

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 20

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1939

NUMBER 6

News Items of 12 Years Ago

May 20, 1927

Misses Hazel and Anna Dohme left for a trip to California.

The heavy rains of the week had put a damper on farming operations.

Mrs. Bessie Loomis left for a visit with relatives at Stillman Valley and East Chicago.

Harry Richard made a trip to Chicago to purchase paint for cars for the Harden Sales & Service.

A Mother and Daughter banquet was held in the Astell hall with 135 attending. The principal address was by Mrs. Jas. Elmo Smith of Urbana.

Forrest Dicks had an accident while returning from Homer, when the steering wheel came off his car causing him to run into a ditch. He escaped injury but the car was somewhat damaged.

20 Years Ago
May 16, 1919

Miss Hazel Allen received her appointment as postmistress of the local office.

Miss Cecil Allen of the U. of I. spent the weekend here with her parents.

Miss Maude Busick was home from Newman for a visit with relatives and friends.

Sergeants Chas. Brown and Estle Barnes returned home after spending eight months in active service at the front. They had been in the service almost two years.

Long View News

The Loyal Workers of the Christian Church met Wednesday with Mrs. Eva Parks.

A concert will be given by the Longview High School band in the gymnasium on Sunday afternoon at 3:15.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hanley of Bement, Mr. and Mrs. Ora Hanley, Sidell, and Myrtle Dyar, were guests of Mrs. Alice Hanley, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gretencord are parents of a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, born Saturday, May 13. Their other child is a boy.

Out of town relatives attending the funeral of Mrs. Emily Hagerman were the grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald and son, Francis, Hammond, Ind.; Thomas Fitzgerald and Philip Eraci, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Booe, George and William Hagerman, Champaign; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dyar, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dyar, Mr. and Mrs. Farrel Cook, Dayton, Ohio; also C. W. Hagerman, Urbana; Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Hagerman, Ludlow; Mrs. Annie Gilmour, daughter, Ruth and son, Raymond Gilmour, Myron Perkins, Oswego, Ill.

The first of a series of free open air movie shows will be presented on Saturday night, May 27.

Receives Commission As Grand Lecturer

Kenneth Dicks, of the firm of Dicks Bros., local morticians, recently received his commission as a Grand Masonic Lecturer. He took his examination before the board of grand examiners in Chicago several weeks ago.

A commission as a grand lecturer is a prize coveted by many Masons, but received by comparatively few, as years of hard work and study are required to obtain it.

Mr. Dicks makes the third grand lecturer Broadlands Lodge A. F. & A. M. has produced, Carl Dicks and Kenneth Allen having been grand lecturers since 1926. Few lodges the size of the local institution are so fortunate as to have three grand lecturers.

Mrs. Emily Hagerman Dies Saturday Morning

Emily Davis was born July 15, 1854, in Kendall County, Illinois, and passed away at her home in Longview, Illinois, Saturday, May 13, 1939, at 10.50 p. m. She was united in marriage February 5, 1874, to Alexander Gay Hagerman. To this union were born six children, three of whom preceded her in death, as did also her husband.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Luther Betts; two sons, Ezekial, and Lorenzo Gay, familiarly known as "Bob;" twelve grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren, and many close friends.

The greater part of her life was spent in Illinois, except a few years in Kansas. Following retirement from active farm life Mr. and Mrs. Hagerman moved to Longview, where the deceased has lived for thirty years. Early in life she became a member of Pleasant Hill Methodist Church, and later transferred her membership to the Longview church, where she was a faithful attendant as long as her health permitted.

At the age of eighty she submitted to a serious operation, but never fully recovered her health, suffering in patience the last few years. For about three months she was bedfast, and was lovingly and patiently ministered unto by her daughter, Mrs. Betts, with whom she has lived since the death of Mr. Hagerman.

Funeral services were held in the Methodist Church in Longview, Monday afternoon, May 15, at 2:00 o'clock, with Rev. W. Earl Ballew, the pastor, officiating, and Rev. J. F. Turner, pastor of the U. B. Church, assisting.

Music was furnished by Merle Buddemeier, with Mrs. Buddemeier at the piano.

Pallbearers were James and Ed Carleton, James Hart, Merton Parks, Charles Warnes and Frank Martinie.

Burial was in the St. John's cemetery, northwest of Broadlands, with Dicks Bros. of Broadlands in charge.

Methodist Church Notes

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock. Finer weather should only mean a larger and more regular attendance.

The Church Service next Sunday is in the evening, at 7:30.

Corn planting is now on in full blast in this vicinity. Rain is badly needed.

Musical Entertainment at Methodist Church, Tonight

Pupils of the Broadlands Public schools will present a musical program at the local Methodist Church, this Friday evening, under the direction of Chas. Beck-

March—Happy Days	Orchestra
Waltz—Sweet Dreams	Orchestra
Vocal Solo—Little Yeller Dog	Donald Thode
Dixie	Primary Chorus
The Marionette Dance	Primary Chorus
The Marionette Dance	Rhythm Band
Country Gardens	Rhythm Band
Violin Solo—Dark Eyes	Katherine Thode
Vocal Solo—Smilin' Through	Helen Nichols
Trumpet Solo—Evening Song	Byron Struck
Song and Drill	Topsy Turvy
Noel Dicks	Everett Biddle
Paul Thode	Montell Maxwell
Joanne Donley	Joanne Baker
Betty Jackson	Helen Nichols
Trombone Solo—Londonderry Air	Ralph Schumacher
Violin Solo—Romance	Rosemary White
Violin Solo—In the Time of Roses	Wilbur Martin
Clarinet Solo—Country Gardens	Wallace Dicks
The Witches Ball	Tschaikowski
Crusader's Hymn	Wick
The Cuckoo Clock	Grant-Schaeffer
	Girls Glee Club
Dutch Dance—Wooden Shoes	Orchestra
March—Let's Go	Orchestra

Village Inn Makes Fine Improvement

The proprietors of the Village Inn are to be complimented on the fine improvements they have made during the past few weeks. A new soda fountain, new lighting fixtures, new electric refrigerator, and a new Skelgas range have been installed, the interior of the building has been repainted and repapered, adding much to the appearance of their place of business.



Obey traffic laws. Co-operate with traffic officers. Traffic regulations often seem burdensome, but remember, their main purpose is to save lives and prevent injuries.

It is so easy to criticize the traffic officer and try to make fun of him. It is so easy to criticize the law enforcement agencies as well as the civic bodies which created the ordinances that regulate our driving. All these restrictions were put into law because we, as automobile drivers, could not regulate ourselves. We violated all principles of decency and courtesy. Therefore, it became necessary for the state, the counties, the cities, and the villages to pass laws and force us to observe certain regulations.

Now that we have these requirements let us obey them and thereby prevent accidents. Safe driving today demands obedience and cooperation.

It's Smart to Drive Carefully.

St. John's Evangelical Church

Karl F. Albers, Pastor.

Worship service this Sunday at 10:30.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

man. The entertainment will begin at 8:00 o'clock and the general public is cordially invited to attend. The program will be as follows:

Yeazel Home Near Homer is Razed

Homer, May 15.—Sparks on a shingle roof were blamed for fire that completely destroyed the farm home of Mrs. Lucy Yeazel, one and one-half miles west of Homer at 12:45 p. m. Sunday.

Loss, estimated at \$6,000, was partly covered by insurance. Furniture in two rooms and part of a third were saved. Residing with Mrs. Yeazel is her niece, Mrs. Barton Parrish and family, who have moved into a garage until the house can be rebuilt. Mrs. Yeazel has gone to Ogden to stay with relatives.

The family had just returned from church services and placed wood on a hearth fire, when they discovered the blaze. The house was erected in 1892.

Local Pupils Win Honors

Pupils of the Broadlands Public school won honors in the County Grade Music Meet held at Homer on May 4 as follows:

Wilbur Martin—2nd in boys' vocal solo.

Lois DeWitt—4th in piano solo. Chorus—Grade B rating.

Free Band Concert Sunday

The 44-piece band of the Longview high school will give a free band concert in the high school gym at Longview, Sunday, May 21, beginning at 3:15 p. m.

The band won No. 1 division in state two consecutive years, and No. 1 division district three consecutive years.

Closing exercises of the 8th grade of the Broadlands Public schools will be held from the local Methodist church, Wednesday evening, May 24 at 8 o'clock. F. B. Leonard of Champaign will be the speaker. A musical program will be given.

Scientists have been unable to determine sleep. Some preachers are also puzzled over the phenomenon.

Miss Maxine Cook is Bride of Joseph Keefe

Miss Maxine Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jess Cook, of Charleston, and Joseph V. Keefe son of Lawrence Keefe, of Longview were united in marriage, Saturday, May 13, at 9:30 a. m., in St. Thomas' Rectory at Philo, with the Rev. Fr. Charles Martin officiating. The single ring ceremony was used.

Mrs. Hugh Hopkins, sister of the bridegroom, attended the bride as matron of honor, and Charles Cook, brother of the bride, was best man.

The bride was attired in a tailored white silk suit, with navy accessories, and wore a shoulder bouquet of white roses and valley lilies.

Following the ceremony the happy young couple left for a honeymoon trip to Chicago. They will reside in Longview.

Mrs. Keefe is a graduate of Charleston High and Eastern Illinois Teachers' College, having received her degree in home economics. She has taught five years in the rural schools near Longview and has been reemployed to teach at Pleasant Hill the coming term.

Mr. Keefe is a graduate of the Longview High school and attended Bradley Technical College at Peoria. He has been associated with his uncle, M. J. Keefe, in the Longview Bank for the past four years.

Mrs. Olive Rayl is Hostess to L. W. Class

Mrs. Olive Rayl entertained the L. W. class of the U. B. Sunday School on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Lydia Brown had charge of the business meeting.

Ching-ka-chek was the amusement of the afternoon.

Refreshments consisted of pork sandwiches, ritz, banana salad, mints, and coffee.

Members present were Mesdames Flora Bailey, Leona Bergfield, Lydia Brown, Ora Brown, Belle Smith, Allie Struck, Lucy Sullivan, Olive Rayl.

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

Hold Commencement Exercises at White Hall

Eighth Grade Commencement exercises were held at White Hall school Thursday night of last week with about 60 present.

The following program was given:

America—Audience.

Invocation—Rev. Karl Albers.

Musical Selection—Leone Bergfield.

Duet—Hope Celestine and Marion Zenke.

Reading—Hilda Parteneimer.

Song, Santa Lucia—Chorus.

Reading—Evelyn Hedrick.

Solo—Maxine Henson.

Musical Selection—Leone Bergfield.

Address—Rev. W. Earl Ballew.

Presentation of Diplomas—Ernest Harshbarger.

Song—Chorus.

Benediction—Rev. Karl Albers.

Graduates are Evelyn Hedrick, Gene Parteneimer, Hilda Parteneimer, Betty Glodene Sy, Olive Ronk.

Mrs. Nelle McPherran, teacher of the school, has been rehired to teach next year. The school closed last Friday.

Charles F. Messman, Pioneer Farmer, Dies

Charles F. Messman, 89, retired farmer, died at two o'clock Monday afternoon, May 15, 1939, at his home in Broadlands.

Mr. Messman was born February 8, 1850 in northern Germany, and came to this country with his parents at the age of twelve. He was united in marriage to Emily Wheeler in 1872, and to this union were born two children, William and John. In 1876 he was married to Wilhelmina Dohme, and to this union were born the following children: Albert, Carl, Emily, Henry, Louise, Fred and Marie. All of the nine children survive.

Funeral services were held at 2 p. m. Wednesday, from the Emmanuel Lutheran Church, northwest of Broadlands, with Rev. A. C. Bernthal, Danville, officiating. Burial was in the church cemetery, with Dicks Bros. in charge.

The pallbearers, all grandsons of the deceased, were Leon Struck, Ralph Messman, Walter Messman, Harold Smith, Arthur Struck and Fred Messman.

Methodist Aid Meets at Mrs. Anna Neal Home

Miss Mildred Neal and Mrs. Gladys Walker were hostesses to the Methodist Ladies Aid at the home of their mother, Mrs. Anna Neal, Thursday afternoon of last week.

The song "Sweeter as the Years Go By" was sung, followed with scripture reading and prayer by Rev. Ballew. Mrs. Gladys McClelland read several interesting poems and stories in honor of Mothers' Day.

The business meeting was conducted by Mrs. Eva Walker, president, following which Mrs. Ida Messman and Mrs. Faustine Smith entertained with several vocal numbers.

Refreshments consisted of chicken sandwiches, pickles, ice cream topped with strawberries and whipped cream, angel food cake, coffee and salted nuts.

Guests were Mrs. Lillie Bowman, Mrs. Louise David and Rev. Ballew.

Members present were Mesdames Maude Anderson, Cora Chafin, Bertha Cook, Lettie Eckerty, Mary Fitzgerald, Ruby Holt, Ida Messman, Gladys McClelland, Leanna Miller, Anna Seeds, Faustine Smith, Edna Telling, Mattie Utterback, Eva Walker, Gladys Walker and Miss Mildred Neal.

The June meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Gladys McClelland with Mrs. Leanna Miller assisting.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our deep gratitude to our many friends and relatives, for the kindness, sympathy and beautiful floral offerings received in our recent bereavement.

Messman Family.

Market Report

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

No. 2 hard wheat	68c
No. 2 white corn	50c
No. 2 yellow corn	44c
No. 3 white oats	31c
No. 2 beans	87c

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

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

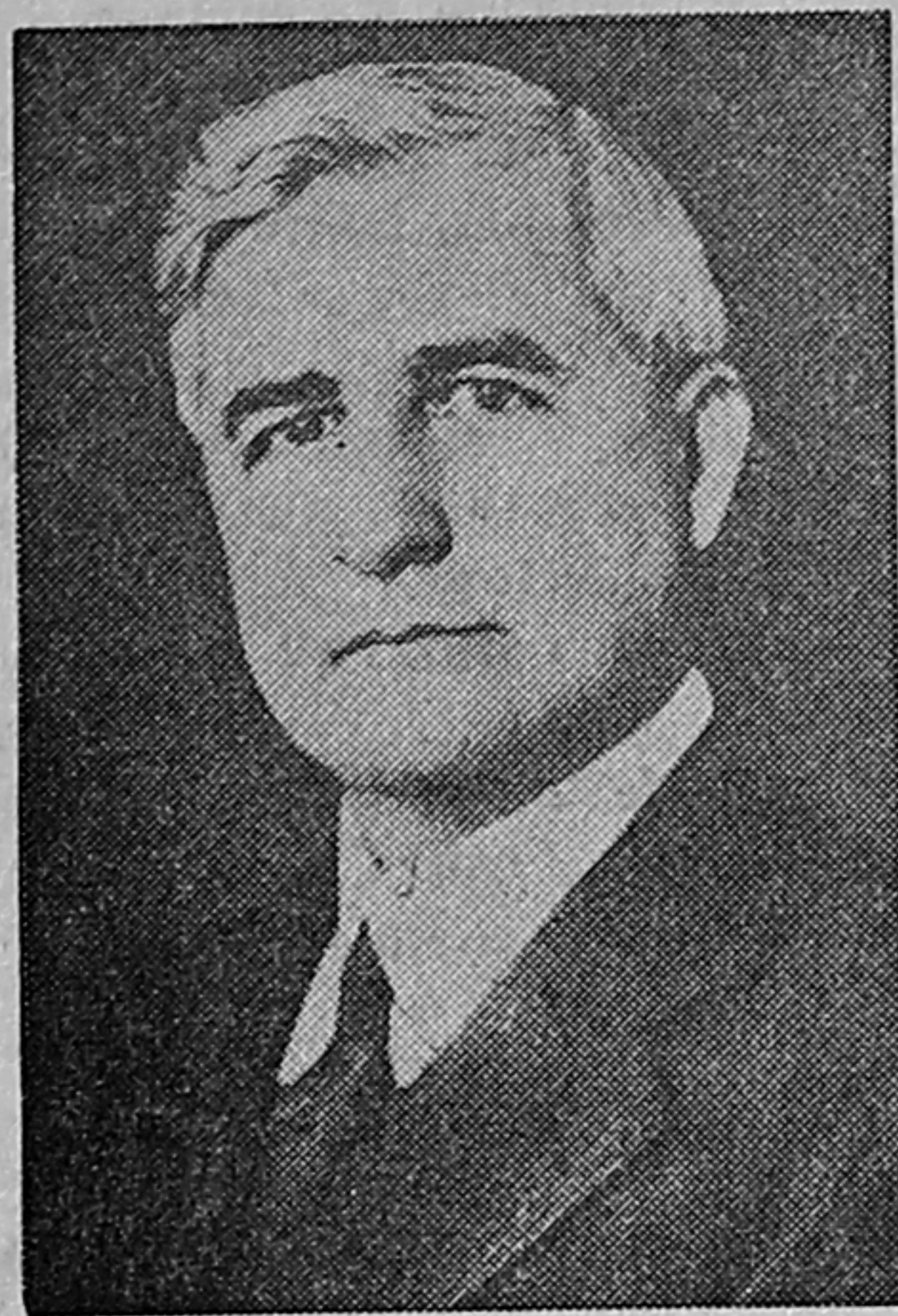
Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

President looks upon Jesse H. Jones as potential enemy of New Deal . . . R. F. C. head declines Secretary of Navy Post . . . Watchful waiting is attitude of business, which looks to next year's election for decided change . . . Roosevelt-Wheeler feud may draw to close.

