

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

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News Items of 12 Years Ago

Oct. 1, 1926

O. E. Anderson moved into the building vacated by the Broadlands News.

Mrs. Ione Allen and Mrs. Betty Dicks entertained the G. T. Club.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnson, son Morris, and Mrs. Mary Jacobsen of Champaign visited Mr. and Mrs. Ira Laverick.

The Broadlands Oil Company was organized, members of the partnership being Thomas and Roy Bergfield, Kenneth Dicks and Kenneth Allen.

Mrs. Ebborn and Mrs. Bridge-wood, who had been visiting at the Harry Allen home, left for New York, from where they sailed for their home in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Menix entertained at dinner, Fred Newkirk and family, Frank Frick and family, Elmer Frick and family, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Poore.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

Next Sunday is Rally Day in our church. A short program will be given in both the Sunday School and Church Service. Will every member and friend of the church be present? The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock. The Preaching Service is at 11:00.

Rally Day at Longview

The Longview Church of Christ will observe Rally Day, next Sunday, Oct. 2.

Sunday School at 10 a. m.; Communion and sermon at 11 a. m. Basket dinner in the town hall at 12:30. Special music, home talent and from Villa Grove. An outside speaker for the afternoon service at 2:15.

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

The Nantucket Sea Serpent

JUST as regularly as the bathing season comes 'round each year, just as certainly will there appear newspaper reports that some bather has been startled by the sudden appearance of a "sea serpent," one of those fabulous monsters of the deep.

Back in 1931 such a monster was reported seen in Lake Erie and the "Sandusky Sea Serpent" was front-page news for several days. Then it was revealed that it existed only in the minds of two carnival men who wanted to attract crowds to a popular Ohio summer resort.

Last summer bathers in the Atlantic on the coast of Massachusetts really saw one and the "Nantucket Sea Serpent" became even more famous than its Ohio relative. For it was "genuine" to this extent: it was an inflated rubber monster, designed by a famous artist who is the creator of other such figures used by a New York department store in its annual Thanksgiving day parade in that city.

The appearance of the sea serpent was exposed as a publicity stunt by J. J. R. Indio, reporter for the New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times, after which several of those who were "in on the stunt" wrote an open letter to the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror telling how it was planned to publicize Nantucket island first and the department store incidentally. Nantucket was selected as the hoax spot because the artist has a summer home there and the founder of the store was born on the island in 1822.

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The Kenneth Dicks Entertain Bridge Club

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dicks entertained the Bridge Club last Monday night.

Six tables were in play prizes being won by Mesdames Lillie Bowman, Zermah Witt, Maude Luedke, Messrs. John Nohren, Albert Telling, Bud Struck. The traveling prizes were retained by Mrs. Anna Struck and Edward Nohren.

Refreshments consisted of toasted cheese and chicken sandwiches, olives, over-night salad, nabiscoes and coffee.

Guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Luedke, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Struck, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Anderson.

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

Seven Ways to Happy Hunting

Hunting tragedies are occurring in rural communities with increasing frequency as the season advances. The A-B-C's of safe hunting listed by the Illinois Agricultural Association department of safety are as follows:

Guns should never contain shells, even in the magazine, except when actually in the field. At all other times the gun should be carried with the breech open. Guns should never be cocked or have the safety released until game is sighted.

Hunting parties should be small and of carefully selected persons who will stay together.

Guns should be handled at all times so that should they fire unexpectedly no one would be injured. Remember this when going through or over a fence.

Shoot at nothing not clearly discernible as game and not then if someone of your party is out of sight.

Yell your head off if someone points a gun your way. The strong silent type individual is occasionally mistaken for a rabbit.

At all times treat your gun for what it is—a death-dealing weapon.

Nearly always the careless gun-handler is the person who has had little or no experience in using firearms, the department says.

Longview Man Added to State Highway Staff

William Fitzgerald of Longview has been added to the state highway staff of district 5. Mr. Fitzgerald's appointment as a maintenance patrolman will become effective Oct. 1.

Due to the increase in new pavement in the district it has been necessary to add additional maintenance patrolmen. — News Gazette.

The Ladies Aid society of the M. E. Church had a record breaking attendance at their annual chicken supper last Wednesday evening, having served 216 dinners. A wonderful dinner, say those who had the privilege of enjoying it. The ladies made a profit of \$80.25.

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

Fairfield Missionary Society Holds Birthday Luncheon

The Fairfield Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Ira Laverick on September 21, at noon. It was their annual pot-luck birthday luncheon. A sumptuous meal was enjoyed by the twelve members present. Several were unable to attend.

A splendid program was prepared for the afternoon.

Mrs. Homer McIntyre had charge of the devotions. Her thought was Education and Religion, illustrated by the lives of Solomon and Paul.

Mrs. Fuller Freeman prepared an interesting paper on "The Younger Generation." Being unable to be present, the paper was read by Mrs. Russell Young.

Miss Mayme Telling, a guest of the society, entertained with a piano solo, Newland's Valse Caprice.

Mrs. Alva Fultz read a missionary story, "Yourself In Her Place."

The birthday offering was \$6.77.

Local and Personal

Mrs. Howard Mohr and daughter, and Mrs. Neva Frick were Danville visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Maxwell and children visited friends at Champaign, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Mollie Astell of Champaign was a Broadlands visitor, Monday.

Clark Henson and family were Champaign visitors Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Hardyman were St. Joseph visitors, Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Frank Kracht, Mrs. Lillie Baker and daughter Joan were Newman visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Fuller Freeman has been confined to her home with illness the past week.

Albert Cummings and family spent the weekend with relatives at Indianola.

Mrs. Alice Struck spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith at Kansas.

Mrs. A. A. Cable visited Mrs. Louise Potter at Homer on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Mide Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Williams and daughters have returned from Corpus Christi, Texas.

Miss Kathryn Warner, who is attending school at Charleston, spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Dophia Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smith and children spent the week end with relatives at Indianapolis, Ind.

David Freeman attended the Illinois Agricultural Association meeting for Farm Bureau leaders held at Peoria last week.

Prof. George H. Cook and the pupils of the high school attended the Illinois-Ohio football game at Urbana, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Madsen of Ridgefarm, and Miss Lorraine Madsen of Baltimore, Md., were guests of Mrs. Flora Bailey Sunday.

David Freeman Will Manage Cooperatives

David Freeman left Thursday to assume his duties as manager of the Marshall-Putman Cooperatives, Inc. This will include the management of cold storage locker plants and the sale of Farm Bureau supplies in the two counties. He will live in Henry, which is one of the best duck hunting and fishing points on the Illinois river. David graduated from the University of Illinois this spring and has been spending the summer with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller Freeman.

Local and Personal

Alvin Zenke returned from Eureka Springs, Ark., the latter part of last week, where he recently underwent an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frick and Raymond DeWitt motored to Indianapolis, Ind., last Friday, where Mrs. Frick consulted an eye specialist.

Mr. and Mrs. Oren Hardyman and Mrs. Dorothy Vermillion were Sunday afternoon guests of Mr. and Mrs. Othol Hardyman at Camargo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mrs. Ella Burtner and daughter Miss Ethel of Allerton; Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson and children.

S. L. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Moore of Long Beach, Calif., and Wayne H. Moore of Chicago, were week end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Seider, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frick enjoyed a picnic dinner at Terre Haute, Ind., Sunday. In the afternoon they visited the oil fields in the southern part of the state.

The News is in receipt of a letter from Ala Layman, who states that he and Mrs. Layman are on a two months fishing and hunting tour in southern Illinois, and requests us to send their paper to West Frankfort, Ill., until further notice.

Illinois Corn Crop Escapes Frost Damage

The Illinois corn crop, escaping frost damage in the mid-September period of below normal temperatures, is reported making good progress toward maturity. Soy beans, ranging from very good to average, will likely be ready for harvest next week in Central Illinois.

World For Children

The "Children's World" at the New York World's Fair in 1939 may prove to be the most popular attraction in the 280-acre Amusement Zone for adults as well as youngsters. Parents will be able to leave children in this miniature world with confidence that they will be under trained supervision and have everything their hearts desire.

In Appreciation

I wish to express my sincere thanks and deep appreciation to the many friends from whom I received cards of greeting on the occasion of my 75th birthday, Sept. 24.

A. M. Yarger.

Broadlands Chapter O.E.S. Observes Guest Night

Broadlands Chapter, O. E. S., observed Guest Night last Saturday night. Many guests were present from neighboring chapters.

After the regular meeting the following program was given:

Group singing.

Accordion music, by Miss Leone Bergfield.

Solos, by Lila Mae Witt, accompanied by her mother.

Solos, "Trees," and "Goodbye Summer," by Mrs. Flora Maxfield, accompanied by Mrs. Meents of Villa Grove.

Musical readings, by Mrs. Allice Crain, accompanied by Mrs. Zermah Witt.

A Japanese exercise, "Cherry Blossoms," by Wanda Nohren, Lila Mae Witt, Jane Anderson, Hazel Baker and Maxine Henson, with Mrs. Bertha Cook at the piano.

Duets, "Kentucky Babe," and Mexacali Rose," by Mrs. Lillie Bowman and Mrs. Mary Dicks, accompanied by Mrs. Bertha Cook.

After the program, sandwiches, salad and coffee were served.

Mrs. Mary Dicks is Hostess to G. T. Club

Mrs. Mary Dicks was hostess to members of the G. T. Club on Thursday afternoon of last week.

The business meeting was in charge of Mrs. Neva Frick. It was voted to start meetings at 1:30 during the winter months.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in playing "500," Mrs. Neva Frick receiving the prize.

Lovely refreshments were served.

The next club meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Irene Witt.

Members present were Mesdames Betty Dicks, Lillie Bowman, Bertha Cook, Ruby Holt, Rosa Smith, Anna Struck, Jessie Bergfield, Neva Frick, Ida Messman, Frieda Maxwell, Ruth Henson, Gladys McClelland, Zermah Witt, Delia Nohren, Jennie Nohren, Edna Struck, Maude Fitzgerald, Helen Eckerty, Minnie Anderson, Clara Hedrick, Elsa Walker, Mary Dicks.

Automobile Department Sets a New Record

The State Automobile Department set a new record for passenger cars registered during the eight month period ending August 31, Secretary of State Edward J. Hughes announced today.

Passenger cars registered for the eight months totaled 1,534,566, topping last year's all time high for registrations of a similar period by 14,320.

Truck, trailer and motorcycle registrations also were up, but dealer and chauffeur licenses decreased.

Registrations in all classes combined for the eight months jumped 8,775 from a total of 1,855,069 last year to 1,863,844 for 1938.

Lodge Meets Next Monday

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

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

Hugo Dewitt Buys the Kenneth Dicks Hardware

A business change that came as a surprise to the citizens of Broadlands was consummated on Thursday morning, when Kenneth Dicks sold his hardware business and equipment to Hugo Dewitt, who took charge immediately. Mr. Dicks retains the undertaking business.

Mr. Dewitt, the new proprietor of the hardware store needs no introduction to the public at our hands, as he has been engaged in business here for a number of years and is well and favorably known by all.

Herbert Krenzien, who has been with the firm for a number of years, will continue on the job for the new proprietor.

Girl Scouts Meet With Miss Leone Bergfield

The Girl Scouts, with their leader, Miss Millicent Nelson, of Longview, hiked over to Broadlands, Wednesday evening and were entertained at the home of Miss Leone Bergfield.

A wiener roast was enjoyed, after which the Scout meeting was held in the basement of the Bergfield home, and cakes and ice cream were served.

Miss Waneta Watson of Longview was a guest.

Illinois Now Has Almost 1,000 Producing Oil Wells

Illinois now has almost 1,000 producing oil wells. Since the first of the year, 768 live wells have been brought in. August production, according to the State Geological Survey Division was about 1,900,000 barrels, contrasting with 1,128,000 barrels in January. About three-fourth of the State's oil flow is now coming from new fields still in process of development.



Now that schools are again in session, a few words of warning to parents are timely.

Teach your children to be extremely careful on their way to school, teach them to cross the streets only at intersections, and then only after they have looked to left and right. If it is necessary for your children to walk on the highway, instruct them to walk on the left hand side and to step off the road if necessary. Remind them daily!

School patrols stationed at busy intersections near schools have made crossing streets easier and safer for our children. Yet accidents happen not only where traffic is heavy, but also where traffic is light.

Urge your children to use good judgment on their trips to and from school.

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	21c
No. 2 new beans	68c

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

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 at 12:45, but when he gets home he tells his wife it is 11:15 and that he's been playing bridge at the club.

CHAPTER I—Continued

Mrs. Sentry poured coffee, and Oscar, who had served them for a dozen years, hesitated at the table as Mr. Sentry said: "Oscar, tell Eli he'd better take me in today. I'll be ready in five minutes." He began to eat, hurriedly "Barbara not awake?" he asked.

"Oh, she may sleep till noon. She was probably late getting in. Did you hear her, Mary?"
Mary shook her head. She asked her father, "Can you drop me at the hospital on the way to town?"
"Of course!" he told her. He asked, a little impatiently, "Paper not here yet, Oscar?"
"I think the boy forgot us this morning," the man replied. "Nellie says she saw him go by, but when I looked, just before you came down, the paper wasn't there." He added, "The car is ready, sir."
"All right. Thanks," Mr. Sentry agreed. "Ready, Mary?"
"Soon as I get my hat on." She went into the hall.

He rose, stooped to kiss Mrs. Sentry on the cheek she turned to him; and she followed them to the door to watch them drive away, in the high-topped old limousine with brass side lamps, and with old Eli, gardener, chauffeur, and general handy man, who had served them through all the years of their marriage, at the wheel. Mrs. Sentry liked old things, things with dignity, about her. The Sentries were an old, fine family. Mrs. Sentry had been a sea captain's daughter, had met Arthur during his youthful summers on the Cape. She thought this morning with a familiar content that she had married wisely and well.

Turning back into the house, she heard a warning hiss, and Barbara peered down at her from the upper hall. Mrs. Sentry said: "Oh, awake, are you? Why didn't you come down to breakfast?"
"Is he gone?" Barbara demanded in a dramatic whisper. "The coast clear?"
"Your father? Of course."

Barbara, with exaggerated caution, on tiptoe, came down the stairs. Mrs. Sentry, thinking proudly how pretty the girl was, smiled at Barbara's pretended stealth and asked:
"What have you been up to now, you imp?"
"I stole his morning paper," Barbara confessed. "See!" She produced it from behind her. "I was watching for the boy, and when he came I slipped down and got it. I even bolted the front door afterward so Oscar wouldn't know."

"Why?" her mother asked in sudden concern. "Barbara! Have you got yourself into the headlines?"
"I was afraid I had!" They were at table now. "But I didn't. There's not even anything about Johnny."
"What happened?"
Barbara laughed softly. "It was really exciting," she declared. "When Johnny hit the policeman I fairly squealed. After that, of course, he had to put poor Johnny in jail, and I'd have been stranded if Professor Brace hadn't come along."

Mrs. Sentry said drily, "Suppose you start at the beginning, Barbara."
Barbara considered. "Well, Helen Frayne deliberately got Johnny drunk," she said. "I suppose that was the beginning. So I persuaded him to start home. He was really awfully nice about it."
"I'm sure he gets drunk in a most gentlemanly way!"
Barbara laughed. "There, now you're being severe! I love to shock you, mother! You ought to be sorry for poor Johnny, instead of being so sarcastic!"
"I still don't know what happened."

