

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 22

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1941

NUMBER 17

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Aug. 2, 1929

Rev. C. M. Temple and family were Mattoon visitors.

The Bruhn family reunion was held at the John Bruhn home.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stuebe.

Mrs. Fuller Freeman returned home after a few days visit with relatives at Decatur.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Westfield returned to Chicago after a visit in the Harry Allen home.

A horse belonging to John Bruhn had its tail pulled off in a threshing machine while the men were working at the Howard Clem home.

20 Years Ago

July 29, 1921

Miss Lena Poggendorf returned to Danville after a two weeks vacation.

Ralph Allen returned home after six weeks training at Ft. Sheridan.

Miss Wynnie Cadwallader left for a visit with relatives at Decatur.

Roy Bird and family of Tuscola visited in the Mark Phipps home.

A miscellaneous shower was given for Mrs. Kenneth Allen at the Harry Allen home.

Mrs. Thos. Bergfield, daughter, Juanita, Mrs. Lillous Harris, daughters, Naomi and Bessie visited relatives at Brocton.

Mrs. Louis Wienke entertained the young folks of the Immanuel Lutheran Church in honor of Miss Paula Theiss of Chicago.

Immanuel Lutheran Church

P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

9:30 A. M.—Sunday School.
10:15 A. M.—Divine Worship.
2:30 P. M.—Corner-stone laying service.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

St. John's Evangelical and Reformed Church

Robert B. Frey, Pastor

9:15 A. M.—Church School, Edward Nohren, superintendent.
"Paul Preaches Faith in Christ."
10:30 A. M.—Divine worship.
Sermon: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Edna Schumacher, pianist.

Thursday, Aug. 7—Ladies' Aid picnic at Hessel Park, Champaign, 12 noon.

Peaches! Peaches!

Home grown—white or yellow—picked right and priced right. McBride Truck Farm, Newman.

For Sale—Roasting ears and onions. Mrs. Lydia Brown, Broadlands.

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

Ivan Dyar, 53, Allerton Farmer, Dies Tuesday

Allerton—Effects of a stroke suffered last December 23 proved fatal at 7:30 p. m. Tuesday for Ivan R. Dyar, 53, prominent Allerton farmer. He was removed to the Kankakee hospital last Saturday following a heart attack.

He resided on a farm four miles southeast of Allerton and had lived there most of his life. He was born May 24, 1888, the son of King and Elizabeth Dyar, and on Sept. 18, 1909 he married Edna Jackson.

The widow survives along with four children, Harold, Danville, Herschel, Allerton, Ivan and Naomi, at home; three brothers, J. D. Dyar, Longview, Earl Dyar, Nevada, and Bert Dyar, Arcadia, Ind.; three sisters, Mrs. Belle Franklin, St. Louis, Alice Hanley, Longview, and Mrs. Edith Burkett, Nevada; one grandchild; a stepmother, Mrs. Nancy Dyar, Spencer, Ind.; and several step-brothers and step-sisters.

Funeral services will be held this Friday at 2 p. m. from the Pleasant Ridge church, four miles southwest of Allerton, with Rev. J. R. McBride of Newman officiating. Burial will be in the adjoining cemetery, with Dicks Bros., of Broadlands in charge.

Villa Grove Man Takes Newman Post

Villa Grove, July 30—Raymond Potts, son of Mrs. Irene Potts, has accepted the position of teacher of music in the Newman schools. He will instruct in band, chorus, and the general music course of study in both the grade and high school.

Potts was the first president of the National Honorary society of the Villa Grove township high school from which he graduated with the class of 1937. He graduated from the Eastern Illinois Teachers' College at Charleston with the class of 1941, and during his senior year was president of the college band and vice president of the a cappella choir. He was also chosen for "Who's Who of the Schools and Colleges of the United States of America."

Bud Wiese to Coach at Manteno School

Julius (Bud) Wiese of Tuscola has been hired as coach at Manteno. Wiese has been working with the IERC in Tuscola after a term as deputy sheriff of Douglas county. A former Illinois pitcher, the Brocton plowboy spent three summers in professional baseball, pitching in the Three Eye. He was an instructor at Onargo Military school for a year, and coached two years at Illiopolis. Here he coached Myron Pfeifer, Illinois junior full-back. His Illiopolis Warriors were not scored on in their last eight games.—News Gazette.

Open House Aug. 2 and 3

The C. T. Hensons, who recently moved into their fine new modern home, will hold open house, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 2 and 3, afternoon and evening. Everybody welcome.

Arthur C. Lueder, State Auditor of Public Accounts, today announced that old age assistance payments in the state for the month of July again increased to the new top figure of 147,280 amounting to \$3,442,398.00.

One Is As Essential As the Other



Local and Personal

Mrs. Verla Darley of Ypsilanti, Mich., is among our renewal subscribers this week.

Mrs. Alice Struck of Villa Grove is visiting in the P. O. Rayl home.

Bob Potter left Friday for a visit with relatives at Mason City, Ia.

Miss Betty Boyd left Thursday for Alton for a week's visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Holt of Normal visited friends here the latter part of last week.

Members of the U. B. Sunday school will picnic at Crystal Lake Park, Urbana, Sunday, Aug. 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Darrel Owens of Flora visited in the Elvas Golden home Sunday. Mrs. Owens is Mr. Golden's niece.

Harold Anderson reports the loss of two fine sheep via the death route from weed poisoning, the first of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl spent their summer vacation at the Parsons Ranch, two miles south of Villa Grove, Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mohr of Longview, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jahr of Mahomet expect to leave this Friday on a fishing trip to Cable, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wood and daughter left Sunday for a week's visit with Mrs. Wood's sister and family at Fort Knox, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl and Mrs. Bessie Loomis motored to Paris, Sunday, for Wanda Rayl who had spent a week there in the John Walker home.

