THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 20 — BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1940 — NUMBER 42

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Feb. 1, 1928

Reuben Lloyd of Davidson, Sask., Canada, visited relatives here.

Kenneth Allen and Carl Dicks attended Grand Masonic School at Urbana.

Mesdames Jessie Bergfield and Ione Allen entertained the G. T. Club at the home of the former.

Mrs. A. A. Cable returned after a visit with relatives at Marion, Ohio.

Mark Moore, local Oakland-Pontiac dealer returned from Chicago where he attended a dealer's meeting.

About $50 was realized from a birthday party given by the Methodist Ladies Guild. A program was given and refreshments served.

20 Years Ago

Feb. 6, 1920

Miss Frances Parsons spent the week with relatives at Tuscola.

Misses Esther Loomis and Gladys Graham were Danville visitors.

Mrs. Wm. Zenke and Mrs. Albert Messman left for a visit with relatives in Nebraska.

Miss Dorothy Douthit of the DeLong Motor Company force left for Ohio for a visit with relatives.

Relatives here received word of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Hobbs at Indianapolis.

Miss Cecil Allen, a teacher in the Tuscola high school, was ill at her home here with influenza.

Forrest Dicks, Ralph Allen, Oliver and Oscar Smith of the U. of. I., spent the semester vacation with home folks.

Methodist Church Notes

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock. The annual election of officers will be held next Sunday.

The Church service is at 11:00. Hear and heed the call to divine worship.

Immanuel Lutheran Church

P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Divine Worship, 10:00 a. m.
Sermon: "Devotion to the Utmost."

Dr. Samuel Johnson tells of a father who was climbing a mountain, and heard his little child behind him say, "Take a safe path, papa! I'm coming after you."

Fathers are taking a safe path when they take their children to church, and thus help to train their worship. Your child sees you at your best when you worship. It is good for him to be with you when you are doing right.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Logan entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Logan of near Sidney; Kenneth Dicks and family.

Tells of Very Cold Weather of 1904

(Editor's Note: Rev. J. Will McKinney, of Charleston, a former pastor of Fairfield Presbyterian Church, four miles southeast of Broadlands, wrote the editor of The Newman Independent an interesting letter in regard to the cold weather of 1904, which appeared in last week's issue of that paper. Believing the letter will be of interest to some of our readers we are herewith publishing the same).

The cold weather has been the main topic for conversation down here since Christmas. Many claim that this is the coldest January on record. One newspaper declares it is the coldest January since 1885.

In this modern age the announcer over the radio tells where the coldest spots are, etc. I wonder if you can find among your files any papers as far back as the winter of 1904. I was living in the community of Newman, and known as the boy preacher—I was pastor of the Fairfield Presbyterian church on the ridge, north of Newman, and pastor of the McCown church, east of Newman, and I lived on Mr. John Hance's place.

That winter we had heavy rains the first of January (a January thawout) then it turned bitterly cold and the ground was covered with ice, and the rest of January we had bitter cold subzero weather — thermometers reading from 15 to 25 degrees below zero.

At an early morning hour, January 13th, the stork visited our home. Dr. Dicks of Broadlands was called, and he started in a horse drawn cart over the icy roads. When about two miles south of Broadlands one cart wheel turned east, the other west, broke down—the rest of the journey was made on horse back, but the Dr. arrived on time.

The rest of January was bitterly cold, with severe blizzards. During this time I was conducting a revival meeting at the McCown church, driving back and forth every day. This proved to be one of the best meetings I have conducted in my 40 years of active pastorhood and evangelistic work.

Now back to the weather. By the first of February we enjoyed a few days of mild weather, then came another severe cold spell, and the morning of Feb. 13, 1904, thermometers registered from 32 to 36 below zero in Newman.

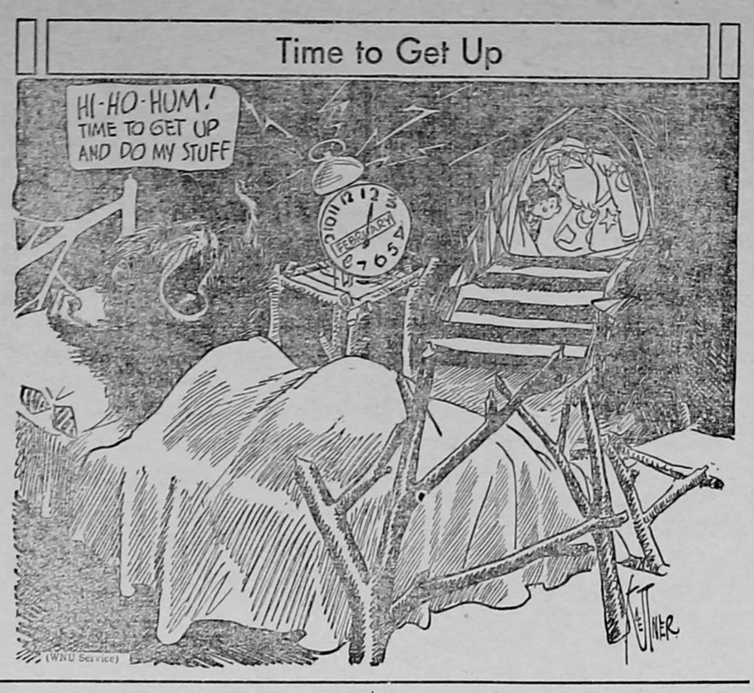
One way I have of remembering it so well is by a farmer living on the ridge south of the Fairfield church by the name of Cranford. Mr. Cranford's public sale was on that date. Only a few men braved the weather to attend the sale. We built a bonfire near the barn and burned up all the old boards, fence posts, old collars and pads, etc. We cleaned up the place. Mr. Marion Young, Mr. Jas. Church and Mr. Harlan Six were there. Mr. Six came to the sale to buy a milk cow, and bought all the cattle Mr. Cranford had.

