blacksmith joined him. "The scalawags are scattering to cover more ground." He lifted his Winchester from the wall.

"Any chance for me to slip out of the back door down to the rocks in the creek?" Jeff inquired.

"Not a chance," Ransom said grimly.

"Then I'll have to surrender. They'll only hold me prisoner, if Sherm Howard is running the show. His son is out at the L C. I'll step out with my hands up."

"Wait a minute," the old Indian fighter objected. "I'll go out and make a bargain with them. Better tie them up to an agreement. If there weren't so many, I'd say for us to stand 'em off, but I don't reckon we can do that."

A gun cracked. The dog no longer barked.

The leathery face of the blacksmith twitched. "Some damned scoundrel has killed Laddie," he said.

"Yes." Gray was thinking that a man who could shoot down a faithful dog was a villain and not to be trusted. "I'm going to wave the white flag and make terms, Hank. You're not in this. I'm the man they want. First thing is to get you out of this."

He sat down on the bed, pulled on his boots, and buckled round his waist the gun-belt lying on a chair.

"I'm not in this, ain't I?" the blacksmith blazed. "After they've killed my Laddie?"

The marshal returned to the window. The men outside were about sixty yards from the house. Jeff put a hand on the shoulder of his friend. "We've got to play our cards the way they are dealt us, old-timer. I'm going out with my hands up. You stay under cover. After they have me they won't bother you."

Gray unbolted the door and whipped it open. He stepped into the moonlight and lifted a hand, palm out.

There was a yell of rage. A bullet knocked a dirt chip from the adobe wall back of the officer. Another dusted his hat. The roar of a rifle deafened him. From just back of him Ransom had fired.

Lead spattered against the building. Hank lurched against his shoulder and fell.

"I'm hit!" he cried, and caught at his right leg.

Jeff snatched the rifle from him. "Crawl back into the house," he ordered.

"Come on, boys, we've got him!" a voice shouted.

The line of attackers moved forward. The marshal fired and missed—fired again and hit. A running man cried out and stopped abruptly. The others faltered. Their guns barked angrily.

Gray stepped back into the house and slammed the door.

"Get any of 'em?" his companion asked.

"One." The officer was at the window. "For right now they've had enough and are hunting cover. I've sure got you in a fine jam, Hank. You hurt bad?"

"My leg is plugged. It's not bleeding bad. I reckon the bullet missed an artery."

"Look after you in a minute," Jeff said. "Got to fix the fort so we can hold it."

He found an axe and knocked a bunk to pieces. Ransom told him where to find nails. The window he boarded up, leaving an inch or two for a loophole. Both doors he barricaded as best he could. Meanwhile, Ransom crawled across the floor and with a hatchet cut a spy-hole in the adobe wall. He made it large enough for shooting purposes.

"I'd like first-rate to get that bull rattler Morg Norris," Ransom said. "I've a notion if we picked off that slit-eyed cabron, and maybe one or two more, the rest of the lads would drag it."

Gray was of another opinion. By this time the whole village would know what was going on, and the attackers would be recruited if necessary by others. Reinforcements were likely to come in from the hills. Having gone so far, Sherm Howard would feel that safety lay in finishing the job. But the marshal did not say what he thought."

"I certainly picked me a top hand for a partner this trip," he said

"Gimme a hand, pardner!" he drawled.

lightly. "They're beginning to close in on us. I better discourage that."

He took aim at a dodging figure and fired.

"Get him?" asked Ransom, scraping the dirt out of the hole he had dug.

"No. Some of them are moving up the hill. Going to take us in the rear, I reckon."

The rifle of the blacksmith boomed. Hank gave a yell. "One of 'em won't take us in front or rear. He's down."

A bullet tore through the window and the plank with which Jeff had shuttered it. It broke a glass in the cupboard. The defenders could hear others showering dirt from the adobe wall.

Ransom dragged his wounded leg across the room to his loophole in the rear.

"Where did those fellows go?" he asked after a time. "No sign of them back here."

