

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

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BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1939

NUMBER 10

News Items of 12 Years Ago

June 17, 1927

The band concert attracted a large crowd of people to Broadlands on Saturday night.

Dr. T. A. Dicks and R. M. Astell were Waveland, Ind., visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook visited in the Wallace Barracks home at Villa Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Thomas of Brocton visited at the Fred Messman home.

Mrs. Forrest Dicks spent the week with her brother in Danville, who had undergone an appendicitis operation.

The hard road between Broadlands and Allerton had been completed and was to be opened to traffic about July 1st.

20 Years Ago
June 13, 1919

Miss Esther Loomis spent Sunday with friends at Casey.

Miss Maudie Block returned home after a few days visit with relatives at Marshfield, Ind.

Miss Iva Fuell of Broadlands and Don Skinner of Newman were married at Urbana.

Miss Wynnie Cadwallader underwent a serious operation at her home here and was on the road to recovery.

Miss Josephine Anna Stuebe and Carl Schweineke were married at the home of the bride's parents in Danville.

Plans were under way for a Soldiers' Home Coming Day to be held in Champaign on Sept. 10th.

Miss Ruth Maxwell returned home from Bloomington where she had been attending Normal School. Miss Maxwell was employed to teach the following term in the Homer public school.



It has often been said, and in this column, too, that accidents do not happen—they are caused. The cause of any particular accident may be attributed to a careless driver or pedestrian, to a defect in the highway, to a mechanical defect, to hazardous weather conditions, or to a combination of a number of these factors.

Yearly statistics, as prepared by all states and bureaus, indicate that the human element is the outstanding cause. The driver of the automobile is usually responsible for the accident. According to the statistics given in recent years, two out of every three accidents involve mistakes by drivers. Excessive speed, driving on the wrong side of the road, disregard of traffic signals, and other careless habits have contributed to the high frequency of accidents.

We are to blame—not the machine.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Maddened Animal Kills Bert Rush at Boswell, Ind.

Boswell, Ind. — The body of Ethelburt Rush, 68, was found badly bruised and mangled following apparent terrific struggle with a maddened bull at his home, one half mile north of Boswell, at 5:30 a. m. Wednesday.

There were no witnesses to the accident, but evidences of the struggle showed that the body had been dragged about 60 feet from where the fight first started. A knife, which had been thrown from the victim's pocket was found nearby. Coroner Harry Comley was called and an inquest was held, showing that the victim had suffered a fractured chest, cuts about the jaw and lip and other parts of the face, and bruises over the entire body.

Mr. Rush was born Apr. 27, 1871, near Sheldon, Ill., a son of Adam and Anna Rush. He was married Jan. 23, 1896, to Lillie Astell, who survives, in addition to an adopted son, Bertie, residing on a farm across the road from that of his father; and one grandchild.

Mr. Rush came here from Illinois about 18 years ago and had operated a dairy business in Boswell for nearly 10 years. He was a member of the Methodist Church of Boswell.

Also surviving are three sisters, Mrs. Fannie Johnson, of Middleville, Mich.; Mrs. John Bruhn, Broadlands, Ill.; Mrs. Nellie Parks, Hale, Mo.; and two brothers, Claude, Lemonville, Calif., and Charles, Iowa City, Iowa.

The body was returned to the Bertie Rush residence Wednesday to remain until Friday noon, when it will be taken back to the funeral home for services at 2 p. m. The Rev. E. J. Peters, pastor of the Boswell Methodist Church will officiate, assisted by Rev. Alexander. Burial in Boswell cemetery.

Harris Youth's Body is Buried at Sidney

Sidney, June 12—The body of Kenneth Harris, 17, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harris of Worden, arrived here Monday afternoon for interment in the family lot in Mt. Hope cemetery.

The youth died last Friday, following a brief illness of pneumonia.

Surviving are the parents, two brothers, and one sister. The family had formerly lived in Sidney.

Methodist Church Notes

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock. Every Sunday it meets a spiritual need for you.

The Church Service next Sunday is in the evening, at 8:00 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nobren were Danville visitors, Saturday.

Dr. Clara W. Smith of Champaign visited friends here, Sunday.

Bud Sullivan and family of Indianapolis were Sunday guests in the Elmer Chafin home.

Chas. Smith of the Brewer Chevrolet Sales attended Chevrolet school at Decatur on Thursday of last week.

Juanita McGee Is Bride of Albert Jahr

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McGee, 203 North Coler avenue, Urbana, was the scene of a pretty wedding at 2 Sunday afternoon, when their daughter, Miss Juanita became the bride of Albert Jahr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jahr of Mahomet.

Rev. Frank Turner, pastor of the Longview United Brethren church, read the single ring ceremony in the presence of sixty guests. Mrs. Dean Riggs, Farmer City, formerly Miss Muriel Mohr, attended the bride as matron of honor while Donald Miller, Philo, served the bridegroom as best man.

The bride was attractive in a floor length gown of white organdy with a fingertip veil which fell from a braided tiara. She carried an arm bouquet of gardenias and blue delphinium. Mrs. Riggs was in a floor length gown of blue chiffon and carried roses, delphinium and baby's breath.

Mrs. Jahr is a graduate of the Longview high school and attended commercial college in Champaign.

Mr. Jahr is a graduate of the Mahomet high school and operates a grocery and hardware store at Mahomet. — News-Gazette.

N. M. S. Class Meets at Willis Myers Home

The N. M. S. class of the U. B. Sunday School met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Myers on last Friday evening, with the president, Mrs. Jessie Archer, presiding over the meeting.

After the business meeting a social hour was enjoyed and refreshments were served.

Guests were Miss Creyola Hardyman and Ray Chambers.

Members present were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Comer, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Thode, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Archer, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Myers, Miss Helen Warner.

Frank Kracht and Bud Struck were business callers at Dana, Ind., Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerna Block visited Oliver Eddy at Lakeview hospital, Danville, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd of Arcola were dinner guests of Lena Todd, Sunday.

Hugo Dewitt and family visited in the Chas. Logan home near Philo, Sunday.

Mrs. A. A. Cable visited relatives at Homer the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith visited relatives in Danville, Sunday.

Mrs. O. E. Anderson and Miss Marie Witt were Danville visitors, last Friday.

A heavy rainfall visited this section last Friday followed by a heavier rain and hailstorm on Saturday.

C. I. P. S. Co. has changed its discount period from the 25th to the 21st of each month, so be sure and pay your bill by the 21st if you wish to save the usual discount.

J. L. Wiese, 82, of Champaign, Dies

Julius Leopold Wiese, 82, a well known resident of Champaign and Douglas counties his entire life, died at 7:10 p. m. Saturday, June 10, 1939, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Val McGuire, 507 North McKinley avenue, with whom he made his home. He had been ill for two months suffering from complications.

He was born December 3, 1856 in Germany, the son of Frederick and Minnie Wiese. He came to this country with his parents when a child. The family settled in Champaign. His marriage to Alice Derment occurred in 1874 and to them eight children were born, five of whom are living. They are: Fred Wiese and Ellis Wiese, of Champaign; J. L. Wiese, Jr., north of Urbana; Frank Wiese of Brocton, and Mrs. Val McGuire. He also leaves 11 grandchildren and five great grandchildren, as well as three brothers, Fred Wiese, Brocton; Emil Wiese, Newman; and Henry Wiese, Broadlands. His parents, three children and three sisters preceded him in death.

Mr. Wiese retired from active business in 1928, having been in the garage business since 1911. He moved to Champaign from his farm five miles south of Newman, in 1906. He was a member of the Broadlands Masonic lodge, and the United Brethren church, Champaign.

Funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon. — News-Gazette.

Methodist Aid Meets at McClelland Home

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church met with Mrs. Gladys McClelland and Mrs. Leanna Miller on Thursday afternoon of last week. Mrs. Anna Laverick had charge of the devotions. The business meeting was conducted by Mrs. Eva Walker, president.

Refreshments consisted of cheese sandwiches, jello salad, Ritz crackers, olives, brick ice cream, nabiscoes, mints, and iced fruit drink, with umbrella favors.

Guests were Mrs. Irene Corvye, and Rev. W. Earl Ballew.

Members present were Mesdames Minnie Anderson, Maude Anderson, Eva Brewer, Alma Bruhn, Lottie Astell, Bertha Cook, Mary Dicks, Pearl Dewitt, Mary Fitzgerald, Anna Laverick, Ida Messman, Rosa Smith, Faustine Smith, Edna Telling, Eva Walker, Gladys Walker, Leanna Miller, Gladys McClelland, and Miss Mildred Neal.

Lloyd Spesard and family of Catlin and Mrs. Luella Archer of Allerton were Sunday guests in the Harry Archer home.

Mrs. Chas. Griffin has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Alice Johnson, and other relatives near Paris.

Willis Myers and family and Miss Creyola Hardyman spent the weekend in the Jake Myers home at Emboy, Ind.

Miss Donna Akers returned to her home on Wednesday of last week after a six days visit with Miss Ruth Brown of Pekin. They were roommates at the U. of I. the past year.

Charles W. Smith Weds Girl From Mississippi

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith have announced the marriage of their son, Charles W. Smith, to Harriette Ingram, of Byhalia, Miss.

The wedding took place at the bride's home, June 3, 1939, and the attendants were Miss Nina Welch and James Hose.

The bride is a graduate of Rust high school, and attended Rust College. For the past year she taught at the Mount Bayou high school, Mount Bayou, Miss.

The groom is a graduate of Longview high school and is engaged in farming with his father.

After a short honeymoon trip to Chicago, they are at home three miles northwest of Broadlands.

Leaves Brother Joe Maddux at Age of 94

Philo—Dave and Joe Maddux, known throughout eastern Illinois and other parts of the nation as the oldest living male twins, were inseparable during their more than 94 years of life.

But at 2 a. m. Saturday, the Maddux twins, who had lived together, worked together and played together for almost a century, were separated forever.

Dave Maddux died at his home. His death was not unexpected for he had been in failing health the past four months. It was attributed to infirmities of old age. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon.

David and Joseph Maddux were born Feb. 3, 1845, on a farm near New Holland, O. At the age of 10, they came to Illinois with their parents in a covered wagon and settled on a farm in Christian county.

In 1872, Dave was married to Ann Markwell of Christian county. But even after Dave's marriage the twins were not separated. The three moved to the Maddux farm near Philo. Joe and Dave continued the occupation of their father as farmers, and 20 years ago they retired and moved into town.

Nine years ago Mrs. Maddux died.

Dr. Dicks Enters Hospital

Dr. T. A. Dicks entered Lake View hospital, Danville, last Monday for observation.

Mrs. Ida Loveless returned to her home in Mattoon, Tuesday, after a week's visit in the John Bahlow home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Zantow, daughter, Lois, Mr. and Mrs. August Zantow visited relatives at Danville over the weekend.

Mrs. Kenneth Dicks and children, Mrs. Walter Logan and son visited at the Chas. Logan home near Philo, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bahlow, daughter, Miss Mabel, Mrs. Ida Loveless, and Walter Seider were guests of relatives at Williamsport, Ind., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Schumacher and daughter, Miss Edna, attended the funeral of a relative at Huntingburg, Ind., Saturday. They remained over the weekend, spending Sunday with Mrs. Schumacher's parents.

Mrs. Maria Walker Dies; Rites Today

Mrs. Maria B. Walker died at her home in Broadlands, Tuesday, June 13, 1939, at 8:30 p. m., death being due to cancer. She had been bedfast the past six months.

Mrs. Walker was born Oct. 24, 1866, in Prescott, Iowa, daughter of Washington and Zibia Rose. Later the family moved to Mayfield, Kan. On Jan. 22, 1895, she was married to George E. Walker, at Urbana, Ill., and they came to this vicinity where Mrs. Walker resided the rest of her life.

She was preceded in death by her husband, parents, two sisters and one brother.

Surviving are two sisters, Mrs. Lulu Robinson, Mayfield, Kan.; Mrs. Robert Gardner, Corpus Christi, Tex.; and two brothers, Fred and John Rose, Mayfield, Kan.

Mrs. Walker was a member of the Christian Church but had been active in Methodist Church work since she came to Broadlands.

Funeral services will be held from the local Methodist Church, this Friday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, with Rev. W. Earl Ballew, the pastor, officiating.

Burial will be in the Fairfield Memorial cemetery, southeast of Broadlands, with Dicks Bros., local undertakers in charge.

Clem-Taylor Families Celebrate Birthdays

The annual June birthday dinner of the Clem and Taylor families was held at the Howard Clem home last Sunday.

Eleven birthdays celebrated were: Herbert Clem, Donald Clem, Lois Taylor, Homer; Mrs. Howard Clem, Ralph Clem, Oscar Taylor, Broadlands; Virginia Stortzum, Mabel Taylor, Danville; Dean and Calvin Teel, and Ethel Taylor, Sidney.

A basket dinner was served at the noon hour, and the afternoon was spent in music and games. A musical program by the White Trio and Winnie Mae Darley was much enjoyed.

Those present were Mrs. Carmen Steenberger and daughter, Ogden; Albert J. Clem, Decatur; Mabel Taylor, Lois Evans, Virginia Stortzum, Danville; John Taylor and family, Herbert Clem and family, W. H. Taylor, Marjorie Krukewitt, Homer; Vance Teel and family, Virgil Taylor and family, Sidney; Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Taylor, Raymond, Rosemary and Robert White, Winnie Mae Darley, Miss Anna Clem, Nellie and Wilbur Thomas, Oliver Coryell and family, Howard Clem and family, Broadlands.

Lodge Meets Next Monday

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

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

Market Report

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

No. 2 hard wheat, new	62c
No. 2 white corn	49c
No. 2 yellow corn	43c
No. 3 white oats	31c
No. 2 beans	80c

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

Mobile White House Hits the Trail Again; Veteran Staff Runs It Like Clockwork



"SNAP TALK"—Arriving at Los Angeles on one of his cross-country tours, President Roosevelt steps to the back platform to greet an estimated 1,000,000 awaiting him at Central station.

President's as Near to Washington as Nearest Telephone Pole on His Cross-Country Journeys; Work Proceeds as Usual.

By JAMES HAMMOND
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

This summer a plain-looking train is pulling out of Washington bound for the west coast. Along the rails it travels, at every hamlet, crowds stand five deep to shout hail and farewell. Some places it stops and the band plays while a gentleman steps to the observation platform and waves his hat-in-hand as only Franklin Delano Roosevelt can.

The Chief's traveling again, this time from Washington to San Francisco and up to Alaska on the Houston, for a sailing Roosevelt's vacation would not be complete without ocean and salt air.

Nothing unusual about this trip, though Calvin Coolidge or Herbert Hoover might have thought so. Today's White House is mobile, so used to being packed in an overnight bag and whisked across the country, that FDR need merely press the button and away we go. His years in the harness have put to shame William Howard Taft's record for 115,000 miles; by the time President Roosevelt returns from Alaska he'll have established a White House travel total of some 160,000 miles—nor is the end in sight.

Close as a Telephone Pole.

In six years of gad-abouting the nation's nerve center has evolved such a letter perfect system of communication that efficiency has suffered not one whit; the White House on wheels is no farther from Washington than the nearest telephone pole along the railroad track, to which a line may be plugged in one minute. The President's signature and Great Seal is no farther away than the nearest airline, where transcontinental planes will swoop down at any time to pick up the presidential pouch and rush it to Washington.

