

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 20

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1940

NUMBER 41

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Jan. 27, 1928
Rev. and Mrs. E. Busekros were Champaign visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Divan of Champaign visited relatives here.

Ward Martinie and family of Champaign visited at the Irvin Flick home.

Mrs. Clarence Kilian and daughter spent a few days with relatives at Brocton.

A revival meeting was in progress at the local U. B. Church. Rev. W. T. Dunn of Indianapolis was assisting the local pastor in the meeting.

Mrs. D. P. Brewer entertained a number of little folks at a party on Jan. 21, in honor of her son, Wayne, who was celebrating his tenth birthday.

20 Years Ago

Jan. 30, 1920

Millard B. Kesterson and Postmistress Hazel G. Allen were married at the parsonage of the First M. E. Church in Champaign.

Mrs. Henry Kilian, Jr., entertained about 20 guests at a shower in honor of her sister, Miss Alta Hovis, bride elect.

H. E. Wiese and family were given a farewell party by neighbors and friends. The Wieses were moving to Champaign.

Antony Bosch delivered 9,500 bushels of white shelled corn to the Paul Kuhn Elevator Co. This was said to be the largest amount ever delivered to the local market by one person.

Immanuel Lutheran Church

P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Holy Communion, 10:00 a. m.
Sermon: Remembering Christ in Truth.

Napoleon once struck a medal in memory of a great battle. On one side was the date and on the other the words: "I was there."

In the great battle that is even now going on between the powers of darkness and the forces of light, let Christians take their stand, that they may be able to say: "I was there."

St. John's Evangelical Church

Karl F. Albers, Pastor.

Church Worship Hour—9:30.
Sunday School Hour—10:30.
Our average Sunday School attendance for 1939 was 59 or better than 82%. Can we do that this year?

"If you do not enter the roll here now, how can you expect to enter the roll up yonder?"

Methodist Church Notes

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock. There should be a hunger for its spiritual nourishment.

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

The Mississippi river discharges more water than all the rivers of Europe.

Read the classified ads in this issue for used car bargains.

Bement Couple Freeze to Death

Bement—Mrs. Wilbur Wayne Driskill, 27, joined her husband in death Sunday—both victims of last week's sub-zero weather.

Mrs. Driskill died at 1:30 p. m. Sunday, January 21, 1940, in the home of her mother, Mrs. Laura Tucker, northeast of Bement. She did not regain consciousness to tell what had happened in the couple's trailer home Thursday night of last week when Driskill froze to death as the temperature stood at 13 or more below zero.

Mrs. Tucker and her son Lynn, Friday morning found Mr. Driskill dead and Mrs. Driskill unconscious. Physicians were unsuccessful in their battle to save the woman's life.

A coroner's jury investigating Mr. Driskill's death found that he had been overcome by gas from a coal stove and then had frozen to death. Another inquest was called Monday to return a similar verdict in Mrs. Driskill's death.

A double funeral was conducted at 10 a. m. Tuesday from the Bement Presbyterian church with Rev. Paul Arnold officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. Driskill lived on the Homer Shepherd farm near Bement. They had no children.

Mr. Driskill was born in 1910 at Madisonville, Tenn. He came to Piatt county in 1923. He is survived by his mother, five sisters and three brothers.

Mrs. Driskill, the former Mary Louise Tucker, had always been a resident of this vicinity. She was born July 4, 1912. She attended the rural schools of Piatt county and in November, 1933, was married to Mr. Driskill. Since their marriage he was employed on farms in this community. She is survived by her mother and one brother. Mrs. Driskill was a member of the Presbyterian church.

Phi Beta Delta Class Meets at Nohren Home

The Phi Beta Delta class met at the home of Marcelle and Harry Nohren on Wednesday evening, Jan. 17.

Miss Edna Schumacher had charge of the business meeting. Devotions were led by Miss Mabel Bahlow.

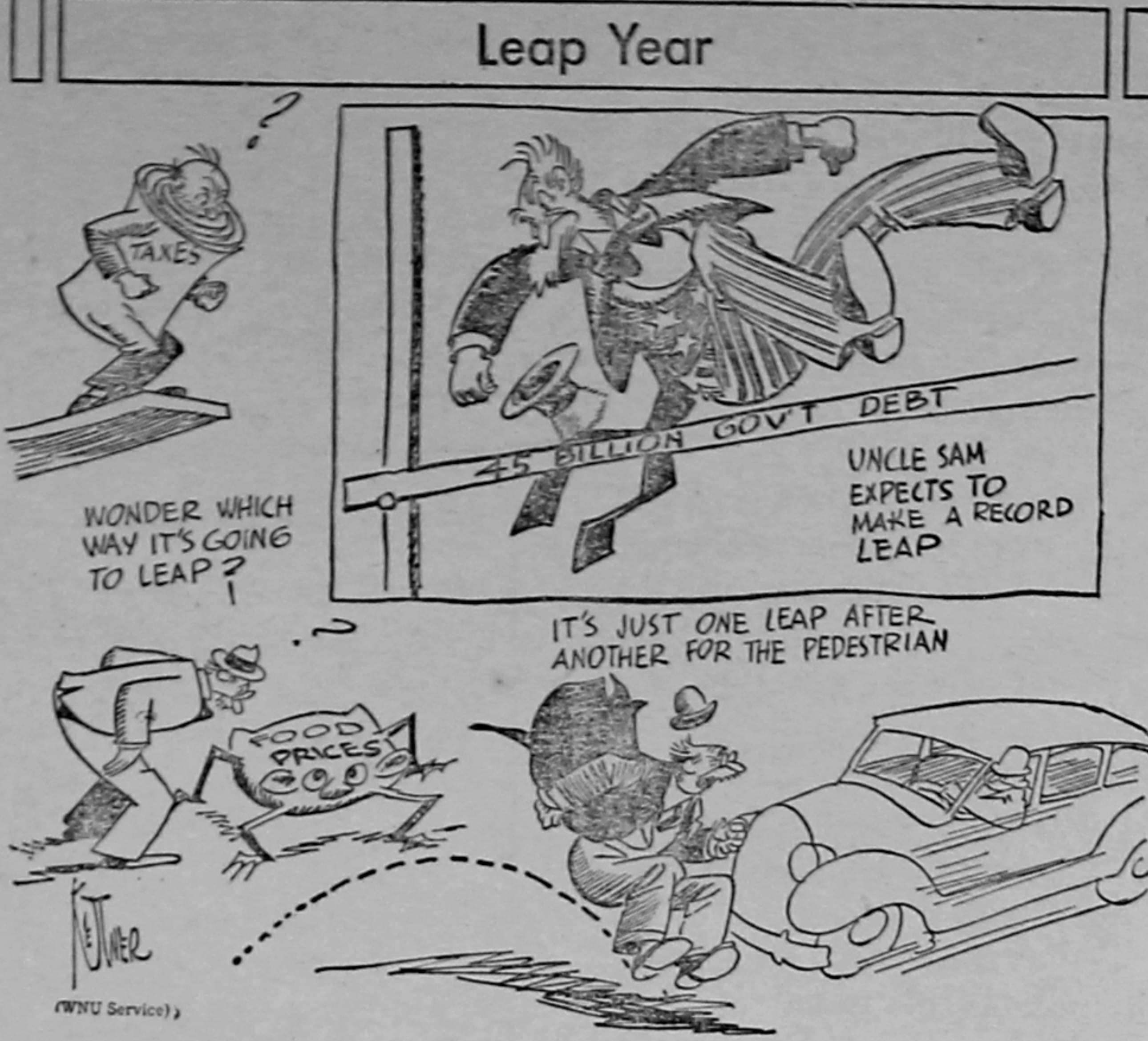
Guests were Misses Wanda Nohren and Jean Partenheimer. Members present were Mabel Bahlow, Norma Partenheimer, Pauline Limp, Billie Zenke, Edna Schumacher, Wayne Nohren, Marcelle and Harry Nohren.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Edna and Ralph Schumacher.

