

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 22

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1941

NUMBER 20

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Aug. 23, 1929

Miss June Zantow resumed her duties at the postoffice after a two weeks vacation.

Will Zenke and family left for a ten days' visit with relatives in Nebraska.

Edith, George and Charles Smith were attending the Fair at Springfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Edens of Latty, Ohio, spent the weekend here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson and Mrs. Minnie Boyd left for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Boyd at Detroit, Mich.

Ray Bowman's three threshing rings held a picnic at the August Mohr home to celebrate the finish of the threshing season. The large crowd present was estimated at 250.

20 Years Ago

Aug. 19, 1921

Miss Helen Potter of Mason City, Iowa, arrived for a visit with relatives.

Miss Marjorie Shephard of Chicago arrived for a visit with Mrs. Kenneth Allen.

Miss Marie Eckerty of Newman spent the week with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Cook.

Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Russell were visiting relatives at Marshall.

Miss Jennie Overman was given a pleasant surprise when a number of friends gathered to celebrate her 17th birthday.

A number of little folks were entertained at a party in honor of Owanna Johnson on her 6th birthday.

Little Rosemary Hobbs was seriously injured when the steel spring broke in a rock-a-bye swing and pierced her skull.

U. B. Church Notes

J. FRANK TURNER, PASTOR

Sunday School—10:00. A class for you.

Divine Worship—11:00. Sermon topic, "A Parting Word." Come to the friendly church.

Sunday, August 24th will be the last morning service of the conference year. We are finishing our tenth year in Broadlands and Longview. These have been happy years. We have had rather difficult problems to solve, but we have enjoyed our stay among the people of the two towns. We can express our feelings better with the words of St. Paul: "We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers; remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father."

We are closing the most successful year of the ten with an increase in membership, attendance and interest. We are meeting all of our financial obligations, thus closing up the year's work in good shape.

I can say in the language of our blessed Savior, "My peace I leave with you."

Mrs. Dicks Entertains School Friends Saturday

Mrs. Hattie Dicks entertained 12 of her old school friends and five visitors at a potluck dinner, at her home here last Saturday. The school they attended was located southeast of Sidney and was known as School Number Nine. A very interesting letter received from R. M. Hood, teacher of the school, now in Oklahoma, was read.

Members were present from Champaign, Sidney, Fairmount and Homer.

Next year's meeting will be held in the Edward Gaffer home in Champaign.

Mrs. Anna Seeds Is Hostess to W. S. C. S.

The Woman's Society of Christian Service met at the home of Mrs. Anna Seeds, with Mrs. Helen Eckerty assistant hostess, on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Helen Eckerty led the devotions, reading from the book of Luke, and the president, Mrs. Mary Dicks, conducted the business meeting. Interesting missionary topics, "Methodist in the Philippines," and a play entitled "Love's Gift," were read by Mrs. Leathie Boyd.

Guests present were Mesdames Tillie Schumacher, Alice Schumacher, Kathleen Seeds, Louise David, Chloe James, Gladys Zantow; Miss Lois Zantow and Rev. W. Earl Ballew.

Members present were Mesdames Anna Laverick, Pearl DeWitt, Mary Dicks, Gladys McClelland, Leanna Miller, Faustine Smith, Lettie Eckerty, Ida Messman, Bertha Cook, Leathie Boyd, Eva Brewer, Frances Smith, Harriett Smith, Helen Eckerty and Anna Seeds.

Illinois State Capitol News

The State of Illinois received \$5,789,289 from cigarette and liquor taxes during July. Cigarettes furnished \$2,013,960 of this amount, and liquors \$3,775,329.

During July 245 successful wells were completed in the Illinois oil basin. Oil production in Illinois for July is estimated at 10,384,400 barrels. Drilling for oil was going on in fifty counties of the State in July.

Despite excessively hot and dry weather during late July and the first ten days of August, there is still a prospect for a large Illinois crop of corn and of soybeans. Drouth damage to these crops is most marked so far in the southern part of the State. In central and northern areas, where the bulk of the commercial crops of corn and beans is grown, conditions are reported as fair to excellent.

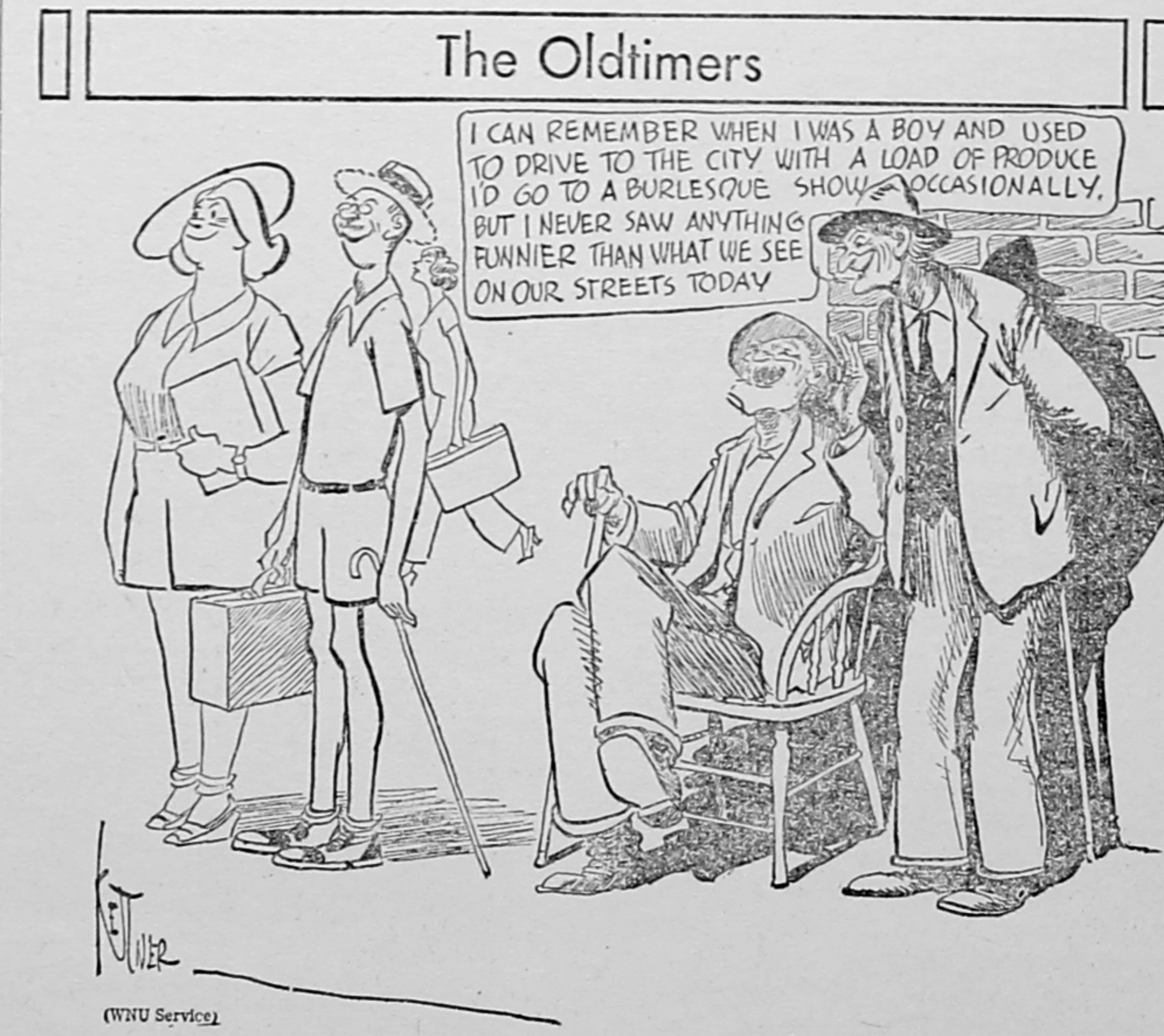
A large crop of peaches is now moving to market from southern Illinois orchards.