Ask these men, they can tell you about that cold Feb. 13, 1904.

Would like to see or hear from all my old friends.

Sincerely yours,
Rev. J. Will McKinney.
1910 South 10th St.
Charleston, Ill.

Is your subscription paid?



Dirt Is Flying At U. B. Church

The local U. B. Church has been the scene of much activity the past week. Members of the church are digging out the dirt, preparatory to the building of a basement under the church. The basement will be a mighty fine asset to the church and the men giving their time and energy to this worthy cause are to be highly commended for the fine spirit with which they are going after the work. Members of the church will do practically all of the work themselves, so we have been informed.

New Bridge Club Organized at the Louis Frick Home

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frick entertained a number of friends at a Bridge party last Tuesday evening.

A new club was organized which will meet every other Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Struck won high score prize.

A smorgasboard luncheon was served.

Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Bud Struck, Oscar Limp, Carl Zenke, Ray Struck, Elmer Mohr, Norman Seider, Earl Eckerty, Louis Frick.

The next meeting will be held at the Carl Zenke home.

Several times I have written about the responsibility of the pedestrian. During a recent year over 16,000 pedestrians were killed and approximately 276,000 were injured.

Crossing between intersections ranked first as a cause of death and injury. The next cause was attributed to walking on rural highways. Crossing where signal was not available was another cause. Children playing in the street was one of the factors in this large death toll.

The pedestrian has a definite responsibility to obey traffic signals, to cross streets at proper intersections and at proper times, to walk on the proper side of the highway, and to use a little more care at night in crossing the streets.

You who are pedestrians do not condemn the automobile driver for the pedestrian deaths. A large part of the responsibility and the cause rests with the man on the street.

It's smart to be careful.

Orange and Blue Echoes

L. V. H. S.—Long View, Illinois.

Warren Sempsrott has moved to Danville.

Horace Fansler and Ada Ringo are the latest mumps victims.

The school lunches served by the Home Ec Club proved to be a huge success and there is a promise of a repeat performance by the club.

Mr. Hill, agricultural inspector, visited the school last Tuesday. He is from the state department and recommended L. V. H. S. Agricultural Department quite highly.

Nellie Thomas, Jessie Anderson, Elsie Wilson and Margaret Hooker were hostesses of the January Home Ec Club meeting, Monday, Jan. 15, at Nellie's home. The evening was spent in playing contact, Chinese checkers and cards, after which delicious refreshments of escalloped chicken, potato salad, hot rolls, and cocoa were served.

Semester grade cards came out this week. Following is the Honor Roll list:

Freshmen—Ed Doney, Marjorie Gorman, Ada Ringo, Evelyn Hedrick.

Sophomore—Wanda Nohren.

Junior—Margaret Mohr, Norma Jean McCormick, Inez Schweineke.

Senior—Lois Bickers, Wayne Nohren, Edith Stipps, Frances Wagner.

Lodge Meets Next Monday

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

Henry K. Mohr, W. M.
Carl B. Dicks, Sec.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stuebe and daughter of Danville; Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Sy and son were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Sy Sunday evening.

Paul J. Madigan, of Champaign, Democratic candidate for the nomination for the office of Recorder of Deeds of Champaign county, paid The News office a pleasant call while here Wednesday.

For the past few weeks we have been telling about the snowstorms and the sub-zero weather. Now we are glad to state we are having some nice winter weather and that the ice and snow is beginning to melt away.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfield Entertain Night Bridge Club

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfield entertained the Night Bridge Club last Monday night, with four tables in play.

Prizes were awarded to Geo. Cook, Edward Nohren, John Nohren, Mrs. John Nohren, Mrs. Ben Rayl, Harry and Marcelle Nohren.

Guests present were Miss Marcelle Nohren, Miss Phyllis Bergfield, and Harry Nohren.

Refreshments consisted of pork sandwiches, pickles, fruit whip and coffee.

Members present were Messrs. and Mesdames George Cook, Ben Rayl, Edward Nohren, John Nohren, Roy Bergfield, Mrs. Ray McClelland, Mrs. Lillie Bowman.

How To Control Car in Skid Told by Motor Club

If winter ice and snow should suddenly throw your car into a skid, turn the steering wheel in the direction you are skidding, George Barton, head of the Chicago Motor Club safety and traffic department, advised motorists today.

A turn of the front wheels with the skid is the best way to help right the car, whereas turning the wheels in the opposite direction aids the skid by adding a whipping effect to the rear wheels, he explained.

Another important safeguard is to avoid sudden turns and braking as much as possible on ice and snow, he warned. If neccessary to apply the brakes, do so with a snubbing motion, rather than applying them abruptly, which tends to lock the wheels and increase the chances of skidding.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Limp Entertain at Bridge Party

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Limp entertained a number of friends at a Bridge party on Thursday evening of last week.

High score prizes were won by Mrs. Louis Frick and Oscar Witt; low score, Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren; traveling, Mrs. Louis Frick and Carl Zenke.

Refreshments were served.

Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames John Nohren, Edward Maxwell, Oscar Witt, Carl Zenke, Philip Limp, Bud Struck, Norman Seider, Louis Frick, Oscar Limp.

Apply For License

Wilbur E. Thomas, 24, Broadlands, has applied to the county clerk for a license to wed Miss Lydia David, 19, Broadlands.

Mrs. James Wilson entered Jarman hospital, Tuscola, Monday for an appendicitis operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Worley and son Wayne of West Lebanon, Ind., spent Sunday in the Louis Frick home. Erle Frick accompanied them home for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carmack and daughter, Miss Maxine of Tuscola, and Mrs. Maude Houk of Murdock were Sunday dinner guests at the D. P. Brewer home. Mrs. Houk remained for a few days visit.

