

# THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 17

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, OCT. 1, 1936

NUMBER 24

## Bloodshed In Spain, But Nobody Wins

San Sebastian may have fallen to the rebels, or the Loyalists may have captured some warships by the time you read this, but whatever happens we are sure that the Spanish Civil war cannot result in victory. Nobody can win because there is nothing to win. By the time San Sebastian is captured it will be a mass of ruins. The warships seized will long since have been put out of commission.

Armed force is ruling Spain today and the people who really want peace and a chance to live normal lives have no chance. If the Communists (Loyalists) win, the other 50% of the people will either be executed or exiled. If the rebels (Fascists) win, the Communists will all be killed and the country will be run by militarists no less violent and no less unscrupulous than those now in nominal charge.

There is no choice between two sets of bloodthirsty villains both with their minds set on strangling the country and imposing an iron-clad rigor upon all the people.

Communists and Fascists hate each other like poison, but it is the hatred of one gangster for another; the hatred of one thief or cut-throat for another thief or cut-throat who beats him to the loot. Neither side has anything constructive to offer the people, and neither side cares anything about the people except as they are needed to raise sons for a huge army. Everything belongs to the state and is subservient to it in a Mussolini-ruled land just as it is on a Stalin-ruled land. The only difference is in the minds of the rulers. Each thinks he is God's chosen and that everyone else is wrong.

We rejoice that America has not yet come to the place where we have only a choice between two beastly, power-greedy, unscrupulous, murderous mobs calling themselves Communists or Fascists.

The Lord knows the Republicans and the Democrats are bad enough.—Fisher Reporter.

## St. John's Evangelical Church

ROBERT J. BALDAUF, PASTOR.

Sunday, October 4—

9:30 a. m.—Sunday school.

10:30 a. m.—Worship service followed by our quarterly congregational meeting. Several items of importance are to be discussed at this meeting. All members of the congregation are urged to be present.

Tuesday, October 6—The Royal Guard Class will meet in the evening at the church parsonage.

Sunday, October 11 (Note the change in schedule for this Sunday)—

9:30 a. m.—Worship service.

10:30 a. m.—Sunday school.

The annual conference of the Bloomington Region will be held in St. John's Evangelical Church at Minier, Ill., William A. Mueller, Pastor, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 14 and 15. A delegate from the congregation, the Sunday school, the Ladies' Aid, and the young people's organization, and the pastor are to attend this conference.

Teacher—What is a cowhide chiefly used for?

Smart Boy—To keep the cow together.

## Mrs. Helen Nichols Is Hostess to G. T. Club

The G. T. Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Helen Nichols on Thursday afternoon of last week.

The Club president, Mrs. Leona Bergfield, conducted the meeting. The afternoon was spent in playing "500," Mrs. Edna Struck holding high score.

Refreshments consisted of perfection salad, sandwiches, pickles and coffee.

One guest, Mrs. Maë Block, was present.

Members present were Mesdames Minnie Anderson, Lillie Bowman, Bertha Cook, Edna Dicks, Leona Bergfield, Jessie Bergfield, Mary Dicks, Anna Struck, Pearl Edens, Ruth Henson, Ida Messman, Freda Maxwell, Maude Moore, Gladys McClelland, Jennie Nohren, Delia Nohren, Olive Rayl, Irene Witt, Edna Struck, Rosa Smith, Edna Telling, Irene Wiese, Zermah Witt, Elsa Walker, Neva Frick, Helen Nichols.

The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Jennie Nohren.

## News Items of 12 Years Ago

Oct. 3, 1924

The members of the Home Bureau gave a miscellaneous shower for Mrs. Mary Gericke Aders.

Robert Ashbrook of Allerton accepted a position at Mark Moore's barbershop.

Mrs. Howard Clem had her tonsils removed at a hospital in Fort Wayne, Ind.

Members of the U. B. Sunday School picnicked at Crystal Lake Park, Urbana.

George Allen and son of Kansas Station visited at the Harry Allen home.

H. C. Griffin was building a house for Ross Hardyman in Champaign.

Bert Messman and family of Champaign visited relatives here.

Mark Moore, Roy Bergfield and Walter Witt visited Dr. T. A. Dicks at Lakeview hospital, Danville.

The home talent play, "Occupation None," was given at the local opera house under the auspices of the Royal Neighbor lodge.

## M. E. CHURCH NOTES

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

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

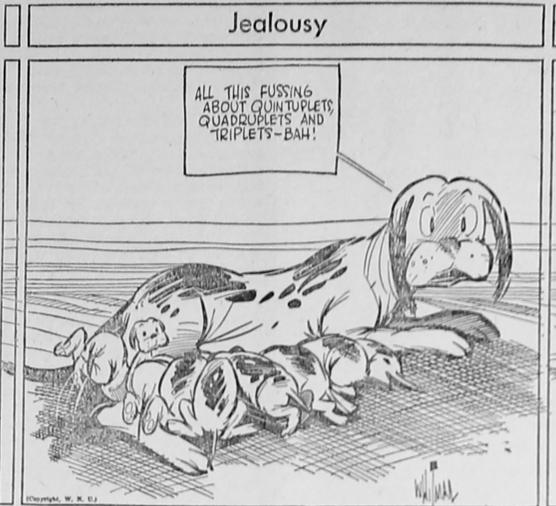
The Preaching Service next Sunday is in the evening at 7:30. It will also be in the evening the following Sunday. After these two consecutive Sunday evening services, we will then alternate morning and evening as is the custom in Broadlands.

Annual Sunday School election Sunday morning, Oct. 11, at the Sunday School hour.

## Lodge Meets Next Monday

Broadlands Lodge, No. 791, A. F. & A. M. will meet next Monday night at 7:30.

Kenneth T. Dicks, W. M. Carl B. Dicks, Sec.



## Local and Personal Local and Personal

Hobart Harris, Carl Dicks and Avery Montgomery attended the ball game at St. Louis, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Jr., were Champaign visitors on Monday.

Mrs. A. E. Reed is spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Reed at Joliet.

John Bahlow and daughter, Miss Mabel, were Danville visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Eckerty and son Fred were Danville visitors Tuesday afternoon.

Otho Smith of Willow Hill visited his brother, Albert Smith, Sunday afternoon.

Clark Henson and family and Hazel Baker were Villa Grove visitors Sunday.

Mrs. Will Wienke and Mrs. Walter Poggendorf were shopping in Danville on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. August Zantow spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Broeksmith, at Harrisburg.

Edward Schumacher left Sunday for Chicago where he is attending the College of Medicine of the University of Illinois.

The Ladies' Aid society of the local M. E. Church made a profit of \$59.02 at their chicken supper last Wednesday night.

Mrs. Pearl DeWitt, assisted by Mrs. Nellie Astell and Mrs. Mary Dicks, will entertain the M. E. Ladies' Aid on Thursday, October 8.

Miss Elizabeth McCarty of Tuscola, and Bill Oye of Galton, were week end guests at the home of Albert Smith and family.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Brewer of Camargo, Mrs. Rose Watson of Indianapolis, were dinner guests at the home of D. P. Brewer, Monday.