"Well, when we started home, Johnny knew he couldn't drive, so he asked me to, and I did, of course; but I didn't want to take him to Cambridge and then have to take a taxi out here; and Johnny was in no shape to drive. So I turned down toward the ocean and parked so he could get some air."
"If he was drunk, why not let someone else take care of him? Why did you have to—?"
"Oh, I had to stand by!"
"Noblesse oblige?" Mrs. Sentry's tones were scornful.

"I thought it was up to me," Barbara confessed simply.
Her mother relented. "Perhaps it was. Go on."
Barbara nodded. "But I couldn't wake him up. They say if you slap their faces that helps; so I did, and just then the biggest policeman in the world came along and wanted to know what the trouble was."

"I told him it was all right, but when he tried to help, and got Johnny out of the car, Johnny hit him, and they began to fight. So the policeman had to knock him out. And then Professor Brace came along and offered to help, so he brought me home, and he was going to take Johnny some clothes this morning so Johnny wouldn't have to go to court in his dinner jacket."
"And who is Professor Brace?"
"He's a professor in the Harvard Business School, and he's ever so disapproving and respectable. You'd love him, mother." Her tone was affectionately derisive. "He looked at me just the way you're looking now."

Mrs. Sentry smiled. "I don't mean to—look that way, Barbara. It's just that you young people bewilder me a little, sometimes."
"Poor dear!" Barbara murmured. "That's just what Professor Brace said. That was afterward, while he was bringing me home." She hesitated, and Mrs. Sentry had a sudden impression that the girl was holding something back; but she was too wise to ask questions, to force a reluctant confidence.

"He brought me home," Barbara repeated. "And of course on the way I thanked him, and told him who I was, and he said I kept very bad company. As if a girl could always pick and choose! And he told me who he was—"

The telephone rang; they heard Oscar go to answer it, and Mrs. Sentry listened half to him, half to Barbara.
"And he lectured me like a Dutch uncle," Barbara explained, "and I told him he talked as if he were a thousand years old, but it turned out that he was only twenty-eight. He's nice, even if he is serious. I suppose, being so young, and a professor and everything, he thinks he has to be."

Mrs. Sentry called to Oscar, "Did they want Mr. Sentry, Oscar?"
The old man came to the door. "Yes, Mrs. Sentry. It was his office. I told them he was on his way."
"Is anything wrong?"
"They seemed anxious to get hold of him."

"I wonder why," Mrs. Sentry reflected. Oscar made no suggestion. "Probably just business," she decided, and spoke to Barbara.
"And Professor Brace brought you home?"
"Yes." Again that odd hesitation; then she added: "We sat and talked for a while, outside. He's coming Sunday evening to call!" Her eyes were dancing. "I think he plans to reform me, mother!"
"Well, I hope he does!"
"I hope he tries," Barbara agreed. "I like him. I think it would be rather fun!"

CHAPTER II

Mrs. Sentry liked to think of herself as extremely busy. She often said, a little complacently, "My days are so full, you know!" This morning, after breakfast and the mail—there was a letter from Phil at New Haven—she consulted with cook, and then for an hour or two she was engaged with Miss Simpkins, the sempstress who came in by the day.

While she was being fitted, she heard the limousine return, and wondered whether Eli would know why the office had telephoned to Arthur. But Eli was deaf, and it could have been nothing worth inquiry. Their lives had long since assumed a pattern. They dined with their friends; their friends dined with them; they went to the Symphony in the fall before going South for the winter; they saw the better plays. Arthur had his golf on weekends, in a foursome of years' standing that included Dean Hare, Judge Ray, and Ernest Waring. The Hares were probably their most intimate friends. Gus Loran, Arthur's partner, did not play golf. Riding was his sport. They exchanged dinners with the Lorans, but not often, because of Mrs. Loran. They were on old and cordial terms with a dozen or a score of families like their own. Mrs. Sentry thought of their ordered lives complacently.

Then, remembering Barbara's adventure the night before, she hoped Barbara would, another time, be wiser, and that Johnny Boyd would be sobered by his thrashing at the policeman's hands, and she wondered what it was that Barbara had decided not to tell her. Then she heard voices on the tennis court behind the house, and looked out and saw Barbara playing with Linda Dane; and she watched the two young girls, slender, graceful, playing hard tennis in a way that made it look easy, in a fashion so controlled and smooth they seemed to move to music as though in a dance. Then the set ended and the girls came toward the house and Mrs. Sentry could hear their voices in Barbara's room, raised to be audible above the hiss of the shower.

Mrs. Sentry could hear their voices in Barbara's room, raised to be audible above the hiss of the shower. When Miss Simpkins finished with Mrs. Sentry, Barbara—hair in tight wet curls on the nape of her neck

from the shower, slender and lovely in her slip—took her turn while Linda watched, and the two chattered happily together.
When Mrs. Sentry was dressed for the luncheon—Mrs. Keith Urban would call for her—she went to ask whether Barbara would be at home for luncheon. Barbara explained: "No. I'm lunching with Linda, and we're going to a movie, and tea at the Ritz."

Tires grated on the drive, and Mrs. Sentry said: "Here's Mrs. Urban. Then I'll see you at dinner, Barbara." She went down the stairs. Luncheon was pleasant, even though Miss Glen—she was an English novelist—did monopolize the conversation. Mrs. Sentry, listening to her lecture afterward, thought Miss Glen interesting but inclined to patronize. She remembered vaguely a phrase, "On a certain condensation in Englishmen," and wondered who said it, and it annoyed her that she could not remember certainly, and then she began to be sleepy, and had to stifle yawns, and wished there were a window open somewhere. Mrs. Furness' furnace must be on. It was too early to start furnaces, Mrs. Sentry thought. Open fires were enough to banish the occasional chill of these early fall days. Eli had protested yesterday at the amount of firewood he had to carry in every day. She wondered again whether Eli knew why the office had telephoned for Arthur this morning; but Arthur would be home by a little after five, to tell her. It was past four now.

Then Miss Glen had finished; and Mrs. Sentry, when she and Mrs. Urban were in the car, said in dry distaste, "Alice feels she's responsible for our cultural life, doesn't she?"
"I like Miss Glen's books," Mrs. Urban confessed.
"They're good enough," Mrs. Sentry agreed. "But it's a pity a woman who can write as well as Miss Glen does should feel called upon to try to talk. I thought her deadly!"
Mrs. Urban subsided meekly. Very few people argued with Mrs. Sentry. She prided herself on speaking her mind, had sometimes a biting tongue; and when she expressed an opinion it was in the tones of an oracle. Mrs. Urban was faintly relieved to drop her presently at her own door.

Mrs. Sentry expected to find Arthur already at home; but Oscar said he had not yet arrived. "Miss Sentry and Doctor Ray are in the living-room," he explained.
Mary, when Mrs. Sentry joined them said, "Neil brought me home, and I made him stop for tea."
"Have you rung?" Mrs. Sentry asked. Mary had; and Oscar presently brought in the tray. Mrs. Sentry poured, and she suggested that Neil stay to dinner; but Mary said: "He can't, mother. I'm dining out. At the Lorans."

She saw the older woman's expression of surprise, and said: "Oh, I know, mother. But Mrs. Loran asked me three weeks ago, by telephone; gave me no chance to think up an excuse. What could I do?"
"Nothing," Mrs. Sentry confessed. Mrs. Loran was of course a vulgar nobody, whom she herself had always held at a distance. Barbara would simply and honestly have declined this invitation; but Mrs. Sentry's standards were conventional as her mother's. There were things one did not do. Mrs. Sentry herself would have felt compelled to accept an invitation given three weeks in advance, unless the truth would serve as a reason for refusal.

Neil Ray said now in a jocular tone: "Pshaw, Mary! You know you'll enjoy yourself. Mr. Loran always makes love to you."
"He makes love to everyone when he's had a drink or two."

"Well," he insisted cheerfully, "Endle's good company—they say."
Mary met her mother's eyes. "Mr. Endle's calling for me, mother," she explained defensively. "After all, he's Mrs. Loran's brother, and she suggested it. I couldn't very well refuse."
Mrs. Sentry said, "I suppose not!" She heard the front door open, called, "We're in here, Arthur."

Mr. Sentry came to join them and she saw that he was tired. "Hullo, Ray," he said, shaking hands with the other man. "Hullo, Mary." He declined tea. "I'd rather have a cocktail. Shall I ring?"
"Do," Mrs. Sentry assented. She perceived that something had distressed him; but she asked no questions, thinking he might prefer not to speak before Neil Ray. Yet he said at once, "It's been an upsetting day." And he explained, "The office was robbed last night."
"Robbed?" Mrs. Sentry echoed, incredulously. "But there's nothing there to steal! Except oranges!"
"Oh, there's always some money in the safe. Some of the truckmen who peddle their wares pay in cash, you know." He added soberly: "But that's not the worst of it. A girl was killed."

There was an instant's dreadful silence. Mrs. Sentry asked through dry lips: "A girl? One of your employees?"
"No," he said; but he added: "She did work for us for a while last summer, during the vacation season, when we were short-handed. Miss Randall got her from business school. She was only with us about two weeks. Her name was Miss Wines."

Oscar brought cocktails, but Doctor Ray declined one. "I'm on duty tonight," he explained, and rose. "You'll be wanting to dress, Mary," he said. "I'll go along."
Mrs. Sentry thought he felt his presence here an intrusion; but Mary, watching her father, said: "No, stay. We're not dining till eight."
Neil remained standing, uncertainly; and Mrs. Sentry asked, "But how was she killed, Arthur?"
"Shot," he said. "Shot in the back. They found her in the upper hall this morning, outside our offices." And he spoke again to Neil Ray, explaining to him, seeming to find relief in his own words. "Mr. Loran and I have our offices on the top floor, the third floor. It's an old brick building, down in the market district of course. His office is in front and mine in back, with a reception room between. Switchboard, and some typewriter desks. Our letters are handled there. Our book-keeping and so on is done on the second floor, and on the street level, the routine business. Of course mostly we sell directly from the refrigerator cars."

"But what was she doing there?" Mary asked; and she added: "I think I met her last summer, father. You remember the day I came down from York to do some shopping and had lunch with you? She was taking some letters when I came in to get you, and you introduced her. Little, and rather pretty, and innocent looking? I'm sure I met her."
"Probably you did," he agreed. "I don't recall."
Ray said again, "I'll have to be going."
"You needn't hurry, Neil, really," Mary urged.
Mrs. Sentry said, "Mary, don't you see Doctor Ray is embarrassed, wants to get away?" Ray started to protest; but was silent as Oscar brought the Transcript. Mr. Sentry took it, looked at the front page. "Here it is," he said, and was silent, reading the brief story under its small headline.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Plucking Produces a Tailor-Made Dog; Turns Pups Into a Canine Fashion Plate

The terrier is a tailor-made dog. He's a product of civilization, being no more a creature of the wild than his boss. It's just as fitting for a terrier to spend his life ungroomed as it is for the gentlemen of the era to wander unshaven. Or, for that matter, for the ladies to defy the dictates of fashion, to the last hair-dresser, and be natural, asserts an authority in the Washington Star.

By grooming is meant stripping and plucking. Every one knows that a dog of the heavy-coated type must shed, come springtime. Otherwise there are skin troubles and general discomfort. Terriers fall under this classification. Of course, if Pups isn't plucked he'll shed some. And if dad's hair wasn't cut it'd shed some, too, after it had grown as long as Mother Nature intended in the first place. When Pups is relieved of his winter coat in the proper manner, he emerges a canine fashion plate.

Taking terriers as a whole, plucking makes the greatest difference in a wire fox terrier. Scotties and sealyhams, etc., still resemble scotties and sealyhams with all their

winter wool. A wire terrier is practically unrecognizable as such when it's heavy coated. It looks like a cross between a French poodle and a floor mop.

Now then, as to the method—it's painless. An instrument is used that resembles a short-toothed comb, with sharp edges. This "stripper" is run through the coat (by hand), thinning it down and shaping it up. Dead hairs, ready to come out anyway, are plucked between the thumb and finger. All in all, there's nothing to it to give the dog any discomfort. Nails are clipped and filed, furnishing the manicure, and Pups is washed and ready to be admired. The job can be done for a small sum, including everything.

Carried Coffin With Her

How many know that Sarah Bernhardt, the great actress, carried her coffin with her for years before she died? It was made of rosewood, says London Answers Magazine, and had handles of solid gold, being placed at her bedside every night on a trestle made especially to hold it.

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 October 2 THE ONE TRUE GOD

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:2, 3; Isaiah 45:22; Mark 12:28-34; I Corinthians 8:4-6. GOLDEN TEXT—And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy might—Deuteronomy 6:5.

Today we begin a series of studies which should be of unusual value, a consideration of the Ten Commandments in the light of the teachings of Jesus and related New Testament passages. It is appropriate to point out that, far from being outmoded, the Ten Commandments are really the basis of all moral law. They need a diligent re-study and re-emphasis in our day of disregard of moral standards. As interpreted by the Lord Jesus and applied to our daily living, the truth of these commandments should be brought home to every boy and girl and man and woman in our Bible schools.

The lessons begin at the right point, for the first commandment properly deals with our conception of God. What a man thinks about God determines his entire outlook on life. We begin right when we declare that there is but one God.

I. The Truth Stated—There Is One True God (Exod. 20:2, 3).

Jehovah means "I will be what I will be," or "I am that I am." (Exod. 3:14). His very name declares God to be the self-existent, eternal one. How infinitely gracious then is the use of the word "thy" in verse 2! He—the great I AM—is my God.

There are many things concerning which we do not speak dogmatically. There are even Christian doctrines about which spiritual and earnest men may honestly differ, but regarding God we say with absolute assurance and complete exclusiveness—there is but one true God. If He is what He claims to be, if God is not to be declared to be a liar, then it is beyond the realm of possibility that there could be any other God. Hear it, ye men and women of America who in an enlightened land and age bow down in heathenish worship "before the god of gold, the god of self, the god of wine, the god of success, the god of fame, the goddess of pleasure, the god of licentiousness." The one true God says, "I am Jehovah . . . thou shalt have no other gods before me."

II. The Truth Explained.

1. God is our Deliverer (Exod. 20:2). He who brought Israel out of the bondage of Egypt is the one, and the only one who can deliver men from the bondage of sin. If you think that a sinner is not in bondage read Titus 3:3 and Romans 6:16 and then read the verses following in both passages, and not only see but follow the way of deliverance.

2. God is our Saviour (Isa. 45:22). Again note that "there is none else" who can save. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

It was this verse that led one of the world's greatest preachers, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, to accept Christ as his Saviour when he was just a humble lad. Perhaps some boy or girl who reads these lines may do likewise, and become a great instrument in God's hand. Teacher, perhaps the Spurgeon of the next generation will be in your class today. Win him for Christ!

3. God is Love (Mark 12:28-34). In I John 4:8 the truth is stated in all its glorious simplicity. "God is love." He not only loves us, and calls on us to love Him, and enables us to love both Him and our neighbors, but He "is love." Love is of the very essence of God's nature. He is the source of all true love. He is love.