Immanuel Lutheran Church

P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

9:30 A. M.—Sunday School.
10:15 A. M.—Divine Worship. Sermon: "The Paschal Lamb, a Type of Christ."

The annual Church Picnic will be held next Sunday at Crystal Lake Park in Champaign, and not at Tuscola as previously announced.



Local and Personal

Merle Jackson was home from Fort Knox, Ky., Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Messman was a Champaign visitor Tuesday.

Norman Seider and family left Saturday on a ten days trip to the northern part of Minnesota.

Ronald Cable and family of Chicago spent Sunday in the A. A. Cable home.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Zenke left Saturday for an outing at Aiken, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Potter were Champaign visitors, Wednesday.

Alfred Zenke and family left the fore part of last week for a ten days outing at Aiken, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Demoss and son David attended the Demoss family reunion at Hoopes-ton, Sunday.

John Crain enlisted in the U. S. Navy for a four year term last Monday. He expects to be called soon.

Mrs. A. A. Cable and Mrs. Arch Walker visited Mrs. Louise Potter of Homer, a patient at Mercy hospital, Urbana, Monday.

Harry Neal of Gary, Ind., arrived Tuesday for a few days visit at the home of his mother, Mrs. Anna Neal.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson left Saturday for a visit with relatives in St. Louis and Gerald, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl and son, John Paul, and Mrs. Lillie Bowman visited relatives in Springfield from Friday until Sunday.

Mrs. V. M. Snow, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. John Karr and baby of Champaign; Mrs. Turner of Seymour, visited Mrs. Lucy Sullivan, Saturday.

The WSCS of the local Methodist Church will give their annual chicken dinner, in the church basement, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 10.

The annual Lost Grove school reunion will be held at the Lost Grove schoolhouse, Sunday, Aug. 31. All former patrons, pupils and teachers and their families, and everyone residing in the district are cordially invited. Basket dinner at the noon hour, followed by business meeting and program.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Ward and sons, Eugene, Bobby and Willard, visited relatives and friends in Chicago, Monday and Tuesday. Bobby remained for a two weeks visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Sy, son, Cecil, and Ray Struck visited in the Lewis Fellows home in Crawfordsville, Ind., Sunday. Mrs. Struck and son, Melvin, who had been there on a week's visit, accompanied them home.

The Broadlands Public school will open Monday, September 1 for registration. After a short morning session lasting from 8:30 until 9:00 o'clock, classes will be dismissed until the following Tuesday morning, when school proper will begin for the fall and winter term.

Everett Barnes and family left Wednesday for their home in Akron, Ohio, after a week's visit in the John Barnes home. Everett left here 20 years ago and has been holding down a good job in a rubber factory for a number of years. He has four children. His visit to the old home town was due to a two weeks' vacation with pay.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Coryell recently entertained the following guests at a six o'clock supper, honoring the former's father, Ollie Coryell, on his 65th birthday: Raymond Haun, of Detroit, Mich.; Tyne Haun, Pond Creek, Okla.; Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Coryell, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson and daughter, Allerton.

How A Church Was Built Back in 1832

Scarcity of building materials often taxed the ingenuity of early settlers on the Illinois prairie. The Illinois Writers' Project, WPA, reports an account of the building of a church at Pleasant Prairie in Coles county which is illustrative.

In 1832 the pastor and 23 members of his congregation decided to donate labor and materials to build a log church. Individual subscriptions pledged from 2 to 12 days of work. One man promised 26 spikes, another 30 bushels of lime.

The lime was unobtainable so the church was built without it and for about two years remained without plastered walls. One day the pastor came upon a large deposit of lime on Indian creek. Logs were piled upon it and burned, leaving a residue of lime. This was mixed with sand from the creek and the pastor himself chinked and plastered the interior of the log church building.

Take Corners on All Four Wheels, Motorists Urged

What is "just around the corner," even on our most thoroughly traveled highways, remains a mystery to every motorist until he has actually rounded the corner. Buildings, corn fields, hedges—all tend to keep from view the obstacles that may be in the road, according to C. M. Seagraves, director of safety of the Illinois Agricultural Association. In rounding corners, the smart driver has his speed modified so that should he come upon someone stalled or some very slow moving vehicle, he can bring his car under instant control with no embarrassment or danger to himself or others.

Incidentally, Seagraves said, more people should realize that there is a right and wrong side of the road on turns just as there is on the straight of way. There is no excuse for drivers to attempt turns at speeds that make it necessary to lead over into the other person's lane. This is as foolhardy as it is discourteous.

As has been said before, there are only two sides to a road, the right side and the wrong side. It's inexcusable to come in conflict with other traffic by being in the wrong lane.