Mrs. Albert Gerike and children returned Monday from a visit with relatives at Tell City, Ind. Miss Arleen Aders, Mrs. Gerike's niece, accompanied them home for a visit.

Claude Turner and family of Walnut Grove, Ala., arrived last Friday for a week's visit in the Arch David home. Mr. Turner renewed his subscription to this paper while here.

The Misses Marcelle Nohren, Pauline Limp and Gaile Potter visited Chanute Field, Rantoul, Sunday. Miss Potter's twin brother, Dale, is stationed at this field, having enlisted some months ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Thomas of Murdock, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Ramsey and son Paul of Arcola, were Sunday guests of Mrs. Belle Smith and family.

Mrs. Frank Boyd, son, Paul, and Mrs. Charles Boyd left on Thursday morning for Camp Polk, La., for a week's visit with Charles Boyd who is in training there.

Mrs. Ella King and children returned to their home at Aurora, and Mrs. Grace Scheeter returned to her home at Danville, on Thursday, after a few days visit in the home of Mrs. Lottie Astell.

Mrs. Dora Gaines and granddaughter, Marilyn Mayo, returned to their home in Chicago on Wednesday, after a week's visit in the Jess Ward home. Mrs. Gaines renewed her subscription to this paper while here.

Those attending the Straagard-Dahl family reunion at Crystal Lake Park, Urbana, Sunday, were Hugo DeWitt and family, Walter Logan and family, Kenneth Dicks and family, Miss Maxine Henson and Tommy Hobbs.

The Haverstock tent show played to good crowds here on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights of this week. They are first-class entertainers and put on good clean shows. Come again, Haverstocks. The people of Broadlands were delighted with your shows.

Mrs. Verla Darley of Ypsilanti, Mich., and Miss Juanita Mayne of Ann Arbor, Mich., arrived Saturday for a few days visit in the Howard Clem home. They left Tuesday for Galveston, Tex., for a week's visit. They will return to Broadlands before returning to their homes in Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar David attended the WLS Barn Dance in Chicago Saturday night. While there they visited Pat Butrom, comedian of the barn dance, whose home is in Alabama and who is an oldtime friend of Mr. Turner. Following the entertainment Mr. Butrom presented Mr. Turner a program of the barn dance.

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

Roy Davis, W. M.
Carl B. Dicks, Sec.

Is your subscription paid?

Fairmount Bank Will Be Moved to Sidell

(Sidell Journal)

After eight years without a banking institution, Sidell this week was assured a bank. Removal of Porterfield's State Bank from Fairmount to Sidell, under the name of the Sidell State Bank, was approved this week by Arthur C. Lueder, auditor of public accounts.

The removal will be made under the provisions of an amendment to the banking law approved last November at the general election. The amended law permits banks to move from one locality to a town of not more than 2,509 population, and provided the town has no other bank.

The bank will occupy the building now used as the Sidell post-office and which formerly housed the First National Bank of Sidell.

Present plans call for moving the bank to Sidell around the first to fifteenth of September, but not later than October 1.

Mrs. Ruth Henson Is Hostess to G. T. Club

Mrs. Ruth Henson entertained members of the G. T. Club at "500," Thursday afternoon of last week, with five tables in play. Mrs. Neva Frick held high score for the afternoon.

Refreshments consisted of perfection salad, sandwiches, pickles, coffee and mints.

Members present were Mesdames Gladys McClelland, Ida Messman, Leona Bergfield, Zermah Witt, Irene Wiese, Hilda Seider, Jessie Bergfield, Minnie Anderson, Neva Frick, Freda Maxwell, Thelma Smith, Edna Dicks, Delia Nohren, Helen Eckerty, Pearl DeWitt, Jennie Nohren, Edna Struck, Maude Luedke and Ruth Henson.

Local Man Solves Threshing Problem

(News-Gazette)

Power farming and the combine has wrought quite a change in the threshing of oats. So many farmers combined their wheat and oats this summer that in some regions it was impossible to form the old fashioned ring as the threshing run was called.

This gave Ray Bowman of Broadlands an idea. Ray operates daily a fleet of trucks, has three corn shellers and two threshing machines. He secured 500 acres to thresh although it is somewhat scattered in several neighborhoods. He takes his own outfit including all his own help and does your threshing "while you wait" so to speak. At least while you go about your other business.

The bundles are brought in on his truck while he drives from shock to shock then at the machine he feeds the bundles into the machine, then goes back for another load.

Announcement

The U. B. Ladies Aid will hold an ice cream supper in the church basement Tuesday night, Aug. 5. Will serve both vanilla and caramel cream. The L. V. H. S. band will furnish music. Everybody welcome. 2w

A nice shower of rain visited this locality on Thursday afternoon of this week.

To Lay Corner Stone For Lutheran Church

Immanuel Lutheran congregation will lay the corner-stone for its new church next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m., with Rev. E. Berthold of Danville, Vice-president of the Central Illinois District of the Lutheran Church, as the principal speaker. Rev. P. E. Kerkhoff, pastor of the congregation will read the service provided in the church book for the occasion. Special musical numbers will be rendered by the Ladies choir of Immanuel Church, Danville.

The new building was designed by architects Liese, Ludwick and Jones, and is to be of English Gothic design. The builder is the A. R. Hickman Construction Co. The total cost when furnished will be approximately \$28,000.