Homer Station Agent is Robbed of Cash

Homer, Jan. 31 — A young, heavy-set robber was short-changed when he held up the Kizer oil station on North Main street here Tuesday night.

Believing one of his victims when he said he had no money, the bandit was $25 short in his loot. The man who "cheated" the thief was Palmer Davis, who had dropped into the station for a chat with Melvin Petty, station agent.

A man driving a black, 1936 sedan came into the station about 7 p. m., and ordered gas and oil for his car. Then instead of drawing cash from his pocket he drew a revolver and ordered Petty and Davis to "stick 'em up."

From the station agent he obtained $8.30 in cash, then told Davis to hand over his money. Davis replied that would be impossible because he had none. Had the robber searched Davis he would have found $25 in cash. But he drove away apparently satisfied with the $8.30 and did not even take the money from the cash register.

The man was about 25 years old Petty said. The automobile had no license.

G. T. Club Meets at Home Mrs. Neva Frick

The G. T. Club met at the home of Mrs. Neva Frick on Thursday of last week.

The afternoon was spent in playing "500," Mrs. Mary Dicks winning high score prize.

Mrs. Anna Mohr was a guest.

Refreshments consisted of scalloped potatoes, jello relish rings, rolls, jelly, and coffee.

Members present were Mesdames Freda Maxwell, Edna Struck, Anna Struck, Maude Fitzgerald, Rosa Smith, Ruby Holt, Minnie Anderson, Betty Dicks, Mary Dicks, Gladys McClelland, Pearl DeWitt, Zermah Witt, Jennie Nohren, Lorraine Mohr, Ruth Henson, Elsie Walker, Maude Luedke, Louise Zenke, Jessie Bergfield, Ida Messman, Leona Bergfield, Irene Wiese, Irene Witt, Helen Eckerty, Neva Frick.

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

Mrs. Bessie Loomis Given Surprise on 77th Birthday

A surprise birthday dinner was given Mrs. Bessie Loomis Sunday, it being her 77th birthday. When she arrived home from church she found Mr. and Mrs. Parsons of Villa Grove there with the table set for company.

Those attending were Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons, of Villa Grove; Mr, and Mrs. John Walker and children, Vernetta, Sandra and Gary of Paris; P. O. Rayl and family.

Mrs. Loomis received several nice gifts and greetings from relatives and friends.

Market Report

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

No. 2 hard wheat, new	86c
No. 2 white corn	56c
No. 2 yellow corn	49c
No. 3 oats, new	38c
No. 2 beans, new	92c

Homer Historical Society Homer Illinois 1

Broadlands News

Published Every Thursday

J. F. Darnall, Editor & Publisher

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More G-Men on Guard

When President Roosevelt declared a limited state of emergency at the outbreak of the war last September, he authorized an increase of 150 in the force of G-men serving under Director J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigations. These men were added in order to better guard against foreign spying, sabotage and other subversive activities.

In the new budget recently submitted to Congress, provision is made for still another 100 G-men, bringing the force under Mr. Hoover up to 1,074. Reports of suspicious activities on the part of aliens and others are said to be pouring into the FBI offices at the rate of about 200 a day, and while most of these are no doubt groundless, many of them are important and all must be investigated.

It is well established that several foreign governments maintain large numbers of secret agents in this country, and the danger they present to our national defense program is most serious.

Several new measures to help strengthen existing laws against espionage and sabotage will likely be passed at the present session of Congress, and with the large force of efficient G-men that will be available, our national interests should be well protected.

Distress in Germany

Even this early in the new war the people of Germany are experiencing many privations, because of a scarcity of the necessaries of life. Other countries are short of certain foodstuffs, also, but no people in Europe are so restricted by rationing as the Germans.

Long before the beginning of the war Germany suffered from a lack of sufficient meat, butter, lard, coffee, wheat flour, eggs, sugar and fresh fruits. Immediately upon the invasion of Poland a system of rationing was established, whereby the consumption of meat and butter was reduced about one-half and that of other foods by a less amount.

A few weeks ago a rationing system for clothing was put into effect in Germany, which is the only nation so far to adopt such a measure of economy. During the recent cold wave there was an acute shortage of coal, which was strictly rationed, and as the burning of wood is forbidden, much suffering was reported.

In addition to the shortage of supplies caused by the blockade of German ports, importations from neighboring countries on the south have been hampered by lack of transportation, as river traffic has been halted by freezing of the Danube and other streams. The present winter is the coldest experienced in years.

While it is too early to predict the outcome, it appears that by starting this unprovoked war Hitler has doomed the German people to a long period of intense hardships and ultimate defeat.

Pan American Airways expect to have bigger Clippers next year which will carry 50 passengers to Europe overnight at a speed of 300 miles an hour.

Sidelights

Several Annapolis debutantes offered to serve as census enumerators, but their offer was rejected. They had specified that their work be confined to checking up the midshipmen at the U. S. Naval Academy.

One of the largest individual Christmas gifts of the recent season was 30 tons of meat provided for 6,000 needy families by Louis K. Sigman of Denver, each family receiving a 10-pound package.

Food, drugs and cosmetics sold in interstate commerce are now required to be labeled with a list of all their ingredients. Products for which the government has established standards must show whether they conform to such standards.

The 262 Polynesian inhabitants of Rapa Island, a French possession in the South Pacific, first heard that their country was at war when Admiral Byrd's flagship called there late in December. Only one native Frenchman, a former aviator, lives on the tiny island.

What's New

The electric eye is being used to control a telescope during a long photographic exposure.

Tests on rats at Columbia University indicate that diets rich in calcium increase the life span.

Having several speeds ahead and in reverse, a wheel chair has been invented that is driven by automobile starter batteries.

