

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 17

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1936

NUMBER 20

Miss Pearl Clester is Given Shower

Mrs. Roy Block of Glencoe, Mrs. Vohn Snow and Mrs. Paul Decker of Champaign, and Mrs. Lucy Sullivan of this place entertained at a miscellaneous shower for Miss Pearl Clester, bride to be, of Champaign, at the home of Mrs. Sullivan on Friday evening of last week.

About forty-five guests were present and Miss Clester received many nice gifts.

The marriage of Miss Clester to Ralph Kerr of Glendale, Cal., will take place on Thanksgiving Day, and this announcement was made by telegram during the evening.

Refreshments of ice cream, cake and coffee were served by the hostesses.

Miss Clester has been employed as bookkeeper at the County Farm the past four years and was a former resident of Broadlands.

Phi Beta Deltas Meet at Philip Limp Home

The Phi Beta Delta class of St. John's Evangelical Sunday School met at the Philip J. Limp residence last Tuesday evening. Raymond Kilian led the devotional period. The business session was in charge of the president, Miss Marcelle Nohren.

A delicious lunch was served by the hostess.

The following were present: Misses Mabel Bahlow, Maxine Cook, Kathleen David, Geneva Davis, Pauline Limp, Wilma Messman, Marcelle Nohren, and Edna Schumacher; Messrs. Raymond Kilian, Floyd Magill, Harry Nohren, Walter Schumacher, Billy Zenke; Mr. and Mrs. James David, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Limp, Mrs. J. V. Van Buskirk, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Baldauf.

Next month in place of the regular meeting a Christmas party will be held at the parsonage on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 16. Each member is invited to bring a guest. There will be a Christmas exchange as is customary at this time of year.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock. There is a class for every age and every need.

The Preaching Service next Sunday is in the morning, at 11:00.

St. John's Evangelical Church

ROBERT J. BALDAUF, PASTOR.

Sunday, November 15—9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.

10:30 a. m.—Worship service.

The offering at this service will be used to help our denomination wipe out its debt. All members of the church are urged to contribute something to this worthy cause. If you have not as yet done so and cannot attend services this Sunday, send your gift with some one else or see that it is in the hands of either the secretary or the pastor before the close of the service.

Saturday, November 21—The Ladies' Aid Society will serve a chicken supper in the church basement. Remember this date!

The right angle for approaching a difficult problem is the "try" angle.—Biflexions.

New Chevrolet Prices Announced for 1937

Prices for the new Chevrolet passenger cars for 1937 were announced by W. E. Holler, vice president and general sales manager, upon his arrival in New York for the National Automobile Show.

It was revealed that for 1937 Chevrolet would have a completely new line of cars, incorporating one wheelbase and with two lengths of wheelbase and quite a wide variance of specifications.

Prices of the Master Deluxe models remain approximately the same as those of the 1936 cars. The popular coach and town sedan models have been reduced \$5, while the four-door sedan and the sport sedan prices remain unchanged. The coupe and sport coupe are the only models to be increased in price and these only \$5 over the 1936 levels.

Prices of the Master Deluxe Chevrolet now cover features formerly offered as optional at extra cost, including knee-action, safety plate glass all around, fenders in color matching the body, and larger tires. The prices are as follows:

Coach, \$595; sedan, \$660; town sedan, with trunk, \$620; sport sedan, with trunk, \$685; business coupe, \$585; sport coupe with rumble seat, \$615.

The list prices of the Master Chevrolet, which also include the added equipment except knee-action, are uniformly \$60 under the Master Deluxe prices.

Allerton News

The basketball season opened Saturday night, Allerton winning one game and losing one game.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Spesard moved into the Harby house on Wednesday.

The Mothers and Dads Club met Monday night at the high school. A very interesting program was given.

Mrs. Ada Smith went to Danville, Friday, to see her new grandson, born to Mr. and Mrs. Lester Smith of Hume, at St. Elizabeth hospital.

The Little Sisters of the Presbyterian church entertained their big sisters Friday evening in the church basement. A two course dinner was served by the teacher of the class, Mrs. Barstead, and Mrs. Bertha Hillery. About thirty were present. Short talks were made by Mrs. Ralph Allen, Mrs. Fred Anderson and Mrs. Ira Laverick.

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.

Market Report

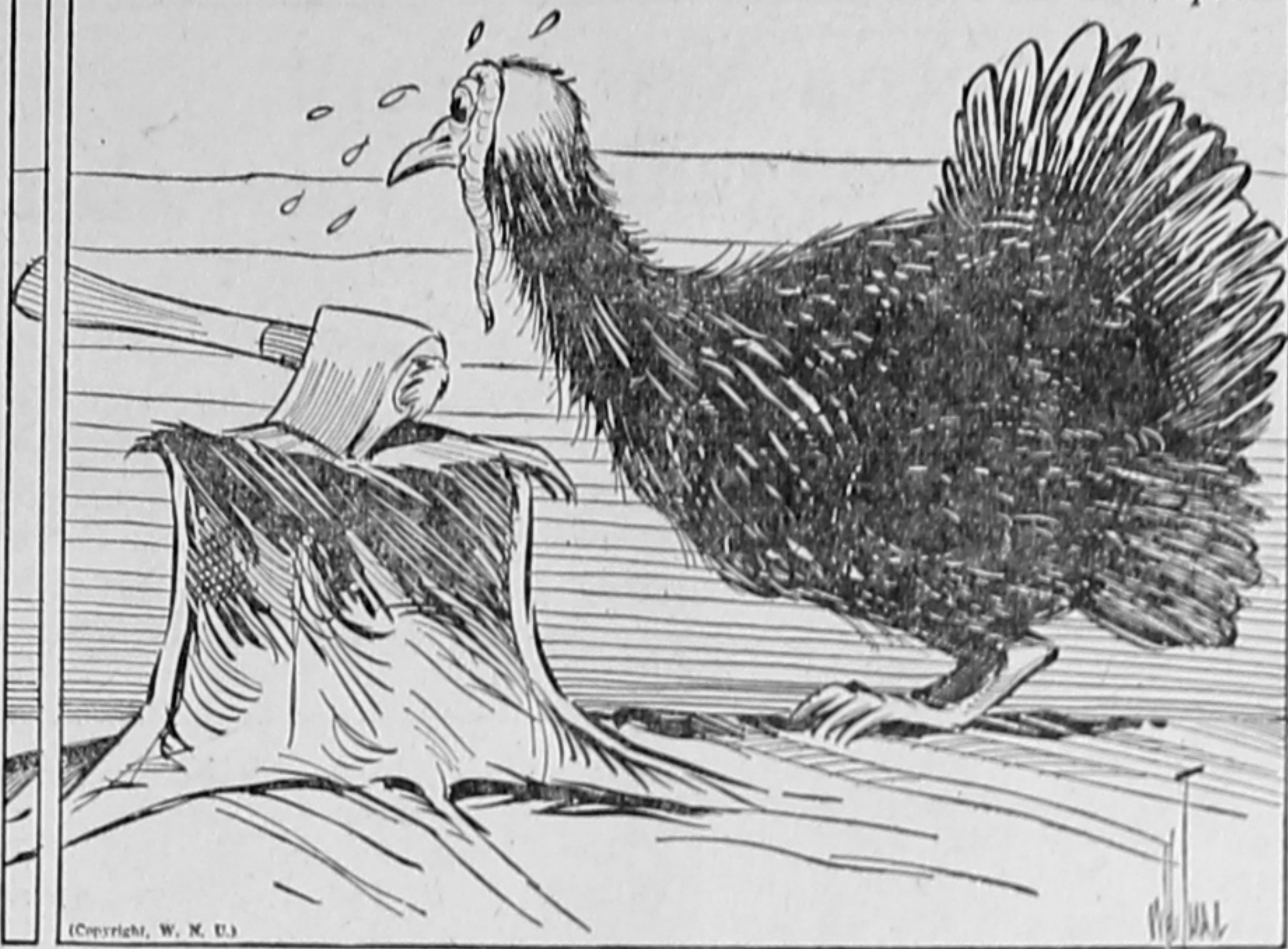
Following are the prices offered for grain on Thursday in the local market:

No. 2 new hard wheat	\$1.10
No. 4 white shelled corn	96c
No. 4 yellow shelled corn	96c
No. 3 white oats	38c
No. 2 new beans	\$1.12

Defeat isn't bitter if you don't swallow it.

TURKEY DAZE

You who lends me life, lend me a heart filled with thankfulness
—Shakespeare



Local and Personal

Miss Anna Clem is driving a new Plymouth sedan.

Oscar Anderson of Champaign was a caller here Monday.

Mrs. Carl Dicks was a Danville visitor, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cable visited relatives at Terre Haute, Ind., Sunday.

Mrs. Minnie Anderson and Miss Marie Witt were Danville visitors Monday.

Miss Florence Schumacher of Champaign spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. August Zantow spent the weekend with relatives in Danville.

Smith Hamilton of Fairland spent the weekend with Andrew Henson.

Ira Lewis and family of Ridgefarm spent Sunday with Albert Cummings and family.

Clark Henson and children were Champaign visitors, Sunday.

Miss Phyllis Bergfield of Danville spent the weekend with home folks.

Mrs. A. A. Cable is visiting Glenn Porter and family at Marion, Ohio.

Charles King and family of Champaign spent Saturday with Mrs. Lydia Brown.

Lorraine and Rosemond Henson of Champaign spent the weekend with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Reed.

Misses Wilma Messman and Anna Clem, Mrs. Lillie Bowman and Mrs. Flora Bailey were Champaign visitors, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Brice Ward and Norman Lee Reed of Champaign visited at the A. E. Reed home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Van Buskirk of Chicago spent the weekend here with the former's mother, Mrs. Sarah Van Buskirk.

Mrs. John V. Van Buskirk of Villa Park is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Baldauf.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carr of Decatur, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Waren and daughter of Hume, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bergfield, daughter, Miss Juanita, spent Sunday with J. A. Thomas.

Broadlands is certainly in need of an uptodate fire truck, our old Model T truck having seen better days.

Miss Alyce Anderson of Champaign is spending a three weeks vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Anderson.

Mrs. Ira Lahne of southeast of Hastings underwent an operation for the removal of her appendix at Lakeview hospital, Danville, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Milford Johnson, daughter, Ruby, Danville, Emma Duncan, San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. Gus Anderson, Allerton, were entertained Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Allen.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Paul's Evangelical Church, Sidney, had an all day meeting on Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Baldauf. A covered dish luncheon was served at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer entertained the following relatives, Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Ira Van Buskirk, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Cooper and children, Tuscola; Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Block, Mrs. Sarah Van Buskirk.

Armistice Day was observed by the workmen who are building the new rock road in Ayers township, last Wednesday at 11 o'clock, when they stood facing the east with bowed heads for one minute, states C. D. McCormick, foreman of the project.

Rev. W. Earl Ballew was in Homer last Wednesday delivering an Armistice address to the students of the high school, at 11 o'clock, and in Newman that evening giving an Armistice talk to the Kiwanis Club and guest members of the American Legion.

Moderately priced apples are getting scarce—better get a few bushels now. Best quality Western Potatoes, Self-Rising Buckwheat Flour, Home Made Cider and other specialties at OLD ORCHARD FARM, three miles south of Champaign on route 45.

Mr. and Mrs. August Zantow entertained a number of relatives at dinner last Friday honoring their daughter, Mrs. Hobart Harris, on her birthday anniversary. Those present were Mesdames Cleo Seeds, William Brown, Lyle Cummings, John Blossie, Solmie Cline, Cecil Mosier, Edward Schultz, all of Danville, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Zantow, daughter, Lois, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Harris.

Haverstocks Coming This Saturday Night

The business men of Broadlands have engaged the Haverstock Show Company to put on stage shows here on Saturday night of each week. The Haverstocks have played here in tent shows a number of times in the past few years and our citizens have been well pleased with their shows. If patronage is sufficient the entertainments will continue indefinitely.

The first show will be presented at the local theater this Saturday night, the title being "What a Woman Will Do." It's a sensational new comedy, with vaudeville between acts.

The low admission price of ten cents to all will be charged.

Mrs. A. E. Reed Given Surprise on Birthday

Mrs. A. E. Reed was pleasantly surprised last Saturday evening when a number of friends gathered at her home to celebrate her birthday.

Refreshments of sandwiches, bananas, cookies and coffee were served. Mrs. Reed received several gifts.

The evening was spent in a jolly good time and all left at a late hour wishing Mrs. Reed many more happy birthdays.

Those present were Mesdames Emma Jackson, Mide Walker, Mary Duncan, Dophia Warner, Cora Chafin, Lizzie Richey, Mary Fitzgerald, Anna Seeds, Ruth Thode, Belle Smith, Misses Nellie Smith, Lorraine and Rosemond Henson, Ernestine and Louise Duncan and Betty Jackson.

Longview High School News

Marcelle Nohren, Reporter.

A class in archery, under the supervision of Miss Watson, was started on Wednesday.

Mary Ethel Collins, Esther Boyd and Bobby Gene Parks were chosen as cheer leaders for the coming season.

As this is Book Week the English II, III and IV students are working industriously on projects as directed by Miss Howard.

The Home Economics club organized on Wednesday evening for the year '36-'37. The following officers were elected: Juanita Luth—President.

Marcelle Nohren—Vice President.

Jane Jarman—Sec. and Treas.

A short Armistice Program was held at 11:30 Wednesday.

America, the Beautiful—Assembly.

What Americans Believe In—Max Thode.

Message to Soldiers, by Woodrow Wilson—Glen Carleton.

