

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 19

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1938

NUMBER 23

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Sept. 17, 1926

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Witt.

Roscoe Pugh and family left for Lake Wales, Fla., to spend the winter.

Rev. R. L. Webber of Toledo, Ohio, was the new United Brethren minister.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Laverick attended a family reunion at Jacksonville.

W. R. Divan accepted a position with J. M. Kaufman & Co. at Champaign.

Rev. R. E. Weisser and Ed Nohren attended an Evangelical Sunday school convention at Mokena.

The Busy Bee Class of the U. B. Sunday school held a wiener and marshmallow roast at the home of Miss Etta Struck.

Members of the U. B. Ladies Aid gave a birthday party in honor of Mrs. Ella Maxwell, Mrs. Ruth Henson and Mrs. Olive Rayl, at the home of Mrs. Jennie Nohren.

Registration Completed at Allerton School

Allerton—A total of 51 pupils have registered at the local high school with the classes divided as follows: two post graduates, seven seniors, 13 juniors, 13 sophomores and 16 freshmen.

Grade school has an enrollment of 74. Ten are in the first grade, six in the second, ten in the third, nine in fourth, ten in fifth, 13 in sixth, seven in the seventh and nine in the eighth.

James Talbott is high school principal and teaches mathematics. Other instructors are Homer Sweazy, coach, and science; Gladys Toney, commercial subjects; Catherine Lumbrick, English; Carroll VanDeventer, Latin and social science.

Grade school staff consists of Earl Cavanaugh, principal; May Larson, Lois Roy, Beulah Alley, and Emma Robison.



Don't put off until tomorrow repairs that should be made today.

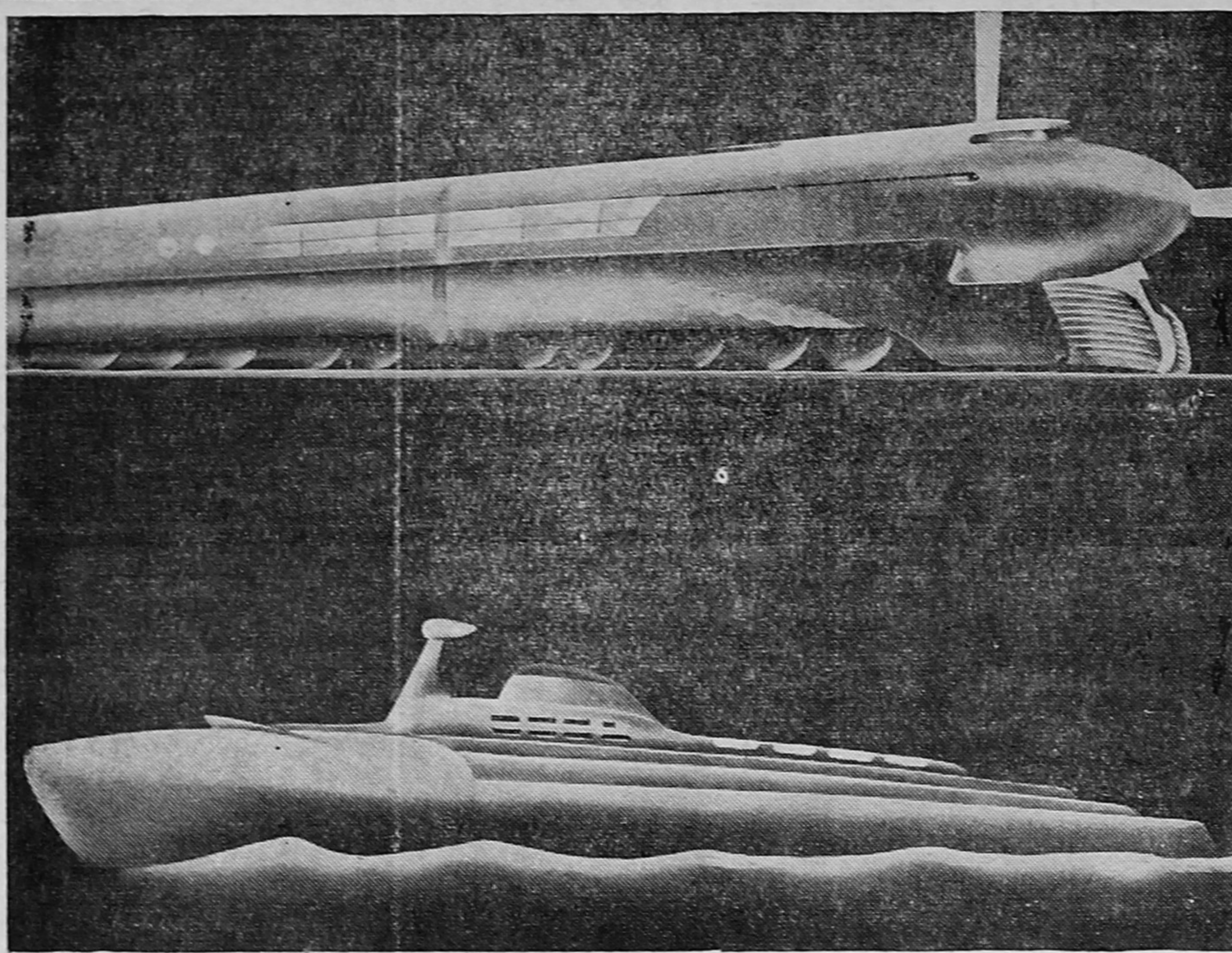
Keep your car in good condition. You cannot exercise the care essential to safe driving on a highway when your car will not respond to strain put on it. Sudden changes of lights, and unusual hazards on the road require quick action. Your car must be in the best possible mechanical shape to meet such situations.

The annual basket dinner will be held at Fairfield church, Sunday, Sept. 25. Come and meet old friends. Bring table service and well filled baskets.

Mrs. Elsa Church,
Secretary.

It is said that a Texas jack-rabbit can jump a fence seven feet high.

Future Train, Ship for New York Fair



NEW YORK—Here is the smoothly stream-lined train of the future (on top) and the fully enclosed, storm-proof, air conditioned liner of the World of Tomorrow as Raymond Loewy, industrial designer, conceived them

for a large, free focal exhibit on Transportation at the New York World's Fair 1939. The display will include every stage in civilization's transport progress as well as every vehicle used since the day of the cave man.

Local and Personal

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

Mrs. Louis Frick and son were Danville visitors, Tuesday.

P. O. Rayl was a Champaign shopper, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Nichols were called to Oakwood, Sunday, by the death of a relative.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson and son Max spent the weekend at Centralia.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Struck were visitors at Convoy, Ohio, the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kracht were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Mumm at Philo.

Rev. A. C. Ernst of Chamois, Mo., was the weekend guest of Rev. Karl Albers and family.

The delinquent tax list of Ayers township and the Village of Broadlands appears in this issue.

Supervisor F. A. Messman attended a meeting of the board of supervisors at Urbana, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Parsons of Villa Grove spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schumacher left Tuesday for a visit with their son, Dr. Arthur Schumacher and family, at Cleveland, O.

Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Alfred Thode and sons visited Virgil Reed and family at Champaign, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith of Fairland were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frick entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Limp, Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Zenke left Tuesday for Little Rock, Ark. They expect to be gone about two weeks.

Mrs. Arthur Miller spent Thursday of last week with her brother Earl Tharp and family near Newman.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wiese, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Zenke and children returned Sunday from a three weeks fishing trip in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Bert Seeds returned from Danville, Sunday, where she had been caring for Mrs. Cleo Seeds, who had been confined to her home by illness.

Rev. W. Earl Ballew is attending the sessions of the Methodist conference at Decatur this week. There will be no preaching service at the local church this Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Brewer entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Brewer and Miss Hazel Vandevere of Charleston; Leslie Cooper and family of Tuscola; Floyd Block and family.

David Hancock, brother of Mrs. Charles Griffin, and Mr. and Mrs. Noble Davis, all of Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. Frank Reed of Allerton, were visitors at the Charles Griffin home Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cable returned Friday of last week from a week's motor trip to Marion, Ohio, and Niagara Falls, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Loyd Cable of Steger accompanied them on the trip.

Mrs. Lydia Brown left for Champaign, Tuesday, being called there to be at the bedside of her grandson, Charles King, who was injured in an automobile accident, it being necessary to amputate his right leg.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Witt entertained at a birthday dinner, Sunday, for the latter's father, Henry Kilian, Sr., the following: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Sr., Clarence Kilian and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schumacher, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Jr. and son Raymond, Gordon and Hoyne Hales.

Mrs. Henry Schumacher Hostess to Ladies Aid

Mrs. Henry Schumacher was hostess to the Ladies Aid society of the St. John's Evangelical Church, on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Clarence Kilian presided over the business meeting, and Rev. Karl Albers led the devotionals.

Refreshments consisted of salad, sandwiches, pickles, cake and coffee.

Members present were Mesdames Edward Nohren, Clarence Bergfield, Norman Seider, Alvin Zenke, Henry Kilian, Sr., Henry Kilian, Jr., Clarence Kilian, Emil Schumacher, John Jordan, Carl Partenheimer, Henry Schumacher, Rev. and Mrs. Karl Albers.

The next meeting will be held with Rev. and Mrs. Albers.

P. O. Rayls Entertain Friends at Bridge

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl entertained at five tables of Bridge on Monday night. Prizes were awarded to the twins which proved to be Oscar Witt and Bud Struck for men, and Mrs. Jennie Nohren and Mrs. Delia Nohren for women. Mrs. Zermah Witt retained the traveling prize.

Refreshments consisted of hamburger sandwiches, tomatoes with cottage cheese, shoestring potatoes and coffee.

Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Bud Struck, John Nohren, Edward Nohren, Oscar Witt, Albert Telling, Ray McClelland, Roy Bergfield, Kenneth Dicks, George Cook, Ben Rayl, and Mrs. Lillie Bowman.

The stage show which was to have been presented at the Broadlands Theatre on Wednesday evening of this week has been postponed until a later date on account of the serious illness of a relative of one of the players, states Herbert Loucke, manager.

After following it for three days a white owl recently alighted on a liner in the Atlantic.

Won Premiums at Long View Fair Last Week

Local people won a number of premiums at the Longview Fair last week.

Mrs. Arthur Miller won a total of nine premiums as follows:

White corn, 2d.
Yellow corn, 3d.
String beans, 1st.
Peas, 1st.
Tomatoes, 3d.
Peach butter, 1st.
Plum butter, 1st.
Pears, 1st.
Mixed pickles, 2d.
Miss Anna Clem won:
Burnt sugar cake, 1st.
White loaf cake, 1st.
Ice box cookies, 2d.
Basket of flowers, 1st.

Miss Nellie Thomas won 1st on club calf.

Ralph Clem won 3d on club calf.

Mrs. Alma Bruhn Is Hostess to Ladies Aid

Mrs. Alma Bruhn was hostess to the Ladies Aid society of the M. E. Church on Thursday afternoon of last week, with Mrs. Bernice Bruhn as assistant hostess.

President Mrs. Eva Walker had charge of the business session, and Mrs. Edna Telling led the devotionals.

Mesdames Gladys McClelland and Mary Dicks sang a duet.

It was voted to have the annual chicken supper on Wednesday evening, Sept. 28.

Delightful refreshments of ice cream, cake and iced tea were served by the hostesses.

Members present were Mesdames Eva Brewer, Mary Dicks, Ida Messman, Leanna Miller, Gladys McClelland, Anna Laverick, Eva Walker, Edna Telling, Gladys Walker, Bernice Bruhn, Alma Bruhn; and Miss Mildred Neal.

The next meeting will be held on Thursday, Oct. 13, at the home of Mrs. Eva Walker. A pot luck luncheon will be served at one o'clock for the birthdays of all members of the society, at which time birthday dues will be paid for the flower fund.

Lodge Meets Next Monday

Broadlands Lodge, No. 791, A. F. & A. M. will meet next Monday night at 7:30.

C. T. Henson, W. M.
Carl B. Dicks, Sec.

Market Report

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

No. 2 new hard wheat	56c
No. 2 new white corn	45c
No. 2 new yellow corn	45c
No. 3 new white oats	20c
No. 2 new beans	70c

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

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church will hold their annual chicken supper Wednesday evening, Sept. 28. Everyone is invited to attend. Watch next week's paper for the menu.

Broadlands Lodge A. F. & A. M. had third degree work last Wednesday night. Refreshments of brick ice cream, wafers and lemonade were served. There were 35 members and guests present.

The Rothermel- Lenhart Reunion

The fourth annual Rothermel-Lenhart family reunion was held at Nelson's Park pavilion, Decatur, Sunday, Sept. 11. A picnic dinner was enjoyed, after which Guy Lenhart, president, of Decatur, presided at the business meeting, and a report of last year's reunion was read by Mrs. Helen Post, secretary-treasurer, of Decatur.

The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: president, John Rothermel, Jr., of Broadlands; vice president, Arthur Lenhart, Maroa; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Helen Post, Decatur.

The following members are to serve on the 1939 reunion entertainment committee: Alfred Bloechle, New Berlin; Mrs. Dave Lenhart, of Springfield; Helen Brown, Warrensburg; Gladys Brock, Maroa; Miss Margaret Rothermel, of Broadlands; John Mohr, Homer.

There were 172 members present. There has been one marriage during the past year, two deaths, and one birth. Mrs. Ochenbach, 79 years old, of Taylorville, was the oldest member present; and Robert Bloechle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Bloechle of Springfield, was the youngest, being four months old.

The afternoon was devoted to musical numbers, songs, and visiting.

The 1939 reunion will be held the second Sunday in September at the same location.

Phi Beta Deltas Meet With Wayne Nohren

The Phi Beta Delta Class of the St. John's Evangelical Sunday school met at the home of Wayne Nohren, Tuesday evening.

Raymond Kilian had charge of the business session, and Miss Norma Partenheimer read the scripture.

Refreshments consisted of brick ice cream, cake and iced tea.

Members present were Misses Maxine Cook, Edna Schumacher, Mabel Bahlow, Marcelle Nohren, Marianna Kilian, Norma Partenheimer, Margaret Ann Mohr, Wanda Nohren; and Messrs. Walter and Ralph Schumacher, Billie Zenke, Harry Nohren, Raymond Kilian, Wayne Nohren and Rev. Karl Albers.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Raymond Kilian.

