

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 22

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1941

NUMBER 25

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Sept. 27, 1929

Alfons Struck and Fred Block returned from a 5,514 mile motor trip through the west.

Mrs. Mary Golden went to Montezuma, Ind., to make her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Harvey of Indianapolis visited relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dohme, newlyweds, were given a reception in the parlors of the St. John's Evangelical Church.

Fred Dohme of Allerton, was robbed of \$12 and his new car, by three young men. Police located his car at Crawfordsville, Ind.

Frank Frick was injured in an automobile accident when another car going in the same direction ran into him, causing Mr. Frick's car to upset.

20 Years Ago
Sept. 22, 1921

Miss Grace Fieldbinder, Longview, and Lloyd Cable of Broadlands, were married in Danville.

Miss Ruth Lewis of Indianola, and Albert Cummings of this place were married in Danville.

Members of St. John's Ladies' Aid entertained their husbands at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Schumacher. Ninety were present.

Agents A. A. Cable and R. O. Cable attended the O. R. T. meeting in Danville.

Arthur Goers and family of Sadorus visited in the Martin Sy home.

Immanuel Lutheran Church
P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

9:30 A. M.—Sunday School.
9:30 A. M.—Confessional Service with Holy Communion.

10:15 A. M.—Divine Worship.
Our doctrine of the Lord's Supper was beautifully expressed in poetry by Elizabeth, virgin Queen of England, as follows:

"It was the Word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it,
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

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

9:30 A. M.—Sunday School, Edward Nohren, Superintendent.
10:30 A. M.—Divine worship. Sermon: 'Redigging old wells.' Pianist: Miss Edna Schumacher.

Friday, Sept. 26, 7:30, Choir practice at the church.

Tuesday, Sept. 30, Regional Conference held at the Broadlands Church.

Sunday, October 5, World-Wide Communion.

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.

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

Annual Fall Conference at St. John's Church

The Bloomington District of the North Illinois Synod of the Evangelical and Reformed church will have its annual fall conference at the St. John's Church here on Tuesday, September 30. Sixty official delegates representing different phases of the church program will register at 9 a. m. for a day of discussion, fellowship and worship.

William L. Rest, president of North Illinois Synod, will speak and lead the discussions on the conference theme "Faith in Action."

Missionary Martin Albrecht of India will be the speaker for the evening service of worship. The local pastor, Rev. Frey, will preside at this service and the choirs from the Sidney and Broadlands churches will combine for some special music. The public is invited to attend this evening meeting.

Reverend Henry C. Warber of Bloomington is chairman of the conference.

The Oscar Witts Entertain at Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Witt entertained a number of relatives at dinner, Sunday.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Reimer Witt, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Smith and son, James, Ralph Umbarger and family, Frank Smith, all of Homer; Amiel Witt and family, Herbert Waltz and family, Mr. and Mrs. Orval Witt and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Witt, all of Hume; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Archer and daughter, Mrs. Olive Benefiel, Mrs. Bessie Loomis, Walter Witt, the Misses Marie Witt and Lyla Mae Witt, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Darnall.

Mrs. Olive Benefiel Is Hostess to L. W. Class

Mrs. Olive Benefiel entertained the L. W. Class of the U. B. Sunday School at dinner, Thursday of last week. The regular class meeting was held in the afternoon, conducted by the class president, Mrs. Leona Bergfield.

Several contests conducted by Mrs. Zermah Witt, were enjoyed.

Refreshments of ice cream, butter cookies, and iced tea were served.

Guests were Mesdames Elsie Cline, Emma Zantow and Zermah Witt.

Members present were Mesdames Leona Bergfield, Lydia Brown, Ora Golden, Ella Maxwell, Bessie Loomis, Lucy Sullivan, Belle Smith, Olive Rayl, Gale Reasor, Olive Benefiel.

Next month there will be a Halloween party at the home of Mrs. Gale Reasor.

Methodist Church Notes

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

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

The Church Service next Sunday is in the morning, at 11:00.

Church Services are held only once a week. Surely you and that one opportunity and that one obligation should come together and surely could come together.

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

Changing Maids Again



Illinois State Capitol News

Speaking before the State Convention of the Illinois Federation of Labor at Danville and before the C. I. O. state convention in Springfield, Gov. Dwight Green renewed his promise of support for a constitutional amendment to do away with the sales tax on food. The matter is to be submitted to popular vote in 1942. My every effort will be devoted to the passage of this amendment, the Governor declared.

Illinois will have plenty of apples this year—more than twice as many as in 1940. Jonathan and Golden Delicious will be especially plentiful. Average yields of Rome Beauty and Winesap are reported, and a short crop of Willow Twigs. The total commercial crop of Illinois apples is estimated as 3,812,000 bushels by State and Federal departments of agriculture. The pear crop is considerably better than last year.

Having successfully passed a thorough physical examination, two written tests and an oral quiz, 107 picked men began training this week in the second state highway police school at the Fairgrounds, at Springfield. Sixty-five members of the group are from downstate points, the others from Chicago.

There are now about 100 vacancies on the state police force, due to removals and resignations. These will be filled by graduates of this second state highway police school.

The State Department of Agriculture is preparing for state-wide enforcement of the "Dead Animal Disposal Law" passed at the last session of the General Assembly. The new law provides that rendering places must pay a license fee of \$100 the first year and \$50 a year thereafter, and must dispose of dead animals within 48 hours after they are brought in. Farmers are allowed 24 hours to bury their dead animals or to take them to a rendering plant. Truckers hauling dead animals must have a permit, for which no fee is charged.

Card of Thanks

We sincerely thank the friends and neighbors for their kindness shown during the sickness and death of our father, the late Robert Ohio Hardyman, and also for the beautiful flowers.

Ross C. Hardyman,
Levi Hardyman,
Orren Hardyman,
Mrs. Mabel Harris.

Mrs. Gladys McClelland Entertains at Bridge

Mrs. Gladys McClelland was hostess to the Friday Afternoon Bridge Club, with four tables in play. Prizes were won by Mesdames Eva Walker, Minnie Limp and Jessie Bergfield.

Refreshments consisted of potato chips, butter crackers, olives, crackbits, frozen tutti frutti, iced grape juice and R. C. Cola.

Guests were Mesdames Mary Dicks, Eva Cullom, Hilda Seider, Thelma Smith, Ruth Henson and Eva Walker.

