

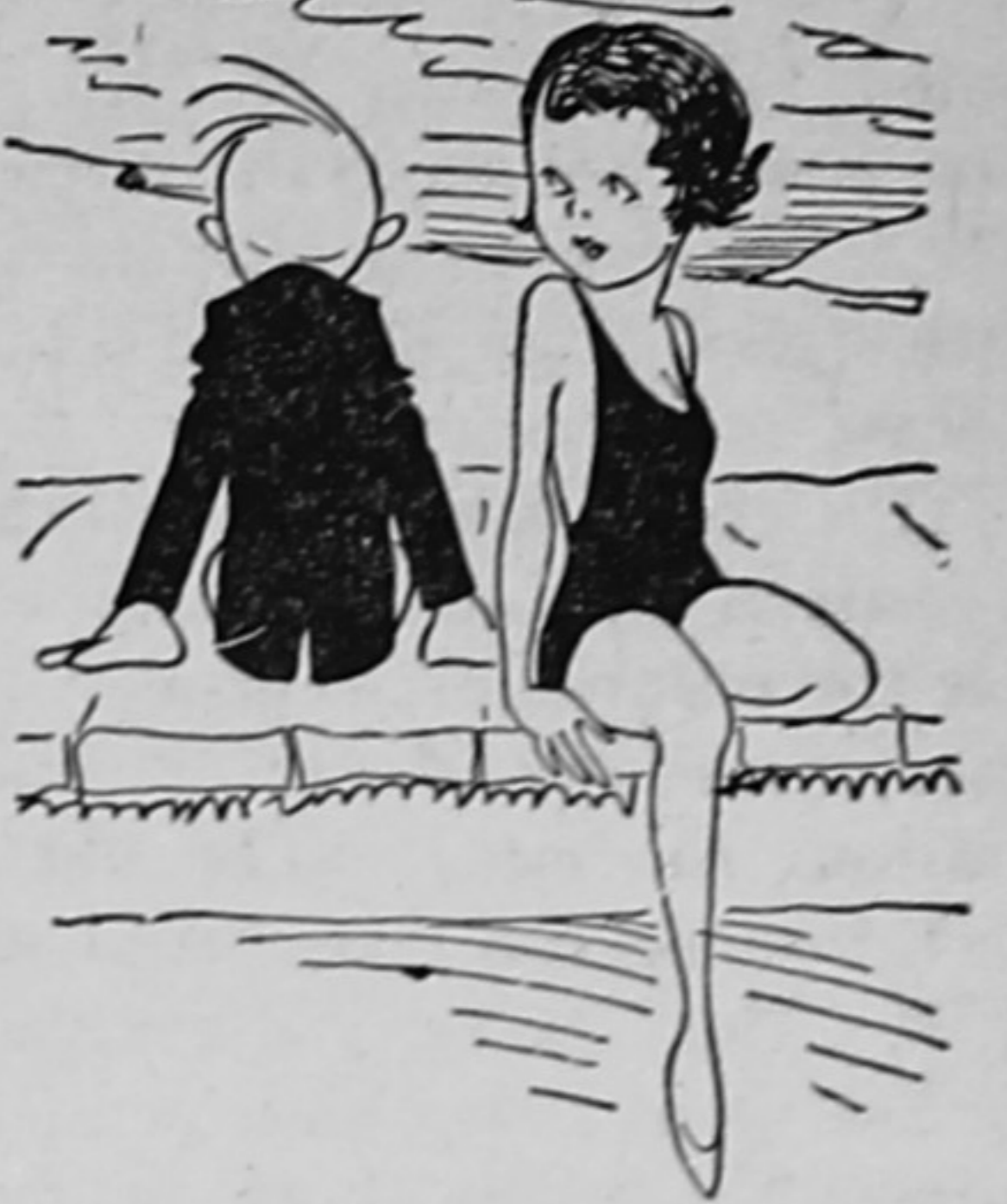
Fun for the Whole Family

EASY PICKING



Mrs. Nagg—My week's washing is all done and it didn't cost a cent. I had a man here demonstrating a washing machine.
Her Husband—That's fine. Do you happen to know of anyone who wants to come around and demonstrate a lawn mower?

LESS AND LESS



"Do you think the bathing suits are becoming?"
"Yes. Becoming extinct."

IN ONE FAMILY



Hubby—There's only one thing I like around this house!
Wifey (bristling)—Indeed! And what's that?
Hubby—The yard.

EASY ENOUGH



"How did you manage to land Billy?"
"I took him bathing."

GETS A BAD FALL



She—Women have much more freedom in the modern bathing costume.
He—And just one look robs a bachelor of his freedom.

IN THE BACK LOT



"So now, Tom, you can call yourself a gentleman farmer."
"I don't know yet, Bob."
"What do you mean? You don't know?"
"I'm waiting to see how my crops turn out."