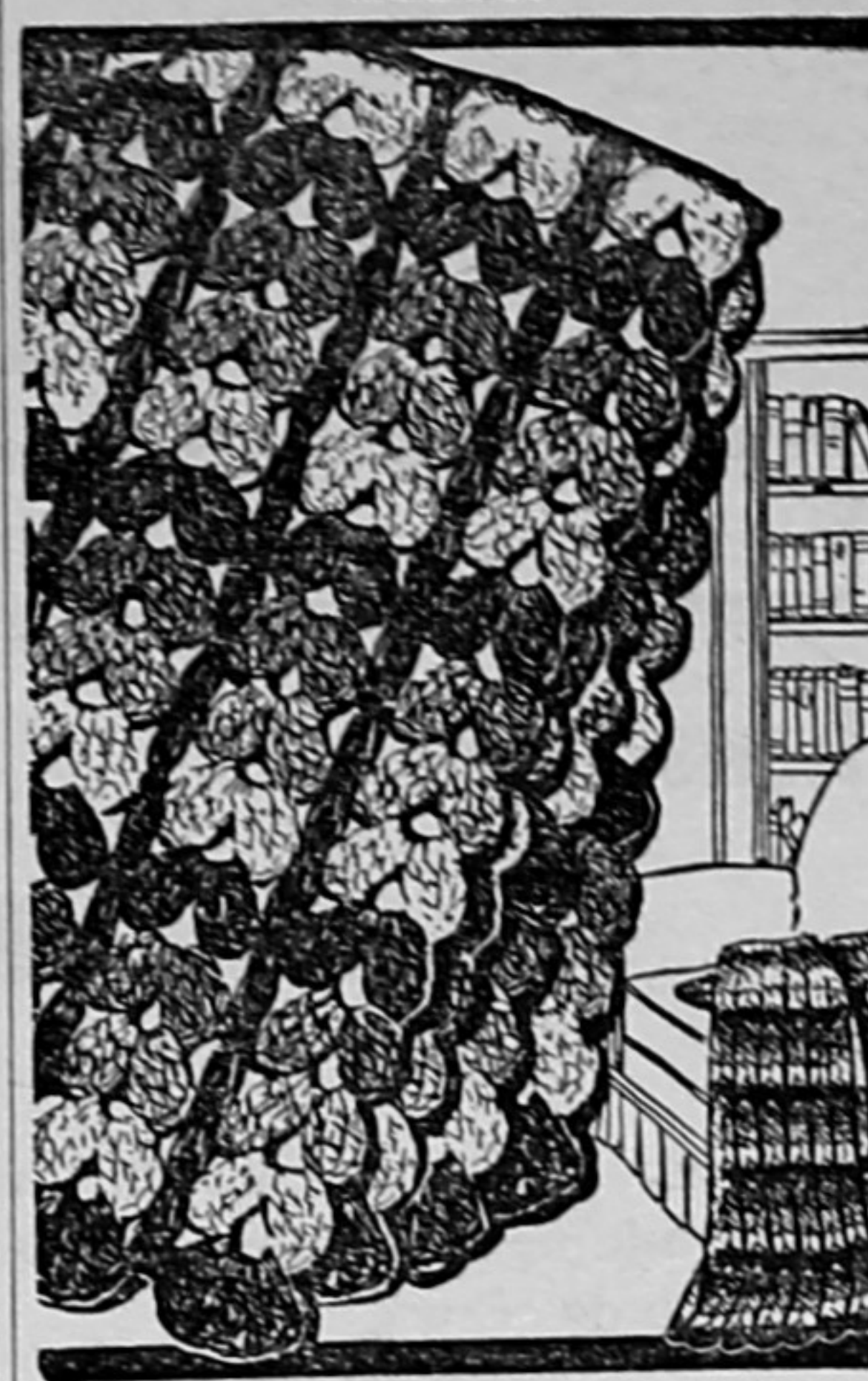
It was for this reason that Jesus replied to the question of the scribe as He did, directing the whole life of man into love toward God and his fellow man.

It is worthy of careful note and emphasis in our teaching that the recognition and appreciation of this truth on the part of the scribe brought him near to the Kingdom of God, but not into it. He was "not far from," but he was not in it. It is terrifying to think how close men may come to entering without doing so. Reader, have you entered into eternal life through Jesus Christ?

4. God is our Father (I Cor. 8:4-6). Paul is speaking of the eating of meat offered to idols, and points out that such false gods are really nothing. This is true not only of the idols of wood and stone, but of supernatural beings, demons worshipped by primitive peoples. There are such spirit beings, active even in our day in such cults as spiritism, but they are not divine, not true gods (v. 6).

The true God is a Father, yes "the Father," of whom are all things and we in Him (v. 6). As there is but one God, there is also but one Lord, Jesus Christ through whom the one God has wrought all things, and through whom we also come to God. If we have Christ we have all; if we have not Him we have nothing. Is He your Saviour?

Color and Economy In This Jiffy Afghan



Pattern 6040.

A jiffy crochet with large hook and Germantown wool—it takes about half the wool needed for a regular afghan! And a lovely fluffy afghan you'll have. Pattern 6040 contains directions for making afghan; illustration of it and of stitches; materials required; color schemes.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) To The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Favorite Scenery

I never weary of great churches. It is my favorite kind of mountain scenery. Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral.—R. L. Stevenson.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

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

Unattained

Success is counted sweetest by those who never succeed.—Emil Dickinson.

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Find by Seeking

Nothing is so difficult but that it can be found out by seeking.—Terence.

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Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds.—Longfellow.

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WNU—A

39—38

WATCH the Specials

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

Nation Turns Against Crowded Cities, Building Its Future in the Small Town

New Industrial and Social Concept Will Feature De-Centralization

By JOSEPH W. LABINE

Main Street—the same street that once echoed to a surging, bonanza spirit of pioneering America, has again come into its own. Once more the carnival tom-tom is heard on Saturday night, where but a few years ago there was gloomy silence.

New business is springing up in 1938's small town. New faces are seen, sallow faces, perhaps, for they come from the city, chased away by uncertainty and grasping for a new chance where life is sweeter—in the small town.

Here is being built a new foundation more secure than the one which crumbled two decades ago. Gone is the desire to become a big city. Gone, too, is the pessimism that seized these towns when the golden lure of metropolitan life began sapping their strength. Having found once more their place in the sun, they are surely pointing the way to a new and better scheme of things.

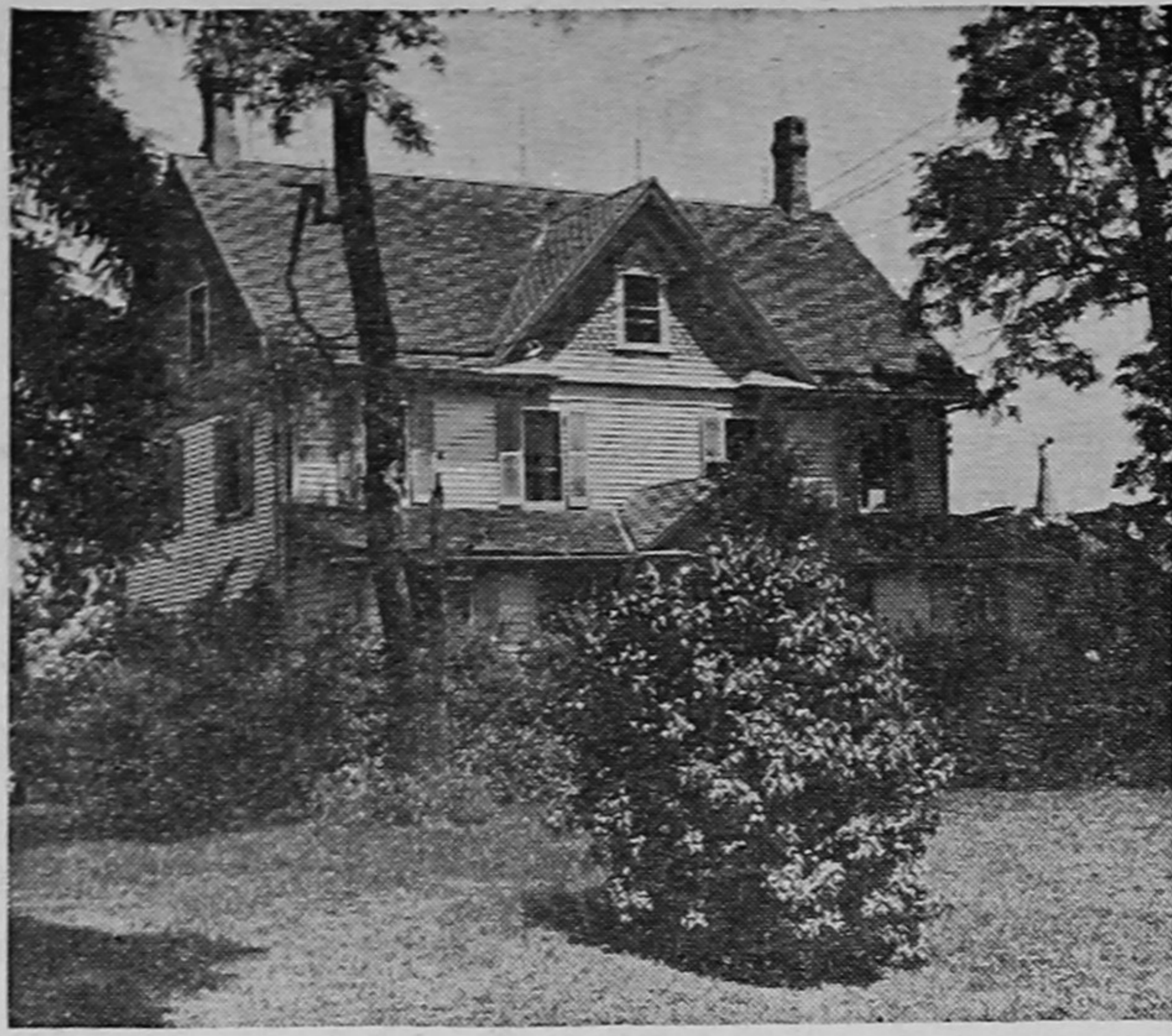
This revolution—for such it is—has been growing since 1929. It is a violent reaction to the cityward movement that gripped our nation after the World War, when every ambitious small town and farm youth became obsessed with an urge to seek his future in the city. By the time depression arrived, centers like Chicago and New York had become too large, unwieldy. It took but a slight upset to send them tumbling, to throw thousands of people out of work.

A Basic Movement.

Under such circumstances, when a country lad finds himself walking barren sidewalks with an empty stomach, fundamental things like food and shelter become mighty important. Back home, close to the soil, food and shelter come easy and a man needn't walk the streets friendless. From this new basic appreciation of mankind's prime necessities has grown today's movement. But it's bigger than that; the thirst for small town security has gripped all America, starting a mass flight from the city that will eventually result in decentralization of both population and industry.

The metropolis scored the first touchdown in this battle of city versus small town. Industry sought out populous centers because labor was cheap and most of its products were consumed there. Moreover, these were the nerve centers of communication.

But this was false economics, in part. Industry soon discovered that cities also brought labor trouble and high taxes. And eventually man's ingenuity developed faster transportation, better roads and better liv-



The typical small town or farm home like this offers a happy contrast to crowded city apartments, providing the basis for America's new plan of living.

ing conditions in the small towns. By the time depression arrived, it was clear most factories could operate just as successfully in the small towns, meanwhile permitting the working man to enjoy a better life. In short, the smaller community is no longer isolated.

Hedging Against Adversity.

This magic change of American thought is an amazing thing, yet it is logical. The bright lights of a city are glamorous just so long, then their artificiality becomes apparent. Like a siren, the metropolis will lure men, only to cast them aside in a few years. To safeguard their future, an enormous number of city business and professional men have bought "retreats" in distant small town or farm areas where they will move should hard luck dog their trail. They have realized, as the entire nation is realizing, that permanent security lies very close to the soil.

Populous centers are characteristically shoddy and only a small minority can hope to escape this environment by living in the better residential districts. Speaking of Chicago again, that city's building managers recently heard a picturesque description of their community by Walter H. Blucher, executive director of the American Society of Planning Engineers.

"Here," he said, waving his hand to encompass the area, "is a city with a gorgeously beautiful lake front—a beautiful front door but a filthy back yard. The lake front is like a pauper's shroud—all front and no back."

Consider a point-by-point comparison:

Whether urban or rural, family life is built around the home. In any one of a dozen large cities that home will be a crowded apartment where youngsters grow up confined within four walls. In the small town, that same family would have its own private home for less money, equipped with every modern

convenience available in the apartment.

Look at education. Every state now maintains strict supervision over its schools, whether metropolitan or rural. Under these basic regulations, Farmer Brown's child gets instruction equally competent to that enjoyed by Broker Jones' youngster in the nearby city.

Comparison of Stores.

His stores offer merchandise comparable to that of city firms, making him less dependent on metropolitan areas. When he must occasionally visit the urban center on business or entertainment, smooth roads make the trip quick and safe.

Living costs are lower, though it has been argued that rural salaries are also smaller. Not until last year did a government survey reveal the difference is not so great as often presumed. The United States bureau of home economics discovered that half the white families in a typical American village manage on less than \$1,100 a year. During the same year, one-half the families in New York lived on less than \$1,814, and one-fourth of New York's total population had incomes under \$1,000.

In Beaver Dam, Wis., considered a typical non-metropolitan town, federal investigators found the average income of 453 families was \$1,309, considerably above the city average. Moreover, only 10 per cent of Beaver Dam's families had more than one wage earner, whereas in metropolitan centers about 30 to 40 per cent of the families depend on two or more "breadwinners."

'Culture of Cities.'

Probably the most outstanding examination of city-versus-country has been made by Louis Mumford, a psychologist whose "Culture of Cities" created a stir last spring. Mr. Mumford says the world's greatest cities are definitely on the downward path. Far from being good and wonderful in proportion to their size, he says, they are crushing rather than serving the millions within their grasp.

Among his claims:
—That medieval towns were more livable than any man has built since.
—That the machine age brought industrial towns in which even upper classes lived in slum-like congestion, with houses lacking proper light and ventilation.
—That the metropolis offers "a ghost-like existence."
—That the downward cycle of city evolution, if unchecked, leads to overexpansion of industry, questionable speculation and positive depression, followed by grafting and crime that ends in a barbarianism and an exodus from the city.
Don't like it? Then be thankful you live in a small town!
© Western Newspaper Union.

BELOW—Chicago from the air, an impressive, glamorous sight from a distance, but far less thrilling to the man who must work, eat and sleep within its confines.

LIFE INSURANCE EVIDENCE

Here are results of the Northwestern National Life Insurance company's investigations of policy applicants for the first six months of 1938, showing percentage of unfavorable factors found among city and small town risks. Note that in almost every case, the unfavorable percentage is greater for urban residents. Not shown is the Northwestern National's final finding, which revealed that 3.8 per cent of city applicants must be refused insurance, against 3.1 per cent rural applicants. The other figures:

Feature	City	Rural	Liquor Cure01
Age1%	.1%	Liquor Traffic2
Aviation3	.1	Miscellaneous03
Decl. for Ins.05	—	No Ins. Interest09
Duties	1.7	2.6	Overinsurance3
Environment1	—	Racial Extraction05
Exposure to Disease2	.3	Reckless, Intox. Driving1
Family History5	1.8	Reputation—Business	1.0
Finances	2.5	1.3	Reputation—Family5
Habits—Past7	.4	Reputation—Moral	1.2
Habits—Present	2.0	1.7	Reputation—Personal	1.0
Hazardous Sports05	—		
Health—Past9	.4		
Health—Present	4.1	2.9	Total Unfavorable	14.2 12.5



WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses Sugar, Sirup and Molasses; Describes Correct Use of Sweets, Peerless Body Fuel

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

THERE is an old saying that good things come in small packages. That is particularly apt when we pause to consider the nutritive value of sugar in its various forms. For two scant tablespoons of sugar supply as much caloric value as does three-fourths cup of cooked farina, or one and one-third eggs, or the lean meat of one lamb chop.

Sugar is a highly concentrated fuel food which burns quickly and completely in the body furnace.

