

A Queen Plays Hookey

By MARJORIE ELLINS
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WNU Service.

THE Queen of Rubidia was not quite satisfied with her American tour. She had beheld America's scenery, its millionaires and mayors. She had been surrounded by a clamorous and bewildering prosperity. But she had somehow missed the American people. They had stared curiously at her from crowds. Nowhere had she met them intimately and individually.

So it was that the royal lady escaped one October day to see for herself. Most dangerous. A queen, alone, in a strange land. Henri was her only accomplice. He was to keep her whereabouts secret, and to assure anxious attendants of her return by nightfall.

She was well in the country now. How curving were these New England roads. Delightful just to follow the nose of her car. Bright autumn leaves scattered before the purring yellow monster. Pine woods cast fragrant shadow. Here a leafy trail ran off the road. Her Majesty stopped the car suddenly. She would leave the car and follow that path. She scuffed through drifts of fallen leaves; she drew in the spicy air; she surprised a harvesting squirrel, and laughed to hear him scold. An hour passed, and then the jeweled watch on her wrist warned her. There was only this day. She sighed, and returned to the highway.

No yellow car awaited her. Had she taken a wrong turn? But no; here was a woodpile she remembered. And here were tracks of her car—yes—and here, other tracks—and footprints in the soft dirt of the roadside. It was some time before she reached the frightened conclusion that her car had been stolen.

No house appeared for what seemed a long time. Her feet grew tired, and the royal stomach experienced emptiness. Then she heard the plodding of hoofs on the macadam, and a horse and wagon appeared, driven by a slouching, shirt-sleeved figure, a pipe sagging from a corner of his mouth. She raised a hand. The horse stopped. The driver removed his pipe, but not his hat, and spoke:

"Goin' far?"
"My good man," began the queen, "my car has been stolen, and I wish to find a telephone. Can you help me?"

Dan Weatherbee hitched over on the seat. "Git right in. There's a telephone at my house, 'bout a mile up."

Her Majesty waited for him to alight and help her, but he sat still. Finally she put a foot on the high step, and climbed in.

"How'd happen your auto got stole?"
She told him.

"That so?" Laconically. "Lotta cars been stole round here lately. They ain't stole mine yet, though." He slapped the chunky horse with a rein, and grinned. "Have they, Dolly?"

Half an hour later the Queen was eating a simple meal in the shabby comfortable farmhouse of the Weatherbees. Henri had been guardedly telephoned to; he was on his way to her. Nothing to do but to make the most of this visit with what she assumed to be the "American People." She gave herself the name of Mrs. John Merton (belonging to a Western mayor) and made friends with sunny, round-faced Mrs. Weatherbee.

"The Ladies' Aid meets here today," announced Mrs. Weatherbee. "We're sewin' for the Rubidian orphans. Do you sew?"

So the Queen sat with the Ladies' Aid and sewed for the orphans of her own country. She was aware of their interest; curiosity, perhaps. They would discuss her shrewdly when she had gone. The talk buzzed. Mrs. Parsons, a pudgy person, who sewed with nervous, jabbing movements, and Mrs. Smith, tall, solemn, who sewed in graceful sweeps, argued about the new schoolhouse. Methods of conduct in scandal moved slyly through the conversation. Then the talk swerved to outside topics. The hurricane in Florida, the murder of Norcross, the Queen of Rubidia's American visit.

"They say she's the most beautiful queen in Europe, but I think she's real plain," said Mrs. Hoskins, who fell within the meaning of the latter adjective herself, and never would admit comeliness in her sisters.

The visitor missed a stitch.
"So do I," agreed a thin woman, with straggling hair. "But then you can't tell by newspaper pictures. Myra's was awful." She always found opportunity to refer to the one day's immortality that had come to Myra.

"I read in the paper," (Mrs. Parsons) "that she's come after money."

"That's just talk," defended Mrs. Hastings, fat, dominant; her rings sparkling. "Jim says—"

The visitor listened, smiling a little, white hands weaving her needle in and out.
An automobile siren sounded, Mrs. Weatherbee hurried to the window. "I guess they've come for you, Mis' Merton," she said. "It's been a real pleasure to have you with us." The company nodded and smiled. And, walking in her stately, graceful way, the Queen of Rubidia passed from the room and from their lives, back to the splendid, prison-like structure of her life.

