

# THE BROADLANDS NEWS

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1934

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## George W. Telling, of Danville, Dies Suddenly

### Brother of Albert Telling of Broadlands.—Passes While Reading Paper, Sunday.

The citizens of Broadlands were greatly shocked and grieved last Monday morning, when they learned of the sudden passing of George W. Telling, of Danville.

Mr. Telling was cashier of the Bank of Broadlands for a number of years before going to Danville.

The following article concerning Mr. Telling is copied from the Danville Commercial-News:

Death came suddenly Sunday night to George W. Telling, 63, vice-president of First National Bank. He died at his residence, 444 North Hazel Street, shortly after 9 o'clock.

The bank executive had just entered the house with his wife and Mrs. Anna Lyons, a relative of Wichita, Kan., after attending a musical at First Baptist Church. He removed his coat and hat in the hallway, walked into the sitting room, picked up a newspaper and seated himself in a chair to read. A few minutes later he coughed and turned pale. His wife rushed to his side but he was dead. He had not spoken after sitting down to read.

Mr. Telling had not complained of any illness, according to relatives. He took his regular place in the choir at St. James M. E. Church, Sunday morning. After the musical at the Baptist Church in the evening he congratulated the singers. During the afternoon he viewed the body of a friend who died a few days before and remarked to a brother of that friend, "We don't know when we are going to be called."

Mr. Telling was prominent in Masonry and community affairs during his Danville residence of more than 29 years. George W. Telling was born near Jacksonville, Ill., on a farm July 7, 1871, son of Edward and Sarah Taylor Telling. He came here in 1905 from Broadlands to become cashier of the Commercial-Trust & Savings Bank. He rose to president of the bank, holding this office when it consolidated with the First National Bank in 1932. He then became vice president of the First National.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Anna Lyons Telling; his mother, Mrs. Sarah Telling, 90 years old, city; a son, Gordon; three sisters: Mrs. Harlan Six, Allerton, Mrs. Charles Miller, Liberal, Kan., and Miss Mayme Telling, city; three brothers: John W., Beaumont, Tex., Edward R., city, and Albert, Broadlands; two grandchildren, Ray and Richard, sons of Gordon Telling. Funeral services were held from St. James M. E. Church, Wednesday afternoon with the Rev. Charles R. Ross, officiating. Masonic services were held at the church and also at the grave in Springfield Cemetery.

George W. Telling was known throughout the city for his interest in community work and in the Middle West as a prominent Mason. He was a member of the Rotary Club and a past president. He held a unique attendance record, not having missed a weekly Rotary meeting for more than 13 years. He was also a member of Modern Woodmen of America.

He was a member of St. James M. E. Church and its official board and treasurer of Springfield Cemetery Association, Danville Chamber of Commerce, Danville Consistory and the Masonic Temple Corporation.

He contributed his musical talents, both vocal and instrumental, during his residence in Danville. He was a member of St. James M. E. Choir and First Baptist Church Quartet and of the Kimber and First M. E. Church Quartets during their active days. During the weekly Rotary meetings he often led the singing. He played in the St. James M. E. Sunday School orchestra and was a member of Danville Consistory Band.

Mr. Telling first became a Mason at Broadlands 40 years ago. He was past master of that lodge. He retained his Broadlands membership until Further Light Lodge, 1130, was formed here in 1925 and during that time was active in lodge work at both Danville and Broadlands.

He was a charter member of Further Light Lodge and its master in 1927. He took an examination for grand lecturer in 1928 and received his commission that year. He remained active in the work of Further Light until his death.

He was a member of the committee on lodge finance of the Grand Lodge of Illinois in 1930 and was named chairman in 1932 by his close friend, Dr. G. Haven Stephens, then grand master of Illinois Masons.

Mr. Telling joined the lodge of Perfection, Scottish Rite, in 1906 and received the 32nd Consistory Degree in December, 1911, with the first class of Danville Consistory. He received the honorary 33rd degree in Boston, Mass., in 1930.

He was exalted in Vermilion Chapter, 82, Royal Arch Masons, Sept. 10, 1906 and received the degree of Royal Select Master in Danville Council, 37, May 22, 1916. He was knighted in Athelstan Commandery, 45, Knights Templar, March 28.

Another Masonic organization with which he was affiliated was the Grand Lecturers Club of Central Illinois. He held membership in the Eastern Star Order at Broadlands many years.

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## News Items of 12 Years Ago

Dec. 1, 1922

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Camerer of Springfield visited relatives here.

Chas. Walker and family of Danville visited relatives here.

A son, Robert Charles, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Thode.

The Royal Neighbors held a Kermis and box supper in the M. W. A. hall.

Mr. and Mrs. George Walker left for a visit with relatives at Mayfield, Kansas.

The Philo highs defeated the Broadlands highs in a basketball game here 21 to 2. The Philo grades also defeated the local grades in a game 16 to 1.

### Bazaar and Food Sale, Dec. 8

M. E. Ladies Aid will hold a bazaar and food sale and serve lunch consisting of hamburgers, pie and coffee, in the Bergfield building, Saturday, Dec. 8.

## World's Biggest Stock Show December 1 to 8

Chicago—Through eight spectacular days and nights American agriculture will be revealed in its most appealing form at the International Live Stock Exposition, to be held here December 1 to 8.

Officials of the Exposition state that approximately 12,500 of the continent's choicest farm animals will be assembled by the opening day in readiness for the continent wide competitions and contests in which they will be featured throughout the first week of December.

On Saturday, Dec. 1, farm boys and girls from eleven states will lead their prize baby-beeves before the noted foreign cattle judge, Walter Biggar, who is now enroute from his home in Scotland to award the prizes in the cattle classes. Teams of agricultural college students from many states will also compete in a national stock judging contest on the opening day; and as a preliminary event, on Nov. 30, state champion teams of high school boys and girls will compete in a similar contest.

Saturday evening, Dec. 1, will bring the first of the spectacular Horse Shows to the brilliantly decorated amphitheatre, which will seat 12,000 people. The Horse Shows will continue every evening throughout the week of the Exposition.

Beginning on Monday, Dec. 3, and continuing until the closing day, magnificent parades of the kings and queens of the farm animal world will pass in proud review before the judges who will select the winners among the 30 different breeds of live stock that will be represented at the Exposition this year.

The management announces that on the closing days of the Exposition there will be auction sales of thousands of the prize-winning meat animals. Steamship lines and the railroads, hotels and quality meat markets each year pay premium prices for these prime quality offerings for which there is keen demand during the holiday season.

## Mrs. Minnie Anderson Hostess to G. T. Club

Mrs. Minnie Anderson entertained the G. T. Club at her home Thursday afternoon of last week.

The afternoon was spent in playing "500," with Mrs. Olive Rayl holding high score.

The hostess served creamed chicken in patties, hot rolls, butter, perfection salad and coffee.

Members present were Mesdames Jessie Bergfeld, Leona Bergfeld, Ruth Henson, Bertha Cook, Ida Messman, Lillie Bowman, Jennie Nohren, Delia Nohren, Edna Telling, Maude Fitzgerald, Edna Struck, Edna Dicks Irene Witt, Irene Wiese, Elsa Walker, Zermah Witt, Theresa Smith, Freda Maxwell, Gladys McClelland, Eva Boyd, Sue Harden, Olive Rayl and Minnie Anderson. Mrs. Leathie Boyd was a guest.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Betty Dicks.

C. I. P. S. Co. advertises in this week's issue of The News.

Miss Alice Maxwell spent last Friday and Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith at Fairland.

## Elmer Drake Dies at Newman, Friday

### Made His Home Here With His Sister, Mrs. J. W. Gallion for Sometime.

Elmer Drake, 50, died suddenly last Friday evening about 9:15 o'clock, following a heart attack, at the home of his mother, Mrs. Susan Drake, at Newman. He had been in ill health for some time and bedfast for a week.

Mr. Drake was well known here having made his home with his sister, Mrs. J. W. Gallion, part of the time during the past three years. He worked as an electrician in Chicago for many years, but had been unemployed since the depression.

Funeral services were held at the home on Monday afternoon at 2:30, Rev. G. E. Keithley, pastor of the Newman Presbyterian church officiating. Mr. Drake was given a military funeral, having been a veteran of the World War. The Newman Post of the American Legion had charge of the burial rites. Interment was in the Newman cemetery.