The Unknown Soldier—Odell Swangle.

Flander's Field—Alice Norman.

Peace—Maxine Eastin.

The Unknown Soldier—Clyde Collins.

America—Assembly.

Chicken Supper

Saturday, November 21—In the basement of St. John's Evangelical Church—Come!

The News is \$1.50 a year.

Mrs. Henry Mohr Hostess to St. John's Aid Society

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. John's Evangelical Church met at the home of Mrs. Henry K. Mohr last Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Henry Schumacher had charge of the devotions and Mrs. Howard Mohr of the business. Mrs. Henry Schumacher, Mrs. Howard Mohr and Mrs. John Jordan were chosen to serve on the nominating committee. It was decided to have a chicken supper in the church basement on Saturday, November 21.

A delicious lunch was served by the hostess.

The following were in attendance at the meeting: Mesdames John Jordan, Clarence Kilian, Henry Kilian, Sr., Henry Kilian, Jr., Henry K. Mohr, Howard Mohr, Karl Partenheimer, Emil Schumacher, Henry Schumacher, Henry Wiese, Alfred Zenke, Alvin Zenke, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Baldauf.

The December meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. George Dohme. It is to be an all day meeting with a covered dish luncheon at noon. The usual custom of having a Christmas exchange will be observed at this meeting.

F. T. F. Class Entertained at Home Mrs. Geo. Walker

The F. T. F. Class of the M. E. Sunday School met at the home of Mrs. Mide Walker on Wednesday afternoon of last week.

The meeting was opened with the song "Take Time to be Holy." Mrs. Mide Walker read scripture and Mrs. Eva Brewer had charge of the lesson study.

It was decided to have a Christmas exchange at the December meeting, which will be held at the home of Mrs. Eva Brewer.

Refreshments consisted of fruit salad, cake and a cherry drink.

Guests present were Mrs. Alice Cable and Mrs. Eva Walker.

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Nov. 14, 1924

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Gus Windler.

Frank Gilbert of Los Angeles, Calif., visited relatives here.

Wm. Messman mashed a finger while dumping corn.

A shooting match was held in the Maxwell field north of town.

Dale Anderson and family of Indianapolis visited O. E. Anderson and family.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that the local dumping grounds will be closed for the season, on Saturday, Nov. 14, 1936.

J. A. Thomas, Overseer.

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Southbound..... 1:15 p. m.

Northbound..... 3:23 p. m.

Star Mail Route

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

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

Hawaii's Memorial Stone

The memorial stone from Hawaii which is to be placed in the Washington monument is of coral sandstone and will bear the following inscription in Hawaiian: "Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono." The translation of this is "The life of the land is preserved in righteousness" and it is the official motto of the island. The stone is 4 by 2 feet and 6 inches thick. It will be placed in the interior of the monument on the 360-foot level.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

The Souls of Oysters In the Coffin, He Pays Polly Has a Tombstone Suicide Is Folly

Mr. Kokichi Mikimoto, able Japanese gentleman, once a peddler of noodles, is now gigantically rich, thanks to his oyster pearl idea. He makes real pearls by forcing the oyster to work at pearl production. Instead of diving for oysters, hoping to find one with a pearl in it, he puts little, irritating grains of sand inside the shells of millions of oysters, and each oyster proceeds to deposit the pearly substance on the sand to escape its irritating scratching.

These pearls are "real." Although experts can tell the difference, they annoy jewelers and have hurt the value of the other accidental pearls, but they make it unnecessary for the unfortunate pearl diver to "go all naked to the hungry shark," as the poet has it. Mr. Mikimoto has been obliged to kill hundreds of millions of oysters, which is serious; his Buddhist religion teaches that each has its little separate soul—in fact, the soul of his great-grandmother might have resided in one of the oysters.

An American who recently died left a fortune of between twenty-five and thirty million dollars, chiefly in tax-exempt securities on which the owner, while he lived, paid no income tax. Now that he is dead, inheritance taxes will take about two-thirds of the many millions. The lack of a "dead-or-alive" tax-exempt securities offers opportunity to some able lawyer. If the government has no constitutional right to take any income from tax-exempt bonds, how can it legally take half merely because the owner is in his coffin?

A green parrot, with red tipped wings, buried in a respectable grave, will have a granite headstone with "Here lies Polly Coddington, sixty-eight years old," engraved on it. Exactly how old Polly was, no one knows. Born in Brazil, she was presented to the grandmother of Mrs. Joseph E. Hunt, sixty-eight years ago. Parrots, like eagles, elephants and other intelligent creatures that eat wisely, often pass one hundred. A higher race thinks up foolish things for itself.

Gruesome details which no one seems to have put into a movie or a horror story are published in connection with a recent suicide. The unfortunate victim, convinced that life was not worth while, hanged himself, and then, still conscious, found he was mistaken and made desperate unsuccessful efforts to cut the rope. Those that think of suicide should remember that they must leave the world soon in any case, and might as well remain to see what will happen. While there is life, there is hope.

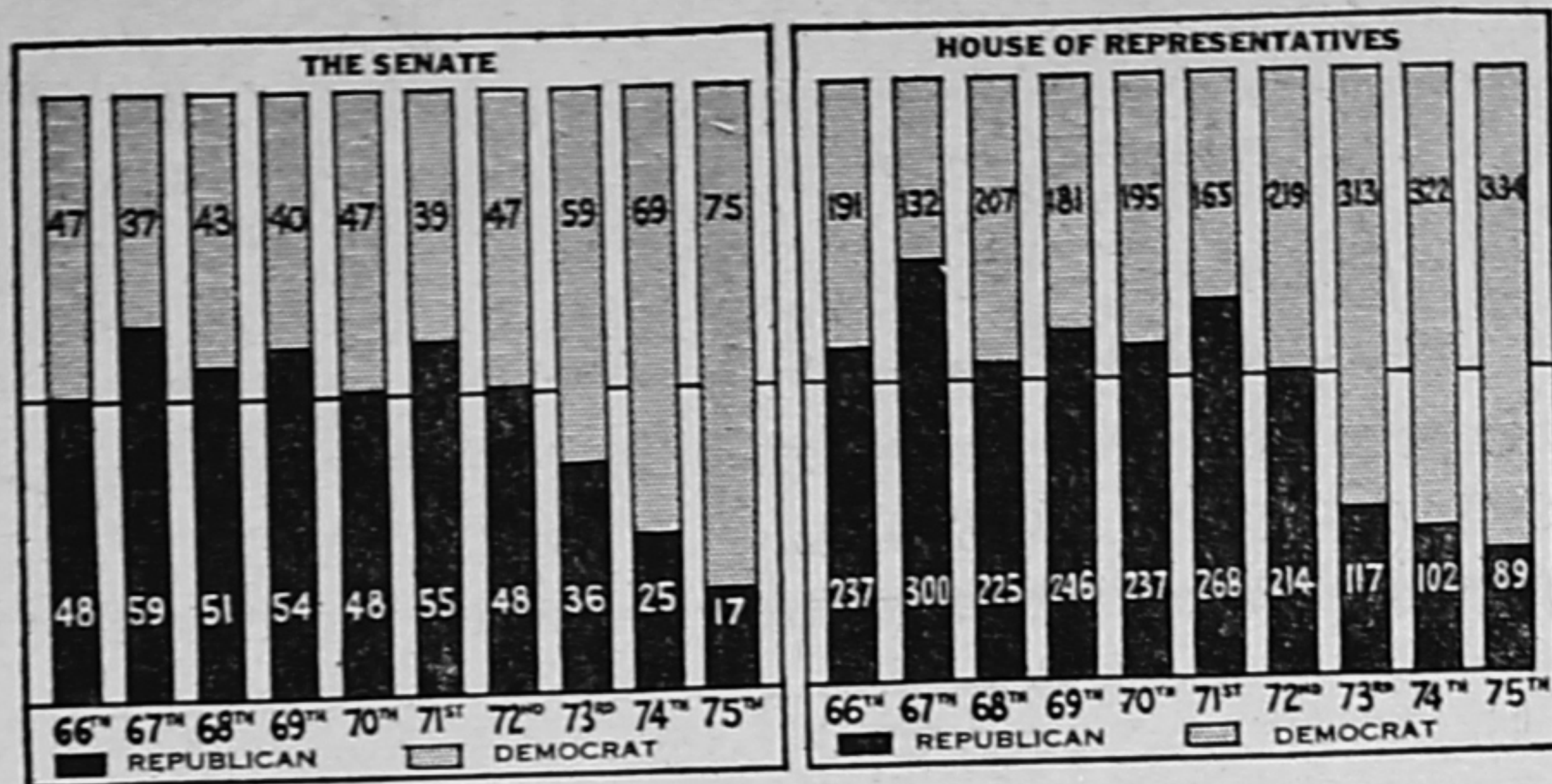
Chiang Kai-Shek, dictator of the Nanking government, warns China, "No nation can ruin us unless we first ruin ourselves," emphasizing the fact that the short road to national ruin is neglect of preparation for war. Some patriotic American "radio sponsor" might arrange to broadcast that talk in Washington, D. C. We need it here almost as much as China needs it.

England fears that quarrels among union men may cause strikes in airplane factories and delay Britain's effort to get ready for her next war. Such strikes would probably bring welcome orders for planes to American factories; nevertheless, it is only fair to remind British workers, quarreling among themselves, that when foreign bombs begin dropping on their families any strike against national safety will seem to have been foolish, in retrospect. And those words, "chiefly women and children," should be remembered.

Borrowed money is cheaper, and it ought to be, since the dollar is only worth 59 cents. A cheap house or cheap dollar should bring a cheap rent. Even so, it surprises you to learn that Mayor LaGuardia borrowed from J. P. Morgan & Co. thirty million dollars for the city, spread over a five-year period, for one and one-tenth per cent interest.

Here, Myron C. Taylor, head of "Big Steel," greatest steel company in the world, announces increases in wages, also resumption of full dividend payments on the preferred United States Steel stock, also earnings in three months of more than thirteen million dollars, biggest in six years. Thirteen million dollars in three months may not be "big money," but "it is better than being hit on the head with a sharp stone."

Party Line-Ups in 10 Congresses



This chart shows how Republicans and Democrats will share seats in both houses of seventy-fifth congress, as compared with nine preceding congresses.

Election Sets a New Record With 43,000,000 Votes Cast

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, elected to a second term by a greater plurality than any candidate has ever enjoyed in the past, finds himself now with perhaps more power than has ever before been trusted to any man in the world. He polled some 25,500,000 popular votes, to set a new all-time record. Gov. Alf M. Landon of Kansas, his Republican opponent, was a bit shy of 16,000,000, while William Lemke, the Union party candidate, polled about three-fourths of a million.

These results were based upon 107,309 districts reported out of the 122,772 in the United States. It was estimated that the total vote, with all districts reported, would approximate 43,000,000 also a new all-time record.

The American people, providing the incumbent Democratic candidate with 523 votes in the electoral college to 8 for Governor Landon, also voiced their approval of the New Deal by materially increasing

the Democratic majority in both houses of congress.

The senate in the Seventy-fifth congress will find the Democrats with 75 of the 96 seats, outnumbering the opposition more than 4 to 1. The house of representatives, where the Republicans had hoped to recover as much as 125 seats, will see the Democrats even stronger than before, holding 334 seats against 89 for the G. O. P.

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE BY STATES

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt swept to re-election on the crest of the largest wave of votes, both popular and electoral, ever cast for a Presidential candidate, it was apparent with 105,251 districts reported out of a total of 122,772 in the United States. The table below shows the number of districts reporting in each state, the popular vote, the electoral vote and the winner's plurality in each state. Pluralities are estimated, since in most cases complete returns will not be available for some time:

STATE	Dists. Rptd.	Roosevelt	Landon	Lemke	Plurality in Dist.	Elect. Vote	Winn.
Alabama	1,160	149,023	22,960	56	126,063	11	..
Arizona	424	83,256	32,326	3,070	50,930	3	..
Arkansas	971	74,042	16,791	5	57,251	9	..
California	9,752	1,391,882	656,057	2,795	735,825	22	..
Colorado	1,222	209,911	135,339	2,795	74,572	6	..
Connecticut	169*	381,374	278,110	23,002	103,264	8	..
Delaware	232*	69,996	54,409	—	15,587	3	..
Florida	1,131	213,219	68,530	—	144,689	7	..
Georgia	1,574	228,666	64,760	3,702	163,904	12	..
Idaho	785	224,342	1,527,566	69,572	716,776	29	..
Illinois	7,805	2,244,342	666,769	11,212	2,356,000	14	..
Indiana	3,745	902,369	457,699	15,593	1,213,977	11	..
Iowa	2,328	579,096	356,970	—	52,126	9	..
Kansas	2,611	419,789	366,970	—	52,819	9	..
Kentucky	3,747	461,184	318,143	—	143,041	11	..
Louisiana	180	73,625	7,545	—	66,080	10	..
Maine	621	124,593	166,969	7,315	42,366†	5	..
Maryland	1,447	387,125	229,125	—	158,000	8	..
Massachusetts	1,765*	941,701	760,214	120,733	181,487	17	..
Michigan	3,326	965,964	669,838	58,214	296,126	19	..
Minnesota	2,909	539,148	275,153	53,666	263,995	11	..
Mississippi	147	21,683	713	—	20,970	9	..
Missouri	4,310	1,098,090	687,756	8,736	410,334	15	..
Montana	468	79,531	29,042	1,214	50,489	4	..
Nebraska	2,001	336,265	238,324	12,240	97,941	7	..
Nevada	222	65,877	8,119	—	57,758	3	..
New Hampshire	295*	106,221	103,626	3,523	2,595	4	..
New Jersey	3,575	1,079,916	711,206	—	368,710	16	..
New Mexico	723	90,757	51,377	30	39,380	3	..
New York	8,926	3,257,349	2,149,033	—	1,108,316	47	..
North Carolina	1,312	465,541	132,695	—	332,846	13	..
North Dakota	764	65,877	30,527	—	35,350	4	..
Ohio	8,515	1,695,545	1,000,200	123,625	595,445	26	..
Oklahoma	2,874	416,830	200,291	—	216,539	11	..
Oregon	1,225	154,080	78,623	12,673	75,457	5	..
Pennsylvania	7,919	2,324,934	1,681,323	48,266	643,611	36	..
Rhode Island	245*	166,667	124,816	18,201	41,851	4	..
South Carolina	700	83,987	1,346	—	82,641	8	..
South Dakota	1,248	103,952	82,945	2,536	21,007	4	..
Tennessee	2,036	308,312	131,510	168	176,802	11	..
Texas	215	420,484	57,212	1,385	363,272	23	..
Utah	756	143,559	63,912	438	79,647	4	..
Vermont	248*	62,149	80,960	—	18,811†	3	..
Virginia	1,660	233,391	96,723	162	136,668	11	..
Washington	1,885	254,962	121,133	3,570	133,829	8	..
West Virginia	1,940	429,849	277,086	—	152,763	8	..
Wisconsin	2,789	754,332	360,876	53,423	393,556	12	..
Wyoming	488	45,675	28,646	—	17,029	3	..
Totals	105,251	24,778,018	15,447,771	671,384	10,000,000†	523	8

