

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 22

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, AUG. 14, 1941

NUMBER 19

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Aug. 16, 1929

Miss June Zantow spent the week with relatives in Danville.

O. P. Witt and family spent the weekend with relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. Edith Snow and Miss Pearl Clester left for a two weeks' visit at Detroit, Mich.

Thos. Bergfield and daughter, Miss Juanita, were in Chicago, buying holiday goods for Bergfield Bros. store.

Mrs. Dophia Warner and daughter, Kathryn, spent the week with relatives at Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Lucy Cole of Ft. Wayne, Ind., spent the weekend here with relatives and attended the Cole reunion at Crystal Lake Park.

20 Years Ago
Aug. 12, 1921

Misses Leone Brewer and Esther Maxwell were Danville visitors.

Miss Ardis Brown of Champaign spent the week here with her mother, Mrs. Lydia Brown.

L. F. Vickery attended the Pageant of Progress Exposition at Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Shumway, Misses Lillie and Beulah McCormick were Danville visitors.

Robert Rutherford of Ft. Wayne, Ind., spent a few days here with relatives and friends.

Fred Harris and family of Royal visited in the R. H. Hardyman home.

Bert McCormick and family moved here from Champaign. Mr. McCormick was manager of a new store opened here called Cole Cash & Carry.

St. John's Evangelical and Reformed Church

Robert B. Frey, Pastor

9:30 A. M.—Church School, Edward Nohren, superintendent.

10:30 A. M.—Divine worship. Sermon: "The Sympathy of Christ."

Pianist: Miss Edna Schumacher.

Soloist: Miss Wanda Nohren. Tuesday evening, August 19: The young people's fellowship will meet in the home of Everett Block.

Immanuel Lutheran Church

P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

9:30 A. M.—Sunday School.

10:15 A. M.—Divine Worship. Sermon: "The Ten Plagues."

Great attention may be paid to learning and science and art in a country, and yet it may be in a low state morally and religiously. This was the case with Egypt.

Europe learned its earliest lessons in the arts and sciences from Egypt. But the glory of Egypt is gone. Isaiah already prophesied, "The paper reeds by the brooks shall wither and be no more."

We should never trust in mere earthly power or in civilization.

Former Broadlands Girl Married at Sidell Saturday

Miss Hilma Timmons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ora Timmons, Sidell, and Cletus Wax, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Wax, Indianola, were married at the Methodist Church in Sidell last Saturday afternoon, with the Rev. Tuhl performing the single ring ceremony.

Miss Margaret Farris of Hume and Max Moore of Decatur were the attendants.

The bride, a former Broadlands resident, attended the Sidell high school and graduated from Sullivan's Beauty School, Chicago. For the past year she has operated Hilma's Beauty Shoppe in Sidell.

The bridegroom attended the Newman and Indianola schools and for the past few years has engaged with his father in farming.

WCTU Meets With Mrs. Ruth Henson

The local unit of the WCTU met at the home of Mrs. Ruth Henson last Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Anna Laverick led the devotions, the prevailing thought being "Happiness." Mrs. Henson read an interesting article entitled "Five Point Talk on Cigarette Smoking."

Following the meeting refreshments were served.

Guests present were Mrs. Dora Burton and Mrs. E. A. Phillips of Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. Eva Collom and Mrs. Ella Maxwell.

Members present were Mesdames Anna Laverick, Grace Pugh, Eva Brewer, Anna Seeds, Bessie Loomis, Emma Jackson, Lydia Brown, Faustine Smith, Hattie Dicks, Ruth Henson.

The September 9th meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Ida Messman.

Farmer City to Stage Midget Classic Aug. 21

Farmer City, Ill.—The greatest field of cars and drivers ever assembled in the corn belt region for a midget auto race are expected to compete in the first Farmer City Classic, scheduled for Thursday night, Aug. 21.