Royal Guards Meet at Clarence Bergfields

The Royal Guards Class of the St. John's Evangelical Church met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bergfield, Tuesday evening.

John Nohren had charge of the business meeting and Mrs. Emil Schumacher led the devotionals.

Refreshments of sandwiches, salad and coffee were served.

Members present were Messrs. and Mesdames John Mohr, John Nohren, Carl Partenheimer, Edward Nohren, Henry Mohr, Emil Schumacher, Henry Kilian, Jr. Howard Mohr, Clarence Bergfield.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mohr.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

FIGHTING 'FORTYPHOBIA'

Industry Rejects the Man Over 40, Giving America a New Worry; Science Proves There's No Reason for Such Discrimination

By JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Last January, President Roosevelt's unemployment census showed between 8,000,000 and 11,000,000 Americans were out of work. Since then, recession has boosted the figure. The tragedy of unemployment has been one thing, but the type of people hit by this ogre is an even greater disaster.

What hurts — and what the best minds of America are still unable to understand—is the predominance of middle-aged people on relief, the great multitude of competent men and women who have been unable to find jobs simply because they're "over 40."

You can see it any day in the want ads under "Help Wanted":

Plumber, experienced at fittings and alterations. Only men in young thirties need apply. Z-432. Gazette Office.

It's a case of plain arithmetic that young men can weather unemployment better than their elders, having fewer mouths to feed, fewer feet to shod. But a cold-blooded employer, looking only at efficiency and economy, compares the thick-thatched head with the bald pate and takes the former. Young men learn quicker, adapt themselves better, turn out superior work. At least, it's the argument.

Tables Are Turned.

The man over 40 is a problem of the machine age. Once, in the days of guild supremacy, the situation was reversed. Every youth was an apprentice whose hands were thought unskilled, whose talents were shaped under the guidance of a wizened elder. Moreover, in that simple world it was satisfaction enough that all hands were busy; the age of specialization had not arrived.

If you should look in the department of labor files at Washington, the case of John Brown would furnish an example of today's dilemma. Brown is 45, married and has two children. His wage-earning days started after grammar school because his widowed mother needed help. At 15 he found work in a local factory, took time out to serve overseas in the World War, then worked steadily until the depression days of 1932. Meanwhile, he had been married, had bought himself a home, took out insurance and built up a small savings account.

But from 1932 to 1937, John Brown could find no work. His savings disappeared, he lost his insurance and his house was mortgaged. When the factory finally re-opened, the boss refused to give him a job; said he needed younger men. In consequence John Brown doesn't know where to turn. His life's work has been specialized and he'd have to start as an apprentice in another trade. With many, many years of usefulness ahead of him, this man has reached an age when industry turns him out. Why?

Industry's Answer.

As their first reason, employers say he is a "bad physical risk," that he's entering the period in life when degenerative diseases will lower his efficiency. But employers are generalizing here; a man's susceptibility to disease almost always depends on the type of work he does. Highest death rates are found among unskilled laborers. Statistics show that frequency of sickness decreases with advancing age, though older people have more severe illnesses. The only fair course is to let a physician determine whether the man over 40 is a "bad physical risk."

The employer's second reason is "bad accident risk," notwithstanding repeated surveys which show the man over 40 is more careful than younger workers. Caution is a natural by-product of age. The



Young men are forging the new pattern of American society, for industry now seeks youth to the detriment of men over 40.—U. S. Dept. of Interior photo.

only grounds for the "bad accident risk" argument is that older men are slower in recovering from injuries.

Next, employers speak of "decreased productivity." There is no denying that efficiency declines with age, but not so fast as to strike a death blow to the man of 40. What few tests are available show that exceptional workers of 40, 50—and even 60—are just as efficient as younger men. The simple answer is that proficiency's decline is gradual; it does not plummet down after a man reaches 40.

The most valid argument of all is the last, that a middle-aged man is "too slow and inadaptible to changing conditions." In an age like the present, where industry has been revolutionized in the past two decades, this claim may hold water. Modern machines work faster. The men who tend them must do likewise.

America Grows Old.

But arguments are fruitless and meanwhile the problem grows worse. Because of America's declining birth rate, we are rapidly becoming a nation of middle-aged men and women; by 1960 it is estimated 36 per cent will be over 40! Industry and government have not been blind to the problem. First they favored social security, but its result has been higher taxes and a subsequent demand for more efficiency and fewer workers. They tried old-age pensions, but it was poor business to hire a man at 40 when he'd be retired in a few years. They tried sharing the work, which reduced efficiency and proved an expensive proposition. And the century-old trend to shorter work weeks has defeated itself because it brought labor-saving machinery.

The solution is not yet. Some say only an intricate balancing act can overcome the problem, a comprehensive system of social insurance to keep men employed or keep them fed when jobless. Though many remedies have been, and will be of-

fered, the man over 40 has thus far received little but sympathy.

One man has scoffed at sympathy. He is Henry Simler, a New York typewriter manufacturer, who recently began fighting the "fortyphobia" menace by proving that men over 40 can compete with their younger colleagues and do a good job of it. To employers from coast to coast he sent a comprehensive questionnaire to learn what employers have actually learned about the relation of age to efficiency.

He discovered that youth is more careful about its appearance, is more cheerful and more enthusiastic. But for loyalty, conscientiousness, willingness and results, the man over 40 won by a wide margin. With these facts he set out to form a nationwide organization of Forty-Plus clubs, groups who would break down employer resistance in their respective communities.

Flooring "Fortyphobia."

What happened in Boston is typical. At the first meeting of this Forty-Plus club was a small group of unemployed men, mostly of the executive type. One was 46, a Dartmouth graduate with manufacturing and retailing experience. A second was 42, formerly vice president of a drug company. A third had wide experience in public relations work. They decided to tackle the problem from the inside out, to find jobs for each other by capitalizing on Simler's survey and selling themselves to the public and employers.

They scoffed publicly at the "Help Wanted" advertiser who sought a technical college graduate with at least 15 years' experience in one specialized line and who "must not be over 35." What this employer wanted, they said, was an unemployed genius who finished college at 20. One "Forty-Pluser" administered a verbal thrashing to a man who had turned him down for lack of experience only 10 years ago, and who now said he was too old.

Boston's Payoff.

Their campaign brought results, too. After six weeks, five Forty-Plus club members had permanent positions, one of them paying \$6,000 a year. Automatically these men were suspended from membership, since this strange organization is anxious to "kick out" its brothers in the bond as rapidly as possible, thereby making room for new men.

Some employers express a hope that the "fortyphobia" problem will work its own way out. They claim the present crisis is only a temporary, violent reaction to the modern trend of thought which favors work for the young man and leisure for old age.

Meanwhile, the man over 40 is being given the attention he deserves. Massachusetts has empowered its department of labor to publish the names of employers who discriminate against certain persons on account of age. And Secretary of Labor Perkins has added her opinion that "it is against common sense to leave people of 40, 45 and 50 out of work when they are willing and able to work."

But perhaps employers have a just reason to discriminate. Before America can solve this great social problem, she must find the true cause.

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The SALLY SMILE

—By—
D. J. Walsh
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WNU Service

MRS. PINNEY had called to see Miss Bowman, and the two women were in close conversation in Miss Bowman's private office. Miss Bowman was chief executive of the governing board of the hospital, and Mrs. Pinney was a director.

"Well, it simply has come to this," Miss Bowman said, wiping her eyeglasses nervously, "we'll have to close the hospital, if we can't get something to run it on. The citizens have done nobly—nobly, but they can't do everything. It remains for some moneyed person to come to the front now."

"Like Mrs. Chichester?" suggested Mrs. Pinney. Mrs. Pinney was a small, eager woman, who looked rather worn from the long-continued struggle of keeping the precious little hospital going on next to nothing a year.

"Yes! Mrs. Chichester. She is our richest citizen. She could give \$50,000 and never feel it."

"But would she?"

"There's the question. I'm afraid she wouldn't. I've approached her unsuccessfully—"

"So have I," moaned Mrs. Pinney. "Well, you can't force a person to give up her money, that's certain. I suppose it's hopeless."

"I don't know about that. I've been thinking I'd send Sally Drew to her and see what good that would do."

"Sally Drew!" Mrs. Pinney jumped. "She's the very one. I'll see her this afternoon."

Sally Drew was a tiny woman with hair like snowy wool and a pale pointed little face. Her eyes were wonderful, so bright, so black, so alive. They danced in her face. But her smile was more wonderful than her eyes.

The smile came now at sight of Mrs. Pinney.

"Julia!" she cried. "Come right in."

In Sally's small living room, so old-fashioned, so cozy, and withal so well suited to Sally herself, Julia Pinney told her story.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" Sally asked.

"I want you to go to Helen Chichester and get her to give us \$5,000. That will keep the hospital running for one year. After that—but we'll hope."

Sally's smile vanished. She was silent an instant.

"I'll go, of course," she said quietly.

Mrs. Pinney arose.

"Sally, you're a dear. If any one can do it you can. You are our last resort."

At 9, just as Mrs. Pinney was ready to fly to pieces with suspense, Sally walked in. The Sally smile was bright indeed.

"I couldn't get away sooner. Helen wouldn't let me come. You

A Costly Road

The Pulaski skyway is probably the most expensive road in the world for its length. The part of it that is raised is three miles long and cost \$21,000,000. The approaches cost an additional \$19,000,000. This roadway is 50 feet in width and can easily accommodate five lanes of traffic. It is estimated that 20,000,000 motor vehicles use it annually. It passes over both the Hackensack and the Passaic rivers and the New Jersey Meadows.

see, we haven't spoken before in thirty years—"

"What?" gasped Mrs. Pinney. "Thirty years," nodded Sally. "I did hate to go. But after I got there it was all right. Here's your money." She drew a check from her handbag and gave it to Julia.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" Mrs. Pinney could just articulate. "But we hoped your smile would do it."

"It did," Sally grew grave. "Thirty years ago Helen got the man I wanted. But no one ever knew it except her and me, for the day she was married I pinned on my smile and I've worn it ever since." She paused reflectively. "She says she was puzzled for thirty years over my smile. We made a fair exchange. I told her how I got it and she gave me \$50,000 for my secret."

Herbert Chichester had only lived five years, but he had lived long enough to spoil the lives of two women. His wife had grown selfish and sore, but the woman she had won him from had "pinned on a smile" that had brightened a whole community.

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2. Two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread, a patented construction which protects against punctures.
3. Scientifically designed tread which protects against skidding and gives long mileage.

See your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply & Service Store and equip your car with Firestone Convoy Tires—the safest tire that money can buy at these low prices.

LIFETIME GUARANTEE

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

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The Firestone Convoy Truck Tire is made in all sizes for trucks and buses. It brings you high quality at low cost. Truck owners who have already used this tire are referring to it as the truck tire sensation of 1938. Cut your cost per ton mile and at the same time keep your tire investment low — equip your truck today with a set of Firestone Convoy Truck Tires.

Firestone CONVOY			
For Cars, Trucks and Buses			
4.75-19..	\$8.15	5.50-17	\$10.45
5.00-19..	8.80	6.00-16	11.80
5.25-17..	9.25	6.25-16	13.15
5.25-18..	9.65	6.50-16	14.50

Tires for Trucks and Buses at Proportionately Low Prices

CHANGE OVER TO A Firestone BATTERY

Here is a battery that will take you through the hardest winter without trouble. Built with patented allrubber separators and interlocking grids, it assures quick starting, longer life, greater dependability. Ask for our special "Changeover Price."

Firestone AUTO RADIOS

With 6 all-metal tubes, 8-inch dynamic speaker sound diffusion system, represents highest quality.

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Custom Built Dash Mountings Available

Firestone SPARK PLUGS

Save gasoline, secure quicker starting and improve motor performance by putting in a new set of Firestone Spark Plugs today.

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

Listen to THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE featuring Richard Crooks and Margaret Speaks and the 70-piece Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network.



The load is shifted from the capable, conscientious shoulders of the man over 40, to the eager, ambitious shoulders of younger men. Each has his merits, but one must suffer.—U. S. Dept. of Interior photo.

Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

Published Every Thursday

Entered as second-class matter April 18 1919 at the post-office at Broadlands, Illinois under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Advertising Rates

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

Terms of Subscription

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

The Oldest Newspapers

That newspapers compare favorably with other enterprises in stability is indicated by the fact that there are now 108 weeklies and 84 dailies in the United States which have been published for more than 100 years.

The oldest of all is the Maryland Gazette at Annapolis, established in 1727, and the only American paper to have passed its 200th birthday. Next in age is the New Hampshire Gazette at Portsmouth, also a weekly, established in 1756. The oldest daily is the Hartford Courant, published since 1764.

Naturally enough, most of the papers which are more than a century old are in the East, but three are published west of the Mississippi river. These are the Arkansas Gazette at Little Rock, a daily dating from 1819; the weekly Herald-Statesman at Columbia, Mo., 1821; and the daily Hawkeye at Burlington, Iowa, 1830.

New York state leads in the number of century-old newspapers, with 16 dailies and 26 weeklies, although only one of these, the Evening Post, is published in New York City. Pennsylvania stands second and Ohio third on the list.

It is unfortunate that few files of our oldest newspapers have been preserved. They contained a wealth of historical material, much of which is now forever lost.

Lighter Motor Units

Engineers in the transportation field including airplanes, buses, trucks and even railcars and railway trains concede that new materials will completely revolutionize all types of vehicles during the next few years.

There are now metals available which can cut the weight of these transportation units to a fraction of present practice. The very soul of transportation engineering is strength with lightness. For safety and durability parts must be amply strong. How to secure this strength while at the same time keeping weight down to the limit is where advanced engineering is making spectacular gains.

No greater aid has ever come to the help of the engineer than the new wonder metals now rapidly becoming commercially available. Magalloy, for example, with a weight only one-fifth as great as steel and only two-thirds the weight of aluminum, has made possible such great reductions in the weight of castings and other normally heavy parts that amazing gains in efficiency are realized.

When any transportation unit, be it airplane, truck, bus or railway car, is made lighter without reducing its carrying capacity, tremendous savings are made in such items as fuel, tires, bearings, and other parts subjected to load or stress.

Truck and bus operators express this saving in terms of ratio of payload to vehicle load. The higher this ratio the more profitable and the more satisfactory the vehicle. Consequently, the introduction into commercial use of such materials as Magalloy is being hailed enthusiastically by designing and operating engineers in all branches of the transportation field.

