

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 19

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1938

NUMBER 31

G. O. P.'s Win Three County Offices; Judge Webber, Hoggatt Retain Offices

Two hundred and thirty-five of the 425 voters of Ayers township cast their ballots here in last Tuesday's election. The Republicans cast 98 straight tickets, while the Democrats cast 51.

The two new and three re-elected Champaign county officials are as follows:

Harry A. Little, Republican, county treasurer.

Bert S. Walker, Republican, sheriff.

Elmer P. Hoggatt, Democratic incumbent, county clerk.

Charles M. Webber, Democratic incumbent, county judge.

Ernest M. Harshbarger, Republican incumbent, county superintendent of schools.

The county G. O. P.'s gained three of the five county offices filled at Tuesday's election, the same three as in the off year poll of 1934. The same strong Democratic standard bearers, Judge Webber and Hoggatt, were elected to the offices they have chosen to occupy again.

News Items of 12 Years Ago

Nov. 12, 1926

The second snowfall of the season visited this section, and coal piles were dwindling.

Rev. Ernest Shepherd of Bloomington, Ind., was the new Methodist minister.

Miss Beulah McCormick and Virgil Reed were united in marriage.

Miss Helen Smith was a weekend guest of Mrs. Grace Schecter at Georgetown.

L. T. King and family of Kankakee visited at the Mrs. Lottie Astell home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Graydon Griffin attended the funeral of a relative at Paris.

One-fourth of Old Corn Reserves in Illinois

Almost one-fourth of all the U. S. farm reserves of old corn are in Illinois. The State and federal Departments of Agriculture estimate that 24 per cent of the old corn is in this state. The only state having a larger stock of old corn on farms is Iowa, with 30 percent. These reserves are considerably higher this year than usual. Corn husking is well along in practically all sections of Illinois.

Roll of Honor

The following is a list of those who have renewed their subscriptions and new subscribers for this paper for October:

Mrs. Ora Brown.
Bud Struck.
Walter Divan, Champaign.
Mrs. Lucy Cole, Auburn, Ind.

St. John's Evangelical Church

Karl F. Albers, Pastor.

Church Services 10:30 a. m.
Confirmation 9:00 a. m. Saturday.

Choir practice every Friday evening.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock. The Sunday School Advance Movement calls for the attendance of adults, young people and children.

The Preaching Service next Sunday is in the morning, at 11:00 o'clock. Subject: "Armistice Day 1938."

"Calling All Americans . . ."



American Red Cross Roll Call Poster for 1938.

Farm Youths From 45 States To Meet

America's farm youth will take an important part in the programs of the continent's largest annual agricultural show, the International Live Stock Exposition, which will be held in Chicago Nov. 26 to Dec. 3.

Concurrent with the exposition is the National 4-H Club Congress, which has been held in connection with it for the past 17 years. Twelve hundred boys and girls from the farms of 45 states, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico will meet in Chicago to compete for top honors of the year in scores of projects ranging from home making activities to live stock and crop production.

While they are not busy with their own demonstrations and contests, the delegates will be treated to educational industrial tours, banquets and varied entertainment. One of the popular features of the Exposition's Horse Shows is the parade of all the Club Congress participants in the International Amphitheater arena, concluded with ceremonies announcing the winners and conferring the awards.

Hundreds of farm boys and girls will take an active part in the exposition itself in a competitive exhibition of cattle, sheep, and swine of their own raising, a feature of the opening weekend.

Miss Mary O'Bryant Given Birthday Party

Miss Mary O'Bryant was pleasantly surprised last Monday evening when a number of friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Zantow, to help celebrate her 16th birthday.

The evening was spent in playing games. Refreshments of sandwiches, pickles, cake and lime ade were served. Mary received several nice presents.

Those present to enjoy the evening were Mary O'Bryant, Hazel Baker, Maxine Henson, Mary Ann Martin, Rosemary Cummings, Lois Zantow, Grace and Jewell Patton.

Albert Block Funeral, Held on Monday

Funeral services for B. Albert Block, 87, 108 South Fourth St., Champaign, who died Saturday, were held at 1:30 p. m., Monday, in MacMillan funeral chapel.

Dr. Stephen E. Fisher, pastor of University Place Christian Church officiated. Burial was in the Sidney cemetery.

Mr. Block was born Feb. 6, 1851, in Germany, son of John and Caroline Block. He came to the United States when 18, accompanied by his sister, and settled in Champaign county, south of Sidney.

In 1875 he was married to Fredericka Mollendorf of Urbana. Twelve children were born, five of whom are living. Mr. Block began work in this country as a farm hand and became an extensive land owner.

He was one of the organizers of the St. Paul's Evangelical Church, three miles south of Sidney, which is familiarly known as the Block church. The family moved to Champaign 22 years ago.

Besides his wife he leaves the following children: Mrs. Bertha Newkirk, Broadlands; Albert, jr. of Sidney; Barney A., Mrs. Mily Helm and Mrs. Carrie Coffman, all of Champaign.

Talk Fests Planned By Rural Youths

It's one thing to think something out in solitude and quite another to think clearly while talking to an audience. That's why rural youth groups in several counties are planning "Talk Fests" this winter, says Frank Gingrich, director of young people's activities with the Illinois Agricultural Association.

Several counties have organized committees of fifteen young farm men and women to study a series of problems. At the next meeting of the county group each committee member is asked to speak for three to five minutes on any one of the topics they have studied. That's the way they learn to think on their feet, Gingrich explains.

Hey, Buddy, Where Were You Twenty Years Ago Today, Nov. 11?

A number of local World war veterans have answered our query, "where were you and what were you doing twenty years ago today, Friday?" Their answers are as follows and will no doubt be of interest to our many readers:

I was in Brest, France, having landed four days before, in that city in France where they say it rains 365 days a year. However I cannot vouch for that, but I know it rained every day, the ten days we were there.

Many of the boys in our Company, the 116th Engineers, seemed disappointed that they would not get to the "Front," but as for me, I was happy that the war was over.

Ed Nohren.

Twenty years ago we thought the war was ended.

How well I remember the morning of November 11, 1918. We were on the banks of the Stena river trying to capture the city of Stena. The river had been dammed and the bridge had been blown out. We were trying to ford the river. Hundreds of lives were lost there in the mud and water, fighting a war to end wars.

The war is not ended, as we have had it proven to us of late. Let us keep up the fight to keep the world in peace that those who lost their health or life will not have done it in vain.

Hugo DeWitt.

Twenty years ago this Nov. 11, left some of us in strange places.

As a soldier of the 7th Engineers, we were near Brandeville, France, on the front line, being five-kilometers in advance of the troops on the left, and two kilometers beyond the troops on the right.

The day the armistice was announced, was as the days before until 11 o'clock in the morning. When the firing ceased the uncanny stillness was hardly believable. After we were assured that the fighting really was over, we spent the rest of the day gathering furniture from the abandoned homes of the French people, and making ourselves comfortable for the one night we stayed there.

There was no celebration in our outfit that day or night, only thankfulness that the war was really over.

Ray McClelland.

