THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 19 — BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, 1938 — NUMBER 24

Rohl-Schweineke Annual Reunion

The fifth annual Rohl-Schweineke reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bundy, of Allerton, last Sunday.

At the noon hour a basket dinner was enjoyed. In the afternoon a business meeting was held at which the following officers were re-elected: Herman Rohl, president; Mrs. Stanley Bundy, secretary; Lou Schweineke, treasurer.

After the meeting the younger members presented a program which was greatly enjoyed.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Block, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Schweineke and son, Homer; Mr. and Mrs. Jess Frisbie, Mr. and Mrs. Will Schweineke, Champaign; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schweineke, Ralph and Inez, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Schweineke, Devalson and Merl, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rohl, Newman; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bundy and family, Allerton.

The 1939 reunion will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schweineke the third Sunday in September.

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Sept. 24, 1926

George Dohme spent the week end with Roy Block in Chicago.

The Broadlands News moved from across the street to its present location.

Mr. and Mrs. George Frick of Indianapolis visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frick.

Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Dicks and Mrs. Carl Dicks visited relatives at Hale, Mo.

Mrs. Vashti Busick of Flat Rock, Mich., arrived here for a visit with relatives and friends.

Verley High of Fairland purchased the Harris restaurant at Broadlands.

Henry C. Wilson of Olivet, a former Broadlands resident, visited friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ebert Carmack of Auburn, Mo., visited at the D. P. Brewer home.

Parking at an angle to the curb has caused many difficulties from an accident prevention standpoint.

Whenever you park a car at an angle, be sure you park so that the cars on either side of you can get in and out of the parking location.

Whenever you back out, be sure you drive slowly. I have seen automobile drivers come out of an angle parking position next to the curb as though they were answering a fire call. No warning is received by the automobile driver who is traveling on the street, although he may be using every precaution.

The usual results of careless backing out of the angle parking lot are minor collisions, but serious accidents have resulted.

The News is $1.50 a year.

Local and Personal

Mrs. Leanna Miller spent the latter part of last week with relatives in Decatur.

Miss Marie Witt spent the past few days with Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Neff at Danville.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Haines of Hume visited Mrs. Mabel Haines Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Logan of Sidney were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Logan.

Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Dicks spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Dicks at Allerton.

Miss Margaret Hudson of Danville spent the first of the week with P. O. Rayl and family.

Mrs. Clara Craig and daughter left Wednesday for a few days visit with relatives at Hume and Newman.

Mrs. Lottie Astell returned Sunday after a week's visit with Loman King and family at Aurora.

Kenner Wood and Smith Hamilton of Fairland spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell.

Rev. W. Earl Ballew, pastor of the M. E. Church, has been returned to the local charge for another year.

John Nohren and O. P. Witt attended a meeting of the commissioners of highways at Urbana, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cook spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Starkey at Pesotum.

Mrs. Orval McCormick and Mrs. Lillie Baker were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Harvey at Rockville, Ind., Wednesday.

Rev. J. F. Turner, pastor of the U. B. Church, has been returned to the local charge for another year.

Mrs. Anna Cook and son Fred, of Brookfield, Mo., arrived Wednesday for a few days visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Cook and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schumacher returned Tuesday after a week's visit with Dr. Arthur Schumacher and family at Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Messman accompanied their daughter, Miss Marjorie, to Jacksonville, Monday where she entered Mac Murray College.

Mrs. Bus Baldwin and son, Johnny, spent Sunday and Monday with Mrs. Anna Poggendorf and daughters at Danville.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Mohr and daughter, Miss Muriel, were Sullivan visitors, Sunday. They visited the Masonic home while there.

Mrs. Alvin Zenke returned on Tuesday from Eureka Springs, Ark. Mr. Zenke who recently submitted to an operation will remain there for another week.

Charles Wendling informs us that he expects to drill for oil or gas on his farm northwest of Broadlands in the very near future.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl and daughter Wanda spent Sunday at Turkey Run with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Parsons of Villa Grove and John Walker and family of Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Crain were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith at Fairland. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Maxwell and children spent Sunday with the Griffiths.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Dahl Roth of Kansas, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Dillman and son Connie of Hume, were Sunday afternoon guests of Mrs. Clara Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Payne, Mrs. Florence Tyler, Misses Janet Rogers, Louise Parker, and Joe Bryant of Chicago spent Sunday with Mrs. Anna Neal and family.

Mrs. Flora Bailey and Mrs. Lucy Sullivan attended the Baker reunion held at Crystal Springs Park near Muncie, last Sunday. Others attending were from Urbana, Sidell, Fairmount, Homer, Westville, Sidney, and from California.

At a meeting held last Tuesday night in regard to the proposed community building for Broadlands, the committee decided to find out the exact cost of the project, and then hold a community meeting in order to find out whether to go ahead with the proposition.

Mrs. Agnes Turner Hostess to L. W. Class

The L. W. Class of the U. B. Sunday School met with Mrs. Agnes Turner at Longview on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Leona Bergfield had charge of the meeting, in the absence of the president.

Refreshments consisted of sandwiches, jello cabbage salad, and coffee.

Those present were Mesdames Leona Bergfield, Lucy Sullivan, Ora Brown, Olive Rayl, Flora Bailey, Ella Maxwell and Agnes Turner.

Bobby McClelland Celebrates Birthday

Mrs. Raymond McClelland entertained a number of children on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of her son, Bobby's 12th birthday anniversary. Refreshments of cake and grape juice were served, and games were played.

Those present were Geraldine and Melvin DeWitt, Noel and Darrell Dicks, Byron Struck and Bobby McClelland.

Bobby received several nice gifts.

N. M. S. Class Entertains Y. W. O. Class Wednesday

The N. M. S. Class of the U. B. Church entertained the Y. W. O. Class at a hobo wiener roast in the woods northeast of Homer last Wednesday night. The class was invited to the home of Bud Comer and from there were taken to the woods by truck and car.

Following a hobo clothes hunt all sat around a bonfire and roasted wieners and marshmallows.

22 Million Dollars a Week

Gold is being shipped into the United States at the rate of $22,000,000 a week. This is apparently caused by the continuation of war scares in Europe. Treasury officials say they expect the rate to iucrease as a result of the threatening conditions abroad. During August the treasury department purchased approximately $100,000,000 of gold shipped here. During that month, the Treasury's gold reserves reached the record high of $13,092,000,000, approximately 55 percent of the world's monetary gold supply.

Mrs. Margaret Anderson Entertains Bridge Club

Mrs. Margaret Anderson entertained the F. A. Bridge Club on Friday afternoon of last week. Mrs. Irene Witt won the member prize; Mrs. Bertha Cook guest prize; and Mrs. Zermah Witt retained the traveling prize.

A lovely two course lunch was served consisting of assorted sandwiches, molded fruit salad and limeade, followed by ice box chocolate pudding and coffee.

Guests present were Mrs. Bertha Cook, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, Mrs. Merle Block, Mrs. Maude Luedke and Mrs. Lorraine Mohr.

Members present were Mesdames Zermah Witt, Neva Frick, Olive Rayl, Jennie Nohren, Anna Struck, Delia Nohren, Jessie Bergfield, Minnie Limp, Edna Telling, Irene Witt, Gladys McClelland and Margaret Anderson.

Annual Chicken Supper Next Wednesday Evening

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church will have their annual chicken supper Wednesday evening, Sept. 28. Hours 5-8. Everyone is invited to attend.

Price: Adults, 40c; Children, 25c.

MENU

Fried Chicken Sprig Parsley
Whipped Potatoes Gravy
Noodles Harvard Beets
Perfection Salad Assorted Pies
Hot Rolls Coffee

Applications for License Plates Ready Nov. 1st

Springfield, Ill. — Application forms for 1939 license plates will not be ready for distribution until November 1st, at which time reassignments will be made upon request of motor vehicle owners, Secretary of State Edward J. Hughes announces.

Numerous requests for application blanks and number combinations are daily being received by the State Automobile Department.

New number combinations cannot be issued, Secretary Hughes explained, because at this early date it is impossible to tell which plates will be reassigned prior to December 1 as required by law.

Believe It Or Not

Believe it or not, but Raymond White, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert White, of south of Broadlands, is again attending the Broadlands Public school after an absence of a number of years. He informs us that he graduated from the eighth grade six years ago, and is now attending high school and expects to finish the four year course in three years. He is 22 years old.

Realizing what a slim chance a young man has of getting anywhere in the world in this day and age without having at least a high school education, we hope that Raymond has the stictuiveness to carry out his present plans and finish his schooling.

Basket Dinner Sunday

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.

The News is $1.50 a year.

Wilma Schweineke Bride of Earl Kresin

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Wilma Schweineke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Schweineke, of Homer, and Earl Kresin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Kresin, of Tuscola.

The wedding took place at five o'clock, Wednesday, Sept. 14, in the St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran church at Frankfort, Ind., with the single ring ceremony read by the Rev. C. R. Defendurfer.

The couple was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Block, sister and brotherinlaw of the bride.

The bride was attired in a dress of royal blue velvet with black accessories, and Mrs. Block wore light blue with navy accessories.

Mrs. Kresin is a graduate of the Allerton high school with the class of 1937. Mr. Kresin attended the Tuscola high school and later engaged in farming.

The young couple are making their home northwest of Tuscola.

Dr. H. I. Conn In Automobile Accident

Dr. H. I. Conn, of this city, was in the Jarman hospital, at Tuscola, Thuraday, Sept. 15, suffering from several broken ribs, cuts and bruises, which he received in an auto accident about 2 miles east of Hume, on Route 36, that morning.

The accident was caused by A. D. Sizer, of Champaign, parking his truck on the highway without flares. The Newman physician was meeting some cars, was blinded by their lights, and failed to see the parked truck until too late to avoid crashing into it.

The car in which Dr. Conn was riding, was almost completely wrecked. He is very lucky to have escaped more serious injury, but when we called on him at the hospital, Thursday noon, he said he was feeling pretty good and hoped to be back home in a day or two.—Newman Independent.

Adolph Hoops Receives Naturalization Papers

Adolph Hoops was one of a class of 78 persons who became citizens of the United States of America, Wednesday, Sept. 14, when they joined one of the largest classes of persons seeking final naturalization papers at the U. S. district court in Danville.

The residents are among a class or 78 of whom most were present to receive their papers personally Wednesday. Champaign, Urbana, Danforth, and Watseka each had two candidates on hand.

Mr. Hoops, a resident of the south side, and a C&EI car inspector, had been a German citizen.—Villa Grove News.

