

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 22

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1941

NUMBER 24

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Sept. 20, 1929

The Walker family reunion was held at Rogers' Park, Ind.

The Thode family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith.

Mrs. Roy Boyd of Detroit, Mich., visited Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bergfield and Lon Thomas visited relatives at Kansas City, Mo.

Harold Thomas went to Fort Wayne, Ind., to seek employment.

Miss Merle Pearce of Allerton and Virgil Henson of Champaign were married at the First Presbyterian Church in Danville.

20 Years Ago
Sept. 16, 1921

Martin Sy underwent an operation at his home.

The Lutheran Church held their annual Mission Festival.

Thieves robbed the C. T. Henson henery of a nice bunch of fry.

Mrs. Joe Bixler entertained friends at a surprise birthday party for her husband.

Emil Schumacher was appointed Commissioner of Highways to fill the unexpired term of O. G. Anderson who resigned.

A baseball game was played between the regulars and a pick-up team for the benefit of the U. B. Sunday School.

Immanuel Lutheran Church P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

9:30 A. M.—Sunday School, 10:15 A. M.—Divine Worship. Sermon: "Recognizing and Taking Good Advice."

The fading leaves of autumn are emblems of man's mortality. Today livest thou, Today repent!

It may be that thy days will soon be spent.

Within the portals of the Church of Jesus Christ is the message that can give you eternal life.

St. John's Evangelical and Reformed Church Robert B. Frey, Pastor

9:30 A. M.—Sunday School, Edward Nohren, Superintendent, 10:30 A. M.—Family worship. Sermon: "Christianity and the World Crisis." Pianist: Miss Edna Schumacher.

Saturday, September 20—The Confirmation class meets at the parsonage at 9:30.

Friday—Choir practice at 7:30.

Methodist Church Notes W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock.

The Church Service next Sunday is in the evening, at 7:30. All are welcome, as we start a new church year together.

Wisconsin derives its name from the Indian word meaning "a wild or rushing channel."

R. H. Hardyman Dies Thursday

Just before going to press this (Thursday) evening, we learn that R. H. Hardyman, 86, of Broadlands, who has been a patient at the Urbana hospital for the past few weeks, died at about 3:00 o'clock p. m. Funeral services will be held at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Dicks Bros. Funeral Home. Interment will be in St. John's Evangelical cemetery.

Illinois State Capitol News

A rare formation of robins' nests—four joined together—has been found at Kickapoo State park, Vermilion county. The nests, built in a shed on the CCC camp grounds, have been photographed.

The sixteen hundred acres of worked-over strip mining area composing Kickapoo park are being developed by a CCC corps. Nature trails, a water system, shelters, open fireplaces and a picnic area are being installed. Classes from the University of Illinois, twenty-five miles away, visit the park frequently in their study of zoology, botany and horticulture.

Four-fifths of the fine Illinois corn crop will be out of the way of frost by the end of this week, according to State and Federal departments of agriculture. The total yield of Illinois corn this year is estimated as 881,350,000 bushels, an average of about fifty bushels an acre. Last year the yield was 832,244,000 bushels.

Soybeans have been greatly benefitted recently by good rains and favoring temperatures. Illinois is expected to maintain its position as the foremost soybean state. Total Illinois production this year is estimated as 54,112,000 bushels, the largest Illinois bean crop ever grown. Last year's yield was 32,140,000 bushels.

From every part of the United States, students of early American history have come this year to visit the old Pierre Menard home, five miles north of Chester, in Randolph county. Tourists and sight-seers, too, find this an interesting place.

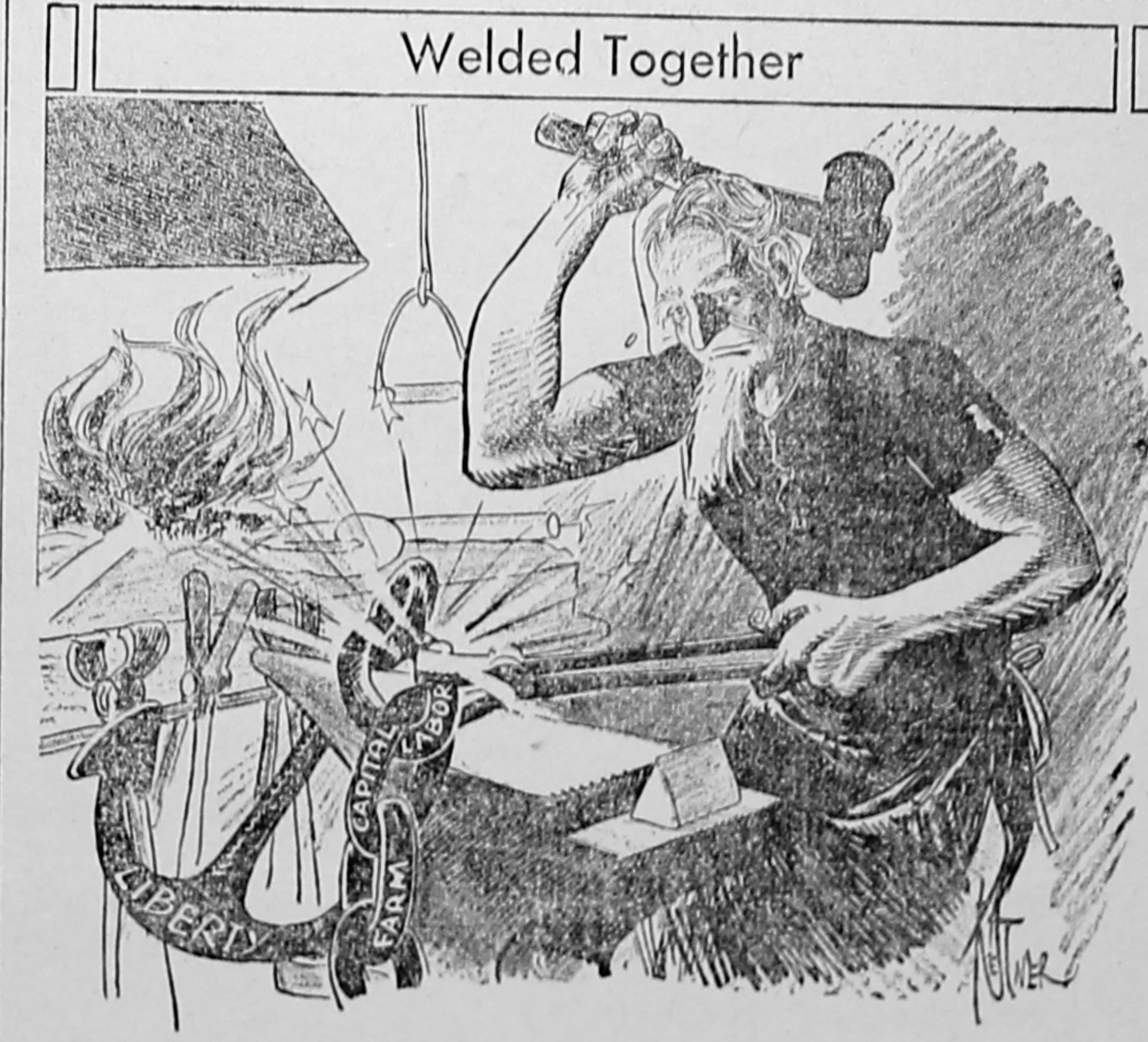
The Menard house is one hundred and forty years old, and is regarded as a fine type of French colonial architecture. Here lived Pierre Menard, well-to-do soldier, merchant and landed proprietor who came from Canada to the Illinois country, and who, refusing to be a candidate for Governor, became instead the State's first Lieutenant-Governor.