The following objects will be placed into the corner-stone: One coin minted in 1941; one postage stamp, National Defense issue; two pictures of the old church; a complete list of the membership of the congregation; the names of the officers of the congregation, building committee, architect, and builder; the name of the President of the United States, and the Governor of Illinois; and the following publications: St. John's Gospel; Luther's Small Catechism; The Lutheran Hymnal; the Lutheran Witness; The Central Illinois District Lutheran; The Broadlands News.

DEFENSE BOND QUIZ

Q. What is the reason for buying a Defense Bond?

A. To keep America free. To show your faith and pride in your country. To warn foreign dictators that the United States is the strongest country in the world.

Q. But if I do not have money enough to buy a Defense Bond, what can I do?

A. Buy the Defense Postal Stamps, on sale almost everywhere. Your post office, bank, department store or druggist has them, or can get them for you at 10 cents upward. Save enough Stamps to exchange for a Defense Bond.

Note—To purchase Defense Bonds and Stamps, go to the nearest post office or bank, or write for information to the Treasurer of the United States, Washington, D. C.

A Very Dangerous Practice

Local small boys are making it a practice of playing in and climbing the high scaffolds at the new community building which is being built here. This is certainly a very dangerous practice, and all parents should caution their sons to stay away from the building, before a serious accident occurs.

Market Report

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

No. 2 hard wheat92c
No. 2 white corn77c
No. 2 yellow corn68c
No. 3 oats29c
New Beans, Oct. delivery	..\$1.28

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

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Broadlands News

Published Every Thursday

J. F. Darnall, Editor & Publisher

Entered as second-class matter April 18, 1919 at the postoffice at Broadlands, Illinois under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Terms of Subscription

1 year in advance.....\$1.50
6 months in advance..... .90
3 months in advance..... .50
Single copies..... .05

Advertising Rates

Display Per Column Inch.....25c
Foreign Display Per Column Inch.....30c
Readers and Locals, inside pages, line.....10c
Cards of Thanks.....\$1.00

About Iceland

Few Americans had any interest in the island of Iceland until recently, when it became virtually an outpost of the United States. Its importance as a base for naval and airplane operations is very great in the present war, in spite of its high latitude.

Iceland lies between Greenland and Scotland, just south of the Arctic Circle, and is 500 miles from northern Scotland. It has an area of nearly 40,000 square miles, but only about 7,000 square miles are habitable, and in 1939 the population was 118,888. Reykjavik, the capital, has a population of 37,366.

The climate is quite variable, but not as cold as its latitude would indicate, the mean temperature of Reykjavik being 53 in summer and 29 in winter, with an annual mean of 39 degrees. This may be compared with an annual mean of about 49 degrees in Chicago.

In 1939 the Germans sought permission to establish bases for an air service between Germany and Iceland, but at that time Prime Minister Jonasson said no foreign company would be granted any air concession.

The Prime minister at first protested against the establishment of a military base in Iceland by Britain, but later agreed, and it is estimated that about 60,000 British troops, with accompanying naval and air units, are on the island.

At the suggestion of Britain, Premier Jonasson recently invited the United States to replace a portion of the British, and upon this invitation President Roosevelt ordered American military forces to Iceland. It is agreed that there will be no interference with the island's government, and that the Americans will be withdrawn at the end of the war.

Boy Leads NBC Symphony

Youngest conductor to lead a first rank symphony orchestra in the United States is 11-year-old Loren Maazel, who amazed New York critics and music-lovers recently when he directed two concerts by the NBC Symphony Orchestra.

Time magazine credited him with real musicianship and understanding, noting that "his beat is precise and his gestures graceful." Among the numbers of his first program were Wagner's Rienzi Overture and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, which he conducted from memory. He is said to know 22 symphonic works by heart, and he has the rare gift of absolute pitch.

Young Maazel was born in France to American parents, his father being a singing teacher. He later removed to Los Angeles where he studied piano and violin. Four years ago he began the study of conducting under Vladimir Bakaleinikoff, assistant conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony, who is still his teacher.

Maazel has appeared as guest conductor of several symphony orchestras, but his engagement with the NBC Symphony, developed into one of the world's finest by the great Toscanini, is an unprecedented triumph for

one so young.

In addition to his incredible musical gifts the boy conductor appears to possess a becoming modesty and common sense. He recently said, "I still have a lot of hard work ahead of me; I am constantly studying."

Sidelights

As a promotion stunt, a large number of cleaning and dyeing firms in New York and elsewhere are offering to clean soiled United States flags free of charge.

The Philadelphia home of Solicitor General Francis Biddle was ransacked by burglars, who took an extensive collection of aluminum pots and pans among other loot.

Babies were born to two blonde women, both named Mrs. James W. Chestnut, in the same San Francisco hospital within an hour of each other. The two Mrs. Chestnuts were strangers.

Ernest Simpson, former husband of the Duchess of Windsor, has joined the British regular army as a lieutenant. In the first World war he was a lieutenant in the famed Coldstream Guards.

A Jewish pilot in the R. A. F. is credited with shooting down 18 German and Italian planes in Africa. During the first World war he was a member of the famous Richthofen squadron of the German air force.

Two baby giant pandas, the first ever born in captivity, are now with their mother at the zoo in San Diego, Calif. These rare animals, found in western China are very small at birth, but sometimes reach a weight of around 300 pounds.

Orville Wright, who will be 70 in August, recently said: "I guess we didn't know what we were doing when we built our first plane. We never envisaged it as a terrible engine of war. But there will always be someone who will abuse anything."

Ray Smart, a British student at the Arcadia, Fla., flying school, lived up to his name by making a solo flight after only eight hours and 20 minutes of instruction in the air. He is also England's champion skeet marksman.

What's New

British chemists claim that a new synthetic textile made from seaweed can be used for clothing.