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More Night Sports

Lighting engineers believe that improved and more economical outdoor lighting systems will eventually lead to the playing of most athletic games at night. Recent trends lend support to this belief.

Now that night baseball has been accepted to some extent in the major leagues, the prejudice against sports under artificial illumination which formerly existed seems to have been largely overcome.

Great strides have been made in athletic field illumination in the last few years, and there seems to be no reason why practically every form of outdoor games may not be played at night.

Several large electrical companies have special research departments surveying the field of sports and developing lighting plants which the average community can afford.

Night games give opportunities for enjoying them to many who are unable to attend in daytime, and in the heat of summer the spectators are much more comfortable than in daytime. They therefore promise to become more and more popular as lighting facilities are extended to the smaller communities.

Ant a Natural Radio?

According to the belief of B. W. D. Morley, a British scientist the common ant has the power of transmitting messages to other ants through some mysterious means similar to radio.

After exhaustive tests he asserts that ants can communicate by the transference of waves produced by the brain of one ant directly to the brains of other ants some distance away.

One of the tests was to place some sugar near an ant when no others were in sight. In three minutes four other ants appeared from the nest coming straight to the sugar, but not following the trail of the first ant. One minute later five more appeared

by a different route, and so on.

Numerous other tests were made, and in about 70 per cent communication was apparently made by the first ant to others.

The various experiments were described in detail by Mr. Morley in a lecture before the Philosophical Society of Great Britain.

Nearly everyone has observed the uncanny faculty of animal life for finding food, but it taxes one's credulity to believe that ants can communicate by telepathy or some means akin to radio, as Mr. Morley suggests. We do know, however, that certain species of ants make slaves of other species; also that they often feed on the secretions of aphids, or plant lice, sometimes referred to as "ant cows."

What's New

A California scientist has devised a system of identifying dogs by their noseprints.

Many British home owners will cover their air raid shelters with vines and flower beds.

An improved photo-electric device can detect minute flaws in strips of metal moving at a speed of 900 feet a minute.

French engineers are planning a super-railroad to carry ships from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, to save 1,000 miles distance around Gibraltar.

Professor Roeder of Tufts College has perfected a camera which records the growth of plants by automatically photographing them every 12 minutes.

Wind tunnel tests at the California Institute of Technology indicates that airplane speeds may be greatly increased by giving the wings a mirror-like polish.

Scientists of the Banting Institute, University of Toronto, report that animals subjected to the silica dust found in mines developed silicosis, but when aluminum powder was mixed with the silica dust, no ill effects were observed.

Automatic river gauges recording the height of the water stages in rivers have been installed by the U. S. Weather Bureau to supply such information at flood periods when it is difficult to reach river banks to read gauges.

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Sidelights

Having a surplus of birds and animals, Director Edward H. Bean of Chicago's famed Brookfield Zoo is giving visitors numbered tickets entitling them to chances on several to be given away each Sunday.

Each year relatives hold a big gathering at the grave of Dick Wood near Floyd, Va., where he is buried in the center of a cross formed by the graves of his four wives. Wood was a pioneer with a large number of descendants.

Michaelangelo Martine, 32, of Rome, claims to be the youngest grandfather in Europe. He married at 15, and his son Franco, married at the same age, is now the father of a son at the age of 16.

Buying canned goods in a large grocery store at Dallas, Wis., is a sort of lottery. A flood soaked all the labels off the cans stored in the basement, and no one can tell which are beans, soup or corn until they are opened.

In 3,521 years of the world's recorded history only 268 years

have been without war, Col. R. H. Cushing told an audience in Lancaster, N. Y. He also estimated that during the same period 8,000 treaties were signed and were observed an average of two years each.

Ira Burke of Silver Lake, Ind., sold his sawmill which he had run more than 70 years. Shortly afterward he asked the new owner for a job, and got it, at the age of 90. He explained that he just had to be doing something.

