



## News Items of 12 Years Ago

June 12, 1931

Mrs. George Cook underwent a serious operation at Lakeview hospital, Danville.

Miss Wynnie Cadwallader of Oteen, N. C., visited friends here.

Charles Brewer spent a few days with relatives at Spencer, Ind.

Miss Myrle Brewer returned from Normal where she had been attending school.

Miss Mildred Freeman entered Lakeview hospital, Danville, for an appendicitis operation.

Bertha Belle Snow, Jessie Witt and Gayle Potter attended the 4-H Club tour at the U. of I.

A heavy rain accompanied by wind and lightning visited this section. Hail which fell in some sections did a great deal of damage to gardens, crops and fruit.

20 Years Ago

June 15, 1923

Miss Florence Kesterson was working in Champaign.

Mrs. Hazel Kesterson and children spent the week in Champaign.

The members of the Immanuel Lutheran Church enjoyed a picnic at Sadorus.

Mrs. Lillie Bowman left for Charleston where she took a six weeks' course at Illinois State Normal.

Frank Frick was taken to Lakeview hospital, Danville, where he submitted to an operation for appendicitis.

## Immanuel Lutheran Church

P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

9:30 A. M.—Sunday School.

10:15 A. M.—Divine Worship.

Sermon: "The Gifts of Pentecost."

At Christmas time we make a holy pilgrimage to Bethlehem. We have four Sundays to prepare us for it. During Lent, and especially on Good Friday, we give beneath the cross. On Easter morn we stand, with adoring wonder, by the empty tomb in Joseph's garden.

Do we with the same earnestness, respond to the call of Pentecost, witness the tongues of flame, hear the men filled with the Holy Spirit? Without Pentecost, Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter would mean nothing to us.

## U. B. Church Notes

Dale Mumaw, Pastor.

Sunday School at the U. B. Church this Sunday will be at 11 o'clock instead of 10, so that all interested may attend the farewell sermon of Rev. Ferris at the Methodist Church.

## Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Northbound ..... 12:48 a. m.

Southbound ..... 1:19 p. m.

Star Mail Route

Southbound ..... 7:15 a. m.

Northbound ..... 8:30 a. m.

## Rites For Adam M. Yarger Held Tuesday

Funeral services for Adam Yarger, 79, who died at 6:55 a. m. Sunday in the County hospital, were held at 2 p. m. Tuesday, at the Dicks Bros. funeral home, conducted by Rev. Dale Mumaw, pastor of the local United Brethren Church. Burial was in Fairfield cemetery southeast of Broadlands.

Mr. Yarger, who conducted a butcher shop here for many years, had been ill the past four years of complications.

He was born Sept. 24, 1863, in Lithopolis, Ohio, the son of Adam and Margaret Yarger. His wife, Mary Kyle Yarger, preceded him in death several years ago. The only surviving relatives known are two cousins who live in Ohio.

## Methodist Church Newly Decorated

The Broadlands Methodist Church has been newly decorated this past week and it certainly never looked better. Our local paper hanger, Albert Cummings, had charge of the work and he did a splendid job. One thing the church people are so proud of is the fact that all the money for the work was donated. Not one cent was solicited, and yet when it was all in, there was not only enough for the paper fund and the labor, but also for new screens and a rubber runner for the main aisle. This certainly meant a lot to the ladies, as until recently when church repairs were needed it meant a church supper to provide the money. And this in turn meant getting permission to use an empty store building, carrying in the tables, chairs, dishes and food, and then later carrying all but the food out again. But since the church got its splendid new basement built a couple of years ago, much of that work has been eliminated.

Credit goes to the men of the church for the ease with which the paper money was raised and especially to Mr. DeWitt, who was chairman of the committee.

Then on Wednesday a number of the ladies of the church donated their time and labor and gave the entire building a thorough house cleaning. So now the congregation may well feel they have a church of which they may be proud.

## Two Danville Girls Drowned in Lake

Danville, June 7—Jacqueline Nelson and Betty Brooks, each 13 years, both of Danville, were drowned in Lake Vermilion Sunday, when they stepped into a deep hole while wading.

## Want Photos of Boys in Service

Photos of all service men from Broadlands and vicinity are wanted, to be placed in a display cabinet in the Community Building. Photos should be 5x7 inches. If you do not have a photo this size and have a negative of any size, please bring or mail it in and it will be enlarged to the above size. Please let's have them all.

Photos may be left with Ben Rayl at the Pleasure Parlor.

## Loren Comer Writes An Interesting Letter

Miss Betty Jackson recently received the following interesting letter from her cousin, Private Loren Comer:

I imagine you will be interested in a few places that I have been since I joined the Army, so I will try to tell you about a few of them. Of course you know that my reception Center was Scott Field, Ill. I was inducted July 2, 1942 and I was only at Scott Field four days. From there I was sent to Camp Wallace, near Galveston, Tex. Camp Wallace is where I received my basic training and was it ever a hot place. If you don't believe me ask Carl Dicks. He came to Wallace about a week before I left. I was at Camp Wallace about ten weeks and I didn't like the place very well so I was glad to leave but I sure would like to be back now. Anywhere in the good old U. S. A. would be good enough for me.

From Camp Wallace I was sent out to Benicia, Cal. Benicia is about forty miles from San Francisco. I had heard about California being such a beautiful state but I didn't have any idea it was as beautiful as it really is. I believe it is the most beautiful state that I was ever in except Illinois. Naturally I would hold up for my home state. While passing through California I saw a lot of orange groves and things I never dreamed of seeing. I was only in California about a week but I sure enjoyed it. I had a couple of passes during that week and boy the people sure were friendly. I hope when we go back to the States that we spend some time in California. I didn't see near enough of it to suit me.

Well I can't mention the date that we left the U. S. A. but I was only in the States about ten weeks from the time I started my training period until I left for foreign service. I don't think it is fair at all to send a guy so soon but I couldn't do anything about it. I imagine that from now on you will have to get a war map to keep up with me. When we left the United States we were sent to New Zealand. We were near Pukekohe which is about thirty-five miles from Auckland. I believe Auckland is the largest city in New Zealand. It was a pretty nice place, but no foreign city can compare with any city in the United States. Believe me there is nothing in the world that can compare with the good old U. S. A. That's why we are fighting for it and that's the reason we will win the war. Anyhow we enjoyed our stay in New Zealand. I had several passes and went most of the time to a show or a dance. I had seen every one of the shows that I attended at least two or three years ago. I remember two of them especially. One was "Footsteps in the Dark," and the other one was "Barnicle Bill." They said that they were from three to twenty years behind America, and they weren't just kidding. It isn't their fault, though because they are ruled by England and the English won't let them have anything. New Zealand is really a beautiful country and the people are nice and friendly but they sure do have an odd way of showing it. Just like all English people I suppose. You should see them dance. About all they knew how to do was

waltz but our Yankee soldiers were trying to teach them how to jitter-bug. I don't know if they ever succeeded or not. Their most popular tune while we were there was "Beer Barrel Polka." The one thing us guys had the most fun out of was learning to count their money. We thought at first we would never learn but it only took us about a week. They go by shillings and pence instead of dollars and cents. Their penny is about the same color as ours but it is the same size as our half dollar. The shilling is the same size as our quarter. For bills they have ten shilling notes, one pound notes, etc. They also have a half crown the same size as our half dollar and a little piece smaller than our dime that they call 3 pence. It is worth three cents in our money. Another thing that seemed so funny to us the people drive on the opposite side of the road from us. They drive on the left side and the steering wheels are on the right side. Just opposite from us. They have some of the funniest looking cars you ever saw. Honest, you'd laugh your head off watching them. Most of their cars look like the ones we had back in 1919. Well this is about all I remember of New Zealand. The people were awfully odd but they were nice and I wouldn't mind going back there some time. We were there about a month.