A successful method for extracting petroleum from the oil-bearing sands in Alberta has been evolved.

A weak diphtheria germ, which will set up immunity without causing a noticeable form of the disease, has been discovered.

Doctors at the Washington University School of Medicine believe that calcium-rich diets may aid persons afflicted with leprosy.

A cheap new process for making an explosive more powerful than dynamite from a waste product in the manufacture of cornstarch has been announced.

A bank 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.

A Brooklyn scientist has reported the invention of a method of controlling the movement of oil in the tanks of ships in such a way as to mitigate the rolling motion of the vessel.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. At what date did the Illinois State Library become a depository library to receive publications of the federal government?

A. 1857.

Q. Is the State charged by the federal government for publications placed in the library?

A. No.

Q. How many reference questions are answered annually by the State Library?

A. In excess of 15,000.

Q. How are the purchases of books for the State Library dictated?

A. By a systematic study of requests for information.

Q. Where is the Reference division of the State Library located?

A. The Centennial Building, Springfield.

Q. Where is the Extension division of the State Library located?

A. The Centennial Building, Springfield.

Q. Where is the Archives division located?

A. It is housed in a special building built for this purpose at Springfield.

Q. What important organization co-operates with the State Library for adult educational purposes?

A. The Adult Educational Association of Illinois.

Q. What service does the State Library extend to this association?

A. A program of reading courses on a variety of subjects.

Random Notes

An advertisement for fountain pens first appeared in 1788.

Seattle is the nearest American gateway to the principal ports of Asia.

The first United States national park was established at Hot Springs, Ark., in 1832.

In the United States, industry spends about \$200,000,000 annually in research work.

Nearly 2,000 publications in the United States are devoted to business and trade interests.

Delaware was the first state to ratify the constitution of the United States, on Dec. 7, 1787.

Three million dollars were given to Johns Hopkins University several years ago by a donor whose name was withheld.

At least 20 federal agencies are concerned directly or indirectly with various phases of public health.

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Roy Davis, W. M.
Carl B. Dicks, Sec.

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Interesting Notes

A burglar in the home of R. C. Collins of Chicago stole the false teeth belonging to Mrs. Collins.

Gustave Dehnel, a farmer of Wausau, Wis., was fined \$10 for cruelty because he did not milk his cows.

Three eggs laid by a hen belonging to Mrs. A. L. Chambrey of Marsh Hills, Pa., weighed nearly a pound each.

The famed camel corps of the Free French forces in Africa is trained to withstand tempera-

tures of 130 degrees in the shade.

In Saskatoon, Sask., a free parking lot for baby carriages has been set aside for mothers who wheel their offspring about on shopping trips.

Joan Blondell, movie actress, has an 8-foot "worrying rock" in her yard on which she has sat for many hours figuring out personal problems.

Six-year-old Joseph Arlo of Bridgeport, Conn., not only rescued his two pet hens when the chicken coop was destroyed by fire, but also saved a freshly-laid

egg.

On his wife's testimony that he pawned her clothes, got drunk and then beat her, Loren Owen of New York City was sentenced to "get out of town and not come back for any reason."

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

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

Star Mail Route

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

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

SEEMS EVERYBODY'S SAYING "FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST!"



Every Day... in Every Way...
Save with a CHEVROLET

90 H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS	YES	NO	NO
VACUUM-POWER SHIFT AT NO EXTRA COST	YES	NO	NO
BODY BY FISHER WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP	YES	NO	NO
UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
BOX-GIRDER FRAME	YES	NO	NO
ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

ONLY CHEVROLET HAS ALL THESE QUALITY FEATURES

And get this big satisfaction along with your savings... the satisfaction of knowing that your Chevrolet brings you all the necessities and most of the luxuries of cars costing hundreds of dollars more... the satisfaction of knowing that your Chevrolet is the leading car in popular demand—first again in '41 for the tenth time in the last eleven years!

SAVE ON PURCHASE PRICE
SAVE ON GAS
SAVE ON OIL
SAVE ON UPKEEP

SEE IT - TRY IT - BUY IT!

BREWER CHEVROLET COMPANY
Broadlands, Illinois

You Are Cordially Invited to Attend the . . .

Free Talkie Show At Broadlands Every Saturday Night

The Shows Are Presented by the
BUTLER MOVIE COMPANY
of Danville

Charge It to Advertising

By JACK RODOLPH
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"THAT tray of ice is just waitin' to be emptied; it's the easiest tip-over I ever saw." Joe's shifty eyes steadied for a moment with enthusiasm, as he drove this point home to the two girls on the back seat of his automobile.

"I was in that joint a while back stalling about buying old gold, and I got the layout. It's like this: The man that runs the jewelry store is old and slow. He doesn't do much business out there in the suburbs, and we can pick a time when there won't be customers to gum things up. I haven't figured out why, but he carries a good stock of diamonds. He keeps 'em in a big safe in the back room. He unlocks that safe in the morning and just keeps the door closed during the day.

"It'll take both you girls," he continued. "We'll all drive up to the front and park. Then Dot and me will go in and tell him we're just married and want to look at some silver. While we're givin' it the once-over, Ethel, you come in and tell me you think gas is leaking out of the car. I go out to see, understand, and you stay to help Dot make up her mind about the silver. It'll be a cinch for you two girls to keep him busy while I slip in the back, and dump that tray of diamonds."

"Listens good to me," Ethel agreed.

Joe reached into his pocket. "Here are the rings. Got 'em at the department store. Pretty good imitations, at that. The old fellow won't know the difference, unless you stick 'em under his nose."

There was a wistful expression in Dot's eyes, as she slowly slipped the circlets upon the proper finger of her left hand.