Market Report

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

No. 2 new hard wheat	55c
No. 2 white corn	43c
No. 2 yellow corn	43c
No. 3 new white oats	20c
No. 2 new beans	66c

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

HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS

MARS COUNTS NOSES

ARMIES

RUSSIA	
Regular Army	1,600,000
Reserves	18,000,000
	19,600,000
ITALY	
Regular Army	658,000
Air Force	50,000
Reserves	6,300,000
	7,008,000
FRANCE	
Regular Army	658,000
Air Force	50,000
Reserves	5,500,000
	6,208,000
GERMANY	
Regular Army (Including Air Force)	900,000
Reserves	300,000
Nazi Units	2,400,000
	3,600,000
GREAT BRITAIN	
Regular Army	292,000
Air Force	75,000
Reserves	550,000
	917,000
UNITED STATES	
Regular Army (Including Air Force)	177,000
National Guard	195,000
Reserves	100,000
	472,000

NAVIES

GREAT BRITAIN
Tonnage: 1,758,478
(Including 20 Battleships)

UNITED STATES
Tonnage: 1,407,945
(Including 17 Battleships)

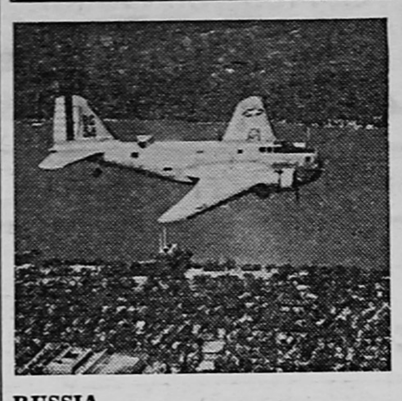
JAPAN
Tonnage: 898,691
(Including 10 Battleships)

FRANCE
Tonnage: 699,342
(Including 9 Battleships)

ITALY
Tonnage: 668,668
(Including 8 Battleships)

GERMANY
Tonnage: 438,364
(Including 10 Battleships)

PLANES



RUSSIA	7,000
GERMANY	6,500
GREAT BRITAIN	5,000
ITALY	5,000
UNITED STATES	3,850
FRANCE	3,400
JAPAN	3,000

Despite the fearsome thunderings of Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini, a paradox of war-mad Europe is that the foes of Germany and Italy have far superior military equipment.

Though Rome and Berlin may shout and boast, a cold analysis of comparative strength shows that the inevitable "allies" can eventually defeat them in a war which might last as long as two years.

This fact has long gone unnoticed. It was not brought out until a few weeks ago when Germany opened her autumn maneuvers and began looking with hostile eyes at little Czechoslovakia, whose Sudeten German minority has allegedly been discriminated against.

Though Czechoslovakia herself is weak, though even Great Britain has a surprisingly small armed force, the mighty power of Russia and France is something to be reckoned with. Russia cannot afford to throw her entire weight against a European foe, because the threat of Japan necessitates maintenance of a good-sized force in the Far East. But the Soviet military machine is a wonder of the modern world.

In her weakened condition from the Chinese conflict, Japan cannot be considered an important factor in any current European war. The above figures on comparative military strength — furnished by the United States army and navy departments—do not even list Japan's land forces for this reason. Tokyo's only power lies in whatever "nuisance value" she might provide in Siberia to help her Fascist allies, Germany and Italy.

U. S. by Comparison.

Figures on America's military power are provided only for comparative purposes. Though the United States has abandoned her policy of complete isolation, her neutrality position is stronger than it was in the World war, when American aid was deemed necessary to crush Germany's imperialism.

Thus the lineup of great powers finds Germany and Italy on one side, opposed by Great Britain, France and Russia. Such European countries as Jugo-Slavia, Rumania and Hungary are minor factors. Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland have avowed their intention of escaping complications.

Here, then, are the figures. In actual army strength — including standing forces, airmen and reserves—Russia, France and Great Britain have 26,725,000 men. Italy and Germany have less than half, or 10,725,000.

Great Britain's navy is alone bigger than the combined fleets of Italy and Germany, whose tonnage is 1,107,032. Britain's 1,758,478 tons, plus 699,342 tons from France, makes an opposition force of 2,457,820 tons. Some of this naval equipment will not be ready to use for several months, but the actual ratio at the present time is about the same.

In air strength, the "allies" have 15,400 planes, while Germany and Italy together have 11,500.

A Week or a Year.

It is interesting, though admittedly horrifying, to contemplate how long a general European conflict could continue. Several years ago the Italian general staff made the rash prediction that the next war would be finished within a week. This belief was based on the rising importance of fast planes, gas, long-distance guns and other fiendish implements of Mars.

But the theory has not been borne out in the three conflicts the world has seen these past five years. Italy's campaign to capture Ethiopia lasted an amazingly long time, considering the crude type of opposition offered by Haile Selassie's forces. And in China the Japs have met with similar resistance. Shanghai was not captured overnight by a terrific bombing attack; the campaign lasted closer to five months.

The most striking example of modern warfare is in Spain, where two powerful forces are fighting their battles along tactics similar to those used in the World war. Madrid was bombed hundreds of times and still found itself able to hold out against Generalissimo Franco's rebel troops.

Thus, militarists of 1938 are of the opinion that warfare has not changed much in the past 20 years. As in the World war, the doughboy is the most vital factor in land conflict. A similar comparison can be made on the sea, where the battleship is still the backbone of the fleet despite mighty naval planes.

"Ersatz" to the Fore.

Perhaps the major difference between 1918 and 1938 is that gold is not now so important. The "allies" have behind them a gold reserve almost 30 times the value of that of Germany and Italy, but the latter two countries now boast of their chemists who can manufacture "ersatz" or substitute materials of war. These products relieve them of some worry in the event of blockade, but there are certain essentials—like oil and cotton—which every nation must have to carry on successful warfare.

The discouraging inevitability of war has been growing in Europe's consciousness for five years, and out of that inevitability have arisen new methods of defense unparalleled in history. England, which is especially invulnerable to modern aircraft, has developed her "ARP" (air raids precaution) program to the point where almost every man, woman and child knows how to handle a gas mask. She has built bombproof and gas-proof cellars with feverish haste, constructed new coast defenses and trained expert anti-aircraft gunners.

But these precautions are minor compared to those of France, Germany and Czechoslovakia with their amazing "lines." Between 1929 and 1936, France employed 15,000 men to construct the Maginot line, a series of underground fortifications which extend from Belgium to Switzerland, aimed to protect the country against invasion from Germany.

When the September crisis first broke, France rushed hundreds of thousands of men into this line and Germany answered by hastening work on a similarly startling series of fortifications, the Siegfried line.

RIGHT—How France and Germany face each other with their amazing Maginot and Siegfried lines. BELOW—Czech soldiers, small in number but great in bravery, stand ready to defend their nation against German aggression.

ZOOM! BOOM!

Music-Mad America 'Eats Up' New Tunes Faster Than Composers Can Write Them; The Song You Hum Today Will Be a Headache Next Week!

By JOSEPH W. LaBINE

It's not so many years since you heard a good phonograph record at your neighbor's house, thereupon rushing right down to the music store to buy a copy for your own gramaphone. Maybe it was one of Gene Austin's remarkably successful songs—remember?

In those days, a composer could write "Yes, We Have No Bananas" or "Margie" and settle back to watch the profits roll in from sheet music, recordings and dance orchestras. For a year or more, "Carolina Moon" swept the nation and nobody tired of it; indeed, we haven't tired of it yet.

But that was long ago—maybe 10 years—in the dim, halcyon days before home was not the same without a radio, before music became a high-speed industry instead of a leisurely profession. Nowadays you get shivers up the back one week from "A-tisket, A-tasket" and the following week you scream whenever anyone hums it. The first time you hear "Flat Foot Floogie" it has a novel catch; but after it's been smashed all over your living room by every band from Benny Goodman to the Hot Shot Six, "Flat Foot Floogie" really falls flat.

In other words, if you've any ideas about making a million by writing a popular song, get rid of them. The tide has changed so rapidly, so completely, that the modern composer starves to death unless he can grind out several new tunes a year.

Zoom Up—Boom Down.

Take "The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down"—it actually did, in three months, simply through too much radiocasting. Overnight it zoomed to nation-wide popularity; almost as fast it fell with a thud and a boom that resounded up and down New York's Tin Pan Alley. Looking at incidents like this, the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers ("Ascap" to the trade) is trying to promulgate fair trade practice rules to stop carrying a good tune too far.

In common practice, a publisher's representative approaches a nationally broadcast dance orchestra leader like Guy Lombardo or Rudy Vallee and begs him to give every new tune a trial. It's really quite an honor, they say, to offer a number over the air for the first time. If the public likes it, the song becomes a national favorite overnight, and is thereby ruined.

What Ascap wants is control over the number of performances a new song gets over the airwaves. And though some may cry "Monopoly!" and "Unfair!" it still isn't a bad idea.

Ascap is composed of most major song writers, who complain they must now write 10 times as many songs as in pre-radio days, and even then their sheet music and recording profits are smaller.

The best index to this up-and-down trend of public acceptance is found in the radio program which asks its listeners to vote on their favorite numbers each week. No tune has ever stayed in first place more than a few weeks; seldom do they stay in the running more than two months.

Billy Hill's Experience.

Ascap, which pools all musical copyrights of its members, collects royalties and distributes them, has won some success in its campaign. In Nebraska, where Ascap was held an unconstitutional restraint of trade, an appeal brought a temporary injunction against the decision. The organization claims it simply protects its members, which could hardly be called "racketeering." Gene Buck, Ascap president, likes to tell what happened to Billy Hill, who found himself broke while his "Home on the Range" was being hummed all over the nation.

Since the public eats up new tunes so fast, composers and orchestra leaders are getting gray hair trying to meet the demand. The result has been some ingenious devices.

One method is to take an old tune and rearrange it, change it from waltz to foxtrot time and back again. "What," asked Benny Goodman recently, "can you do with a song like 'My Gal Sal' after you've played it 4,000 times? You've got to kick it around!"

Another method, which ties up with Goodman's idea, is to go back into history. Ella Fitzgerald, Negro vocalist, completely abandoned modern tunes when she saw how fast they wear out. Instead she combed through the files and revived old numbers like "S'wanee River," finally reaching the nursery rhymes. As a result, "A-tisket, A-tasket" was brought into the limelight.

Schubert to Swing.

Some months ago an opera lover was amazed at the familiarity of a tune he heard being played by a jazz orchestra. The melody kept running through his mind at its fast tempo, exasperatingly, until he slowed it down and discovered the truth: An adept arranger had simply lifted an aria from the opera, "Martha." Since then, such classical composers as Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann and Grieg have been turned over in their graves and changed to swing time.

This, say some, is plain "robbery," yet it's very seldom that a brand new tune comes out of Tin Pan Alley. The June-moon, love-dove, blue-you idea runs through so many modern lyrics that it sometimes becomes disgusting. What's more, many a long-dead composer has furnished the inspiration for a modern song writer. A good musician can take most popular numbers apart and show what makes them run.

Frankie Masters, well-known radio orchestra leader, leads his band in rehearsing a brand new tune—or is it just an old one revamped with a few notes and another set of lyrics?

Radio's growing army of entertainers helps devour the new songs, so much that the average tune lasts only a few weeks before the public tires of it. At left, Rudy Vallee of "Stein Song" fame. Below, Phil Cook, song plugger extraordinary.

Copyright Troubles.

"The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down" had its start in a Manhattan night club where Eddie Riley and Mike Farley pulled a verse from the Ford joke book and wrote a tune to go with it. Soon a New York radio station began broadcasting from the club and overnight the song was a national favorite. The interesting sidelight here is that the Ford joke book was not copyrighted, otherwise its publisher could have collected $250 from every radio station, cafe and restaurant that used it.

Copyrights—or lack of them—have given many a composer financial trouble. Take Shelton Brooks, now pounding piano in a New York cafe. Back in 1910, while doing the same thing in Chicago, he wrote the famous "Some of These Days." No publisher would touch it, so Mr. Brooks and a friend handled it themselves. Their net profit at 10 cents a copy was $62.50. But a few months later a vaudeville trio picked it up and started it on the road to fame. Mr. Brooks sold out to Will Rossiter for $500. That's all he got out of it though "Some of These Days" went on to make a cool million dollars.

Since good song writers are few these days, publishers have grasped at a new method of protecting themselves and keeping the public happy. They're keeping in mind the fact that copyrights on the tunes that thrilled grandfather are now running out, and that it's often possible to buy renewal rights from the composers or their heirs. With new tunes so few, orchestra leaders often find it convenient—and pleasing—to insert a medley of oldtimers in their programs.

