

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 17

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1936

NUMBER 35

Red Cross Enrolls 42 Members Here

A total of 42 members have been enrolled in Ayers township for the American National Red Cross for the year 1937.

Mrs. George H. Cook, Mrs. Roy Bergfield and Clark Henson were the local solicitors.

Following is a list of the members enrolled:

Alvin Zenke.
Leonard Block.
Fred Messman.
Howard Clem.
Oscar Witt.
John Bruhn.
George Dohme.
Clark Henson.
Fuller Freeman.
Ed Maxwell.
Walter Rothermel.
George Walker.
Rev. W. Earl Ballew.
Joe Darnall.
Russell Astell.
George Cook.
Kenneth Dicks.
Carl Dicks.
Albert Telling.
Bergfield Bros.
Miss Anna Clem.
Mrs. Nellie Astell.
Mrs. Mark Moore.
Mrs. Leanna Miller.
Mrs. Lillie Bowman.
Mrs. Bessie Loomis.
Mrs. Pearl Edens.
Mrs. Irene Witt.
Mrs. Anna Poggendorf.
Martin Sy.
Walter Poggendorf.
Rev. Wm. E. Klautsch.
Lloyd Donley.
O. E. Anderson.
Struck Bros.
Eckerty's Cafe.
Mrs. Marie Edens.
Roy Bergfield.
B. H. Thode, Sr.
A. S. Maxwell.
D. P. Brewer.
Harlan Six.

No Abatement of Penalties After January 1, 1937

It might be of interest to those who still owe back taxes to know that after January 1, 1937, there will be no more abatements allowed of the penalties on back taxes. The emergency law that was passed in 1935 and went into effect on July 1st of that year and is known as Section 227a of the Revenue law of 1872, was that anyone paying back taxes for the years 1929-30-31-32 and 33 would have the accrued penalties on those years abated by taking advantage of that section of the law. However, this law for the 227a was an emergency act and was to be in force only up to the year 1937.

Therefore if tax payers desire to save on their back taxes if they owe any for those years, should see to it that payment is made before the New Year is ushered in, as section 227a will die at that time.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock. 'Tis the Sunday before Christmas and the Christian church calls to everyone.

The Preaching Service next Sunday is at 7:30 p. m. The message from the pulpit will be the Christmas sermon.

The Christmas program of the Sunday School will be given in the church on Christmas Eve.

M. E. Ladies Aid Meets with Mrs. Gladys McClelland

Mrs. Gladys McClelland, Mrs. Leanna Miller and Mrs. Rosa Smith were hostesses to the Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church, on Thursday afternoon of last week. The meeting was held at the McClelland home and the Christmas greens and the beautifully decorated tree, reminded the guests that the holiday season was at hand.

The president, Mrs. Daisy Gore, presided at the meeting. There were twenty-five members present and five guests, Rev. W. Earl Ballew, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, Miss Margaret Gore, Mrs. Opal Thode and Jane Anderson.

The devotional meeting was in charge of Mrs. Anna Laverick, and was much enjoyed by all. The first number was that favorite old Christmas carol, "Joy to the World." Then Mrs. Laverick read a paper, bearing out the thought that love is the secret of the Christmas spirit. In connection with this she read Edgar Guest's fine poem, "At Christmas," one verse of which is as follows:

If I had to paint a picture of a man, I think I'd wait

Till he'd fought his selfish battles and put away his hate.

I'd not catch him at his labors when his thoughts are all of self,

On the long days and dreary when he's striving for himself.

I'd not take him when he's sneering, when he's scornful or depressed,

But I'd look for him at Christmas when he's shining at his best.

A beautiful Christmas solo, "Waking Out of Silence," was sung by Mrs. McClelland. Mrs. Edna Telling chose for her scripture reading Luke's version of the Christmas story, and in connection with it Mrs. Laverick read, "If I Had Lived in Bethlehem." A duet, "No Room for the King," was sung by Mrs. Mary Dicks and Mrs. Anna Laverick. The meeting was closed with a very earnest prayer, that seemed to make the Christmas spirit more real to every listener, offered by Rev. Ballew.

After the program a gift exchange was enjoyed by all. The hostesses served delicious refreshments, carried out in the jolly Yule time colors of red and green.

News Items of 12 Years Ago Dec. 18, 1924

The Royal Neighbor Lodge elected new officers.

Edgar Moser and family visited relatives at Casey.

Members of the Modern Woodman lodge held election of officers.

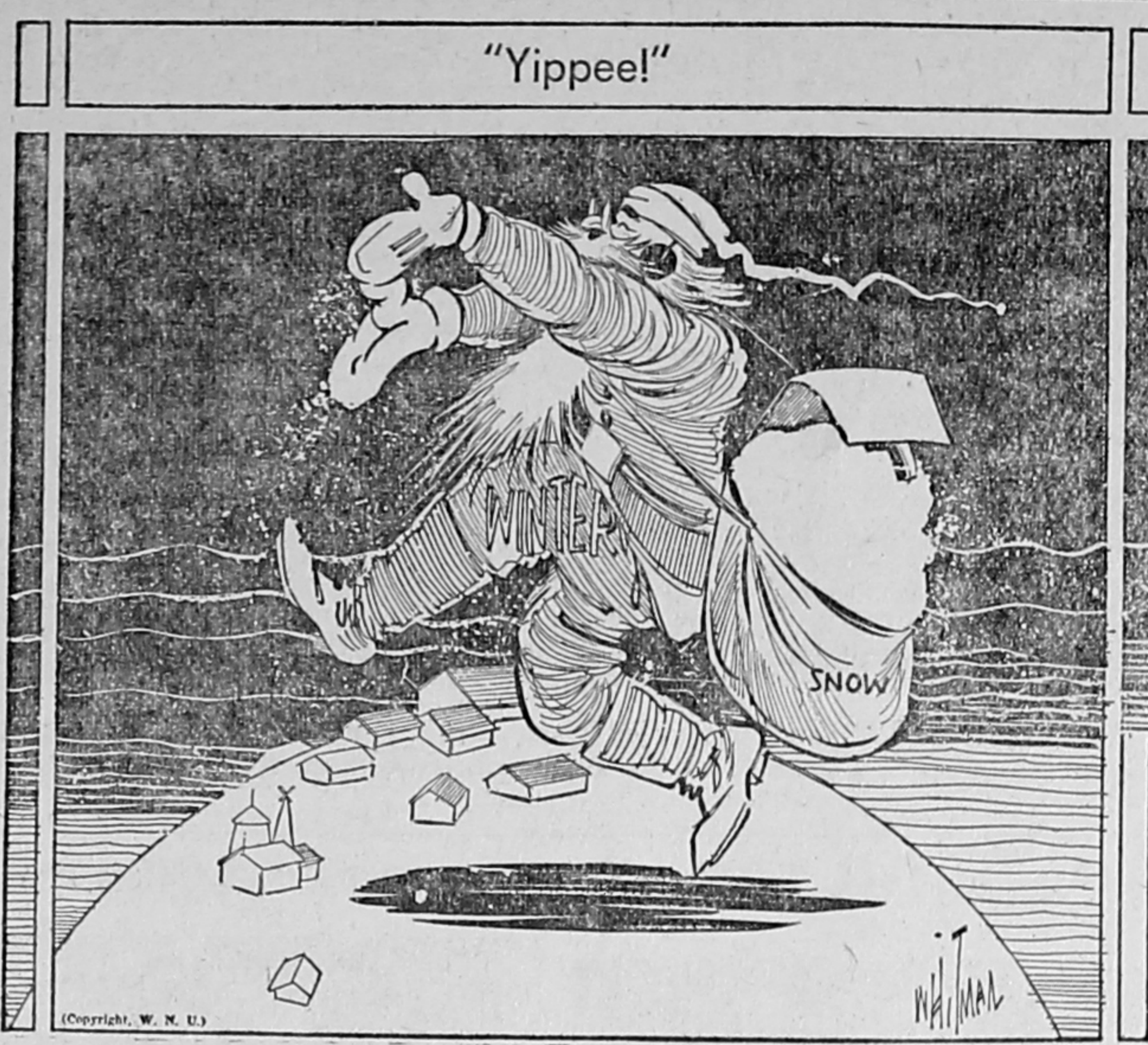
Miss Maude Block entertained a number of friends at an impromptu party at her home.

Members of the Home Bureau entertained their families at a party at the home of Miss Marie Witt.

Lodge Meets Next Monday

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

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



Local and Personal

Virgil Nonman has been having a tussle with the mumps.

Mrs. George Schmith of Chicago spent the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Block and Dan Brewer were Chicago visitors over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell, Mrs. Clark Henson and son Max, were Danville shoppers Monday.

Henry Kilian, Jr., attended a meeting of the Farm Bureau at Urbana, Tuesday.

Raymond Wood of Urbana spent the weekend with his mother, Mrs. Lyda Wood.

Miss Margaret Gore and Harold Anderson were Danville visitors, Monday.

D. P. Brewer submitted to an operation for cataract at a Chicago hospital last Saturday.

Prof. and Mrs. George Cook, Mrs. Roy Bergfield and daughter Leone, were Champaign shoppers, Saturday.

Wilbur Thomas was home from the reforestation camp at Willow Springs, over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Van Allen of Oakwood spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Ellsworth Nichols and family.

Mrs. Emma Block entertained at dinner, Sunday, Harold Wiese and family, Mr. and Mrs. August Wiese and Henry Wiese.

Miss Phyllis Bergfield of Lake View Hospital, Danville, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfield, Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Kunkle underwent an operation for goitre and appendicitis at the Urbana hospital last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nonman are the parents of a boy babe born to them at Lakeview Hospital, Danville, last Sunday evening.

Ellsworth Nichols submitted to an operation for the removal of his appendix at Lake View Hospital, Danville, last Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Eckerty, Mrs. Fred Messman and Rev. W. Earl Ballew attended the turkey supper given by the Methodist Church at Hume, on Friday night of last week.

Mrs. Will Nonman and daughter, Miss Lois, were Champaign shoppers, Monday.

Mrs. Dorothy Hardyman Vermilion underwent a major operation at an Urbana hospital last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell were dinner guests at the home of Kenner Wood at Fairland on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfield entertained at dinner, Sunday, Oscar Witt and family, John Nohren and family, Prof. and Mrs. George Cook and Miss Wilma Messman.

Among the Champaign visitors Tuesday were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clem, Deane Thomas, Miss Mamie Darnall, Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland, Mrs. Leanna Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Limp, Wm. Messman.

Edgar Moser's public sale was largely attended last Wednesday. Livestock and implements brought good prices. The Ladies Aid of the local United Brethren Church sold lunch and made a profit of \$22.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Orren Hardyman, Mrs. Arch Campbell and children and Chas. McCormick visited Zelma and Floyd Hardyman at the Outlook Sanatorium, Urbana, Sunday. They also visited Mrs. Dorothy Vermillion, who is a patient in the Urbana hospital.

George Walker and Hugo DeWitt motored to Danville, Thursday morning to see Ellsworth Nichols and Roy Richey at Lake View and St. Elizabeth hospitals. They were not permitted to see Mr. Nichols, but inform us that Mr. Richey will undergo an operation this Saturday. He has gallstones and appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kilian entertained a number of relatives at dinner, Sunday, celebrating the birthday anniversaries of Raymond and Harold Kilian. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schumacher, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Jr., and son Raymond, Clarence Kilian and family.

The following from here attended a Laymen's Rally for the churches in the southern part of the Champaign District of the Methodist church, Thursday night: Mrs. Leanna Miller, Mrs. Nellie Astell, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dicks, Mrs. Ida Messman, Mr. Fuller Freeman and Rev. W. Earl Ballew.

Fairfield Society Meets With Mrs. Ira Laverick

The Fairfield Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Ira Laverick on Wednesday, Dec. 9.

Mrs. Don Coolley had charge of the devotional which was in the form of a radio Christmas play. It was very clever and was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Nellie Six gave the foreign topic, "Syria," and Mrs. Edgar Young gave the home topic, "Inter Mountain Area."

An exchange of gifts followed the program. The hostess served delightful refreshments. Several guests were present at the meeting.

Longview High School News

Marcelle Nohren, Reporter.

This Friday night Bement will be the visiting team in the Long View Gymnasium and on Saturday night the Long View boys will be visitors at Newman.

Committees have been appointed and work has been started on a carnival which will be given on Wednesday, December 23. There will be concessions of all kinds and also entertainment.

The Long View basketball team still continues to have bad luck. Last Friday night they were defeated by Urbana with a score of 28-18. On Tuesday evening Champaign defeated them 39-21. The Freshmen played the Grade School on both nights and won both games.

The Seniors are entertaining the student body and faculty at a Christmas party on the afternoon of Wednesday, December 23. The following committees have been appointed:

Entertainment—Marcelle Nohren, Wayne Gaines, Clyde Collins, Tom McCormick, Max Seeds.

Food—Betty Ruth Raymond, Sarah Wilson, Max Thode.

Gifts—Betty Ruth Raymond, Lois Brewer.

Decoration—Betty Jane Downie, Glen Carleton, Walter Schumacher.



Some drivers feel that their ability to get out of a tight spot is a demonstration of skill.

Reckless driving is not a demonstration of skill. A driver may get a thrill from getting out of a tight spot by quick and expert handling of his car. He should not boast about it or get "cocky" from this experience.

A good driver never gets in a tight spot. He is always careful on the approach to intersections, schools, crossroads, and other places where there may be a possibility of meeting other drivers.

The anticipation of an accident at these possible spots makes for careful driving. It's smart to be careful.

The post office will close at 9 a. m. Christmas Day. There will be no rural delivery.

For Sale—One DeLaval cream separator and one Bradley feed grinder. If interested, call at The News office.

Helen McCormick is Bride of James Wilson

Miss Helen McCormick of Broadlands, and James Wilson of Allerton, were married at Indianapolis last Wednesday.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McCormick and is well known here, having been employed at the local telephone exchange for a number of years.

The groom is the son of Mrs. Pearl Wilson of Allerton and is engaged in farming.

The young couple will live on the Wilson farm south of Allerton where they have a house all newly decorated and furnished for their occupancy.