From New Zealand we went to New Caledonia. We all hated it from the beginning. There was only one large sized town on the Island and we were stationed about thirty-five miles from it. It is a French speaking Island. There were a lot of beautiful French girls on the Island but a guy didn't have a chance if he couldn't speak French and I couldn't. I don't believe any of the boys in the 214th can speak it. While we were in Caledonia we went swimming almost every day and we had to wash our clothes in the river. One thing I can say that I did in New Caledonia that I hope I never do again unless it is in Florida or somewhere in the U. S. A. is go swimming Christmas day. Last Christmas day I went swimming but I would lots rather be back where the snowballs are flying. Well this is about all I can write about New Caledonia except that one night I went to town and saw a real Native dance. I have seen a lot of Native dances in shows but I never did think that I would see a real one. It was really worth seeing. We are not in Caledonia now. We left there about three and a half months ago and I was darn glad to leave but I would rather be there than to be here. This is about all of my experiences that I can tell you about right now. I have had some that I can't tell you about yet and I will probably have a lot more of them before the war is over.

I am a switch board operator and like the job all right. We have five operators and we work three hour shifts and are off twelve hours. The shifts rotate so you see we work all hours of the day and night. This morning I am on from 12 a. m. until 3 a. m. We have shows here twice a week and outside of that I can't tell you any more about the place.

I got a letter from Garnet the same day I got yours. I usually get at least one letter a week from her. If I don't get at least

(continued on last page)

## Marriage of Popular Young Couple Announced

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Limp of Homer are announcing the marriage of their daughter, Pauline M. Limp, to Staff Sergeant Paul G. Anderson, of Camp Sutton, North Carolina.

The ceremony was performed on May 14 in the First Methodist Church of Columbia, South Carolina.

Mrs. Anderson is a graduate of Allerton High School with the class of 1938, and also graduated from the Summers Beauty School in 1939. She was co-partner in Pauline's Beauty Shop in Broadlands for several years.

Mr. Anderson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Anderson, 1006 South Third St., Champaign. He is a graduate of Champaign High School, the Illinois Commercial College, and attended Culver Military Academy and the University of Illinois. Before entering the Service last October, he was engaged in farming near Broadlands.

## News Moves to New Location

The Broadlands News, which has been located in the upstairs room over Bergfield Bros. store for 17 years, removed to its new location in the Messman building the first of the week. The building was formerly occupied by the Eckerty Cafe.

The job of moving the heavy presses and other equipment was a huge task, and was engineered by Ray L. Bowman, who was ably assisted by five of his faithful employees, namely: Ivan and Chet Lookingbill, James Thomas, Clyde Smith and Ernest Moeller.

We feel very grateful toward Mr. Bowman and his helpers for the splendid work they did and wish to take this opportunity of thanking them.

## Phyllis Bergfield Receives Commission As Ensign

Miss Phyllis Bergfield, R. N., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfield of Broadlands, will leave for Oakland, Calif., June 22, where she will enter the nursing corps of the U. S. Navy as an ensign.

Miss Bergfield, who has been on the nursing staff of McKinley hospital, Urbana, resigned her position the first of the month. She is home for a visit with her parents before leaving for California.

Miss Leone Bergfield, who graduated from the University of Illinois last Monday is also at home for a visit.

## Rites For George Poage Held at Homer, Monday

Homer, June 5—George T. Poage, 69, lifetime resident of the Homer community, died Saturday afternoon at the county hospital from effects of a stroke suffered Tuesday. He had been in failing health for several months.

Funeral services were conducted at 2 p. m. Monday at the Morehouse funeral home, and burial was in Lost Grove cemetery.

He is survived by two brothers, Jesse Poage of Rose Hill, and Perry Poage, Muncie, Ind.

Remember Pearl Harbor!

## Fred Krukewitt, Prominent Homer Man Dies Suddenly

(Homer Enterprise)

Fred Krukewitt, a prominent farmer, died suddenly at his home southwest of Homer early Thursday morning, June 3rd. Death came about 1:30 a. m. when his wife, noticing that he was ill, could not arouse him.

Funeral services were conducted from the Homer Methodist Church at 2:00 p. m. Sunday, with Rev. B. M. Petty officiating. Interment was in Mt. Hope cemetery, Sidney.

Pall bearers and flower bearers were members of the official board of the Methodist church and of the Sunday school class of the late M. H. Depue. Mr. Krukewitt had been active in both these organizations.

Although the Homer man had not been in good health for some time he had worked in the field Wednesday afternoon and had spent Wednesday evening in town. He had been under a doctor's care for heart trouble.

Mr. Krukewitt was born Jan. 18, 1880, at Beardstown, Ill., a son of Henry and Catherine Reichert Krukewitt.

Surviving are his wife, the former Grace Peters; a daughter, Mrs. Katherine Dohme, wife of George Dohme of Broadlands; five grandchildren; a sister, Mrs. Carl Morrison, Homer; and five brothers, Rudy, Louie and Gus Krukewitt, Homer; Will Krukewitt, Danville; and Nala Krukewitt, Crawfordville, Ind.

Mr. Krukewitt will be missed from the community because of his active interest in affairs of his church and in farm organization.

## Mrs. Ella Maxwell Is Hostess to W. C. T. U.

The June meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held on Tuesday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Ella Maxwell.

Mrs. Ruth Henson had charge of the business meeting and devotions. She read 2nd Peter 1-11, also two articles entitled, "Promise That Purifies," and "Living Sermon."

Piano solos were given by Miss Patricia Boyd entitled "Concerto Number One," and "You'll Never Know," and by Mrs. Faustine Smith entitled, "Manhattan Serenade."

At the close of the meeting flowers were sent to all shut-ins in observance of the Flower Mission Month of June.

The following members were present: Mesdames Maude Anderson, Eva Boyd, Eva Brewer, Lydia Brown, Thelma Clem, Ruth Henson, Emma Jackson, Anna Laverick, Leanna Miller, Mattie Utterback, Eva Walker, Faustine Smith, Ella Maxwell.

Miss Patricia Boyd was a guest.

The meeting adjourned with refreshments of cookies and coffee being served.

Next meeting will be in the home of Mrs. Anna Laverick.

## Market Report

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

No. 2 soy beans	\$1.66
No. 2 hard wheat	1.38
No. 2 white corn, new	1.13
No. 2 yellow corn, new	.98
No. 2 oats	.65

Roy Hurst, successor to Earl K. Eckerty, places an ad in this issue.