Why travel? There's something to be said for critics who point out that the President can't get a very accurate picture of a nation which dresses up to meet him. Yet who can deny that the presidency carries something akin to a moral obligation; the man in the White House should go on parade for his public every now and then.

One other reason, less legitimate, is that the presidential visit may turn an election tide overnight. When in doubt, it's good politics for the Big Boss to visit a doubtful balliwick and shake hands on the observation platform with its local party leader.

Trips Not Expensive.

Presidential junkets are not a great expense to the taxpayer, contrary to popular belief. The Chief Executive can easily stay within his \$25,000-a-year travel and entertainment allowance because the railroads (whose legislation is being tabled this year to get congress out of Washington in time for the President's vacation) absorb the loss.

There are usually about 20 in the official White House party. Each of these—including the President—is assessed one first-class fair plus Pullman, and that's all except for small extra charges for special switchings. Newspaper correspondents, and political hangers-on, who ride from one end of the state to the other in hope of seeing "The Chief," must also pay regular first-class fare.

Ordinarily a private citizen would pay \$75 a day for exclusive use of a car such as the President's old "Pioneer." On a 10-car train this would mean \$750, and in addition the railroads usually charge a minimum of 100 fares for the special train. But the White House is exempted from such regulations, which amounts to a neat saving for John Public.

Old Stuff for the Staff.

In his private car the President is just as comfortable, yet works just as hard as if he were seated behind his desk in Washington. As described by Eugene Warner in a recent issue of Collier's magazine, the presidential junket has evolved

into such a simple formula of efficiency that every member of the staff knows his post the instant a trip is announced.

E. M. Smithers, sometimes White House telegrapher and at other times chief of transportation, picks routes, arranges the train and prepares an intricate mimeographed schedule which keeps the special running not on the minute but on the second throughout its journey from coast to coast. This facilitates contact between Washington and the train, permitting the White House to ascertain exactly where the President can be reached by phone at any given moment.

Up front is a baggage car where secret service men, guard files, mimeograph machines, boxed typewriters and all other office paraphernalia which the President's staff may need en route. Just behind this is the club car for newspaper men, photographers, newsreel men and radio announcers, followed by compartmented Pullmans in which the visiting firemen, lobbyists, politicians and favor-seekers will ride. The diner is always supervised by Steward Joseph Tuzik, whose orders are always transmitted to Chef Richard Hardaway. They're permanent fixtures.

'Mac' Rules The Office.

Next comes the office, where Secretary Marvin McIntyre bosses a staff which usually consists of five people. First there's Henry Kannee, McIntyre's secretary, who himself has a secretary in Miss Roberta Barrows. Since the President can often keep three stenographers busy, Miss Barrows often supplements Miss Marguerite LeHand, confidential secretary to the President and a good friend of his wife.

Throughout the trip the President seldom budges from his ancient "Pioneer" parlor car, a special job containing bedrooms, offices, pantry, a dining room and an observation room fitted with comfortable furniture. It is here Mr. Roosevelt does most of his work en route, dictating, reading reports, checking up on local history or just looking at the scenery with an occasional wave of the hand at a farmer.

It's Positively Breath-Taking— But Here's the Story of pO

CHICAGO.—Northwestern university scientists have completed a series of breath-taking experiments.

If you have pO (even your best friends won't call it halitosis) the Northwestern doctors will freeze it into a solid, determine its odor intensity, let you know how often you see your dentist and even tell you which of six mouth conditions is the offender.

In short they'll take your breath away.

The work is a joint effort of Dr. Leonard S. Fosdick, head of the chemistry department of Northwestern's dental school, and Drs. Glen



STEP No. 1—This pretty young patient's breath sample is frozen at 210 degrees Centigrade below zero.

E. Sulzer and Robert H. Brening, also members of the dental faculty. "From a theoretical point of view, breath can be contaminated from three primary sources," they report. "Odors can come from mouth, lungs and nasal passages. Putrefaction processes in the mouth—like stagnant saliva, decaying teeth, pyorrhea and degenerated cells on the tongue—may be responsible."

They find, too, that digestive disturbances may contaminate the breath.

Drs. Fosdick, Sulzer and Brening found a method of segregating the mouth odors by a special apparatus which freezes them in liquid nitrogen for concentration. Then, with an "osmoscope," they can determine the odor intensity.

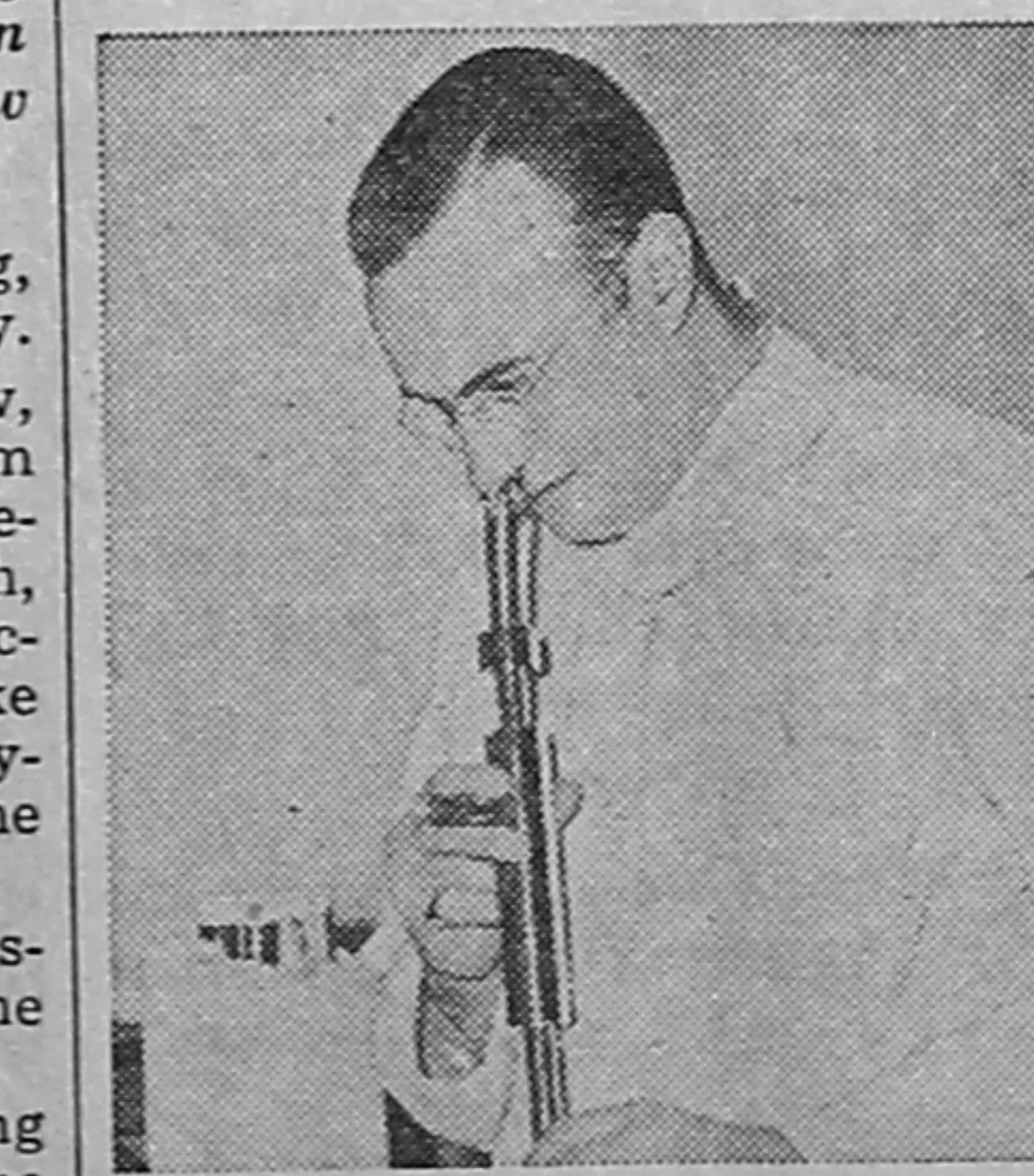
Selecting a group of patients with no putrefactive lung or nose dis-

orders and confining their studies to odors arising in the mouth, the scientists found six factors can and do contribute to mouth unwholesomeness. They are:

Age, tooth decay, gingivitis (inflammation of the gums), pyorrhea and "time after meals." Age enters the picture because there is usually an attendant retrogression of body processes, including gum recession with a tendency toward pyorrhea. In the sex factor, it was discovered mouth unwholesomeness is greater in women than in men as individuals grow older, but women are guilty of less mouth odor intensity than men.

Dental decay, gingivitis and pyorrhea each carry an infection. Mouth odors increase in proportion to time after meals for the apparent reason that stagnation may occur in a mouth not cleansed by excursion of food.

Regular mouth hygiene, it was found, will reduce odor concentration in the mouth up to 50 per cent. In cases of gingivitis, pyorrhea and tooth decay general relief depends upon elimination of these diseases. Mouth hygiene, even though it amounts only to rinsing the mouth with water, reduces the "time after meals" factor, while persons whose pO is enhanced by on-coming age have to be more regular with their hygienic practices.



STEP No. 2—With breath frozen, Dr. Sulzer determines odor intensity with osmoscope. Forty-seven per cent of cases studied were found to have breaths in the objectionable class.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Insiders are convinced the President is working on a phase of political strategy for the next election . . . New Deal starts all over again . . . Frank Murphy looming as white hope of the New Deal . . . President expected to win his battle to continue his spending policy.

WASHINGTON.—Insiders are convinced that President Roosevelt, far from having a change of heart on the principle of taxing undistributed corporation profits at a higher rate than those paid out in dividends, is now working on a broad phase of political strategy aimed at the presidential election next year.

The proof, they say, will be revealed by comparing two speeches very carefully. The first is that delivered at the American Retail Federation banquet by President Roosevelt. The second is the outline for tax revision aimed at reviving business laid before the house ways and means committee by Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr.



Secretary Morgenthau

It will be noted that Mr. Morgenthau suggested repeal of the last vestige of the special tax on undistributed corporation earnings. It is known that the President is privately strongly against this revision. It is further known that Morgenthau would not think of saying anything publicly against his chief's will.

The answer to this apparent contradiction is that the President has decided to give business the opportunity it has demanded—to revise the tax law, or rather permit its revision, just as business spokesmen have been urging.

Then, if business does not revive spectacularly, if it does not absorb millions of unemployed now on government rolls of one sort or another, the President can say to the country: "We gave them everything they said they needed—even things we knew they ought not to have, in order to test this thing thoroughly. Now we know that business CANNOT or WILL NOT function in such a way as to take care of this situation. The government, perforce, must take care of these people. We cannot let them starve or freeze. And we will not support them by the demoralizing dole."

New Deal Starts All Over Again With Critics Stumped

So the New Deal starts all over again, with its critics deprived of the answer they have been making for at least four years—that business would revive if the government would just let it alone—knocked into a cocked hat.

If business should revive, the New Dealers figure that "reform" would merely be delayed until after the election. Actually they would like to see this, not because they do not believe their reforms are good, but because the present business situation has them considerably worried. They are just a little disturbed by the growing conclusion in the country, as evidenced first in the purges, then in the 1938 election, and more recently by polls, that the New Deal has not been so hot, in that it has added billions to the national debt while the number of unemployed apparently is as great as it was at the depth of the depression.

Good times next year would make a Democratic victory, both as to the presidency and as to congress, much more likely. In fact plenty of shrewd observers think the Democrats will have to fumble the ball rather badly to lose the next election if business is good and obviously growing better. Parties rarely lose elections in good times. It is economic distress, almost invariably, which beats the party in power, if one except the rare campaign in which some issue moves the people more deeply than their pocketbooks. Sometimes there is very little rhyme or reason in this, but it is generally true.

Moreover the Republicans are not in good shape, despite their astute leadership on Capitol Hill. They are hopelessly divided on issues. Even in congress this is apparent.

Now Frank Murphy Looms As New Deal White Hope

Attorney General Frank Murphy is looming more and more as the white hope of the New Deal for the presidential nomination next year if Franklin D. Roosevelt does not "choose" to run. Murphy is the third candidate to be trotted out by the hundred percenters. The first was Robert H. Jackson, now solicitor general. President Roosevelt was very anxious to have Jackson run for governor of New York, last year.

Had Jackson run and been elected, he would now be governor of New York, and in a position not only of being able to do things, and keep in the limelight, but of having carried the Empire state in a year

which was not too good for the Democrats.

Of course, Jackson might not have been elected had Roosevelt prevailed on the leaders to nominate him, but the interesting thing at the moment is that the New York leaders turned thumbs down on him, and have never regretted their decision.

After Jackson's elimination—for it could scarcely be considered anything less—Harry L. Hopkins became the white hope of the New Deal. This movement involved also a bit of business appeasement. At the moment the New Dealers were rather thoroughly convinced that they must have a business revival if they were to be kept in power after next year.

Then Ill Health Put Harry Hopkins Out of Picture

Two things happened to that. No one is sure precisely which of the two was the chicken and which was the egg, but one was that Hopkins was out of the picture on account of his health, and that while he was out of the picture the spenders and business baiters climbed into the saddle again—and are still there as this is written.

Maybe if Hopkins had been well enough to fight for the program with regard to business he certainly stood for when he was seeking conformation as secretary of commerce things would have been different. Or maybe if the New Dealers had not become convinced that Harry's constitution would not permit the strain of running for the presidency things would have stayed put. It is difficult to tell. Perhaps even Roosevelt does not know the answer to that.

Be that as it may, most New Dealers will tell you confidentially that they do not think Hopkins' health permits his consideration for the candidacy next year.

Meanwhile Murphy is busily engaged not only in building himself up before the country, but in doing it in such a way as to overshadow the similar exploits of Thomas E. Dewey.

President Will Win Battle To Continue Spending Policy

President Roosevelt will win the battle he forecast in his address before the American Retail Federation. The spending policy will continue, despite grumbling from conservative leaders, not only among the Republicans, but in the President's own party. There will be no reduction in the total taxes paid by business. In fact there is likely to be at least a small increase assuming that there is any tax revision at all. Some of the nuisance taxes on business may be repealed or revised, but if they are then the flat corporation income taxes will be boosted, so that the net effect will be to make successful companies pay more, though to ease the burden slightly on unsuccessful companies.

There will be no marked curtailment of government competition with business. Unemployed will continue to be aided by work relief instead of by a dole, and social security benefits will be greatly extended.

But in winning the battle Roosevelt runs a serious risk of losing the war. The chief reason why there will be no balancing of the budget, in fact increased spending, is not in sympathy on Capitol Hill with the President's economic theories, but the age-old desire for pork, and the necessity for logrolling to get it—hence bigger and bigger appropriations.