Henry Charles Griffin 1868--1941

Henry Charles Griffin, son of Robert and Louisa Griffin, was born Feb. 1, 1868, near Howard, Ind., and passed from this life at his home in Broadlands, Ill., August 13, 1941, being of the age of 73 years, 6 months, and 12 days. At the age of seven years he moved with his parents to Atwood, Ill., where he resided until July 8, 1896, when he was married to Nora Hancock, and they then moved to Broadlands, residing at the same location during these many years.

To the union of these parents two children were born: Graydon Griffin, Newman, Ill.; and Grace Brewer, Broadlands, Ill., both of whom, together with the widow, survive to mourn his passing. One brother, William Griffin, of Redondo Beach, California, also survives. Three sisters preceded him in death: Mary E. Baker, Laura Wilson, and Kate Denny.

"Margie Bell" Wins A Number of Prizes

"Margie Bell," the yearling registered Belgian purebred mare owned by George L. Akers, jr., Newman, has been doing all right for the boy this fall. She won first in her class and champion mare of the show at the Champaign County Fair; first at Charleston, Coles County Fair; fourth in the open class and first in 4-H, F. F. A., Vocational Agricultural at the Springfield State Fair.

She goes to Paris next week.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express to our neighbors and friends, our heartfelt thanks and sincere appreciation of their kindness, during the illness and at the time of the death and funeral of our beloved husband and father, the late H. C. Griffin.

Mrs. H. C. Griffin and Family.

Miss Betty Moody and J. Stanford Hays Wed

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Moody of Jamaica announce the marriage of their only daughter, Betty Lorene, to J. Stanford Hays, son of Mrs. May Hays of Urbana.

The wedding took place at the Urbana Christian Church chapel on Friday, August 8, at 2:30 p. m. The single ring ceremony was read by the Rev. S. E. Fisher, pastor.

The bride was attired in beige with brown accessories and wore a shoulder corsage of feverfew and talisman rosebuds.

The couple left immediately following the ceremony for a short honeymoon to the Ozark mountains, and after their return will be at home to their friends at 402 E. Green street, Urbana.

Mrs. Hays attended Jamaica grade school and graduated from Fairmount high school with the class of '41. Mr. Hays is a graduate of Allerton high school and also attended Blackburn College. He is now manager of the Hays Grocery and Market, E. Green street, Urbana.—Sidell Journal.

Ray Struck Is Honored on Birthday Anniversary

Mrs. Ray Struck entertained a number of relatives at a dinner, last Monday night, in honor of her husband, the occasion being his birthday anniversary.

Those present were the Misses Virginia and Winifred Stuebe, Danville; Mr. and Mrs. Herman Struck and son, Arthur; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cress, sons, Paul and Donald; Cecil Sy, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Struck and son, Melvin.

DEFENSE BOND QUIZ

Q. Can my children buy Defense Savings Stamps?

A. Yes. Hundreds of thousands of American children are buying Stamps regularly as their share in the national savings program.

Q. Why should children be encouraged to buy the Savings Stamps?

A. Because by buying Stamps they write their names on a Roll of Honor of Americans who are doing their part to show the dictators that united America will never flinch to preserve her sacred liberty.

Q. After my child has collected enough Stamps to exchange for a Bond, can the Bond be registered in the child's name?

A. Yes. A minor may own a Defense Savings Bond. Many parents are registering Bonds in their children's names to prepare for future educational needs.

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\$1.00
No. 2 white corn77c
No. 2 yellow corn68c
No. 3 oats33c
New Beans, Oct. delivery ..\$1.35

Lloyd Donley is driving a new V-8 Ford truck.

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

White House Firsts

The first occupants of the White House were President and Mrs. John Adams, in 1800, it then being called the President's Palace. It was first an unpainted building of gray stone, but after it was burned by the British in 1814 it was painted white, and became popularly known as the White House.

President John Quincy Adams installed the first billiard table which caused much criticism. The first gas illumination was used by President Polk, and in 1851 the first bath tub and cook stove were introduced by the wife of President Fillmore. The bath tub was condemned by certain ministers as an unholy contrivance.

The first heating plant was installed in 1853 by President Pierce, enabling the occupants to be comfortable in winter for the first time. President Benjamin Harrison had the first electric lights, but there was no electric refrigeration until 1925, when this was provided for President Coolidge. President Taft was the first to have an automobile.

The first person to die in the White House was President William Henry Harrison, after being in office only one month. The first wedding held there was that of Miss Todd, niece of Dolly Madison, to John G. Jackson of Virginia. The first and only President to be married in the White House was Grover Cleveland, and the only child ever born there was his second daughter.

President Theodore Roosevelt was the first to use the name of The White House officially by having it engraved on his stationery. It had formerly been known as the President's Palace, the President's House, and the Executive Mansion.

Straight Squashes

Science has done wonders in the development of new fruits, vegetables and other products of the soil, but one of its oddest of accomplishments is that of straightening the squash's neck. This has been done by years of patient breeding, under the supervision of Department of Agriculture experts.

The new model squash doesn't stick its neck out, but has a streamlined shape, resembling an Indian club. The practical importance of this scientific achievement is said to rest on the fact that the ultra-modern squashes may be packed in the crates with a considerable saving in shipping space.

Just how valuable this may be as a factor in relieving threatened shortage of transportation facilities has not been estimated. And whether this is likely to compensate for the time and expense involved in producing the new phenomenon is not disclosed. To some who don't like squash anyway, the new development will seem rather unimportant.

But perhaps it is in line with the government's effort to eliminate all crooks, of which the crook in the squash's neck appears to have been one of the most harmless.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Printing Press Money

Fiat money is paper currency which has no tangible backing in the way of gold or silver whereby it may be redeemed. It is sometimes called "printing press money," because a government may print it in unlimited quantities, but it becomes of less and less value as the amount in circulation increases.

Three historic examples of fiat money are furnished by some 45 billion paper francs issued in France following the French Revolution, the issue of 458 million dollars in "greenbacks" by the United States during the Civil War, and the orgy of inflation in Germany caused by the printing of 518 quintillion paper marks in connection with World War expenses.

With the exception of the United States greenbacks, these paper currencies eventually became worthless and were repudiated by the governments issuing them. At one time the greenbacks, so called because the backs of the bills were printed in green ink, were worth only 35 cents on the dollar, but their par value was later restored by an act of Congress.