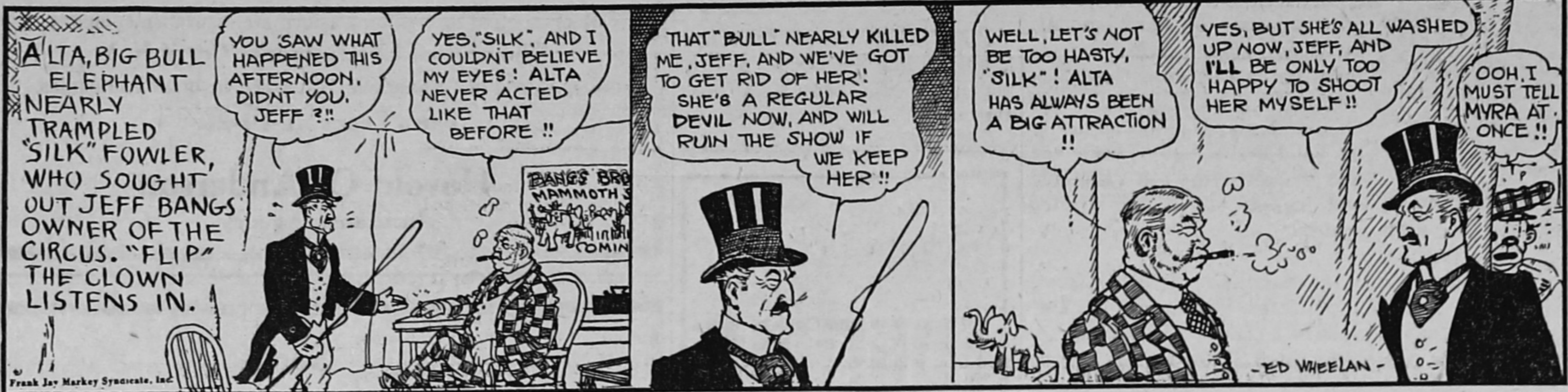
CASE CONTINUED



"Why have you put off your breach of promise suit until fall?"
"Too warm for summer wear."

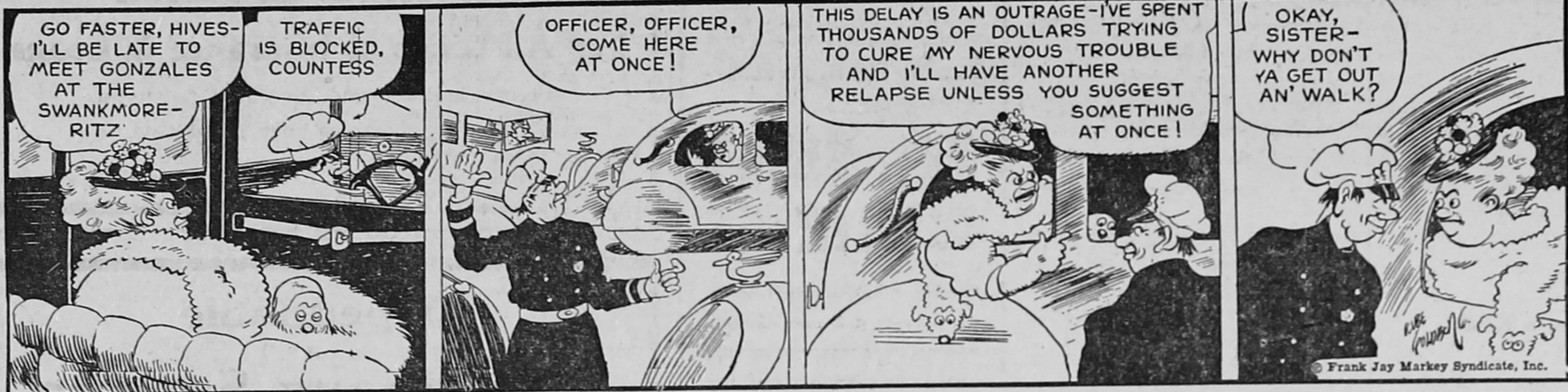
BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN



LALA PALOOZA She Has the Traffic Jitters

By RUBE GOLDBERG



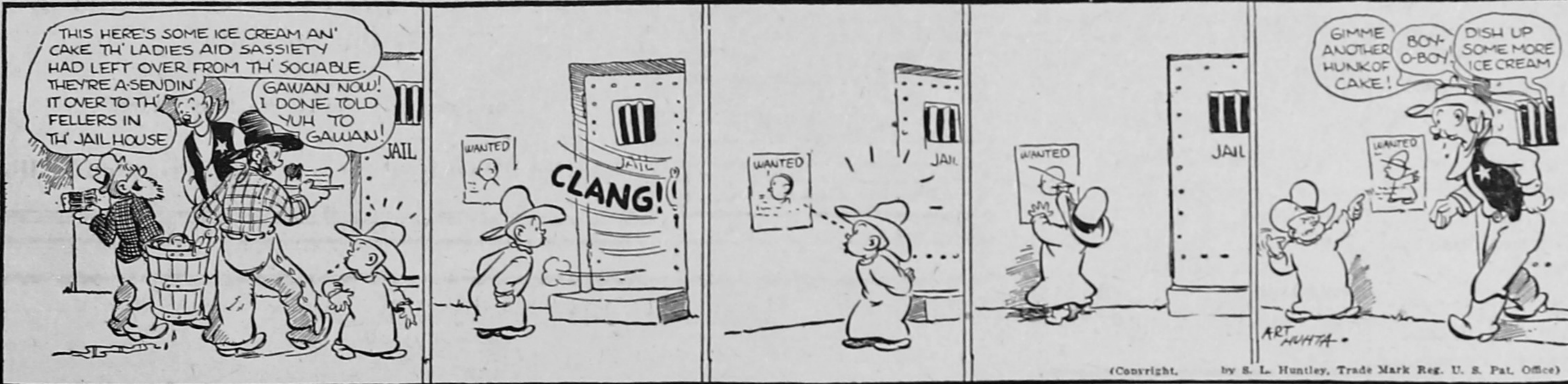
S'MATTER POP— It's One of Those Open and Shut Cases