Howard Clem and family, Misses Anna Clem and Nellie Thomas spent Sunday at the home of Albert Clem near Harristown, where a birthday dinner was given in honor of Earl Clem.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis of Dana, Ind., were guests of John Bahlow and family, Sunday. Their daughter, Miss Maxine, accompanied them home after several days visit in the Bahlow home.

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

Mrs. B. J. Kiaseff and children of Waukesha, Wis., are visiting relatives here.

Louis Frick and family spent Monday and Tuesday with relatives at West Lebanon, Ind.

John Paul Rayl and Pearl McCormick spent Sunday at Montezuma, Ind.

Mrs. Clifford Eckerty, son Fred, and Miss Juanita Bergfield visited relatives of the Eckertys at Paoli, Ind., Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Block, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer and Chas. Brewer attended the funeral of Guilford Clements, at Camargo, Sunday afternoon.

Floyd Rahn, auctioneer, of Camargo, called at this office Tuesday and left an order for his card to be published in The News for two months.

Mrs. Lottie Astell, who has been confined to her home by illness for the past fifteen months, was able to be down town Tuesday afternoon.

A heavy rain visited this locality the first of the week and pastures and lawns are green once more. Many wells are dry and a number of heavy rains will be required to fill them.

Those from here attending the shower given in honor of Mrs. Inez Brown Sweasy, of Allerton, Tuesday, were Mrs. Mary Dicks, Mrs. Leona Bergfield, Mrs. Hattie Dicks, and Misses Alice Maxwell and Helen McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl entertained the following guests Sunday: Mrs. Sarah Holiday and Mr. Jess Cuppy of Eugene, Ind.; Mrs. Alice Struck, Mrs. Flora Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. John Rayl, Mrs. Bessie Loomis and Mrs. Lillie Bowman.

Mrs. Lillie Baker and Miss Helen McCormick of the Broadlands telephone exchange attended a wiener roast for employes of the Illinois Commercial Telephone Company in Ervin park, Tuscola, Friday evening. The party was given as a farewell to R. T. Maltimore, district manager, who is being transferred soon.

## About 75 Will Work on Ayers Twp. Roads

About 75 men will be employed on the Ayers township "farm-to-market" road rebuilding, according to Fred C. Lohmann, Champaign county project technician.

The road rehabilitation will re-surface about 25 miles of essential country road and will include necessary drainage work. The project will require 31,753 cubic yards of crushed rock which will be hauled in trucks from the quarry at Fairmount. Eleven and a half of the most traveled miles will be given a heavier surface than the rest.

A large percentage of the laborers will be transfers from other WPA projects.

Work is divided into one time-keeper, one foreman, 24 truck drivers, and 47 other laborers.—Champaign News-Gazette.

## Longview High School News

Marcelle Nohren, Reporter.

Mr. Krughoff has been absent from school the past week due to illness.

Wednesday evening the 4-H boys went to Champaign to the Farm Bureau Office to judge corn.

The Seniors entertained the student body and faculty at a wiener roast at Sidney Woods. Approximately 60 attended.

Several students of the Long View High School attended the free football game at the Illinois Stadium, Saturday. Illinois defeated DePaul 9-6.

## John M. Smith Wins Prizes at Chrisman Fair

John M. Smith recently won premiums at the Chrisman Fair as follows:

Draft stallion—2nd.  
Light draft stallion, 2 years old—2nd.  
Light draft stallion, 3 years old—1st.  
Light draft stallion, 4 years old or older—1st and 3rd.  
Heavy draft mare—3rd.  
Yearling mule—2nd.

## Chicken Fry at Allerton

Chicken Fry, M. E. Church, Allerton, Saturday, October 3. Begin serving at 5:00. Price: adults, 40c; children, 30c. Menu:

Fried Chicken  
Potatoes, Sweet and Mashed  
Butter Beans Perfection Salad  
Sliced Tomatoes Jelly  
Hot Rolls Butter  
Pie Alamode  
Coffee

## Farm Sales

The farm sales of Wm. Kelm and Wm. Hans of near Newman on Monday and Tuesday of this week were largely attended. Livestock and machinery brought good prices. Horses sold as high as \$365 per team; weaning colts brought \$50 per head; cows sold for a \$50 average; and straw sold at 32c a bale. Freesh and Rahn were the auctioneers.

Members of the Immaculate Conception Church of Bongard will hold their annual fish fry, kittenball game and dance at Schaefer's Park, 3 1/2 miles north of Villa Grove, Sunday, Oct. 4.

## Broadlands Chapter Observes Guest Night

Broadlands Chapter, No. 416, O. E. S. observed Guest Night at its regular stated meeting last Saturday evening, in the Masonic Temple.

The offices were filled with worthy matrons and worthy patrons of surrounding chapters. Mrs. Ethel Purdue, worthy matron of Newman Chapter, filled the station of worthy matron, while Manford Roller, worthy patron of Newman Chapter, served as worthy patron. The other offices were filled as follows: Mrs. Jean Lierman, Champaign, associate matron; Rollo Flenniken, St. Joseph, associate patron; Mrs. Alma Bruhn, Broadlands, secretary; Mrs. Blanche Taylor, Villa Grove, treasurer; Mrs. Mildred Harder, Atwood, conductress; Mrs. Doll Fullerton, Tuscola, associate conductress; Mrs. Virginia Cutler, Villa Grove chaplain; Miss Gertrude Julian, Hume, marshal; Mrs. Rae Winkler, Newman, organist; Mrs. Clara Hedrick, Homer, Adah; Mrs. Ada Flenniken, of St. Joseph, Ruth; Mrs. Edda Morrison, Homer, Esther; Mrs. Ramona Walker, Urbana, Martha; Mrs. Madge Bell, Hume, Electa; Mrs. Olive Skinner, Sidell, Warder; Edward Nohren, Broadlands, sentinel.

Mrs. Hattiebell Fornoff, Tuscola, member of the Eligibility Committee of the Order of the Eastern Star of Illinois was escorted. Thirty past worthy matrons and past worthy patrons were also escorted.

Following the meeting a delightful program was given, in charge of Mrs. Jessie Bergfield, Mrs. Nellie Six and Mrs. Bertha Cook. The program included a vocal duet by Mrs. Ida Messman and Mrs. Mary Dicks, accompanied by Mrs. Bertha Cook; musical readings by Miss Alice Maxwell, accompanied by Mrs. Zermah Witt; vocal solo by Miss Juanita Bergfield, accompanied by Mrs. Bertha Cook; and violin solos by Mrs. Janet Johnson, accompanied by Miss Mayme Telling.

A social hour in the dining room brought the meeting to a close.

Mrs. Irene K. Witt is worthy matron of Broadlands Chapter, and Oscar Witt is worthy patron.

