

Mt. Pulaski Times-News

MT. PULASKI, ILLINOIS

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HARRY J. WIBLE, Editor and Publisher

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Thursday, December 1, 1932

BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS SEALS

It is impossible to estimate the value to the community at large and to individuals of the work which the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis has accomplished, and is still accomplishing, in combating the dreaded disease which is popularly known as "the great white plague."

There is no disease, doctors tell us, that is quite so universally prevalent as tuberculosis. Indeed, Dr. Logan Clendening, one of the foremost writers on medical topics, states in one of his books that probably every human being has at one time or another been infected with the tuberculosis bacillus. Most people recover without help, but there is a very high percentage who, unless the course of the disease is checked, are certain to die at an early age.

The prevention and stamping out of tuberculosis is largely a matter of education. We know a great deal more about this disease than our parents did. Curing it is not a matter of climate so much as it is a matter of rest, quiet, ample nourishment and exposure to the sunshine. The cure of the disease, if taken in its early stages, is said to be reasonably assured. Its prevention is easy when everybody who may be exposed to it understands the elementary principles of sanitation.

This education is the work of the Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, which is supported by the pennies paid by millions of Americans every year for the Christmas seals with which to decorate Christmas letters and packages. Anything from one cent up is an acceptable contribution. There is no better evidence of the spirit of helpfulness than to put these Christmas seals on the envelopes of all of your Christmas cards and packages.

"SOLID AS A ROCK"

"Life insurance stands out of the present emergency solid as a rock, like a light house showing the way out of the storm to safety."

That sounds like an excerpt from a life insurance company's advertising, or a statement of an insurance salesman. It's neither one. It's taken from a recent editorial in the Milwaukee Sentinel. And it's a fact.

Nothing has done more in these trying times to offset distress than life insurance. Nothing has done more to rebuild estates and create new ones. Nothing has done more to protect wives and children and other dependents who have little or no earning power. Nothing has done more to put sorely needed money into circulation.

Depression has shown us just what life insurance means to the average man. When he buys a policy it is as if he gave his money to a staff of experts with boundless economic knowledge at their fingertips, working under stringent laws, to invest for him. In addition, these experts have, over a period of years, been accumulating gigantic reserves which exist solely to protect his investment. And, should he die, the whole amount he has contracted to "buy" will be paid his beneficiary, no matter how little he has paid in.

That is life insurance—the safest and the most stable of all investments. It is no wonder that life insurance sales have held to very high levels in the face of a tremendous decline in the general purchasing power.

THE FARMERS' CONFERENCE

We don't know, because nobody knows, just how much will be accomplished by the Farmers' National Relief Conference which is to meet in Washington on December 7th, but we don't see how any harm can come from it, and there is a possibility that a great deal of good may come.

We will feel a lot more confident about the possible good, however when we find out just who is going to represent the farmers. If the plan is carried out of having only real "dirt farmers," really representative of the farming communities of all parts of the country, we think a

great deal of good can be done. We will be very distrustful if there are politicians and office seekers pretending to represent the farmers at this conference. We have no confidence at all in a great many of the persons who have in the past been spokesmen for agriculture in Washington.

We think it will be of the greatest value to have the actual farmers who know precisely what they are talking about right there in the national capital to tell their own story directly to members of Congress and administrative officials.

One caravan of farmers is already enroute from the Pacific Coast for Washington. We understand that there will be farmer delegations from about thirty states arriving in Washington in six marching delegations. So far as their program has been formulated, we understand that they want to get assurances against evictions from their farms, a moratorium on debts which they cannot pay and cash relief to relieve hunger. Those are reasonable proposals, although we are not at all sure that it is necessary for the farmers to march in a body to Washington to get them.

If out of this demonstration comes a sound, intelligent, practical plan for helping farmers who need help without wasting money on impractical schemes or throwing it away for the benefit of those who do not need it, this farmers' convention ought to be a success.

TWO ATTITUDES

The transport problem is usually viewed from two distinct attitudes. One is that the railroads are being unfairly treated and that all common carriers should be regulated as much alike as is feasible. The other is that the railroads are a dying industry and that there is no point in cramping the style of progress by extending strict regulation to their competitors.

To many uninformed or unthinking persons, this last argument is a persuasive one. We see trucks carrying merchandise and freight where, a few years ago, the rails were supreme. We see buses ply the highways loaded with passengers that once traveled by railroad. It's easy to believe the "dying industry" argument.

The figures, however, paint a different story. The railroads still carry almost all the heavy tonnage of the country. They still move about 75 per cent of all freight tonnage. No other medium has arisen that shows any sign of being able to take their place, particularly on long hauls.

The problem, then, resolves into this: We must have a transport policy that recognizes conditions as they are—not as they were or may be. There is a place for trucks, for pipe lines, for airplanes, for waterways—but that doesn't mean that the railroads have been replaced. The rails are and will continue to be the backbone of the nation's transport. That being true, any sound program must guarantee them a fair deal and allocate to each carrier its most useful place in the transport scheme.

THINK OF IT

According to B. C. Forbes, writing in Cosmopolitan, we have to pay the tax gatherers \$26,636 every minute of every day, including holidays.

We have to pay them \$5,611,379 every hour of a 48-hour working week.

We have to pay them \$44,871,794 every business day.

THE WAY OF LIFE

By Bruce Barton

THE FIRST MIRACLE

The Gospels tell a different story. The life of Jesus, as we read it in the scriptures is what the life of Lincoln would be if we were given nothing of his boyhood and young manhood, very little of his work in the White House and every detail of his assassination. All of the four gospels contain very full accounts of the weeping which attended the crucifixion; John alone remembered the laughter and which the first miracle was performed.