On that first Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1918, I was stationed in our Y. M. C. A. work with the American Army, in one of the largest "Y" centers with the A. E. F., known as Palais de Glace, in Paris. I had been compelled by circumstances to leave my front line "Y Hut" and take work in Paris. At exactly the 11th hour of that 11th day of that 11th month, the whistles and sirens in Paris, and everything else that could make a noise, broke loose in the glad acclaim that the Armistice had gone into effect, and four years of war were at last at an end. In an incredibly few minutes the streets and boulevards were thronged from curb to curb and store window to store window with hilariously rejoicing people—four years of war, and no more lives to be lost! Peace, the greatest possession of the human race, had taken the place of

war, the greatest scourge of the human race.

W. Earl Ballew.

Two decades ago the war to end all wars, as we vainly deluded ourselves into thinking, ended. I can very well recall that day. The evening before found us on a hill, near the French village of Jaulney, where we were in position, preparing for the infantry advance. On this morning the boys who had gone back to the kitchen for "chow," returned with the news that an armistice was to begin at eleven o'clock. This was welcome news but not too much credence was given it as we had had similar reports before and nothing had come of it. We were probably fortunate that at the time we could not pierce the veil of the future to foresee the developments and misunderstandings the years ahead had in store. We could not see that the peace which followed was but an extension of the armistice, permitting a time for nations to gather new strength to renew old conflicts. A very few, either friend or enemy, can ever forget that hour. As the pall of silence settled down we realized that the long days and longer nights of warfare had at last come to an end. The war was over but the hikes back and the long waits were still ahead of us. As we face the east today may we hope that after years of turmoil and strife we may see in the horizon a new era that will bring everlasting peace and understanding between nations.

George H. Cook.

The 68th Artillery of which I was a member, was located about a quarter of a mile north of the city of Libourne, France, on the first armistice day, 20 years ago today (Friday). We were digging gun pits that day in which to conceal our large guns which were moved about with tractors. Some of the big guns we used would shoot a distance of 30 miles.

We were just filing into camp for noon mess, when some of our military police returned from Libourne and informed us why the bells were ringing and whistles were blowing. The armistice had been signed. The news was too good to be true, we thought, but nevertheless it was true. That night we went to Libourne, a city with a population of about 12,000, and participated in the biggest and most glorious celebration that I had ever attended.

I shall never forget the close call I had from being run over by some French cavalrymen that night. I was standing in front of a grocery store, when the cavalrymen riding at breakneck speed suddenly turned the corner from a side street and swooped down upon us. All I could do under the circumstances was to fall backward into a flock of baskets, scattering vegetables of every description all over the street.

J. F. Darnall.

Market Report

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

No. 2 new hard wheat	55c
No. 2 white corn	38c
No. 2 yellow corn	38c
No. 3 new white oats	22c
No. 2 new beans	63c

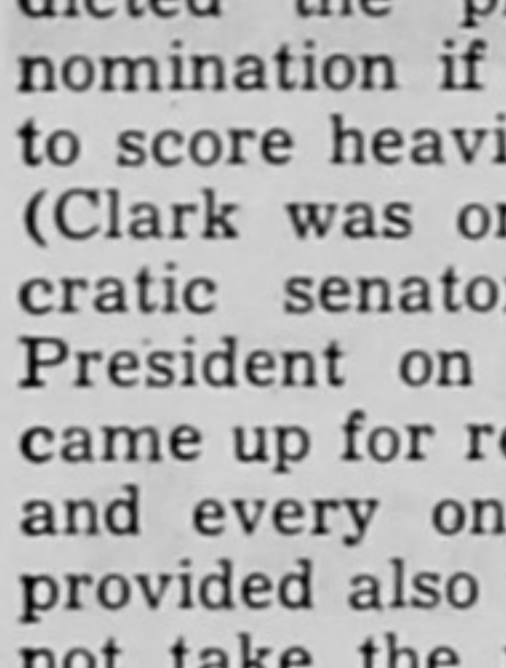
NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

Carter Field speculates on the problem that will face the Democrats in picking a presidential candidate, with special reference to the standing of Bennett Clark . . . The Palestine question creates a new division in the ranks of New Dealers, involving Secretary Hull . . . Wallace in battle to save his farm program.

WASHINGTON.—A convention situation which would compel President Roosevelt to fight for another nomination to prevent the naming of a man, Bennett Champ Clark, who has opposed the White House on such outstanding issues as the Supreme court bill, the government reorganization bill, and neutrality legislation, is considered very likely by many shrewd political observers here.

The Missouri senator is in a very strong position. He won his renomination by an overwhelming majority. Six years ago he defied the utmost efforts of Boss Pendergast's Kansas City machine and won easily. In November a record majority is promised for him, with such normally Republican newspapers as the Kansas City Star preferring him to the G. O. P. nominee.



Senator Clark

As long ago as last winter Sen. Burton K. Wheeler of Montana predicted the probability of Clark's nomination if Roosevelt should fail to score heavily in his purge battle (Clark was one of the nine Democratic senators who opposed the President on the court issue who came up for renomination this year, and every one of them won) and provided also that the President did not take the nomination himself.

Not that Wheeler and Clark always agree on issues, or could be said to belong to the same faction. Far from it. It would be rather difficult to classify Clark in any faction. He is found voting and orating with one group today, and another next week. But, as Wheeler pointed out when he made that year-old prediction, everybody likes Clark. Certainly he has few important enemies.

Left Wing New Dealers Want No Part of Clark
His nomination, however, would be regarded as little less than tragic by the left wingers in the New Deal. He does not sympathize with their objectives at all. For example, he is strongly against any proposal which would further enlarge the powers of the White House. He is a "reactionary" to most New Dealers and a "liberal" to most conservatives.

There would be a lot of poetic justice in the story if he should be nominated and elected President. Back in the early days of the century practically all liberals and progressives were clamoring for the direct primary for the nomination of senators, governors and presidents. The first convention affected by the preferential presidential primary was that of 1912. Senator Clark's father, Champ Clark, then speaker of the house of representatives, ran in a lot of primaries. He won almost everywhere. Notably he defeated Woodrow Wilson in a series of clashes for popular approval.

The conservatives had not taken the primary idea seriously. For instance, in New Jersey the bosses had not even bothered to enter their choice, so it was won by James E. Martine, by a small vote, despite Martine's utter lack of political strength. The bosses had no thought of paying any attention to the primary, and directed the legislature to name someone else. But Woodrow Wilson, then governor, made the "people's choice" by primary an issue, and forced the election of Martine to the senate. Which incidentally he came to regret later.

But at the Baltimore convention it was a different story. The liberals and progressives fought Champ Clark, the people's choice, tooth and nail, although he had a clear majority of the delegates on ballot after ballot. William Jennings Bryan finally turned the tide to Wilson, making the runner-up in the primaries the victor at the convention. Missouri now thinks the wrong may be righted 28 years later.

New Division in New Deal Ranks Involves Hull
A new and interesting division has occurred in New Deal ranks in Washington, and for the first time there is the possibility that Secretary of State Cordell Hull may be involved in a real factional dispute. This dispute may involve Hull because it is directly concerned with foreign policy. One group thinks that the United States should take a firm stand against religious and racial persecution, as it considers it

and should back up Great Britain in Palestine, but insists, and there comes the real point of difference, that Britain should hold Palestine's door open to immigration of persecuted Jews from Europe.