60,000 Take Examinations For Driver's License

Of 60,000 persons who have submitted to driver's license examinations under the Illinois Motor Vehicle Law, 223 have failed to qualify and 7,820 have been issued licenses restricting their operations. More than 80 per cent of the restrictions were due to defective eyesight, according to Chief Walter Williams of the Illinois State Highway Police.

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



Newman Girl Awarded \$2,100 Compensation

A verdict awarding damages of \$2,100 to Miss Helen Adams, Newman, for injuries she sustained in an auto crash shortly before midnight, June 2, 1937, was returned in circuit court on Tuesday morning. The verdict came in the midst of the trial of the damage suit after attorneys representing both sides had agreed on the above stated amount. The original suit was for \$10,000.

The wreck from which the suit grew cost the life of 17 year old J. H. Pollock, who had arrived in Newman from Colorado Springs, Colo., two days before his death to visit relatives. Pollock and Miss Adams had attended a picture show in Tuscola and were enroute home when the Ford roadster in which they were riding left the Route 36 slab at the point south of Camargo which is the terminus of the pavement coming from the north and Villa Grove and turned over.

Pollock was pinned beneath the car and died a few hours later. Miss Adams was thrown 20 feet into a field and sustained a broken back which kept her in a plaster cast and braces for many months. Physicians who attended her during her long illness testified that she was permanently disabled.

The suit was brought against Henry B. Morgan, who in his position of public administrator, was the administrator of the deceased Pollock's estate.—Tuscola Review.

Fairfield Society Meets Home Mrs. H. W. Six

The Fairfield Missionary society met with Mrs. H. W. Six on Jan. 17.

Mrs. J. A. Church led the devotions using "Home" as her subject.

Mrs. Geo. Logan Akers had the home topic, "National Missions."

Mrs. Ira Laverick played and sang, "Sunrise Tomorrow."

Mrs. Fuller Freeman prepared a very interesting paper on "Lepers," which in her absence was read by Mrs. Russell Young.

A social hour followed the business meeting at which time the hostess served refreshments, assisted by Mrs. Ira Laverick.

There were nine members present.

A poem entitled "Life's Highway", written by W. Everett Green, Longview, appears in this issue.

Friday Afternoon Bridge Club Meets

The Friday Afternoon Bridge Club met at the home of Mrs. Jennie Nohren.

Mrs. Zermah Witt conducted the business meeting, following which five tables of bridge were in play.

Guest prizes were won by Mrs. Lorraine Mohr, high score; Mrs. Maude Luedke, traveling.

Prizes won by members were Mrs. Anna Struck, high; Mrs. Jessie Bergfield traveling.

Refreshments consisted of creamed chicken in patty shells, springtime salad, olives, ritz crackers and coffee.

Guests present were Mesdames Freda Maxwell, Hilda Seider, Maude Luedke, Freda Limp, Louise Zenke, Helen Mohr, Lorraine Mohr and Mae Block.

Members present were Mesdames Zermah Witt, Neva Frick, Anna Struck, Delia Nohren, Jessie Bergfield, Minnie Limp, Jennie Nohren, Merle Block, Mary Dicks, Gladys McClelland, Irene Witt, Margaret Anderson, Olive Rayl.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Olive Rayl.

Geraldine Fogerson Bride of Willard Kent Craig

Sunday afternoon, January 21, at 3:00 o'clock, in the Methodist parsonage in Broadlands, Miss Madge Geraldine Fogerson of Homer, and Willard Kent Craig of Newman, were united in marriage by Rev. W. Earl Ballew, pastor of the Broadlands Methodist Church. The impressive single ring ceremony was employed. Miss Rosa Wolf of Homer attended as bridesmaid, and Tommy Fogerson, also of Homer, as best man.

Close friends and members of the family who accompanied the bridal party, were: Mr. and Mrs. Doll Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Williams, of Kansas, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Craig, Newman; Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Dillman, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Dornblazer, Jr., Hume; Mr. and Mrs. Glen Hurst, Longview; and Miss Lucille Fogerson, Homer.

Just as we go to press this (Thursday) afternoon, we learn that Mrs. Adolph Anderson fell on the steps at her home and sustained two broken ribs.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Struck and son, Arthur, recently moved to Broadlands, occupying the Edens property on the north side which they recently purchased.

J. W. Gallion of Newman was a visitor here Tuesday.

Bud Struck Has Narrow Escape

Bud Struck, of the firm of Struck Bros., local implement dealers, certainly had a narrow escape recently while motoring to his home on the north side. He failed to see the "Doodle Bug," C. & E. I. streamlined train, approaching from the south in time to stop far enough away from the tracks to keep from being struck. When he did stop he was so close to the tracks that the train removed the front bumper from his car. Bud states the train looked bigger than a mountain, but he did not feel any jar as it passed by. However as soon as he reached home he looked to see if the train damaged his bumper. He discovered it was missing and returned to the scene of the accident where he found it.

Penney Rites Held Saturday

Funeral services for Arthur Jackson Penney, jr., former Champaign colored man, who died Tuesday, January 16, 1940, in Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn. were held at 1:30 p. m. Saturday from the Bethel A. M. E. church in Champaign with Rev. T. E. Stoner officiating. Interment was in Mt. Hope cemetery.

Mr. Penney was born in Champaign August 25, 1906, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Penney, and attended local schools. He was graduated from Champaign high school and attended the University of Illinois before obtaining a U. I. pharmacy degree in 1931. He entered the insurance department of the Metropolitan Funeral System association and has resided in Chicago since.

He was a member of the Bethel A. M. E. church and Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Edith Smith Penney; his mother, Mrs. Queen Penney Hamer, of Champaign; a sister, Mrs. Helen Leach of Chicago; and an aunt, Mrs. Laura Acklin, Champaign.—News Gazette.

Euchre Club Entertained at Harry Archer Home

The Saturday Night Euchre Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Archer.

Prizes were won by Mrs. Bill Crain for high score; Mrs. Oscar Witt, second high; Bill Crain, high; Wayne Dalzell, second high; Mr. and Mrs. Bud Comer, low.

Refreshments of sandwiches, duchess cream, cake and coffee were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Witt were guests.

Members present were Messrs. and Mesdames Wayne Dalzell, Bud Comer, Bill Crain, Oliver Coryell, Harry Archer.

The next meeting will be held at the Bud Comer home.

14 Below Here Friday

Friday of last week was the coldest day of the winter here thus far, when the mercury took a toboggan slide down to 14 below zero.

The temperature was 8 degrees below zero here on Thursday morning of this week.

Our first snowfall of the season fell here on the night of Dec. 26. Several have fallen since and we still have plenty of snow and ice.



William Springer, Champaign Attorney, candidate for nomination of the office of State's Attorney of Champaign County, Republican Ticket.