Halsey Corwin of New York died recently at the age of 72. About 40 years ago he was left a fortune of a million dollars, which he squandered in four years. He then took a job at \$12 a week as subway ticket puncher, and lived in obscurity ever since.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.
Southbound.....1:31 p. m.
Northbound.....3:26 p. m.
Star Mail Route
Southbound.....7:15 a. m.
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Peter the Great, 4,500-pound hippopotamus of the Bronx Zoo, celebrated his 36th birthday recently by eating his usual ration of more than 200 pounds of food.

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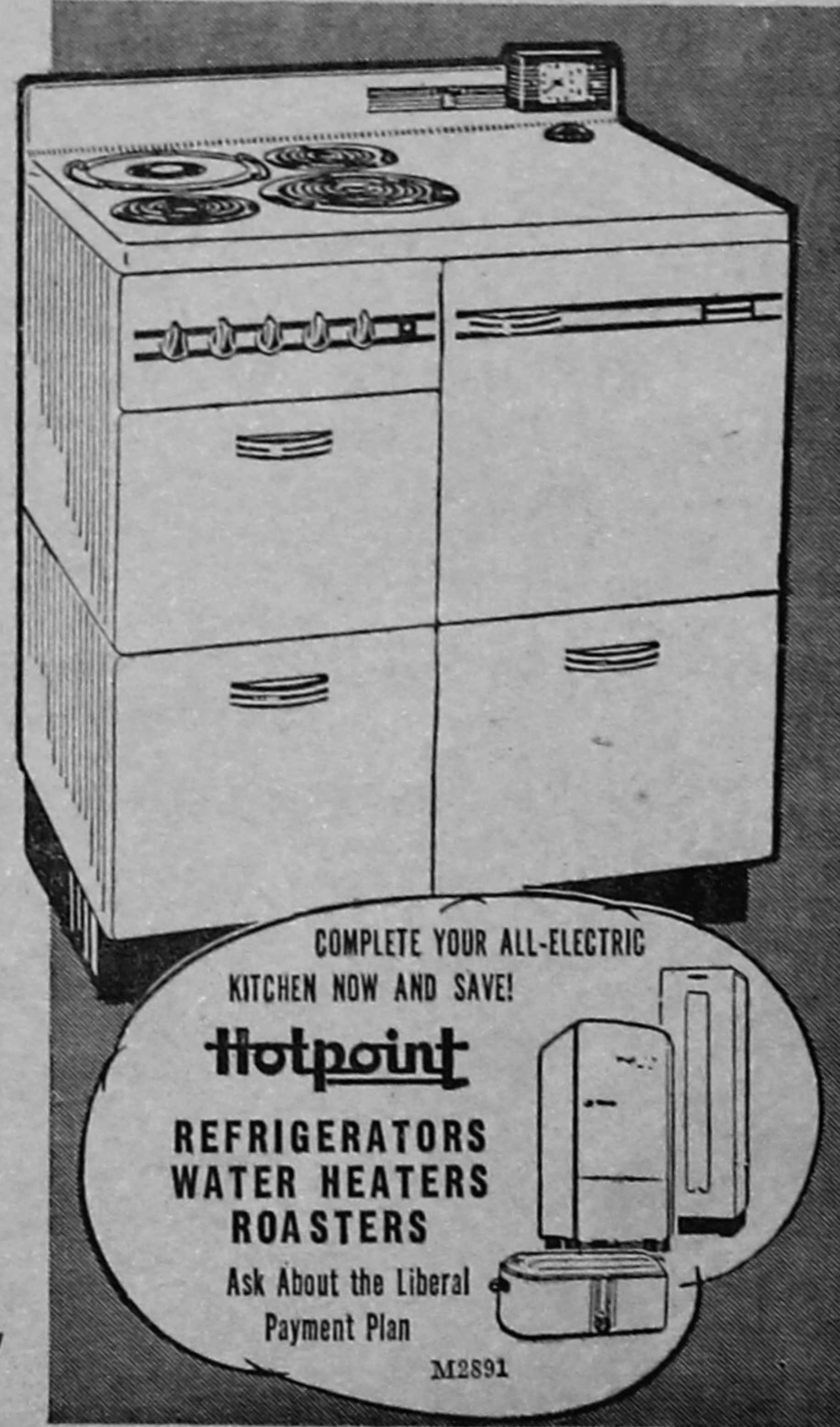


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The Prize

By **MARCIA DINSMORE**
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MRS. ADAMS looked meaningfully at Mrs. Todd over the head of their neighbor, Mrs. Capps, who was lovingly re-reading the latest letter from her daughter, Hope. The girl, in her usual racy style, had joyously recounted the progress of a beauty contest which was going on in the town where she was visiting.