Reviving the Nineties.

One of the leaders in this old tune business is Jerry Vogel, a New York publisher who got a break several years ago when George A. Cohen turned over his entire portfolio without charge. Thus, Vogel found himself sitting with full rights on such one-time hit tunes as "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," "George Washington Jr." and "Over There."

Sometime later a woman from near Boston dropped in and offered to sell renewal rights on the number her uncle had written, Henry J. Sayers' "Ta Ra Ra Boom Der E." Vogel snatched it up and showed it to Fred Waring, then playing on the Ford hour. Waring tried it out and Mr. Ford—a lover of old tunes—liked it so well he had the orchestra write special lyrics. They used the tune more than a year, which was a nice piece of business for Mr. Vogel on a tune which a few months before had been dead and forgotten.

But at best the revival business is only a stop-gap proposition, a matter of securing tunes that will fill in until Tin Pan Alley can turn out more "new" songs. Publishers often get pretty disgusted about the whole thing. Although they receive vast amounts of script from amateurs, the bulk of it is sent back unopened because there's seldom anything of value. An exception was the song, "Springtime in the Rockies," which a San Francisco publisher bought from an amateur several years ago. It was a terrific smash.

Again, publishers are often the victims of their own disgust or smugness, call it what you will. Hoagy Carmichael wrote "Star Dust" quite a few years ago but it gathered dust in the drawer until someone tried it out, having nothing else to do on a rainy afternoon. You know what happened. Similarly, another publisher tossed "If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight" on the shelf until it was forgotten. Finally somebody wrote a new arrangement of it and a highly successful recording was made.

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HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

President not distressed by election of Republican "Liberals" . . . New "purge" now under way plans to sidetrack Garner . . . Maritime commission distressed over defeat of Senator McAdoo . . . Every "Yes, but" Democrat wins.

WASHINGTON.—President Roosevelt's declaration that election of Republican "liberals" will not distress him was the first public statement to this effect, but for nearly a week before that there had been grave concern down at the department of agriculture, and among Kansas Democrats, over a much more pointed statement of the same generality.

Several important New Deal officials were talking with the President about the Kansas situation. Mr. Roosevelt was told that the belief of his callers was that the Democrats would elect a governor, but that they were very much afraid

SENATOR McGILL

Clyde M. Reed, former governor and editor, would defeat Sen. George McGill.

"That will be all right with me," said the President, cheerfully.

"But, Mr. President, this man Reed has criticized almost every farm policy this administration has attempted," protested one of the visitors, "whereas Senator McGill has voted for every agricultural measure the administration has supported."

"Nevertheless," the President replied, "Clyde Reed is an aggressive progressive."

Not anxious to provoke trouble, but hoping to get the President "in line" one way or another, the callers left. Talking together afterwards they canvassed the McGill situation. What had he done to offend the President?

President's Attitude on Senator McGill Puzzles

None of them could figure, then or since. So the word drifted around, confidentially of course, until if there is anybody in the department of agriculture or in high Democratic circles in Washington who has not heard it, he or she is pretty nearly gossip-proof.

For the amazing fact is that George McGill is as nearly a 100 per cent administration supporter as sits in the upper house. Much more than Robert F. Wagner of New York, for example. Wagner voted against the reorganization bill, one of President Roosevelt's pets. He voted against ratification of the St. Lawrence seaway, which Roosevelt is seeking to revive.

Much more than William Gibbs McAdoo, so cordially endorsed by Roosevelt in his disastrous primary. McAdoo opposed the President on the World court issue. In fact McGill is one of the very few Democratic senators with not a single black mark against his record so far as blind obedience to White House wishes is concerned. He is a "yes man" plus.

Whereas Clyde Reed, as every important bureau chief in the department of agriculture knows, has been a thorn in Secretary Henry A. Wallace's side. He is very critical of both past and present performances of the Roosevelt-Wallace farm relief program. Presumably he would vote with the critics of Wallace if he comes to the senate.

The only answer anyone has been able to figure as to the President's logic is that Clyde Reed, although a Republican and a former governor, was almost openly for Roosevelt in 1936.

A New "Purge" Is Started To Sidetrack Garner

A new "purge" is now under way. Undismayed by crushing defeats in South Carolina and Idaho, and defeats to come indicated by polls and information in Maryland and Georgia, the New Deal is planning to strip all recalcitrants of their patronage, and build up new machines in Maryland, Georgia, South Carolina and other states where the organizations at present are controlled by men who might not see eye to eye with President Roosevelt when the next Democratic national convention is called to order.

The whole object is to make sure that the convention does not nominate a man of the type of Vice President John Nance Garner, or Jesse H. Jones, or Harry Flood Byrd. What is wanted of course is a convention which will nominate some 100 per cent New Dealer.

Leaving out California, where neither of the leading Democratic candidates for senator was anti-New Deal, and the paramount issue was the $30-a-week pension scheme opposed by Sen. William Gibbs McAdoo and the President, the box score to date is not very comforting to the New Deal.

George L. Berry

The "lame ducks" so far are William Dieterich of Illinois, George L. Berry of Tennessee, James Pope of Idaho, and McAdoo, all 100 per centers. Senators of the "yes, but" variety who have been renominated are Alva B. Adams of Colorado (not actually nominated but with no opposition candidate whose name can be printed on the ballots), Bennett C. Clark of Missouri, Guy M. Gillette of Iowa, Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina, and Frederick Van Nuys of Indiana.

"Yes, But" Democrats Are Successful in Every Case

Curiously enough, many commentators spoke of the South Carolina result as the first test of the purge. It is true that President Roosevelt himself never asked for Senator Gillette's defeat in Iowa, but the fact that James Roosevelt did, plus the fact that not only Harry L. Hopkins injected himself, but that the President approved Hopkins' action, led to the Iowa result being classified as a "purge that failed."

Sitting senators who are 100 per cent New Dealers and who have been renominated include Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky, Claude Pepper of Florida, Lister Hill of Alabama, George McGill of Kansas, and Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina. Of these McGill is generally conceded to be the only one who faces any danger.

Meanwhile two Republican sitting senators, James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, and Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, were renominated over opposition in primaries although they had opposed certain New Deal measures.

So far every "Yes, but" Democrat facing a renomination fight has won, while the score of the 100 per centers is no better than 50 per cent.

Maritime Commission Is Worried Over McAdoo

At the maritime commission there is more than a little distress over the defeat of Sen. William Gibbs McAdoo in California for renomination. The fear is not based, to any noticeable degree, on affection for the senator. Quite the contrary. It is based on the possibility, as the maritime commission crowd views the situation, that President Roosevelt may appoint Mr. McAdoo to the existing vacancy on the maritime commission.

All of which is perplexing to those who have the pleasure of knowing Mr. McAdoo personally, for few men in public life in the last 30 years have had more charm, or were easier to get along with. Mr. McAdoo was on good terms, when he was secretary of the treasury during the entire first Wilson administration and all through the war days, with almost everyone who had to do with his department, or with any of the many additional activities, including the railroads, which were entrusted to him by Wilson.

The only real row he ever had with a newspaper man was over a story intimating that there was a big profit for Mr. McAdoo personally if the ship purchase bill, then being filibustered to death, should pass.

A short time later the same newspeper—the old New York Herald—printed a story that Wilson and Col. Edward M. House had broken. It was premature, by a couple of years, and Wilson was enraged. He wrote the editor that he understood the story had been written "by the same reporter who recently so inexcusably libeled Secretary McAdoo."

Never Harbored Malice Against His Defamers

But not only did McAdoo get along beautifully with all the other newspaper men, but remembers them to this day, calling by their first names and with every indication of affection men who went out of their way to attack everything he did, and to thwart his every objective. This also goes for everything connected with his unsuccessful fight for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1924. Actually "Smear McAdoo" stories caused the ill Wilson to turn against him, before the end, but McAdoo harbored no malice against his newspaper defamers.

Also very unlike some well-known present day government officials, McAdoo never used the power of his office to punish personal or political enemies.

Lawyers for a very prominent and immensely wealthy Republican family, which owned a leading G. O. P. "organ," were dismayed after the Harding administration came into office to find that the treasury was not as benign to them as in the McAdoo days!

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The Third Big Thing

By SUSAN FELDMAN

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UNTIL now only two exciting things had come into Anna Kearn's twenty-two years of life. Both occurred when she was only seventeen, a senior at high school.

Anna had been the plainest and quietest girl in her class. She wasn't even "least popular." She just wasn't noticed. Her hair hung down her back in a heavy braid. Her clothes were severely cut. She spoke to no one first, and when others tried to make friends with her, her painfully forced manner led them to believe that she did not desire their friendship.

Nevertheless, Anna delighted in looking at her pretty classmates, and she was afflicted with an almost fanatical worship of Don Roberts, the football hero and the most popular boy in school.

One day Anna became ill. It was not a serious illness but kept her in bed for a week. In her room at home Anna was a changed person. Here she was a princess cast into a dungeon because she would not marry a powerful, cruel king but remained true to her poor knight. Here she was all in all. In her room

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

she let her hair fall loosely to her shoulders. It softened her face and lent a lovely glow to her cheeks and eyes.

One afternoon, as she lay in bed gazing through the open window at the blue skies, she heard voices in the yard below.

Anna sat up and looked eagerly at the door. Slowly it opened and a cheerful voice said: "Your mother told me to come right up. I've come to visit you and bring you something."

Don Roberts, the high school hero! He had come to visit her! In that moment her hero worship turned into something deeper and finer, and she welcomed him with pleasure and surprise. Don was quite as startled as she, but only because she looked so pretty.

"Gosh, Anna," he said, "you look awfully pretty with your hair down like that, and everything."

Then, suddenly, he remembered something. With a half-smile and half-puzzled look on his face, he drew a small candy box out of his pocket. Then he grinned and said: "Here, Anna, is something some of the fellows elected me to bring to you. I hope you'll like it."

Anna thrilled with the laughter in his eyes. No one had ever before been so kind to her. Her eyes flashed with delight and her fall was complete.

"For me?" she asked. So she took the box, opened it quickly, and gazed petrified at its contents: a big lemon!

Then Don laughed and laughed. For one agonizing moment Anna thought she would cry. Then: "Thank you, Don, and thank the others. It's nice to be remembered."

When Don left her he was immediately joined by a half dozen youths. "What happened?" they asked. "What'd she say?"

"Say?" he was full of admiration for Anna. "She's a sport! She said, 'Thank you, Don, and thank the others. It's nice to be remembered.' Gee, she's awfully pretty."

From that day Don began to pay attention to Anna. He walked near her, talked at her, invited her to every conceivable event, but was coldly snubbed in every case. Incidentally, Anna was wearing her hair curled softly about her face. Don persisted in his attentions even after he had graduated from college. Though she had forgiven the lemon episode, she seldom encouraged him. Finally he left for a position in New York. That was more than a year ago. Meanwhile Anna lived the life of the average American girl.

Now as she sat in the same little room staring happily at a letter and picture in her hand she thought back over the past few years. The third big thing was coming into her life! Don was in a position to get married and wanted her for his wife.

Marriage Problem in Africa

Christian denominations have sprung up so rapidly among the natives of South Africa that the government has had to step in and separate those qualified to have marriage ceremonies performed. There are more than 500 "all-Bantu" Christian denominations in the country, giving South Africa the largest number of religions in the world. The government has announced in Pretoria that it will issue an "approved list" of churches having clergymen able to keep a marriage register and therefore entitled to unite couples.

"Book Learning" Necessary

Pioneer American women, although not highly educated believed their daughters needed as much "book learning" as their brothers to be able to take their place in the "new world."