By C. M. PAYNE



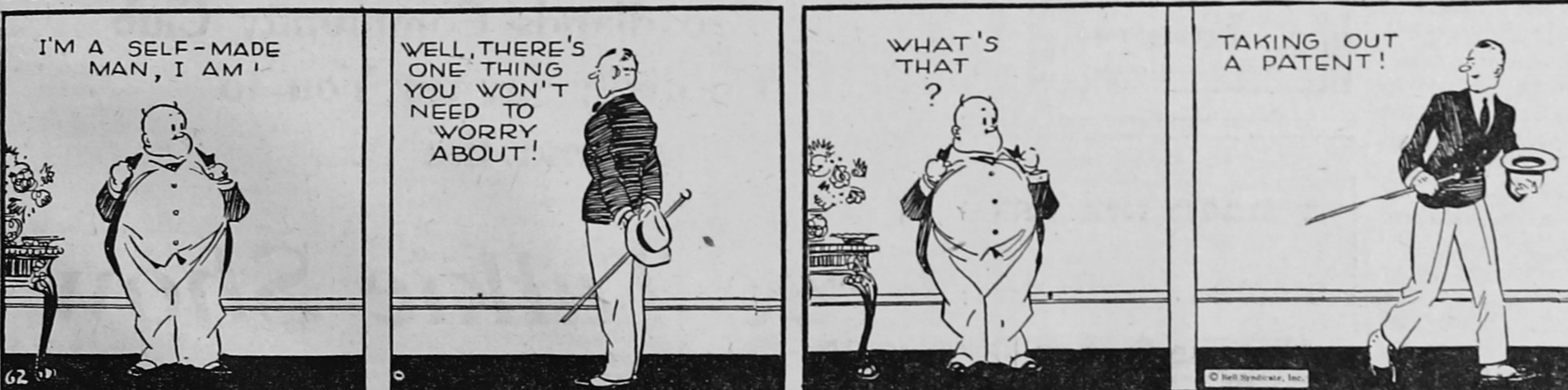
MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

Desperate Character Gives Up!