WASHINGTON.—Jesse H. Jones, the Houston banker who has been the "greatest lender in the world" as head of the RFC since he was appointed to that body by President Hoover, was recently offered the post of secretary of the navy by President Roosevelt, but declined it with thanks.

Jesse's friends insist that it was nothing but a move to shelve him, as everybody knows that the post of secretary of the navy under this administration is merely a niche for a figurehead.

The suggestion was made by the President for two reasons. One was that he intended at the time to transfer RFC, under his powers granted by congress in the reorganization bill, to the department of



JESSE H. JONES

commerce, where it would be under Harry L. Hopkins.

By the way, this is still mystifying insiders, who know that Hopkins personally believes his health will force absolute retirement, within a year.

If Jones had accepted, it was made clear to him by the President, Emil Schram, now a member of the board of directors of RFC, would be put in Jones' place, but would of course have been under Hopkins.

Jones' Economic Views Held in Low Esteem

The other reason for the move the President thought about making was that while he has great respect for Jones' ability, he has none for his economic and social views, regards him as a potential enemy to the New Deal, and dislikes his political ties.

In fact, the proffer of the navy portfolio was made only after several senators and members of the house, with whom the President had discussed changes he proposed making under the reorganization bill, told him he would run into a hornet's nest on Capitol Hill if he tried kicking Jesse Jones around.

The President was told that there was not only the certainty of trouble, but the real probability that congress might actually veto the whole set of changes—under its power to disapprove within 60 days—if the President should attempt to put Jones, in whom Congress has great confidence, under Hopkins, about whom congress is very skeptical.

So he tried to kick Jones upstairs, but Jones preferred the floor he has been working so long.

As a matter of fact, Jones, though a conservative at heart, is probably the most powerful figure in Washington outside the White House and its immediate environs.

Business Enters Period Of Watchful Waiting

"Watchful Waiting" is now the attitude of business, big and little, as contrasted with the earlier prodding and pleading for relief at the hands of congress from what it regards as the harsh and distorted economic philosophy of the New Deal.

Answer? Twofold. Business believes firmly that it will get relief from New Deal oppression—not only changes in the law, but in the administrative agencies—as a result of the election next year.

The second reason is the possibility of war. War in Europe without the United States participating would mean a spurt in business here. War with the United States participating—and most business men think we could not stay out—would mean activity to the utmost of everybody's power, just as in 1917 and 1918.

All of which makes most of the pending legislation, in which normally there would be tremendous interest, of much less importance to the people most affected. For in-

stance, neutrality. No one believes any neutrality law now enacted would stand 10 days if war broke out and it were manifest that the new law interfered with something this government wanted to do—help the democracies, for example, by shipments of war supplies which would be forbidden by the law.

As for taxes, everyone knows that if the United States got into the war there would have to be a new tax law, which must raise ever so much more money than at present. This would make whatever tax revision might be passed this session unimportant. Not that anyone thinks there would really be anything like the Bone measure, designed to "take the profits out of war."

Wagner Act Useless In Event of War

Then take Wagner act revision. Everyone knows congress would act very differently in a war emergency in dealing with amendments to this law, if indeed there were any necessity for touching it at all in a war emergency. Labor's attitude would be very different. There would be little interest and no sympathy for any move to restrict hours, all the pressure in the world for getting more wages.

And consider the wage and hour act. There would be no inclination to remove any floor under wage levels. In wartime that would take care of itself. But there would be tremendous opposition to any attempt to restrict working hours.

So, all in all, with the prospect of a more friendly President who would sign legislation from a more friendly congress (everyone knows that it would be terribly difficult to muster a two-thirds vote to override a Roosevelt veto of any change in existing law that he did not approve), plus the possibility of a war emergency, why get all hot and bothered about changes which would run only (a) until the next President came in, or (b) until war broke?

Roosevelt Reverts to Quarterback Tactics

Two developments in connection with Franklin D. Roosevelt's recent actions hint a remarkable change in his role as political leader. They reveal a new Roosevelt, apparently a compromiser, but perhaps, to revert to his own description of himself long ago, a quarterback, circumventing his opponents by trick plays rather than ruthlessly crushing them by overwhelming force.

It may be, of course, that he learned something from the purges, but the nine he lost and the one he won.

In the nine he lost he discovered that he could not defeat the senators on their home grounds. In the one he won, that fight against John J. O'Connor, he discovered that the price of victory was high and its fruit disappointing. He beat O'Connor. He obtained thereby the selection of ever-faithful Adolph J. Sabath, of Illinois, as chairman of the powerful house rules committee, and he has seen the actual power in that committee, as a direct result of the defeat of O'Connor, pass into the hands of Eugene E. Cox, of Georgia, who averages ten instances of opposition to New Deal objectives to every one of O'Connor's insurgencies.

The two recent instances, which are taken by some to indicate a change in Roosevelt, relate to two men, both of whom are Democrats, one of whom is intensely conservative at heart, and the other formerly regarded as much more radical than Roosevelt himself. The conservative is Jesse H. Jones. The radical is Sen. Burton K. Wheeler.



Burton K. Wheeler

The two recent instances, which are taken by some to indicate a change in Roosevelt, relate to two men, both of whom are Democrats, one of whom is intensely conservative at heart, and the other formerly regarded as much more radical than Roosevelt himself. The conservative is Jesse H. Jones. The radical is Sen. Burton K. Wheeler.

Wheeler in Background During 1932 Campaign

With two other radicals, Wheeler was kept in the background during the 1932 campaign. It was thought that Roosevelt was sure of the liberal vote, as against Herbert Hoover, and hence speeches by Wheeler, Huey Long and Clarence C. Dill would do him little good. In fact they might do harm by alienating conservative support.

After the election Wheeler found he was sidetracked for a different reason. The President was very fond, personally, of Bruce Kramer, for years national committeeman from Montana, and Wheeler's bitter political enemy in the state. As a result Kramer got all the gravy, and Wheeler was ignored.

Wheeler sizzled within, but kept peace on the surface, for five years. But if he was bidding his time for revenge, he could not have planned it better himself when the opportunity to oppose the President on the Supreme court issue presented itself.

Now the President is courting Wheeler. One might think Wheeler was the only man on Capitol Hill he trusted!

It isn't like Roosevelt! Assuming its genuineness, it is the first time of record he has ever forgiven anyone who dealt him such a blow—and a blow below the belt, as he regarded it—as Wheeler gave him on the court issue.

Nor is it like Roosevelt to abandon his scheme to get rid of Jesse Jones without a fight, merely because he was told Jones had too many friends on Capitol Hill to make possible his being shifted under Harry L. Hopkins! It's worth waiting for the last act!

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

Star Dust

★ Law Forces a Fake
★ NO for Life of Child Star
★ U. S. Groceries to Europe
—By Virginia Vale

THERE'LL be a bit of faking about Principal Production's "Way Down South," but it's not the fault of the producer, Sol Lesser. The story of the picture is laid in Louisiana; it deals with plantation life in pre-Civil war days. One of the high lights of the picture is a sugar cane festival, the autumn celebration that marks the completion of the harvesting season. Lesser ordered a freight car of Louisiana sugar cane, and thought things were all set, when the California bureau of agriculture stepped in and stopped it at the border. Seems that "foreign" cane can't be brought into the state.

So native cane from near Bakersfield will be used instead. It is neither so heavy nor so tall as the genuine Louisiana article, but the art director will take care of that. Everything else about the picture is genuine. Bob Breen and the 50-piece Hall Johnson choir have been



BOBBY BREEN

rehearsing for two weeks, so that the American Negro spiritual music will have the true beauty and charm of the Deep South.

Peggy Ann Garner, a six-year-old native of Los Angeles, won out over 100 other children in tests to find just the right child to play the part of Carole Lombard's daughter in "Memory of Love." She is inexperienced, but she has charm and her tests were good, so she was signed up to appear with Miss Lombard, Helen Vinson and Katherine Alexander, starting, perhaps, on the road to fame.

Of course, this matter of being a movie star isn't half so much fun for a child as other children are likely to think it is. Irene Dare, (another six-year-old) who is working in "Everything on Ice," can testify to that. She rises at 6:30 every morning, practices skating until eleven, then has a ballet lesson for an hour. After lunch she has a dramatic lesson, then another hour of skating practice, although she is an accomplished skater. Her spare time is filled with fittings for costumes and tests for hairdressing and make-up.

Remember Aileen Pringle, you folks who went to the movies in the days of silent pictures? You'll see her again in "Girl From Nowhere," with Anne Nagel and Warren Hull.

Douglas Corrigan, the wrong-way flier, won't make another picture after all, at least not for RKO. And Eddie Cantor is not to make "The Flying Yorkshireman" for that firm, after all. Both plans were just cases of misplaced enthusiasm, apparently.

Phil Baker is probably one of the most spoiled husbands in the world. When he and his wife travel in Europe she takes along a supply of American groceries, because he doesn't like continental food.

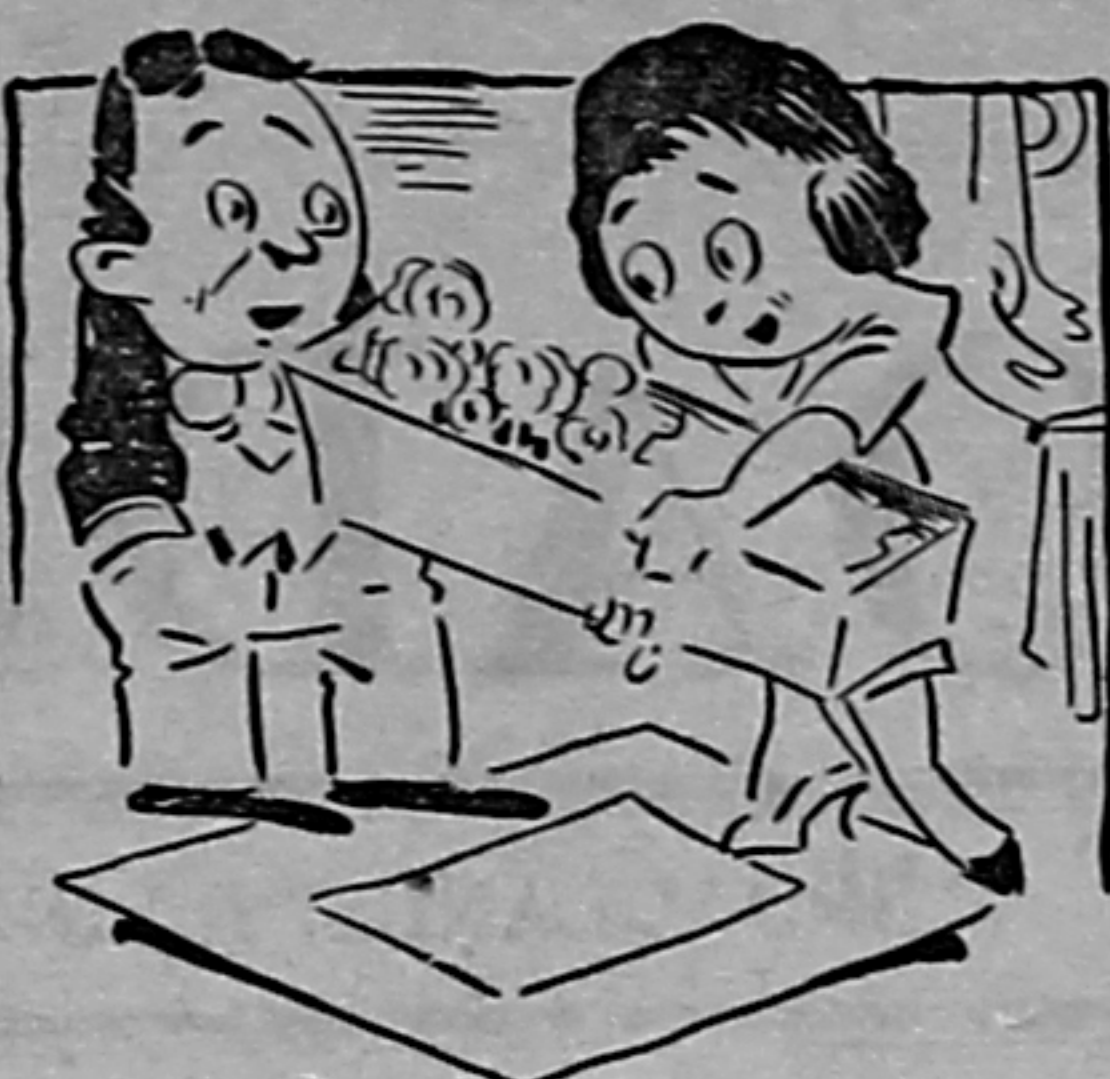
Another radio serial will reach the screen before so very long. It is "Hometown," heard over WLS, which stars Lulu Belle and Skyland Scotty, and will be filmed by Republic Productions.

Whenever a new engineer is assigned to the Charlie McCarthy program he's initiated with the same gag. Don Ameche and Edgar Bergen pulled it on the latest recruit. They stood in front of a microphone, moving their lips but not uttering a sound, while the engineer nearby went wild trying to find the trouble.

ODDS AND ENDS—The CBS Hit Parade now enjoys the highest rating in its history, and Mark Warnow's contract has been renewed—first time a bandleader has been retained on that program for 26 consecutive weeks . . . Walt Disney wanted the film rights for Masterline's "Bluebird," but 20th Century-Fox got them; Shirley Temple will be starred in the picture . . . Pat O'Brien is readying a radio show that will be somewhat like the current program of Edward G. Robinson . . . When Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor finish "Lady of the Tropics" they'll start "Guns and Fiddles"—they seem to make an excellent co-starring team . . . Robert Montgomery leaves soon for England, to make two pictures.

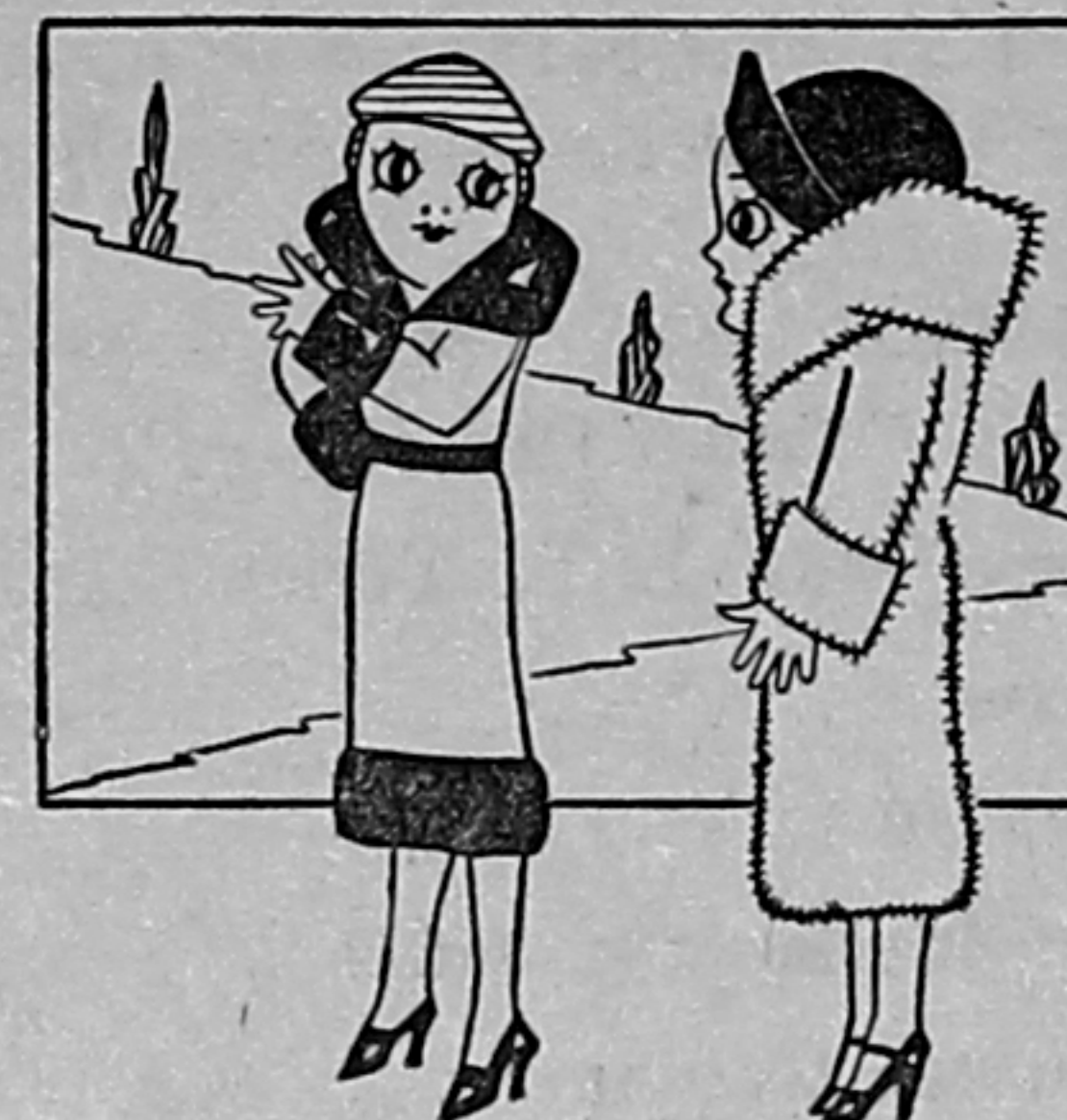
(Western Newspaper Union.)