What to Eat and Why

C. Houston Goudiss Describes Diet After Middle Age; Shows How Right Food Can Prolong the Vigorous Years

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

ONE of the best prescriptions ever offered for longevity was advanced by the wise man who said: In the twenties, prepare for the thirties; in the thirties, prepare for the forties; and after that—prepare for a long and vigorous old age!

That advice is well worth following, for it has been estimated that by taking into account all the newer knowledge of nutrition, it is possible not only to improve health, but to add a number of years to the normal life span.

A Man Is as Young as He Feels

It has been well said that "the age of man has small relation to his years," for it has been demonstrated, both clinically and in the scientist's laboratory, that old age is a physiological condition rather than an accumulation of years.

In grandmother's day, a woman of 50 was considered **old.** Today that age is regarded as **young,** and much of the important work of the world is being done by men and women who can see 50 only by looking over their shoulder.

Importance of Correct Diet

On the other hand, thousands of Americans are unknowingly impairing their efficiency and shortening their lives through the misuse of food. They are eating the wrong kind of food—and what is equally disastrous—they are overeating! They do not seem to realize that eating too much does not strengthen the body, but exhausts it with the labors of digestion. The surplus nourishment clogs the system and may be indirectly responsible for headache, dyspepsia, biliousness and mental dullness.

Unless they change their habits of eating, they will inevitably become victims of their own indiscretions. For while it is folly to neglect the health at any age, to do so in middle life is to open the way to an early death or to an old age marred by sickness.

Keep Down the Weight

The first 25 years of man's life are devoted to growth. During this period of youth, the body usually has a large fund of reserve energy which can be called upon in times of stress. During the next 25 or 30 years, the weight **should** remain constant. If the diet is properly regulated, and sound habits of hygiene are followed, a man or woman will come into middle age full of vigor and with mental and physical capacities undiminished.

Unfortunately, however, the laws of hygiene and nutrition are often broken during the active middle years. As a result, bodily reserves are depleted and middle age finds many men and women near the danger line, no longer able to resist infections and the degenerative diseases.

That is why it is so desirable—if you hope to be vigorous at 50 and after—that you begin to plan for it many years earlier.

Live sensibly. Avoid overwork. Regularly take a moderate amount of exercise. Get enough sleep so that you avoid that chronic "tired feeling." **Above all, eat enough, but not too much, of the foods that build and maintain health: milk; eggs; fruits and vegetables; protein foods in amounts just sufficient to meet your requirements, so that there is no excess to be eliminated; enough fuel foods to give you plenty of pep and power, but not in amounts that will cause the weight increase which many people erroneously believe inevitable during the middle years.**

Curb the Appetite for Rich Foods

It is most important to avoid overeating. For muscular activity decreases with the passing years. The middle aged individual often rides where a younger person might walk or observes active sports from the sidelines where he formerly played them with zeal. Unfortunately, however, the appetite seldom diminishes in proportion to the lessened fuel needs. That is why every individual who has entered upon the middle years should check his or her weight frequently, and promptly reduce the fuel foods if a significant gain is noted.

The protein requirement diminishes somewhat after the age of 60 for no new tissue is being built. It is, furthermore, advisable to take a large share of the protein in the form of milk and eggs.

Vegetables should be used freely and if there is difficulty in mastication, they may be finely chopped. Fresh fruits may be eaten as long as they do not cause fermentation; otherwise cooked fruits should be used instead. Contrary to popular opinion, sweets can frequently be eaten in considerable amounts without causing indigestion. Fats, however, should be used sparingly.

Hot Foods Beneficial

Hot foods are often more easily digested than cold, and it is helpful to begin a meal with hot broth, in order to stimulate the secretion of digestive fluids. A hot beverage may also be beneficial at bedtime.

It is sometimes observed that five or six small meals are more easily digested than three large ones. Each person should discover what meal schedule best suits individual requirements and then abide by it. For it is indeed true that middle age—and the years beyond—are largely what **you** make them!

Questions Answered

Mrs. J. A. H.—Milk, fruits and vegetables supply a large part, **but not all** of the minerals required by the body daily. The diet must be supplemented with whole grain bread or cereals, eggs and some meat.

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Exclusive Initials for Linens and Lingerie

Pattern No. 1809.

Highlight your linens and lingerie with colorful initials and monograms in easy lazy-daisy stitch and french knots. Extra sprays help form interesting monograms! Pattern 1809 contains a transfer pattern of four alphabets, two 2¼ inch and two 1⅜ inch (with floral sprays); directions for placing of initials; illustrations of stitches; color suggestions.

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

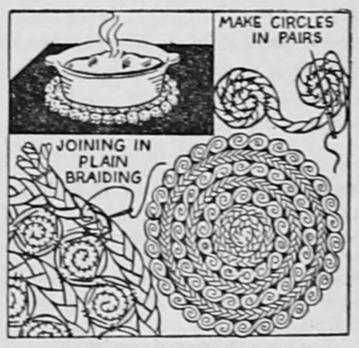
Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

HOW to SEW

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THIS mat is made of white cotton cable cord such as you buy at the notion counter for corded seams and trimmings. The original mat from which this design was taken was made of—no one of this generation would ever guess what! Corset strings.

The design shown here is compact and, copied in rather heavy cord, makes an ideal hot dish mat. Follow the sketches for directions. Make the circles in pairs, as shown, using No. 40 cotton thread to sew them. Braid three cords together and then sew the braided strip around and around to make the center of the mat. Sew a row of the circles to the edge of



this center part, then add another braided row, being careful to "ease in" the inside edge just enough to keep the mat flat. Continue adding alternate rows of circles and braiding until the mat is the size desired.

To join the ends of the braided rows, pull one end through the braiding to the wrong side of the mat; then trim the ends and sew them flat. Sewing Book 2, Embroidery, Gifts and Novelties, is full of new ideas all clearly illustrated with step-by-step pictures. Send for it today and give life a new interest by starting some fascinating piece of hand work. Enclose 25 cents and address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

For Stiff Leather Straps.—Leather luggage straps that have become hard may be softened by soaking for several hours in hot, soapy water. Allow to dry in a cool place while still soapy, and finally rub with a cloth dipped in linseed oil.

* * *

When Cleaning Windows.—Tissue paper makes an excellent polish for window glass and mirrors. Wash, dry and then polish with the paper.

* * *

A Twine Holder. — A funnel makes an excellent holder for a ball of twine. Choose one large enough to hold a good-sized ball. Put the end of the string through the neck of the funnel.

* * *

Cultivate Soft Voice.—A harsh rasping voice, coming from a pretty, well-groomed girl, is sure to jolt the nerves of listeners. All sensitive ears rebel against a flat, dull voice or one that screeches and shouts, and even more against hardly audible, mumbling conversation. Try to speak clearly and distinctly, being particular about the enunciation of each syllable and word.

* * *

For Damp Closets.—A saucerful of quicklime placed in a damp closet or cupboard will not only absorb all dampness but will sweeten and disinfect the closet.

For Scarred Furniture.—If you will take a soft flannel cloth, dip it in iodine, then rub gently over scarred mahogany furniture, when it dries the scratches will be almost unnoticeable. Then when iodine is dry, apply a liberal coating of a good furniture oil.

* * *

Preserving Scrub Brushes.—Never put scrubbing brushes away until they have been thoroughly washed, rinsed and shaken, so that most of the moisture has been removed.

* * *

Clogged Sinks.—A mixture of washing soda and vinegar poured down a choked-up sink or basin will dissolve any soap or grease which is causing it to clog.

* * *

To Destroy Smoke Odor.—Put a basin of water in each room and leave windows open an inch at top and bottom until the odor disappears.

Still Der Kaiser

Although ex-Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany has been an exile and outcast for almost 20 years, he has abandoned none of his royal prerogatives. The gentleman still refuses to see visitors until they have been informed how to act in his presence, a set of rules that even includes "the proper way to walk" into his audience chamber. —Collier's Weekly.

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Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

Published Every Thursday

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A Priceless Library

From a modest beginning with a small collection of medical books and pamphlets a little more than a century ago, there has grown the largest and finest library of its kind in the world—the Army Medical Library and Museum in Washington.

It contains about half a million medical books, and as many more pamphlets, magazines and miscellaneous works pertaining to medicine. There is also the largest existing collection of early medical works of great historical value, including about two-thirds of all those now in existence which were published before the year 1500.

This great library and museum offers its facilities free to doctors, dentists, veterinarians, scientists and students who visit it. It is likewise available to authors in compiling authoritative data for new medical works.

But its usefulness is not confined only to those who are able to visit Washington in person. Those interested may have access to many of the library's books under an inter-library loan system, and last year about 1,400 volumes were loaned out under this plan.

It is hoped to provide a new and more suitable building for this priceless library in the near future.

Good Neighbor Fleet

The sincerity of the Monroe Doctrine as a declaration of fundamental good neighbor policy is emphasized in a practical manner as the United States Maritime Commission begins operation of a new liner service to the east coast of South America.

Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the Commission, announces that three of the principal ships of the Panama Pacific line have been thoroughly reconditioned and outfitted for the new luxury service to the countries below the equator and that they will be put into service. Admiral Land says that they will promote and facilitate trade between the Americas.

He points out that the United States with seven per cent of the world's population, consumes half of the world's coffee, and we are equally dependent on South America countries for many other products which are essential not only to our national comfort but to our national economy. In turn they are dependent on a great many of our products. Modern and fast transportation is certain to be a means of expanding this commercial intercourse, as well as strengthening relations between good neighbors.

Admiral Land has furnished the slogan: "See the Americas first. Let's go!" To which the public might respond with good wishes to the newly conditioned ships, named "Brazil," "Uruguay" and "Argentina." Bon Voyage!

The Home Budget

Budgeting is systematic spending, and some hints on putting it into practice in the home are given by Hannah Dutaud in a recent issue of the Christian Science Monitor, from which the following paragraphs are reproduced:

The yearly income sets the tempo for the year's expenditures. In planning the budget this annual sum should be distributed proportionally into months and then into weeks.

A definite sum should be set aside for every item that enters into the radius of one's home. Incidentals should not be overlooked, as they do occur. No matter how high one aims to keep his standard of living, it should not be in excess of his income.

The recording of household expenditures should be done with the same accuracy and faithfulness as that of a business corporation. The budget plan may be carried out successfully through the use of simple memorandum books. The main point is exactness in daily recording every expenditure and carefully listing each item under the proper heading.

This discipline may seem difficult at first or even unnecessary; but when one grasps the importance of daily setting aside a definite time in which to do this work one will learn to appreciate the businesslike attitude it enables one to maintain towards the home and income.

Too Much Noise

"Infernal" is just one of the epithets used by citizens of Rock Island to describe their water works whistle, according to a newspaper account of a protest entered against the noise maker in September, 1872. They seem to have had just cause for a grievance, since it is reported that the whistle was sounded five times a day, often for prolonged periods, and could be heard by residents of a town twenty-five miles away. No further record of the protest has been found, say research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, W. P. A., but the whistle presumably was suppressed.

Century-old Illinois Fences

Unnoticed by many motorists, century-old fences still inclose more than a few Illinois fields and farms. Research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, W. P. A., in the course of compiling a guide book to the State, have found records of such fences in Iroquois, Edwards, Peoria, Tazewell, and other Illinois counties.

Fences in pioneer days of Illinois were commonly constructed of trees, thorny bushes, sod, or rails. Picturesque osage orange tree hedges may still be seen. A model farm operated at Onarga for some years by the famous detective, Allan Pinkerton, following the close of the Civil War was surrounded by an osage orange hedge within which grew larch trees seven rows deep. A white thorn hedge is said to inclose a farm in Edwards County.