"Honestly, mother, you ought to see some of the girls who are trying for the beauty prize. It's enough to make me try myself."

It was at this point that the meaning look passed between the other women. Hope Capps, of all people to try for a beauty prize! Thin and gray eyed, with dark, stringy hair. Oh, a nice girl, but, well, nondescript. The mother smiled.

When the two ladies came to see Hope Capps about a week later, the girl had just finished telling her mother the story of her visit, and was on her way out to keep an engagement. She paused uncertainly on the threshold.

"I'm so sorry I must go," she said. "It is so good to see you again." From the hand which she raised in a pretty gesture of regret, a silver vanity case dangled. Mrs. Adams' eyes fixed themselves on it curiously.

"Your beau give you that, Hope?" she asked.

"Heavens, no," laughed Hope. "None of my boy friends is so devoted as that. I got it for a prize." She dashed off with a final wave of her hand.

For once neither of the visitors had a word to say. Not before Mrs. Capps, certainly. But out on the street again their tongues wagged freely.

"A prize! That skinny child get a beauty prize!" gasped Mrs. Adams.

Mrs. Todd shook her head. "In my day she wouldn't even be called pretty. But they judge differently now." She considered. "Her eyes are rather nice, though. And she's graceful, too."

"Her hair looks pretty well bobbed, though I never supposed it would," conceded Mrs. Adams. "Here comes your Ted. I suppose you're going to the dance tonight, Ted."

The boy halted his hasty stride and shook a gloomy head. "Nope. Girl friend went back on me."

"Get another," advised his mother. "Why not ask Hope Capps?"

Ted was scornful. "Dumbbell," was his verdict.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Adams, "but she won a beauty prize, just the same."

"Oh, come!" The boy was incredulous.

"She did," asserted his mother. The boy paused. His eye strayed to the Capps porch and he hesitated.

"I'll stop in and say hello, anyway." That night Ted took Hope to the dance, much to the anger of his girl friend and the amusement of the other boys. But to all joking inquiries Ted responded with a wise smile.

"You don't appreciate home talent," was his only reply. And, indeed, he had only just begun to appreciate it himself.

Mrs. Capps may have guessed at the reason for Hope's sudden and unprecedented popularity, but, if so, she kept her own counsel. To Hope it was the most amazing thing that ever happened to her. Instead of one or two straggling callers a month, her house was fairly besieged with prospective boy friends. In some way she connected this popularity with her first appearance with Ted Todd, and she loyally favored him before all the others, to his delight and their chagrin.

It may have been Ted's ascendancy in this matter which annoyed Mrs. Adams, for her Carl had not met with great success in his attentions to Hope. At all events she began to think the matter over, and it occurred to her that there may have been some mistake.

"Hope, my dear," she began at the first opportunity, "that is a lovely vanity case. I didn't know they gave that kind of prizes, though."

Hope laughed gleefully, waving at Ted, who had just come in. "It was a put up job," she confessed. "You know I was the worst player there and practically sure of getting the booby prize. Marion wanted me to get a nice one, so she marked this booby prize, on the chance of my getting it. And it was really a lot nicer than the first prize."

Mrs. Adams put a hand to her head. "Booby prize for what?" she demanded.

"Bridge, of course. What else?" "Then you didn't win a beauty contest?"

"Win it? I never entered one." Hope flushed hotly.

Mrs. Adams could not resist a triumphant glance at Ted. "Of course you didn't mean to give a false impression," she began sweetly, and stopped at a scowl from Ted. The boy had honestly forgotten why he had first gone to call on Hope and he resented the tone Mrs. Adams was using. He had needed no reason for his continued interest in the girl.