"That's funny. They headed toward the rimrock. Four or five of them. Must be figuring to work back of us, don't you reckon?"

"Love of Moses!" the old soldier cried. "They're going to crash boulders down on us."

The marshal knew at once that Ransom was right. The cabin lay in the path of an old slide. At the edge of the rimrock, a hundred feet above them, lay hundreds of loose boulders large and small. A half ton of rock, hurtling down that precipitous slope, would crash through the soft adobe wall as if it were paper.

"I've got to stop that, Hank," the younger man said. "The firing down here is a bluff to keep our minds busy. They won't charge the cabin till those above have smashed it. I'm going up to stop their game if you don't mind sticking it out here alone."

"They'll pick you off before you've gone a dozen yards, boy," the blacksmith told him.

"Maybe not. The moon is under a cloud now. For one thing they won't be expecting me up there."

"They must have someone watching the back door."

"Not near enough to see in this darkness. See you later, old-timer." Jeff tore down the planking with which he had reinforced the back door.

Ransom said "Sure," and did not believe that either of them would be alive an hour from then.

"Bolt the door after me. I may come back on the jump. Be ready to let me in prontito." The marshal opened the door and slipped out.

Clouds were scudding across the sky. Jeff lay behind a woodpile, eyes and ears alert. Someone must have been sent to make sure the trapped men did not escape by the back door. The man was probably crouched back of a rock some distance from the cabin. He might or might not have seen the door open, since the sky was now overcast. Gray wished he knew whether he had been observed. If he moved from the shelter of the woodpile, he was likely to find out.

He crept up the hill, taking advantage of every rock and bit of cactus that would give him cover. From the front of the house came the occasional crack of a gun. This was good news, since it told him the attackers were not rushing the house yet, but were waiting for the rock-rolling brigade to drive out the doomed men.

He was close to the top when a sound brought him to rigid stillness.

A man was standing on the crest just above him. He was striking a match to light a cigarette. For a moment the flare of light showed Jeff a face he did not recognize, yet one that seemed oddly familiar. In an instant the man would look down and see him. The marshal did not wait for discovery.

"Gimme a hand, pardner," he drawled.

The match went out. "Who in hades are you?" a heavy voice rasped.

"Bud Taylor," Jeff said evenly. "Sherm sent me with a message.

The man above lent a hand to pull the climber over the edge. Looking at the iron-gray hair, the scarred cheek, the shifty eyes, Jeff remembered where he had seen that face before. It had been in a sheriff's office in Texas, on a photograph beneath which had been written the caption, "Clint Doke, Wanted for the robbery of the Texas and Southern Flyer."

A fraction of a second later the light of recognition began to dawn on the hairy face of the outlaw. He had seen this man once in San Antonio, had had him pointed out as the famous man-hunter, Jefferson Gray.

Doke opened his mouth to let out a cry. Already Gray's fist was traveling in a powerful short-arm jolt toward the drooping chin. The cry materialized as a strangled groan, and the outlaw pitched down as if he had been hit with the back of an axe.

Jeff did not dare to leave him to recover in a minute or two. He pistol - whipped the fallen man across the temple. His gun he kept for immediate use.

Someone called, "Come here, Clint."

Jeff stepped behind a boulder. He could see three men grouped together against the skyline. With Doke's gun he fired three times rapidly above their heads.

One of the men gave a yell of consternation. He started to run. Another fired in the direction of the marshal. Jeff pumped lead at him.

"Let's get out, Mile High," the third man shouted shrilly. "We're being bushwhacked."

It might be true. Mile High did not wait to find out. In another moment it might be too late to escape. He flung one last defiant shot and followed his companions into the darkness.

Jeff started to descend the rimrock. It was time for him to get back to Ransom. As soon as Morg Norris learned of the fiasco above, he would rush the cabin. At the foot of the rimrock Jeff broke into a jog-trot, reckless of being seen by the watcher at the back.

Abruptly he stopped. Four or five figures came into the open, as if from the creek bed, and ran toward the cabin. He heard shouting, but could not make out the words. There was the crack of a gun. The figures vanished into the house. From inside it came the crash of revolvers.