Odd Superstitions

Superstition rules many people of the world, even in such a common practice as washing clothes. Morocco's women are sure that clothes washed on Tuesday will shrink, and that Saturday's washing soils faster. Rumania's housewives, on the contrary, wash Saturdays, but are sure their suds would turn to blood if they should attempt to wash on Good Friday. English peasants say a death will occur soon in the family if anyone makes this most tragic of all our religious anniversaries her washday.

Russian women believe that if they wash clothes at Whitsuntide much-feared water spirits will show their displeasure.

Only in the United States do women have no such foolish ideas. Our wives and mothers make no distinction between the days. Perhaps it is because the manufacturers have made it so easy for them to wash whenever they please. With electrical washers in two-fifths of all the wired homes, and other power washers in many thousands of other homes, washday no longer is a task postponed as long as possible, upsetting the whole home when it cannot be further avoided.

On the Isle of Skye, it is said that if a man dies and his family does not wash his clothes, the ghost of a woman will appear and do it for him. That would be a washday even easier than those in our rightly equipped homes, but there is no record of any Skyeites ever putting the superstition to the test.

Sidelights

Wives have a right to take money from their husbands' trousers pockets, according to Police Judge Orr of Sacramento, who acquitted Mrs. Edith Swain after she admitted indulging in the ancient custom.

Dr. Victor E. Negus told a medical society that nature never intended that man should use his vocal cords for talking. Be that as it may, some vocal cords were never intended by nature for singing.

The government recently advertised for a bank note designer and had difficulty in finding a capable one. There are quite a number in the federal penitentiaries, but their work evidently was not quite good enough to get by the counterfeit experts.

In furtherance of a psychology test, three schoolboys of La Grange, Ill., went without sleep for 72 hours. It was scientifically proved that during that time the lads became both tired and sleepy—if that information is worth passing along to an anxious world.

When Avril Martin asked Indianapolis police to aid in finding his car, they asked whether there was anything of value in it. He first said there was not, but after thinking a moment said his wife was sitting in it. Car and wife were found where he had parked them.

A check-up by Max Factor, a Hollywood cosmetician and coiffeur, reveals that redheads are now having their day on the screen. He says that among leading actresses redheads number 44 percent; brunettes, 39 per cent; blondes, 11 per cent; and brunettes, 6 per cent.

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 New York sanitary code prohibits sleeping in a bath tub.

What's New

A pocket-size device for testing concentrations of explosive gases has been developed.

A British inventor has invented a periscope which enables an observer to see in all directions without turning his head.

Dr. R. R. Renshaw of New York University reports that the chemical acetyl choline governs all muscular action in the body.

Vitamin B. is being given to certain patients at the Elgin hospital for the insane. Doctors think dementia praecox may be caused by malnutrition.

Melancholia and even certain forms of bad temper can be

cured by a new serum discovered by Professor W. Hausmann of Vienna.

A disappearing prize fight ring has been invented which lowers below the floor level after each fight and permits the boxers to enter and leave without passing through the crowd.

A University of California scientist reports the discovery of a fossil Mosasaur skull near Gustine, Calif., which is believed to be the first skull of this animal to be found west of the Rocky Mountains.

Lodge Meets Next Monday
Broadlands Lodge, No. 791, A. F. & A. M. will meet next Monday night at 7:30.

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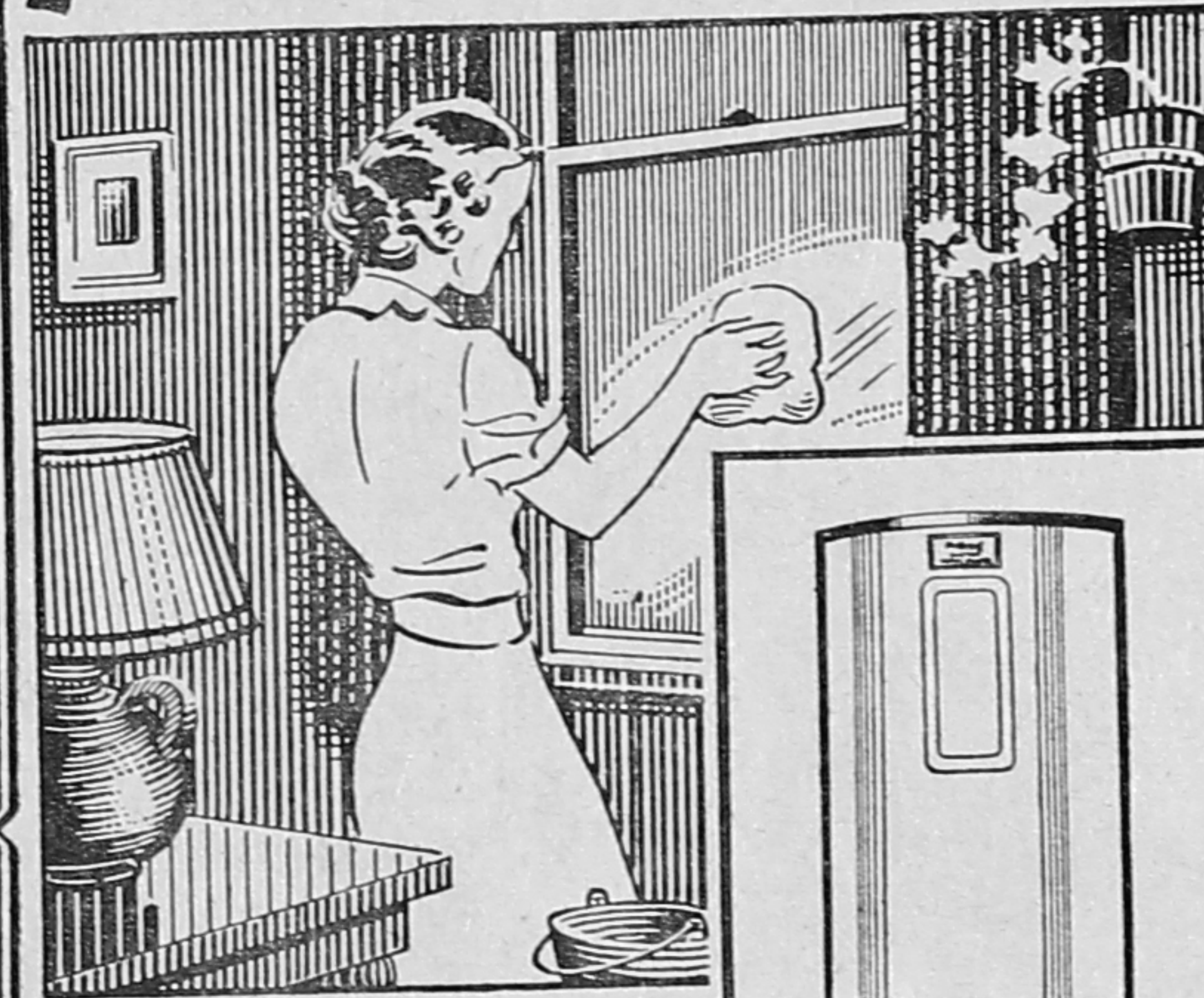
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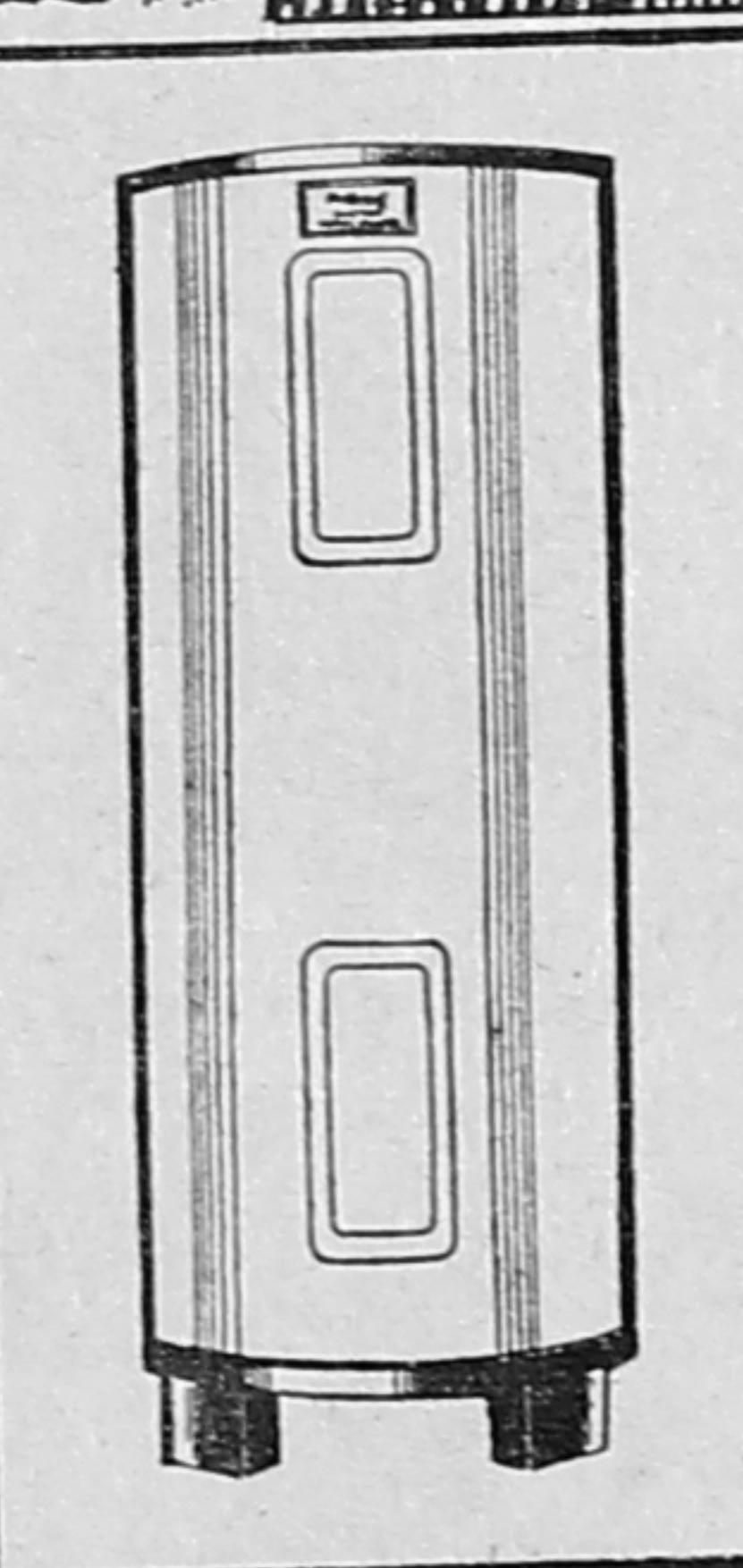
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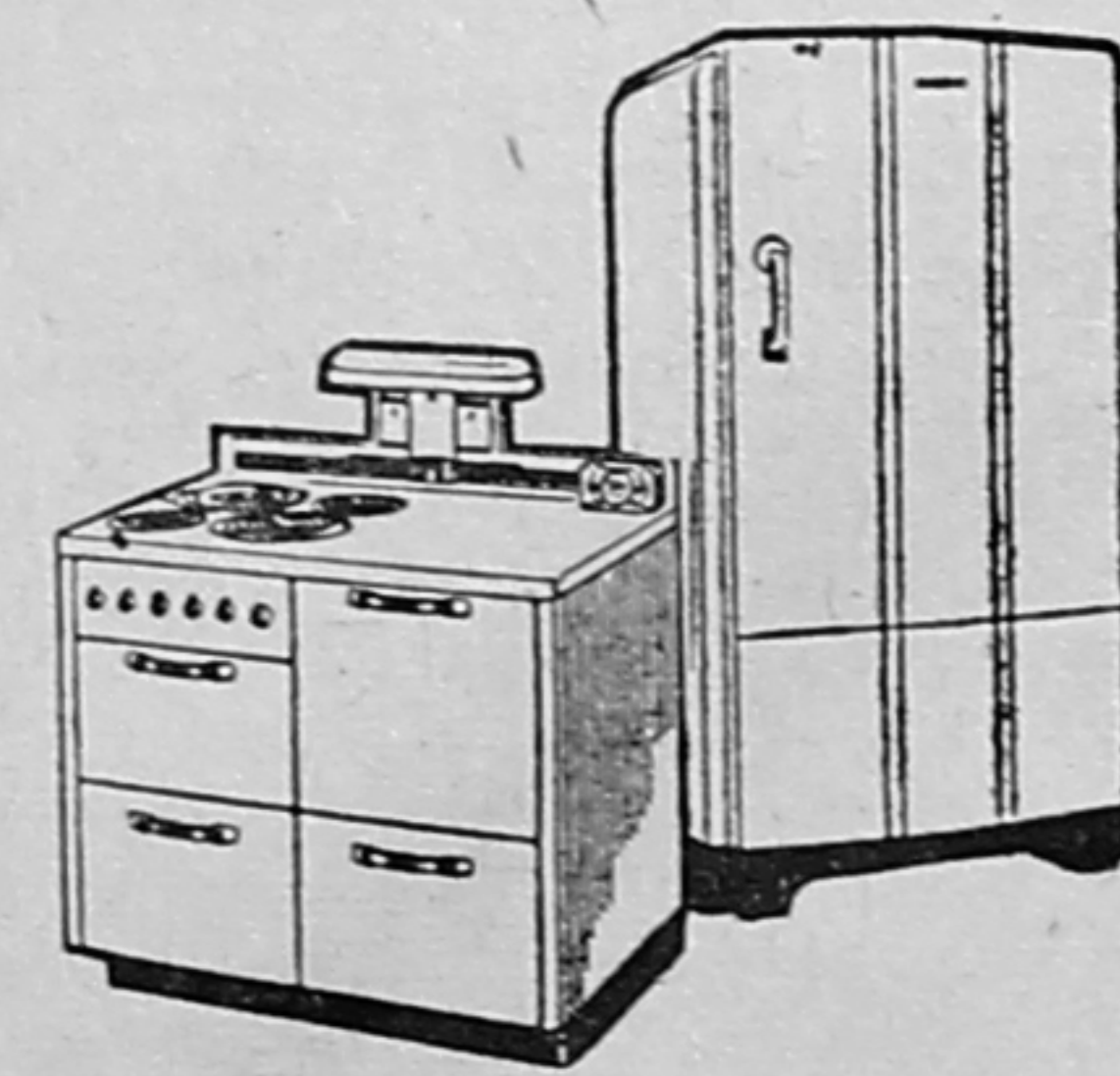
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CRUCIBLE

A story of circumstance and its near-disastrous consequences . . . by

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Running serially in these columns, the story of a Boston merchant whose family was torn asunder by the lurid word, "Murder!" Ben Ames Williams takes John Sentry to the electric chair . . . and then comes a surprise.