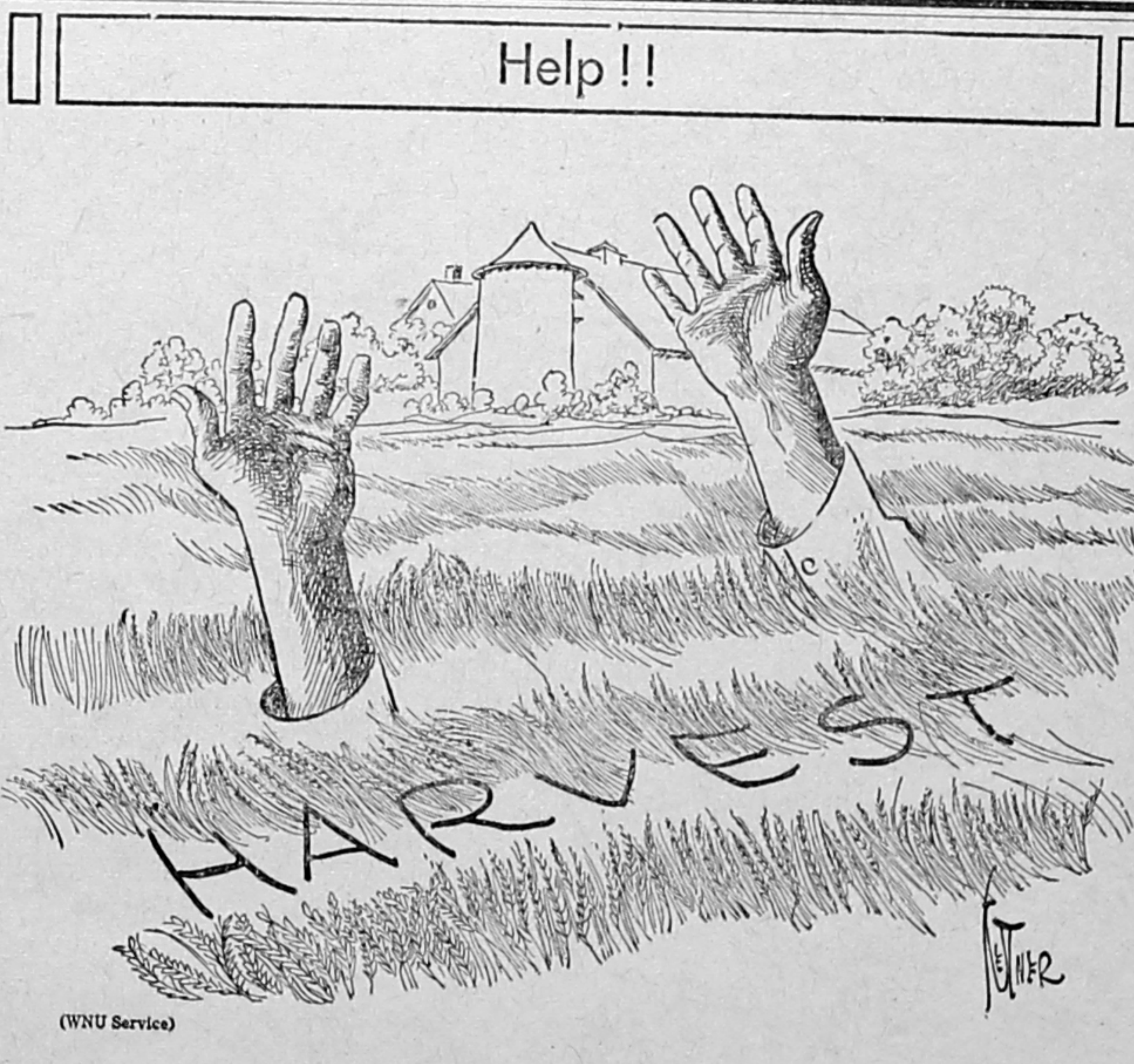
An eight event card of races will be topped off with a fifty lap feature, open to the twelve fastest qualifiers, and it is expected to be the fastest, most sensational race ever seen in these parts.

More than forty thousand dollars worth of speed creations will take part in the classic. These Offenhausen will be driven by Mike O'Halloran, Ted Duncan, Ray Richards, Jimmy Caris, Bob Muhlke, Vito Calia, Pee Wee Distarce, Frank Burany, Eddie Kracek, Danny Kladis and Pete Romceovich. These are the twelve pilots who are expected to make the going hardest in the grueling 50 lap Sweepstakes Feature.

They have never been brought together before, even at the big Chicago tracks, and the race is expected to make new history at the Farmer City Speedway. This plant is now regarded as the midget racing capitol of the corn belt.

Announcement

The Ladies Aid of the Lutheran Church will give an ice cream social Wednesday evening, Aug. 20, on the church lawn. Everybody welcome.



Allerton School Ready For Opening Sept. 1

As soon as school was out last spring a crew of workmen started an extensive program of repair and redecorating in the Allerton School building. The interior of the building was repainted and all the wooden floors were sanded and refinished. New light fixtures were placed in all class and assembly rooms.

The work has now been completed and the building cleaned up ready for the opening of school.

Early in the spring a crew of workmen from the Egyptian Nursery trimmed and sprayed the trees and shrubbery. The grounds are very beautiful now and the people of the Allerton community are justly proud of their school campus which is the nicest in this section of the state. If you are fond of fine landscaping, shrubbery and evergreens, it will be worth your while to drive over and see this fine, well kept school lawn. The building is open every day and the public is invited to stop in any time.

The high school will have the same crew of teachers as last year with the exception of the coach. Coach Maguire was taken by the draft, and Coach Vic. Brown of Milford who two years ago coached at Indianola and started the fine team which won so many honors for Indianola the past year, has been employed to take over coaching duties the coming year. Basketball fans are looking forward to a good season in spite of the fact that four of last year's starting line up were graduated this spring.

Softball practice will start immediately after the opening of school on Sept. 1. It is hoped that some night games may be scheduled. Allerton is the only small school in this territory having a lighted softball field.

Superintendent Pool has announced that all text books for the coming year will be the same as those used last year. Pupils planning to attend the Allerton school for their first time this year are invited to call at the school office at any time to plan their schedule. Several pupils from Broadlands attended the Allerton High School last year. Others who graduated at Broadlands High this spring plan to enter the Allerton school this September.

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.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

"Didn't Know How to Swim" Explains 7500 Deaths in 1940

Carrying water on both shoulders is one thing, but taking on a supply of water in both lungs is quite another, says the department of safety of the Illinois Agricultural Association. Right now, the department warns parents, is the zero hour for drownings.

"Last year nearly 7500 people lost their lives largely through the inability to swim," says C. M. Seagraves, IAA safety director. "A disheartening percentage of this number was youngsters between the ages of five and 14. A few common-sense precautions would reduce considerably this total.