HIS MISTAKE?



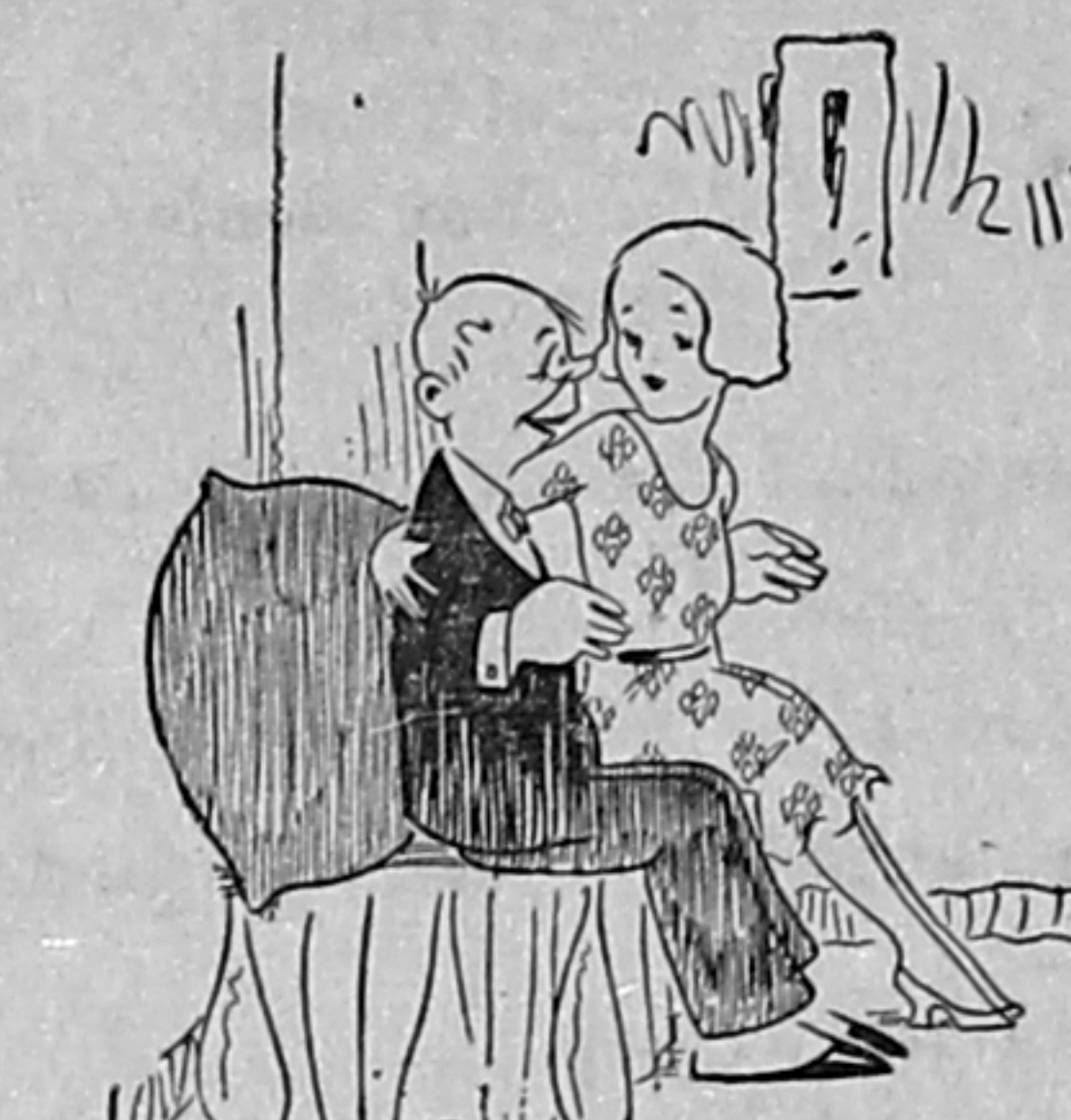
Wife—Oh, how sweet of you to send me these lovely roses for my birthday, but there are only 25 when there should have been 30.
Hubby—Did I make a mistake? There's a mirror right behind you, dear, can you blame me?

IN THE NET



"Poor Tom! When he proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water."
"Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."

TEMPERATURES



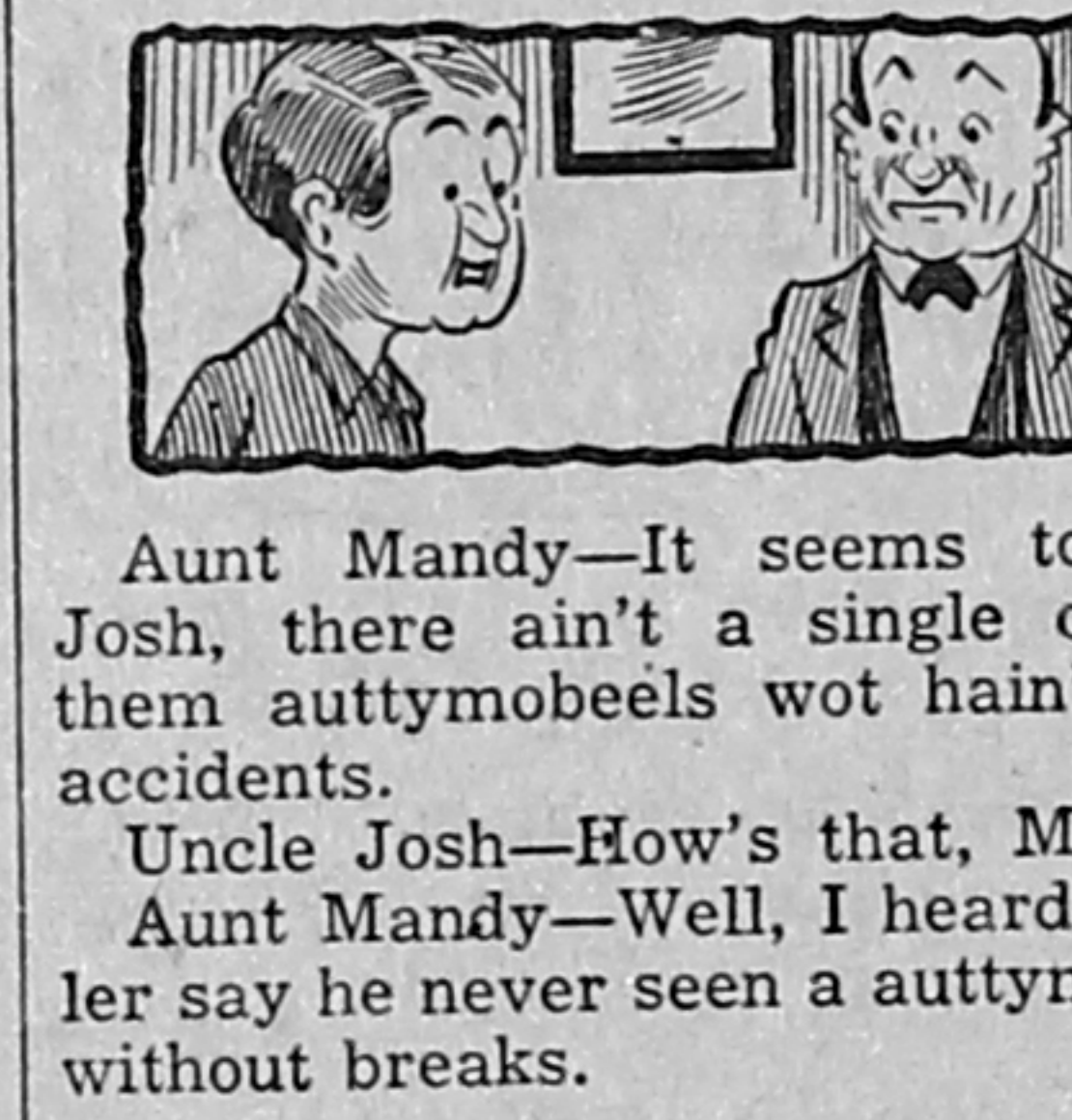
He—You have the art of kissing down cold.
She—I thought I had it down warm.

STATIC



"They call her the human radio."
"Just because she buzzes a bit?"
"No, on account of the airs she puts on."

JUST TOO DANGEROUS



Aunt Mandy—It seems to me, Josh, there ain't a single one o' them auttomobiles wot hain't had accidents.
Uncle Josh—How's that, Mandy?
Aunt Mandy—Well, I heard a feller say he never seen a auttomobeel without breaks.

TOO FAMILIAR



First Fish—I'm not going to any more parties that Mr. Octopus goes to.
Second Fish—Why?
First Fish—He hugs all the girls at once.

IN HIS OWN CLASS



"No wonder you cut a big figure wherever you go?"
"Why?"
"You're six feet and weigh 300 pounds."

What to Eat and Why

With Approach of Warm Weather, C. Houston Goudiss Advises Extra Care in Storing Foods in the Home

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

IT IS the proud distinction of America's food industries that notwithstanding the infinite variety of perishable foods which are constantly available, and regardless of the distances they have been transported, even the most delicate foods are delivered to the consumer in a fresh, wholesome condition, with all their fine flavor unimpaired.

The secret of this modern miracle is refrigeration. Vast sums of money have been invested in long trains of refrigerated cars, thousands upon thousands of refrigerated trucks, refrigerated warehouses and refrigeration equipment in stores. All this has been done for a single purpose: to keep food fresh and at its best until it reaches the home.

At this point the responsibility shifts to the homemaker. And if she falls down on her job, then all previous efforts to keep food free from spoilage have been in vain.

Homemaker's Responsibility As guardian of her family's health, one of the homemaker's most important tasks is to see to it that all food is safeguarded against contamination until it reaches her table. This means that perishable foods must continue to be refrigerated properly in the home. For only in this way can they be protected from the ravages of micro-organisms which are always ready to attack foods when conditions are favorable for their growth.

Two essentials are necessary for satisfactory food preservation in the home. First, perishable foods must be stored at a temperature of from 40 to 45 degrees Fahrenheit—never at a temperature higher than 50 degrees. Second, the right degree of humidity must be maintained. Too much moisture will encourage the growth of bacteria; too little will dehydrate fruits and vegetables and make them unfit for consumption.

Home Care of Foods Both requirements are met by a good household refrigerator; and the homemaker who appreciates the importance of keeping foods sound and wholesome will regard an efficient refrigerator as an investment in good health. It is especially necessary that the food supply be properly refrigerated during the warmer weather of spring and summer, in order to prevent the consumption of dishes that may have become contaminated without any marked alteration in appearance, taste or odor.

Highly Perishable Foods Milk is often regarded as the most perishable of all foods, because it is an ideal medium for the growth of bacteria. It is, therefore, essential that this splendid food be kept at low temperatures at all times. It should be put into

the refrigerator as soon as possible after it is delivered, and kept there until the moment it is to be used. Milk should never be allowed to stand at room temperature for any length of time. For it has been demonstrated that when it is held at 40 degrees—an ideal temperature—before delivery, then allowed to stand at a room temperature of 75 degrees for an hour and a half, and again refrigerated, a rapid increase in bacteria occurs.

Other types of protein foods also present a favorable medium for bacterial growth when they are held at temperatures higher than 50 degrees. These include meat, fish, meat broths, gelatin, custards and creamed foods. It is advisable to keep these foods, as well as the milk supply, in the coldest part of the refrigerator.

Fruits and Vegetables Fruits and vegetables soon lose their moisture content unless they are protected against warm, dry air; and they are likewise subject to the action of micro-organisms which result in decay. But when stored in a modern refrigerator, these mineral- and vitamin-rich foods can be kept in perfect condition for considerable periods, thus making it possible to take advantage of favorable market offerings.

Guarding Against Mold As a rule, warmer weather also increases the problem of combating molds. For given moisture and warmth, molds will grow on almost anything. However, the most hospitable hosts are acid fruits, such as oranges, lemons, berries or tomatoes; sweets, such as jams and jellies; bread and meat. While molds are physiologically harmless if eaten, they definitely spoil the taste and appearance of food.

Mold growths can be killed by boiling. They are retarded by the dry circulating air of an efficient refrigerator. It is to allow for air circulation that berries should be stored uncovered—if possible, spread out so that the air can reach more than just the top layer.

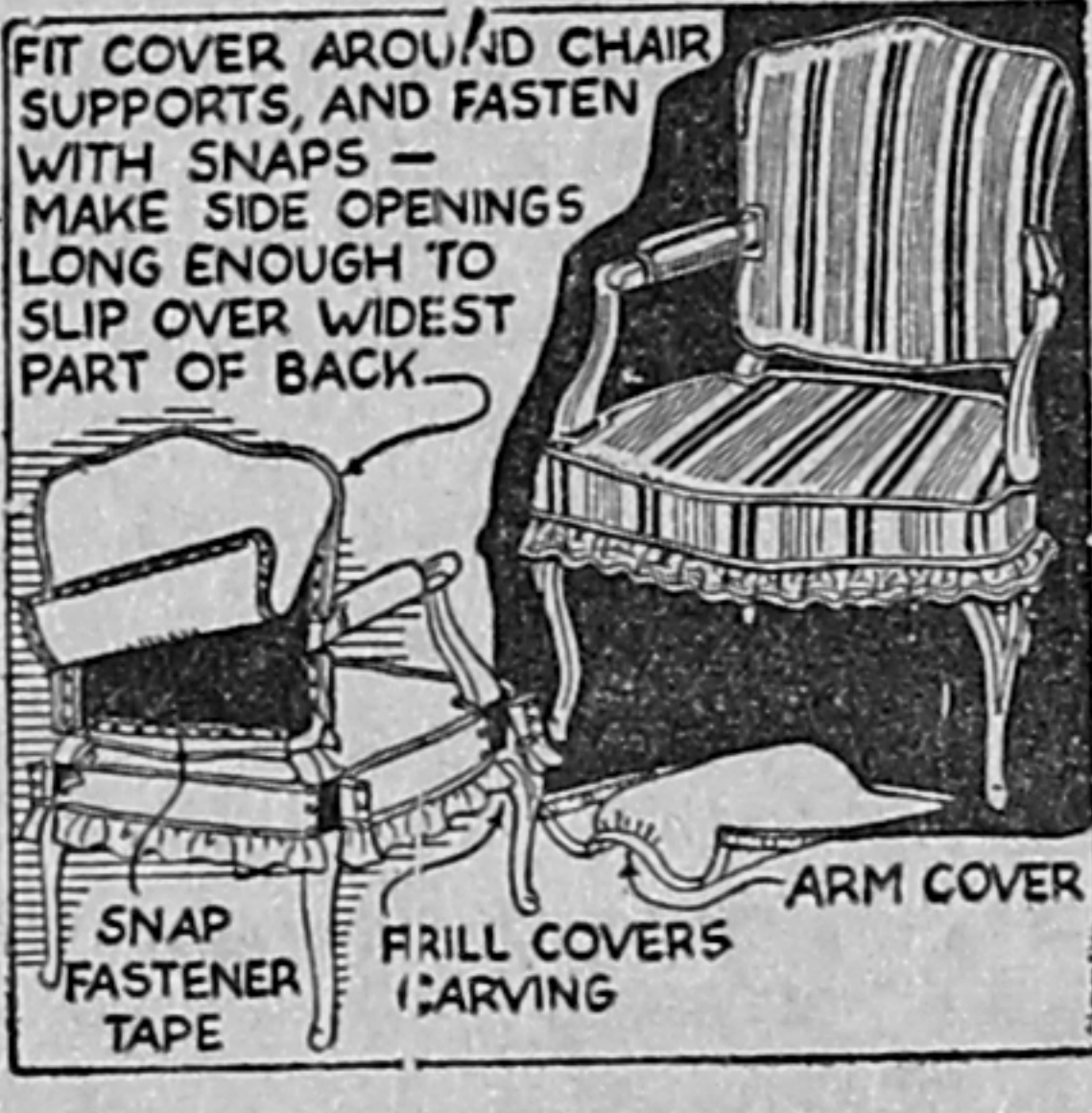
Frequent inspection of all food supplies, including those in the bread box, and the prompt elimination of any items showing signs of mold, will help to keep it from spreading.