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

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Cards of Thanks \$1.00

It Took Ten Years

Of all the registering for sugar, shoes, and syrup, the birth certificate is the greatest pain. We started on ours ten years ago and just completed it this week.

We had driven 1,000 miles, burned up some gas, spent \$25 on notarized papers, and were tempted to bribe an old mammy Negro woman, all for a birth certificate.

It seems the last Legislature passed a law for a new setup, whereby an applicant could get a birth certificate in the county in which he lives. But they tack on some more costs to make it interesting.

We suggest that they set up a one-man judge, a good horse-trader, to guess the ages of applicants. Bill Teasley or Jeff Edwards could look at an applicant's teeth and wouldn't miss their age six months.

In getting our birth certificate we even went back to our birthplace and drew a map of the place, put an 'X' which marks the spot where this unfortunate creature first saw the light.

Box Cars Head Toward Southwest Wheat Belt

Washington, June 4—The vanguard of about 25,000 box cars diverted from other war jobs is rumbling toward the southwestern wheat belt to help move this year's grain harvest.

Officials of the Association of American Railroads said all of them will have been delivered to western lines by July 1, but temporary car shortages still are expected to develop.

Only about 400 new box cars have been placed in service this year and no new construction has been approved for the first half of 1943 by the War Production board.

L. M. Betts, manager of railroad relations of the AAR car service division, said the western railroads probably could not meet all demands for cars immediately during the peak of the grain movement, but that storage facilities, both on farms and at the major terminal markets, are much greater than a year ago.

"The only question is the peak movement," he said. "The railroads will be able to move the grain, but there undoubtedly will be some delays in filling all demands for cars."

Sidelights

We have just been carried back in our thoughts to the days when we stood patiently at the kitchen door while a cake was being finished in order to get to lick the icing from the spoon or from the bowl.

The army is certainly highly diversified. The newest job is fitting parachutes on carrier pigeons. These birds are becoming far too valuable to trust their landing to mere chance.

Not all poetry is written by poets. Poetry may be found in many places; in various actions; in chance expressions. It was true poetic thought that was recently expressed in a letter from a local boy who has just entered the service.

Collection of Waste Fats 676,368 Pounds In April

Chicago—Collection of waste fats by Illinois housewives in April was 676,368 pounds, the largest since the drive to salvage fats for war uses began.

Lt. Governor Hugh W. Cross, chairman of the conservation committee, Illinois State Council of Defense, reported to Governor Green that the campaign to meet a monthly quota of 1,267,000 pounds of waste fats, set by WPB, was spurred by the distribution of stickers to be placed over kitchen sinks.

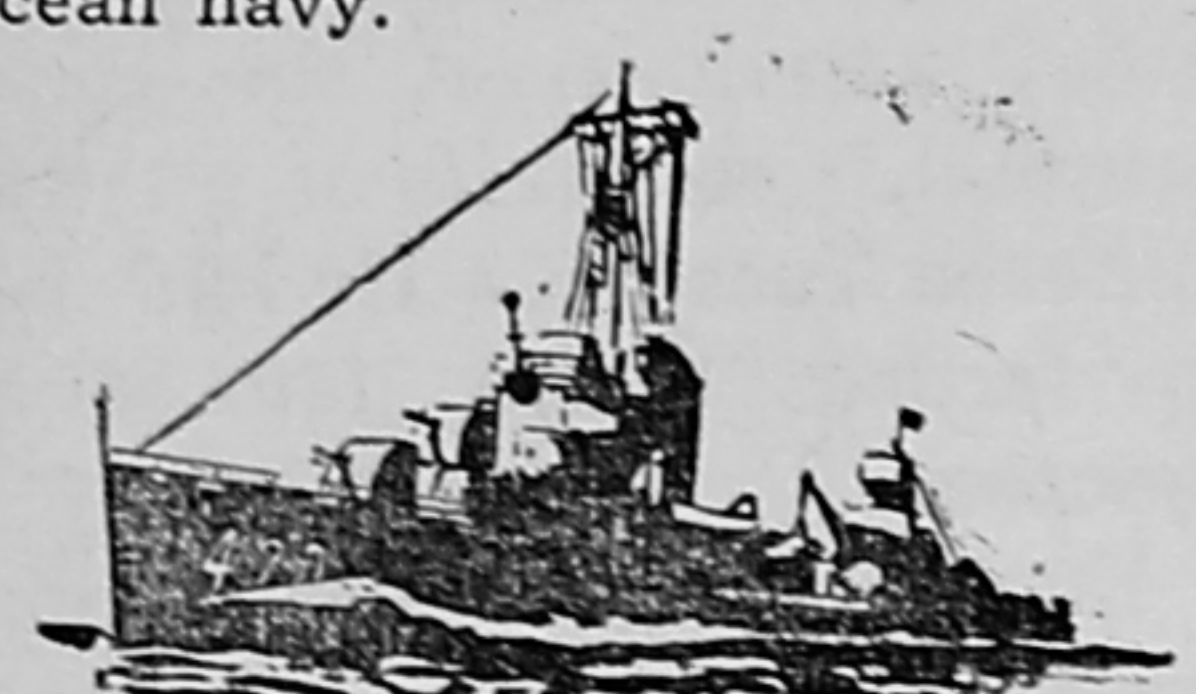
The stickers, reading, "Stop! There's dynamite in that grease—take it to your butcher," were supplied by the salvage committee of the state council.

What You Buy With WAR BONDS

Free the Seas

Before we win the final battle with Hitler's Nazis all navy men are agreed we must win the battle of the Atlantic; that is to free the sea lanes of the German U-boats.

A year ago we were building 54 cruisers and nearly 200 destroyers or just about enough for a two ocean navy.



Now we have come to realize that this war is to the finish, "winner take all," and our Government is building a five ocean navy.

That is why we are being asked to increase our subscriptions for War Bonds. That is why we must do it.

Remember Pearl Harbor!

Illinois State Capitol News

Following a final inspection of the health and sanitary conditions in Beardstown, made by representatives of the State Department of Public Health, Governor Dwight H. Green issued an executive order permitting residents to return to their homes.

The Illinois Reserve Militia was relieved of duty in the Beardstown area, effective Sunday morning. The U. S. Army troops had previously been relieved.

Even the long days of early June have scarcely enough hours of daylight for Illinois farmers, who are rushing the field work that was practically at a standstill from May 6 to 27 on account of excessive rainfall.

Pastures are reported generally in good condition, while winter wheat and rye are making a rank growth.

This year's strawberry crop was only fair in this state. Shipping of berries is about over in Union County, and is under way in the Centralia and Paris districts.

Illinois farmers may now obtain, free of charge, the services of Army mechanics for the purpose of repairing flood-damaged tractors and other farm machinery, under a program just initiated by Governor Dwight H. Green.

Farmers desiring such help should see their county farm advisers, who will notify the office of Dean H. P. Rusk, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, whence the request will be forwarded to the Army. Mobile units of Army mechanics are ready to go to any part of the state on this sort of work.

