THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 20 — BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1940 — NUMBER 38

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Jan. 6, 1928

Miss Edith Smith was visiting friends in Champaign.

Mrs. Russell Van Brundt left for a visit with relatives at Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bruhn and son, Hershel, returned home after spending Christmas with relatives at Boswell, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Allen returned from a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Norman Westfield and family in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson returned from a visit with relatives in Missouri. After reaching Newman it took them three hours to come the rest of the way home on account of large snow drifts.

20 Years Ago

Jan. 9, 1920

Frank Boyd purchased a new Ford sedan.

Postmistress Hazel Allen was a business caller in Champaign.

Lonnie Zantow accepted a position with the DeLong Motor Co.

Misses Esther Maxwell and Dorothy Douthit entertained a number of friends at a party at the home of the former.

Miss Dora Messman resigned her position as bookkeeper and collector for the Douglas Telephone Co.

Miss Anna Zantow accepted a position as bookkeeper and collector for the Douglas Telephone Co.

Miss Emma Zantow and C. L. Moser were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Zantow.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

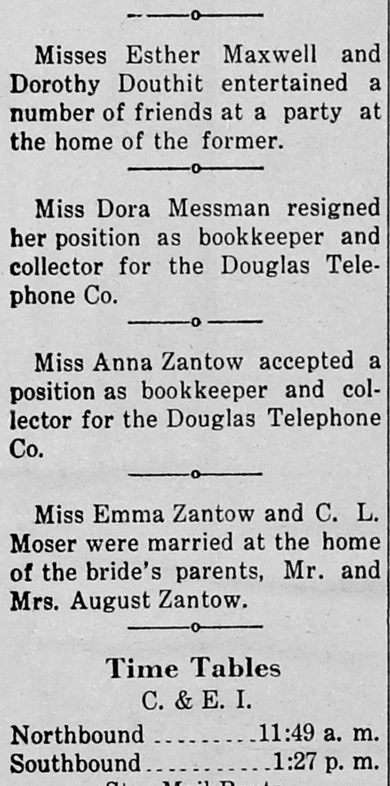
Northbound ..... 11:49 a. m.
Southbound ..... 1:27 p. m.

Star Mail Route

Southbound ..... 7:15 a. m.
Northbound ..... 8:30 a. m.

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

MICKIE SAYS—



Miss Marjorie Krukewitt and Walter Clem Wed

Homer—Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Krukewitt announce the marriage of their daughter Marjorie, to Walter Clem, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clem, Homer.

The single ring ceremony was read by Rev. George R. Hart in the Lakeside Park Union church, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 23. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Krukewitt, brother and sister-in-law of the bride, were the attendants.

The bride wore poudre blue with black accessories and carried red roses. Mrs. Krukewitt also wore poudre blue with black accessories.

Mrs. Clem is a graduate of the Homer high school with the class of 1938. Mr. Clem attended the Homer schools and has been engaged in farming with his father. The newlyweds will live with the bride's parents until spring when they will go to housekeeping.

Mrs. Freda Maxwell Hostess to G. T. Club

The G. T. Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Freda Maxwell on Thursday afternoon of last week. Mrs. Anna Struck conducted the business meeting, after which five tables of "500" were in play. Mrs. Delia Nohren won high score prize; Mrs. Louise Zenke, low score.

Two new members, Mrs. Louise Zenke and Mrs. Maude Luedke, were present. A gift exchange was enjoyed, after which refreshments were served, consisting of hot rolls, butter, cranberry salad, creamed chicken, and coffee, with candy Christmas bells as favors.

Guests present were Mrs. Alyce Crain and Mrs. Meyers.

Members present were Mesdames Ida Messman, Neva Frick Maude Luedke, Olive Rayl, Bertha Cook, Leona Bergfield, Delia Nohren, Maude Fitzgerald, Louise Zenke, Pearl DeWitt, Lillie Bowman, Mary Dicks, Ruth Henson, Elsa Walker, Gladys McClelland, Edna Struck, Jennie Nohren, Zermah Witt, Helen Eckerty, Anna Struck, and Freda Maxwell.

The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Neva Frick at which time the new members will be initiated.

Methodist Church Notes

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock.

The Church Service next Sunday is in the morning, at 11:00.

Immanuel Lutheran Church

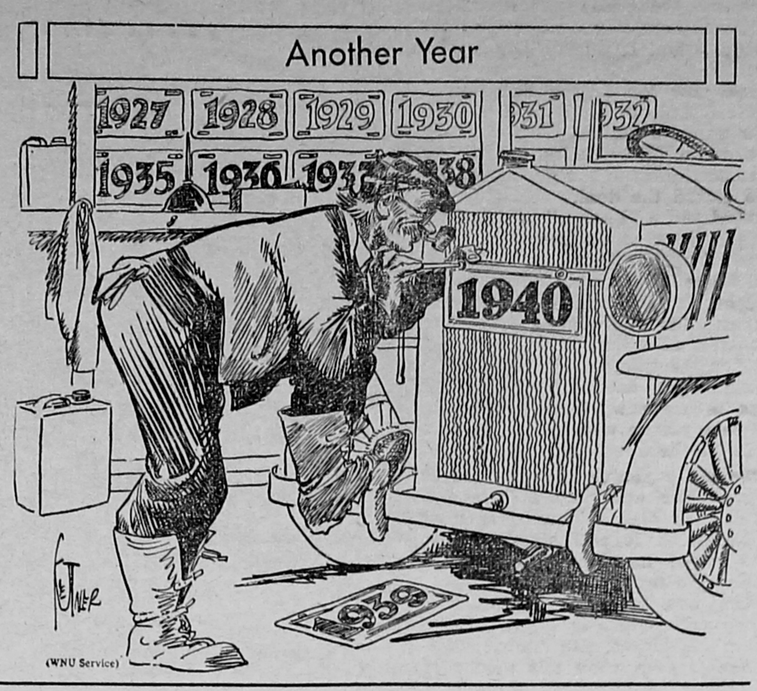
P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.
10:00 a. m.—Divine Worship.
Sermon—"Man Proposes, but God Disposes."