Graduate of De Pauw University "with honors". He was a Rector Scholar Student. Worked his way through college. Took active part in athletics, having played on baseball, basketball and football teams at De Pauw. In recent years has officiated athletic events in Central Illinois, and is widely known as an authority on "rules and regulations."

Graduate of College of Law, University of Illinois—worked his way through law school. Is now practicing law with firm of Tate and Springer. Has tried over 200 lawsuits in County, Circuit, Appellate and Supreme Courts of Illinois; the Court of Claims of Illinois, Industrial and various other Commissions of the state of Illinois. Has specialized in municipal actions. Is now Attorney for the villages of Mahomet and Fisher and has represented various townships, villages and school districts in Central Illinois, on special matters.

Is a member of Champaign County, Illinois and American Bar Associations.

Fraternal—Elks, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Phi Delta Theta and Phi Delta Phi.

Member of Christian Church.

The Harold Andersons Entertain Bridge Club

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Anderson entertained the Bridge club last Monday night.

Prize winners were Mrs. Geo. Cook, high; Mrs. Lillie Bowman, low; Mrs. Ray McClelland, traveling; Kenneth Dicks, high; Oscar Witt, low; George Cook, traveling.

Refreshments consisted of salad, sandwiches, pickles and coffee.

Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames George Cook, Kenneth Dicks, Oscar Witt, Raymond McClelland, Edward Nohren, John Nohren, Roy Bergfield, Harold Anderson, Mrs. Lillie Bowman.

Market Report

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

No. 2 hard wheat, new84c
No. 2 white corn56c
No. 2 yellow corn50c
No. 3 oats, new37c
No. 2 beans, new98c

"Sales Lady" is the name of the picture to be shown at the Broadlands theater this Saturday night.

Broadlands News

Published Every Thursday
J. F. Darnall, Editor & Publisher

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Terms of Subscription

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6 months in advance......90
3 months in advance......50
Single copies......05

Finland's Army Chief

Directing the heroic struggle of the Finnish Army against the invading forces of Soviet Russia is one of the ablest military commanders in the world, Field Marshal Baron Gustaf Charles Emil Mannerheim. At the age of 72 he has been called upon to undertake one of the most difficult and seemingly hopeless tasks any leader ever faced. Whatever may be Finland's ultimate fate, the brilliant feats of Field Marshal Mannerheim's little army have already written a glowing page in the annals of defensive warfare. In the first month of the war it is estimated that Russian losses in killed and wounded have been more than ten times as great as those of the Finns.

Marshall Mannerheim is of Swedish-Finnish ancestry, and comes of an aristocratic family. He served 30 years in the imperial Russian Army and was once commander of the Czar's body-guard. He was a major-general when Russia collapsed in 1917, and was forced to flee to Finland during the revolution.

He organized a Finnish army in 1918, and with aid from Germany drove the Communists out of Finland, which became an independent state. He had an important part in organizing the new Finnish republic, after which he went into retirement in 1919. He was called to head the supreme council in 1931, since which time he reorganized and equipped the Finnish Army, of which he is again commander-in-chief.

Duchess in War Work

In her chateau near Paris, France, the Duchess of Windsor is conducting a home for convalescent wounded British soldiers, and is busily engaged in other relief work for victims of the war.

She is aiding in making up bundles of clothing for soldiers at the front, and helps to finance an organization which furnishes free meals for a large number of the destitute of Paris.

Her husband, the former King Edward VIII, is serving as a major-general with the British Army in France, and they see each other only occasionally, when he is able to visit Paris.

The duchess has for the time being given up the social life to which she was accustomed so long, and is said to be devoting herself entirely to war work, in which she has enlisted the aid of several wealthy friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. Rogers, whose guest she was for a time before her marriage to the former king in 1937.

Thus the woman for whose love the ruler of the mighty British Empire gave up his throne is performing a useful service which is worthy of the title she now bears.

By sliding down a clothes line, five members of Robert Zobel's family escaped death when their home burned at Calgary, Alberta.

Police in El Centro, Cal., are required to subject drunken drivers to a sobriety test. They arrested a man recently who they said was too drunk to take the test.

Sidelights

In the last year 54 American seamen have been killed in automobile accidents, while only 33 were drowned at sea, indicating that the safest place for a sailor is aboard his ship.

Some advise against buying a used car, but Emerson Snyder of Meyersdale, Md., found such a deal profitable. While cleaning up his purchase he discovered 500 one-dollar bills behind the back seat.

In order to give customers 9 hours of football, a coach at the University of Nebraska declares his team put in 285 hours of practice last year, including the spring training, pre-season and regular season work-outs.

Voters of Shenandoah, Ia., turned down a bond issue for a swimming pool by 29 votes. Advocates of the idea made the mistake of calling the election in December, and it was too cold to suggest the delights of outdoor bathing.

It is estimated that less than one-half of the money spent by Americans goes for necessities of life. About 55 per cent is used to buy goods or services which may be classed as luxuries, or at least as comforts not essential to healthful existence.

What's New

Banana peels are being used by a British mill to make a soft, light yarn.

Mare's milk is used extensively in Russia to manufacture alcoholic drinks.

Instead of the usual type of sound box, a new violoncello has a horn from which its tones are emitted.

Suction cup feet, replaceable when worn, hold a new dish for children's food firmly on smooth surfaces.

Evidence tending to show that scarlet fever is caused by a virus—not by a streptococcus—was recently presented.

Chlorinated rubber, said to be a valuable ingredient for the manufacture of paints, is being produced after many years of research.

Logan County Had Great Snow in 1830

According to the historical accounts, visiting weather men to Illinois could find no better place for a holiday than Logan County. Here, both tradition and records tell of meteorological phenomena which, in some instances at least, still remain subjects of amazing narratives.

To begin with, the "great snow" began to fall in November, 1830, and continued through February 2, 1831, after isolating hundreds of settlers who found travel blocked by 3½ feet of snow. Drifts were high as the houses. However, by way of contrast, the following winter was exceptionally mild. One historian reports, says the Illinois Writers' Project, that on January 5, 1833, "frogs croaked in the water pools, grass was green and May apples were shooting up several inches."

In 1836 the "big freeze" froze chickens in their tracks; in 1844 high waters covered the land from spring to June; in 1883 a sleet storm took a stupendous toll from groves and orchards.

Unable to decide whether to attend a football game or hunt quail, Neal Merritt of McCormick, S. C., hired a boy to carry a radio so he could listen to the game while he hunted. He bagged two birds.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. What was Elijah Lovejoy's reaction to the destruction of the press of the Alton Observer, his abolitionist paper?

A. He immediately sent out a call for money to procure a new press, writing: "We need your help and must have it or sink."

Q. What was the response to Lovejoy's plea?

A. From Illinois, Missouri, Ohio, and Kentucky the response of small anti-slavery groups was instant. The voice of lovers of free press was indignant.

Q. What happened to the new press bought with contributions?

A. Ten or twelve men took it from the store of Rueben Gerry and Royal Weller and threw it in Piasa Creek.

Q. What was the reaction of the people of Alton?

A. In Lovejoy's own words: "Four-fifths of the inhabitants of this city are glad my press has been destroyed."

Q. What convention was held at Alton about this time?

A. The first Illinois State Anti-Slavery Convention met in Upper Alton on Oct. 26, 1837.

Q. What was the attendance at the convention?

A. More than 200 avowed abolitionists had signed the initial call. Of these 85 attended.

Q. Who was Dr. David Nelson?

A. Nelson, a leader of the anti-slavery convention, was successively an army surgeon, a slaveholder and atheist, a Presbyterian minister, and President of Marion College at Marion, Mo.

