

Smile Awhile

Fish can't close their eyes. We often lose our head just trying to save face. I love to see her laugh, he said. So much of her has a good time. The only way to stop thinking is to go to sleep. The principal need of children is the need for more principle in parents. A lot of people who have no direction themselves want to direct others. He asked for burning kisses, And she said in accents cruel, I may be a red-hot mama,

But I ain't nobody's fuel.

When a fellow breaks a date he usually has to. When a girl breaks a date she usually has two. I'll give you a fur muff for a kiss; a fur neckpiece for a hug; a fur coat for . . . Stop! that's fur enough. She doesn't drink, she doesn't smoke, She doesn't spend her dimes for coke; She doesn't neck, she doesn't pet, She doesn't even walk as yet. "Just think of it!" exclaimed the young newlywed, "a few words mumbled over your head and you're married."

"Yes," agreed the old cynic, "and a few words mumbled in your sleep and you're divorced."

Two sweet young things were discussing affairs of the heart. So you've accepted Tom? said one acidly. I suppose he didn't happen to mention that he had once proposed to me? Well, not exactly, replied the other blandly, but he did confess that he had done a lot of silly things before he met me. Little Boy—Daddy may I ask you a question? Father—Yes, son. Little Boy—if a doctor is doctoring a doctor does the doctor doing the doctoring have to doctor the doctor the way he wants to be doctor, or does the doctor doctoring the doctor, doctor

the way he usually doctors?

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By JOYCE N. MARTIN McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Features.

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There they stood. A shy little sailor, leaning on a cane, trickles of water down his black raincoat making a puddle on the highly polished marble floor. And behind him, nervously holding a tattered, bedraggled suitcase—obviously the bride. "We couldn't find a room anywhere in all San Diego. Can you, perhaps, put us up for the night?"

A room for the night! With reservations for the world's rich, famous and fashionable running six weeks to two months in advance! The perfect composure of the two desk clerks on duty was suddenly jolted. For the associate manager handed the pen to the sailor, who scrawled happily: "Mr. and Mrs. Ed Miller, Tomahawk, Minnesota."

Now the little bride stepped forward — young, inexperienced, but nevertheless practical. "How . . . how much will the room be?" she faltered. "We've got to be sure we have enough money."

"It's already attended to," the associate manager snapped almost crossly. "Number twenty - three! Front! Show Mr. and Mrs. Miller to Suite 140."

140! The bellhop's mouth fell open. The best suite in the hotel . . . reserved exclusively for admirals and movie stars! He relieved Mrs. Miller of her shabby suitcase and led them to the elevator. Ed and Jenny Miller followed slowly, for Jenny had to help her husband of six hours to walk. Jenny was so proud when Ed won his Purple Heart.

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"Shrapnel . . . on a D-E off Leyte."

"Hey. Whaddya know! I was there too," grinned the bellhop. "On a tin can. Got surveyed out four months ago. . . ."

"It's my first day out of the hospital," volunteered Seaman Miller. "We were married just this morning over at City Hall. But no hotel room anywhere. I guess we're plenty lucky. . . ."

The little bride had rushed to the enormous porch overlooking the pounding sea. It was the first time she'd ever seen the surf thundering along the beach. She found she had no words to utter. It was so beautiful, so perfect, that the tears poured down her cheeks. Little Seaman Miller hobbled over and understandingly put his arm around her shoulders. "There, there, Jenny girl," he said. "I told you our dreams would come true some day."

Jenny's eyes shone as bright as the perky little bow she had placed in her hair to dress up her mouse-colored suit for dinner.

The maitre d'hotel bowed as they paused in the doorway of the formal dining hall. Smilingly he led them to a large table set directly beneath the glittering chandelier. Then there they were, standing beside the table of honor where four naval officers were seated. When they saw Ed and Jenny, they jumped up and pushed back their chairs. Four admirals! Ed's eyes bulged at seeing more gold braid than he'd ever seen in one spot in all his life. And Jenny's lips just parted in an excited "Oh-h-h."