DON'T MISS IT!

The Difference of Touch

By **RUBY H. MARTYN**
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

ALICE powdered her nose. She hadn't looked up when Ralph Bently passed through the outer office where she was working overtime. She knew that he had lingered after the whistle blew to give his notice to Mr. Watson, and the nose powdering registered disdain for such unreasonableness. Alice had told Ralph plainly that he was most unreasonable to leave his good job at the shop office for those shack experiments with scrap leather. Now he had defied her conclusions. Vexation brought the color to her cheeks as she took up the typed sheets and entered Mr. Watson's office.

Perversity was stirring in the heart of Alice. She felt a strange power within her. Ralph had turned away upon his own path. She knew instinctively that Mr. Watson would respond to her blandishments. For the first time in her life Alice longed to exercise her power of allure-ment. Mr. Watson was fair game for trial. A moment later he laid caressing hands upon her. The girl flung him off with all her might. She had never dreamed that a touch like that could be so sickening. The suddenness of her move sent Watson backward across the room. He stumbled headlong over the threshold of the vault at the end of the room. Horrified, Alice saw him clutching at the open door. An instant later it had slammed shut behind him, and she stood alone in the little office. The outer office was deserted. The only sound was the rattle of the sleet upon the windows.

Aghast at what she had done, Alice ran to the vault door. It was locked fast. She knew it was locked by the combination bolts that could

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

be opened only by the person knowing the correct turns of the dial knob. Mr. Watson was as securely held as any prisoner behind the bars. The vault itself was of brick and metal. And so small that a man would be dangerously cramped for room and air.

Ralph Bently was one of the three men trusted with the knowledge of the combination which would unlock the vault door. Alice knew that. She must put aside her own humiliation and go for him. He would have reached the hateful shack where he carried on his crazy experiments. Well, she would go there for him.

The shack she sought was a little building at the end of a path that ran along the edge of a sand bank. She knew how easy it would be to slip over the brink that showed dimly in the deepening twilight.

"Ralph! Ralph!" she cried breathlessly.

He flung open the door, and she stumbled in over the threshold, spent and blinded in the bright light. "Open the vault, Ralph!" she gasped. "I shut Mr. Watson in."

"The toad!" he muttered. When her eyes became accustomed to the light she found herself alone in the shack.

What a place! There were retorts and wires and test tubes and jars and papers. A work bench filled one end of the room. There were some books in a case beside it. There was writing equipment on a well-worn table. The place was filled with a vile smell.

Alice would have given worlds to lay hands upon her powder puff when she heard Ralph's step upon the door stone. She needed the props of appearance to meet him coolly.

"I hauled the toad out," he said bluntly, flinging off a dripping slicker as he entered. "Watson was scared enough to watch his step in the future."

"Oh, Ralph!" breathed Alice. "It was some my fault!"

Ralph Bently stood looking down at her, his hands clenched. Her lips trembled, but she found she could meet his gaze squarely, and took courage.

"He was a toad to take the advantage!" insisted Ralph. "I told him so when he crawled out of the vault. I left him alone to pull himself together."

"It happened when he touched me!" shivered Alice.

Then, with swift impulse, Ralph lifted her in his arms, and she did not fling herself away. In the touch of this man was the ecstasy of happiness!

There in the shack, with the retorts and wires and test tubes and jars and papers cluttered about them, Alice and Ralph found the supreme moment that pledged their troth. And there, during the days and nights of chemical struggle, Ralph worked out the career which he had chosen. He found the chemical process which decomposed scrap leather to valuable substances. And Alice watched in breathless expectancy of the moments when, turning to lay the trophies at her feet, he forgot them utterly, and held her close within his arms.

Glass Houses

By **KARIN ASBRAND**
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

MARGARET KEMP, president of the Holliston Hills Bridge club, composed of the elite of the Hills, swept the group before her with eyes like gray steel points.

SHORT SHORT STORY

There was an ominous silence for a few minutes. Then Ina Golden spoke up.

"She's foreign" she ventured. "They say her father used to play a hurdy-gurdy."

"Yes," Vesta Lord hastened on to say, "and they say that she was terribly wild as a girl. Why, she even eloped with her husband."

"As long as she didn't elope with somebody else's husband," tittered Rosalie Thorpe, much amused at her own significance. Then she added her own contribution of choice scandal: "But they do say that Roger, her oldest boy, was just recently expelled from Yale."

"I heard," quiet little Esther Stanley remarked, absently shuffling a pack of cards over and over again, "that her husband had, er, an affair with—"

"Her husband is dead," tersely interrupted Margaret Kemp. "However, that's not to the point. The point is that you wish Mrs. Alice Lorimer's name crossed off our list. We seem to have heard several valid reasons for such a step from Mrs. Golden, Mrs. Lord, Mrs. Thorpe, and Mrs. Stanley. Unfortunately, the lady in question is still quite a stranger among us. And still more unfortunately, she cannot defend herself. Is there anyone here that would like to take up her defense?"

Another ominous silence. "Then I will," said Margaret Kemp. "I shall take up her defense at the next meeting. Motions for adjournment are now in order." The following week, the Bridge club met as usual in the cheerful club room of the Country club house. Margaret Kemp cleared her throat, opened the meeting with her customary precision, and took from her bag an official-looking paper. She swept the group before her with eyes like gray steel points.

"I have prepared a list of the members of this club," she said, "and have spent the week in research work, looking up their various histories, past and present. I find, in looking over the list, that we all live more or less in glass houses, which as 'they say,' like a stone hurled by a careless hand, may break. I shall begin my reading with Ina Golden, nee Devoe. They say that Ina is a foreigner. That her father came over from Germany in the latter part of the Nineteenth century, and at the time of Ina's birth could hardly speak English.

"They say that Ina's husband is strongly of German descent. 'And,' looking up from her paper for a moment, 'so, I may add, am I.'"

The members of the Bridge club looked at each other, furtively, as though half afraid of what would come next. Ina, herself, broke the silence.

"It's all true," she said. "You're clever, Margaret Kemp. And my father didn't make his money on anything as aristocratic as playing a hurdy-gurdy, either. He started out as a dealer in junk, and worked his way to the ownership of a department store. 'I move,' she said, firmly, "that all the rest of the histories be omitted. Our president is right. We're snobs, and we live in glass houses."

"Yes, we are snobs," Rosalie Thorpe resolutely confessed. "I spoke about Mrs. Lorimer's son, Roger. Well, he wasn't expelled after all. But I was—from two different schools. I suppose that comes on the list. I move that we unanimously elect Mrs. Alice Lorimer as a member of our club."

The motion went through, unanimously. It was a vote.

After the meeting was over, and Margaret Kemp was safe within the precincts of her own home, she took from her bag an official looking document.

"Well, Margaret Kemp," she told herself, aloud, "you won. Lucky you managed to get so much data on Ina. Shame on you! As for the rest of them—but evidently they do!"

She removed the first page, tore it into little pieces, and flung it into the waste basket. The other 20 (more or less) blank pages she smoothed out carefully, and replaced in her desk drawer.

Opening U. S. Supreme Court
When the crier opens a session of the United States Supreme court he says: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The honorable, the Chief Justice and the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States." The justices then take their respective places and he continues: "All persons having business before the honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States, are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable court!"

Interesting Notes

When Mrs. Sophie Thor of Philadelphia fell from a second-floor window, she plunged 18 feet, crashed through a skylight and landed on a bed.

For 27 years John Vienna of Los Angeles thought himself a widower. Recently the wife he believed dead walked into his barber shop, and he is suing for divorce.

After serving one week as dog catcher for Corvallis, Ore., Theron Carlin resigned, explaining that he had searched his territory thoroughly and couldn't find any stray dogs.

John Frystak, one-legged man of Chicago, saw Eugene Cheleboski, 12, drowning in ten feet of water, he unbuckled his artificial leg, leaped into the water and dragged the boy to shore.

Crosby Gaige, theatrical producer of New York City, as a hobby has collected 200,000 patent models submitted to the United States Patent Office from 1820 to 1890.

Accused of stealing six batteries which were found under his bed, William Golden of Detroit explained that it took a shock from six storage batteries to awake him each morning.

Weary of cleaning his show windows after each Hallowe'en, George Pfaff, druggist of Itasca, Ill., now offers cash prizes for the best pictures drawn on his windows with soap.

Arrested for speeding in Oklahoma City, Policeman Robert Artman explained he was trying to get away from guests who attended his wedding. He was fined \$10.

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CRUCIBLE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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CHAPTER I

Barbara, dancing with Robb Morrison and more and more distressed by his too obvious devotions, met Helen Frayne's eye as they passed on the floor; and Helen laughed at something her partner had said, in a metallic mirthless fashion, and avoided Barbara's glance. Barbara looked around for rescue; and Robb said, whispering in her ear: "Say, Helen's got her eye on me! Let's duck, go outside."

Now this party was Helen Frayne's, at the Club in Essex; and Robb was Helen's too, as everyone knew. But tonight—he met Barbara before dinner for the first time—he had made Barbara and himself conspicuous by his attentions. So she was at once uncomfortable and unhappy—and a little afraid of what Helen might do. Helen was nice enough; yet she could be cruel too.

Barbara declined Robb's invitation to promenade; she said: "No, let's not! Robb, find Johnny, will you please? He has my compact in his pocket."

"Come on," he urged. "We'll both go hunt for him!" He took her cheerfully by the arm.

But she freed herself. "Sh-h! No!" she whispered. "You must go rescue Helen. See she's stuck with Luke Tydings."

He laughed, shook his head. "Don't want to be a rescuer," he protested, a little thickly. "Just want to dance and dance and dance with you, forever and ever. How about a little punch?"

"No, thanks!" Barbara had accepted one cocktail before dinner, since it was easier to do so than to refuse; but she used that one as a shield, barely tasted it, so that her full glass protected her against persuasions to take another. Not everyone had been so discreet. Robb, for instance, was certainly in no need of another glass of punch. "Do run along," she insisted now, good-humored but insistent; and she turned and gave him a small thrust toward Helen yonder across the floor.

She realized, too late, that Helen was watching them, had seen her do this. Worse, Robb marched straight to Helen, saluted, and said—much too loudly, "Barbara says I must report for duty, Helen!"

So naturally, some people laughed; and Helen was red with anger. Her eyes met Barbara's across the floor.

And that was why Helen deliberately set to work to get Johnny Boyd drunk. For Barbara had come with Johnny, driving down from Boston. She liked him well enough. He was a gay youngster, still at Harvard, gentle and amusing and good fun; and he usually remembered his responsibilities. Tonight he had cut in on Robb once or twice, till Robb began to cut back so quickly that people noticed and laughed; and Johnny got a little mad.

"I'll knock him endways if he cuts back this time," he told Barbara; and she said in pleading urgency:

"No, Johnny! Don't have a row! I'll get rid of him. Here he comes now."

Johnny obeyed her; but when a little later Barbara sent Robb to Helen, Johnny had disappeared; and someone else danced with Barbara, and before she could escape, Helen captured Johnny. They went out of doors somewhere, and Barbara could only wait for them to return; and when they came back again and began to dance together, Barbara saw what had happened. Helen had done her work well. Johnny was first red, then pale, then red again; and his feet were stumbling and uncertain.

Someone cut in on them and took Helen and left Johnny tottering in the middle of the floor; and Barbara guided her partner that way, thanked him, dismissed him, turned to Johnny.

He said, "Hi, Barb!" His arm encircled her. "Where you been all evening?"

She steadied him skillfully. "I've a frightful headache, Johnny! And it's so hot in here; I'm just stifling. Would it spoil your fun if we started home?"

He looked down at her in bemused suspicion. "Wait a minute! Trying to play nursemaid, are you? I'm all right, Barb!"

"Of course you are! You're fine. I hate to drag you away, but I'm simply exhausted, Johnny."

He said elaborately: "Well, of course in that case! Always the gentleman; that's me. Damsel in distress! Women and children first. Don't spare the horses. Let's go!"

"Thanks, Johnny. I'll meet you in the hall."

They went to say good-night. Helen said mockingly, "Oh, going so early, Barb?"

"It's been a lovely party," Barbara assured her.

When they came to the car, Johnny said:

"Thanks for getting me out of that, Barb! I'm drunk. Coked as a mink! I'm sorry as the Devil. But—do you mind driving? I don't want

to hang you on a telephone pole somewhere."

She said gratefully: "Of course not. I'll drive, but you'll be all right presently. We'll open the windshield, get a lot of air."

"Sorry to make a show of myself. It hit me all of a sudden."

"I understand." When they were under way, he slumped beside her and was presently asleep. The night was cool, in early fall. She stopped the car once to turn up his coat collar and adjust his scarf against a chill. He snored heavily; and as she drove on she considered the problem now presented. This was Johnny's car. If she took him to Cambridge, she would have to find a taxi to her home. If she went directly to her home, Johnny would have to drive to Cambridge alone—and for that he was in no condition.

She decided to try to bring him back to sobriety again, before they came to Boston; and she turned off the main highway down a short spur road that ended above the rocky shore, and stopped the car and tried

to wake him up, to make him get out of the car and breathe deeply and walk up and down. But when she shook him, he only roused enough to mumble protests and go back to sleep again. She remembered hearing that you could wake a drunken man by slapping his face, and she tried this; and Johnny muttered to himself, and someone beside the car said harshly "What's going on here?"

Barbara turned and saw a policeman standing at her elbow, peering in at them. She said, "It's all right, officer."

But Johnny was awake now. "Sure's all right!" he declared; and in alcoholic belligerence demanded, "What do you want to make out of it?"

The policeman said, "All right, buddy, pipe down." He asked Barbara, "Handle him all right, can you?"

"Oh, yes. I just want to get him out of the car, get him to walk up and down."

"He's a fine one to get in this shape with a nice girl on his hands!"