## The E. Nichols Entertain Friends at Euchre Party

Mr. and Mrs. E. Nichols entertained a number of guests at a euchre party, Saturday evening. Miss Wilma Messman won high score.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Davis of Oakwood; Mr. and Mrs. Merle Buddemeier of Longview; Mr. and Mrs. Bud Struck, Mr. and Mrs. Kerna Block, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frick, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Seider, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Struck, Miss Wilma Messman, Miss Margaret Gore, Doc McGill and Harold Anderson.

## Market Report

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

No. 2 new hard wheat, \$1.08  
No. 2 white shelled corn, \$1.00  
No. 2 yellow shelled corn, 95c  
No. 3 white oats, 88c  
No. 2 new beans, \$1.06

**Broadlands News**

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

Published Every Thursday

Entered as second-class matter April 18 1919 at the post-office at Broadlands, Illinois under the Act of March 3, 1879.

**Advertising Rates**

Display Per Column Inch.....20c  
Readers and Locals, inside pages, line.....10c  
Cards of Thanks.....\$1.00

**Terms of Subscription**

1 year in advance.....\$1.50  
6 months in advance......90  
3 months in advance......50  
Single copies......05

**Sentences For Crime**

There is much in the theory of indeterminate prison sentences for criminals to commend its wider adoption, at least as an experimental measure for the protection of society. The idea is that when convicted of a serious crime the offender should be restrained until he gives evidence of a genuine intention to be good.

As we understand it, under this plan the criminal is treated somewhat as an insane person is treated. An insane person is not sent to an asylum for a definite period, but is supposed to be kept there until his condition improves sufficiently to make his release safe. If his condition can not be so improved he stays for life.

There is a similarity between the lunatic and the criminal in that both are sick. One is mentally sick, the other is morally sick. Both can often be cured by proper treatment. The condition of each should be determined by experts before turning him loose. At least that is the theory of the indeterminate sentence—and it seems sensible.

**Washington's Birthplace**

Although considerable attention was given to George Washington's birthplace during the celebration of the 20th anniversary of his birth, in 1932, it is likely that if asked to name it the average American would say Mount Vernon.

Our first president was born, however, at Wakefield, on Pope's Creek, some 50 miles below Mount Vernon, and the mansion in which he was born stood until it was burned on Christmas Eve, in 1780.

Washington moved to Mount Vernon, then called Hunting Creek, when he was about three years old. The original mansion at Mount Vernon burned in 1739, and the present one was erected shortly thereafter.

His birthplace, Wakefield, has long been marked by a granite shaft, erected by Congress, and a tract of 365 acres, of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., donated 254 acres, has been set apart by the Government as the George Washington Birthplace National Monument.

A new brick replica of the original mansion, one story with an attic, and with two outside brick chimneys at either end, was dedicated on Washington's birthday, 1932, with appropriate ceremonies.

**Geographical Notes**

Few of us know much about geography except in a most vague way, and this being the case a little inquiry into the latitude and longitude of various places often reveals facts which are somewhat surprising, as a few examples may illustrate.

We think of "sunny Italy" as a warm, southern country, yet Rome and Chicago are in exactly the same latitude. Other pairs of places of equal latitude are Paris and Quebec; Berlin and Attu Island, Alaska; New York and Istanbul (Constantinople); Florence, Italy, and Toronto, Canada. Venice, famed for its canals, is in the same latitude as Montreal.

In the manner of longitude,

also, our casual impressions often might be found faulty. A classic example pretty well known by this time, is that the Pacific end of the Panama Canal is farther east than the Atlantic end, owing to the peculiar curve of the isthmus.

Due to the eastward sweep of South America's western coast, we find Santiago, Chile, to be 200 miles farther east than New York. Reno, Nev., is farther west than Los Angeles. Washington, D. C., is due north of Nassau, Bahama Islands.

A good many persons, when they first heard of it, were surprised to learn that Tokyo, Japan, is some 1,100 miles farther east than Manila, Philippine Islands.

**Health Racketeers**

Medical quackery, which for several years gradually lost ground because of the growing tendency of newspapers to reject quack advertising, seems to have found a new and potential aid in the radio.

Much advertising which no self-respecting newspaper would print is freely broadcast over the air, evidently with some success in attracting suckers, because it is being continued in undiminished volume.

Those who prey upon the public by fraudulently cashing in on the universal desire for health are characterized by Dr. E. P. Lyon, dean of the medical school of the University of Minnesota, as "health racketeers."

He says of this type of faker: "His health patter is pseudo science. His eye is on your check book. In these days especially he prostitutes the radio to his uses. Quacks and quackery, fakers and fakery of all kinds appeal to a bewildered public between jazz and the nasal tenor, with blatant advertisements that no reputable journal will print. Oh, health, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Even some of what appears to be legitimate advertising is very deceptive. The doctor says further: "Brushing the teeth is a nice habit; but no one has proved that it saves teeth, and all the flamboyant advertising about tooth pastes is rottenest tommyrot."

**Interesting Notes**

An egg of the auk, a bird long since extinct, is valued at \$1,200.

In Australia about 11,000 camels are still employed for transportation purposes.

King Edward VIII inherited along with his crown a gold dinner service estimated to be worth \$10,000,000.

Instead of an engagement ring the Japanese lover gives his sweetheart a piece of beautiful silk for a sash.

The discovery of general anesthesia is due to the toothache of Sir Humphrey Davy, the great English scientist.

The great genius, Whistler, reached the age of 57 before a painting of his was purchased by a museum.

**Want Ads.**

Prompt removal of all dead animals. Serving you direct from Tuscola Phone No. 13.—Central Illinois Rendering Co.

APPLES—Now harvesting Jonathan, Grimes Golden, Delicious. Buy eating and cooking apples now before they go into storage which adds 25c per bu. to price. Bring your jug for sweet cider and pure vinegar.—Dunlap Market at OLD ORCHARD FARM 3 mi. So. Champaign on Route 45.

**Sidelights**

Richard Shotwell of Armstrong County, Pa., has trained bullfrogs to act, dance and fight.

Lecturing in Belfast, Mrs. Sarah Barnes defined a "liar" as a woman before she is married and a man after he is married.

Lorem Slocum of Faith, S. D., wanted solitude, so he dug a hole in the ground, made it into a home, and has lived there 20 years.

D. K. Williams of Glassboro, N. J., father of 14 children, recently purchased a 25-room hotel to provide spacious accommodations for his large family.

Rolph Wilson, New York airplane pilot flies daily from Bangor, Me., to Montauk, N. Y., with a cargo of angleworms to supply bait for Long Island fishermen.

Jack Carroll of Ballinger, Tex. was surprised to find \$89 to his credit in a bank at Miles, Tex. The money, on deposit since 1911, had been forgotten.

Ben Marshall of Frankfort, Ky., publishes a family newspaper for the benefit of eight sons and five daughters who are living in various parts of the country.

Inspector Sandys-Wunsch of the Canadian Mounted Police recently won first prize in a knitting contest held in Montreal. No one jokes him about it, either, as he is handy with his fists and is a crack pistol shot.

An eleven-year-old white girl, Warnester Strickland, of New Orleans, recently became the mother of an 8-pound baby boy through a Caesarean operation. The girl's mother is only 26, the two being the youngest mother and grandmother of which there is any record, physicians believe.