"Mr. and Mrs. Miller? May I present Admiral Eckstrom, Admiral Jones, Admiral Waddington, Admiral Keyes."

"Won't you join us for dinner?" Admiral Waddington was speaking. Admirals Keyes and Eckstrom nodded to the wine steward, who was wheeling a gleaming silver cooler, packed with cracked ice. There came the loud pop of a cork. Now the champagne was bubbling merrily in the hollow-stemmed glasses.

"I should like to propose a toast — to the bride and groom," said Admiral Jones. And while the four admirals drank to the health of Ed and Jenny Miller the orchestra began to play a gay medley of navy tunes.

Ed looked softly into Jenny's twinkling eyes. "Doggone if this isn't something we'll be tellin' our grandchildren about," he grinned.

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THE OLD JUDGE SAYS



HENRY: "I've heard that same thing several times lately . . . that alcoholics are really sick people. It was news to me. Do you agree with that statement, Judge?"

OLD JUDGE: "Yes, it's true, Henry. It's no notion of mine . . . it's a statement made by scientists who have studied the subject."

HENRY: "What did they find out, Judge?"

OLD JUDGE: "Well, as a result of their medical research, they found out that approximately 95% of the people who drink, drink sensibly. 5% do so unwisely, at times.

Included in that 5% is the small percentage known as alcoholics."

HENRY: "But why are they called sick people?"

OLD JUDGE: "Because it has been discovered that, in many cases, excessive drinking is a symptom of some physical or emotional maladjustment . . . not the cause of it."

HENRY: "Now I understand it, Judge. I am glad to hear of the modern approach to this problem and that so much is really being done to help these folks."

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ELECTRIC WELDING

Acetylene Welding and Cutting

Lathe Work

Bus Baldwin

1st Door North of Postoffice Broadlands

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 An intrepid scout picked a tight moment in the North African campaign for a solo reconnaissance mission, equipped with one sub-machine gun and one middle-aged camel. After some days a native Arab turned up at headquarters with an electrifying message from the scout: "Returning at once. Rommel captured!"
 A great reception was planned for the hero, with a regimental band and a couple of field marshals on hand for the occasion. When the scout stumbled into camp, all alone, everybody felt pretty much let down.
 "Where's Rommel?" demanded the CO.
 "Rommel?" said the scout, "How would I know?"
 "Didn't you send back a message, 'Returning at once. Rommel captured?'" demanded the CO.
 "Hell, no," said the scout. "What I said was, 'Returning at once. Camel ruptured.'"



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A Dependable Thing
 The "yankee dollar" is one of few known quantities left in the financial world. While this condition lasts, there is a way for weak and depleted countries to gain industrial and then financial strength. The dollar will remain good so long as Uncle Sam keeps meeting his obligations promptly, fulfilling promises and paying the interest on his stupendous national debt.

Our debt is so big and America's moral obligations are so exacting that taxes must be higher after the war, much higher than they have ever been in peaceful years before. Government has no way to get money except by taxing its citizens. Consequently the citizens have to be prosperous. There must be full employment, plenty of jobs at good wages—otherwise not enough taxes.

Holding our Ground
 The world is relying on the solvency of America, on the soundness of the dollar, and it all depends on jobs. Mr. Vinson said: "Taxes should be levied in such a way that they have the least harmful effect on the expansion of business investment and the creation of jobs because productive employment is the source of . . . revenue which the government collects from taxes."
 The Secretary's eye was not on taxes alone. In a recently published report he made it clear that productive employment is the foundation of America's living standard (highest in the world), the source of all income and the basis of prosperity for business and agriculture. We may be assured that Vinson will always do his best to prevent ruin of jobs by taxing business to a standstill.

A Rational Economy
 Here is a powerful and rational sentence from Vinson's pen: "The sooner uncertainties in the post-war tax structure are removed, the sooner business management will be inclined to make firm commitments for expansion and the faster men can be put back to work following the wholesale cancellation of contracts that will occur with the unconditional surrender of Japan."
 Persons who would like to see America in chaos, people who would like to see a dictator climb to power over America's wasted estates, may call the new Treasury head a friend of big business. He apparently is, to whatever extent such a friendship means jobs for workers, prosperity on the farm, customers in the store and food on the table for America's plain people.