Q. How did Nelson happen to come to Illinois?

A. He read an emancipation paper from the pulpit at Marion and a Dr. Bosley, a slaveholder, attempted to shoot him. He hid in a thicket for several days, then escaped to move to Quincy, Illinois.

Q. What was Nelson's connection with Lovejoy?

A. He played a prominent role in the conversion of Lovejoy to the cause of emancipation.

Q. What part did Elijah Lovejoy's brother play in the convention?

A. Owen, then a theological student at Alton, was secretary of the Madison County Anti-Slavery Society. He wrote the call that seconded the call of the Alton Observer for a state convention.

Good Food and Good Fellowship in 1875

Good food and good fellowship were properly tested in Illinois some two generations ago, and neither was found to be lacking, according to a newspaper account of the opening of the Board of Trade Building at Peoria, Dec. 15, 1875, which was celebrated by a banquet and dance.

The menu included two kinds of soup, five boiled meats, six roast meats, five cold dishes, seven vegetables, fourteen relishes, in addition to other items, such as sixteen kinds of pastries, fifteen desserts, French coffee, and wines suitable for each course.

As a finale to this festive occasion, says the Illinois Writers' Project, the reporter wrote, "The tables were cleared away, and then there was dancing—old time waltzes, Virginia reels, Monnie Musk, lancers, polka, schottische, and quadrilles."

The average American family spends \$87 a year for maintenance and operation of an automobile.

Scientists now say there is no such thing as a special brain food. We knew it must be scarce, if any.

Pace of the Fifties Too Fast for Comfort

Some Illinois residents in the 1850's felt that life was moving too rapidly for the good of the commonwealth. One resident in a northwestern county bemoaned both the temper and the tempo of the day saying, "We live upon the railroads, we walk by steam, we talk by lightning." The sight of many new faces led to the comment, "Whole families, babies and all, are birds of passage."

However much the bustle and whirl of the days disturbed this social critic, the extravagance of the time caused even greater concern, says the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA. An example

was cited of a young man "who would spend \$4.00, all on Saturday, to take some curly headed school girl buggy riding."

Mrs. Wallace Ayer of Detroit complained to police that her husband hit her over the head with a planked steak which she failed to cook to his satisfaction.