Governor Green, announcing this arrangement with the Army, declared that food production is today the most important problem facing the Illinois home front.

Want Photos of Boys in Service

Photos of all service men from Broadlands and vicinity are wanted, to be placed in a display cabinet in the Community Building. Photos should be 5x7 inches. If you do not have a photo this size and have a negative of any size, please bring or mail it in and it will be enlarged to the above size.

Photos may be left with Ben Rayl at the Pleasure Parlor.

Gunpowder Plot

The Gunpowder plot of 1605 was a plot to blow up King James and the English parliament, engineered by Guy Fawkes and others as a protest against the severe anti-Roman Catholic laws. Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, covered with coal and faggots, were hidden in the vaults directly below the House of Lords.

Find Gold Deposit

An eight-foot ledge sampling \$30 per ton, overlooked by French capitalists who worked the mine 30 years ago, has been found in the Davidson property two miles northwest of El Dorado, Calif.

The vein missed by the French interests about 1911, when they sank a 300-foot shaft, drifted north and south on a productive ledge in the lower levels and extracted gold worth \$350,000. They were forced to retire from the mine by the outbreak of the World war in 1914.

Considerable ore is said to remain in the old workings as former operators mined only the richer quartz with gold worth \$20.67 an ounce.

Do You Know Illinois? By Edward J. Hughes Secretary of State

Q. How are township high school districts in Illinois governed?

A. Most are governed by a board of education consisting of five members. A few have seven member boards.

Q. Must a township high school district include a school township district?

A. No. Q. How are community high schools formed?

A. These districts do not depend on any county, school township, or district organization as a basis, but are formed by any contiguous and compact territory which the petitioners see fit to include when they ask the county superintendent to call an election.

Q. How is the community high school district formed?

A. Upon the approval of a majority of those voting at an election on the question.

Q. How is the community high school district governed?

A. A board of education consisting of five members.

Q. What is the extent of the course required in a community high school district?

A. Four year high school. The same as in the case of the township high school district.

Q. What is the consolidated high school district?

A. The consolidation of adjoining high school districts by a majority of those voting in the respective districts.

Q. How are consolidated high school districts governed?

A. By an elected board of education of seven members.

Q. What are special school districts?

A. "Special charter districts" are a few districts formed by special acts of the legislature.

Q. What are non-high school districts?

A. In each county of Illinois all the territory not included in a township high district, a community high district, or a district maintaining a four-year high school recognized by the Superintendent of Public Instruction was organized into a non-high school district.

Ninety Per Cent of All Licorice for Tobacco

Uncle Sam is looking into the possibility of growing his own licorice supply in the American tropics.

Licorice is the dried root of a plant native to the Mediterranean and most of the American supply has been coming from Asia Minor.

The United States is getting a little leery about being dependent on anything produced outside the Americas.

"Licorice" is derived from two Greek words meaning "sweet root."

In America the word is often pronounced "lick-er-ish" or simply "lick-wish," but the correct pronunciation is "lick-o-ris," with the first syllable accented.

Ninety per cent of all the licorice in the United States is used in the manufacture of chewing tobacco.

Only 5 per cent of licorice goes into candy.

Cough drops and other medicinal uses account for the other 5 per cent.

Three centuries before Christ, the Greek philosopher Theophrastus, pupil of Aristotle and "the Father of Botany," wrote that licorice, which he called the "Scythian root" was "useful against asthma or dry cough and in general troubles of the chest, and is also administered in honey for wounds."

The licorice plant belongs to the bean family and is cultivated in Spain, Italy, Greece, Russia and the Mediterranean coast regions of Asia.

Cuttings from the rootstocks are planted about three feet apart and nothing more is done to the field for about three years, when it is plowed and the roots gathered.

The licorice roots are chopped up and ground under water. The resulting mixture is then evaporated to the proper consistency, rolled to be sold.

Any Excuse You Can Find For Not Upping Your Bond Buying Will Please Hitler

Invasion Is Costly fighting Your Boy Gives 100 per cent! How about your bond buying?

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Mix Lemon Juice AT HOME TO RELIEVE RHEUMATIC PAINS Money Back—If This Recipe Fails Good news travels fast—many of the thousands of folks who now take lemon juice for rheumatic pain—have found that by adding two table-spoonsful of Allenru to one table-spoonful of lemon juice in a glass of water, they get faster relief for the aches and pains caused by rheumatism, lumbago.

Be it a Shave or be it a Bob You'll always find me on the job! (Except Monday and Thursday eve, when we close at 6:00) Hair Cut . . . . . 40c (Ladies' Hair Cutting A Specialty) Hair Cut, Children under 12 . . . 30c (Any day except Saturday, when all hair cuts will be 40c) Shave . . . . . 20c Tonic . . . . . 20c Massage . . . . . 35c Neck Clip . . . . . 10c Shampoo . . . . . 25c Shoe Shine . . . . . 10c Your Patronage Will Be Appreciated. OSCAR GALLION First Door South of Drug Store Broadlands, Ill.

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

**Perfect 'Divining Rod' For Discovering Oil**

Herbert Hoover Jr., following in his father's professional footsteps, appeared in New York recently to describe an important development of his own in prospecting for oil.


The 37-year-old Hoover said that he and his associates had perfected a modern "divining rod" to discover pools of oil as deep as 10,000 feet below the earth's surface. By adapting the mass spectograph, a scientific instrument heretofore used only in research laboratories, Hoover said he had made it commercially practicable to analyze gases in sub-surface soils. Such gases as butane and octane reveal hidden oil deposits.

So sensitive is the Hoover device that gases seeping up from buried oil can be detected in quantities as tiny as one-tenth of one cubic millimeter, smaller in volume than the head of a pin. A single pint of earth from the ground above an oil pool will yield that much gas. Furthermore, one part of oil-produced gases can be identified in 20,000 parts of methane, ordinary marsh gas given off by rotting vegetation.

When all the gases have been removed from the sample of earth to be tested, Hoover explained, they are shot through a U-shaped tube by electric and magnetic impulses. Gases of heavier atomic weights become automatically separated from lighter gases by centrifugal force. Those indicating the presence of oil can thus be identified.

One drawback to the Hoover process is the bulkiness of the equipment. The device with which he has worked weighs several tons and fills most of a 600-foot-square room. However, he has hopes of reducing it eventually to portable size.

**Put Your Payroll Savings on a Family Basis**  
Make 10 per cent Just a Starting Point



**NEW! "BACTERIOSTATIC" FEMININE HYGIENE**

Gaining Great Favor With Women!  
Many doctors urge the regular use of *douches* for women who want to be refreshingly clean for women troubled by offending odor, itching or discharge.  
Some products may be harmful germicides which burn, harden and damage sensitive tissues. But NOT Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash! Instead—Pinkham's Sanative Wash is an effective "bacteriostatic" (the modern trend).  
It not only discourages bacterial growth and infection but cleanses, deodorizes, relieves minor irritation and discharge. Has beneficial effect on delicate membranes— inexpensive!