Here are Seagraves' minimum rules:

1. Each child seven years of age or older should know how to swim.

2. Swimming should be confined to supervised beaches or pools. If this is impossible, someone familiar with the water and an expert swimmer should be in charge of young children.

Bathers would do well to wade out and swim toward shore. Many an exhausted swimmer has been surprised to find that the bottom was 10 or 12 feet out of his breathing reach.

Early Settlers Get Homes When Land Titles Clear

Early settlers in what eventually became the state of Illinois, as well as pioneers in other parts of the Northwest Territory, were relieved of anxiety about their title claims after the Twelfth Congress passed a law granting squatters preference over all others when their land was sold by the government.

Passage of this measure had been sought for many years and the ultimate success achieved is said to have been due in no small part to the efforts of Shadrach Bond, congressional delegate from the Territory and later governor of Illinois, according to the Illinois Writers' Project, W. P. A.

An early historian of the state has estimated that 90 per cent of the first settlers were merely squatters. As a result of the measure, the adventurous first settlers not only gained some measure of security but also aided the settlement of the state and surrounding areas.

Beginning Monday, Aug. 18, hair cuts for adults will be 40c. Children's hair cuts will be 30c, any day except Saturday, when all hair cuts will be 40c.

Gallion's Barbershop.

Bobby Jackson Is Seriously Injured While Riding Bicycle

Bobby, 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Jackson, Broadlands, was seriously injured last Wednesday morning while riding a bicycle, having been run into by Prof. John Beatty of Longview. Due to the fact that Mr. Beatty was not driving fast, Bobby will live to remember the accident.

Bobby was riding down the dump drive at the local Farmers elevator and ran directly into the path of the approaching car, being thrown several feet into the air. Found to be seriously hurt, he was taken to Jarman hospital, Tuscola, in Dicks Bros. ambulance, where it was discovered he had sustained a fractured pelvis, a broken finger, minor cuts and bruises. He was placed in a cast and will be brought to his home here, probably today or tomorrow, so we have been informed.

Mr. Beatty's car was considerably damaged, the grill being caved in and the hood dented. The bike Bobby was riding was a total wreck, and was the property of one of the Stutz boys.

Rites For W. Schweineke Held at Champaign Monday

(News-Gazette)
Will C. Schweineke, 60, 1211 North Hickory street, Champaign, died at 5:45 a. m., last Friday at his home following an illness of several months due to heart trouble. Mr. Schweineke was employed as a machinist for the Illinois Central for 31 years.

Mr. Schweineke was born in Saxony, Germany, April 29, 1881, a son of Christian and Fredericka Rohl Schweineke. He came to this country with his parents in 1891. They settled on a farm near Newman in Douglas county. Mr. Schweineke was united in marriage to Anna J. Agge on Feb. 18, 1904, at Tuscola. To them two children were born, both of whom together with his widow survive. The children are Mrs. Marie Frisbe at home and Chris H. Schweineke of the U. S. navy on the S. S. Beham now at sea. He also leaves a granddaughter, Margaret Marie Schweineke, and three brothers, Carl and Lou of Newman, and Fritz of Homer.

The body was taken to the MacMillan funeral home where short services were held for the family at 2 p. m. Monday, followed with services at St. John's Lutheran Church, with Rev. J. G. Kaiser officiating. Burial was in Mt. Olive cemetery, Mayview.

John M. Smith Wins Premiums at Fairmount

John M. Smith, Broadlands, won premiums at the Vermilion County Agricultural Fair, Fairmount, last week as follows:

Draft horse 4 years old or older, weighing over 1650, 1st and 3d.

Mare 2 years old and under 3 years, 3d.

Colt 1 year old and under 2 years, 3d.

Draft team over 3000, 2d.

Match team, 4th.

Best mare or horse mule, any age, 1st and 2d.

Best mule colt, either sex, 1st and 2d.

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

Charles Griffin Dies; Rites This Saturday

Charles Griffin, who suffered a paralytic stroke, August 7, died at his home here last Wednesday evening, August 13, 1941, at the age of 73 years, 6 months and 12 days.

Mr. Griffin was a carpenter by trade and was well and favorably known, having been a resident of Broadlands for many years.

The body will remain at the late residence from Friday noon until this Saturday noon.

Surviving are his wife; one daughter, Mrs. Grace Brewer, Broadlands; and one son, Graydon Griffin, of Newman.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. from the Dicks Bros. Funeral Home, this Saturday, with Rev. W. Earl Ballew, pastor of the local Methodist Church officiating. Music will be furnished by a quartet composed of Mesdames Fred Messman and Kenneth Dicks, and Messrs. O. P. Witt and C. A. Smith, with Mrs. George Cook presiding at the piano.

The casket bearers will be the Messrs. Carl Dicks, Roy Bergfield, Edward Maxwell, Butch Struck, Roy Boyd and Joe Coffey.

Burial will be in the Fairfield Memorial cemetery, southeast of Broadlands, with Dicks Bros. in charge.

Lone Ranger Rides Again

While performing a sleight of hand performance near the local Standard service station last Saturday evening, Ralph (Ducky) Warner fell off Hi-O-Silver, landing in such a position as to injure his chest, since which time he has not been getting around so well. However, he still claims he cannot lose his reputation as the old cowhand, known as Cowboy Ducky.