Surviving are two children, Charles and Catherine of Chicago; four brothers, John, William, Thomas and Oscar, all of Newman; four sisters, Mrs. Nellie Harvey, Mt. Clemens, Mich.; Mrs. Jennie Gallion, Broadlands; Mrs. Thelma Ringer, Newman; and Mrs. Mollie Buckles, Campaign.

## Sixteen Million Dollar Highway Program

A sixteen million dollar highway program for improvements in more than 70 counties of the State has been announced by Governor Henry Horner, following word from federal authorities that the second Illinois 1935 public works plan, submitted in October has been fully approved. This plan covers the appropriation of \$8,900,000 which became available from federal NIRA funds in July of this year and additional State and Federal funds through applications for Public Works Administration grants.

The total cost of the projects, as estimated by the State Department of Public Works and Buildings, Division of Highways, will be \$16,257,388.77 with the NIRA \$8,900,000 appropriation, an outright gift to the State, for federal aid roads, secondary roads and projects in municipalities in 71 counties, and \$7,399,049.77, of which thirty per cent or \$2,021,033.88 is to be supplied by the Federal government as a PWA grant, for projects in Cook, Lake, DuPage, St. Clair, Massac and Madison counties.

Approval of the second Illinois program comes with the State well under way towards completion of its original program which brought seventeen and one-half millions of dollars of NIRA funds from the Federal government. All of the original program is under contract except five projects, and it is anticipated that right-of-way difficulties which have delayed these will be disposed of shortly to permit entire completion.

Another good rain visited this vicinity last Tuesday night.

The Illinois Theater, Newman, is advertising some splendid shows in this issue.

## Walter Connolly in "Whom Gods Destroy"

Just where does a man's duty to humanity stop and his duty to himself begin?

This question is treated with amazing forcefulness in "Whom the Gods Destroy," featuring Walter Connolly, Doris Kenyon and Robert Young, which will be shown here Friday and Saturday nights of this week.

As John Forrester, a theatrical producing genius whose greatest ambition is to perpetuate his name in the theatre through his son, Walter Connolly is faced with the question of saving his own life in a shipwreck or giving his place in a lifeboat to another. Previously he has encountered a communist who has called him a capitalistic pig and challenged him with the question: "Did you ever make a sacrifice for a human being?" His imagination fired by the question, he battles alongside of officers of the ship to stop terror-stricken men from trampling women and children in their frenzied efforts to get to a lifeboat. As the ship is about to sink, Forrester thinks of his wife and adored son. Panic seizes him and, seeing a woman's coat, he puts it around him and takes his place in a lifeboat, disguised as a woman.

Did he do right or wrong? Was his duty to humanity or to his wife and son?

"Whom the Gods Destroy," deals with this question in a poignant, compelling dramatic fashion. The picture serves to introduce Walter Connolly in his most important role. In the cast, in addition to Doris Kenyon and Robert Young, are Hobart Bosworth, Mary Carr, Jack Mulhall, Scotty Beckett, Rollo Lloyd and Geneva Mitchell.

## K. K. K.'s Meet at the Oliver Coryell Home

The Keep Climbing Klass of the United Brethren Sunday school met Thursday night of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Coryell.

Miss Anna Clem had charge of the business meeting. Mrs. Lillie Bowman and Miss Bessie Harris had charge of the entertainment for the evening.

Refreshments of lettuce and peanut butter sandwiches, deviled ham sandwiches, doughnuts, and cocoa were served.

Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland, son Bobby, Miss Inez Brown, Rodney Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clem and son, Ralph, Lawrence Lee and daughter, Reba Jean.

Members present were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Struck and son, Rev. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Coryell and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Warren, Mrs. Hazel Lee, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, Misses Juanita Bergfeld, Bessie Harris, Anna Clem, Alice Maxwell, Marcelle Nohren; Wilbur, Leonard, Clifford Thomas.

Broadlands Lodge, A. F. & A. M., will meet on next Monday night.

Ora Timmons and family of Sidell visited relatives here Sunday.

Wilbur, Leonard, Clifford and Nellie Thomas spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Thomas at Fort Wayne, Ind.

## Miss Bessie Harris and Rodney Bowers Wed

Rodney Bowers of Clifton, and Miss Bessie Harris of Broadlands, were united in marriage at the U. B. parsonage in Longview last Monday, with Rev. J. F. Turner, officiating. The attendants were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Warren of Hume, sister and brother-in-law of the bride.

Mrs. Bowers is a daughter of Mrs. Lillous Harris of Broadlands.

Following the ceremony the young couple left for Clifton for a two weeks visit with the groom's parents.

## A Sharp Increase of Rabbit Fever

With open season for rabbits scarcely more than a week old in Illinois, the results of handling infected hares is already reflected in a sharp increase of tularemia or rabbit fever, according to an announcement made by Dr. Frank J. Jirka, director of the State Department of Public Health. The half dozen cases reported so far this month are the first of some 200 or 300 which will occur during the next three months if the incidence runs true to form, the director said.

"I heartily recommend rabbit hunting, both for the fine sport and the delicious game food it provides," said Dr. Jirka, "but be careful. Probably one in each 10 to 15 rabbits is infected with a disease called tularemia. It can be acquired by humans only when handling rabbits before they are cooked. Rubber gloves worn while skinning and dressing rabbits give complete protection against this risk. The infection in rabbits does not make them any less desirable for food.

Three cases of tularemia were reported last week, two from Quincy and one from Lawrenceville. One patient was a housewife who prepared a rabbit for cooking. The other two were men who had dressed rabbits.

"Tularemia is not a very fatal disease but usually drags along for several weeks or months. It is often difficult to recognize, accurate diagnosis usually depending upon laboratory tests of blood specimens. It may frequently be confused with typhoid fever, malaria, or even tuberculosis.

"The infection takes place when blood from an infected rabbit gets into the blood stream of a person. This usually occurs when the person dressing a rabbit has a scratch or a broken place in the skin."

## Broadlands Chapter Observes Guest Night

Broadlands Chapter, Order of Eastern Star, observed Guest Night on last Saturday night, Villa Grove chapter having been invited, and also some members from a number of other surrounding chapters. There was a large attendance.

A short program was enjoyed after which refreshments were served.

Why Actors Die Poor! An interesting article discussing some famous instances will be found in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next Sunday's Chicago Herald And Examiner.



### Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.  
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#### Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day, as we know it, is a distinctly American institution, although festivals of similar import may be traced back many hundreds of years. The Hebrew Feast of the Tabernacles, the Greek Thesmophoria, the Roman Cerealia and the English Harvest Home all appear to have had something in common with our national holiday.

Immediately after the first harvest of the Pilgrims in 1621 Thanksgiving was first observed in America. Similar observances were instituted by other colonies. During the Revolution several Thanksgiving Days were appointed by the Continental Congress.

President George Washington designated November 26, 1789, as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer. President Madison appointed a day of thanksgiving at the close of the War of 1812. Various states observed the day irregularly during succeeding years, but it was not until 1864 that the day became a fixed annual event.

In that year President Lincoln appointed the fourth Thursday of November as a day of national Thanksgiving by official proclamation, and the example thus set has been followed by all succeeding Presidents.

Washington's original Thanksgiving proclamation is preserved in the Library of Congress. The precious document was lost for more than 100 years, until it was discovered among some Washington manuscripts being auctioned in New York in 1921, when it was purchased for \$300 and restored to the government archives.

#### A Soldier's View

It may be true that military men favor maintenance of larger armies and navies than the average citizen deems necessary. But that they want war is not true. No class is more opposed to war than those who must inevitably take part in it when it comes. Particularly is this true of those who have experienced the horrors of war.

But military men who have seen the slaughter of untrained or partially trained troops are naturally believers in adequate measures of preparedness. As a rule they have little faith in the idea that war is a thing of the past.

At the same time they realize that public sentiment is against a regular military establishment and content themselves with making the best preparations possible with the means Congress provides. Their attitude is well expressed by Major General Charles P. Summerall, who once said:

"We have never fought a war with trained and equipped troops and we never shall do so. It is inconsistent with the form of our government and the psychology of our people to maintain adequate military preparedness. They would rather pay the price that has followed every war than to spend a part of that amount in preserving peace."

When Nebuchadnezzar ate the grass he probably didn't appreciate that he was getting the benefit of vitamins A and B.

### Interesting Notes

Seismographs over the world record about 10,000 earthquakes annually, but most of them are minor shocks.

Mrs. Eva Wilton of New York pleaded that a brainstorm made her steal, but she was convicted and sentenced.