Constant vigilance on the part of the homemaker in caring for foods on hand will avoid a needless drain on the food budget and will safeguard the health of every member of the family.

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HOW to SEW

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



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Isn't This Why You Are Constipated?

What do you eat for breakfast? Coffee, toast, maybe some eggs? What do you eat for lunch and dinner? White bread, meat, potatoes? It's little wonder you're constipated. You probably don't eat enough "bulk." And "bulk" doesn't mean the amount you eat. It's a kind of food that forms a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines and helps a movement. If this is your trouble, may we suggest a crunchy toasted cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran—for breakfast. All-Bran is a natural food, not a medicine—but it's particularly rich in "bulk." Being so, it can help you not only to get regular but to keep regular. You won't have to endure constipation, you can avoid it. Eat All-Bran daily, drink plenty of water, and life will be brighter for you! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

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American Way Dramatized in Novel Classes

Wisconsin Educator's Plan Dramatizes Democracy For New Voters.

By PRESCOTT WALDEN

"It's something like when you hear a band playing and marching down the street. You almost tingle with excitement when you actually realize that the future of your country is as much your business as anybody's."

A bright-eyed, 21-year-old girl at Manitowoc, Wis., speaking. Up her way, thanks to an idealistic university professor named Dr. R. J. Colbert, democracy is being dramatized for 700 - odd boys and girls who become actual flesh-and-blood United States citizens on May 21.

Citizens already? Yes, they were born that way, most of them. But for several years Dr. Colbert has told his University of Wisconsin extension class that this country needs something to "enliven citizenship participation." There's too much taken for granted, too little interest manifested in the government our forefathers sweated and died for.

Idea Catches Fire.

Last fall, at Manitowoc, Dr. Colbert's idea caught fire. A newspaper man left the class, went back to his desk and wrote an editorial. Manitowoc's Judge A. H. Schmidt proposed that Dr. Colbert's class sponsor the project. A. L. Nimtz, director of the Manitowoc vocational school, was drafted as general chairman. Here's how the idea works:

Every "new citizen" in Manitowoc county received a personal invitation to join a citizenship class,



PLAN'S FATHER—Dr. R. J. Colbert at his desk in the extension division of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, reading stacks of mail received each day asking information on the citizenship plan.

38 classes in all being formed. For the past five months these groups have been meeting under local and university instructors, hearing county and municipal officials, businessmen and school teachers. On May 21 all 700 will gather at Manitowoc where—for probably the first time in the United States—every young man and woman in the county turning 21 will be inducted into citizenship and will swear, to the chief justice of Wisconsin, an oath of allegiance to the national constitution and the state of Wisconsin.

Bands will play, flags will fly in the lake breezes, President Clarence A. Dykstra will speak 10 minutes and Gov. Julius P. Heil will present to the chairman of each of the 38 citizenship classes the certificates of citizenship for their groups.

With that simple ceremony, the boys and girls of Manitowoc county will become citizens of the United States.

Made State-Wide Plan.

There's something about it—must be. Wisconsin's chief justice told the Milwaukee Journal that "there are today literally millions of people who would give everything they possess, be it great or small, for the privilege of calling themselves American citizens. We who are born under the flag should be at least equally appreciative of the privileges and opportunities we freely enjoy."

Within a few weeks after the plan was initiated, Wisconsin's state legislature unanimously passed a bill making it mandatory for country school superintendents to see that similar programs are set up in each county every year. And when he finds time to return to his office, Dr. Colbert is greeted by bagsful of mail from all parts of the country asking information about the project.

It's apparently clicked, and one very good reason is that most Americans consider democracy on trial today, an institution which can exist only if citizens learn to fight for it, to dramatize it like the dictators



EYES ON THE BALLOT BOX—Anxious to exercise their voting privilege—yet not so anxious as to forget its significance—are these new voters at Two Rivers, Wis., who are shown reaching toward a sample box during one of the Manitowoc county classes. Born in the Great War era, they are among the Manitowoc county groups being schooled in what the American form of government means, both in theory and practice.

have dramatized totalitarianism.

Whipping up of "an eagle-screaming sort of Americanism"—false patriotism—is not the aim, says Dr. Colbert.

Emphasize Local Government.

"What we hope to do is acquaint the new citizens with their government. Because most of the tax dollar is spent at home, our emphasis is placed on the local unit of government. We try to show them how they can get the most out of their government. If we can encourage and stimulate discussion and inspire and create a more dynamic enthusiasm in governmental affairs, I believe we shall have made a big step toward our goal."

The Manitowoc plan has been directed toward the young voter. But the seeds of the campaign have already blown far afield.

"We have finally succeeded," says Dr. Colbert, "in dramatizing citizenship in such a way that practically everybody is becoming citizenship conscious. People who have voted for years as a matter of habit are awakening to realize what tremendous force an electorate can wield."

Requires Demonstration Projects.

Dr. Colbert takes this success in stride. Wisconsin is an adopted home to him—has been for 20 years. He is one of the few persons with a joint doctorate degree in the three branches of social sciences, economics, political science and sociology. This is important only because it shows he's a mixture of the academician and practical applicator, a man to whom public administration is something of a fetish. For several years, as head of the University of Wisconsin's extension sociology division, he's been conducting roundtables in cities throughout the state, making each group adopt a major project as a demonstration of how they can participate in public affairs.

Citizenship day at Manitowoc is the outgrowth of one of those projects. Dr. Colbert chuckles as he recalls how the idea was suggested to other groups before he went to Manitowoc. Not from him, but from other sources, you can learn that these other cities are quite peeved with themselves for missing a golden opportunity that Manitowoc snapped up.

Between tearing open his letters, Dr. Colbert will recall for the visitor at his quiet office in Madison, how he came of age quite a number of years ago. There was no fuss about it. He simply reached 21 and became a voter automatically, which is about the experience of every other native born citizen.

'Learning' Most Important.

Strange, then, isn't it, that we have many classes, rituals and ceremonies for naturalized citizens who become voters. Why not something

for native born citizens as well?

However, being an educator, Professor Colbert saw the problem from an educational standpoint. He realized that the "learning" was more important than the "graduation," although there was a definite place for both. So he worked out his program in such a manner as to stress its educational end, and yet have a dignified and appropriate ceremony to climax it. Thus, Citizenship day was conceived.

He stresses again and again that this is an objective program. Strictly positive. There are no negativisms; this is a program of Americanism, not anti-other-isms. Professor Colbert's idea is to make Americanism so interesting and desirable that young Americans (and others, too) will not have any time for foreign isms.

Which, if you ask the man on the street, is what America needs, a darn sight more than a good five-cent cigar!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

New Salting Process Brings Pickle Industry To Southern States

Because cucumbers grown in the South often became softened or "bloated" when pickled by the process that was successful in the North Central states, southern growers had only one market—that for fresh cucumbers which must be marketed quickly or not at all. It was believed that pickles made in the South had to be salted heavily to prevent spoilage.

Chemists of the United States department of agriculture and the North Carolina experiment station have proved this belief incorrect. They have found that putting the southern cucumbers into the right strength of brine makes firm pickles second to none in quality.

This indicates, the department chemists say, that pickles probably can be made anywhere cucumbers are grown if the brining problem is handled right. In fact, since the experimental work in North Carolina, production of pickles also has increased in Virginia, Texas, and other southern states. For the most part farmers are planting small acreages of cucumbers as a supplemental cash crop for cotton or tobacco.

Cucumbers grow well in southern states and because of the warm climate often produce from 90 to 125 bushels per acre. Average production over the country as a whole is from 50 to 60 bushels per acre. Total production of cucumbers for pickles is limited, however, as it takes only about 8,000,000 bushels to satisfy the pickle appetite of the entire country for one year.

Viking Dragons Still Decorate Norway's Old Wooden Churches

OSLO.—Dragons still flaunt the sky from Christian churches, not in China or the Orient but in Norway, land of the midnight sun.

Carved centuries ago when Christianity was young in that land, dragon heads even today leap from the gable ends of the famous "stavkirker" or wooden churches, and now form one of the few remaining links between modern Norway and her romantic Viking past.

It is a curious tale, is the tale of the stavkirker and their dragons. For centuries the dragon was one of the favorite emblems of pagan Norway, especially as a figurehead for the prows of her sturdy Viking ships, and the men who built the ships and decorated them with dragon heads also built the nation's first churches. The church structure allowing them more exercise of imagination, Viking carpenters not only put dragons on the gables but also carved those emblems into the columns, the capitals and even the door frames of the buildings.

"About 20 stavkirker may still be seen in Norway," states Peter Berge, general manager of the Norwegian America line. Mr. Berge believes that the stavkirker are both curious sights for travelers and also apt illustrations of boat building for

yachtsmen who visit the locality. Those who study the churches, he says, will find in them the same building principles used in the famous 1,000-year-old Viking ships preserved in Oslo. The word "stav" itself was an early one for "mast;" planks in the churches were locked together as they were on Viking vessels, and "knees" were used to strengthen the structures.

Norway's largest stav church, the Hitterdal, has windows, but those were added in the Nineteenth century—a very late after-thought indeed. The buildings originally had no natural lighting at all, the priests and the choir depending on candles and the church goers kneeling.

Fantoft church, one of the most famous stavkirker, is only about six miles from Bergen, the gateway to the fjord country. Fantoft once stood at the end of the Sognefjord but was brought to its present location in 1848. The best preserved stav church is the Borgund, near Laerdal in the fjord district. Two of the most accessible are the Gol and the Garmo churches, both now museum pieces. The Gol today is a great feature of the Norsk museum at Oslo, while the Garmo church is a highlight of the famous Sandvig collections at Lillehammer.

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No Place for Weeds

Ground covered with trees breeds no weeds. Neither does a mind occupied with good thoughts have room for bad ones.—Bascom Anthony.

Uncle Phil Says:

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In this world it is impossible to prove to a fool that he is one. But he finds it out himself, sometimes.
Bless the man with a light purse who still hath not a heavy heart.
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Ask Me Another A General Quiz

1. Which is correct, "Share it between you" or "Share it among you"?
2. Of what English king was it said that "He never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one"?
3. How many pieces to the average motor car?
4. How many persons are necessary to constitute a riot?
5. What is the difference between two scissors and shears?
6. Which is the world's longest river?
7. What is the origin of notches in coat lapels?
8. What is the difference between an alligator and a crocodile?
9. Are there any round churches?
10. By what sinister name was Kentucky known to the Indians?

The Answers

1. "Between you" for two people. "Among you" for more than two people.
2. It was said of Charles II.
3. There are approximately 17,645 pieces assembled in an average motor car, according to Mill and Factory.
4. In law, three or more persons.
5. The cutting blade should be six inches before scissors can be called shears.
6. The Missouri-Mississippi—4,502 miles.
7. The notch is said to have originated through the rivalry of General Moreau with Napoleon, Moreau's followers having devised it as a secret badge of their partisanship.
8. The snout of an alligator is shorter and broader than that of a crocodile and the teeth are set in the jaw differently.
9. England has five, the largest being the Temple church in London.
10. The dark and bloody ground.

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Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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A Complete Defense

How Congressman Charles A. Eaton of New Jersey disarmed an editor who sought to "get something on him" when he first ran for office some years ago is told by Ray Tucker, the Washington columnist.

The editor, the late James Kerney of the Trenton Times, sent his star political reporter to dig up what he could about Mr. Eaton, but the newsman had to admit that all he could find was that the candidate was born in Nova Scotia, wore red neckties, and had been old John D. Rockefeller's pastor. Confronted with these "damaging" facts, Mr. Eaton explained:

"Well, I was very young and inexperienced when I was born in Nova Scotia, but I'll try to do better next time. I wear a red tie because an old lady once told me it improved my looks, and, God knows, they need it. And if you knew how hard it was to get money out of John D. Rockefeller as his pastor, you would pity me, not condemn."

Because of this witty and good-natured retort, Kerney's paper supported Mr. Eaton editorially in the campaign, and he has been in Congress ever since.

The Wages of Crime

In a government bulletin issued some time ago, statistics were given covering a large number of robberies, burglaries and ordinary thefts, which showed what various classes of criminal acts yielded to their perpetrators.

It was shown that the average robber got only \$89.36 in the robbery for which he was convicted. The average burglar obtained \$59.19, while those arrested for plain larceny got only \$29.37.

Commenting on this small average gain obtained by these classes of criminals, the Milwaukee Journal asks: "Why do men—young men especially—risk long terms in prison for such trifling amounts?" Answering its own question, it says: "The reasons are many, but the first reason of all is that they feel they are too smart to get caught."

This is perhaps true of many who embark on a career of crime, yet if they would consider the thousands that are caught and sent to prison every year they might feel less sure of themselves. It is true that many do not get caught for quite a long time, but the habitual criminal almost always meets capture and punishment finally. Even when one of them succeeds in evading the law for years, the constant fear of detection and arrest renders his existence miserable. Under no circumstances does crime ever pay.

Interstate Trade

Because of the growing tendency to restrict trade between the various states of the Union by laws which are in effect state tariffs, a conference attended by a number of governors, state legislators and other officials was held recently in Chicago, with a view to discouraging such practices.

An example of how the idea works is seen in the case of a state placing a heavy tax on

oleomargarine, which competes with its own butter. Then the states producing cottonseed oil, used in making oleomargarine, take steps to boycott products of the butter state. Ill feeling is engendered and all lose in the long run.

After three days of discussion, the conference adopted resolutions calling upon all states to avoid setting up barriers which lead to state trade wars. Although the resolutions have no binding effect on any state, they serve to call attention to a situation which is becoming serious.

Sidelights

An ambulance, summoned to a street corner in Lancaster, Pa., where a man had been reported ill, found that in a moment of excitement William Frick, 76, had swallowed his chewing tobacco.

John Poppelreiter, University of Illinois freshman, won a \$10 bet by swallowing five mice in three minutes and forty seconds. He wrapped the mice in lettuce and dipped them in mayonnaise to make them more palatable.

Dr. Richard Kittle has called on a Cleveland man for the fee earned when the doctor officiated at his birth 27 years ago. The young man agreed to pay the debt of \$15, which his parents had neglected to settle.

Warnings have been issued against a new counterfeit \$10 bill. The counterfeiters did a pretty good job, but neglected to engrave a license plate on the picture of an automobile standing near the Treasury building.

The United States cannot boast of five human quintuplets, as Canada can, but five living kids were recently born to a mother goat owned by L. M. Chanler of Fremont, Ala. This is said to be the first set of quintuplet goats on record.

At the request of their vicar, the Rev. W. G. White, members of a parish in Haughley, England, have signed a pledge not to indulge in gossip. The parishioners no doubt mean well, but it is feared that in some cases the pledge will meet the fate of most New Year's resolutions.

Steamboats on the Illinois

Steamboating on the Illinois River was at its height in the 1840's and 1850's, say research workers of the Federal Writer's Project, WPA. Among the vessels navigating the river at this time were the Garden City, the Ocean Wave, the Cataract, the Acadia, the Prairie State, the Polar Star, and the Belle Gould. The Prairie State and the Acadia, were burned in the great St. Louis fire of 1849 in which several blocks of buildings and 23 steamboats were destroyed.

Explaining Mint Creek

Mint Creek, a small Illinois stream that empties into the Embarrass River west of Falmouth, in Jasper County, received its name for reasons less obvious than its relation to the popular aromatic herb, research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, learned in the course of assembling material for guide books. It seems that the heavily wooded area surrounding the creek was once the refuge of a gang of counterfeiters and that the name was suggested because of the large amount of counterfeit money said to have been circulated from the district many years ago.

Jurors in the trial of Miss Laverne Lindgren of Chicago were cautioned by the prosecution not to allow the charm or good looks of the defendant to influence them in reaching a verdict.

Famous Glass Sands

Aside from being ninth mineral producing state in the Union, Illinois is world famous for the glass sands found in the northern part of the state, around Ottawa, Wedron, and Utica. Of the national production of 2,750,000 tons of this mineral in 1907, Illinois, according to research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, produced 628,020 tons, or nearly 23 percent.

Unlike most sands produced elsewhere, which are mainly used locally, sand found in this area is shipped all over the United States and commands a much higher price than the average.

Illinois also produced 19 percent of the nation's molding sand, which is found near Alton and Rockton, and 13 percent of the polishing sand, which comes principally from the western edge of the Ottawa district near Utica.

Pigeons in War

According to an Associated Press writer, England is trying to recruit half a million homing pigeons to carry messages in the event of war, as they have done in the past with much success when other means of communication failed.

During the World war these intelligent and courageous birds were employed extensively to carry messages back to headquarters from advanced positions at the front. Wounded pigeons sometimes made their way back to bases and delivered their messages, only to expire almost immediately.

A pigeon has been known to carry a message 1,040 miles but this is far beyond their normal range. Well-trained birds can usually be depended upon for a distance of 200 miles or more, at a speed of 35 to 40 miles an hour.