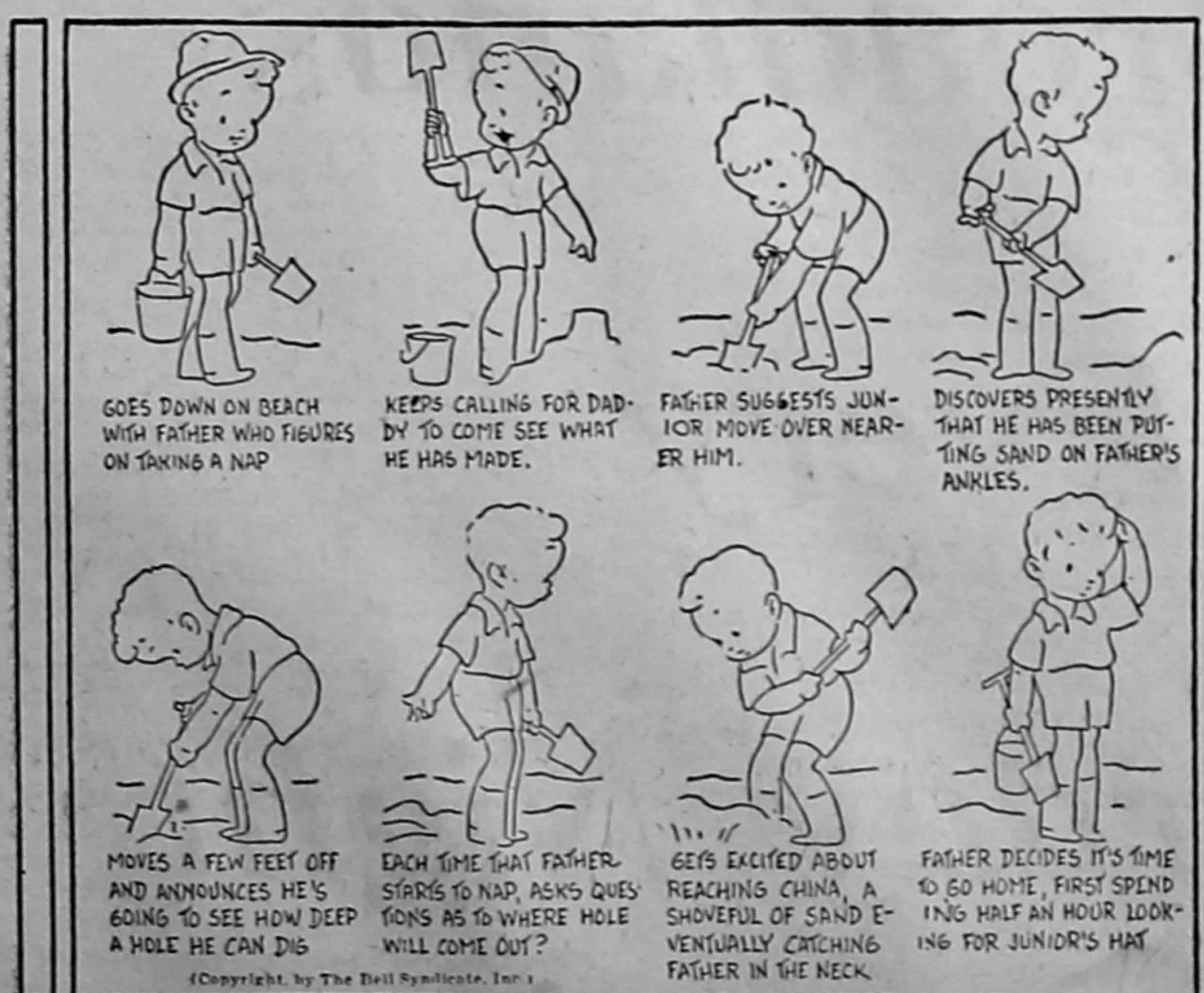
POP—No One Would Want to Steal Him

By J. MILLAR WATT



SAND

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ONE CLEW

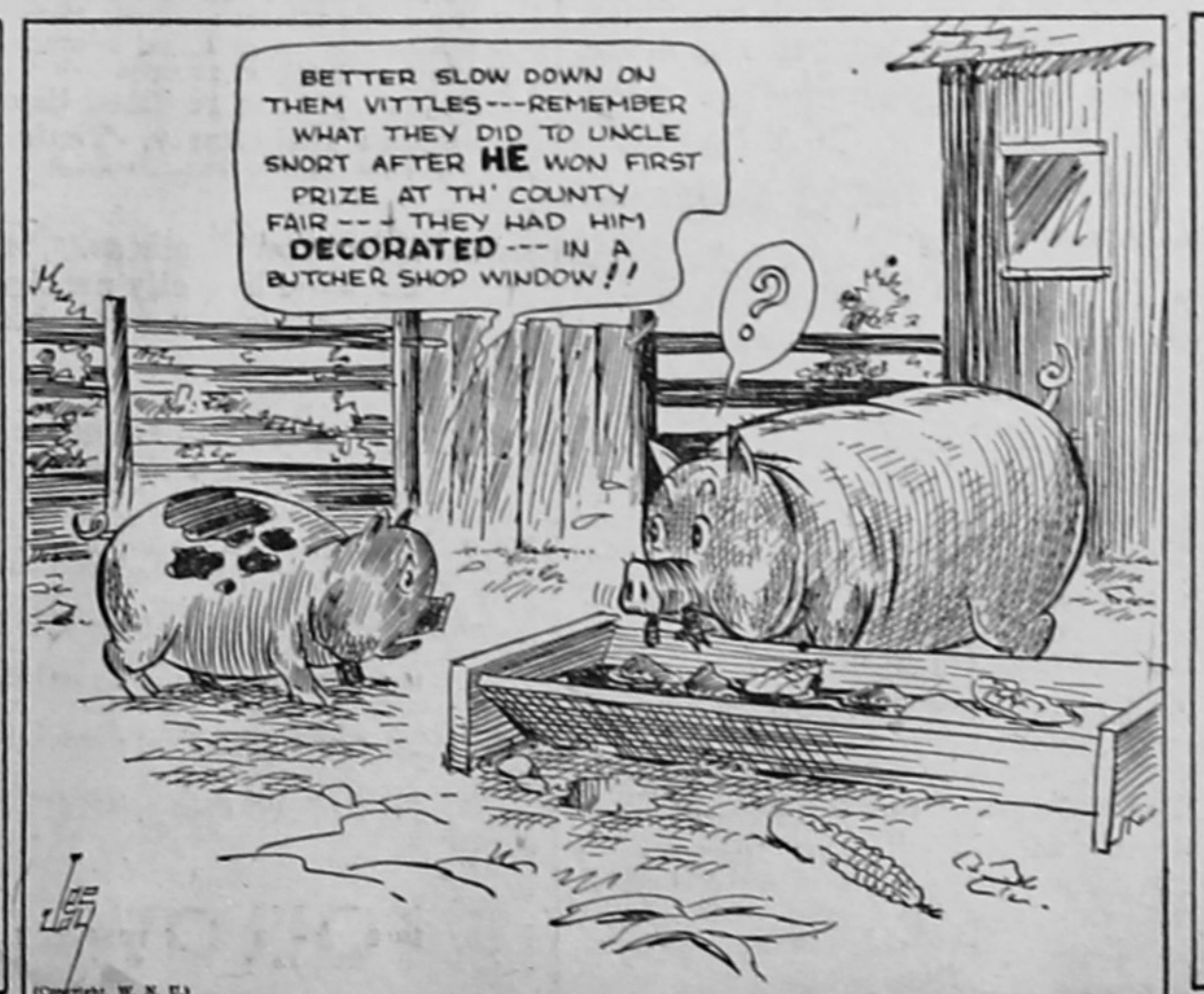
"Mary, my husband came home very late last night. Can you tell me what time it was?"
"Well, ma'am, I don't know exactly, but when I got up this morning the master's hat was swinging backwards and forwards on the hatstand."—Stray Stories Magazine.