**ECZEMA**  
EASE THAT ITCH SUCCESSFULLY!

Don't bear the torments of eczema another day. Do as thousands of happy people have—use *Poslam* for quick, dependable relief. At night, when itching is worse, one application of this OINTMENT FOR ECZEMA ointment brings soothing comfort and lets you sleep. 18,000,000 packages sold during 25 years show it must be good. Recommended by many doctors. Sold from coast to coast. Only one at all druggists.

**POSLAM**

**CONSTIPATED?**  
Don't Force! Don't Strain— Thus Risking Hemorrhoids TRY THIS FOR 5 DAYS

Here's one right and proper way to moisten hard dry passages and obtain more gentle "easy" movements. Every morning for 5 days, 15 minutes before breakfast, drink a glass of hot water to which one teaspoonful of *Kruschen Salts* has been added. While you are eating breakfast the hot water and *Kruschen* will be feeding moisture to those hard, dry passages. They become soft, moist, easier to expel. No need to strain and thus risk painful rectal irritation. Usually within 30 minutes wastes are expelled smoothly and easily. You feel gloriously fresh again. Be sure to follow the simple easy directions. Don't delay—you can get *Kruschen Salts* at any drug store.

**Don't Gamble Guard Against Trouble from Minor Injuries— Cuts, Scratches, Burns**

Beware. Guard against infections which may "lay you up." Cleanse wound instantly. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic *OIL-O-SOL*. Used for over 40 years in thousands of factories, garages, industrial first aid stations, fire departments and homes. Pleasant to use. Combats infection; quickly helps relieve pain. Only 50¢ at your druggist's. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get *Mosso's OIL-O-SOL* today.

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**The Silent Witness**

By COSMO HAMILTON  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

AMONG the many cautions of the old wise men of China there is this: "When a woman discovers that the man she is going to marry possesses the secret of her past she must smile and keep the terror from her eyes. Having for the moment thus disarmed suspicion, let her creep forth when the moon is hid and steal it from its place."

At the moment when George Ringwood picked out an undeveloped roll of films from his brother's goods and chattels which had just arrived and read "Pictures of an angel; Monte Carlo, 1931," these words of ancient Chinese philosophy slipped from Ann Riveley's mind so that she left the films in his hands.

"Monte Carlo, 1931? The place and the year of my brother's ghastly crash," he said. "I have often wondered who the woman was in that bad chapter of his. I'll take it into the village and have it developed at once."

She kept the terror from her eyes, forced a smile and spoke. "I should, Or shall I save you the trouble and take it myself?" If, without arousing suspicion, she could so obtain the silent witness to her part in that boy's crash there would be no need to creep forth when the moon was hid and steal it from its place.

"Or perhaps it will be better to give it to him," he said. "He's coming home today. He will need us, both. He loved that woman, you see. If his hand had been steady when he tried to shoot himself—"

Ann shuddered and held her breath. Never could she forget that moment when the rumor had been brought to her of Noel Ringwood's suicide. Off had gone her fool's cap after that frightful shock. Then George, the man who counted, had immediately won her heart. The discovery of the roll of films and that day's return of Noel threw the shadow of disaster over both their lives.

They were to separate for an hour or two because George had work to do. Would he remember her offer to take the films to the village or was he determined to give it to Noel? In terror and despair she reentered the garden of the old house an hour afterwards. She was seen by George, who called and waved his hand. A sweep of physical weakness held her to her place, but to her intense surprise Noel held out his hand. She heard almost nothing that was said—introductions, congratulations, the usual conventional things. But she did hear his knife-like cruelty when they were left together.

"I would rather see my brother dead than married to you," he said. "If you've grown out of your idiosyncrasy do you suppose that I haven't?" "You're going to put up a fight?" "To the last ditch," she said.

"All right. But my immediate job is to rescue my brother from you. Quite simple I find. He has given me the films. I shall develop those snapshots which show you with me at Monte Carlo in 1931."

"Are you going to do that merciful thing without giving me a chance? Aren't you going to discover what love has done for me?" "Love doesn't alter nature and yours is callous and selfish."

"Give me today and tomorrow. Be as fair as you would be to a man."

Once he had loved this girl! "I'll be fair," he said.

Fear and cowardice left her. Then came Sunday night and his announcement of a climax which threw her into despair. "Your butler," he said to his brother, "takes photographs, I hear. I'm going to borrow his dark room and develop my telltale films."

Ann sprang to her feet, excused herself and followed Noel out. "Is there no way by which I can stop you from doing this thing?"

"No." He had never seen her look so lovely as she did.

"There is nothing I can say or do to make you hold your hand?"

"No."

"You're convinced after all these hours that I am unworthy to be George's wife?"

"Yes. Behind your outward devotion I can still see the superficial and merciful person who pushed me into disgrace."

She went to the door, stood for a moment and then quickly walked away.

Thoughts whirled about in her mind as she went into the sitting-room where George drew her to his heart. "When you're mine you will come to a home made excellent by effort and harmony. At the end of every day we three will say with confidence, 'Pass night, all's well.'"

"That you and Noel are such good friends is a great delight to me."

And then Noel came back. With a quick look at his brother and the girl he had tried to win he went to the fireplace and stood with his back to it.

"Well, now we shall know," said George.

"As a matter of fact we shan't. I was hopeless with a camera in those Monte Carlo days. Not a shot comes out."

"What? There's nothing of that woman?"

"Nothing at all," he said. Noel threw the unbroken roll of films into the hottest part of the fire and bowed with admiration to the girl who had proved her courage and love.

**Her Landlord**

By CLARISSA MACKIE  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

THE morning after Doris Ware moved into the little seaside bungalow at Yellowsands, she became acquainted with her next-door neighbor, a stout, black-haired, red-cheeked woman in a faded blue bathing suit of popular design.

"Nice morning," said Mrs. Brady, cheerfully over the back fence.

"It is lovely," smiled Doris, as she hung out her tea towels on the bit of clothesline. "I can hardly believe it is true that I am here for the rest of the summer. It is too good to be true."

"You said it!" retorted her neighbor. "Your husband not up yet?"

Doris stared amusedly. "No, he isn't—you see, I haven't any husband!"

Mrs. Brady laughed heartily, and several small Bradys, climbing into bathing suits in the small house, heard her and scrambled to the window where they stood sunburned and grinning. Doris became acquainted with them at once. Before they parted, Mrs. Brady was aware that Miss Ware wrote for a big newspaper in the city and was having her rest all alone just to get away from people, and Doris knew that Mr. Brady owned a busy plumbing shop in the city.

That first day, Doris found an isolated bit of blue water where she could swim all alone. It was great sport at first, but, after awhile, she felt rather bored.

Once as she floated, looking up at the cloudless sky, she heard the sound of paddles and sank into the water, swimming a little. It was then that she could see the canoe and its single occupant, a tall young man with a grim unsmiling countenance crowned with a thatch of ruddy hair. As soon as he saw her, he increased the speed of his canoe and in a moment had rounded a bend in the shore.

Doris waded ashore and sat down on the sand to laugh heartily. "If it isn't temperamental Peter Clarkson," she giggled to herself. "The poor man didn't recognize me in this bathing suit—I do wonder if he is really stopping near here."