Members present were Mesdames Neva Frick, Olive Rayl, Jennie Nohren, Anna Struck, Delia Nohren, Jessie Bergfield, Minnie Limp, Maude Luedke, Gladys McClelland.

Mrs. Maude Luedke will be hostess to the next club.

Mule Is Dead, Two Boys Are Hurt Near Homer

Homer—Ely Hurt, Allerton, received a deep laceration over the left eye, and Ernie Potter, also of Allerton, received abrasions on the cheeks and neck about midnight Sunday when the car Potter was driving struck and killed a mule about three miles south of Homer on route 49.

The mule was owned by Ernest Wienke, Homer. The boys were returning to Allerton when the accident occurred. Their car was badly damaged.

All Arthur Amish Are Not Farmers

A crew of sixteen Amish carpenters from Arthur, Ill., are erecting a large barn on the Will Roll farm 2 miles south of Brocton.

This barn will be 80 feet long and 60 feet in width with a concrete floor throughout except in the east side where stalls will be built for horses. It is unique in that the studding will be pinned together as barns were built many years ago. All heavy lumber is oak and is being sawed out of timber in the woods just north of Embarrass cemetery.

The crew from Arthur have their auger machine to bore the necessary holes for the pins. The top of the barn will be 40 feet from the ground and will be one of the best in this section of the county when completed.

The barn at this farm burned last spring when struck by lightning.—Brocton Review.

John O'Bryant of Lemont has arrived for a visit with home folks.

William H. Morris, of Allerton, Dies

William Henry Morris, 74, a former Allerton mayor and prominent retired business man, died at 4 a. m. Friday, Sept. 19, 1941, at his home in Allerton, following an illness of nearly eight years.

His demise was attributed to leukemia. He had been bedfast three days, but had been critically ill for only one day, although his health had been failing for the past seven years.

A former mayor of Allerton, he was an outstanding civic worker. For 37 consecutive years he was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, retiring only when he lost his eyesight four years ago. At times he operated a general store, lumber yard and hardware in connection with his farms. After his eyesight failed, he confined his duty to operating the farms. He was formerly president of the State Bank of Allerton, and was a director at the time of his death. It was almost uncanny the way he knew people's voices. He seldom if ever guessed them wrongly.

He was born at Paris, Feb. 23, 1876. He married Mary Jones, of Allerton, Feb. 27, 1895. They moved to Paris and farmed for five years and then returned to Allerton, where they had since resided.

Surviving are his wife and two children, Miss Rachel, St. Charles, Mo., and Paul, Allerton; and four sisters, namely, Mrs. Margaret Thompson, of Hume; Mrs. O. E. Blick, of Kentland, Ind.; Mrs. Edward Colley, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Ralph Darley of Whitley, Ind.

Funeral services were held at 10 a. m. Sunday from the Morris home, with the Rev. C. F. Cusick, retired minister of Urbana, officiating, assisted by Rev. E. H. McKee. Music for the occasion was furnished by the male quartet of Sidell.

Interment was in the Pleasant Ridge cemetery, southwest of Allerton, with Dick Bros., local undertakers in charge.

The Ralph Schweinekes Are Given A Surprise

On Thursday night, Sept. 18, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Schweineke were pleasantly surprised when a few immediate relatives came to help them celebrate their first wedding anniversary. A potluck supper was served.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schweineke, Mrs. Albert Luth, son, Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Schweineke, sons, Devalson and Merle, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Schweineke.

Attending U. of I.

Students from this community attending the University of Illinois, Urbana, are Miss Leone Bergfield, Wayne Nohren, and Harry Nohren.

Miss Leone, who graduated from Blackburn College, Carlinville, last spring, enters as a Junior.

Harry Nohren enters as a Senior.

Wayne Nohren enters as a Sophomore.

Your attention is called to a series of DeKalb Hybrid seed corn ads being published in this paper by D. F. Freeman, dealer for Ayers and Raymond townships.

R. O. Hardyman Dies; Rites Held Sunday

R. O. Hardyman, a resident of Broadlands for the past 54 years, passed away at 2:45 p. m. Thursday, Sept. 18, 1941, at the county hospital in Urbana, where he had been a patient for several weeks. He had been ill for several months following a paralytic stroke. Mr. Hardyman was a ditcher by trade and followed that work for many years.

Funeral services were held from the Dicks Bros. Funeral Home here, Sunday afternoon, with Rev. W. Earl Ballew, pastor of the local Methodist Church officiating.

Music for the occasion was furnished by a quartet composed of Mrs. Kenneth Dicks, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, O. P. Witt and C. A. Smith; a duet by Mrs. Kenneth Dicks and Mrs. Lillie Bowman; and a solo by Mrs. James Benefiel. Mrs. O. P. Witt presided at the piano.

The pallbearers were Messrs. Thos. Bergfield, F. A. Messman, O. H. Thode, C. D. McCormick, O. P. Witt, C. A. Smith.

Interment was in St. John's Evangelical cemetery, northwest of Broadlands, with Dicks Bros. in charge.

Robert Ohio, son of William and Sophia Hardyman, was born Feb. 16, 1855, in Missouri, and departed this life, Sept. 18, 1941, at the age of 86 years, seven months and two days. He was married to Mary E. Driver, July 3, 1876, who preceded him in death, Nov. 27, 1937.

He leaves to mourn their loss the following: three sons, Ross C. Hardyman of Champaign; Levi and Orren Hardyman of Broadlands; one daughter, Mrs. Mabel Harris of Worden; seventeen grandchildren and three great grandchildren; also two brothers, Shamrock Hardyman, of Monticello; Harry Hardyman, of Homer; and one sister, Mrs. Sarah Whall, of Tolono.

DEFENSE BOND QUIZ

Q. Do the retail stores receive any fee or percentage for the sale of stamps?

A. No. The retail stores are offering their facilities as a patriotic service, just as banks, savings and loan associations, and others are giving their help in the sale of Defense Bonds.

Q. How can I form the thrift habit necessary for me to buy many Defense Bonds now, to help the Government?

A. The easiest way is to instruct your employer or banker to hold back a small fraction of your salary or other income. Even 10 cents a day and a dollar on your birthday will mount up in one year to \$37.50, the purchase price of a \$50 Defense Bond. Bigger savings buy bigger bonds.

Note.—To buy Defense Bonds and Stamps, go to the nearest post office, bank, or savings and loan association; or write to the Treasurer of the United States, Washington, D. C. 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\$1.07
No. 2 white corn73c
No. 2 yellow corn68c
No. 3 oats41c
New Beans, Oct. delivery ..\$1.57

Is your subscription paid?