No record has yet been discovered of sod fences remaining in any part of the state, although it is known that experiments in building these were carried on in Peoria County in 1839. They are said to have been usually unsatisfactory, as cattle enjoyed tossing the sod out of place with their horns. In this county examples of the zigzag rail type of fence may be seen.

Rail fences were not common in areas where other suitable and less costly fence materials could be found. Early settlers in Tazewell County, about 1837, had to be prepared to pay at least $1.25 for a hundred rails, and sometimes more as the length of haul increased. To fence a "forty" in those days cost around $200.

Because of her outstanding scholastic record, Virginia Dodson, student of Greenville Woman's college at Greenville, S. C., was listed in the "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges."

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

Sidelights

Citizens of the town of Rabbit Flat, Ore., have voted to change the name to Wocus, which is the Indian word for water lily.

During a thunderstorm at New Bern, N. C., a woman telephoned the family doctor, telling him flashes of lightning were coming from her husband's head. An investigation revealed a lightning bug fast in the man's ear.

Appealing for aid, a Western man wrote President Roosevelt: "I have written to the mayor and the governor, but still have not received any relief. If you don't help me, I am going to write to Uncle Sam."

In Kansas City a masked bandit stopped Mrs. Lena Rigney, a theater cashier, as she left her post with a cardboard box which presumably held the show's admission receipts. Informing her that it was a holdup, he seized the box and escaped—with 500 sales tax tokens worth 50 cents.

In Huntington, West Va., a sympathetic judge heeded the plea of J. W. Schools for clemency after his arrest on a speeding charge. Schools said he did not see how he could pay much of a fine, as he was getting married that night. The judge remitted the fine as a wedding present.

When the Social Security Board in Washington asked for proof of the death of a Kentucky mountaineer whose relatives claimed money under the oldage insurance plan, it received this reply: "This deceased didn't have no doctor. He didn't have no undertaker. He died right now. He died from gunshot wounds."

Illinois State Capitol News

Illinois has 9,925 one-room schools, a larger number than any other state in the Union. Of these schools, 3,500 have an average attendance of less than twelve pupils, according to a report just issued by the Illinois Legislative Council's Research Division.

The Illinois Highway Division has spent $14,932,278 on highway construction this year. One hundred seventy-one miles of farm-to-market roads have been built. This year's secondary road program is almost three times as extensive as that of last year. Bridge and grade separation contracts totalling $2,930,184 have been awarded.

Unusually hot weather in August is responsible for a sharp reduction in the Illinois apple, peach and pear crop. The Federal Department of Agriculture estimates this year's Illinois apple harvest at 3,472,000 bushels. Last year it was 8,960,000 bushels. The peach crop of 1938 is estimated at 1,425,000 bushels, and pears at 407,000 bushels, both yields decidedly less than those of 1937.

Sleeping sickness, a fatal disease affecting horses and mules, has spread to 75 counties of Illinois. It is carried by flies and mosquitos. A remedy recommended by the University of Illinois and endorsed by the State Department of Agriculture is composed of: fish oil, 100 parts; oil of pine tar, 50 parts; crude carbolic acid, one part. The mixture should be thoroughly stirred and applied with a brush, once or twice a week. With the advent of killing frosts, the spread of the disease is expected to be checked for this year.

The News is $1.50 a year.

Interesting Notes

In Saskatoon, Sask., a free parking lot for baby carriages has been set aside for mothers who wheel their offspring about on shopping trips.

Violet Sheets, 24, of Chicago, was crowned "Queen of Chicago" in a pageant staged by the American Legion before 80,000 persons in Soldiers' Field.

Because her husband tried to sell a magazine the story of their marital differences, a woman in Camden, N. J., was granted a divorce.

A telephone call saved the life of Walter Neilson, of Penn Yan, N. Y. He left his desk to answer the call, and a minute later a section of heavy roof fell where he had been sitting.

The attendants in the state's insane asylums in Olympia, Wash., encourage the inmates to dance the "big apple," believing it uses up energy and keeps patients from brooding.

Forest Lear of Norfolk, Neb., unsuccessful candidate for the office of state railway commissioner, filed this expense account: Aug. 10—Drug store, aspirin and cup of coffee, ten cents.

Grant's tomb on Riverside Drive, New York City, which is visited by 200,000 tourists annually, is being equipped with an air-conditioning plant, probably the first ever installed in a mausoleum.

HARRY A. LITTLE
Republican Candidate For
County Treasurer

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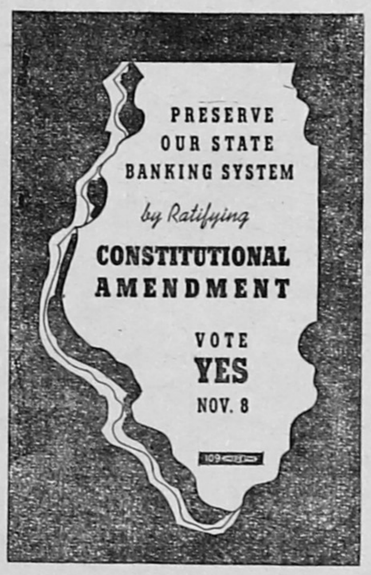

Watch for the pamphlet which your county clerk or election commissioners will mail to you before October 1.

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.

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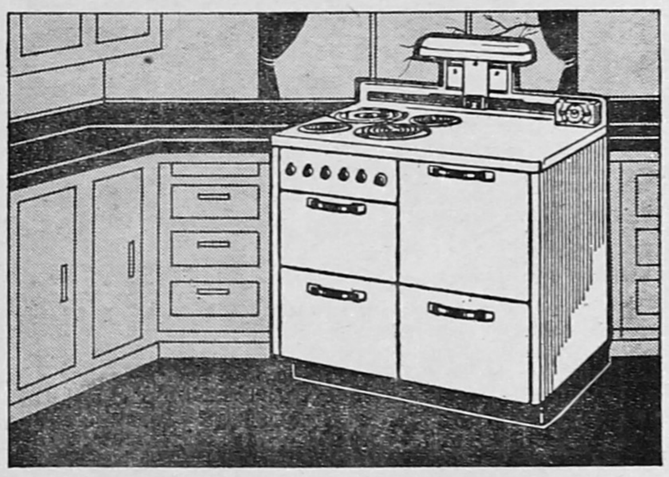

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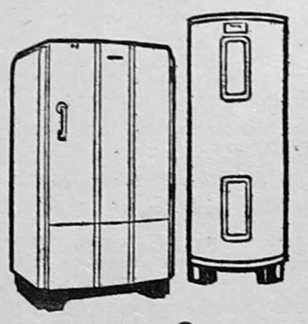

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Centennial

By MARCIA DINSMORE

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UNCLE BILLY protested in vain that he didn't want a party. He didn't want a fuss made over him at all. There was no longer any kick to it, he told them, adopting for the moment the speech of his youngest grandson.

"But Uncle Billy, the whole town is simply thrilled over your birthday! If we didn't stage a party, someone else would be sure to. And that would disgrace us for life." It was Myra who spoke. Uncle Billy rather thought she was a niece, but he wasn't sure. He had been the oldest of nine children and he had six of his own. Long ago he had been hopelessly lost in the tangle of relationships. Everyone called him Uncle Billy, anyway.

"Just think of your being a hundred years old on Tuesday!" The marvel would not have been greater for Eve, if her grandfather had been a thousand instead of a hundred.

"Well, what of it?" he exclaimed testily. "What's all the fuss about? I'm no queen of the May."

"We know that you don't look a day over sixty," chimed in Matilda, the peacemaker, "but that just makes it all the more wonderful. And you know, Uncle Billy, that you'll enjoy it when the time comes. You'll be the life of the party."

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

And so the plans went on, as Uncle Billy had been afraid they would. They didn't believe in his protests, he could see that. They thought he was secretly pleased over it all. Uncle Billy snorted to himself indignantly. They thought he was just being coy! And he almost a hundred years old.

Monday morning arrived, and his daughters began to sort over his clothes, to look to his ties and socks.

"Better put your teeth in, Uncle Billy," advised Nan. "You want to get used to them before tomorrow."

"Never! I won't wear 'em!" he thundered.

"Then there will be no party," replied Nan, and left him, assured of her victory.

Uncle Billy could hardly believe his ears. Could he escape the dreaded party by so simple a means as that? Could he win peace and security at the cost of an upper and a lower plate?

Stealthily he crossed to a cupboard and pulled out a drawer. The teeth in his hands, he considered the means of destruction.

Tiptoeing into the bathroom, he flung the despised teeth on the blue and white tiled floor. Molars and bicuspids flew in every direction. The ruin was complete.

"Uncle Billy, what is it? What on earth has happened?"

It was not until he heard Nan's hurrying feet on the stairs, saw her horrified glance, that he realized just what it all meant. There would be no party!

"Don't you worry, Uncle Billy." Nan patted him comfortingly on the shoulder and hurried off. To cancel the invitations, he thought, gloomily.

In the morning the family had a little celebration, of course. Gifts and flowers and congratulations. But it was all powerless to raise Uncle Billy's spirits. He was thinking of the blank afternoon which stretched ahead.

"Better get going, Uncle Billy," Eve prodded him in the back after dinner. "You won't be ready when the mob arrives."

"Mob!" He stared.

"Of course. Your party! Have you forgotten it's your birthday?" she teased.

"But I'm not having any party," he protested. "I broke my teeth."

"No party! Say, we'd have to leave town if you didn't have a party."

"And I'll say it's a good thing you did break 'em," put in Charles from the doorway. "Nobody would know you in teeth. It's just plumb ridiculous for a man your age to have 'em, anyway. Hop to it, now. Here they come!"

Early Candlesticks

In the late Seventeenth century and first half of the Eighteenth, candlesticks were low. After 1750, they increased in height and became heavier in design. The earliest candlesticks of glass made before 1715 had short, heavy stems of the simple baluster design. Later they became lighter and more refined in appearance, eventually becoming a mere series of knobs during the cut-glass period.

Swans Cruel, Ferocious

Swans are among the most cruel and ferocious of birds. Not only have they frequently battled one another to death, says Collier's Weekly, but they have come on land and killed dogs and other animals, and attacked and seriously injured many human beings. They also have been known to beat children into unconsciousness and then drown them.

Little Things

By ELAINE LA CLAIR

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"YES, that's true, Owen." Her voice was husky, and it trembled ever so slightly. "I've often thought so myself."

"But we can still be friends," Owen Davis suggested hopefully. "When you want me to take you anywhere, I'll always be glad to do it, and I'll call up now and then to see how you're getting along."

Tina, being a woman, knew very well the impossibility of any friendship between a man and a woman who has been sweethearts for nearly three years.

She looked nervously at her wrist watch, a tiny jewelled affair which Owen had recklessly bought her two years ago—on her twentieth birthday. "I must go."

"Do you want me to come with you?"

Her voice too choked for words, Tina pulled her little felt hat down over her gray eyes and rushed from the room.

In the outer office Miss Jamison, Owen's middle-aged secretary, looked up from her typewriter as a diminutive blue whirlwind swept past.

Out in the street the May sun was bright and everybody seemed busy and happy—everybody but Tina, that is. She thought that she might as well go home. There would be no joy in going shopping for pretty clothes, now that Owen would never see her in them. And who wanted to cross the street and stroll all by one's self on the Common?