One notable feat attributed to homing pigeons was the carrying of messages to London containing news of Wellington's victory over Napoleon at Waterloo.

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

An Early Illinois Export

In the 1920's a leading manufactured export of Illinois was castor oil. According to research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, one large factory manufacturing the product in Madison County produced 500 gallons in 1825; 1,000 in 1827; and more than 10,000 in 1830. The standard price at this time was \$2.50 a gallon.

Legal Notices

Those having legal notices to be published are asked to please instruct their attorney to have such notices published in The Broadlands News. We give special attention to this particular part of our business and see to it that the proof of publication is properly filed with the county clerk or the proper official.

Some are so modest that they are embarrassed when faced by the naked truth.

He'll Take the Gold But Glory Is His Goal



INDIANAPOLIS, Ind. — Indianapolis Speedway's 2 1/2-mile racing strip has been a glory trail instead of a road to gold for many drivers in the 500-mile classic and such it is for lanky Joe Thorne. This 24-year-old millionaire from Tucson and New Rochelle is grooming three cars for the May 30th race and plans to pilot one of them himself. Last year he finished ninth, having been flagged after completing 185 of the scheduled 200 laps. Thorne's personal fortune began with the Union Pacific railways, in which his grandfather was a power. It was augmented by his father, an astute New York banker. Joe needs Indianapolis Speedway prize money about as much as he needs another left foot but no driver will make a more determined bid for it than this six-foot-three hell driver.

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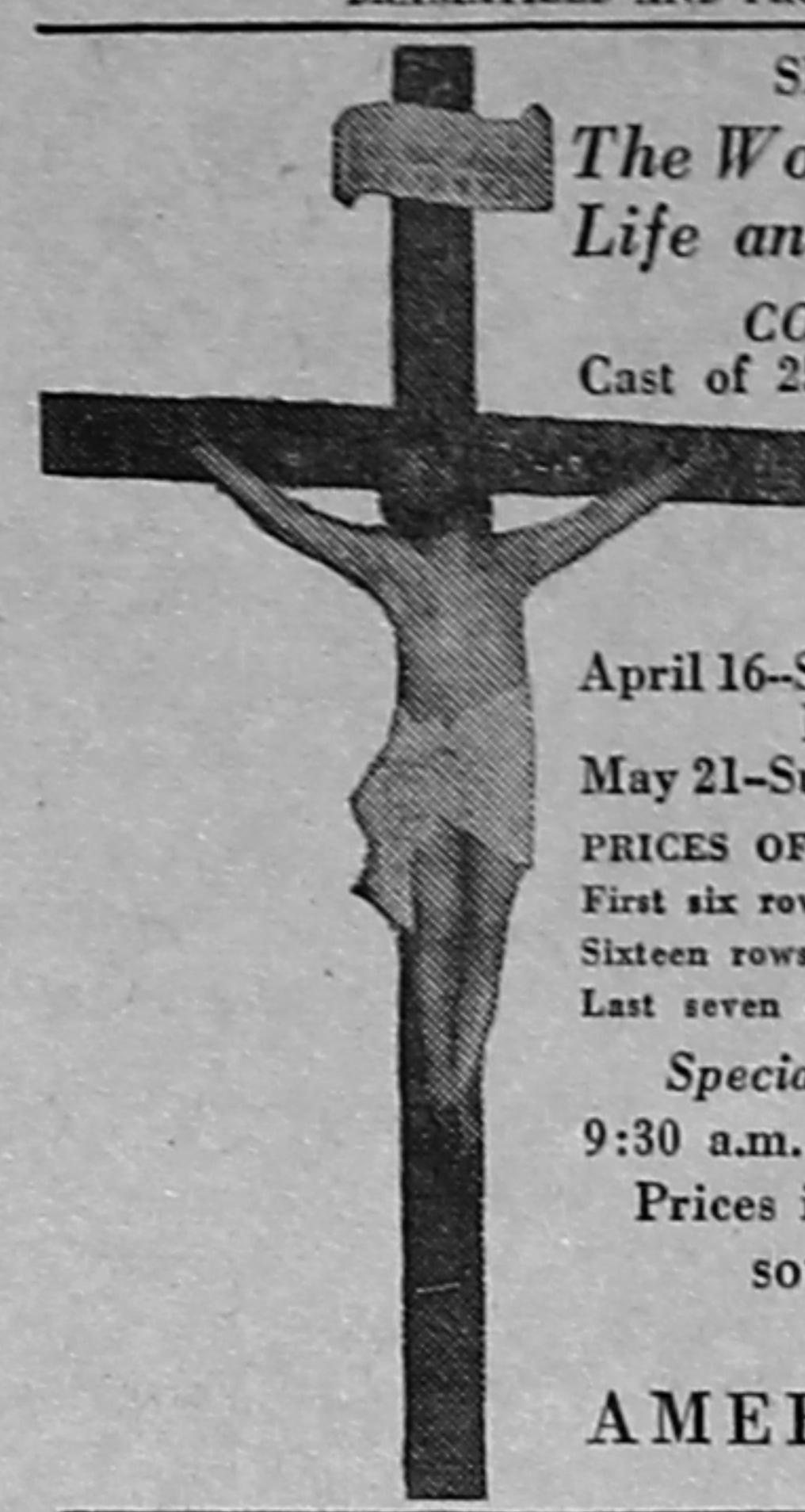
Broadlands, Illinois.

Many dodge taxes, and even more try to dodge taxis.

America, too, has its atrocities. But the ladies call them hats.

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Celia Seems Dumb

By GLORIA SINCLAIR
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WNU Service.

CELIA DRAYTON'S coming to Dashville was heralded by considerable excitement in what fondly believed itself the "younger set."

Dashville was fast emerging from villagehood and was eminently city-conscious. Celia came from New York. All the girls were prepared for ultra-sophistication.

A few came over to her aunt's farm to see her the very first evening. They found a pretty, healthy girl with a markedly simple straightforward manner.

"Dumb, she seems to me," said Violet Ray, who was in normal school, was too thin and had no "steady" boy friend.

"I've come down here to play tennis, get some swimming in a really truly lake and run wild in the sunshine," laughed Celia to her aunt later. "I simply won't be inveigled into bridge parties or indoor waste of time. Yes, dearest aunt, you may give one dance for me, only I really want to live in the lake, excepting when I'm on the tennis courts."

"Evidently she can't play bridge. I guess she's not much of a dancer, either. And, gosh, that dress had no style at all. You might buy it anywhere. I thought from what Mrs. Webber said her niece was something marvelous."

"Darn good looking," said the boys, hoping their tennis would pass muster.

Mrs. Webber laughed. "Never mind, Celia," she said, "I want them to see you dance—that's why I'm giving a dance for you. They're all run silly with trying to be what they believe New York is. They are just babies with new toys. Your uncle can't stay in the room when Milly Batt tries to smoke. He says she looks just like 'Guendolyn the Tame Chimpanzee' who smoked at the last circus. I know you'll forgive them if they try to snub you. If they knew who you were they'd crawl at your feet."

"But all I want is for them to be kind and friendly," said Celia, stretching her well-molded arms. "I'm simply spoiling for a swim."

"Did I tell you that Wyatt Fischer is coming tomorrow?" asked Mrs. Webber. "Well, he is. You know he is just through the Beaux Arts in Paris. He has been offered a position in his father's office in Philadelphia and we think he will go far."

"I knew him—a little—in New York," and Celia blushed slightly. "Well, he won't tell these good young people a word until we say he may—about anything," she said, vaguely.

"There isn't anything to tell," said Celia, "excepting that I am on the stage."

The farmhouse made a lovely setting for Mrs. Webber's dance. It was filled with fine old furniture and boasted wide rooms which had been recently floored with polished oak. Celia looked lovely in a simple pink dress that none but her aunt knew bore a Paris label.

The rooms were filled; some good jazz musicians gave their best. And in the middle of the evening young Wyatt walked in and smiled at Celia.

"So you're really back," was all she said.

"And with a real job," he replied meaningly, as they glided out on the floor.

"Gosh, she can dance all right," said Violet, powdering her uncomely nose.

"I'll say she can. But she has no line," responded Mildred Batt, who was short-winded and clumsy.

"Line nothing! She's got 'it,'" declared Polly Dawson, a freshman at the state university, good looking and a first-class athlete.

After a delicious supper Mrs. Webber, who loved young people and knew how to make an evening happy, rose and, nodding to Celia, said: "We have tonight been celebrating my little niece's engagement to Wyatt Fisher, whom you all know."

Consternation registered on almost all the girls' faces. "You will also like to hear that dear little Celia is 'Isolde' the dancer, whose picture I know you've seen in the rotogravure sections of your Sunday papers. She will be married from my home Tuesday next. Now, Celia, have you anything to say, dear?"

"Only that I do hope you will like me, for I am going to live here in the summertime. You see, Wyatt knows you all and I don't." The sweet, gentle voice went on: "I feel rather lost among you, for I am the only stranger."

Polly Dawson jumped up and ran to Celia and hugged her. "We'll be friends, for your service is fine and you can dance and you can swim." Every one laughed, for all loved impulsive Polly. "And we won't give a darn for the eats," she whispered naughtily in Celia's ear.

A Tribute to Books
Clarence Day's tribute to books is as follows: "The world of books is the most remarkable creation of man. Nothing else that he builds ever lasts. Monuments fall, nations perish, civilizations grow old and die out, and, after an era of darkness, new races build others. But in the world of books are volumes that have seen this happen again and again and yet live on, still young, still as fresh as the day they were written, still telling men's hearts of the hearts of men centuries dead."

Wanted, a Monkey

By GEORGE EVANS
© Associated Newspapers.
WNU Service.

"THERE'S nothing the matter with your aunt, Miss Cane," said the doctor, looking covetously at her pocketbook for the \$25 his expert opinion commanded, "but she lacks a definite interest in life."

"I suspected it, Dr. Jones," sighed the girl, "but since dear Justin passed out—"

The great man looked at his watch. He dreaded a history. "Yes," went on the girl rising, and going toward the door where a predatory secretary would despoil her of her poor little yellow bills, "Justin had won so many prizes and he really was a wonderful dog for 18 years old."

The doctor bowed and probably made a mental note of a "pet" psychosis.

"Nothing like a pooch, after all's said and done, to occupy the mind," said the predatory secretary disposing of the bills. Sally took the elevator and descended to the dazzling avenue. It was good to be in the sunshine after the "creepy" atmosphere of a doctor's waiting-room. She glanced at her watch and saw it was already past lunch-time. She pushed her way through a crowd of giggling office help and demanded soup and a salad. Her clear-cut profile and healthy skin were reflected from the mirror-lined room. Luckily she had a table for herself.

"I must get a pet for dear old aunt," she thought, "but how?"

"Excuse me, I'm afraid this is the only seat. D'you mind if I take it?" Such a nice voice—a man's and such incorrigibly merry eyes despite the slightly formal manner and unsmiling lips.

"Why, of course," Sally stammered, pulling her purse and gloves nearer, and moving her chair to make room for this nice person to sit down.

"I'm a stranger in this city," said the man, "and I find all the places so crowded, but one must eat."

"I advise the vegetable soup. It's rather nice."

There was a slight scuffling noise which seemed to come from beneath the table.

"Please excuse my adopted son," said the man, "he's a particularly nice monkey. You don't by any chance hate monkeys, do you?"

Sally laughed. "Indeed no. I've just come from the office of a peculiarly disagreeable doctor, and he sneered when I told him my aunt's dog had died."

"Just like doctors. I have no use for them, anyway."

"Neither have I for myself. But I live with a dear old aunt and she reads patent-medicine advertisements and nothing would do but she must consult this old man. He advised her that she needed an interest in life."

"Shouldn't wonder if that's what ails most folks," said the stranger. "I'm awfully worried about Jack. You see, I'm an engineer. I have to get off tomorrow for South America. I can't possibly take the little fellow and I'm afraid it'll break his heart if he has no one to care for him."

"I wonder—" Then Sally blushed scarlet. What would her aged aunt think if she discovered her confiding in a strange and personable young man?

"My name is George Smith," said the stranger, "and I believe we are wondering the same thing. That is, if Jack might not be the very medicine your aunt needs. Wasn't that what you were thinking?"

"It was," said Sally, "if you wouldn't mind, if you had the time—I'm sure it's awfully queer, but you see I want aunt to live to be a hundred (she's promised to try) and I really think Jack might help her to do it. We live out quite a distance but there's a bus that goes right by the street."

"I'm afraid we must take a taxi, for my time isn't unlimited. You won't mind as I'm going to introduce your aunt's new doctor, will you?"

Sally shook her head.

Mrs. Maude was a trifle flustered when she saw a cab. She expected accidents, due to her choice of disastrous reading. When she saw the box with holes, she began to cry, softly. It recalled the lamented Justin. The introductions being effected, she appeared to take a fancy to young George Smith. The monkey, which was a marmoset, looked wistfully from his master to the old lady and then, with the uncanny love of animals, jumped into her lap and snuggled a pretty little face into the curve of her arm.

"I guess you're going to give Jack a home, aren't you, Mrs. Maude?" he said, rising to go. "This is my address, my father's, that is. I shall be all around in construction camps and your letters about Jack will be forwarded."

"Your father I once knew—before I lost my own husband, who was, like you, a civil engineer, by a cruel accident. That is nice. I feel I know you. You may rest assured Jack will have a happy home. I feel that now I have something to live for."

Looking Sally straight in the eyes, George answered, shaking her warmly by the hand:

"And so do I."

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. What were the main origins of the early settlers of Scott County?

A. The emigrants came principally from England, Ireland, and Germany, and from the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina.

Q. What part did Scott county play in early railroad history in Illinois?

A. It was the site for one of the terminals of one of the first railroads constructed in Illinois. The date was 1837. The road, composed of scrap iron rails spiked on wooden stringers and using mules for locomotive power, extended from Naples, Scott county, to Jacksonville in Morgan County.

Q. What was the extent of this railroad?

A. It extended for 25 miles.

Q. When did the first election of County officers take place in Scott County?

A. The third Monday of March, 1839.

Q. How are the business affairs of Scott County managed?

A. Scott county is one of the 17 counties not under township organization, having its business affairs managed by a board of commissioners.

Q. What did the original board of County commissioners consist of?

A. They were Justices of the Peace.

Q. How does Scott County differ from the 85 counties having township organization?

A. The 85 township organized counties are governed by boards of supervisors. In this form one supervisor is elected from each township and the number of townships determines the membership of the county board of supervisors.

Q. How far back does County government by Commissioners date?

A. To the first State Constitution of 1918 which made provision for the election of three county commissioners in each county.

Q. When was the first county commissioners court created and what were its duties?

A. In 1819. Its main function was to take charge of all county business affairs and welfare.

Q. What was the term of office of this Commissioners Court?

A. At first election was for a term of two years, but in March 1837 the Legislature extended the term to three years with the provision that the commissioners serve one, two, and three years, determinable by lot, and a new commissioner elected each year.

Interesting Notes

In an old quilt she had used many years, Mrs. H. G. Thurston of Davenport, Ia., found paper currency worth \$5,000.

Denver firemen were called out on a false alarm when a bee crawled into the fire alarm box and caused a short circuit.

Johnny Covertine, the 43-inch page boy of a New York hotel, has been insured against growing.

Ben Johnson of Millersburg, O., in searching gutters for coins dropped by pedestrians, collected \$96.88 in a year.

Rev. W. E. Ellison, pastor of an Iowa church, takes part of his salary in farm products, including hogs and music lessons for his three children.

Breaking into the office of Sheriff Yancey Getewod of Casewell County, N. C., a thief stole the officer's pistol and five gallons of corn whiskey.

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Your Patronage Will Be Appreciated.

OSCAR GALLION
First Door South of Drug Store Broadlands, Ill.

There COMES a MOMENT

By ELINOR MAXWELL

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SYNOPSIS

Mary Loring and her father, Jim, an ineffectual attorney, meet a train which brings his wealthy sister-in-law, unmarried Linnie Cotswell and her friend, Lelia Ormsby, divorcee, for a Christmas visit. Waiting at home for them are Mary's mother, her younger sister, Ellen; her father's nagging maid, Aunt Mammie; and Peter, the baby of the family. At the depot Dr. Christopher Cragg helps the guests with their luggage. Mary is secretly in love with Doctor Cragg. In leaving, her Aunt Linnie urges Mary to visit her in New York, but Mary refuses. Mary works in a rental library, where she spends her spare time writing short stories. Mary's father is let out as railroad attorney, the fees of which were almost the sole support of his family. To earn money, she decides to begin writing in earnest. Mary feels sure that her newest story, "At Sea," would please the editors of National Weekly. After finishing it she calls Doctor Cragg, who comes to the book store for a current novel. Failing from a ladder while getting his book, she regains consciousness to find his arms around her. He tells her he loves her, and then tells her he is to be married the coming month to a girl he has known all his life. Despondent, Mary decides to accept her Aunt Linnie's invitation. In New York her aunt laughs at her for her plans to write, and insists that she meet as many eligible men as possible. The new week brings two letters. One, from the National Weekly, with a check for her story, makes her deliriously happy. The other, from her sister, tells her that financial conditions at home are getting worse. The next day, at a party given by her aunt, Mary meets distinguished Jerome Taylor, wealthy middle-aged man-about-town, and effusive Count Umberto Balianci. The count's oily manner nauseates her.