Paris subways have 60 miles of track, operate 297 trains and carry an average of 1,860,000 passengers a day.

G. F. Horne, 64, of London, who has only one leg, has driven motor cars more than 400,000 miles.

A hospital on wheels, operated by the Canadian Red Cross, is serving outpost settlements in Ontario and Manitoba.

After laughing at a radio joke Henry Cullerton of St. Paul coughed up a dime he had swallowed two years ago.

Haled into the debtor's court George Maruden of Liverpool, said he owned only one shirt and when his wife washed it he had to go to bed.

Mrs. Anna Mergthau, Schererville, Ill., got a divorce because her husband used a whistle to call her from the field when he wanted his meals cooked.

At a few recent weddings in Mexico the picturesque old Spanish custom of wearing mantillas has been revived by women of fashion.

Miss Joan Wright of Dover, Eng., was fined \$150 for smuggling, \$150 for impertinence to customs guards, and \$150 for lying to the court.

Mrs. Rebecca Finkle of Milwaukee was ordered to pay her husband \$10 a week alimony when he testified that his wife nagged him continually until he placed all his property in her name.

Seven hundred pounds of lead sheeting which covered the vault in which John Whiteaker, first governor of Oregon, was buried in the Masonic cemetery at Eugene, Ore., was removed by thieves.

### CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Wanted: Representative to look after our magazine subscription interests in Broadlands and vicinity. Our plan enables you to secure a good part of the hundreds of dollars spent in this vicinity each fall and winter for magazines. Oldest agency in U. S. Guaranteed lowest rates on all periodicals, domestic and foreign. Instructions and equipment free. Start a growing and permanent business in whole or spare time. Address MOORE-COTTRELL, Inc., Wayland Road North Cohocton, N. Y.

#### Time Tables C. & E. I.

Southbound .....1:42 p. m.  
Northbound .....3:36 p. m.

#### Star Mail Route

Southbound .....7:15 a. m.  
Northbound .....8:30 a. m.

#### Executor's Notice

Those having Executor's Notices for publication can have them published in the local paper for considerably less than the amount charged by daily papers.

Judge—So your matrimonial life has been very unhappy! What was the trouble? Was it December married to May?

Chloe Johnson—Lan' sakes, no judge; it was Labor Day wedded to de Day ob Rest.

### Suicide Bridge

By THAYER WALDO

© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate  
WNU Service.

LONG uneven shadows were reaching fingerlike across the arroyo as Blair approached. The bridge stretched sinuously from bank to bank; far beneath, already half lost in gloom, lay the cragged floor. A brooding majesty shrouded the scene.

Little awareness of this, however, possessed the man who now drew near along the broad highway. Yet there did come a certain thrill, partly of fear, in contemplating this grim grandeur and thinking of its macabre fame.

In less than a decade some three-score souls had plunged from that bridge to mangling death upon the rocks below. A shudder gripped Blair as he considered it. Suicide in any form was distasteful enough, but this means seemed positively ghastly. Then a bleak smile tinged his lips. Amusing, after all, that he should have such reflections just now. Yet he could afford them; no one here for whom he must pretend—thank God! Later on there'd have to be a little acting, of course, but attended by perfect safety.

Blair consulted his watch and made brief calculations. Six-twenty; in another quarter hour, at most, Rita would arrive home, to find his note placed prominently there upon the newest post. Sardonic satisfaction came at thought of its content. A masterpiece of tragic prose, and one which would most certainly command belief.

She deserved a jolt, a real fright; nothing short of that could bring her to her senses. Somehow Rita wasn't the sort to be effectively handled by violence. No, this was the only suitable way. Reading his message, she would see the conspicuous time notation and think he had been gone but a few moments. Her reaction he could predict with certainty. Ever cool and practical, she would turn at once to the surest means of stopping him: a call to police, sending officers swiftly to the bridge.

Near the span's east end, Blair seated himself upon a small granite bench. From this direction would come the carload of saviors in uniform. Watching for their crimson spotlight, it would be a simple matter to plot his movements properly. An ascent to the rail just as they arrived; strong hands grasping him in the apparent nick of time. It would be realism of a thoroughly fool-proof sort.

Dusk was deepening rapidly. The squat pillars opposite loomed now in stark silhouette against a fading sky. A reflective mood, not untouched by the morbid, settled over Blair. Sketchy reminiscences drifted to him—scraps concerning his life with Rita. It had been a soft couple of years for him, until these past few months; her dissatisfaction with his idleness was a wholly recent growth. At the time of their marriage, she'd been glad to have him give up studio extra work. Why, they had agreed, should he continue at such profitless drudgery when her salary as a star amply met their needs? Yet, now, merely because he occasionally stayed away from home and spent a few hundred a week playing poker, she complained, urged job-hunting constantly upon him.

Well, there'd be an end to all that now. Perhaps she had lost sight of his importance to her, but this would restore the perspective. Something vaguely like pity for her stirred in him. Grief and remorse and a terrible anxious fear—for a little while she would know them with an intensity which could not soon be forgotten.

Night had come. A breeze with a nip in it was singing out of the north. Blair turned up the meager collar of his coat, then struck a match and held it to his watch face. A shock of surprise came. Time had slipped by with astonishing speed; it was nearly fifteen past seven. Odd, he puzzled, that the police should not have appeared by now. He knew quite exactly when Rita would have left the studio. Could it be that—?

A sudden uncomfortable sensation seized him. Might she, in the clutch of despair, have committed some rash act instead of doing as he'd anticipated? A swift succession of hazy pictures swept through his brain: The lotion bottle labeled in scarlet; that gas jet just beside her bed; his long razor's gleaming blade. . . . He cursed once, sharply, and crowded the conjectures aside. It was this d-d black solitude which fostered such fancies.

He straightened at a faint sound. Straining eyes through the darkness, he sat forward, tense. Nothing further reached him; but all at once, halfway down the bridge, he made out a deeper shadow against the railing. It seemed to be a figure standing there. Yes! He perceived now a dim shape above the parapet, leaning far out into space.

Then Blair was on his feet, a suffocation crushing upon throat and chest. One lower corner of that shadow had fluttered, and now the entire figure was swaying ever more perilously outward. He started to run; his legs felt numb and flabby. He was silent, for lips would not form the name his mind repeated with deadly insistence.

He stumbled forward, arms outstretched. Suddenly, ten feet ahead, the form shivered once and slipped over the side. Blair lunged out wildly at it. A terrible cry burst from him as he pitched downward, taut fingers clenched on nothingness. An open newspaper fluttered lazily over the canyon, borne on a wind from the north.

Bureau of Standards announces a new method of analyzing the human breath in six minutes. Some wives can make a rough analysis in two seconds.

### Don't Prolong The Agony!

Next time you suffer from Gas on Stomach, Headache, Sour Stomach, a Cold, Muscular, Rheumatic, Sciatic or Periodic Pains; That Tired Feeling, That "Morning After" Feeling. Get a glass of water and drop in one or two tablets of

### Alka-Seltzer

The New Pain-Relieving, Alkalizing, Effervescent Tablet  
Watch it bubble up, then drink it. You will be amazed at the almost instant relief.

It is called Alka-Seltzer because it makes a sparkling alkaline drink, and as it contains an analgesic (Acetyl-Salicylate) it first relieves the pain of everyday ailments and then by restoring the alkaline balance corrects the cause when due to excess acid.

After trying many brands of medicines—so-called relief for gas, and all of them a failure, I gave up hopes. By chance I tried Alka-Seltzer—I am more than satisfied. Geo. Bennett, New York, N. Y.

Get a glass at your drug store, soda fountain. Take home a 30 cent or 60 cent package.