Interior walls and partitions of a new hospital at Melbourne, Australia, are movable to enable the building to be rearranged to meet emergencies.

A band of dark-colored mineral is built into the surfacing of a new shingle, giving a deep shadow effect at the butts which enhances the appearance of the roof.

The American Baking Institute has found that bread can be stored away and kept fresh for 40 days after baking by freezing it at a temperature of eight degrees Fahrenheit.

Evil-Doers Punished by Parson and Advisers

In the early period of the development of Illinois, misdemeanors were occasionally punished by church trials. Session houses were annexed to some churches, and here the ministers with the deacons and elders would pass judgment on erring members.

Records covering the years 1841 to 1846 of a church at Hopewell, noted by the Illinois Writers' Project, tell of a member who was ousted for shooting a coon on Sunday. In the course of the trial, testimony showed that the animal was stealing grain at the time from the preacher's corn crib. This evidence did not soften the decision of the judges, but presumably the marksman regained his good standing after showing that he could reserve his shooting for approved occasions.

Arrested in Minneapolis, Chas. Kruege, 59, confessed to police that he had stolen 500 dogs and sold most of them to the University of Minnesota for medical study.

When an irked professor at Pennsylvania State College asked Thomas Snaith why he missed an examination in a courtship and marriage course, Snaith explained that he had taken the day off to get married.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. Where did the first Illinois State Anti-Slavery Convention meet?

A. The Upper Alton Presbyterian Church, Oct. 26, 1837.

Q. To whom was the call first limited?

A. To those who believed that slavery was a sin and looked to immediate emancipation.

Q. By whom and to whom was the call extended?

A. By Edward Beecher, President of Illinois College at Jacksonville, to friends of free inquiry.

Q. What was the result of this extended call?

A. A hodgepodge of men of all beliefs.

Q. Who was the leader of the anti-abolitionists?

A. Usher F. Linder, Attorney-General of Illinois.

Q. What resulted at the opening of the convention?

A. It was held by Elijah Lovejoy that the meeting had a single and definite purpose (emancipation) and that any interruption by the "friends of free inquiry" would be out of order and they had no right at the convention. Linder shook his fist at Lovejoy and the argument continued until Gideon Blackburn declared the meeting adjourned.

Q. What happened the next day?

A. The opposition, led by Linder, spent the evening of Oct. 26 drumming up recruits and the next morning the proceedings of the previous day were declared out of order.

Q. What was the result?

A. Linder's following literally took over the convention, adopted Linder's resolutions negating emancipation, and quickly adjourned the convention.

Q. How did the anti-slavery men react?

A. The following day they gathered in the house of Thaddeus Beman Hurlbut and here the Illinois Anti-Slavery society was born.

Q. Who was Hurlbut?

A. Circuit rider, associate editor with Elijah Lovejoy of the Alton Observer. He was a graduate of Andover and was licensed to preach by Lyman Beecher.

People Throng to See Forerunner of Movies

Let's go to a stereoscopic show tonight.

Such an invitation was probably joyfully received by maidens who were asked out for an evening's entertainment before the days of motion pictures, say research workers of the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA.

Traveling stereoscopic museums that often featured colorful scenes from all parts of the world offered popular diversion for many Illinois communities in early times. One stopping in 1890 at Cambridge, Henry County, was said to have been unusually well attended during its stay. A local newspaper then described the museum as "One of the grandest things that ever struck this part of the country."

Early Miners Paid in Long Wearing Blankets

An Illinois coal miner, seeking his fortune in Hamilton County 50 years ago, did not find the wealth he hoped for, but did secure several woolen blankets which are reported to be in good shape after 40 years of service.

According to historical records, says the Illinois Writers' Project, he came to the county at a time when it was being boomed as a rich coal mining area. He secured employment, and was paid for his work, not in money, which was somewhat scarce, but in long wearing woolen blankets.

Less Wear and Tear on Ground-Sweeping Skirts

When a number of Illinois women organized a club at Cantrall in Sangamon County shortly after the close of the Civil War, one of their announced purposes was to devise means of securing funds to build sidewalks throughout the village.

It seems that the immediate concern of members, however, was not to aid in beautifying the city, but to save wear and tear on long skirts that were in style at the time. Their wearers had discovered that these trailing garments were being seriously affected by the unimproved paths.

So successful were the efforts of the women in this connection, says the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA, that their organization has been prominent ever since in civic improvements.

Couldn't Happen Here

He crept upstairs, his shoes in hand, just as the night took wing
And saw his wife two steps above, doing the self-same thing.

A generous burglar broke into the home of O. P. McDaniel in Macon, Ga. Nothing was taken but an 18-pound ham was found lying on the kitchen table.

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

Is your subscription paid?

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Homer Historical Society Homer Illinois 2

The Only Girl

By SELMA A. CAREY

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THOMAS BLAKE, civil engineer, just arrived from a distant city, felt through his pockets again. It was gone. He found himself in the Central station of the metropolis without a penny to his name and many miles from his destination. He had been the victim of a pickpocket.

SHORT SHORT STORY

"H'm," he soliloquized, as he drew his hand from his pocket. "How am I to reach Jack's place? I can't walk."

He chuckled to himself as he thought of the vernacular phrase, "Hooking a freight car."

He felt someone jostle him and then he heard a tiny voice exclaim, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

He looked around to see a very charming young lady, who was having considerable trouble with her numerous parcels.

He established her parcels into a vacant seat, tipped his hat and was about to leave, when she stopped him.

"I've 30 minutes before train time and I thought if you were not in—"

"Certainly," he interrupted, as he seated himself beside her. "I have plenty of time also."

"I suppose I did look ridiculous with all the bundles," she said.

"You looked wonderful—I mean you didn't look ridiculous," he stammered.