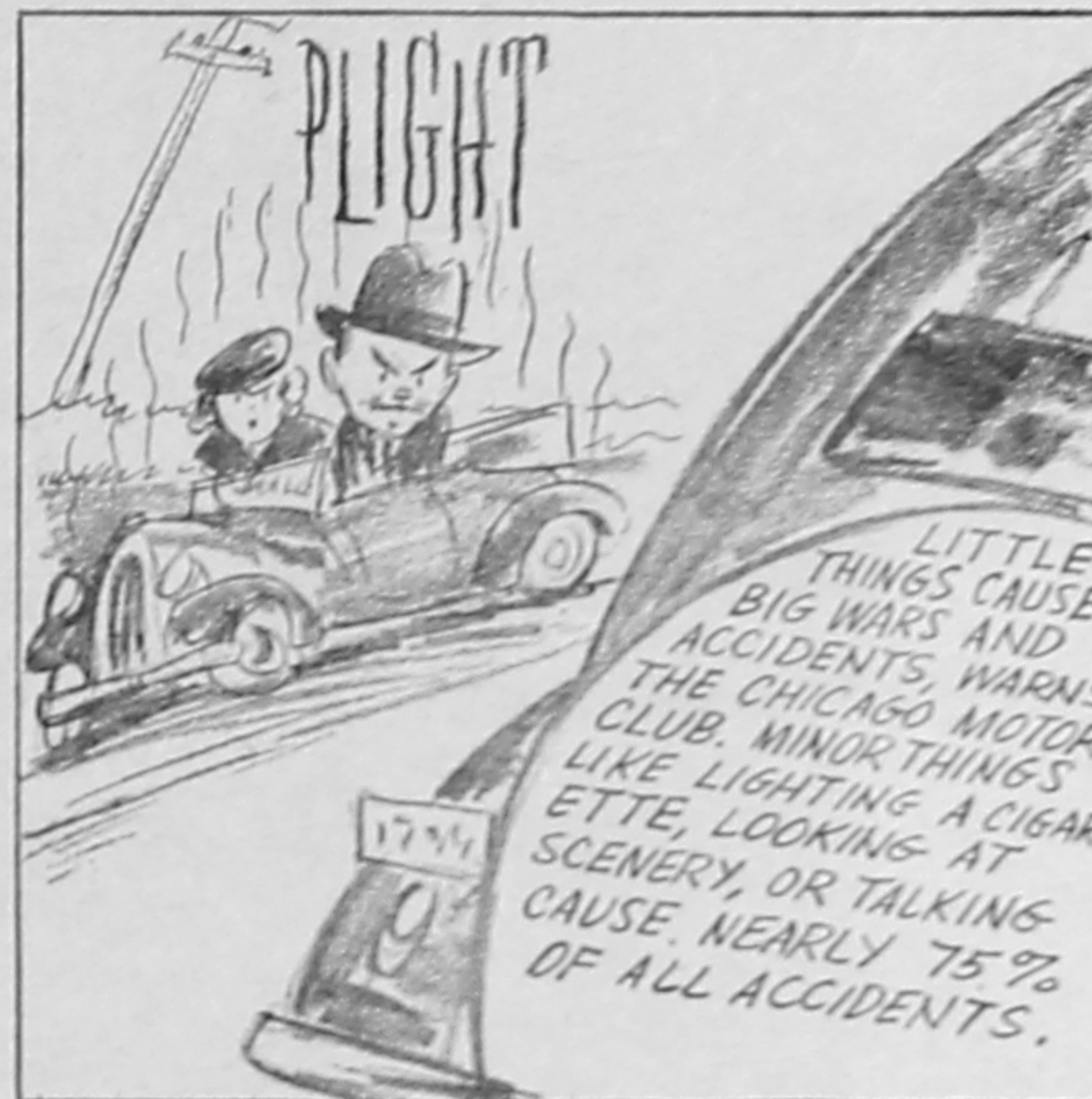
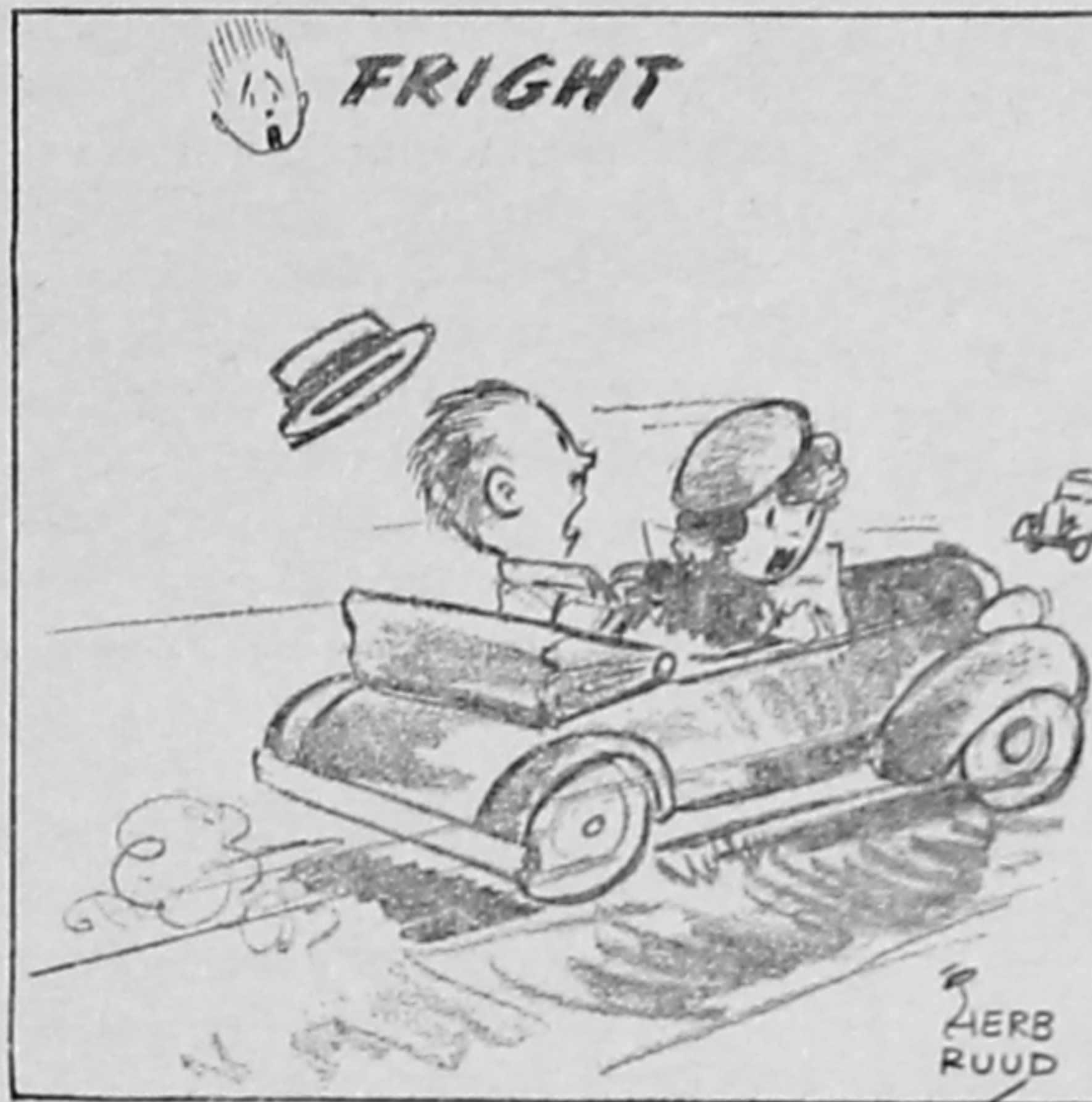
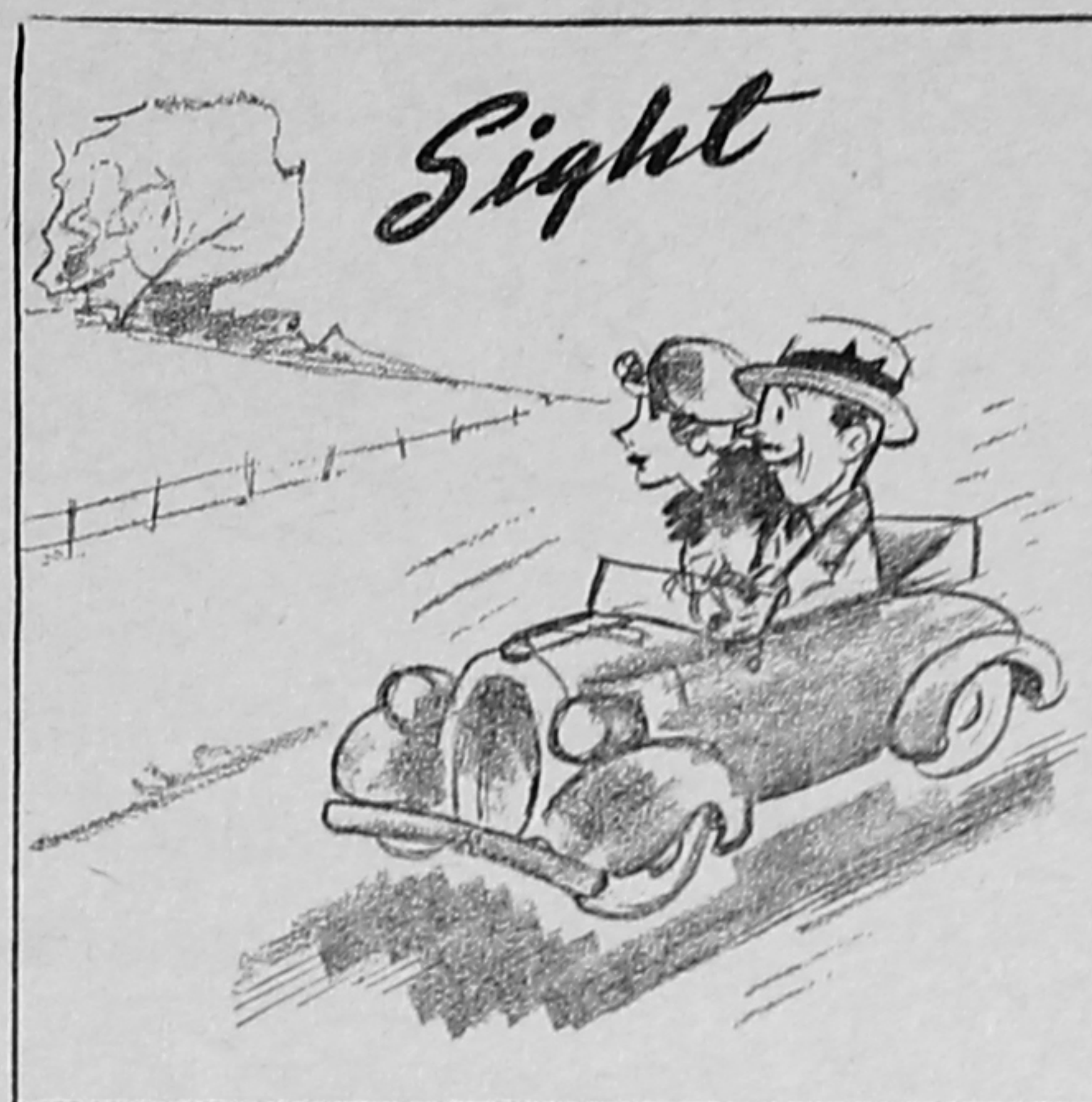
A house was reported stolen in Indianapolis by Arthur Valient, who said the structure weighed one and one-half tons, and had been used at a golf course.

Miss Mary Miller, an Iowa woman, masqueraded as a man for 60 years, working as a farm hand; circus trapeze performer, and other occupations.

Newlyweds Fly High With Bill Paid in 1892

In 1892 when several newly married couples in Illinois looked over their wedding gifts they were astonished to find tickets for balloon rides, according to the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA. They decided to use them notwithstanding an additional gift in the shape of a grim note sent by a firm that made tombstones, which volunteered to furnish its products free should the couple need them.