DEFENSE BOND QUIZ

Q. Where should I keep my Defense Savings Bonds?

A. In a safe place, because they have value which constantly increases. If you wish, the Treasury Department or any Federal Reserve Bank will hold them in safekeeping for you without charge, giving you a receipt.

Q. Does an album filled with Stamps automatically become a Bond that will pay interest and mature in 10 years?

A. No. The completed album must be exchanged for a Bond. Regardless of the amount of money you have invested in Stamps, they will not bear interest until they are in the form of a Bond or Bonds.

Note.—To buy Defense Bonds and Stamps, go to the nearest post office, bank, or savings and loan association; or write to the Treasurer of the United States, Washington, D. C., for mail-order form.

Market Report

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

No. 2 hard wheat 98c
No. 2 white corn 77c
No. 2 yellow corn 68c
No. 3 oats 32c
New Beans, Oct. delivery .. \$1.31

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Broadlands News

Published Every Thursday

J. F. Darnall, Editor & Publisher

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Readers and Locals, inside pages, line.....	10c
Cards of Thanks.....	\$1.00

World's Rarest Stamp

The most valuable bit of paper in the world today was only worth one cent in 1856, when it was printed as one of a small issue of postage stamps by British Guiana, in South America. The colony had run out of regular stamps furnished by the British government, and printed a small number for use until a new supply arrived.

Only one stamp of that issue is now known to exist, and it is owned by the widow of the late Arthur M. Hind of Utica, N. Y., who accumulated the most valuable collection of stamps ever known. Hind paid \$32,000 for it in 1922, and it is now valued at \$50,000.

The stamp was first identified as a rarity in 1875, when a 14-year-old boy found it on an old letter and sold it for six shillings to a local collector, who later disposed of it as a part of a collection which brought him \$600.

It next passed into the hands of Count Ferrari, Europe's greatest collector, who paid \$750 for it. When this collection was sold, Hind bought the Guiana stamp for the record breaking price mentioned and offered to give it as a present to the late King George V of Great Britain, who was an enthusiastic stamp collector, but the king could not see his way to accept it.

A small part of the Hind collection was sold at auction in London a few years ago, when less than a dozen of the rarest stamps brought a total of \$165,000 in one day's sale.

An Old Monopoly

One of the smaller islands of the Netherlands East Indies is Amboyna, which for more than two centuries had a world monopoly in the production of cloves for which several battles were fought. First settled by the Portuguese about 1509, the island was taken in 1605 by the Dutch, who also destroyed an English settlement in the Amboyna massacre of 1623.

While the Portuguese held the colony, cloves were grown on several islands in the vicinity, but the Dutch destroyed all the clove bearing shrubs except those on Amboyna, and made the monopoly more complete by selling cloves only at prices set by the government.

About 1770 the French succeeded in getting hold of some of the shrubs and began clove raising on a small scale on Mauritius and Reunion in the Indian Ocean. Later they were transported to the West Indies and to Zanzibar on the African coast, the latter becoming an important producer by the middle of the last century.

In 1872 a great storm destroyed most of the trees on Zanzibar, and the thrifty Dutch, who had stored large quantities of cloves for several years, reaped a rich harvest when the world had to come to Amboyna again for its almost exclusive supply.

Besides cloves, Amboyna produces other spices, also a large variety of tropical products, that make it one of the richest islands of its size in the world. But it no longer has the complete clove monopoly it once enjoyed.

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Sidelights

Bandits in Detroit showed determination worthy of a better calling. Attempting to hold up one bank, they were routed by tear gas released when the cashier pressed a button. Proceeding to another bank six blocks away, they had better luck, securing \$3,000 and making a safe get away.

Mrs. Charlotte Shanley of Bridgeport, Conn., seems to be no longer pleasing her husband, according to a statement made by her when applying for a divorce, which was granted. She declared that Mr. Shanley begged her for half an hour to commit suicide, obligingly offering to turn on the gas for her.

An undertaker's bill rendered in Baltimore in 1758 included these items: "47 pounds loaf sugar, 14 dozen eggs, 20 gallons white wine, 12 bottles red wine, and 10 gallons rum." It would be interesting to know the number of mourners present to partake of such an array of refreshments.

We may never see a purple cow, as Gelett Burgess hoped he would not, but visitors to the Smithsonian Institution may see eight honest-to-goodness blue sheep. These rare animals were brought from the high mountains of Szechwan province, in western China, where the species inhabit crags 10,000 or more feet in height.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. When was the first State Library established in Illinois?

A. 1839.

Q. How was it created?

A. By legislative enactment.

Q. Under whose jurisdiction was it placed?

A. The Secretary of State.

Q. What action concerning the State Library was taken in 1842?

A. The Library was divided to make two separate libraries, one under the control of the Supreme Court receiving law books and court reports, the other in the supervision of the Secretary of State receiving the other collections of books.

Q. When was the Legislative Reference Bureau established?

A. 1913.

Q. What are its functions?

A. It is the consulting department of the legislators and aids in the drafting of bills.

Q. What branches of the State Library are in existence now?

A. The General, or Reference, the Extension, and the Archives.

Q. When were these divisions made?

A. 1921.

Q. What is the purpose of the Extension division of the State Library?

A. To supplement the public libraries throughout the State and provide material for groups and communities without library service.