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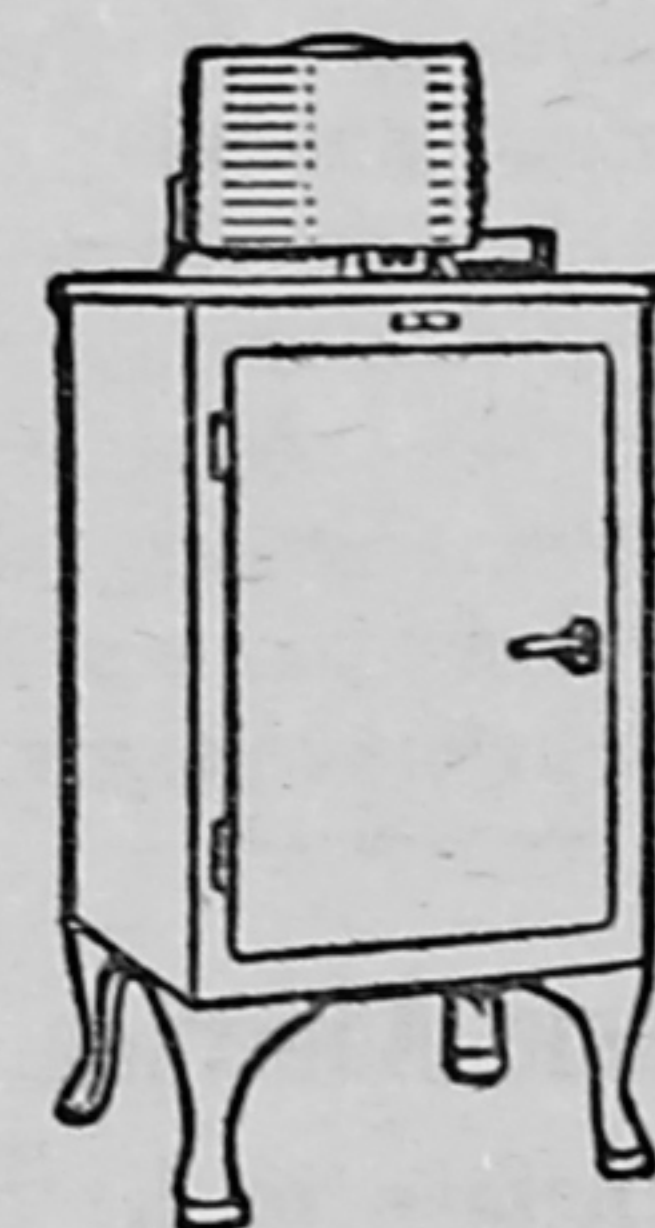
Ambulance Service

Ambulance Service

## What Mother REALLY WANTS



### A GIFT THAT SERVES



GENERAL ELECTRIC

What a thrill to find one of these new, gleaming-white electric refrigerators in the kitchen on Christmas morning. The comfort and convenience it brings will be appreciated every day of the year, for it brings adequate carefree refrigeration, convenient ice cubes and the most delicious salads and desserts. There is no need to wait! Select the model to suit your needs and enjoy its use while you pay conveniently.

Any Model \$10 DOWN to Pay 2 Years

At our Showroom or ask your Dealer

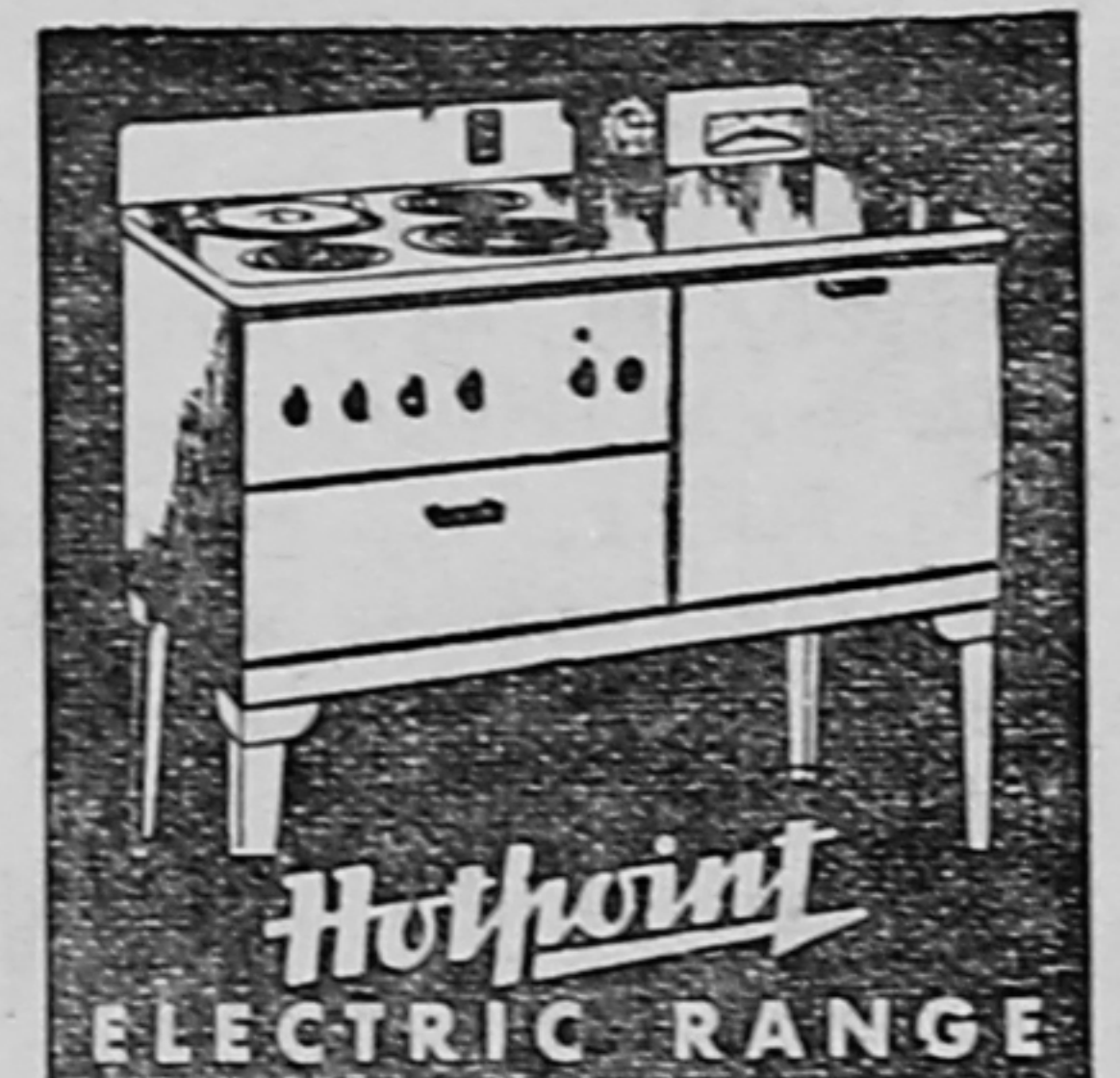


Under this Company's schedule of low prices for the Full Residential service, it's REAL ECONOMY to let Electricity take over the worst of your home drudgery. You can start this Christmas to modernize your kitchen either as a unit, or step by step. Find out about modernizing your kitchen, today!

Talk about sentiment in gifts--what could be more profoundly thoughtful than delivering Mother from the bondage of an old-fashioned kitchen? Give her electric servants to modernize and beautify her kitchen!

### HEALTH-HAPPINESS

Give Mother an Electric Range this Christmas. It will make this Holiday season one that Mother will long remember, for it means easier and better cooking, new hours of freedom from the kitchen—time to really enjoy life. What gift could be more appropriate than one that lightens the most laborious and time-consuming of household tasks—that of cooking three meals a day—365 days a year?