Interesting Notes
 Swallows have been known to fly as fast as 70 miles an hour.
 The Massachusetts Bay Colony put a ceiling price on beer in 1634. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, the price was frozen at "one penny a quart at the most."
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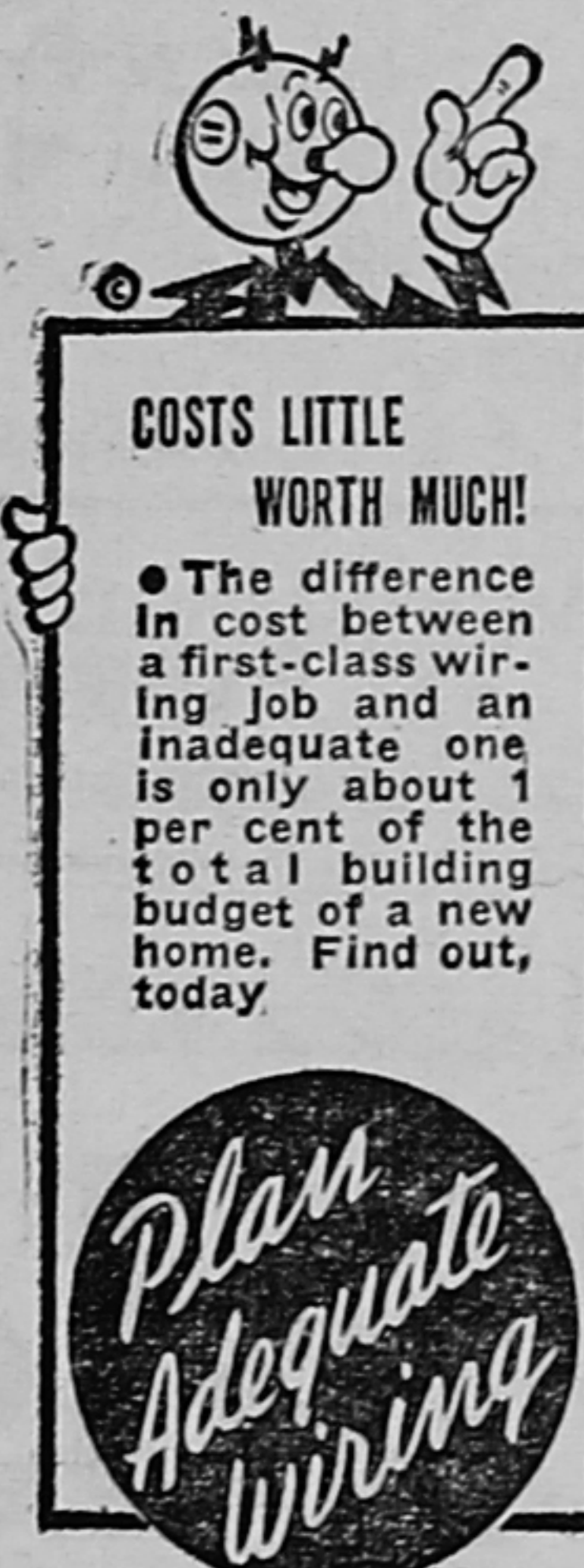
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CENTRAL ILLINOIS PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

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OLD JUDGE: "Yes, it's true, Henry. It's no notion of mine . . . it's a statement made by scientists who have studied the subject."

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ELECTRIC WELDING

Acetylene Welding and Cutting

Lathe Work

Bus Baldwin

1st Door North of Postoffice
 Broadlands

Play-Off

By WILLIAM RAINEY
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

L. T. STEVE WESTWIN'S pass allowed him to leave the convalescent center at two-thirty p. m. He boiled. He'd be late. Ensign Davis, the paper on the bulletin board read, challenged the winner of the center's golf tournament. At two p. m. at the Level Hill Country Club.