"It isn't quite all his fault, officer."

"I'll help you cool him down," the policeman decided. He went to the other side of the car and opened the door and said, "Come on, buddy, a little fresh air will fix you up all right."

He half dragged Johnny Boyd out of the car, set him on his feet. Johnny promptly hit him. He flung himself at the officer so violently that the policeman was borne backward and fell, and Johnny swarmed on top of him, and Barbara tried to come at them and was tossed aside by the violence of their movements, and the officer got to his feet and dragged Johnny upright, and said urgently, "Hey, buddy, behave!"

Another car turned down the road, its lights upon them. Barbara cried, "Please, Johnny!"

But Johnny was violent; the policeman said wearily, "All right, if you want it." His blow landed with a sharp, slapping sound; and Johnny went limply down, and Barbara protested unhappily,

"Oh, did you have to do that?"

The officer was apologetic. "Best thing for him, Miss. He'll wake up in the morning with a head, that's all." He added, "But I'll have to take him in!"

"Can't I take him home, please?"

"He's tore my uniform! I'll have some explaining to do. And it might

take you home, then bring him some clothes in the morning before he has to go to court. There's no need of your being mixed up in this."

And Barbara in the end surrendered; and the officer approving, she and Professor Brace got into his car and drove away. After they had been some silent moments on the road past Revere toward Boston, he asked stiffly, "Now, where do you live?"

She told him. "I'm Barbara Sentry," she said. "I'll tell you where to go."

"You choose curious company," he suggested. "Why does an intelligent girl like you get herself mixed up in a mess like this?"

"Don't you ever find yourself in silly messes? You talk as if you were a thousand years old."

"I'm twenty-eight, if that matters."

She said, amused: "And already so serious? I suppose, being a professor, you think you have to be!"

He was silent, and they came to the Tunnel entrance, and he paid

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The Panty-Frock.
High waistline, puff sleeves, square necklines—they all look adorable on little girls. This flaring frock buttons down the front so that ambitious tots can easily dress themselves in it. This design will be pretty in so many different materials—gingham, challis, percale and dimity. A dress-up version in taffeta will be sweet, too; trim that with ribbon instead of the braid.

The Patterns.
1570 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4⁷/₈ yards of 35-inch material without nap; 2³/₄ yards braid to trim.

1516 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards of 35-inch material; 4¹/₂ yards braid or ribbon to trim; 1³/₈ yards ribbon for belt.

Fall and Winter Fashion Book.
The new 32-page Fall and Winter Pattern Book which shows photographs of the dresses being worn is now out. (One pattern and the Fall and Winter Pattern Book—25 cents.) You can order the book separately for 15 cents.

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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How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worry about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL-WORTH TRYING!

In an Emergency

We never can tell what is in a man until an emergency calls out his reserve, and he cannot call out an ounce more than has been stored up.—Warren.

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!
Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—A 37—38



"But He Can't Go to Court in Dinner Clothes."

teach him something, to wake up in jail!"

"I'll go with you. I can't leave him."

Someone touched her arm, and she whirled, and a man said, "Can I help in any way?" There was a moment's silence of surprise. The newcomer explained: "I'm Professor Brace, Harvard Business School. If I can be of service?"

It was the officer who answered him. "You might take the young lady home, Professor," he suggested. "The boy here has had a drop too many. I had to slap him down. He'll sleep it off in the station; but it would be too bad to have a nice girl—"

"But I want to take care of him," Barbara insisted. "I can't run out on him."

Professor Brace said, "You seem sober."

"Of course I am!"

"Then you ought to be sensible. Come along. I'll see you safe home; and the officer will give your gallant young escort a break in court!"

The policeman added his urgencies. "Yes, ma'am, you do that. Drunk and disorderly, five dollars. That's all."

"But he can't go to court in dinner clothes!"

The professor's tone held a grudging approval. "You're a loyal young woman. Suppose we do this. You tell me where he lives. I'll

toll and went on. In the Tunnel, she said contritely: "I'm sorry. I was horrid to be sarcastic! And I am grateful, really, you're nice to take all this bother."

"If you picked your escorts a little more carefully, you wouldn't require rescue."

"Oh, don't keep on being a professor," she urged, smiling. "You're not in a classroom now."

They emerged from the Tunnel; and as he swung to the right, he had to check speed for a moment to allow a car coming from the left to proceed in front of them. Professor Brace caught a glimpse of the man at the wheel; and as they followed the other car, Barbara said in quick surprise:

"Why, that's father! That's our car. He must have been down at the office."

"At the office? At this time of night? It's quarter past twelve!"

"He has to go down sometimes," she explained. "Don't pass him. Let's let him get home before we do. He gives me the dickens when I'm out late."

"Not very effectively, I should say," he commented; but he did slow down, kept half a block behind the other car. And they talked now not so much of Johnny as of each other. It was his turn to make apologies.

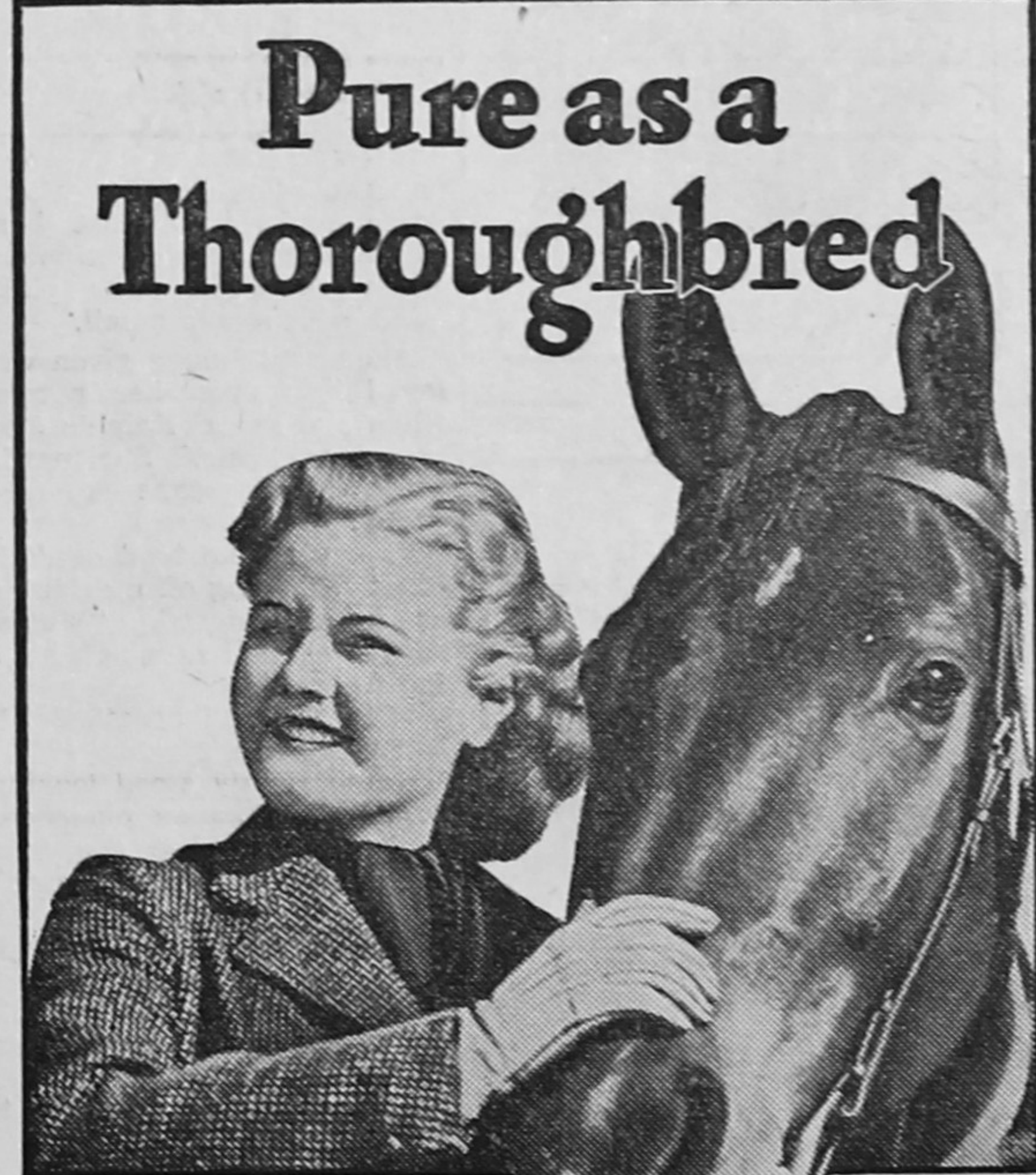
(TO BE CONTINUED)

STARTS TODAY . . .

A thrilling serial about the man who's family dubbed him a murderer . . . a story of family loyalties put to a fiery test.

CRUCIBLE

by BEN AMES WILLIAMS



Pure as a Thoroughbred

Scientific selection, years of experience and tender care have made possible the Thoroughbred horse of today. Half a century of research, of strict adherence to highest-quality specifications is behind Quaker State's scientific achievement . . . motor oil purity.

When you buy Acid-Free Quaker State Motor Oil, you are protecting your motor with the best that modern refining can provide. Your car will run better, last longer. Retail price, 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pennsylvania.



THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THAT'S TELLING HER



She—So you say you'll never marry? Why?
He—I wouldn't marry a girl who wore a one-piece bathing suit, and I'd never be happy with a wife when all the other girls are wearing 'em.

FRESH FROM THE FARM



Boarder—What's the matter?
Farmer—Here I send Willie down to the village for vegetables and he comes back without a can opener.

AND HE KNOWS



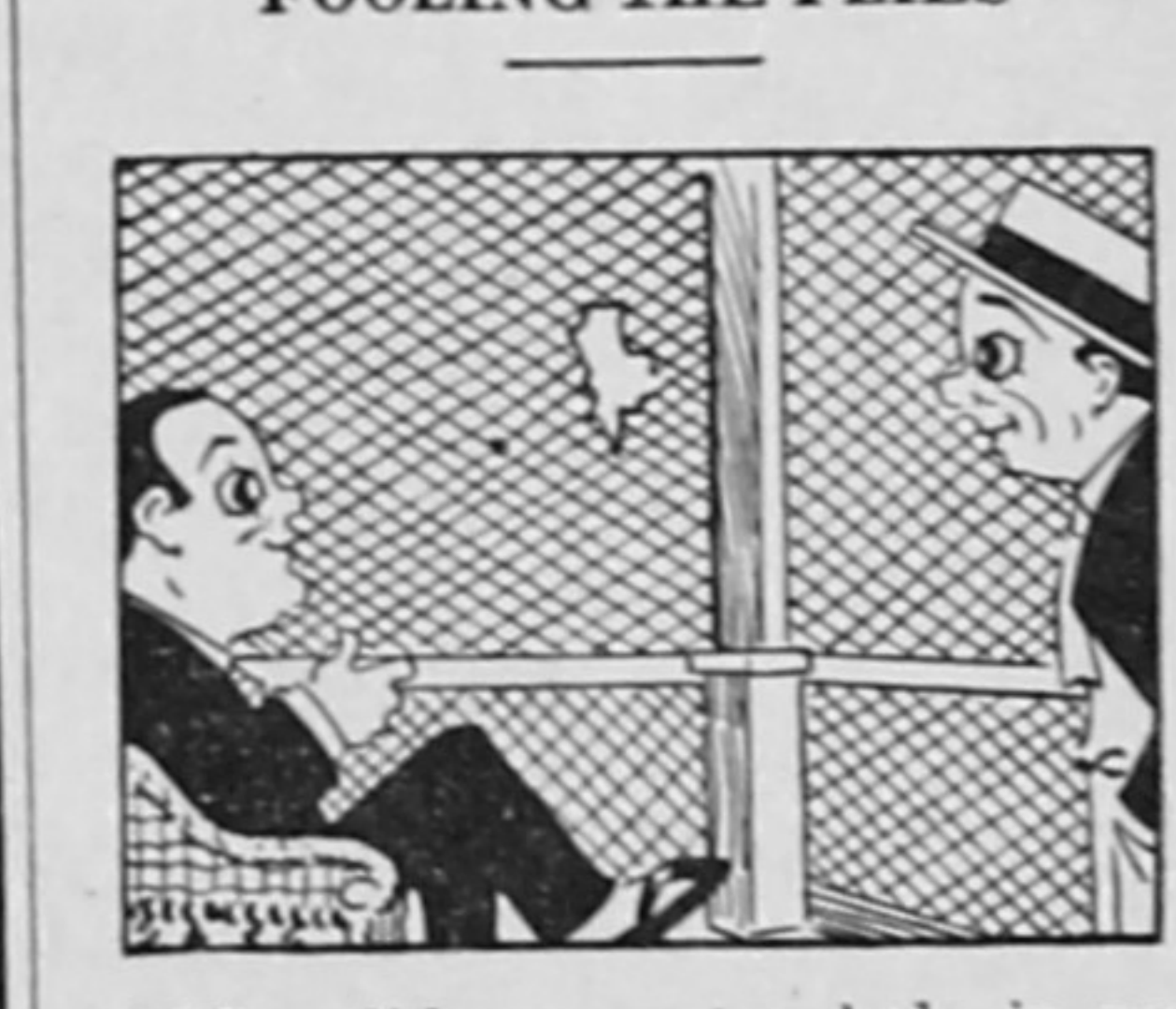
Onlooker—It takes patience to catch those fish, I suppose?
Young Fisherman—No, mister—it takes worms.

IN THE RUNNING



"Mrs. Riche is being heavily sued by Miss Poore for running her down."
"With her car, of course?"
"No—with her tongue."

FOOLING THE FLIES



"Why did you put a hole in your screen?"
"A new scheme, after all the flies in the neighborhood get in, we close it and go outside for a little rest."

THE LISTENING POST



"Are they in love?"
"They must be; she listens to him describe a ball game and he listens to her describe a gown."

SOME MISTAKE



Friend—So you regard the Himalaya mountains as the most remarkable spot on earth?
Traveler—Decidedly so. I found the advertising bill poster has left the region wholly untouched.

By ED WHEELAN

BIG TOP



"FLIP" FLANAGAN RUSHED BACK TO TELL MYRA, FRIEND OF THE CONDEMNED ELEPHANT, WHAT HE HAD JUST OVERHEARD.