Here's How Parties Line Up in Congress

With smashing Democratic victories all down the line, this is the way the houses of the Seventy-fifth congress will line up, as compared with the Seventy-fourth congress. The next house of representatives:

Democrats	334
Republicans	89
Progressives	7
Farmer-Laborites	5
Total	435

The last house of representatives lined up as follows:

Democrats	321
Republicans	104
Progressives	7
Farmer-Laborites	3

The senate of the Seventy-fifth congress will find the seats distributed this way:

Democrats	75
Republicans	17
Progressives	1
Independent	1
Farmer-Labor	2
Total	96

The party alignment in the old senate was:

Democrats	70
Republicans	23
Farmer-Labor	2
Progressive	1

Total Vote Grows

The total vote in the 1936 election surpassed that of four years before by more than 3,000,000.

THE VOTE IN 1932

STATE	Demo.	Repub.	Social†	at
Alabama	Roosevelt	Hoover	Thomas	
Alabama	207,919	34,975	2,039	
Arizona	79,264	36,104	2,618	
Arkansas	189,602	28,467	1,269	
California	1,324,157	847,902	63,299	
Colorado	250,877	189,617	13,591	
Connecticut	281,632	288,420	20,480	
Delaware	54,319	57,073	13,716	
Florida	206,307	69,170	66	
Georgia	234,118	19,863	461	
Idaho	109,479	71,312	526	
Illinois	1,882,304	1,432,756	67,258	
Indiana	862,051	677,184	21,388	
Iowa	595,019	414,433	20,467	
Kansas	424,204	349,498	18,276	
Kentucky	580,574	394,716	3,853	
Louisiana	249,418	18,853	—	
Maine	128,907	166,631	2,489	
Maryland	314,314	184,184	10,489	
Massachusetts	800,148	736,959	34,305	
Michigan	871,700	739,894	39,205	
Minnesota	600,806	363,959	25,476	
Mississippi	140,168	5,180	686	
Missouri	1,025,406	564,713	16,374	
Montana	54,319	78,078	7,891	
Nebraska	359,082	201,177	9,876	
Nevada	28,756	12,674	—	
New Hamp's	100,680	103,629	947	
New Jersey	806,630	775,684	42,998	
New Mexico	95,089	54,217	1,776	
New York	2,534,959	1,937,963	177,397	
N. Carolina	497,566	208,344	5,591	
North Dakota	178,350	71,772	3,521	
Ohio	1,301,695	1,227,679	64,094	
Oklahoma	516,468	188,165	15,450	
Oregon	213,871	136,019	11,919	
Pennsylvania	1,295,948	1,453,540	91,119	
Rhode Island	146,604	115,266	3,138	
S. Carolina	102,347	1,978	82	
South Dakota	183,515	92,212	1,551	
Tennessee	259,473	126,752	1,998	
Texas	760,348	97,959	4,450	
Utah	116,750	84,795	4,087	
Vermont	56,266	78,984	1,583	
Virginia	203,979	89,637	2,382	
Washington	353,260	208,645	17,080	
West Virginia	405,124	330,731	5,133	
Wisconsin	707,410	347,741	53,379	
Wyoming	54,370	39,583	2,829	
Totals	22,821,513	15,761,787	884,274	

To Quickly Ease Pains of Rheumatism

Bayer Tablets Dissolve Almost Instantly

Ask Your Doctor About Genuine BAYER Aspirin

Any person who suffers from pains of rheumatism should know this: Two genuine BAYER ASPIRIN tablets, taken with a full glass of water, will usually ease even severe rheumatic pains in a remarkably short time. Ask your doctor about this. He will probably tell you there is nothing better. For real Bayer Aspirin tablets, not only offer a potent analgesic (pain reliever), but start going to work almost instantly you take them. Note illustration of glass.

Try this simple way. You'll be surprised at how quickly pain eases. Get real Bayer Aspirin by asking for it by its full name, "Bayer Aspirin" at any drug store. Now virtually one cent a tablet.

Belief in Hope "In a certain measure I am remarkably like the rest of the English. I believe in hope."—Rudyard Kipling.

ACID STOMACH? Get This 2-Minute Relief

Millions of men and women have used Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets for over 40 years to relieve gas, nausea, headache, bloating, belching, heartburn and similar distress caused by excess stomach acidity. If you suffer from upset, sour or acid stomach—try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are compounded especially to neutralize excess acidity—often relieving distress within 2 minutes. Try them yourself. Get a package from your druggist today. Non-habit forming. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS FOR STOMACH ACIDITY

HOW LONG CAN A THREE-QUARTER WIFE HOLD HER HUSBAND?

YOU have to work at marriage to make a success of it. Men may be selfish, unempathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it. When your back aches and your nerves scream, don't take it out on your husband. He can't possibly know how you feel. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three or four years of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age." Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

FALLING HAIR DANDRUFF—BALD SPOTS?

They call for regular use of Glover's Mange Medicine, followed by shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. Start today, or have your Barber give you Glover's treatment.

Sold by all Druggists GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

A Tough Life—That of a Forest Ranger

The life of a forest ranger is not all it's cracked up to be. Instead of spending the summer hunting, fishing and trapping, the ranger is busy protecting game and scenery from visitors and answering their questions.

In the winter, he and another ranger hole themselves up in a log cabin, patrol the boundary of their domain on skis and protect the wild life under their care from the attacks of predatory animals and the guns of men. At night their leisure time is spent in assembling food, wood and clothing to keep warm, and preparing for the next day's tasks.—Washington Post.

Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Don't let Winter catch you unprepared

In the first place, he did not intend to have a holy purpose weakened by disheartening talk. How many young men and women have left a place of sacred meeting with God aglow with the purpose of serving Him in the foreign mission field, and then permitted an uninterested friend or relative or employer to talk them out of it. In the second place, we find Paul carrying through his purpose. When he came to Jerusalem he was counseled to enter the temple to take a Nazarite vow, and thus to satisfy his enemies. Some have commended Paul for thus pacifying those who withstood him, others strongly condemn him for yielding. His purpose was good, but his act led to unfortunate results. An infuriated Jewish mob saw him in the temple and wrongfully accused him of defiling the temple by bringing a Greek into this holy place. A riot ensued, and Paul would have been killed had not the Roman captain and his band rescued him. Was Paul afraid? He immediately turned his arrest into an unsurpassed opportunity to give a testimony and to make a defense of his ministry (See Acts 21:40-22:22). He admonished others to "be instant in season and out of season" (II Tim. 4:2); he practiced what he preached. He constantly urged faith in God, steadfastness in the midst of trials; he gave full proof of these things in his own ministry. In all this he did not seek his own glory, or any honor for his own name. The Christian hero knows nothing of heroism for publicity's sake; he does not serve with an eye on the "grandstand." Paul was actuated by a deep and a genuine

II. Concern for the Salvation of His People (Rom 9:1-5).

The Christian worker who knows nothing of "great sorrow and unceasing pain" in his heart over the plight of the unsaved does not follow in the Pauline succession, nor does he know the heart of the Man of Sorrows. Paul surely did not wish himself separated from Christ, but was so deeply moved that he said he "could wish" it—if it were not wrong—in order to save his brethren. Do we need a revival of compassion in our churches, and in our own hearts, a yearning over the multitudes about us who are as sheep without a shepherd?

CHANGE TO QUAKER STATE WINTER OIL

A Golden Link A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age, and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall with a softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle chidings, of the best friend that God ever gives us.

Love of Our Work

It is only those who do not know how to work that do not love it. To those who do it is better than play—it is religion.

Life

Life is not made up of great sacrifices of duties, but of little things of which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

Prejudices

Illuminated Highways Are New Safety Measure



A motorist can see a pedestrian a half mile ahead and a car three-quarters of a mile ahead at night on the illuminated highway between Schenectady and Duaneburg, N. Y. The 18-mile stretch of road is lighted with 390 yellow sodium lights spaced 250 feet apart by engineers of the General Electric company and the American Road Builders' association.

Reporter Honored for Record Breaking Dash Around World

H. R. Ekins, New York newspaper man who recently completed a record-breaking dash around the



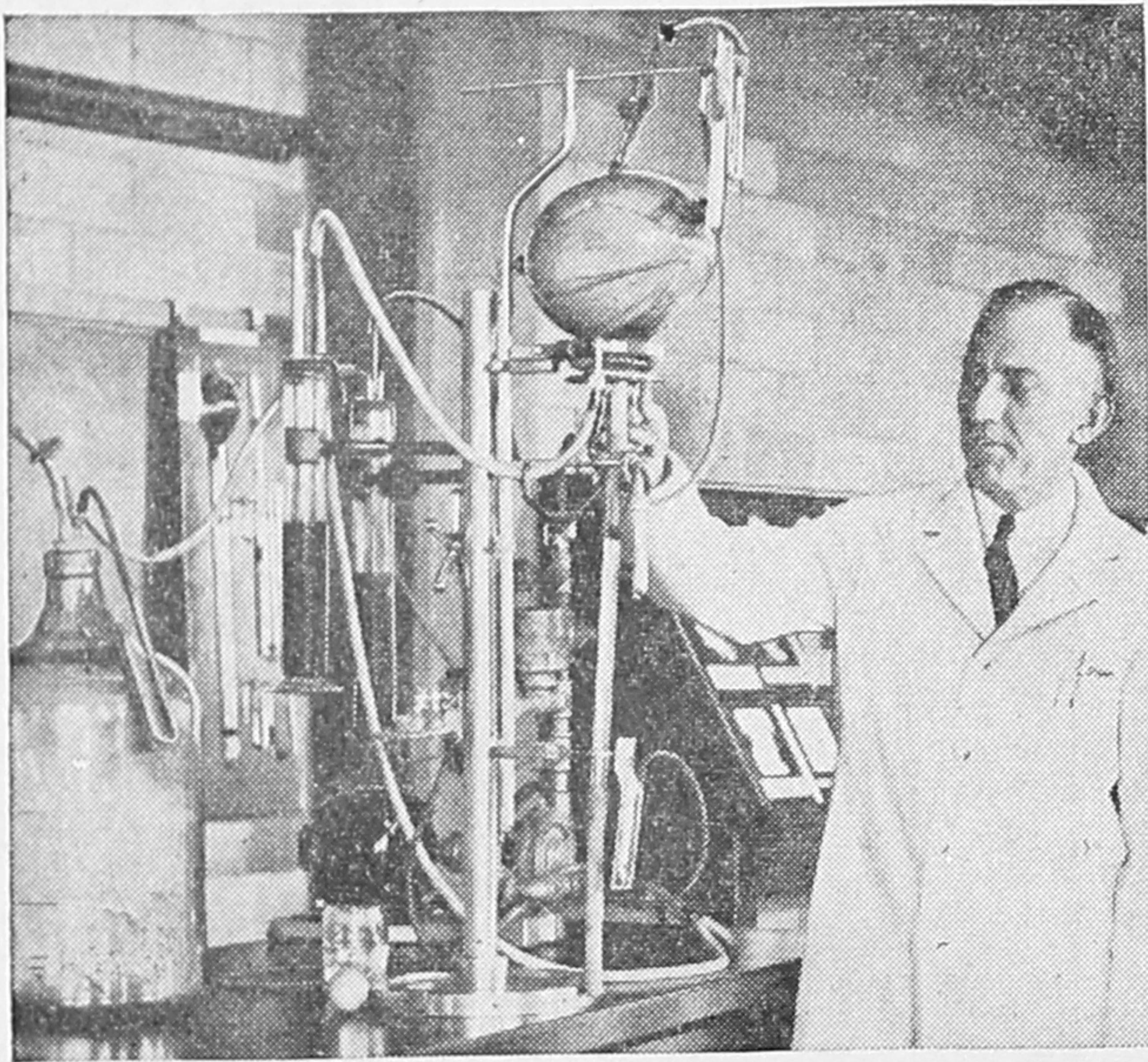
world by air. The flying reporter covered the 24,720 mile journey in less than 18½ days.