That noon when she returned to the bungalow for lunch, she asked Mrs. Brady about the man in the canoe. "What is his name?" she artfully asked.

Mrs. Brady put up her hands in amazement. "Don't you know your own landlord?" she exclaimed.

Doris shook her head. "I rented it from an agent," she said.

"Poor Mr. Clarkson—he has owned all these cottages since his uncle died and left them to him with a great fortune, so I have heard, Miss Ware—but there is a whisper that he is sad and gloomy because the girl he loves won't have him! And him with a million dollars or more. Anyone could be happy with all that money!"

Because Doris Ware was so much alone, for loneliness was what she sought these days, she thought quite often of lonely Peter Clarkson, living there in his handsome stone summer residence on the top of the hill behind them.

Then, one day, an imp of perversity prevailed upon her to tempt excitement when she saw Peter Clarkson coming her way in his bright canoe. She was swimming toward him and across the canoe's bow. Just beyond that, she threw up one arm and slim brown hand and called "Help!" and then, "Save me!" before she sank beneath the waves.

In exactly three minutes, gloomy Peter Clarkson had jumped overboard, dived down, rescued Doris Ware, dropped his dripping burden into the canoe, tossed a rubber coat over her, and paddled desperately back to his own wharf and called to his boatman, Jerry, for help.

"Really, I am entirely all right," assured Doris in quite a strong voice as she struggled to throw off the heavy rubber coat. As she finally sat up and pulled off her bathing cap and her toss of dusky hair fluffed out, she became aware of the strange behavior of Mr. Peter Clarkson—he was kneeling on the sand beside the canoe, and his great eyes were fairly worshipping the small person whose life he had saved. He grinned foolishly as Doris smiled gratefully at him.

"It is you—really?" he demanded in a deep voice.

"Of course," said Doris meekly, because her heart was pounding, "who else could it be?"

"That's right!" he muttered softly. "Who else could it be than the one girl in all the world whom I loved—my first and only love—I wish you thought it such a big thing on my part that you would give your life to me, Doris Ware!"

"Ah, Peter Clarkson, if you were not such a diffident youth—you might have known long ago—years ago—that there was only one girl in the world that loved you as I—do—ah, Peter!"

And all their friends said that it had happened just as they expected it would when they had first met a year or so ago—and Mrs. Brady laughed and said that now her landlord would never do anything except laugh and be happy all the days of his life "for" she said, "'tis the sweetest romance I ever knew about—and her so innocent about inquiring his name!"

**Spike Heels**

By ALICE DUANE  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

I'LL never forget my disappointment the first time I saw Kitty Barlow's brother Brand.

"He's swell," Kitty would say. "The swellest brother in the world." I remember hearing "swell" used that way for the first time by Kitty about her brother. Before we were using "swell," when we still thought it was old-fashioned slang for "fashionable," Kitty used to say her brother was wonderful or great. But one day she burst into my room with a box of candy. It was rainy, a chilly winter afternoon, too bad for any outdoor exercise, and you know how gloomy a girl's school gets under conditions like that. So Kitty's box of candy was, naturally, a godsend.

"He's the swell-elegantest brother in the world," she said. And of course I agreed. I was thrilled with the easy way she rolled this new bit of slang off her tongue, and I was hungry for some candy. Anyway, I'd come to think a lot of Brand just because he was so nice to Kitty.

It was funny, of course, when I really seemed to know him so well, but I never met Brand till I'd been out of school two years and was twenty. They lived in California, and Brand went to school and college there, and he was on a business trip in South America when we were graduated from Murchison's. So Kitty's father came on alone for it. Her mother had died by that time. Then Kitty went to college near home, and I went abroad to study art for two years. Even then Brand and I sent messages to each other through Kitty's letters—we felt like old friends, because Kitty was always swapping messages for us and quoting us to each other.

When I came back I went straight to visit Kitty. I'd promised to spend Christmas holidays with them.

Then I saw Brand, for the first time. Standing on the station platform beside Kitty. And didn't they look good! Until suddenly, as they were running forward to meet me, I realized that Brand was short. Kitty is shorter than I, and he didn't seem much taller than she.

I can't tell you how my heart sank. No real reason, then, of course, for it to behave like that. For I really didn't care how tall or how short Brand was—then.

Well, we had a gay ten days. That first evening we talked over plans for the whole visit. Kitty had a lovely step-mother who seemed to want to do everything to make Kitty and Brand happy.

"Are you all set for the fancy dress dance on New Year's eve?" asked Kitty. And of course I was.

"I'm going as a Spanish dancer—I have a costume I got in Spain," I said. "Old lace mantilla, full skirt, painted fan and the duckiest spike-heel red slippers you ever saw."

"Well," said Brand—and already I was conscious of his eyes on me most of the time. "Well," he said, "we'll look good together, won't we? I'm going to be Friar Tuck—brown robe, rope girdle, and all. I'm going to wear sandals."

Three days before the party I got away by myself and went shopping. Before I went I took one last look at my spike-heeled red slippers, my lovely tortoise shell comb, my beautiful painted fan. You see, I had decided to wear another costume. The Spanish one wouldn't do without those spike-heel shoes and they'd just make me too tall for Brand in his monk's sandals. So I decided to be a nun, with nice flat-heeled slippers under my long skirts. I managed to get the costume, and sneak it in, and when I tried it on, by myself that evening, I decided I really looked very sweet and demure in it. And a lot shorter.

The party came at last and, without saying anything to Kitty or Brand about my change of plans, I dressed in my dove-gray costume, with my white veil and wimple, and my little white mask, and went downstairs. There, in the hall, looking up and waiting for me, was Brand. He didn't have his mask on—but I would have known him anyway. He wasn't Friar Tuck. Instead he was in Spanish costume, dressed as a Toreador, with those high-heeled boots that stage toreadors wear. He looked beautiful, waiting so eagerly. He knew me, even in my strange costume and white mask, that made me look so little.

He looked at me, as I stood a little shyly beside him—not just across at me, as he would normally, not up to me, as he would have if he'd worn the sandals and I'd worn those spike-heeled slippers. But just down at me. And then I lost any bit of regret I might have had for my gorgeous Spanish costume.

"Well?" said Brand quizzically. "Yes," I answered, shakily. "I guess we both had the same thought," I stuck out one flat-heeled, round-toed, soft black kid shoe.

"Kay," said Brand huskily, "you're a sweet kid. Come on away from this rattle where I can tell you so."

As we started down the hall, toward the library door under the stairs, he slipped in his high heels on the waxed parquet. I steadied him till he got his footing again. My flat, stout little slippers clung sturdily to the slippery floor. Hidden now by the stairs from the assembling guests, Brand put his arm around me, looked down and laughed.

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**Rusty**

By R. H. WILKINSON  
Associated Newspapers.  
WNU Features.