"Beauty contest? Hope?" he said, witheringly. "Well, I should say not!"

Mrs. Adams bit her lips angrily, but Hope's mother breathed a sigh of pure relief.

Do You Know Illinois?

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

Q. What was the appellation first applied to the head of the Illinois Industrial University?

A. Regent. The conventional term of "president" was not used because of fear that a president might tend to ward promoting the study of the classics and metaphysics.

Q. What odd resolution concerning the regent was proposed in the General Assembly?

A. That "any member of the General Assembly is competent to hold the office of regent."

Q. What was the salary appropriated for the regent?

A. \$3,000 per annum.

Q. How were trustees of the Illinois Industrial University chosen?

A. They were appointed by the Governor. One from each Congressional district.

Q. By whom was the regent elected?

A. By the board of trustees.

Q. Who was the first regent?

A. John M. Gregory of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Q. Where was Gregory born and where educated?

A. Northern New York. He attended Union College and after studying law for several years entered the Baptist ministry.

Q. What positions had he held prior to his election to the regency?

A. He headed a classical school in Detroit; in 1856 he established the Michigan Journal of Education and three years later he was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, serving three terms. In 1864 he was chosen President of Kalamazoo College.

Q. What did Gregory request before accepting the regency?

A. That the salary be increased to \$4,000.

Q. What was Gregory's expressed view of the purpose of the Illinois Industrial University?

A. That no "one-sided education" should restrain "an institution which is to last through coming ages" and "which should educate for life as well as art."

Interesting Notes

Helen Hayes, the actress, has a private shooting gallery in which the targets bear likenesses of well known dramatic critics.

A 15-ton American bombing plane built for the British government was flown from San Diego, Calif., to England, instead of being shipped by steamer.

Stepping aside to allow two ladies to pass on a dark street, L. J. Hanna of Madison, Wis., fell into an open manhole and suffered minor losses of skin.

Charles Conklin of Great Falls, Mont., saved Dwight Fisher from drowning by casting his fly line to him, the hook catching in Fisher's coat.

Administering doses of castor oil to boys charged with minor offenses is cutting down juvenile delinquency in Alamosa, Colo., according to Police Chief Robert Peel.

Brice Fulghum, expert tuba player in a band at Fredonia, Kan., was put out of commission when a wasp settled in his mouthpiece and stung his lip when he started to play.

Diving for a set of false teeth, lost by a companion while swimming, a boy near New Hope, Pa. brought up a set, but not the right one. A woman claimed the set recovered.



Sharpshooter and Spy

VIRGINIA MOON of Memphis, Tenn., was 16 years old and going to school in Ohio when the Civil war broke out. She immediately asked for passage through the Union lines to Tennessee and was refused. So, when the Union flag was first raised on the school grounds, she shot every star out of it, one by one.

The results were immediate and most favorable—she was expelled from school and sent home to Memphis, which was just exactly what she wanted.

She was not only a good marks-woman—she was pretty and self-confident. Her beauty and other charms enabled her to become engaged to 16 young Confederate army recruits, all at the same time. This wasn't very honest, she admitted years later, but it made the young soldiers feel good and didn't make her feel bad.

As the war went on, Gen. Sterling Price appointed her special agent and she carried dispatches and other information back and forth from Union to Confederate territory. Several times she was arrested by Northern soldiers, being acquitted on one occasion but found guilty and served short sentences on others.

She was the only Confederate woman spy whose unusual career did not end with the war or with spying. At the age of 75 she became a movie actress in Hollywood. She appeared with Pola Negri and Mary Miles Minter and other prominent stars before her death in Greenwich Village at the age of 81. © Western Newspaper Union.

A neighbor lady calls her little boy "Flannel," because he shrinks so from washing.

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At the annual twin party given by the summer colony near Skowhegan, Me., 150 pairs of twins were present.

Baltimore was the first American city to have gas street lighting, in 1821.

Some minds are so open that they appear unable to hold anything.

Two Philadelphia policemen in a patrol car speeded in reverse for three blocks to catch a man fleeing from a gambling place.

The buggy whip industry is not entirely dead, as nearly half a million dollars worth were made and sold last year.

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