She laughed lightly. "At any rate, I think you were very kind to assist me, and when I arrive in Holton I will—"

"Holton!" he exclaimed. "That's where I'm bound for—or I was," he finished lamely, as he thought of his penniless state.

"Oh! You changed your mind quite suddenly," she remarked, a trifle icily.

"No," he hastened to assure her. "I was going—and I would now—but I have no money."

"No money?" she asked in surprise, as she looked at his perfectly groomed person.

He grinned. "It does sound 'fishy,' doesn't it? My pockets have been picked since I entered this station."

"I'm so sorry," she sympathized. "For you, I mean."

Then, as an after-thought, she continued, "Now I can be of assistance to you. I will lend you the necessary funds, and when you reach your friends in Holton I can be repaid."

One hour later Tom Blake and Jack Hill were joyously greeting each other.

"It's mighty good to see you back again, Tom, after two whole years."

"Isn't it bully! You're just in time for the dance tonight, Tom. There will be some pretty Holton girls there," Jack jokingly said, as he nudged Tom.

Tom said very seriously. "There is only one Holton girl I want to see."

Jack whistled. "Say, you're a fast worker. Here you already have one picked and you haven't been here an hour yet."

"I met this one before I arrived." And Tom explained to his friend the whole episode.

Suddenly Jack asked, "How do you expect to find her?"

"She handed me a card just as she hurried into a waiting automobile at the station. Here it is." He handed Jack the card he drew from his pocket.

Jack took the card. "Marjory Wilson!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"You know her?" Tom asked excitedly.

"Know her? She's the girl I have been raving to you about."

"Whew!" Tom exclaimed. "Well, I'm sorry old man. I didn't dream that—never mind, I shan't come between you and your only girl."

"You're a brick, Tom."

Two hours later Tom met the girl of the station. To his mystification Jack did not ask her for the first dance. Instead, he sped away with another girl in his arms. This happened the following dance, also.

At his first opportunity he hissed into Jack's ear, "What's the idea? You seem to be interested in another 'only girl.'"

Surprised, Jack asked, "What's the matter with you?"

"Matter! You ask me that when you know you haven't danced yet with Marjory."

"Marjory!" exclaimed Jack. "You idiot! I've danced with no one else."

"Well, who—what—who is the girl I was talking to?" stammered Tom.

"Why, that's Marjory's cousin, who lives with her."

"Then, that's not the girl you love?" asked Tom excitedly.

"Of course not! But why—" and Jack laughed heartily as it dawned on him that it was not Marjory, but her cousin, whom Tom had met.

Tom hurried back to the girl he had left a few minutes before.

"I see, Miss Wilson, your cousin and Jack know each other well."

"Yes, Marjory and Jack are old sweethearts. By the way, you do not know my full name. You see, I handed you one of Marjory's cards by mistake. You may call me Mary, if you wish."

"Mary is wonderful," said Tom, and she didn't question if he referred to the name or the girl.

Hot Dogs!

By FLORENCE D. WHALIN

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MISS MARCELLA PRATT, aged sixty-two, looked from bright blue eyes on the seemingly endless stream of passing automobiles. They simply shocked her. In this home of her youth there alone was left, she thought, a bit of the life serene that was of the days of her parents, and her own childhood. The world was going mad, panic-stricken, she felt. True, the lilacs by her door strove to keep their heads erect, and to urge the new yearly shoots to dignity. But the simpering bridal-wreath bush bowed to every passer-by, as the wind promiscuously showered her white petals, as confetti. The soft dirt road had broadened, and become black and hard, with frequent baths of repulsive, sticky oil.

SHORT SHORT STORY

How soon would the city and modernity invade her sanctuary? she questioned.

She looked with horrified eyes at the roadside stands. Hot dogs! Before her eyes danced a jumble of signs, big and little, proclaiming—why, actually, they had cuts of dogs, in natural color, holding flaming red frankfurts in their teeth. Terrible!

She pushed her expense book across the table. "Marcella Pratt," she argued, "you've got to do something—and soon. You can't eat this house. And you have taxes to pay. Marcella, at your age, you've got to wake up!"

Next morning a pathetic little sign appeared on her lawn. FUDGE! She was sure of its quality. They could walk right into the dining room and buy from her father's desk. Very simple.

But the first thing she knew she found young men sprawled in her chairs—mother's wedding present. Mud on the floor. Actual petting couples—but she took their money. Couples full of jokes, modern things that made her eyes wrinkle at the corners, and her mouth want to smile.

She repeated some to the cat, leaving out the slang.

The invasion of her home was becoming less sacrilegious. The fudge business was paying well.

She tried raspberry jam sandwiches. Just a plate. Thin white bread, heavy with home-made jam. These were still within her puritanical bounds. These brought the same folks again and again, and the men (big boys) called her "Auntie."

Then, afternoons, she left off the percale dress and put on a demure black silk, with fresh white collar. Above her silver hair was like a halo. Her eyes and pink tinted cheeks were made to love.

Miss Marcella was glad, was sad. These bright, happy souls might have been her own. The nephew she loved most for the reason that he was Stephen's boy. Fortunate Stephen to be loved by two girls. Miss Marcella had stepped into the shadows that he might marry her sister. Children mean a lot.

After a while her fudge experiment was like bubbling yeast; bubbling over, clamoring for more room, paying well for her work. She had money saved and no bills to pay. She could have the best of food, if she cared to revel in such. But these she didn't crave, and yet she was restless.

Then it was that she read of an orphan girl. She wrote immediately, giving plenty of references as to her honesty, character and church connections. The society willingly exchanged the girl for these. In this lottery she drew a prize.

Every night Miss Marcella went to bed thankful, tired and happy. Money piled in and she applied for a boy. He came, another orphan, made so by some terrible accident. A poor little mechanical body living in a stupor, caused by the sudden calamity.