Broadlands News

Published Every Thursday

J. F. Darnall, Editor & Publisher

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

New Polio Treatment

For a new and unorthodox method of treating infantile paralysis victims, Sister Elizabeth Kenney, a 54-year old Australian nurse, appears to be winning wide acclaim, after meeting opposition on the part of Australian and British doctors, when she first began experimenting with her treatment.

Instead of keeping the patients paralyzed limbs bound with splints or plaster casts, Sister Kenney applies hot packs and exercises the affected parts from the beginning of the attack. By the time the contagious stage is over, the pain and muscle spasm usually disappear.

To be effective, the new treatment must be started in the early stage of the disease, before deformity sets in, which occurs in from two to six weeks after the patient is stricken. Drs. Cole and Knapp of the University of Minnesota, where Sister Kenney has been at work several months report that of 20 cases observed, in which treatment was begun within the first two weeks, 11 of the patients were cured and five others were well on the way to recovery.

Sister Kenney's most distinguished patient to date is a fellow Australian, Marjorie Lawrence of the Metropolitan Opera Company, stricken with partial paralysis about 10 weeks ago, and who is expected to be well by the time the opera season opens in November.

Freedom In Virginia

In a recently published article, Dr. James M. Glenn refers to the little-known fact that representative government in the New World had its origin at Jamestown, Va., in July, 1619, more than a year before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

This first legislature was proposed by Sir John Yeardley, a new British governor of the colony, who arrived 12 years after the first settlement was established in 1607. The burgesses, as the legislators were called, were elected by the people, but the governor and the king's council sat with them. The first meeting was held on July 30, 1619.

Soon a demand for a written charter was made, and two years later Governor Yeardley's successor, Sir John Wyatt, brought the charter, bearing the date of July 24, 1621—"the first charter of free government in America."

There in Jamestown, as Dr. Glenn observes, the colonists laid the groundwork for Patrick Henry, a century and a half later in Old St. John's Church in Richmond, to proclaim, "Give me liberty, or give me death."

It is somewhat ironical, however, that the year 1619, when the first steps toward self-government were taken by the white colonists, was the very year in which the first African slaves were brought to America.

Cotton For Roofing

One of the great steel plants at Allegheny, Pa., was found to need a new roof, and as a million square feet of surface had to be covered, the expense amounted to a considerable sum. But a contractor who makes a specialty of roof reclamation proposed a plan which made a great saving

possible.

This is the plan employed: A coating of hot cement was given the old roof, and over this was laid 36-inch brown cotton sheeting. Then two more coats of cement were spread over sheeting, making a resilient waterproof covering that will last for years.

While this is not a new idea, it is one that is now being employed to a greater extent than heretofore, as another means of conserving metals and other materials useful in national defense. According to the Cotton Textile Institute, a covering such as is described above has been found to increase the life of a roof from 15 to 20 years.

The job mentioned took 62 bales of cotton, and it may be seen that a wide adoption of the method used would afford another important new outlet for the South's surplus crop.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. What report must be made by township school trustees in case their township is divided by a county line or lines?

A. Separate reports must be made to the several county superintendents of schools; and all parts of statistical information which cannot be reported to the superintendent of the county in which the sixteenth section of such township is situated.

Q. May gifts, grants, and donations for schools be accepted by school trustees?

A. Gifts, grants, donations, or devises made for the use of any school or library or for any other school purpose within their jurisdiction may be received.

Q. In whom is invested the title of all school buildings and school sites?

A. The township school trustees in their corporate capacity.

Q. To whom are conveyances of real estate for school purposes made?

A. To the trustees of schools and their successors in office.

Q. What procedure is followed in authorizing the sale of school property?

A. When, in the opinion of the board of education or school directors, a school building or site is deemed unnecessary, unsuitable, or inconvenient an election on petition of legal voters may be had on the question.

Q. How many voters must sign the petition?

A. Not fewer than 300 voters of the district or five per cent of the legal voters.

Q. In case a majority of the votes are in favor of the sale what is the procedure?

A. The board of education or school directors shall notify the trustees of schools of the result and the terms upon which they desire the property to be sold.

Q. How do the trustees proceed with the sale?

A. They shall, within 60 days after receiving notice, sell the property at public vendue after giving three notices in successive weeks in a newspaper printed in the district or by putting up written or printed notices in at least three public places in such district.

Q. After sale by whom is the need of conveyance executed?

A. By the president and clerk of the school trustees of the district.

Q. To whom are the proceeds of such a sale paid?

A. To the township treasurer for the benefit of the district.

Minnesota forbids women to impersonate Santa Claus on the street.

A young matron drove through downtown Indianapolis with two women friends. Trailing from her motor car were tin cans, old shoes and streamers. A sign said: "Just Divorced."

Sidelights

Stories of old folks cutting a third set of teeth are all bunk, according to a statement in Collier's. Teeth which emerge in later life are only the second or permanent, teeth which for some reason have been obstructed and delayed in their appearance.

Our Indian population is increasing, it now being estimated at 337,366, or nearly 40% of the estimated 846,000 in the territory of the present United States in 1492. If they would agree to pay off our public debt it might not be a bad idea to give the country back to them.

As a hobby, Emil Coleman, a popular New York orchestra leader, has collected more than 400 old watches, none of which keeps correct time. That could hardly be called an unusual collection, however, inasmuch as no watch keeps absolutely correct time.

John Perry, stunt flyer, dropped several thousand feet with a parachute, landing safely in an apple tree on a New Jersey farm. But in trying to disentangle his chute he fell from the tree and broke his wrist. He remarked that in making a landing the last 10 feet are the hardest.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Northbound11:49 a. m.

Southbound1:27 p. m.

Star Mail Route

Southbound 7:15 a. m.

Northbound 8:30 a. m.

About Women

Mrs. Bertha Gonder has been on the payroll of the Northern Pacific railroad as a roundhouse employe for 22 years.

Mrs. I. H. Hosey of Birmingham, Ala., makes beautiful lace doilies by crocheting fine copper wire.

Miss Merle Foster, noted sculptress of Toronto, has had her hands insured against injury for \$10,000.

Mrs. M. H. Gordon of Claremore, Okla., manages two dairy farms, a milk bottling plant, several business properties and a free employment agency.

Miss Gloria Jacobs of Woodland, Calif., recently scored 299 out of 300 to break by one point a world pistol record previously held by Walter Walsh of Washington.