Mrs. Flora Bailey Is Hostess to L. W. Class

The L. W. class of the U. B. Sunday School met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Flora Bailey.

A comfort was tacked after which Mrs. Leona Bergfield conducted the business meeting.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Ella Maxwell where another comfort will be tacked.

Refreshments were fruit cake with whipped cream, coffee and mints.

Members present were Mesdames Bessie Loomis, Mary Duncan, Olive Rayl, Leona Bergfield, Agnes Turner, Lucy Sullivan, Della Reed, Pearl Edens, Ella Maxwell, Lydia Brown, Flora Bailey.

O. E. S. Holds Their Annual Christmas Party

Members of Broadlands Chapter, O. E. S. held their annual Christmas party on last Wednesday night, their families being guests.

A program and gift exchange were enjoyed, after which refreshments consisting of cakes, cookies, candy and cocoa were served.

"Too Many Wives," This Saturday Night

The Haverstocks will present that sparkling comedy, "Too Many Wives," at the Broadlands Theater, this Saturday night.

Remodeling Elevator

The east elevator of the Broadlands Grain & Coal Company is being remodeled. Besides the contractor, eight local men are working on the job.

Christmas Greetings

Mr. Business Man: If you wish to extend Christmas Greetings to your patrons of the past year, let us know at once. We have a nice line of Christmas headings for you to select from. Come in and see them.

Market Report

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

No. 2 new hard wheat \$1.20
No. 4 white shelled corn 1.00
No. 4 yellow shelled corn 98c
No. 3 white oats 47c
No. 2 new beans 1.40

The News is \$1.50 a year.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

The Pope's Health
One Pillar Missing
Big London Fire
A Pretty Good Country

News, far more important than any English royal marriage controversy concerns the health of Pope Pius.



Arthur Brisbane

The whole world, admiring the Pope's character and his loyal efforts for peace, hopes earnestly for his speedy recovery, while millions that follow the Pope's spiritual guidance pray for that recovery, with the cardinals kneeling at the Pope's bedside.

In spite of his advanced age, there is reason for hope, in his always temperate life and his early Alpine climbing expeditions.

Mr. Hull, secretary of state, offers "eight pillars of peace" upon which American peace and prosperity might rest.

With all respect for the secretary's earnestness, it must be said that the most important "pillar" for the United States is not found among the eight.

The interesting pillar is a protective force of airplanes and submarines so great as to make any attack upon this country unthinkable. When John L. Sullivan lived, no one hit him.

London's Crystal palace, covering 17 acres, went up in flames, visible for 50 miles. London has not seen so great a fire since "the" great fire of 1660. That fire started at one o'clock in the morning in a house in Pudding lane; you may read some interesting details in Pepys' diary. Burning four days, the fire caused great destruction, but did good in the end. It wiped out, for one thing, the great plague of London, that made the citizens mark their doors with a red cross and "Lord, have mercy upon us," and caused the grass to grow in London's streets. London was rebuilt of brick; after the fire no more wooden houses, and streets were made wider. Our misfortunes often improve us.

Former President Hoover, just now in New York, smiles at the suggestion that he plans to leave this country and take up his residence in England. The former President, in spite of the "Maine-Vermont" incident, thinks this is a pretty good country and he is right; it made him President.

This is "the day of woman," as a well-known religious leader said. Hongkong tells of a lady, chief of pirates, looting a ship, taking \$10,000, displaying unusual ability and ferocity.

The airplane, in a better way, helps to establish woman's more-than-equality. Capt. Mollison starts through the air from England to Africa, trying to beat the record of his own wife, not that of some other man. Flying records depend upon the machine and the nerve of the pilot. Women have more nerve and physical courage than men have ever had, although men don't know it.

Washington reports that the President, using the discretion given him by congress, will order the construction of two battleships, to cost \$50,000,000 each. Many will hope that the statement is mistaken, especially as the President is said to be doing this to "match Britain's move."

If we should build those battleships, squandering \$100,000,000 of the public money on them, and then be foolish enough to send them out, in case of war, a couple of \$50,000,000 airships would sink them, or low-priced submarines would blow them up.

If you have imagined at any time that the United States has lost its interest in kings, titles and nobility, turning away from such things in its complete, simple-hearted democracy, look at your newspaper and see how many columns and pictures it prints about Britain's king and his proposed marriage at this time; and observe, if you dine out, the general subject of conversation.

It was truly a marvelous reception that Buenos Aires and the entire Argentine Republic, its President, cabinet and people, gave to the President of the United States. An enthusiastic crowd of a million and a half crowded every street in the great Argentine city, now in the spring season, and most pleasing were two words used by the Argentine president, Justo, "Mi amigo" ("my friend"), as he greeted the American President.

Those two words, mi amigo, extended in all sincerity from one end of the two American continents to the other, would solve the American peace problem, and this country need not worry about the two words popular in Europe and Asia—"MY ENEMY."

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Fire Breaks the Sabbath—and Ruins a Church



Firemen are shown battling the blaze which gutted the African Baptist church of Freeport, N. Y. The fire started at 10:30. Four firemen were overcome by the dense smoke, as the entire village turned out to watch the blaze.

Veteran Models for New Half Dollar



James P. Sankey of Pittsburgh, who served with the Pennsylvania Volunteer Roundheads in the Civil war and Sculptor Vittor, who is designing the commemorative half dollar to be minted in memory of the battle of Gettysburg and for which Mr. Sankey, now in his ninetieth year, was chosen as the model.

PRO GOLF CHAMPION



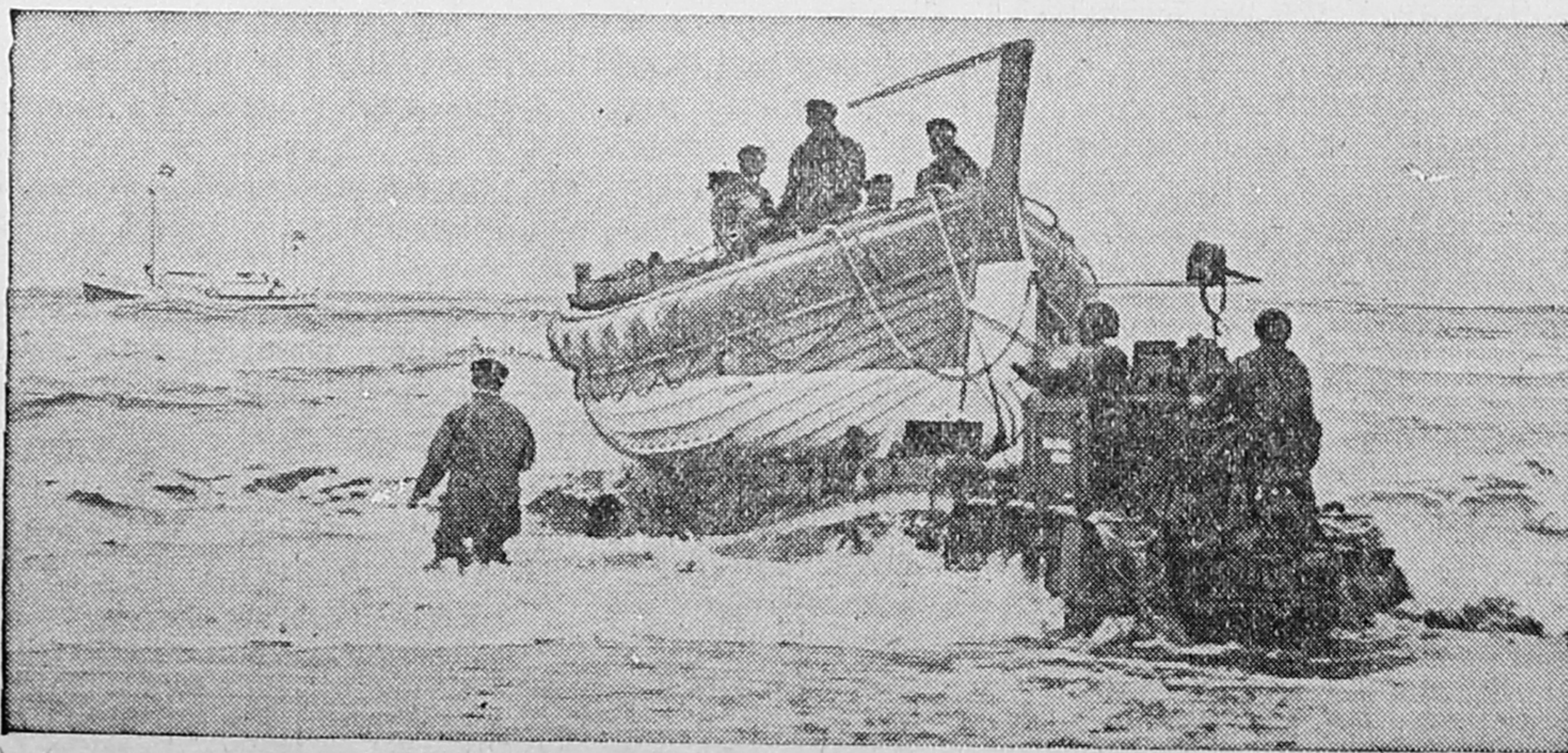
Denny Shute, professional of the West Newton, Mass., Braeburn club, with the cup he won in the national professional golfers' tournament. Denny defeated Jimmy Thomson 3 and 2 in the final 36-hole match of the P. G. A. championship tournament to win this cup, and the national pro golfing title.

Youngest Commerce Body Member



When ten-year-old Warren Rapelje received his Chamber of Commerce membership card recently at San Gabriel, Calif., he was welcomed into the organization by George Constant, the president. Young Rapelje became eligible for membership in the San Gabriel C. of C. a short time ago when he opened his own model airplane supply store in his room at home.

Tractor Is Used to Launch Coast Guard Boats



A new method of launching coast guard boats into surf is demonstrated on the coast of Holland. The equipment includes a tractor with caterpillar drive and a special truck for the boat.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for December 20

THE SUPREME GIFT OF LOVE Christmas Lesson

LESSON TEXT—I John 4:7-19.
GOLDEN TEXT—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men. Luke 2:14.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Why Christmas Comes.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Immanuel—God With Us.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why Jesus Came to Earth.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Greatest Gift of All.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old familiar carols play And wild and sweet The words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Thus sang America's well-beloved Longfellow. But at once his honest heart began to question—"Is there peace on earth? Are not men and nations striving against each other in hatred and violence?" Were he alive today he might ask his questions with even greater fear and sadness.

How blessed then that as followers of the Christ we are again permitted to stand at the lowly manger in Bethlehem town and rejoice anew that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth" (John 1:14). Let us all who bear his precious name covenant together to "keep Christ in Christmas," and in the giving of gifts remember God's great gift. Let no home fail to have read on Christmas day the Bible story of the Incarnation (Luke 2:1-20).

The lesson for this Christmas Sunday has been well chosen from the First Epistle of John. The "Apostle of Love" is our teacher as we consider God's supreme gift of love. We note first of all

I. Its Origin (I John 4:7, 8). "God is love." In other words, love is not merely one of his characteristics, but of the very essence of his being. He not only loves, but he is love. Therefore only those who know him can truly love, and those who have not love do not know him.

II. Its Manifestation (vv. 9, 10). "We may give without loving, but we cannot love without giving." God's love "sent his only begotten Son into the world that he might live through him." Let us be sure to emphasize that Christmas celebrates the coming of the Saviour into the world.

III. Its Results (vv. 11-19). 1. Love between men (v. 11). This verse presents an absolutely irrefutable argument. If God could love us, surely we should love one another.

2. Fellowship with God (vv. 12-16). No man has ever seen God, but God is manifested in the lives of men who, because they have taken his Son as their Saviour (v. 14), and have confessed him as such before the world (v. 15), have come into perfect fellowship with God. Only through such lives will the world know God's love.

3. Boldness in the Lord (vv. 17, 18). It is tragically true that even on Christmas day when we speak of peace and good will, it is a fact that men and women outside of Christ are his enemies and must look in fear toward a day of judgment. But how different for those who know Christ as Saviour. Perfect love, God's love, has cast out all fear and they may face with boldness even the day of judgment.

If any reader of these lines lacks this holy boldness, why not make this Christmas season a time of spiritual "nativity"—take the Christ of Bethlehem and Calvary as your Saviour just now!

4. Appreciation of his love (v. 19). Love begets love. God's love for us moves us deeply and we love him. He loved us "while we were yet sinners" (Rom. 5:8). Much more then, being saved, we should love him, and love the brethren. (See I John 4:20, 21.)

So "let us keep the feast, not with . . . the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth" (I Cor. 5:8). Then we may indeed wish one another

A Joyous Christmas!

Real Poverty

Poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—it is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country from the fashions of the times themselves.

Faith in Our Fellow Man

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Johnson.

A Happy Man

Happy is that man whose calling is great and spirit humble.—Demosthenes.

An Object in Life

No man was ever so much deceived by another, as by himself.—Greville.

Prize-winning Recipes of the South



JEWEL CHERRY PIE

Mrs. N. A. Jones, Atlanta, Ga.

Jewel Crumble Crust: Sift together 1½ cups flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup Jewel Special-Blend Shortening. Add about 4 tablespoons cold water, or just enough to hold ingredients together. Roll out half of dough at a time and line pie plate.

Filling: Combine 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and 3 tablespoons flour. Add 4 cups cherries, ½ teaspoon almond flavoring and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Fill pan with mixture, then cover with dough. Bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) 15 minutes, lower temperature to 350 degrees F. and bake 30 to 40 minutes.—Adv.



In Good Company

Company is one of the greatest pleasures of the nature of man, for the beams of joy are made hotter by reflection when related to another.

Theories might work, if human nature didn't interfere.

A young intellectual tries to get along without emotions and presently makes the horrible discovery that he has lost them.

Coarseness isn't much better than outright immodesty.