The old house, now owned by the State, contains many original articles of furniture. Other original pieces are being sought, and it is planned to make accurate reproductions of those pieces of the period which are impossible to obtain.

Missouri derives its name from the Indian word meaning "muddy water."

The "Sunless Summer" of England occurred in 1888. It rained nearly every day, and there was less than a week of uninterrupted sunshine.

The News is \$1.50 per year.



Local and Personal

Wm. Crain was home from Indianapolis over the week end.

Mrs. Bessie Loomis visited relatives in Villa Grove, Sunday.

Miss Cecile Potter of Homer visited in the Russell Potter home, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerna Block and daughter of Indianapolis spent the week end at their home here.

Mrs. Roy Bergfeld, daughters, Misses Leone and Phyllis, were Champaign visitors, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thode of Denver, Col., visited in the B. H. Thode home the past week.

The last free movie show of the season at Broadlands was given last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl, Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren and Mrs. Lillie Bowman visited relatives in Ridgefarm, Sunday.

Mrs. Sipple Payne of Danville, and Mrs. Charles Whitfield of Aurora were dinner guests in the Russell Potter home, Sunday.

Rev. W. Earl Ballew, pastor of the Methodist Church, has been returned to the local charge for another year.

Mrs. Lillie Bowman entertained Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren, son, Harry, P. O. Rayl and family, at dinner, Sunday.

The annual Fairfield Community Basket Dinner will be held Sunday, Sept. 28, at 12:30 p. m. There will be good speakers and good music.

Mrs. Henry Kilian, Jr., was assistant hostess to the Sidney Home Bureau last Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Arthur Wilson. Mrs. Robert Frey was a guest.

B. H. Thode, sr., Mrs. Charles Smith, Mrs. B. H. Thode, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thode motored to Covington and Attica, Ind., Wednesday, where they visited antique shops.

Wm. J. Biggs returned to his home in St. Louis, Monday, after a few days visit with his sister, Mrs. Leanna Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland and son.

Rev. Dale Mumaw, the new United Brethren pastor, preached his first sermon here Sunday morning. Rev. Mumaw and family come from Coleta, in the northern part of the state.

Rev. C. M. Temple, a former pastor of the local Methodist Church, and who has been located at Lacon the past few years, has been transferred to Bushnell for the ensuing year. Bushnell has a population of over 2700.

Dale Potter, who has been stationed at Chanute Field, Rantoul, and who has been home on a 15 day furlough, will leave on Sept. 28 for Texas, having been transferred to a camp in that state.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bahlow, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seider, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Place and daughter, Joyce Ann, attended a birthday dinner, at Altamont, Sunday, in honor of Mr. Bahlow's father, Mr. F. W. Bahlow, who was 84 years old, Sept. 16.

The work of black topping six blocks of the village streets was begun Tuesday. Two more coats of oil and a coating of asphalt remain to be placed on the streets. The work will be completed sometime next week, it is said. The work is being done by the Butler Oil Company of Urbana.

Another concrete storage bin is being built by the Broadlands Grain & Coal Co. here. The bin is being built at the west elevator. It will be 24 feet wide, 50 feet high and will hold 20,000 bushels of grain. This will be the fourth bin the company has constructed here, the other three being located at the east elevator.

Mrs. Mildred Walker Boyd has returned from a month's visit with her brother, Dean Walker in Glendale, Cal. She is now at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arch Walker, for a few days visit before returning to her home in Chicago.

Mrs. Boyd enjoyed a trip into the mountains with her brother and states California is beautiful.

Those from here attending the farewell party given in honor of Rev. J. F. Turner and family at Longview, Tuesday evening were Howard Clem and family, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bergfeld, Billie Eckerty, Oscar Witt, Mrs. Olive Benefiel, Mrs. Ella Maxwell, Mrs. Lydia Brown, Mrs. P. O. Rayl, Misses Lyla Mae Witt, Maxine Henson and Wanda Rayl.

That's All
Bride—Will it cost much to feather our nest?
Furniture dealer—Oh, no. Just a little down.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Local People Enjoy Boat Trip Saturday

Sponsored by the Champaign County Farm Bureau, the steamboat ride on the Illinois river, last Saturday proved to be a great success, 769 Champaign county people having taken the trip. The excursion boat left the docks at Peoria at 10 a. m., returning at 5 p. m.