Vivien Kellems of New York is president of the manufacturing company which bears her name and one of the three women members of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Sister M. Ann Joachim, who is now teaching economics, law and political science at the Sienna Heights College in Adrian, Mich., is the only nun practicing law in the United States.

Mrs. U. S. McQueen of Beverly Hills, Calif., is the first woman to be appointed as "aerial traffic cop," her duty being to apprehend aviators who fly too low or do stunts over the city.

Mrs. Edward Burns is termed "chief collector" of New London, Conn. In 11 years she has acquired 151 salt and pepper shakers, 3,000 match book covers, 125 elephant models, and is now collecting pictures of the Dionnes.

William Watson of Guthrie, Okla., although his legs have been useless since he was stricken with infantile paralysis years ago, passed a state driver's test with a score of 92 out of a possible 100.

Kenneth Dicks
Broadlands

Forrest Dicks
Allerton

**Dicks Bros.
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Broadlands

Cash For Dead Animals!

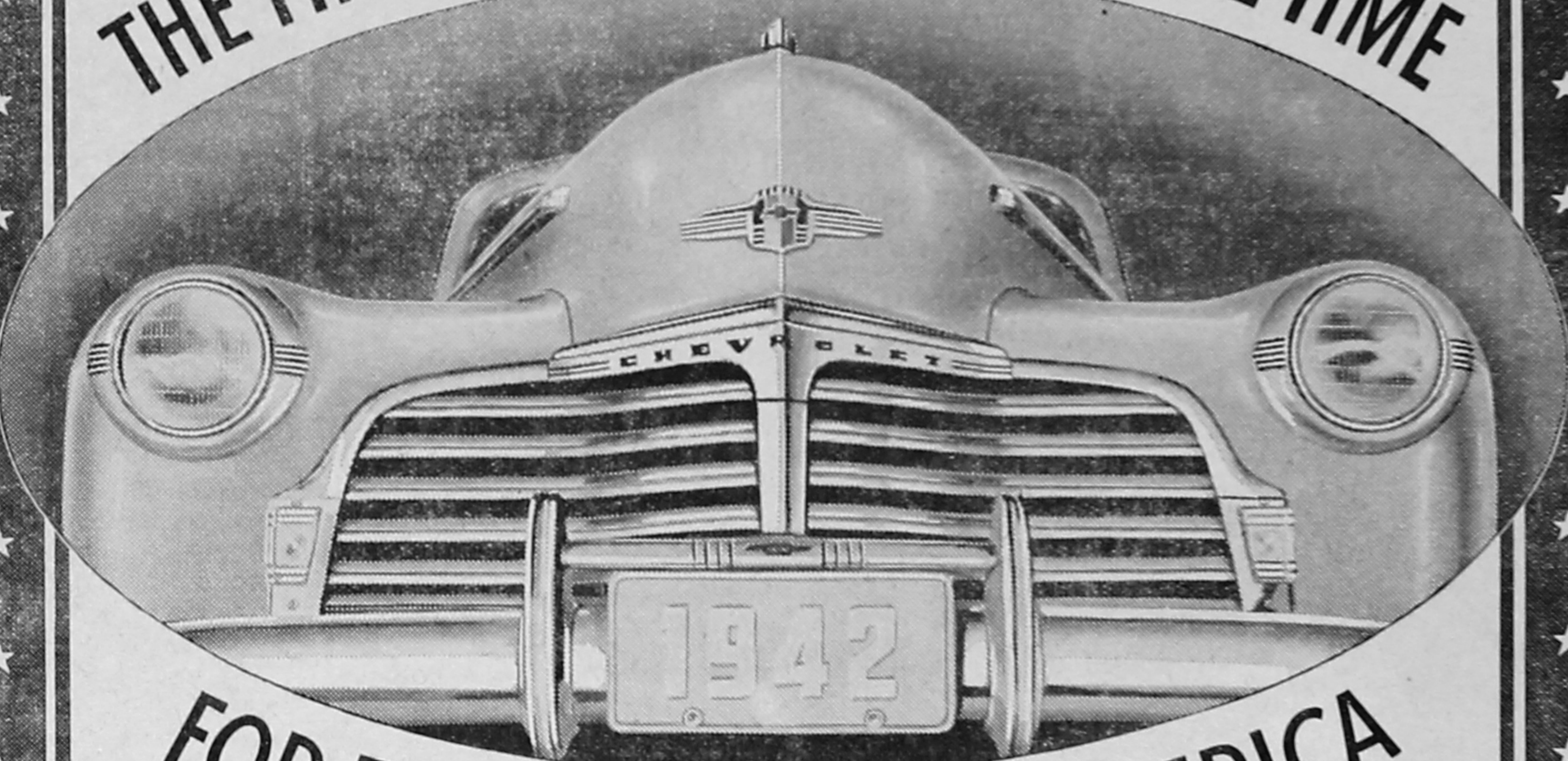
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ON DISPLAY SEPTEMBER 26

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Chevrolet alone combines a powerful Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine, Safe-T-Special Hydraulic Brakes, Unitized Knee-Action Ride, and Vacuum-Power Shift at no extra cost.

DESIGNED TO LEAD IN ECONOMY

Chevrolet is the most economical of all largest-selling low-priced cars, oil, tires and upkeep.

**IT PAYS TO BUY THE LEADER
AND GET THE LEADING BUY**

Brewer Chevrolet Company
Broadlands, Illinois

Fined for riding a bicycle in Exeter, England, with a lighted lamp, Robert Cutler, protested in vain that his "lamp" consisted of three fireflies he had picked from a hedge.

Thieves stole 20 hogs from Byron Thomas, farmer of Frankfort, Ind. When stolen, they weighed about 90 pounds each, and when Thomas got them back each weighed about 135 pounds.

Having paid an assessment of \$450 for improvement of the highway in front of his home, Samuel Swerdon of Fair Lawn, N. J., built a barricade and attempted to collect 10 cents from motorists who tried to pass.

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ELECTRIC WELDING
Acetylene Welding and Cutting
Lathe Work
Bus Baldwin
1st Door North of Postoffice
Broadlands

Joe Brings Good News

By PEGGY THORNER
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

MIDDLETOWN would have had a hard time getting along without Mary Ruggles; but Mary often felt she could get along very well without Middletown. Sometimes, when the wind and rain battered the post office windows with such relentless force, Mary tired of Middletown. But its usual peace and beauty held her there in spite of gray days.