Roosevelt Has Pork on His Side for the Moment

This sentiment against spending and the New Deal economic policies is not strong enough, yet, apparently, to insure revision of government spending. But it would be tomorrow if the pork element could be eliminated. Thus Roosevelt has pork on his side, for the moment, but the bigger the pork spending the more eager will the congressmen be to swat the next Roosevelt spending proposal which is not sufficiently greased. The defeat by the senate of the Florida ship canal is a perfect example of this. The Florida senators did their utmost to include the Florida canal in a logrolling combination, and as a matter of fact had more success than appeared on the final roll call. But Sen. Arthur Vandenberg did such a good publicity job in branding this project that even Pat Harrison, whose state of Mississippi is interested in the canal, had to go to Sen. Claude Pepper and beg to be excused! Harrison had been making quite a play against spending. To have voted for this particular expenditure would have put him in an inconsistent position, to put it mildly.

All of which spells more strength for the conservatives at the convention next year which will nominate the Democratic candidate for President. It explains the enormous apparent popularity for John Nance Garner, despite Garner's cloistered vocal chords. It explains the utter collapse of incipient booms for every New Dealer who has been put forward as Roosevelt's possible successor.

It explains the desperate efforts of the President to win Sen. James F. Byrnes, who has been rather vocal about the government's spending policy.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

Decorative Angels for Sheets, Pillow Cases



Pattern 6348.

What could be more appropriate for sheet and pillow cases than these decorative angels in simple stitchery! Just the thing for guest linens. Perhaps you'll prefer the cheery "Good Morning" and "Good Evening." You can finish off either design with the filet crocheted edging. Pattern 6348 contains a transfer pattern of seven motifs ranging from 4 3/4 by 16 1/4 inches to 3 1/4 by 9 1/2 inches; directions and charts for crochet; materials needed; 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.

Chamberlain's Umbrella The Truth at Last?

We in this country who do not make a practice of carrying an umbrella on all occasions have been somewhat puzzled about Mr. Chamberlain's famous rain-stick. There must be some sinister secret behind it, we feel. To enlighten us, a British correspondent reveals the following facts:

"Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella is actually a sword-stick, that is to say, the handle can be pulled out and a thin rapier withdrawn from the stem. Mr. Chamberlain is an expert fencer."

"The ribs of the umbrella can be removed and expanded at a moment's notice into a wire entanglement, behind which Mr. Chamberlain could take cover if charged by cavalry. The cover can quickly be converted into a sandbag and used either for a firing rest for the elbow, a pillow when sleeping on the veldt, or as a rifle rest."

"Dangling from the umbrella's middle is a black tassel in which messages may be hidden and dropped from an airplane when all other communications fail."

We Americans have a reputation for believing many things, but—we doubt if we can swallow this one!

The Better Way to Correct Constipation

One way to treat constipation is to ensure it first and cure it afterward. The other way is to avoid having it by getting at its cause. So why not save yourself those dull headache days, plus the inevitable trips to the medicine chest, if you can do it by a simple common-sense "ounce of prevention?"

If your trouble, like that of millions, is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, "the better way" is to eat Kellogg's All-Bran. This crunchy, toasted, ready-to-eat cereal has just the "bulk" you need. If you eat it every day—and drink plenty of water—you can not only get regular but keep regular, day after day and month after month! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold by every grocer.

In the Cause It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr.—Napoleon I.

Scalp Massage After shampooing make scalp tingle with a Penetro scalp massage—stainless. TRY IT. PENETRO

BEACONS OF SAFETY

Like a beacon light on the height—the advertisements in newspapers direct you to newer, better and easier ways of providing the things needed or desired. It shines, this beacon of newspaper advertising—and it will be to your advantage to follow it whenever you make a purchase.



John N. Garner



OATMEAL MEAT PATTIES
See Recipe Below.



Household News

by

Eleanor Howe

When the Allowance Is Low

Lucky is the homemaker who has tucked away on her pantry shelf a package or two of oatmeal, and in her recipe file a half-dozen clever suggestions for using it in her menus. For oatmeal is a quick change artist, and with a little ingenuity you can turn out a whole array of tempting, unusual dishes as delicious to eat as they are inexpensive to eat.

For example, have you ever tried making light, flavorsome raisin muffins with oatmeal? Or have you used oatmeal in a thick, hearty vegetable soup to give it that "stick-to-the-ribs" quality so much to be desired for active families? Had you thought of using it to stretch the meat budget, by making a little meat go a long way in meat patties or meat loaf? You've used oatmeal for luscious, soft, chewy cookies, of course, but have you tried it for making the crust for a delectable apple pudding, or have you substituted it for nut meats in a rich-tasting torte?

You see, besides adding interest and variety to meals, and doing a first-class job of budget stretching, oatmeal may be trusted to add a large amount of low-cost food energy to the diet. Oatmeal, moreover, is an excellent source of vitamin B, modernly called thiamin. This vitamin is absolutely necessary to enable the body to transform food (especially carbohydrates) into muscular energy. Thiamin stimulates the appetite, too, and it helps in overcoming constipation, and acts as a prevention of nervousness.

Here, then, is a brand new series of carefully tested recipes, all of which contain oatmeal, all of which will be family favorites in your recipe box.

Oatmeal Apple Torte.

(Makes eight servings)

CRUST:
2 cups flour
¾ cup oatmeal (uncooked)
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar
¾ cup butter (melted)

Combine the ingredients in the order in which they are listed. Reserve one cup of this mixture for the top. Pack the remainder into the bottom of an eight-inch square pan.

FILLING:
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup water
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups apples (pared and chopped)

Combine the sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add the water and butter, and cook over a low flame for about 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Cool and add the vanilla and apples. Pour the filling over the crust, and cover with one cup of crust mixture reserved for this. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees) for about one hour. Serve warm with plain or whipped cream.

Oatmeal Raisin Muffins.
(Makes 16-18 small muffins)
1 cup general purpose flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 cups oatmeal
½ cup seedless raisins
1 egg
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons shortening (melted)

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add oatmeal and the raisins. Beat the egg, add

milk and melted shortening. Combine with dry ingredients and mix very lightly. Pour into greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for approximately 20 minutes.

Vegetable Oatmeal Soup.

(Serves eight)

2 pounds soup bone (½ bone, ½ meat)
2 tablespoons fat
2 quarts water
4 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups tomatoes (canned)
1 cup carrots (cubed)
¼ cup onion (chopped)
½ cup celery (chopped)
½ cup oatmeal or 1 cup regular rolled oats (uncooked)

Remove part of meat from cracked soup bone, cut meat into cubes and brown lightly in hot fat. Place meat, soup bone, water, salt and pepper in soup kettle. Cover tightly and simmer approximately two hours. Cool, strain, and chill sufficiently so that excess fat may be skimmed off. There should be 6½ cups of soup stock. Return stock to kettle and add vegetables. Bring to a boil, then slowly add oatmeal. Cover and simmer approximately ½ hour, or until vegetables are tender. Soup meat used in making the stock may be cut in small pieces and added. Serve with finely chopped parsley, if desired.

Old-Fashioned Oatmeal Cookies.

(Makes five dozen)

¾ cup shortening
1½ cups dark brown sugar
1½ cups general purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon soda
3 cups oatmeal
¾ cup sour milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
Cream the shortening and sugar thoroughly. Sift together the flour, salt, and soda, and combine with oatmeal. Add to the creamed mixture, alternately, with the milk. Stir in the vanilla. Roll out to ½-inch thickness on a lightly floured board. Cut into 2½-inch rounds with a floured cookie cutter. Bake on a greased cookie sheet in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees) for about 10 minutes.

Meat Patties.
(Serves six)
6 slices bacon
¾ pound beef (ground)
¾ pound pork (ground)
1 egg (beaten)
1 tablespoon onion (chopped)
1 cup tomatoes (canned or fresh)
¼ cup milk
½ cup oatmeal
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

Line six muffin tins with strips of bacon. Combine remaining ingredients and mix well. Put into the muffin tins. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for approximately one hour.

As a Breakfast Food.

Modern homemakers serve oatmeal porridge often and for variety add chopped dates, figs, seedless raisins, or dried prunes or apricots (cut in strips) while cooking.

Get This New Cook Book.

Of course the man in your family has very special recipe likes and dislikes. So has every other human. And, of course, they all like a big, juicy steak, apple pie à la mode, potatoes au gratin, etc. This new cook book contains over 125 recipes that men like. Send 10 cents in coin to Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and get a postage prepaid copy of "Feeding Father."

Old License Plates Useful

An old license plate comes in handy when painting the woodwork of a room. Be sure that it is clean. Hold it against the wall to protect the wall surface from paint smears. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Star Dust

- ★ Winner: Virginia Vale
- ★ Scouts Eye Graduates
- ★ Elbow Room for Grant

By Virginia Vale

APPARENTLY Jesse Lasky, who is now conducting his second search for new faces for the screen, thinks that there is something in a name—at least, something in my name. For he has chosen "Virginia Vale" as the name which will be bestowed on the girl who is selected as the winner of this nationwide talent quest.

The boy who wins will be called "Robert Stanton"—which makes me wonder if some man, somewhere, who really is named Robert Stanton, was as startled and exasperated as I was over discovering that his name had been kidnaped, as it were. There ought to be a law against it!

Freddie Bartholomew is no longer a star. Metro has demoted him, and promoted James Stewart,



JAMES STEWART

whose popularity increases with every picture he makes—and he's making plenty of them these days.

These are the days when the girls who are graduated from high school or college may be taking a screen test right along with their diplomas, without knowing it. Practically all of the major movie companies are in need of pretty girls, it's said, and talent scouts have gone forth to find them.

Of course, the very girls who come out best in these informal screen tests could probably go to Hollywood and try hopelessly for years to get into the studios.

Remember Wesley Barry, one of the screen's first child stars? He has been signed for a feature role in "Stunt Pilot," the second in a series of Monogram pictures based on the "Tailsin Tommy" cartoon strip.

He has been in the real estate business for three years, and during the last nine months has been sales manager for a large realty firm in Hollywood.

George Hicks, the NBC announcer who has been down to the bottom of the ocean and up in the clouds for special broadcasts, and is to cover the American visit of the king and queen of England, has received more than a thousand letters from fans who enclosed blank sheets of paper with the request that he get the royal visitors to autograph them. Hicks is the kind of man who wouldn't make such a request even for himself!

Cecil B. DeMille always orders an extra microphone on the stage when Cary Grant is doing a play on that radio theater program. The extra microphone is used exclusively by Grant, who waves his arms and gesticulates while performing, and doesn't like to worry about accidentally striking the person beside him.

Over a period of two months The Three Marshalls (Peggy, Jack and Kay) have had to change their radio program five times because the songs they submitted to the stations before taking to the air were banned.

They couldn't sing "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum"—it was thought to be offensive. "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" was all right if only Peggy and Kay sang the lyrics; Jack could play the music, but he couldn't sing—network rulings reject the song if it's sung by a man.

They couldn't sing "The Preacher and the Bear" because the lyrics contain the word "coon." "Shoot the Likker to Me, Jive Boy," a jam session favorite, could be sung only if some word not suggesting an alcoholic beverage was substituted for "likker"—which in this instance was used as a musical term.

ODDS AND ENDS—"Captain Fury," the first motion picture to be shown at New York's "World of Tomorrow," is one of the most old-fashioned melodramas seen for a long time in the world of today. . . Here's an inspired title for you—the sequel to "Angels With Dirty Faces" will be called "Angels Wash Their Faces" . . . Mickey Rooney's going to England to make "A Yank at Eton" this summer . . . Jack Benny's "Man About Town" may revive the popularity of musical pictures. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

AROUND THE HOUSE

For High Windows.—High windows appear shorter if the hangings are looped back with a slight curve and tied somewhat below the middle.

Keeping Dried Beef.—Dried beef will keep better if stored in a covered glass jar in the refrigerator rather than wrapped in parchment or waxed paper.

Left-Over Velvet.—Small pieces of velvet make good alternatives for the manicuring chamolis.

When Making Egg Sandwiches.—Scramble the egg instead of boiling it. Not only are more sandwiches made, but they are more easily digested.

Tea Towels.—Add a little borax to the water when washing tea towels. It removes dirt and grease and makes the towels a good color. It also acts as a disinfectant.

Loose Casters.—When casters on furniture drop out too often, remove them, pour melted wax in the holes and insert the casters before the wax hardens. After it has set the casters will not fall out again.

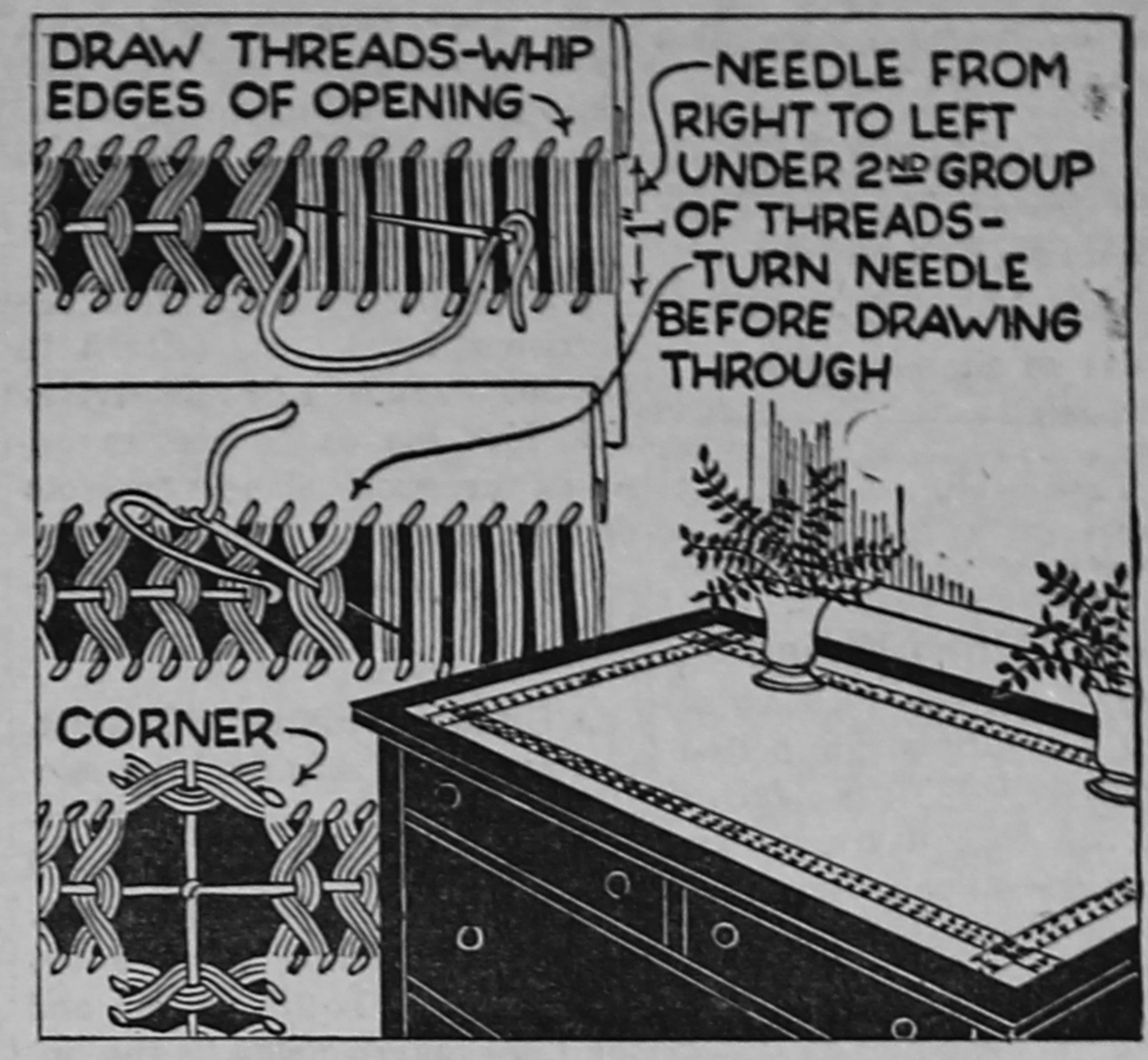
How to Recondition Sponges.—Sponges that are left with soap still in them soon become slimy. They can be reconditioned by soaking for 30 minutes in a mixture of half vinegar and half water. Rinse out in warm water, then in cold, and leave in the sun to dry.