How she did love them. It was as if they were her own children, who, being lost, had been found and returned.

But Miss Marcella forgot to reckon that two hungry children would cost a lot of money. The tin box was getting low, and although the fudge and sandwich business was brisk, still her expenses were large—mostly food. She meditated long on the problem.

Then one night, after the children slept, she donned her outer garments, took the family lantern and trudged stoically across the field to the home of John Mason.

"John," she said abruptly, fearing she might soften, "I'd like you to come over in the morning and bring along your carpenter tools. I've got to have a road-stand built, and I want a good-sized one, too. And you might arrange to have your boy, Charles, bring me one of those latest frankfurt roasters. And, John, make the sign good and big. You see, I've got the children to consider."

"Will — will it be — dainty," he knew her—"with just Miss Marcella's—" John began.

"No. John—no half ways. Make it HOT DOGS! I've got to consider the children now.

"What a difference children make," she said, musingly, as she picked up her lantern and started happily back toward home.

Interesting Notes

Miss Nancy Hepditch Saint of Vancouver, B. C., was recently married to Edgar Penfield Angel.

In Spencer, Ia., it is unlawful to make personal remarks about passers-by.

J. S. Knox of Los Angeles reported to police that a pickpocket stole his wallet while he was in church.

In 20 years Mrs. T. H. Milikan of Marysville, Mo., has baked 73,000 pies for the restaurant she and her husband own.

Police of Alva, Mo., are seeking a man who bought $34 worth of Bibles and paid for them with forged checks.

After a violent sneeze, Frank Cook of Adelphia, N. J., missed something and looked into the stove he was stoking. In the coals lay his false teeth.

When a gunman robbed a bank in Otterville, Can., recently, a mob of citizens chased him thru the town, trapped him in a store and recovered the $200 loot.

A fire engine was the bridal car that carried James Tierney and his bride from their wedding to the railroad station in Desplaines, Ill.

Classified Ads.

One 1939 Chevrolet Master Town Sedan. Heater and radio in excellent running order.

One 1938 Chevrolet Deluxe Town Sedan reconditioned with good tires.

One 1937 Ford V-8 in good running condition.

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

One 1938 Chevrolet ½ Ton Pickup with Cab and Box. A good one.

One 1933 Chevrolet Master Coupe.

One 1933 Chevrolet Standard Coupe.

Many usable cheap cars.

One 1936 Chevrolet Truck. Long wheel base, new pistons, good 10-ply tires, thoroughly reconditioned and, priced right.

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Two 1933 Chevrolet Trucks.

You should see these before you buy.

Brewer Chevrolet Company
Broadlands, Ill.

Time Tables
C. & E. I.

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

Star Mail Route
Southbound ..... 7:15 a. m.
Northbound ..... 8:30 a. m.

"She's my wife and I have a right to shoot her," protested Harry Lee, 62, arrested in Kansas City, Mo., for shooting his wife in the foot during a quarrel.

The News is $1.50 a year.

A Gaffner, S. C., schoolteacher returning the free textbooks, explained that all the pupils had quit to get married. There were five pupils in the grade, all 16 to 18 years old.

The News is $1.50 a year.

Kenneth Dicks, Broadlands — Forrest Dicks, Allerton

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Ambulance Service — Ambulance Service

Be it a Shave or be it a Bob

You'll always find me on the job!

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Hair Cut, Children under 12	25c
Shave	20c
Tonic	20c
Massage	35c
Neck Clip	10c
Shampoo	25c
Shoe Shine	10c

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See
Messman & Astell
For All Kinds of Insurance & Loans

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Bank Building — Broadlands, Illinois.

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Homer Historical Society Homer Illinois

Button, Button

By KAREN C. SUNDELOF

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CAROL did not notice the loss of her diamond until she had dressed to be in readiness to take her place as hostess in the living room, to wait for her young guests. She went to the kitchen to put the ring on. She had hurriedly laid it on the cupboard shelf when she was mixing the cake. Lo and behold, it was gone!

She spent a panicky half-hour searching. Where could it be? What would Will say? He would be sure to notice that it was not on her finger. He was always so observing. Audrey found her in tears, frantically searching under the ice-chest.

"Why, Sis," she cried, "your pretty new dress! You will get it all wrinkled—and dirty, too, if your floor weren't always so spotlessly clean."

Carol raised a woebegone face.

"I've lost my engagement ring," she wailed. "And everybody will be here in a few minutes."

Audrey was practical.

"Where did you have it last?" she asked.

"I laid it on the cupboard shelf when I was baking."

"Anybody been here?"

Carol rose, to lean weakly against the refrigerator.

"Sure," she confessed. "It seems as if just about everybody had been here. A man came to read the gas meter. A boy came with the ice cream, and the ice man has been here."

"There," cried Audrey triumphantly. "We'll find it. Don't worry, dear. I suppose you left all these men to wander around wherever they wished."

"I had no time to bother with any of them," admitted her sister. "Anyway, the ice man is as honest as you or I, and—"

"Well," interrupted the younger girl, "I am going to call the police, anyway."

"No, no," Carol begged her, "not until after your party. We must just forget all about it. I wanted everything to be so perfect for you and Kip. I had hoped so much—"

"Well, don't hope any more," Audrey hastened on to say gaily. "Kip will never pop, if that's what you mean. Besides, I'm going to shake him for a blond. Kip's too slow."

Carol bathed her face. She would try to forget about the ring until after the party. If anybody had taken it, he would already have gone so far that it would take no greater effort to find him later in the evening than now. She mashed the strawberries for the shortcake, put the finishing touches to the pretty table, took a last look at the dainty mounds of lobster salad and the bowl of satiny cream for the shortcake, and was ready to meet Will with a smile. She confessed to him about the lost ring.