Dodging the future in this world, is a success equal to that of the old woman who triumphantly announced that she had borrowed enough money to pay all her debts.

"We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there were no end of them."—Addison.

Wanted—Housekeeper around 35 to 40 years of age. Experience unnecessary. No washings to be done. Reasonable wages. If interested inquire at The News office.



Locals Defeat Tolono 48 to 4

Mr. Holt and his light weight grade school basketball team went to Tolono, Wednesday evening, at which time they met and defeated the Tolono lights to a 48-4 tune.

The box score follows:

Tolono—4.

	B	F	TP
Eastman	0	0	0
Ryan	0	0	0
Kletle	0	0	0
Woodworth	1	1	3
Oakes	0	1	1
Utt	0	0	0

Broadlands—48.

	B	F	TP
Loyde McCormick	12	4	28
Bobby Crain	0	0	0
Bobby McClelland	3	0	6
Lloyd Cummings	0	0	0
Wally Dicks	7	0	14
Byron Struck	0	0	0
Paul Thode	0	0	0

By quarters:
Tolono: 0-1-0-3-4.
Broadlands: 12-12-16-8-48.

Roll of Honor

The following is a list of those who have renewed their subscriptions and new subscribers for this paper for December:

Earl Schultz
Herman Struck.
Alvin Zenke.
Fred Newkirk.
Jess Ward.
Geo. W. Smith.
Butch Struck.
Wayne Dalzell.
Frank Mohr, Longview.
Adolph Bretz, Villa Grove.
James Thomas, Terre Haute, Ind.
Mrs. Eileen Williams, Corpus Christi, Tex.

There was no snow here on Christmas day. However a big snow came our way on the night of the 26th of December. Other snows have fallen since and most of it is still with us. We have had several days of sub-zero weather the past week, some of our citizens reporting that their thermometers registered 10 below zero.

A good many local people are suffering with bad colds at present. Quite a number are also confined to their homes with attacks of the flu and mumps.

The Methodist Ladies Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. Ruby Holt, Thursday, Jan. 11, with Mrs. Rosa Smith assistant hostess.

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

Mrs. Olive Rayl is Hostess to U. B. Aid

The U. B. Ladies Aid met with Mrs. Olive Rayl last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Leona Bergfield conducted the business meeting and Mrs. Jennie Nohren led the devotions. Mrs. W. B. O'Neal a County W. C. T. U. worker gave a short talk on that subject. She was accompanied by Mr. Springer.

Rev Turner and P. O. Rayl were guests.

Refreshments were mock chicken sandwiches, Waldorf salad, sandwich cookies, and coffee.

Members present were Mesdames Leona Bergfield, Olive Benefiel, Ora Brown, Lydia Brown, Lillie Bowman, Ruth Henson, Bessie Loomis, Jennie Nohren, Agnes Turner, Zermah Witt, Gale Reasor, Olive Rayl.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Gale Reasor.

Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Limp entertained Mr. and Mrs. Carl Zenke and daughter at dinner and also at a watch party last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl entertained at dinner on Christmas day, Mrs. Alice Struck, Villa Grove; John Nohren and family; and Mrs. Lillie Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. King and family of Aurora; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Schecter, Danville; and Miss Eileen Kincaid, Newman, spent Christmas with Mrs. Lottie Astell.

Mrs. Emma Block entertained at Christmas dinner, James Gorman and family of near Philo; Raymond Block and family and Leonard Block of Alton; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Block of Decatur; and Roy Block.

Dinner guests at the D. P. Brewer home on Christmas day were Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brewer, Charleston; Miss Leora Brewer, Milwaukee, Wis.; D. W. Culton and family, Newman; Leslie Cooper and family, of Tuscola; Floyd Block and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McCormick entertained at dinner on Christmas day, Virgil Reed and family, James Wilson and family, Orval McCormick and family, Roy McCormick and family, Alfred Thode and family, Mrs. Lillie Baker and children, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kracht, John, Pearl and Oliver McCormick.

Bettylu Price Weds S. L. Buddemeier

(Tuscola Review)

Miss Bettylu Price, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Price of Tuscola, and S. Lowell Buddemeier, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Buddemeier of Sidney, were married at eleven o'clock Tuesday morning, Dec. 26, in the home of the bride's parents, on the Price farm south of Tuscola.

The single ring ceremony that united the young people in marriage was read by the Rev. Cedric M. Powell, pastor of the Sidney Methodist church in the presence of the members of the immediate families of the bride and bridegroom, and the Misses Opal Kirby and Hollis Barnhart of Champaign, close friends of the bride.

For her wedding gown the bride chose a tailored sheer wool crepe of aqua blue, with her only accessories, a corsage of yellow tea roses and baby breath, and gold watch and chain which had been the property of her great grandmother, Mrs. Phillips, and her grandmother, Mrs. Harriet Price, in succession.

Mrs. Buddemeier is a graduate from the Tuscola community high school with the class of 1936, and from the Burnham City Hospital Nurse's training school in October of this year.

Mr. Buddemeier graduated from the class of 1934, and from the University of Illinois, College of Agriculture in the Community high school at Athens.

Dr. B. A. Smith for Representative

Dr. B. A. Smith, one of the Democratic candidates for member of the General Assembly, was in town this week looking up leaders of the party and other old friends.

Dr. Smith is exceptionally well qualified for the office. He is a graduate of Ohio State University, a student of government affairs all his life. He stands high in his profession as a dentist. Democratic in spirit he has been affiliated all his life with the Democrat party.

Served for many years as precinct committeeman, served on school board and other charitable organizations. Has never before ran for public office.

Raised on a farm he fully realizes that this is an agricultural district, and that farmers must succeed as a whole for the district to prosper. He assures them he will advocate any legislation for their betterment.

He is married and has one son, Jack, a student in the University of Illinois.

In Appreciation

To my friends who remembered me so beautifully at Christmas and to all who have been so kind and thoughtful throughout my illness, I am indeed grateful. And I want you to know how deeply and sincerely I have appreciated every encouraging word and cheery message.

Addie L. Freeman.