Cold shower baths are dangerous, according to Dr. H. J. Behrend of New York, especially for elderly people and those who are weak, anemic or with poor circulation. While robust people can stand the shock without injury, he says, "I would not advise anyone to take a cold shower."

The news magazine Time tells us that the custom of saying "God bless you" when someone sneezes is supposed to have originated with Pope Gregory during a pestilence in which sneezing was a threatening symptom. Many savage tribes believe that sneezing is caused by the presence of evil spirits.

Those of us who were country boys half a century or more ago remember the copper-toed boots and shoes of those days. The Vicksburg Herald of August 22, 1865, advised: "Shoes are an important item in the expense of clothing children. They invariably wear out at the toes first. It would be wise for parents to buy metal-tipped shoes."

The keen understanding of a department store saleswoman in Frankfort, Ind., is illustrated by the following story: A young man asked to see silk nightgowns, and when shown one for \$12 and another for \$15 he asked to see something less expensive, confiding that he was buying the garment for his wife. The clerk then produced a nice rayon nightie priced at 59c.

**Time Tables**

C. & E. I.  
Southbound.....1:12 p. m.  
Northbound..... 3:12 p. m.  
Star Mail Route  
Southbound..... 7:15 a. m.  
Northbound..... 8:30 a. m.

Many matrimonial bonds are of the short term variety.

**Episode of Love**

By BARBARA BENEDICT  
© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

NAOMI drove her roadster into the garage, and switched off the lights. Sitting there in the darkness she relaxed. The solitude, the sense of being shut in quieted her nerves. The cool, soft air felt good against her hot cheeks, still flushed from her quarrel with Duncan. Or had it been a quarrel? At least she was the only one who had become angry. Duncan had only laughed, amused, indulgent. Her cheeks colored anew at the memory.

"Duncan Pease, you're the most unimaginative man I know! You're—you're like all the rest, all the other men in Birchill. Satisfied to stay here the rest of your life and waste away in a dinky little law office. How can you do it, when," she had gestured sweepingly but vaguely, "there's a whole world to conquer?"

"Aw, honey, you're being melodramatic. Forget it!"

"Duncan Pease, I hate you! I'll never marry you as long as I live!"

Looking down at her his eyes twinkled with amusement. "No? You love me, honey. You're going to marry me next June!"

Furious, she had run out to her roadster and driven straight home. Memory of his amused, indulgent smile lingered. She felt so helpless. How she hated the man. How—a sound suddenly attracted her attention. Something in the garage moved. Instinctive fear clutched at her heart. She switched on the car lights just as a huge hand closed over her mouth.

"Take it easy," a voice said. "Don't squawk and nothing will hurt you."

Wide-eyed she stared into a hard, desperate countenance close to her own. Horrified, she remembered that Duke Tanner had escaped from the state's prison in Sadler that morning. At dinner time he was still at large.

"Shove over," he said, and she obeyed automatically. He crowded in beside her. "One yip outter that pretty mouth of yours and you'll wish you'd never been born." His voice was low, matter-of-fact, deadly. Naomi thought of a venomous reptile. She shuddered, as though struck by a cold wind.

The motor roared. They backed out of the garage and headed for the street.

"Wha—what are you going to do?"

"Lady, this is the best piece of luck I ever came up against." He chuckled. "Me and you will take a ride. Keep your trap shut and I'll let you go—soon as we get into Black Swamp." He chuckled again. "By the time you can walk back from there I'll be over the line."

They swerved into the highway. A car was coming from the direction of town. Their lights swept across it and in that brief instant her heart stood still. She recognized Duncan's coupe and Duncan. Not daring to look at her captor she sat frozen, watching the reflection of the coupe's lights in the windshield. Suddenly they vanished, and hope died within her. Duncan hadn't recognized them. Or had he? How could he have mistaken the roadster?

Suddenly Tanner emitted a curse and she looked ahead. Her breath caught. A car had loomed up in their path. It was Duncan's coupe, parked broadside across the road.

Naomi's captor cursed horribly, reaching beneath his left armpit. The roadster's brakes shrieked. They careened to one side of the road, bounced across a ditch and brought up in some shrubbery. Partly stunned, Naomi saw the glint of a gun in Tanner's hand. She screamed, lunging toward him. He pushed her away roughly, opened the door and got out. She saw a figure flash by the window. There was a sharp report, a blinding flash. She closed her eyes. Duncan's voice came to her, cool, matter-of-fact.

"Get up! And keep your hands high."

Later, saying good night to Duncan, she looked up at him adoringly. "Duncan, you didn't have a gun, but you knew he had one."

"Sure I jumped him from behind. Socked him behind the ear."

"Duncan, you—you're wonderful." He grinned. His eyes twinkled. "Listen. I've been thinking about what you said tonight. And now—well, with the reward money we could get married right away instead of waiting until June. We could take the money and go—"

"Buy ourselves a house and settle down right here in Birchill and be tremendously happy together," she finished joyously.

**The Quality of Tact**  
Tact is an imperative quality for the aspirant to popularity to cultivate. We all know how people with good hearts often hurt others by saying unkind things although with the best intentions. It is not enough to say the right word and to do the right thing, but it must be said and done at the right moment. If it is ill-timed—even a little too early or a little too late—its effect is lost. It is not enough to mean to be kind. The fact that you did not intend to hurt another does not heal the wound that tactlessness inflicted.

Forrest Dicks  
Allerton

Kenneth Dicks  
Broadlands

**Dicks Bros.  
Undertakers**

Ambulance Service

Ambulance Service

**Insurance - Real Estate - Notary Public**

Representing an old line eastern life insurance company—

**The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of N. Y.**

Also Fire and Automobile Insurance in good companies.

**Farm Loans at 4 1-2%. No commission charge.**

**Harold O. Anderson**  
Insurance Agency

See  
**Messman & Astell**  
For All Kinds of Insurance & Loans

Ten-Year Real Estate Loans at 4 1/2% interest.

We Make Loans on Unimproved Land.

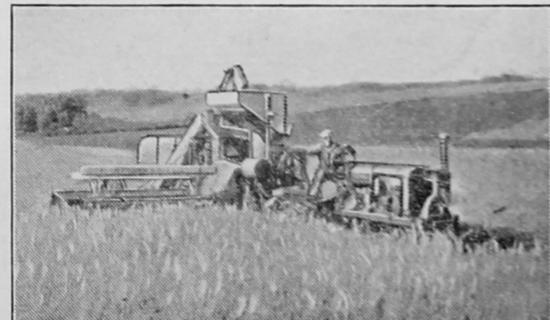
Bank Building

Broadlands, Illinois.

HUGH M.  
**RIGNEY**  
Candidate For  
**Congress**  
19th District

Counties of--Shelby, Moultrie, Piatt, Macon,  
DeWitt, Champaign, Douglas, Coles.