Q. When was the Archives Building dedicated at Springfield?

A. In 1938.

With everything set for her wedding to Charles Baker, Marjorie Wetherell of Oakland, Cal., told him she had changed her mind. Baker asked her to appear for the ceremony, promising that he would not show up, and Marjorie agreed. When the time came Baker was there and she was so flabbergasted that she married him. Now she is suing him in one of the strangest "breach of promise" cases on record.

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

Your Life's Your Own

By BETSY SHARPLESS
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"IF YOU can get an interview with Harmon, you're on the payroll. Nobody can get him. He won't talk. I've given you a tough job, but it's only people who can do tough jobs who win out these days. This bird Harmon says a man's private life is his own. You gotta show him it isn't."

She turned away without a word, already making plans to get to Harmon.

For the next three days Betty Duane spent most of her time at Harmon's offices, trying to cajole somebody into letting her past the barriers that led to his private domain. But to no avail. Harmon, the uninvited, intended to maintain his aloofness.

His rise to prominence had been quick and spectacular. Two months ago he was just a highly intelligent, thoroughly ambitious young lawyer, with political ambitions. Then, because of his work on a state investigating committee, appointed by the governor, he had suddenly become one of the most famous characters in the city where he lived.

Whether it was modesty or affectation Betty did not know. But Harmon refused any sort of personal interview.

Betty was discouraged the third day after the start of her attempt to see Harmon. She decided to give herself an afternoon off. Perhaps an afternoon off would make her feel more confident.

So she ran in to see a young married friend. And Celia, as luck and coincidence would have it, was in quite a flutter of excitement about Harmon.

"Bob and I are going to dinner with Aunt Virginia tonight to meet Charles Harmon. Isn't that fun, Betty?" she asked.

Betty's heart thumped. She felt like a starving man with only a pane of glass between himself and food. "Oh, Celia," she said, "aren't you the luckiest girl living. Meet Charles Harmon! Why, I'd give my soul to meet him."

Celia looked up in mild surprise. "Well—I'll telephone Aunt Virginia. Cousin Mary's got a sore throat, and I know she feels sicker than a cat and doesn't want to go tonight. Maybe Aunt Virginia will ask you instead. Want to have me?"

At the end of the week Betty had seen Charles Harmon three times. First, at the dinner party given in his honor, when she, a picture of young charm in white chiffon, demure and sweet, golden-haired and pansy-eyed, had so impressed him that he had asked her to meet him at lunch the next day.

Second, at lunch, Betty dizzy with suspense and the feeling of success. Still young and sweet, but not so demure. Excited, snappy tailored in dark wool. Charles Harmon charming—interested.

Third, on Saturday afternoon. Charles Harmon driving her for endless miles into the country—for endless miles into Fairyland.

Locked in her desk at home was an interview with Charles Harmon. It was a swell interview, Betty knew. It would get her the coveted place on the Flare's payroll. And, honestly, until Betty saw Charles Harmon sitting at the wheel, waiting for her, as she glanced at him from the shelter of the door, she had meant to take it to Perry Smith on Monday morning.

But when Betty saw him waiting for her—just a boy, she thought, waiting for something that would make him happy; as if she were everything in the world he wanted. That was the expression she surprised on his face as she looked at him from behind the door and then, as she left its shelter, when he caught sight of her and sprang to the ground to help her in beside him.

In Fairyland—that is miles and minutes away from the city, along a beautiful road that neither of them saw—"Betty," said Charles Harmon, "you know how I feel about you, don't you?"

"I suppose I do," said Betty, seriously, a little troubled. "Because that is the way I feel about you."

Charles put one hand over her two smaller ones, and drove adequately along for minutes and miles without further speech.

Then Betty said: "Charles, I've written a story about you—an article, you know. I've been trying to get a job as a reporter on the Flare. They said if I got an interview with you I could have the job. I cheated. I wrote the article after that dinner. I was going to send it in Monday morning. But I decided I wouldn't as soon as I saw you today—before you told me."

Charles drew the car up at the curb. One hand wasn't enough. "Betty," he said, "I knew who you were. I'm new enough to this game of being famous to be curious about it. I peeked out my door to see the girl they said stuck around all the time trying to interview me. So I knew you at the dinner that night. I had a feeling my private life was my own—didn't want to talk about myself. But I don't care now. It's different. I want everybody to know how—well, how wonderful everything is."

"Oh, Charles," said Betty, "let's keep it all to ourselves. It's too sweet. And when you come to think of it—why be interviewed? Isn't a man's private life his own?"

About Those Good Old Farm Days

"Sometimes I get a hankering for some of the homely ways of the horse and buggy times. Little things—when Pa and Ma bought their Saturday night groceries with hard cash and the grocer stooped down and gave me, a 'little man of six,' a pat on the head and a bag of candy. Kerosene came home in a can (with a potato on the spout) to fill the reflector lamp in the kitchen and the hanging lamp in the parlor. The only 'pump priming' we knew about was done on the old wooden wheezy one at the well that brayed just like a mule in the springtime, when the leaky old washers got dry.

Men were trying to get an acre or so cleared and fenced in

addition to regular work, while mother was fixin' vict'ls for a meal, darning, churning or hoeing in the garden in calico dress and a sunbonnet. Pa vowed it was a sin to be idle, or spend more than you earned and only 'trash' said the world owed them a living. Good boys got an orange at Christmas. You remember—'Children were seen and not heard'; listened to 'their elders; obeyed when spoken to; waited for the second table, and said yes ma'am and no sir.' Fourth of July and pink lemonade came together and made you forget sulphur and molasses. Pa and the 'school marm' tanned our breeches (but whoever heard of boy bandits?)