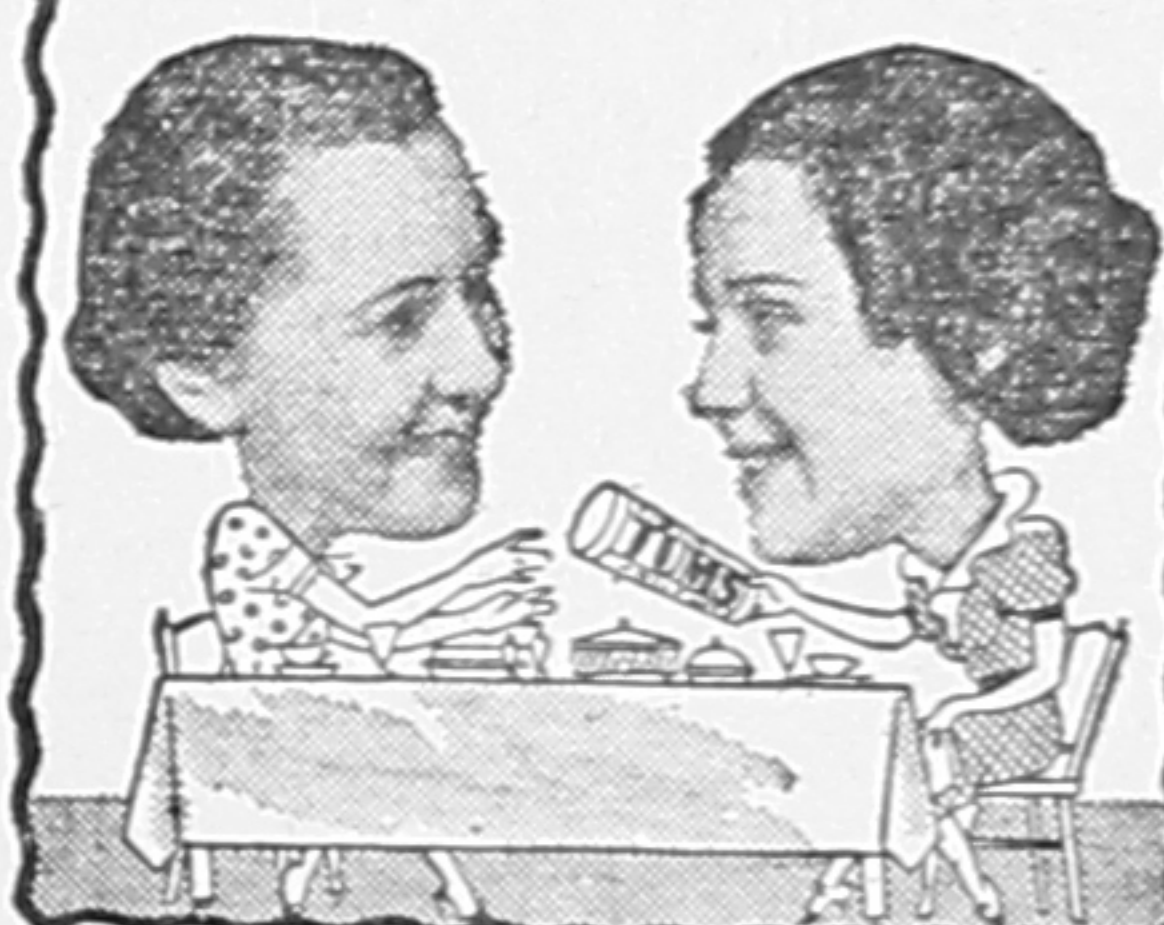
The Present Moment

Try to be happy in this present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come.

Wages of sin is death—and the wages of foolishness is paid out of the same purse.

A good provider never lacks an admiring eye.

YOU'RE SUCH A CLEVER HOSTESS, DEAR, I LOVE IT WHEN THE CLUB MEETS HERE! YOU SERVE A LOT OF FOOD THAT'S YUMMY, THEN FURNISH TUMS TO SAVE MY TUMMY!



TASTY TUMS SO QUICKLY RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION GAS, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH

WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums . . . like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting . . . only 10¢ . . . yet they give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contain no harsh alkalis . . . cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released . . . remainder passing un- released from your system. For quick relief carry Tums! 10¢ at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25¢.



The Unwounded

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—Shakespeare.

CHECK THAT COUGH BEFORE IT GETS WORSE

Check it before it gets you down. Check it before others, maybe the children, catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. This double-acting compound gives quick relief and speeds recovery. Soothes raw, irritated tissues; quickly allays tickling, hacking. Spoonful on retiring makes for a cough-free sleep. No habit-forming, stomach-upsetting drugs. Ideal for children, too. Don't let that cough due to a cold hang on! For quick relief and speedy recovery insist on FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR.

WNU-A 51-30

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset . . . use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!



Murder Masquerade

BY
Inez Haynes Irwin

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WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Mary Avery, a widow who lives in the harbor town of Sattuit, 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. This is the day of the masquerade and excitement is high. Mary decides to take Sylvia, who is an unusually observant child. Caro Prentiss and Molly Eames drop in during the afternoon. Soon Blaikie, Doctor Marden and Bruce Henson, a friend of Ace's, arrive. Molly is impatient to leave and they all excuse themselves. At the party Sylvia identifies each of the masked guests as they arrive. Ace comes garbed as Julius Caesar. Molly Eames appears as a Snow White, accompanied by a man in armor whom Sylvia identifies as Walter Treadway. They dance together contentedly. Caro Prentiss and Marden arrive dressed in Revolutionary costumes, the doctor wearing jeweled shoe buckles. When the guests unmask, Ace, Walter and Molly have disappeared. When Mary Avery leaves the party a little after two, neither Molly and Walter or Ace Blaikie had returned. Sarah Darbe confides to Mary that someone apparently had spent the night in the Little House. Sylvia finds a shoe buckle in the Spinney and Mary drops it into a jewel box and forgets it. Sarah walks down to the Little House and returns screaming. She has found Ace Blaikie stabbed to death in the Spinney. Mary summons Patrick O'Brien, chief of police, who had been a schoolmate of hers and Ace's. Her manuscript recalls early impressions of Ace—how he had been wealthy, the most popular boy in town, how he had gone to Paris to study medicine, become an aviator in the World War, returning to practice in Sattuit, how he was recklessly generous and the principal in scores of love affairs. Bruce Henson had come back from the war with Ace. He was a lawyer, a man of private means and had "got" religion, become a virtual recluse and was regarded as "queer."

SUNDAY

I remembered hearing the clock strike four before I fell asleep that night. But once asleep I lay like a log for perhaps an hour. Afterward I remembered that early in the morning, just after dawn, I awoke with a searing thirst. Gradually, I pulled myself up out of bed and staggered to the bathroom. On my way back to bed I paused to look out the window. A grayish fog covered the landscape. Trees blurred shadowy through it—like foliage in a faded photographic film. Yet motion caught my dead eyes. Down below, emerging from the Spinney, I saw—But I must not anticipate here; for what I saw made but a fleeting impression on my sleep-clogged consciousness.

Still bemused, I fell into bed and into another deep slumber. I forgot entirely what I saw. It was Sylvia's little voice which next awakened me.

"Come, get in bed with me, my pet!" I invited. She snuggled down close beside me, putting Dorinda Belle between us on the pillow.

"Did you have a nice time with Aunt Mattie?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Aunt Mary. Aunt Mattie put a little pitcher of cream in front of my plate—just for me."

"What time did Aunt Mattie and Uncle Peter get home last night?"

"I don't know. Caddie put me and Dorinda Belle to bed before they came."

"And so you did not see Aunt Mattie and Uncle Peter until this morning?"

"No. They came into my room and they hugged me and kissed me. Oh—I almost forgot. Aunt Mattie told me to tell you that she wanted to come over to see you after breakfast—as soon as possible."

I reached out and touched the bell. "Sylvia," I said, putting my arm about her and drawing her closer, "do you remember how you danced with Doctor Ace at the masquerade?"

Sparkles gathered in Sylvia's eyes. "Oh yes, I remember! He couldn't guess who I was. He tried and he tried and he tried, but he couldn't."

"Doctor Ace has gone away," I said to her. "He's gone away for a long, long time. But I want you to remember, as long as you live, how he looked and how kind he has always been to you. Promise me you won't forget him."

"Oh, I'll never forget Doctor Ace," Sylvia vowed easily enough. She did not ask me where Ace had gone.

Sarah came in with my tray. "Now run downstairs to the piazza," I bade Sylvia. "And don't leave it without asking me."

Sarah did not seem herself. The deep amber of her flesh still showed a tallowy quality.

"I hope you feel better this morning, Mrs. Avery," she said.

"I feel rested, Sarah, but you don't seem so very spry."

"I feel that we're all under suspicion!" Sarah commented somberly. "Everybody on this Head—we women as well as the men."

I made myself smile. "We don't have to worry, Sarah," I reassured her. "Nobody in this household has to worry. Doctor Geary says that Doctor Blaikie was murdered somewhere about midnight—probably before. We all have alibis. And then, Sarah, it seems to me very unlikely that a woman could have committed this crime. How could a woman have stabbed a man so tall and big as Ace Blaikie?"

"A woman who's big enough—and mad enough, Mrs. Avery—can do anything."

"Will you call Mrs. Stow at once, Sarah," I asked, "and tell her that I'm dressing now and to come over here as soon as she wants."

"Yes, Mrs. Avery."

"I suppose everybody's been on the telephone."

"Everybody. Every Boston paper's tried to get you, but I said you were still sleeping."

"That's right, Sarah. Don't let anybody get to me today—except long distance of course."

"There's a stack of telegrams, Mrs. Avery."

"I'll look at them later."

I bathed and dressed swiftly, went downstairs.

Almost instantly Mattie Stow came into the living-room from the hall. We kissed, then stood off and stared appraisingly at each other.

"You look as washed-out as I do, Mary!" Mattie commented.

"If I look as I feel," I said.

"You look all of that, Mary. It's the most horrible experience of my lifetime. Sometimes I feel as though I'd never get over it!"

"Horrible!" I could only helplessly—echo.

"What time did you go home, Mary? I can remember so little, clearly."

I described our movements—Sylvia's and mine—in detail.

"Peter and I dressed at the Bray house," Mattie said. "We left our place at about half-past eight and got back at about ten. Naturally, we never left the house again. Nobody left the house but—" She stopped suddenly. It was her own thought, dogging her words, that had caught her up.

"Of course Ace left before the unmasking because we never saw him again," Mattie glided swiftly on.

"Yes, I saw him go."

"It puts an end to our masquerades," Mattie ended lifelessly. "I could never give another one."

The telephone buzzed. Instinctively I arose. But before I could get the extension on the piazza, I heard Sarah at the hall telephone. I took up the receiver. Patrick O'Brien's voice said, "This is the chief of police speaking. Can I talk with Mrs. Avery?"

"This is Mary, Patrick," I broke in.

"Oh, how are you this morning, Mary?" Patrick asked.

"Well, I slept—after a while," I answered.

"It was a tough break, Mary—happening on your place! I called up to ask if I could come to see you for a few minutes. I'm at Joe Geary's."

"I know you'll have to be here all the time, Patrick. Don't even bother to telephone. Come whenever you must. If I'm not at home, Sarah will take care of you. Mattie is here."

"I'm glad of that. I want to see her too."

Mattie and I continued to traverse the vicious circle of our memories of the masquerade until Patrick arrived.

"I've put in quite a night," he said. "Checking up on a crowd of over a hundred people, all of them in masks, is no small chore. And I couldn't get at Mattie until they came home from their drive. But fortunately I had a good detail on Second Head."

"Peter and I were so tired yesterday," Mattie explained to me, "that we wanted to get away from everything—even from the servants. Peter wouldn't eat at a hotel; he said if he heard another strain of jazz—So I put up a basket supper and we picnicked by the roadside. We drove about until long after dark. I think it was about ten before we got home."

"Who told you?" I asked.

"The maids! Peter called up Patrick at once and we got together immediately."

"How did you check up, Patrick?" I asked.

"Well, first with Mattie's list. Then there were six coppers on duty here that night. I had told them to keep a sharp look-out. I was afraid somebody might try to crash the party. Between them I got a pretty definite idea of who came and when they left. First of all though, last night, I went from house to house on the Head and sewed up everybody here. That was easy. Everybody but the Fairweather girls went to the masquerade and they didn't leave their house. Flora couldn't, of course, and Margaret wouldn't. But as a matter of routine, I had to get a statement from all of them—even Margaret Fairweather. Their alibis look waterproof. Doctor Mar-

den says that he left fairly early—about one—because he was tired. He went home and went to bed. His granddaughter, Miss Prentiss, says she looked into his room when she got home at dawn and he was asleep. The Geary-Bray crowd went home together. The Eameses—Oh by the way, that reminds me, Mary, I haven't taken your story yet. I must do that now."

"Did you go to every house on my list, Patrick?" Mattie questioned, rising.

"Every one," Patrick answered tersely. "I detailed a man to sit down at the telephone and call them up. He told them that I'd get there sometime during the night. It was four o'clock in the morning when I checked off the last name!"

"You ought to look more tired than you do," Mattie commented.

"Oh I take a swim before breakfast," Patrick said in his off-hand way. "I'm always in pretty good condition."

"That's a good thing!" commented Mattie. "You're in for a long stretch of hard work, Patrick, unless this thing is cleared up pretty soon."

"You're telling me!" Patrick answered with a wry smile.

"Have you anything to go on yet?" Mattie went on.

"Listen, you girls," Patrick declared. "I'll tell you what I've got because we three have been friends ever since I can remember. And at present it's pretty nearly nothing."

"Weren't there any fingerprints?" I asked.

"No. The state fingerprint expert has looked everything over. He says that the murderer must have used a handkerchief or gloves when he stabbed Ace and when he straightened him out."

"But could he have stabbed him without Ace realizing he was going to do it?" Mattie demanded.

"Because—whichever he was—Ace thought he was a friend."

Mattie sighed. She came over and kissed me. "Call on me any time, old thing!"

"First of all, Mary," Patrick began briskly, when we were alone, "tell me what you did the night of the masquerade. Gee, I've left my pencil at the P.S." He turned to my desk; took up my fountain pen; wrote a few words; dropped it in favor of a pencil.