"Don't worry, old dear," he reassured her. "I'll call up McLellan later. He would find it if it had been swallowed by Jonah's whale."

Carol was sorry for Kip. There really was nothing slow about him at all. He was perhaps a little reserved at times, and he did work very hard to get somewhere, which was certainly to his credit.

Carol sighed softly. She wished that Kip would take matters into his own hands and make Audrey be sensible, for Audrey was the kind that would make a fine little wife for a man, once she settled down to it.

Carol's call to supper brought the happy, hilarious couples away from the lure of the victrola, and the moon, which shed its romance over the front veranda. They came in laughing groups to the supper table.

Will served the shortcake. He was a general favorite, and his laughing comments that accompanied each plate evoked considerable amusement.

"There's a button baked into one of these pieces," he warned them. "The one that gets it will be a lucky winner."

Kip brought Audrey her helping. She was half through eating it, when she started up with a gasp.

"Funny kind of buttons you use in this house," she cried, holding up Carol's diamond. "When did you start to sew diamonds on Will's shirts, Carol?"

She slipped it on her sister's finger. Tiny particles of shortcake still clung to it.

"I must have shoved it off the shelf into the cake batter," said Carol. "I was in such a rush, I did not notice anything."

As if inspired, Kip dug into his vest pocket, and produced a duplicate sparkler, which he slipped quickly on Audrey's finger before she had time to protest.

"We might just as well tell you now as later, folks," said he. "I have been waiting a long time for this chance. Audrey and I are next."

"No wonder she found the ring," laughed Will.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

Victor and Spoiler

By MARY L. BROWN

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CYNTHIA feared she had made a bad mistake, for she had invited two of her suitors to call on the same evening. To make matters worse, she had phoned Ronnie Moreland and tried to dissuade him in his insistent entreaty to call for the third time that week.

SHORT SHORT STORY

What a masterful way Ronnie had about him! And in spite of herself she had, somehow, admitted to him that the reason he must not call on Wednesday evening was because she had previously invited Kendall Lamb—"Candy Lamb."

There was to be a church bazaar on Thursday night, and Cynthia was to make a large supply of candy for one of the booths.

"I know what I'll do," she thought. "I'll put them both to work making fudge and pulling molasses candy, to keep them out of mischief."

So the young men were taken to the kitchen, where, with cuffs turned back and gingham aprons tied over their sharply creased trousers, they were initiated into the art of candy-making. Cynthia announced that one must make molasses candy and the other would help with the fudge.

"Match you, Lammy!" said Ronnie, producing a coin. Lammy lost, which meant that he would have to do the "dirty work" of pulling molasses candy.

From the front of the house sounded the ring of the telephone. Admonishing the boys to "behave," Cynthia hurried out of the room. Ronnie quietly turned the gas lower under the fudge and tip-toed out of the room also, while Lammy, after a moment of indecision, chose to remain.

As Lamb finished washing the butter from his hands, he astonished the others by announcing that he must be going. Ronnie shot a keen glance at him but said nothing. He reached for the vanilla bottle, where he had left it on the table, examined it carefully and smelled of the contents. Satisfied that no harm had been done by the other, he poured a small quantity of it into the fudge. Within another half hour the batch was poured, the pans washed and Ronnie also took his leave.

When Ronnie arrived at the gay festival his eyes sought out the booth where Cynthia presided, and discovered that his rival had arrived before him. As he approached the pair Cynthia greeted him with an accusing look, and with quivering lips she asked, "Ronnie Moreland, what ever did you do to this fudge? It's just ruined. I believe you did it on purpose."

Ronnie looked at her, at the fudge, and then at Lamb, whose face bore a cherubic expression of utter innocence.

"Looks great to me!" exclaimed he, in a puzzled tone.

"But just taste it!" wailed Cynthia.

Ronnie broke, or, rather, twisted off a piece of the tacky stuff and tried its flavor.

"Hmm, that's funny! Tastes like ginger," he said, thoughtfully.

"Huh!" exploded Lammy. "You're some fudge artist, you are."

"The whole batch will have to be thrown away," mourned Cynthia.

"Wait a second," said Ronnie suddenly. He dashed over to another booth and surreptitiously removed one of its numerous white placards. In a jiffy he had trimmed it with his pocket knife and begun to print carefully, with a fountain pen, on its blank surface.

Presently he returned to the booth and hung up over Cynthia's head a legend reading:

"KOFF KANDY
60c per lb."

All three watched with interest the effect of the placard on the crowd that was passing. In a few moments business began to boom. To Cynthia's amazement folks were buying the stuff and actually liking it!

Lamb made some excuse and sauntered away.

"Now do you believe in signs?" asked Ronnie.

"I guess I do," replied Cynthia. "While you were printing it Lammy 'fessed up that it was he who put the ginger in the fudge, but he didn't mean to have the joke on me."

"I suspected it," replied Ronnie. "And do you know what that's a sign of?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's a sign that you shouldn't have two suitors calling at once, so in the future—"

"Yes?"

"You'll wear this to keep the others away!" And Ronnie swiftly produced a ring which he poised over her left hand, clasped tightly in his own. "Will you, Cynthia, dear?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes, Ronnie," she said sweetly.

When the bazaar was nearly over, there were but a few crumbs of the koff kandy left, and these Cynthia gathered up and presented to Ronnie, saying shyly, "To the victor belong the spoils, you know."

"Righto!" agreed Ronnie. "But the old Candy Lamb wasn't such a spoiler, after all, was he?"

Local and Personal

August Wiese was a Champaign visitor, Tuesday.

Mrs. O. E. Anderson is confined to her home with the flu.

Miss Marie Witt is spending a few days with Mrs. G. M. Neff in Danville.

Miss Lois Zantow has been confined to her home with the flu the past week.

Elmo Baldwin has been confined to his home by illness the past few days.