Well, just what had happened? she mused, as, grown more calm, she waited for a chance to dart across the street and into the subway. Well, Owen had made himself conspicuous, as usual, by kidding the waitress at luncheon—asking her where he could find a drink. It was a wonder they hadn't

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

been put out. She had been so embarrassed. He was always embarrassing her in little thoughtless ways. That way he had, for instance, of grabbing hold of her hat and pulling it down over her face. Oh, there were countless little things that kept them forever on the verge of a quarrel—and it had come at last.

"I say, hullo there, Tina!" and Tina turned to throw her arms about the tall girl confronting her.

"Why, Stella, I haven't seen you for ages! How are you?"

"I'm fine. And you—but I don't need to ask. Anyone would feel like a million to be going with that man I saw you with the other night."

"Where?"

"At Dine's. He was pulling your hat over your eyes in such a sweet, teasing way and just adoring you. Well, there's my car."

"Mine's coming, too. Ring me up soon." Tina rushed down the platform.

Tina squeezed her small self into a corner of the suburban car and did not notice for some minutes the friend who sat in front of her. She leaned over and tapped a blue twill shoulder. "Hullo, there!"

"Why, Tina Butterfield! You little snob, you wouldn't speak to me at all at the theater the other night."

"When? Why?"

"Why? Why, because you were all taken up with Owen. When are you going to be married? I think he's the most wonderful man I've seen in a long time. You're a mighty lucky girl. He always seems so happy and carefree when he's with you."

Happy and carefree! Perhaps that's why—

"Isn't this your stop, Tina? All taken up with thinking about Owen, I suppose. Well, so long."

"Sweet," "teasing," "adoring," "happy," "carefree"—the words of her friend echoed in her ears. Yes, that was just what he was. That was what the little things meant, and she had allowed them to come between her and happiness. A mighty lucky girl! To think that she had been such only two hours ago and had not known it! And now, when it was too late—

But it wasn't too late! It wasn't! Just around the corner was the station and in the distance she heard the 4:28 train coming. That train would get in town before Owen left the office.

"Oh, Honey, they don't matter—the little things. What matters is that I love you—I love you—I love you!" she whispered joyfully to herself, and her face lighted up with sudden happiness as she pulled her felt hat down more securely over her golden bob, and ran for all she was worth towards the station and the oncoming 4:28.

Cleanliness in Denmark

In Denmark and other parts of the continent citizens are compelled by law to paint and redecorate their houses and business premises at certain fixed periods. Those who fail to do this are fined. As a result their towns look cleaner and more attractive.

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HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS

CRUCIBLE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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SYNOPSIS

Barbara Sentry, seeking to sober up her escort, Johnnie Boyd, on the way home from a party, slaps him, and attracts the attention of a policeman, whom the boy knocks down. As he arrests him, Professor Brace of Harvard comes to the rescue and drives Barbara home. On the way they see Barbara's father driving from the direction of his office.

CHAPTER I—Continued

—2—

"I'll have to admit," Brace said, "that you played the game! But if you're going to be so loyal, shouldn't you be specially careful in choosing your friends? Loyalty misplaced is pretty treacherous."

"Johnny always has behaved himself before. I don't care much for cocktails and wild parties; but there are certain things you do when you're on the deb list, you know. Mother wanted me to have one season of it," replied Barbara.

"Big dance at the Somerset, stag lines, all that sort of thing?" His tone was derisive.

"No, I just had a luncheon at home. Father's and mother's friends, and their families. Last March."

"Well, there's some sense to that."

She laughed faintly. "Oh, we're really a pretty sensible family," she assured him. "Perfectly respectable, honestly." There was amusement in her tones. "Of course we're in trade. Father and his father and grandfather before him. Fruit and things. Oranges from Florida and all that. I suppose you professors think business is a pity; but at least we're wholesale. That's something, isn't it?"

He chuckled. "Everything, I should say." And she exclaimed triumphantly, "There, I knew you could laugh if you tried!"

"But it seems such a waste of time for a girl to chase around to drunken parties—"

"Oh, don't be so worthy! Besides, it wasn't a drunken party. Johnny's foot slipped, that's all."

He said thoughtfully: "I know his kind; see them in class right along. But I don't know the girls they run around with. You're a—new breed to me." He looked at her directly. "I come from a small mid-Western town," he explained. "Folks were church people. We didn't drink, or —dance much, or play cards. Of course, I know the standards I learned as a youngster are old-fashioned now. But—what have you put in place of them? What are you like? Girls your age, I mean? Yourself, and the girls you know?"

"We're a pretty decent lot," she assured him. "The people ten years older than us did run wild; but the girls I know don't drink too much, and they're level-headed and responsible. My older sister works every day in the hospital. She's going to marry a doctor and be a medical missionary. Mother does a lot of club work, things like that. We're the sort of family that doesn't get into the society columns very much. We don't telephone the editor every time we have people to dinner. But we're all right. Doing our jobs, behaving ourselves."

She hesitated, laughed a little. "I don't know why I'm telling you the story of my life—except that I sort of want you to—well, to not be so sure I'm just a crazy kid."

He said: "I don't! I did at first, naturally; but I can see you're—not as bad as I thought." He smiled. "I suppose yours is what we think of as a 'fine old Boston family.' Your father's turning at the next corner. Shall I follow him?"

"Let him go," Barbara directed. "We'll take the next turn. Yes, I suppose we are. I never thought much about it. My sister and I do the usual things. Of course my brother's in Yale instead of Harvard, but the Sentrys have been Yale for a good many generations. And mother and father—"

"By the way," the professor suggested, "why not tell your father about this scrape tonight? I expect he'd like to feel that he had your confidence."

"No, he'd just disapprove and be stern," she said. "He's always been pretty strict with himself, and with us too. He keeps telling me how girls behaved when he was young!"

"It wasn't a bad way to behave!"

She laughed. "I'll bet as many girls were kissed in buggies then as in automobiles now. Turn here. Our house is two blocks ahead." And then she exclaimed: "That must be father just turning into our drive! He drove awfully slowly, didn't he? Switch off your lights. Stop in the street, and we'll wait till he has gone to bed."

They stopped in front of the house, hidden behind a high hedge, and Professor Brace stilled the engine. In the sudden silence they heard steps on gravel.

"He's coming back from the garage," she whispered; and a moment later: "There! He's opened the front door!" Light shone out, then was dark as the door closed again. "We'll wait till he's gone upstairs," she directed. "Do you mind?"

He did not mind. He asked where Johnny lived, how to get clothes to take him for his appearance in court in the morning. She gave him the number of Johnny's dormitory room. "But probably one of his room-mates will do it," she suggested. Then an upstairs light came on.

"There!" she said. "Father's undressing. He must have gone to the kitchen for something before he went upstairs." And when presently the light went out, "Now he's in bed!" She opened the car door. "You've really been awfully kind. Thanks a lot." She extended her hand.

He said: "See here, Miss Sentry. May I drop in, one of these days? I'd like to know you better."

Her eyes twinkled. "Then you don't think I'm hopeless?"

He chuckled. "Maybe I can reform you!"

"Do come. Sunday evening?"

"Thanks. Count on me. Goodnight!"

Their hands clasped. He started the car and drove away; and Barbara, walking for silence's sake on the turf beside the gravel drive, went toward the house.

She wondered why her father had been downtown so late tonight; wondered what time it was; looked at her watch.

It was quarter of one.

Mrs. Sentry, Barbara's mother, roused when her husband turned on the light in their bedroom and got into his bed beside hers. She did not fully wake; just asked drowsily, "Everything all right, Arthur?"

"Of course! Perfect!"

"What time is it?"

"Quarter past eleven," he said, and she heard the rustling of the paper as he began to read. She thought sleepily that he was home early. He always dined at the Club on Thursday evenings, with bridge before and after dinner; but usually he was later than that in coming home. He was still reading when she drifted back to sleep.

When Nellie knocked on the door at seven next morning, Mrs. Sentry had been some time awake, planning her day. The seamstress in the forenoon, lunch at Mrs. Furness' to hear Miss Glen speak, dinner at home this evening. Mr. Sentry did not rouse at Nellie's knock; and Mrs. Sentry saw that he lay on his side, his back toward her; and she noticed with a faint jealous resentment of his continued youthfulness that his tumbled dark hair was not yet thin even on the top of his head. They had been married almost thirty years. The children, babies so short a time ago, were young men and women now. Mary, so like Mrs. Sentry herself, absorbed in her work at the Hospital, taking it with a severe seriousness. Phil, a Junior at New Haven, closer to Mrs. Sentry than either of his sisters, apt to tease her about her pride, her high head. Barbara . . . Mrs. Sentry reflected now that Barbara, the youngest, was almost like a stranger in the family. Only between Barb and Phil, both with a gift for laughter, was there close abiding sympathy. Mrs. Sentry wondered—lying half asleep—what their other children would have been like if there had been others. But of course there could not be. She had, so far as outward appearances were concerned, forgiven Arthur that old offense readily enough. "At least," she told him icily, that day a few weeks before Barbara was born when he came to her in contrite confession, "there has been no scandal. I could not forgive a scandal. So, since no one knows—unless she—" And the matter was never mentioned again between them. But the forgiveness, naturally was only on the surface. Yet they continued to preserve the outward forms, even to sleep in beds side by side, so that not even the servants ever knew . . . Mrs. Sentry thought this morning that her ancient tolerance had been repaid. Their lives had always been outwardly serene; were serene as they grew older now . . .

She rose, leaving Arthur abed; but while she was dressing, she heard him stirring, and called, "Thought you might want to sleep."

He said, "No," rather curtly.

"Do well last night? Have a good game?"

"Didn't hold any cards." The Thursday night bridge was in the nature of a tournament, four rubbers being played after dinner. He referred to this as he explained now: "They finished us off by half past ten. I hung around for a few minutes, and then came along home." He added: "And I forgot your package from Butler's, Ellen. They delivered it about four o'clock, but I left it on my desk at the office."

"It doesn't matter," she said. "Today will do." She repeated, "It doesn't matter at all," and she wondered why she went to such pains to reassure him, realized that there was something like apprehension in his tone, as though he were afraid what she would say. She asked hurriedly, "Who did you play with?"

"Dean Hare," he said. "Against Carl Bettle and Bob Flood."

She came into his dressing-room, herself ready for the day, and watched him knot his tie, brush his hair, trim his mustache. "What a time you have with that, don't you?" she said, amused at his intensity as he leaned close to the mirror, his jaw depressed to draw his upper lip taut, holding his mustache flat with one finger while with many grimaces he trimmed its ragged edges.

He nodded, and put on coat and vest, stowed odds and ends in his pockets, said, "Well, ready?"

She felt tautness in him, a need for reassurance. "You look about twenty-five," she told him dutifully. "Not a day older than Mary. You make me feel as though I had four children instead of three!" He smiled; and she thought she had succeeded in putting him in better humor for the day. She had always administered praise to him like a medicine, skillfully.

The house was old, of brick, foursquare, with a French roof, the slopes broken by gables that admitted light to the servants' quarters and storage rooms on the upper floor. It had been built by Arthur's grandfather, in what was at that time open country; but now it was crowded among others, most of them of a later period, and retained only a narrow area of lawn and garden, with room for a tennis court beside the garage in the rear. A sluggish stream meandered behind the garage at an angle across the rear of the lot; and there was a pergola of brick and stone behind the tennis court, built by Arthur's father, on the bank above the water where ducks came to feed. Rhododendrons ten or twelve feet high screened the house from the street in front, and there were hedges along the lot line on either side. Outside, the house was as it had been built, save for the English ivy which cloaked the walls; but inside there were changes. Arthur's mother, when she was mistress here, had torn out walls, intalled bathrooms, dressing-rooms, closets; redecorated again and again.