France repudiated her fiat paper currency in 1797, burning all that was held by the government and declaring the outstanding remainder to be worthless. Similar repudiation in Germany in 1923 wiped out the government's internal debt, but reduced most of the creditor class to poverty.

In the Confederate States, although paper currency was issued in good faith, it inevitably became worthless when the government fell at the close of the Civil War. In fact, some time before the war ended it took about \$300 to buy a barrel of flour.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. Who receives moneys from the State school fund?

A. The moneys are paid directly to the several County Superintendents.

Q. To whom do the County Superintendents pay the moneys received from the State?

A. Apportionment is made to the townships and parts of townships in the several counties in which schools have been maintained as provided by law.

Q. Who execute the Township Treasurer's bonds?

A. The County Superintendents of Schools.

Q. How often must County Superintendents visit each public school in their respective counties?

A. At least once each year.

Q. Under whose immediate direction are the County Superintendents?

A. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Q. Who examines the books, notes, bonds and mortgages held by the township treasurers?

A. The County Superintendent of schools.

Q. By whom are the poll books of school elections filed and kept?

A. The County Superintendents of schools.

Q. How often must meetings for the examination of teachers be held?

A. At least quarterly.

Q. When must the County Superintendents of Schools report to the boards of trustees and clerks of school districts the amount of moneys distributed to the township trustees?

A. On or before September 30.

Q. What maps are County Superintendents required by law to keep?

A. Maps of the counties on a scale of not less than two inches to the mile indicating thereon the boundary lines and number of all school districts.

Winning the West

By DUFORD JENNE
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WHILE she was waiting for the eastern express that was bringing Clyde for his first visit, Marjorie sat in her car and pondered the situation; in more than one way it looked a bit dubious.

She had met Clyde in an eastern city, had liked him from the start, and it had been only a brief step to love between them both. Now he was coming from his eastern home to visit her people at the western ranch; and just how he would be taken troubled her.

She thought of her rugged father, and the husky, rough and ready outfit at the ranch, and then of her fiancé. She would love him in spite of their attitude, but in his slim blond gentleness, his perfect grooming, there was an open mark for the men at the ranch. He was far from a dude—yet was he? She had seen him only at dances and parties and behind the wheel of his powerful car.

The great express slid with grinding wheels to a stop, and from the Pullman Clyde alighted—slim, perfectly garbed, his blond wavy hair shining in the sun as she ran up to him. He kissed her in his gentle way.

"Well, here I am, my dear, out in the wide open spaces, and I'll say they are wide!" he suggested, smiling.

"They will seem wilder still when you reach the ranch," she replied—and then wondered if some unhappy presentiment lay behind her thought.

She drove the car swiftly over the rolling miles to the sprawling ranch, and, as the day was fading, drew up to the hacienda. Her father came to meet them, his big form looming over her slight lover. His greeting was cordial and kind, but with her intimate knowledge of the tones of her father's voice, she sensed his disappointment.

Later on, after Clyde had gone to his room, she said to her father, "Well, dad, don't you think you'll like him?"

He swung her up into his arms. "Kittens, the main thing is how much you like him! He looks like a clean, fine lad who will always be good to the woman he loves; but—he—er—never went in for athletics, did he?"

She was a bit exasperated at her father's attitude, and she wanted to scold him for it—all men couldn't be football heroes or prizefighters! But she thought better of it particularly when Clyde appeared again, his handsome, friendly face showing his keen boyish interest in the place to which he had come, and his eyes always softening when he chanced to glance at her.

Her next trial came when Ben Lane, the superintendent of the ranch, came in for his next day's orders. Ben's bronzed face was open in his frank and generous welcome to Clyde, but the cowboy's eyes held a little twinkle of amusement as his hand swallowed the easterner's.

Because she knew them, she knew something would be hatched up to try out Clyde. The next day her father suggested to Clyde that he and Marjorie ride out to the painted bluffs. She was a bit angry, but there was nothing to do but see it through. So she made her preparations, but with fear in her heart for Clyde who she knew had never ridden in a saddle.

When she came out the scene was set. Her father was on the porch, a twinkle in his eyes; the men in the bunkhouse had drifted out, each seeming to be busy at something, but all actually out to see the fun; and there was Ben leading up a saddled horse. Marjorie gasped. It was "Bony"—one of the meanest bucking bundles of horsehide on the ranch. Ben's face was innocent, but Marjorie hated him with all the hate of which she was capable. The scene was set; to try to save Clyde now would be to humiliate him.

She mounted her own favorite roan, and Clyde was helped into the saddle by Ben. Then the fun started. The buckskin turned into a rearing, tearing, jumping whirl of horse and man, up in the air and down on four still legs, around in dizzy circles, out straight away, away, then a sudden stop; the dust rose and swirled. Marjorie pressed her hands against her heart. But the slim, blond-headed figure stuck—and stuck—and the buckskin began to slow down—to waver—under command.

She heard her father's awed voice beside her. "Well, by gawd! And his meaning was not profane.

Clyde brought the buckskin to the porch and said simply, "All ready, Marjorie, if you are."

A gust of cheers swept up from the bunkhouse. Clyde acknowledged them with a grin.

The minute they were out of sight, she halted him, and said with wonder, "Clyde, how did you do it?"

He chuckled. "I spent three solid months under an old army officer learning to ride everything that wore horsehide, before I came out; and I learned—believe me!"

She pulled his head over and kissed him, and far down in the blue of his eyes were two bright glints; and she knew that beneath the velvet of his gentleness and kindness was the steel of real manhood.

What's New

Gas masks with built-in telephone mouthpiece and earphones have been invented in England for telephone operators.

Rutgers University has developed an electric soil pasteurizer to destroy parasitic worms, insects, and weed seeds.

A British inventor has perfected a periscope which enables an observer to see in all directions without turning his head.

A new ironing board folds into a wall recess and can be lowered with two attached benches to serve as a breakfast table.

Paraloid, a type of glass which polarizes light, is now practicable for automobile headlights,

windshields, window panes, and other devices to avoid glare.

Tests on sands are being conducted in an effort to find a domestic sand to replace the imported material used in production of fine metal and bronze ornamental work.

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.

William Patrick Hitler, son of Adolph Hitler's half-brother, Alois, left his home in New York recently to enlist as a volunteer in the Canadian air force. William's mother is active in British war relief.