There was not enough difference to be noticeable on this Palestine question until rumors came that Britain was about to make peace with the Arabs on the pledge that no further Jewish immigration would be permitted. Then there were quick repercussions from surprisingly widely separated groups in this country.

Now it so happens that the one criticism which the left wing element of the New Deal has been making of Secretary Hull has to do, in part, with a question of British foreign policy. It has concerned the Spanish civil war, with the left wingers insisting that the so-called neutrality policy of embargo against belligerents actually helped Franco and hurt the Loyalists.

Hit Hull Over Shoulders Of So-Called 'Career Boys'

Bearing in mind what has happened to everyone who fought Hull in this administration, notably George Peek and Ray Moley, left wingers were a little loath to stick their necks out. So they invariably attempted to fasten all the blame on Sumner Welles, the under secretary of state, and the so-called "career boys" in the department of state, especially as it has always seemed comparatively easy to engage the public against the "spatted teacup balancers," who "ape the British both in accent and clothes," etc. Actually they were hitting at Hull over the career boys' shoulders.

The campaign, nevertheless, has been carried on persistently, the left wingers "leaking" allegedly interesting incidents of how the wool was being pulled over Hull's eyes to their favorite newspaper writers, and always with Sir Ronald Lindsay, the British ambassador, as the master mind in the strategy, and the teacup balancers the eager stooges.

Be that as it may, the left wingers have reinforcements in their determination to force Cordell Hull's hand, and to insist that the "hands across the sea" business with England must come to an immediate end unless Britain goes down the line for the creating of a political refuge in Palestine for all of Europe's persecuted Jews.

Secretary Wallace Fights To Save His Farm Program

Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace is not only battling to save his farm program in his stumping tour to persuade the Middle-Western farmers that AAA is fine and everything will be all right when controlled production really gets into operation; he is fighting to make it possible for some New Dealer to win the presidency next time without the third-term handicap.

Careful study of the election situation by experts forces the conclusion that unless Wallace can vindicate himself and his farm program it will be absolutely necessary for President Roosevelt to take a third nomination—unless he's willing to accept Secretary of State Cordell Hull as a compromise or else permit the Democratic party to name a Garner, a Byrd, a Jesse Jones or someone else who can get the backing of Democrats hostile to the Roosevelt economic policies.

This situation is partly due to the complete failure of the New Dealers to win any state primaries where a strong organization opposed them. Part of it is due to the fact that the magnificent political machine constructed by Jim Farley cannot be controlled by the Corcoran - Cohen - Ickes-Hopkins wing of the party. More important, however, is the fact that no one is even running in the election this year whose victory would boost the chances of any 100 per cent New Dealer for the presidential nomination with the single exception of Sen. Alben W. Barkley in Kentucky. And Barkley, to the conservative Democrats and many idealistic New Dealers, is anathema since the odors of the WPA campaign machinery grew so objectionable last spring.

Senator Sheppard Busy 'Mowing Barkley Down'
Hitherto a regular and almost humble follower of the national Democratic leadership, no matter who was in the driver's seat, Sen. Morris Sheppard of Texas is "mowing Barkley down" by his activities as chairman of the campaign expenditures investigating committee.

The senate won't get sufficiently worked up over the report Sheppard is writing (with some special investigators still working) to refuse Barkley permission to retain his senate seat. But on the other hand no one thinks, from the set of Sheppard's jaw, that Barkley will look like presidential timber after Sheppard is finished with him.

Wallace alone of the real New Dealers remains unsmearred, if one eliminates those who simply lack political sex appeal, as for example Harold L. Ickes, Harry L. Hopkins, Robert H. Jackson. Wallace's weakness is the low price of farm staples after six years of operation. His alibi is, of course, that the Supreme court kicked out AAA and left him for two years minus a crop-control program.

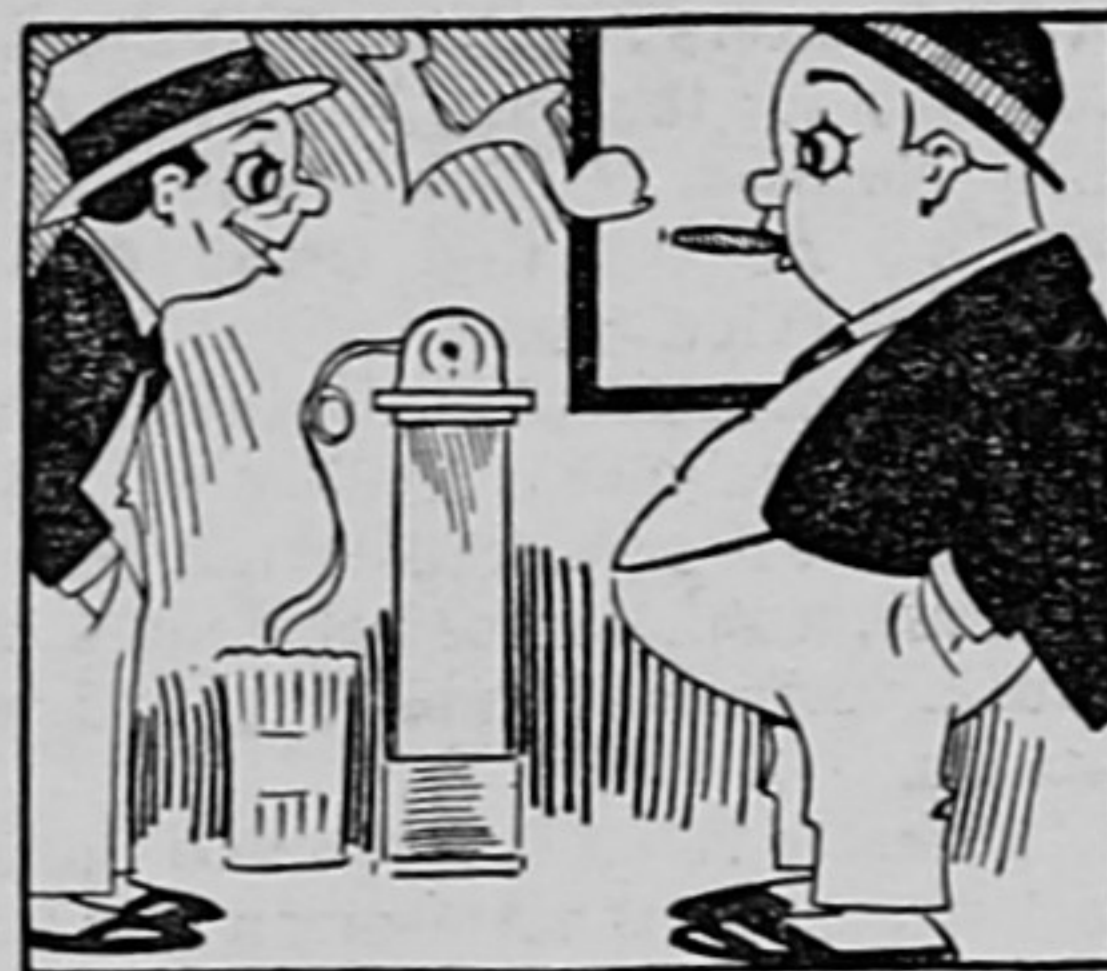
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

HAVING A LOOK



"Do you believe in love at first sight?"
"Depends on who you're looking at."