After Washing Silver.—Stand silver in a jug of very hot water to which a little ammonia has been added, and it will remain bright much longer.

Classifying Dessert Lists.—Dessert lists kept in the cookbook are a help in menu making, especially when they are classified as "hearty," "light," "quick," "good for several days," "oven made," and "for children."

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Drawn work for turquoise scarves.

THIS idea is the result of an experiment. A friend had a set of sadly out-of-date white linen drawn work scarves for buffet, serving and dining table. Her dining room was being done over with touches of turquoise blue in the draperies and wall paper, so she had the scarves dyed to match. They were so effective that the simplest part of the drawn work design was copied in coarse linen in various colors for mats and scarves throughout the house.

While the turquoise scarves were especially attractive, those in golden yellow and a bedroom set in soft rose were also full of charm. The sketch shows how the drawn work is done. If you are looking for something effective that is quick to make, here it is. Just pull out the threads of the linen to make an open space about an inch wide. The scarf may be hemmed at the same time the outside edge of the opening is being whipped. Just follow these sketches. No other directions are needed. Use either linen or mercerized thread in a matching color.

NOTE: Book 1—SEWING, for the Home Decorator, and No. 2, Gifts, Novelties, and Embroideries, are now 15 cents each, or both books for 25 cents. Readers who have not secured their copies of these two books should send in their orders at once, as no more copies will be available when the present stock is sold. Your choice of the QUILT LEAFLET illustrating 36 authentic patchwork stitches; or the RAG RUG LEAFLET, will be included with orders for both books for the present, but the offer may be withdrawn at any time. Leaflets are 6 cents each when ordered without books.

Everyone should have copies of these two books containing 96 HOW TO SEW articles by Mrs. Spears, that have not appeared in the paper. Send your order at once to Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

ASK ME ANOTHER ?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

The Questions

1. What is a Texas leaguer in baseball?
2. Who crossed the Rubicon?
3. What is the difference between a savage and a barbarian?
4. What would result if all the colors were blended together?
5. Among the 12 signs of the zodiac are four that represent animals. Which are they?
6. Is there any difference between semi-conscious and semi-unconscious?
7. Why was it said that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the whole face of the world would have been changed?
8. How did the dandelion get its name?
9. What is the significance of the name "Prospice," the title of one of Browning's poems?
10. A donkey-engine, though doing a lot of donkey work, has in fact nothing to do with a donkey. Can you name four other hyphenated words, the first word of which is the name of an animal, the whole having nothing to do with the animal?

The Answers

1. A short fly that drops between infield and outfield, out of reach of both.
2. Caesar and his army.
3. Savage means untamed; barbarian means the state between savage and civilized.

4. All the colors of the spectrum blended together give white.
5. Leo (lion), Taurus (bull), Aries (ram), Capricornus (goat).
6. The first usually denotes going from the unconscious to the conscious state. The reverse is the case in the other.
7. To convey the idea that if Cleopatra had been less attractive she would not have enslaved Julius Caesar and Mark Antony.
8. From the French "dent de lion," meaning a lion's tooth, referring to the leaves of the plant.
9. It is interpreted as meaning "Look Forward."
10. Pig-iron, dog-watch, horse-chestnut, monkey-wrench.

Great Optimists

"I'VE got it all figured out, dear. We can meet the second payment when your brother pays me back that fifty he borrowed."

"You can bet your bottom dollar this curve we're coming to would be too much for an ordinary car going at this speed."

"Let's just stay home and have a perfect evening listening to the radio."

"If it's raining when we leave we'll just grab the first taxi that comes along."

"You'll have to take pot-luck, old man, but the wife will be tickled to see you."



Truth Needs No Defense
The dignity of truth is lost with much protesting.—Ben Jonson.

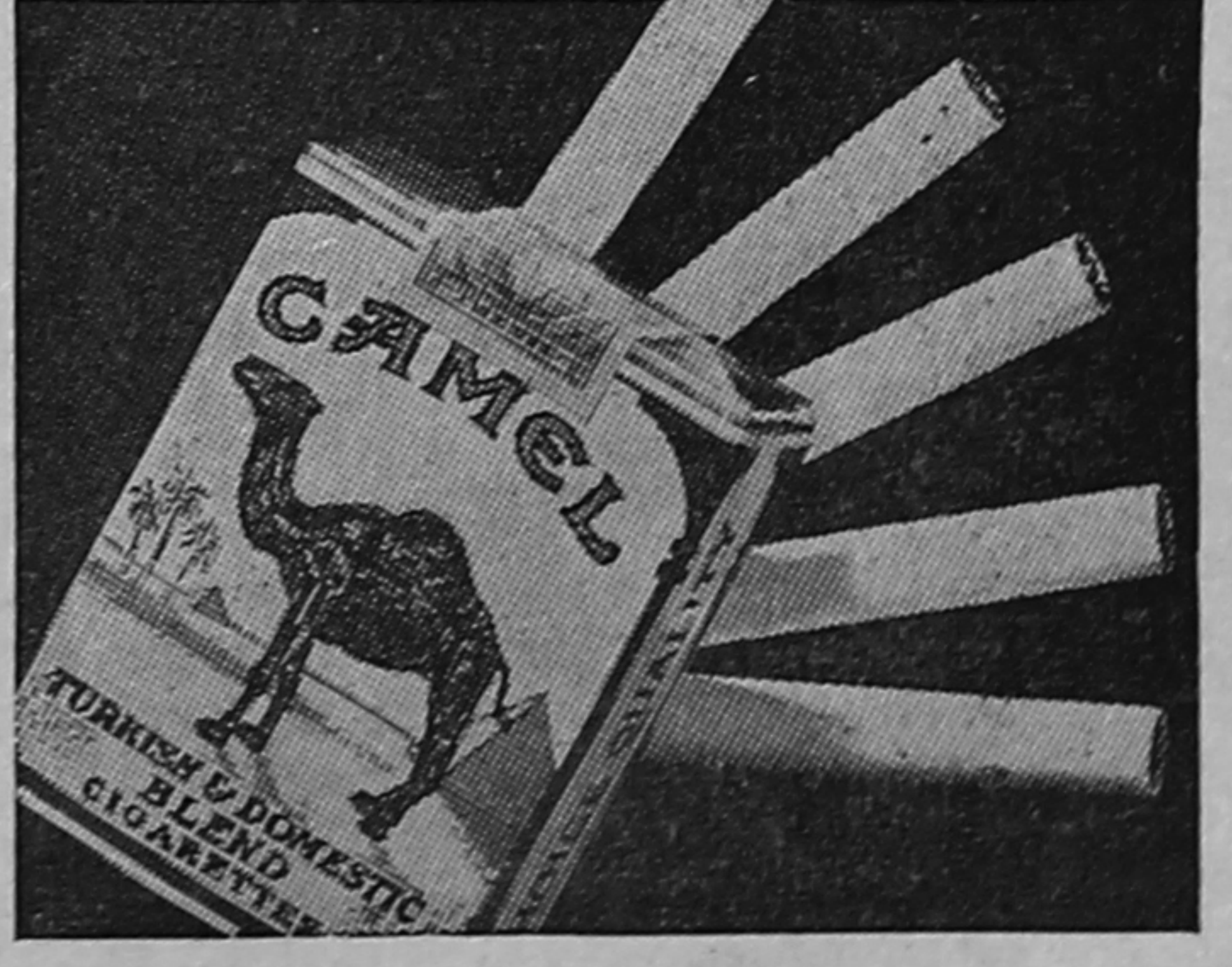


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Character Index
There is no index to character so sure as the voice.—Disraeli.

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Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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Experts Often Wrong

In an essay which took up 25 pages of an Edinburgh periodical in the year 1837, a learned scientist of that day gave an elaborate exposition of the 'fact' that it would never be possible to build a steamship capable of crossing the Atlantic under its own power.

About the same time other scientists declared Louis Daguerre, one of the inventors of photography, to be a crazy man, because he thought he could make pictures with a wooden box.

A few months before the Wright brothers made their first airplane flight in 1903, a member of Congress opposed an appropriation for research into the possibilities of air navigation, declaring that no one but a fool would believe such a thing possible. And some eminent physicists agreed with him.

Scientists also once held that even if a speed of 100 miles an hour could be attained, human beings would be either suffocated or have their very brains addled by traveling at such a velocity.

Instances of similar errors by supposed experts ever since the beginning of recorded history might be cited to show how difficult it is to gain acceptance for a new idea. But progress in the future, as in the past, will probably be made through ignoring those who think they know it all.

Queer Superstitions

Superstitions regarding the prevention and cure of disease have persisted from the immemorial, many of them still being prevalent in the more backward sections of the country. A few were called to mind by a recent writer, in noting the death of an aged Kentuckian who continued to wear earrings to the last, in the belief that they were good for the eyesight.

Another old-time notion was that wearing a mustache was beneficial to weak eyes, just as it was thought that carrying a buckeye or a potato in the pocket would prevent or cure rheumatism.

One doesn't have to be so very old to remember when children wore a little bag of asafetida strung around the neck as a protection against catching diseases and when in many homes bunches of various dried herbs were hung about for the same purpose. Some also believed that keeping a goat around the house was a prime health measure.

The writer remembers being warned when a boy not to wade in water when afflicted with hives, lest they "strike to his heart and kill him." He waded, nevertheless, and lives to tell the tale.

These superstitions, like the belief that a horsehair placed in a rain barrel would turn into a snake, are gradually dying out—but many presumably intelligent persons to this day will refuse to take the third light from a match, or walk under a ladder, for fear of dire consequences.

Simplified conversation by a tired business man answering the telephone: LO. O! OIC. OK. UR? Y? OG! O! OIC. OK.

Sidelights

Rhode Island claims credit for having been the first American colony to pass an anti-speeding law. This law, enacted in June, 1678, provided a fine of five shillings for "riding either horse, mare or gelding at a gallup" on the streets of Newport.

Nikola Ilitch of Belgrade advertising for a job, offered to lift 500 pounds with his teeth, hold four horses pulling in opposite directions, dance barefoot on broken glass, lick white hot iron or get run over by automobiles.

A Chicago Tribune columnist, relates that at a funeral in suburban Oak Park one of the attending friends of the deceased was somewhat intoxicated. When the minister intoned the words, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," the inebriated one exclaimed "Fair enough."

A western editor who prides himself on his enterprise in getting local news first, published erroneously that a citizen of the town had died. The next day he printed the following item: "Yesterday we were the first newspaper to publish the death of Frank Brown. Today we are the first to deny the report. The Morning Star is always in the lead."

What's New

A California laboratory makes perfume extracts from fresh fruits, and even from mushrooms.

Spun glass fishing lines have been made that are more than twice as strong as silk lines of the same size.

Weather-proof mirrors have been devised for use in astronomical and optical measuring instruments.

To aid in combating fur racketeers, a method of identifying beaver bloodstains has been evolved at the University of Minnesota.

A portage X-ray camera has been developed that detects hidden defects in machines under construction as they move along production lines in factories.

An inscription found in Palestine shows Hebrew characters in the alphabetic order used today—proving that the order has not been changed in 2,500 years.

Howard Robbins of Lubec, Me. carries with him a small piece of ash tree that was struck by lightning, believing that the lightning in it will spare him the sufferings of rheumatism.

Bride of 1885

Lads and lassies of Illinois who have younger brothers and sisters may well look to their laurels in view of the manner in which one Marion County little sister demonstrated her initiative many years ago. An 1885 news item from Centralia told how a would-be bride of Salem decided at the last moment not to marry, after her suitor had already procured a marriage license, according to accounts noted by research workers of the Federal Writers' Project. The girl's younger sister offered herself, however, and was accepted. A change of name was made on the certificate and the couple married.

Miss Grace Moore has been acclaimed as New York's most photographed model.

For those who can't afford to play golf, wielding a hoe yields equal physical results with less violent language.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. How was Lincoln affiliated the the 1848 presidential election?

A. He stumped the state for Zachary Taylor, the nominee of the Whig National Convention.

Q. At what Taylor Club meeting was Lincoln the leading speaker?

A. The meeting at Springfield Oct. 28, 1848.

Q. How did Illinois go in the presidential election of 1848?

A. The Democrats were able to carry the state with 53,144 votes for Cass.

Q. What was the Whig vote on the Presidency in 1848?

A. 49,880 as compared with 45,750 in 1844. Van Buren on the free soil ticket, received 13,902.

Q. How did the vote show a decline in Democratic strength and a rise in the Whig tide?

A. The Democrats lost nine counties to the free soil (Van Buren) party and 14 counties to the Whigs.

Q. How was party strength in Illinois distributed geographically in 1848.

A. The northwestern part of the state was an almost solid free soil block. Southern Illinois, with a few exceptions, was Democratic; northwestern and central Illinois were decidedly Whig.

Q. Were any Illinois men placed in Zachary Taylor's Cabinet?

A. Several, including Lincoln were suggested, but none appointed.

Q. Was the failure to appoint a Cabinet member from Illinois looked upon as a slight?

A. Yes. Usher F. Linder, Whig member of the Illinois leg-

islature, spoke frankly against the presidential actions.

Q. What was Lincoln's attitude?

A. He was prudent and cautious and expressed regret over Linder's speech.

Coffee A Luxury

Illinois pioneers would have been amused had they known that coffee would some day be considered as much an American drink as tea is English. Research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, noted in examining an early Illinois historical source, that the pioneers, when introduced to more settled communities, were somewhat scornful of such beverages as tea and coffee. Some old timers seem to have regarded cups and saucers, too, merely as luxuries.

One Pupil

When the bell from the miners district school house at East Galena rang for the first session in 1897, there was no rush of noisy children to take their seats before the teacher. A little fellow of six years was the solitary pupil. According to information obtained by research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA, he was the only child of school age in the district. Residents had decided to maintain a school there in order to avoid the higher taxes of neighboring areas.

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.