A hog was a hog—the bigger the better. Six-cent hogs and 50 cent corn filled the mortgage. Folks didn't breathe easily until

it was paid—and then kept on working. A steer was a feeder when he was a 1100-pound long yearling.

Shucks—the neighbor's wife had a baby (not at the hospital—at home); Mother set hens—at home. We farmed and lived (not in town)—at home. But we did not owe the butcher, the baker, and the harness maker, nor have a payment due on the family car. We milked cows (and squirted the old cat in the eye if she got too close). We didn't have a milk base, a corn, a potato base, or a hog base. We had a home base and stayed close to it. Home and our flag were things sacred, to fight for if necessary, and we went to church on Sunday. Maybe we were old-fashioned Christians and Americans, but had thrift, happiness and health to spare."—Exchange.

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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

Sauce for the Gander

By MABLE I. CLAPP
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"HONEY, I knew you were too sensible a girl to insist on a birthday present that came from the jewelers and was tied up with a ribbon," said Sammy grandly as he raised the lid of the shining new washing machine with all the eclat of a French general bestowing the medal of the Legion of Honor, and permitted Susie to gaze within its depths. "And I really do think," he went on, "that we're showing mighty good sense to make our presents practical instead of superficial until we're more on our feet. And now, dear," bending for a hasty kiss, "I must hustle or I'll be late." And two minutes later his car roared out of the driveway.

Half an hour later her mother walked in and found her weeping. "Well," inquired Mrs. Jarvis, not unduly exercised over the condition of her offspring, "what's the matter now?"

"Sammie," sobbed Susie, "g-gave me a washing machine for my b-birthday present."

"Goodness," said Mrs. Jarvis. "I thought you wanted one."

"And a year ago he gave me a vacuum cleaner and last Christmas a robe for the car," wailed Susie.

"Well?" interrogated her mother patiently.

"He-he said the washing machine would pay for itself in six-six months," wept her daughter. "He-he said he got it with some extra money he'd earned. He-he didn't have to touch the savings account."

"Well, of course that is bad news," was Mrs. Jarvis' dry comment.

"I don't want my birthday present bought that way," howled Susie. "I want him to walk and save car fare. I want him to go without his lunches. I want him to rob a bank. And then—then I want him to ta-take all that money and spend it on some glorious, beau-beautiful, utterly useless thing for me. Not for the house or the yard or the car or for us. But for me!" And she subsided into the cushions of the davenport in a fresh outburst of tears.

"You're just like your father," said her mother. "I remember once I didn't have a decent pair of shoes to my name and he went and got me an opal ring for a birthday present."

"I th-think that was wonderful," insisted Susie stubbornly. "He probably went without something he really needed to get something really beau-beautiful for you."

"I went without something I needed," corrected Mrs. Jarvis, "and there's nothing at all wonderful about having your feet right on the ground. However, that's the way he was and that's the way you are, and I suppose you can't help it, though I will admit that giving a washing machine is carrying it a bit far. However," she concluded thoughtfully as she gathered up her gloves and bag, "he's given you what seemed to him the best kind of birthday present and of course you have the same privilege when it comes to him." With which Parthian shot she departed.

Sammy's birthday two months later saw its flowering. The breakfast table on that momentous occasion was gay with flowers. There were honeydew melons and waffles. And beside Sammy's chair stood an immense package done up in bright paper and gay ribbon. It must be the golf bag he had wanted, Sammy thought with a quickened beat of his heart; the leather and canvas one with the zipper fastening. Wasn't Susie an old peach!

He untied the bright ribbons and unwound the paper, and as the last wrapping fell away, there stood revealed in all its glory of red and green paint—a lawn mower!

"It's the best lawn mower on the market, and the clerk said it carried a ten year guarantee," explained Susie briskly to a somewhat dazed looking husband. "He figured it out, and by your mowing the lawn yourself it will pay for itself in two years. And best of all, darling," she went on with enthusiasm, "I didn't draw a cent out of the bank. I saved it out of the household allowance. And that," she explained happily, "is why we've been having steaks and hamburger instead of steaks and chops. Honey, you do like it, don't you? I knew you'd feel just as you did about my present, that it should be something useful."

What could poor Sammy do? Exactly nothing. Nothing but assure Susie that life's one ungratified desire had been the acquisition of a lawn mower! But the dazed look on his face was gradually being replaced by one of understanding. Light was dawning.

On the happy occasion of Mrs. Samuel Thornberg's twenty-fourth birthday, some months later, a car from the florist, in mauve and violet, stopped before the door in the afternoon, and a flunky in uniform ran up the steps of the house with a box in his hands. It was a lavender box tied with a silver ribbon, and when Susie opened it she found a half dozen exquisite orchids.

She gasped a bit at their fragile loveliness. Then lifting them carefully, held them against her dress and sighed in ecstasy at her mirrored reflection. "Well," she murmured, "maybe he went a bit far, but anyway he got the idea."