Jeff Gray's heart died within him. He knew that Ransom had been killed. The old soldier had come to his death after he had apparently deserted him. If he had stayed in the cabin, they might have driven back the attack. In any case he could have gone down fighting with his friend.

Sick with despair, Jeff turned to the left, reached the foot of the slope, and dropped down into the creek. He could neither see nor hear anybody. Through the brush he made a circuit and reached the cottonwood grove. Occasionally he could hear the spitting of guns.

The best thing he could do was to get down to the Alamo corral and force Reynolds at the point of a gun to lend him a horse. If possible, he must ride back to the L C and get the reinforcements Lee Chiswick had promised. He knew that Lee could stir up some of the other cattlemen and that a large fighting force could be organized.

That excitement in the village had reached a high point he could see. Many men were in the street, most of them farther uptown in the little business center. He had to wait for a chance to get across the road unobserved. More than once someone appeared just as he was about to start.

He took the street at a run, and swarmed over the same wall he had gone over on the night of his adventure with Frank Chiswick. He passed the blackened site of the stable that had been burned, crossed the creek, and moved down along its bank.

Another burst of gunfire filled the night. Jeff could not understand this, unless the victors were setting off fireworks in celebration of their victory. The officer's jaw set grimly. They had better wait until they had finished the job. He intended to make them pay for what they had done to Hank Ransom, if they did not get him before he could slip out of town.

There were too many people afoot. As he made a circle around the Presnall boarding-house, three men carrying rifles walked toward him. He did the only thing possible, dodged into the same door he had entered some hours earlier when he had been looking for Curly.

The men stopped to talk for a moment at the door. One of them was coming into the house, Jeff gathered from what he said. Gray went gingerly up the stairway. He heard a crisp "See you later," and knew that the man was coming upstairs too.

Jeff had no time to pick and choose. He whipped open the first door he saw, walked into a room, and closed the door behind him. On the table there was a lighted lamp.

At the window a woman stood, clean-limbed and slender. She turned toward him a haggard face, eyes shadowed and fear-filled. For an instant she looked at him incredulously. Her amazement was no greater than his own. The woman was Ruth Chiswick.

A dressing - gown, open at the throat, was wrapped tightly around her lithe long body. Beneath the edge of it here bare feet peeped out. Jeff was aware, without giving the matter any weight, that Nelly lay asleep in the bed.

"You!" she cried. "I thought—I was afraid—"

Her tremulous voice broke, quivering with emotion.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I made Father bring me. He came to help you—after Lou Howard got away."

"Got away?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Drouth Is Seen as Cause of Ancient Indian Exodus From Northern Arizona

A drouth producing the same results as the modern dust bowl of the Middle West may have driven a cultured race of Indians from the region of northern Arizona more than 700 years ago, according to Dr. Ralph L. Beals, instructor of anthropology at the University of California at Los Angeles, says the Los Angeles Times.

The cliff dweller ancestors of the Hopi and Zuni Indian tribes began building their huge communal homes around the year 1250. A southern exposure was apparently as desirable for the home at that time as it is at present, since only huge cliff caves opening to the south were used for building. The cliff home was used only during the winter time, the tribe moving to the valleys for summer.

Suddenly, around the year 1300 the dwellings were abandoned, probably all at the same time, according to Doctor Beals. The time of the evacuation was established by rings on timber used in repairing the buildings.

A drouth of about 25 years laid waste the land. Like the present situation in the Midwest, water was scarce and men and animals could not live on the scanty vegetation.

Corncobs in the bottom of trash piles at the beginning of the drouth were very large, while at the end of the period, the ears had become very small, according to Doctor Beals. The people migrated from the district in much the same manner as refugees are leaving the dusty Middle West.