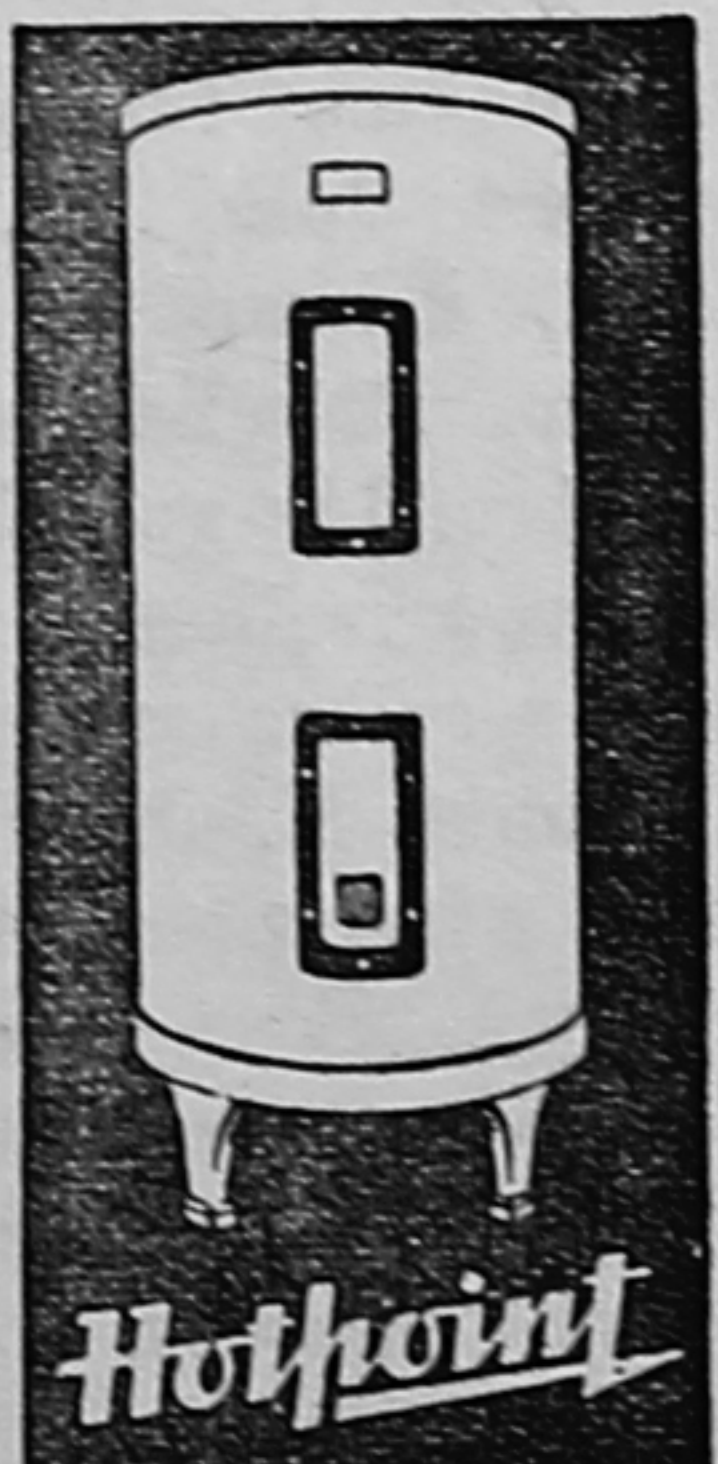


Any Model \$10 DOWN to Pay 2 Years

### YOUR CHOICE 2 OF THE BEST / Hotpoint Westinghouse

### ELECTRIC Water Heating

When you select an Electric Water Heater as a gift, you benefit not only Mother but every member of the family, every day throughout the year. You can forget the fuss and muss of old fashioned methods, forget that you ever turned a faucet to get water that was disappointingly cold. Electric water heating—the automatic, modern way that requires no attention and never fails, is surprisingly economical. Come in today, and ask about this practical gift of gifts for the whole family.



ASK ABOUT 1c Off-Peak Controlled Service

ONLY \$10 DOWN 2 Years to Pay

SA 1735

### CENTRAL ILLINOIS PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY





### Applying Apricots

OF COURSE you have eaten apricots all by themselves and found them delicious. But what would you say if someone asked you suddenly what other ways there are to serve them? In order to forestall the possibility of your having to answer "I don't know" to such a question, here are a couple of dishes in which canned apricots combine to the Queen's taste. The first is

**Fried Ham with Apricots:** Fry ham in the usual way. Remove to a hot platter. Drain a can of apricots well, dip the fruit in flour, and saute a nice brown in the ham fat. Arrange around the ham. Make a sauce by caramelizing two tablespoons sugar, adding two-thirds cup syrup from the canned apricots and cooking till smooth. Add three tablespoons orange juice, and then two teaspoons flour smoothed in two tablespoons cold water. Cook till slightly thick, and serve with the ham and apricots.

#### For a Fine Dessert

**Butterscotch Rice Ring Filled with Apricots:** Boil one-half cup rice three minutes in salted water, drain and add to two cups scalded milk. Cover and cook in double boiler until almost tender. Melt together one tablespoon butter and two-thirds cup brown sugar until thick, add to rice and continue cooking until the rice is very tender and the mixture thick. Add two slightly beaten egg yolks, cook one minute longer and pour into a buttered ring mold. When set and cold, turn out onto a plate. Meanwhile, boil one-half cup sugar with the contents of a No. 2 can of apricots for three or four minutes, chill and fill the center of the rice ring. Serve plain, or with plain or whipped cream. Serves eight.\*



### The Home of the Bean

IN a foreword to the first complete English edition of Brillat-Savarin's "The Physiology of Taste or Meditations on Transcendental Gastronomy" Frank Crownshield complains that it is the custom, in the United States to glorify our better-known inventors, but that "never do we hear songs of praise to those unremembered heroes who invented, for our deep and lasting delight, new and rapture-invoking combinations of food.

"Where lies the body," he inquires, "of that mute American who first married the pork to the bean?"

We confess that we can't answer this inquiry off hand, but we do know that it is now possible to buy, anywhere, in cans, oven-baked beans cooked just as our grandmothers and their grandmothers cooked them. They are actually baked in huge iron pots lowered into enormous brick ovens, mixed in the Boston way with brown sugar and molasses and a delicious piece of pork. Boston is famed as "the home of the bean and the cod," and although we have lost track of that Lucullan inventor who originally conducted the bean's nuptials with pork, we have not lost the knack of duplicating his performance.

#### Painting the Lily

These beans are canned to be just opened, heated and enjoyed, but for persons who prefer to paint the lily, they can also be varied in a number of ways. For instance,

**Baked Bean Croquettes:** Press the contents of one can of oven-baked beans through a sieve. Add three tablespoons tomato catsup and one teaspoon horseradish. Shape into balls. Roll in soft, sifted bread crumbs, then in beaten egg (diluted with two tablespoons cold water), and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat for about one minute.\*

### Mending Socks

By ALBERT WESTON

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KATRINA was obstinate. "I've got them socks to mend, Miss Lily," was the excuse she gave, and that to her was final.

"But I don't care about the old socks," countered Lily, with voice pitched high in argument. "When you came to work here it was on the understanding that you were to come regularly from one to five every day—and for dinner any time we wanted you to. And we pay you more an hour than is usual."

"Yes, Miss Lily, but I've got them socks to mend for one of my young men, and he's only got just enough and I've got to mend them."

"But I tell you that everything depends on this little dinner. My brother didn't let me know until this noon that he was bringing this gentleman home, and I can't get anyone else now, and besides no one else would do."

So they argued until, at last, Lily learned that the socks and other apparel in need of mending were now resting in a large bag that hung in the back hall. Katrina had done her usual round of work for her young men, as she called the three or four bachelors whose apartments she kept in order during her morning hours. She would take the things home with her, mend them that evening and leave them for the young man when she went to his apartment the next morning.

"Let me have the socks and things, I'll mend them," said Lily. "And you stay and finish dinner and serve it."

Lily made very neat patches on three pairs of pajamas, sewed missing buttons on shirts and underwear and then turned her attention to half a dozen pairs of socks. And then it occurred to Lily that she had better be dressed and ready and might then go on with her darning until her brother and his guest arrived. It was fortunate, too, because instead of arriving at half past six, as she had expected, they arrived before six.

She met Julian Bates and rather liked him, despite her brother's warnings that he was bullet proof as far as girls were concerned. "He's all for business," Marvin had said. "So don't waste your pretty tricks on him. Anyway, you're not his sort. He likes 'em simple and domestic. That's why he's girl-proof. There aren't any simple, domestic girls nowadays."

Marvin excused himself and his friend and took him to his study adjoining the living room where he had some plans he wanted to show him. So Lily drew a sock from the work basket—a rather vivid, striped golf sock much in need of repair. With feverish haste she worked over it, weaving evenly back and forth over her darning ball. But Marvin and Julian Bates returned from the study—and were standing beside her before she had had time to finish the sock and tuck it out of sight.

"Pretty domestic scene," grinned Marvin. "But really she isn't like that, Julian. I told her you liked old-fashioned girls—so she's doing this for effect."

"Marvin always tries to say something that he thinks is funny," said Lily, flashing a dark glance to Marvin and smiling up to Julian. But she had tucked the stocking into the basket and had no intention of going on with her work. "I always mend Marvin's socks," she said, "but I am afraid he doesn't appreciate it."

"Was that one of Marvin's socks?" asked Julian abruptly.

"It must have been," was the way Lily answered his impertinence.

After dinner Lily excused herself—said she wanted to help Katrina in the kitchen. But she took her mending basket with her and worked furiously away to get the darning done before Katrina wanted to leave. Lily never helped Katrina in the kitchen, Marvin knew perfectly well. He suggested making a tour of inspection. They entered the kitchen just as Lily had begun to work on the last sock and had the others all laid neatly out on the kitchen table. Julian saw them as they lay there—saw and noticed before Lily had time to ram them into Katrina's ample bag.