The Sugar Bowl Is a Dynamo
It has been said that our present day civilization could not have reached its present heights without the driving force that sugar gives to men and women. And it is a fact that until comparatively recent times, only the very wealthy could afford this quick energy food which we now consume at the rate of more than 4,000,000 tons a year, or more than 100 pounds annually for every man, woman and child.

This peerless fuel food was once regarded almost as a medicine because of its ability to relieve fatigue and sustain vitality. And no wonder! For sugar is transformed into heat and power in less time and with less effort than any other foodstuff.

A Real Stimulant

While starchy foods require an average of from three to four hours for digestion, the body begins to burn a ration of sugar from 10 to 30 minutes after it is eaten.

It reaches the blood and muscles in a few minutes—as rapidly in fact as alcohol! That is why concentrated sweets, which are largely sugar, are so effective in combating fatigue.

Athletic coaches are well aware of the unique power of sugar as a stimulant and restorative of energy. That is why school and college youths are so frequently given highly sweetened beverages and other concentrated sweets before engaging in athletic competition.

Military leaders also appreciate how it increases endurance, and sweets are an important part of the soldier's ration. During the World War civilians were urged to reduce their consumption of sugar in order to make larger amounts available for the army, and most people found it difficult indeed to forego this agreeable food.

Sugar is such an indispensable ingredient in cakes, cookies, pies,

puddings and ice creams, it is so necessary in beverages, on breakfast cereals and with fruits that it seems a great hardship to do without it even for one meal.

We are extremely fortunate, most people will agree, to live in an age when sugar is so high in quality and so reasonable in price. In the Thirteenth century when sugar was introduced to England through India, it cost the equivalent of ten dollars a pound in the monetary terms of today.

Refined sugar is now priced at a few cents a pound and one pound supplies over 1,800 calories! Moreover, when you buy a branded product, backed by a well-known name, you have the assurance that quality and purity are of the highest.

Moderate Use Desirable

Like all sources of great power, however, sugar must be handled with care. Too much sugar may prove as disastrous as too little. Possibly because of this, several false notions have grown up regarding this splendid food.

It is often charged that sweets cause indigestion, and it is true that when consumed in excess, they may ferment and result in irritation. Therefore, moderation should be the watchword.

But that is an excellent rule to follow in regard to all kinds of foods. For when consumed in excess, any food ceases to be beneficial.

It has also been charged that sweets are harmful to the teeth. But recent investigations suggest that the teeth are far more likely to deteriorate because the proper minerals and vitamins have not been included in the diet.

It is, however, desirable to restrict the amount of sugar given to children. That is because it quickly satisfies the appetite and may therefore decrease the consumption of other good and necessary foods, particularly those containing an abundance of minerals and vitamins. Children therefore can best take sweets in the form of sweetened puddings, gelatin, cooked and fresh fruits, and fruit juice and milk beverages.

A Food of Many Forms

The quick pick-up of sugar can be obtained in many forms besides the sparkling crystals of granulated sugar with which we

are most familiar, or the brown sugar which is quite similar in composition, except for a larger moisture content, despite popular notions to the contrary.

Most fruits contain easily digestible sugars, the percentage in dried fruits ranging from 50 to 75 per cent. Milk sugar is also easily digested. Honey, molasses, corn sirup and the popular blended sirups are usually eaten in combination with other foods and are therefore unlikely to be consumed in too large amounts.

Corn sirup is often added to milk, fruits, vegetables, cereals, breads and desserts. It helps to make these foods more palatable and adds 60 calories with every tablespoon. It is so easily digested that it is often used in infant feeding.

Molasses provides significant amounts of both calcium and iron and is a good sweet for growing children. One and one-half tablespoons of molasses supplies as much calcium as one and one-half cups of diced carrots. It is a wise mother, therefore, who uses it in making the cookies that children like so well.

The mixed or blended sirups that are so popular with griddle cakes and french toast on cool fall days, also add palatable appeal and energy values to the diet.

For in whatever form sugar is consumed, it remains nature's shortcut to press-the-button heat and quick, healthful stimulation.
©—WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—30.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Removing Mildew Stains.—To remove mildew stains from white linens, boil in a water to which two tablespoons of peroxide have been added to each quart.

Before Storing Garden Tools.—When putting away garden tools for the winter clean them off, rub with kerosene or grease and store in a dry place.

Chamois for Cleaning Furniture.—A piece of chamois wrung out of cold water and rubbed over polished furniture will remove finger marks. Polish with dry chamois.

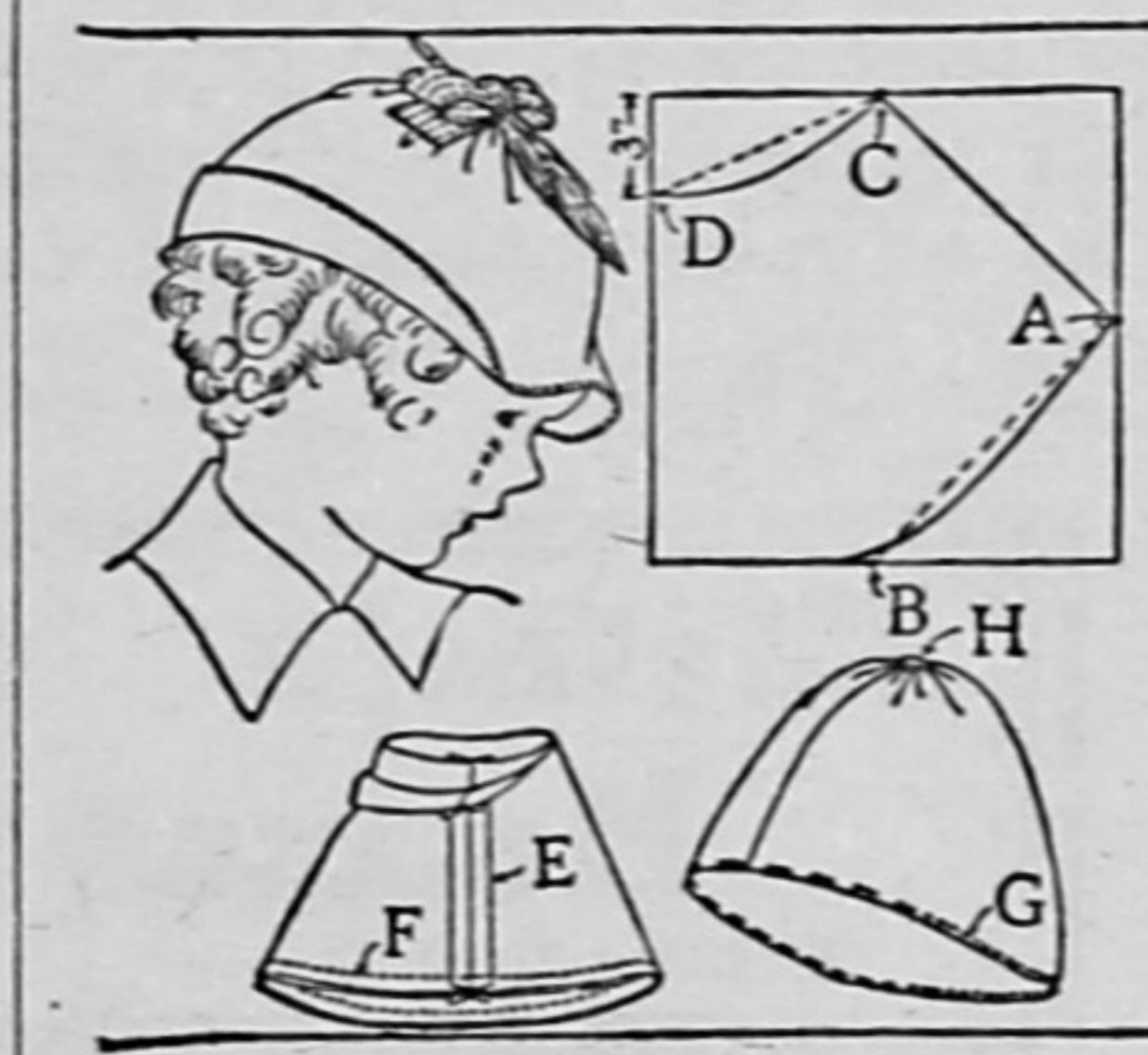
Place for Children's Things.—Children need places on the ground floor of the home to regularly store schoolbooks, playthings, and rainy-day gear.

Food Measurements.—Two cups of solid fat equal one pound, as do two cups of granulated sugar, two and two-thirds cups of confectioner's sugar, two and two-thirds cups of dark brown sugar, three and three-quarters cups of regular flour or four cups of pastry flour. Three teaspoons equal one tablespoon. Sixteen tablespoons equal one cup. Two cups make a pint.

Keeping Cut Flowers.—Cut garden flowers will keep fresh and wiltless longer if they are submerged up to the flower heads for four or five hours before they are arranged.

Save on Pressing.—Clothes, properly hung and brushed often, require less frequent pressing.

HOW to SEW RUTH WYETH SPEARS



M. S. writes: "I followed the directions in Book 2 for a fabric hat and it was so satisfactory that I wonder if you could tell me how to use a piece of woolen material that I have to make a hat for my little girl who is just starting to school?"

Here is a cunning schoolgirl hat that's easy to make. You need two pieces of goods—one for the hat and one for the lining. They may either match or contrast. Each piece should be 1-inch longer than the measurement around the largest part of the child's head. The depth of the pieces should be half their length. The diagram at the upper right of this sketch shows how to make a paper pattern for the hat. Cut a square piece of paper ½-inch wider and deeper than half the head measurement. Mark point A on the right edge half way between the top and bottom as shown. Points B and C are marked at the center top and bottom of the paper. The dotted lines are guide lines to help shape the curved lines between A and B and C and D. Point D is the center front of the top of the hat pattern and is placed on a fold of the goods in cutting each of the two layers. The diagonal line from A to C is the center back seam line.

Stitch the back seam of both hat and lining and press it open as at E. Now, place the two pieces right sides together and stitch as at F. Turn right side out, baste

along turned edge and stitch as at G. Gather the top as at H and finish with a ribbon or a stitched fabric bow and a feather.

NOTE: Use what you have on hand to make things of real value. You can save by doing—instead of doing without. Mrs. Spears planned Book 2—Gifts, Novelties and Embroidery—to help you. Every page contains complete, clearly illustrated directions for things you can make at almost no cost. Enclose 25 cents and address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.



Uncle Phil Says:

Already Accomplished

Any man can make a speech, but a speech is seldom the making of him.

Every married woman gives her husband credit for possessing good judgment at least once in his life.

There may be a good deal in a name when it is located in the southeast section of a check.

She's a Lady

If a man fails to open the door when Fortune knocks, she doesn't break down the door with a battering ram.

Business is business but the business of others is no business of yours.

It's well enough to begin at the top of the ladder and go down in case of fire.

Left in Midair

An unsuccessful marriage proposal resembles an expected sneeze that failed to materialize. People who strike in the dark may mean well, but they seldom hit the right spot.

The less fighting a man does the more he is going to boast of his prowess in after years.

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The Child At School

With the opening of another school year, the problem of encouraging the child to make the most of the opportunities which the school offers again presents itself. It is a problem in which parents should take a keen interest.

Perhaps the most important objective to be sought is to awaken in the child a real desire for knowledge. It should be pointed out that it is possible to derive enjoyment from the pursuit of school studies if one approaches them with a genuine ambition to learn. The child should not be led to feel that going to school is an unpleasant duty. He should be impressed with the fact that it is a privilege to be appreciated, not only as a preparation for after life, but as a means of present happiness and satisfaction as well.

Some children appear to realize this without urging, but others seem to be naturally averse to mental effort, and require patient handling in order to arouse their interest in school work.

Parents should not place the entire responsibility upon the teachers, but should cooperate with them, not only insisting upon punctual attendance, but also in leading the child to adopt a proper attitude toward his studies.

Wonders Old And New

During the past decade many new discoveries have been made through the patient researches of scientists throughout the world. These ranged from the unearthing of rare fossils of prehistoric times to the latest astounding revelations of the telescope.

Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews found in Asia several skulls of animals which appear to be two million years older than the date heretofore assigned to the beginning of the age of mammals.

An ancient city, submerged thirty feet below the Mediterranean's surface, was found off the coast of Tunis.

An Egyptian tomb, containing an alabaster coffin, dating back a full thousand years beyond that of Tut-Ankh-Amen, was discovered.

Near Mexico City, the oldest ruins in this hemisphere so far known, being probably 7,000 years old, were explored.

Dr. Shapley of Harvard found that the star Dorado is the most luminous object yet known, with a brightness 600,000 times as great as that of our sun.

Through studies of "atomic disintegration" several geologists, working independently, have estimated the age of the earth's crust at more than a billion years.

It was found that induced attacks of malaria are of value in the treatment of insanity and locomotor ataxia.

Delicate electric needles that separate the tissues before touching them are now successfully used instead of the surgeon's knife.

In physics, chemistry and other branches of science equally important and revolutionary discoveries have been made. New truths which thrill the scientific mind are being brought to light almost daily, yet they receive little attention from the world at large.

Famous Court House Cat

Legend regarding Decatur's most famous feline, the Court House Cat, recently attracted the attention of research workers in folklore for the Illinois Federal Writers' Project, WPA. She arrived in 1903 at the Macon County Court House, a forlorn and scrawny kitty. However, as time went on, she became accustomed to the legal atmosphere, made new friends, and grew sleek and fat on regular meals.

According to accounts, her absence on the marble stairs, just outside the court room was regarded as an omen of ill fortune to a defendant, and in many cases, it is reported, the prediction was borne out.

The Court House Cat frequently took time off to rear families, the members of which apparently were all good mousers and in great demand. It is said that after the four-year period of the cat's residence, the court house was completely free of mice.

A Historic State Landmark

In 1821, when sectional boundary lines were being established between Illinois and Indiana, from the Wabash River to Lake Michigan, a stone marker was placed on the north bank of the river, near Wabash Township, Clark County, at a cost of about \$100. Inscribed on its west face was the word, "Illinois;" on its east face, "Indiana;" and on the north, "159 miles and 46 chains to Lake Michigan."

This landmark soon became known throughout the environs as a popular meeting-place for the settlement of local disputes, research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, have learned. According to tradition it was customary in those days to charter a steamboat to transport fight fans to the famous boundary, where, if the authorities of one state threatened to stop the contest, both spectators and participants moved across the line into the other state.

After a number of years, the stone landmark sank into the ground out of view, and was recovered in 1929 by the State of Illinois. A concrete base now supports the marker.

Plank Roads in Illinois

Plank roads played an important part in the story of transportation, during the early days of the development of Illinois, research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, have noted in the course of collecting historical material about the state.

In 1849, a company organized in Will County and built a wooden highway from Oswego, in Kendall County, to the Indiana State Line by way of Joliet. At this time the Illinois Legislature passed an Act stating, in part:

"Every plank road made by virtue of this Act shall be so constructed as to make a secure and permanent road, the track of which shall be made of plank, and in such a manner as to permit wagons and other vehicles conveniently and easily to pass on and off where such roads are intersected by other roads."

Many other companies were formed. In 1851, it is said, 600 miles of such travel lanes had been built in Illinois. One widely known highway, called Southwestern Plank Road, ran from Chicago to Elgin. According to early accounts, tolls collected on this road during the first six months paid expenses and dividends amounting to 42% of the money originally invested.

Eddy Larivee of Montreal, Can., recently received as a wedding present from 90 of his friends a check for \$150 made of wallpaper. It was 5 feet long and 21 inches wide, and was honored by a local bank.

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

What's New

Cotton in concrete for highways is proving a success in England.

Oil made from grape seeds is used as lubricating oil for motors in France.