CHAPTER V—Continued

The Mulatto woman consulted the names on the envelopes with maddening precision, finally extending a letter towards Mary. "Just one, honey. Looks like a man's writing, too."

Mary caught the letter from the long, olive-tinted hand. "I hope it's from my father," she said, almost as if to herself. Dad had not written to her since her arrival in New York, and she was hungry to hear, in his own words, how he was getting on.

It was from her father—just one page of his small, scholarly handwriting—neat, modest, suppressed, like the man himself. She read, with affectionate eagerness, what he had to say.

My own little girl:
Your money-order for eighty-five dollars came today, and it is with inexpressible embarrassment, and deep gratitude that I am accepting this loan from you. There is no use trying to conceal from you that I am terribly hard-pressed, and that your generous waiting has arrived as something of a god-send. But, Mary, I shall pay you back. I am doing everything I can to make a contact, and hope for something good to break this evil.

Don't, I beg of you, ever mention to your aunt the straitened circumstances in which I—through my inadequacy—have thrown my family. I could not bear the chagrin of having your dear mother's sister know the true state of our financial affairs, let alone suffer the embarrassment of an offer of help from her.

Try not to worry about us, dear. Have a good time while you may. Something, I am sure, will work out for me soon.

Mary placed her unfinished piece of toast on the blue Spode butter dish. She could not eat any more. Her ravenous young appetite had deserted her. Poor Dad, trying to "make a contact" at his age! Hoping for "something good to break this week!" Begging her never to divulge to Aunt Linnie, who could so very easily spare a thousand or two thousand dollars to relieve, at least temporarily, the devastating worry that gnawed at his heart and mind! No, she would not "let on," by word or act, how desperate the Hawkinsville situation was. She would never betray Dad's confidence, or do anything to hurt his pride.

Hastily, she picked up the breakfast tray, with its powder-blue dishes and silver coffee pot, and carried it to Addie, who forthwith remonstrated with her for "doin' my work." Then, returning to the sunlit living room, she placed the typewriter on the table, inserted a sheet of white paper and put on the glasses which Ellen said made her look typically librarian.

She had an idea for a plot—a simple idea, but so had been the idea for "At Sea." Mr. Buchanan had liked that well enough to accept it. Her story was to concern a little boy whose mother and father were on the brink of a sensational divorce. Just as things were reaching a crisis, he was hit, but only slightly injured, by an automobile, and this near tragedy brought the parents together again, the tale concluding in a sane and happy manner for all concerned.

Fifteen minutes later, she was still waiting for an introductory line that would inspire within Mr. Buchanan an avid interest to read the rest of the story, but the portentous words were fearfully slow in coming. At last her fingers fell upon the keys, and sharply tapped out a sentence—a sentence that did not please her in the least, but which would simply have to do for the time being. She would have to get on. She couldn't sit there all day, waiting to begin.

Paragraph after paragraph slowly but surely stretched themselves over the pages, but the story unrolled with painful effort. "I've waited too long since the last one. My thoughts simply can't get down to business. Too many things have happened to me since I wrote 'At Sea.' If only I'd begun another story

the very day after I finished that! I suppose your mind's just like any other kind of machinery. You've got to keep it working all the time, or the wheels get rusty, and are hard to start up again."

Mary worked on "Their Son" again the next morning, rewriting whole sentences, transcribing phrases, deleting words that appeared unnecessary, but the conformation remained the same, and she could see no way in which to improve it. She was not satisfied with what she had done. The story lacked something. At one o'clock, she put it aside, telling herself grimly, "I'm so saturated with the thing that I can no longer look at it from an unbiased standpoint. I'll go out for a walk. Maybe the fresh air will drive the cobwebs out of my brain, and I can get to work on it again tonight with a fresh outlook." Then, she suddenly remembered that Aunt Linnie had made an engagement for the evening with Umberto Balianci, and, with a sigh, she resigned herself to



She settled herself in an armchair and began to read.

waiting until the following morning to work on the script again.

Balianci called for them at seven, just shortly after Lelia had ensconced herself comfortably in bed with Somerset Maugham's new book at her side, and a tray of delectable food over her knees. "Well, thank heavens, I'm not going out with you and Linnie tonight," she said with a mischievous grin.

"Aunt Linnie said to wear a street dress," Mary remarked.

Lelia yawned luxuriously. "Oh, of course, with Balianci footing the bill! He will, no doubt, treat you to an eighty-five cent table-d'hotel in some wretched place in the Village, and smugly feel that you and Linnie are in his debt for the rest of the winter. He's so accustomed to having somebody else pay the check that, when he does come across with an invitation, he damn well sees to it that his output of cash is of the smallest possible denomination. He's a sponger, darling, looking for a rich wife, and nobody on earth can make me believe anything to the contrary."

Mary pulled on her Lapin coat, and caught her gloves up from the dressing-table. "You do look cozy, Lelia," she said, "and heaven knows I wish I were staying at home tonight instead of going out into that horrid, raw weather. I'd have liked to work on my story."

"The afternoon paper says we'll have a regular blizzard by morning," Lelia announced, crunching a Julienne potato with tantalizing enjoyment. "Thanks be to Allah for my bed and board! See you later, my dear, unless you get lost in a snowdrift. I doubt if Balianci has the price of a taxi!"

Balianci had the price of a taxi, or else had decided to spread himself for the evening, for upon descending to the street, he ordered the doorman to whistle for a cab. "Corliani's," he told the driver, "in the Village."

A startled look sprang into Linnie's eyes, but was quickly, diplomatically, succeeded by a smile. "Corliani's, Balianci?" she inquired brightly. "Is that a new place?"

Balianci plumped himself down on one of the small side seats, and lighted a cigarette. "It is a place I have but recently discovered, Miss Cotswell, and the food is most excellent—cooked as only the chefs of my country can cook. I thought perhaps Miss Loring would like a bit of atmosphere—something different from what she has been accustomed to seeing and doing since she has been in New York."

Corliani's was crowded, garish, and shabby, and the bare wooden tables were set so closely together that it was almost impossible to wedge a way through them. Sputtering candles, set in wine bottles, furnished the only illumination, and the air was heavy with the stale,

accumulated smell of garlic and cigarette smoke.

Mary wondered, during the long, spasmodic serving of the meal, if they were going some place later on, but her speculations as to that were soon brought to an end by Balianci's saying, a tentative tone in his voice, "The weather, it is execrable. Should we not be happier to remain here for the evening?"

Miss Cotswell, who had scarcely touched her food, replied that perhaps they would, lit a cigarette, and sat back resignedly in her chair. After which, Balianci divided his attention and his eyes equally between the tawdry floor show and Mary. Once, during the evening, he put his hand over Mary's as it lay on the table, caught it to his lips and murmured, "A hand so beautiful, it needs no jewels."

Mary hastily withdrew her hand, and the corners of her mouth twitched with amusement as she thought, "Just as well—since I haven't any!"

"You are so right, beautiful lady," Balianci continued, his voice reminding Mary of the purr of a large Maltese cat. "The lily should never be gilded."

Miss Cotswell caught Balianci's eye at this moment, and neatly conveyed to him by her expression that his remarks were not altogether to her liking.

Eventually, at eleven o'clock, she rose. "We must be getting home," she said tersely.

Balianci managed to squeeze into the same seat with the women on the homeward trip in the taxi, and to take advantage of the closeness of the quarters by pressing his shoulder rather too tenderly against Mary's. "He can't be doing it on purpose," Mary told herself. "It's simply that this seat is so narrow."

Miss Cotswell turned abruptly, just as they reached the elevator in her apartment house, and extended her hand to Balianci in an undeniable farewell. Later, in the privacy of her apartment, she said to her niece, "Umberto was loping right along with us into the lift. No doubt, he intended to come up for a nightcap, but I couldn't stand another moment of his company. Dreadful evening, wasn't it?"

Mary, warming her chilled fingers before the dying fire on the hearth, smiled. "Maybe it was for you, Aunt Linnie. You're so accustomed to nightingales' knees on toast that I can imagine how low-life you consider a place like Corliani's. As for me, however, it was rather fun. Remember, hot chocolate and salted crackers at Bowen's drug store have been the high points in my night life for years! I'd never tasted real Italian food before, and I was even intrigued with some of the rather strange-looking creatures that practically sat in our laps."

For some inexplicable reason, Mary woke at six the next morning. Lelia and Miss Cotswell were, of course, still asleep, and even Addie could not be heard stirring about. The script of "Their Son," which she had tucked away in the bottom drawer of her bureau the day before, sprang to her mind, and with a sudden spurt of energy, she decided that now, in the early hours of this cold morning, with not one sign of life to disturb the calm, was the time to read it over. She could look at it from a fresh viewpoint, and, no doubt, discern in its structure glaring flaws which she had been too weary to notice the day before.

A second later, she settled herself in an armchair before the living room window and began to read "Their Son." It really went rather smoothly, she told herself. The

phraseology was perfect; her choice of words, beyond criticism.

"I shan't do another thing to it," she decided. "It's as good as it'll ever be, and it may be far better than I think. I'm going to submit it to Mr. Buchanan today, and it's got to sink or swim." With eager fingers, she slipped it into a large, manila envelope, and securing Aunt Linnie's fountain pen from the tray of odds and ends on the desk, wrote across its front in large letters, "Mr. Phillip Buchanan, The National Weekly."

"I'll take it to him myself," she thought, "and if he's not there, just leave it with his secretary. I wish it were later. I don't suppose these editors ever think of rolling into their offices until at least ten. Well, I'll just have to take a long bath, eat a long breakfast, and spend an hour getting dressed. Maybe that'll consume the time between now—and then!"

CHAPTER VI

It was half past ten, and Mary sat with flushed face and icy hands in the reception room of The National Weekly. She had arrived exactly at the stroke of ten, and, after giving her name to the efficient receptionist, had been told that Mr. Buchanan was in, that he was occupied at the moment, and to sit down, please.

Two other persons had now entered the reception room; a good-looking young man with an intense air; a swarthy girl of twenty-five or so. "But I'll be next," Mary told herself excitedly, her hands like blocks of ice beneath their tan suede gloves.

The other callers had disappeared through mysterious doors and Miss Hickenlooper, the secretary, was now speaking through one of the telephones in response to a buzz that had resounded throughout the reception room. "All right, Miss Loring," she said. "Your turn now."

Mary jumped to her feet, dropping her purse as she did so. Miss Hickenlooper raised a supercilious eyebrow. "Your purse, Miss Loring," she said coldly. "And you'd better take your coat with you."

"Hateful woman!" Mary thought, her face suffused with a deep red. "She probably knows I'm excited."

"To the right, please," Miss Hickenlooper was saying. "Office at the end of the corridor."

"Thank you," Mary said coldly and, elevating her chin ever so slightly, stepped through the door that led into the working quarters of The National Weekly.

Offices opened off to the right and left of the long narrow hall but, with eyes straight ahead, she made for the one at the end—the sanctuaries of the lot—the office of Phillip Buchanan.

She stood in the doorway an instant before the man at the desk became aware of her presence. He was scanning a typed letter, and a deep frown made a furrow between his eyebrows. He looked austere, and Mary, none-too-assured at best, felt increasingly nervous. He was younger than she had expected to find him, perhaps thirty-five, and his hair looked sunburned, as if he had just returned from a fishing trip in Florida, which, indeed, he had.

Suddenly, he glanced up, and seeing her standing there, rose hastily from his chair, a puzzled expression on his face. He was taller than one would have judged, seeing him sitting down, glaring at that level. He was as tall as Chris. "Is this—Miss Loring?" he asked, and the fear that he had inspired in her was instantly dispelled. His voice was kind, young—with the faintest trace of a Harvard accent.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Typewriting Is Held Character Clew; French Say It Is Equal to Handwriting

The line of a hand, the set of a jaw, the way of a walk or even the size of an ear all have been used to denote and define character. Now the French have a new one—the way one turns out words on a typewriter, according to a Paris United Press correspondent.

Like handwriting, say the French, different styles of typing denote in their way different characteristics. Whether it is a wide margin or a narrow one, pounding on the keys or hitting some letters harder than others, each peculiarity in typing marks some particular trait which can be interpreted if the different signs are understood.

According to authorities who have compiled the rudiments of "reading typewriting" the general characteristics are as follows:

A person who uses an overly wide margin and especially a wide margin for the beginning of a paragraph is highly sensitive.

A very small margin or no margin at all at the beginning of a paragraph means the person is lacking in good taste, is inclined to be miserly and overly frugal concerning small things.

The average margin means the writer does things in an orderly and methodical way, is intelligent and has clear ideas.

A letter which has been typed at a continuous speed and the letters are all struck with virtually the same force indicates that the writer is generally good in several fields but not necessarily specialized in any.

The "pounder" who makes deep imprints in the paper is easily distracted and is generally not a good concentrator.

Those who type words where the letters are not all struck with equal force are sensitive and usually possess a great deal of personality.

Lastly, where this irregularity is more marked the person is overly sensitive and possesses a sketchy mind with instincts dominating reason.

Kiwi Is Strange Bird

One of the strangest birds in the world is the kiwi of New Zealand. It is about the size of a hen. It cannot fly and is such a sound sleeper that it can be picked up without awakening.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
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Lesson for May 21

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BEVERAGE ALCOHOL AND THE HOME

LESSON TEXT—Jeremiah 35:5-10; Ephesians 5:15-21; 6:1-4.
GOLDEN TEXT—Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou nor thy sons with thee.—Leviticus 10:9.

A home is more than a house, and yet people live as though it were not true. They build attractive houses, fill them with comfortable furnishings, and think they have a home, no matter how they may live. God is forgotten, pleasure becomes the chief object in life, and money is desired because it buys pleasure. Intoxicants are freely used both outside and inside the home, apparently with no thought of their destructive influence.

Alcohol burned in a stove produces heat, in an engine it produces power, in a man it produces disgrace and disease, and in the home it produces sorrow, suffering, and ultimately destruction. Why should the decent and intelligent people of America supinely submit to the devastation of this juggernaut, the liquor traffic? What are you doing about it?

The lesson for today presents three factors which make for happiness in the home.

I. Loyalty to Family Standards (Jer. 35:5-10).

When the traditional standards of a family are good and right in the sight of God, they afford a worthy rallying point for the younger generation. The Rechabites were obedient to the instructions of their forefathers. The prophet had subjected them to a test (not a temptation, for he did not expect them to fall) in the presence of the Jews and in the great city of Jerusalem. They were surrounded by the unaccustomed luxury and temptations of the city, and now the prophet tries them further by saying, "Drink ye wine." But they were not afraid to be thought old-fashioned or queer, for they knew that the customs of their fathers were good (see Jer. 6:16), and they stood by them.

To depend on that which is good and noble in the past of our people or family, is a sign neither of weakness nor ignorance, but rather of wisdom and strength. What kind of family standards will your boy and mine look back to? What of the little baby who lay in his buggy while the young mother helped her husband pick out the bottle of whisky in the store window which he then went in and bought? When I see such things my heart burns within me against this wicked business which destroys all of the finest in men and in their homes.

II. Accuracy in Daily Living (Eph. 5:15-21).

The Greek word rendered "circumspectly" (v. 15) may be more closely and simply rendered "accurately." The thought given is that of painstaking attention to details, under a sense of their importance; a remembrance not only in general but in particular of the duties of the Christian's walk" (Moule).

Every phrase in this section of our lesson is overflowing with meaning but we cannot here refer to them all. Note the temperance application. The man who walks accurately will be "wise" (v. 15) and will "be filled with the Spirit" (v. 18). The inaccurate walker is a "fool" (v. 15), and one of his follies may be in being "drunk with wine" (v. 18). But there is far more in this passage. Spirit-filled people know the will of God and therefore redeem the time. They cultivate that delightful spiritual exercise of home religion known as hymn singing. Have you tried that lately? Gather the family or friends around the organ or piano. Turn off the ever-present radio for a few minutes. Open the old hymn book and sing. Don't overlook thankfulness in verse 20, and then try that golden recipe.

III. Unity in the Home (Eph. 6:1-4).

A united family is obviously impossible where one member or more gives his time and money and very life to booze. You know and I know that it just does not work. Think of the havoc thus wrought not only in the lives of the parents, but particularly in the lives and characters of the children.