Sorting the last of the morning mail she heard a sharp thud outside following a particularly strong gust of wind.

"What was that, Joe?" she called from behind the mail boxes to one of the men waiting in front for the little delivery coop to open. Mary heard him shuffle to the door to look out.

"It's jest the town tablet blowin' down," Joe replied. "I wanted to set them sideposts in cement but the town wouldn't stand for it."

Mary hesitated for a moment. She paused for a minute each morning as she passed the war memorial with its fourteen names on her way to work. The first name, that of John Baylis, held her attention. Mary and John Baylis had been engaged when John left for the war. They had planned some day to go to Chicago, John's birthplace, to live and work when the war was over.

But Mary had had no word from him since the day the troop train had taken him off to the training camp and he had held her tightly in his arms and whispered, "By, dear! I'll be back soon! Don't forget me!"

Mary had kept his counsel—she had never forgotten John. Today there was a band of gray in her thick, pretty hair, a pinched turn to her attractive mouth, and a look of yearning in her brown eyes that meant she would never cease waiting. Middletown was periodically astonished that she paid no heed to Ezra Thompson, a member of the town council, who was dignified and a country gentleman and had showed definite signs of interest in Mary Ruggles.

She spent most of her hours outside of the post office in nursing Pop Talbot in his old age and did all the work that the government attributed to him as its Middletown postmaster. It was a duty to her as Pop Talbot had adopted her as a child.

Mary was the life of the Ladies' Aid society, a popular teacher at the Sunday school, and three evenings a week when Pop's health permitted her to leave him, she helped out at the town library—a gift of a wealthy townsman. But the town never could understand why Mary refused to cultivate Ezra Thompson.

The collapse of the war memorial tablet that morning was like a sudden stab that drew blood from an old wound that had never healed properly to Mary Ruggles. The reaction it produced in Mary was noticeable in her eyes as she lifted the little oaken slab, her sorting finished, and handed out the mail to the waiting townspeople.

Joe, who had advised Mary of the fall of the tablet, a jack-of-all-trades for the entire town, was last to be served. He always waited around to discuss the weather or anything else of interest with Mary.

As the people were passing out with their morning letters, Joe stepped up to the window. "Don't expect nothin', Mary. But I always jes' step up from force o' habit." Joe smiled at the pleasant face that greeted him from behind the barred window.

"Sorry, Joe," Mary smiled too. "It isn't time for your tax bill yet. By the way, Joe, if it clears tomorrow I wish you'd set up the war memorial tablet. Get someone to help you and sink the posts in cement this time. I'll speak to Ezra Thompson and he'll dig up the money from some source."

"Why, sure I will. I'll get all set and go ahead with it if the weather's at all better." He stuttered a moment and cleared his throat. "Say, Miss Mary, guess who I seen in Cambridge last night." Joe paused to notice the light of eagerness that flashed into Mary's eyes. "I seen John Baylis—none other!"

"Joe!" The woman's faint rose fingernails showed dark red as she gripped the counter in front of her. "Joe! John Baylis is dead."

"I know, Miss Mary—that's what everybody says. But he's alive sure as anything now. He asked me 'bout you, fust thing, an' said he was comin' out to see you this ev'nin. Said how he'd bin in furrin parts ever since the big scrap—shell-shocked or somethin'—and now some doctor's made 'im husky and sent 'im back home agin."

Mary wanted to believe Joe's story. But all day she was torn between hope and doubt. Not until the evening bus arrived bringing John Baylis and his cheery smile did her joy crystallize.

That night a new crescent moon lighted Lover's Lane that wound its crooked way out to the Middletown cemetery. Mary and John discarded the years of heartache and loneliness with kisses and tender words, and as they turned back toward the town they left their years of unrest and dismay with the other dead as they set forth for years of unbounded happiness together.

Boosting Catharine

By JULIA McINTYRE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

IT WAS the morning after the dance at the Southfield Country club and the usual sort of post-mortem discussion was going on around the late breakfast at the Walling country home.

"Who was the girl with squint eyes, who talked baby talk and came with Leon Brady?" Jimmy Walling was asking.

"She hasn't squint eyes at all," protested Pauline, his sister. "That's Genevieve Gaines—loads of money and terribly good family."

"By the way," he said, making it sound casual, "who was the girl, quite young, dark eyes, light hair, who came with Joe Wilson? I just happened to notice her."

"Why that was Catharine Nesbit," said Pauline. "Catharine's a dear, though probably you wouldn't find her attractive. Men don't. Her father died, and she had to do something so she started a hat shop. I think it was so brave of her. You see she couldn't teach, as she'd never been to college, and she had to do something, and we're all boosting her. She calls it the Catharine shop—it's on Market street, just off Main."

The next day Walling took a walk along Market street near Main just to locate the Catharine shop. The next day he walked past it twice. Then he stopped and looked in the windows and before the week was out he ventured within the gray curtained doors. This took much courage. Catharine, dressed in a clinging frock of gray, was preoccupied with a voluminous dowager seated before a gray dressing table trying on garden hats. An assistant asked him if there was something he wanted and Jimmy stammered out: "Yes, I want to buy a hat."

"What kind of hat?" asked the young woman.

"It doesn't make much difference. I want it for—for my aunt."

After a rather confused and confusing dialogue, James Walling bought and paid thirty dollars for a hat.

Jimmy found himself thinking of Catharine Nesbit, sometimes as he had seen her at the country club dance, but often as he had seen her in her little hat shop. Keeping a hat shop, it occurred to him, was a charming occupation for a woman, especially a hat shop in soft French grays and flowered chintz like Catharine's. But, of course, she needed a boost. If he were married he would certainly persuade his wife to buy her hats there, and he would urge her to have many. While thinking thus one day he wandered again toward Market street, entered the store and stood wondering what to do next, when Catharine herself, with her best saleswomanly manner, came toward him.

"May I do something for you?" she asked sweetly but impersonally.

"I'd like to buy a hat," said Jimmy.

"For your wife?" asked Catharine sweetly.

"Goodness, no. It's for my — my mother."

Another day Jimmy went to the Catharine shop and, finding Catharine in, asked for a hat.

"For your mother?" she asked.

"Why don't you bring her with you so she can make her own selections?"