Mary was at the table when Mr. and Mrs. Sentry entered the dining-room; rose punctiliously to greet them. She was a tall, lovely girl, her cheeks a little hollowed so that her cheekbones and the line of her jaw showed firmly; and her eyes were apt to be grave, even when she smiled. She wore this morning a suit of blue-gray homespun, and her father, seeing this, commented:

"Looks as though you're dressed for business."

She nodded. "Yes," she agreed. "I'm going to the hospital." She spent part of every day there as a volunteer, tending convalescent patients, learning something of nursing and medicine in the process. The hospital was Mrs. Sentry's pet charity; but Neil Ray, rather than her mother, was responsible for the fact that Mary's interests were thus directed. Neil was studying medicine, planning to follow his father as a medical missionary in China; and he wanted Mary to marry him.

"I told him," she confessed to her mother the night he proposed to her, "that I was no kind of wife for any kind of missionary!" Yet she had thereafter plunged into this work, as though thus she might deserve him. That was months ago.

Mrs. Sentry had spoken her mind to Mary, with the frankness upon which she prided herself. "Ridiculous!" she said. "To go way off to China! And preposterous for him to let you humble yourself! You've lost your head over this young man."

But the only result of her advice had been to awaken in Mary a defensive and antagonistic attitude, make her increasingly critical toward them all. Thus she said to Mr. Sentry now:

"And speaking of hospitals, you look as though you ought to be in one, father. Been burning the candle at both ends?"

"Had a bad night," he explained. "Lay awake, fighting to get to sleep, for hours."

"You don't look sleepy," Mary commented, in a dry, professional tone. "You look as though—well, as though your nerves were all shot." She smiled. "Probably liverish," she suggested. "Stick out your tongue!"

Mrs. Sentry said in a dry tone, "Mary, I'm beginning to object to this clinical atmosphere in the home."

"You find so many objectionable things about me lately, mother!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"You Find So Many Objectionable Things About Me Lately, Mother!"

Peasants of Poland Like Their Colors; Women Wear Mixtures of Bright Shades

In no corner of the world has modern fashion in dress made less headway than in the Polish countryside. The spinning wheel and the loom still hold their place of honor, and homespun still is the garb of 75 per cent of the peasants.

There are four main groups of peasant costumes in Poland. The two most striking are in and around Lowicz, and on the southeastern border of Poland among the Huculs. The others are to be found among the Gorals in the Zakopane district and in Upper Silesia, notes a writer in the Detroit News.

Lowicz skirts are made from the famous rainbow wool, showing wide stripes of orange and canary yellow, alternating with narrow strips of blacks and browns, violet and amaranth, rich chocolate hues, deep purples, green and rose. But yellow seems to prevail, a yellow as radiant as the California poppy. The fashion comes straight from the native soil, for the women weave just what they see through their door: long, narrow fields which at a distance look like vari-colored stripes on the landscape.

These women wear close fitting vests with horizontal stripes and their white linen blouses have loose sleeves, sometimes gayly embroidered.

The Huculs run to bright colors, which would be considered somber if compared with those of Lowicz. A unique feature is that the women wear aprons instead of skirts—one apron fore and another aft. The result is a close fitting garment with plenty of looseness for riding and mountain climbing. And this is being considered by stylists for sport wear as a variation on the coulette that have recently been the rage.

The sleeveless lambskin coats worn by these women also are adapted for winter sports. They usually are made with the fur side in, and the outer skin embroidered in gay colors. They give plenty of free arm play and keep the torso toasty warm. Hucul women wear them all winter in the icy mountain blasts.

Ohio's State House

The state house at Columbus, Ohio, was completed in 1859. It took 20 years to build it. In 1899 an annex was built on the east side of the main structure, and in 1929 an office building erected on the banks of the Scioto river, donated by the city of Columbus.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for September 25

DAVID: TRIUMPHANT FAITH

LESSON TEXT—Psalms 23 and 27:1-6.
GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. Psalm 23:1.
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Song of the Shepherd.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Song of a Shepherd Boy.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Songs of Faith and Courage.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—A Steadfast and Triumphant Faith.

What a fitting conclusion to our three-month study of Old Testament characters it is to sound the note of "triumphant faith." The life stories which have passed in review have been true to life, as they have shifted from strength to weakness, from fear to courage, from moral responsibility to moral weakness. But God is the one who changeth not—and we would not close our series properly without the encouraging reminder that the man who truly believes God may know strength out of weakness, courage in place of fear, may like David rise out of degrading sin and defeat into the joy and victory of faith.

Two elemental needs are common to all mankind—provision for the maintenance of life, both physical and spiritual, and protection from the enemies of soul and body. Our first Scripture portion declares the faith of David in God as his providing shepherd and the second as his security from fear.

I. Provision (Ps. 23).

"The Lord is my shepherd." Putting God first in every detail of life means that there will be

1. No want (vv. 1-5). "My cup runneth over," and surely then there can be no lack of any good thing. God is able and willing. We, like David, should trust Him.

2. No weakness (v. 3). "He restoreth my soul." The world is puzzled by the rejuvenating power of the grace of God in the Christian's soul, but it becomes very real to us through the Word, through prayer, through the indwelling Holy Spirit Himself.

3. No wandering (v. 3). "He leadeth me." In an unknown or dangerous country the essential thing is to stay close to one's guide. In the wilderness of this sinful world, we must keep close to our divine Leader. He knows where the still waters and the green pastures are to be found, even in wildest and most barren land.

4. No worry (v. 6). "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." It was true of David, it is (or should be), preeminently true of the Christian. Someone has said, "If we trust we do not worry; if we worry we do not trust."

5. But—blessed assurance. Not only will the goodness of God follow us all our days, but we shall "dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

II. Protection (Ps. 27:1-6).

"The Lord is my light and my salvation"—could there be any greater certainty that we shall be delivered from every danger and difficulty? To the one who walks in that light there can be

1. No fear (v. 1). "The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" He is the perfect and final answer to all the fears of life.

2. No failure (vv. 2, 3). "Though an host should encamp against me . . . in this will I be confident," that they shall but stumble and fall. One of the fears that dogs the footsteps of a man is that after all his effort and labor some enemy will come in and destroy. The Christian must often meet wicked and troublesome enemies — but though they be a host, he may be serene in his soul, knowing that if he is right with God the devices of man or devil against him shall only fail.

3. No falling (vv. 4, 5). "He shall set me up upon a rock," and that rock is in "the secret of his tabernacle." The assurance of the believer in Christ is in Him, His work upon the cross and His certain word of promise.

David longed for the house of the Lord; he wanted to return to the temple from which his many wanderings so often separated him. How blessed is our lot as Christians for we have in our own bodies the temple of the Holy Spirit (I Cor. 3:16, 6:19); we have Christ in us as the hope of glory (Col. 1:22). We also long to be in God's house (that is if we really love Him), but if we are born again we have the temple of God wherever we may be.

4. No fainting (v. 6). "Now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me." Just when, humanly speaking, we would faint because of the enemies all around us, or by reason of the heat and pressure of the fight, then God causes our heads to be lifted up and in the moment of apparent defeat there is victory.

5. But—a song. "I will sing praises unto the Lord." The atmosphere of praise is one which the enemy of our soul cannot stand. It is too rare, too pure, too holy for him. Next time he tries to defeat you—why not "Try Praise"? It works!

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

PERSONAL

Reduce sanely. No drugs or medicines. Reduce waist line. Send $1 for details. Geo. Strobl, 3637 Belmont Ave., Chicago.

PRINTER

PRINTER, experienced, with equipment. Free rent. Chance for a hustler. Replies confidential. P. O. Box 83, Danville, Ill

MISCELLANEOUS

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

Smart Fall Styles That Are Flattering

HERE are two charming fashions with the crisp, slim-waisted, very feminine look that proves they are new and smart! And you'll notice that the sleeves are proudly puffed up, not out—they give height, not width, to the shoulders. These two simple designs, each accompanied by a detailed sew chart, make it very, very easy for you to have two leading fashions of the coming season at very little cost.

Two-Piecer With Jacket Blouse.

This charming fashion is extremely good this fall. It's tailored or dressy, according to the materials in which you make it up. The skirt is slim and plain. The jacket-blouse as youthful and becoming as it can be. For street, make it of wool crepe, flannel or faille. For afternoon, choose velvet or broadcloth for the skirt; satin, velvet or silver cloth for the jacket blouse.

With Smart, Slenderizing Lines.

Notice that the front panel of the skirt is cut in one with the midriff section—that's a smart detail that you see in expensive models, and it's excellent for large women. Fits well. Shoulder darts, and gathers above the waistline, ease it over the bust, without any hint of bulkiness. Make this of satin, silk crepe, velvet or sheer wool, and you'll like it better than any dress you've had for a long time.

1477 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 39 inch material for the jacket-blouse; 2 yards for the skirt.

1585 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 5⅛ yards of 39 inch material for long-sleeved dress; 4⅞ yards for short-sleeved.

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.

NERVOUS?

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

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

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

Why not give it a chance to help YOU?

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

WNU—A 38—38

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use *Doan's Pills*. A multitude of grateful people recommend *Doan's. Ask your neighbor!*

DOAN'S PILLS

HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS 6

Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP Myra pleads with "Uncle Jeff," owner of the circus, to spare Alta, after the elephant's attack on "Silk" Fowler, ringmaster.

By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA Hearts and Flowers

By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP— Rest Period

By C. M. PAYNE

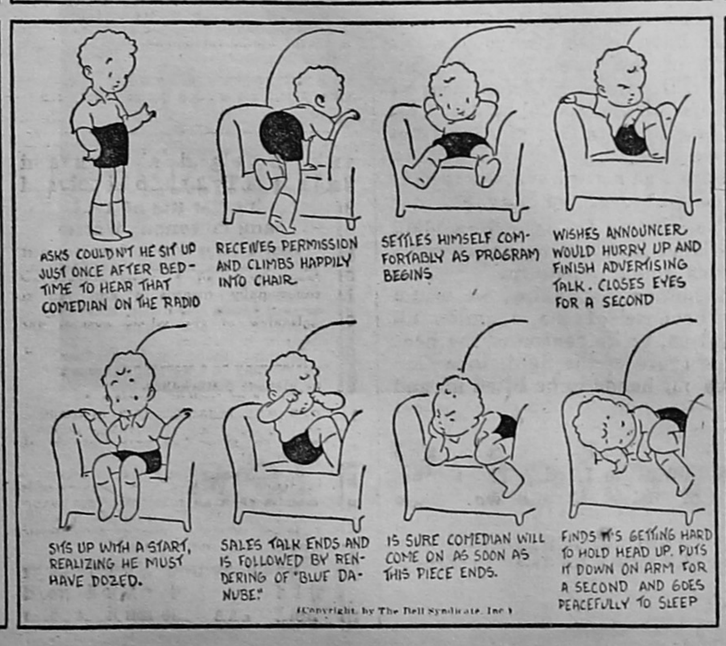
MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

Dear Old Golden Rule Days

POP— One Little Mouthful Adds Girth

By J. MILLAR WATT

LATE PROGRAM By GLUYAS WILLIAMS.



PAT'S HELP

Panting and perspiring, two Irishmen on a tandem bicycle at last got to the top of the steep hill.

"That was a stiff climb, Pat," said the first.

"Sure and it was that," said Pat. "And if I hadn't kept the brake on we would have gone backwards."

Stunning

Bill—Where did you get the black eye?

Jack—I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place.

Left Without Reason

He—Don't go. You are leaving me entirely without reason.

She—I always leave things as I find them.