PUBLIC SALE

Having decided to quit farming, Wm. Zenke will hold a public sale at his residence one mile south of Broadlands, Monday, Jan. 15. Col. L. C. Freesh will be the auctioneer and O. P. Witt will be the clerk. Read ad in this paper.

Anderson-Carney Vows Are Read at Allerton

Allerton — Miss Mary Alice Carney, Danville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Puffer, Fairbury; and Frank G. Anderson, Danville, son of Mrs. Josephine Anderson, Allerton, were united in marriage at 6 o'clock Saturday evening, Dec. 9, at the home of the bridegroom's mother in Allerton. Rev. R. H. Barstead read the single ring ceremony.

The couple was attended by Lester Puffer and Miss Margaret Patterson, both of Danville.

The bride was dressed in a blue street gown and carried white gardenias. The bridesmaid wore a gown of black and rose and a corsage of tea roses.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Puffer, Lester Puffer, Miss Margaret Patterson, Merle Brown, Mrs. Josephine Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Anderson and daughter, Miss Josephine, Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Barstead and daughter, Miss Martha.

Immediately following the ceremony the couple left for their furnished apartment on Franklin street, Danville.

Mr. Anderson is connected with the Clear Water Tank Company, Danville.

Bert Boyd, Roy Wendling Open Machine Shop

Bert Boyd and Roy Wendling have opened a machine shop at the country home of the latter, northwest of Broadlands. The new firm will be known as the B. & W. Machine Shop.

They will do electric and acetylene welding and cutting, lathe work and tractor repairing.

Broadlands Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, held its annual Christmas party on Wednesday night of last week at the Masonic hall, with members and their families in attendance. There was a Christmas tree and gift exchange. Refreshments consisted of sandwiches, cookies and coffee.

Would you gamble 17,000,000 minutes to save one minute?

The average person 35 years of age has approximately 17,000,000 minutes left in a normal life. We should guard those minutes and not gamble with them.

How often, however, have you seen motorists go through stop lights, pass on hills and on curves, and do fifty reckless things on the highway to save a minute? If they win, nothing is said about it; if they lose, they have thrown away millions of minutes simply to save one minute. Doesn't it seem foolish and downright silly to do these reckless things when we look at it in this way?

It's smart to drive carefully.

Market Report

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

No. 2 hard wheat, new	87c
No. 2 white corn	55c
No. 2 yellow corn	50c
No. 3 oats, new	38c
No. 2 beans, new	$1.05

The News is $1.50 a year.

Homer Historical Society Homer Illinois

Broadlands News

Published Every Thursday

J. F. Darnall, Editor & Publisher

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3 months in advance ..... .50
Single copies ..... .05

The 1940 Census

It is estimated that about 121,000 people will be employed for varying periods during the taking of the 1940 United States census, and the questions to be asked will cover a wider range than ever before.

Among the new questions will be several dealing with employment and housing conditions, concerning which inadequate information is now available to the government. Among other things, enumerators will ask whether dwellings occupied are rented or owned; what equipment, such as radios, refrigerators and other conveniences; are installed in homes; what fuels are used for heating and cooking; whether homes are mortgaged, and if so for how much.

On January 2, census takers began obtaining information concerning factories and business enterprises. The canvass of individuals will begin April 1, and data obtained will be considered as of that date, regardless of the actual day on which the enumerator calls.

The task of the Census Bureau in 1940 will be a tremendous one—quite different from that imposed by the first census of 1790, when very few questions were asked and the total population of the country was a little less than four million.

New Radio Wonder

Experiments which experts predict will lead to a revolution of the radio industry in a few years were successfully carried out by stations in the East within the last few days, using what is known as "frequency modulation" broadcasting.

This new system, the invention of Major Edwin H. Armstrong, which is said to do away with static and man-made interferences in radio reception, is being rapidly perfected, and is pronounced completely successful.

A new development demonstrated in the recent experiments mentioned was the re-radiocasting of programs taken directly from the station of origin by other stations, without the aid of telephone wires. At present all network programs are carried by telephone from the place of origin to the individual stations on the hook-up.

In the latest test, a program originating at the frequency modulated station in Yonkers, N. Y., was re-broadcast and relayed by similar stations in Alpine, N. J., and Meridian, Conn., without the use of wires.

This feat, while not easy to understand by the layman, was described by radio experts and scientists as "amazing." K. B. Warner of the American Radio Relay League enthusiastically declared:

"I thought it was technically impossible with three relays, yet the program was still better by far than the present ordinary system at its best."

Sentenced to kiss his wife or go to jail, a Brooklyn man spoiled a good story by kissing his wife.

Timidity is not a great virtue, but it often keeps a fellow from doing things that might get him in bad.

Douglas Board Denies Relief to Newlyweds

(Tuscola Review)

War was declared by the county board of supervisors recently at Tuscola against that part of the army led by Dan Cupid who rush fearlessly into the holy state of matrimony without any idea of where they will obtain the necessary wherewithal to pay the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker.

"Love and marriage are not only perfectly natural and wonderful inclinations and individually or collectively the supervisors are certainly not against it. But the way our relief rolls are increasing due to folks getting married one day and applying for relief the next has just naturally got to stop," was the explanation given by one of the supervisors.

The result was the unanimous approval of a resolution offered by Supervisor Allan Campbell of Bourbon township and seconded by Supervisor Simon Greve of Garrett township, which will henceforth close the relief rolls of the county to all couples for one year following the date of their marriage.

The complete text of the resolution as adopted was:

"Whereas it has come to the attention of the various supervisors of Douglas county that some couples have been getting married without visible means of properly supporting themselves, and

"Whereas it is the sentiment of the board that this is a practice that should not be encouraged or condoned,

"Therefore be it hereby adopted as a policy of the Douglas County Board of Supervisors that any parties within our jurisdiction getting married after this date be refused relief for a period of one year after said marriage."

Interesting Notes

Lodge membership promotes a fraternal spirit, and often provides a dandy alibi.

Miss Alice McFarland, 68-year-old retired school teacher of Ridgeville, Ind., has just been admitted to the bar, and will practice law there.

Charged with marrying three without securing any divorces, a Chicago man told police he wanted to be sure of a place to eat and sleep while out of a job.