I gave him a complete and circumstantial account of my movements from the time I dressed until I returned to the house with Sarah at two. "I think I have a watertight alibi, Patrick," I concluded a little drearily, "because I scarcely left the corner where I sat the whole evening. Yes, I even ate my supper there. I think any number of people can testify to that."

"Well, Mary," Patrick assured me, "my Irish intelligence seems to tell me that you didn't kill Ace. Now will you ask the maids to come in?"

I rang the bell. Sarah appeared. "Sarah," I explained, "Mr. O'Brien wants to ask you and Bessie a few questions."

Sarah and Bessie appeared in the doorway. Bessie looked worse than Sarah. Sleeplessness had ironed the dimples out of her face; it had set into an ashen mask.

Patrick was extremely gentle. "Now, girls," he began, "I've got to ask you a few questions. I don't want you to get frightened. There's no suspicion of you whatever. But of course, to keep the record straight I have to know exactly what you did the night of the masquerade."

Sarah spoke first. "Of course we know that, Mr. O'Brien," she declared, with a catch in her voice. "We've expected that you'd question us and we're all ready."

Patrick took Bessie's story first, straightforward. Working all day at the Stow house, returning to the house once to prepare my luncheon; the whole evening at the Stow house again, returning with Sylvia before Sarah and I came home.

"What time was that?" Patrick asked.

"Just twelve," Bessie replied. She looked unhappy.

"You may go now, Bessie," Patrick permitted gently. "And thank you!"

Bessie disappeared noiselessly. Patrick turned to Sarah. "Now, you tell me your story, Sarah."

Sarah's story, of course, duplicated Bessie's so far as it concerned what happened in the daytime. She had gone with Bessie over to the Stow house and returned only to prepare our dinner; had helped Sylvia and me to dress and then had gone back to the Stow house. She stayed there until I left at two; returned to my house with me.

"Yes, that's exactly what all the other girls say of you," Patrick reassured her.

He smiled at Sarah. Very few could resist Patrick O'Brien's smile. It brimmed with a kind of elfin roguishness.

I noticed Sarah did not return his smile.

Suddenly Patrick shot at her. "Are you sure that's all, Sarah? Haven't you something else to tell me?"

Sarah's answer was conclusive. She burst into tears.

"Now don't get frightened, my girl," Patrick soothed her. "I know you hadn't spilled all of it. Now pull yourself together and tell me your story in your own way. Nobody suspects you of anything."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Decorating for Christmas—

Some Handsome Window and Room Ornaments That Are Inexpensive

WHILE windows may have been decorated for Christmas before now, the arrangements indoors seldom are made until in-day before the holiday. The freshness of the beauty is wanted without any diminution. If the novelty has worn off, some of the zest of Christmas is lost. This is so true that many homemakers refuse to have windows trimmed more than a day or so prior to Christmas.

If you happen to be among this latter group, let me suggest that you take sprays of a tree that is misshapen and so very cheap and make a splashing bow of red crepe paper for each and hang one in every front window downstairs. Or have one in each downstairs window that is discernible from the street.

You can dot the spray with holly berries, or whatever you have in addition to the green. Or you can dip popped corn in red stain or dye, and touch the kernels with glue and secure them to the sprays. These notes of red, with their irregular shapes, are intriguing, sometimes being mistaken for berries and sometimes for flowers.

Bank the mantelpiece over the fireplace where the stockings are hung, using sprays of the green intermingled with holly, mistletoe, pine cones, bayberries, or silvered or other metal painted motifs such as acorns, fine twigs with many fronds, etc. When everything is fixed to your fancy twine a string of wee colored Christmas tree electric lights through the greens. These will look ornamental by day and have a glamor when lighted during the evening.

Baskets filled with greens and dotted with the novelty units lend notes of appropriate Christmas decoration. Any small baskets

will do for this purpose. There generally are some about a house, but if not, metal paint or green stain some of the little market baskets such as strawberries, brussels sprouts or tomatoes come in. Make a rope or lengths of paper braid for the handles, painted or stained to match the basket. If a length of picture wire has been wound with the strands of paper rope and braid, these handles will keep their shape when ends have been thrust inside the baskets close to their opposite sides. The handles can be wired or glued to the baskets.

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U. S. Generals

Ten men have held the rank of general in the United States army. They are: George Washington, appointed June 15, 1775; Ulysses S. Grant, July 25, 1866; William T. Sherman, March 4, 1869; Philip H. Sheridan, June 1, 1883; John J. Pershing, Oct. 6, 1917; Tasker H. Bliss, Oct. 6, 1917; Peyton C. March, May 20, 1918; Charles P. Summerall, Feb. 23, 1929; Douglas MacArthur, Nov. 21, 1930; Malin Craig, Oct. 2, 1935.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

A cheval. (F.) On horseback.
De bon augure. (F.) Propitious.
Cela va sans dire. (F.) That goes without saying; it is obvious.
Erinnerung. (G.) A remembrance; a souvenir.
Fortiter in re. (L.) With firmness in action.
Ignis fatuus. (L.) Will-o'-the-wisp.
Lupus in fabula. (L.) The wolf in the fable; long looked for, come at last.
Tour de force. (F.) A feat of strength; a piece of sheer cleverness.

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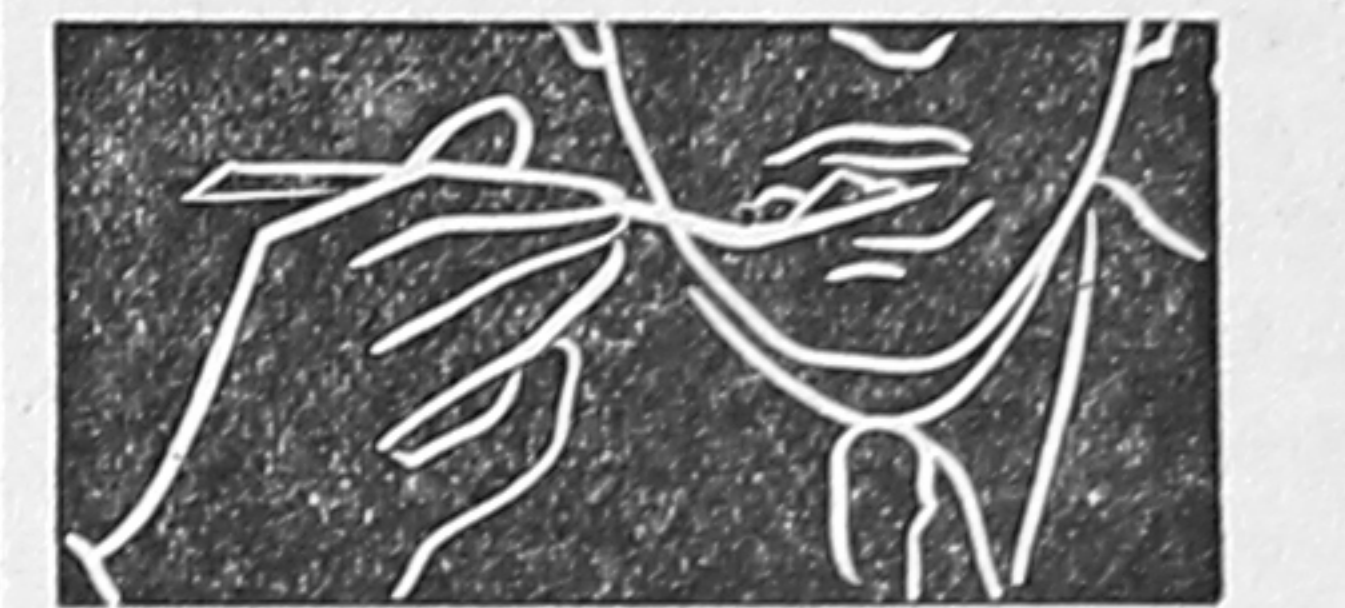
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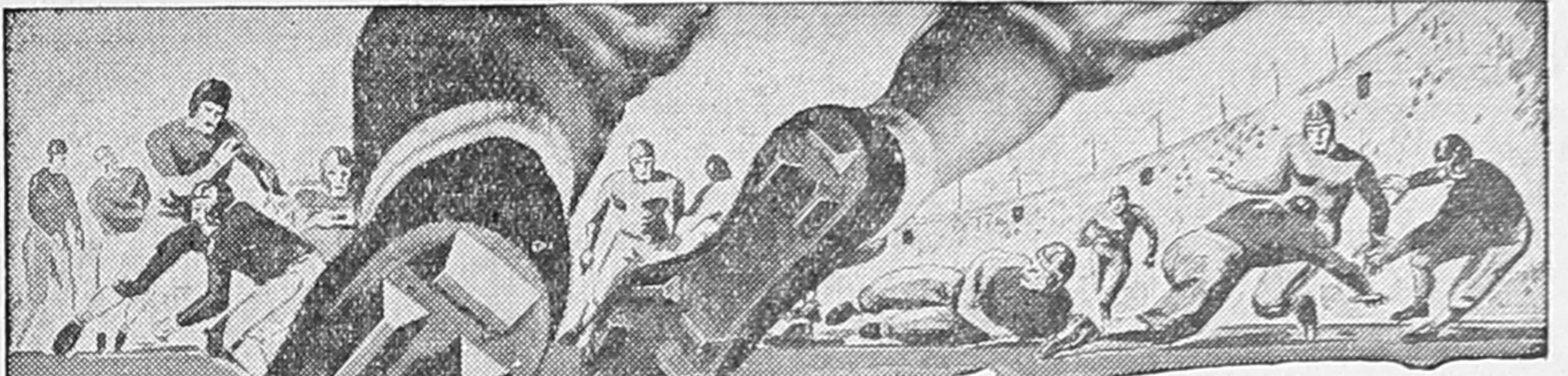
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J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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A New Auto Jack

From Paris comes news of an invention which should be hailed with enthusiasm by the motoring public. It is an automatic jack to be operated from the instrument board of the automobile.

In case of a flat tire the driver may raise the wheel by simply pressing a button. Each wheel is supplied with a jack in the form of a steel cylinder fitted with a double telescope piston. When not in use the lower end of the jack is drawn up level with the axle, so as not to reduce the road clearance.

The advantage of having a car equipped with such a device would be greater than its mere convenience of operation. The jack would be there when it was needed. Thieves could not steal it, and neighbors could not borrow it.

A New Anesthetic

Baltimore surgeons were impressed recently with the results obtained through the use of a new anesthetic called evipan. It is administered by means of a hypodermic needle.

According to the report, a patient to undergo a serious operation was given an injection of evipan introduced into a vein in the bend of his elbow. He was entirely unconscious in 20 seconds. Six minutes after the operation was completed he regained consciousness and got off the operating table by himself. After drinking a glass of water he called for a "good big breakfast."

The new anesthetic seems highly desirable to use, because of its speedy effects and the fact that it does not cause nausea when the patient revives, as the ether usually does.

Evipan is a German invention, and will be manufactured by a New York chemical company. Extensive tests will be made, however, before it is placed on the market. If it proves as efficacious as the Baltimore reports indicate it to be, it will be a boon to millions of sufferers.

Plans for Long Trip

Numerous ideas considered utterly fantastic have been advanced concerning the possibility of a trip to the moon or to Mars, but it has remained for a society of French astronomers to take the idea seriously from a scientific standpoint.

Not that these scientists expect to see an actual venture of this kind undertaken in the near future but for the purpose of studying its possibilities, the new "astronautic commission" has been formed, composed of the most distinguished members of the Astronomical Society of France.

As a beginning a prize of 5,000 francs will be awarded annually for the best original work on any phase of the problem, on the principle that any progress whatever which may be made will be of scientific value.

While the idea of traveling to Mars or the moon, and particularly the possibility of ever getting back, appears ridiculous at present, future generations may find a way to do it. Forty years ago most people thought anyone who predicted that man would ever fly at all was a little off.

Population Trends

Recent government reports give some interesting figures concerning the country's population, which the Census Bureau now estimates to be 128,429,000, an increase of 908,000 over last year. The bureau shows gains in all states except Arizona, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Rhode Island, South Dakota and Wisconsin.

The rate of increase in population is slowly but steadily declining, due to restricted immigration and a lower birth rate. Dr. O. E. Baker of the department of Agriculture predicts that the country's population will probably reach its peak by 1950, and slowly decline thereafter.

Since the depression began in 1929, there has been a trend of population away from towns and cities and toward the farms. Last year this trend was checked and now the movement is again toward the towns and cities, doubtless because of increased opportunities for employment offered by industrial centers.

Farmers make up less than 25 per cent of the total population at present. Last year 1,211,000 persons moved away from farms, while only 825,000 moved to them. There is nothing alarming about this, however, as it is estimated that with unrestricted production the United States could supply its own needs for agricultural products with a smaller number of farmers.

Cruelty To Animals

Many persons appear to have an inclination to cruelty, especially toward animals, upon which they inflict suffering without the slightest pity. In fact, some seem to take a fiendish delight in the agonies of unfortunate creatures.

To one of normal sensibilities, it is hard to explain this sort of depravity, which is often found among children as well as among older persons. It must be a manifestation of animal instincts handed down from savage and brutal ancestors.

Cruelty to animals indicates a certain baseness, which usually includes cruel propensities toward human beings, which are only repressed through fear of punishment.

Children should be taught early to avoid practices which tend to make them callous to the agonies of helpless creatures. It should be explained to them that when it is necessary to kill animals for food or for the safety of human life, it should be done as swiftly and humanely as possible; never with a desire to inflict pain.

Teachers in schools and Sunday schools might do a great deal more than is being done now in the way of humane education, while parents should especially observe and endeavor to correct tendencies toward cruelty on the part of their children.

What's New

Portable power plants in the form of tractors with endless treads have been invented for drilling in oil fields.

A new automobile cable-laying machine has been invented in Germany which not only digs trenches and lays the cable, but fills the evacuation.

A small machine used by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey calculates the tides everywhere in the world to the inch and to the minute.

Air sickness is said to be avoided by inhaling a combination of oxygen gas and cinnamon, supplied by German airports before a passenger takes off.

Sidelights

The Detroit News tells of a Scotch modification of the Townsend old age pension plan. The idea is to give \$65 pensions to all persons over 200 years old.