Tantalum, a rare metal worth \$2,500 a ton, has been discovered near Darwin, Australia.

Ashes of burnt paper money can often be identified and redeemed.

A freight truck for industrial plants invented by a German is steered by its operator shifting his weight to one end or the other of a platform on which he stands.

Color analyzing apparatus developed by two University of Pennsylvania scientists records a shade in black and white on a photographic plate so it can be matched hundreds of miles away.

Interesting Notes

In Leipzig, Germany, there is a lighthouse which gives directions and distances to other points.

Henry Parsons, a jail prisoner in Horfield, Eng., stole the dress of the warden's daughter, donned it and walked out unmolested.

Enraged because police refused to send him to jail, a youth smashed a desk in police headquarters in Bay City, Mich., and then was sentenced for 30 days.

With 47 pounds of pennies they had saved in a year, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Giffie of Niles, Mich., paid the hospital bill at the birth of their son.

In Velika Kikinda, Yugoslavia, a farmer went to a packing case in his attic to get \$2,700 he had been hoarding and found only a litter of mouse leavings.

Her husband's insistence that he prepare the family meals broke up her home, Mrs. Elizabeth Rosen told the judge when she sued for divorce in Los Angeles domestic court.

Three hours after his driver's license was restored after a suspension for speeding, Paul McElderry was arrested in Detroit for reckless driving. While kissing a girl companion he hit three other cars, police charged.

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

Lord Kitchener's Body

IN AUGUST, 1926, all of England was thrilled by an announcement which indicated that one of the mysteries of the World War had at last been solved. This was the mystery surrounding the death of Lord Kitchener, first commander of the British forces in France. A signed article by "Frank Power" which appeared in the London Referee declared that his body had been discovered in a graveyard in Norway.

Kitchener had been lost at sea in May, 1916, when the ship, taking him to Russia on a secret mission, had disappeared and there had been all sorts of rumors about the case. An especially ugly one was that the government, which had wanted to get rid of Kitchener, had sent him on what it knew would be a fatal trip. "Power" announced that he was bringing the body back to London. When he arrived there with a coffin, it was immediately seized by the police. When it was opened in the presence of high government officials, it was discovered that the coffin was not only empty, but that it had never held a body.

The whole affair was a publicity stunt for a new moving picture on the life of Kitchener in which "Power," whose real name was Arthur Vectis Freeman, and others were interested. Instead of profiting by it as they had hoped, a government investigation which was immediately launched and popular indignation over the hoax, did them considerable damage and discouraged further publicity stunts of that kind.

For Sale Cheap

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

Harlan W. Six.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

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Republican Candidate For
County Treasurer

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Acetylene Welding and Cutting

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Bus Baldwin

1st Door North of Postoffice

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When her pet canary died, Mrs. Nancy Peters of Cliftonville, Eng., had a taxidermist stuff the bird and a milliner mount it so that she could wear it on her hat.

A thief who raided a convention of detectives in Columbus, O., escaped with \$33 worth of magnifying glasses and other equipment from a crime prevention display in a hotel lobby.

Dependable Veterinary Service

E. E. SLATTER, D. V. M.
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See for yourself!
150° HOT WATER
COSTS
FAR LESS
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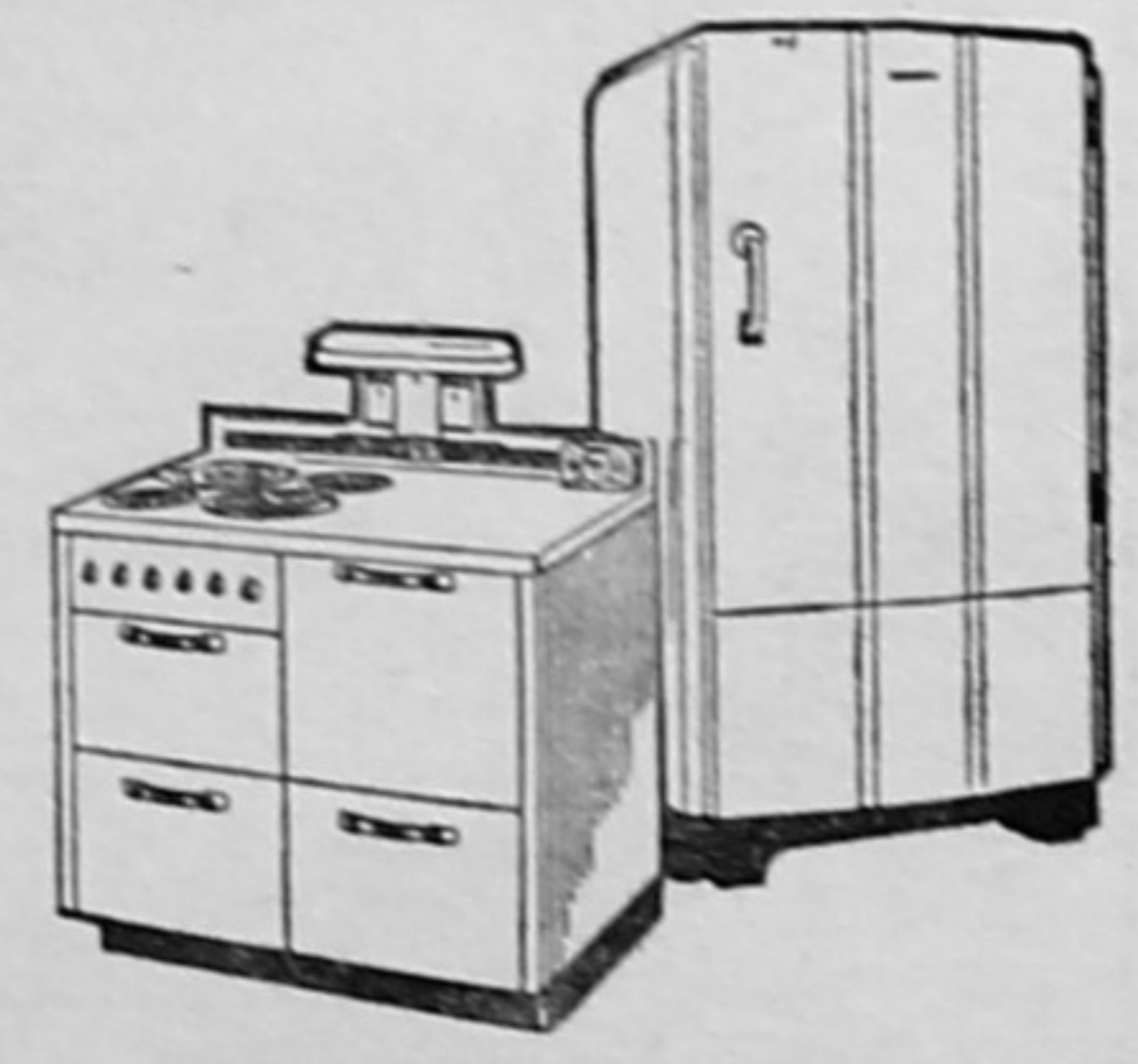


OUT GOES the old-fashioned, mistaken notion that automatic 150° Hot Water service is expensive. IN COMES the new discovery of a full-time hot water service that never fails and never disappoints, yet costs FAR LESS than old-time, nuisance ways. Discover this new-time living now—under present low costs you can easily enjoy its many advantages and SAVE!

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ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS
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--EASY TO OWN
UP TO 30 MONTHS TO PAY
Ask your Dealer or visit our showrooms.

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Hotpoint
ELECTRIC RANGES
LIBERAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE
UP TO 24 MONTHS TO PAY
REFRIGERATORS
\$5 DOWN
BALANCE UP TO 24 MONTHS



EXTRA SAVINGS—EXTENDED TERMS ON 2 OR MORE
CENTRAL ILLINOIS PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

CM2649

A Modern Paradise Regained

By ELLIOTT BROWN
© D. J. Walsh-WNU Service.

IT WASN'T much of a quarrel—just a few bitter words strung together in angry haste; all about the bedroom walls.

"Only forty dollars for such lovely paper; and it's impossible the way it is!"

"Forty dollars is too much; you're paying for the man's reputation!"

"But any paper hanger would charge twenty-five—"

"Well—I was brought up to realize that fifteen dollars was worth saving!"

That was the beginning. As Ralph Brown, husband, closed the door, his ears were assaulted with this last Parthian shot:

"If you are too stingy to support me in decency, I'll go home!"

The poison of the thing got into his system. He never used to wrangle with anyone. Since his marriage, a year ago, there had been too much of it; maybe, after all, fifteen dollars was a small concession, but it was the principle of the thing!

Barbara and he had different standards where money was concerned. She wanted the best—or nothing. He would compromise by enjoying next-best! The word "stingy" in her ringing tones heckled him through his morning's work. He worried through till lunchtime. A bowl of delicious soup, a cool, refreshing salad perfectly served at his favorite restaurant,

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

swept away the cobwebs. He would telephone Babs and tell her to order the paper. He would demonstrate that he wasn't "stingy!"

Whereupon, puffing at his good cigar, he reached for the telephone and then remembered that Barbara was due at a luncheon and bridge at one. He went back to the office with his peace of mind almost restored.

A client detained him and it was late when he got away.

When he reached home the house was unlighted. He left the car in front and entered with his latchkey. Silence. Switching on the lights, he made his way to the kitchen. Order prevailed. At this time of day he was accustomed to the interesting clutter of a meal in the making, to Barbara's slender figure enveloped in cretonne over her pretty dress, her bright head bent over some homely task, and to the sweet freshness of her kiss as she lifted her lips to his. She was always home before him.

Ralph had a slight chill. He called her name loudly. Silence. Then, like an evil flash, came her Parthian shot and its concluding, "I'll go home, Ralph Brown!"

"Nonsense," he exploded to the blank, listening walls. He went into the living room and tried to read. Impossible.

Seven-thirty. Eight o'clock. Casting aside his pride, he went to the telephone and called her nearest friend.

"Selma, this is Ralph. What time did Barbara leave the bridge party today?"

"Why, Ralph, I've been trying to get her all afternoon. She wasn't there." Ralph hung up the receiver with a terrible goneness in the pit of his stomach.

Barbara had gone; her folks lived upstate—she had probably gone home. He couldn't telephone them—his pride forbade. He must let her go. He sank into a chintz-covered chair and buried his face in one of her hand-made pillows. Life without her unrolled before him like a distorted film. He finally arose and restored the room to such order as his clumsy masculine methods and nervous fingers would allow. She must have been in a terrific hurry to get away, once she had decided to go. Probably rushed to get a train—or maybe she had driven all the way. He would go around to the garage and see if her car was gone.

Bareheaded he ran out into the stygian darkness. "Oh, Lord," he prayed, "send her back to me and I'll never oppose her again!" which was a large order but came from the depths of his sick soul. He was about to retrace his steps, when a muffled sound and a slight creaking of the car body made him pause. Something was agitating it with a slight motion.

Quickly he stepped inside, flashed on the lights and opened the car door. There lay Barbara, bound hand and foot with an oily rag gagging her.

A few seconds later she lay in his arms telling him in jerky sentences about the ugly tramp that had lain in wait for her in the garage.

"He took my keys and, oh Ralph, my lovely necklace," she wailed. And the husband who, only a few hours before, had balked at \$15, replied lightly:

"Pooh! What's a diamond necklace! I'll buy you another tomorrow with a giant police dog thrown in for good measure."

Through a Glass Darkly

By OTTO GEISS
© D. J. Walsh-WNU Service.

THE general manager of the company was in a temper—a fearful one, the outer office decided—and it really wasn't their fault, singly or en masse that Miss Walker, his private secretary, had up and got married right in the midst of the most important convention of the year. But they—the outer office—reflected gloomily that it was those she left behind her who would suffer for her detour into the path of romance unless the SOS call sent out to the agencies that morning resulted in the speedy appearance of a super-efficient secretary.

"It's a confounded nuisance," growled the general manager to the vice president, "every time I get a girl trained to do my work the way I want it done, she goes and gets married."

"Oh, well," remarked the vice president, unsympathetically, "there's just as good fish in the sea—"

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

"What of it?" demanded the general manager crossly. "Even if I find another good girl, she's certain to leave me in the lurch at a critical time like this just to marry some stripling who probably makes less money than she does."

"Haven't your secretaries all been rather—ah—attractive-appearing young women?" asked the vice president thoughtfully.

"How do I know?" said the general manager, wearily, glancing at his watch and mentally anathematizing the employment agencies.

"Why not ask an agency to send a competent girl who would not be so—so matrimonially eligible, as it were; glasses, say, severely dressed hair and—"

"I'll do it. I'll call up now and tell them I want a girl whose looks just naturally place her in the spinster sisterhood."

With the advent of Miss Mary Marshall the dove of peace appeared to have established its residence in the office of the general manager. Miss Marshall was efficient, she was self-effacing, she was zealous in the performance of all the many aggravating details that so irk a busy executive. The general manager occasionally wondered how on earth he had managed to get along without her. Salesmen never paid the slightest attention to the exits or entrances. With her hair drawn tightly back without even a part, with heavy horn-rimmed glasses and with an unvarying, uniformlike costume of dark blue with severe white collar and cuffs, she made no bid for masculine admiration.

"Until next week Thursday, then Miss Marshall," concluded the general manager, somewhat hesitantly, as he took the traveling bag that she had arranged to have sent from his hotel as soon as she had learned of his decision to take a sudden trip east.

It was 6 o'clock. The outer office was empty and Miss Marshall wanting to finish a few extra tasks caused by the unexpected departure of the general manager, threw the heavy, horn-rimmed glasses on the desk with a sigh of relief. Even though the glass in them did resemble window glass, the frame irritated her nose. Her hair had been too tightly strained back for comfort that morning, so she took out the hairpins and let the mass of brown curls fall loose. Then she went on with her work. She was too absorbed in it to notice the door open and the thick rug silenced the footsteps of the intruder. Accordingly, Mary literally bounded up from her chair when a hand reached out and picked up her glasses from the desk. The general manager smiled quizzically as he raised them to his eyes and looked at her through them.

"I decided to take the Century and so put off my trip until tomorrow," he began brusquely. "As a matter of fact I felt so darned lonesome when I got to the station that I just had to come back to you," he wound up in an entirely different tone.

"Glasses and all?"

"Glasses and horrible coiffure and boarding-school uniform and all, you little hypocrite," said the general manager. "I've been wise to you since the night you dined at the Brake with the six feet of good-looking masculinity that I longed at the time to annihilate. I felt better the next day when the clerk informed me that the Adonis who had got me so green-eyed was Robert Marshall of Louisville."

Mary blushed.

"However did you recognize me?" she asked.

"Just because you're entirely different from any other girl in the world. I'd know you in an Eskimo's outfit," said the general manager, taking a small plush box from his pocket.

"The marrying jinx is sure on the trail of any girl who takes that secretary job," decided the outer office cynically.

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 spring male pigs. O. P. Witt.

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.

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

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

The Drake Estate

FOR more than half a century the "Drake estate" legend has been used to defraud Americans of millions of dollars but so long as the "get rich quick" desire persists, it will probably continue to harvest its crop of gold for swindlers.

The story they tell is that Sir Francis Drake, naval hero and freebooter of Queen Elizabeth's day, left an estate which, held in trust by the British government, is now estimated at 10 billion to 25 billion dollars. They claim that they have discovered a "lost heir" to this fortune and offer persons bearing the name Drake or descended from persons of that name an opportunity to contribute to a fund which will be used in establishing the "lost heir's" title. Once that is established, they promise that everyone who has contributed to the fund will be repaid a thousandfold.