TICKER TALK



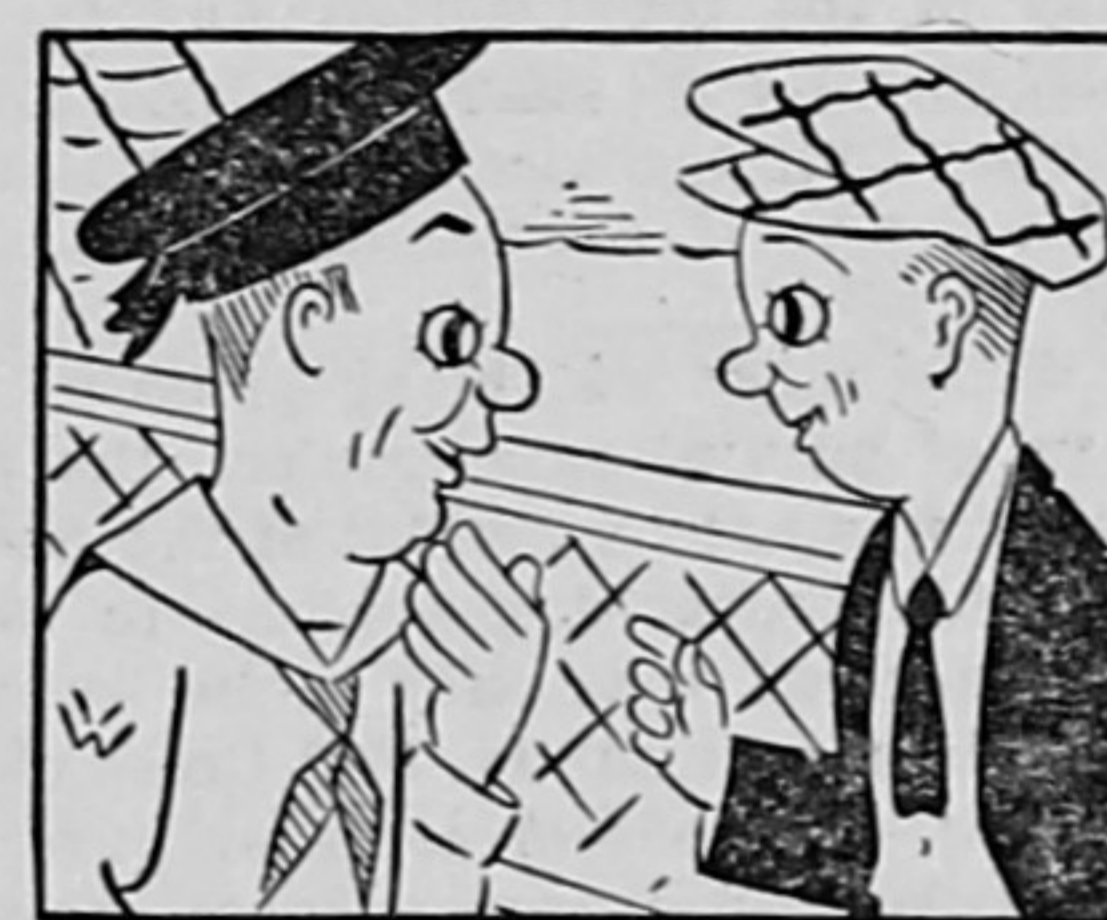
Thin Broker—Has your new diet reduced you much?
Fat Broker—Not very much, somewhere around eight points.

NEEDS SOME PROOF



Desk Sergeant—If you can't give bail I'll have to lock you up for the night.
Prisoner—All right, serg. Just give me a certificate to that effect. I'll have to have some evidence to show to my wife.

ANOTHER FISH STORY



Sailor—Yes, I've seen sardines in shoals.
Friend—Get out! Who ever saw sardines in anything but tins!

HIGH COST OF VACATIONS



Ruth—Does fall bring sad memories to you also?
Dick—I should say so. I spent all I earned in six months on my summer vacation.

OLD FRIENDS



"Jim, who do you think could have written me this anonymous letter calling me a liar?"
"I don't know, Bob! It musta been somebody who knows you real well."

IT'S AN ART



"You say she's lowering herself to go with Tom?"
"Yes; he doesn't like high heels and she's stopped wearing them."

PA KNOWS ALL



"Why does a hen cross the road, pa?"
"I suppose it is because she sees the traffic officer's signal, saying 'Go.'"

WHAT to EAT and WHY

Are Your Children Eating Clean Food? Asks C. Houston Goudiss—Points Out Hazards of Neglected Hand-Washing

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

"I DO feed my Johnny correctly," a young mother said to me not long ago. "I give him milk and eggs and vegetables and fruits. And still he has colds! Would you mind telling me just how you reconcile that with all this talk about our newer knowledge of nutrition—and how it helps children to have better health?"

"I don't know," I answered. "But I wonder if it would be convenient for me to meet Johnny?"

"Certainly," she replied. "He'll be home from school in a few moments. He usually stops at the school playground for an hour or two, to play dodge ball with the other boys."

A moment or two later Johnny appeared. And a more grimy little lad I had seldom seen, certainly not outside of a neighborhood such as we sometimes describe as underprivileged!

Johnny's hands were dirty. His face was dirty. His knees and legs were streaked with mud. There was a lollipop in his

mouth, though he quickly pulled it out when his mother made the introduction.

I could not refuse his hand when he put it forth in a gentlemanly gesture, though I noted that some of its visible soil, and doubtless some unseen germs, were transferred to my own hand during the greeting.

No sooner had we unclasped hands than a tremendous sneeze all but engulfed Johnny. And in spite of his almost adult manner at meeting a stranger, he had not learned to cover his nose and mouth during a sneeze. The lollipop was sprayed with moisture—and germs. Two seconds later, the child put the lollipop back in his mouth and continued sucking it!

And yet his mother could not understand why he had colds!

Contaminated Food

I have pointed out many times that in my opinion, a mother's foremost responsibility is to feed her children a diet that takes into account all the recent amazing discoveries of nutritional science. Only by so doing can she hope to give them a sturdy body with straight bones, strong responsive muscles, a good circulation and sound healthy nerves.

But the parent who permits her offspring to eat with unwashed hands and thus take countless germs into his body with every mouthful of food is scarcely giving that food a chance to build the kind of body and brain every mother desires for her child. On the contrary, she is risking the danger of grave illness. For the micro-organisms which cause 92 out of every 100 deaths from communicable diseases enter or leave the body through the mouth or nose.

Health Linked to Cleanliness

All of us have heard the expression: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," though to observe some of our school children eating their lunches, one might have reason to believe that both mothers and school boards have forgotten this old copy-book maxim! But it bears remembering, every day and all day. For the writer who said that soap and civilization go hand in hand was not far from the truth. Certainly, soap-and-water cleanliness and good health are inseparably linked, and habits of personal cleanliness are a vital factor in safeguarding children against infections and disease.