ABSURDLY Naomi thought she hated leaving Rusty almost as much as she did Ethan. Ethan was her husband. Rusty was the three-months-old springer spaniel. Ethan had brought him home as a surprise the week after they returned from their honeymoon. She loved him from the moment his pink tongue eagerly licked the hand she put out in her first gesture of friendship. She loved him even when she discovered that a three-months old puppy has little discrimination in matters of diet. Rusty attempted to masticate everything from the ends of the new chintz curtains to the fuzzy bristles of the fireplace broom.

Occasionally she became exasperated, like the time he chewed into a shapeless sodden mass the book of old-fashioned recipes her Aunt Sara had given her. Then she would scold and Rusty would retreat beneath the piano and peer out at her with silky ears drooping and great brown eyes sad and remorseful, and a lump would come into her throat.

Yes, now that she had decided to leave Ethan she must leave Rusty too. There must be no reminders, no connecting link in the things she took away. It was going to be hard enough breaking away without torturing herself with memories of what might have been.

So Naomi sat at her desk and wrote:

"Dear Ethan:  
"I had thought I would be able to take it. I had promised myself that if ever another woman came between us I would blame myself, condemn myself for having failed, and try to win you back. What a fool I was! Goodby, dear. It was fun while it lasted."

She placed the note on the little table near the big chair where Ethan always sat to read his paper. Her bag was in the hall, packed and ready. Rusty leaped and yelped about her feet. She didn't dare look at him, nor glance into the room. She opened the door and went out quickly.

The train for Weymouth left at 1:30. She wasn't hungry, but decided to drop in at Flagg's for a sandwich. It wouldn't be sensible to go without lunch; from now on she must be sensible in everything she did. Sensible and practical and matter-of-fact. Any other mode of living would be one more reminder of what she was leaving behind.

She hadn't thought of meeting anyone in Flagg's. She hadn't planned on what she would do if this happened. And now, watching Regina Duncan coming across the room, she felt her muscles stiffen; her hands were suddenly like ice. Regina of all people! Regina, the other woman!

Naomi was a little proud of her voice, her smile, her complete control. This was fate. This was the hardest test of all, coming so soon. If she could survive this she could survive all the years to come.

"Darling, how nice you look! Think of meeting you here like this, today. I must tell you. I promised Ethan I wouldn't, but I must. He was so wonderful! Ethan, I mean."

Uncertainly Naomi's brows came together in a little frown. But she still smiled, still kept her voice under control.

"Tell me what, darling?"

"About Dunc and me. About Ethan. Oh, Naomi, how lucky you are! How he must love you. He was so kind and patient and helpful."

The frown grew between Naomi's brows. A fear, a coldness began to take hold of her heart.

"Whatever are you talking about?"

"About Dunc. We quarreled, you know. Oh, it was over such a silly little thing. But it grew and grew, and Dunc told Ethan about it, and I told Ethan and he talked and talked. About you. I mean, it was you and him that convinced us. He was so contented and happy, and he said we could be, too, if we had any sense and intelligence. He said there wasn't any formula but love, and that if we wanted to be happy it was up to us, not him or anyone else."

Her voice ran on, forming a faint, irritating background of sound for Naomi's thoughts, for other little voices that talked to her accusingly, that laughed scornfully and called her unfair and a cheat and disloyal.

Then abruptly she was standing and Regina had stopped and was looking at her with open mouth.

"Waiter! Please! My check! Hurry! Oh, do hurry!"

She hired a taxi. It was a reckless thing to do, because they were economizing for their plans for next summer. But even so she was too late. Ethan's coupe was in front of the house.

Her heart was in her throat and dread was in her heart. She opened the door and there was Ethan sprawled out in the big chair. He looked at her solemnly.

"Shh!" he said. "Don't say a word. If you do we'll never get to first base with the mutt. After all, he's old enough to learn now."

Her brain whirled crazily, then stopped. Beneath the piano Rusty's stubby tail thumped tentatively. He peered out at her from great, sorrowful, guilty eyes. At his feet was a twisted, shapeless sodden mass of paper—the letter she had left on the little table beside the big chair.

**Local and Personal**

Mrs. Gordon Demoss and Mrs. Carl Bretz were Champaign visitors Thursday.

Mrs. Margaret Rayl and Miss Wanda Rayl are visiting relatives at Villa Grove this week.

A pot luck supper at eight o'clock this Friday evening, will be held in honor of Rev. Ferris at the Methodist church.

Prof. and Mrs. George Cook attended the commencement exercises of the U. of I. in Urbana, Monday.

Oscar Gallion was in Chicago, Wednesday, taking an examination for fireman with the C. & E. I. Railway Co.

Bert Boyd, who recently enlisted in the Illinois State Militia, was on guard duty in the flooded areas during the recent flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfield attended the commencement exercises at the University of Illinois, Monday, their daughter, Miss Leoné, being one of the graduates. They also attended the baccalaureate services on Sunday.

Will anyone possessing the "Musical Gem" song book which was used in school some years back, please bring it with them, or leave at Bergfield's store, or with Mrs. P. O. Rayl. Have your name in the form for identification. We wish to use them at the School Reunion on June 27th. Please.—Mrs. P. O. Rayl.

**School Starts This June for Illini Freshmen**

School starts in June this year at the University of Illinois, where officials urge high school pupils to take advantage of the new three-semester year under which the University now operates, and to start their academic careers June 14. The new teaching year speeds up war-time education. The fall semester opens in October.

Special provisions have been made to admit high school seniors who are within a month of graduation, and those who have earned at least 14 points of credit and have been recommended by their schools.

By entering in June and pursuing their studies three semesters a year instead of only two, students can get a maximum amount of training before being called to military service, become better qualified for service to their country, and in line for special training activities of the army and navy.

Those interested in medicine can complete their pre-medical training in a minimum of time. Deferral of students in pre-professional training is conditioned on their attending college in summer as well as winter semesters.

In addition to the full semester of summer work in all departments, the University of Illinois will simultaneously offer the regular eight-week Summer Session of courses principally for school teachers. All summer classes begin June 14, but the eight-week courses end August 7, while the 16-week semester ends Oct. 2.

The University of Illinois opened March 2, 1867—75 years ago—with a faculty of two men and with 50 students. Today it is the third largest university in the nation on the basis of full-time students.

**Invasion Costs More Money— Up Your Payroll Savings today**

Put every dollar above the necessities of life into War Bonds. Payroll Savings is the best means of doing your best in helping your sons and friends on the fighting fronts. Figure it out yourself.

Don't spend your pay in competition with your neighbors for scarce civilian goods. Save, America, and you will save America from black markets and runaway inflation. Buy more Bonds every payday. How many bonds? Figure it out yourself.

**Loren Comer Writes An Interesting Letter**

(continued from page 1)

one letter from her every time we have mail call I am awfully disappointed. Her birthday is June 30th and I sent her \$50 for a present. I got a letter from Ila Lookingbill yesterday. She is really faithful to me about writing all of the time and I sure do enjoy her letters. The letters that I receive from home are about the only thing that keeps my chin up.