"Now, let's get our spels down pat," the director of the little drama suggested.

The trio had parked in front of the jewelry store, and their plan was starting out nicely. The place was deserted, except for the squat proprietor who peered over his spectacles at the boy and Dot as they entered.

Dot made an excellent bride. There was a gentle, dreamy expression in her eyes. "We just got married," she explained in a sweet little voice, "and we want to look at some silver."

"That's fine," returned the jeweler, and all the glow of his kindly smile did not arise from the prospect of a sale. "What's your name, now?" he inquired mischievously.

Joe had thought of that, too, and "Mrs. Samuel E. Henderson," slipped glibly off Dot's tongue.

The newly-weds did not notice it, but the old man suddenly appeared to be a trifle sleepy as he directed them to the cases of silverware.

"What are the prices of this pattern?" Dot inquired.

"I'll have to look them up," was the reply. The jeweler waddled to his desk nearby and began rummaging among papers there. He studied a list for a minute or two, and returned to quote prices.

Dot was trying to drive close bargains when Ethel entered with her message and joined Dot in badgering the proprietor for further discounts.

Then Joe was back with the suggestion, "Maybe we had better look somewhere else, Mrs. Henderson, before we buy." It all had been so easy and smooth that he could not resist an impulse to flash a sly wink at Ethel.

The first intimation that all was not well came when Joe was forced to modify his swaggering progress to the car in order to pass between two men lounging near the edge of the sidewalk. A firm hand dropped on his shoulder and a cold voice admonished, "Take it easy, kid." The next instant the three were herded back into the store.

"We got your buzz up at the station when you stepped on that button," the detective explained, after they had checked the diamonds from Joe's pocket. "We got here just in time to stand outside and watch him dump that tray. But how did you know he was going to do it?"

"I like weddings and babies," the old man said simply. "And I belong to an association which sends little presents—for advertising—to every couple in the city when they get married or have a new baby. Each member of our association gets a list of the marriage licenses of the day before from the courthouse. I guess, because I like weddings, maybe I study it a little more than the rest. There wasn't any Samuel E. Henderson on the list for yesterday."

The old man's eyes rested on Dot as he murmured, "And that's too bad."

Dot was stripping the two little rings from her finger, and biting her lower lip hard to keep her chin from quivering. "Yes, old man, that's too bad. I was going to take my share to get back home—back to Kansas."

The old jeweler appeared to be almost asleep. "Maybe, I can give you a present now," he said slowly. He turned to the officer. "Don't you think the boy will be enough?"

The plain clothes man rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Yeah," he decided, "the boy'll be enough."

The Urge

By JOHN HAMLIN
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

THE dull clack of the shears matched the discouraged look in Dan Berry's eyes. He had shaped cardboard to fit the inner sole of his shoe on other mornings; but yesterday he had walked a hole in the tair sole of his second shoe. Two pieces of cardboard were needed now.

No money for a new pair, only a five-dollar bill remaining from his last commission check—enough to eat on till he made another sale—if ever. But he'd worked through his best list of prospects. Few had bought—nobody else wanted the set of books he was offering.

"Awful, a book agent's lot. 'Oh, what's the use!' Dan Berry jammed the cardboard into place and worked his foot into the shoe.

"A ditch digger's more independent, makes better money." But he couldn't dig ditches, couldn't get any kind of a job. No place open for a gray-headed man, with lines in his face and tired eyes. No use trying, no use striking out this morning.

Thank the Lord, nobody looked to him for support, friends avoided him of late. Nobody cared what happened—he didn't, either.

His landlady had gone out for the day. No trick to fasten down the window, tack a blanket over the door of his hall room, turn on the gas in the heater.

Dan Berry carefully tied the laces of his worn shoes, stood up and winced. The cardboard hurt the bottom of his feet—well, what of it? He limped across to his unmade bed, picked up a heavy blanket. It would cover the door completely.

Half-way to the door, the z-zing of a bell sounded. The blanket dropped from his nerveless fingers.

Again the bell sent its metallic peal echoing through the house.

How often he had rung door bells, waited expectantly, hopefully; rung the second time, less expectantly; the third time all hope vanished. A wretched feeling—he preferred a curt dismissal to an unanswered door bell.

Berry hastily picked up the blanket, tossed it upon the bed and forgot to limp in hurrying to the front door. From the hallway he saw the head and shoulders of a man through the glass of the door. The shoulders drooped wearily, gray hair showed above the collar; the hat was ill fitting.

When the knob turned in Berry's grasp, the man wheeled.

Berry caught sight of the briefcase the man was carrying. An agent! Here's where he could pay off a hundred scores, enact the role of a dominant householder—heap insults upon this pestering peddler.

Directly he noted the man straightening his shoulders; smiling off the lines of dejection, forcing a spark of interest in tired, blue eyes.

"Good morning!" Berry's acute ear caught the undertone of hopelessness in that meant-to-be-merry greeting; more than that, it was like an echo of his own voice when he was inwardly praying that here, at last, was somebody who'd sign on the dotted line.

Then, while still in this strange mental swirl, Berry suddenly became conscious of familiar words, phrases that he had learned by heart, repeated time and again, mostly under just such odds as this—himself standing outside the door, trying to melt cold resistance.

Curiosity swept away all antagonism. He was interested to learn how this agent put over his selling talk.

"Come in!" Berry flung the door wide.

The man's face lighted up in a way that brought a damnable lump into Berry's throat. "Sit down," he gruffed.