We often compare a correct diet to the bricks with which a well-constructed building is erected. But if food represents the bricks with which the edifice of health is built, surely cleanliness is the mortar!

Keeping Everlastingly at It

Most babies are kept clean by their mothers because mothers know that they cannot keep their babies well if they do not keep them clean. If the same careful policy were followed in later childhood, it is almost certain that there would be less illness among children.

Unfortunately, many mothers relax their vigilance the moment their child is ready for school. In some cases, they believe that the child has had sufficient training and can be relied upon; in other instances, they believe, or hope, that further training will be supplied by the school!

A Mother's Job

But the mere fact that a child is old enough to go to school does not make him less of a child.

Nor does it make his mother less of a teacher and guardian. On the contrary, it multiplies her responsibilities!

More than ever the child needs careful supervision of his health habits. For now he is in daily contact with countless other youngsters, from many types of homes. More chances to pick up germs! More chances to disseminate germs should he be permitted to go to school with the sniffles!

Mothers must increase, not decrease their vigilance. They must assume responsibility for the observance of all the habits that safeguard health. These include the daily bath; the daily change into clean clothing; the frequent washing of the hands, and always before eating; the twice-daily brushing of the teeth; regular elimination; regular hours for meals; and the necessary hours for outdoor play and for sleep.

What About the School?

Mothers must remember—and must emphasize to their children—that diseases may often be traced to unclean hands, and to

germs sprayed in the air by persons having coughs and colds. Teach your children to muffle every cough and sneeze in a handkerchief. And be sure they have a handkerchief handy for the purpose. Teach them to keep their fingers out of their mouths, likewise pencils and other objects. Teach them to wash the hands and face frequently.

If they are to carry out this last instruction, it is imperative that soap and towels be available in school washrooms, as well as at home. Investigate conditions at the school your child attends. If facilities are not adequate, do something about it. Either arouse other mothers to help rectify the omissions, or failing that—have your child carry soap and paper towels from home!

By teaching cleanliness to your children, by making it a regular part of their training, you will help to safeguard their health and the health of every other child with whom they come in contact in their daily lives.

Questions Answered

Mrs. C. M. L.—Yes, there is some advantage in eating whole oranges, as opposed to merely drinking the juice. Both orange and orange juice are rich in vitamin C. But the pulp possesses additional laxative values that are not obtained when only the juice is consumed.

Miss F. C. V.—Experiments by three distinguished investigators reveal that beef liver contains 20 times as much copper as beef-steak.
©—WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—36.

A Doggy Applique Quilt



Pattern 1846

Here's a chance for variety! Get out your scrap bag and just have fun applying this cute pup in the material as it comes to hand. He's just one big simple applique patch on a 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch block; the ribbon is put on in contrasting binding or embroidered on. He makes a fine pillow, too, with matching triangles added at the corners to form the pillow. Isn't that a thought for gift or fair? Pattern 1846 contains accurate pattern pieces; diagram of block; instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing; yardage chart; diagram of quilt.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Agassiz Spurned Money

Agassiz, the famous Harvard naturalist, when seized suddenly by some new scientific inquiry, would drop everything to work on it. One day, in the midst of such an inspiration, he was begged by a visitor from another city to come to them for a lecture, entreated, implored and finally offered twice the customary fee. But Agassiz only replied, "I cannot afford to waste my time in making money!"

Rheumatism

Just Do What You See In These Pictures To Relieve Pain Quickly



1. Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water the moment you feel either a rheumatic or neuritic pain coming on.



2. You should feel relief very quickly. If pain is unusually severe, repeat according to directions.

Just Be Sure To Use Genuine Bayer Aspirin

To relieve pain of rheumatism or neuritis quickly, try the Bayer Aspirin way—shown above.

People everywhere say results are remarkable. Yet Bayer Aspirin costs only about one cent a tablet, which makes the use of expensive "pain remedies" unnecessary.

If this way fails, see your doctor. He will find the cause and correct it. While there, ask him about taking Bayer Aspirin to relieve these pains. We believe he will tell you there is no more effective, more dependable way normal persons may use.

When you buy, make sure you get genuine BAYER Aspirin.

15c FOR 12 TABLETS 2 FULL DOZEN 25c



Smiles

She's Not the Same
Zoole—Today I met a girl who had never been kissed.
Kulper—I would like to meet her.
Zoole—You're too late now.

Dressed to Kill
Said the butler: "Beg pardon, sir, but there's a burglar downstairs."
"Very well, Perkinson," replied the correct squire. "Bring my gun and sports suit—the heather mixture."

Heard at the zoo: "Look, Daddy, that clever monkey is counting his fur."

Not His Line
A pretty girl was speeding through traffic. She soon found herself stopped by a policeman.
"Look here," growled the officer, "where's the fire?"
"What are you worrying about?" she countered. "You're no fireman!"

A bachelor is a man who has made up his mind that he can't make up his mind.

Bed Fellows
"What on earth happened to auntie last night, mother?" asked George.
"Before she arrived I told Mary to put a patch on the mattress where the mice had eaten a hole in it," said his mother.
"I suppose the silly duffer left the needle in it."
"No, she left the mice in."

Broadlands News

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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Big Mirror Tests

First optical tests of the new mirror for what will be the world's greatest telescope were made this month by scientists of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, and were reported to be satisfactory, although it will be some time before the massive instrument is completed.

The mirror is 200 inches in diameter, and the grinding of its large surface is a most tedious and delicate task, already in progress more than two years. It is expected that its surface, when finished, will be within one-millionth of an inch of absolute accuracy. The largest telescope mirror now in existence is on Mt. Wilson, Calif., and is 100 inches in diameter.

After much preliminary work, the new 200-inch mirror was poured at the Corning (N. Y.) Glass Works in 1934 at a temperature of about 1,800 degrees. When the pouring was finished the temperature was raised to 2,400 degrees for several hours, and then allowed to cool very gradually, the process requiring many months.

The mirror was shipped to California in 1936, since which time the grinding has been in progress. The monster piece of glass originally weighed more than 20 tons, but about five tons have been ground from its surface in shaping it for its intended use.

It may take another two years or more to mount the telescope and place it in operation. Astronomers throughout the world are eagerly awaiting its completion, and are speculating on the new wonders of the heavens it may disclose.

Subways for Chicago

With the approval of a grant of 18 million dollars by the Public Works Administration toward a project involving a total expenditure of nearly 40 million, it appears that Chicago will at last have a passenger subway system, thereby realizing a dream of more than 30 years.

The downtown area of Chicago presents what is perhaps the worst transportation problem in the world, the congestion during rush hours being almost intolerable, in spite of high efficiency in the use of facilities now available. These include surface and elevated street cars, bus lines and taxis.

According to present plans, the subway tubes will be tunneled about 35 feet under the street level. Passengers will descend 17 feet to the ticket window level by steps, then ride the remaining 18 feet to the track level on escalators. Principal lines will be on State and Dearborn streets, which traverse the chief business district north and south.