Much to Marvin's surprise his friend Julian Bates became decidedly attentive to his sister when they returned to the living room. And when he left he asked permission to make his party call very soon and said that after that he would beg her to dine with him.

When Marvin saw Julian the next day in the course of their business activities, Marvin spoke with big-brotherly lightness of his sister's charms. "She's kidding you, Julian," he warned. "Trying to make you think she's the sweet, simple old-fashioned sort of girl."

"But the amazing thing," said Julian, "is that she was darning my socks. You'll have to admit that if you met a pretty girl and the first time you saw her you found her mending your old socks you would be—well, rather touched. Do you think I could drop around tonight for a few minutes—just to finish solving the mystery."

"Solve ahead," said Julian. "I'm going out myself."

The mystery was, of course, very easily solved, and so more time was left for a discussion of personal tastes and likes and dislikes—and other preliminaries of the courtship for which Julian was already making plans.

Then when they came to make plans for the wedding Julian chose Marvin for his best man. "And I suppose I ought to have Katrina for the maid of honor," said Lily.

### The Mayor's Suitcase

By B. C. CRAVEN

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THE train pulled into the Craryville station and pulled out again. In the brief instant that it paused, two suitcases were tossed off and two passengers descended.

The bags were very similar—of brown leather with corners reinforced in brass—but their owners were as unlike as a rose and an elm tree. One was Miss Margaret Hawthorne, bound for a dance at the Craryville Country club; the other, young Simon Baldwin, mayor of Mansfield, guest of honor at the chamber of commerce banquet at the Hotel Mohawk.

At the baggage-room counter they nearly bumped elbows yet neither was actually aware of the other. Margaret was intent on her imminent meeting with a recently acquired fiance, one Cyrus Underhill, while his honor was mulling over the climax of the speech he was scheduled to make.

Yet it was not very long afterward that each was reminded forcibly of the other.

Margaret, who had been asked to spend the week-end with Cyrus' Cousin Amella, had gone up to her room and, kneeling on the floor, opened the suitcase and flung back the cover, only to utter a little shriek of consternation.

There lay within, carefully folded, a man's tuxedo; a pleated shirt; a collar; a black unmade bow tie; two spotless handkerchiefs.

Vaguely she recalled that there had been another passenger to alight from the train besides herself.

Well, there was a remote possibility that he might have discovered sooner than she the mistake and that, had he done so, he might have returned her bag at once to the station.

Margaret looked over the contents of the suitcase before her, but there was nothing to help her establish the identity of the man to whom they belonged.

Hastily, she put on her hat and coat again, went downstairs, and with a hurried word of explanation which Cousin Amella only half understood flew out of the house and down the street to the corner where presently she caught a car.

Margaret had not yet seen Cyrus. But then she had not expected to. In the very letter which the postman had handed her that morning, as she was leaving the house, he had said that pressure of work at the office would probably detain him until seven or eight o'clock.

The baggage master proved a disappointment. No, no one had returned any suitcase. No, he could not possibly say who had hers. There had been several.

"Are you looking for somebody, miss?" the young bootblack who ran a stand on the platform had sauntered in and was trying to get the drift of the conversation.

"I am looking for the owner of this suitcase," said Margaret.

The youngster walked around the article in question, hands in his pockets. "I sure have seen that very grip before," he said earnestly. "It belongs to his honor, the mayor of Mansfield!"

"Mayor of Mansfield! But this is Craryville!"

"Well, he's a great traveler. Speeches and dinners all over the country. I used to be in the Mansfield station and every time he was going anywhere the mayor would get a shine from me."

"But how can I—why Cy!" If Margaret looked for Cyrus to take her in his arms, she was disappointed. Nor could her amazement at his unexpected appearance blind her to the fact that something was the matter. "Why, Cy, wherever did you spring from?"

"I called the house, Margaret, to see if you had arrived safely," said Cyrus stiffly. "Cousin Amella said you had gone back to the station and that right after you left a man had telephoned from the Hotel Mohawk and said he must talk with you at once!"

Margaret clutched her fiance's arm. "Oh, he must be waiting there. Call a taxi, Cy. It's the mayor of Mansfield!"

But Cyrus did not budge. "Just why should the mayor of Mansfield, or, for that matter, the governor of the state, be waiting at the Hotel Mohawk for the girl I am supposed to be engaged to?"

"How masculinely stupid!" Margaret thought. But there was no time to waste. "Get a taxi at once, dear," she insisted. "And I'll explain all about it on the way."

Twenty minutes later Margaret was talking with the mayor himself. "I'm so sorry, Miss Hawthorne, that you should have gone to all this trouble. I wished to make sure you were really at that address before dispatching a boy with your suitcase."

"But how," inquired Margaret, "did you know about that address at all?"

"There was a letter on the very top," said his honor, with a smile, "from Cyrus. Believe me, however, I skipped everything but the address at the very end!"

"Wasn't he adorable!" sighed Margaret, some hours afterward, dancing dreamily in Cy's arms to the strains of a seductive waltz.

"Wasn't who—look here, Margaret, cut it out. I happen to know that fellow's married and got three kids!"

That he knew nothing of the kind, didn't, under the circumstances, worry Cyrus.

Reform, like charity, should begin at home.

Think twice before you speak but don't speak twice as much because of the delay.

A teacher tells of an excuse which the mother of one of her pupils sent in the other day. The excuse read: Please excuse Charles. He got wet in the a. m. and was took sick in the p. m.

### When Thirsty or Hungry

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## BROADLANDS THEATER

Friday and Saturday Nights  
November 30-Dec. 1

A powerful emotional drama of a man who was martyred by his own love!

# Whom The Gods Destroy

with

Walter Connolly - Robert Young  
and Doris Kenyon

From the Story by Albert Payson Terhune

A Columbia Picture

## Also A Good Comedy

8:00 O'clock P. M.

Admission 10c and 15c

Next Week: Tim McCoy in Straightaway



### Longview High School News

Rachel Davis, Reporter

Thanksgiving vacation began Wednesday noon.

Dorothy Turner represented Longview High School in the all state orchestra Friday afternoon and evening.

Longview was defeated Wednesday night by Ogden 16-19.

The grade school team won a victory over the freshmen with a score of 20 to 11.

Don't miss the Junior class play Friday evening at the high school gym. Adm. 10c-15c-25c. This play entitled, "And Mary Did," will begin at 8 p. m.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Mary Sterling, a modern Joan of Arc—Phyllis Toppe.

Lawrence Grey, a modern Lancelot—Virgil Charlton.

Mrs. Sterling—An old fashioned mother—Loretta Brooks.

Dressa Rand, the girl that forgot—Martha Harshbarger.

Daniel Grey, father of Lawrence—Wayne Brewer.

Edith Smith, Mary's chum—Katherine Warner.

Willie and Betty Sterling, Mary's brother and sister—Melvin Todd and Rachel Davis.

(Miss) O. G. Whittaker—Masculine monument of feminine freedom—Lois Nonman.

Matilda, helps Mrs. Sterling keep the angels quiet—Lola Nonman.

Henry, Daniel Grey's gardener—Ray Fonner.

### Fairland News

By Garnett Gibson

Mrs. Jennie Gwinn of near Newman is spending several days with her son, Wilbur Gwinn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carrier were Sunday guests of Mrs. Fannie Gibson and Garnett Gibson.

Billie Williams of Urbana was a week end guest of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williams.

John Phillips has returned to Detroit, Mich., after spending several days with his sister, Miss Wilma Phillips.

Several from here attended the box and pie supper at the Dry Point school near Hugo, Friday evening. Claud Dunlap is the teacher.

The King's Workers of the Fairland M. E. church met with Miss Katherine Wells on Friday evening with 12 members present. After the business hour games were played and refreshments were served by the hostesses.

### Illinois Carries On

Illinois is a hard state to whip. It can stand blows that would flatten many one or two-crop states and bounce off the ropes with its head up and a lot of fight left. Drought, chinch bugs and ear worms cut its corn yield to an estimated 143,336,000 bu. or 20.5 bu. to the acre—lowest in sixty-eight years.

But late rains and snappy farming apparently have given it 8,048,000 bushels of soy beans, more than double the five-year average, and a cowpea crop 18 per cent greater than last year's. Its broom corn yield is the greatest on record.