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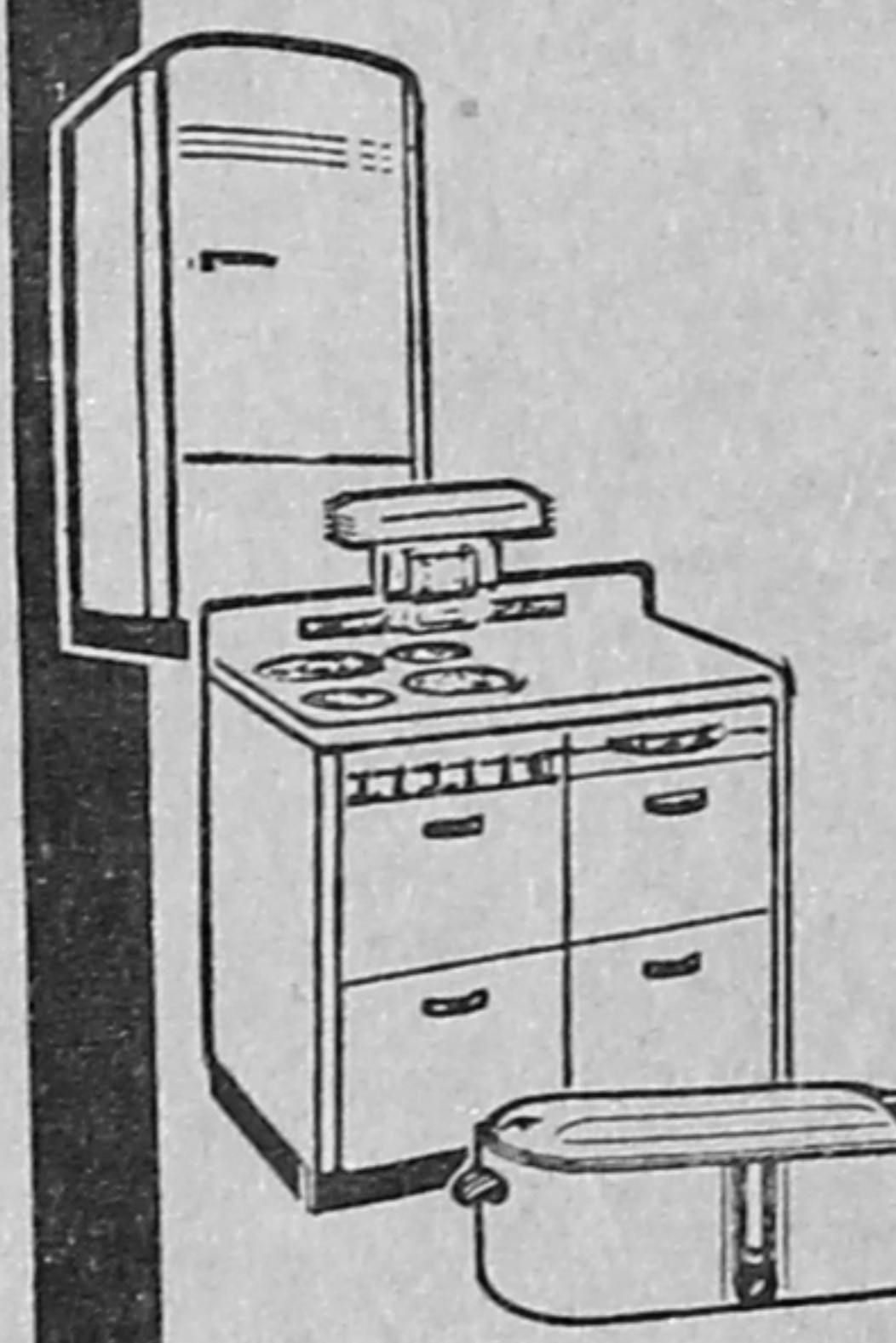
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BROADLANDS

ILLINOIS

Dry Toast and Lettuce

By OSCAR SMITH

© Associated Newspapers. WNU Service.

JAMES BRADLEY filled a plate with generous helpings of chops, mashed potatoes, gravy and scalloped cheese, and passed it over to his wife.

"No, Jim. Keep that for yourself. I'm eating just lettuce and broiled halibut tonight. Saddles, lie down! You can have a plate in the kitchen after a while."

Saddles was the Boston terrier they were keeping for Jim's brother Ben while Ben and his wife were in California. Saddles thumped his tail on the floor and lay down on the rug.

"What's the matter with you, Bess? Not getting finicky about your eating, are you?"

"Oh, Jim. Saddles and I went for a walk today. I got weighed down at the corner drug store, and, Jim, I weighed 150 pounds!"

"I can think of worse things than that. Suppose you do weigh 150 pounds. I see lots of women every day that look as if they should weigh 150 pounds. If women would forget about how much they weigh and think more about how they look, they would be easier to look at."

"But, Jim! Think of my weighing 150 pounds. I am supposed to weigh only 135. I think you are just horrid not to care."

"I wouldn't let that worry me. The scales were probably off. You look about the same to me."

"Oh, no, Jim. It wasn't the scales. I went right over to the other drug store and I weighed just the same. Fix a plate for Saddles, won't you?"

Days of agony followed for Bess as she sat across the table and watched Jim eat creamed vegetables, pie, and heap sugar in his coffee while she ate lettuce without dressing, toast and an occasional chop.

Every day she took Saddles for a walk, and every day she just dreaded to pass the scales at the drug store. Of course, she didn't have to get weighed on them, but black coffee at mealtime was bad enough without having to look at the scales every day.

At the end of three weeks, Bess weighed 140 pounds and even she realized that her good disposition was suffering from her dieting regime.

By this time the scales were such a torment that she took Saddles down the alley and up the other street for his walk to keep from having to pass the drug stores that were on either corner of the block. There was a bakery shop on the street she was now taking, and Bess had to walk very fast and look straight ahead to keep from thinking about the thick pies and creamy covered cakes that filled the windows.

Every night she did the crane dive and the knee dip and rode imaginary bicycles in the air until she was dizzy from even thinking about exercises.

One day she was brave enough to take Saddles by the drug store for his walk, and she weighed 137½. After that, she allowed herself sugar and cream for her coffee, and again as Jim came home one evening, she said:

"Jim, just think! I got weighed again today and I weighed 152. It's positively uncanny. I don't see what else there is that I can do without."

For another ten days, Bess existed on lettuce, dry toast and coffee.

The Bradleys came home from California and Ben came after Saddles.

As he was leaving with him, he called out:

"Did he do any of his cute tricks for you, Bess? I taught him one that made Jane so cross. I claim it's pretty cute. Whenever she goes to get weighed, he puts his paws on the scales behind her. He got so he could just about make it fifteen pounds more. Sometimes he got a little higher than that. Until she caught on to what he was doing, Jane just about lived on dry toast, lettuce and black coffee. Pretty good, isn't it?"

Bess gasped, then rushed for the ice box.

When she came back, she had a cheese sandwich, salad with mayonnaise, and a thick piece of berry pie.

Happiness

The happiness of today is as important as the happiness of tomorrow. You cannot postpone your enjoyments and lump them in one mass to take them after you have gained a certain position or won a fortune. You must take them, if you take them at all, as you go along. The capacity to enjoy is not a constant element in human life. There comes a time when desire fails. A man may deliberately sacrifice his enjoyments and reap thereby great moral advantage, but he cannot postpone them.

Giant of Violin Family

The double bass is the giant of the violin family, measuring six feet tall, more than two feet wide. Its tone is rough and deep, the lowest of any stringed instrument. Violins are one of the oldest musical families, dating back about 5,000 years. The first was a hollow wood cylinder with a skin closing the end over which the strings were stretched. The number of strings ranged from two to seven until four were adopted as standard.

Robert Finds a Way

By JENNIE MCGRAW

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AS ROBERT entered the front door Myrl came in from the kitchen. Her fingers were sticky with dough, and her usually smooth brow was marred by a crease of impatience.

"Rob, will you just run down to the store and get me a small sack of flour? I'm making biscuits, and I haven't enough to roll them out."

Robert's own brow creased now. "Gosh, Myrl, I've had a hard day, and I'm tired. Can't you use something else to finish the biscuits? Baking powder, or cornstarch, or something? Or let 'em go and have bread?"

Myrl's frown smoothed as she laughed.

"No, Rob, I can't use anything but flour, not even talcum powder. And you would have to go to the store for bread anyway. I was making biscuits because the bread was all gone. I didn't know the flour was so nearly gone, too."

Robert turned wearily and went out. He stopped at the corner of the house to see if the car was out, but the garage doors were closed, and he decided that it would not take much longer to walk than to get the car and then put it away again.

As he trudged the five long blocks to the store he was thinking hard. Every evening that week he had gone to the store to get something before he could have his dinner. Eggs one time, bread another, steak a third. And two mornings he had gone after things before breakfast. On both these mornings he had almost missed his train to the city.

Thinking back, he could see that Myrl had been getting more and more careless about keeping supplies in the house. There seemed to him to be little excuse for it. She had the telephone and the car to shop with.

She drove down to the little suburban shopping center nearly every day for other things, but she could not seem to find time to stock the larder. She was always meeting friends with whom to visit over sundaes at the soda shop, or she had an engagement for luncheon, bridge or tea.

Everything else about the smart little bungalow she managed beautifully but the groceries were always running out. Robert reflected wryly that it had become easier to send him to the store than to order over the telephone or drive to the grocer's. He had become a glorified errand-boy, whose meals were delayed until he delivered the groceries.

He made his purchases from Mr. Smithson himself, and after asking for the bread that he knew must be had for breakfast he leaned over the counter and talked earnestly to Mr. Smithson for several minutes. That gentleman looked astonished at first, but as Robert talked on he chuckled and nodded sympathetically.

"It's a go, Mr. Kern. There's a lot of 'em do that way."

"Six-thirty, then," Robert said, as he turned towards the door.

He whistled cheerfully as he carried the flour home, and waited patiently while the biscuits baked. Dinner over, they went to the neighborhood movie.

As she turned out the living-room lights for the night Myrl remarked, "You bought bread for breakfast, didn't you? I'd like a melon, though. Will you run down to the store and get one in the morning?"

"Yes," promised Robert, with a grim note in his voice that Myrl missed.

When the alarm tinkled at seven Myrl awoke and saw that Robert was up and gone. She decided that he had awakened early and gone out to the store without disturbing her. The coffee was just starting to "perk" when a flivver truck rattled up the drive and stopped before the kitchen door.

Almost before Myrl had time to wonder the door opened and Robert came briskly in with a melon. But such a Robert. He wore a big white apron, and a pencil was stuck jauntily over one ear. Myrl stared, dumbfounded.

"There's your melon, Mrs. Kern, and a nice one it is. Now if there is anything else you wish brought later, I can take the order right now, or you may telephone, if you prefer" and he poised an expectant pencil over a notebook.

Myrl had recovered her voice, if not her wits.

"Robert Kern, what does this mean? What are you doing with that apron and that truck?"

"Well," answered Robert, meekly, "I've got a part-time job with Mr. Smithson delivering groceries mornings and evenings. I've got so used to being a delivery boy I thought I might as well make it pay."

Myrl leaned against the table and laughed till the tears came.

"I get the point Rob. Take the truck and the apron back to Mr. Smithson and tell him I'll telephone an order that will break his truck down."

The delivery boy kissed her and departed, grinning. He had counted on Myrl's sense of humor, and it had not failed.

Interesting Notes

The Shrine band in Billings, Mont., played Brahms' Lullaby so well in a recent concert that the piccolo player fell asleep.

Miss Irma Wright of Toronto won the amateur championship of the world by typing 116 words a minute.

Representative Lambert Alden of Denver became so excited while listening to legislative debate that he swallowed his lighted cigar.

A rooster on the farm of E. M. Moore of Welch, Okla., is proving an excellent substitute for a cat. He killed three large rats recently.

A new molar which he claims is the first of a third set of teeth is being proudly displayed by Harry Hill, 85, of Otterville, Canada.

Mrs. Matilda Smiley, 35, of Chicago, recently won a divorce from her husband, James, 65, on the grounds that he was too thrifty.

Louis Gallo of Cleveland, who once said he preferred prison in this country to freedom in Italy, has been sentenced to 16 months in the penitentiary on a liquor law violation charge.

Standing on his head five minutes is part of the daily exercise of John F. Clossen of Coffeyville, Kan., who recently celebrated his 80th birthday anniversary.

Professor Carroll Christenson of Indiana University supplies his economic students with chocolate drops during examinations, believing that chocolate sharpens their wits.

Reminders of the South

Visitors to Giant City State Park, in southern Illinois "Egypt," have compared it to coastal regions along the Gulf of Mexico, principally because trees and birds common to the gulf area abound there. Tulip, sweet gum, tupelo, and winged elm trees, almost unknown above the Mason-Dixon line, are found in considerable numbers. Species of birds common only in warmer climates, as well as southern types of squirrels and rabbits, thrive in this region. Added natural beauty is provided by a spur of the Ozark Mountains that extends into the park area.

Initial Carvers

Even the teachers carved their names on the centerpole of the old octagonal Illinois school house at Mt. Carmel. The pole was in the center of the eight-sided, one-room school building, and, in addition to its use as an informal register of teachers and pupils, served as a support to the roof. Many of the persons whose names were carved on the pole became prominent in Illinois affairs say research workers of the Federal Writers' Project. Records have been found of several other octagonal school houses built in Wabash County during the early days.

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Northbound 8:30 a. m.

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There COMES a MOMENT

By ELINOR MAXWELL

ARCADIA HOUSE PUBLICATIONS—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Good Lord!" Phil Buchanan exclaimed incredulously. "You're not crying! My dear child, please don't take this so seriously. After all, The National Weekly's not the only magazine in New York."

Mary averted her face, and gazed blindly out of the window. "No," she finally managed to say, "The National Weekly's not the only magazine in New York, but if you say 'Their Son' is trite, and lacks conviction, there's no use in my trying to market it anywhere else. And what a fool you must think I am! Crying because you don't like my story! I—I bet I'm the only woman who ever bawled in your office!"

Buchanan grinned, showing those strong teeth that looked so startlingly white compared with the tan of his face. "Well, perhaps you are, but let's forget it!"

Mary smiled through her tears. "Maybe you can, but I'm sure the memory of my making a fool of myself before an editor will haunt me to my dying day!—Mr. Buchanan?"

"Yes, Mary?"

"Throw that script in your waste basket!"

"Why, I can't do that. It's your property, you know."

"I never want to see it again!"

"No, I won't. It'll be mailed to you in proper form. Now tell me, what's the new tale about? And do you feel that you've allowed yourself enough time on it?"

Mary looked at him with troubled eyes. "Why, I don't know. I worked on it constantly for two days and a half—and, after all, a short is only a thousand or so words in length. Do you think I'd better take it back home?"

"No. Leave it here. I'll glance over it, myself, instead of submitting it to the regular routine. Then, if I feel it should be improved upon, I'll return it to you for revision before putting it through the usual reading procedure. Are you having that picture taken this afternoon, by the way?"

Mary glanced at her watch. "Yes, I am, and it's time I was getting to the photographer's. Thank you, Mr. Buchanan. You've been—nice, and I'm sorry I acted so silly."

Phil Buchanan followed her to the door. "Well, there's something you might do to—ah—make up for having floored me just a bit there for a moment."

Mary smiled at him obliquely. "And what is that? Never darken your doors again?"

"To the contrary. I have to drive Oscar up to Westchester this afternoon, and I wish you'd go along."

"Oscar?"

"Don't tell me you've forgotten Oscar! My dog, you know. He's working up an attack of something or other, and I want to get him to the veterinarian's before he breaks out with distemper or the rickets, or whatever Great Danes have. We could call for you at the photographer's if you'll go; then, after getting Oscar settled, drop in at Trudi's on the Boston Post Road for a beefsteak dinner."