Among those from Broadlands and surrounding communities enjoying the trip were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Bud Poggendorf, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Struck, Mrs. Irene Wiese, Mrs. Edith Woolverton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nohren and daughter, Miss Wanda, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Messman, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Messman, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Seider, Art Struck, Walter Rothermel, Bus Baldwin, Alfred Seider, Vernon Luth, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Estor Block and family, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mohr and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Windler, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Kepple, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Love and family, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Sunderman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Parks and family.

The Thode Family Reunion Held Sunday

The Thode family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, Broadlands, last Sunday, a bountiful dinner being served at the noon hour. B. H. Thode, sr., celebrated his 82nd birthday anniversary at this time.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thode, Denver, Col.; B. H. Thode and family, Sidney; Oscar Thode and family, Alfred Thode and family, Ray Thode and family, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith and B. H. Thode, sr.

Mrs. McClelland, Mrs. Miller Hostesses to W. S. of C. S.

The Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist Church met at the home of Mrs. Leanna Miller and Mrs. Gladys McClelland on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. McClelland led the devotions, and prayer was offered by Mr. Wm. J. Biggs. Mrs. Mary Dicks presided over the business meeting.

Members present were Mesdames Maude Anderson, Merle Block, Mary Dicks, Eva Brewer, Pearl DeWitt, Lettie Eckerty, Gladys Walker, Mattie Utterback, Frances Smith, Harriet Smith, Faustine Smith, Ida Messman, Thelma Smith, Leanna Miller, Gladys McClelland, and Miss Mildred Neal.

The next meeting, October 9, will be held at the home of Mrs. Maude Anderson, with Mrs. Thelma Smith assistant hostess.

Here's One to Solve

A couple of girls handed the cashier of a cafeteria on their way out a slip of paper with the number 1004180 on it. This satisfied the cashier, who let them pass without paying. Why?

Well, it reads: "I owe nothing for I ate nothing."

The "Monarch of Moscow" is the "great bell" weighing 193 tons, 21 feet high and 21 feet across.

June Davis to Be Bride of Lloyd Davis

Miss June Davis of near Potomac was guest of honor at a miscellaneous shower, recently, at which time she announced her approaching marriage to Lloyd Davis, of near Longview.

The wedding ceremony will take place this Sunday, Sept. 21, at 6 o'clock p. m., at the United Brethren Church, Gibson City, with the Rev. Kenneth Hanley, uncle of the bridegroom-to-be, officiating.

Miss Davis is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis of near Potomac, and is a graduate of Homer Township High school. Mr. Davis is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Davis of near Longview, and is a graduate of the Longview Township High school.

The happy young couple will reside on the Davis farm northwest of Longview.

Mrs. Leanna Miller Honored at Dinner

Mrs. Leanna Miller was entertained at a potluck dinner in the Methodist Church basement on last Friday, September 12, by thirty-five friends, the occasion being her birthday. Mrs. Miller received several nice gifts.

Group singing, led by Mrs. Anna Laverick with Mrs. Ida Messman at the piano, was enjoyed in the afternoon. Mr. Wm. J. Biggs of St. Louis, brother of Mrs. Miller, gave an interesting talk on Church Life.

Wife of Dr. H. I. Conn, Newman, Dies Suddenly

Mrs. Conn, 29, wife of Dr. H. I. Conn, of Newman, died suddenly at her home in Newman, this (Thursday) morning at 2 o'clock following a heart attack.

Chicken Supper Sept. 24

A chicken supper will be given at the local Methodist Church, on Wednesday, Sept. 24. Serving will start at 5 o'clock. 50c and 25c. Come.

DEFENSE BOND QUIZ

Q. What and when is Retailers-for-Defense Week?

A. Retailers - for - Defense Week is this week - September 15 to 20—during which the retail industry will concentrate its efforts to enlist customer interest in buying the Defense Savings Stamps at retail outlets throughout the country.

Q. What kind of retail stores are selling Defense Savings Stamps?

A. Department stores, grocery stores, variety stores, hardware stores, drug stores—every sort of retail outlet—carries stamps.

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. Also Stamps now are on sale at retail stores.

Market Report

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

No. 2 hard wheat	\$1.08
No. 2 white corn	76c
No. 2 yellow corn	68c
No. 3 oats	41c
New Beans, Oct. delivery	\$1.54

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

A Vacation At Home

For those who have been unable to take a vacation during the summer, the Baltimore Sun suggests that it is not yet too late to have all the thrills of a summer resort right at home. Here is how it may be done:

Move into the smallest bedroom in your house; if possible one immediately over the kitchen.

If your bed is soft and downy, put a couple of bricks in it.

Dig a hole in the garden, get into it and cover yourself up to the neck. When you get tired of this diversion, wash yourself off with the garden hose.

Don't have any clothes washed for two weeks.

Sit on a rough board in the hot sun and hold a baited fishing line in your hand.

If you wish to take a quiet nap in the afternoon, put a radio next to your bed and turn it on full blast.

In the evening, remove the screens from the bedroom windows so that the mosquitos can get in to you.

Go up to the roof and expose yourself to the sun until you are nicely burned. Then take whatever exercises will make you stiff and sore.

When you have wearied of all this and wish to return to a normal life, send yourself a bill for \$20 to \$25 a week and don't forget to give a nice fat tip to the cook.

Solons' Wives

Members of Congress, who go to Washington as bachelors, do not always marry women who are socially prominent or possessed of wealth; in fact, the reverse is more often the case, and several have married their own secretaries, or the secretaries of other members.

Some who were married before going to Congress employed their wives as their secretaries, including former Vice-President Garner. Others marry their secretaries and relieve them from office duties.

Among those who have wed their secretaries are Senators La Follette of Wisconsin and McNary of Oregon; Representatives Dickstein, Gavagan and La Guardia of New York, the latter now being mayor of the nation's metropolis; Reuben T. Wood of Missouri, and possibly others.