The man opened his briefcase to the accompaniment of the stereotyped sales talk. Berry sat down beside the agent, scanning the familiar pages of the prospectus. He exclaimed over the fine illustrations, asked intelligent questions—heard the man clear up to the psychological point where he produced samples of bindings, took out a fountain pen and pushed the contract invitingly towards him.

"Five dollars down is all that's required. The books will be shipped to you immediately. The balance paid in 20 monthly installments."

Berry took the fountain pen, rolled it between his fingers tentatively. He pressed down the nib, saw that the ink was ready to flow, then stole a glance at the agent.

He was bending far forward, the tired lines had vanished, his eyes glinting with an hypnotic expression.

Dan Berry lifted the pen from the paper, without signing and the man slumped, aging 20 years instantly.

That struck home. Dan Berry understood. He signed on the dotted line, arose and walked down to his bedroom. Returning, he handed the agent the five-dollar bill.

He heard the man's thanks, bowed him out of the door and limped on back to his room. He picked up his own briefcase, put on his out-of-date hat and limped out of the house.

He had brought down upon himself an urge to live. He had signed one of his own firm's contracts, which bound him to go on struggling till those 20 monthly installments were paid in full.

Chester the Pup

By GEORGE O'HALLORAN



MAC TAVISH and I are behind the eight ball again. We found an old moth eaten flour bag hanging on the line in Murphy's yard. Mac and I pulled it down and kicked it around a bit, but it didn't last very long. When we got through with it, that bag looked like the stuffing out of a dime store teddy bear. Old Man Murphy must have heard us, because he bounced out the back door like a rubber ball and chased us down the alley. We scrambled through Snider's yard, and old Murphy tore his pants going over the fence. That was bad enough, but when he let go and fell on his head that's what really chilled him stiffer than an icicle. He hobbled over tonight and told Clara that Mac and I had chewed up his Sunday shirt. If that flour bag was a shirt, then I'm a tap dancer. Clara gave him two bucks for a new one, and now I have to stay in the back yard.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Charging that his 180-pound wife would arm herself with a meat cleaver and then chase him around his butcher shop, pummeling him with her fist when she caught him, David Fredlander of Cambridge, Mass., sued for a divorce.

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- Hair Cut, Children under 12... 25c
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Broadlands

L. E. Skinner

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Long Distance Hauling
Broadlands, Illinois

As a good neighbor, Hitler wants to help Stalin with his wheat threshing.

Billy Conn seemed more afraid of his daddy-in-law than he was of Joe Louis.

Many motorists seem to think warning signs at grade crossings are intended for the locomotive engineer.

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

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When you want better than ordinary printing—the kind that satisfies, and you want it to cost you no more than necessary—and you want it to impress all those who see it, and to bring the desired results—come to The News Office.

819 Larrabee Drive

By THAYER WALDO

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

CHRIS stumbled as he came in and almost fell down. I looked up at him from the typewriter and saw that he was pretty swacked. Chris wobbled over and plunked down in a chair beside my desk. "H'lo, boy, ol' boy," he said furiously. "Listen, c'mon 'n' go down t' Caliente wi' me." I waved him away. "Nuts! I've got work to do." "Shut up!" he bawled. "Don' wanna hear any arg'ments. Jus' gotta pick up m' girl frien'. C'mon—le's go!" I didn't answer him right away. I was thinking, Chris could be plenty stubborn, I knew, and if he started out alone while he was this way—well, it looked like a suicide party. "All right," I said, putting the typewriter's jacket on; "I'll go. Wait'll I get a coat and tie and hunt up some dough." "Skip that. 'S my party 'n' I'll pay uh bills." I took the wheel. We'd gone a dozen blocks before I remembered Chris' remark about a girl. "Where's the dame live?" I asked him. He produced a little red leather book and started pawing through the leaves. I watched him a second, then pulled to the curb and took it away from him. "What's her name?" I demanded. Chris shook his head. "Don' know. Swell blonde, but I jus' been out wi' her once. Address's on—le's see—second page f'm back, I guess." I thumbed over to there, saw only one entry, and read it aloud: "819 Larrabee Drive." "Sure—at's it, al ri'," he assented cheerily. "Mus' be; soun's f'miliar." Along Wilshire Boulevard he began fumbling in his pockets. The next minute he slapped his hand down on my knee and cried: "Hey, stop minute! Gotta get a pipe 'n' t'bacca." I thought it best to humor him and I stopped the car. Chris tottered back to the last intersection and returned with three pipes and a half dozen sacks of tobacco. Back in the car, however, he merely sat admiring his purchases through half-shut eyes. The house numbered 819 on Larrabee Drive was a little gray bungalow set back from the street. I parked in front. "We're here. Get your towhead and let's go." Then I realized he probably couldn't make it alone, so I piled out and took him up the walk. The front door was open, the screen door unhooked. I kept a grip on Chris and pushed the bell button, wondering what I'd say if the girl's mother or somebody came. When three rings had been unanswered, I said to Chris: "Better think of someone else." He reached for the screen door handle. "Cer'nly not! We'll jus' go in 'n' wait. She'll be back'n a minute." I didn't like the idea, but when I tried to hold him bak he began yelling. Explanations later seemed better than a rumpus right now, so I let him go in and followed. The front room was homelike. Chris dropped his pipes and tobacco on a couch and weaved away toward the back of the house. I felt sort of uneasy and asked: "Say," you sure this is the right place?" "Yeah." He sounded confident. "Well, I wish you'd snap out of it and remember her name. This is trespassing." No answer. I sat down with a magazine and waited five minutes for something more to happen. It didn't, and when I finally called out to Chris there was silence. I went to look for him. Through an open doorway in the hall, I saw him stretched across a single bed, out cold. As I started toward him, the screen door opened and closed and a masculine voice called: "Chris?" I shut the door of the room he was in and walked out into the front one. A small, gentle faced man with dark gray hair bent over the couch, gathering up Chris' smokes. He straightened with them in his arms and smiled at me. "How d' do? I suppose you're a friend of Chris'. I was so surprised and happy to see his car out front. I thought probably he'd be too busy to remember Father's Day, but I should have known better. And all these fine pipes! Where is he?" I silently thanked God for an inspiration and said out loud: "Why, back in the bedroom sound asleep, Mr. Harkness. He just got through a location trip in Arizona and drove right up here without a stop. It fagged him out, I think. I'd give him four or five hours." "Poor boy! I should say I will. And have a nice hot dinner ready when he wakes up. Would you excuse me a minute while I light up?" "Oh, I must run right along," I told him, heading for the door; "I just came out because I—I wanted to borrow Chris' car. Very glad to have met you; good-by." I swung the roadster around and headed back toward Wilshire. There were several vendors about with lovely white roses. I'd suddenly decided a bunch of them would look nice on a certain green mound up in the hills.