**The Successful Small Combine**



**McCormick-Deering**  
**No. 22 Harvester-Thresher**

ANY farmer who has 50 acres or more of grain to harvest can use this 8-foot combine profitably. It is an economical one-man outfit that cuts and threshes 20 to 25 acres a day. Owners use it successfully in all staple grains, in soybeans, peas, Lespedeza, sorghum grains, and a wide variety of special crops.

The McCormick-Deering No. 22 Harvester-Thresher is soundly designed throughout. It is easy to operate and requires no hair-trigger adjustments to do good work.

Come in and find out how this combine will pay on your farm. Other sizes—12 and 16-foot cuts.

**Courson's Hardware**  
ALLERTON, ILL.

**Ocean Romance**

By MEREDITH SCHOLL  
© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

**IMPULSIVELY** Cecily removed the dress from its hanger and held it to the light. Her breath caught in a little gasp of delight and admiration. Without warning an idea flashed across her mind. It was only 6:30. Countess de Villegby would be down in the main dining salon at least for another hour. . . . Why not? Before she could change her mind, Cecily slipped out of her stewardess' costume and donned the silver and blue. It fitted her perfectly. She stood before the full-length mirror, admiring herself, thrilled.

A step sounded, and she whirled. A wave of indignation, guilt and resentment warmed her blood. Basil Nutter stood in the doorway, trim and smart in his white and blue steward's uniform. His eyes were wide. He held a tray with champagne and glasses.

"Beautiful!" The word was spoken involuntarily, unconsciously.

Cecily hesitated. It popped into her mind that he had mistaken her for the Countess de Villegby. The sensation was pleasant, though a moment later she resented it. Two days ago when, following commencement at Smith, she had assumed her duties as stewardess aboard the Bolingaria in order to realize an ambition of going abroad, inexpensively, she had been thrilled to discover that Basil Nutter, Harvard's grid-iron hero of the past three years, had had the same idea. He was a steward on a deck. She had expected they might, having a good deal in common, find each other's company pleasant. But Basil hadn't even noticed her. Now she understood why. He was one of those silly, romantic things who worshiped the unattainable. You could tell that by the adoration in his eyes as he viewed her from the doorway.

Prompted once more by impulse, Cecily said loftily: "Put it there, boy." And gestured carelessly toward a table.

Basil hesitated, seemed to come out of his trance. "Yes, ma'am," he said and bowed meekly. He set down the tray. "Is there anything else?"

Cecily was contemptuous. She had always been contemptuous of hero-worshippers. She shook her head. "No. You may go."

Attired once more in her starched costume, Cecily went out, vaguely annoyed and depressed, thinking of Basil Nutter, wondering what the real Countess de Villegby could be like to exert such an influence on a Harvard football hero. She determined to return later in the evening on some pretext. She wanted to see what royal blood looked like.

But by midnight the Countess hadn't returned, and Cecily went to bed. The next day at noon she met Basil Nutter in the narrow corridor forward of A deck's main salon stairway. He stopped and smiled pleasantly.

"Hello," he said. "Say, you're from Smith, aren't you?"

"Am I?" said Cecily coldly.

"Well, I had an idea you were. There are stickers all over your trunk."

"You're very observing." He shrugged. "O. K. I thought you might want to get acquainted. Sorry." He stood aside and she passed him.

Thinking about it later, Cecily wished she hadn't been quite so cold. So far it had been a dull voyage. Basil looked like a lot of fun. The next time she saw him she smiled. He stopped short.

"Say, there's a movie tonight and a dance afterward for the A-deckers. Like to go?"

"All right," she said. Before the evening was over she had practically forgotten her antipathy for him. He proved tremendously interesting and they had quite a gay time. They discovered they had much in common.

Thereafter she held herself in check. She was a little more reserved. Not that Basil made any advances. He didn't.

The evening before they were scheduled to dock at Liverpool, Basil asked her to come up on the top deck with him and look at the moon. She went, forgetting what soft moonlight sometimes does to you. For a long time they sat without speaking. Basil turned to her suddenly.

"It's no use," he said, "I can't help it."

"Can't help what?" Cecily asked.

"Telling you that I love you. I was a little afraid at first that it might be one of those romances that ocean liners sometimes are responsible for because of the forced companionship and feeling of intimacy. But it isn't. It's real. I love you. I can't bear leaving you tomorrow."

Cecily caught her breath. "Or the countess either, I suppose?" she said without thinking.

"Countess?" He frowned. "Countess de Villegby? The redhead whose dress you tried on that day? I don't get it."

"Redhead?" Cecily's eyes opened wide. "Why, she is a redhead, isn't she? Flaming red. And I'm brunette. That means you couldn't have mistaken—" She broke off, biting her lip. And when he seemed on the verge of asking a question, she forestalled him by a method that was, though not unique, quite effective.

**Itchy Palm**

By BARBARA BENEDICT  
© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

**MISS ABBY FORBES** was not superstitious. That is, not very. Of course, she would never walk under a ladder when she could walk around it, and if a black cat crossed her path it gave her the horrors, and when she spilled salt she always tossed a pinch of it over her shoulder on to the stove.

No, Miss Abby was not really superstitious, but when even non-superstitious people have an itchy right palm and it continues to itch for no apparent reason despite your best efforts to ignore it—well, you just can't ignore it. Miss Abby knew that an itchy right palm meant you were going to meet some one new.

Today Miss Abby sat in her rocking chair near the dining room window scratching her itchy right palm and staring out at her flower bed and wondering. It was spring, and the flower bed was a glorious riot of color. Miss Abby was proud of that flower bed; just yesterday she had left off putting around in it, planning to spend the remainder of the week spring house-cleaning. And now this business of the itchy right palm had come up and so she had decided to postpone the house-cleaning for at least a day. That morning she had spent an extra half hour primping. She had gowned herself in a spic and span dress of blue print and curled the unruly locks of her brown hair into little ringlets.

You see, Miss Abby was forty and she'd missed something in life. Romance. Once, to be sure, years ago, she'd kept company for awhile with Orion Pratt, but Orion had gone away and Miss Abby had stayed at home and dreamed and hoped and wished, until suddenly she found herself at forty, with an emptiness in her heart that even bright flower beds couldn't fill.

And so because there were romantic notions still in her head, Miss Abby sat in her rocker and scratched her palm and looked out on the flower bed and wondered who it was she was going to meet that was new.

And right then a knock sounded on Miss Abby's front door. She gave a little start, even though she had expected the knock, and sat very still for a minute, conscious of the fluttering of her heart. But presently she stood up and made her way through the living room and opened the door. The person standing there was a man, a very tall and handsome and clean-looking man, with gray eyes and graying hair, and a wide, humorous mouth.

Miss Abby tried to say something, but her throat felt dry, and so she stared, and felt little tingling sensations running up and down her spinal column.

"Good morning," said the man, and stepped, uninvited, inside. Abby didn't answer him, and he regarded her queerly, and then went along the hall and through the living room door. Miss Abby didn't know what to do. It was all so strange and queer and unreal. But after a moment she mustered her courage and followed him through the door. And right then her heart seemed to stop beating. A terrible coldness came over her. For, looking through the dining room into the kitchen, she could see the man gazing up at the gas meter on the wall and writing something down in a book he carried, and she remembered that Lora Inman had said there was a new gas man on the route.