Costa Rica Most Flowery

Plants of the little country with more varied vegetation than any area of its size in America—a country with about 6,000 varieties of flowering shrubs and trees, including more than 1,000 different kinds of orchids—are described in "Flora of Costa Rica," published by Field Museum Press. No other area of its size in North or Central America has a flora so rich and varied as Costa Rica. In area, the country is about the size of West Virginia, but its flowers and plants are about three times as numerous as those of that state. Few tropical countries anywhere in the world can rival Costa Rica in the variety of its orchids and ferns.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for August 28

ELI: RESPONSIBILITY FOR OTHERS

LESSON TEXT—I Samuel 3:11-14; 4:12-18.
GOLDEN TEXT—Train up a child in the way he should go. Proverbs 22:6a.
PRIMARY TEXT—When God Spoke to a Boy.
JUNIOR TEXT—When God Spoke to a Junior.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Should We Do as We Please?
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Challenge of Christian Fatherhood.

The responsibilities and privileges of fatherhood need special emphasis, and the lesson of today gives excellent opportunity for such consideration. Too often the rearing of children, which is almost inevitably largely in the hands of the mother, is entirely delegated to her, and the father becomes the man who pays the bills, occasionally carries out a severe act of discipline, but otherwise is almost a stranger to his children.

Girls as well as boys appreciate and respond to the loving and understanding fellowship of a father who really improves the opportunity to build himself into the lives of his children.

Eli is a striking illustration of a man who had attained an honorable position in life and who had discharged his public duties with success, but who failed his own boys, because of weak indulgence. Not a few Christian workers have followed in Eli's path.

I. A Weak Father and Vile Sons (3:13).

The sons of Eli were wicked men who dared even to use the service of the temple for the gratification of fleshly appetites and lusts. (See 2:12-17,22.) Eli protested against their most flagrant sin (2:23,24), but evidently he had lost his influence over them, for they did not hearken.

It is not always true that the wickedness of a son is the result of weakness in the father, nor is it always the case that weak fathers have vile sons. Often the sons live far better lives than their fathers, and frequently a godly and faithful father suffers the heartbreak of having a wayward son. But usually "like father, like son" is true. Boys learn from their fathers—not so much by words of admonition, as by deeds. Let us tell our boys how to live by first living a consistent Christian life, and then lovingly but insistently requiring of them during their days of irresponsibility conformity to the standards of God. We need to build moral fiber into American youth of our country if it is not to fall into the decadence of the civilizations of the past.

II. Judgment—Personal and National (3:12, 14; 4:17).

Sin brings a horrible harvest of sorrow, suffering and judgment, not only to the individual but to his family, and ultimately to the nation. No man can ever divorce himself from his relationship to his family. His people will suffer for his waywardness, perhaps more than he suffers himself. The nation is made up of homes, and consequently when the family suffers the nation will suffer too.

There is a strange theory current that social and political entities have an existence apart from the people who make them up, that our people can drink and gamble and steal and kill, and yet somehow we will still be the "land of the free and the home of the brave." America is what the families in your community and mine are, and our families are what we are. May God help us to be better fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters.

III. Responsibility and Opportunity.

This division of our lesson is drawn from no special portion of the Scripture lesson, but is presented to place squarely before us the fact that we (and we are speaking specifically to fathers) have a plain and inescapable responsibility for our family life, as well as to emphasize the fact that this is not a responsibility of which we should be afraid. It is God's gift of glorious opportunity.

Eli was a personal success as a priest. He had many commendable qualities, not the least of which was his gracious recognition of the ministry of Samuel, who had grown up in his presence and yet who was recognized by Eli as the messenger of God. (Compare Mark 6:4 and I Tim. 4:12.) But he missed life's greatest opportunity by losing his own boys. Sad to say, many a father has followed him, yes, even we are sorely tempted to make our business (and it may be the "business" of the Lord) the thing of primary concern, and let our children fit in where they may, or not at all.

Let us look on the brighter side in closing our study and recall the inspiring contribution that has been made to our national life, to our spiritual life and our social advancement by those who have come out of the most humble of homes, with the most meager worldly advantages, but with the rugged characters—physically, morally, and spiritually stalwart—which have been nurtured in a true Christian home. It pays, not only for the person and for the family, but also for the nation, to have Christian fathers.