Long View News

Frank Dalzell left Monday for Le Mars, Iowa, being called there by the death of his sister, Mrs. Edward Elsner.

A miscellaneous shower was held in the United Brethren church basement Tuesday afternoon, honoring Mrs. Virgil Nonman, a recent bride. Hostesses were Mesdames Fay Warnes, Olive McQueen, Helen and Evelyn Dyar, Eva Parks, Laura Hanley, Helma Hart, Lillian Smith, and Miss Dorothy Turner.

Lovely gifts were piled high on a pink and white decorated table, with a center basket of saffron color gladiolas. Refreshments also carried out the pink and white motif.

Present from out of town were Mesdames Floyd Schwartz, Ernest Davis, Champaign; Miss June Davis, Potomac; Mrs. Ted Dyar, Urbana; Mrs. Laura Hanley, Gibson City; Mrs. Fred Wienke, Cayuga, Ind.

Funeral services for Mrs. Ada Ruth Martin, wife of Dr. James P. Martin, Covington, Ind., were held Monday at 4 p. m. in the Presbyterian church at Covington, followed by burial in Mt. Hope cemetery in that city.

Mrs. Martin was born Nov. 20, 1904, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Race, and was married to Dr. Martin, April 15, 1941.

She was graduated from Longview high school in 1923, and Lakeview hospital, Danville, in 1929. She united with the Longview Christian church, and attended the Presbyterian church in Covington.

Surviving are her husband, her mother, Mrs. Jennie Race, of Longview; and two sisters, Mrs. Thelma Buddemeier, Longview, and Mrs. Audrey Ping, Los Angeles, Calif.

Farming Is Dangerous Accident Figures Show

Such expressions as "down on the farm safe from harm" look well in poems, but they are actually untrue, according to the department of safety of the Illinois Agricultural Association.

Statistics, the department says, show that the farm is more dangerous than the factory. Last year, for example, no less than 4,500 farmers were killed while carrying on regular farm operations. Notwithstanding a speed-up in defense production, this was a greater accident toll than that which cursed any other industry.

No one cause is responsible for this dreary record, the IAA reports. Tractors, livestock, haying and harvesting activities all took substantial bites out of the ranks of those charged with the responsibility of feeding America.

With scarcity of farm labor forcing the women folks, the too young and too old males into farming activities, the situation will probably grow worse before it becomes better, warns C. M. Seagraves, IAA safety director. Now more than at any other time vigilance and good sense will be needed on every farm to forestall the occurrence of a work tragedy. It's a wise person who knows his own limitations and a wiser one who heeds them.

Records Show Ninety Veterans Dying Daily

By the end of 1941 there will be still alive approximately 3,970,000 American veterans of the World War, out of the 4,730,013 men and women who served the colors in 1917 and 1918. The American Legion records show that the veterans are dying at a rate of about 90 daily and that they average 48 years of age.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Pioneer Appetites Whetted by Thoughts of Bear Meat

When trees arrayed themselves in the multi-colored pastels of autumn, it meant more than harvest time to Illinoisans a century and a half ago. It meant that bear hunting time had come again, the Illinois Writers' Project WPA reports.

Early settlers looked forward to the fall, when their menu of corn bread, bacon, deer meat, other wild game and some vegetables, which they called "roughness" could be supplemented by this tasty addition.

Bear seems to have been quite plentiful at the time, since it is said that hunting parties sometimes bagged as many as 30 or 40. The meat was salted down and became "an important part of the winter's supply."

STATE OF ILLINOIS NOTICE OF LETTING

(1) Sealed proposals will be received in the office of the Village Clerk, Broadlands, Illinois, until 9 o'clock A. M., August 8, 1941, for furnishing materials required in the maintenance of Arterial Streets Nos. 1-6 inclusive, Municipality Broadlands, and at that time publicly opened and read.

(2) Proposals shall be submitted on forms furnished by the Municipality, which may be obtained at the office of the Village Clerk, and shall be enclosed in an envelope endorsed "Material Proposal, Maintenance."

(3) The right is reserved to reject any and all proposals and to waive technicalities. Proposal guarantee will be required. A surety bond for the full amount of the award will not be required.

By Order of the President and Board of Trustees. June 18, 1941.

Earl K. Eckerty, Village Clerk.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.
Northbound 11:49 a. m.
Southbound 1:27 p. m.
Star Mail Route
Southbound 7:15 a. m.
Northbound 8:30 a. m.

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

When Pennies, Nickels and Dimes Really Counted

A century ago "pocket change" went a long way toward providing Illinois households with important items. One historian of Marshall county tells of eggs selling for 2½ cents a dozen and butter brought 5 cents a pound, reports the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA. Corn and oats were listed at 10 cents a bushel.