"It's for my sister this time. She couldn't come." And Jimmy ordered two more hats that time. That made five hat boxes to be stowed away on the shelves of his wardrobe and closets. One evening he got one, a brown tam o'shanter out and posed it on the top of a standard lamp and tried to imagine the face of the brown-eyed blonde Catharine beneath. It was then that his sister made an unannounced visit before he had time even to get the tam o'shanter out of the way.

"You've a girl calling on you," announced his sister. "You needn't deny it, because I see her hat." And, to save his reputation as a proper bachelor, James Walling had to confess. Then he showed his entire collection of hats.

"You know you said we ought to help her along," he defended; "and of course she doesn't know who I am."

"Doesn't she!" scoffed Pauline, "that's one reason I dropped in. I met Catharine the other day, and she told me about it. She asked if I was your only sister, and then said you'd bought two for your mother and some for an aunt or something. She said she thought it was wonderful to have a brother so considerate, and that it was a pity you weren't married."

Jimmy thought for a moment, then he said: "You seem to know her fairly well. Why don't you invite her out for a week-end? It would do her good. Maybe I'd be able to get down."

Pauline agreed. She was already thinking of the pleasure of having Catharine for a sister-in-law. It was at that first visit of Catharine's at the Wallings that Jimmy made his proposal, which, after due consideration, was accepted.

"And now," said Catharine after they had all laughed over Jimmy's hat buying escapade, "now may I borrow some of the hats you bought? You know they say a shoe-maker's children always go bare-foot. Well, I am simply suffering for a new hat."

Corbin's Folly

By H. IRVING KING
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

THE old place was called Corbin's Folly. Some envious person had named it that when old Colonel Corbin built it toward the close of the Mexican war and brought his bride there. And the name stuck. Judge Corbin had been born in the old house and now, at eighty odd, was as straight as a ramrod, fresh of complexion, and with keen eyes.

Judge Corbin lived alone in the big house with his servants. He had retired from the bench more than twenty years before when his wife died and had been alone since his quarrel with his only son. The occasion of the quarrel was the usual thing—the son insisting upon picking out his own wife instead of marrying the girl his father had selected for him. The son had died in South America years ago. To shake off his lonesomeness the judge began, at the age of eighty-one, to write an elaborate treatise on the Code Napoleon. Finding he needed a secretary he advertised for one and as a result now employed a young man of twenty-one, bearing the name of Lloyd Foster.

But the young man who traveled under the name of Lloyd Foster was, in reality, the judge's grandson, Alvin Corbin, whose father the old man had cast out.

"Lloyd" and the judge got along fairly well together. Remarkably well, in fact, considering that the judge was dictatorial and irascible and Lloyd was only twenty-one. In such an isolated and little-visited place as Corbin's Folly—from which the judge allowed him to be away but seldom—it is next door to a miracle that "Lloyd" saw enough youthful specimens of the feminine gender to fall in love with one, but he did.

Her name was Mary Cranston and she was as pretty as a picture—much prettier than many pictures. She was governess in a family living a few miles away from Corbin's Folly; an orphan without money. So was "Lloyd." Mary and "Lloyd" went into session as a committee of ways and means. Their living expenses were nil now. But if they were married they would, of course, have to set up housekeeping for themselves and it would take their combined salaries to support them in anything like the style and comfort in which they desired to live. They would have to go on working after they were married.

Then "Lloyd" had an idea. "What's the matter with my asking the judge for a raise?" said he.

"That would help out some."

"Do," answered Mary; "I am sure you are worth a thousand times what he is paying you—the tightwad!"

"Mary, Mary, don't speak that way about the judge, please, because—because. Well, there is something I was going to tell you before we were married and I might as well tell you now." And he did—the whole story: Who he was and all about it. "I don't know why I took the position at Corbin's Folly in the first place," he concluded; "the homing pigeon instinct, I guess. And now do you know, I have really become fond of the old judge in spite of his cranky ways. But if he had any suspicions of who I was he would show me the door in short order. I wonder what he will say when I tell him I want to get married."

When, the next day, "Lloyd" told the judge of his desire, praising Mary to the skies, of course, he was prepared for an explosion—but not for the calm, meditative manner in which the judge regarded him; finally breaking a long silence by saying: "Too young. You ought not to think of marriage for five years yet. Bring the girl over here and let me talk with her." "Lloyd" brought Mary to the interview, and when she had told all their plans, the judge turned to his desk, saying: "Too young. Too impractical. No. It won't do. Good day."

"Lloyd" came back from seeing the weeping and disappointed Mary off angry and rebellious. "Judge Corbin," he said, "I am going to marry Mary Cranston whether you like it or not. I don't think it is a matter in which you have any right to interfere!"

"Oh, you don't?" snarled the judge. "Well, you are fired."

"Lloyd" fell into a troubled sleep at last that night and the first gray light of dawn was struggling through his windows when he suddenly became aware of someone standing by his bedside and a voice saying: "Alvin! Get up." At the sound of that name—his own and his father's—he was wide awake at once and, springing up, sat staring in wonder at the old judge who, half dressed and looking haggard and worn, was standing before him.

"Why—why do you call me Alvin?" he gasped.

"My son Alvin's boy!" said the judge most tenderly. "You are so much like your father that I suspected and I investigated. You had not been in the house a month when I found out who you were. I have not slept all night thinking things over. This place is well called Corbin's Folly. There has been too much of Corbin's folly here in the past. It is time to end it. In one year from now, if Mary and you are still of the same mind, you shall be married and here shall be your home."

Charged with running through a stop sign, Mrs. Flora McKenzie of Oakland, Cal., explained: "I have a 50 cent-a-week allowance for gas, and if I obeyed all stop signs I'd exceed my budget, because stopping burns up gasoline."

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Broadway Glamour

By LARRY GREY

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JANE BARTON left Hanesville for Broadway because Dick Harkness was not a thrilling lover. Dick owned and ran the general store and he worked all day in khaki trousers and blue chambray shirt minus a necktie. Evenings he took Jane to the talkies.

Dick was far from dashing; he was just adoring, and very solid and substantial both physically and financially. All of which counted little with Jane. She was romantic and she craved contact with the glamor of Broadway and its sophisticated youths. Jane was a very pretty girl; but she knew too little of life to speculate on the qualities that may lie beneath a gilded and a grubby exterior.

So Jane became a figure in the dance of life called Broadway. She left with both a blessing and a bonus from solicitous parents, to say nothing of the inarticulate appeal in Dick's eyes.