In a rolling pin throwing contest in Quincy, Mass., Mrs. Chas. Stewart won over 50 other contestants by striking the head of a dummy at a distance of 25 feet with unerring precision. Mr. Stewart's emotions regarding his wife's skill were not disclosed.

William Greenwood of Olympia, Wash., whose batting average as a prophet so far is zero, again predicts that a flood will engulf the world in 1938. Fourteen years ago he forecast a deluge for 1933, and he has a 60-foot ark in readiness for any eventuality.

It is said that Clark Gable recently refused to wear whiskers for a historic role which called for such facial adornment, on the ground that "they are not romantic and women don't like them." Several actresses agreed with him, but Eleanor Powell declared: "It would be a new experience, anyway, to be kissed by a bearded man."

An old war story, recently revived, concerns the rivalry between a Wisconsin and a Massachusetts regiment, both stationed at the same camp. An evangelist asked the Wisconsin colonel for permission to hold a revival, telling that he had converted eight men of the rival outfit. The colonel roared: "Adjutant, detail 10 men for baptism at once; no damned Massachusetts regiment is going to beat us for religion."

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. Where was Governor Oglesby born?

A. Governor Richard J. Oglesby was born in Oldham County, Kentucky, July 25, 1824.

Q. When was the last agitation for the removal of the capitol from Springfield?

A. In 1871.

Q. What was the cause of this agitation?

A. The exorbitant cost of the new capitol and the generous offers of Peoria to have the capitol moved there.

Q. What president approved the land grant to each state for the building of technical colleges?

A. President Lincoln, July 21, 1862.

Q. How many acres was Illinois to receive?

A. Illinois was to receive 480,000 acres.

Q. Who was Jesse B. Thomas?

A. J. B. Thomas was a United States Senator and a federal judge, representing the Illinois Territory.

Q. How was Thomas elected to the legislature?

A. Thomas was elected to the legislature upon his pledge that if elected he would procure the separation of Illinois territory from Indiana.

Q. When was the Industrial League of Illinois founded?

A. November 14, 1852.

Q. What was the object of this league?

A. To educate the people to the advantages of an industrial education, then advocated by many colleges.

Time Tables

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Southbound 7:15 a. m.

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Is your subscription paid?

Romantic Gift

By VIRGINIA WOODALL
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WNU Service.

"MAMA!" "Shut up!" a voice ordered not unkindly from within and a woman appeared, face worn, vaguely hard, her hair straggling about her cheeks. She drew up with a start to regard the man standing on the porch. A stifled gasp escaped her, for recognition had been swift.

"Eric! So you've come back!" "Maisie, isn't it?" he asked. Then he smiled and offered her his hand. "Gee, it's good to see you again. Where's Clita?"

The mountain woman's eyes lifted, widened, shifted suddenly from Eric to the baby, then back again. Had it been so long ago—

"I guess I've done you wrong, Eric," she said quietly. "I kept on sending you them morning glories every spring . . ."

"You sent them?" He stepped nearer, regarded her with anxious eyes. "Why I—I thought Clita sent them. Where is she?"

So that was it. She had been right. The years had told. She looked into his eyes again as if searching for some hidden expression that would tell her more. Incredulous, it seemed . . . At last with lowered lids she beckoned him to follow. In the back yard beneath the tallest of the trees a nameless headstone reared its gray drabness above the withering grass.

"There, Eric. She's dead." "Clita dead?"

"Maybe it was two years after you went, Eric. I—we can't write, none of us, and always—well, we didn't expect you'd ever be coming back to the mountains."

He had dropped on one knee beside the little mound, head bent. "Clita," he sobbed. "I didn't know. I didn't—know."

Inadvertently the mountain woman stepped nearer, so that her outstretched hand all but touched his curly head.

"I came as soon as I could," she heard him saying. "I've been in South America eight years. I promised I'd come back if she'd wait. I kept writing . . ."

A little later he stood reverently beside the grave, but try as he would he could not imagine the body of his beloved Clita there beneath the ground. Suddenly he had found all the magic gone from the mountains. Mountains that he loved.

"Yore letters are all in the house there, just like you sent them," she told him. Her voice softened. "Clita waited for you, and then she took sick and died. She used to sit here and dream about you, I reckon. She asked me to send you the morning glories every spring. I took them down to the grocery store and got the man to send them."

"That was awfully good of you, Maisie. You were always such a good kid. And you haven't changed much. Not a day older than when I saw you last. A little maybe, but not much. And Clita—was she pretty when she grew older—like she was then?"

"Yes—awful pretty."

"She was the prettiest girl in these parts when she was—let's see, how long ago has it been? Ten years. She'd be twenty-eight now, wouldn't she? Just eighteen then, and you were twenty-two."

Closing his eyes, he saw, as he had done hundreds of times, in imagination Clita's tawny, unruly hair, her clear, sweet eyes.

"I guess you'll be wantin' to go see yore home place," the woman was saying. "Ain't much of it left—just the walls. I dig the weeds out of your burying ground sometimes."

Eric thanked her again, aware of her kindness, but aware, too, that she had become a stranger to him. She walked with him down to his car, not insisting he stay for a visit when he refused with a hasty excuse of business matters her invitation to remain for dinner.

"I'll be coming back again," he lied. "And—and, Maisie, I want to send a stone for—for her grave. What'll I have written on it?"

"Just Clita I reckon."

Watching until his car disappeared around a curve, she turned and walked heavily up the path to the house. A man stood on the porch waiting for her.

"The kids said a stranger—city feller—was here."

"Eric Swanson."

"Eric!" He straightened, taking his hands from his pockets. "What was he a-wantin'?" His eyes narrowed. "Didn't reckon I'd ever see him again."

"He won't come back no more. Guess he was just—sorta—homesick. Men git like that sometimes." She gazed at the mountains thoughtfully. "Men ain't got half as much sense as women, because they never look facts right square in the face."

The man chuckled. "Maybe. Say, was he glad to see you?"

She smiled a little. "I reckon. Mis-took me for poor Maisie. And he's going to send me a nice tombstone with my name on it for my grave."

Peanut Plant From Brazil

The peanut plant originally came from Brazil, was carried to Africa during our colonial times, and thence arrived in the United States on slave ships. Before the Civil war, notes a writer in the Review of Reviews, the peanut was little known outside of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee; but when the Union troops went back to their homes they took along with them a liking for peanuts.

Europe will be ready for an- as Uncle Sam signifies his will- other general war just as soon ingness to finance it.

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World's Youngest Mayor Guest of LaGuardia and New York



Municipal budgets and such were discussed by the mayor of the world's largest city and world's youngest mayor when Mayor LaGuardia of New York played host to 17-year-old Mayor Daniel Kampan of Boys Town recently. Left to right above are LaGuardia, Kampan and Father Flanagan, founder and director of Boys Town.

THE world's youngest mayor visited New York recently as official guest of the mayor of the world's largest city—and they talked about budgets!

Danny Kampan, Mayor of Boys Town, Nebr., is only 17 and the youngest mayor of a real city in the world. As mayor of New York, Fiorello LaGuardia controls the largest municipal budget in the world.

After being locked in private conference in LaGuardia's office for some fifteen minutes, the mayor of New York admitted newspapermen and photographers:

"Mayor Kampan and I have exchanged credentials" LaGuardia said. "We've decided this job of being mayor isn't all it's cracked up to be!"

"You said it!" chimed in the youthful Kampan.

Going to New York to take part in a national radio broadcast, the Mayor of Boys Town and Father Flanagan, founder and director of the nationally famous home for homeless boys there were accorded all the courtesies and honors extended by the metropolis only to world celebrities. They were met at the train by Mayor LaGuardia's official motor cavalcade with smartly uniformed motorcycle officers flanking all sides. With screaming sirens clearing their way through the heavy New York traffic, they were whisked to the city hall for the big public reception.

While the two mayors posed for a battery of photographers, Father Flanagan stood in the

background smiling gently, his eyes serious and kindly. He founded Boys Town, ten miles west of Omaha in 1917. Since then 4,466 homeless boys of all races, colors and creeds—from the 48 states of the union have been made good citizens there.

Besieged by reporters for a history of his famous home he said: "No boy is a really bad boy. If you take him off the streets you can stem the tide of crime. No one wants to be a criminal. It's only the lack of opportunity that makes boys criminals."

Breathless before the honors and recognition extended his homeless boys by the great American metropolis Father Flanagan told newspapermen how Boys Town began 19 years ago with five boys, how today present Boys Town with its 360 acres of fine farm land and modern buildings was his dream come true. With pride he showed reporters a recent letter written him by J. Edgar Hoover, head of the nation's G-Men. Hoover wrote: "If Boys Town were just financially able to care for all the boys that need its help, crime would be dealt one of the most effective and crushing blows I can imagine."

While in New York, young Kampan was offered an opportunity to attend an eastern preparatory school, a scholarship in an eastern college and a career. He turned them down with thanks, and a smile: "Thank you very much" he said "but I think I'll go back with Father Flanagan!"

Spicy Desserts



A TOUCH of spice makes many things nice. And it does more than that, it makes many things so palatable that it simplifies the task of the housewife in introducing that variety into the diet which all nutritionists recommend. Such a dish as Baked Pineapple and Rhubarb, for instance, would be hard to sell to your family without the addition of cinnamon and cloves. And what would Peach Rice Pudding or Apple Cup Custards taste like without a touch of nutmeg? And how could Pear and Cranberry Salad or Pineapple-Ginger Mousse get along without a little ginger?

Decide for Yourself

The only way to answer definitely these rhetorical questions is to try some of these dishes for yourself, with and without the spices. But we recommend that you try them first as a good dietitian devised them, and then you'll



never dream of omitting the spice. The first is

Baked Pineapple and Rhubarb: Cut six cups rhubarb, unpeeled, in small pieces. Put in a baking dish with one cup sugar, ten cloves, one-eighth teaspoon cinnamon and one cup pineapple syrup. Cover and bake till tender at 375 degrees for about half an hour. Serve cold with some simple cake, such as sponge cake. Serves eight.

Nutmeg Makes All the Difference

Peach Rice Pudding: Mix together one and a half cups boiled

rice, one-third cup sugar and one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg. Add the contents of a 1-pound can sliced peaches, cut in pieces, and enough peach syrup to just moisten. Pour into a buttered baking dish, dot with one tablespoon butter, and bake in a moderate oven—350 to 375 degrees—for about twenty-five minutes. Serve warm or cold with thin cream flavored with nutmeg. Serves six.

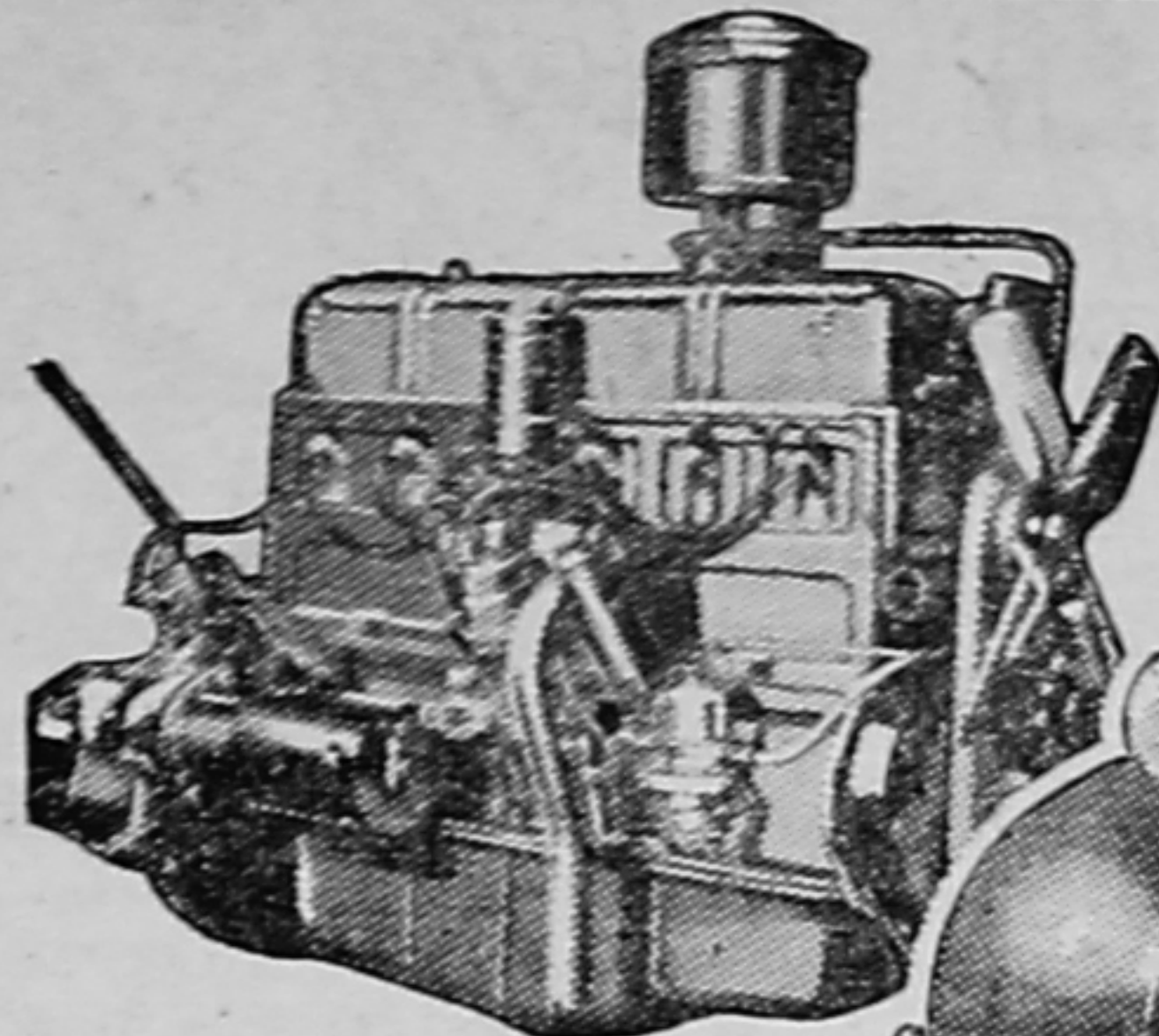
Apple Cup Custards: Beat three egg yolks slightly, and add one-fourth cup sugar, one tablespoon lemon juice, the contents of a No. 2 can apple sauce, three-fourths cup milk and one-eighth teaspoon nutmeg. Fold in three stiffly-beaten egg whites, pour into custard cups and sprinkle nutmeg over top. Set in hot water and bake in a slow—325 degree—oven for about forty minutes or until set. Serve cold. Serves eight.