George Sherwood of Los Angeles was sentenced to jail for 123 days when he was convicted of breaking 47 separate traffic rules.



Tremendous public acceptance of the 1940 Chevrolet has brought in the finest stock of used cars in all history.

The Leader in New Car Sales is

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5. Your Chevrolet dealer stands firmly behind every used car he sells.

Chevrolet Dealers are Headquarters for USED TRUCK Values!

Your CHEVROLET DEALER IS NOW FEATURING THE GREATEST USED CAR AND TRUCK VALUES OF THE YEAR!

Look for your Chevrolet dealer's used car listings in the classified pages of this paper!

Ivory and Black

By ROSE MANDERS

(Associated Newspapers.)
(WNU Service)

THE young manager of the gown shop looked about the display-room with knitted brows.

Daphne, the model, giggled. "The boss is grouchy about something, Irene. Better not sit down."

Irene, smoothing the frill on a gown that had just been tried on, looked up. Daphne was certainly lovely. At that moment Jim Carlson saw them talking.

"Please keep at work, Miss Irene," he snapped. "The overhead here is getting beyond reason. Have you stitched the fur on that rest gown yet?"

Irene shook her head. "I can do that now," she replied.

"Do so." He looked at Daphne, who was now gliding before a mirror in a sinuous wrap faced with ermine. "That's a good idea," he praised, "show off the goods and attract attention, Miss Daphne. That wrap makes you look like a queen."

Irene found that her vision was blurred by a mist of tears, and she bent over her stitching. She wasn't envious of Daphne's beauty—at least she didn't want to be, but she, too, would have liked to swim about in the exquisite creations that so enhanced the model's fragile prettiness. "How I'd love to try on that scarlet chiffon," thought Irene, "and the black feather cape. I'd look a bit different."

But Irene might as well have wished to have the sun bend down suddenly and hand her a bit of magic fire, for Daphne was the princess of the showroom and she only wore the lustrous silk underthings and the imported gowns. And Jim, the man Irene secretly adored, looked at the outer husk of Daphne and admired her.

"This turquoise velvet must be marked down. The sun has faded it. Take \$20 off it and hang it on the rack, Miss Irene, and put the rose and gold satin in the window."

Irene obeyed. Then she stood a moment in the great show-window looking at each garment in the display. She was thinking deeply and failed to notice that a man had paused outside and was staring at her. It wasn't until Daphne's high voice shrilled out that she started.

"Look at Irene, Mr. Carlson. She's trying to cut me out as a mannikin, I guess. She oughtn't to be there in that serge frock. She ruins our artistic picture, don't you think?"

"Come out of there," ordered Jim, "and help Miss Daphne into this transparent velvet."

As Irene followed Daphne to the little changing alcove Daphne glared at her. "Don't you try anything funny, Irene. That is my man out there and I won't have you posturing about to attract him."

"Mr. Carlson?" demanded Irene, amazed.

"No. The man in the street. He was watching you in the show-window. Jim Carlson is just about to fail. I'm leaving at the end of this week. I don't intend to wait until I have a salary due that I can't collect."

A young girl with her mother entered, and asked to see the scarlet chiffon dance frock. Jim was out and the slim little gown was too small for either of the other clerks, so Irene put it on.

Jim, hurrying in, paused. Irene, flushed with excitement, was moving indolently across the strip of velvet carpet, her dusky head shining above her white shoulders.

"We have a feathered wrap that looks well over this," Irene was saying. "It's lined with scarlet chiffon. Bring it, Mabs," she directed in her low, soft voice.

When the purchases were completed and the shoppers gone Jim looked at Irene as she emerged from the changing alcove in her blue serge gown with the snowy frills at neck and wrists. "You did wonderfully well to sell that outfit, Miss Irene. Funny I never noticed before how lovely—" he checked himself, flushing.

Irene felt a surge of joy. "Suppose you model instead of that blonde girl."

"Very well," said Irene, not troubling to tell him that Daphne was leaving in two days anyway. "Mr. Carlson, I've been thinking about the losses you stand because of window displays. Facing east, our window gets the sun and the awnings later in the season hide too much from the cars passing in the avenue. I believe you'd attract more attention if you followed the Japanese fashion of showing only one article. I'd enjoy trimming up your window if you are willing. Then only one gown or wrap is faded instead of ten or twelve."

"That's a good idea. Would you be willing to stay tonight and fix it up? We could go out and get a bite near here and come back."

When they returned Irene arranged a background of pale ivory and across a low gilt chair she arranged a sumptuous wrap of black transparent velvet. The effect was stunning, and there was nothing to be spoiled there.

Jim had at last awakened to the charm of his quiet little clerk and he watched her move about the window, fascinated. "Your chair effect is smart, but—you are the prettiest girl I ever saw, Irene. May I take you home?"

The Dear House

By RALPH MILLER

(Associated Newspapers.)
(WNU Service)

DEEP in Minna's heart was her dream of the dear house. And then she married Ted Byram and came to No. 1 Peters street, one of a dun-painted row of just-alike uglies.

She hated it from the first. Nothing fitted. Wall spaces were wrong, the windows too narrow, stock-size rugs would not fit the floors and the wallpaper was hideous.

Ted beamed at the results, however, while she choked down the lump in her throat to smile back at him.

"Grand little place!" he would crow. "Old Peters should see it." G. H. Peters, millionaire, in his pink villa in Florida!

"Glad you like it, Ted, but we will begin to save right now for a house of our own," she announced firmly.

They saved rigorously until interrupted at the end of the first year by fat little Theodore. Many things checked their headway after that, up to their second interruption, which was Wilhelmina, also fat and adorable.

The case against No. 1 Peters street grew with the larger family. The little beds and chiffoniers took all the space in the bedrooms, and there was no place for the perambulator or kiddie car downstairs.

Minna brought her dream of the dear house to the fore, and again began saving for it. Ted took extra work at the mill to help out. G. H. Peters was still in Florida and his agent refused paint and paper.

Then one day—Minna called it her black Friday—he ran home.

"Minna! Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! Birthday surprise!"

"What have you done, Ted? Why should her heart be leaden?"

"G. H. Peters is home and is closing out his loose real estate. He gave me a wonderful bargain on this house and I snapped it up. You are a grand little saver, for we have enough for the down payment, and the rest will be like rent. Why, Minna—don't cry. I never knew that you wanted a home so badly!" At first she sobbed convulsively, while he petted and coaxed her. Finally she could smile and say brokenly:

"It will be lovely to own a home, Ted!"

The dear house was gone. All her life this ugly, tucked-up, dun-colored hovel would offend her eye and cramp her living. There were days when even the pranks of funny little Teddy or the chuckles of Willy could not cheer her, but she did her best to keep a good face before Ted.

One day when she was downtown, getting the children's hair trimmed, Ted called the shop, agitatedly.

"Come home as fast as you can, Minna. The two houses back of us are burning, and they say ours may go, too. Some of the boys from the mill will go over with me and help get the things out."

Maybe the dear house would come now!

She could not hurry toward the black cloud which hung over Peters street. Teddy's short little legs and plump Willy in her stroller held her back.