Jane had decided to become a show girl in a musical hit; nothing less. She danced a number of tricky steps and danced them well. Her figure had all the attributes of beauty prize material. And she possessed confidence and temerity.

While pounding Broadway pavements peddling her talent and naive charm to casting officials of the theater Jane met a broad-shouldered, slim-waisted young man. His necktie and eyes seemed to meet all her visioned requirements and his approach was deft, disarming and courteous. After shelving the weather with a crisp phrase he dropped the momentous information that he himself, Georges Randall, one of the cleverest dancers that ever tapped an agile toe and heel to a tumbled stage, was at liberty. Georges cordially suggested that they make the rounds together that afternoon. Jane gratefully agreed.

This casual touch widened into warm friendship. As their funds dwindled their attachment grew.

Proximity did an excellent job. The boy and girl finally vowed that unless both could secure an engagement in the same company they would face lean days together. The fact that Georges suggested this convinced Jane that love at last had found its winged way to her.

Young girls have a way of weaving dreams from the casual words of careless Romeos. When experience has turned them into women they link their starry stuff to surer signs.

Being all things winsome and desirable, but not a philosopher, Jane took George's socks and handkerchiefs home to her lonely hall bedroom at night and washed them out before she did her own. Georges accomplished his share of the mutual retrenchment by borrowing coffee and cake money from his friends.

At last the big break. It fell on a raw November morning when Jane and Georges, sped by a tip that was spreading up the street, slipped by a sullen doorman backstage and made their plea to Gene Hathaway, a musical director rehearsing the Chicago company of a New York success. The aspiring pair impressed him favorably and were engaged at once for the chorus.

From that moment it seemed plain sailing with all clear ahead for Georges and Jane. Their favored topic of conversation when alone concerned their costumes for a call at the Little Church Around the Corner.

Two rehearsal weeks had flown when one day the ingenue walked up to them and suggested that they drop in at her apartment. There would be many others; cocktails would be served. There would be much merry-making.

Grace Carter was the girl's name and while she appeared particularly friendly toward Jane, her eyes rested long and often upon Georges' smooth head.

Soon Georges was too busy to see much of Jane. Eventually an extra minute was added to his stage appearance — a short solo. Jane, thinking he was practicing at his apartment in order that success might be his, that the Church Around the Corner would become a reality sooner, waited patiently for the occasional minutes he spared her.

And then one day a rather hard looking, bleached blonde walked up to her. "Listen baby," she said. "I hate to see you making a sap of yourself. That young man of yours is giving Gracie the rush. And Gracie wants him. You'd better get wise to yourself." She walked off, leaving Jane staring with tear-filled eyes for at precisely that moment she saw Georges strolling out with Grace Carter.

"These babies," the bleached one was saying to another from the chorus. "Every show has one of 'em and we have to look out for 'em. I can see where there's gonna be no fun until her heart is mended."

But she was wrong. Jane was from solid and proud stock. She had a bad hour or two, then put on her coat and went to an all-night telegraph station. Her message to Dick read: "Come and get me. Think I know real worth."

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Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stuebe and daughter were Danville visitors, last Friday.

Miss Erline Luth of Danville is a guest in the Herbert Krenzien home.

Mrs. Kathryn Carter and son of Penfield visited relatives and friends here Wednesday.

Mrs. Alice Struck of Villa Grove, spent the weekend here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Floyd Williams and daughter of Corpus Christi, Texas, have arrived for a visit with the Leon Strucks.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Poggen-dorf and Mrs. Lena Wienke visited relatives in Valparaiso, Ind., and Chicago, over the week end.

Mrs. Paul Todd of Villa Grove spent Wednesday here with Miss Pauline Limp. Mrs. Todd was formerly Miss Gladys Swangle of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lincicum took their daughter, Mrs. Orval Brooks, to her home in Mansfield, Saturday, after a week's visit in their home here.

Sunday guests in the home of Mrs. Albert Smith were Delbert McCarty and family of Charleston; Clyde Smith and family and Clarence Smith and family.

Mrs. Nora Griffin and daughter Mrs. Grace Brewer were entertained at a six o'clock dinner, last Friday evening in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Graydon Griffin, Newman.

Relatives here have received announcement of the birth of a son, Clint William, Sept. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Magill, of Washington, D. C. This is their second child, their first-born being a daughter.

Mrs. Emma C. Massey, 78, of Danville, fell from her chair while reaching for a spool of thread at her home last Monday afternoon, breaking her right hip. Her daughter, Mrs. Arch Walker, Broadlands, who was called to her bedside, reports her condition as serious.

Early Steamboats Bore Their Own Destroyers

Though their captains probably never dreamed that the "iron horse" ever would displace them, steamboats in the early days of Illinois brought the locomotives which ultimately spelled their undoing, according to the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA.

The first locomotive in Chicago arrived aboard steamboat via the Great Lakes. Another steamboat, in July, 1853, brought to Peoria two locomotives made in Boston. They were consigned to the Peoria and Oquawka railroad and had come via the Atlantic Ocean, Gulf of Mexico, Mississippi river and Illinois river.

Long View News

Mrs. Lulu Chapman has returned from a visit with relatives in Michigan.

Miss Jessie Anderson is employed at the Ford-Hopkins drug store, on the campus in Champaign.

The Rev. Berry, former pastor of the Christian Church at Villa Grove, will preach at the Longview Christian Church, Sunday, Sept. 28, at 10 a. m.

Wayne Dively, Misses Martha Dively and Alvena Bamberger of Champaign were dinner guests of Mrs. Katherine Deere last Sunday evening.

Combining beans and corn picking have begun among the 'early birds' in this vicinity. Everett Green, James Beatty and Merton Parks are among those who have got this work under way.

The seventh annual Duncan reunion was held Sunday at the home of Clarence Churchill. Officers elected for 1942 are: President, Wesley Churchill; Vice President, Mrs. Fred Ross; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Lena Churchill.

Those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ross, Clifford Ross and family, of Perrysville, Ind.; Mr. Etcheson and Jane, Danville; Mrs. Robert Cress, Seymour; Mr. and Mrs. C. Daniels, Russell Smith and family, Sanford Duncan and family, Wesley Churchill and family, Charles Churchill and family, E. C. Churchill and family, all of Longview.

The 1942 reunion will be held at the home of Fred Ross, Perrysville, Ind.

Here Was A Horse Race That Brought Only Grief

Horse trading was a popular outdoor sport in the early days of Illinois, but a proposed 'swap' between two Schuyler county men terminated fatally, according to the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA. This was in 1854.