These Have Ginger

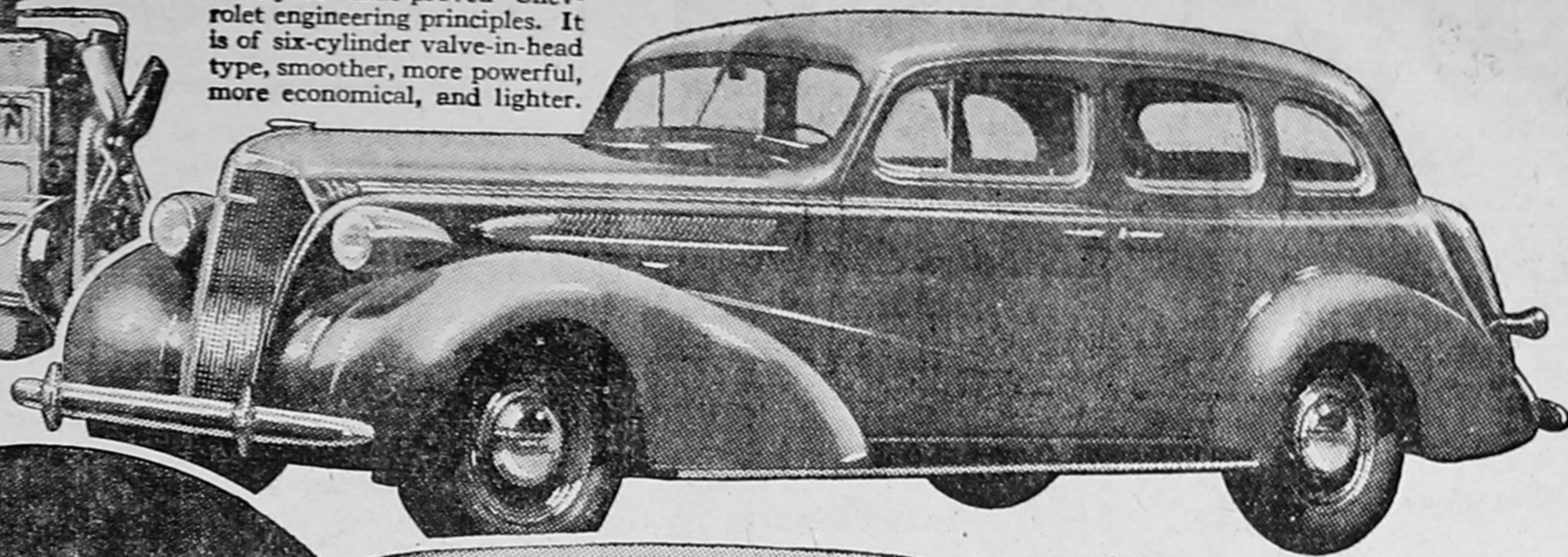
Pear and Cranberry Salad: Remove peeling from three ripe pears, cut in halves and scoop out the core. Place in lettuce leaves. Mash one cream cheese and three tablespoons canned cranberry sauce, and then cream them together until very smooth. Add a few grains salt, and pipe this mixture around the edge of the pear halves. Fill the center with cream mayonnaise and sprinkle with chopped preserved ginger. Makes six.

Pineapple-Ginger Mousse: Soak one teaspoon gelatin in two tablespoons cold water, then dissolve in one cup hot crushed pineapple. Add one-fourth cup sugar and one-fourth cup chopped candied ginger, and allow to cool. Fold in two cups cream, beaten, pour into covered molds and pack in ice and salt for four hours. Serves six to eight.

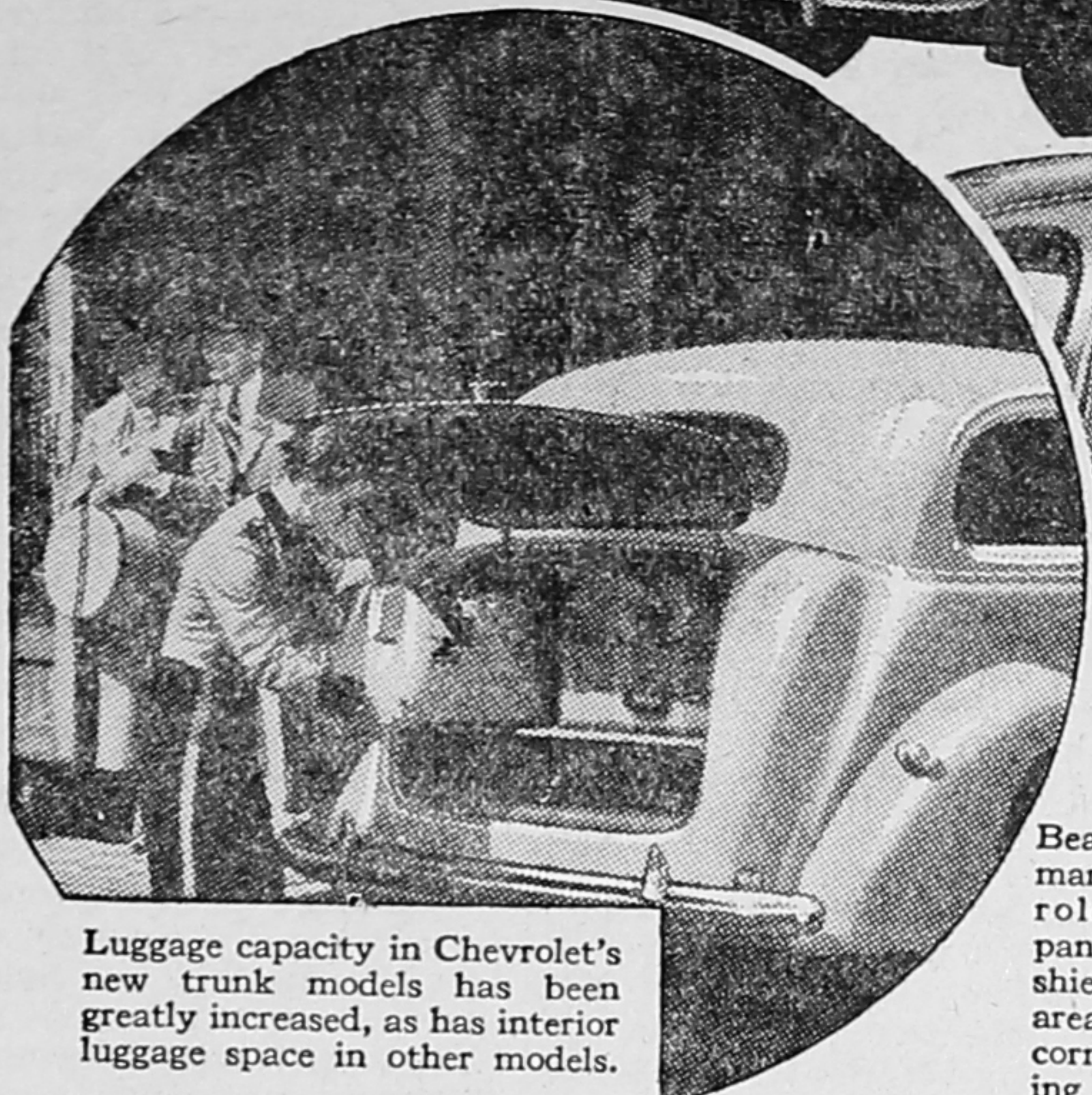
Performance, Beauty and Safety Mark Chevrolet's Completely New Cars



Chevrolet's 1937 engine is completely new, but adheres closely to time-proved Chevrolet engineering principles. It is of six-cylinder valve-in-head type, smoother, more powerful, more economical, and lighter.

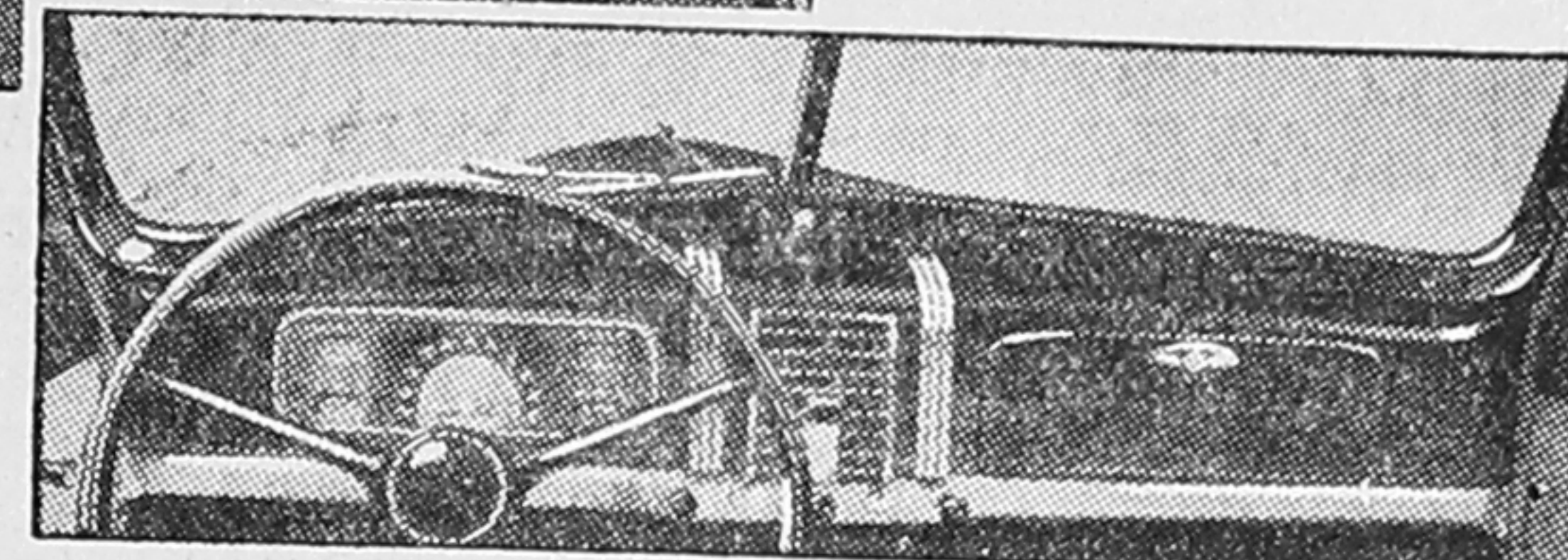


A representative model from Chevrolet's new line, typifying its beauty and grace—the Master De Luxe Sport Sedan with trunk. Note the distinctive "speed line" extending back from the side of the hood.



Luggage capacity in Chevrolet's new trunk models has been greatly increased, as has interior luggage space in other models.

Beauty and utility mark the new Chevrolet instrument panel. The windshield is of greater area, with narrow corner posts, affording better vision.



New power, economy, durability, safety and comfort, coupled with striking new beauty, characterize Chevrolet's new models for 1937. They are offered in two series, Master and Master De Luxe, virtually identical in appearance.

Chevrolet's fully-enclosed Knee-Action is furnished at no extra cost on the Master De Luxe models; and new Syncro-Mesh transmission, and safety plate glass all around at no extra cost, feature all models of both series.

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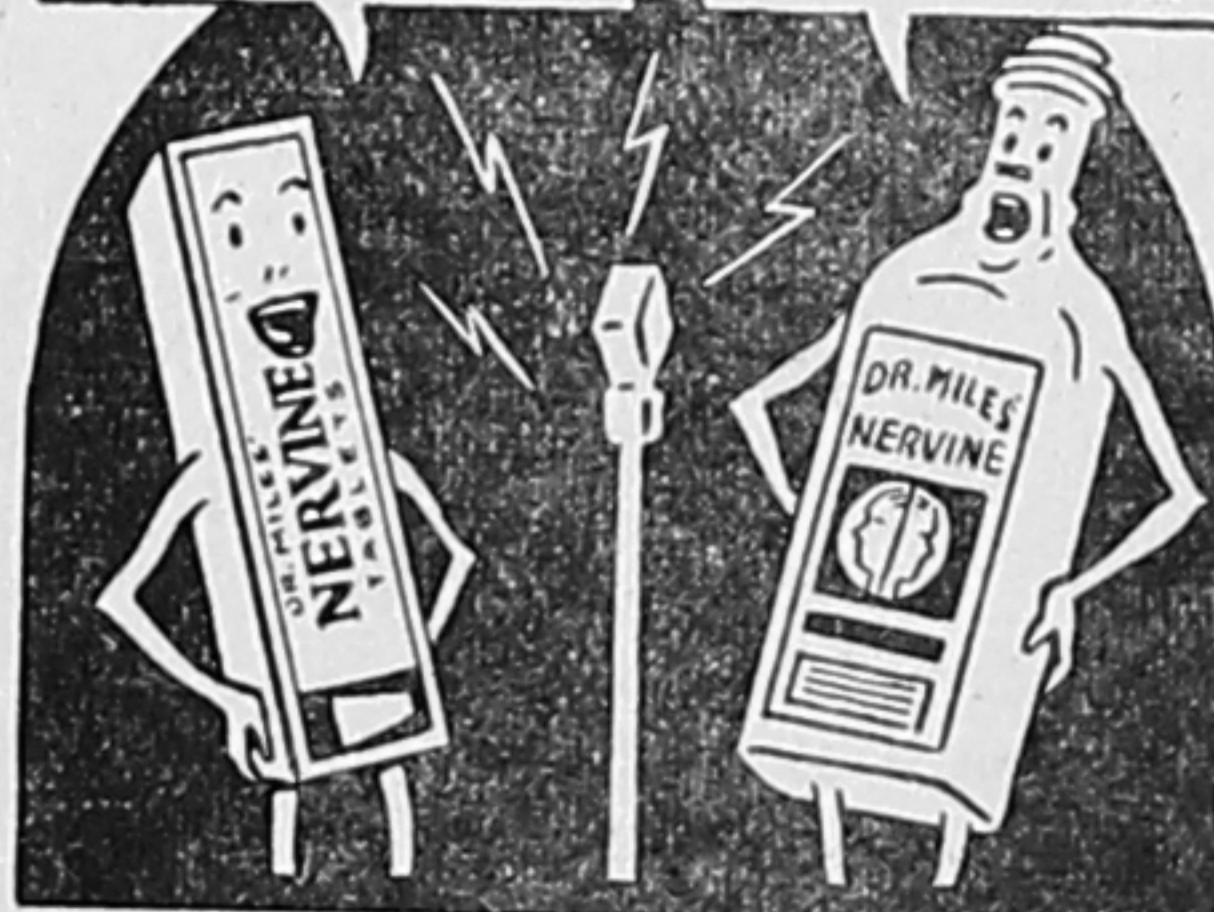
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IN LIQUID OR TABLET FORM

"Sun Down, Slow Down," is a modern safety maxim which all motorists should heed, says the Chicago Motor Club. Over half of all traffic deaths occur during dusk or darkness. Remember: You can't see well after dark.