-AN' SO, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED IN THE RING THIS AFTERNOON, MYRA, I FIGURED "SILK" WOULD GO IMMEDIATELY TO JEFF BANGS... AN' I WAS RIGHT!! "SILK" WANTS JEFF TO GET RID OF ALTA... SAID HE'D BE GLAD TO SHOOT HER HIMSELF!!



YOU GOT INFLUENCE WITH JEFF, MYRA, SO BEAT IT OVER TO HIS TENT!! THAT GUY 'SILK' JUST LEFT THERE



OH, UNCLE JEFF, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET RID OF ALTA, ARE YOU?!!

THE 'BULL' HAS GONE BAD ON US, MYRA - SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!!!

By RUBE GOLDBERG

LALA PALOOZA

The Call of Love



POOR GONZALES MUST BE RUNNING ALL OVER THE LOBBY LOOKING FOR ME - OH DEAR, HOW HE LOVES ME - IT'S VERY TOUCHING



BOY, PAGE MISTER GONZALES



AH, YOUNG LADY, YOU HAVE THE FORM AND GRACE OF A GODDESS - I COULD FEAST MY EYES ON YOU FOR DAYS



MISTER GONZALES, MISTER GONZALES!

IT MUST BE MY BANKER CALLING!

By C. M. PAYNE

S'MATTER POP—Perfectly Obedient Little Fella



POP HOW TALL WILL I BE WHEN I'M ALL GROWN



GROWN!



OO-OO! AW-RR-RR! OH-RR-RR AW-RR-RR



WHAT THA?
DIDNCHA SAY FER ME TO GROAN. DIDNCHA

Going North, Podner?

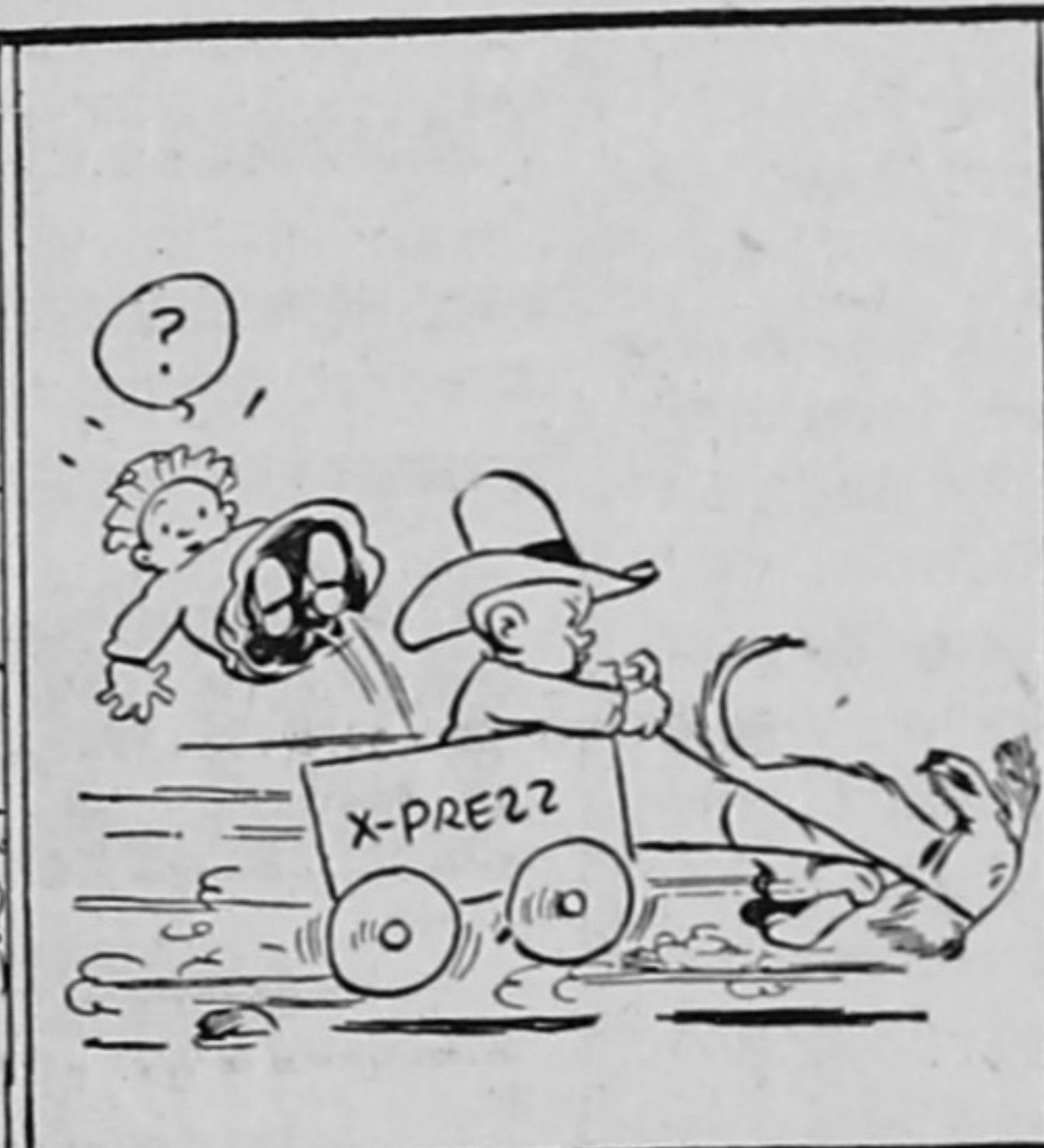
MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

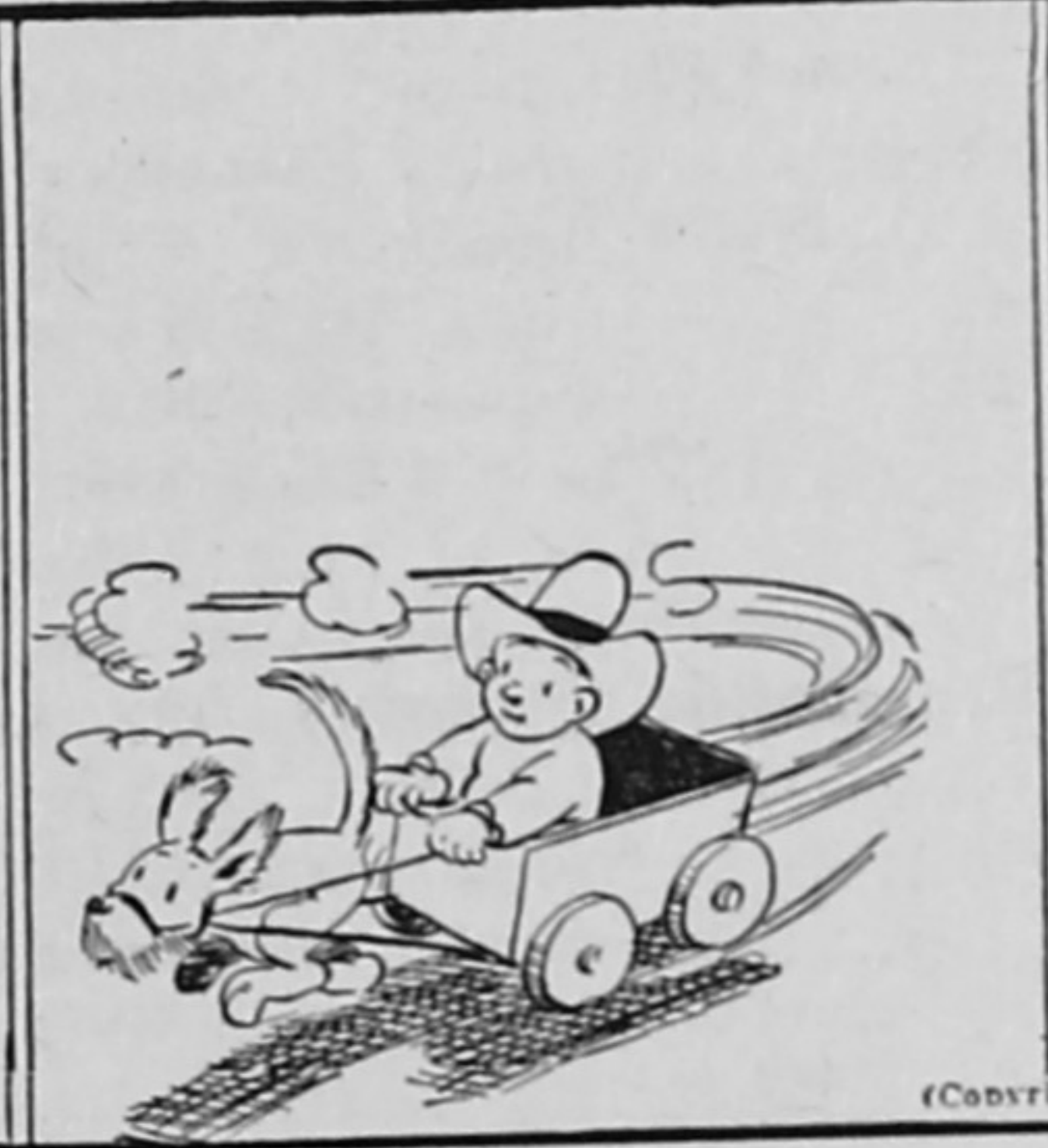


NOW YOU TAKE CARE OF THE BABY FOR MRS. PASH LIKE A GOOD BOY!

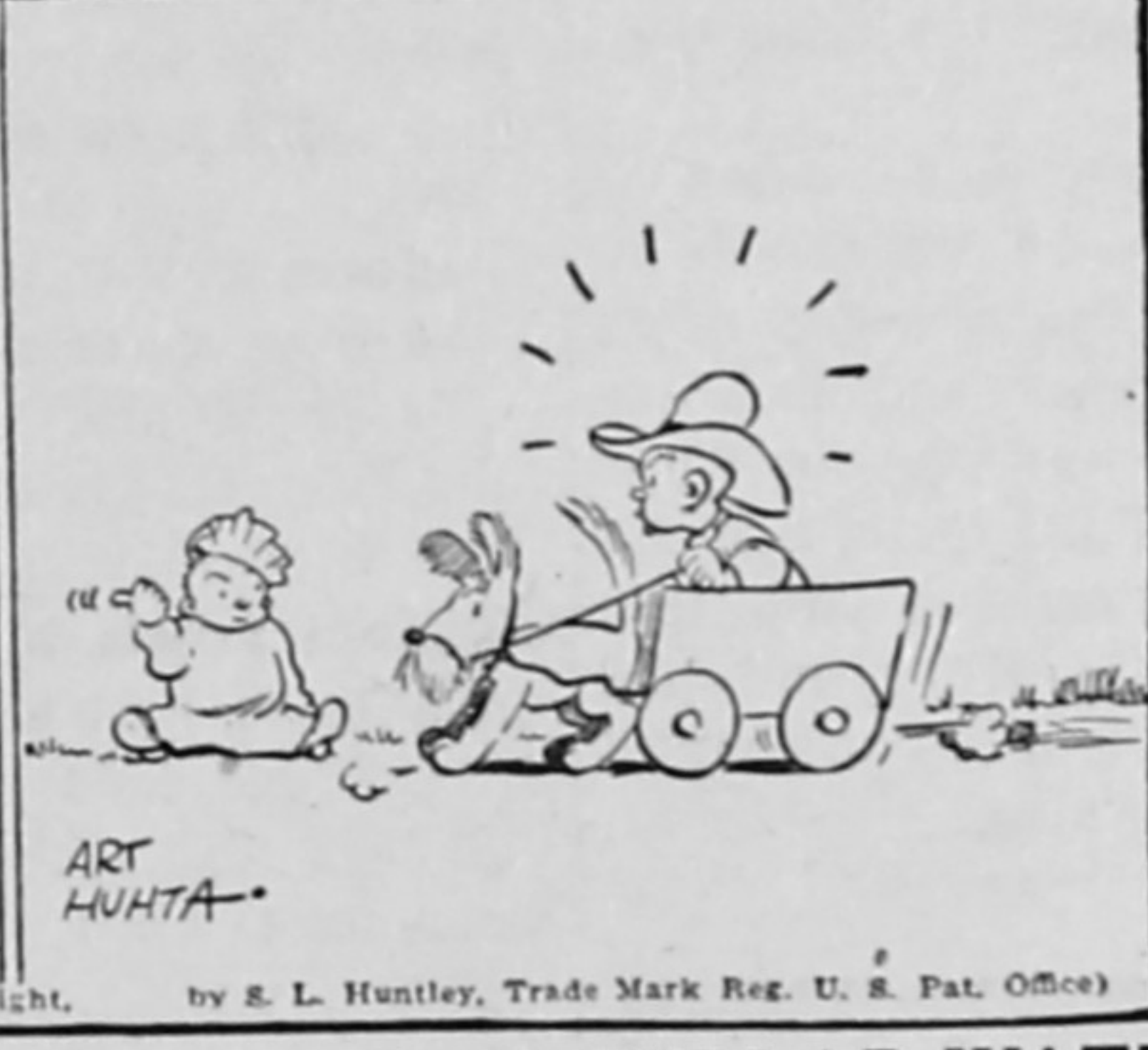
AN' YOU BE CAREFUL TOO!