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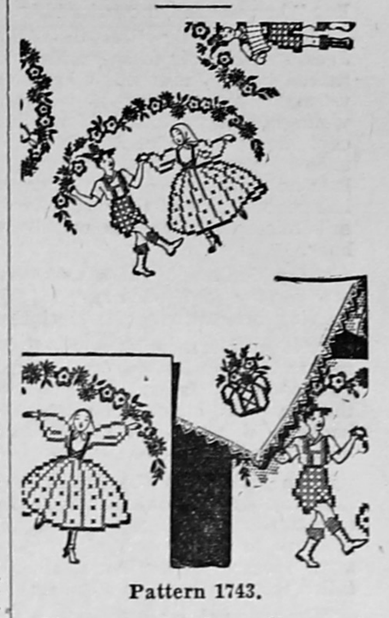
Peasant Motifs Add Smartness to Linens



Pattern 1743.

The peasant note spells smartness in linens today. These figures in simple stitches will add color to accessories and offer pleasant hours in their embroidering. Pattern 1743 contains a transfer pattern of 4 motifs 7¼ by 9¼ inches, 4 motifs 3 by 3¾ inches, 4 motifs 2 by 2¼ inches; illustrations of stitches; materials required; color schemes.

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

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?

If your nerves are on edge and you feel you need a good general system tonic, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with reliable Pinkham's Compound. It helps nature build up more physical resistance and thus helps calm quivering nerves and lessen discomforts from annoying symptoms which often accompany female functional disorders.

Why not give it a chance to help YOU?

Over one million women have written in reporting wonderful benefits from Pinkham's Compound.

In Need of Sense

A' complain o' want o' siller; nane o' want o' sense.—Scotch Proverb.

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Work performed by leading Chicago Proctologist, Physician and Surgeon. Write for free booklet.
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3952 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Admitting Error

An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—Gascoigne.

HELP KIDNEYS
To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste
Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.
Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.
You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.
In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use *Doan's Pills*. A multitude of grateful people recommend *Doan's. Ask your neighbor!*
DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—A 34—38

•Your Town
•Your Stores
Our community includes the farm homes surrounding the town. The town stores are there for the accommodation and to serve the people of our farm homes. The merchants who advertise "specials" are merchants who are sure they can meet all competition in both quality and prices.

HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS

Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA — Babette Juggles the Figure

By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP— Who's Who on the Parlor Frontier

By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE — By S. L. HUNTLEY

Off to a Bad Start

POP—Something With a Bite in It

By J. MILLAR WATT

THE KEY OF THE CAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

RIGHT THROUGH

"Here's something queer," said the dentist, who had been drilling into a tooth. "You said the tooth had never been filled, but I find flakes of gold on the point of my drill." "I knew it," moaned the patient. "You have struck my back collar stud."

Explained

Waiter—Your coffee, sir—special from Australia, sir.

Diner (sarcastically)—O, so that's where you've been!

Not His Fault

"What a wonderful linguist that man is. Is there any tongue he hasn't mastered?"

"Yes. His wife's."

SAFE

They were entertaining the vicar at lunch, and the guest remarked to the small son of the house "Don't you ever say prayers before your meals, child?"

"Oh, no," said the youngster. "Dad says our cook's pretty reliable."—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

"IRIUM sold me 100% on Pepsodent Tooth Powder!"

*Pepsodent alone of all tooth powders contains remarkable Irium!**

● *What a supreme thrill!* . . . To have your own mirror show you teeth far brighter—teeth sparkling with all their dazzling natural brilliance! This exciting experience has been reported by scores following their use of Pepsodent Powder containing Irium.

Use Pepsodent Powder containing Irium, and see your faithful brushing *properly rewarded* by teeth that glisten and gleam with all their natural beauty! And Pepsodent Powder contains NO GRIT, NO PUMICE, NO BLEACH. Buy Pepsodent *tonight*—and start tomorrow *right!*

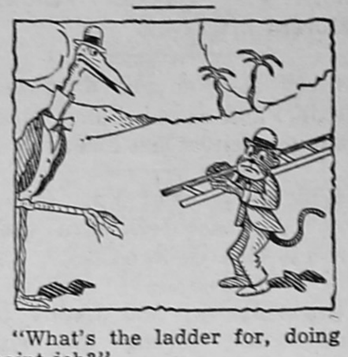
**Pepsodent's trade mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate*

VERY FEW LEFT

She—What's your idea of a perfect woman?