Congressman Kvale of Minnesota and Frank Murphy of Ohio robbed Congressman Bland of two of his secretaries in succession by marrying them. Bland threatened to employ only men after that.

The late Senator McAdoo of California married a Washington nurse after divorcing his second wife, who was the daughter of President Wilson. Former Congressman Timberlake of Colorado at the age of 75 married a 32-year-old widow who had been head waitress in a hotel owned by him.

So, it appears that around Washington, Cupid's pranks are as unpredictable as elsewhere.

Chief Army Chaplain

There are now nearly 1,500 chaplains in the United States Army, at whose head is Father William R. Arnold, first Catholic priest to hold the office of chief of chaplains, which carries the

rank of colonel. The new chief is a native of Wooster, O., is 60 years of age, and has been an Army chaplain since 1913.

It is said that Father Arnold began preaching to children of his neighborhood when only six or seven years old; and early determined to prepare himself for the priesthood. He finished his theological studies at St. Bernard Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. and was ordained in 1908.

He was assigned to a church in Peru, Ind., where the Hagenbeck circus made its winter headquarters, and he became much attached to the circus people, a good many of whom attended his church. When the circus started on its summer tour each year, Father Arnold would take a vacation to go with it as chaplain for two weeks. But he also "doubled in brass," as show people say, by playing the bass drum in the clown band on the daily parades.

His varied contacts thus fitted him well for his duties as an Army chaplain, in keeping with a War Department manual which says "the most valuable lessons of the chaplain come from the school of personal experience and intelligent observation."

Sidelights

To enable its readers to form a better idea of a billion dollars, an exchange says if that amount in one-dollar bills were laid end to end they would reach around the earth at the equator nearly four times.

Ted Cook of the Hearst newspapers credits the Arkansas editor with this exquisite example of journalistic tact: "Miss Beulah Smith, a Batesville belle of 20 summers, is visiting her twin brother, aged 32."

The Record of Greensboro, N. C., in a recent issue made a startling innovation in its society page. No pictures of ladies were printed, but instead its columns were adorned with likenesses of several bridegrooms and bridegrooms-to-be.

Dr. Cruze of Vienna declares that few women have legs which are mates, and that in most cases the difference between the two is very marked. The investigation which led to this conclusion must have been quite interesting.

The first adhesive postage stamp was put into use in England 100 years ago, and carried a likeness of Queen Victoria. The innovation was made in connection with postal reforms fathered by Sir Rowland Hill. The U. S. government first issued adhesive stamps in 1847.

John Miller is a California ranch hand and no sissy. But he can crochet so well that he won the men's prize in the third national crochet contest. Mrs. E. N. Noble of Minneapolis won the women's prize with a tablecloth on which she spent 2,500 hours.

Asked for three reasons for attending Sunday School and three for not attending, a Winfield, Kan., youngster wrote: "Reasons for going—It's the Christian thing to do—it will do me some good—it pleases grandfather. Reasons for not going—I like to sleep—the preacher bores me—my Sunday pants scratch."

In only one instance in our history have both parents lived to see their son become President. These were Jesse and Hannah Grant. In all, eight mothers and five fathers have lived to see their sons elevated to the presidency: The mothers of Washington, John Adams, Madison, Polk, Grant, Garfield, McKinley and F. D. Roosevelt; the fathers of John Quincy Adams, Grant, Taylor, Harding and Coolidge.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
 Secretary of State

Q. What business must be transacted at semi-annual meetings of township school trustees?

A. The trustees shall ascertain the amount of funds subject to distribution and appropriate and distribute the same to pay all valid claims in four categories.

Q. What is the first category?

A. The compensation of the township treasurer.

Q. What is the second category?

A. The cost of publishing the annual statement.

Q. What is the third category?

A. The cost of the record book.

Q. What is the fourth category?

A. The cost of dividing school lands and making plats.

Q. What legal provision concerning the distribution of the funds is laid down?

A. If any portion of the four items is not payable by community high school districts or township high school districts, then only such portion of said items not so payable shall be paid as provided by the ruling section.

Q. What is done in the case of the income of the permanent township fund is not sufficient to meet the four items of expenditure?

A. The additional amount needed may be taken from the total funds to be distributed.

Q. What is done with any balance of the income from permanent township funds after expenditure for the enumerated items?

A. Such balance shall be apportioned and distributed to the districts and parts of districts in said township in which schools have been kept as required by law during the preceding year ending June 30, according to the number of pupils in average daily attendance in grades one to eight inclusive.

Q. When must the trustees of schools of a township report to the county superintendent of schools the condition of the schools of their township?

A. On or before July 15 annually.

Q. What is the penalty for not so reporting?

A. The forfeit of the township's portion of the distributive fund for the ensuing year.

Chester the Pup
 By GEORGE O'HALLORAN



CLARA bought a new picture for the parlor. She wanted it delivered this afternoon so she could hang it before Taffy's got home. But he was home unusually early, so he put up the ladder, got the yardstick, the hammer and a pocketful of nails and started to put up the picture. I never knew hanging pictures was that much work. And not only that, it pretty near killed him. The ladder folded up on him twice. He finally got the ladder up again and the spot marked on the wall just where he wanted to hang the picture. He put a nail on the spot, wound up with the hammer and drove the nail and half the hammer right through the plaster. He pulled the hammer out and tried again, but this time he missed the nail and smashed his thumb. Then he dropped the hammer on my tail. While he was in the bathroom putting a bandage on his thumb, Clara put up the picture.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Is your subscription paid?

About Women

Miss Helen Norris, an invalid of Medford, Ore., has written several radio plays which have been produced by western stations.

Miss Harriet Root, head of the United States Information Serv-

ice, Washington, D. C., has answered to date more than 300,000 questions on all topics.

Lieutenant Sabiha Godkchen, founder and leader of Turkey's Flying Amazons, is that country's only woman army officer, and the highest flying honor was awarded her recently.