It was in the little town of Cana, not far from Nazareth; and Jesus and his mother had been invited to a wedding feast. Often such a celebration continued several days. Everybody was expected to enjoy himself to the utmost as long as the food and drink lasted—and it was a point of pride with the bride's mother that both food and drink should last a long time.

Enthusiasm was at a high pitch on this occasion when a servant entered nervously and whispered a distressing message to

the hostess. The wine had given out.

Most of the guests were too busy to note the entrance of the servant or the quick flush that mounted to the hostess's cheek. But one woman's sight and sympathy were keener. The mother of Jesus saw every move in the little tragedy, and with that instinct which is quicker than reason she understood its meaning. She leaned over to her son and confided the message:

"Son, the wine is gone."

Well, what of it? He was only one of a score of guests, perhaps a hundred. There had been wine enough as it was; the party was noisy and none too restrained. Besides there was a precedent in the matter. Only a few weeks before when he was tortured by hunger in the wilderness, he has refused to use his miraculous power to transform stones into bread. If the recruiting of his own strength was beneath the dignity of a miracle, surely he could hardly be expected to intervene to prolong a party like this.

Did any such thoughts cross Jesus' mind? If they did we have no record of it. He glanced across at the wistful face of the hostess—already tears sparkled under her lids—he remembered that the event was the one social triumph of her self-sacrificing life; and instantly his decision was formed.

He sent for six pots and ordered them filled with water. When the contents of the first one was drawn, the ruler of the feast lifted his glass to the bridegroom, and the bewildered but happy hostess; "Every man setteth on first the good wine," he

Presidents Give Forth Thanks

While Thanksgiving usually is thought of as a day of gratitude for all things, big and small, American Presidents have proclaimed it for very specific reasons, according to a story emanating from Washington, D. C.

In the words of Washington, Madison, Lincoln and Wilson, thanks were given for years of crisis safely passed. In the brevity of Grant, the studious sentences of Rutherford B. Hayes, the pithy passage of Theodore Roosevelt, years of prosperity were thankfully reckoned.

This year President Herbert Hoover incorporated George Washington's Thanksgiving proclamation in his own. Washington issued two, the first, quoted by Mr. Hoover, celebrating in 1789 the adoption of the Constitution, and in 1795 the benefits enjoyed under it.

Madison, who had seen his white house and his capitol burned by the British in 1814, didn't wait until the next November rolled around to be appreciative of peace, but proclaimed a special special Thanksgiving day on Thursday, January 12, 1815, celebrating the December 24, 1814, treaty of Ghent.

Not until another dire war did another president proclaim Thanksgiving. In 1863 Abraham Lincoln really started the annual Thanksgiving proclamation custom.

For the nation's mere existence Lincoln was thankful.

"It has pleased Almighty God to prolong our national life another year," was the way his second one started, in 1864.

But by the next administration, Andrew Johnson in 1866 could give thanks that "we have been allowed to send our railroad system far into the inner recesses of our country."

Grant in 1870 was terse and business-like about saying "it behooves a people sensible of their dependence of the Almighty to acknowledge gratitude."

In contrast came the paean of President Hayes in 1877 commencing "the completed circles of our summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, has brought to us the accustomed season at which a religious people celebrate, with praise and thanksgiving, the enduring mercy of Almighty God."

Most presidents concentrated on what the nation should be thankful for, but Grover Cleveland, centering on how to spend the day, put in this human touch. "And let there also be, on the day thus set apart, a reunion of families, sanctified and cleansed by tender memories and associations; and let the social intercourse of friends, with pleasant reminiscence, renew the ties of affection and strengthen the bonds of kindly feeling."

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cried, "and when men have drunk freely, then that which is worse. But thou has kept the good wine until now."

The mother of Jesus looked on in wonder. She had never fully understood her son; she did not ask to understand. He had somehow saved the situation; she did not question how. And what was sufficient for her; is sufficient for us.

The Family Doctor

By John Joseph Gaines, M. D.

HORSE SENSE

Somehow, I can't get away from the good old plan of eating because I am hungry—the best reason on earth, isn't it? If you are not hungry—and have no appetite when you should have one—then something may be wrong; better see your doctor,—that's what he's for. It may be an easy time to set you right.

Then—I still cling to the ancient plan of eating things that taste good. What's wrong with that? Just why should I be obligated to force down stuff that I despise? Eating is part of my reward for being a good, industrious boy. That also applies to you, dear reader. If you are a girl, simply change genders in this letter and go ahead. Boys are not so different from girls, when it comes to living and eating.

Those two good old rules—eat because you are hungry, and eat what tastes good. It will take a lot of theory to scare up better ones.

But . . . people get to figuring on "balanced ration," and "calories," and they fuss around about them, with an air of superior learning. First thing you know, you are off on the trail of "vitamines," and then you don't lack much of being in over your head! You get afraid to eat white bread—really the most nutritious, best tasting bread in the world. Are you scared of white bread? One of my contemporaries refers to certain bread alarms as "the vitamin fad." That's not far from right.

I've written thousands of words on diet and eating—yes, Millions. After all, I believe I feel better by practicing plain horse sense, that tells me not to eat too much—but what I like.

Spanish girls with their high heels and black mantillas; Italians with the first hurdy-gurdy that had been seen on the streets of that city for many years; and Dutch boys and girls from Holland; etc.

It was just one great big time, and delighted and thrilled the monster crowd.



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