Charles Liekel of Lehighton, Pa., shot and killed a squirrel in a tree. As the squirrel fell, it landed on a rabbit, breaking the rabbit's neck.

In exchange for a postage stamp, B. C. Berger of Seattle, Wash., received a house and lot. The stamp was of a rare 1868 Canadian issue.

Art Shipley of St. Louis accidentally mixed a .22 caliber cartridge with smoking tobacco and shot a hole through the rim of his hat when he lit up his pipe.

Armand Nolette of Alfred, Me., suing for divorce, told the judge his wife never even smiled at his jokes although she would laugh her head off if any other man told one.

Merle McCauley cut a class at Colorado College in Colorado Springs and went home, arriving just in time to save the house from destruction from a blazing fireplace screen.

A thief robbed Mrs. Mary Luther of South Bend, Ind., examined her diamond ring closely, decided it was a fake, and allowed her to keep it. Mrs. Luther told police it was worth $1,500.

Fanny's Title

By BUD OVERMAN

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

FANNY REGAL had always lived with her aunt and uncle in a medium-priced apartment. She had studied music and art and elocution (called expression, which was too strong a word entirely for the instruction she had!) and had been prepared hopefully by her aunt for a legacy that had been long looked for.

And now the legacy had come! Uncle Regal quickly bought in Fanny's name a beautiful country estate some thirty miles out of the city, according to the genial realtor who closed the deal.

"And now, Fanny," said Aunt Regal, "your estate is much, much larger than we hoped it might be, and there is no use in letting yourself be married off to some commoner. You will marry a title. You can well afford it, dear. And I'll get you the title, see?"

And, sure enough, they hadn't been in the new house two weeks before a prince was invited to visit them for the week-end.

"So lucky you've been trained to sing a little and play a little and speak nice pieces," said her aunt to Fanny. "It will stand you in good stead now that you are to marry into royalty, my dear."

"Oh, but, aunty!" expostulated Fanny with a pretty blush. "Nothing is settled yet, you know. Why, I haven't even seen this prince of yours and he hasn't seen me."

"Well, I must say," admitted her aunt, "he certainly isn't much for looks. Skinny old thing, to tell the truth. But when he sees you, my dear—you're remarkably pretty, you know—and then with the pennies you have . . ."

"It's a pity that the head gardener isn't a prince," mused Fanny.

She looked at the gardener wistfully. She found occasion to ask him how hollyhocks were planted and taken care of.

"You like hollyhocks?" asked the gardener gravely.

"Oh, yes," said Fanny. "When I was a little girl, Sims, we had a book at home showing English gardens, and they always seemed to have tall hollyhocks nodding in such a gracious manner. Of course, that sounds silly—but they did look like that—really!"

"It doesn't seem a bit silly to me," he replied, as he bent over some very fine bulbs he was planting himself. "Weston! Wheel the barrow over fifty yards west there—to that bed I've been having smoothed."

"Don't talk to these gardeners, child," scolded her aunt. "They charge us an incredible sum for the work anyhow. Why that head gardener has a college degree, if you'll believe it."

And so Fanny found that Sims would talk a little about college and hollyhocks and the bugs that bother rose bushes.

The night that the prince arrived found Fanny weeping stormily in the garden pergola. "Skinny old thing!" she wailed between sobs.

"Who?" demanded a voice at her elbow.

And then she was telling Sims all about it, and some way or other his arms went around her to comfort her and pretty soon—well, well—these things will happen—he kissed her! And Fanny, having been brought up very strictly by her watchful aunt, considered themselves engaged immediately and Sims willingly agreed to hustle right off after a wedding license. In fact, he was more than willing.

And when they came back next morning to the estate Fanny expected her aunt to marvel at the romance of it all. Instead her uncle told Winfield Sims that he was a rascally fortune hunter.

"As far as that doggoned prince was concerned," said Uncle Regal to Fanny, quite as if her husband were not there at all, "you didn't miss a thing. It seems he gave his real name all right, but I had some detectives look him up, and, say! He didn't have a title any more'n I have—the faker! Why, he'd served time in a penitentiary—and he—"

"Oh, oh, oh!" laughed Fanny. "I believe I'm going to be a character reader or whatever they're called. I didn't like his looks at all and Win didn't like him either. Did you, Win?"

Winfield Sims did not hear his new wife. He was staring with horror-stricken eyes at a telegram that a servant had just put into his hands. "My—my brother has been killed—hunting. They cabled the New York lawyer and he telegraphed that I—I must go home at once."

"Did you think so much of this brother?" asked Aunt Regal uneasily as she looked at his suddenly deep-lined face.

"I haven't seen him for eight years," confessed Winfield. "But, you see, it will take Fanny away from you—I—I'll inherit the title now and I'll just about have to live at home to take charge of things. You see, I wanted to make my own way and I decided on expert gardening. I never thought of inheriting the title because there is only eighteen months' difference in age between Steven and me. Poor Steven! Will you mind—much—living abroad, Fanny, darling?"

And so, after all, Aunt Regal had her way and Fanny married a title.

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We Print Anything from business cards to the bound catalog. Whatever it may be in printing consult us first.

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Have Meat Sugar Cured!

Get your Sides, Hams and Shoulders Sugar Cured. Hams and Shoulders artery pumped, hickory smoked in steam heated smoke house. Only ten days time required.

Picked up and delivered daily at Eckerty's Grocery, Broadlands.

Douglas County Locker & Curing Service

The futility of diplomatic notes rather refutes the idea that the pen is mightier than the sword.

An educator advances the novel idea that children should be taught how to spell.

WALTER A. BRANDT
AUCTIONEER
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X-Ray
Phone 83
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Hugo DeWitt's Hardware
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Stoves, Ranges, Oil Burners, Radios Washing Machines, Cooking Utensils, Paints, Oil, Brushes, Etc.
BROADLANDS ILLINOIS

Yuletide Shower

By Elizabeth Eastman

"I WISH we could do something exciting — something different at Christmas." Peggy looked out at the winter landscape as she spoke.

"For instance?" Vivian Clark glanced up from the magazine.