Obviously, the expenditure of 40 million dollars will mark only a beginning in the development of a subway system comprehensive enough to serve a city the size of Chicago. New York's subway lines now represent an expenditure of more than 500 million dollars since the first contract was let in 1900. The only other American cities with extensive subways are Philadelphia and Boston.

The subway is the most convenient and safe transportation

facility for congested areas, but construction costs are prohibitive except for the largest cities.

Indian Medicine

Old-time Indian medicine men were not all fakery, as most white people have been led to believe, according to Anton Hogstad, a leading chemist, who has studied the remedies used by aboriginal doctors. In fact, he declares modern practitioners are indebted to the Indians for much of their knowledge of native medicinal plants.

Primitive Indians were not so hardy and free from sickness as is commonly supposed. They suffered from colds, intestinal troubles, rheumatism and many other ailments due to exposure and improper diet. The medicine men were able to relieve many of these conditions through their knowledge of nature's remedies.

They used Seneca snakeroot for coughs, and it is still so used. Black snakeroot was given for rheumatism, ginseng for headaches, blue flag for stomach troubles, and corn smut was used as an aid to childbirth and to stop bleeding. Some of the medicine men knew how to produce artificial sleep, and Zuni doctors were even able to render patients unconscious while operations were being performed, by the use of a certain root. These are only a few of the native remedies which had a real value.

Mr. Hogstad believes that the Indian medicine man could have passed the examination of a modern pharmaceutical board if the questions were limited to the native medicinal plants of North America.

Pork and Higher Education

A couple of fat pigs or a good milk cow were accepted as one-third of room and board costs at McKendree College, Lebanon, in 1730. If the student could also bring a few sides of bacon, some pickled beef or pork, a barrel of flour, or a suitable amount of other produce, another third was deducted from his bill. This barter system was in common practice with other early Illinois colleges, according to research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA. Two-thirds of the cost of a person's education was as much as the schools could allow in the form of farm goods. The remaining third for room and board, and the tuition fee, which at McKendree amounted to eight dollars for a five months term, had to be paid in cash.

Haven for Lost Stock

Early settlers in Illinois had plenty of trouble in trying to keep cows and horses at home, for in pioneer times the whole state was open range country. Although strays frequently had notched ears—the common form of marking used by early Illinois farmers—it was sometimes difficult to find the owner of the mark, who might live a long way from the place where his roaming property was halted.

In 1827, residents of Wabash County facilitated the return of lost live stock by constructing a stray pen in the public square at Centerville, the county seat from 1825 to 1829. Strays were returned to this central point and the owner determined. At first it was sometimes necessary to advertise. Later, a register of live stock marks of all residents was kept by the County Clerk, who was thus able to notify the owner of the stock promptly.

Some society folks move in exclusive circles, and others in triangles.

We buy many things we can't afford for fear the neighbors will think we can't afford them.

An exchange reports this sign displayed by a hairdresser: We curl up and dye for you.

Sidelights

Miss Anna Cohen of Brooklyn did a little gang busting on her own account when three men tried to rob her. She poked one on the jaw, nearly bit a finger off another and kicked the third in the stomach. They all fled.

When police in New Orleans accused Ovell Bennett of robbery, he turned his empty pockets inside out and shook his head. But his jaws bulged suspiciously, so the cops pried his mouth open and found seven \$1 bills.

Following the recent campaign for disposing of second-hand automobiles, a leading manufacturer declared that retail distributors no longer have a used car problem. But the fellows who bought them have.

According to Dr. Howard Gray of the Mayo Clinic, who recently operated on James Roosevelt, stomach ulcers most frequently develop in active men who overwork. Worry is also a fruitful cause of digestive disorders, physicians say.

A California man found a new use for his radio, according to his wife's complaint. She declared that when he wanted to beat her he turned on the loud speaker so the neighbors could not hear her screams. A sympathetic judge granted her a divorce.

Flaming Fall Foliage

Autumn colored foliage of more than 4500 species of trees, shrubs, and vines delights thousands of visitors to roads and hiking trails of the Morton Arboretum, in DuPage County. Since its establishment in 1921, the arboretum, named for J. Sterling Morton, pioneer in the reforestation movement, Secretary of Agriculture under Cleveland, and founder of Arbor Day, has attracted many visitors in the Spring and Fall, say research workers of the Federal Writers' Project, WPA. Designed as an experimental station for scientific research in horticulture and agriculture, the arboretum now extends over nearly 750 acres of ground and contains nearly every variety of woody plant able to survive the Illinois climate. A reference library and museum are housed in the administrative building.

Hang The Lantern To Prevent A Fire

Shorter days are coming and chores will soon be done after dark. Each year barns are burned because of lanterns. The lanterns themselves are safe enough—it's the way we use them that causes the trouble, says C. M. Seagraves, director of safety for the Illinois Agricultural Association.

"These lighting devices should always be hung on a wire away from the wall, and should be placed so that nothing can tip them over or break them," says Seagraves.

"Now is the time to install the wires in convenient locations for a winter of safe lighting. Ten cents worth of wire might easily save a fine barn—a very worth while investment."

Time Tables C. & E. I.

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Harlan W. Six.

Disasters Strike 41 States During Year

Red Cross Aids 420,000 Persons Following Catastrophes

That the past year has not been an easy one for the American Red Cross is shown in a recent report listing disasters necessitating Red Cross relief throughout the United States during the past twelve months.

The report reveals that 129 domestic disasters called for Red Cross aid in 247 counties of 41 states, and that assistance was given to 420,000 persons who were disaster victims.

"That this has been a very active year is obvious when one compares this year's operations with the average of 92 disasters requiring Red Cross aid annually for the past 15 years," Chairman Norman H. Davis said in commenting on the Red Cross Disaster Relief Service report.

These catastrophes included cloud-bursts, cyclones, epidemics, fires, floods, forest fires, hailstorms, mine explosions, a school bus accident, a shipwreck, tornadoes, typhoons, and wind storms.

"Disaster relief was the first humanitarian work of the American Red Cross after its organization in 1881," Mr. Davis said. "In the ensuing 57 years the flag of the Red Cross has flown upon every scene of major disaster in the United States. The Red Cross has carried relief—food, clothing, shelter, medical aid, rehabilitation of homes and families—to more than 2,200 scenes of disaster at home and abroad, and has expended over \$140,000,000 contributed by the American public in this work of mercy."

The Red Cross policies of relief, the national chairman pointed out, have been established over a period of years through actual experience of its workers in the field. Relief is given on the basis of need of sufferers—not of losses. Loans, he pointed out, are never made, but relief is a gift from the Red Cross in the name of its members and contributors to its work.

"It would not be possible for the Red Cross to carry out such widespread relief activities without the help of thousands of volunteer workers," Mr. Davis said. "Volunteers are the mainstay of the organization, and in the past year's work assistance from many cooperating agencies has made it possible for us to answer the many calls for help."

While relief was being given to victims of natural catastrophes, the Red Cross was not unmindful of the necessity for preparedness plans to meet emergencies that may arise in any American community. Red Cross chapters in hundreds of counties, have organized disaster preparedness committees charged with responsibility to map relief plans in advance of need, and to organize resources of communities to prevent duplication of effort and waste of materials when calls for help are received.