Champion Cow Guest at Dairy Show



The world's milk and butter producing champion, Carnation Ormsby Butter King, shown with Miss Dorothy Keyes, who was "Miss Wisconsin" at the recent National Dairy show held at the Texas Centennial exposition at Dallas, Texas. The cow which has an average daily milk production of 57 quarts was shipped 2,800 miles from Seattle to attend the show

Glass Brain Can Almost Think



A glass brain, perfected by Dr. Temple Fay, head of the department of neurology and Dr. W. E. Chamberlain, professor of radiology of Temple university, was demonstrated at the recent meeting of the American College of Surgeons at Philadelphia. Dr. Chamberlain is pictured with the mechanism that makes plain the functioning of the human brain.

SON OF THE KINGISH



Russell Long, eldest son of the late Senator Huey Pierce Long of Louisiana, is shown at the microphone as he made one of the speeches that resulted in his election as president of the sophomore class of Louisiana State university at Baton Rouge. The campaign was the most vigorous in varsity history.

Sentry's Lonely Vigil at Unknown Soldier's Tomb



Only in peace will this beautiful tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Washington, D. C., fulfill its purpose. With the spirit of the unknown war hero hovering above Arlington National cemetery, the sentry paces his lonely post as the world prepares to mark the eighteenth anniversary of the end of the World war.

Freedom for Elders—

The Ruling of Parents by Grown Children Often Amounts to Tyranny

RECENTLY, says a woman writer of note, I read a letter from a young married woman, who, having a house in which she evidently took pride, and large enough to accommodate her mother, was disturbed. She resented the fact that her mother refused to live there, although she had been invited to do so. She complained of her mother's travels, and her insistence in keeping her own home.

It was impossible not to consider what were the reasons underlying the invitation. The young woman said her friends thought the situation strange, and she feared they blamed her for not having her mother with her. Such super-sensitiveness is certainly a mistake. It can scarcely be taken as the real reason for her annoyance. The home atmosphere would scarcely be improved by having a reluctant member included in the family life, even though the husband agreed to it willingly.

Money Matters.

A reason of money might exist. That is, there is a lurking suggestion that the daughter disliked the mother being at the added expense of keeping up her home, and spending money in travels, which went as far as European trips. The letter said that the mother's health was good. Could it be that the money saved by the mother should she live with the daughter, would revert to the daughter? Or would the mother be expected to pay board, or make some contribution to the home, although of a less stipulated sum?

Whatever the fundamental reason for the daughter's dilemma, one cannot but sympathize with the mother. Here is a woman who cherishes her freedom, and is enjoying it evidently. Either

she had been accustomed to traveling, and keeps it up, or she has not been able to indulge her longing to see the world, until now, when she is free to do so and has the wherewithal.

A great deal has been said and written about letting children have their right of freedom of action and ideas. It is not they alone that must have this privilege. Parents, when they get older are often ruled with rods of iron by the children who were themselves granted freedom. This ruling of elders is often under the guises of affectionate care, and a patronizing kindness and it sometimes becomes a tyranny, especially over mothers. Such situations are indeed difficult.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Amour propre. (F.) Self-love; self-esteem.
Billet doux. (F.) A love letter.
Dum spiro, spero. (L.) While I live I hope. (Part of motto of South Carolina.)
En bon train. (F.) In a fair way, on the road to success.
Flagrante delicto. (L.) While committing the crime; caught in the act.
Multum in parvo. (L.) Much in little.



Preferred to the Costliest Shortenings

• The Vegetable Fat in Jewel is given remarkable shortening properties by Swift's special blending of it with other bland cooking fats. By actual test, Jewel Special-Blend makes lighter, more tender baked foods, and creams faster than the costliest types of plain all-vegetable shortening.

THE FAMOUS SOUTHERN SPECIAL-BLEND

Harvey S. Firestone PUTS THE FARM ON RUBBER...

EVERY car owner who does much driving over unimproved roads and who has to use chains, can save the cost and bother of applying them by equipping the rear wheels of his car or truck with Firestone Ground Grip Tires. This wonderful new tire was designed and developed by Harvey S. Firestone working with his engineers on his own farm in Columbiana County, Ohio. It was tested on all kinds of roads and found so efficient that it was also adopted for tractors and all wheeled farm implements.

The rubber lugs of the tread are so placed that they clean as they pull, and since the design is continuous, the tire does not bump when used on paved roads. Two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords are placed under the tread — a patented Firestone construction feature which welds the powerful super-traction tread to the patented Gum-Dipped cord body, making them one inseparable unit. Gum-Dipping is used only in Firestone tires.

Farmers, country doctors, school bus operators, rural mail carriers, in fact, all who do most of their driving off the paved roads cannot afford to be without Ground Grip Tires. Go to your nearest Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today and equip your car or truck with Firestone Ground Grip Tires — the tire that makes its own road.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks—with Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. — WEA Network

Firestone

GROUND GRIP TIRES

© 1936, F. T. & R. Co.

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

Choosing A Vocation

Selecting a vocation or occupation today is a rather more serious matter than in years gone by, owing to the rapid changes in methods of manufacture and in the products demanded by the public.

In hardly any line of manufacture does one know how soon some new method or process may render all his present skill useless as a means of gaining a livelihood. Highly skilled hand craftsmen in many lines are continually being replaced by machinery, while products which were formerly in great demand are rapidly becoming obsolete, such as the buggy and other horse-drawn vehicles.

Speaking from the manufacturer's standpoint E. W. McCullough of the United States Chamber of Commerce recently said: "I could enumerate a hundred lines of business this evolution has wiped out, and lines without number have changed in materials, construction and form."

These changes have affected the individual workmen, as well as their employers, and never were changes made so rapidly as at present. Those who enter the mechanical trades today must be prepared to adapt themselves to new conditions as they arise.

Cinching A Job

A few years ago, at the age of 79, Thomas F. Ryan died worth many millions of dollars. In the meantime he had given away a lot of money also. But, so far as the main facts of his life are concerned, they do not differ greatly from those of other poor boys who have risen to wealth and power.

A little story is told, however, which may give some insight into the manner in which young Ryan got his start toward great riches. His first job was with a Baltimore dry goods store where he was hired for \$3 a week and told to report for work the next morning. Now, he was in earnest about that job and didn't want to take any chances on letting it get away from him, he said to the boss: If you don't mind, I'll start right now without any pay for today.

Needless to say he made good on that job, and two years later, at the age of 19, he obtained employment in Wall Street. At the age of 23 he became a member of the New York Stock Exchange, from which time his rise in the financial world was rapid and he became one of America's richest men.

Doubtless his remarkable success was due to the spirit which he displayed in cinching his first job—his willingness to "start right now." A good many boys of today might emulate that spirit to themselves.

An Early Time Table

The first railroad time table published in the South, was issued at Charleston in 1830, announcing a schedule for a short line out of that city, contained a provision which would appear amusing to present day travelers. It gave the information that arrangements for special trips could be made "by agreeing with the engineer."

There was only one locomotive in service on the road. It was "The Best Friend of Charleston"

the first locomotive built in America and weighed only about four tons. It arrived in Charleston from the foundry in New York by ship on October 23, 1830 and was put in regular service on Christmas day of the same year. The first time table, which has been preserved, contained the following information:

"The public are respectfully informed that the Railroad Company has purchased from Mr. E. L. Miller his Locomotive Steam Engine and that it will hereafter be constantly employed in the transportation of passengers.

"The times of leaving the station in Line street will be 8 o'clock, at 10 a. m., and 1 and at half past 3 o'clock p. m. Parties may be accommodated at the intermediate hours by agreeing with the Engineer.

"Great punctuality will be observed in the time of starting."

But perhaps 100 years from now people will look upon the facilities and practices of the present day with as much amusement as we now find in looking back upon those of a century ago.

Big Men Are Shy

It may sound cynical, but it is a fact that the really capable men of the country are becoming extremely shy of politics and political jobs. Whenever a man who has made a success in life is proposed as a candidate for either election or appointment, he is immediately pounced upon by the demagogues and hounded without mercy.

The situation was sized up some years ago by the late Will Rogers, who with his keen insight said of presidential appointments:

"Big men won't take them, for they won't take a chance on a Senate insult. If he has ever earned more than a Senator, he is in league with big business. If he ever drove a Standard Oil truck or was a bookkeeper in a Morgan bank he is in league with monopolies. If he is rich he is in league with the devil. But if he has never done anything and has been a financial failure at that, he will pass the Senate as a brother."

While these are the words of a humorist, they contain a lot of truth.

A \$616,750 Word

An unusual lawsuit in which \$616,750 was involved, and which hinged on the the single word "whom," was decided by the New York supreme court. By the decision 21 charitable and religious institutions will benefit to the extent of the amount named.

The case arose over the will of Mrs. Hannah M. Lydig, in which a number of direct bequests were made to persons and also to institutions. Then it was directed that after the specific provisions of the will had been carried out the residue of her estate was to be divided in the same proportions among those "to whom I will and bequeath the same."

It was contended by lawyers for the personal heirs that the word "whom" could not apply to a corporation or institution, but only to individuals. Those representing the charities asserted that the word was not restricted to human beings, and elaborate briefs were submitted upholding that view.

The court ruled that under the circumstances surrounding the case, and the evident intent of Mrs. Lydig to give the larger portion of her estate to the institutions named in her will, hair-splitting over the construction of a four-letter word would not be permitted to deprive the charities of the sum she had left them.

Which seems to have been a just and wise decision by a judge who can take his grammar or leave it alone.

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

A laudable aim in life doesn't count for much if one persists in shooting blank cartridges.

See
Messman & Astell
For All Kinds of Insurance & Loans

Ten-Year Real Estate Loans at 4½% interest.
We Make Loans on Unimproved Land.

Bank Building Broadlands, Illinois.

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

Serve Dinner Daily

INCLUDING SUNDAY

Chicken Dinners Every Thursday

Eckerty's Cafe

BROADLANDS : : : ILLINOIS

Forrest Dicks Allerton
Kenneth Dicks Broadlands
Dicks Bros. Undertakers
Ambulance Service Ambulance Service



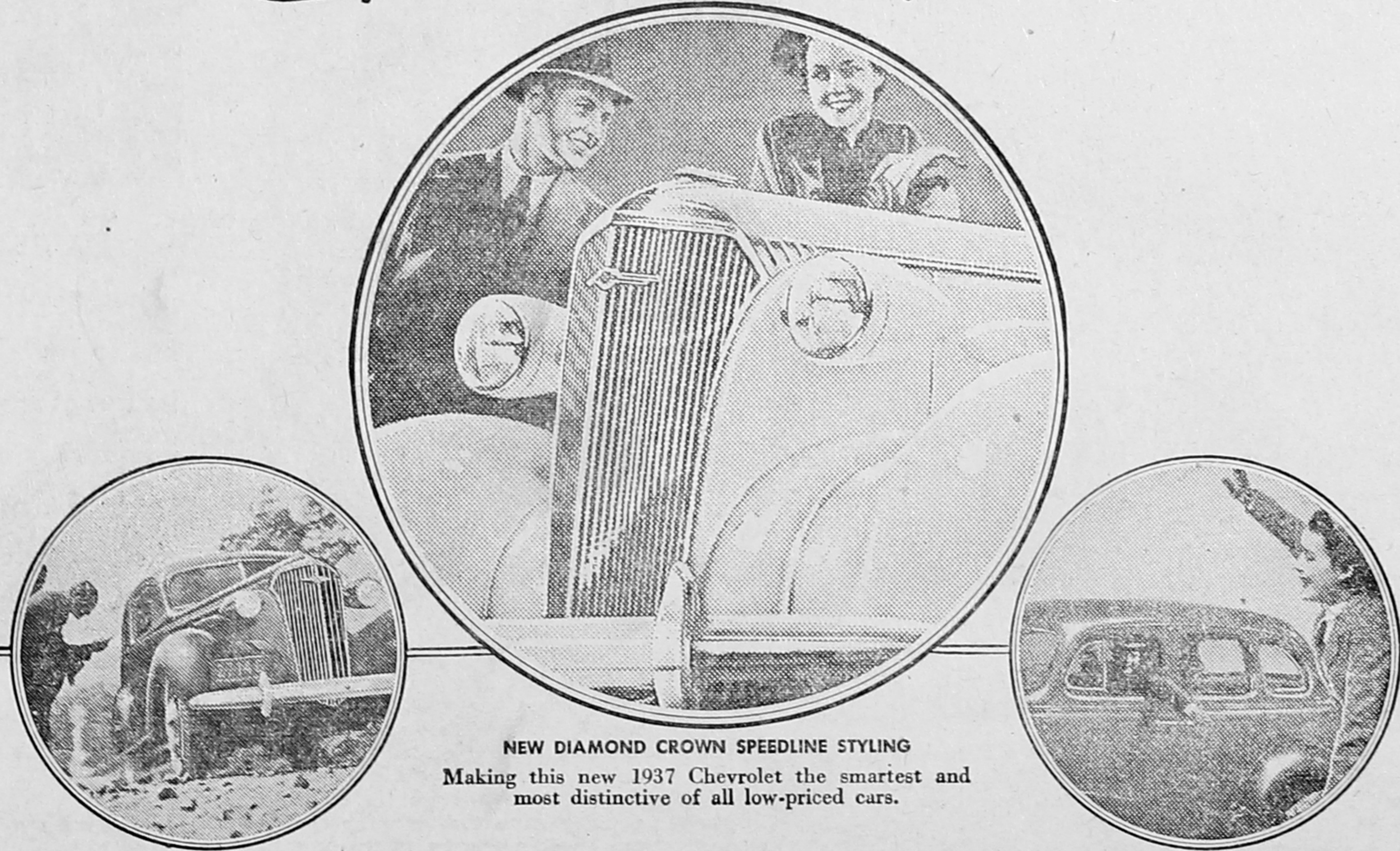
There is a modern pleasant way to get relief from Headache, Gas on Stomach, Colds, Heartburn, "Morning After" and Muscular Pains. Just drop one or two ALKA-SELTZER tablets into a glass of water. Watch it bubble—listen to it fizz. As soon as tablet is dissolved, drink the tangy solution.