"Something like making someone terribly, tremendously happy." Peggy came closer to her sister as she answered, and Vivian saw that she was very much in earnest.

"I've been thinking," Peggy went on, "how wonderful it would be to bring something thrilling — something unforgettable—into someone's life. I don't mean like helping with the baskets and the entertainments at the church; we've always done that; but a sort of special something, for one particular person."

For a minute youthful voices surrendered to silence. The gay little clock on the dresser made audible sound. Suddenly Peggy jumped to her feet. "I've thought of something!" she cried breathlessly, "something really different! You know Sara Werby—she's been an invalid for 10 years—shut in from the world except for a few friends who run in every now and then."

"But what can we do for her? We do visit her occasionally, and have always taken her a little Christmas gift. You know she's much too proud to accept charity."

"Who's talking of charity? What I have in mind is something that will just thrill her. I'm going to write to Mona Muir—you know, she runs that department on the Star—and I'm going to tell her how wonderful Sara has been, and ask a card shower for her."

Vivian whistled through her teeth. "Well, that is a grand idea, Peggy. I know she'll be thrilled."

"She's bound to be! Think of the postman stopping with loads and loads of mail every day." Peggy's blue eyes were dancing.

"But suppose people don't write? You know how busy everyone is at Christmas." Vivian's face reflected the doubt in her words.

"But they will write," Peggy's voice was emphatic. "I'm going to hold the thought that Sara Werby will be just swamped with mail."

TOGETHER they penned the letter to Mona Muir on the big city paper. Later, between snatches of shopping, they discussed the possible number of cards and letters that would be delivered at the little cottage on Bank street. They both seemed to be more concerned

"I've thought of something!" she cried breathlessly.

with what Sara Werby was going to receive than about what they themselves were going to get.

"It's funny how doing something for others gets a hold of you," Vivian said one day; "I wasn't nearly as enthusiastic as you at first, Peggy; now I believe I'm even more eager."

But their real happiness came on Christmas eve when they stood by Sara Werby's bed and saw the radiance upon her face. Stacks of letters, cards, and packages were piled everywhere, with postmarks from almost every state in the Union.

"It's the most thrilling thing that ever happened in my life," Sara told them. "I never knew there were so many wonderful people in the world. It will take me weeks and weeks to answer them all. but it's going to be loads of fun." Her brown eyes sparkled like a girl's.

"I imagine some of them will develop into lasting friends," Peggy ventured. "Vivian and I are so happy about it all—in fact, I think we're just about as excited as you are."

"You're pretty happy then," Sara Werby whispered softly, "for I don't believe there is anyone—anywhere—who is going to have a more thrilling Christmas than mine."

Outdoor Christmas Trees

Outdoor Christmas trees are not new. When in Alsace the folk there will tell you of St. Florentine, who centuries ago went out into the woods at Christmas time and placed lights, probably candles, on the trees.

A Straw for Remembrance

Reminding gay celebrants of the poverty of the Christ Child, Christmas feasts in Poland always have a piece of straw sticking out from under the dining table cloth.

Christmas Play

By Katherine Edelman

THE town hall was wreathed with holly and mistletoe. Bright red bells hung from the old-fashioned chandeliers. Christmas candles sent their soft glow into the night. The whole place cried out welcome to the crowd who thronged through the doors.

By eight o'clock every seat was occupied. Small gossip and murmurs of expectancy ran through the crowd. The little town was proud of the boy who was taking the leading part in the play. They had known Ted Rawlings all their lives. Known him as an easy-going lad, interested in nothing more than fishing and hunting around the country, and later as an astonishingly changed ambitious fellow. No one seemed to understand how the quick transition occurred.

All eyes turned to the stage as the heavy curtain rolled upward. Three hundred pairs of eyes fastened themselves upon the moving, speaking figures. "Isn't Ted wonderful," young girls whispered breathlessly to each other. Between acts, thun-

"Ted, you were perfectly wonderful," Sally was saying.

derous bursts of applause filled the room. Hands clapped with vehemence. Small boys made their approval known by shrill whistling.

Ted carried the audience with him, every step of the way. He seemed to enter, to merge himself completely in the character he portrayed. His make-believe was so intense in the last act, that there was a deep silence for a moment when the final curtain fell.

FOR the time it was no make-believe to Ted. He was living again all the agony of parting, of seeing Sally Howard go away without a word. He had been sure until her train pulled out that she would come and say how sorry she was for the bitter, reproachful words she had hurled at him. Words that had left their mark upon his soul—that had stung him into a mad, ambitious desire to show her what he could do.

He found no real satisfaction in the tumultuous applause that followed. In this hour of his triumph, his heart cried out for Sally. If only she was here! If only she had cared! He scarcely knew what he was saying in answer to the lavish congratulations.

Suddenly small hands pressed tightly around his arm, and a remembered voice spoke in his ear. "Ted, you were perfectly wonderful," Sally was saying, "wonderful, wonderful. I'm so proud—so proud of you."

"But, Sally, I don't understand. I thought you were in New York."

"I was, until last night. I've been keeping track of you. I knew all about the play, and—and the way you have been working lately. I wouldn't have missed this for anything in the world."

"But the things you said, Sally? They hurt—they still do."

"I wanted them to hurt, Ted. I know—I know it was cruel, but there seemed no other way. Someone had to give you the right kind of push to get you going. You know you were really lazy? But now, well, you've really put on speed."

"Nothing like the speed I'm going to show in getting ready for a Christmas wedding. There's just two days left. We've got to make it a really big event. Let's give out the announcement now—while the crowd is still in the hall."

The First Santa Claus

The first Santa Claus was St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, who started mysterious midnight gift-bearing journeys. In the Fourth century he was famous because he was a rich man who enjoyed giving secret gifts to the poor. One of his tricks was to throw purses of gold into cottage windows and run away.

From Europe's Christmas Menu

Take your choice of Christmas eats: Plum pudding in England, Pfeffernuesse in Germany, Vierknack in Denmark, Fatigman's Bakkels in Norway, Horse-shoe cake in Hungary, Speculaas in Holland, and Lutfisk in Sweden.