These plans are proving especially advantageous in localities subject to frequent floods, tornadoes, or hurricanes, and actual tests of such planning have demonstrated the necessity for such measures.

"The administration of such relief for disaster victims is made possible by annual memberships of millions of Americans in all walks of life," Mr. Davis pointed out. "The extent of Red Cross aid to such sufferers is entirely dependent upon unselfish sharing on the part of all of us."

Two Prices for Corn This Fall

With the prospect of two prices paid for corn this fall, the open market price for those who failed to observe corn acreage allotments under the Agricultural Adjustment Act, and the loan price of around 70 per cent of parity for those who complied with allotments, there will be a much higher percentage of co-operators in the corn belt next year, given a similar program in 1939, predicts the Illinois Agricultural Association Record in its November issue just off the press.

"Thanks to at least 50 per cent of corn growers who cooperated in the '38 AAA program, the farm price of old corn, while not satisfactory, is still substantially higher than it would be without a program. Non-cooperators are benefiting thereby. Without such cooperation the price of 1937 corn would undoubtedly be closer to 25 to 30 cents a bushel," the Record says.

While the loan price on 1938 corn has not been definitely set, according to the Champaign County Farm Bureau, official news reports from Washington have indicated that the loan might be as high as 75 per cent of parity.

There are about 4,000,000 twins in the United States.

Alligators up to 20 inches in length, can be sent through the mail.

There were so many cats at a Chicago fire that firemen had to turn their hose on them before they could continue extinguishing the fire of a burning shanty containing fish.

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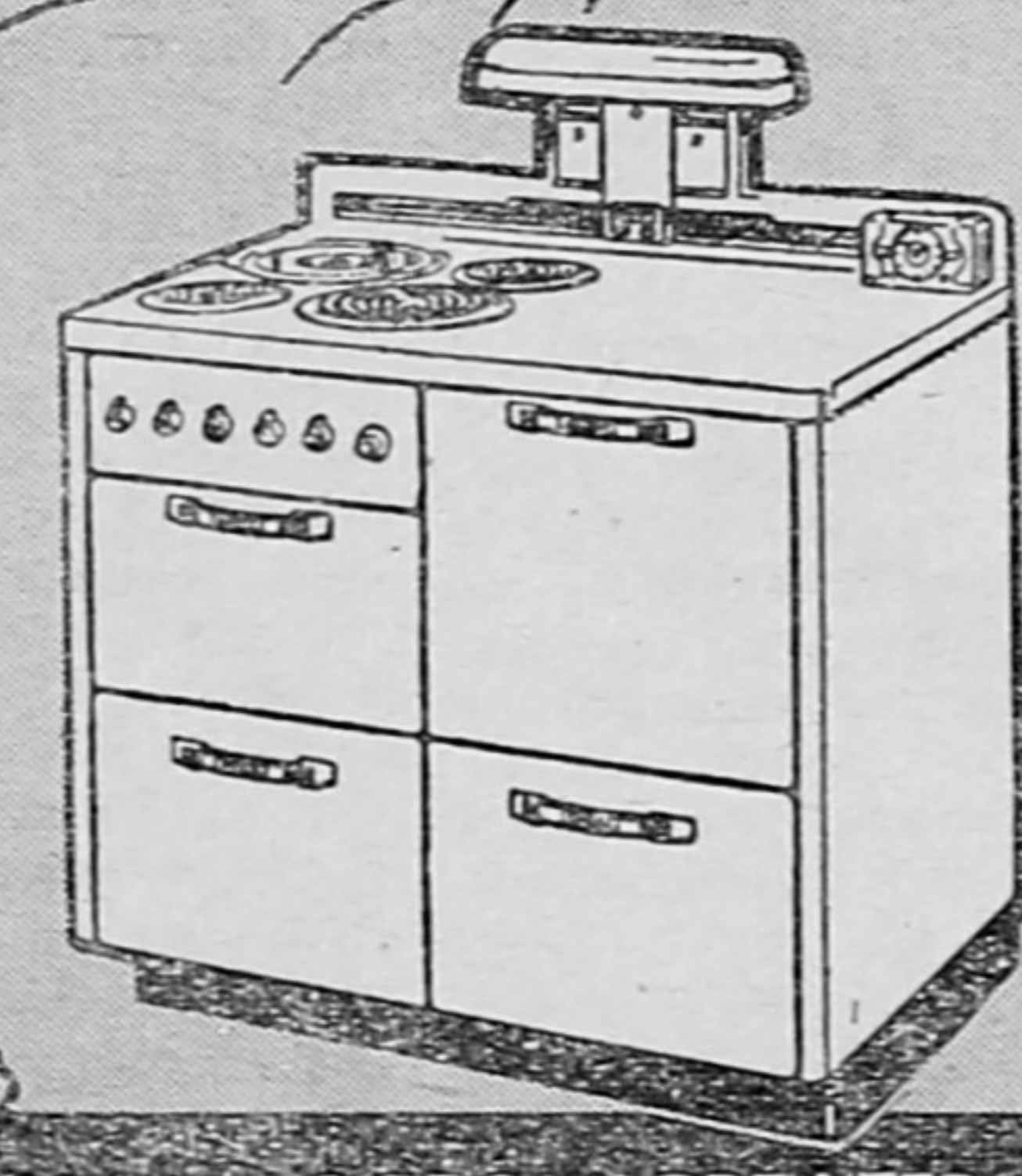
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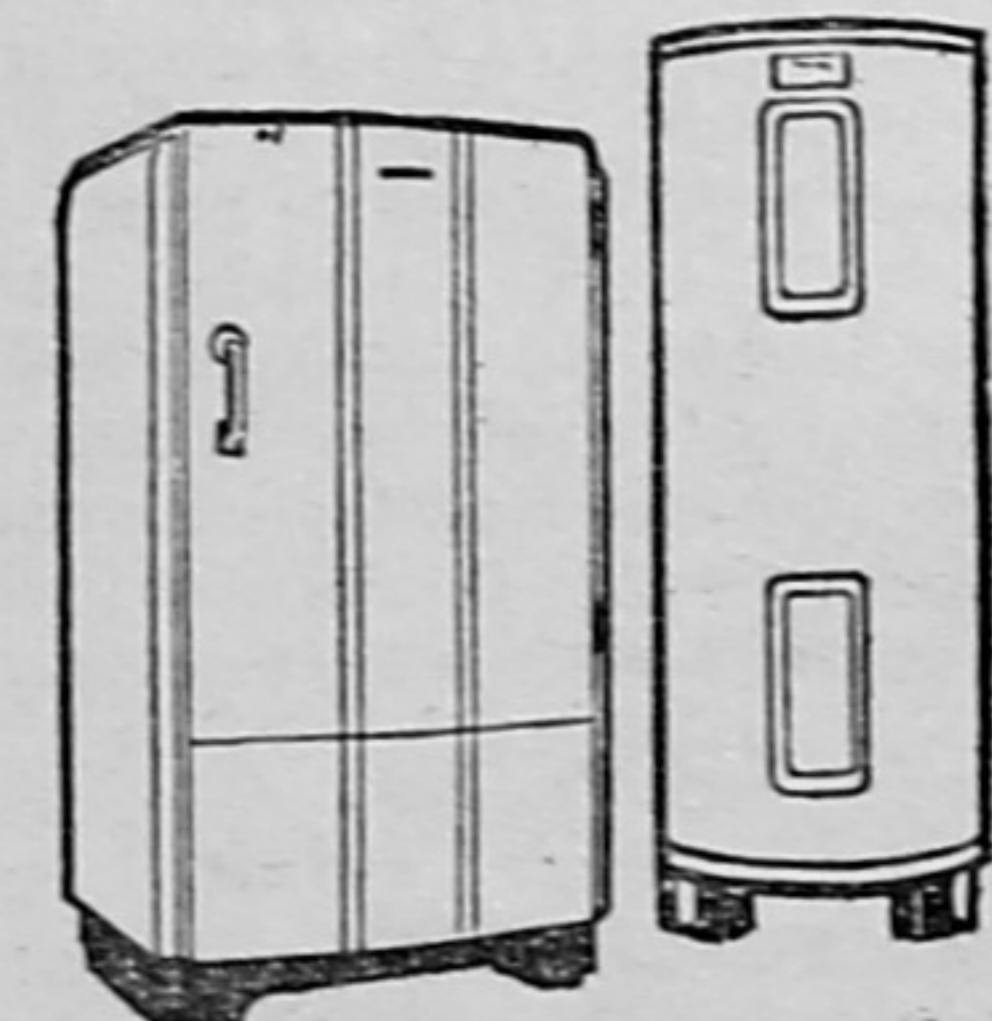
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Mud