Alka-Seltzer

(Analgesic Alkalinizing Effervescent Tablets)
You will really enjoy the taste—more like spring water than like medicine. ALKA-SELTZER, when dissolved in water, contains an analgesic, (Sodium Acetyl-Salicylate), which relieves pain, while its alkalinizing agents help to correct everyday ailments associated with hyperacidity. Your druggist has ALKA-SELTZER. Get a 30c or 60c package on our "satisfaction-or-money-back" guarantee.

BE WISE! ALKALIZE!

New CHEVROLET 1937
The Complete Car—Completely New



NEW DIAMOND CROWN SPEEDLINE STYLING
Making this new 1937 Chevrolet the smartest and most distinctive of all low-priced cars.

NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE
Much more powerful, much more spirited, and the thrift king of its price class.

NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES (With Solid Steel Turret Top—Unlabeled Construction)
Wider, roomier, more luxurious, and the first all-steel bodies combining silence with safety.

SUPER-SAFE SHOCKPROOF STEERING* (at no extra cost)
Steering so true and vibrationless that driving is almost effortless.

SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND (at no extra cost)
The finest quality, clearest-vision safety plate glass, included as standard equipment.

For the first time, the very newest things in motor car beauty, comfort, safety and performance come to you with the additional advantage of being thoroughly proved, thoroughly reliable.

PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES (With Double-Articulated Brake Shoe Linkage)
Recognized everywhere as the safest, smoothest, most dependable brakes ever built.

GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION
Eliminating drafts, smoke, windshield clouding—promoting health, comfort, safety.

IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE* (at no extra cost)
Proved by more than two million Knee-Action users to be the world's safest, smoothest ride.

*Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe models only.

General Motors Installment Plan—monthly payments to suit your purse, Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.

THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR—PRICED SO LOW



FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Brewer Chevrolet Sales
Broadlands, Illinois

Born to Ride

By E. P. O'BRYAN

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

"WELL, your kid brother booted another one home at Hialeah today," they would say to Tod Ryan. Wherever it was that Ray was riding, there were sure to be good horses and big crowds. It had always been that way since Ray won the first spectacular race that had put his name among the Immortals. He was a natural-born rider and seemed to know instinctively when to let a horse go.

"Lucky, that's all," Tod would say, and then he'd go off and sulk. Tod didn't have Ray's instinct about horses. But he did know about women. Once their paths crossed, and to see them together you would have sworn they were twins, though Ray was two years younger. Ray rode four winners that meeting, and Tod not one, though Flying High managed to lose only by a whisker.

The Ryan homestead was the scene of Thanksgiving festivities in 1931. Both Ray and Tod were home, and Ma Ryan had a turkey with all the trimmings. Betty Hill had been invited, and it was obvious from the outset that both boys were making a play for her.

It was easy to see which of the boys Betty liked best. Tod was jolly and always smiling, while Ray was quiet and reserved. Tod had a way with women. Before the dinner was over he had completely sold himself to Betty. It was also easy to see that Ray had fallen head over heels in love with her.

There was a row, and Tod and Ray went at each other like a couple of roosters. It almost broke Ma Ryan's heart, and it sent Betty home in tears. Tod and Ray went their separate ways without even shaking hands. Ray went back to further glory and greater riches and Tod to a hand-to-mouth existence as a third rate jock.

And that's the way things stood a couple of years later when Tod had his big chance at Jefferson. He was to ride Anchors Away, a great two-year-old with a lot of good breeding and promise. If he won it meant a generous slice of the \$35,000 prize.

Tod finally succumbed to Betty's campaign and married her. That same year they had a baby.

Ray took it pretty hard at first, but when the baby came he offered to help them financially.

"Nothing doing," Tod said. "Tell him to keep his dough. Some day I'll be right up there with him," meaning, of course, that some day he too would be tops as jockey.

Ray stopped off on his way to California. Tod was away, for it was just a week before the big race at Jefferson in which Anchors Away was to run.

"Tod simply must win this race," Betty was saying near the end of Ray's brief visit. "It means so much to us. He just has to." Suddenly she began to cry.

Ma Ryan laid aside her sewing. "There, there," she soothed. "Don't you worry. Of course Tod will win. It's in the cards this time."

"Do you really think so—really, do you? Do you, Ray?"

"Sure he will," Ray said. "Can't help winning on a horse like Anchors Away." He reached over and patted Betty's knee. All the hope in the world seemed at that moment to be mirrored in her eyes.

Ma Ryan rose and went into the kitchen. There was a grave determination in her face. A moment later when she called Ray to come and help her there was a light in her eyes, newly kindled and burning . . .

Anchors Away was off to a poor start. At the quarter post he was buried in a cloud of dust. But at the half-way mark he had managed to emerge from the gray haze. Ahead of him streaked Elderdown and Maypole, the two favorites.

Then a ripple went through the crowd. Anchors Away had gained a few lengths, was gaining steadily. Suddenly it seemed that all the speed in the world had come to rest in those pounding hooves.

Never have I seen a horse better handled. You could tell that he was going to win from the way he threw himself into the race with all the driving force of those powerful legs of his. Something seemed to lift him up and propel him forward. He came on, never a falter in that unwavering momentum that carried him down the home stretch. And hunched forward on his shoulders was the jock, every movement of his lithe body synchronizing with the forward lunge of the horse.

The finish was breath-taking. Anchors Away slipped across a good half-length ahead of Elderdown. The finish had been so well timed that it was almost like clockwork.

I saw Ma Ryan in the restaurant after the race. She was happy, effervescent.

"Betty's got word by now," she said. "I just wired her. Hey, bartender!" She pounded on the bar. "A little service, please."

Of course Betty would never know. A little later, after we had paid off the three huskies who had taken charge of Tod half an hour before the race, Ma succeeded in placating him, and we all had dinner together—Ma, Tod, Ray and I. Of course Tod was burned up at first, but he gradually thawed out.

It was a thrilling race, but what an added thrill it would have been to that crowd to know that the greatest jockey of all time was booting a winner home under their very noses!

Sound Effects

By BEN X. FINNE

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

SAMMY GOLD, half owner of the Capitol theater, jubilantly and with chest puffed out like a pouter pigeon, rocked complacently on his heels and toes on the sidewalk. For the first time in several hectic and stormy months the Capitol was out of the red. It was early. The matinee was scheduled to start in about three hours. With a deep sigh he looked up and read the words emblazoned on the multicolored marquee above him.

GREATEST OF ALL GANGSTER PICTURES! DON'T MISS THE LITTLE GENERAL!

He looked about him with the air of a man of property and then strolled into the lobby and let himself into his office. He sat down before a highly polished second-hand desk facing an enormous black old-fashioned safe.

Twenty-two thousand grossed in two weeks from "Little General," he mused. Twenty-two thousand in the safe. His little eyes gleamed. He leaned back in his swivel chair and closed his eyes. With all that money he could pay off all his debts and still have a neat little sum to share with Benny, his partner. Yes, sir. It certainly was a great day when he booked "Little General" from Super Pictures. Benny must feel pretty good, too. An idea suddenly struck him. From a drawer in the desk he brought out a sheet of paper and slipped it through the roller of a typewriter.

"I'll write the Superb people a letter," he said softly. "I'll tell 'em what a wonderful picture "Little General" is. I'll tell 'em—who is it?"

He leaped to his feet. From behind the safe two men stepped forward. Both were masked and armed. "The combination to the safe!" one of the bandits snapped. "And be quick about it!"

"I—I don't know the combination," Gold managed to sputter. "I—I only work here." The gun was poked into his ribs and he dropped backwards into his chair.

The bandit leered at him. "I think I know how to make you talk." He turned to his companion. "Biff, take off his shoes and socks."

The crook called Biff knelt beside Gold. From an inner pocket he brought out a match, scratched it on the shiny desk and held the flame dangerously close to Gold's big toe.

"Now," the first bandit growled, "you gonna open that safe?"

"All right, all right," Gold panted, "I'll open it. But first let me put on my shoes and socks." He wanted to gain a little time, but the first bandit pushed him roughly toward the safe. "Snappy, or there'll be more comin'!"

Gold knelt beside the safe. Twenty-two thousand or no twenty-two thousand he wasn't going to part with his big toe. The bandit moved forward and Gold hastily grasped the knob on the safe door.

Three to the right. Four to the left. He heard the tumblers drop into place. Three to the right. Four to the left. Three—his heart suddenly began to pound wildly. The bandits rushed to the door and flung it open. Outside, the sound of a police siren could be heard wailing in the distance. It grew louder. Then came the sound of shots. Then yelling, shouting and more shots. The siren screamed right into the office. The bandits wasted no time. The door slammed. And Sammy Gold having witnessed a miracle stared at the safe in stupid amazement.

A few moments later the office door burst open. Gold leaped to his feet, but then sank back on the floor with relief. It was Benny, his partner.

"Everything O. K.?" Benny demanded anxiously.

Gold nodded. "Where," he said hoarsely, "where are the cops?"

Benny grinned. "There ain't any." Gold stared. "No cops?"

Benny shook his head. "You see, Sammy, I was just comin' into the office when I heard those crooks threaten you. So what did I do? Ask me, Sammy, what did I do? You know that fifth reel in "Little General" where the cops catch up with the crooks? Well, I turned it on and faced the amplifiers toward the office. And believe me, Sammy, I almost fainted with relief when I saw those crooks beat it through the lobby."

Colorful

The sweet young thing was proudly, if not very proficiently driving her new streamlined sports model through a big town. Arriving at a busy traffic crossing she found the red "stop" light against her.

To her annoyance, when the amber and then the green light appeared, she found that her engine had stalled. Several minutes of frantic fumbling with all the levers failed to start the car, and the drivers behind began to get impatient.

The traffic policeman crossed slowly over to her and, touching his helmet, politely inquired:

"Haven't we any colors you like, miss?"—Answers.

An Odd Goose

One of the most extraordinary and persistent myths in history, which lasted from the Eleventh to the Nineteenth century, was that a species of goose (Branta leucopsis) developed in the shell of the barhacle. During these 800 years, people never agreed on an official classification for this bird. Some claimed it was a fowl while others contended it was a fish.—Collier's Weekly.

Sidelights

J. Leon Lazarowitz, who calls himself the king of hoboes, has kept accounts with the railroads on which he rides. According to his figures he has beaten them out of \$8,522.80 in the last 17 years by "riding the rods."

Literary Digest tells of a man in Long Beach, Calif., who made a mistake by ordering oysters fried. The oysters contained 41 pearls, the largest of which would have been worth \$1,000 if they had not been cooked.

Petrified forests, such as the famous one in Arizona, are still in the making, according to Dr. G. R. Weiland, of the Carnegie Institution. Logs being covered with silt by lakes and rivers may eventually turn to stone, he says.

A customer in a Hollywood confectionery told a clerk: "you ought to be in pictures; you're a dead ringer for that little Whitney girl." The clerk was really Eleanor Whitney, the actress, getting practical experience before playing the role of clerk in a candy store.

Paul Lukas, the actor, avers that not one person in 100,000 can pronounce all these eleven words correctly: Data, gratis, culinary, cocaine, gondola, version, impious, chic, inquiry, acclimate, and respite. And listening to the radio announcers wouldn't help much.

The English Speaking Union recently presented to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington a bust of the famed physicist, William Thompson, who later became Lord Kelvin. English scientists sent a 1,500-word cablegram of greeting for the occasion, while Scotch scientists merely cabled one word, "felicitations."

Time Tables

C. & E. I.

Southbound 1:15 p. m.
Northbound 3:23 p. m.
Star Mail Route
Southbound 7:15 a. m.
Northbound 8:30 a. m.

Several well-known authors admit that they dislike to write. We have long suspected that a good many of them do it out of pure cussedness.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

L. W. Donley

Phone No. 22

ICE

City Transfer
Long Distance Hauling
Broadlands, Illinois

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.

Beauty is only skin deep, and a lot of us are mighty thin-skinned.

T. A. DICKS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Broadlands, Ill.

Dr. Erwin Pasternak

DENTIST

X-Ray

Phone 24

Homer

Illinois

I must employ at once a man living in small town or on farm. Permanent work. Must be satisfied with earning \$75 a month at first. Address Box 77, care of this paper.

Name
Address

Dr. W. L. Hagebush

DENTIST

X-Ray

Phone 83

Newman

Illinois

Fresh & Rahn

Auctioneers

Call, phone or write for date

L. C. FRESH, Newman, Ill.

FLOYD RAHN, Camargo, Ill.