A tear welled up in Miss Abby's eye, and she quickly brushed it away. She felt suddenly older than her years and very tired. She wanted to sit down and rest—and cry. Folks couldn't understand how she felt, because no one could possibly know.

The gas man came back through the dining room and stood over Abby and stared at her and there was a strange light in his eyes. Unexpectedly he said: "Aren't you Abby Forbes?" And Abby looked up at him and caught her breath, because there was something about him that fanned into flame a dying ember of memory.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, that's who I am." And the gas man threw back his head and laughed.

"I thought so." He suddenly leaned toward her and the depths of his grey eyes held something that caused Abby's heart to begin its fluttering again. "And you don't remember me. You don't remember Orion Pratt who used to keep company with you?"

Abby felt as though she were going to faint. But she didn't. She recovered and said of course she remembered him and wouldn't he sit down a minute and she'd make some tea and they'd talk of old times. So Orion Pratt sat down in the rocker and looked out at Abby's flower bed, and presently Abby brought him a cup of tea, and they talked of old times. Abby's palm began to itch again and Orion looked at it and told her that she'd better be careful of poison ivy at this time of year. He noticed, he said, that some was growing out in her flower bed. And Abby blushed and said that must be it, because he really wasn't someone new, was he? Which puzzled Orion, but he let it pass and mentioned that Abby was prettier than she'd ever been before, and that he wasn't married and—but, shucks, you can guess how it all turned out.

**Intense Heat**

By R. H. WILKINSON  
© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

"**ALLESANDRO**," said Major Manuel de los Rios, "we are investing you with the responsibility of this commission for two reasons. First, because you resemble a certain porter at the El Regio hotel who, we have very good reason to suspect, is a spy in the employ of the rebels, and secondly, because we have faith in your ability."

Allesandro's dark young face flushed with pride. "I'll do my best, sir."

"I'm sure of it." Major Rios permitted himself a warm and unofficial smile. "Please understand the importance of the commission. Success means a promotion for you. Failure—" he gestured,—"failure means that the rebels will come into possession of enough arms and ammunition to make likely the success of the insurrection."

"Is it as bad as that, sir?" "Quite." The major rose. "The porter who is under suspicion at the El Regio has been removed. You will go there immediately and take his place. A certain Robert Cranston, an American business man, is staying at the hotel. We have reason to suppose that Cranston is trying secretly to provide the rebels with arms. Naturally his transaction with them must be conducted in secret. Somehow, we suspect, he will attempt to communicate with Riso Florit's army, apprising him of the rendezvous where the arms are to be delivered. It will be up to you to intercept that message. The porter whom you will impersonate we believe to be the go-between."

"I understand, sir." Allesandro saluted and went out into the hot tropical sunlight. Ten minutes later, attired in a porter's uniform, he was summoned to the desk of the El Regio.

"The American has rung," the clerk told him. "You will go and see what it is he desires."

Robert Cranston, middle-aged, fat, pompous, was standing by a window overlooking the patio when Allesandro entered. He turned and for a moment his eyes bored into those of the young secret agent. Allesandro permitted an eyelid to flutter ever so slightly.

The American muttered something in his throat and gestured toward the bed. "Have that dress shirt cleaned and return it to me in time for dinner."

Allesandro picked up the dress shirt, tucked it under his arm and returned to the door.

"Is that all, sir?"

The American seemed annoyed. "Of course it's all. Isn't it enough?" Allesandro went out. He was disappointed. Neither by sign nor manner had the American indicated he believed the youth to be a confederate. Somehow Cranston had been apprised of the government's artifice. Well, there may still be a chance.

With the shirt still tucked under his arm, Allesandro hurried down the corridor, passed by the elevator, turned left and pushed through a door that opened onto an outside balcony. He looked carefully around.

Cautiously Allesandro crept along the balcony until he was near the window that opened into the American's room. Here, for a full hour, suffering from the steady heat of the sun, he stood concealed by an ugly gargoyle and watched Cranston's movements. At the end of the hour the American lay down on his bed and went to sleep.

Bitterly disappointed, Allesandro turned away. Of a truth the American had been warned to take care. His movements during the past hour had been nothing to excite suspicion. On the contrary, he seemed quite confident and pleased with himself.

Why? Allesandro scowled. Why was the American pleased? Had he already succeeded in conveying the message? If so, how?

Still puzzling over the problem, Allesandro re-entered the hotel, descended to the lobby and passed through it toward the laundry. He would have the shirt cleaned as directed and return with it to the American's room on the bare hope—Allesandro came abruptly to a halt. He stared, and his eyes bulged. Suddenly he turned and retraced his steps. . . .

"You see, sir," he explained to Major Rios later, "I couldn't understand how the American's mind could be so much at ease that he could sleep. Unless, of course, he had sent the message. I was watching him from the balcony outside. The heat there was terrific, hot enough, in fact, to reproduce faintly the tracing of invisible ink. The message, sir, was written on the shirt in invisible ink. The real rebel spy was in the laundry. Having received the shirt he would run a hot iron over it, bring out the writing, memorize the message and then clean the shirt. A very neat idea. Fortunately, Senor Cranston is not used to the high temperature of our climate, and could not be expected to know that the heat of the atmosphere would be intense enough to develop the message. . . . The vessel carrying the arms is located in a bay fifty miles south of here. It will be child's play to confiscate that ship, thereby suppressing the revolution."

**"The Man Who O-O"**



**THE SALEM WITCHES PARADE** IF, IN 1888, you had read in the papers this headline: "Salem Witches to Parade for Harrison Tonight," you would probably have rubbed your eyes to make sure that you weren't seeing double and mixing up Seventeenth and Nineteenth century history into an amazing anachronism. But the fact is that the Salem Witches did march for Harrison in 1888 and for the next 20 years they were a striking feature of many a campaign torch-light procession in Massachusetts and other states.

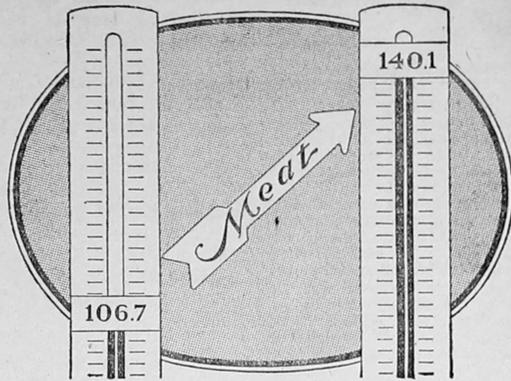
The Salem Witches were members of three militia units who dressed up in a uniform consisting of a Mother Hubbard dress with a white yoke on which was displayed pictures of Harrison and Morton, the Republican presidential and vice-presidential nominees, and a skirt of red, white and blue stripes dotted with stars. A scarlet cape, worn with one-half thrown back over the shoulder, was another striking feature and with it was worn a poke bonnet with a high crown. Each of the "girls" carried a broom torch.