Each insisted that his horse was the better. Neither was willing to pay anything 'to boot.' Finally they agreed to a race, with the proviso that the faster horse should win the "boot." The Plank Road at Rushville was chosen as the course.

Mounting, they started at full speed for a half mile race, but had gone only a short distance when one of the horses stumbled and fell. Both horse and rider were killed.

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.

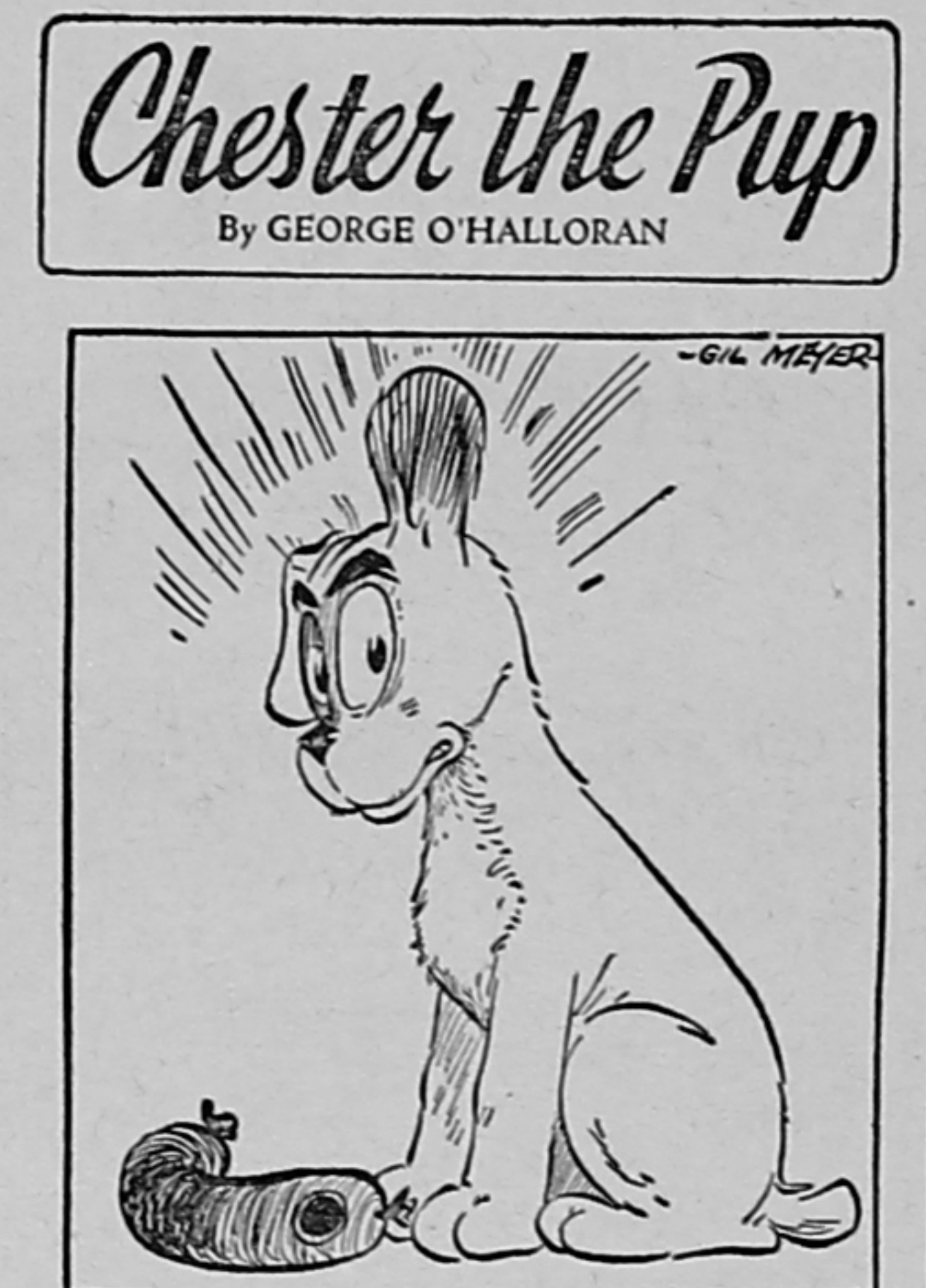
The News is \$1.50 per year.

Oxen Harnessed, Not Yoked, In Early Days

Though oxen have been yoked all over the world from time immemorial, Illinois pioneers appear to have harnessed them the same as horses and mules, according to the Illinois Writers' Project, WPA. Much of the freighting and prairie breaking was done by oxen, slow moving and very powerful.

Instead of using yokes, the Illinois pioneers used harness as with other beasts of burden. The departure from the usual lay in the fact that the traces were of chain instead of leather, to resist the heavy strain upon them. Ox harness and chains were common articles of merchandise, a century ago.

Why worry along with a lawn mower that won't cut, when you can have it made to cut like new for \$1.00?—R. W. Rudder, Allerton.



I CAME home at noon today all tired out. MacTavish, the Scotty across the street; Herold, the Airedale from up the block, and I had been over in the empty lot chasing snow gophers and they sure can wear you out although I never really saw one. Baggyeyes came home for lunch with a present for me. It was a nice big sausage. But I had to speak, sit up, lie down, play dead dog, shake hands and all that other moth-eaten tripe that he has taught me before he'd give it to me. And what do you think? The darned thing was made of rubber and tasted like a pot of old glue that had been strained through a fisherman's hat. And when I bit into it the big wart-hog laughed so hard I thought he'd bust a gusset. Boy, was I steamed up! Putting on that trained seal act as tired as I was. And for what? For a rubber sausage with a flavor like embalming fluid. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

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Double Feature
Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce, in
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A Little Bit of Heaven
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Robert Stack, Hugh Herbert

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Romance, Action, Drama!
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IN OLD CHEYENNE

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Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson, Herbert Marshall, in
WHEN LADIES MEET

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Tues., Wed., Sept. 30
Oct. 1
'Q' NITES
Red Skelton, Ann Rutherford, Virginia Grey, in
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In Calexico, Calif., an undertaker was arrested and deprived of his license because he used profanity "in the presence of and beside a dead body."

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

An ordinance passed in Waterloo, Neb., in 1910 reads thus: "It shall be illegal for any barber in this town to eat onions between 7 a. m. and 7 p. m."

The harvesting of the corn and bean crops has started here.