X-PREZZ

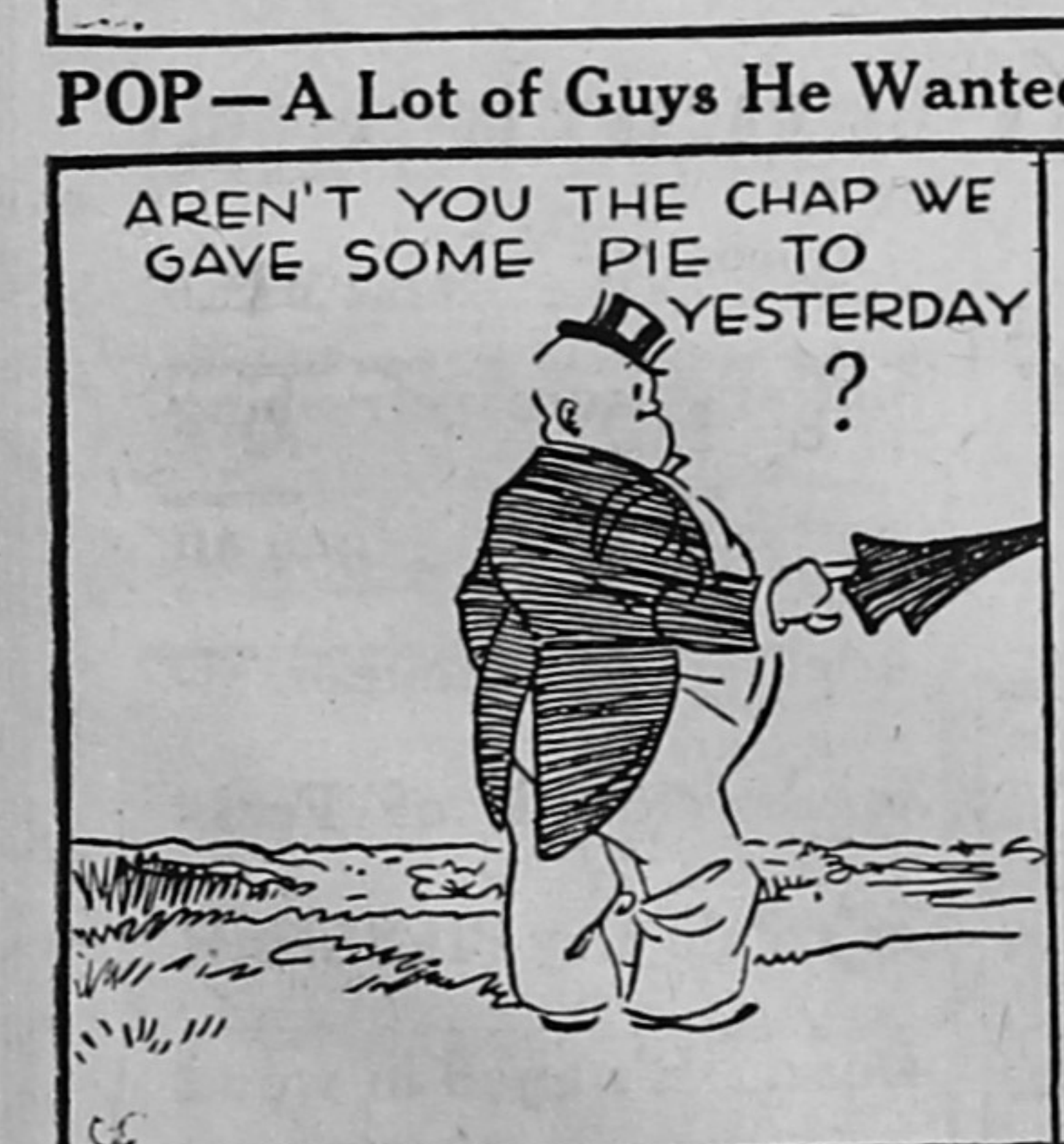


X-PREZZ

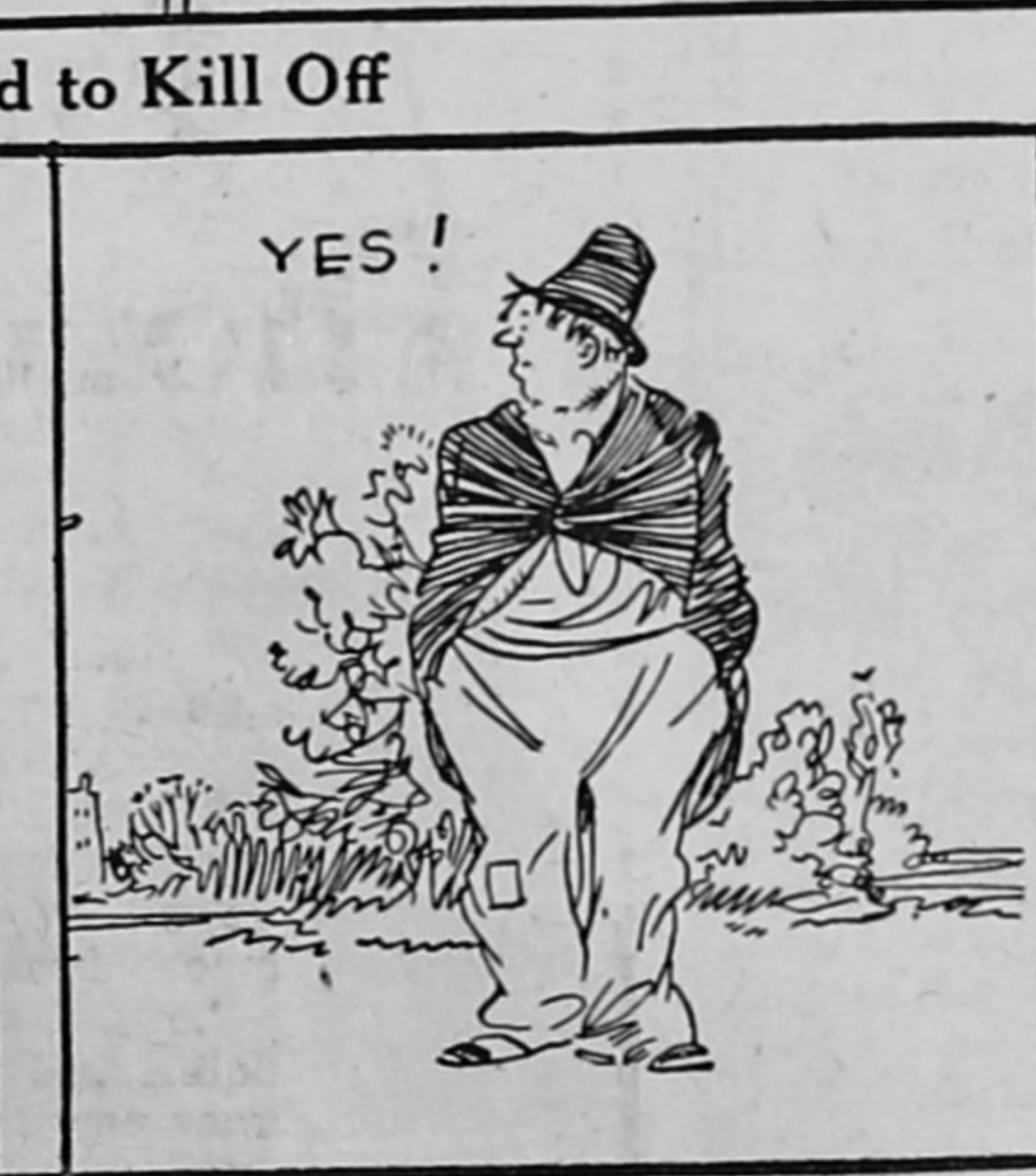


X-PREZZ

By J. MILLAR WATT



AREN'T YOU THE CHAP WE GAVE SOME PIE TO YESTERDAY?



YES!



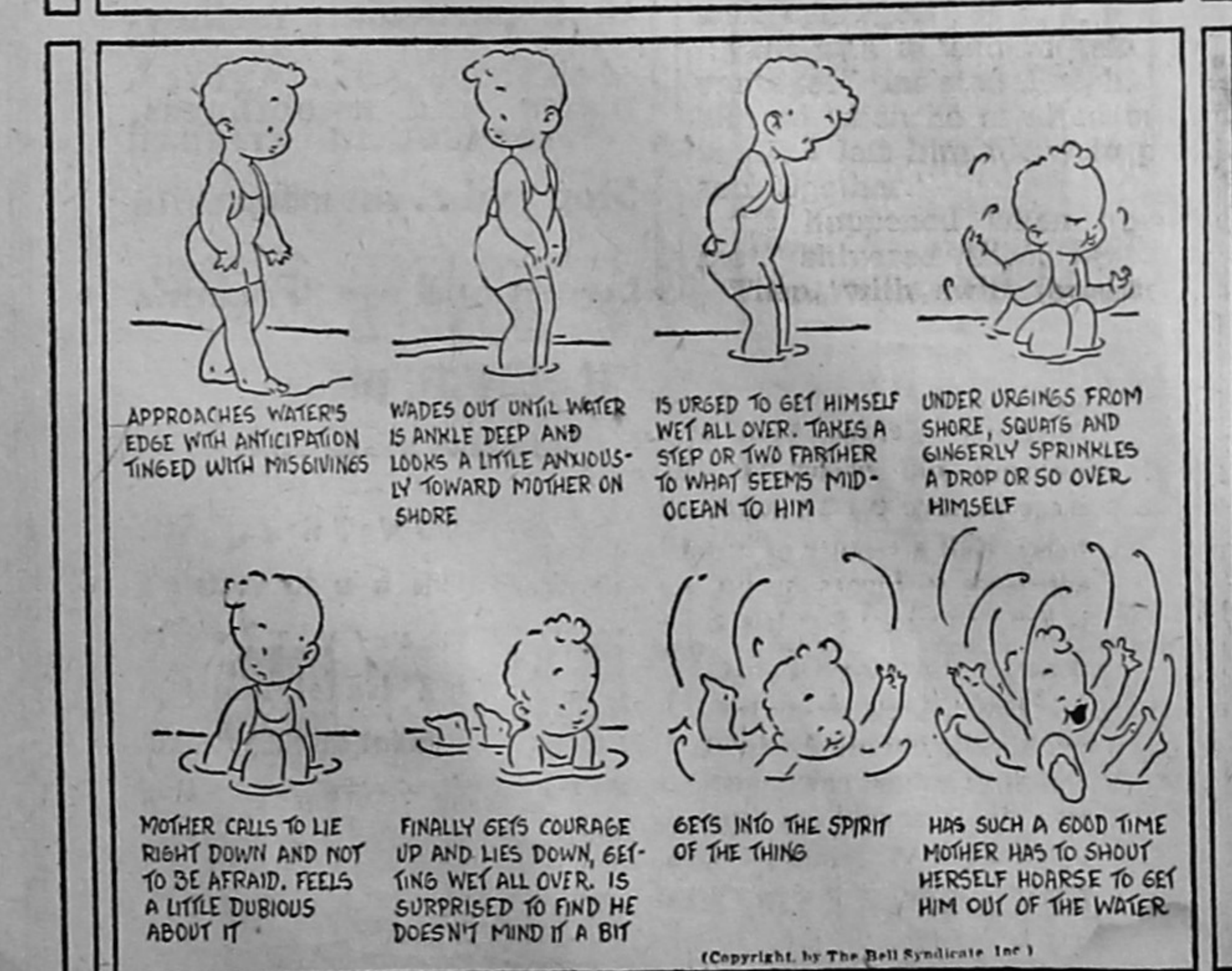
WELL, WHY DID YOU IMMEDIATELY SEND ALL YOUR PALS ROUND?



THEY WEREN'T MY PALS!

THE FIRST PLUNGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



APPROACHES WATER'S EDGE WITH ANTICIPATION TINGED WITH MISGIVINGS
WADES OUT UNTIL WATER IS ANKLE DEEP AND LOOKS A LITTLE ANXIOUSLY TOWARD MOTHER ON SHORE
IS URGED TO GET HIMSELF WET ALL OVER. TAKES A STEP OR TWO FURTHER TO WANT SEEDS MID-OCEAN TO HIM
UNDER URGINGS FROM SHORE, SQUATS AND GINGERLY SPRINKLES A DROP OR SO OVER HIMSELF
MOTHER CALLS TO LIE RIGHT DOWN AND NOT TO BE AFRAID, FEELS A LITTLE DUBIOUS ABOUT IT
FINALLY GETS COURAGE UP AND LIES DOWN, GETTING WET ALL OVER. IS SURPRISED TO FIND HE DOESN'T MIND IT A BIT
GETS INTO THE SPIRIT OF THE THING
HAS SUCH A GOOD TIME MOTHER HAS TO SHOUT HERSELF HOARSE TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WATER

A TITLE QUESTIONED

"Do you feel that study has made you a more successful agriculturist?"
"Not exactly," answered Silas Cornstossel. "I keep practicin' new ideas, but I believe life was more secure when I was satisfied to be a plain farmer."

Surgery Sally

"I can't quite diagnose your case. I think it must be drink."
"All right, doctor. I'll come back when you're sober."
Well, Maybe—
"I don't think there is anything that beats a really good wife."
"What about a bad husband?"—Providence Journal.

THE SCHEMER

Photographer (to Jones, newly wed)—You must try and look less fierce. Otherwise your portrait will be terrible when developed.
Jones—That's all right! My wife's sending one to her mother, who has never seen me before.—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.



"IRIUM Won Us!" Say Millions of Pepsodent Powder Users

Pepsodent alone of all tooth powders contains remarkable Irium!*

* Mirrors don't lie! So for the true facts about the remarkable effectiveness of Pepsodent powder containing Irium, consult your mirror!
Examine your teeth closely... tonight. Then switch to Pepsodent Powder. Use it regularly... twice a day. After a short time, again examine your teeth in a mirror. Expect a real improvement!... For Pepsodent is faster... more effective and SAFE in its action on teeth! It contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT! Buy it now!

*Pepsodent's trade mark for Purified Aiky! Sulfate

Strategy

By GERTRUDE SCHALK
 © McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
 WNU Service.

TOM GRAHAM let himself into the tiny flat that was home to him. It was so small one could stand at the entrance and see every corner of all three rooms and the kitchenette. In the living room Tom Jr. scrambled around on the floor in his little pen. Ann Graham came to the door of the kitchenette. "Hello, dear." "Hello, sweet. You look tired. What's up?" Ann shook her head wearily. "Had baby down to the clinic this afternoon. Dr. Ross was there—"

Tom looked anxious. "The usual thing. But what's the use talking about it? We can barely make things go here, let alone wanting to move to the country."

Tom's face grew dark, his voice bitter. "If that old skinflint of an aunt of mine would only kick the bucket and leave us that house of hers, we'd—"

"Tom! Don't talk like that about Aunt Lizzie!"

"Well, there she is all alone in that big house, with a darned dog cluttering up the space. She thinks more of that old Anthony than she does of us. You know that. Won't even invite you and the kid out for a week, 'cause Anthony doesn't like children! Bah!"

In the midst of Tom's tirade the bell rang. A special delivery.

"Dear Tom and Anna—I shall be in town Wednesday. Will be around to see you at six for a short visit. My train leaves at seven. Would you mind having a little meat of some kind for Anthony, as I know he will be hungry, and I couldn't think of letting him eat in a restaurant."