The fact is that Drake was never married, so he did not leave any heirs. Moreover, when he died aboard his ship in 1595 his estate was a very small one and that was settled long, long ago. Yet despite these well-known facts and despite repeated warnings by both the British and the American governments against anyone investing in such a scheme, thousands of gullible persons have been victimized in the past and it's only a question of time until the hoary old legend will be revived and other suckers taken in.

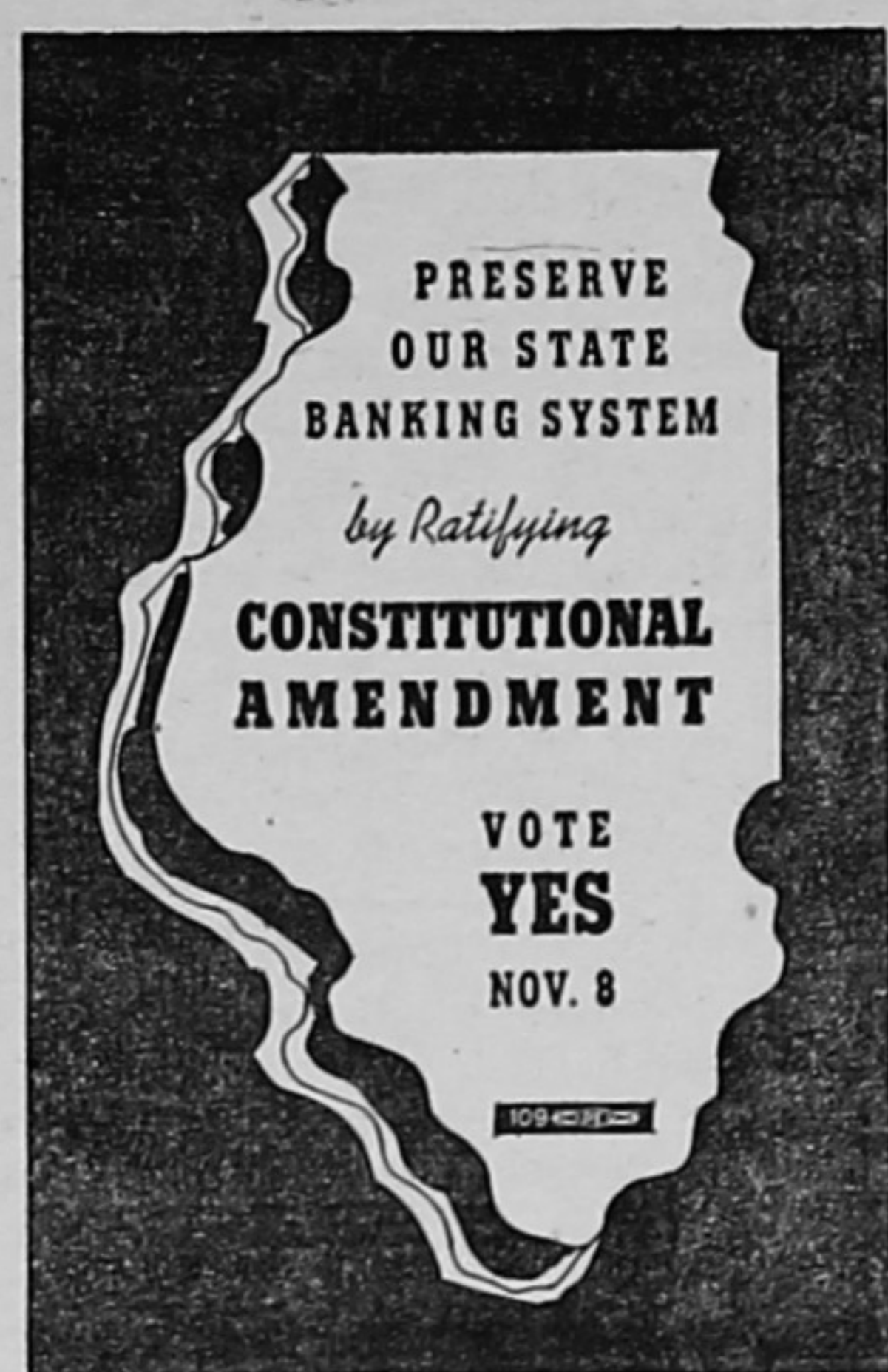
© Western Newspaper Union.

Nearly 9,000 different types of electric light bulbs are made by one American manufacturer.

Lyman Baker of Selingsgrove, Pa., shingled his 120-year-old house with the slats from 800 lettuce crates.

As part of the celebration of his 83rd birthday, George Maurer of Dale, N. Y., stood on his head, relatives reported.

VOTE YES VOTE



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

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

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

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

VOTE YES VOTE

Cash For Dead Animals!

\$1.00 to \$3.00 paid for Horses and Cattle. We also pay for dead Hogs. Prompt and Sanitary Service.

Danville Dead Animal Disposal Company

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Phone: Danville 878—Reverse Charges.

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Representing an old line eastern life insurance company—

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of N. Y.

Also Fire and Automobile Insurance in good companies.

Farm Loans at 4 1-2%.

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For All Kinds of Insurance & Loans

Ten-Year Real Estate Loans at 4 1/2% interest.

We Make Loans on Unimproved Land.

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Broadlands, Illinois.

Serve Dinner Daily

INCLUDING SUNDAY

Chicken Dinners Every Thursday

Regular Dinner, 35c : : Chicken Dinner, 40c

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BROADLANDS : : : ILLINOIS

Be it a Shave or be it a Bob

You'll always find me on the job!

(Except Monday and Thursday eve, when we close at 6:00)

Hair Cut.....35c

(Ladies' Hair Cutting A Specialty)

Hair Cut, Children under 12...25c

Shave.....20c

Tonic.....20c

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Neck Clip.....10c

Shampoo.....25c

Shoe Shine.....10c

Your Patronage Will Be Appreciated.

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First Door South of Drug Store

Broadlands, Ill.

Modern Shoe Repairing at Prices You Can Afford to Pay!

Men's Soles 75c and up
Women's Soles 50c and up
Rubber Heels 35c and up

All Our Work is Guaranteed to be Satisfactory. Let us do Your Repair Work and You'll be Satisfied.

Charles C. Campbell

2 Blocks East of City Hall

Newman, Ill.

Shoes left at Eckerty's Cafe will be repaired promptly and returned.

When you want better than ordinary printing—the kind that satisfies, and you want it to cost you no more than necessary—and you want it to impress all those who see it, and to bring the desired results—come to The News Office.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

Senators who beat "purge" may find patronage cut off . . . Move to refuse vote to relievers takes beating in New Jersey . . . Supreme court decision is needed to clarify wages-and-hours regulation law . . . Ruling in N. R. A. case is recalled.

WASHINGTON.—With few exceptions, the United States senators involved in the purge realize that their troubles with the White House were not ended by their triumphs at the polls. Most of them are not perturbed about the elections they must now face. Of all on the list Sen. Guy M. Gillette, of Iowa, is probably in the most danger. Former Sen. Lester J. Dickinson, who has the Republican nomination against him, is an able campaigner, and was defeated in 1936 only by the overwhelming character of the Roosevelt landslide. He ran way ahead of his ticket.

Sen. Frederick Van Nuys, in Indiana, is also in a little danger from his Republican opponent. But nearly all the rest of the Democrats who dared to differ with the President are in very little fear of their Republican opponents.

What they have to worry about is what is going to happen to their organizations at home when the White House is doing its utmost to build up "loyal" and "liberal" organizations in their own states. The course the White House will follow is already clear.

Normally, the senators of a state, if their party is in the majority, are very potent in their state organizations, because they can distribute so many important federal jobs. But although President Roosevelt has had very poor luck in trying to persuade the voters in Democratic primaries and conventions to reject men who opposed him, there is no way for the voters to force Mr. Roosevelt to assign patronage to the men the voters approved. And no one thinks he will do it.

Proffer of Juicy Jobs Tempting Peace Offering

Plenty of men in Mr. Roosevelt's place would call the war off and try to make friends of the men he has been fighting. He could do it easily. Most of them would be very glad to make peace, bitter as they have been and as most of them still are. Mr. Roosevelt has plenty of personal charm, however, and in addition no senator is going to fight too hard against a proffer of friendship accompanied by tenders of a whole crop of juicy jobs for the senator's political lieutenants.

This may even happen in a few cases. Most observers believe that the President will go more than halfway to meet Sen. Bennett C. Clark of Missouri, for instance. He invited Senator Gillette to lunch the moment the victorious insurgent got back from his primary. But there are some senators on that original purge list of nine with whom the President simply does not want to be friends. He wanted to "mow them down" in the primaries. Having failed there, he will try to mow them down by cutting off their political powers.

All of which foreshadows a lot of interesting fights in the senate between the President and those who do not like him, or rather those he does not like. There will be fights over confirmations, when he seeks to name political enemies of sitting senators to important jobs in their states.

Move to Refuse Vote to Relievers Takes Beating

The New Jersey women who wanted to refuse the ballot to all persons on relief took a terrible beating from President Roosevelt and from liberals generally. Publicly very few folks came to their support. There was a notable absence of political candidates among those publicly supporting their contention.

But we have not seen the last of this issue. It will probably never get anywhere so far as actually barring those on relief rolls from the registration lists is concerned, but it may get somewhere by indirectly affecting candidacies and issues.

Despite the lack of public support, there are a great many people in and out of public life who think the New Jersey women have a case. No politician wants to say so, because so long as the relievers stay on the polling lists—and the extreme probability is they will stay there indefinitely—no politician wants to go out of his way to alienate their votes. But it is surprising how many senators and representatives will admit privately to their

friends that a man or woman on relief should not be permitted to vote until he or she has removed that particular burden from the backs of the taxpayers.

Hopkins' Argument Does Not Please New Dealers

The best argument for the side of the New Jersey women has been presented, of course, by Harry L. Hopkins himself. His statement that "naturally" 90 per cent of the WPA workers are for Roosevelt did not sit particularly well even with New Dealers. It is one thing for Democratic leaders to point out that the Hoover administration did nothing and about how terrible the unemployment became, and how much better the Roosevelt administration is doing. That is fine, and if people, believing that, want to vote on the New Deal side in primaries and elections this year, or two years hence, no one can object.

But it is quite another thing to boast that 90 per cent of the WPA workers will support Roosevelt's candidates in primaries and elections, because the present administration is feeding them. And it becomes even worse when Hopkins' words conjure up a picture of rival candidates bidding for the relief vote by promising more and more.

There are many more people—including politicians, quiet as they may keep about it—who are shocked by this idea. More than that, they are genuinely frightened as to what it may do to this country if such practices are continued. Which is made more pointed by the fact that nobody even pretends to see the end.

This fear is entirely distinct from that which concerns more and more relief, hence more and more taxation, and eventually a financial blowup ending in destruction of present values. It is true that it is closely related, and one may lead to the other. But there are officials in Washington who have defended big relief appropriations, contending that this was the only way to pull the country out of its economic tailspin, who are genuinely disturbed over the idea of a permanent "relief vote" to which every politician hoping to get anywhere would have to cater.

Need Supreme Court Ruling To Clarify Wage-Hour Law

There will have to be some Supreme court decisions before the scope of the wages and hours regulation law is fully understood. The trouble revolves around the question: What is interstate commerce?

Administrator Elmer F. Andrews frankly admits that he does not know where to draw the dividing line. Neither does anyone else. There is plenty of opinion as to where the dividing line should be drawn, but the opinions do not agree, not even among New Dealers.

There is one very clear point, which is that most of the left wingers believe the line should be drawn very liberally, considering every business as being in interstate commerce—and therefore subject to the restrictions of the wage-hour law—which in the remotest degree affects interstate commerce.

But most of these same New Dealers admit without hesitation that they do not think the Supreme court, even with the recent changes, would go as far as they do in this direction.

Eventual decision of the wage-hour administration will probably be further to the left than the general concept, which is to say that the decision will include more business enterprises than the ordinary business man would figure were engaged in interstate commerce. If the words "affect interstate commerce" are used, naturally there is a broader base for inclusion.

But there is a serious difference of legal opinion as to whether the federal government has the right to regulate anything which merely "affects" interstate commerce without actually taking part in it.

Decision That Threw Out N. R. A. Is Recalled

For example, a rug manufacturer might establish a factory in Allentown, Pa., and restrict his sales entirely to the Keystone state. He would not be engaged in interstate commerce, but he certainly would be affecting it, to precisely the extent to which his sales displaced sales from sources out of the state. Presumably for every rug he sold one less rug would be shipped into Pennsylvania, unless he took the business away from factories already within the state.

But the Supreme court decided, in the famous Schechter "sick chicken" case, that the transaction involved there was not interstate commerce, that the federal government did not have a right to regulate it, and on that ground threw the whole NRA out the window.

Important here is the fact that this decision of the Supreme court was unanimous. Two very advanced liberals, Justices Brandeis and Cardozo, agreed with the opinion. Unless several of the present members of the court, including notably Justice Brandeis, have changed their minds right about face, the wage-hour administration may run up against some tough sledding if it seeks to go as far as the left wingers would like.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



THOSE P. O. PENS

The determined-looking lady was trying to fill out a money order application with the pen furnished by the post office. She made several trials, but in vain, says the Montreal Herald, then gave up in disgust, and, turning to the man behind the grilled window tried to freeze him with a glare as she demanded: "Is this the pen King John used when signing Magna Charta?" The official replied: "Information at the next window, please."

You Better Not

Amos—When yo'all gwine pay dat note?
"Ah ain't got no money now, but Ah gwine pay just as soon as Ah kin."
"Dat don't git me no nothin'," retorted Amos. "If yo'all don't pay me here an' now, Ah gwine burn up yo' old note; den where all yo' gwine be at?"
"Yo' better not! Yo' better not!" shouted Nat. "Yo' just burn dat note of mine and Ah'll burn yo' up wid a lawsuit."—American Legion Monthly.

I'll Be Back Later

The young man, in faultless evening dress, came hurrying into the police station early in the evening and placed his suitcase on the counter of the charge-room.
"Hey, what's that?" asked the sergeant in charge.
"O, just my pajamas, shaving tackle, and what-not," came the cool response. "I'm just going off to a party with the boys and, as far as I can see, I'm pretty certain to be along here later on."

POISON GAS



"Run for your life, Jack, we almost ran into that bag of Paris Green."

Matter of Choice

"Tell me, captain," said one of the passengers on the cruise, "do you think a light diet or an ordinary meal is the best preventive for seasickness?"

"Well," said the captain, a keen bridge player, thoughtfully, "it really depends on whether you prefer to discard from weakness or strength."

Do as the Lord Does

"I was rather surprised to hear that you were thinking of marriage again, Mrs. Jones," said the vicar.
"Let me see—this is the fifth time, isn't it?"
"Yes," replied Mrs. Jones, defiantly, "and as often as Heaven takes 'em, so will I."