ELECTRIC WELDING

Acetylene Welding and Cutting

Lathe Work

Bus Baldwin

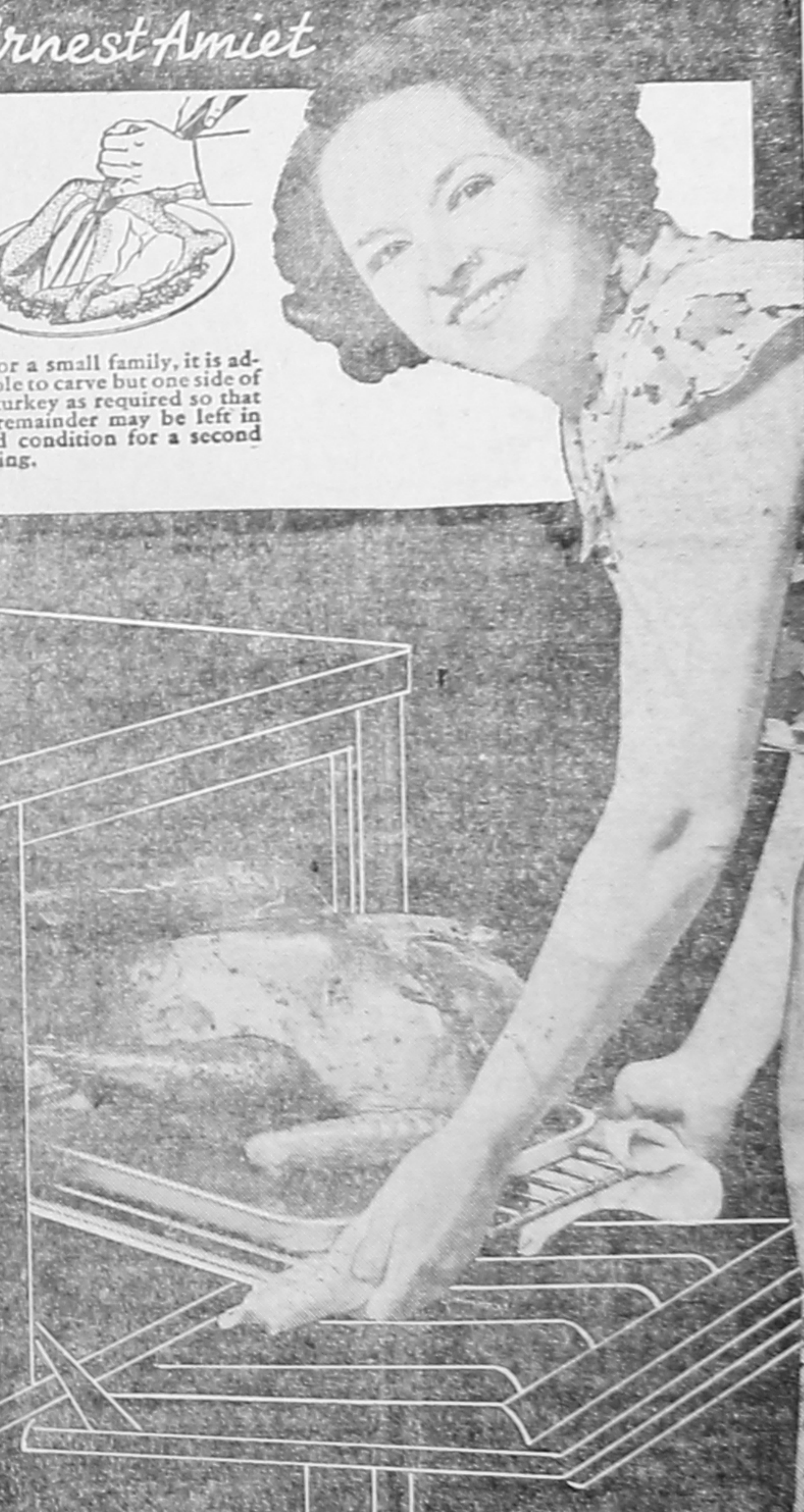
Standard Service Station
Broadlands

HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY By Ernest Amiet



1. Place turkey on back with legs pointing towards the carver. Grasp paper full covering end of leg. Cut through skin between leg and body with carving knife and disjoint leg.
2. Push wing down and hold firmly with fork. Make a deep cut diagonally into breast just above wing. Carve breast in thin crosswise slices. The deep diagonal cut enables you to end slice neatly.
3. Hold wing with fork and disjoint with carving knife. Then carve balance of white meat from breast. Under the back on either side, may be found two small oyster-shaped pieces of dark meat.
4. For a small family, it is advisable to carve but one side of the turkey as required so that the remainder may be left in good condition for a second serving.

Cook your Thanksgiving dinner
ELECTRICALLY



● Treat yourself and family to a new taste thrill in roast turkey, by roasting it in the moist, even heat of an electric oven. See how easy it is: Prepare turkey with salt and butter, place in shallow oblong pan (not a covered roaster—moist, even electric heat does away with the need for clumsy utensils). Place roast in oven, turn switch to 'bake'; set temperature control to 275-325; time 25-30 minutes per pound. And believe it or not, that's all there is to it—no basting, no turning, no watching. The turkey will have a crackly, glistening brown skin and the meat will have a luscious juiciness that only electric roasting can give. See the beautiful new ranges—ask about the special inducements now in effect!

HOTPOINT CALROD
What Mazda means to light, Calrod means to cookery. Calrod is the name given to Hotpoint's hi-speed sealed-in-metal cooking coil which has revolutionized electric cookery. It brings new speed, new cleanliness and new economy to the kitchen.

THRIFT COOKER
Economical. Uses only about as much current as the kitchen light. Cooks an entire meal of meat, vegetables, dessert—or bakes small quantities, like a few potatoes, without need for heating up the oven.

MODERN SERVANTS FOR THE MODERN HOME

GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
Any Model \$5 down. Balance up to 36 months. Ask your dealer or visit our showrooms.

HOTPOINT WATER HEATERS
Save with 1c controlled Water Heating Service. Extra savings—extended terms on 2 or more.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
ASK ABOUT THE NEW—LOWER AVERAGE—SIMPLIFIED ELECTRICITY PRICES

Uncle Phil Says:

Reminiscence
The scenery one remembers most fondly will be what he saw while sitting serenely in contemplative meditation.

Culture also consists in knowing what not to cultivate.
A fault mender is better than a fault finder.

A good deal of common sense consists in just simply not butting in.
Probably your wants are as twenty to one to your needs.

Virtue and Vice
Following virtue is a steep ascent; following vice is a precipitous leap.

Science, the friend of man, turns murderer in times of war.

Greatest triumph is to fish your friend out of the blues and make him laugh again.

But They're Not Assets
A man of bitter and glittering words may not have many friends but he has hosts of envious admirers.

Everything in nature goes by steps, nothing by leaps.

A hard-shelled man doesn't necessarily mean a hard-boiled one.

Stomach Gas So Bad Seems To Hurt Heart

"The gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart seemed to hurt. A friend suggested Adierka. The first dose I took brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never feel better."
—Mrs. Jas. Filler.
Adierka acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels with ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowel only. Adierka gives your system a thorough cleansing, bringing out old, poisonous matter that you would not believe was in your system and that has been causing gas pains, sour stomach, nervousness and headaches for months.
Dr. H. L. Shomb, New York, reports: "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adierka greatly reduces bacteria and colon bacilli." Give your bowels a REAL cleansing with Adierka and see how good you feel. Just one spoonful relieves GAS and stubborn constipation. Leading Druggists.

HOT NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Hear Jimmie Fidler Tuesday
10:30 P. M., E. S. T., N. B. C. Red Network

LUDE N'S

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢
NOW WITH
ALKALINE FACTOR

AVOID COLDS

If you can't, if you can't, take COLDAX—and you should get relief. COLDAX is a harmless, medicinal remedy specially prepared for the relief of common colds. It is in tablet form and easy to take. Colds kill your pep—so try to get rid of yours NOW—with COLDAX. 15 tablets for 50c—send stamps or coin to
CPM Laboratories, Box 273, Baltimore, Md.

MORNING DISTRESS

is due to acid, upset stomach, Milnesia wafers (the original) quickly relieve acid stomach and give necessary elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

300 Kitchenette Apartments
200 Hotel Rooms
RATES \$2.50 AND UP

At the Edge of the Gold Coast
Walking distance to the loop and theatrical district and yet far enough away for quiet comfort.
Gymnasium and Hand Ball Court Free to Our Guests
Ample Parking Space
Modern Grill Open 24 Hours Daily
We Welcome the Out of Town Guest

THE CROYDON
Corner Rush and Ontario Streets
CHICAGO
WALTER G. RIDDLE
Manager Telephone Delaware 4700

MURDER MASQUERADE

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

Copyright Inez Haynes Irwin
WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Mary Avery, a widow who lives in the harbor town of Satuit, Mass., with two negro maids, Sarah Darbe and Bessie Williams, writes a manuscript describing the famous Second Head murder, which occurred on her estate. Next to Mary live Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stow who every year give a summer masquerade party. One of the guests of this function is murdered. Nearby live Dr. and Mrs. Geary and their married daughter Edith and her husband Alfred Bray; Doctor Myron Marden and his step-granddaughter, Caro Prentiss, a beautiful young girl who was born in France. Next live Paul and Lora Eames and their daughter Molly. Molly was engaged to the murdered man, Ace Blaikie. She had been engaged to Walter Treadway, who had been the murdered man's secretary, but the engagement was suddenly broken and he had left town. Other neighbors are the Fairweather sisters, Flora, a hopeless invalid and Margaret. All but the latter two attended the masquerade. Mary's eight-year-old niece Sylvia Sard is visiting her for the summer. The wooded part of Mary's estate is called the Spinney. In it is a tiny log cabin. Near a stone wall is a tiny circular pond called the Merry Mere.

FRIDAY—Continued

The day of the Stow masquerade is always frightfully exciting. Everybody is at home frantically putting the last touches or more frantically putting the first touches to his costume. And yet, invariably my telephone buzzes all day. This year it was, "Oh, Mary, do you happen to have any black velvet ribbon about an inch wide . . . ?" "Oh thank goodness!" "Mary, do you happen to have a white dress of any description—I want to use it for a foundation—lace, chiffon, crepe de chine . . . ?" "You're quite right! I'll never throw any dress away again!" . . . "I'll send right over for it!"

Of course I remember every detail of the day of this masquerade. In the first place, I keep a diary of sorts, and I always scribble a few lines in it before I go to bed. In the second place, less than twenty-four hours after the party we were all scraping our memories to dig out of them every detail of that fateful Friday. And then it happens that, year after year, on the day of this most important social event of the season, my household arrangements fall into the same pattern. All day long my two maids are at the Stow house, helping Mattie's two maids to get the big house ready for dancing and to prepare the delicious food which Mattie always serves. Bessie Williams, my cook, comes back at noon to bring me my luncheon on a tray and Sarah Darbe, my second maid, returns at night to prepare my simple dinner and to fuss about me while I dress. My maids are the only people in Satuit who ever see my costume before I appear in it.

These two women have been in my employ—I prefer to say have been members of my household—for many years; Sarah for a little more than twenty; Bessie for a little less.

Bessie is a simple, loyal being, much darker than Sarah, short and very stout—a warm, dark ball of a woman—plentifully dimpled, still wearing her hair in the braided kinky masses which marked it when I first engaged her. Sarah is coffee-colored, slender and shapely. Sarah takes as much care of her complexion, her teeth and her figure as I do. Her taste in clothes is impeccable—quiet, becoming. When I go to Europe I always bring back to Sarah something to wear from Paris. Moreover, as fast as I finish a book or a magazine I hand over to Sarah. We discuss articles and stories.

This summer, as I have said, my niece Sylvia Sard was staying with me.

Sylvia is eight years old. She is the youngest daughter of my youngest sister. The Sardes had gone to Europe on a two-months' business trip. I have several nieces and nephews but Sylvia is my favorite. It is not because she is the youngest—although she is the youngest—or the prettiest—for she isn't the prettiest—but because she is the most enchanting. She is a friendly little being and chatterbox; but that is only part of her charm. She possesses to an extraordinary degree the astute observation of children, that primitive, plastic, naked quality of mind which graves pictures so deeply on the memory.

But friendliness and that special intelligence are by no means all of Sylvia's charm. I find it hard to describe a certain precocious quality. There are moments when—because of a casual originality of expression, an accidental wisdom in thought, an unexpected picturesqueness of phrase—every child seems a genius. In her very babyhood, Sylvia said many things of the type which adoring relatives always treasure. But when I say she has something that I have never seen in other children, I do not refer to that sort of thing. It is an unknown quality—an X. Perhaps that X is merely a common sense, astonishing in one so young. Whatever it is, I find myself talking with Sylvia exactly as though she were of my own age.

It was a remark that Sarah Darbe had made several days before which put it into my head to take Sylvia to the masquerade. Of course Sylvia had begged me to take her, as she had begged the

preceding year, and of course I had refused her this year as I had then—on the plea that children never went. What Sarah said was, "Wouldn't it be cute if Sylvia could go as your child, Mrs. Avery? I mean dressed exactly like you." Of course I will confess now that I had been racking my brain for an excuse to take her. And instantly I made up on my mind that I would take her—but keep her there only until the unmasking.

The moment I came to this decision Sarah and I rushed up the narrow wooden staircase to the attic and began turning over the things in the huge costume trunk. In fifteen minutes, we had got to work. The long and short of this story is that before that afternoon was over, we had thrown together a costume for Sylvia which, as exactly as possible, followed the lines of mine.

Had I not taken Sylvia to the party—I have often wondered since—how soon, if ever, would we have discovered who killed Ace Blaikie? Perhaps the truth would have come out in time, certainly not so soon.

Nobody in Satuit makes calls on the afternoon of this important day. And so it was with a groan of quite hypocritical self-pity—for I was really conscious of a pleasurable excitement—that I saw Molly Eames's roadster come curving in to the driveway about two o'clock. Caro Prentiss was with her.