Nothing but Love

By THAYER WALDO
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

HE HUDDLED in the great chair before the row of windows, book in hand. Stark misery lay upon him; mind and spirit were elsewhere—behind that closed door thirty feet away. No sound had reached him for minutes past, but he knew that in that bedroom Charlotte was packing. That when it was done she would go, away from him, out of this house that had been theirs together for three wonderful years.

There had simply been the sudden outburst of bitter quarreling that brought anger, then hatred, and finally cold, furious silence. Even the specific cause had become an item remembered dimly, if at all. Of course the basis was clear enough. Ever since Charlotte had reached top in the Hollywood picture scramble, their bliss had with slow certainty ebbed. Two thousand a week matched against his hundred and a quarter made very poor balance and evidence of her lavish spending was everywhere.

His wife was just emerging from a closet, arms fluffly with gowns and lingerie. She gave her cargo into the waiting hands of a maid who stood before an open wardrobe trunk. A second girl was busy with three smaller bags.

"Mabel," Grant said, "you and Pearl may leave now. You'll be sent for when you're needed again." Charlotte swung about to face him, but kept silence until the girls were gone. Then,

"Would you mind," she suggested, voice brittle, "explaining yourself as quickly and briefly as possible? This is a most hampering interruption."

God! she was lovely, Grant reflected.

"Sorry," he told her, "but it was necessary. I believe there are some angles to this move you haven't thought over properly."

"I see. And those are . . . ?"

"Well, for one thing, the publicity. You know you've always said your reputation couldn't stand the stuff a lot of other stars get away with. There's been too much sweet-and-pure painted into the picture the public has of you."

Her brief laugh was utterly scornful.

"Thanks for the solicitude, Grant, but I don't think I'll need to cling to you to protect myself."

He flushed a little and looked away.

"Very well; but I should think you might be a little less precipitate. We have social engagements—it isn't going to be easy to explain."

"You can find the flimsiest arguments," Charlotte retorted, unmoved. "If that's all you have, would you mind saving your breath and my time? I've a train to catch."

Grant gazed fully at her for a long moment. Strangely, through his frustration and discomfiture ran a strong current of desire to shout: "You can't go because I love you!" Yet he was glad it could be kept in check. That sort of maudlin sniveling would never do at a time like this. He turned to the door.

"Certainly," he said; "stupid of me to have come in at all. Good-by, then, and good luck."

Busy again, she neither looked around nor spoke. He went out and paced slowly over by the huge easy chair again. The book on the floor caught his eye and he stopped for it. Noticing the title for the first time, he recognized it as Charlotte's favorite volume of poems—one he had given her. Taking it to her now would be no sentimental gesture, for her interest in the work itself was genuine. And—it presented an excuse to see her for one fleeting instant more . . .

His knock was answered by the servant, Pearl. Charlotte wasn't in evidence. Feeling an odd sense of embarrassment, Grant said:

"Give this to my wife. Tell her I was reading it and remembered she might want to take it along."

For twenty minutes after that, Grant stood by the French windows in the outer room. The spot would permit him a glimpse of Charlotte as she left. That finality no longer stirred passionate rebellion in him; there was only a sort of aimless dreariness now.

Somewhere behind him a door latch clicked softly. From the shadows appeared a form diaphanously white. It was Charlotte, neglected and smiling up at him with a gentle radiance he had almost forgotten.

"You're not—" he began.

"No, my dear, I'm not," she murmured, walking serenely into his arms. Her lips were raised and thirstily, in dazed joy, he took them. When the long kiss ended, she looked into his eyes.

"And do you know why? No—of course not, you silly, beloved, stiff-necked darling! That book you brought me—I opened it where the book mark was and the page had two thumb smudges."

He waited, wholly at sea, and then very tenderly she added:

"They were on the top margin, dear, instead of the bottom. It's the first sign I'd had in longer than I like to remember that you were thinking of me. No one holds a book upside down long enough to leave thumb prints unless he's still in love or blind—and your blindness isn't just that kind."

Interesting Notes

Miss Louisa McLean of St. Louis has a loaf of bread baked by her great-great-grandmother 140 years ago.

A black cat run over by an auto in Chicago was taken to a hospital and its two broken legs put in splints.

Minnie, 50-year-old movie elephant, was given a birthday party at Hollywood, with cake, candles and lots of peanuts.

When five boys in Camas, Wash., confessed breaking street lights, Justice J. H. Duncan sentenced each to three months attendance in Sunday School.

At its recent convention in Milwaukee, the International Association of Police Chiefs adopted a resolution to supply no further information concerning crimes to writers of radio crime dramas, which were declared to be injurious to the morals of children.

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Southbound	1:27 p. m.
Star Mail Route	
Southbound	7:15 a. m.
Northbound	8:30 a. m.

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A bolt of lightning knocked Jim Owen's pipe from his mouth at his home in Blytheville, Ark., and threw him across the room.

A prisoner booked at a Washington police station gave his name as Cabbagstalk and his occupation as huckster.

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Local and Personal

John O'Briant was home from Wilmington the first of the week.

Woody Woolverton and family, Mrs. Irene Wiese and children visited in New Salem, Sunday.

Miss Marianna Kilian returned Sunday after a week's outing at East Bay Camp, Bloomington.

P. O. Rayl and children and Jerry Combs were Champaign visitors Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Pigg and son, Leroy, were Champaign visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. Alvin Monroe spent the past week with her husband who is working at Madison, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Seeds of Danville visited relatives here Wednesday.