"ELIZABETH RHODES.

"P. S.—Anthony is extremely nervous, so please arrange to have your child out of the way. E. R."

"My . . . for crying out loud! Can you beat that? Tonight, too."

Tom slouched into the dining room, while Ann, with a backward look at Aunt Lizzie, slipped swiftly into the bedroom where the baby lay gurgling happily on the bed. Softly she picked him up and slid quietly into the kitchenette.

A moment later Aunt Lizzie looked up and beheld in the doorway her nephew's child waving two chubby hands and cooing at the big dog that lay at her feet.

Suddenly the baby flopped down in the middle of the floor and clapped his little hands. Anthony sniffed, and sniffed again; then lumbering to his feet, he padded slowly over to the baby.

Aunt Lizzie was petrified with astonishment at the sight of Anthony licking little Tom's hands. It must be an extraordinary baby to attract Anthony. Just then Ann entered the room and gave a cry of pleased astonishment.

"Why, isn't that too cute! Tom, come here and look at baby."

"Do you know, Anna this is a revelation to me," Aunt Lizzie was visibly shaken. "Anthony has never taken to any child before. I have always wanted to have you and Tom live with me, but as long as Anthony was so nervous with children I couldn't ask you. But now that I can see for myself that he likes your child, why, I shall ask you right away to come and make your home with us."

"Aunt Lizzie! You dear."

"Well," ejaculated Tom, later, as the outer door closed on Aunt Lizzie and Anthony. "How did you do it?"

Ann, who had been undressing Tom Jr. lifted the baby and moved closer to her husband. With a sly twinkle in her eye, she lifted one tiny hand and held it under Tom's nose. Tom sniffed—and there was a puzzled look in his eyes. Suddenly he shouted, "Liver!"

"Yes," nodded Ann. "Ten cents worth for Anthony's dinner—with a little juice rubbed on baby's hands for an appetizer. Do you blame poor Anthony for falling?"

Church Bells to Stop Storms
 It was once believed that the ringing of church bells would stop storms and pestilences, drive away enemies and put out fires. At one time the bell in St. Paul's cathedral in London was rung in great tempests and lightnings, as the old books say. Again, church bells have been rung backward to call aid in times of distress and alarm, such as the breaking out of a big fire. This was the custom in many places in Europe, and it is practiced in parts of Switzerland and Sweden.

A Child Led the Police
 The Biblical statement that "a little child shall lead them" was outdone at Anaconda, Mont., by a five-year-old boy. When efforts of the police and fire departments to rescue a kitten perched on a 40-foot high-tension electric wire pole had failed, the child merely said, "Kitty, kitty, kitty," and the kitten came down.

Keep Courage Up
 Keep your courage up, and conversely, it will keep you up.—
 Eames.

Six Men Killed 55 Lose Fingers In Corn Pickers

It's time to remind all Illinois farmers that last year six men were killed and at least 55 lost fingers or hands in the operation of corn pickers, says the Illinois Agricultural department of safety.

When one considers that the value of the corn harvested is not enhanced one cent through the careless operation of the picker, it's difficult to justify the chances people take when they:

- (1) Ignore the spinning power take-off which can grab a loose overall or trouser leg and whip the wearer to death.
- (2) Attempt to adjust or oil moving chains, gears or sprockets.
- (3) Reach into the husking or snapping rolls to remove trash or a lodged ear.

The only rule to follow in safely handling corn pickers as well as other farm machinery is: Keep hands and clothing away from all moving parts . . . stop the machinery first, then make adjustments.

You can, of course, buy artificial hands but the fingers don't move or feel, says the department.

Pioneer Dance Calls

Pictureque titles, such as 'Dip the Oyster,' 'Chase the Rabbit,' and 'Rip the Ring,' still designate types of square dances in Adams County, according to research workers of the Illinois Federal Writers' Project, W. P. A. Square dances in the smaller towns and villages of this area, as well as in other sections, are still very popular, and types of dances and calls have changed very little since pioneer times.

Music for the dance is usually supplied by a fiddler and a banjo player, often with a guitar player to help out. Callers are as important as the music, and are usually local people, who may or may not be paid for their performance.

The "half and half" dance is also quite popular, the dances in the course of the evening being half square dances and half the more modern waltzes, fox-trots, and others. Both young and old, however, still meet to "dip that oyster—now the stew—and pull that oyster right on through" until early morning.

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

Horrors of the Drouth
DURING the great drouth of 1936 an enterprising photographer sold to news picture companies three "views from the drouth area of North Dakota" which were printed in newspapers all over the country. One showed the water in the Missouri river near Stanton so low that automobiles could ford the "Big Muddy" without difficulty; another depicted "a herd of cattle from the drouth area contentedly grazing on the state capitol grounds at Bismarck"; and a third, the whitened skull of a steer lying on a bare spot of pasture that had been parched and cracked by the heat.

Widespread publication of these pictures caused great indignation throughout North Dakota because its citizens knew that they were gross exaggerations. Finally the Fargo Forum exposed the hoax by reprinting the pictures labeled "It's a Fake!"

Along with the Missouri river picture was printed one showing a Stanton ferry crossing the stream which, it declared, was 15 feet deep at that place. The second was labeled "a photographic trick—superimposing a picture of a herd of cattle on a picture of the North Dakota capitol building."

As for the steer's skull it was called a "movable 'prop' which comes in handy for photographers who want to touch up their pictures with a bit of the grisly" and it was pointed out that it was "a typical alkali flat, left when melting snow water and spring rains have passed. Without difficulty, one can find these in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Indiana, wherever one chooses."

Western Newspaper Union.

Delinquent Tax List

Of Ayers Township, Champaign County, Illinois.

A list of delinquent lands, town lots and real estate in Ayers Township, Champaign County, and state of Illinois, for which the taxes remain due and unpaid for the years 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936 and 1937.

Such tracts of land and town lots and real estate as include the taxes for the years 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935 and 1936 are designated thus: "1930" "1931" "1932" "1933" "1934" "1935" and "1936" set opposite and to the right of such tracts and town lots and all tracts or town lots not so marked are listed for the year 1937 only; with the name of the owners, so far as known, and the amount of taxes, thereon, viz.:

Town of Ayers		
Township 17 North, Range 11 East, 3rd P. M.		
Mrs. Hilda Seider, nw frl less 4a RR sec 30 96a	\$64.80	
Same, sw sec 30 98.83a	78.26	
Township 17 North, Range 14 West, 2nd P. M.		
Christ Schweineke, n½ nw sec 4 82.70a	\$105.89	
M. J. Manning, e½ ne ne sw sec 4 5a	6.25	
Anna Dohme Baylor, w¼ ne sec 7 80a	43.38	
Elenore Beck, sw ne sec 16 40a	60.70	
Elenore Beck, s¼ nw sec 16 80a	127.94	
Howard S. Clem, w¼ sw sec 18 80a	52.82	
E. K. Pugh, n½ ne sec 20 80a	115.92	
A. G. Porterfield, s¼ ne sec 20 80a	47.50	
E. K. Pugh, e½ nw sec 20 80a	95.00	
A. G. Porterfield, n¼ sw sec 20 80a	47.50	
Francis Porterfield, nw ne sec 21 40a	35.31	
S. H. Porterfield, nw sec 21 160 a	137.57	
E. R. Telling, sw sec 31 160a	244.94	
Kauffman and Rudder, ¼a in ne cor ne sec 33 .75a yr 1935-1936	81.19	
Julia Fausett, n½ se sec 33 80a	120.96	
Original Town of Broadlands		
Anna Seeds, lot 9 blk 1	\$1.76	
O. H. Thodø, lot 10 blk 1 yr 1936	3.16	
Same, lot 11 blk 1, yr 1936	28.09	
Anna Seeds, lot 12 blk 1	7.80	
R. L. Bowman, lot 1 blk 3	21.20	
Ray L. Bowman, n¼ lot 4 blk 389	
R. L. Bowman, s¼ lot 4 blk 389	
P. O. Rayl, s¼ lot 10 blk 3	4.45	
Same, lot 11 blk 3	8.87	
Frank Snider, lots 1 and 4 blk 5	3.48	
George Overman, lot 2 blk 5	4.78	
Same, lot 3 blk 5	1.76	
Frank Snider, lots 5 and 8 blk 5	3.48	
R. L. Bowman, lot 6 blk 5	5.21	
Frank Snider, lots 9 and 12 blk 5	13.85	
R. L. Bowman, lot 1 blk 6	5.21	
Fay Comer, lots 4 and 5 blk 6, yr 1935-1936	41.56	
O. H. Comer, lot 11 blk 6	7.38	
Bergfield Bros. n¼ lot 12 blk 8	13.19	
Same, s¼ lot 12 blk 8	16.21	
Broadlands Grain and Coal Co., lot 2 blk 9		4.78
Broadlands Grain and Coal Co., lot 2 blk 10		8.64
Same, lot 3 blk 10		1.76
Sam Gurnea, lot 1 blk 14 yr 1936		22.83
Same, lot 4 blk 14, yr 1936		4.06
Chas. Crain, lot 3 blk 16		17.74
Julia Douthitt, lot 1 blk 17		7.38
Lewis Ault's Addition to Broadlands		
Bergfield Bros., lot 3 blk 3	\$13.16	
Same, lot 4 blk 388	
Same, lot 5 blk 388	
Bus Baldwin, lot 1 blk 4	22.92	

Bus Baldwin, lot 4 blk 41.76
 Same, n¼ lot 5 blk 489

J. R. Johnson's Addition to Broadlands
 Herman Luth, lot 1 blk 1 . . \$17.74
 Same, lot 4 blk 11.76
 Same, lot 5 blk 11.76
 Bergfield Bros., lot 1 blk 5 .13.19

Wm. Astell Sr. Addition to Broadlands
 Kenneth Dicks, lot 3 blk 3 . \$1.76

J. R. Johnson's 2nd Addition to Broadlands
 Harry Richards, lot 7 blk 1 . \$9.96

**Treasurer's Office
 Urbana, Champaign County, Illinois, September 12, 1938**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned treasurer and ex-officio collector of Champaign county, and state of Illinois, will apply to the county clerk of Champaign county, at the September term, thereof, to be held on the last Monday in September, at the office of the county clerk of said county (it being the usual place for holding said court) for judgment against the said described lands, town lots and real estate for such taxes, special assessments, interests and costs, thereon, respectively, and also an order to sell the said lands, town lots, and real estate for the satisfaction thereof, and notice is hereby given that on the first Monday, next, succeeding the granting of judgment or the first Monday of the October term, to-wit: On Monday the third day of October, A. D. 1938, all the lands, town lots and real estate and tracts of land for the sale of which an order shall have been made by the said county court, will be exposed to public sale at the place of holding such court in said county, for the amount of said taxes, special assessments, interests and costs, accrued thereon, respectively.

Signed:
 WILLARD G. GOODMAN,
 Treasurer and Ex-officio
 Collector of Champaign
 County, Illinois.

I, J. F. Darnall, business manager of the Broadlands News, a weekly newspaper published at Broadlands, County of Champaign, State of Illinois, do hereby certify that the foregoing lists of lands, town lots, and real estate were published in said newspaper on the 15th day of September, 1938, and that said lists have been examined and found correct and that the same were published in all the papers for that number and date and duly distributed according to law.

J. F. Darnall,
 Business manager of
 the Broadlands News.

Long View News

Merton Parks and family spent the week end at Kirksville, Mo.

The last out-door movie of the season was shown Monday evening.

Misses Dorothy Turner and Decemma Martinie went to Indianapolis, Monday, to enroll in Indiana Central College.

The Longview high school band furnished music for the parade as part of the fair program, Thursday afternoon.

Rev. J. F. Turner attended conference at Decatur last week. He was returned to the Broadlands-Longview charge for another year.

The Longview high school and grade school were dismissed on Thursday and Friday of last week for the teachers to attend the county institute.

The Connie Welker family moved to a house near Sidney, Saturday, vacating the property recently transferred to Willard Maxwell.

Classified Ads.

APPLES—Now harvesting Jonathan, Grimes Golden, Delicious. Buy eating and cooking apples now before they go into storage which adds 25c per bushel to price. Bring your jug for sweet cider and vinegar. OLD ORCHARD FARM, 3 miles south Champaign on Route 45.

For Sale—Potatoes and Onions. Mrs. Lydia Brown.

HARRY A. LITTLE
 Republican
 Candidate For
County Treasurer

STAR Now Showing the New Season's Parade of Hits
 Villa Grove

Thur. & Fri., Sept. 15-16
 A Picture Full of Laughs and Thrills!
 Victor MacLaglen
 Brian Donleavy

We're Going To Be Rich
 "Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, Sept. 17
 Mat. 5c-10c Nite 10c-20c
 Harold Lloyd

Professor Beware
 Comedy Cartoon

Sun. & Mon., Sept. 18-19
 Her Best Yet!
 Jane Withers

KEEP SMILING
 10c-25c

Tues.-Wed., Sept. 20-21
 It's Here—The Picture That Is Breaking All Records.
 Matinee Each Day 3 p. m.

Alice Faye
 Don Ameche
 Tyrone Power
Alexanders Ragtime Band
 10c-25c

Among the odd wills probated last year, one was tattooed on a human back and another was written on an egg.

VOTE YES VOTE

by Ratifying
CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

VOTE YES NOV. 8

PRESERVE OUR STATE BANKING SYSTEM

Watch for the pamphlet which your county clerk or election commissioners will mail to you before October 1.

This pamphlet will contain the present provisions of our State Constitution relating to banking, the proposed Amendment, the explanation of the Amendment, the argument of the General Assembly in favor of the Amendment, and the form in which the proposal will appear on the ballot at the General Election on Nov. 8.

Read it and be informed on this question of great public importance.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT COMMITTEE
 Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman
 127 W. Madison St., Chicago

VOTE YES VOTE

PILSENER BEER

FECKER'S Beer
 FECKER BREWING COMPANY
 DANVILLE, ILLINOIS

PLEASANT INTERLUDE!
 On a warm day, there's nothing more refreshing and invigorating than an inviting mid-summer afternoon drink of Fecker's Pale Dry PILSENER Beer. It's aged in wood and hop-flavored for that particular mellowness and smoothness. Stop in at your favorite tavern and say "Fecker's PILSENER, please."

FECKER BREWING COMPANY
 DANVILLE, ILLINOIS