Mary hesitated. She had accepted an invitation with Count Balianci for dinner somewhere, and one of their usual walks, but an evening with Phil Buchanan suddenly appeared far more desirable than an evening with the suave Italian. She could phone Balianci; cancel her engagement with him.

"I'd love to go with you and Oscar," she finally said. "I don't imagine the photographer will keep me more than an hour, do you?"

"Not a chance! Shall I call for you, say, at five?"

"Yes, at five. Good-by."

He was, by the grace of a friendly policeman, waiting for her in his low-slung coupe when she came out of the building at five minutes after five. Oscar, looking regal in spite of a nose that was definitely dripping, occupied the rumble seat.

Mary hastily slid in beside Buchanan, and slammed the door. "I didn't know anybody short of the mayor could park on Fifth Avenue!" she said. "How's Oscar?"

"Oscar's got a decided case of the sniffles," Phil replied, looking really worried, "and Spike says you can hear a sort of wheeze in his chest—like an organ in a country church when the organist misses a note."

Mary turned about, and looked at the big dog through the back window. "He seems to be enjoying life right now," she reported. "Sitting up very straight and regarding the traffic with enormous interest!"

Eventually, they arrived at Doctor Horner's Country Retreat for City Dogs, and, cramped and cold, alighted from the car. Mary could discern, through the gathering dark of the March night, a rambling frame building, once a barn, so Phil Buchanan informed her—now a model hospital for canine pets.

A united howl from the inmates had set up the moment Phil's car had pulled into the driveway. Oscar, feeling he had been betrayed by his master and this girl who had allowed him to lean so comfortably against her, slunk beneath the car and, for exactly ten minutes, steadfastly refused to budge.

Eventually, they wheeled him out, Doctor Horner having produced some bait in the shape of a very large hunk of round steak. Finally, assured by the veterinary that Oscar merely had a cold and would probably be in the pink of condition within a few days, they told the dog good-by, and, followed by his accusing eyes, made their way to the coupe.

It was nearly midnight when Mary reached home. Lelia had just got in, and was rifling the ice-box; while Miss Cotswell, propped up in bed, was reading.

"Come on in here, girls," she called from her bedroom, "and bring some cheese and crackers. Where in the world have you been, Mary?"

Mary stepped into the bedroom. "Why, Aunt Linnie, didn't Addie



"Darling, you're not falling in love with him, are you?"

give you my message? I telephoned about five, but you weren't in, and I told her to tell you I was driving to Westchester with Mr. Buchanan. He had to take his dog to a veterinarian's, and asked me to go along."

"Heavens! How domestic and unexciting!"

"But it was fun, Aunt Linnie, really! We stopped at Trudi's on the way back, and had beefsteak and German-fried potatoes, and pancakes. And we sat in front of a big log fire in a room that can't be a day less than a hundred years old. No one else was there, and after Trudi served our dinner, he and his wife, who cooked it, came and sat with us, and we talked."

"Sounds cozy," commented Lelia, entering the room with a tray of food. "Phil Buchanan loves to hobnob with all kinds of people. Perhaps that's why he's so successful; he knows every phase of life. Half the policemen in New York have named their first-born son after him."

Miss Cotswell regarded her niece with speculative eyes. "Darling, you're not falling in love with him, are you?"

The butter knife with which Mary had been spreading some cheese clattered to her plate. "No," she said coldly. "I'm not falling in love with him, and a darned lot of good it'd do me if I were. He's interested in me as a writer—not a woman. And not so terribly interested, at that! He turned down 'Their Son' today—said it was trite and banal."

"Um," murmured Linnie, and bit into her cracker. "Well, I can't say, my dear, that I can shed any tears over that. The sooner you discover you were never meant to be an author, the better it'll be for you. Something will have to wake you up to the advantages of marrying Jerome Taylor."

Mary placed her plate on the tray with a bang that was almost fatal. "I'm never going to marry that silly old man, Aunt Linnie, and you might as well know it right now. Also, I wouldn't have Umberto Balianci, with his brilliant hair and perfumed cigarettes, for a gift. I'm sick to death of their fatuous glances and their silly speeches. It was wonderful—simply wonderful—to spend this evening with a man who never once mentioned my so-called beauty, nor attempted to kiss me. No, Aunt Linnie, I'm not falling in love with Phil Buchanan! falling in love with Phil Buchanan!"

And heavens knows, he certainly is not falling in love with me. In fact, there are times when I feel quite sure he doesn't even like me—quite sure he doesn't even like me—that he secretly thinks I'm something of a fool!"

And, leaping to her feet, her eyes burning with unshed tears, she fled from the room.

CHAPTER X

The script of "Their Son" had reached Mary the second morning after the drive to Westchester with Philip Buchanan, and the very sight of the long envelope in which it came, and the printed rejection slip that automatically had been enclosed, sent a wave of nausea over her. The hearth in the living room, the March morning being chill; and Mary, seeing that Aunt Linnie was engrossed in her mail, stepped to the hearth, and dropped the script on the burning logs.

"That's that!" she told herself. "I never want to see the thing again. It'll only remind me of how futile my efforts are."

In that same morning mail, there had come a letter from Janet Loring; and Mary, seeking what privacy she could, seated herself in the wing-chair by the window, and slit it open with a hairpin.

Mary Dear: I am getting more and more worried about Dad every day. He is so terribly discouraged, and as yet not one ray of hope has come our way concerning a position for him. Also, he is not well, and has a hacking cough that keeps him awake night after night. I've urged him to see Doctor Cragg, who's back from his honeymoon, you know, but Dad always says, "Oh, it's nothing. I'll be better tomorrow." I know, however, the truth of the matter is—he's afraid of what the doctor will tell him, and also he feels he can't spend the money even on such a necessary thing.

He won't tell me how much money we have left in the bank, but I know it must be practically gone—after Pete's operation two years ago, and what Dad's had to draw for expenses lately. Morning after morning, he leaves the house right after breakfast, just as he does for twenty-five years, when there really was some work to be going to. Each morning he bathes and shaves and dresses so carefully, and there actually seems to be some hope in his face; but he always comes back to noon dinner and again for supper, with no news to tell us, and a look of defeat in his eyes.

I've come to the conclusion that we ought to tell Linnie about our affairs, ask her for a loan. Five hundred dollars would be a life-saver for us right now—would give Dad some relief until he can find a position; but when I mention this to him, his face gets red, and he says, "No, Johnny. We haven't come to that yet. I don't mind your sister's sending you valuable presents, and giving Mary a lovely time in New York, but I can't allow you to ask her for money to—feed us."

People don't seem to like Chris Cragg's wife very much. I saw her at Sullivan and Ourveda's the other day, and she was being positively rude to poor Miss Ackley about their line of chintzes. I overheard her say, with a little toss of her head, "I'll simply have to go to Chicago to get what I want. Why, I can't even get a decent haircut at maniacure."

We're so excited over the news that your story will appear in The National Weekly next month. Mr. Clunker can't wait until the other night to get the details, and he's going to print a nice article about you in the evening paper. To think my daughter should be a successful author!

Have a good time, darling, and as long as Dad is so adamant on the subject, don't let on to Aunt Linnie, the other day, and she was being positively rude to poor Miss Ackley about their line of chintzes. I overheard her say, with a little toss of her head, "I'll simply have to go to Chicago to get what I want. Why, I can't even get a decent haircut at maniacure."

Mary read the letter again, her heart heavy with compassion. "Have a good time, darling!"—"Don't let on to Aunt Linnie!"—"To think my daughter should be a successful author!" The brave, pitiful sentences danced about in her tired mind. "Poor Dad!" she thought. "Poor Mother! So gallant—so defeated! Wanting me not to tell. Wanting me to have a good time. Thinking me a successful author, when 'At Sea' is probably my one and only story that'll ever see itself in print."

Suddenly, unable to bear her thoughts in the narrow confines of Aunt Linnie's home, she jumped to her feet. "Aunt Linnie," she began, and her voice was breathless. "I'm going out for a walk."

Miss Cotswell glanced up from the announcement of an art exhibit. "Why, Mary! So early? It's only nine o'clock!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Belgian Barge Dogs Have Been Used For Many Years as Guards on Boats

Travelers in Belgium sometimes see on the decks of barges and canal boats little black dogs keeping their watchful eyes on everything going on about them. They are the Belgian barge dogs, and from their use they derive their name which, incidentally, is pronounced, skeeperker, and means in Flemish little skipper, writes P. Hamilton Goodsell in the Detroit News.

Little is definitely known of the breed's origin. It has been used for many years as a guard on the boats that ply the inland waters of Flanders. It may have been distantly related to the Pomeranian, as they both have the same fox-like head with bright eyes, upstanding, small ears, and dainty, well-shaped little feet.

Although the Schipperke has not the full coat of the Pomeranian, one of its characteristics is its profuse ruff.

It weighs up to 18 pounds and possesses the usual terrier qualities. The breed first made its appearance in England in the eighties, but it was not until much later that it became known to any extent in this country.

At one time, it is said, sailors on

The older woman, discerning the girl's unrest, studied her lovely young profile. "What's the matter, dear? You haven't received bad news from home, have you?"

"No, everything's—all right. I simply feel—restless. I won't be gone long."

Linnie Cotswell, sympathetic to something she could not fathom, continued to search the girl's face. "All right, my dear," she finally said. "Run along, but don't forget we're leaving for Journey's End at eleven. Jerome's car'll be here promptly on the hour."

"I know," Mary murmured as she left the room to get a hat and coat. And to herself, she was saying, "Journey's End—Oh, my God! How can I stand driving out there today—filling myself with rich food—being shown those thoroughbred horses and dogs—talking fool nothings!"

The days wore on—fruitless, sterile days for Mary. She longed with every fiber of her being to write, but the words would not come. It was futile to try, she finally told herself, until after she had learned the fate of "Concerning Anne." If Philip Buchanan accepted it, her belief in herself would be restored. The dried well of her mind would again gush forth. Until then, she must go on in this helpless daze—eating, bathing—dressing; attempting to sleep; attending farewell parties given for Linnie and Lelia.

It was now the twelfth of March, and they would be sailing in three days. Maybe, after they had gone, and she and Addie were left alone in the quiet of the apartment, she'd be able to think. Maybe . . .

It was early in the afternoon of the twelfth that, coming home from a dull luncheon at the Ritz with some of Linnie's friends, she found a letter from The National Weekly on her dressing-table. Her heart flooded with hope when she saw that it was thin and flat—that it could not possibly contain a script. With clumsy haste she tore off one end of the envelope, and snatched out the single sheet of paper it contained.

"Why, it's in longhand," she said to herself. "How strange! Did Mr. Buchanan write it, himself?" Yes, there was his signature, "Philip Buchanan," scrawled at the bottom of the page.

Then, with joyous anticipation, she began to read:

My dear Miss Loring, I've just finished reading "Concerning Anne," and, my dear child, "Their Son" was a gem in comparison. It, at least, had possibilities—that is, perhaps, for some magazine other than The National Weekly. What has come over you? Why can't the girl who wrote "At Sea" produce another perfect short?

It's in your Mary Loring. It is—only something about which I can't possibly know is destroying your beautiful talent. Please try to overcome it, or shake it off, or forget it. I feel sure you can do that yet. I have absolute faith in your ability. That is why I am writing you these words which, in all probability, you will consider trivial. "Concerning Anne" is not being returned to you by mail. I don't want anybody in the office to see it. Instead, will you lunch with me at the Brevort Saturday the fifteenth, and talk things over?

Sincerely, Philip Buchanan

Mary never knew how long she stood there at the dressing-table, staring blindly at Philip Buchanan's letter. A dull pain pounded at the back of her neck, and, for a while, she thought she was going to be sick. The frankness of his words was reacting upon her with physical violence. Her mouth felt dry and hot. Automatically, she moved towards the bathroom, took the peach-colored glass from its niche in the wall, and turned on the cold water faucet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for June 18

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PAUL WRITES PERSONAL LETTERS

LESSON TEXT—II Timothy 1:1-6; Philemon 1:7, 21, 22. GOLDEN TEXT—Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.—II Timothy 2:15.

Letters—what interest we all take in them! We go to town to get the mail, or we stop our work at the familiar signal of the postman. Too little thought is given to the possibility that our letters may be a means of blessing in God's hand. Paul has given us model Christian epistles. In considering our lesson it is difficult to indicate specific verses, but the reader can readily identify the truth taken from the lesson under each division.

I. Remembrance.

Paul did not write letters which were impersonal and distant in spirit. The warmth of a loving heart, the refreshing recollection of past fellowship, a genuine interest in the joys and sorrows of his brethren put love into every sentence of his letters.

We need to learn the art of writing letters. Even so-called business communications may often carry a touch of encouragement or inspiration. Personal letters should certainly be a constant medium of keeping bright the flame of affection between parents and children, brothers and sisters, and Christian friends separated by distance.

Observe that the remembrance of Paul had to do with both personal and spiritual matters, and note how naturally and easily the two blend. There should be no need of being offensively "preachy" in writing letters. The personal and spiritual interests of our lives should be so close together that we normally and without effort can put them forth as one in spirit.

II. Inspiration.

Who has not had the unforgettable experience of receiving a letter just when its cheering word was needed. Many a man has been saved from despair and possible destruction by such "a word fitly spoken," which is "like apples of gold in pictures of silver" (Prov. 25:11). "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" (Prov. 15:23).

We enjoy receiving such letters—do we make an effort to write them to others? Or do we excuse ourselves by saying, "You know I am such a poor letter-writer!" when the fact is that we are probably lazy or indifferent to the needs of our friends?

Notice that Paul's inspiration and instruction to his friends revolved around two points—his constant prayers for their behalf and his faithful presentation of the teaching of God's Word. If we would follow his example we must first really pray and then study God's Word for ourselves before we shall be ready to pass it on to others.

III. Admonition.

Scolding has no place in a letter, but kindly admonition is quite in order. Paul improved every opportunity to urge his readers to personal piety, Christian fellowship, and attendance upon the means of grace, prayer, and the study of God's Word. He also urged his young brother in the Lord's service to "stir up the gift of God" which was in him. The influence of the world, the pressure of work, or some burden of spirit might cause a man to bog down in the slough of despond or of mediocrity. A letter from a true Christian friend at such a time might well be the means in God's hand of renewing holy resolves and of stimulating renewed endeavor. Do you think of someone who is waiting for that kind of a letter from you?

IV. Co-operation.

Friendship and fellowship are not one-sided. The very words demand the existence and interaction of two personal beings. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly" (Prov. 18:24). Paul recognized this, and when he wrote to Philemon he gave him opportunity to respond in loving obedience to a request while at the same time he showed the highest degree of Christian consideration and courtesy toward Philemon. The epistle is a "masterpiece of persuasive tact and delicacy and an enduring model of truest Christian courtesy" (Ellicott).

No right thinking person is satisfied to be the constant recipient of the love and thoughtfulness of another with no opportunity to reciprocate. The smallest child or the humblest individual who must receive help wants to show his loving appreciation. A considerate friend will therefore open such an opportunity, not as a command or in a spirit of expecting something in return, but as an act of Christian courtesy.