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Vaudeville is 100 years old, and during that time produced enough jokes to last radio comedians another century.

For A festive CHRISTMAS

"Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry..."

WHICH was very reprehensible of that genial Mother Goose character, but, after all, a good deal of latitude should be allowed the boys around the holidays. Perhaps he might even be content with these:

Yuletide Kisses: Beat the whites of four eggs until stiff but not too dry. Fold in one cup sugar, one teaspoon almond flavor and one cup canned moist cocoanut. Drop by small spoonfuls on an ungreased brown paper. Decorate tops with tiny red and green candies or with fine candy shot in mixed colors. Bake in a very slow oven at 250 degrees for forty-five minutes.

A Holiday Pudding

Steamed Chocolate Pudding: Cream two tablespoons butter and one-half cup sugar, and add one well-beaten egg. Add one and a quarter squares melted chocolate. Sift together one and an eighth cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder and one-eighth teaspoon salt, and add alternately with one-fourth cup evaporated milk combined with one-fourth cup water. Pour into a well-greased tube cake tin or a pudding mold, and cover tightly with an oiled paper or a regular cover. Steam one and a half hours. Turn out and serve with the following sauce:

Raisin and Nut Sauce: Cook one-half cup seedless raisins in one cup water until plump and the water entirely absorbed. Cream one-half cup butter with two cups confectioner's sugar.

Mix until smooth one tablespoon flour and one tablespoon water, add one cup boiling water and cook till thick and creamy, then add to the creamed butter and sugar. Add the raisins and one-half cup chopped vacuum packed walnuts, and flavor with brandy or vanilla, as desired. Serves eight.

Mince Pie Traditional

Mince pie is traditional at Christmas dinner, so let's give Georgie this:

Delicious Mince Pie: Line a pie tin with pastry and pour in half the contents of a 1-pound can mincemeat. Slice two bananas and spread over next, sprinkle with one-fourth cup sugar, then add the rest of the mincemeat. Pour over one-fourth cup fruit syrup from canned pears, pineapple or apricots, and cover with top crust. Bake thirty minutes in a hot—425 degree—oven. Makes one pie.

Or, if Georgie has cast an envious eye on that other Mother Goose character, the Queen of Hearts, who is addicted to tarts, he can still get his mincemeat in these:

Brandied Mincemeat Tarts: Turn the contents of two 1-pound cans mincemeat into sauce pan and cook gently for four or five minutes. Remove from fire and add one-half cup brandy. Meanwhile, have tart tins lined with rich pastry, fill with the hot mincemeat and cover with upper crust. Bake in a hot—425 degree—oven for from fifteen to twenty minutes. Makes eight to ten tarts.

It's always better to begin at the bottom unless one happens to be a well-digger or a diver.

Surgeons could give a lot of inside information concerning their patients.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington.—Observers of affairs in the national capital frequently get a different slant on statements by "close advisers of the President" or activities of "those on the inside" than persons living at distances from Washington. They are less likely to be misled in their conclusions as to the meaning of such statements or actions, come as they may from "high sources," than others not closely in touch. But even this close contact by observers here does not always produce for them a definite finality on their conclusions because some things are simply impossible of proof.

The above statements are by way of directing attention to the inability of the corps of correspondents here to tell whether Dr. Stanley High was speaking with the approval or even the acquiescence of President Roosevelt when Dr. High voiced the opinions in Liberty Magazine recently to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt is in a mood to discipline the newspapers of the country. Dr. High, to summarize many words in his magazine article, rather forecast Mr. Roosevelt in his new term of office will not abandon his liberal policies but probably will chastise his enemies less than occurred during his first term—except the press. Certainly, Dr. High gave us all reason to believe that Mr. Roosevelt is pretty much disgusted with certain types of newspapers in this country and that he may be expected to "crack down" on them.

The consensus among the writing fraternity in Washington is that Dr. High has an opportunity at least to know the Presidential mind. He has virtually lived with it during the last six months and there can be no doubt that he had opportunities during that time of talking formally and informally with the Chief Executive in a manner not permitted more than a few persons. On this basis, if on no other, one would be led to believe that Dr. High was writing in a sense a reflection of Mr. Roosevelt's thoughts, yet, as I said at the beginning, none of us can be sure.

While Dr. High definitely is in a position as an adviser to the President to know the trend of Mr. Roosevelt's mind, he was delightfully general in the discussion of the President's future program except as to the press. Again, it may be much ado about nothing. So many of the Presidential advisers and insiders have been writing and talking and acting in the last three years that it is difficult to tell which is the real story. It may be, therefore,—and I believe this is the best answer—that Dr. High has turned loose a toy balloon. If this balloon is blown the wrong way by comments from the nation, you probably will hear no more about a discipline for the press. If the comments are friendly, another story may be expected and its nature is not now to be forecast.

Assuming now that Dr. High has faithfully presented the President's thoughts on the newspapers of the country, it seems entirely proper that the suggestion be examined from the viewpoint of national welfare.

Dr. High, to be sure, made clear in his article that the President's efforts to reform the press will be addressed only to those newspapers which engage in misrepresentation, color their news or are guilty of unfair journalism. I believe that the vast majority of our newspapers properly are jealous of the integrity of their policies. I believe that the vast majority of our editors regard the responsibility of leadership as something quite sacred and not to be tainted. In the same breath that we mention the President's purported thoughts and the attitude of most newspapers, one cannot help but recall that at least three-fourths of all newspaper circulation in the recent Presidential campaign was opposed to President Roosevelt's re-election.

Thus, and in view of these circumstances, it may be disconcerting to a good many people to read the strong language that Dr. High has used in reflecting the implications of the Presidential mind. To that school of thought, the Doctor's language, if it means anything, means that Mr. Roosevelt proposes to take steps, directly or indirectly, to make the entire press of America conform to his ideas of what constitutes "fair journalism." In other words, if their interpretation of the High article is correct, there can be intimidation of the press from the White House.

The intimidation could come from Presidential tongue lashing of newspapers or any one individual newspaper which the President believed was guilty of "unfair journalism." The net result of such a course, naturally, would be a fearful press and a fearful press obviously never has presented and never will present its impartial judgment; it will never answer back and it probably

will never fight out the issues in which it believes and to which it may have been committed theretofore.

I do not defend unfair newspapers and I do not believe anyone else can defend them. Newspapers, because of their position as leaders, must conform to the maximum of honesty. I think, however, that the number of unfair journals is declining because public sentiment gradually drives them out of business. If Mr. Roosevelt actually has in mind the things presented by Dr. High, then a wave of resentment is likely to arise and that wave of resentment in itself will not help in the movement to drive out unfair newspapers. At least, that is the conviction that seems to prevail among the several hundred capable observers here in Washington. Only a few, as far as I can discern, believe that the President can get away with the program which Dr. High outlined in his behalf.

Colonel Edwin A. Halsey, secretary of the senate, recently has had compiled some facts and figures on proposals for constitutional amendments that are strikingly interesting. First, the fact that there have been 3,759 proposals for constitutional amendments in the nation's history, and only 21 of them succeeded and became a part of the Constitution, is to me most significant. It shows very definitely, I believe, that our people are slow to make changes in the fundamental law of our country and that they do not make these changes until there is something approximating unanimity of belief that they are necessary.

Colonel Halsey's compilation disclosed the further interesting fact that economic conditions have a direct link with and reflect rather accurately the desires of the people to alter or revise the Constitution. It seems that when there is plenty of work and plenty of profit and the nation is going along happily, even few of the demagogues have thought about amending the Constitution. But let hard times descend upon us, let there be millions of unemployed and hundreds of thousands of persons destitute and forward comes a perfect deluge of proposals to change the Constitution.

Very accurate proof of the above statement is given in the records for the last ten years, that is, from 1926 to 1936. The most important political question agitating the congress during the first part of this decade was the proposal to change the date upon which the President and Vice President and congress take office. Latterly, and after the prosperity bubble burst, the depression brought its own flock of proposals for changing the Constitution.

Colonel Halsey disclosed that there had been 20 proposals which would authorize congress to deal with working hours and wages; 7 which would have given congress authority over agricultural production and 9 limiting the power and authority of the Supreme court to declare acts of congress unconstitutional or otherwise modify court jurisdiction. There were two suggested amendments that would have placed in the hands of congress virtual power to control the general welfare of the nation.

The Halsey document also reflects maneuvers of various blocs and schools of thought and likewise tells a very clear story of our nation's sashay into the field of national prohibition. National prohibition was a long time in coming and there are many who believe that it was forced upon the country too soon. That is to say it was made operative before a sufficiently large majority of the people were in favor of it. This seems to be substantiated by the figures which show that during the last decade, there were 135 proposals for repeal of the 18th amendment out of a total of 479 resolutions for constitutional amendment. In other words, had there been anything like the necessary popular majority in favor of prohibition, we would have seen very few attempts in congress to repeal the liquor control amendment.

Stools Before Chairs
Chairs, which we take for granted nowadays, were not in common use until the last part of the Seventeenth century. Before that time hard wooden stools were the only seating conveniences known. Museums preserve some of the first chairs of history, stiff, uncomfortable objects of puritan austerity. The backs were of solid wood, often in carved design, and the seats, too, were solid. They were known as "wainscott" chairs.

Children to Have Harbor
Khabarovsk, in Far East Russia, is constructing on the Amur river a harbor for children which will boast two lighthouses equipped with radio stations, repair shops, a steamer for 250 passengers, swimming pools and a large headquarters building.

It's Princess Lines Again



A GAIN princess lines are riding the crest of the fashion wave. Good news for members of The Sewing Circle, for princess lines have always been favored by those who sew at home. And for morning wear, the timeless shirt-maker, a perennial choice for busy housewives.

The smart shirtdress (Pattern 1976) is a utility frock distinguished for its trim lines and as easy to make as it is to wear. This extremely wearable number is available in a wide range of sizes. The notched collar is pert and youthful, there is fullness at the yoke, and the set-in sleeves fit well and wear forever.

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CHRISTMAS AMONG THE PINES

By Jocile Webb Pearson

A House Built Christmas Day

... by ... Frances Grinstead

BIG BILL, in spite of his six foot four was a boy at heart. Boss of a logging crew he could be plenty stern when occasion demanded, but a Christmas tree and all the lights and cheer that goes with it was his weakness. "Christmas is no fun without kids," was the way he put it. But, it looked like Bill was doomed to disappointment this year.

The crew were lounging around the fire after a hard day's work when Pudgy Sam, the cook, shook the ashes out of his pipe and said: "What's the reason we can't have

A HOME that was built on a Christmas day stood for a long time on the old Santa Fe trail where it passed near Arrow Rock, Mo., on the Missouri river. Though not quite completed in a single day, with the help of his neighbors on that "holiday" about a hundred years ago, Henry Nave got his cabin ready for his family and the day after Christmas took them into his shelter.

Of course the house was built of unpressed lumber, felled right on his farm. When he had selected the location this pioneer cut down round poles for the walls, rafters and joists—the framework.

Mr. Nave had found some large, flat stones, and in the afternoon they dragged these into place for the hearth. Then of other suitable rocks, by much puffing and pulling they built a fireplace—one of those great practical ones which served to heat the home and to cook venison, buffalo meat, corn pone and other "victuals." The exterior of this fireplace was wood, the stones providing a fireproof lining.

The mortar to bind the stones was chiefly mud; to obtain even this simple ingredient it was necessary to build a fire in the middle



"Christmas No Fun Without Kids," the Way He Put It.

a Christmas just like home right here? Plenty trees, if we can muster the trimmin's."

Bob, the kid dishwasher, was all enthusiasm. "We've got popcorn. I've strung yards at home for mom. Sam's got a harmonica, and Dave a Jew's harp, an' some of you fellows can sing. And I'll trim the tree."

"The Boss wouldn't think much of a Christmas without kids," put in Dave. "There's the Martins. They got a couple kids; we can ring them in. I was by there t'other day an' heard them talkin' about Santa comin'."

"Boss said Martin looks sort of beat out, too," said another. "Suppose we appoint Bob, here as a committee of one to extend our invitation for them to join us. I feel we owe them something, the way they helped us when some of the men had flu."

Big Bill was jubilant with their plans. "You fellows took the wind out of my sails, but you'll do a better job than I could."

"Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," lead by Sam's harmonica, floated out from lusty throats upon another star-strewn night.

Big Bill in a scrambled suit of red flannel and a hemp beard was a satisfactory Santa Claus to at least two happy children. He handed out gifts to everyone. Sam had done his best on the feast that followed, and everybody joined in the "three cheers and a tiger" for a jolly Christmas among the Oregon pines.

© Western Newspaper Union.



While the Little Nave Children Wished for Things.

of the half-constructed cabin and thaw the ground.

But, writes this hardy woodsman, "It was not many days until we were living snugly in our cabin and in good health and with fine appetites."