Miss Bertha Jones of Newport, Ore., has built up a profitable business making animals from star fish. After experimenting with more than sixty different chemicals, she discovered one which preserves the star fish in the shape of the animal which she molds.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

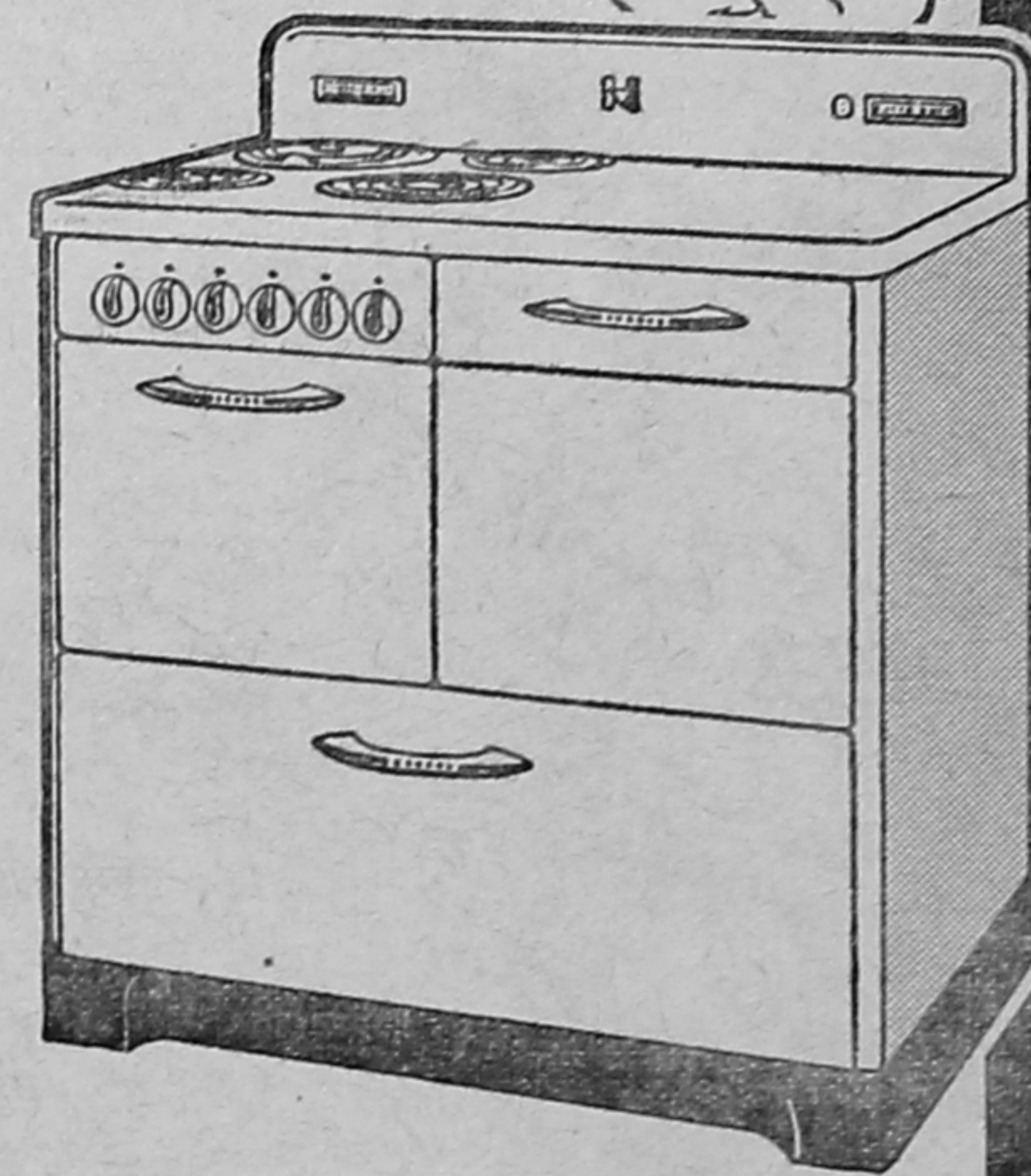
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UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO
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Home Birds

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WHEN Wilma Wentworth had had a few very successful years of interior decorating in New York the longing for home and all that home meant swept over her. "Home Sweet Home," she said in her letter to the folks at home in a thriving young city. "I'm coming along as soon as I can arrange it and build up my business there near you. I have saved a considerable sum to start with but know it won't take long—not with the New York stamp to my credit."

So Wilma had stepped off the train from the East and into the arms of her devoted family. She almost took their breath away with her lovely clothes and the undoubted joy of home-coming.

"You've not grown away from us then, dearie, with all your success," said her mother.

"Our Wilma isn't that kind," said her father. "I always knew she'd fly home to the nest."

"We haven't even pulled down your old play house that—"

"And I'm glad you haven't," interrupted Wilma, "because all the way out on the train I was thinking that it could be turned into an adorable studio-shop—that is, with slight improvements."

"You'll have to get the original builder to put on the additions," laughed Irma, the younger sister. "You decorators can't mix up your period design, you know."

Wilma laughed. "You were too young so you won't remember the designer of that play house—it was Lanky Dickinson, mother, you'll remember him—I seem to see him now with his long legs and lanky black hair."

"His folks still live in the old house," said Mrs. Wentworth. "I heard Lanky had turned architect and had made good somewhere or other. He certainly ought to be proud to see his first effort at building."

"I'd simply love to have him see it," said Wilma, and in her eyes was the memory of that tall fine boy who had been her playmate.

"He's hardly been home except for short visits while making his fortune and name," her mother told her. "And now, we'll have to be busy planning some grand parties to show off our own homing bird."

And so the next few weeks were spent in a round of the most wonderful times. Wilma found herself the center of devoted friends.

Then, the urge to get to work again assailed her and she inspected the little old play house that the loving family had not for a moment thought of demolishing even though childhood days of the big family had passed some ten years. It lay at the edge of the garden on the side street and would be in an ideal spot for a studio-shop.

Lanky Dickinson, who had built it, even then in his teens had shown promise of the big work he was to do in later life as an architect.