Supplies and Labor Made Problem For Early Engineers

Railroad engineers in laying steel lines across the prairies of Illinois encountered as their principal difficulty, not the terrain, but lack of supplies and labor.

One company, according to an early account, says the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA, imported men from New York, New Orleans and Montreal.

At times, flour and pork were hauled 70 miles in wagons over unimproved roads. Some engines were shipped on flat boats down the Ohio. Others came by way of Chicago down the canal to LaSalle. Still others came up the Mississippi to Galena and from there they were sent inland.

SAFEGUARD
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Other appliances shown: RANGE, ROASTER, WATER HEATER. Text: "It costs you less To enjoy life more With An ALL-ELECTRIC KITCHEN" LIBERAL TERMS EASY TO OWN.

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

Pies and Romance

By ISABEL W. WAITT

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"I WISH," sighed Bessie Miller, "I were making this pie for a husband of my own, instead of just another old food sale for the new church."

Nobody heard Bessie sigh. Nobody knew how starved she was for love, for Bessie had passed the sunny side of twenty-five without the faintest glimmer of romance. The only men she knew had either married her friends, or were gangling youths who treated her with a terrifying veneration. Keenly she felt the tragedy of being an old maid. All the talk about bachelor maids with independent careers she saw through as pitiful alibi. She wanted a husband.

Gingerly she loaded her roadster with succulent apple pies. It was a ticklish piece of business not to injure those six crispy crusts.

"You'd orter deliver 'em three to a time," her mother suggested.

"Oh, I'll manage," Bessie said. Little did she realize that that decision would change her whole life.

But the country road was rough. She wished she could leave the pies for the North end of Main street somewhere while she distributed the other three to the South end. Then she saw the Jiffy garage at the Corners. Bessie drove in.

"Would you mind," she asked the pleasant looking mechanic, "if I left a few pies here just for half an hour or so? I'm afraid they won't be fit to sell, time I've bumped 'em down to the Birches."

"My, they look good! No, I don't mind." He was spreading a clean newspaper on a seat of the truck he was working on. "Only you'll leave those pies at your own risk. What kind are they?"

"Apple."

"Um. I thought so. My favorite kind." He grinned as Bessie drove away. "Don't forget to come back or I can't promise what might happen."

"I won't forget," smiled Bessie, wondering who this new man was. Nice manners, too. She would drive out here again for gas. "I want this to be our most successful food sale."

In less than an hour she was back. No one was in sight, nor were her three golden brown apple pies reposing on the truck seat. "He's gone away and some one has stolen them!" Bessie honked her horn.

The mechanic came crawling from beneath a huge limousine. His reddish hair was awry, his overalls and hands and nose were too well-greased, but he still grinned. He had fine teeth, she saw, almost as fine as hers.

"Oh, it's you! You've come after your pies. Wait a moment."

"I'm sorry you had to move them. I'm afraid I've been a bother. Where did you put them?"

"Well," he laughed, handing her an empty tin, "I put one of 'em inside of me, and it was so larrupin' good I'm aimin' to do the same by the others. You said they were for sale. How much are they?"

Bessie took the pie plate. "You have eaten one of the large pies. That will cost you fifty cents, mister."

"Barnes. Jimmy Barnes."

"Mr. Barnes. The smaller pies are thirty-five each, but they've been promised to Sally Knight and Mrs. Kenneth Wheeler."

"I don't care if they've been promised to the President's wife, I want those pies. I'll—why, I'll pay you a bonus—fifty cents per. You can't imagine how good a little home cooking tastes to a man who's lived in boarding houses and restaurants all his life."

"I'm glad you like my pie," Bessie said. "But a promise is a promise. Tell you what I'll do, you give me those to deliver and tomorrow morning I'll bake you a fresh, hot one, in time for your dinner."

"Apple?"

"Apple."

Thus it happened that Bessie Miller was seen driving into the Jiffy garage oftener than her small mileage needed fuel. It gave the inquisitive little New England town something to whisper about. But when Bessie brought that new comer, Jimmy Barnes, to Thursday prayer meeting the tongues simply flew. Bessie was such a good girl. She deserved the best, everyone said.

"Look here, Bessie," Jimmy said some months later, "you'll be the ruin of me. I can't afford to be a perpetual food sale; it would be cheaper to marry the cook. Then I won't have to pay for my pie. Will you, Bessie, now that you tempted me with an apple pie the way Eve won Adam with an apple?"

Bessie was used to Jimmy's teasing. "All right, I will, you old gourmand. I've always heard the way to a man's heart is through his tummy."

"Silly," said Jimmy, "I'd marry you if you couldn't make anything but faces."

Trend to Lower Ceilings

FHA officials have noticed a trend to lower ceilings and adequate ventilation. When this principle of planning is followed construction costs are saved without loss of livability. Since the area of the rooms with lower ceilings is less than that of those with greater elevations, heating costs are less.

One On the House

By GUY ROBERTS

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"GIVE me 'n orangeade." The man behind the counter slammed the drawer of the cash register shut and whirled about in surprise: "Huh?"

"Orangeade," repeated the newcomer calmly, pushing a dime across the damp counter.

"Yes, sir," his hand slowly left his hip-pocket, and the color flooded back into his face. Sliding a glass under one of several faucets, he filled it with sparkling golden liquid. "Liquid sunshine; a glass a day keeps the doctor away," he said, placing the drink before the lone customer.

"Thanks. Say, your clock right, Bud?"

"To a second. Jus' four fifty-two in the A. M."

"State an' Madison sure is a quiet place this time o' the day," mused the stranger, sipping his drink slowly. "Just before dawn."

"You said it, mister," replied the man behind the counter. "Say—haven't I seen you 'round here before?"

"Well, now, I dunno—have you?"

"What I mean is, I wondered if you came by here very often."

"Oh, no, not very." He prodded the dime with his forefinger. "Here y'are, Bud."

"That's all right, mister. Keep it. That one was on the house."

"Say, aren't you afraid someone will spot you? For all you know I might be a spotter."

"Not much danger in that. No spotter would be about this time o' the day. It's early in the evening, and later when the theater crowd is out that they keep an eye on you. Hardly anybody ever comes in this time o' the night I know."

"Guess you've got long hours, haven't you?" spoke up the customer, slowly twisting the glass between his fingers.