Holidays among our ancestors were made occasions for such celebrations as this, but they never witnessed the cessation from labor ours afford. There was always need for immediate shelter, crop harvesting, or game killing. Hence log-raising, corn-huskings, and gun-shoots were made social occasions. But do you suppose we ever have more fun than Henry Nave's family and friends had building a house on Christmas day?

© Western Newspaper Union.

The Vain Dutchman

By **SCOTT W. RYALL**
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

FRITZ HEINE, owner of Heine's Billiard Parlor in the Ninth Ward, was polishing his hands with great care. They were pink from cleaning beer glasses in very hot water and he was not accustomed to giving them such attention.

But he was watching one of the light-fingered gentry slide up to a victim by the first table, down from the bar. He was a little man with a mean rat face and stood close to a player leaning across the table to place a difficult shot. The shot missed and nothing else seemed to have happened but the little pickpocket was idling away toward the bar and Big Fritz Heine had stopped polishing his pink hands.

"Beer?" invited the bartender solicitously.

"No thanks, Fritz."

The bartender grinned. The man called him by name yet he was certain he had never seen that lean face before. He wiped at the glossy bar-top and knocked a shaker of salt over the front.

"That's all right," he called as the other stooped. "I'll get it."

He came around the bar, bent toward the article, then suddenly whirled to catch the little man in the grip of his massive hands. "Keep quiet, mister," he ordered calmly and held one arm while his free hand searched for a possible gun. There was no gun but Fritz brought a fat wallet to light.

"Mister," called Fritz toward the pool players, "is this yours?"

He tossed the wallet to its astonished owner and having made sure it was in proper hands, said it was lying on the floor and the gentleman had picked it up.

Then he escorted the "gentleman" to the sidewalk and stoically applied a boot. He came back wiping his hands. That was all there was to it so far as he was concerned. He had no lingering thoughts of the little man's vile curses or those wickedly flashing eyes.

Fritz Heine was too experienced a bouncer to think long of those he bounced. But if the big bartender forgot the man so quickly, the pickpocket did not forget the affront of that kick. He waited around the place skulking in dark doorways, and as the hours passed, the furious flame within seemed fanned by his brooding.

He had a length of pipe in his pocket and fingered it thoughtfully. If the big Dutchman had minded his own business he wouldn't have it coming. But he did have it coming. Nobody was going to boot Felix Wyman and get away with it. Not a big Dutch bartender, anyway. He'd put a dent in that big, round head that would be remembered for a while and when Heine came to he wouldn't know what hit him. That is, if he came to.

At last Heine locked up. He stood on the walk a few moments talking to the last customer, then they took separate ways and he walked by the little man who was hiding in a doorway.

Felix let Heine get a hundred feet ahead then followed. The light was too bright there. No use following too close. There would be plenty of opportunities in the last dark blocks before Fritz got home.

The big Dutchman walked slowly. It irritated the man behind as if it were an additional insult. He pulled the pipe from his pocket and stuck it up a sleeve. It would be handier. He liked the feel of the cold metal and looked forward to its crushing descent on that big head.

Felix started closing the gap between as they approached the corner where he knew Fritz would turn. The big man was walking more slowly but he did not look around. He even stopped beneath a street lamp and looked at his hands. Then he took out a handkerchief and started wiping scrupulously.

What vanity, to bother over big paws like those, as if they were the hands of a woman! The little sneak-thief's lips curled contemptuously as he stopped in the shadow of a pole.

Then Heine went around the corner and Felix crossed the street before following, just in case the other suspected, but he saw the big figure down the block.

Here it was darker. He sneaked softly, quickly after. The pipe was in his hand now. He clutched it until his fingers ached. The distance closed. Fifty feet. Twenty. Ten.

Heine walked stolidly on. He was still looking at his hands, the vain Dutchman! Then Felix closed, his arm lifted and the big man whirled as if on springs.

The pipe went flying. The scuffle was short. No cry came from either. Only soft grunting and a gasp from Felix as the big hands closed on his throat, clenching until the very blood in his veins seemed stopped. Then everything whirled into black empty space and an officer stooped over him when consciousness returned.

Fritz was there too. "Assault with intent to commit murder," he was saying in his guttural voice, then saw that the prisoner was conscious and bent down.

"Look," he said curtly and opened the palm of his great pink hand.

And Felix Wyman looked into the brightly flashing eye of a small mirror.

Radium Victims

It is believed that nearly 100 girls died or endangered their lives between 1917 and 1926 by painting clock and instrument dials with radium and pointing the brushes at their lips.

Long View News

Plans are being made for the annual Community Christmas program.

Miss Opal Cunningham of Champaign attended the Champaign-Longview basketball game, here Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. James Parks, and the Merton Parks family spent Sunday in the Gene Rice home near Pesotum.

Charles, Clarence and Wesley Churchill were called to New York by the death of Mrs. Mary Stevens, a sister.

Mrs. Wesley Churchill and daughter, Elizabeth Ann, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harvey McClure, in Danville.

Members of the Widow's Club held a reunion and a Christmas dinner, Sunday, in the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Merchant. Ten ladies were present to partake of a bountiful meal.

The Christmas social of the U. B. Church was held Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Chas. Churchill. Mrs. Irene Davis was assistant hostess. The meeting was opened by singing Christmas carols and the Scripture reading, followed by prayer by Rev. Turner. There were nineteen members present. The Christmas silver offering was received.

"The Man Who-o-o"



Tales and Traditions from American Political History

BY **FRANK E. HAGEN** AND **ELMO SCOTT WATSON**

BY ONE VOTE

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES of Ohio, nineteenth President of the United States, can be designated "the man who was elected by a single vote."

His contest with Samuel J. Tilden of New York, the Democratic nominee, threatened for a time in 1876 and early 1877 to bring about a resumption of the Civil war. Perhaps it explains in some measure the bitterness of battles today between Republicans and Democrats.

Hayes faced the disadvantage of running in the wake of the eight years of the Grant administrations, followed as they were by sensational accusations of financial frauds. There was little to choose between abilities of the candidates and when first returns were in, Tilden was acclaimed as winner.

Shortly after election day, it was revealed that Tilden's managers were uncertain as to the results their party had achieved in Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana. Normally Democratic, these states still were in the hands of carpet-bagger governments.

Tilden had 184 electoral votes and the ballots of any of the three states named would have elected him. Hayes, with 166, needed all of them to have one more electoral vote than Tilden. In Louisiana, the canvassing board threw out 13,250 Democratic votes and gave the state to Hayes. Republicans asserted their candidate had won in both South Carolina and Florida. But Democrats of the three states returned votes for Tilden.

To make the situation a typical American scene, congress was divided, one branch being Democratic, the other Republican.

It was decided finally to appoint five congressmen from each party and five judges of the Supreme court to make the decision as to which set of returns from the disputed states should be accepted.

The election of Hayes was assured by the vote of Justice Bradley, whose participation gave the deliberative body a margin of eight Republicans to seven Democrats. And congress approved these momentous findings just in time to enable Rutherford B. Hayes to take the oath of office as President.

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Time Tables

C. & E. I.

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

Northbound.....3:26 p. m.

Star Mail Route

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

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

A new type of lifeboat with levers geared to a propeller which replaces the usual oars has been developed.

Local and Personal

Clark Henson is driving a new Ford V-8.

Mrs. Alonzo Zantow was a Champaign visitor Wednesday.

Bud Struck is driving a new Oldsmobile coach.

Clark Henson visited in Indianapolis, Monday.

Hugo Dewitt and family were Champaign shoppers Saturday.

Mrs. Oscar Witt was a Champaign visitor, Tuesday.

Mrs. Minnie Anderson and Miss Marie Witt were Champaign shoppers, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Darnall were Champaign shoppers, Monday.

Brewer Chevrolet Sales has installed a new Wayne electric gas pump.

Mesdames T. A. Dicks, Kenneth Dicks and Hugo DeWitt were Danville shoppers, Monday.

Mrs. Lucy Sullivan spent Sunday with her sisters, Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Waugh, at Homer.

Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Laverick were Champaign shoppers, Monday.

Mrs. Bud Struck and Mrs. Pearl Edens were Champaign visitors Monday.

Leslie Cooper and family of Tuscola visited at the D. P. Brewer home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frick were Champaign shoppers on Wednesday.

Ross Hardyman and family of Urbana visited Willis Myers and family, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Reed of Champaign spent Tuesday at the A. E. Reed home.

Miss Anna Clem, Miss Juanita Bergfield and Fred Eckerty were Champaign visitors; Wednesday.

Malcolm Pigg visited his father-in-law, Roy Richey, at the St. Elizabeth Hospital at Danville, Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCormick, Mrs. Orval McCormick and Mrs. Lillie Baker were Champaign shoppers, Thursday.

Mrs. Eliza Logan, Frank and Ruth Logan of Sidney were Sunday guests of Hugo Dewitt and family.

For Sale

Small oak stove with reservoir, used two months, price \$10.—Mrs. Sue Harden, Longview.

More Vacationers in 1936 Than Ever Before in History of Country

America's vacationing motorists took to the roads this year in numbers that amounted to a 10 percent increase over 1935, greater even than in 1930, the peak year for touring in this country, according to a compilation made by Bert Vanderwarf, manager of the Chicago Motor Club's touring bureau.

"The touring this summer and fall may serve as an indication of what travel to the south will be during the winter months," says Mr. Vanderwarf. "Last year was a boom year in the southland, but from inquiries being made now, it is safe to predict that last year's Florida travel will be overshadowed by the southward trek of motorists in search of sunshine and winter swimming.

"One of the reasons for the increased automobile travel is the development of the trailer, which makes tourists independent of other sleeping accommodations. This form of travel is expected to have a definite influence on winter motoring. With thousands of tourists firmly sold on the advantages of trailer travel, many are planning to head out for the dude ranch country of the southwest. Arizona is a favorite state among those so inclined, but New Mexico and Texas are also popular. California, of course, always retains its interest for motorists, particularly the motorist who uses a trailer. This new mode of travel is expected by many to revolutionize the travel industry.

Postage Rates

Letters, written and sealed matter: 3c each oz. or fraction thereof, except

When mailed on rural route for delivery at local post office or same route: 2c each oz. or fraction thereof, or

When mailed at post office for delivery on local rural route: 2c each oz. or fraction thereof.

When mailed at post office for delivery in same office: 1c each oz. or fraction thereof. (Not applicable at post offices having village or city delivery.)

Holiday greetings in envelopes shall not be accepted for 1c "drop letter" rate. They may be sent in unsealed envelopes local or out of town at 1½c rate provided no writing except the greeting is contained.

Post cards and private mailing cards, 1c each.

L. I. Block, P. M.

For Sale

140 acres, fine improvements, near town, hard road, electricity, excellent corn and alfalfa land. Spring possession. \$80.00-per acre. Wonderful bargain. D. O. Horton, Bryan, Ohio.

R. W. Salt and J. H. Pepper both live in Shaker, a small village in Canada.

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The News is \$1.50 a year.

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INCLUDING SUNDAY

Chicken Dinners Every Thursday

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BROADLANDS ILLINOIS

New Wide Range Sound

Illinois Theatre

Newman, III. "Always A Good Show"

Cushion Seats Pleasing Lighting Effect

A Change in Program Each Day Except Monday and Tuesday See These Hit Pictures

Friday, Dec. 18
Frederick March, Warner Baxter and Lionel Barrymore in ROAD TO GLORY

Saturday, Dec. 19
Patsy Kelly and Charley Chase in KELLY THE SECOND
Continuous 3-11 p. m.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 20-21-22
SHIRLEY TEMPLE in DIMPLES
with Frank Morgan and Stepin Fetchit
Continuous Sunday 3-11 p. m.

Wednesday, Dec. 23—Dime Show
RKO's Big Football Classic, THE BIG GAME
with June Travis and Philip Huston

Thursday, Dec. 24
Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young and Simone Simon in LADIES IN LOVE

ALWAYS SELECT SHORT SUBJECTS ON EACH PROGRAM

Our Xmas Special, **THE TEXAS RANGERS**
with Jack Oakie, Fred MacMurray and a great supporting cast

Coming Soon: Ramona—His Brother's Wife—Big Broadcast 1937—Gold Diggers 1937—3 Men on a Horse—Polo Joe—Great Zeigfeld—College Holiday—Reunion.

Make This Theatre Your Holiday Entertainment Headquarters

Special Holiday Gift Books—\$1.20 in Admissions \$1.00
Inquire at the box office

Sunday Shows Continuous From 2:15

STAR

VILLA GROVE

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

Thur. & Fri., Dec. 17-18

BANK NITE - \$30.00

Marsha Hunt
John Howard

Easy To Take

10c-25c

Saturday, Dec. 19

Chester Morris
Fay Wray in

They Met in a Taxi

Serial

Sunday and Monday, Dec. 20-21

The Famous Stage Play Now a Marvelous Picture

Frank McHugh - Joan Blondell Allen Jenkins

Three Men on a Horse

(Now playing in Chicago Theatre)

10c-25c

Tues. & Wed. Dec. 22-23
Bank Nite (Due to Xmas)

Mae West in Go West Young Man

Thurs. & Fri., Dec. 24-25

Xmas Special
Cont. Xmas from 2:15

TARZAN ESCAPES

CHRISTMAS SALE - - - SILBERBERG'S

CLOTHING and SHOE STORE

NOTICE | OPEN EVENINGS Till 8 O'clock | NOTICE

Men's Shoes and Oxfords \$2.69 Values \$1.99; \$3-\$4 Values \$2.49

Suits and Overcoats Large Assortment \$14.95; \$16.50

Suede Jackets \$1.69 Hats, Silk Lined \$1.50; \$1.95 Complete Line of Men's Furnishings

PANTS For Men and Young Men, Wool and Corduroys, Plain Colors, Fancy Patterns \$1.95; 2.95

Children's All-Wool Sno Suits \$2.95 up Sweaters: Wide Selection, \$2.95, \$3.95 Val. \$2.49

Visit Our LADIES' and CHILDREN'S DEPT.

You Will Find Many Beautiful Gifts. Special Prices Prevail During This Christmas Sale on Women's and Misses' Coats and Dresses.

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