Let Christ reign in the home and there will be unity. Children will realize that it is right to obey their godly parents. They will honor and cherish father and mother, and God will reward them for it (vv. 2, 3; also Exod. 20:12). But what is more, fathers will be wise enough not to provoke their children to wrath. Much of the trouble in our homes is caused by disobedient children, but sometimes I think even more of it is caused by unwise parents. The children need nurture and admonition, but that can be done in kindness and with constructive results if we seek the Lord's help. Father, mother, let me plead with you that you permit no interest in business, social life, or even church work to come between you and your fellowship with your children. That is your biggest job and your greatest opportunity.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

PENALIZED for paying life insurance premiums, taxes quarterly? Then set up a hidden reserve in your checking account each pay day thereafter by using those obligations annually and save the extra cost that you pay for the privilege of paying quarterly or semi-annually.
COPYRIGHTED record book sent for 25c coin
LEHMAN, 2267 Langford Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE to Camera Fans, 1 extra set of Velox prints or one 8x7 enlargement with every 6 or 8 exp. roll developed and printed. Mail 25c in coin.
MERCURY PHOTO, Dept. 50, 335 Market, Chicago, Ill.

50¢ A WEEK WITH A KODAK Booklet describing 100 magazine markets (25¢ stamps or silver). E. M. REESE, Slippery Rock, Pa.

Songs, Poems Wanted

Songs, Song Poems, bought, composed, published. Metro Melody Music Publishers, 532 Geary St., San Francisco, Calif.

PLANTS

SWEET POTATO PLANTS. Pay when received. Free guide for cultivating with orders. Nancy Halls or Porto Rico 500-600, 1000-95c. 5000 or over 90c per lb. send full count. Satisfaction guaranteed. DIXIE PLANT FARM, SHARON, TENN.



HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Mice Avoid Camphor.—Pieces of gum camphor placed near books on the shelves will protect them from mice.

Refrigerator Deodorant.—Put a piece of charcoal on one of the shelves of the refrigerator. It acts as an absorbent for all odors and purifies the air.

Make Shakers Work.—To keep the metal tops of salt shakers from corroding, cover the inside with melted paraffine. While the paraffine is cooling the holes may be opened with a pin.

Onion Odor.—A little mustard rubbed into the hands after peeling onions, will remove the disagreeable odor.

Waste Tea.—Pour left-over tea into a bottle, add a drop or two of glycerine, and use for cleaning windows.

SEEDS DON'T LIVE FOREVER!

Plant FERRY'S SEEDS They're Dated!

SEEDS grow old, too! Past their prime, fewer and fewer will germinate. But there's a way to be sure of getting only seeds in their prime. Each year Ferry's Seeds must pass rigid tests for vitality and germination before being packed. Then — for your protection — each packet is dated.

Be sure YOUR seed packets are marked "Packed for Season 1939." Select them from the convenient Ferry's display at your dealer's.

Popular favorites and new introductions — flower and vegetable varieties — ALL SELECTED FOR YOUR LOCALITY.
FERRY-MORSE SEED CO., Seed Growers, Detroit and San Francisco. Makers of Ferry's Garden Spray — a disinfectant, non-poisonous, non-staining.

FERRY'S DATED SEEDS

Angry Defenders Truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders than from the arguments of its opposers.—William Penn.

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

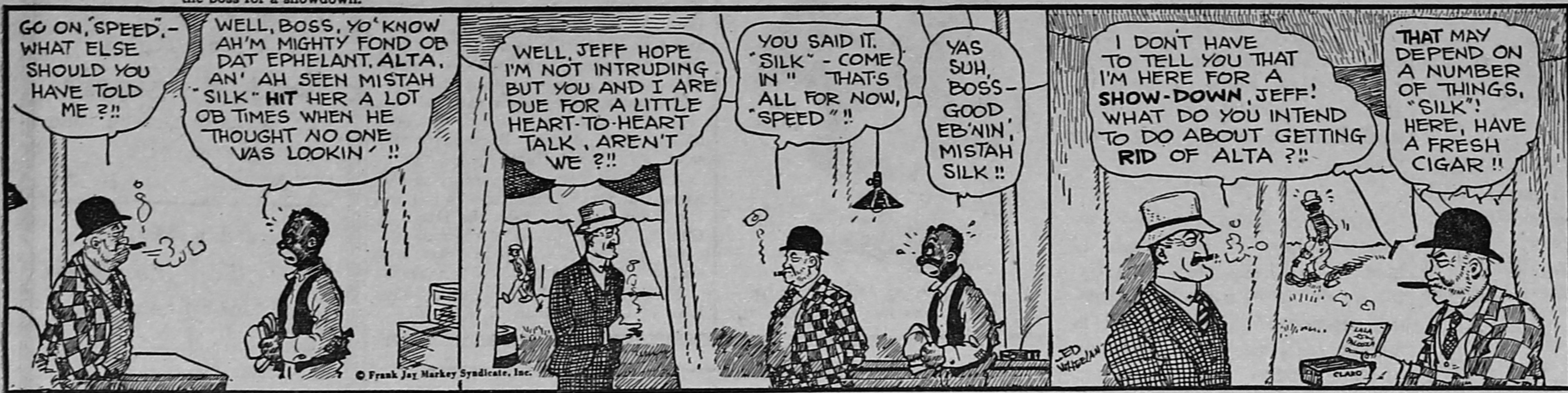
Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted evidence of satisfactory use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions. These physicians, who approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for functional kidney disorder and for relief of the pain and worry it causes. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feet weak, nervous, all played out. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP

"Silk" Fowler, who is responsible for the elephant's mistreatment, comes to the boss for a showdown.



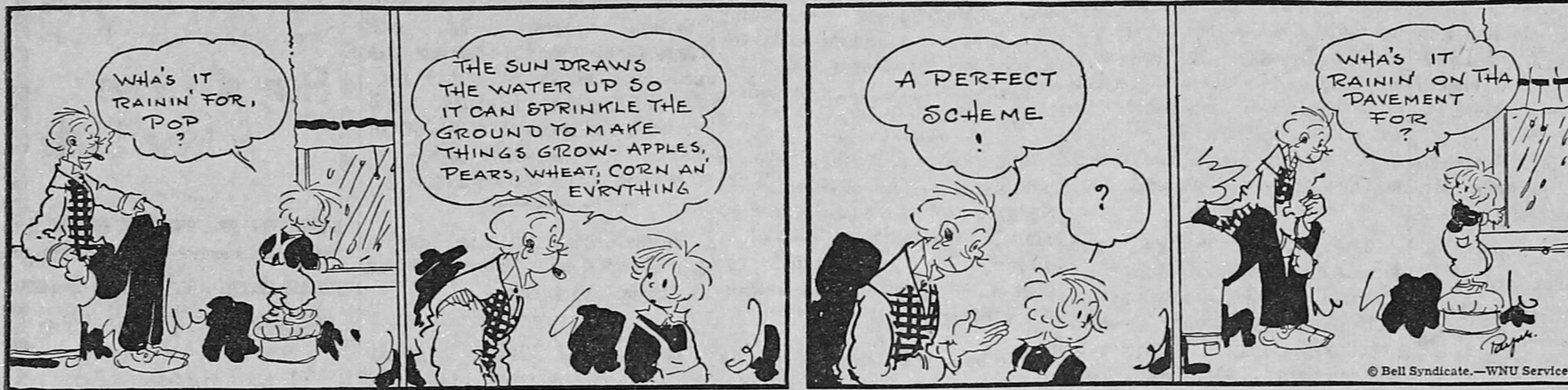
LALA PALOOZA —Lala's Hope Chest Is Full

By RUBE GOLDBERG



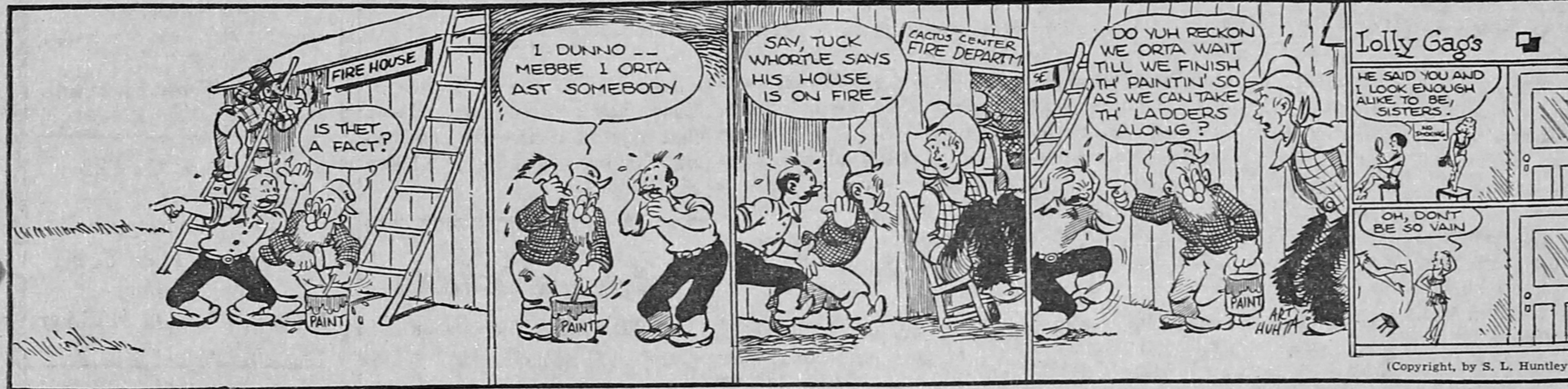
S'MATTER POP—Oops! There's a Flaw in the Scheme

By C. M. PAYNE



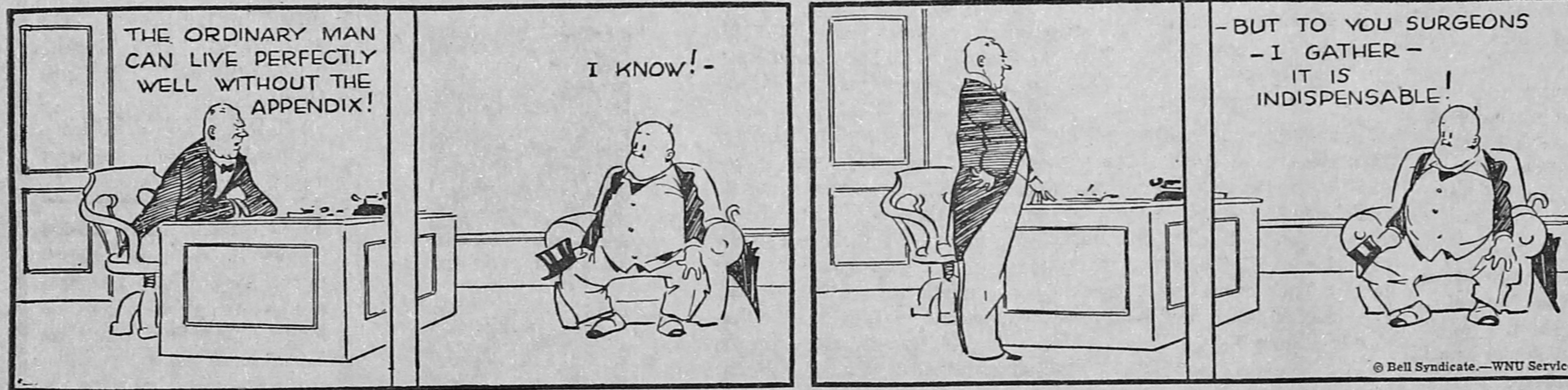
MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

A New Problem Presents Itself



POP—What Is One Man's Hazard Is Another's Blessing

By J. MILLAR WATT



Curse of Progress



TRAFFIC SAMSON

Douglas—My father is a policeman.
 Dave—Is he strong?
 Douglas—I'll say he is! He holds up the buses with one hand.

What a Hint
 "What is home without a mother?" said the personable young man.
 "Well," replied the sweet young thing, "I am tonight."

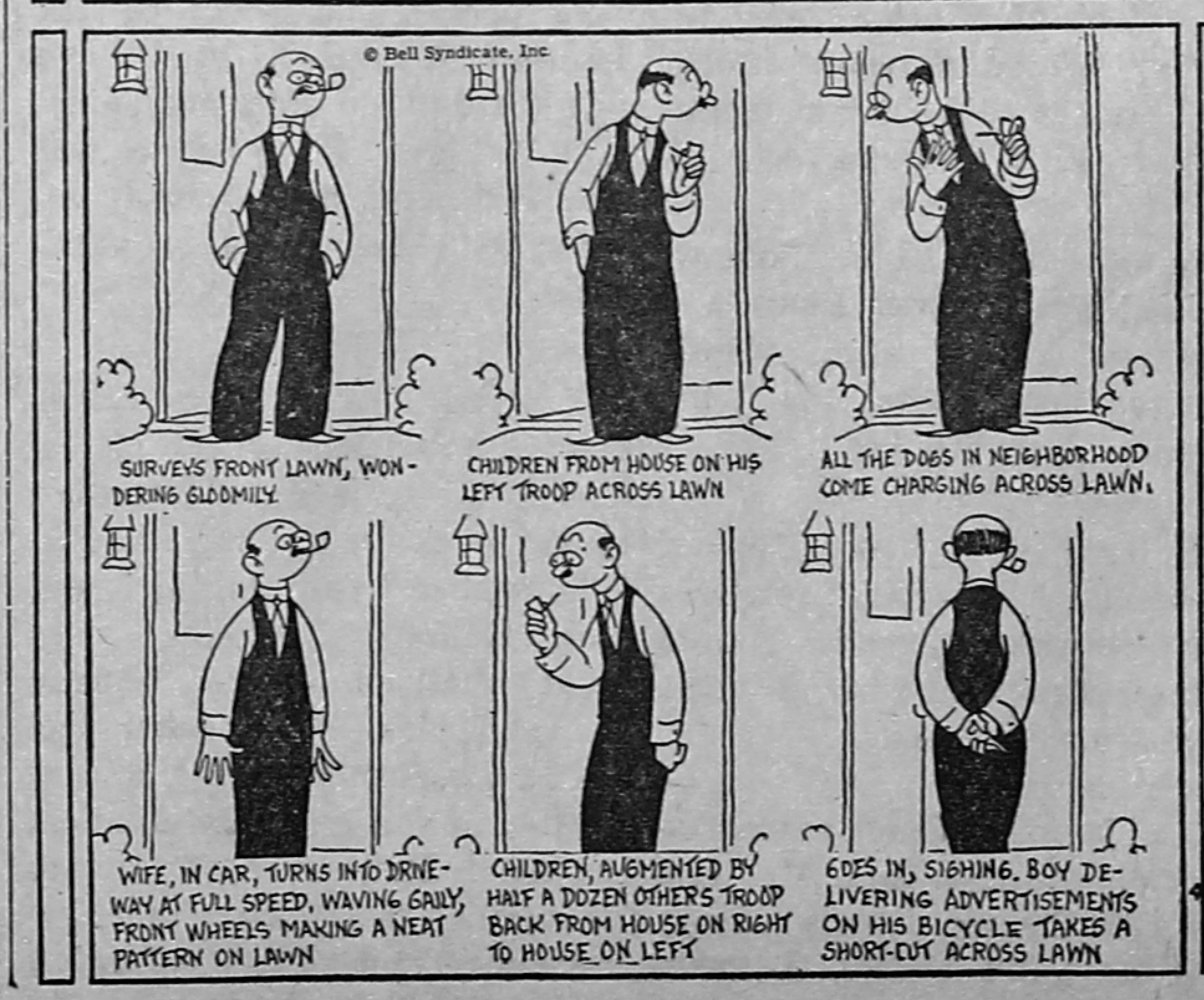
Worthless
 Man (to druggist)—Will you give me something for my head?
 Druggist—I wouldn't take it as a gift.

Still Touchy
 Operator—Number, please?
 Ex-convict—Say, don't get funny. I've been usin' a name for almost two weeks now!—Telephone Topics.

At Times
 Scallop—Is insomnia catching?
 Axtater—It is when your baby has it.

FRONT LAWN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Mexicana Adds That Smartness to Linen

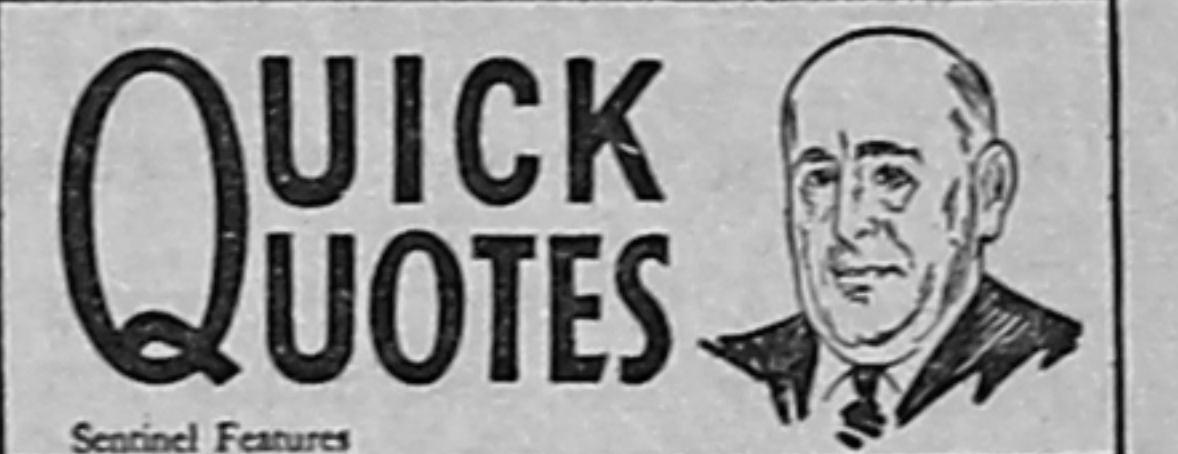


Pattern 6317

Mexico, land of excitement and color, served as inspiration for these fascinating designs for linens. Bright prints from your scrap bag form the easy applique patches while simple embroidery adds the finishing touches. You can turn out a delightful tea cloth, towel or scarf quick as a wink! Pattern 6317 contains a transfer pattern of four motifs averaging 5 3/4 by 8 1/4 inches; patterns for applique patches; materials needed; color schemes; illustrations of stitches.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.