"You hit it. From eight P. M. to eight A. M. the ol' sun sure looks good in the morning! And does the evening keep you on the jump! Work like lightning during the theater rush, and again at the intermission, and when the shows are out. Then about midnight the crowd starts thinning out, and after that all you get is once in a while a drunk or two, a chorus man or a drifter of some sort. You're all tired out, and you got to spend the rest of the night with nothing to do, and believe me each hour seems like four. Lonely?—no name for it."

"I should think there'd be a good chance of someone sticking you up."

"Huh?" darting a quick look at the other's face.

"I say, you ever been in a hold-up?"

"Just once—but that was plenty. Some guy comes in and starts talking, jes' like we're talking now. He buys a drink and we chins along. I wasn't noticing him particularly. He slides a dime across the counter, and I turn to open the drawer of the cash register, well—all of a sudden he puts a gun on me and snaps—'up wit 'em, fella.'"

"Yeah? An' what did you do?"

"What did I do? Say, I'm no fool, an' it wasn't my money. I just does as he tells me. He grabs the roll out of the open drawer, slams a gag in my mouth, ties me up and shoves me under the counter. Neatest thing you ever—"

"Would you know this guy again if you saw him?"

"Can't say for sure. He was about my height, I guess, an' he had dark hair. O' course I was pretty scared—to notice—"

"That's him, all right. That was Ben Carters," the newcomer grinned, and held out his hand. "That's the bird I'm after. I'm a plain-clothes man, buddy. There's been so many stickups along this chain lately that the company's hired me to make the rounds."

"Say—now . . ." the face of the man behind the counter broke into a delighted smile. "Gee, now, that sure was one on me, all right, all right. Gosh, I thought you was—honest, mister, I thought at first you was a stickup fella."

The plain-clothes man set down the empty glass and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. "Well, I gotta be moving along, Buddy. Thanks for the drink."

"That's O.K. Mister."

He continued to nod pleasantly as the plain-clothes man ambled up the sidewalk and disappeared around the next corner. Then the smile vanished. He stooped swiftly, tightened the gag in the mouth of a roped and bound figure that lay helpless under the counter, rose, glanced cautiously up and down the street.

"Yes, sir," he mused, as he silently vaulted the counter, "that was one on the house."

Soybean Grades Lower

Quality of the 1940 soybean crop in the United States, totaling approximately 80,000,000 bushels, was slightly lower than that of the 1939 crop, an agricultural marketing service survey shows. The report is based upon inspected receipts at markets during December. About 74 per cent of the soybeans inspected during the month graded No. 3 or better, compared with 85 per cent in December, 1939. Excess moisture and foreign material were important degrading factors, it was said.

Interesting Notes

Robert Colvin of Cincinnati reported to police that thieves had taken his 300-pound safe and its contents.

Laura McKinney of Lebanon, Pa., had her slippers knocked off when an automobile ran into her but she escaped uninjured.

Ulysses Simmons of Provincetown, Mass., claims to have found a fully-feathered hen in the stomach of a 40-pound codfish.

On a moving Rock Island train near Martell, Neb., hobo Sam Wilson walked through the door of a box car in his sleep and landed on his feet.

Walter Howard of St. Paul walked up to a policeman and said: "I am a brewery advertisement," and was fined \$25 for intoxication.

A museum in Jefferson City, Mo., houses a unique exhibit in a pair of women's shoes, size 22. They belonged to a woman eight feet, four inches tall.

More than 250,000 gallons of milk are required daily for the present United States Army. Each man is supposed to have eight ounces of fresh milk, two ounces of butter, one ounce of evaporated milk and one-fourth ounce of cheese in his daily rations.

Earl Ash, a traveling man, was robbed of \$19 on a highway near Springfield, Mo. A woman bandit gave orders for the holdup to her male accomplice while she rolled a cigarette.

While Chicago police hunted five hours for Johnny Yoring, 7, believed to have been kidnaped, he was sleeping under a bed where he had hidden during a game of hide-and-seek.

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Familiar Face

By BARBARA ANN BENEDET
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WNU Service.

JANICE couldn't for the life of her associate a name with the young man's familiar face. It was annoying.

He had come in alone and looked around with a dubious expression at the crowded booths. Presently his glance fell on her, sitting alone, and on the empty chair on the opposite side of the table. He had made his way toward the booth and sat down. "Pardon me, do you—why! Hel-lo!" Recognition and pleased surprise lighted his eyes.

"Hello," said Janice, and cast about desperately for a name to fit his face. Names had always bothered her. Faces—she never had trouble remembering faces. But names—She tried a dozen and realized she was as far off as when she started.

"How long have you been in Hollywood?" he asked.

"Two weeks," said Janice. "And you?"

He gestured carelessly. "Six—seven months, this last trip. Tell me about yourself. How long are you staying? Like it here?"

"I'm leaving tomorrow. And I'm not sure whether I like it or not." She laughed. "I expected to see a lot of movie stars—every girl from the East who comes out here expects that, I guess—and I've been disappointed."

He was watching her closely, appeared not to hear what she had said. Janice had an uncomfortable feeling that he was reading her thoughts. She wished she could remember—

"How have you been—since last we met?"

This seemed to bring him back to earth. "Eh?—Oh, fine! Just splendid!" A waiter brought Janice her dessert and her companion his soup. He chuckled. "Movie stars, eh? I suppose you mean Derek Jordan?"

"Well, no," said Janice slowly. "It would be asking too much to expect to see him. Some lesser star, perhaps." She was groping with a thought, a dim memory of a moonlit terrace overlooking Long Island sound . . . an ardent young man holding her in his arms . . .

She became aware once more of her companion's intent gaze. "I suppose you see them every day?"

"You're bound to run into them—even the big ones, like Derek Jordan."

"But where?" Janice asked and immediately became absorbed once more trying to piece together the fragments of memory that would complete the picture on the terrace.

"Here, there, everywhere," the young man said. "In restaurants, on the street, night clubs—"

"I was introduced to him," Janice was saying to herself. "I did hear his name. It was at a dance. We went out onto the terrace together, and he kissed me. His name was—was—" She abandoned the thought angrily, returned to the present. Aloud: "I suppose one does see many of them without knowing it." She went back again to the night on the terrace, frowning a little. "He was a friend of Ted Hawkins. Ted brought him down from Hanover . . . Tremendously good looking . . . The next night he called and four of us went to the movies . . . He held my hand all through the show . . . Bit by bit she put the pieces together.