FOUND

Two men were talking together in the public library. Said one: "The dime novel has gone. I wonder where it's gone to?"

The other, who knew something of literature in its various phases, answered cynically: "It's gone to two dollars and fifty cents."

"Good? AND HOW!" Say Millions About IRIUM in Pepsodent Powder

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

● "Seeing is believing"! So TRY PEPSODENT POWDER! SEE how Pepsodent's remarkable new cleansing agent . . . Irium . . . helps to clean YOUR teeth more thoroughly!

SEE how Irium . . . found in Pepsodent *alone* of all tooth powders . . . helps you brush away dull, masking surface-stains.

SEE how Pepsodent containing Irium can reveal the full, sparkling radiance of your teeth. Buy it today!

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

CERTAIN-LY!

He—You're a professional swimmer, aren't you?

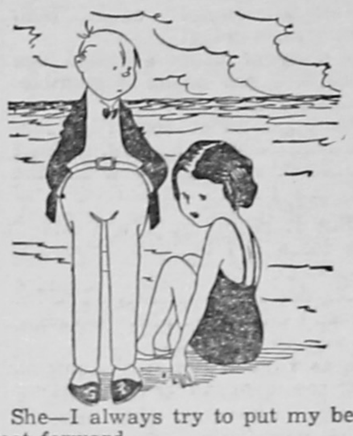
She—I ought to be. I've been one of the bathing beauties in the Bon Ton Burlesque company for five years.

AS TIME MOVES

"There was a young fellow down here last year who paid a lot of attention to you."

"Yes; he's paying me alimony now."

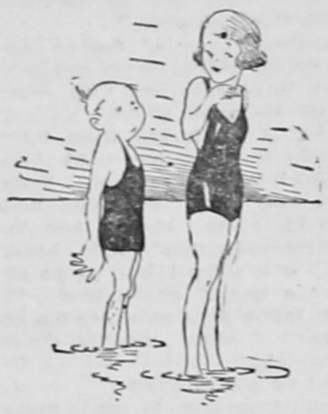
SOME STEPPER



She—I always try to put my best foot forward.

He—Golly! You must put 'em both forward at the same time.

KNOWS HIS WAVES



"I've taught girls to swim in half an hour."

"The handsome fellows take a week for the same instructions."

ANOTHER FIRST

James—Isn't first love a wonderful thing?

Penelope—Yes, indeed! I've always found it so.

ON THE ROPES

"What would you say was the best life-preserver?"

"Not to get out of your depth."

HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS

The Mustard Fight

By RUBY H MARTIN

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SHORT SHORT STORY

MRS. CURTIS and Marie hadn't acted as usual. Will Norden felt an unmistakable discomfort in the atmosphere when he opened the back door of the farmhouse and entered the warm kitchen where they were washing the mid - day dinner dishes. Despite their courteously worded welcome, the young man knew he was regarded as an intruder upon this home where he had long been so friendly. He stumbled over the explanation that he wanted Marie to go with him for a snowshoe hike.

"I couldn't, this afternoon," she returned. "We expect Jimmie on the Limited. Father is going to meet him at Dover Junction."

Will determined to take his afternoon's holiday. The surface of the snow was excellent for shoeing. By the time he reached an old shack it was snowing heavily, and without stopping he continued toward the railroad track he had to cross to reach his own land.

Then he heard the Limited whistle at the nearest crossing, the sound coming clearly through the stormy air. A minute later there was the roar of the engine and the rattle of wheels.

The brakes squealed. The engineer jumped down to nurse the hot box. A car door was opened and the conductor got down. A train man ran back along the track with a red lantern.

A passenger followed the train man a few steps, and then crawled up on to the banked snow and rolled under the fence.

"Wait a minute!" called Will. "Your train's going!"

The stranger turned a flushed face toward Will, and began to mumble. The train started off.

"We'll get under cover!" ejaculated Will, gripping his arm without remonstrance. He saw now that the man was flushed with fever and gasping for breath. The old shack furnished the nearest shelter. There were some old blankets and dry fagots. The next minute Will had a fire roaring in the rusty stove.

He had his hands full. That fellow's bared feet went into a hot mustard bath. Will tied poultices on various portions of his writhing anatomy. His own eyes smarted with mustard fumes. He hardly believed them when Marie Curtis pushed open the door and entered.

"What's the matter, Will?" she cried.

"Keep out!" he remonstrated, "I don't know what may be the matter with this sick man!"

"But that's Jimmie," flashed Marie, stripping off her heavy sweater.

More mustard! Yet they must husband the scant supply! Neither Will nor Marie turned from their desperate ministrations until Jimmie sank into a troubled sleep. Then Will turned to the girl, and took her in his arms. He felt her fingers clinging frantically to his hand.

"I—I was sorry I let you go off without a word," she sobbed. "I tried to follow your snowshoe tracks and was lost when I saw the shack window light."

Will held her tenderly.

"Jimmie has done things to make us unhappy at other places. We had to smooth them over and send him off and move away. It was always hard, but never like this!"

"You mean that caring for me makes it different?" He whispered tenderly, and felt the tighter clinging of his hands. "I won't let you go, dear heart!"

The sick man murmured in his fitful sleep. Will's prompt action had saved his life. But Will heeded none of that with the girl he loved in the shelter of his arms.

The Name Monica

The name Monica, of Latin origin, probably means "adviser" (from the same source as admonish), although there is a possibility that it may be a contraction of Dominica, also Latin, meaning "the Lord's," a name often given to girls born on Sunday, writes Florence A. Cowles in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Monica is not to be confused with another Latin name, Monaca, meaning "solitary." The latter is seldom heard, even more seldom than the former. St. Monica was the mother of St. Augustine.

Lead Pencils Made in 1565

The earliest mention of what are known as lead pencils appears in records dating back to 1565—not long after the discovery of the noted graphite mine at Borrowdale, England, in 1554. This mine furnished the material for the first lead pencils. The graphite was sawed into strips and fastened into wooden casings. In 1795 the Frenchman Conte improved the process by grinding the graphite and mixing it with clay, in order to produce grades of hardness and blackness.

Tonnage of a Vessel

The number of cubic feet within the skin of a vessel divided by 100 is the gross registered tonnage. From this figure certain allowances are made for nonrevenue space, such as engine rooms, crews' quarters, and areas exposed to the weather.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. Where and when was Governor John Peter Altgeld born?

A. Nieder Salters, Germany, Dec. 30, 1847.

Q. Following Governor Altgeld's pardoning of the men sentenced after the Haymarket riot what vicious attack was made on him?

A. That being foreign born he was opposed to the American form of government.

Q. In 1856 what did Lincoln say about prejudice and antiforeign fanaticism in the United States?

A. "If Know-Nothingism is triumphant I would prefer to emigrate to some country where they make no pretense at loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism may be taken pure."

Q. What bill passed by the legislature during Governor Altgeld's administration was a forerunner of the newer social legislation of recent years?

A. The Factory Inspection Act designed to eliminate sweatshops, restrict employment of children in factories, and also to limit hours of work for women.

Q. What bill was sponsored by Altgeld which presaged the Wagner Labor Act of 1936?

A. A bill making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine for an employer to discharge a worker because he was a member of a union.

Q. How did Governor Altgeld help develop the University of Illinois from a mediocre college to a great university?

A. He forced the legislature to double the appropriation for the University.

Q. Who left a fund for the erection of a statue to Governor Altgeld?

A. Joseph S. Martin willed $25,000 for this purpose. However, the General Assembly appropriated a like sum and a statue by Gutzon Borglum was placed in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

Q. Who donated the portrait of Altgeld which hangs in the Chicago Historical Society collection?

A. Joseph S. Martin.

Q. What books did Altgeld write?

A. The Cost of Something for Nothing; Live Questions; Oratory, Its Requirements and Rewards; Our Penal Machinery and Its Victims.

Q. What recent biography of Governor Altgeld has been published?

A. Eagle Forgotten by Harry Barnard. The name of the book is derived from the poem of the same name written about Altgeld by Vachel Lindsay, famous Illinois poet.

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.

For Sale Cheap

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

a7 Harlan W. Six.

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

Water Tender—Do you mean to call me a liar?

Radioman—That is the construction which suggests itself in connection with the observation I addressed to you.

Water Tender—All right. I accept your apology, but I allow no man to insult me.

Classified Ads.

Found—A ring of keys.

For Sale—One 2-burner oil stove, a kitchen safe, and a barn.
Henry Struck.

For Sales—Two purebred black Poland China male pigs.
O. P. Witt.

Lost—A billfold containing several bills. Finder please leave same at The News office and receive reward.

APPLES—Now harvesting Jonathans, 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.

HARRY A. LITTLE
Republican Candidate For
County Treasurer

STAR
VillaGrove
Now Showing the New Season's Parade of Hits

Thur. & Fri., Sept. 22-23
What A Treat!
Ray Milland-Dorothy Lamour
Spawn of The North
"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, Sept. 24
Mat. 5c-10c Nite 10c-20c
Action—Romance—Thrills
Michael Whalen - Lynn Bari
Speed To Burn
Comedy Cartoon

Sun. & Mon., Sept. 25-26
Back Together Again!
James Cagney - Pat O'Brien
Marie Wilson
Boy Meets Girl
10c-25c

Tues.-Wed., Sept. 27-28
2 Features
Laurel & Hardy
Block Heads
Also
Hugh Herbert-Allen Jenkins
Sh! The Octopus
10c-25c

Long View News

George Apgar and family spent the week end at Dahlgren.

Ed Carleton lost a valuable horse recently by sleeping sickness.

Mrs. Kenyon Bollinger and children of Hume spent Sunday in the B. C. Paine home.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Parker are moving here this week from Villa Grove, taking rooms in the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Merchant.

Mrs. Virginia Keefe was hostess to the L. S. L. Club, Thursday afternoon of last week. A feature of the program was a display of quilts by Mrs. Ed Allen.

The Loyal Workers of the Christian church met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. A. R. Hales. A silver tea is planned by the ladies for Wednesday afternoon, September 28.

Mrs. T. M. Sullivan spent last Friday in Danville, assisting her son Gene in packing, in preparation for moving to Rantoul where he has accepted a position in the Leonard-Stevens funeral home.

O. H. Hedrick and family motored to Cisna Park, recently, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hedrick. Twenty-six guests were present at the dinner which honored the host and hostess on their silver wedding anniversary.

Of last year's graduating class L. V. H. S., Misses Marjorie Hedrick and Donna Akers have enrolled as freshmen at the U. of I.; Wayne Warnes at Illinois Wesleyan, Bloomington; Fauniel Harden and Hertha Ringo have entered Illinois Commercial College, Champaign; Miss Mary Ethel Collins is employed in Chicago; and Miss Dorothy Jane Carleton is studying nursing at Burnham Hospital, Champaign.

St. John's Evangelical Church

Karl F. Albers, Pastor.

9:30 a. m.—Sunday school.

No preaching services this Sunday, due to the absence of the pastor who is attending a conference at Elmhurst.

George Snapp recently sold in Sylacauga, Ala., a bale of cotton he had kept on his farm for 20 years. When it was ginned in 1918 he could have sold the cotton for around 40 cents a pound.

Joseph Skelly, Commissioner of Public Property of New Orleans, invited the entire city to his daughter's wedding reception. More than 12,000 sandwiches, 10,000 cakes and 100 gallons of punch were served.

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

Free Talkie Show

At Broadlands

Every

Saturday Night

Brewer Chevrolet Sales
Broadlands, Illinois
Brewer Chevrolet Co. - - - Homer, Ill.

HOMER HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOMER ILLINOIS