Mrs. Orval McCormick visited Mrs. Elmer Sy at Hume, Wednesday.

Jerry Combs of Springfield is visiting in the Rayl and Loomis homes this week.

The Kerna Blocks were home from Indianapolis over the week end.

P. O. Rayl and family and Mrs. Bessie Loomis attended the Garner picnic in Ervin Park, Tuscola, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce David are moving from a farm near Hume to a tenant house on the Elmer Mohr farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robinson of Newman vicinity were callers in the S. E. Shultz home Sunday afternoon.

Bruce Richard, Champaign, is spending his two weeks annual visit here in the Dale David home.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hardyman visited Wayne Hardyman at Sunnyside Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Sunday.

Mrs. Lillie Phillips and Miss Dora Burton of Pasadena, Cal., spent the past few days here with their aunt, Mrs. Bessie Loomis, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cheney and Mrs. LeRoy Hobbs of Indianapolis visited in the homes of Mrs. Hattie Dicks and other relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Comer are parents of a 10-pound son born Wednesday. This is their second child, their first being a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Decker, former residents of Broadlands, but now of 305 Wheaton avenue, Champaign, are parents of a son born Aug. 7. This is their second child, both being boys.

Hascal Hart and family who have lived on the Laverick farm for a number of years moved to Gary, Ind., Wednesday, where Mr. Hart is employed in the steel mills.

Mrs. Orval McCormick and daughter, Miss Norma Jean were Indianapolis visitors last Friday. Miss McCormick made arrangements to enter Indiana Central College.

Misses Anna Clem, Marie Witt, Nellie and Blanche Smith attended the State Fair at Springfield, Tuesday. On Wednesday they saw the Capitol building, Lincoln's home and tomb, and visited at New Salem.

The construction of a concrete silo was started at the Farmers elevator here last Saturday. The new bin will be larger than the two built at this elevator a few

years ago. The first bins built are 18 feet wide, while the new one will be 24 feet wide.

The 16th annual reunion of the Wienke family was held at Crystal Lake park, Urbana, recently. The oldest man present was C. F. Medrow, Urbana; the oldest woman, Mrs. Reeka Messman, Sadorus; and the youngest child was Betty Kay Walker of Broadlands, who was two months old.

The 31st Bruhn reunion was held at Crystal Lake park, Urbana, recently, with 70 members and guests present. Mrs. Marie Pierce, 75, was the oldest member present and Carolyn Pate, six months old, daughter of the William Pates, Westville, was the youngest. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bruhn and family of Cincinnati, O., came the greatest distance.

Long View News

Hales Brothers are exhibiting their Poland China hogs at the Springfield fair this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keilbach and Betty, of Bloomington, Ind. are visiting here.

M. F. Parks and family, J. A. Hart and family, Ed Beckman and family, went to Paris, Sunday, to attend the Hart-Parks reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Krughoff have announced the birth of a daughter, Gretchen Elise, at Macomb, Aug. 6.

Mr. and Mrs. James Beatty and the Lester Hood family spent Sunday at South Bend, at the auto races.

Mr. Price, station agent, moved his family here from St. Joseph, last week. They are living in one of the O. D. Struck farm houses.

Mrs. Woody Wolverton and daughter Sandra, of Broadlands, were guests in the Merton Parks home Tuesday. The occasion was the 7th birthday anniversary of Marilyn Jane Parks.

Dean Fulton, Carol Martinie, James Hagerman, Gene Ward and Claire Noblitt planned to leave Thursday on a three-day tour visiting livestock farms, doing some practice judging, and concluding with a day at the state fair at Springfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Partenheimer, Gene and Hilda, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Warnes, the Merton Parks family attended graduation exercises at Illinois Commercial College, Champaign, on last Friday night. Bob Parks and Norma Partenheimer were members of the graduating class.

Private W. H. Dam, Ft. Knox, Ky., spent a four-day leave in the W. E. Ringo home, guest of Miss Hertha Fegeseck, a visitor in the Ringo home. Miss Fegeseck, who lives in Carleton, Nebraska, accompanied Miss Hertha Ringo home from her recent western trip.

Girl Scouts, Anna Mae Beatty, Patty Wegeng, Louise and Marguerite Twigg, Freda Chambers, Sue Wheatley, Charlotte Duncan and Patsy Hood are at McCormick Creek Park, Spencer, Ind. Misses Thelma Elson and Esther Boyd are with them. Transportation was provided by the E. C. Hagermans, James Twiggs, and F. J. Beattys. Mrs. Beatty and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ringo went on to Bloomfield to spend the afternoon with an aunt, a sister of Joseph Ringo.

Members of Mayview Church and community held a wiener roast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Green, recently. After a social time, ice cream with bananas and peaches, was served by Mr. and Mrs. Green. Those present were Dewey Prather and

family, Jesse Prather and family, Wm. McCormick and family, Lou McKinney and family, C. W. Critzer, C. H. Miller, L. V. Hood and daughter, Cecil Hudson and family, Harry McHenry and family, Gilbert Coons, Chas. Primmer and son, Lowell Hissong and daughter, Guy Walker, Walter Hinners and family, all of Mayview; Alfred Hutson and daughter, Champaign; Clarence Kraft and family, Mrs. Bertha Johnson, Mrs. Levi Driver, and Herschell Kerns.

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.

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