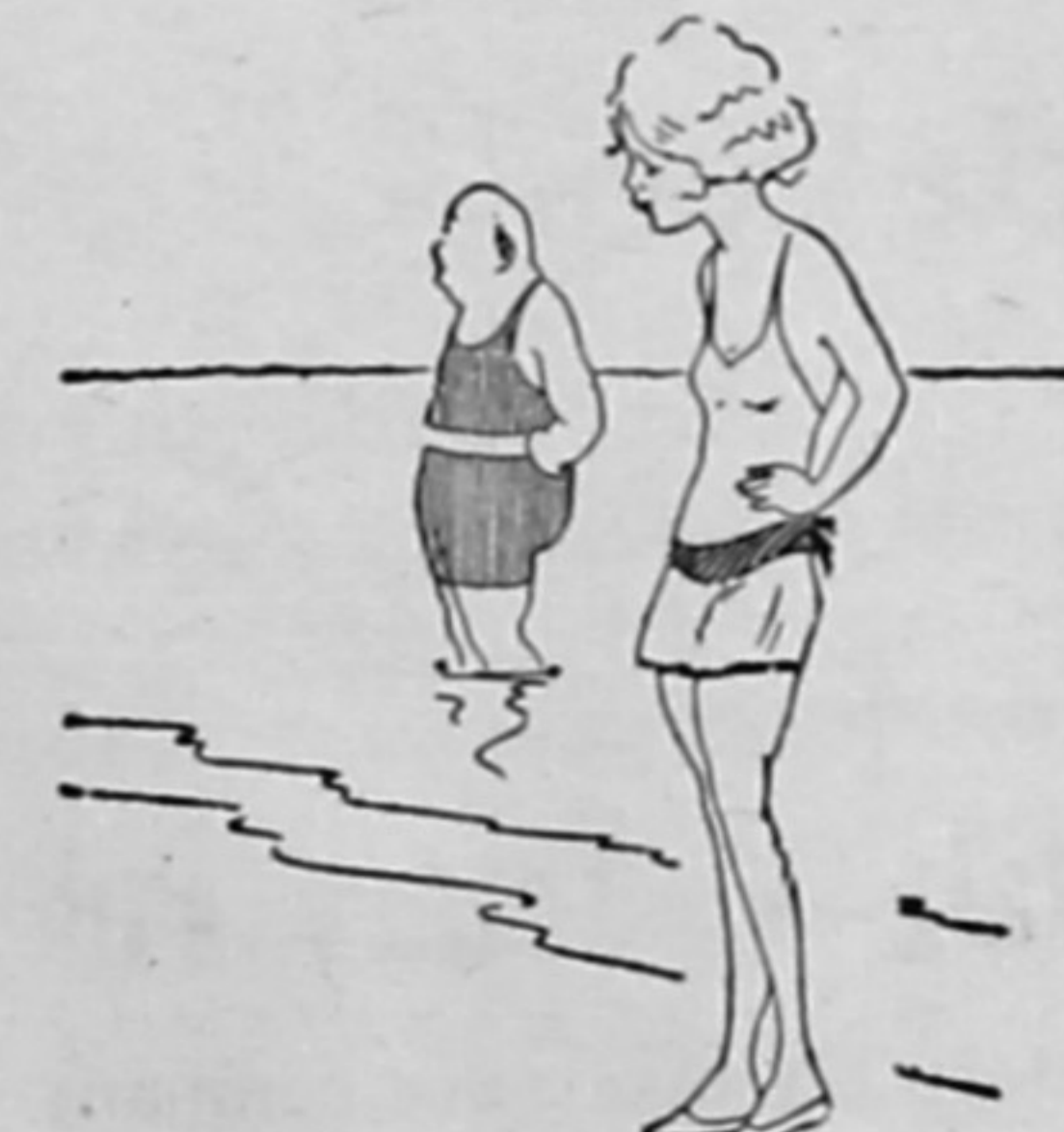
Handling Him

Manager—I just learned that this fellow you wrestle next Tuesday used to be a sailor.
Wrestler—Well, I ain't superstitious, Mike, but you wait till next Tuesday and watch me throw that salt over my left shoulder.

Teacher's Privilege

Professor—Are you teaching this class?
Pupil—N-N-N-No, sir.
Professor—Then stop acting like a fool.

SEASIDE WORRIES



"Did you worry about me when I was down here all alone, hubby?"
"Did I? Say, every letter I got from you, I was afraid you wanted another hundred."

Not So Lively

Oldtimer—How do you like our little town?
Visitor—It's the first cemetery that I ever saw with lights in it.

For Guys With Push

"Boy," exulted Joe Prepp, "y'oughta see my new machine! It's a honey—perfectly safe, cheap to run, and you can take corners on two wheels without any danger a'tall!"
"Yeah? What kind is it?"
"A bicycle!"

More Like It

"Been to the college football game, eh? Is your son on the team?"
"Judging by his looks, I should say the team was on him."

Aunt Tibby's Trunk

By
D. J. WALSH
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"BUT, Mazie," remarked Bert Howard to his pretty little wife, "it isn't quite fair that Aunt Tibby should want to come back so soon; it's less than three weeks since she left, and she had been here six months. I have no objections to your aunt; she's a nice old lady, if a bit eccentric, but you always work so hard entertaining her that you wear yourself out. Between worrying over her comfort and fussing about the safety of that old cowhide trunk, home becomes a place of torment for me instead of a haven of rest."

And then Mazie, whose bobbed crown of glory was decidedly of the shade beloved by Titian, and with a temper to correspond, replied thus: "If you were properly interested in the welfare of your family you'd want to keep Aunt Tibby here all the time! Do you fancy that she herself would be so particular about that old cowhide trunk, as you are pleased to call it, if it didn't contain valuables? She told me—no, I won't say she exactly told me, but she gave me to understand, and I know all the family have the same impression—that in it she carries her stocks and bonds. She has bequeathed the trunk to the one in whose home she happens to die."

"Mazie!" exclaimed Bert, putting his arms around his wife, "waiting for 'dead men's shoes' is sorry business! Do what you can for your aunt without making your family unhappy, but put all such ideas as you've just men-

tioned out of mind; they are unworthy of you!" and Bert stopped to kiss his wife good-by.

The first evening of Aunt Tibby's arrival Mazie began, "Barbara! do sit still! You'll make Aunt Tibby nervous!" or "John! don't walk so heavy!"

Aunt Tibby had been with them several weeks when she came down with a cold. The doctor called pronounced the trouble pneumonia. "Which at her age," said he (Aunt Tibby was 86), "is a serious matter. You had better get a nurse." Aunt Tibby had been so humored by her niece, however, that the nurse could do little to suit her, and Mazie was obliged to fetch and carry, to run up and down stairs until, ten days later, Aunt Tibby sank into her last sleep.

After the funeral the relatives who had gathered from far and near demanded that the will be read at once. So the old cowhide trunk was brought down to the living room and opened in the presence of all. It contained Uncle David's army uniform, a few books, half a dozen packages of old newspapers—and a long letter written by Aunt Tibby herself. This was addressed to her relatives in general and was a sort of confession. In it she stated that her income since Uncle David's death had been limited to a pension of \$6 a month. That in some way the story had been circulated that this old trunk contained valuables and she had never contra-

On the Highway

It is a curious trait in human nature that we will take off our hats when a woman enters an elevator, and be most apologetic if we bump into somebody inadvertently; but the instant we get our hands on a steering wheel we damn all mankind—woman and man alike.

Too often, we are inclined to look upon traffic guides and regulations as irritating restrictions designed primarily to keep us from having a good time, when the truth of the matter is, they have been devised solely for our convenience and comfort.

dicted it, fearing if she told the truth some one might put her in an old ladies' home, an institution she detested. She trusted her relatives would pardon her and that the old trunk would be kept for her sake; that it might prove a magic casket to the owner, just as it had to her.

The trunk was left with Mazie, as she was the only person who displayed the least desire to possess it. After everyone had departed she threw her arms around her husband's neck and cried, "Oh, Bert, can you ever forgive me?" Judging by the sigh of contentment she uttered Bert's answer was satisfactory.

Aunt Tibby was right; the trunk did prove a magic casket for Mazie. It stood in the upstairs hall where she had to pass it many times a day and whenever she was seized with envy, stubbornness or a desire for finery she could not afford, one glance at the old trunk was sufficient to dispel such feelings in a twinkling.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

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Smart New Fashions For Fall and Winter

BOTH these dresses are so pretty and so simple that you will want to make them up several times, in different colors. And with such beautifully simple designs, whose whole charm is a matter of line, you can use colors as gay as you please, now that gay colors are smart, and they look so pretty in the fall. If you've never done much sewing, here's a fine chance to find out what a satisfaction it is to make yourself something. These designs are so easy to do.

A Charming School Dress.

This is a classic style in which growing girls always look pretty. The snug waist and flaring skirt are so becoming, and just grown up enough to delight them! In wool crepe, cashmere, gingham or jersey, with fresh white collar and



sleeve bands, it will be your daughter's favorite school frock. Make one version of it in plaid.

Scalloped-Trimmed Day Frock. You should certainly have several dresses made like this—it fits so beautifully and looks so smart. Darts at the waistline give it becoming slimmness. The high square neckline and "shrugged shoulder" sleeves are very new. It's the useful kind of dress you can wear for shopping and business as well as around the house. Make it up in silk crepe, flannel, sheer wool or home-keeping cottons.

The Patterns.

1454 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch material without nap. Collar and cuffs in contrast require 3/8 yard.

1576 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.

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

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

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BIG TOP Jeff Bangs, circus owner, decides to give the condemned elephant another chance.



By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA A Natural Mistake



By RUBE GOLDBERG

'SMATTER POP— Sometimes It's tha Hardest Place to Get Information



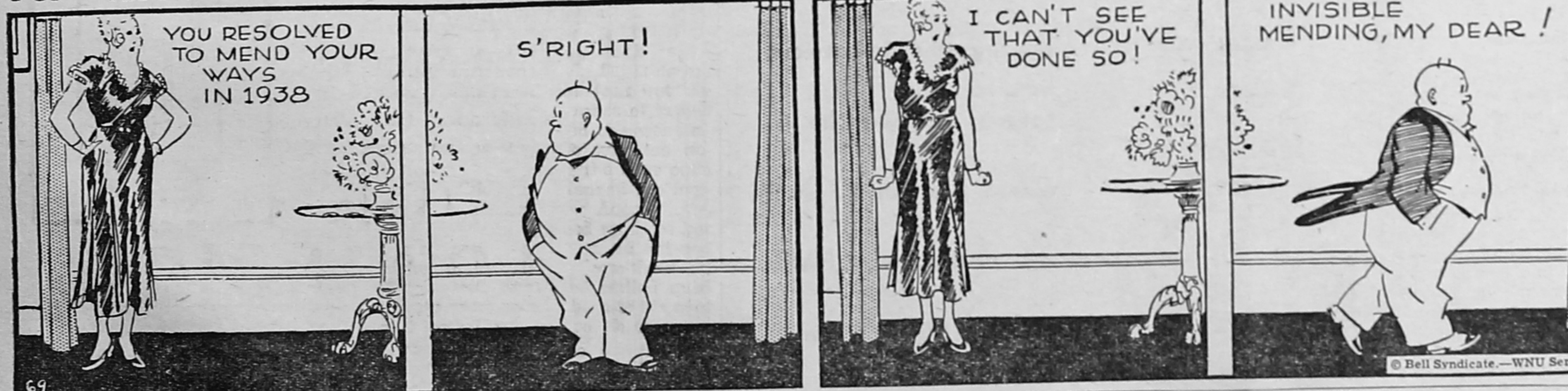
By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY



A Hard-Headed Decision

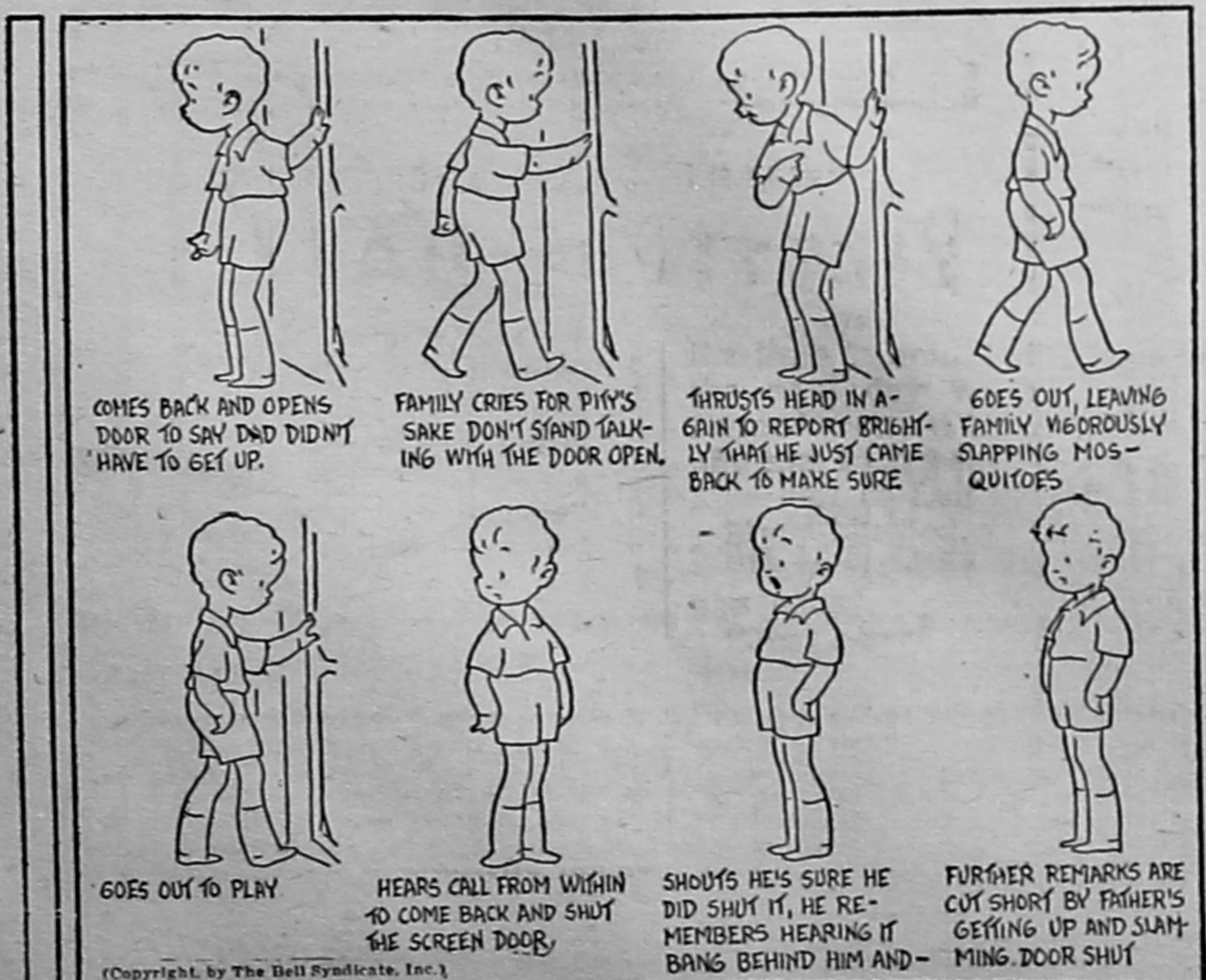
POP— The Finest Work



By J. MILLAR WATT

THE SCREEN DOOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

"You say you were not drunk, yet this officer tells me he found you trying to climb a lamp post on a downtown corner."
"Yes, your honor, I did; but that was because three crocodiles had been following me all night, and they were getting on my nerves."

His Position
Co-ed—What position does your brother play on the team?
Sister—In a sort of crouched and bent position.

An Early Riser
Judge—Have you ever been up before me?
Prisoner—I don't know. What time do you get up?

STEADY

The old Negro was up in a plane for the first time. After a few stunts the pilot landed.
"Well, Snowball," he asked, "how did you enjoy the trip?"
Said Snowball: "Ah'd rather be on the terra firma; the more firmah the less terrah."

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

The Star

By **VILMA GOSHEN**
© D. J. Walsh—WNU Service.

LIVING as they did, in California, the Cadby family thought perhaps less of moving pictures than their sisters elsewhere. They were a beautiful family, too, beautiful by reason of that inheritance of good features and perfect health which insures the real thing.