Illinois potatoes will run 2,500,000 bushels, against 1,584,000 in 1933; apples 2,162,000 bushels, compared with 2,200,000 last year, and pears 659,000 bushels, almost twice the 1933 output. These are sample showings.

There is life on the prairies yet.

A sorry tune can usually get by if it is called a theme song.

### Long View News

"Grandpa" George has been very ill the past two weeks.

Mrs. Anna Baptist is visiting in the Russell Boyd home at Cicero.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Parks spent Sunday at Allerton, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Morris.

Mr. and Mrs. John Betts, Mrs. Whitner and two sons of Gary, Ind., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Luther Betts.

Miss Alice Norman was the winner of the spelling contest held at the grade school last Friday. Jane Jarman was next high.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of Homer attended services at the Christian church on Sunday and spent the day with Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Parker.

Elbert and Henry Turner of Decatur attended the father-and-son banquet here Saturday night. Mrs. Henry Turner and Miss Julia Turner were here also, the four spending Sunday in the Rev. Turner home.

The Christian Church gave a Harvest Home service on Sunday evening. Special music was given by the Todd brothers, Hoyne Hales, Howard Dyar and the Cul-ton twins. Foods were brought and later presented to the Salvation Army.

Mrs. Merle Buddemeier and Mrs. Delbert Smith entertained at bridge Saturday evening with the following guests present: Kathleen Madigan, Frances Daniels, Leora Fansler, Dorothy Martinie, Lena Churchill, Frances Howard, Marian McClure, Blanche Bergfield, Phyllis Fitzgerald, Lillian Smith, Doris Braeuninger, and Patty Beatty.

Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, one hundred twenty fathers and sons enjoyed a banquet served by the ladies of the U. B. church at the high school. Rev. J. F. Turner was toastmaster, with responses, "My Father," by Warren Krughoff, and "My Son," by Rev. J. A. Parker. The girls quartet of Indiana Central College furnished an enjoyable musical program. Dr. I. J. Good of the college gave the address. Prayer was offered by Rev. Frank Hunter of Homer.



### Peas With Meat

PEAS are a particularly adaptable vegetable to serve with all kinds of meats. With lamb, with steak, with chicken, even with frankfurters, they add just that touch which brings out and combines deliciously with the savory qualities of the meat. Here's the proof in the form of some recipes. The first costs, by the way, less than thirty cents.

**Ragout of Lamb with Peas:** Cut one pound of stewing lamb in pieces for serving, dredge with flour and brown with two sliced onions in drippings. Add three cups water and two teaspoons salt, and simmer for two hours, covered. Add the contents of an 8-ounce can of peas, two potatoes cut in small cubes or balls and one-half cup canned tomatoes. Cook until potatoes are very tender, uncovered. Thicken liquid very slightly with flour, season if necessary and serve. Serves four.

**Round Steak with Peas:** Sprinkle eight servings round steak with salt and pepper, roll in flour and then sear well in a heavy skillet. Add four sliced onions, the contents of a No. 3 can of tomatoes, one cup diced celery and one-fourth cup chopped green pepper, and simmer, covered, until meat is tender. Add the contents of a No. 2 can of peas, and serve. Serves eight.

### Crystal Star

By EARLE BOOK  
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WNU Service

His name was Crystal Star. A very strange name, but I assure you the man was equally strange.

I had stopped for gasoline at Ventura, on my way to Los Angeles from Santa Barbara. As I was preparing to leave the station, I was approached by a queer looking individual. He was about five feet two, topped with a weird bushy shock of hair which seemed to stand straight up. After his hair you noticed his steely gray, penetrating eyes, set in a rugged face. The face fooled you. You didn't know whether it was a happy one, or a sad one. It still has me fooled. And his age; he might have been twenty-five or forty-five, but your guess is as good as mine. His clothes were very ordinary, but unlike most hitch-hikers, he carried several books under his arm. I knew what was coming, and prepared myself for a refusal, when he spoke.

"It pleases you, sir, may I have the pleasure of enjoying with you the journey to Los Angeles?"

He had me there. I opened the door, and started on my way with my strange companion. It was fully fifteen minutes before he spoke.

"May I introduce myself? My name is Crystal Star."

I acknowledged the introduction, adding, "But surely Crystal Star is not your real name?"

"The only name I shall ever have. I am in a new world with a new name."

"But why such a peculiar one?" I queried.

"Peculiar? You may think so, my friend, but to me it is a symbol—my own symbol of the future—may it shine as a crystal star!"

"You say you are in a new world? I don't quite understand."

"I am a Russian; I have been in this country only two years."

"Only two years?" I asked, puzzled.

"But how do you speak English so well?"

"I have studied; I have worked very hard. . . . but there is much I must learn." His eyes were heavenward as he was speaking, his jaw was firm. I was enjoying with him his reverie.

"They said in the great lumber camps of your Northwest that I was too small. But he is small only who is small in mind. They put me in your jails because they said I had no visible means of support; yet I have never begged for one small crumb. When I told them about my Russia, they said I was spreading propaganda, when I was only trying to return my knowledge for the knowledge they had given me. They put me on a rock pile to break my spirit, but that only intensified it. I am of the spirit of Lenin, who lives in the hearts of thousands of my countrymen!" His eyes lowered and he turned to me. "Perhaps you think the same about me. . . . I'm sorry; I must be humble in your hospitality."

"On the contrary, I am deeply interested," I replied.

Another fifteen minutes elapsed, and this time I spoke.

"May I ask what are all those books you carry under your arm? You seem to treasure them dearly."

"These books are knowledge of seven different languages. Already I read and speak them quite well, but not well enough."

"But why all this knowledge of these many languages?" I asked.

"To explain I must tell you a story, but . . ."

"Please do," I cut in.

"It is many years ago when my story begins, before the revolution. We were very happy, my father, my mother, and I. He worked very hard, but he was strong, as all Russian peasants are strong. Then came the revolution—" and as he spoke the word "revolution" his eyes sparkled.

"Men going to meetings under cover of the night; quiet whispering among the good wives of the peasants; a shining light in the heart of every Russian worker.

"Then one day the Cossacks came to our humble dwelling and tacked a card on the door. I remember my father consoling my mother, telling her not to worry, as nothing was going to happen. But it did happen, much sooner than we expected. The Cossacks returned the following day, and dragged my father off to the town nearby. I followed with my mother, and at the government building found him before the commandant. . . . It was crowded and we could not hear, but we could see that my father was protesting. But the commandant waved him away. The Cossack guard seized him and we followed. In the courtyard they stood him up against a wall; they wanted to blindfold him, but he refused. They laughed. He was looking at us, and smiling—only brave men smiled in those days. Eight men fired. . . . Some woman fainted, but not my mother. She had smiled with my father.

"They told mother later that he was shot for disobeying orders on the card they had tacked on the door. And she died shortly afterward. She was a brave woman, but not brave enough to go on without my father. —So," he said, finally turning to me, "that is why I must learn many languages, and learn them well."

I was perplexed, and asked, "But I don't understand. . . . why didn't your father obey the orders on the card they had placed on your door?"

I saw the trace of a tear as he said, "You see, my father could not read."

### Local and Personal

B. H. Thode was a Mattoon visitor, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith spent Sunday with Barney Thode and family at Sidney.

Miss Wilma and Warren Richard of Champaign visited friends here on Sunday.

Mrs. Ira Laverick and Mrs. Minnie Anderson were Danville visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Messman and daughter, Miss Marjorie, were Danville visitors, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor of Newman were dinner guests of Miss Anna Clem, Saturday.

Miss Anna Clem entertained at dinner, Sunday, Herbert Clem and family of Homer, Howard Clem and family.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Witt, Mrs. Alice Struck and Miss Marie Witt were Champaign callers last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Laverick were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnson at Champaign, Sunday.

George Walker and Deane Walker were business visitors at Champaign, Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker and daughter, Miss Mildred, of Lebanon, Ind., spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. George Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bergfield entertained at dinner, Sunday, President I. J. Good and a quar-

tet of girls from Indiana Central College, Indianapolis; Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Turner, daughter, Miss Dorthea, Longview; Elbert Turner and Miss Julia Turner of Decatur; and Mrs. Lillie Bowman.

### Time Tables

C. & E. I.	
Southbound . . . . .	1:42 p. m.
Northbound . . . . .	3:36 p. m.
Star Mail Route	
Southbound . . . . .	7:15 a. m.
Northbound . . . . .	8:30 a. m.