"We know just how welcome we are, Aunt Mary," Molly announced cheerfully as they came onto the piazza steps, "but we knew it was worse to go home. Everybody is so busy and so snappish the after-



"Here Comes Ace, Molly!" She Exclaimed.

noon of the masquerade that I become practically a pariah. Who could bear to watch us peacefully taking a cool drink?"

"You can have all the cool drinks you want," I assured her, "if you'll get them yourself."

"How does it happen, Mrs. Avery," Caro asked me, "that you're not working on your costume? Everybody else in Satuit is—that is except Molly and myself."

"Mine has been finished for many days," I answered.

"So has Molly's," Caro replied. "And I brought mine from Europe. Lucky me! I've not had to put a stitch in anything."

I remember thinking that this was the first time Molly had not worked on her costume until the moment she put it on. Molly's costumes were events. I wondered why she was so fore-handed this year.

Presently Molly returned with a tray loaded with bottles, glasses and ice.

As I sipped my ginger ale, I studied the two types. They presented a marvelous contrast.

Molly Eames is one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. A Botticelli, but a robust Botticelli. Flesh white as a gardenia's petal but rich and thick; hair pale gold but thick and deeply waved, stiff like a brilliant pliable wire; eyes pale blue and silken-lashed, but with a strange compelling quality. As she lounged in my great, peacock-backed wicker chair I noticed what carnival the sun was exciting in the big diamond on her left hand—Ace Blaikie's engagement ring. I noticed, above all, that although she did not look tired, she looked wrung—mentally weary I mean. Yet her eyes stormed. Often their gaze set for an instant on the distant view; but they were not studying it; they were watching something that was going on within herself.

Talk went on lazily between us three. I am one of those who is always thrilled by beauty in other women. No more beautiful pair ever sat on my piazza.

Caro was a perfect contrast to Molly. In color she is all brown and reds; reddish brown hair; tiny brown freckles; warm red lips. Her features are piquant but her profile is as perfectly marked off as though drawn with a ruler. I love to follow the straight line of her

brow, the tip-tilted line of her nose, culminating in the sculpturesque combination of short upper lip, curved lower one and cleft delicate chin.

I liked our lazy chat. Caro was doing most of the talking. Molly's preoccupation permitted me to study her closely. Molly had, I was sure, power—power of many sorts above all tremendous will-power. I like to think of the iron interior under the sheath of her pellucid beauty. Caro's talkativeness permitted me to enjoy what was her most fascinating quality—a bounding, abounding vitality.

Caro possessed that understanding and sympathy which makes for tact. I felt that she sensed her friend's preoccupation; that she was trying to cover it up. I helped her.

"You like America, Caro," I drew her out. "You would like to live here always?"

"Oh yes!" Caro exclaimed. "Oh yes! It has opened a whole new world to me and a whole new life."

Caro's quick ears caught before mine the sound of an automobile turning into the drive. "Here comes Ace, Molly!" she exclaimed.

It seemed to me I read into her voice a faint note of warning.

As though Caro herself caught and regretted that involuntary cry, she added in a casual tone, "In Mr. Hexson's car. And my beloved granddad's with them."

"I knew as well as you two girls where to go for a drink," Ace Blaikie threw out of the murmur of greetings. He seated himself between Molly and Caro. Doctor Marden chose a seat beside me.

That was the last time those three men were to sit on my piazza together. All wore the Legion d'Honneur. Doctor Marden, himself a tall man, the shortest of the three, appeared first. He wore his abundant silvery hair straight back from his forehead. On his chin lay an imperial, still black. A thin aquiline nose cut like the blade of a scimitar out of the planes of his face. His black eyes, extremely fine, lighted a long, pallid, pear-shaped face. Those eyes were definitely sad and yet they watched all the time. Watched what? I didn't know then what they watched.

Next came Ace—a noticeably tall man. Though in the late forties, Ace retained his magnificent figure, although his golden curls were shot with white and his face had developed lines, he was still one of those men you would turn to look at in the street.

Tallest of all was Bruce Hexson. Physically, he differed as widely from Ace as he did in character and personality. He was big with enormous, muscular, stooped shoulders. In some aspects—standing straight—his figure recalled statues of Lincoln; in others—crouching over—he looked like a grizzly bear. His huge head was made huger by the tangled, dark shag of his hair. His hazel eyes—once brilliant, now luminous—lay like lonely lakes in the depths of great hollows.

As usual, when Ace entered a company, he became its center. Inensibly our talk focused upon him. Bruce Hexson sat very quiet, a little absent, as one drifting in and out of the conversation. Myron Marden threw in an occasional comment. Occasionally Ace's glance rested on Molly for an instant. I noted a new element in his look and I did not like it—a triumphant possessiveness.

In spite of Ace's vivacity, a constraint had fallen upon us. Caro Prentiss had completely quieted; a veil of reserve seemed to deaden her animation. Bruce Hexson's eyes wandered from Ace's face to the distant marsh and there set in a preoccupied serenity.

I, conscious of conflicting psychological currents in my little party, was beginning to develop social embarrassment when diversion came. I caught the scamper of Sylvia's little feet over the lawn as she came up from the pool. She came racing up the steps, carrying her favorite doll—Dorinda Belle.

"Who is Sylvia?" Ace greeted her. "Come here!"

Sylvia went to him unhesitatingly; perched on the high knee to which he invited her. From the precarious height she responded with her shy composure to all their greetings.

"How is Dorinda Belle?" Ace asked.

"She's very well, thank you," Sylvia answered in her prim, conventional little-girl way.

Dorinda Belle had been my doll. Now she is Sylvia's. Sylvia possesses all kinds of dolls—but of them all she loves Dorinda Belle best. Why I don't know. Dorinda Belle possesses a sawdust-filled, cloth body, a china head, china arms, china legs. Her hair is painted on her skull in great jet-black waves which part in the middle and scallop over her forehead. Her blue eyes stare. Her red lips simper. But somehow she is a real doll and subconsciously Sylvia recognizes that. Ace knows Dorinda Belle. Once, during a call which was purely social, Sylvia told Ace that Dorinda Belle was ill. Ace solemnly took her pulse and temperature and wrote out a prescription.

"Are you going to the masquerade tonight?" Ace inquired.

"What a question, Ace!" I came to Sylvia's rescue. "Don't put such ideas into her head!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Certain of Milady's Vote



THREE post-election candidates for milady's wardrobe, every one a winner. Choose any one of these clever patterns and the vote will be unanimous that you have done well by yourself. Every pattern is accompanied by an illustrated instruction chart giving step by step details for quick sewing and perfect fit—the short cut to an adequate wardrobe.

Pattern 1821, a comely morning frock fashioned along princess lines, is available in a wide range of sizes, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. The smooth fitting and slenderizing hip line joins with the scalloped collar and cuffs in contrast to achieve a flattering effect, and this design is so simply made and so easy to wear, in swiss or percale or lawn or pongee, it will win instant favor. Size 38 requires four and three-fourths yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1843, the blouse and skirt combination, speaks for itself. Versatility is the keynote of this double duty pattern which consists of just eight simple pieces for both blouse and skirt. The wide and graceful revers conceal those extra pounds above the waist, and the panelled skirt is of the sort that will go well with

any ensemble or tunic. Quickly and inexpensively made, this combination will add new life to any wardrobe with a minimum of effort. The pattern is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 18 requires two and three-fourths yards of 39 inch material for the blouse, two and one-sixth yards for the skirt. A grand pattern bargain.

Pattern 1958, the fitted slip, offers a choice of the strap or built-up shoulder and makes a perfect foundation garment for a smooth silhouette. Fashioned in silk or taffeta or pongee, the pattern employs just six pieces and goes together like a charm. Send for it today, in size 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 or 44. Size 36 requires three and one-fourth yards of 39 inch material.

Send for the Fall Pattern Book containing Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents (in coins) for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

QUAKER OATS FOR DIONNE QUINS EVERY DAY!

Specialists Set Example for Mothers



Young and Old, Alike, Need 3-Purpose Vitamin B For Keeping Fit*

*Nervousness, constipation, poor appetite prey upon the energy of thousands, young and old, when diets lack a sufficient amount of the precious Vitamin B so richly supplied by a Quaker Oats breakfast.

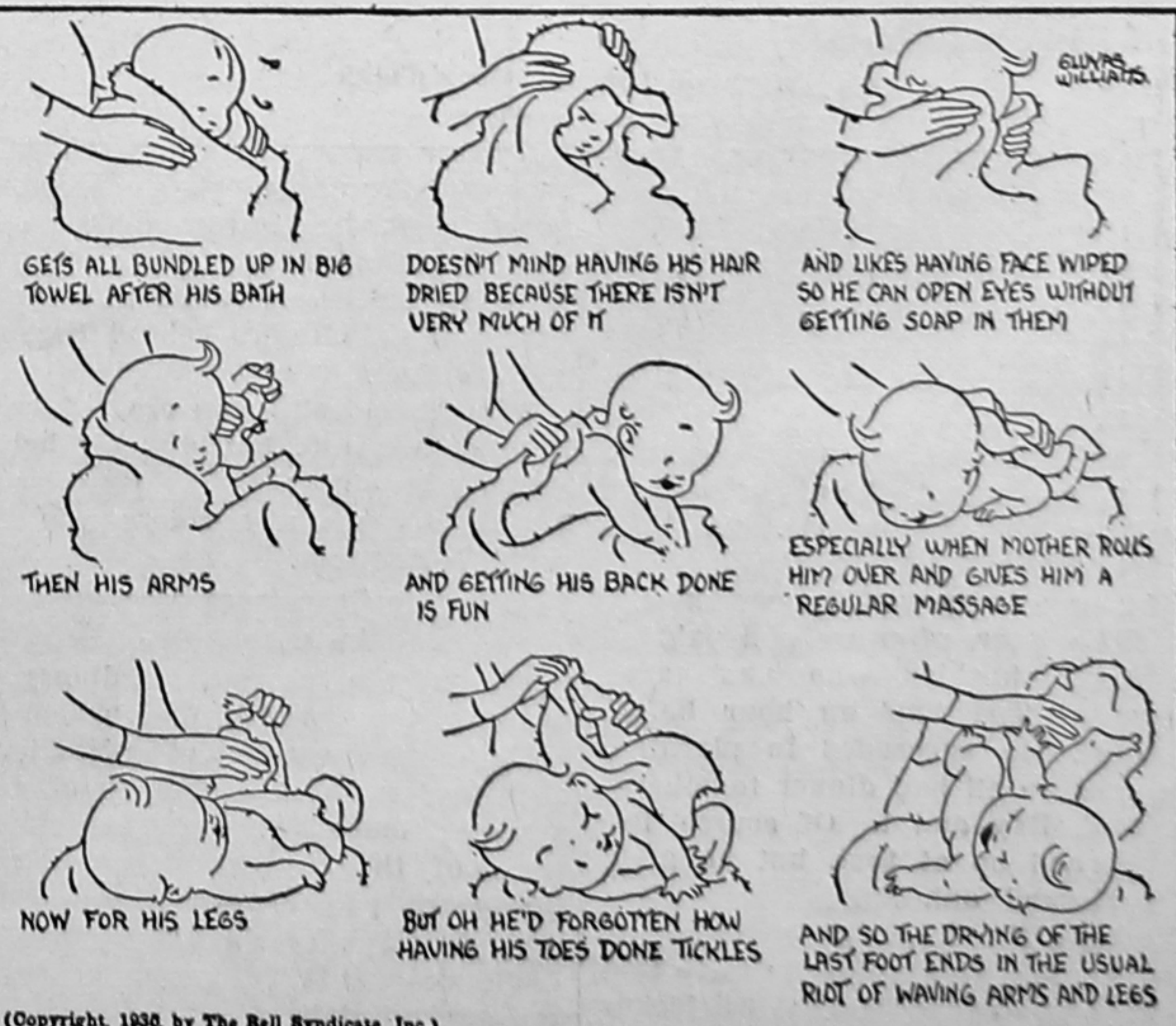
So serve the whole family a bowl of Quaker Oats every morning.

*If here poor condition is due to lack of Vitamin B

QUAKER OATS

GETTING DRY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

The Builder

By OLIVE HOLLWAY
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

JOHN STROUD surveyed the shuffling crowd of nondescripts before him. A dozen or more men with broken shoes and patched clothes, with weary faces, and dull eyes.

Years of hiring men on the big construction job had never quite hardened him. He needed only one man now but he hesitated to make the choice. They all knew that Matthews had been drowned the day before, yet here were twelve men begging for his place, willing to strain and founder in the mud of the river bed, that they might eke out a pitiful existence.

"Merkle," he said, "come into the office in five minutes."

The other applicants melted away. He turned and entered the shack he used as an office.

"Merkle!"

The name beat into his brain like a triumphant march. Merkle . . . his thirty thousand spent and asking for a job. Asking Stroud, who had hated him with a consuming hatred through the years. He seated himself mechanically at his desk. Ten years since he had last seen Merkle, immaculate and smiling, with pretty Molly Langdon upon his arm. He, John Stroud, had stood shrinkingly shabby and alone upon the edge of the select crowd outside the fashionable church.

The door opened, and Merkle entered.

"So you want a job, Merkle? I'm going to keep you. Start tomorrow. That is, if you have the guts to do it."