Getting a Shoeful in Holland

Not on reindeer but on a white horse, St. Nicholas arrives in some parts of Holland, and instead of looking for stockings he searches for wooden shoes to fill them with gifts.

A postman seeking to deliver a registered letter in a Columbus, O., church, opened a door at the end of a dark corridor—and stepped into the baptismal pool. He climbed out and delivered the letter.

The News is $1.50 a year.

When a Chelsea, Mass., jury failed to report on his guilt or innocence after four hours deliberation, the impatient defendant, Ben Gansaraga, pleaded guilty, paid a $10 fine and departed.

The News is $1.50 a year.

Delaware is the only state in which no big game animals were reported when the U. S. Biological Survey took a recent inventory.

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

The weather costs the wo[rld] half a billion dollars a year, according to a Yale professor. But think of the raw material for conversation we get out of it.

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PUBLIC SALE

Having decided to quit farming, I will sell at public auction, at my farm, one mile south of Broadlands, Illinois, on

Monday, Jan. 15, 1940

Commencing at ten a. m., the following described property:

25 Head of Cattle 25

Consisting of five registered milking Shorthorns, viz.: one 4 year old, giving good flow of milk; one 2 year old, to freshen April 15; one red bull, 7 months old, a good one; one 2 year old heifer with bull calf by side: (all sired by Babrahm Chief and Mayflower Prince); two extra good Guernsey cows, 4 and 5 years old, giving good flow of milk; one 4 year old red cow, to freshen Feb. 1; one 2 year old red heifer, to freshen Jan. 20; two red and roan cows, 6 years old, with calves by side; one roan and three white heifers, 2 years old, to freshen in April; one red heifer, 2 years old, to freshen in May; ten Shorthorn calves, 8 months old, a good bunch; one red heifer, 3 months old.

4 Head of Horses 4

Consisting of one team of 3 year old sorrel mares, well matched and well broke, weight 2900; one pair sorrel colts, yearlings, horse and mare.

43 Head of Hogs 43

Consisting of 39 good fall pigs; four Poland China sows, bred to farrow April 1.

15 Head of Sheep 15

Consisting of one buck; and 14 sheep, bred to lamb in March.

Hay and Straw

Consisting of eight tons of baled oats, clover and straw mixed, not thrashed; three tons of oats straw; ten tons of baled hay and timothy, mixed; six tons of good clover hay; 150 bales of good timothy hay.

Farming Implements, Etc.

Consisting of two good wagons; one hay rack and running gears; one spring wagon and cab; one Auburn-Taylor thrashing machine, 23x36; one 40-ft. 8-in. belt; two 18-in. harrows; one 10-ft. hay rake; one John Deere oats seeder and cart; one 10-ft. Case tandem disk; one 2-bottom 14-in. tractor plow in good shape; one 14-in. John Deere gang plow; one John Deere 2-row cultivator; one 6-row rotary hoe in good shape; one 14-in. walking plow; one Bull hay rake; one McCormick-Deering mower, new; one new weeder; one harrow cart; two gophers and one cultivator; one 8-bbl. wagon tank; one corrugated roller; one 4-bbl. water tank; one 10-bbl. water tank, new; two A-hog houses; one 10x14 hog house; three sets harness and some extra collars; two large butchering kettles in good shape; one butcher table, 10-ft. long; one 2-gallon lard press; one round tank heater; and many other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS: Cash.

Wm. ZENKE

COL. L. C. FREESH, Auctioneer. — O. P. WITT, Clerk.
Lunch will be served

Homer Historical Society Homer Illinois

A Suit of Clothes

By MARY KEELING

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

"THERE are certain temperaments," the professor was remarking blandly, "of which it is—"

"Look out, daddy!" cried Pat.

The professor nimbly sidestepped to avoid the string of motors that suddenly started when the green light changed.

"There are temperaments, my dear, of which it is—"

"Oh, daddy, do please look out!" Pat cried again as a car whirled around the corner.

The professor sidestepped once more, but not nimbly enough this time to avoid a splashing of muddy water as the car passed through a puddle close to the curb.

"Oh, daddy," wailed Pat, as she mopped away at the professor's coat tails, "whatever will mother say? And your second best trousers are quite too—too unsafe for wear in public."

"There are temperaments, Patricia," began the professor.

"I do wish, dearest," said Pat reproachfully, "that you'd try to remember your own temperament—how careless you are about crossing streets and spoiling clothes and—"

* * *

"Henry," remarked the professor's wife at the breakfast table the next morning, "you simply must order a new suit of clothes at once. Your appearance is a disgrace to the family."

"That reminds me, my dear," said the professor cheerfully. "I have a distinct impression that I ordered a suit of clothes last week."

"Why, daddy!" exclaimed Pat in astonishment, "however did you come to order a suit all by yourself?"

"It is true," allowed the professor, "that I gave the order to a young man who called upon me after class time. I feel reasonably certain, however, that it was clothing he wished to sell."

"Henry Porter!" cried his wife despairingly, "do you mean to say that you gave an unknown salesman an order for clothes without seeing what they were like?"

"My dear, you quite distress me," expostulated the professor. "The young man seemed of a most superior type and now that I consider the occurrence I remember mention of a club. It appears that his firm is most particular whom they admit to its membership. I was selected in order that a name somewhat familiar in educational circles might head their list."

"How much did you pay down?" asked Mrs. Porter.

"Only $2, if I remember correctly."

"And when is the rest to be paid?" asked the business manager of the firm relentlessly.

The professor squirmed a little in his chair just as the doorbell rang, thus relieving him of the necessity of making an immediate reply. Fate was pursuing him, however, for Pat returned to the dining room with an aggressive sort of young man who demanded of the professor his $2 installment due the suit club.

"May I ask," said Mrs. Porter with great dignity, "when my husband's suit will be delivered?"

"Oh, most any time, ma'am," said the collector with a sly wink at Pat. "Some one is chosen each week to get a free suit and the old gentleman may be the next lucky one."

* * *

"Daddy," whispered Pat as she opened the door for the professor, "there's a perfectly beautiful young man waiting for you in the library."

The professor adjusted his nearsight glasses as the young man rose from a chair.