"If," her companion was saying, "you went to some place like the Brown Derby, you'd be sure to see a star or two. Even Derek Jordan. He eats there once in a while, though he's so popular, of course, they say he doesn't show himself in public much."

"He said something that night," Janice was thinking, "that brought on an argument. We were hardly speaking when he left, though he called several times after that. If I could only remember what it was he said—"

Janice jerked herself back to the present again. Abruptly she picked up her things and rose. A dull red glow in her cheeks and her eyes flashed. The young man stared at her in amazement.

"Good heavens! What's wrong? Where are you going?"

"I'm going," said Janice, "to write a letter."

She sidled out from the booth and stood there, staring at the young man angrily, contemptuously. "I've just remembered what it was he said, and what his name is and that I was absolutely wrong! So there!"

"What who said? When? Where?"

"What Bill Smith said. That was his name, and he took me to a movie with Ted Hawkins and another girl. The name of the picture was 'Love's Passion,' starring Derek Jordan. And when Derek came onto the screen I said I thought he was grand, and acted silly. Bill got mad—jealous—and said Derek was nothing but a swell-headed, conceited imbecile. That started an argument and we never made it up, and only now I've realized that Bill was right. So I'm going to write to Bill and apologize and tell him I'm coming home if he wants me to."

Behind her in the booth, Derek Jordan blushed to the roots of his hair. He had an uncomfortable feeling that many had heard the girl's final remarks and knew she was calling him a conceited imbecile and he didn't like it.

Rabbits

By LIEUT. B. S. BURKETT
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

SAM THORP chuckled faintly when he slid from his saddle in front of the little post office and general store at Mecaha, Mont., about noon on an early autumn morning. He lifted his two jackrabbits out of reach of a lanky cat and sauntered to the rear of the building.

Otis Green, postmaster and dealer in general merchandise as well as real estate since the discovery of oil on the Musselshell, glanced up from the pile of mail he was sorting.

He grunted a grudging, "Howdy, Sam. Whatcha want to argue about today?"

Thorp held up the two jackrabbits. "Two dern fat rabbits—been livin' on the ol' lady's lettuce fer a coupla months. But I trapped 'em last night," said Sam. "Need a leetle coffee mighty bad."

"Couldn't sell the last ones I bought from you, Sam. But I'll give you twenty-five cents for 'em both."

"Uhuh," grunted Sam. "But I just heerd you paid the Lamb boys twenty-five cents apiece fer their rabbits an' them half shot to pieces, too."

"Best I kin do, Sam. Twenty-five or nothin'."

"Well, 'tain't fair. But have to let you take 'em. Dern shame, too. You sell us poor devils gumbo land at oil price. Won't grow nuthin' but rattlesnakes an' sage hens."

"Best geologist in the country says there's oil on the land. I ain't supposed to have wells sunk to prove it, am I? Besides, a trade's a trade with me, Sam. When I git stung I take it as my fault. Ain't no use in my bellyachin' now."

"Can't raise nuthin' but rabbits in the garden an' now you won't even buy 'em—leastwise, pay only half what they's worth."

"A deal's a deal. Ain't no business judgment about you, Thorp. We live on suckers lak you owt heah in Montanner. Reckon you'd better go back to Kentuck whar you come from."

"That's what I'm calcerlatin' on, But I can't sell my land . . . With a sigh Thorp picked up his pound of coffee, shuffled out to his little sorrel and clambered onto the saddle. He chuckled faintly as he clucked to the little horse.

Sam had just finished the evening chores when Otis Green jerked his antiquated automobile to a stop at the front gate.

"Havin' some men fer breakfast and need a couple more rabbits. Got any? Can pay you 25 cents for these."

"Now let me see. Caught three this afternoon. Reckon I might as well let you have two uv 'em. Nice meat, too. But they'll cost you 50 cents. See by the paper, the price of rabbits is up a leetle."

Otis spat in the dust, swore a blue streak and grabbed up the rabbits. From the front seat, he tossed the money to Sam before ramming his foot on the accelerator.

Early next morning, Green and three companions appeared at Sam's cabin.

"Air yo' wantin' more rabbits, Green?" chortled Thorp.

"Nope. Bigger deal this time," beamed Otis. "I come to buy this one sixty of yours. Got some friends here as witnesses, so we can close the deal right now."

"I'll give you ten dollars an acre fer the whole one hundred an' sixty."

"Didn't I give you \$20 an acre before I fenced 'er and made all improvements?" Sam rasped vehemently.

"Yap, but land ain't what it was during the war, Sam."

"I'll take just three times what it cost to buy it back. Sixty dollars an acre and it's yours. Nary cent less."

"Yore plum crazy, Sam," Green shouted in a squeaky voice.

"You can have 'er fer my price er let 'er go. Ain't carin' which."

Green knew Thorp would not come down, so he gave him sixty dollars an acre, paying the purchase price in new shiny bills; Sam was afraid of checks.

"We're leavin' fer Kentucky tomorrow, mammy," said Sam, as he folded the bills with precision.

Green glanced at the other men and winked.

"Fer once I got you, Sam. Lucky such a fish as you is leavin' this country. I saw oil stain on your shoes and overalls yesterday. So I came up last night and went over your place with my flashlight. I found oil bubblin' out at three places. 'Nuf oil here to supply the whole state fer fifty years," said Green.

"Good geologist, awright. Yuh found all three spots where there's oil, jist three of 'em."

"How the hell you know how much oil's on your place? You ain't no geologist," snorted Green.

"Wal, Mr. Green, when I couldn't find that oil you told me was on my land when you sold it to me, I went over to the Cat Creek Oil Field, got five gallons of crude oil, and made jist three wells for speculation. You found all three uv 'em," came the level voice of the rabbit man. "But a deal's a deal," he went on, as he felt the dry oil stains on his overalls. "Shore ruins clothes to make speculative oil wells, but I reckon hit's worth the trouble."

Surplus Commodities Not New in Illinois

Always a "land of milk and honey," Illinois had its problems of surplus agricultural products many years ago. An Illinois newspaper, in July 1861, reported the fact that shelled corn was selling at 11 cents a bushel, and potatoes were a drug on the market, according to the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA.

Another newspaper dispatch stated that a farmer in White-side county threw away 500 bushels of fine potatoes because he could not give them away.