This is Sunday morning so I may get your letter finished today. I just got back from church. I go about every Sunday. We sure have a nice Chaplain. Your Chaplain is your best friend in the Army. Tell your Minister I sure would like to meet him and "I will when the lights come on again all over the world." I know that we will win the war because God is on our side. He always has been and he always will be. I never was much of a religious guy but I belong to the United Brethren church in Broadlands and I used to go every Sunday. When a guy is sent so far away from home and the ones he loves he has to turn to someone for comfort and I have turned to God. I pray every night that he will help bring us to the victory that we are so worthy of and that he will bless the folks back home and give them strength to carry on while their sons are away fighting to save that wonderful nation of ours. I'm not ashamed to tell people that I pray. It's nothing to be ashamed of. All of the boys pray over here and I imagine if some of those U. S. A. soldiers back home were over here they would also pray. The Army life over here isn't like the Army life back in the States. It is plenty tough. We haven't been near civilization for seven months. A guy don't get any ice cream over here or coca-colas, candy, or anything else. You don't even get a drink of ice water and you're darn lucky if you don't go away from the table hungry. When you leave the good old U. S. A., you're just out of luck until you get back. Do not think I'm kicking about it because I'm not. I'm just trying to give you an idea of what the soldiers in foreign service go through. I am willing to do or die for our country and I know that everyone over here feels the same way.

There's a silver star in our window, and one glance at that star will show

I can't think of much more to write this time except that I am well and getting along fine.

The Silver Star There's a silver star in our window, and one glance at that star will show

That loved one from our fire-side has joined to fight the foe.

Oh that silver star has a meaning, of bravery and love untold,

And may that silver star shine silver, and never be changed to gold.

**42 Special War Courses Offered at U. of Illinois**

Forty-two special war-emergency courses are being taught at the University of Illinois. These are in addition to the University's regular offerings, a large part of which have war-time values which are being emphasized during the emergency.

Among the special courses are two to train women technicians for industrial metallurgical laboratories, and others to train students in airport design, structural design of airplanes, interpretation of maps, military athletics, "commando" swimming, world regional geography, camouflage, and economic problems of the war.

**SALVAGE CAMPAIGN FOR EMPTY BOTTLES**

A state-wide "Return Empty Bottle" Salvage Campaign has been launched by the Missouri Brewers' Association to help relieve the acute glass container shortage, according to an announcement by Walker Pierce, President of the Association.

The campaign is directed at the return of beverage and milk bottles, as well as beer bottles.

Mr. Pierce stated that cooperation of every householder and dealer is essential to round up empty deposit bottles for sterilization and re-use, so that continued distribution of beer, milk, and other beverages may be maintained. Consumers are urged to search their attics, cellars, and garages for empty bottles and cases, and to return them to dealers for a refund of the deposit charge.

Every empty bottle put back in circulation will help avert a threatened curtailment of beer and carbonated beverage distribution this summer. The critical bottle shortage "bottle-neck" can be relieved by prompt return of all empty deposit bottles to the dealer.

Empty cases are also on the critically needed list due to heavy war demands for paper containers and the resulting shortage of wood pulp for conversion into such items. Mr. Pierce pointed out that thousands of cases of beer and beverages are sent to the armed forces every week. These cases shipped to the fighting fronts are not shipped back for re-use. Empty bottles and cases returned by the public will be a direct aid to every consumer and dealer during the present emergency.

For Sale—No. 18 Hot Blast heating stove in good condition. Oliver Coryell, Broadlands.

**RISKY TO KEEP CREAM ON FARM OVER 3 DAYS**

The farmer stands to lose everything, and to gain nothing, by holding cream on the farm longer than is absolutely necessary.

Cream deteriorates with age—and a day in the life of cream is equivalent to a decade in the life of a human. The longer it is held the poorer is certain to be its quality and the lower the price it will fetch. On the other hand, the quicker it is taken to market, the better the chances that it will be first-grade. All this explains why dairy authorities are so insistent that cream should be marketed at least twice a week in winter and never less than three times a week in summer.

Old cream takes on a characteristic flavor—even though it is sweet—and this flavor appears after being kept too long. Even though the best methods of clean production and proper cooling have been followed, cream kept for a considerable length of time will become musty and stale and have an off-flavor.

Any slight flavor defect that may have developed in the cream is made more pronounced by age, as bacteria are given time to multiply and break down quality. Cream held for more than 3 days is apt to have considerable mold, no matter how it has been stored. Old cream of this kind makes second-grade butter which consumers do not like and will buy only because it is cheaper.

If necessary, a farmer should use a shipping can of a size which he can readily fill in not more than three days.

The problem of getting cream to market frequently enough, even under difficult wartime conditions, can be met by the old-time good neighbor spirit—that is, by taking turns in bringing cream to town and carrying other supplies back home. Such cooperation among producers is in fact being urged by our government. Time, labor, and critical war materials can thus be saved and the quality of cream protected.

**ONE OF THE GREATEST BLOOD-IRON TONICS YOU CAN BUY**

To Help Build Up Red Blood To Give More Strength For Women Who Lack Precious Iron!

You women and girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—due to low blood-iron—Start at once—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS. They're one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build up red blood to give more strength and energy and to promote a more refreshed and robust bloodstream for women who lack precious blood iron. Taken as directed—Pinkham's Tablets are one of the very best and quickest home ways to get iron into the blood. Many medical authorities state the form of iron used in Pinkham's Tablets is far more readily absorbed into the blood—so is better for you than some other iron-forms. Just try Pinkham's Tablets faithfully for at least 30 days. Then see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Follow label directions.

**HOMER THEATRE**  
Always A Good Show

**Fri., Sat., June 11-12**  
Mystery Man of the West!  
Johnny Mack Brown, Raymond Hatton in—  
**THE GHOST RIDER**

**Sun., Mon., Tues., June 13-14-15**  
You'll Love Him Every Grand Hilarious Moment  
Jack Benny, Priscilla Lane  
**THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD**  
with Rochester

**Wed., Thur., June 16-17**  
**TENNESSEE JOHNSON**  
with Van Heflin, Lionel Barrymore, Ruth Hussey.

**Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, 11c and 30c. Other nights, 11c-22c including federal tax**

Shows Start—Midweek, 8:00; Sat. 7:00 and 9:00; Sun. Continuous 3 to 11.

**Gem Theatre**  
Villa Grove - Illinois

**Thur. & Fri., June 10-11**  
Lana Turner, Robert Young  
**SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS**  
March of Times entitled America's Food Crisis

**Saturday, June 12**  
Dick Foran, Harriet Hilliard  
**HI BUDDY**  
Also Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake—  
**IT'S A GREAT LIFE**

**Sun., Mon., June 13-14**  
Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray—  
**FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM**

**Tues. Only, June 15**  
Robert Preston, Ellen Drew  
**NIGHT PLANE FROM CHUNGKING**  
Lupé Velez, Eddie Albert, Max Baer—  
**LADIES DAY**

**Wed., Thur. & Fri., June 16-17-18**  
Roddy McDowall, Preston Postler—  
**MY FRIEND FLICKA**  
Shown in technicolor

One battle won does not win a war. We've got tougher times ahead.

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For Freedom's Sake

**BACK UP YOUR BOY**

Increase your payroll savings to your family limit