Cows could be had from \$10 to \$12 each, and good horses commanded no more than \$30 or \$40. A saddle of deer, soon to become a rare treat, was then so common that it sold in some places for only 50 cents.

Will Admitted

The will of the late Mrs. Mary P. Fitzgerald of Broadlands has been admitted to probate and her daughter, Mrs. Mary Edna Dicks appointed executor.

Elvas Golden is improving his property with a new asphalt roof this week.

Race Pilots Will Battle For Qualifying Points

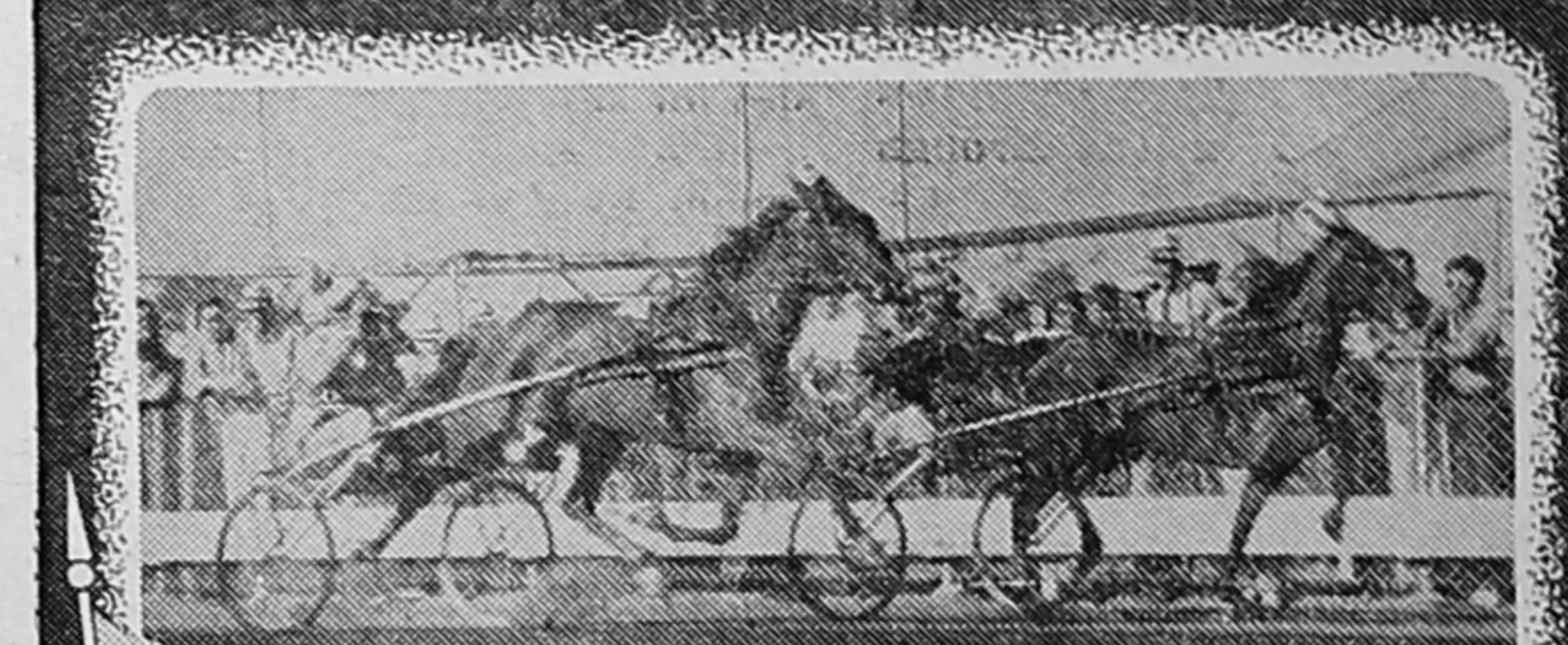
Midget auto race drivers who have been competing in the programs staged weekly at the Farmer City Speedway will be forced to display their best driving form this Thursday evening and next Tuesday night, when a special card of races officially opens the big Farmer City free fair.

Pilots must register enough

points in each race in which they compete on the nine event card, to be among the first fifteen eligible for a number of 50 lap features to be staged at this oval. Only the first fifteen or twenty drivers in point standings will be considered for these big grinds. Such favorites as Kladis, Duncan, Distarce, Calia, O'Halloran, and Caris should have little trouble getting into the line-up.

Attend the 1941 ILLINOIS STATE FAIR

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS



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MONDAY, AUGUST 11... SPORTSMEN'S DAY	SATURDAY, AUGUST 16... AUTO RACE DAY
TUESDAY, AUGUST 12... SPRINGFIELD DAY	SUNDAY, AUGUST 17... MOTORCYCLE DAY
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13... DEMOCRATIC DAY	EVERY DAY SPECIAL EVENTS

There's a world of thrills awaiting you at this greatest of all agricultural expositions. See the Million Dollar Stock Parade. Visit Happy Hollow Carnival Land. Dance to famous bands. Learn about the greatness of your state in agriculture and industry.



Every effort is being expended to make the 1941 State Fair truly representative of the people and progress of Illinois. I wish to extend a cordial invitation to every resident to attend the fair this year and to participate in its many activities.

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Sun., Mon., & Tues., Aug. 3-4-5
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You Again and Again!
James Cagney, Pat O'Brien
Devil Dogs of the Air
Western Daze, and News
Adm. 10c.20c

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Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda in—
The Lady Eve
Cartoon, Bring 'em Back Alive; and News.

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