He—One who can cook and bake one the one hand, and who will wear my ring on the other.

PREPAREDNESS



"What's the ladder for, doing a paint job?"

"No, I'm going to the Giraffe wedding and I may have to kiss the bride."

ALWAYS

"There is one pleasant feature about this Adam and Eve story. Eve was not selfish. Women seldom are."

"How do you make that out?"

"They are always willing to share their troubles with the men."

JUST AS EASY

Languid Lew—It says here dat de camel kin go fer days widout water.

Soiled Sam—Well, he ain't got nothin' on me.

ON HER SNEAKERS

Mother—Marie, I object seriously to finding you kissing these boys who call on you.

Marie—Then, you shouldn't wear rubber soles.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS

Farmer Wheatly — Ain't there nothing you study at that college that'll fit you to run the farm?

Son—Well—er—there's the fencing lessons, you know.

DOWN AGAIN

Friend — Parachute jumping seems to be growing less.

Showman—Yes; there's a big drop in the business.

HAS HIS NUMBER

Jones—Would you say that that chap would leave footprints on the sands of time?

Brown—Much more likely to leave finger prints with the police

HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS

Local and Personal

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

Wayne and Carlos Brewer motored to Milwaukee, Wis., Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Mohr attended the State Fair at Springfield Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Monroe are parents of an 8½ pound son, Allen Lee, born Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cummings were Danville visitors, Saturday afternoon.

Clark Henson and daughter, Maxine, and Hazel Baker were Danville visitors last Friday.

Billie Barracks of Villa Grove spent the past few days with Mr. and Mrs. George Cook.

Bruce Massey and family of Chicago are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arch Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Worley of West Lebanon, Ind., were Sunday guests at the Louis Frick home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cress are parents of a 7¾ pound son, born Monday at Jarman hospital, Tuscola.

P. O. Rayl and family accompanied by Miss Eva Gabert of Villa Grove spent Sunday at the Springfield fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Monnett and daughter Mabel of Greencastle, Ind., were visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Reasor, Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Parsons of Villa Grove, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Parsons, Omaha, Neb., visited at the P. O. Rayl home, Tuesday evening.

Among those from here attending the funeral of Mrs. Ida Allen at Allerton, Tuesday morning were Mrs. Roy Bergfield, Mrs. A. S. Maxwell, Mrs. Leanna Miller and Mrs. Ray McClelland.

Mrs. McLin Collom returned to her home at Lander, Wyo., Tuesday, after several weeks visit with her sister, Mrs. T. A. Dicks. The Dicks family gathered at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Dicks on Sunday evening for a dinner in her honor.

David Freeman spent Tuesday and Wednesday of last week at the Illinois State Fair. Tuesday evening he attended the annual Alpha Gamma Rho State Fair Banquet at the Hotel Leland, in Springfield. There were over fifty members from Illinois present.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cook entertained a few friends at Bridge Tuesday evening, in honor of Mrs. Eva Collom of Lander, Wyoming. Those present to enjoy the evening were Mrs. Collom, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dicks, Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland, and Forrest Dicks.

Fuller Freeman attended an American League baseball game at Comisky park, Chicago, last week to see the White Socks play Cleveland. After the game he attended a banquet and reception at the Colisino given by the DeKalb Hybrid Seed Corn Company for their dealers.

Fred J. Mohr, Henry K. Mohr and Frank Vedder returned Saturday night from a 16 days motor trip through the northwest. They visited the states of Missouri, Iowa, Montana, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Washington, traveling a distance of over 5,000 miles. They report a very interesting trip.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. When the sheriff of a county in Illinois is imprisoned who shall perform his duties?