At about the time the Salem Witches campaign battalion was organized in Salem, Republicans in Haverhill, Mass., organized the Brother Jonathans. Members of these two clubs became great friends and it was their practice to "double up" after the parade had proceeded a short distance with each "Brother Jonathan" gallantly escorting a "Salem Witch."

Many and varied have been the marching clubs which took part in torchlight parades in campaign years but there has never been a more striking one than the "Salem witches" of the campaign of 1888. © Western Newspaper Union.

A social worker says most prisoners are fond of music. No doubt they like the sound of the opening bars.

If folks were compelled to practice what they preach there would be considerably less preaching.



**All Aboard for a Good Dinner Costing \$1.50**

Serves Six Persons at a Cost of 25 Cents Each

**ONE** way to serve a good dinner for six that will cost only twenty-five cents a person is to serve fish. The production of meat this year is the lowest it has been in fifty years, and according to the index numbers of the Department of Agriculture its cost jumped in one year from 106.7 to 140.1, and is expected to go still higher. So fish is coming into its own as a cheap, nutritious and healthful food, and the following menu takes this circumstance into account.

**Tuna Fish and Corn Pudding 47¢**  
**Buttered Fresh Asparagus 26¢**  
**Cabbage and Raisin Cole Slaw 18¢**  
**Hot Buttered Rolls 20¢**  
**Apple and Cranberry Pie 29¢**  
**Coffee with Cream 10¢**

**Tuna Fish and Corn Pudding:** Make a white sauce of two table-

spoons butter, three tablespoons flour, three-fourths teaspoon salt and one cup milk. Add the flaked contents of a 13-ounce can tuna fish, one cup creamy canned corn and one cup soft bread crumbs. Turn into a buttered casserole and bake at 400 degrees from thirty to forty minutes. Serve from casserole.

**A Fine Fruit Dessert**

**Apple and Cranberry Pie:** Mash one-half cup cranberry sauce with a fork. Add contents of a No. 2 can apple sauce, one-half cup raisins, two tablespoons sugar, two tablespoons butter and one-half teaspoon nutmeg. Heat to boiling and pour into a pastry-lined pie tin. Cover with crust and bake in a hot oven—425 degrees—for about thirty minutes. This serves six liberally.\*

**T. A. DICKS, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Broadlands, Ill.

**General Trucking**  
Chas. Crain  
Broadlands . . . Illinois

**Dr. Erwin Pasternak**  
DENTIST  
X-Ray  
Phone 24  
Homer . . . Illinois

**L. W. Donley**  
Phone No. 22  
**ICE**  
City Transfer  
Long Distance Hauling  
Broadlands, Illinois

**ELECTRIC WELDING**  
Acetylene Welding and Cutting  
Lathe Work  
**Bus Baldwin**  
Standard Service Station  
Broadlands

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

**SLEEP!**  
Tonight!

When the worries, noise, confusion, high-tension work, or hectic pleasures of your waking hours "get on your nerves," here is a simple time-tested preparation that will bring a feeling of calm and relaxation and allow you to get a good night's sleep. **Dr. Miles Nervine** quiets your nerves. It is not habit-forming and does not depress the heart. Why take chances with dangerous habit-forming drugs? Why use narcotics that make you dull and depressed?

Millions have found relief, relaxation, sleep, by using Dr. Miles Nervine. Although first used more than fifty years ago, Dr. Miles Nervine is as up to date as today's newspaper. Nothing better for the home treatment of overtaxed nerves has ever been discovered. Your druggist sells Dr. Miles Nervine. We guarantee relief, or your money back, with the first bottle or package.

**DR. MILES' NERVINE**  
Liquid and Effervescent Tablets

**Relief!**  
For Nervousness  
Sleeplessness  
Irritability  
Restlessness  
Nervous Headache  
Nervous Indigestion



**ALLISON OF IOWA**  
**FIRST** honors for "coming close" to the presidency, although he is minus even the standing of an "also-ran," must be awarded William B. Allison of Iowa.  
 Allison's doubtful honor came to him at the Republican convention of 1888, which ended finally with the nomination of Benjamin Harrison, later elected President.  
 Delegates to the convention had balloted ineffectually for several candidates when a four-hour recess was taken to permit a counting of noses. Delegates from New York, Illinois, California, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Iowa and Missouri, went into conference. Representatives from each of these states were practically empowered to act for the entire state delegation. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts spoke in favor of Allison of Iowa after several of the candidates had been discussed. It was finally agreed that Allison's fitness for the high job was apparent and that he should get the support of the conferring states.  
 New York state had been represented, however, by only three of its four delegates-at-large. The three who agreed on Allison failed to reckon with their absent colleague, Chauncey Depew, the rapier-worded banqueteer.  
 Depew was president of a railroad at the time. He had been supported as a candidate but was forced to withdraw because of farm belt opposition to the railroads. Much of the opposition to him had come from Iowa and so he turned thumbs-down on Allison.  
 Subsequent events proved that if Depew had not balked, the conferring states would have nominated Allison and he would have been elected President in place of Harrison.  
 The ironical part of this personal catastrophe is that Allison's stature measured fully as high as the job demanded. He had moved out to Iowa as a young lawyer, served eight years in the lower house of congress and, beginning in 1872, was a United States senator from the Tall Corn state for an unbroken period of 35 years.

© Western Newspaper Union.

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

Q. How many citizens has Illinois in the National Hall of fame?  
 A. Two. James Shields and Frances E. Willard.  
 Q. Did Stephen A. Douglas teach school in Illinois?  
 A. Stephen A. Douglas within a month after his arrival in Illinois secured a school in Winchester, Illinois, where he had a class of 40 pupils.  
 Q. Where is Winchester, Illinois?  
 A. Winchester, Illinois, is in Scott County. It was formerly situated in Morgan County. In 1839 Scott County was created and Morgan County lost a large portion of its territory.  
 Q. What is the present farm population of Illinois?  
 A. The State's farm population on Jan. 1, 1935 was 1,017,650.  
 Q. Does this show an increase over previous years?  
 A. Over 61,000 or 6 per cent of the persons on farms on Jan. 1, 1935 in Illinois lived in city, town, or other nonfarm residences five years earlier.  
 Q. When did the Illinois State Agricultural Department make its beginning?  
 A. On April 15, 1872 by an act of the Legislature.  
 Q. When was the "Cities and Villages Act" passed in Illinois?  
 A. This act was passed by the Illinois General Assembly of 1870.  
 Q. Who was the first white man to settle in Shawneetown, Illinois?  
 A. According to the historian Reynolds, Michael Spinkle was the first white settler. He came to Shawneetown in 1802.  
 Q. What New York church has memorial windows to both Grant and Lincoln?  
 A. The Metropolitan Temple. General Grant's family were members of this church for seven years.

**Long View News**

Leonard Kalk made a business trip to Kewanee last Friday.

Mrs. Mary Hood has vacated the Chapman property, and has returned to Oakland to live.