All, that is, except Catherine. She had the perfect health; but there it stopped. No one knew where that odd mouth came from that made strangers almost lose their self-control when they bought fruit. No one could imagine where that hair, that seemed made for a comedian's wig, ever entered the smooth-headed comely Cadby group.

But there it was; unconsciously humorous; a tragedy for herself and a stifled regret for father and mother.

Then one day a polite person, too polite, asked Mrs. Cadby if the company might go on location on her land. She knew the slogans and assented, seeing that her five lovely daughters were safely in the house and determining to keep them there. Of Catherine Cadby there was no thought at all. She was surely immune.

Thus it came about that Catherine, more than ordinarily absurd in an antiquated sunbonnet, leading a half-grown calf that nearly threw her several times, passed directly in front of the polite person as he left the ranch house after obtaining permission to put his company to work.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

Catherine jerked up the bossy, whose four legs seemed incongruously wooden and elongated as he struggled to keep his balance, and threw a perfectly natural but supremely comic glance at the stranger.

"Good morning," said he. "Do you work for Mrs. Cadby?"

"I do not," said Catherine, reddening. "I'm just her daughter."

"Well, that's fine. I'd like to talk to you. No, don't run away. Tie that thing to a tree, can't you? I don't want to be tripped up." Catherine obediently tied the bossy, who bawled.

"The fact is," said the polite person, "I want you in this picture."

Catherine was by no means meek and she was fast growing furious. She knew well she was no movie queen in embryo. Indeed, her calamitous absurdities were anguish to her. She would like to have walloped the stranger with the switch she had used for the bossy.

"You're surprised," said the polite person, "because you think all movie girls look like dolls. Well, they don't. We want character women. You can play character parts."

Catherine thought wildly. She knew her mother would never consent, but, truth to tell, she was tired of playing nobody while her sisters' beaux trailed over the ranch. She had no hankering for a career, but now a career seemed a way out of an intolerable existence. If she was so funny why not be well paid for it? It was rumored that a grandmother had been Scottish. Perhaps that was what made her ask if he had a contract in his pocket.

"I'll sign you when I see how you screen," smiled the stranger who grew less polite and more likable with further acquaintance. "We'll fix a test for tomorrow."

It was not unusual for the girls to run over to "Los" for an afternoon's shopping or a show. Therefore, Catherine slipped off with no comment.

The test proved that she was even funnier in the film than in daily life, and Catherine, having signed for what to her seemed a huge sum of money on that fateful dotted line, went home, tired, hot and encouraged beyond her dreams.

"Cathy," said Sara, her eldest and prettiest sister, at supper, "don't think me a beast. Only I simply can't let you act as bridesmaid Thursday. You make everyone laugh, and—"

"Don't worry, Sara," was the tranquil reply, "I couldn't possibly get off. I have signed a contract this afternoon with the Gaythorn-Satterthwaite Film aggregation. That is, I am en route to be a movie star."

"It's the sun, poor darling," sobbed her mother. "Don't say anything; just telephone for Dr. Smugg, quietly."

"No, I am quite well. Only I'm too funny for private life and I can get paid good money for making a crowd laugh, so why not?"

There was a chorus of protest, but Catherine is billed on Broadway as the "Girl Charlie Chaplin," so it is to be presumed that she won her point.

Kings' Horses Lose Shoes

Many a king's horse has lost a shoe at Oakham, near London, because of an old custom, the castle there having the right to demand a horseshoe from every peer who passes through the town. If anyone refuses, a shoe can be taken from the horse.

Visiting Day

By **JOE SMITHERS**
© D. J. Walsh—WNU Service.

"JUST as if," sputtered red-haired Eileen Donnelley, first-year student nurse at E. C. H., "we girls didn't have work enough to do without getting a whole flock of rubbernecks around to ask silly questions and make idiotic remarks. Ouch, my feet ache!" and lovely Rusty subsided into a chair in the diet kitchen and rubbed tired hands across her eyes as though to wipe away the purple shadows of overwork that lingered there.

"Well, I'll say this is no rest-cure, keeping this health factory going according to Ryder! But it's worth it, and, you know, Rusty, darling, if any of us were acting 'supe,' we'd do just as Ryder does, only more so!" comforted Sylvia Cranston as she weighed and measured the difficult baby formula.

"Oh, I suppose so," grumbled Eileen, dejectedly, "but it seems like an awful waste of energy;

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

seems as though a sick person would be a lot safer if his nurse didn't have to work to the point of dropping. One of us will have night duty. If it's poor me I'll do a nice King Tut act in some quiet corner!"

"Rusty's peeved because we have a visiting day, and I'm not sure I blame her!" explained Sylvia.

The smartly coiffed and charmingly gray head of Miss Ryder appeared in the doorway.

"Miss Donnelley, there's a glass of water in seven and it's not covered and there are quite a few specks of dust on it, too; I should never forgive myself if any of our visitors should see such a disgusting example of laxness!" and Miss Ryder departed.

Eileen smiled grimly as she started for the stairs and went noiselessly to No. 7, her trained ears catching and identifying the sounds below as that of the arrival of the first coterie of visitors.

"I'll bet I look like a hot sketch with my hair flying in every direction and my stockings so damp from perspiration that they cling in wrinkled bunches all the way up, and if this uniform is Miss Ryder's idea of a soothing landscape for a dying man, deliver me from her jurisdiction soon."

Voices, high and shrill, low and guttural, soft and eager, voices asking questions and making comments and delivering cheery messages to the tacitly silent patients of E. C. H. floor-ward (street level). Soft wafts of costly perfume; soft rustle of exquisite silks; soft gleam from perfection of hands that toil not, carrying costly gloves and purses from Paris. Ironic comparison of such visitors with the hard-working, hard-scrubbing, tired and dejected squad of nurses at E. C. H. Small wonder that Eileen paused a long moment, hands clenching the railing to the stairs; paused to gather her self-control and summon her sense of humor, above all, her fine loyalty and enthusiasm for the nursing profession, before she went in to retrieve the offending specked glass.

And as she made that brief pause and tried to regain her lost cheeriness Rusty realized that her feet ached with a stinging throb and her back was so tired that she hated even the thought of that long walk back up three long flights of stairs to the next to the top floor ward. And all this weariness and discomfort was because of a few rich people who pretended to be interested in their city's hospital!

With set lips Eileen turned and started to enter No. 7, and stopped, rooted to the spot. A man was standing by the perfectly made vacant bed and he was just in the act of reaching out for the offending glass of water! Horrified, Eileen rushed forward and snatched the glass of water, saying: "You mustn't ever drink anything you see on the tables, it might be deadly poison! Don't you know better?" and her voice was crossly maternal; as one would speak to a small boy.

Smoke-gray eyes gleamed down at her from a six-foot height and the softest, southernmost drawl voice she had ever heard in all her work-ridden life, thrilled the little red-headed nurse as he said: "My it's nice to be scolded by such a pretty girl as you! Go on, say some more, please! I almost think you meant it!" and Rusty was uncomfortably suspicious that he was laughing at her. "But really, the water isn't clean, and it might have been a gargle that was deadly poison! I'll get you a fresh drink," and she was furious with herself for blushing so hotly.

"Let me carry the glass; you look about all in, rotten life for a young girl, this nursing game!" commented the man, walking beside her down the long flights of stairs.

"Oh! you aren't like the others, are you?" cried Rusty, thrilled and grateful.

"The other what?" he asked gently.

"Visitors," sighed Rusty.

Do You Know Illinois?

By **Edward J. Hughes**
Secretary of State

Q. Who was the first foreign born, first Chicago resident to be elected Governor of Illinois?

A. John P. Altgeld.

Q. Why did the Tribune nickname Governor Altgeld, "John Pardon"?

A. He was so nicknamed because he was supposed to have freed more criminals from the Illinois prisons than any other Governor. This was false although it was true that he exercised his pardoning power a good many times.

Q. What was the most famous pardon issued by Governor Altgeld?

A. The pardoning of the men imprisoned for the alleged fomenting of the Haymarket riot.

Q. What act of courage did Altgeld display in issuing these pardons?

A. The men had been sentenced in the hysterical fury following the riot and after some years grave doubt as to their guilt brought a petition to the Governor asking for executive clemency and signed by 100,000, among them some of Chicago's first citizens. He reviewed the case and granted pardons instead of clemency.

Q. What was the immediate result of this act?

A. Altgeld was attacked as an anarchist by the press of the nation.

Q. What unusual aspect was there to the message accompanying Altgeld's pardons of the Haymarket prisoners?

A. He rebuked severely the judge who sat at the trial.

Q. How did Governor Altgeld discuss justice?

A. "If we are to prosper, we must make all of our people feel that the flag which floats over them is an emblem of justice."

Q. When was the striped suit prohibited as garb for the convicts in Illinois prisons?

A. Governor John Altgeld caused this bill to be passed and it was the first such law to be

passed in the Middle West.

Q. What did Clarence Darrow say in tribute to Governor Altgeld?

A. "John Altgeld made my life what it is."

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2 Features

Edw. G. Robinson

Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse

Also

Jones Family

Safety In Numbers

10c-25c

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

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

Found—A ring of keys.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Southbound.....1:31 p. m.

Northbound.....3:26 p. m.

Star Mail Route

Southbound.....7:15 a. m.

Northbound.....8:30 a. m.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Announcement!

I wish to announce to the general public that I have purchased the Kenneth Dicks Hardware store at Broadlands, having taken charge of the business on Sept. 29, 1938.

I will strive to give the public the same good service that it has been accustomed to in the past, and hope to merit the continued patronage of all customers of the store.

HUGO DeWITT, Prop.
Broadlands Illinois

DISCOVERY MONTH

See for yourself!
150° HOT WATER
COSTS
FAR LESS
than you think!



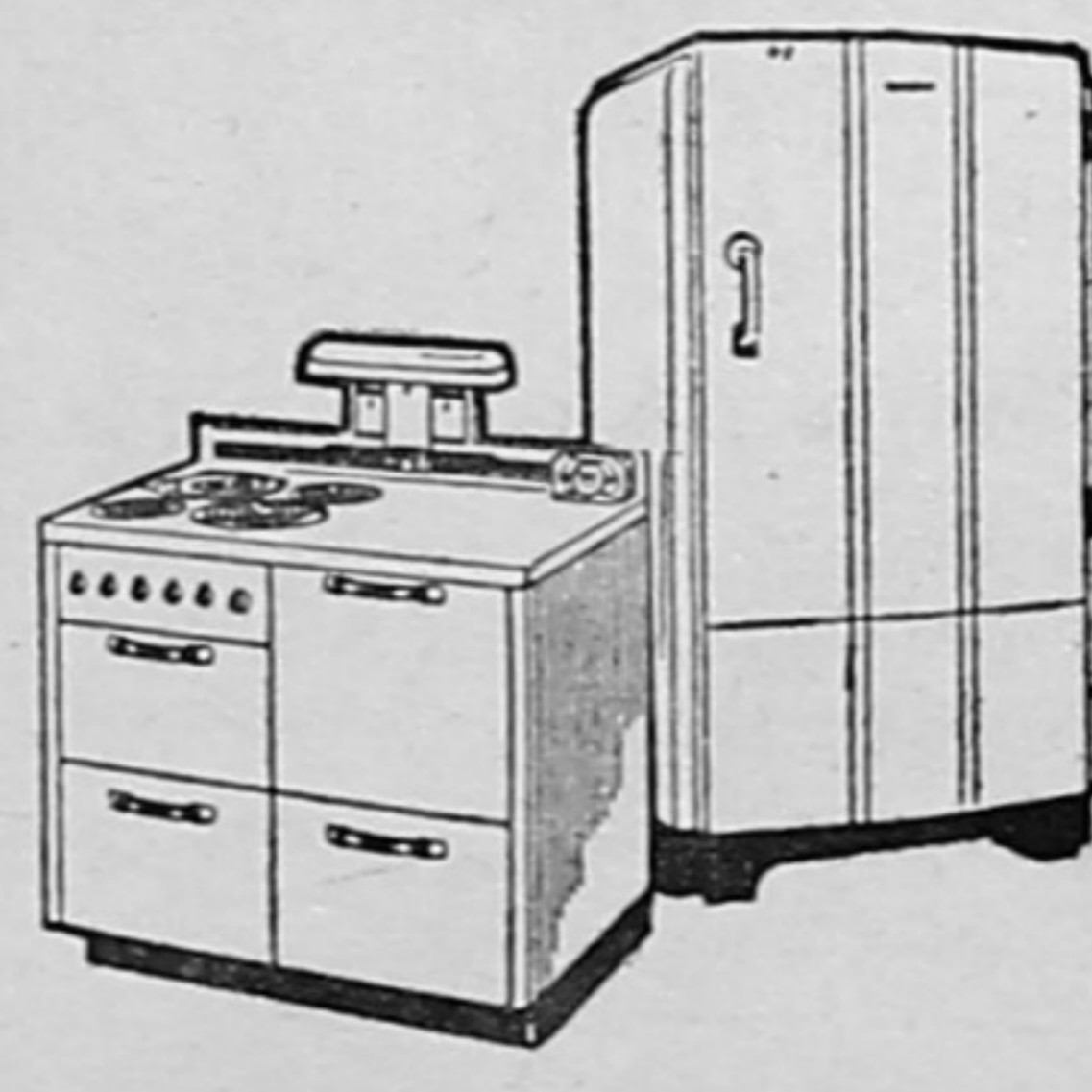
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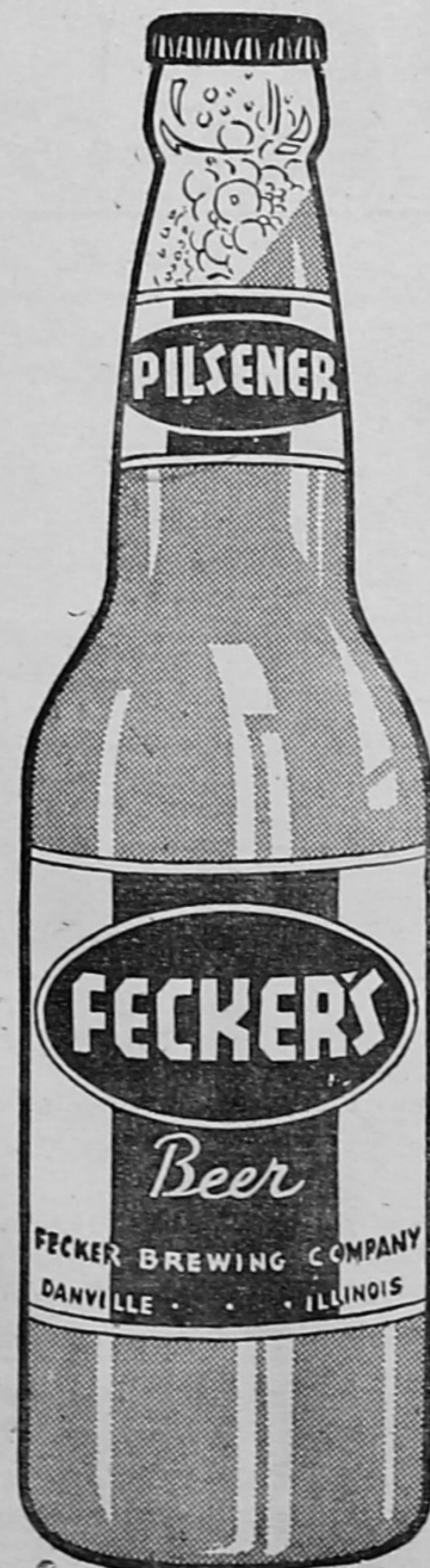


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