Wilma gazed at the quaint little fireplace, the small windows draped in some lace that her mother had salvaged from the scrap bag, the small door on real hinges and the porch. That porch had been Lanky's especial pride, and he and Wilma had planted a tiny shoot of rambler rose with hopes that had been more than realized. It had been only with generous pruning that the rose had been prevented from swamping the entire dwelling with crimson flowers.

As Wilma stood contemplatively within her old play house where she and Lanky had spent so many joyous days, memories swept over her.

"I simply won't have anyone but Lanky touch this place. If he's not to be found I will just build an entire new one," she told herself and wondered how best to get in touch with Lanky.

The problem solved itself, for Lanky, now known as Lawrence Dickinson, had also come home.

Wilma was making a before-breakfast tour of the dew-laden garden when looking up she saw a long-legged man with a strand of black hair straggling across the sunniest of blue eyes gazing at her over the hedge.

"Lanky!"

"Snubs!"

A second later he was over the hedge and was holding both Wilma's hands and looking into her eyes with much the same look he had always kept for Snubs when they had played as sweethearts in days gone by.

"But I'm not Snubs anymore," said Wilma blushing hotly. "I'm Miss Wilma Wentworth, decorator."

Lanky laughed a boyish, warm-hearted laugh. "And I am not Lanky, Miss Wentworth, but Lawrence Dickinson, architect, F.L.G., P.H.I., etc., etc."

They both laughed and unconsciously moved toward the play house of memories.

"Lanky—I want it made a bit bigger, and I don't want anyone but you to—"

"Snubs—If you let anyone but me build a stick on that house I'll—"

"Mind your head, Lanky—remember you've grown upward a bit."

"Upward maybe but not away," said Lanky, when they were both within the tiny house, "and remember, Snubs, you were my sweetheart then and I'm not giving up anything that was mine."

"I don't want you to," said Wilma.

The Doctor's Prescription

By EDGAR T. MONFORT
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WITH envious eyes Dorothy Keener watched her sister deftly shaping her lips into a carmine cupid's bow with the lipstick she held between her fingers. She leaned closer to the mirror and worked with the care and concentration of an artist painting a picture. This task at last finished to her satisfaction, she darkened her penciled eyebrows, then turned quickly from the mirror and slipped on a diaphanous, pink dress of tulle and georgette.

"Gladys, you're beautiful!" exclaimed Dorothy generously. "Goodness, what I'd give—"

She stopped abruptly for what was the use of going on? It was sort of a mental stone wall against which she had thrown herself since earliest childhood. Certainly she could not make herself beautiful by wishing for it. She could not make men like her and rush her by wishing it; so what was the use of wishing? But it did seem hard enough not to be popular without having a dazzling, bewitching vamp for a sister. When Gladys was in the room nobody ever saw anybody else—every male thing within reach swarmed around her like bees around a flower. To be sure Gladys never kept her admirers long, but then there was always a fresh crop with equally fine cars and open pocketbooks coming along. A man was proud to be seen on the street with her. There was something about the very way she wore her clothes that made people turn and look.

"By, darling, don't know when I'll be home. We're going to Arrowood to the Road house dance."

As she left the room there wafted behind her the fragrance of a thousand flowers, exotic, intoxicating.

Of course Dorothy was not going. She only had a dozen invitations a year to go to places with men and these she treasured like golden memories to be lived over afterward, bit by bit, in the lonely evenings she stayed at home while Gladys was out dancing and flirting the hours away.

Her head ached as she stooped to pick up the underthings her sister had left lying in a heap on the floor. Her head had been aching for days but now it seemed suddenly worse.

"Why won't you go to Dr. Winthrop regularly as he told you and have your eyes treated?" protested Mrs. Keener impatiently, when Dorothy told her about it at breakfast the next morning.

Why wouldn't she go to Dr. Winthrop regularly? Another thorn in her side and one that she could not explain even to her loving sympathetic mother. How could she tell her that she was wild about the good-looking middle-aged physician who was always so kind and sympathetic. She would not so humiliate herself—especially when he had never so much as called on her. He had called on the family frequently but then he had known them for years and it was not his fault that her empty little heart had gone out to him in its loneliness. So she merely said to her mother:

"I'll go right down there as soon as I've finished eating. Gladys won't need the car until later. She won't get up until nearly lunch time, I expect."

"What if she does need the car?" demanded Mrs. Keener.

Dorothy shrugged, brushed a crumb off her smart green flannel dress and rose from the table.

"It's the old headache, Dr. Winthrop," Dorothy said half an hour later, trying to smile.

"Yes, your mother called me up just now," he said.

She glanced quickly at the clear cut features, the fine gray eyes that so strongly suggested gentleness and kindness and a little thrill passed over her.

"Do you think it's a symptom of some serious condition?" she asked, a little breathlessly.

"N-no, I believe it's psychic and I could cure it if you'd let me." He flushed and toyed with the paper weight on his desk as he spoke.

"Oh how?" she asked quickly. "I'd do anything you said."

"Is that a promise? A solemn promise?" He shot back at her.

She nodded, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted. She was almost pretty as she sat there. Dr. Winthrop leaned over and took her hand.

"Dorothy, this is going to sound strange to you, but you must realize that it's natural. You've developed an inferiority complex because you have a little, rattle-brained but-terfly of a sister who is more popular than you are. But remember there are lots of older men who could appreciate you and wouldn't give a snap of their finger for Gladys. I'm one of these—so, as your physician, I prescribe—me."

He rose and drew her to him. For a moment Dorothy was too amazed to realize what was happening, then joy seemed to sweep over her in waves.

"When a man has lived as long as I have he knows how to appreciate pure gold. Will you marry me, dear?" he asked after a moment.

"I promised to do as you told me," she laughed, no longer wondering whether she was dreaming. This was really true.

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Dr. Mandel Sherman of the University of Chicago says a human infant's brain does not begin to function normally until two months after birth.