### Executor's Notice

Those having Executor's Notices for publication can have them published in the local paper for considerably less than the amount charged by daily papers.

Mr. Schwab says friends are more desirable than riches. He should know, having both.

Certain cigarettes may be soothing to the throat, but the testimonials give us a pain in neck.

## Illinois Theater --- Newman

Always A Good Show . . . Time 7:30 and 9:15

Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30 and Dec. 1

### Adolphe Menjou in The Human Side

The dramatic and laugh-sprinkled story of a man of two loves—his family and show business. Cartoon—Chapter Play—Selected Shorts. Adm. 10c and 20c.

Sunday and Monday, December 2 and 3

### Romance in the Rain

with Roger Pryor and Heather Angel. High-pressure promotion brings a modern Cinderella to her Prince Charming! Cartoon—News—Novelties. Adm. 5c-15c to 5 p. m. After 10c and 25c.

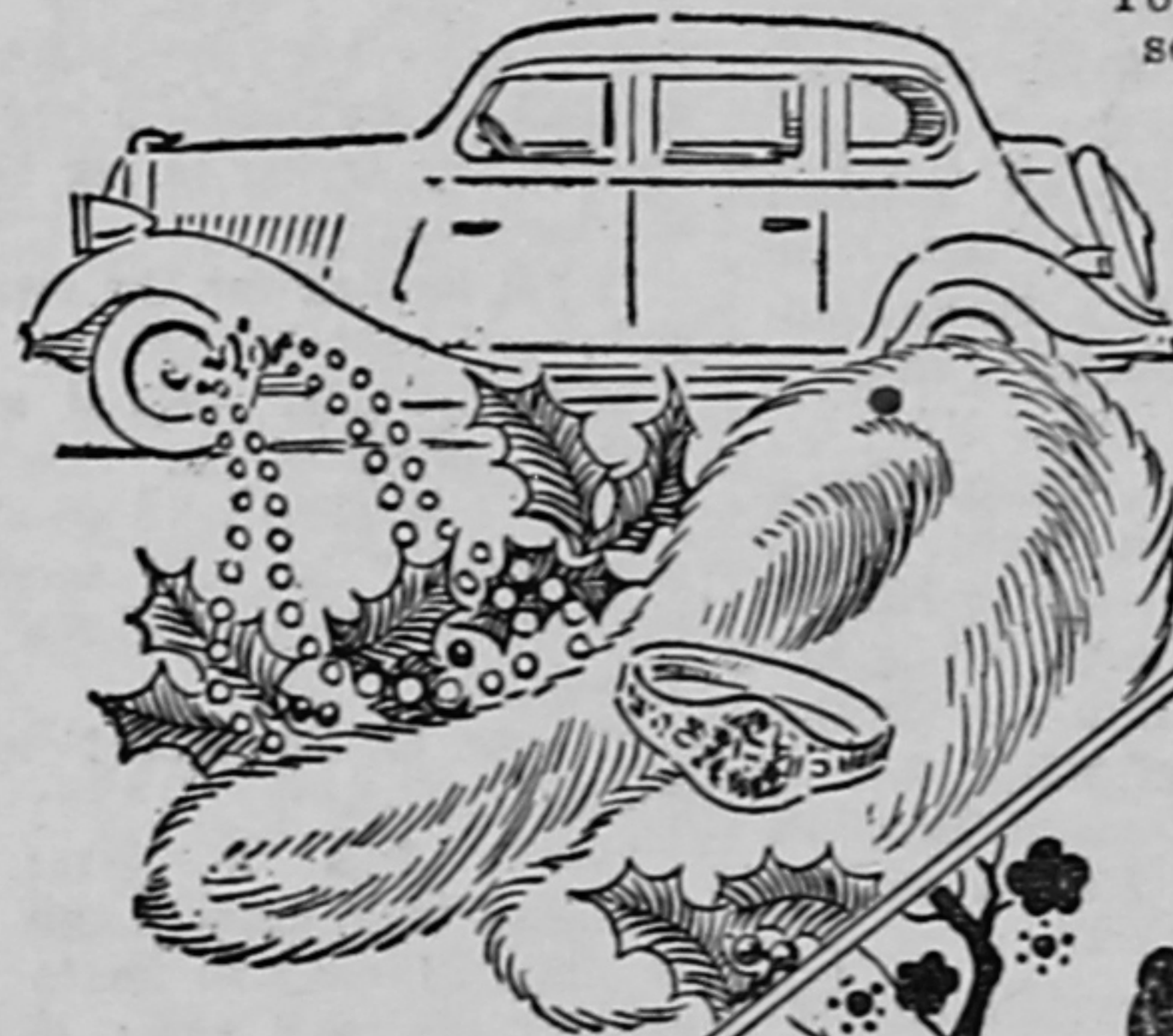
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, December 4-5-6

### Will Rogers in Doctor Bull

with Marian Nixon. He has time for everything and everybody—but he just can't get around to figuring how he stands with that widow! It's a swell laugh tonic that's a sure cure for the blues! Cartoon and Musical Short. Adm. 10c and 20c.

## Xmas Presents That Last

You can get Christmas presents that will last by giving some of these boxes full of sweet food appropriate to the season and so lavishly and beautifully lithographed that the recipients will want to keep them and use them long after their contents have been eaten up.



### All Shapes—Many Purposes

These containers come in all shapes—round, oblong, square, rectangular—and lend themselves to a great variety of household and personal uses. And you can get them merely by going to your corner grocery where you won't be bewildered by a display of thousands of different kinds, as at the Fair, but will be able to select from a comparative few the one you think will appeal both in contents and appearance to the person to whom you intend to give it.

Of course there are the Christmas scenes such



WHAT presents are still in your possession that you got last Christmas? Your automobile, of course, if you were so fortunate as to be given one, jewelry, furs, perhaps a few articles of clothing, and that's all. But we're not asking about presents that cost a lot of money, but about the run of the mill Christmas gifts that cost five dollars at most. How many of them are you still using?

Perhaps you will say none, but there are quite a lot of people who are still using part of the presents which they received last Christmas and who will continue to use them probably for many years. Who are these people? They are the ones who received gifts of biscuits, candy, cookies, crackers, fig puddings, fruit cakes, glacé fruits, plum puddings, even pretzels in beautifully lithographed tin containers that were too artistic to throw away.

The contents of these containers have long since disappeared into the pink caverns that yawn so voraciously for good things to eat at Christmas time, but the pretty containers themselves now hold wool for knitting paraphernalia for sewing, cigarettes, handkerchiefs, gloves, cravats, implements for manicuring—even jewelry. Some of them travel gaily to school as lunch boxes full of the most delectable foods, and others are brightening pantry shelves where they serve as receptacles for staple supplies.

### Did You Go to the Fair?

If you visited the Century of Progress International Exposition in Chicago last summer, you had a good chance to see what a bewildering variety of beautifully lithographed cans and boxes of all shapes, sizes and styles of decoration are now being made to be filled not only with foods but with such things as cigars and cigarettes, metal and shoe polish, motor oils, paints, pills and proprietary medicines, razor blades, salves, snuff, talcum powder, tape, tennis balls, tobacco, tooth powder, typewriter ribbons, varnish and wafers. Of course all of these containers cannot be kept for other uses, but many of them can, and so striking and artistic were the designs and lithography on them that many artists spent hours on end making a close study of them, and many visitors pointed out a particular one and inquired: "Where can I get a box like that?"

as the hauling home of the great Yule log, a castle all lit up for Christmas and Christmas waits singing carols in the snowy streets. The appeal of these is universal. Other boxes bear scenes of Indian life, the Far East, Netherlands, Japan, Venice and Amalfi in Italy, a rare old tapestry or a painted panel from a palace in Paris, or a gorgeous glimpse of the Taj Mahal.

If your friend has quiet tastes, you might select a box with the reproduction of Corot's picture of sheep browsing in the meadows beneath the trees, an ancient argosy, the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the return of the fishing fleet, a girl at her spinning wheel, or a scene from Greek mythology. Others show sedan chairs, gallants and ladies, the powdered wigs and billowing hoop-skirts of the days of Madame de Pompadour.

But whatever the scene, or the shape and size of the box, in giving it you are giving not only two presents in one, but a gift that will be useful for a long time and will make the giver remembered. Can there be higher praise of your taste and judgment than the phrase: "She knows how to pick out Christmas presents so well!"