Correctly Defined
Professor—Now if I were to be flogged, what would that be?
Class (in unison)—That would be corporal punishment.
Professor—But if I were to be beheaded?
Class (still in unison)—That would be capital.—Stray Stories Magazine.

Finished
Old Lady (to motorist who has just had a terrific smash)—I suppose you've just begun to drive?
Motorist—No, ma'am, just finished.

No Breath of Life
Twirp—Just think, fella, every time I breathe somebody dies!
Twill—Ya got something there, guy. Why doncha try cloves?

Curse of Progress



Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

Published Every Thursday

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Single copies......05

A Patriotic Creed

"The American's Creed," adopted by Congress in 1919, is not as well known to the citizens of the country as it should be, although it often has been published.

This creed was selected thru a contest, open to all Americans, for the purpose of securing "The best summary of the political faith of America." The author of the successful manuscript was Wm. Tyler Page, a descendant of President Tyler, and for many years clerk of the House of Representatives.

The phrases composing it are taken from the Preamble and the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, the Oath of Allegiance and from utterances of distinguished patriots, all woven together into a complete and lofty sentiment, as follows:

"I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

White House Trees

In the White House grounds in Washington are a number of trees planted by former presidents and their wives, some of which have interesting histories, the oldest being an elm planted by President John Quincy Adams.

There are some elms planted by Presidents Rutherford B. Hayes and Woodrow Wilson; a sweet gum by President Benjamin Harrison, oaks by President William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, a beech by President Roosevelt. Japanese cherry by Mrs. Taft, magnolia by Mrs. Harding, and a birch by Mrs. Coolidge.

Among all these trees the one with the most interesting origin is the Roosevelt oak. It grew from an acorn of an oak in the grounds of the palace of the former Czar of Russia in St. Petersburg, which had grown from an acorn of an oak which stood over Washington's original tomb at Mount Vernon. The acorn from Mount Vernon was sent to the Czar by Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts.

Many changes have been made in and about the White House since it was first occupied by President Adams in 1800. The house itself has undergone much remodeling and the grounds have been improved and beautified in many ways.

In fact, the home of our presidents was not known as the White House in the beginning, because it was built of gray sandstone. It was only painted white after being burned by the British, who captured Washington during the War of 1812.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Right of Way for Horses

In 1903, an act passed by the Illinois State Legislature required automobiles to come to a full stop upon nearing any horse-drawn vehicle, research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, W. P. A., have learned in the course of gathering historical data about the state. The law was enacted as a safeguard against accidents known to have occurred when horses became frightened by the approach of motor cars. The speed of automobiles was limited to 15 miles per hour in those days.

Historic Inn a Farm Home

A widely known stopping place for passengers of stage coaches in Illinois during early days, the stone built Lisbon House, now a farm home, may still be seen on the old Ottawa Pike near Lisbon, Kendall County. Research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, have learned that this historic inn, a noteworthy example of early American design, maintained twelve guest rooms and a bar room that used all the basement space except a section for baking ovens. A barn that could accommodate 100 horses, a smithy, and quarters for hostlers, are no longer standing.

Three of a Kind

"Winner names the town," may have been the opening remark of a prairie poker game, said to have been played in Illinois some years ago to determine who would have the honor of naming Mattoon, in Coles County, according to an early narrative noted by research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, in the course of collecting historical data for a guide book to the state.

The story goes that at the time a railroad was being built through this part of Illinois, in 1850-52, three men met to discuss plans for founding a town that would be a shipping point for the rich agricultural area. One of them, it is related, was William Mattoon, supervisor of construction. They agreed to play a hand of poker to determine who would have the honor of naming the community.

Mattoon, it is said, won the game and then announced: "This thriving and beautiful metropolis of Coles County shall be called Mattoon."

About Time and Trees

Two trees, one an eighty-foot giant, the other a small seedling, are reported to be the sole survivors in Lawrence County of the fine bald cypress groves once commonly to be seen in southern Illinois, according to surveys consulted by research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA.

The specimens grow in a boggy creek bottom in the northwest section of the County, it is reported. Roots of the parent tree, which has a circumference of twelve feet, have become enmeshed over an extensive area of the surrounding land. The seedling has attained a height of 20 feet.

Another species of tree, the large tooth aspen, once commonly found in this part of the state, is now almost extinct in Lawrence County. Only a few on a rise south of Indian Creek are reported to exist.