Would they get the children's toys? Her Bavarian tea set with the wheat-heads—and the Quimper bowl! The flames would break through the window where they sat in the evening to watch for Ted. And the gable upstairs, by Teddy's bed, where he watched the pigeons against the sky—the little peach tree by the kitchen—the folding breakfast table Ted had made—the old linen cloth she had dyed to make spreads for it only last week—to match the voile curtains.

As she hurried, sobbing under her breath, a flood of comprehension engulfed her.

No. 1 Peters street was not ugly. Why, it was the dear house, and it had loved her all the years while she had been hating it! She never knew it until she had to lose it.

Smoke and trampling feet, shouts and hissing water, piles of furniture and clothing watched over by an officer, and a billow of smoke sweeping over the peaked roof. She turned and hid her face against the corner tree.

Then Ted's arm around her, his blackened face smiling at her.

"It's all right, Minna—the fire caught the roof-peak at the back, but they got it out right away. It's all right, dear, don't cry!"

"Oh, Ted," she gasped. "You saved the dear house!"

"We did—and the smoking needn't matter, for I was intending to have it remodeled for your birthday present. Now we needn't wait, but can go right to work. A larger living room, open stairs, a sun parlor, breakfast room, with an extra room, a sleeping porch and lots of closets upstairs. The plans are drawn, waiting your approval. Later we'll buy the place next door, sell the house off and have a real lawn, with shrubbery, hedge, a pool and everything!" Oblivious of the neighbors who were caring for Teddy and Willy, to the laboring firemen and the eyes of curious strangers, they gazed at each other enraptured. Then her belated loyalty asserted itself.

"It will be grand, Ted, but without any of it, it is the dear house, just the same!"

It should be easy to remember it's 1940. We've been hearing it was coming for quite a while.

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In a suit brought in Oklahoma over ownership of a cow valued at \$45, court costs have already reached \$150, and the case has yet to go to the Supreme Court. In their search for worms, chickens owned by Bob Rick of Great Bend, Kan., scratched up two cans of gold which contained \$5,220.

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The Color of Courage

By CHARLOTTE EDNA BOUTWELL
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WNU Service.

THERE were five of them sitting on the front porch. Great bunches of wistaria trembled and swayed in the breeze. But out in the street the merciless sun beat fiercely down.

Big Bob, as they called the eldest son of the family, was lounging back in the most comfortable chair the piazza afforded, reading the newspaper.

Aunt Sue, her gray hair framing her round placid face, rocked gently as she embroidered a pink dress for Edith, who sat, slim, silk-stockinged legs crossed, at her feet, on the top step of the piazza.

Warren, with his brown owlish eyes, was bending over a box of insects which he was examining with a microscope.

The twins, Annabel and Isabelle, were giggling loudly over a fashion magazine.

The front door opened and Mrs. Hinton came out. Her little, old face was framed in a black bonnet of the style of 20 years before. She stood before them, smoothing with nervous fingers the folds of her quaint, bright red dress.

"I'm just going down town," she said. "I must get some fruit for breakfast."

When Mrs. Hinton had gone, Annabel threw down her magazine. "I think it's a disgrace," she said hotly, "the way mother dresses. She's about 20 years be-

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

hind the times." (A giggle from Isabelle.) "Why, Mrs. Jenks across the street looks younger than her daughters!"

"And a red dress, too!" Edith added. "Imagine her going down town in it. A woman of her age!"

And so they talked, back and forth, with the merciless, cruel speeches of youth.

"Say, Edith, cut it out," yawned Bob.

Aunt Sue's cheeks were getting pinker and pinker. At last she laid down her sewing.

"I think," she said quietly, "that with a car and five young people on the porch, she wouldn't have to leave the house. But, then, she's never had much done for her."

"Why, Aunt Sue," they chorused, as if this were news.

She turned her shining eyes upon them. "Let me tell you about a little girl I knew, the fourth in a family of 14 children who lived in the unsettled regions of Canada. The children then had no toys, no books—no shoes, sometimes, even in winter. The child I am telling you of was named Mary." (A gasp from Edith.) "A pretty name, isn't it? The name of the best loved mother in the world."

"Mary loved colors as much as life. They were life to her. She loved the pink of the apple blossoms, the color of the first bluebirds, the yellow of the baby's hair, the green of the new grass. But best of all she loved the scarlet of the poppies that blew among the field of rye."

"I remember once the minister told her that red was the color of courage and she loved it more. She always wanted a dress of it. But there were brothers and sisters to help educate, a mother to care for. It was this girl who made her at the last—the last—folded her hands."

Aunt Sue's voice broke and the twins held hands tightly.

"This same girl waited until all had had their chance. She married and had five children. When her baby was four the father died." (A little cry from Warren.)

"But this woman did not give up. She worked in a store, she took in washing and did all she could."

"She sent her oldest to college." (A groan from Bob.) "She sent her daughter to business school." (Edith raised a pitiful face.)

"She found a position in the botanical gardens for another son." (A cry from Warren.)

"Her twins are still in high school. And all these years these feet have never faltered, those lips have never spoken a hopeless word. 'My children will be my staff in life,' she told me once. 'Their joy will color my life.' But this mother, with her love of colors, had so little, that only two days ago she made herself a dress of crimson, out of old portieres dyed red!"

"Oh, Mary, Mary! They are your cross, not your staff!" And the gray head lay upon the arm of the chair.

"Don't, Aunt Sue!" They comforted her, one and all, in their way.

"We never knew."

"She shall wear red forever, if she wants," Edith said, brokenly. "Dear mother!"

"The funny thing is—Aunt Sue lifted her head—if red is for courage, she's never worn any other color all her life—in spirit."

Suddenly there was a great cry from all of them. One would have thought a queen was coming up the walk. It was only a little woman, her arms filled with bundles, her red dress blowing softly about her as she walked!

Profit and Loss

By DOROTHY PIPER

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WNU Service.

MARGARITA drew a powder puff from her purse and deftly powdered a pretty but petulant face. This done, she approached the judge with an arrogance that caused a titter of amusement to pass through the court room.

Margarita was "in" for speeding, and with the aid of an influential father and her own pretty mannerisms, she expected to be discharged with a warning, and, perhaps, a slight fine. But the judge, who sat on this particular bench, was determined to put an end to reckless driving in the city, and parental influence and feminine wiles meant nothing to him.

He asked Margarita a few preliminary questions, then said, in tones none too gentle: "This officer claims you were driving 45 miles per hour on a congested highway, and that you struck a boy on a bicycle. What have you to say?"

"The smooth road was a temptation, sir," Margarita replied, trying to keep her voice steady, "and I only bumped the boy a little."

"The little bump necessitated the taking of six stitches in the boy's knee," the judge retorted sarcastically. "I'm going to fine you \$50 and revoke your license for one year. You are dismissed."

Indignant and humiliated Margarita fled from the court room. A \$50 fine was fair enough, but the very

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

idea of revoking her license! What would she do without her car? How would she get to the yacht club dances and the theaters?

The next morning was warm and rich with the scents of early spring, and Margarita longed for her daily spin.

Triumphantly she ran to the garage and climbed into her car, only to find that it had been purposefully crippled. A knowing father had seen to that. Margarita's wrath knew no bounds. She would have jumped off a dock if there had been one handy.

Suddenly she felt the need of solitude, of a spot where she could collect her wits in peace. She boarded a trolley car, rode to the end of the line, then hiked into the country, turned into a shady lane and sat down on a large rock.