God's Own Spirit

To believe, not because we are learned and can prove, but because there is a something in us, even God's own spirit, which makes us feel light and truth as truth—this is the blessed faith.—F. W. Robertson.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

LEARN MECHANICAL DENTISTRY AT HOME
Prepare evenings and spare time for this brilliant profitable profession. Be independent and start your own business. Dentists need trained men to do their laboratory work. HURRY! Summer class forming now. Write for special low rates.

Canada Thrift—For \$1.00 I will tell you how to kill Canada Thrifts. Without expense, no lost crop. Satisfaction guaranteed. JAMES WEBSTER, Warsaw, Ind.

Songs, Poems Wanted

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

FARM FOR SALE

Just Out—New Farm Catalog illustrating and describing 68 choice, desirable farms in Indiana. Ohio and Low prices, easy terms. Get your copy now—no obligation. Write First Joint Stock Land Bank, Dept. W, Fort Wayne, Ind.

BABY CHICKS

Assorted heavies, blood-tested. No cripples—No culls. 10¢ postpaid. Send Money Order for Prompt Shipment. ATLAS CO., 2651 Chouteau, St. Louis, Mo.

Uncle Phil Says:

Our National Spirit
The national anthem makes us get up and hustle in order to be able to sing it.

One kind of "forgotten man" is the one who neglected to think of himself with any degree of intelligence.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again. A lie crushed to earth goes on mumbling for years.

Isn't It a Pity
Insurance companies are not willing to take risks on our air castles.

Diligent work and religion go well together. In the Bible there are many exhortations to labor.

The "please, sir" little boy seems to have vanished even from anecdotes.

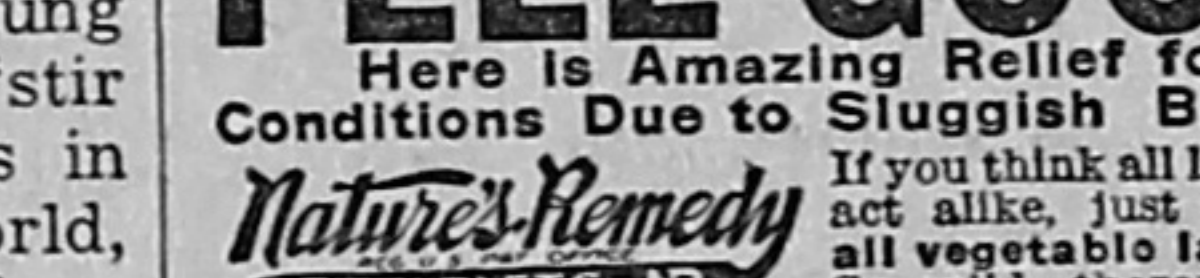
Why Start Outside?
Begin the brotherhood of man with the "brother" next to you and spread it as you have the opportunity.

Kept up long enough, any merry-go-round becomes as notorious as a treadmill.

Those who in a logical dispute keep in general terms hide fallacy.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

In lonesome right this minute I've got the blues real bad. It takes a strong, deep nature To feel so nice and sad.



WNU Service.

FEEL GOOD

Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels. Nature's Remedy acts alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, hilly nausea, tired feeling, wind associated with constipation.

Without Risk! Buy a box of NR from your drug store. If not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. GET NR Tablets today. RTO-NIGHT (TOMORROW ALRIGHT)

Habit of Immortal

To think of today's work as a part of the infinite work is an immortal's habit.—Edward Everett Hale.

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as 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 are physicians, too, approve every word of advertising recommending Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for functional kidney disorder and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.

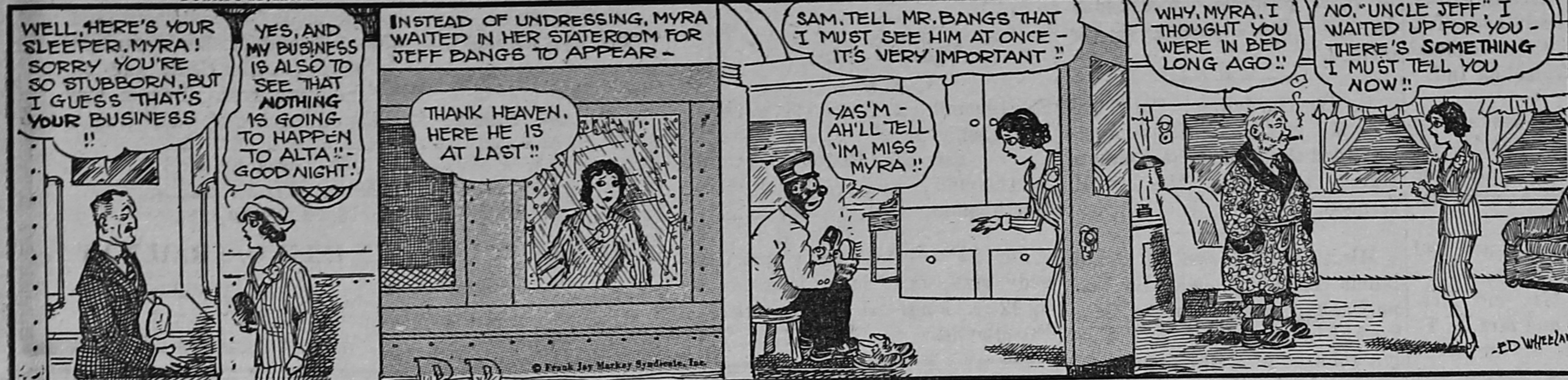
If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging back-ache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel 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 Myra La Belle resolves to speak to Jeff Bangs, circus owner, about "Silk" Fowler's advances.



By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA —Gonzales Can Change His Collar for the Wedding

By RUBE GOLDBERG



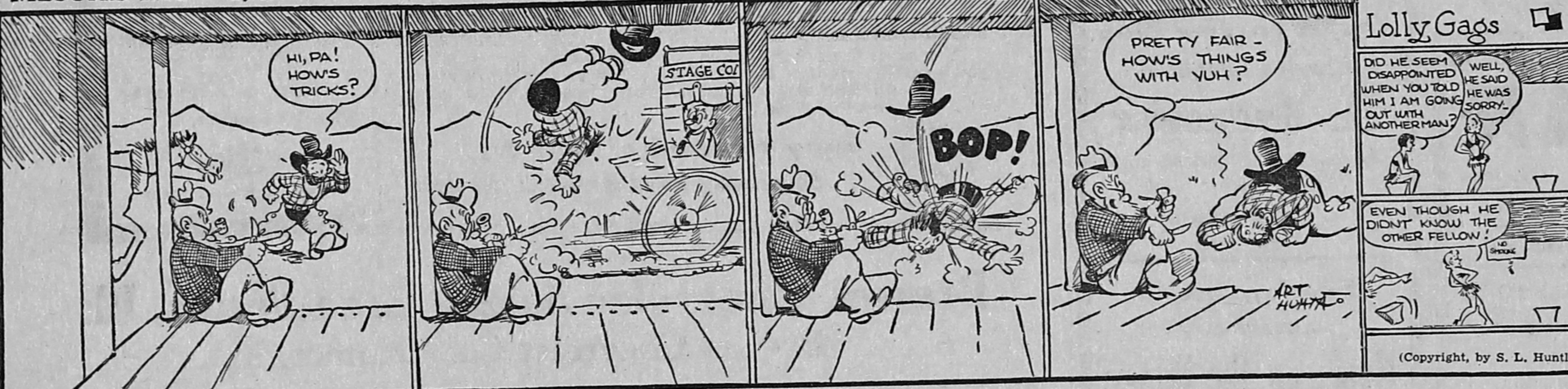
By C. M. PAYNE

S'MATTER POP— Anyone Can Try This



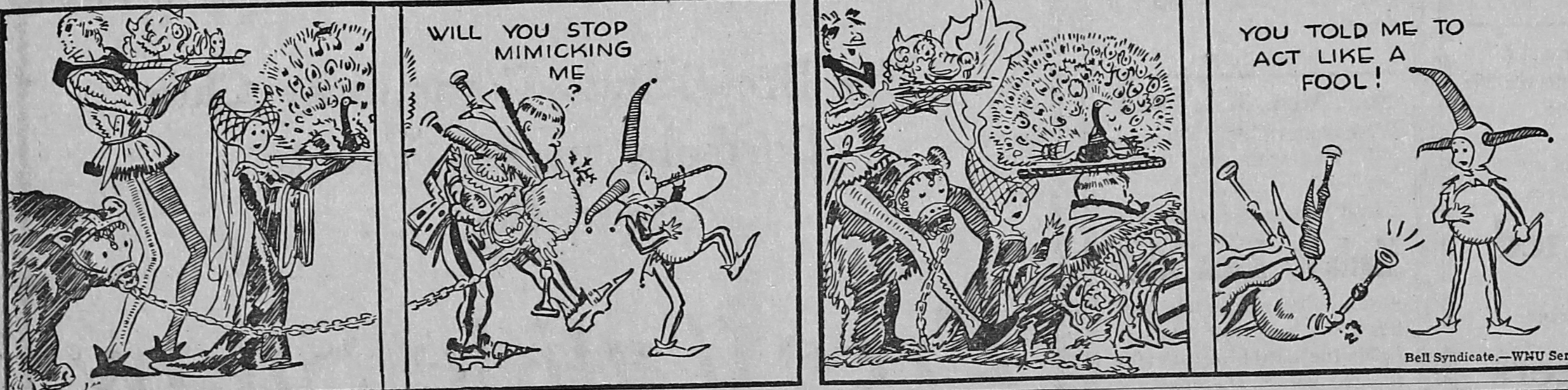
MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

And How's the Folks?

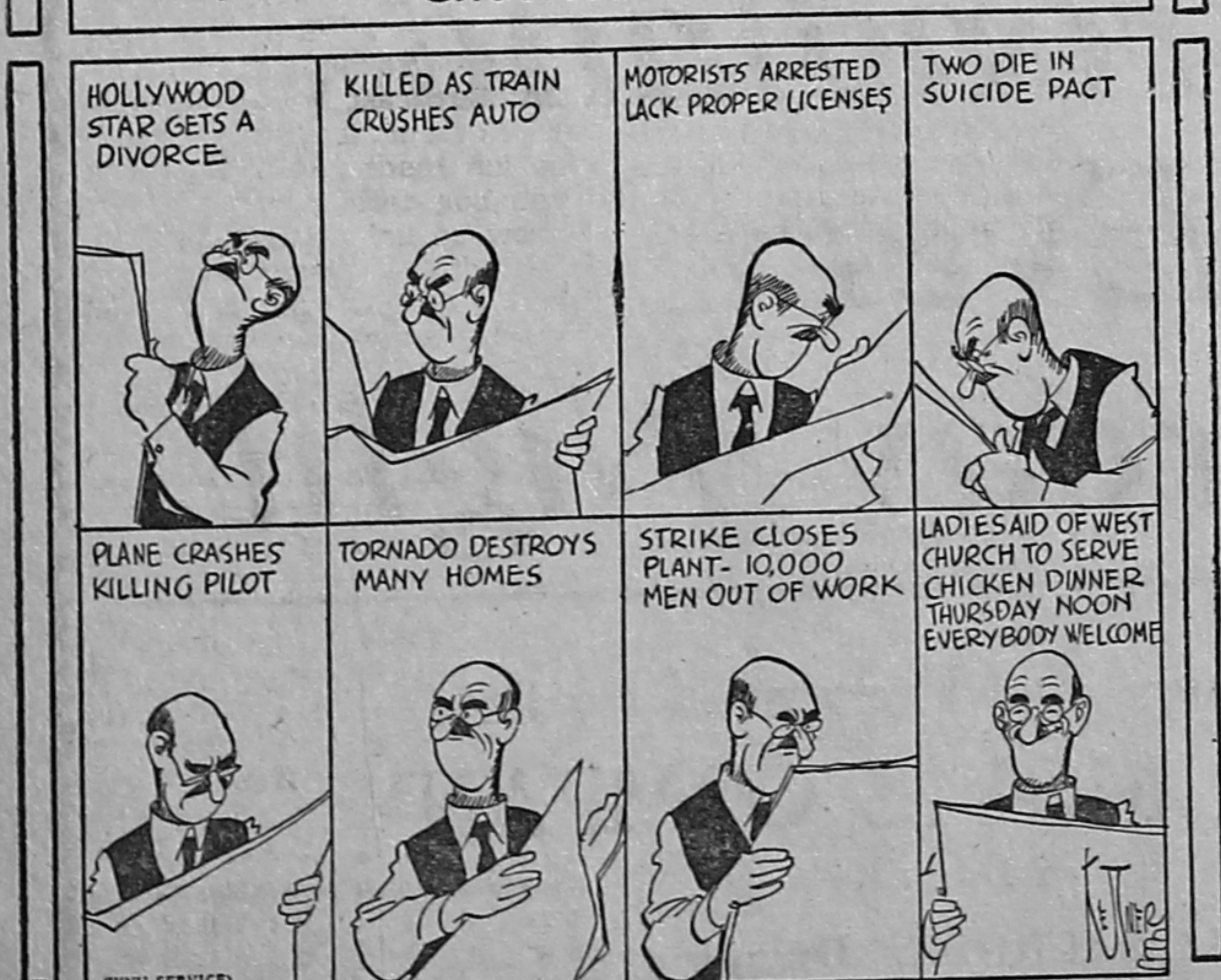


POP— Obeying Orders

By J. MILLAR WATT



Cheerful News



SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION

Izzy—What is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?
Dizzy—Search me.
Izzy—Why, ammonia comes in bottles and pneumonia comes in chests.