The Civil war was raging and this dispatch suggested: "Now as there is no healthier nor more needful food in the camps, why cannot some general and generous measures be taken to supply our troops liberally and freely with potatoes? Thousands of bushels may be had for the asking in northern Illinois."

Price of A Panther Came High in 1832

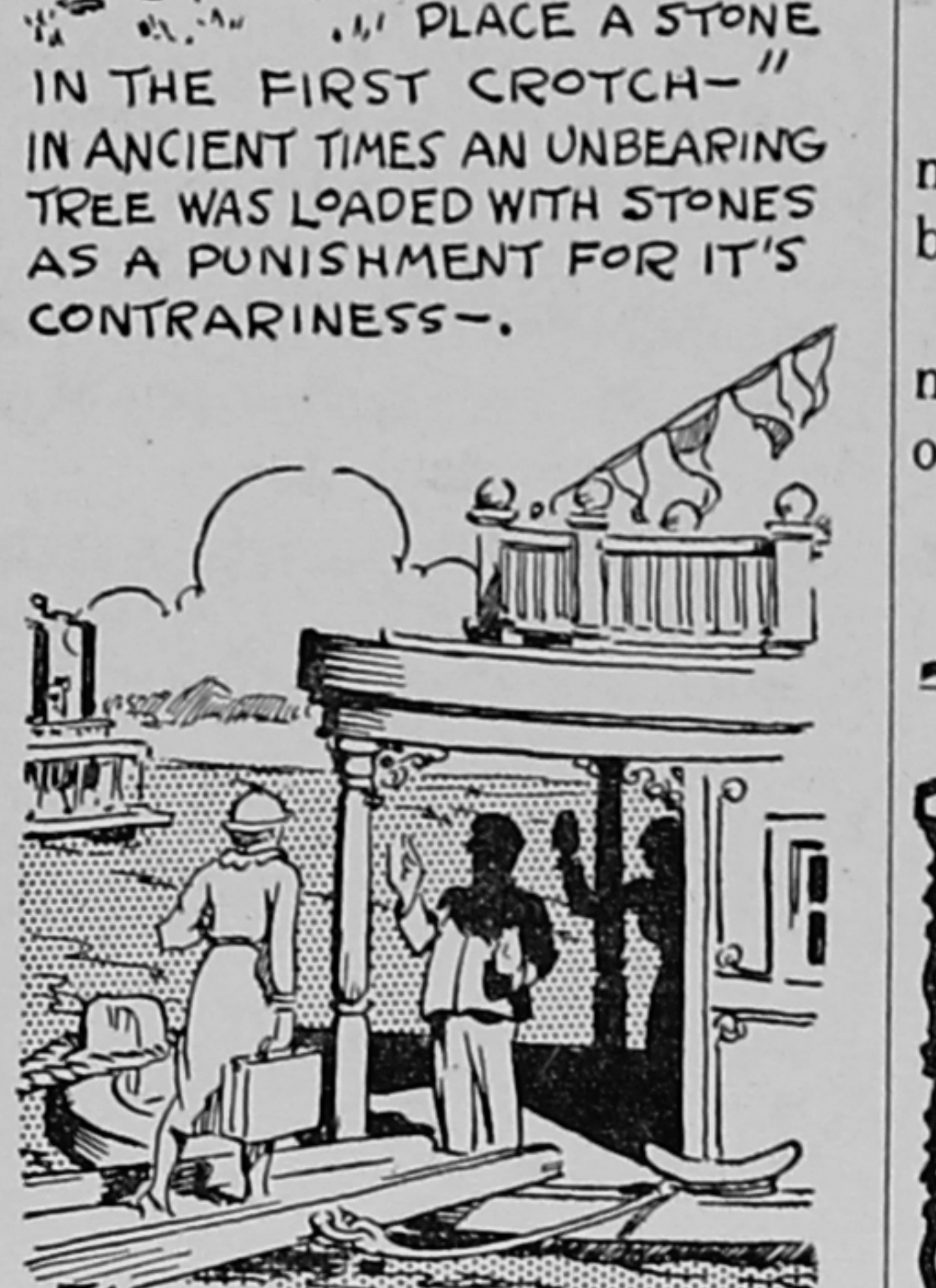
An Illinois historical record recounts a ferocious battle that took place in 1832 when a hunter with a pack of dogs encountered a panther.

Two of the dogs were slashed to death before the hunter could fire. The combat was so furious that three bullets intended for the panther struck and killed the hunter's dogs. The wounded beast fought on after two shots had hit it. A third shot brought the panther to the ground, mortally wounded.

In all, according to the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA, 17 shots were fired and five dogs were killed.

STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS
By Edwin Finch

IF A TREE IS UNFRUITFUL, PLACE A STONE IN THE FIRST CROTCH—IN ANCIENT TIMES AN UNBEARING TREE WAS LOADED WITH STONES AS A PUNISHMENT FOR ITS CONTRARIENESS—



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Long View News

The road south to the county line has been scarified, in preparation for oiling.

James Guthrie is erecting a gasoline station on his property on the south side.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hart and daughter, Carolyn, have returned from a vacation trip through the Smoky mountains.

Roy Hurst has been ill with a throat infection. Gene Hopkins has substituted for him in the Hart grocery.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Gaines are parents of a son born Saturday Aug. 16, at Burnham City hospital, Urbana. He has been named Robert Earle.

Hales Brothers are picking their tomatoes, delivering to London Packing Company, Oakland, from where they are shipped to Terre Haute.

Mrs. Helen Mohr was hostess to Loyal Workers of the Christian Church on Wednesday afternoon, with the president, Mrs. Hales in charge. Devotions and lesson were in charge of Mrs. Hagerman with Miss Ada Paine leading the discussion on "Women as Teachers." Plans for a bakery sale were made, the date to be announced later. Caramel nut sundaes, angel food and coffee were served.

Found Clothes on the Installment Plan

Fifty years ago, in September 1891, the installment plan worked somewhat differently for a night watchman in Canton, Illinois, the Illinois Writers' Project WPA, reports. This arm of the law found clothes—on the installment plan.

A newspaper dispatch, dated September 25, 1891, reported that the watchman had found a pair of pants on the preceding Saturday night; on Monday night a coat; on Tuesday night a hat, and was keeping his eyes peeled for a vest.

Scotch and Water
"My wife's sae thrifty she made me a fine tie oot of her old bathing suit."
"That's naught, mon; mine made hersel' a bathing suit oot of ma old tie."

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