Mrs. Muriel Pyne, 31, Nova Scotia's youngest grandmother, now a widow, will be married again to Frank Highby of Yarmouth.

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Kittie's Tasters

By JANE OSBORN
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

IT WAS Kittie's theory that a satisfied taster would always make an eventual customer, so she regarded the slight extra expense of time and money involved in making a daily supply of tiny pattycakes as well worth while. A plate of these little sample cakes was always prominently displayed on the counter of her small shop located on the highway from New York to Graham university. Over the neat white-painted, one-room cottage was an enormous sign with the words Kittie's Kitchen, and the front of the shop was so arranged that on bright days it might be folded back so that the gleaming blue and white kitchen might be seen by motorists.

They could see the stove and the long table where Kittie rolled out the pastry that was to be the foundation of her famous pies, or mixed the batter for cakes, or covered them with luscious icing when they were done. And they could see Kittie, whose golden hair showed in a stray curl or two that escaped the confines of her becoming cap.

On bright days that promised heavy traffic Kittie made more cookies, cakes and pies than she did when the weather was less promising, and sometimes when a promising day turned out to be rainy with a meager supply of customers, Kittie had more samples to offer.

One day in August—that had started out with a sky so bright that Kittie had made maximum supplies of everything, and turned gloomy—a rather forlorn car with two men stopped before Kittie's Kitchen.

Once inside they looked hungrily about, signs of admiration gleaming in their eyes. They priced various good things and after consultation bought a half dozen pattycakes for thirty cents.

"Gee, I'd like some pie," said one of the young men.

"It's sixty cents," informed the other in an undertone.

"Don't you want to sample the pie?" said Kittie, moving the plate of samples toward the young men.

"You see, I have lots of samples and we can't expect many customers on a day like this." Each young man took a sample—which was only too easy to swallow. "Oh, do have another," urged Kittie. And each young man took another and then at Kittie's urging another.

"It's very wet outside," said Kittie. "I've just made some coffee for myself. Of course, I don't usually serve anything—but there is a potful going to waste and some nice cream—wouldn't you like a cup?"

The young men looked first eager, then dejected.

"The truth of the matter is," said the obviously younger of the two, "the truth is that we are broke."

Kittie laughed as if being flat broke was most usual and a rather pleasant predicament. "I really didn't mean to sell you the coffee," she said. "It would be a bad precedent as I don't sell coffee—it's a bother to wash the dishes. I just thought you might drink some of it so it wouldn't go to waste."

The hungry young men needed no further urging. Each drank two cups of the delicious beverage.

"We'll certainly never forget this," said both young men.

Early the next summer Kittie saw a strikingly luxurious roadster stop before her shop. A young man of about thirty strode easily into the shop, glanced approvingly at the neat blue and white equipment and then at Kittie.

"My brother came here last summer," he began, and then looked intently at the girl before him. "Kate Ronald—as I live," he exclaimed.

"Bruce!" she gasped.

Explanations followed. "You see, my kid brother went broke after the end of his summer school work at Graham last summer. He had to leave his good car at a garage as collateral on a loan, and he and a friend bought a wheezy old car for a hundred dollars to make the trip home. He'd had a pretty good time, I guess, but he'd passed off all his conditions so Dad settled his debts. He's finished up his college course nearer home where Dad can keep a closer watch on him. That bothered Ted because he was so anxious to come back and thank you for the way you treated him when he was flat broke. As a matter of fact, I think he was rather hit hard—but I don't blame him. Now, as I was coming East this summer, he got me to promise to stop in and see you—and thank you—and ask whether he might write."

"He needn't bother to write," said Kittie blushing. "He's such a kid—"

"Not much older than you are," smiled the elder brother. "But this is a surprise—I've often wondered what you were doing. Hardly blamed you for not answering my letters."

"If you ever wrote, I didn't get the letters," said Kittie softly. "You see, after father died there was nothing—not a thing—and so I worked in a goody shop to learn the business. I didn't want anyone to know—and I didn't think you cared. And then I got started for myself—really it isn't so bad."

"It's marvelous," Bruce assured her—"but not so marvelous as you are—Kate, I came on to thank you for what you had done for my brother—but I am going to keep you for myself."

Long View News

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Betts have returned from a visit at Gary, Ind.; Detroit, Mich.; and Dayton, Ohio.

Loyal Workers of the Christian Church met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Kate Kincannon, in Villa Grove.

A farewell party in honor of the Rev. J. F. Turner family was given by the Longview-Broadlands churches here on Tuesday evening, with over one hundred members and friends present. Talks were made by H. H. Jarman, M. H. Keefe, Clark Henson, Oscar Witt and Mrs. Roy Davis.

The Reverend Mr. Mumaw and family of Coleta, were present. Rev. Mumaw is the new pastor of the United Brethren Church. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mumaw are graduates of Indiana Central College, and Mrs. Mumaw was a teacher. They have two daughters, one being a senior in high school, and the other is in the seventh grade.

STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS

By Edwin Finch



IN HAITI, A BELIEF EXISTS THAT IF A PERSON STOOFS DOWN AND LOOKS THRU HIS LEGS AT AN APPROACHING COFFIN, HE CAN SEE THE GHOST SITTING ON IT, BUT THIS IS VERY DANGEROUS FOR THE GHOST MAY BREAK HIS NECK.

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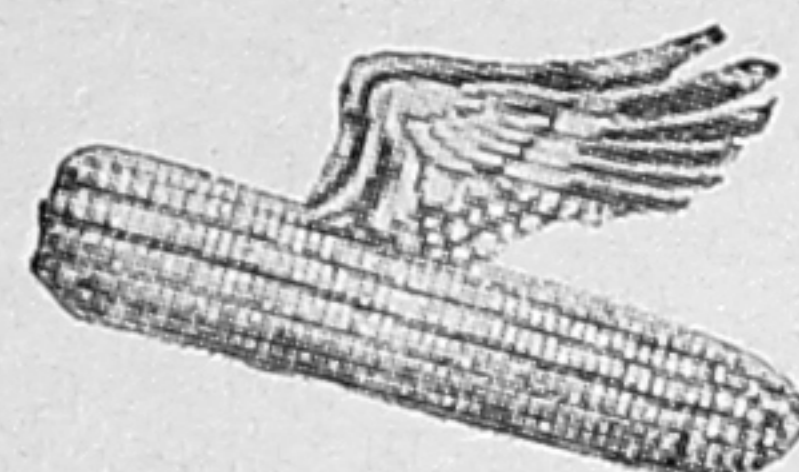
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A new type of painting on metal has been developed by Mrs. Buell Mullen of Lake Forest, Ill., who has been commissioned to paint a mural for the Congressional Library in Washington.