Lawrence still has many beech trees but Richland, which adjoins it, is said to have but one in its entire area.

Our New Serial Story

Beginning in the issue of Sept. 15, we will publish Ben Ames Williams' sensational serial, "Crucible." It is a truly dramatic serial, possibly the best Ben Ames Williams has ever written.

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

Sidelights

Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Morse will stay hitched if four marriage knots can hold them. They were married four times within two hours at Barranquilla, Columbia, by an American minister, by a notary, by the American consul and by the British consul.

Something to think about: Twenty English prisons are offered for sale because they lack occupants; American jails are filled and many more ought to be. Did the reaction from the war reduce crime in England and increase it in the United States?

An illustration of how interest accumulates is seen in an allowance of a claim for \$3,000 against the United States for the seizing of a schooner owned by James Crooks of Toronto during the War of 1812. His heirs get the \$3,000 with interest for 115 years, a total of \$23,600.

After keeping it on his shelves for many months, a second-hand dealer at Bristol, Eng., sold an old blue and white ginger jar for \$3. He got a jar that was also a jolt when he learned later that it had been resold in London for \$30,000. Experts had discovered it to be one of the finest china jars in existence.

A penny isn't much; hardly worth picking up on the street, yet there are fortunes in penny sales. In a year one company operating penny slot machines vending chewing gum and candy took in three and a half billion pennies—\$35,000,000—over \$10,000,000 of which represented profit.

Testimony of eye-witnesses to a crime has again been found unreliable. James Sweeney of New York was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment for complicity in a double murder and mail robbery, when two witnesses "identified" him as being one of the men they saw commit the crime. He has proved they were honestly mistaken and has been freed.

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.

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

Anti-Brassiere Campaign

WHEN the late Halbert L. Hoard, editor of the Jefferson County Union, approached some of his friends in Fort Atkinson, Wis., with a request that they sign a petition which he had prepared, they didn't hesitate. They knew his paper advocated some very good things and they were willing to help "Bert" along by signing this:

The undersigned note with alarm the increase in divorces since the nineteenth amendment, the woman suffrage law. We note many more women wearing breeches than before. We can stand that, but this new fad—slab-sided dresses, flat in front—showing women in the fashion pictures as flat-chested as man, we regard with jealous eyes as an infringement.

We ask that the congress of the United States do its utmost to break down these brassieres as an evil that menaces the future well being of society.

They very soon realized that they had been a little hasty. Their womenfolk told them they "ought to be ashamed" and that they "should mind their own business." But a Welfare league in a city nearby took the matter seriously and passed a resolution supporting the campaign.

Then an official of the state board of health issued a statement saying that brassieres caused rickets in babies. Whereupon Mr. Hoard wrote an editorial in which he said:

There are cow-milk-fed babies right in this city that are gasping for breath, the doctor at his wit's end to nourish them properly. They could live on monkey's milk, because monkeys are related, but there are no monkeys around except with the deadly brassieres and few of those are giving milk.

Before the uproar over this matter died down, Halbert Hoard was known from coast to coast as the valiant crusader against the "deadly brassiere"—all because of a hoax which some of his obliging friends helped perpetrate.

© Western Newspaper Union

For Sale Cheap

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

Harlan W. Six.

For Sale—Two young cows, giving good flow of milk.—A. G. Anderson.

Julia Callahan of Newark had five teeth knocked out by a fireman when she sent in a false alarm.

John Pitts of Fayetteville, Tenn., was so impressed when a friend made him a gift of a 20-foot banana tree that he built a complete house around it to protect it from the weather.

Thomas Conlin, 43, of Worcester, Mass., who stole a hearse with a body in it and tried to deliver the corpse at a home, was haled into court on a charge of drunkenness.

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Old Homes and New

By GRACE D. GOODRIDGE
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WNU Service.

NAN HUBBARD shivered with disappointment and dismay as the little car struggled up the steep hill, and John stopped it at the top and turned to his bride, with a great joy shining in his eyes.

"There before you you see the old Hubbard estate, famous for—famous for—well, anyway, it's famous for having all that makes life worth while," and he laughed and drew her close. And over his shoulder Nan saw the weatherbeaten old farmhouse and the huge barns fallen into decay, standing desolate amid the sere fields of late winter.

If John had lied to her purposely she would have turned back then, but she knew there was only honest pride in his heart about his old home; he saw it in reality as he had so often described it to her, a home he loved and found beautiful because of his love.

But as the days went by, Nan found herself balked in her plans for creating the home she had always hoped for.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

When she had tried, very tactfully, to get rid of the unsightly furniture and dust-collecting ornaments, John listened in real amazement. "But, dear, they belonged to my folks, you know, and mother made those knitted things herself, and I'd hate to get rid of them."

It was in the early spring when she asked John about an old empty house farther down the road. "Why, that is the original Hubbard farmhouse. Here's a key to the back door; go in and look around. You like old furniture, and I think there is some left in there."