D. W. Culton and family attended the funeral of Guilford Clements, at Camargo, Sunday.

Mrs. Katherine Deere spent several days recently with her daughter, Harriet, in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Paine and daughter Miss Ada, spent Sunday with the Ken Bollinger family at Hume.

Mrs. Horace Martinie was severely burned on the hands last Thursday, when she attempted to start a fire with gasoline.

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Coslet has been very ill, threatened with pneumonia. He has been at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Todd during the illness of Mrs. Coslet.

The September pot-luck dinner of the Christian Church was held Sunday in the S. A. Howard home. Out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Perry Starkey, Peotum; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eckerty, and Virgil Eckerty, of Newman.

**Allerton News**

Dr. D. Dawson moved to Sidel, Tuesday.

Mrs. Ada Smith entertained at dinner, Sunday, Lester Smith and family of Hume, and Leonard Smith and family.

The Banquet held at the Presbyterian church basement Monday evening was well attended by business men and farmers. The Rotary Club of Danville being hosts to the farmers and business men of Allerton and community.

About eighty guests attended the shower Tuesday afternoon at the Presbyterian church base-

ment in honor of Mrs. Inez Brown Sweasy. Mrs. Sweasy received many useful and lovely gifts.

Those from here who attended Guest Night at the Eastern Star at Broadlands, Saturday night were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Porterfield, Mrs. Mabel Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Edd Harby, Mr. and Mrs. Ollie George, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Six, Miss Mayme Telling.

**Pleasant Ridge**

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Dyer spent Monday in Paris.

Mrs. Jessie Kincaid is seriously ill at her home.

Mrs. Herbert Ward of Tuscola spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. Ada Kincaid.

Earl George, small son of Mr. and Mrs. John George, was taken to St. Elizabeth Hospital, Danville, last week.

Mrs. Laura Jones and Mrs. Hazelle Harby attended a shower for Mrs. Inez Sweasy, Tuesday afternoon.

The Annual Home Coming dinner was well attended Sunday at Pleasant Ridge. A basket dinner was enjoyed at the noon hour followed by a program.

**Time Tables**  
 C. & E. I.

Southbound ..... 1:12 p. m.  
 Northbound ..... 3:12 p. m.  
 Star Mail Route  
 Southbound ..... 7:15 a. m.  
 Northbound ..... 8:30 a. m.

It takes a high-salaried radio comedian to make the old jokes sound new.

The trouble is that the average worm is about as helpless after turning as it was before.

ELECT  
**FRED B. HAMILL**  
 STATE'S ATTORNEY  
 On His Record

**Want Ads.**

Prompt removal of all dead animals. Serving you direct from Tuscola Phone No. 13.—Central Illinois Rendering Co.

APPLES—Now harvesting Jonathans, Grimes Golden, Delicious. Buy eating and cooking apples now before they go into storage which adds 25c per bu. to price. Bring your jug for sweet cider and pure vinegar.—Dunlap Market at OLD ORCHARD FARM 3 mi. So. Champaign on Route 45.

ELECT  
**FRED B. HAMILL**  
 Democrat for  
 STATE'S ATTORNEY

**Fresh & Rahn**  
 Auctioneers

Call, phone or write for date  
 L. C. FREESH, Newman, Ill.  
 FLOYD RAHN, Camargo, Ill.

**Fischer Theatre**  
 DANVILLE ILLINOIS

Coming Saturday  
 For 6 Days

**THE GREAT ZIEGFELD**

with  
 WM. POWELL  
 MYRNA LOY  
 LOUISE RAINER

First time at popular prices!  
 Uncut—unchanged—complete. Three hours of glorious entertainment!

It is unfortunate there is no way to utilize left-over advice.  
 Many matrimonial bonds are of the short term variety.

Hi there, you; didn't you tell me you never got tired?  
 Dat's right, boss. Ah allus stops an' rests befo' Ah gets tired.

**Serve Dinner Daily**  
 INCLUDING SUNDAY  
**Chicken Dinners Every Thursday**  
**Eckerty's Cafe**  
 BROADLANDS : : : : ILLINOIS

**Illinois Theatre**  
 Newman, Ill.  
 "Always A Good Show"  
 Cushion Seats Pleasing Lighting Effect

Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3  
 Sequel to The Call of The Wild—Jack London's famous story—  
**White Fang**  
 with Michael Whalen. Also Clyde Lucas and His Orchestra. A Color Cartoon—Molly Moo Cow and Indians. A Warner Bros. Musical—Logging Along. A Pete Smith Specialty—Killer Dog. And Latest Paramount News of the World. A big two hour show with an outstanding feature. And especially selected shorts.  
 10c-20c

Sunday and Monday, Oct. 4-5  
 Lew Ayres and Mary Carlisle in—  
**Lady Be Careful**  
 The Navy takes the girls of Panama by storm. Also a Headliner—Gypsy Revels. Also a Musical—A Night at the Biltmore Bowl. A Mickey Mouse Cartoon—Polo Team. And Latest Paramount News Events.  
 10c Continuous Showing on Sunday, 3-11 p. m. 25c

Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 6-7  
**A Big Dime Show**  
 Brian Donlevy and Glenda Farrell in—  
**High Tension**  
 Also A Comedy—Happy Heels.  
 All Seats 10c

Thursday, October 8  
 All Seats Are Magic Seats  
 Charley Chan solves a great circus mystery—  
**Chan At The Circus**  
 Also A Screen Snapshot and A Sport Review and Comedy.  
 10c 20c

Coming:—Poor Little Rich Girl—Fury—The Last of The Mohicans—San Francisco—Cain and Mabel—Suzy—Ramona—and many other hits of the year.

**A Big Fish Fry**  
 ...and...  
**Kittenball**  
 ...at...  
**Schaefer's Park**  
 Sunday Afternoon  
**October 4, 1936**  
 Also Dance and Plenty  
 of Amusement  
**Beer on Tap - - - Afternoon and Evening**  
 By The Immaculate Conception Church of Bongard

R. C. A. HIGH FIDELITY SOUND SYSTEM  
**STAR**  
 VILLA GROVE  
 NEW CUSHION SEATS

Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 1-2  
**BANK NITE--\$15.00**  
 Stuart Erwin  
 Florence Rice  
 in  
**Women Are Trouble**  
 10c-25c

Saturday, Oct. 3  
 Mat. 5c-10c Nite 10c-15c  
 Warner Oland  
 in  
**Charley Chan At The Race Track**  
 No. 10 Rex and Rinty

Sunday and Monday, Oct. 4-5  
 The New Star Sensation, Simone Simon, with Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton in  
**Girls' Dormitory**  
 Cartoon - Musical Review - News  
 Continuous Sunday, 3 till 11  
 Sunday—10c and 20c till 5. After 5—10c and 25c

Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 6-7  
 2 Big Features

No. 1---  
 Ralph Bellamy  
 in  
**Straight From The Shoulder**

No. 2---  
 Craig Reynolds  
 June Travis  
 in  
**Jail Break**

Adm. 10c-25c

Sun-Mon., Oct. 11-12 - Dick Powell in Stage Struck