"Why, it is possible to be happy without a car, isn't it?" Margarita stated aloud. "And I never could get to this place with one anyway!"

Thus, she sat in tranquillity until a clump of lovely cowslips attracted her attention. They grew in the center of a stream, and were difficult to pluck, but Margarita wanted them to take to her mother, so she stood on the edge of the bank and reached, but without avail. Quite unexpectedly, she lost her balance and fell, face downward, into the water.

"The cowslips, and the maiden slips, also," said a voice behind her.

Margarita scrambled to her feet, and faced a good-looking man, dressed in a flannel shirt and knickers.

"Please pardon my flippancy," he begged, "but you were really funny. If you will accompany me to my cabin, just above here, I'll try to make amends by tidying you up a bit. It is perfectly all right, my sister lives with me, and I am sure some of her clothes will fit you."

Margarita went with the stranger, there was nothing else to do. He lived in a cozy little cabin that overlooked a beautiful lake, and a frail young girl waited in a wheelchair to greet them.

"Oh, your sister is an invalid!" Margarita exclaimed.

"Yes," the fellow replied bitterly, "she has had a complete nervous breakdown, the result of an automobile accident. The doctor said this country air might do her good. That's why we are here."

Day after day Margarita returned to the camp, and always she took fruit, candy, magazines and other gifts to the sick child. A fluffy white kitten had pleased the invalid immensely. By giving happiness, Margarita was receiving happiness.

In the meanwhile, her father had succeeded in recovering his daughter's driving license. He gave Margarita the news at dinner one evening, but the information did not elate her.

"Dad," Margarita exclaimed seriously, "I have been playing a little game of profit and loss—I have profited by my experience in the court-room and have lost all desire to drive a car, temporarily, at least. With your permission, I'd like to sell my car and build a camp beside some wonderful people I have recently met."

Margarita's father willingly granted her request, but as the summer progressed, Margarita had reason to cancel her building plans. Because, when two persons get married, it is neither customary nor necessary to occupy separate abodes.

Farmers Face Regulation of Trucks on March 1

Farmers and other Illinois truck owners have until March 1 to comply with the Illinois Truck Act, according to information received by the Champaign County Farm Bureau from the Illinois Agricultural Association.

In order to comply, each truck must pass a safety test and be covered by an insurance policy providing public liability and property damage insurance, or show other financial responsibility. The name and address of the owner and the weight of the empty equipment must be plainly lettered on all trucks, tractors, and trailers used in the transportation of goods on roads of the state.

Under the new law, no driver or helper will be permitted to operate a truck longer than 12 hours in any 24-hour period, nor to be on duty longer than 15 hours in any 24-hour period.

Trucks for hire will be required to obtain a certificate permit or registration number which must also be painted on the equipment. This provision applies to farmers who occasionally haul for hire.

Purposes of the new law are to remove danger hazards due to operation of trucks mechanically unfit for service and to insure the financial responsibility by motor carriers by eliminating ruinous competition within the trucking industry.

Joe Seibern Falls From Coal Truck, Breaks Neck

Joe Seibern, 36, a son of Rein-er Seibern, living five miles north of Ogden, was victim of a fatal accident about one o'clock Wednesday afternoon while unloading coal from a truck at his home.

Stepping backward, he stepped off the truck, and in falling sustained a broken neck which resulted in almost immediate death.

Surviving, besides members of his parental family, is Mr. Seibern's widow.

An inquest was held Thursday morning at 10 o'clock at the home by the coroner of Vermilion County.—Ogden Courier.

Long View News

A friend from Peoria was a Sunday guest of Miss Thelma Elson, intermediate grade teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. James Parks and Merton Parks attended the funeral of a friend at Cartwright, near Tuscola, Monday.

Kent, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Harden, is a patient at the Tuscola hospital suffering from an ailment of the ears.

Among the sick this week are Betty Lou Dyar, Don McQueen, Delbert Warnes, Luther Betts, Mrs. D. A. Smith, Patty Hood.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Martinie are parents of a son, born at a Champaign hospital. This is their third child and second son.

Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCormick are parents of a daughter, born Thursday, Jan. 25. This is their third child, all being daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer and Charles Brewer spent Sunday in the Leslie Cooper home at Tuscola.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Fassett and daughter, Virginia, visited relatives at Fairmount and Homer Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vermilion of Waukegan spent the past few days in the Orron Hardyman home.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Dowden have moved from the Luedke property to the Hamilton Hedrick residence in Longview.

Mrs. Roy Richey is very poorly as the result of a fall at her home recently. She is reported to have broken a rib.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maxwell entertained at dinner on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Witt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nohren.



During the winter months when there are considerably fewer hours of daylight it becomes necessary to use the headlights on automobiles and trucks earlier and longer.

Automobile fatalities which occurred during the hours of darkness increased 54.5 per cent from 1930 through 1937. During the same period, automobile fatalities which occurred during hours of daylight decreased 5.4 per cent.

Our greatest automobile traffic is during the daytime, but our highest automobile fatalities are at nights. These facts challenge all of us to be more alert and more courteous in our night driving. It requires additional caution and extra driving ability to move through congested traffic as well as in the wide open spaces.

Good highway lighting is possible and will help solve this evil and should be installed as rapidly as possible.

To Purchase 1,612 Acres For Wild Life Restoration

Governor Horner has authorized Thomas J. Lynch, Director of Conservation, to purchase 1,612 acres of land southwest of Amboy in Lee county for use as a Wild Life Restoration area. The land, nearly all of which is now under option, will cost approximately \$70,000. It will be developed as a haven for ducks, prairie chickens, rabbits and muskrats. This will be the first restoration area established in Illinois under the Robertson-Pitman act which provides federal aid for such projects.

LIFE'S HIGHWAY

Our Pastor said life's like a hill,
We climb or slip which e'er we will;
Life's like a hill I heard him say,
There is war and strife along the way;
And those who've scaled this life's long hill,
Have found the trail of Peace, Good Will.

We too should make a trail that's good,
Within our hearts we wish we could;
Then let's plod onward, upward all the way,
Resolve each morn we'll climb today.

So as we climb with courage strong,
May we help some friend along;
To the aged let's lend a hand,
And to the youth we understand;
A word of cheer will help him stay,
On that straight and narrow way.

—W. Everett Green.

Homer Theatre

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Marx Bros - Kenny Baker
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At The Circus

Admission 10c-20c

Sun., Mon., Jan. 28-29

Double Feature

Ann Sothorn, Walter Bren-
nen, William Gargan in

Joe and Ethel Turp

Call on The President

Also

Three Mesquiteers in

Santa Fe Stampede

Admission 10c-20c

Tuesday Only, Jan. 30

Clark Gable, Chas. Laughton

Mutiny on

The Bounty

Admission 10c-20c

Wed. & Thur., Jan. 31,

and Feb. 1

Lew Ayres

Lionel Barrymore

Secret of Dr. Kildare

Admission 10c-20c

Time of Shows

Monday, Tuesday, Wednes-
day, Thursday, Friday, 7:30

Saturday, 6:30-8:30

Sunday, Continuous, 3 to 11

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One 1938 Chevrolet Deluxe Town Sedan reconditioned with good tires.

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One 1935 Plymouth Tudor. Come in and drive this one.

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One 1933 Chevrolet Master Coupe.

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Many usable cheap cars.

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Robert Cummings

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A Child is Born

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Boris Karloff
Margaret Lindsey

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