When Nan opened the door of the old house and went in, she was surprised at the appearance of the place. It was so different from the usual deserted house. It was swept and clean, and while the three big rooms on the ground floor were bare of furniture, upstairs two rooms were piled high with neatly arranged pieces that would have driven a collector wild with envy. Nan exclaimed aloud at the old tables, chairs and a beautiful old settle that stood near a fireplace. And then and there her idea was born.

Here she would play at the sort of home she wanted, until the time might come when she could have a home in reality.

Before she locked the old house up again that afternoon two back rooms were swept and cleaned, ready for their furnishings. As they were on the back of the house she thought it quite safe to place curtains and draperies at the windows. At the end of two weeks Nan had two rooms that satisfied her beauty-loving soul.

Every afternoon when she was alone Nan brought her sewing, and sewed and rocked in the big chair by the window. She felt quite safe about being found out, as John was too busy, and she knew he had no reason for coming near the old house.

But one day she heard steps on the porch. For a moment her heart beat faster as she remembered she had carelessly left the key in the lock. John had come down there perhaps to look for her. His cheery voice called her and she went into the hall and met him as he reached the top stair.

"Nan, what are you doing up here? You'll get a cold in this—" His voice trailed into a murmur as he looked beyond her into the room she had left.

Then his face changed from utter astonishment to a look Nan had never seen there before. Swiftly he crossed the room, dropped to his knees and hid his face against her.

"Nan, to think I have been cheating you all this time, cheating you of the right to your own home. When I see how beautiful you have made these rooms, and realize what I have been making you live with in our home, I feel like the meanest man on earth. Will you forgive me and make our home like this?"

But there was no need to ask forgiveness; for before he had finished, Nan's tender hands had encircled his head, and Nan's lips were laid against his own.

Before another week had gone the old house was rifled of its treasures to fill the places left vacant when the horsehair furniture and its accompanying ornaments were packed away, possibly to become valuable in their turn in some future day.

Pika, Name for Rodents

The pika is known as the little chief hare, the crying hare, the barking rabbit and the starved rat. The name is used to apply to any of many rodents belonging to the family Ochotonidae. They live in Asia and in western North America at high elevations. They are related to the rabbits but have small ears and short hind legs. They are about three inches high and four inches long and have a close, soft fur which was used by some Indians for baby clothes.

Romance

By MARCIA DINSMORE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

UPON her arrival in Caesar, Wyoming, Lorraine would become a librarian, with a neat little round of daily duties to perform. Back home she had been a librarian. But here on the train, for the glorious space of four days, she was a poet.

SHORT SHORT STORY
The young man who shared her section had been very solemn about it, and had read some of her verses with appreciation. But because of a twinkle in his eye, she was not quite sure that he meant all he said.

Life was a very serious matter to Lorraine at twenty. And she had learned, to her sorrow, that she was very credulous. Ever since she could remember, people had told her strange tales of one kind or another. And she had always believed them. She never could understand that words spoken with a serious and intent face might not be true. But when she believed them, everybody laughed at her. And above all things in the world, Lorraine hated to be laughed at.

"I suppose"—it was the young man speaking—"that you'll find the Wild West inch deep in cowboys and buffaloes."

Lorraine flushed, a faint, becoming pink. But, inwardly, she was pleased. Perhaps she was becoming less gullible, beginning to recognize tall stories from the truth.

"I've never been West before," she smiled. "But I do know better than that. There aren't any more cowboys, or anything. There's nothing romantic about the West, now."

"Don't you believe it!" He leaned forward, in earnest, now. "There's romance everywhere, particularly in the West. Oh, some of the good old institutions are gone, of course, but there are others to take their places. You only have to look at the front page of a newspaper to know that we more than equal the roaring forties now and then."

The next evening Lorraine was bending over her table, completely absorbed in her work. Along her veins was running a thrill of excitement. Just on the edge of her mind, she felt, was her poem, the great poem which was to make her famous.

"Hands up!"
With a start Lorraine opened her eyes and looked straight into the unfamiliar muzzle of a revolver. Behind it was a man, his face masked by a red bandanna. Only his slits of eyes were visible.

She wrenched her eyes from the threatening weapon to glance at the young man opposite her. He had his hands high in the air. But as she looked, he met her eyes and grinned. Noiselessly his lips formed the word "camera!"

Color flamed in Lorraine's cheeks. She had been fooled again. It was just a movie stunt and they were all acting.

"Kindly let me alone!" she snapped. "Can't you see that I'm busy?" And once more she bent over her paper.

The young man opposite her sprang suddenly forward toward her own particular bandit. At the same moment a shot sang above her head, and a shower of glass fell about her. There were shouts all through the car. A wild scramble, then hoof beats receding in the distance.

Lorraine sank back in her seat, white faced. A real hold up, not a movie fake! If her friend had not saved her, she would have been shot to death. She had risked a real bullet because she feared ridicule.

"My dear young lady, you are the bravest person I have ever seen." A white haired man was bending toward her. "We were all paralyzed with surprise. Of course the bandits counted on that."

"Yes, and you spoke just at the right moment," chimed in another. "You made us ashamed of our cowardice. As it is, we got two of them."