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Snake Given Undisputed Possession of A Bed

An embarrassing moment in the life of a snake occurred when a young woman in Essex Township insisted on sharing its bed, reports the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA.

The young woman, upon retiring, felt something clammy at her feet, and at first supposed it to be a mouse.

Soon, however, she heard an ominous rattle and upon investigation found a large rattlesnake curled up under the covers.

The snake was left in undisputed possession of the bed, a Toulon dispatch printed in the Illinois State Journal, August 21, 1857, declares.

Arrested for swearing in the presence of a neighbor lady, a man in Schenectady, N. Y., explained that while gardening ants got in his pants.

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The New Gem

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Steamboats Faced Many Difficulties In 1850s

Cutting down trees was only one of many problems that beset steamboats on Illinois and Sangamon rivers during the '50s, the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA, reports. They literally blazed trails through woods and waters. It often has been said that some of them were so light draught

that they could run on a heavy dew.

The first steamboat to reach Petersburg after that city became the county seat of Menard county, spent two days poking its nose through various sloughs before discovering the confluence of the Sangamon and Illinois rivers. Many trees leaning over the banks had to be cut down. People of the surrounding coun-

try turned out en masse to help in clearing the way.

When the steamboat, "Wave No. 1," arrived at Petersburg, April 11, 1853, ten days out of St. Louis, she was greeted with the ringing of bells, firing of guns, and vociferous cheering.

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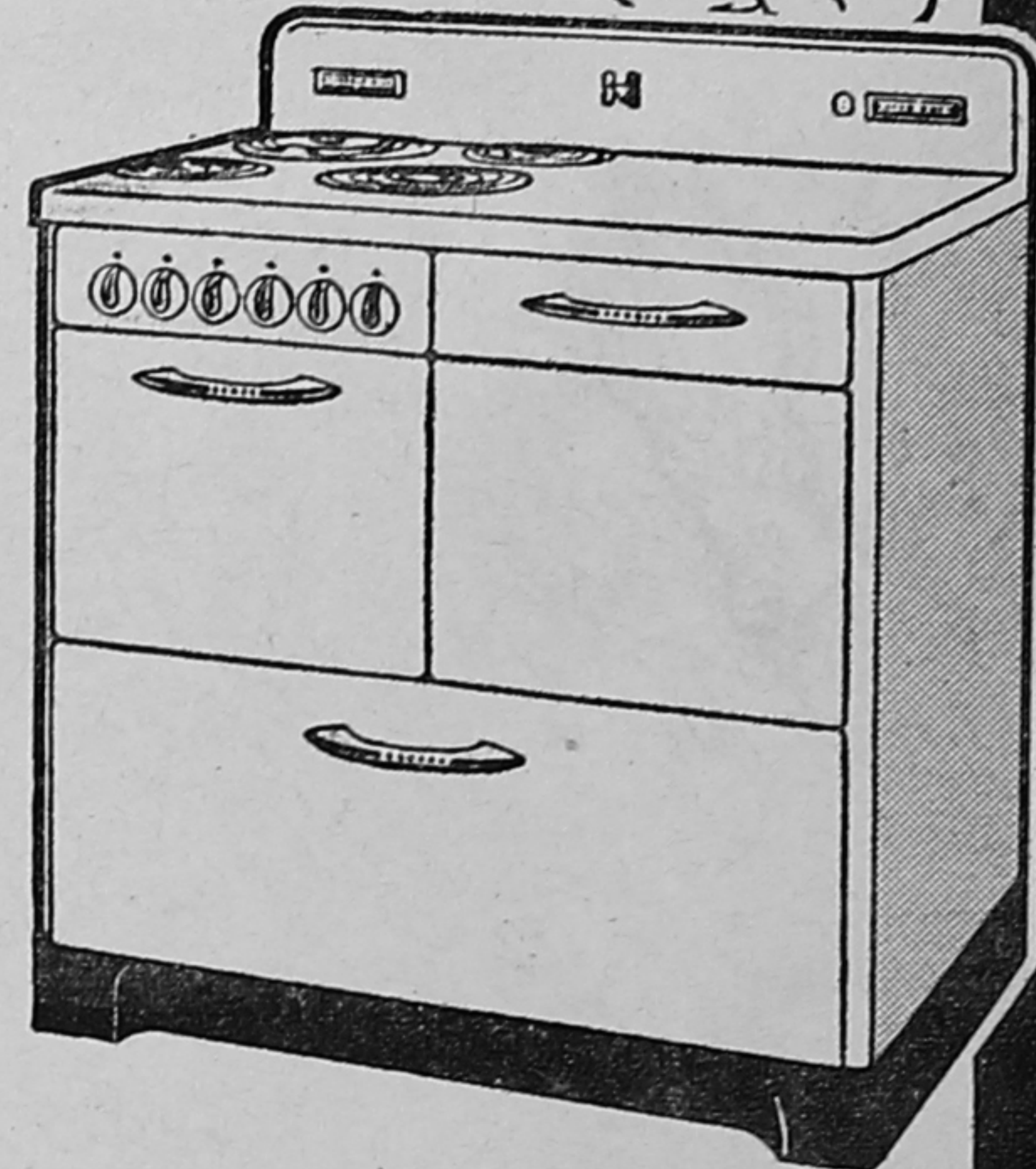


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