"You'll not remember me, Professor Porter, but I'm the man who induced you to sign up with that suit club. I've found out that they are a bad lot, but I want you to believe that I honestly thought it on the square. If you'll tell me how much you've given them I'll be glad to pay you back myself. You were so white to me that I can't bear to see you fleeced."

"I see no reason in the world," replied the professor, mildly, "why I should allow you to be the loser. The amount is inconsequential, for I ascertained some weeks ago that the plan was fraudulent. However, I am exceedingly glad to have you restore my belief in my sound judgment of character. I confess it has been somewhat shaken of late. This, my dear," he added, as Pat entered the room patiently for the purpose of meeting the caller, "is Mr. Samuel Salter. You may perhaps recall my mentioning him in connection with the purchase of a suit of clothes. My daughter, Patricia, Mr. Salter."

"Daddy, darling," said Pat, squeezing the professor's arm rapturously after the young man had reluctantly taken his leave for the time being, "it's no wonder, poor dear, that you fell for that suit club."

"It is indeed gratifying," remarked the professor, "to know that Mr.—ah—Salter's countenance of nobility and refinement mirrors the sterling character that I at once credited him with."

"What a funny old pet you are, daddy," crooned Pat, kissing the soon-to-be bald spot on top of the professor's head.

Up for Love

By NINA SLOAN SNELL

(Released by McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"YOU gotta girl outside, buddy?" Gleason's voice was ingratiating.

The younger convict put down his magazine. "I haven't, but it's a cinch you have," he mumbled, resignedly. "You been stalling for an opening to talk about her ever since I came. Go ahead, brother. Get it over."

Gleason laughed sheepishly. "I guess it was your coming from her town started me thinking about her," he said. "Not that I don't do that a good deal, anyhow. It's what's kept me from blowing my top these nine years."

"That long? You are an old-timer. Does your girl visit you often?"

"Well, buddy, she ain't been to see me—yet. I ain't encouraged her to. I figured it wouldn't look too good for a rich, society lady like her to be running up here all the time."

A skeptical snicker came from the bunk. "What's the idea of ribbing me?"

"I ain't," he protested, earnestly. "My girl's among the highest. Honest! Why she's so up in society they put her picture in the papers sometimes. I cut one out last week. Wait!" He rose and went to a shelf, returning with a newspaper portrait of a beautiful woman.

The new prisoner took the picture. He squinted down at it a moment, then handed it back. "Uh-huh," he assented, grinning, "this here dame's a swell all right. But so's Mrs. Roosevelt and the queen of Greece. Why didn'ja pick on one of them 'stead of Katherine Vanstone?"

"Because they ain't neither of them my girl and Katherine is," Gleason avowed firmly. "How'd yuh come to recognize her?" he asked. "Have you seen her face before?"

"A hundred times. Whatever Mrs. Vanstone does is front-page stuff. I guess it's partly because of the talk there was about her at the time her husband was murdered."

Gleason swallowed. "Queer you'd remember," he murmured.

"I don't. Not all the facts."

"You never knew all the facts. Nor anybody else didn't. I kept my mouth corked. And I reckon I better keep on keeping it corked."

"Pshaw! shoot the works, brother. This is getting hot. I'm interested. And I won't let it go no farther. Let's see—wasn't you the Vanstone's gardener?"

"Their chauffeur," the older man corrected. "I'd been working there a few months. And it was funny," he went on, musingly, "that I didn't have an inkling Katherine had fell for me until the—the night of this—this trouble. Gosh! I was dumb."

"Hadn't she said nothing to let you on?"

"She never spoke to me, except to give an order. Then, this particular evening, she called to me over the house phone. She wanted her car brought around. Said she'd be waiting at the porte cochere. And she was. But I didn't hardly recognize her, at first."

"Why?"

"She looked younger, somehow—and smaller, and—well, sort of pitiful."

"Well, she put her head down on my shoulder and commenced to cry. I—I couldn't hardly believe I was awake.

"Well, after a while Katherine let out that she and Vanstone had quarreled—about me. She'd told him straight that she loved me, and it sent him off his nut. The row ended by his rushing out of the house threatening to get even with her. Which he did. The skunk!"

The young convict made a gesture of protest. "You're going too fast for me, brother," he objected. "Let's turn back to the page where you and Mrs. Vanstone are driving around—"

"—discussing plans for our future," Gleason resumed. "Think of it, buddy! She was willing to ditch her rich husband and give up her fine place in society and all her high-toned friends, just to marry me. I could have listened all night; but she finally decided we'd best go home. And it was after we did that the works got gummed."

"I don't sabe."

"You will. It was the servants' night out and the house was dark. Katherine asked me to go in with her; because she was afraid. It was good she asked it. For the first thing we seen, after I snapped on the lights, was Vanstone's body. The dirty coward had shot himself. At the inquest, they said it happened three hours before we found him.

"Oh! So you took the rap?"

"What else could I do, buddy? Vanstone had used his wife's gun. He'd fixed things so she would have had trouble proving her innocence if somebody hadn't took the blame. An' look what she'd been willing to do for me!"

"I'm not forgetting, brother. But did she really give you—well, so much as a kiss, before you was sent up?"

Gleason shook his head sadly. "No. I've always kind of wished she had. But she couldn't—hardly. You see they took me to jail—"

"Sure, I see. Thanks for the entertainment. That dame certainly copped herself off a bargain."

Long View News

(Editor's Note. — These items were contributed for last week's issue. Since there was no publication holiday week we are publishing the items this week.)

Mr. and Mrs. John Keefe, Albany, N. Y., are spending the holidays with Larry Keefe, Mrs. Ova Martinie, and other relatives.

Miss Leora Fansler has gone to Plainview, Minn., where she will spend the holidays visiting the Hjalmer Johnson family.

James Warnes, Lloyd Davis and Bob Parks left Friday night for Tucson, Ariz., to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Warnes.

Guests in the home of Mrs. Alice Hanley at Christmas dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Cletus Hanley, Bement; the Kenneth Hanley family, Allendale; Mr. and Mrs. Ora Hanley, Sidell.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fitzgerald entertained the following relatives at Christmas dinner: Glen Fisher and family, Champaign; Mrs. Nellie Fisher and son, Savoy; Mrs. Elizabeth Schwem, Philo.