FAIR PLAY FOR ALL

"OUR country is great not because the majority or the powerful rule. It is great because the minority is protected and the less influential respected."
 —U. S. Senator Elbert D. Thomas.

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!

Dominion of Reason
 Temperance is the firm and moderate dominion of reason over passion and other unrighteous impulses of the mind.—Cicero.

"Black Leaf 40"
 KILLS MANY INSECTS ON FLOWERS • FRUITS VEGETABLES & SHRUBS Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer 8644

A Turn Is Well
 As turning the logs will make a fire burn, so changes of study a dull brain.

OUT OF SORTS?

Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels
Nature's Remedy
 If you think all laxatives are alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation.
 Without Risk get a 25c box of N.R. from your favorite druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get N.R. Tablets today. **N.R. TO-NIGHT** TOMORROW ALRIGHT

ALWAYS CARRY **QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION**

WNU—A 20—39

WATCH

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.

THE SPECIALS

Wimmen Psychology

By CORONA REMINGTON
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

"SAREY HELLUM, if you lets that dummed city trash on the place agin I'll set the dogs on him. He's been a-comin' 'round here sparkin' you for nigh on two year an' I've seed enough of him. I'm sick an' tired o' his high collar an' his fine clothes an' his puny-lookin' white hands. Sometimes when I'm shakin' hands with him I feel like I could jerk one o' 'em off as easy as I could pull up a weed. Keep him away from here! I reckon you heard what I said an' I mean it. An', Ma, you better help her keep him away. He ain't a-comin' back on this place as long as I owns it. Y' understand?"

He glared at the two women and waited for an answer. White-faced and startled they stood rooted to the spot. At last Mrs. Helm found her tongue and ventured a timid remark.

"But, Joe, you ain't never been turned agin Ab before. You always thought such a heap of him an' acted like you'd be real proud if him an' Sarey was to git married."

"It don't make no difference what I was—Hit's what I am that counts. An' you needn't to argy with me. I don't want to hear a word."

"But, Pa," Sarah's voice was defiant. "You can order him off the place if you owns it, but you can't talk agin him when I'm around. Don't you never, never let me hear you say nothin' like that agin!"

Sarah's eyes blazed dangerously. She gave her father a poisoned look and, throwing the dishrag onto the table, left the kitchen with her head in the air.

The following Sunday afternoon Sarah put on her pink silk dress and went out to meet Ab. She had walked nearly a mile when she recognized his little car humming toward her.

"What's the matter, Hon?" he asked in alarm when he saw her distressed white face.

"Dunno, Ab," she answered, embarrassed, "but Pa wants us to quit gittin' together. He's down on you all of a sudden."

He jumped out of the car and looked into her face.

"Are you?" he asked tensely. Almost imperceptibly she shook her head and he took her in his arms gratefully.

"Then it don't matter what he is so long as you ain't, Hon. Let's go an' set under that tree an' talk."

Several moments of blissful silence elapsed before Ab spoke again.

"Don't you reckon, Honey, we could be gittin' married pretty soon now? I been waitin' for you such a long time."

Suddenly she looked eagerly at him. "It'd do Pa no end o' good. Show him what he got for tryin' to act so hateful an' boss me. I never did feel as much in the notion o' gittin' married before."

"Let's do it then, let's slip off next Sunday an' get Preacher Brown to marry us an' then we'll go back an' see what the old man says."

Sarah hesitated awhile, but after much coaxing she finally consented, deciding to brave the wrath of her father rather than to lose her lover.

"You could meet me here right after church next Sunday," said Ab excitedly, "an' we'll drive straight over to Preacher Brown's house."

He waited stonily for her decision. Two soft little arms crept up and around his neck and her curly head rested on his shoulder.

The week flew by like a dream for the girl and Sunday morning dawned clear and bright. She scarcely heard what went on at church and hurried away afterwards to join her lover. The simple ceremony over they went back to her home to break the news.

"Well, folks, we're married," said Ab cheerfully as he wrung the hand of old Joe Helm. To Sarah's speechless amazement she saw her father slap his new son on the back and laugh in his best company manner.

"I told you, Ab, wimmen always works by contraries, didn't I?" he said.

"You sure did, an' they sure do," agreed Ab fervently. "You made her do in one day what I'd been tryin' to get her to do for two years!"

"That's what old Professor Baxter calls 'Wimmen Psychology,'" chuckled Joe.

Sounds Made by Animals

The rabbit makes a sniffing sound and squeals when hurt. The beaver makes several different sounds. These have been classified as a hiss, a thin whine, a wail, a nasal vibrating sound, a high-pitched straining call, a soft-purring sound and a guttural sputtering noise. The gray squirrel chatters or barks. The fox yaps or barks. The raccoon grunts or squeals. The characteristic cry of most deer is a sort of hoarse bel-low in the male and a shriller cry in the female.

Thermometer in Shade, Sun

A thermometer shows a higher reading in the sun than in the shade because it absorbs solar radiation. A thermometer in the shade gives more nearly the true temperature of the air, but is exposed to radiation from surrounding objects. Most thermometers used by weather bureaus are sheltered and protected from radiation, while permitting the air to circulate, freely about them.

Local and Personal

Raymond Kilian is driving a new Ford V-8 sedan.

Mrs. Roy Bergfield, daughters, Misses Phyllis and Leone were Carlinville visitors last Friday.

Jack Keeler, State Automobile License Inspector, was a Broadlands visitor, Wednesday.

Swift's Tent Show is scheduled to arrive in the village (today) Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. August Wiese, Clarence Kilian and family visited relatives at Brocton, Sunday.

P. O. Rayl and son, John Paul, were Urbana visitors, Sunday afternoon.

Dale Anderson of Clayton, Ind. was here on business Wednesday.

Virgil Reed and family of Champaign were guests of relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Nelle McPherran left on Sunday for her home in Urbana to spend the summer vacation.

Mrs. John Foreman of Mt. Gilead, Ohio, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Lottie Astell.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfield entertained on Sunday, Mrs. Minnie G. Stearns and Willard Stearns and family of Philo.

Miss Evelyn Schumacher and Miss Phyllis Bergfield, of Lakeview hospital, Danville, visited home folks over the weekend.

Mrs. Frank Golle of Champaign visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Anderson, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dicks motored to Indianapolis, Thursday, where the former attended an undertakers convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Messman spent Saturday with their daughter, Miss Marjorie, at McMurray College, Jacksonville.

Andrew Henson and Junior Churchill were week end guests of Clinton Smith at Northwestern University, Evanston.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Laverick, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Holt, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Boyd and son, Oliver.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Moudy of Urbana; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kracht of Sidney, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Newkirk, Monday.

Mrs. Cloe James of Hillsdale, Ind., arrived last week to spend the summer vacation with her daughter, Mrs. Earl Eckerty, and family.

Dicks Bros. had charge of arrangements for the funeral of the late Sherman Skinner, of Sidel, last Sunday. Burial was in the Indianola cemetery.

Ora C. Hays, cashier of the State Bank of Allerton, who recently suffered a heart attack, has been put to bed for a month with absolute quiet and rest.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bahlow, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Place and daughter, Joyce Ann, visited relatives at Montezuma and Dana, Ind., on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Upp of Vincennes, Ind., visited relatives here over the weekend. Harold Kilian accompanied them home for a two weeks visit.

Mrs. Bessie Loomis entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Parsons, Villa Grove, P. O. Rayl and family. Later in the day they motored to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Dowden of Longview moved to Broadlands last week, occupying the Luedke property.

Roy Zenke of Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Zenke, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frick, were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Newkirk.

Mrs. Alfred Phillips of East Chicago, Ind., visited her grandmother, Mrs. Bessie Loomis on Monday. Mrs. Loomis accompanied her home for a few days visit.

Word has been received by relatives here of the death of Mrs. E. L. Batchelor, of Harris-town, which occurred last Tuesday afternoon. The deceased is a sister of Mrs. Fuller Freeman of Broadlands.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Eckerty entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lindsey and son, Kenneth, Mr. and Mrs. James Lindsey of Springfield; Mrs. Cloe James of Hillsdale, Ind.; and Mrs. Ella Eckerty of Longview.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Coryell entertained at dinner, Sunday, Misses Mary Jane and Louise Phipps of Newman; Woodrow Weil of Danville; Wilbur and Nellie Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clem and son, Ralph.

Our friend and World war comrade, Charles Swick returned last Tuesday. He has been working in St. Mary's hospital at Quincy for sometime. He fell down stairs while on duty at the hospital about two weeks ago and broke his left arm.

Miss Frances Madigan and Mrs. Anne (Harden) Satterfield attended a stylist demonstration in Bradley, Champaign, Tuesday evening given by a beauty supply company. Mrs. Satterfield received the door prize, an electric hair drier valued at \$100.—Homer Enterprise.

Mrs. Ella Maxwell entertained at dinner, Sunday, Lawrence Griffith and family, Mrs. Esther Johnson and son Smith, Kenner Wood, Mrs. Mary Carroll of Fairland; Ed Maxwell and family, Clark Henson and family, Wm. Crain and family.

Mrs. Lottie Astell and her guest, Mrs. John Foreman, spent several days the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Schechter at Danville. On Tuesday they motored to West Lebanon, Ind., to spend the day with George Astell and family.

Judge John H. Armstrong of Champaign, and Judge Charles Y. Miller of Decatur, Democratic candidates for circuit judges of the 6th judicial district, paid The News office a visit while here on Thursday of last week. The election will be held on Monday, June 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Merle Crane were called to Lucerne, Ind., the latter part of last week by the death of his brother, Fred, who was killed in an automobile accident. Mrs. Fred Crane was also seriously injured and remains in a hospital at Logansport.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Schumacher and daughter, of Cleveland, Ohio, arrived on Thursday of last week for a visit with Mr. Schumacher's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schumacher, and other relatives. Last Monday Dr. and Mrs. Schumacher left for St. Louis to attend the convention of the American Medical society. They will return to Broadlands this Friday for a few more days visit before returning to their home in Cleveland.

TED HORN IN WIDE OPEN BID FOR SPEEDWAY WIN



INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Ted Horn is going to put his foot down this

year and it may bring him the checkered flag.

There are those who say that the debonaire youngster who has finished second, third and fourth in four starts in the 500-mile race at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway has been running under wraps in the Harry Hartz stable. The veteran Hartz, who himself had three second places and two fourth positions to his credit when he retired, is a cautious master who seemed always content with second money rather than take a long chance at the top position. Experts believe that he made Horn drive the same way in his Hartz-owned car.

But this year the sandy-haired Adonis of the roaring road is switching camps and will take the late Bill Cummings' place, a tough spot indeed, on the Mike Boyle team and will be allowed to drive as he pleases.

If so, Ted may be blowing his own horn in the afternoon of May 30.

Orange and Blue Echoes

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—Edna Schumacher.

Ass't Editor—Ferne Walker.

Activity Editor—Jane Jarman.

Sports Editor—Charles Hood.

Feature Editor—Rosetta Smith.

The band has been engaged to play a concert at the Memorial Day program at the Fairfield Cemetery on May 30.

The Senior semester exams were given Thursday and Friday of this week. School ends for the Seniors on Friday, May 19. Semesters will be given to undergraduates next week.

The home-economics classes will give a tea and style-show in the gym at 2:00 o'clock Tuesday, May 23. All ladies are invited to attend. The style-show will present work done by the sewing class this year.

The band will present its spring concert, directed by Carl R. Stover, at 3:15 p. m. on Sunday, May 21, in the high school gym. It will be the longest concert to be given this year. The band will present thirteen pieces, there will be four ensemble selections, and the playing of the recordings made of the band at the State Contest is expected to draw a large crowd. There is no admission charge, and everyone is invited to hear the state first division band.

Senior activities have been planned for the end of May. Baccalaureate will be Sunday, May 28 at 7:30 o'clock; Class Night, Monday, May 29, at 8 o'clock; Commencement, Wednesday, May 31, at 8 o'clock. The Commencement speaker will be J. J. Haramy of Indiana Central College, Indianapolis. The class, which is one of the smallest to have graduated from Longview, is composed of the following: Leone Bergfield, Clarice Brewer, Andrew Henson, Charles Hood, Jane Jarman, Juanita Luth, Alice Norman, Irvin Nussmeyer, Edna Schumacher, Evelyn Seider, Rosetta Smith, Phyllis Stuebe, Ferne Walker and Ronald Wilson. All activities will take place in the high school gym.

The Longview F. F. A. boys took part in the sectional judging contest held at Oakwood Township High School, May 8, 1933. Mr. Gretencord reported with the following boys: For fat stock judging, Ross Duncan, Ronald Wilson, Kenneth Smith and Wayne Nohren, with the latter placing fifth in individual judging out of ninety-two competing. The three highest of this team get to go to the State Contest held in Champaign, June 9 and 10. These boys are Wayne, Ross and Kenneth. Charles Hood, Andy Henson, Everett Hedrick and Irvin Toppe judged dairy cattle. None of these boys received individual honors and they do not go to the State Contest.

Man and Rat Bump Noses

Newport, Ore.—Jess Frey and an unidentified rat got the scare of their lives when they bumped noses trying to look through the same hole.

Frey sawed into the rat's nest while cutting a hole in a ceiling. He stuck his head through the hole and the rat had the same idea. Frey, still jittering, ended the episode with a rifle.

An Early Illinois Export

In the 1920's a leading manufacturer of Illinois was castor oil. According to research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, one large factory manufacturing the product in Madison County produced 500 gallons in 1825; 1,000 in 1827; and more than 10,000 in 1830. The standard price at this time was \$2.50 a gallon.

Horse-drawn traffic in London has dropped off nearly two-thirds in the last 10 years.

Rev. G. A. Studer-Kennedy of London, declares that "one does not meet a reasonable man in 10,000, and women are worse."

John F. Tolleson of Braintree, Mass., has a cat and two kittens that play in a friendly fashion with his pet white rats, Mickey and Minnie.

Forward to Forty
With These Republican Candidates for

CIRCUIT JUDGE
Sixth Judicial Circuit



FRANK B. LEONARD
Champaign



WILLIAM S. BODMAN
Decatur



FRANK K. LEMON
Clinton

VOTE FOR THREE ELECTION Monday, June 5

STAR
Villa Grove - Illinois

The Finest In Entertainment

Thur. & Fri., May 18-19
This Picture Now In It's 4th Week in Chicago

Sir Conon Doyle's
Hounds of Baskerville

with Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie.

"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, May 20

Mat. 5c-15c Nite 10c-25c

2 Good Features

Chas. Starrett & Sons of Pioneers

West of Santa Fe

Also
Michael Whalen - Lynn Bari

Pardon Our Nerve

Sun. & Mon., May 21-22
The New Dr. Kildaire Picture

Calling Dr. Kildaire

with Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day, Nat Pendleton.

10c-25c

Tues.-Wed., May 23-24

Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers

Story of Vernon & Irene Castle

10c-25c

Homer Theatre

Thur., Fri., May 18-19

Down The Open Road

To Romance

Bing Crosby, Madge Evans

Edith Fellows

Pennies From Heaven

Also Cartoon and News Reel

Saturday, May 20

Two Major Features

Jed Buell's Middlets in

Terror of Tiny Town

Jack Holt in

Crime Takes A Holiday

Also Cartoon and News Reel

Sun., Mon., May 21-22

Romantic Secrets of the

Girls Who Hold Your Hand

Florence Rice, Una Merkel,

Ann Rutherford, and Mary

Howard—

4 GIRLS IN WHITE

with Alan Marshal, Kent

Taylor, Buddy Ebsen.

Tues., Wed., May 23-24

He was the freshest "plebe"

in the corps. But he stole

a kiss—and her heart—in

his first forbidden stroll on

Fuirtation Walk!

Louis Hayward - Tom Brown

The Duke of West Point

Also Cartoon and News Reel

Admission Always 10c-20c

Thursday Only, May 25

Lew Ayres

Young Dr. Kildaire

Bingo Game — \$5 Cash Prize

American - Sidell

Fri., Sat., May 19-20

Jane Withers in

ARIZONA WILDCAT

Sun., Mon., May 21-22

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TAILSPIN

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