His eyes became hard as nails. "I've always hated you, Merkle. Remember at school, how you taunted me? I had to leave school early and start to work. I had always made up my mind to build bridges and roads. I saved up enough money to buy my first drafting set by doing without everything I needed. It was a second-hand one I bought from another boy. I didn't know it was yours, that it had been stolen from your desk at school. You accused me of stealing it. I nearly went to jail for that. Then, when I was nineteen I fell desperately in love with Molly, but you won her—snatched her away from me. And now you come to me. Is your money all gone?"

"Yes," Merkle said resignedly. "All gone. And Molly's left me, too. I don't blame her. I was a brute."

"Yes, I know about that; she came here. She has promised to marry me when she gets her divorce."

The ragged man winced. "So you have Molly, too. I had hoped that if I ever earned the right again . . ."

"Here's your card. You may report tomorrow morning at seven, if you wish," said Stroud coldly.

Next morning was a day of gray skies and slashing rain. Stroud was at the river early. There had been some trouble with the foundation of number three pier. He decided they would have to force more cement into the base.

Stroud studied Merkle's spare figure in the rain-soaked shirt slithering in the river silt as he heaved with the others to move a slippery bulk of timber which had shifted from its position.

He straightened suddenly. That slim figure upon the narrow plank walk down there—surely it was not Molly? Molly in her cherry-red rain cape? She half-turned and he caught a glimpse of her face, rain-blurred and white. It was Molly. She threw herself up proudly. She had seen him. She was beside Merkle now.

Suddenly Stroud stiffened. Merkle had slipped. He was lying face down in the river mud. Why didn't the fool get up? Or why didn't the others pick him up? They were leaving him, floundering through the mud like ungainly fishes. Then suddenly he saw.

The brown trickle of muddy water had increased to a torrent, and number two pier was moving, leaning sickeningly. Falling. And Merkle was there, lying as he had fallen, and the shadow of the pier was over him.

Molly had rushed to her stricken husband's side, was trying ineffectually to help him, pulling frantically at the limp form.

With an inarticulate cry Stroud leaped down the bank, sliding and slipping in the river silt, shouting warnings to the others.

"Molly!" he gasped. With one arm he thrust her back, then hurled himself toward the prostrate man. A great shadow was over them, blotting out the grayness of the sky, sucking out the air from their lungs, smothering them.

His groping fingers sought and found the clothing of the unconscious man, and with a superhuman effort he snatched him from under the mighty pier. Mud and water cascaded over them; the river bed seemed to heave and tremble. Beside them a few inches away rested the great pier.

Stroud was the first to recover. He rose unsteadily to his feet and shook himself free of the mud and water. He managed a wry smile at the white-faced girl.

"He'll be all—right now, Molly." He was panting so from the exertion that he could hardly speak. "Just—just fainted from hunger, I—I guess. Tomorrow . . . tomorrow I'll give him an easier job . . . in the office. You take him . . . home."

John Stroud turned then to the task in hand—the task to which he had devoted his life. He, the builder. He began shouting orders to the men, applying his own hands as if he were one of them. And Stroud knew, as surely as he knew anything, that he had lost Molly just as he had lost her that day at the church.

Artistic Ancestors

By KARL GRAYSON
© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

"I WISH," said Aime Butterworth wistfully. "I only wish there had been some one in our family who really did something, something worth while, something—" she smiled as she said it—"I could brag about."

Fred Butterworth laid aside the morning paper, gulped down the last of his coffee, shoved back his hair and said: "What?"

Aime overlooked his rudeness. "The bridge club meets here this afternoon," she said, "and I dread it. I dread it because Aggie Spencer and Gertrude Wilcox will monopolize the conversation with stories of their ancestors. Aggie's uncle was an artist. Gertrude's half-sister was presented at Court last year. Even Helen Blacknell can brag about her aunt out in Chicago, who once witnessed a gangster murder."

Fred scratched his chin and contemplated the wistful look in his wife's eyes. Suddenly he banged the table. "By George, I'd almost forgotten it! Darned if I hadn't. You sit here a minute, sweet, till I rummage around in the attic. I'll give you something to brag about!"

Fred returned ten minutes later and presented Aime with a book. It was a small book neatly enclosed in a light blue cover-jacket.

"There you are!" said Bert triumphantly. "Show that to your friends. It's a book of poetry written by my mother and published twenty years ago. There's talent in my family, I'll have you know."

Aime hugged the volume to her breast. "Oh, Fred, it's too thrilling for words!"

Fred grinned delightedly. En route to the station he began to smile. And by the time he had boarded the 8:15 the smile had developed into an occasional chuckle. Tom Cooke, who usually sat with Fred during the short run to the city, became curious.

"Say, what's eating you this morning? Let a man in on it if you've got something that'll fetch a laugh these dull days."

Fred laughed outright. "I'll tell you, Tom. It's too good to keep. But don't on your life breathe a word. Aime was upset this morning because she didn't have anything to brag about at her bridge club. The other members, it seems, have artistic ancestors. It made Aime feel bad to think she married into such an uninteresting family, so I dug into an old trunk and produced a book of poems that mother published twenty years ago, and told her to brag that."

Tom looked puzzled. "What's wrong with that? I'd say a mother-in-law poet was O. K."

"But here's the rub," Fred said. "That book of poems is an old manuscript that belonged to my grandmother. After grandmother died, mother found the script, thought the poems were worthy of publication, added a few of her own choice verses, and submitted the retyped copy to a publisher. Mr. Publisher ate the stuff up."

"Mother was thrilled. She thought she must have real talent, and went down to the library to study up and read the masters. While perusing a volume of Walt Whitman she discovered some of the very poems that her mother had supposedly written."

"Of course, mother, immediately wired the publisher, advising him to cease manufacturing the book, and explaining that her mother must have copied some of her favorite Whitman poems, in order to save them. But Mr. Publisher had already printed about 2000 copies, which were ready for distribution. Mother bought up the edition and destroyed all but one, which she kept for sentimental reasons. That one is the book I gave Aime this morning."

Tom Cooke arrived at the station a few minutes early the next morning and when he saw the grinning countenance of Fred Butterworth coming down the street, he went eagerly to meet him.

"How'd you come out?" Tom asked. "What did Aime say?"

"Well, it went over great. The ladies were much impressed. Aime is now one of the club's most interesting members. She can interrupt any conversation whatever and gain attention."

"They didn't recognize Whitman, then?"

"Not a bit of it. Didn't even suspect. But Aime's grieved because she lost the book."

"Lost it?"

"Sure. Can't find it anywhere. Confidentially though, I don't think she's much put out. After all, Aime was never very strong on poetry stuff. And the book has served its purpose."

"But I should think you'd want to preserve the copy just for sentimental reasons."

Fred grinned meaningly. "I do," he said.

Influence of the Moon
That the moon has powerful and independent influence over things terrestrial is known. For instance, many marine animals are fatter, and catches of fish in general are more prolific at the time of full moon. Some farmers claim, too, that crops sown at this time are heavier than ones sown when the moon is in its first or last quarter.

Pleasant Ridge

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pollock have moved from Allerton to the Charles Jones farm.

Mrs. Ota Moore entertained several ladies at quilting, Thursday.

A number of relatives and friends gathered at the home of Samuel Umbarger, Sunday, in honor of his birthday anniversary.

Paul Leird and family and Ralph Swick and family spent Sunday evening at the home of Edd Harby.

Mrs. Laura Jones and Mrs. Maude Pollock were hostesses to the Pleasure and Profit club on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Pollock.

Long View News

Ken Bollinger moved his family to Champaign this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Culton are visiting relatives in Kentucky.

Sam Winters of Indianapolis spent the weekend in the Evan Downie home.

John Wingle and son, Lawrence, left Monday by rail for Arizona. John Jr. left later, driving through, accompanied by James Britt.

Dan Rogers, a former Long-view resident, is now in Jarman hospital, having recently submitted to an operation for relief from appendicitis and other trouble.

A miscellaneous shower was given Saturday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Etta Hagerman for Mrs. Robert Dyar, a recent bride. Assistant hostesses were Mrs. Alice Hanley, Mrs. Hazel Hanley and Miss Ada Paine. About 60 guests were present and presented Mrs. Dyar with many lovely gifts. Refreshments were chicken sandwiches, cranberry salad, and coffee.

Interesting Notes

A starfish has no brain but is able to learn.

More people are hurt playing golf than in any other sport.

Nutmeg and mace both come from the same African tree.

There are 19,800,000 acres of swamps and wet lands in the state of Florida.

Bert Ryner of Scottsbluff, Neb., has built a golf bag carrier out of an old go-cart and has trained his pet water spaniel to pull it as his caddie.

Baby zebras can run almost as fast as their parents a few hours after birth.

Officer John Nolan of Stevens Point, Wis., covers his beat daily on roller skates.

There is a jungle in the United States where monkeys live and breed—in lower Florida.

The Turks have never been known to have Turkish baths, and Irish stew is not a national Irish dish.

American parents pay \$19,000,000 a week during the school session to send their children to college.

A ruby-colored humming bird, owned by F. F. Hopkins of Surrey, Eng., makes a noise like a bee. It is valued at \$1,000 by its owner.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. When was the township organization act passed in Illinois?

A. In 1849.

Q. What part of the state demanded this act?

A. The northern section. These sections were populated by immigrants from the eastern states and were accustomed to township organization.

Q. When was the first negro slave brought into Chicago?

A. In 1804 by John Kinzie, the owner. The slave was known as Black Joe.

Q. Who made the first map of the city of Chicago?

A. The first map of Chicago was made by James Thompson, the surveyor, for the canal commissioner. The map was printed Aug. 4, 1830.

Q. What tribes did Chief Sau-ga-nash lead?

A. Sau-ga-nash was the principal chief of the united nation of the Ottawa, Potawatomie and the Chipawas.

Q. Where was Richard Yates born?

A. Governor Yates was born at Warsaw, Gallatin County, Ky. He came to Illinois in 1831 and settled at Island Grove, Sangamon County.

Q. When was the first locomotive brought to Illinois?

A. The first locomotive was brought to Illinois in the spring of 1836. It was carried by boat from New Jersey to Meredosia.

Q. What Illinois doctor was appointed governor of the Dakota Territory?

A. Doctor William Joyne, son of Doctor Gershom Joyne, was appointed governor by Abraham Lincoln in 1861.

Q. What was the earliest and largest industry of the pioneers in Illinois?

A. Salt, which was produced in the southern part of the State.

What's New

German physicians have found that injections of insulin are an aid to children malnourished due to a variety of organic diseases.

Alfalfa has been found to be a rich source of vitamin C by scientists of the South African Institute of Medical Research.

Doctors at the Washington University School of Medicine believe calcium-rich diets may aid persons afflicted with leprosy.

Tests by the Smithsonian Institution reveal that butterflies select the leaves on which to lay their eggs by chemical content rather than by appearance.

Close checking of a pasture over a period of a year showed that horses favored clover—dominant patches of herbage.

The transplantation of a living nerve from the leg to the face of a nine-year-old girl to remedy paralysis of the face was performed recently in the Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital, New York City.

Study of 48 founding infants has led Dr. Katherine Bridges of McGill University to the conclusion that the new-born infant's only instinctive urge is that for survival, and that the other urges which make up human nature are later woven around this basic one.

New Wide Range Sound

Illinois Theatre
Newman, Ill.
"Always A Good Show"

Cushion Seats Pleasing Lighting Effect

Friday and Saturday, November 13-14

Lionel Barrymore and Maureen O'Sullivan in

The Devil Doll

Also Emil Coleman and his Orchestra; A Vitaphone Novelty, An Ounce of Invention; and a Sport Dare Deviltry. An outstanding Feature and a select program of short subjects.

10c-20c

Sunday and Monday, Nov. 15-16

Clark Gable, Jeanette McDonald, Jack Holt and Spencer Tracy in

SAN FRANCISCO

Acclaimed the outstanding picture of the year with thrills that you will never forget. A Silly Symphony in Color, Three Little Wolves; A Major Bowes Amateur Theatre of The Air; and The Latest Fox News Events.

10c Continuous Showing on Sunday, 3-11 p. m. 25c

Tuesday, Nov. 17--Dime Show

Hoot Gibson in

Feud of The West

Also a Good Comedy, Blue Blazes
All seats 10c

Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19

Hollywood Boulevard

with John Halliday and Robert Cummings. Also a Good Comedy and an Outstanding Musical Short.

10c Coming: Cain & Mabel, Swing Time, Suzy, Dimples, Sing Baby Sing, The Big Game, and many others.

Sunday Shows Continuous From 2:15

STAR
VILLA GROVE

Saturday Matinee 2:15 Night 6:30 Other Nights Show 7 p. m.

Thurs. & Fri. Nov. 12-13

BANK NITE---\$45.00

What a Bargain

Alice Faye, Patsy Kelly

Ritz Bros., Ted Healy

Sing Baby Sing

10c-25c

Saturday, Nov. 14

Mat. 5c-10c Nite 10c-15c

One of Chic Sales' Last Pictures

Chic Sale, Doris Nolan, Skeets Gallagher

The Man I Marry

No. 3 Phantom Rider

Sunday and Monday, Nov 15-16

Warner Bros. New Musical Sensation that is Sweeping The Country

Clark Gable - Marion Davies in

Cain & Mabel

Act - News

Sunday—10c and 20c till 5. After 5—10c and 25c

Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 17-18

Wm. Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy

LIBELED LADY

Don't Miss It
10c-25c

Note!! Bank Nites Thanksgiving Week Will Be Tuesday and Wednesday.

BROADLANDS THEATER

Saturday Night, Nov. 14

Haverstock Show Company

will present

The Sensational New Comedy

What A Woman Will Do

Vaudeville Between Acts

Admission - - - 10c to all