Across their shoulders, Lorraine met the eyes of the strange young man. He looked deeply disturbed, and she knew why. The word he had spoken to hearten her had almost meant her death.

But Lorraine smiled at him, whitely, in reassurance. "Romance," she told him ruefully, "is not dead."

Sitka Grove National Monument
Sitka, the historical shrine and old capital of Alaska, has within its city limits the Sitka National monument. This is a grove of Sitka spruce with paths bordered on both sides by the finest totems in all Alaska. The trees themselves give an unearthly appearance to the scene, like something out of Grimm's Fairy Tales. The most important relic of Russian rule left in Sitka is St. Michael's cathedral.

The Bank of England
There is no state bank in Great Britain, but the Bank of England and the Bank of Scotland have royal charters. The Bank of England, founded in 1694, is a joint stock bank, but has always been closely connected with the government and lends money to it.

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Mrs. Lue Stuart Wadsworth of Newtonville, Mass., has for a hobby the collection of pitchers, and now has 1,877 of them ranging in capacity from one drop to a gallon.

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His family called him a MURDERER!
Utter ruin descended on the family of John Sentry. A shot in the night, a trial... then the death house, awaiting execution! How his family accepted this shattering blow forms a dramatic story, told only as Ben Ames Williams could tell it. Don't miss this exciting new story running serially in these columns...

CRUCIBLE

George B. Kennedy of Cushing, Okla., who is 7 feet, 10 inches tall, says the girl he weds must be able to kiss him without using stilts.

Twenty minutes after Martin Kelly of Cheyenne, Wyo., found a four-leaf clover, the lightning struck a tree near him, but he was uninjured.

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OSCAR GALLION

First Door South of Drug Store Broadlands, Ill.

Keeping A Dime Busy During Panic of 1837

During the panic of 1837, Illinois settlers, because of a scarcity of money, often used farm products as a medium of exchange. Cash, however, was required for some services and the lack of it caused difficulties.

According to an account found by research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, a woman resident of Sparland, in Marshall County, made a trip by ferry across the Illinois River to Lacon, paying her fare with a dime taken from her small supply of cash. After completing her shopping she returned to the boat landing, where she discovered that all of her money had been spent. Returning to the store where she traded, she sought the loan of a dime. The proprietor, finding himself without "hard money" succeeded in borrowing the amount.

When the woman presented the coin to the ferryman, he was amazed to recognize it as the same dime she had given him earlier in the day.

He Smiled

He smiled and his home was a place of happiness.

He smiled and the children ran out of their way to greet him.

He smiled and co-workers in business worked better than in any other place of employment.

He smiled and followed the smile with a brotherly handclasp; and those who were discouraged and downcast went out and took a new grip on life and their work.

He smiled and while the years rolled on, he grew younger, because he smiled.

Love makes the world go 'round.

So does a good swallow of tobacco juice.

I started today to economize on our weekly expenses dear.

Good darling. How did you do it?

I cut all your Havana cigars in half, so you'll have twice as many to smoke.

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Robert Taylor
Maureen O'Sullivan

The Crowd Roars

10c-25c

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. When is it lawful to hunt quail?

A. Between the 10th day of November and the 10th day of December both inclusive; it is unlawful to kill in excess of 12 per day; it is unlawful to possess more than thirty-six.

Q. When is it lawful to hunt prairie chickens?

A. Between the 10th and 15th days of November, both inclusive; it is unlawful to kill in excess of three per day; it is unlawful to have more than nine in one's possession at one time.

Q. When is it lawful to hunt (Wilson and Jack) snipes?

A. Between 12 o'clock noon October 1st and the 31st day of December, both inclusive. It is

unlawful to kill in excess of 15 per day; it is unlawful to possess more than thirty at any one time.

Q. When is a person allowed to hunt mourning doves in Illinois?

A. Between the first day of September and the 30th day of September, both inclusive. The game limit is 15 doves per day; it is unlawful to have in one's possession in excess of 25 doves at any one time.

Q. When is it lawful to hunt pheasants?

A. Between the 10th and 15th days of November, both inclusive; it is unlawful to kill in excess of two in one day; it is unlawful to have in one's possession at any one time in excess of six.

Q. What methods of hunting water fowl (brants, coots, ducks and geese) are unlawful?

A. 1. Fixed or artificial ambush located beyond natural coverings of reeds etc., above the open waters of any lake etc. 2. From any electric, gas or steam launch, sail boat, or aero or hydroplane or from a towed boat or from a boat propelled by such boat as listed above.

Q. Is it lawful to use a sneak boat in hunting water fowl?

A. It is unlawful to use a sneak boat, sink boat or other devices for the purpose of concealment when hunting water fowl.

Q. Is it lawful to hunt water fowl from an elevated position?

A. It is unlawful to hunt or kill any migratory birds from a

tree or other elevated perch or position more than ten feet above ground or water.

Q. Is it lawful to hunt deer in Illinois?

A. It is unlawful to hunt, kill or destroy or attempt to hunt, kill or destroy any deer in the state of Illinois.

Q. What State department issues hunting and fishing licenses?

A. The Department of Conservation, Capitol, Springfield.

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a7

Harlan W. Six.

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