Guests at dinner in the John Beatty home on Christmas Day were Mrs. Sue Harden, Fauniel Harden, the George Hardens, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Satterfield, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Winters, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Winters, Billy Downie.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kincanon entertained at their home Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Walsh of Champaign; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kincanon and son, Eric, Mrs. Lavina Kincanon and William Kincanon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Daniels entertained the following at Christmas Eve dinner: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cresap, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Smith and daughters, Mrs. Julia Duncan, Alfred Duncan, Lena Churchill, Asenath Churchill, Ross Duncan.

Mrs. Mildred Harden entertained at bridge Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Sue Harden.

Guests were Mesdames Jennie and Delia Nohren, Fanny Churchill, Daisy Daniels, Vivian Dalzell, Helen Fansler, Patricia Beatty, Ida Messman, Bertha Cook, Jessie Bergfield, Mary Dicks. Mrs. Cook received high award, Mrs. Harden low, and Mrs. Churchill traveling.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Sullivan entertained at a family dinner on Christmas day. Forty guests were present, including the Walter Wilson family, Champaign; the John Madigan family, Homer; the D. M. Madigan family, Penfield; the J. T. Wegeng family, Villa Grove; Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Madigan, James and Frances Madigan, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hall, Philo; Mr. and Mrs. James Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Duncan, Villa Grove; Gene Sullivan, Rantoul; Mrs. Ella Sullivan and Mrs. Anna Fieldbinder, Longview.

Christmas dinner guests in the home of Mrs. Ovanda Martinie included all of her children and grandchildren. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Dickinson, Summerdale, Ala.; C. G. Martinie, of Indiana; Ward Martinie and family, Champaign; John Keefe and family, Albany, N. Y.; Kenneth Martinie and family, Allerton; Wm. A. Martinie and family, Pesotum; Frank Martinie and family, Horace Martinie and family, Miss Frances Martinie. This is the first time in six years that all members of the family have been together.

Local and Personal

Wm. Zenke is confined to his home with an attack of the flu.

Mrs. Nelle McPherren spent the Christmas holidays with her mother in Urbana.

Alvin Luth is confined to his home with an attack of the mumps.

C. W. Gilbert of Danville is among our renewal subscribers this week.

Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Holt visited friends in Moline during the vacation period.

Mrs. Roy Bergfield is confined to her home with an attack of mumps.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Boyd of Chicago spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Arch Walker.

Walter Logan and family spent Christmas day with relatives at Greenup.

Mrs. Lloyd Donley, a patient at Jarman hospital, Tuscola, has returned home.

Virgil Reed and family of Champaign spent Sunday in the C. D. McCormick home.

Wanda Rayl spent a few days with relatives at Villa Grove during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vermillion of Waukegan spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Orron Hardyman.

Mrs. Robert Trimble and son Leland of Indianapolis spent the past few days with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kracht.

Mrs. Lydia Cole has returned to her home near Philo after a few days' visit with Alonzo Zantow and family.

Miss Fern Walker of Lakeview hospital, Danville, spent the weekend with her mother, Mrs. Elsa Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Frances Dowden spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keilback at Bloomington, Ind.

LeRoy Hobbs and family of Indianapolis spent the Christmas holidays in the Dr. T. A. Dicks home.

Dave Freeman was here from Henry to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller Freeman.

Miss Mabel Bahlow was confined to her home during the holidays suffering from extraction of an infected tooth.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wehumuller of Gerald, Mo., spent the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson.

D. P. Brewer and family and Charles Brewer were dinner guests at the Floyd Block home New Year's Day.

C. O. Combs and family of Springfield spent Sunday with Mrs. Bessie Loomis and the P. O. Rayls.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lawless are parents of a daughter born December 26. She has been named Sharon Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Ora Myers and son Ralph, of Emboy, Indiana, spent the Christmas holidays with Willis Myers and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Zenke left Wednesday of last week for St. Petersburg, Fla., where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Local and Personal

Ronald Cable and family of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Cable of Steger spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cable.

Elsworth Nichols and family who had been residing in the Laverick property in the west part of town, removed to the Walker property in the south part of town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bahlow attended the funeral of the former's sister, Mrs. Horace Davis, at Altamont on Wednesday of last week. Mrs. Davis passed away, Dec. 25.

Roscoe Smith and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Smith, Springfield, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Charbonneau, Pontiac, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Schackel of Chicago, spent Christmas with Oscar Gallion and family.

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Thur. & Fri., Jan 4-5
Pat O'Brien, Olympia Branda
Ronald Young
Night of Nights
"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, Jan. 6
Legion of the Lawless
Geo. O'Brien - Virginia Vale
Also
Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence
Jean Rogers - Glenn Ford
Mat. 5c-15c Nite 10c-25c

Sun., Mon., Jan. 7-8
The Hunchback of Notre Dame
Charles Laughton
M. O'Hara B. Rathbone
This is the most vivid production since Lon Chaney's time.
Continuous Show
10c-25c

Tues., Wed., Jan 9-10
Rulers of the Sea
Douglas Fairbanks Jr.
Margaret Lockwood
A Stirring Sea Drama
10c-25c

Coming Jan. 14 & 15
Judge Hardy & Son
Another of the Hardy family's latest pictures.

Homer Theatre
Always A Good Show

Fri. & Sat., Jan. 5-6
Joel McCrea
Brenda Marshall
Espionage Agent
also
Robert Baker
Prairie Justice
Admission 10c-20c

Sun., Mon., Jan 7-8
Madeline Carroll
Fred MacMurray
Honeymoon in Bali
Admission 10c-20c

Tuesday Only, Jan. 9
Anita Louise
Charles Grapewin
Hero For A Day
Admission 10c-20c

Wed., Thur., Jan. 10-11
Joel McCrea - Andrea Leeds
They Shall Have Music
Admission 10c-20c

Time of Shows
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 7:30
Saturday, 6:30-8:30
Sunday, Continuous, 3 to 11

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AUCTIONEER
Broadlands - Illinois