A. The coroner.

Q. Can a citizen of Illinois be forced to join a posse in pursuit of a criminal?

A. Every male above the age of 18 may be commanded to so assist.

Q. If a defendant in a court in Illinois refuses to plead guilty or not guilty how shall he be tried?

A. He shall be considered as pleading not guilty and so tried.

Q. Are all hotels in Illinois required to have iron stairway fire escapes?

A. Any hotel three stories or more in height is required to have an outside iron stairway fire escape.

Q. Is there a law governing the size of bed sheets to be used in hotels in Illinois?

A. The sheets must be at least 81 inches wide and 99 inches long.

Q. Can an Illinois municipality operate any bridge as a toll bridge after all bonds payable out of the revenues thereof are paid in full?

A. No, after all indebtedness has been paid the bridge is to be operated as a free bridge.

Q. Can a person at the head of a family who earns $20 per week or less be garnisheed for all of his salary?

A. No, but all above such stated salary is subject to garnishment.

Q. In an assignment of wages for debt can the entire amount be assigned?

A. Only 50 per cent of the wages may be assigned.

Q. When real estate is held in joint tenancy by man and wife if one dies may he or she will his share to a third party?

A. No, the property passes to the survivor.

Q. May a married woman sue or be sued in her own name?

A. Yes.

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.

Burglars who stole $25 from the home of an Indiana man left a note thanking him for gasoline money.

Dr. W. L. Hagebush
DENTIST
X-Ray
Phone 83
Newman Illinois

Long View News

The Charley Ellis family of Decatur visited over the weekend in the Henderson Daniels home.

Mrs. Russell Smith has been hired to teach the Jessie school northwest of Longview.

Miss Beryl Culton went to Broadlands Wednesday to care for Mrs. Floyd Block and baby.

Leonard Kalk and family have returned from a vacation trip in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Lyman Mohr was hostess to the Loyal Workers of the Christian Church on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Lylyan Block stopped here overnight, Sunday, enroute from New York to San Francisco on a business trip for the firm by whom she is employed.

Mr. and Mrs. James Parks left Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Willis Norton to visit relatives in Kentucky. The Merton Parks family will occupy the James Parks home in their absence.

Mrs. Katherine Deere has received announcement of the birth of a son, James Carter, to Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Lenoir, at Deland, Fla. The babe arrived Sunday, Aug. 21.

For Sale Cheap

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

a7 Harlan W. Six.

L. E. Skinner
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Lathe Work
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Broadlands

Broadlands business men won from Allerton business men by a score of 16 to 6 in a softball game at Allerton on Tuesday night. Following this battle, Allerton's regular team lost to Sam Whites of Danville by a score of 14 to 1.

T. A. DICKS, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Broadlands, Ill.

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B. A. SMITH
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VillaGrove

Thur. & Fri., Aug. 25-26
A Real Show
James Stewart
Margaret Sullivan
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"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, Aug. 27
Mat. 5c-10c Nite 10c-20c
The thrilling life of Attorney Dewey in his cleanup of the rackets in New York.
Everyone Should See This Picture.
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Gloris Dickson
RACKET BUSTERS
Also chapter 14 of The Lone Ranger.

Sun. & Mon., Aug. 28-29
The picture that is taking the country by storm.
Lewis Stone
Mickey Rooney
Judy Garland
Love Finds Andy Hardy
10c-25c

Tues.-Wed., Aug. 30-31
Warner Baxter, Marjorie Weaver, Jean Hersholt and Peter Lorre
I'LL GIVE A MILLION
10c-25c

Standard Service Station
Atlas Tires ● Batteries
Car Washing, Simonizing and Lubrication Is Our Specialty
For Friendly Service---See "Nick"
KERNA BLOCK, Prop. Broadlands, Ill.

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Fecker's New Pale Dry PILSENER Beer is Good! No matter what the social occasion may be this summer, you'll add pleasure and comfort by serving FECKER'S PILSENER Beer. Refreshing to the "nth" degree---with just enough tang and season to spike that hot weather thirst.

Order it by the case at your local tavern

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