Steve breezed out the gate and fumed until the bus came along and he clambered in. He griped about the situation to the bus driver as they rolled over the warm southern countryside. "Always you have to do business with some red tape winder behind a desk," he growled. "I won the tournament, fair and square. I accepted this Navy upstart's challenge for today at two o'clock. The recreation committee sent word I'd be there. Then they gave me a pass to leave at two-thirty! Don't they want the honor of the Army upheld?"

"Maybe it's part of the idea to keep you boys relaxed. Not in a hurry," the bus driver said, seeking soothing words.

"How's your boy?" Steve asked. "Had a letter yesterday. Still in the Pacific," the man said.

Steve had had no experience in that theater of operations. He had eaten desert dust, and moved on until he was tagged for shipment in the other direction—Anzio. A pretty bad arm, but they did a neat reconstruction on it. He blessed them for that. When he won the tournament on the center's course, he knew he'd be going back some day to professional golf.

Now this Navy challenger, this pretender to the golf crown between the convalescent center and the Naval Hospital nearby—well, Steve was confident.

The bus ground to a stop at the country club. "Keep your left elbow straight and watch the ball," said the driver, whose loyalty was with the Army.

"I'll win even with a cannon ball," Steve assured him.

He wore brown flannels and hoped the Navy would be in exercise clothes too. He looked at his wrist watch. Three-fifteen. It might be too much to expect the Navy to be there at all.

Extensive inquiry at the clubhouse brought Steve no knowledge of the presence or whereabouts of Ensign Davis.

He decided the center would have to send a formal apology for his lateness and went out to the first tee alone. The course looked inviting.

He played good golf to the sixth hole. A girl, also alone, was leaving the green ahead. Steve holed out and walked to the next tee. The girl had driven. She was halfway down the fairway, searching the ditch against the fence. Steve waited. Then he skipped his own drive and walked down. "Lose something?" he called, grinning, as he approached her.

"The ball. The only one I had. One measly repaint job and I lost it!" She brushed long blonde hair from her face. Steve looked hard for the ball. He looked at the girl the same way. He stopped grumbling to himself about missing the play-off.

They couldn't locate the ball. Steve produced one and bounced it on the fairway. "Use this," he offered.

"Thanks," the girl said. "I was playing better than I expected. Then I put this drive into the fence. That's what happens when you stop concentrating."

"I know," Steve said. "Play much golf?" she asked. Steve said he did, but hadn't until lately. No use being a bore about his pro efforts. He couldn't completely suppress curiosity about how this girl played the game, however.

But the way she looked in a gray skirt and yellow blouse would justify any performance. It turned out that her game was up to her looks. That was apparent in the first shot she made with an iron straight to the green. She sank the first putt.

At the ninth hole she said, "I'll play you through to the eighteenth. That is, if I don't lose the ball."

"You'd better not," Steve jibed. It was Ellen and Steve between them now. Neither one remained more than two strokes up on the other for very long. Steve was playing briskly and enjoying the companionship as well as the sport. At the seventeenth they were even.

Steve held out his hand. "Last hole, Ellen. May the best girl win." Her smile was very warm, and they played the final strokes carefully. Three apiece to the green. Ellen canned out in one putt. Steve watched her fondly. A great partner, he thought. He took two.

That's what happens when you stop concentrating, Steve thought, as they sat in the nineteenth hole with a pair of frosty glasses. But it had been a pleasure to see her win. He was wondering how to ask her for a date.

"It was fun," Ellen said. "I'm not angry at that soldier for not showing up. Ensign Ellen Davis had her game anyway."

"Who's that?" Steve asked, nearly dropping his glass.

"That's me. I'm a WAVE at the Naval Hospital." Steve decided he wouldn't tell Ensign Davis who lost the play-off until she saw him in uniform when they had the date she made with him then.

Swearingen Rites Held at Tolono on Monday

Tolono, Feb. 18—Funeral services were held at the Luce funeral home here Monday afternoon for Mrs. Naomi Swearingen, 89, who died at 4:45 p. m. Saturday, in Burnham City hospital, Champaign. She had been a patient at the hospital for more than three weeks.