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

Louis Frick had the misfortune to fall on Tuesday, tearing the ligaments loose in his knee.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Seeds of Danville; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bruhn visited Elmer Sy and family Sunday.

Andrew Henson of Illinois Wesleyan College, Normal, spent the latter part of last week with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith and daughter of Fairland spent Sunday with Mrs. Ella Maxwell.

Mrs. Mabel Haines, Mrs. Clara Craig and daughter Jo Marilyn, attended the funeral of Forrest Fagenbush at DeKalb, Sunday.

Mrs. Walter Schumacher entered Jarman hospital, Tuscola, Tuesday for an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Philip Limp and daughter, Miss Pauline, left Monday for a weeks visit with relatives at Louisville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren entertained at dinner on Sunday, Howard Mohr and family, Clarence Kilian and family, Lyman Mohr and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Jr., spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Chicago attending the Illinois Agricultural Association meeting.

Long View News

Merton Parks and Clarence Dyar were Indianapolis visitors Monday.

Mrs. Katherine Deere left recently for Tucson, Ariz., to spend the remainder of the winter.

More mumps have developed here, Ada Ringo and Horace Fansler being among the more recent victims.

E. J. Doney, C. & E. I. agent here will be transferred soon to Gerald, Ill. The family will remain here until school closes.

Among the flu victims last week were Teddy Ringo, Mrs. E. C. Hagerman, James Ronald Hagerman, and Dorothy Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ferguson, Chicago, have purchased the property occupied by Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Struck and will move here May 1. Mr. Ferguson is a carpenter at the stock yards and will be retired May 1.

Wise Guy—Changing a tire, eh?

Driver—No. I have a kindly disposition. I get out every few miles and jack it up to give it a rest.

Notice in rural weekly: "Anyone found near my chicken house at night will be found there next morning."

The young man was prematurely gray, and proud of it.

Looks quite poetic, don't you think? he asked the girl he had just met.

It does remind me of a certain poem, she said.

And what is that?

When the Frost is on the Pumpkin.

Visitor—And how old are you, Bobbie?

Bobbie—I'm just at the awkward age.

Visitor — Really? And what do you call the awkward age?

Bobbie—I'm too old to cry and too young to swear.

Teacher—Now, children, a collision is two things coming together unexpectedly. Johnny, give an example.

Johnny—Twins.

Dr. C. S. States
VETERINARIAN
Homer, Ill. Tel. 60

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Sidell, Illinois

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Double Feature
Stan Laurel - Oliver Hardy
THE FLYING DEUCES
Also
Wm. Boyd in
LAW OF THE PAMPAS
Admission 10c-20c

Sun., Mon., Feb. 4-5
Gary Cooper - Andrea Leeds
The Real Glory
Admission 10c-20c

Tuesday Only, Feb. 6
Allan Jones - Mary Martin
The Great Victor Herbert
Admission 10c-20c

Wed. & Thur., Feb. 7-8
Bette Davis - Errol Flynn
Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex
In Technicolor
Admission 10c-20c

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

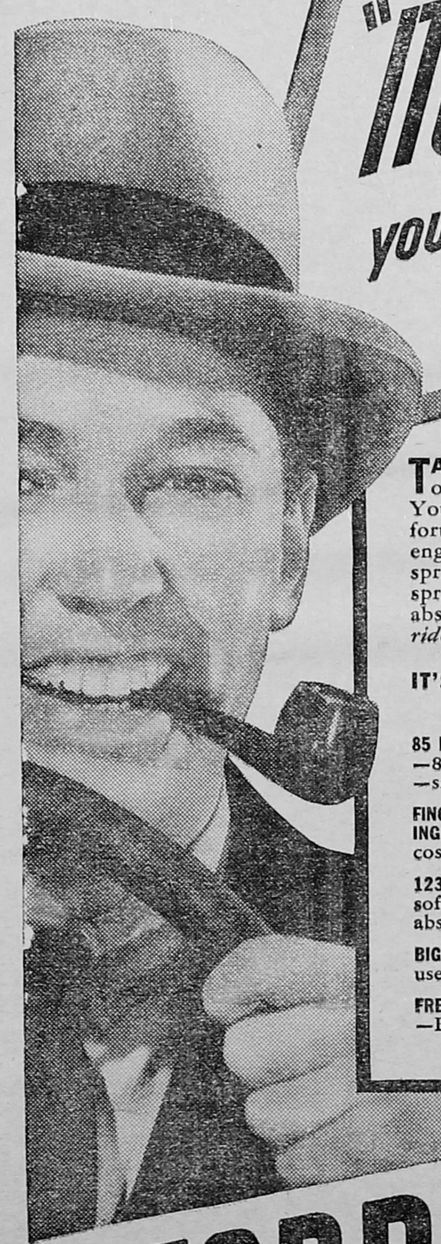
STAR
Villa Grove - Illinois

Thur. & Fri., Feb. 1-2
John Garfield - Priscilla Lane
in
Dust Be My Destiny
The picture is marking Garfield's Stardom.
"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, Feb. 3
City of Chance
Lynn Bari - Donald Woods
Also
Pride of The Blue Grass
Edith Fellows
James McCollion
and Gantry the famous blind horse.
Mat. 5c-15c Nite 10c-25c

Sun., Mon., Feb. 4-5
The Shop Around The Corner
Margaret Sullavan
James Stewart
Frank Morgan
Continuous Show 2:15
10c-25c

Tues., Wed., Feb. 6-7
Return of Dr. X
Wayne Morris
Humphrey Bogart
Rosemary Lane
also
Kid Nightingale
John Payne - Jane Wyman
Walter Catlett
Story of a soft voiced father who could sing as well as fight.
10c-25c



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BALDWIN'S GARAGE
Broadlands, Illinois

Homer Historical Society Homer Illinois