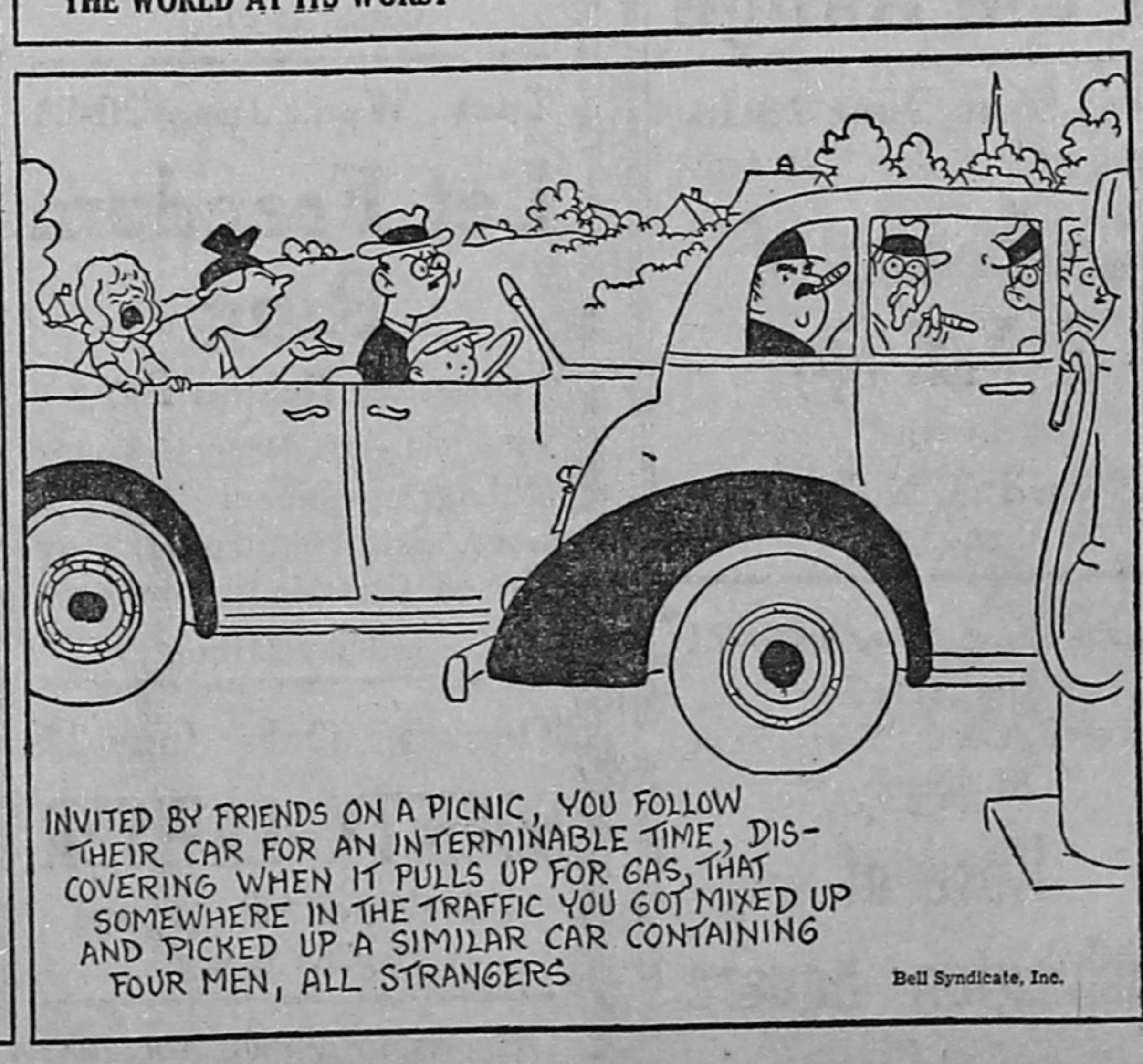
Linguist
Wife—Why do you want me to get my clothes in this place? We haven't seen hardly any other shops.
Mr. Foggy—Don't you see the sign on the window? It says "Modiste."
That must be the French for "Modest." C'mon!

There's a Difference
Visitor—If your mother gave you a large apple and a small one and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?
Johnny—D'ye mean my big brother or my little one?

Coming Out Even
Husband—One more payment and the furniture's ours.
Wife—Good! Then we can throw it out and get some new stuff.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Charming Patterns For Smart Fashions

IF YOU want to look slimmer than you are, and do it in the coolest, smartest way possible, make yourself a dress like 1756. The skirt, paneled front and back, and cut to a high, fitted waistline, is beautifully slenderizing. The bodice is adroitly gathered to take care of bust fullness. Cape sleeves flutter charmingly from a smooth shoulder-line, and the deep V-neckline is your favorite. Make



this of chiffon, georgette, linen or voile. You'll be delighted with its softness, coolness and chic.

Three-Piece Sports Ensemble.
 No. 1755 takes care of three things you'll certainly want to take on your vacation—and that's a lot to get out of one pattern. You can make with it a sleeveless play suit, a separate skirt that transforms it into a daytime dress, and a bolero that makes the dress into a little suit! Just think what a blessing that will be, when you come to pack! And all three parts are just as smart and becoming as they can be! Gingham, percale, linen and pique are practical fabrics for this.

The Patterns.
 No. 1756 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39-inch material without nap.
 No. 1755 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 5 1/2 yards of 35-inch material; 10 yards of braid or bias fold.

Spring and Summer Pattern Book.
 Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book, which is now ready. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.
 (Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

Bananas a Novelty
 Sixty years ago few citizens of this country had ever seen or tasted a banana. Our formal introduction to this now popular fruit took place at the Philadelphia Centennial exposition in 1876 where they were wrapped in tin-foil and sold as novelties at ten cents apiece.—Collier's Weekly.

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!

Right Reading
 It is not wide reading but useful reading that tends to excellence.—Aristippus.

For quick relief—always use this accurate aspirin.
St. Joseph
 GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

A Hard Master
 Honor is a harder master than the law.—Mark Twain.

Black Leaf 40
 KILLS LICE
 JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

WNU—A 24—39

MERCHANDISE

Must Be GOOD to be Consistently Advertised
 BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

Anne's Anniversary

By **JOSEPH PETERS**
 © Associated Newspapers.
 WNU Service.

WHEN Anne Jenkins returned from her brief stay at the hospital the very first thing she did when she entered the living-room was to tear off the little daily sheet calendar which hung above the spinet desk.

The few days in the hospital had passed uneventfully save that the holes where her tonsils had once been burned occasionally until the nurse put an aspirin tablet on the back of her tongue. Thursday, Monday, Sunday—they were all one in the hospital. Quiet, soft-voiced nurses coming into her room now and again with a dish of cracked ice, milk, thermometers—Anne Jenkins had enjoyed the few days better than a vacation. A day or two would have been sufficient, but as long as Harry was to be out of town anyhow he had urged her to stay there rather than come home to the lonely apartment.

With her hand yet upraised Anne started. Thursday the fourteenth! Their wedding anniversary! Why, she had completely forgotten it. She had intended to return home sooner, but a telegram from Harry had advised her to remain away from home a little longer.

This morning on the way home he had not mentioned anything about its being their anniversary day. Perhaps he was planning some lovely surprise, she thought with a joy that was almost little girl in a fairy tale-like in its glee.

Yes, that must be it! Well, Harry shouldn't be the only one planning surprises!

Anne flew about the house, telephoning for a chicken, hunting up the long satin ribbons she had saved from the wedding decorations for just such days as these, hunting through the radio programs for the evening to see what would be most appropriate to have playing when Harry came home at six o'clock.

Although it was strictly against the rules of the building to keep a dog in the house overnight, just before six o'clock Anne went to the garage down the alley and brought back Cop, Harry's police dog.

In the center of the dining table, where Harry could anticipate it, Anne set a huge butterscotch cake. The chicken was dropped into the frying fat, the potatoes were mashed and whipped to a creamy foam when she heard Harry.

She leaped to the door expectant-ly.

"Hello, old girl!" he greeted her. "Well, Cop—all dressed up, aren't you? In honor of the return of the missus, eh?"

Anne stiffened. In honor of the return of the missus! Harry pulled the dog's ears, started for the living-room and then stopped. "I'd better take the cur back to the garage, eh, Anne?" he said. "It's raining now and coming heavier every minute. After dinner I won't feel like trekking down there with him."

"I—I thought we'd let him stay up here all night," Anne said. "Just because it's—?" She bit her lip.

It came to her now that Harry must have forgotten the anniversary. Well, he could forget if he wanted to. She'd bite out her tongue before she'd mention it to him, she decided.

"Yeh and maybe lose the flat!" he jibed. "You're a fine dog, ol' pup, but it's back to the flivver house for you!"

She heard him whistling as he went down the slippery alley. Hastily she tore down the satin ribbons that had decorated the dining-room. Tears of self-pity welled unbidden to her eyes. The neglected wife, the forgotten anniversary—oh, the whole business unrolled itself before her eyes like a bolt of ribbon.

Whistling, Harry came upstairs again, washed his hands and came dripping out of the bathroom.

"I don't dare use a company towel, even if it is the first night you're home," he said cheerfully. As he spoke he pulled open the towel drawer into which Anne had stuffed the satin ribbons. "Eh? What's all the ribbon for? Looks like a wedding," he muttered, digging deeper for an every-day towel.

It was too much! Even then he did not remember, Anne saw. Dropping into the nearest chair, her head on her arms, Anne wept.

"Well, for the love of—?" began Harry. "Whassa matter, honey girl?"

"You never remembered our wedding day!" she stormed, forgetful of her self-made promise to bite out her tongue before she would mention the anniversary to him.

"Well, why celebrate it a day early?" he asked mildly. "This is Wednesday, the thirteenth, my brilliant, college-trained wife!"

"It's the fourteenth," she wept.

"So be it, then," he agreed, reaching into his pocket for a jewel-case, which he handed to her. "Hey! George!" he yelled at the janitor who was clumping down the back staircase. "What's the date?"

"Thirteenth, sir, Wednesday."

"Attaboy!" grinned Harry.

But Anne was picking the daily calendar sheets out of the waste basket. "Mmm," she muttered shamefacedly, "there's Monday and Tuesday stuck together! And you didn't forget, you old darling!" she ended, throwing herself into Harry's lap to open the jewel case.

Long View News

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Dyar are parents of a daughter, born Sunday, June 11.

Mrs. Luther Betts was ill the first of the week, but is improving now.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton Parks, daughter, Marilyn, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Parks spent the weekend with relatives at Princeton, Ind.

Miss Leora Fansler has left for California where she will be enrolled as a summer student in the University of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hales and sons, Miss Ruth Smith, Miss Frances Martinie, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mohr, Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Turner were guests at the wedding of Miss Juanita McGee and Albert O. Jahr, at the McGee home in Urbana, Sunday, June 11. Rev. Turner officiated at the service.

Members of the W. C. T. U. attending the June meeting in the home of Mrs. Irene Davis, Tuesday afternoon were Mesdames Agnes Turner, Effie Parker, Elsie Driver, Raychell Hood, Edith Warnes, Cora Warnes, Etta Hagerman and Irene Davis.

Guests were Mrs. W. B. O'Neal and Mrs. Clements, Urbana; Mrs. Myrtle Warnes, Mrs. Eva Parks, Mrs. Olive McQueen, Mrs. Helen Dyar, Mrs. Elizabeth Merchant, and Mrs. Daisy Davis, Longview.

The president, Mrs. Edith Warnes, was in charge of the business meeting. It was voted to invite ladies of Pleasant Hill and Villa Grove units, and women of Broadlands who might be interested, as guests at the July 11 meeting, to be held in the United Brethren church basement with a pot-luck dinner at noon.

Devotionals, led by Mrs. O'Neal were followed by a very interesting lesson, presented by Mrs. Cora Warnes.

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

STAR

Villa Grove - Illinois

The Finest
In Entertainment

Thur. & Fri., June 15-16
Robert Young
Annabella

Bridal Suite
"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, June 17
Mat. 5c-15c Nite 10c-25c
2 Features
Buck Jones
Donald O'Connor
Helen Twelvetrees

Unmarried

Also
George O'Brien

Racketeers
of the Range

Sun., Mon., June 18-19
Revealed for the first time!

Confessions of
A Nazi Spy

with
Edward G. Robinson
10c-25c

Tues. - Wed., June 20-21
It's Here!
Tyrone Power - Alice Faye
Al Jolson

Rose of
Washington Square
10c-25c

Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shaffer and daughter of Rockville, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Mumm of Philo, visited at the Frank Kracht home, Sunday.

The U. B. Ladies Aid will hold an ice cream supper on the movie show grounds, Wednesday, June 21. Start serving at 7:00 o'clock.

R. H. Hardyman, Enos Gallion, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Myers attended the funeral of Kenneth Harris, at Sidney, Monday afternoon.

Misses Ruth Brown of Pekin; Maida Heath of Toledo; La Vonna Urkhardt and Clariene Steinfeld of Lincoln; Ruth and Evelyn Johnson of Middletown, were guests of Miss Donna Akers on Wednesday of last week.

Don't Pick Out a Printer Blindfolded



... Get the One Who Can Help You SELL Your Goods

We have the ability to help you sell your goods and we can do this at a reasonable cost to you.

Economy and standardization are the watchwords here. We use Hammermill Bond, the standard, economical, business paper and we turn out a grade of printing that brings results for our customers.

LET US SHOW YOU

Homer Theatre

Thur. & Fri., June 15-16

Charles Laughton
The Beachcomber

The screen's grandest actor in his grandest role!
Popeye Cartoon
News Reel

Saturday, June 17

Gene Autry

Home on the Range

Gene fights his way into your heart—and the heart of a beautiful girl.
Selected Short

Sun., Mon., June 18-19

We have a right to be happy! We have a right to live our lives!
Carole Lombard-Jas. Stewart

Made for Each Other

A story that will touch your heart—as a courageous girl fights the battle of her life to save her husband's love and her own.
Selected Short

Tues., Wed., June 20-21

Let Freedom Ring

Starring Nelson Eddy
with Virginia Bruce, Victor McLaglen, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, Guy Kibbee, Charles Butterworth
Selected Short

Thursday Only, June 22

SOCIETY LAWYER
with Walter Pidgeon and Virginia Bruce

Admission Always 10c-20c

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.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Southbound	1:31 p. m.
Northbound	3:26 p. m.
Star Mail Route	
Southbound	7:15 a. m.
Northbound	8:30 a. m.

For Sale—One grain truck body, size 6 ft., 9 in. wide inside by 12 ft. long.—Henry Kunkle, Broadlands.

Down They Go Again

C&EI

C&EI Round-Trip Coach Fares Reduced

Following many improvements made in equipment and schedules, the C&EI announces a still further reduction in round-trip coach fares to all points on C&EI and on through tickets to the West and Southwest. Tickets will be honored in the air-conditioned coaches of C&EI trains.

ROUND-TRIP Coach Fares to the Southeast Are Also Greatly Reduced
TRAIN TRAVEL IS ECONOMICAL

CHICAGO & EASTERN ILLINOIS RAILWAY

For full details write or phone A. A. Cable, C&EI Agent, Broadlands, Ill. Phone 12.

ALL Of These Features



explain why over

HALF A MILLION 1939 CHEVROLETS

have been sold to date!

Take a look at the unequalled sales record of the new 1939 Chevrolet—then take a look at the unequalled list of Chevrolet quality features shown at the right. . . . There's a direct connection between the two!

Chevrolet is leading all other makes of cars in sales for the eighth time in the last nine years—selling at the rate of a car every forty seconds of every twenty-four-hour day—because it's the only car that brings you all of these modern features at such low cost!

You want the car that gives you the most for your money; you want the car that is first in sales, first in value; you want a new 1939 Chevrolet! Better see your Chevrolet dealer—today!



Every 40 seconds of every day,
Somebody buys a new Chevrolet!

No other car combines all these famous features

1. EXCLUSIVE VACUUM GEARSHIFT.
2. NEW AERO-STREAM STYLING, NEW BODIES BY FISHER.
3. NEW LONGER RIDING-BASE.
4. 85-HORSEPOWER VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX.
5. PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES.
6. NEW "OBSERVATION CAR" VISIBILITY.
7. PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDING SYSTEM WITH IMPROVED SHOCKPROOF STEERING. (Available on Master De Luxe models only.)
8. TURRET TOP.
9. FRONT-END STABILIZER.
10. NO DRAFT VENTILATION.
11. HAND BRAKE MOUNTED UNDER DASH AT LEFT.
12. SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION.
13. TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH.
14. EXCLUSIVE BOX-GIRDER CHASSIS FRAME.
15. DUCO FINISHES.
16. HYPOID-GEAR REAR AXLE AND TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE.
17. DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, IGNITION.

. . . and scores of other important features.



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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

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Cordially Invites You to
Attend the . . .**

**Free Talkie Show
At Broadlands
Every
Saturday Night**

The Shows Are Presented by the
BUTLER MOVIE COMPANY

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BILL SAUNDERS, Operator