Services were conducted by Rev. J. R. Kesterson. Burial was in Bailey Memorial cemetery.

Mrs. Swearingen, a daughter of William and Margaret Lafferty, had lived on a farm southeast of Tolono for more than 60 years. When her husband, Will Swearingen, died several years ago, she continued to live on the farm alone. Her only child, Bessie, died in 1920.

Mrs. Swearingen is survived by two grandnephews and one grandniece.

Local and Personal

Mrs. Oliver Eddy was a Villa Grove visitor Saturday.

James Crain of Chicago arrived Saturday for a visit with relatives.

Broadlands Chapter O. E. S. will have Past Officers night on Saturday at 8 o'clock.

Earl Kresin underwent a major operation at Jarman hospital, Tuscola, Tuesday of this week.

Neva Jean Keilbach spent the weekend with relatives in Villa Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Cable and daughter were business callers in Paris, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Gilroy of Sidell visited in the Levi Hardyman home Sunday.

Mrs. Cecil Darr of Homer visited her aunts, Mrs. Alice Cable and Mrs. Essie Shultz, last Friday afternoon.

The local high school basketball five lost to Seymour by a score of 36 to 31, on the local floor, Friday night of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keilbach were called to Marion, Saturday, by the death of the former's mother, who was 87 years old.

Mrs. Emma Porter of Marion, Ohio, arrived Saturday for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Alice Cable.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Zantow attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Naomi Swearingen at Tolono, Monday.

Mrs. O. E. Anderson is getting about with the aid of crutches after injuring her foot in a fall on the stairs at her home, Saturday.

Harold L. Smith, who entered St. Elizabeth hospital for a check-up on Friday of last week, returned to his home here on Wednesday evening.

Broadlands high school basketball team topped the Longview (B) high school team on the local floor on Wednesday night of last week. The score was 35-33 in favor of Broadlands.

Relatives here have received word that Mrs. Lucy Johnson Cole of Eaton Rapids, Mich., had a fall and broke her left ankle. She will be bedfast for some time.

For Sale—Certified Vicland Seed Oats and Lincoln Soy Beans. Member of Illinois Crop Improvement Association, and American Soy Bean Association.

S. A. Buddemeier, Sidney, Ill. Phone Sidney, 44F3

Longview News

(Thelma D. Kraft, Reporter)

Mrs. Harry Senter is ill with a very sore throat.

Mrs. Frank Dalzell and Mrs. Clarence Kraft were Sidney visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Howard Harshbarger of Urbana spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Jane Sperlin.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Daniels spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Luther Daniels of Danville.

Mrs. Frank Dalzell and Mrs. Clarence Kraft were Tuscola visitors Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Hutcheson of Champaign spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Flood.

John Peden entered Mercy hospital Wednesday suffering with erysipelas.

M. H. Keefe entered Mercy hospital Saturday for treatment of a stiff neck.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Cook of Charleston, and Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Cook of Alton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Keefe.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Krutinger and family spent Sunday with the latter's aunt, Mrs. Grace Parks.

Miss Betty Lou Dyar entertained the junior and senior girls at a slumber party Friday night in celebration of her 17th birthday.

The Loyal Workers of the Christian church met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. J. C. Deere, ten members being present.

Mrs. Don McQueen entertained the L. S. L. club Thursday with ten members and one guest present.

Pvt. Ted Ringo of Camp Robinson, Ark., is visiting his parents, enroute to Camp Pickett, Va. and then to Europe.

Pvt. Billie Downie of Ft. Bliss, Texas, has received his discharge and is assisting his father in the Texaco Service station in New-man.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kraft and daughter, Mrs. Edd Shunk and Miss Jane Shunk spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ormsby of Philo.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dyar entertained a few relatives and friends Tuesday evening for Clyde Collins who had reenlisted in the army and left Thursday.

Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Robinson entertained the U. B. Ladies Aid on Wednesday afternoon with ten members present. A surprise handkerchief shower was given in honor of Mrs. Roy Davis on her birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Jahr, Mrs. Ralph Hales of Mahomet; Noel Hales, a warrant officer in the Marine corps, Vero Beach, Fla.; and Mrs. Russell Dukes of Champaign spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Reed Hales.

Mrs. Dophia Warner Is Hostess to L. W. Class

The L. W. Class of the U. B. church met at the home of Mrs. Dophia Warner, Wednesday afternoon, with six members in attendance.

Mrs. Leona Bergfield opened the meeting, with the group singing "Wonderful Words of Life." Devotions were in charge of Mrs. Lula Pearson, who gave some wonderful demonstrations on the topic "God's Word."

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Ella Maxwell.

We want your news items.
The News is \$2.00 per year.

Home Owners Can Keep Lawns Free of Weeds

American home owners may now keep their lawns free of weeds at an average cost of \$1.00 a season as the result of a new development in 2, 4-D, a weed-killing plant hormone, scientists at the Ohio State Agricultural Experiment Station revealed today.

Developed from an ester of 2, 4-Dichlorophenoxyacetic acid, this chemical which has been named Weed-No-More kills most broad-leaf weeds but is harmless to common lawn grasses. Instead of back-breaking digging every summer the average householder can now merely spray on this chemical and enjoy a smooth and weed free lawn.

The preparation is particularly effective against dandelions, poison ivy, chickweed, bindweed, plantain, thistle and many other weeds, the Scientist said. It will not injure the soil and is harmless to humans and animals. It is odorless and non-staining.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us during the illness and after the death of our beloved wife and mother. We deeply appreciate the floral offerings and the pallbearers for their services.

Mr. LeRoy Richey,
Mr. Charles E. Swick,
Mrs. W. R. Divan,
Mrs. Clyde Berry.

Custom Corn Shelling and Hauling

Edgar David

Phone 42R3 Broadlands, Ill.

Market Report

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

No. 2 yellow beans\$2.15
No. 2 hard wheat, new 1.60
No. 2 white corn 1.22
No. 2 yellow corn 1.07
No. 2 oats, new72

Place your news items in our mail box.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Northbound 1:03 p. m.
Southbound 1:46 p. m.

Star Mail Route

Southbound 6:45 a. m.
Northbound 4:25 p. m.

Place your news items in our mail box.

The News is \$2.00 per year.

HOMER THEATRE

Always A Good Show

Fri. & Sat., Feb. 22-23

Roy Rogers
George (Gabby) Hayes
Man From Oklahoma

Sun., Mon. & Tues., Feb. 24-25-26

Danny Kaye
Wonder Man
In Technicolor

Wed., Thur., Feb. 27-28

The picture that may change your life!

The Cheaters

starring Joseph Schildkraut

Fri. & Sat., Mar. 1-2

Gene Autry-Smiley Burnette
The Old Barn Dance

Admission: Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, 12c and 35c; Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 12c, 25c.

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

Gem Theatre

Villa Grove - Illinois

Thur. & Fri., Feb. 21-22

Burgess Meredith, Robert Mitchum—
Story of GI Joe

Saturday, Feb. 23

2 Features
Adele Mara, Edgar Barrier
Song of Mexico
Also
Bill Elliott, Bobby Blake
Colorado Pioneers

Sun. & Mon., Feb. 24-25

Ann Sothern, George Murphy—

Up Comes Maisie

Main Features Starting at 2:23—4:16—6:09—8:02

Tues., Wed., Feb. 26-27

Charles Laughton, Randolph Scott—
Captain Kidd

Thur. & Fri., Feb. 28, and March 1

Gene Tierney, George Sanders—

Sundown

Attend Church

Sometime Sunday

Cash Specials!

Friday - Saturday, Feb. 22-23

- Spaghetti, 2 lbs. .15
- Macaroni, 2 lbs. .15
- Old Judge Coffee .35
- Vel .25
- Pork & Beans .14
- Hominy, 2 1-2 can .15
- Kraut, 2 1-2 can .17
- Dauntless Coffee .30
- Clorox, qt. .18
- Corn Flakes .09
- Toilet Paper .05

All Kinds of Fresh Fruits Meats and Vegetables

ROY HURST