By HAZEL R. LANGDALE
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THE Petitcodiac river, whose bottle-shaped mouth where it empties into the Bay of Fundy is responsible for the world famed Bore, is, at certain portions of its length, margined with steep banks of mud of such insidious, slimy slipperiness that to look at them has somewhat the same effect on the observer as the glistening eye of the snake on its bird victim.

It had that effect on Marcia Makepeace, who had come up from Boston to visit her grandparents. For 19 years—that is to say, since the day of her birth, Marcia's life had been bounded by Massachusetts bay and the Charles river. Of course, she had summured on the Cape and had motored through the White mountains. She had even spent a few weeks at Ogunquit. But none of these places, not even the Cape Cod creeks or the flats exposed on the Maine coast at ebb tide, could offer the mud of the Petitcodiac and its tributaries.

"Looks like primeval ooze, doesn't it?" asked Barry Robins, between

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

puffs at his disreputable old briar. Barry lived in one of the five white farm houses that made up the hamlet of Ste. Stephanie and Marcia had been warned against him by her grandparents.

"It certainly does!" agreed Marcia, amiably, but not for worlds would she have disclosed the horrid fascination those unbelievably smooth declivities had for her.

Barry had rather fallen in love with Marcia at sight and was trying to fall out again because it was evident on the face of it that he was a poor sort of fellow for a girl like her.

Three days after this conversation, Marcia, in hunting for a lost slipper in her trunk, came upon her bathing suit. She pulled it out and shook it. Then she went to the top of the narrow flight of stairs.

"Oh, grandmother! Is there any place where one could go swimming?"

After a moment, her grandmother's voice came back doubtfully, "Why, I don't know. There's a pool down at the bend that the boys used to use. Kind of shallow now, I suppose."

Barry saw her go by his gate and guessed her destination from a pair of gay red rubber bathing shoes protruding from her coat pocket. He started up, then sat back again and slowly refilled his pipe. For some time he sat smoking and thinking.

If only Marcia had been just an ordinary girl with no maternal relatives in Back Bay, no Radcliffe diploma, no Cambridge accent, he would have felt more like going to her and saying, "Darling, I'm a poor devil of a writer who threw up a job as reporter to go off by myself and write a book. I was born in Pawtucket and I don't know the Common from Copps Hill burying ground. But I love you and will work my fool head off to keep the wolf from the door!"

Grabbing his hat and apology for a proper walking stick—an old length of what had once been a gate rail—he set forth along the dusty gravel road that skirted the river.

At the turn of the road the pool made by the widening of the river became visible, but in its depths no bright head was visible.

Suddenly his face blanched.

"Help! Help!"

He broke into a run. Yes, the cry had come from Marcia. Half way down the bank at the spot where it was steepest she could be seen in a condition that to any but a lover might have been unrecognizable. Petitcodiac mud coated her from head to foot.

Barry could see where she had tumbled down by long slide marks. Halfway, she had sunk into the brown ooze and her struggles had only served to submerge her still more. Terrified, she had cried for help.

Gingerly, lest he make matters worse, by inviting a similar predicament for himself, Barry stepped to the edge, then down a foot or two, and extended his stick.

"Grab it!" he ordered. "Now hold it while I pull." The whole bank quivered and Barry went in halfway to his knees. Splashes of mud went over him. Then the smeared and trembling Marcia was hauled to safety beside him.

"Poor child!" he said, kindly.

"But how did it happen?"

"Marcia gulped. "I—I did it on purpose," she said sheepishly.

Barry just looked at her. Marcia Makepeace of Boston sliding down into primeval ooze for the fun of it! "Oh, my dear, my dear!" was all he could say for a moment. Then, taking her in his arms, mud and all, he enlarged upon that theme until Marcia had indeed promised to become his dear.

Inefficiency Expert

By ELIZABETH G. GRAY
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

"WORKING, Bill?"
"Just taking a little needed rest between jumps, Al."

"Like to sandwich in a little impersonation for a few weeks?" A discerning eye could see that the jumps had long since overreached their mark, for the pitiable signs of forced dieting were tracing needless, premature lines between Bill's handsome, dark eyes. Bill wasn't complaining. His chances were even at college and he had chosen the theater instead of business. He had already proven his ability, but the shows were not going too strong just now, and the managers were afraid to take a chance. Too much competition. Movies, you know.

Bill smiled. "Break it easy, Al. Murder or robbery?"
"Bill, I've always thought you missed your vocation. As an efficiency expert you'd make a fine actor. Here is your chance to try. Remember Uncle Eb? He came to visit me once at college, and you entertained him for me because I was . . . I forget the trouble. Well, as a sort of post mortem joke, he left me the pulp mills as my share of his fortune."

"The thing is this: Since I have been long-distance boss of said mills they have barely been paying expenses. They produced thousands annually for Uncle Eb, under the same regime."

"Dawn is cracking, Al. My new role is that of the little Dutch boy who discovered the hole in the dyke and put in his thumb to stop the leak."

"Bill, my relief is like sudden vision to a blind man. All you have to do is to pretend you are me, call someone's bluff, and collect a hundred a week as long as you want the job? O. K.?"

Out of the first hundred (in advance), Bill adopted an orphan sport model. He cugged into town Saturday with the prospect of a long, lonely Sunday ahead of him. Then he saw HER. She was so beautiful that she left Bill breathless for a moment. He approached her hurriedly, holding out a small, newly wrapped parcel and in his most perfect, irresistible, matinee-idol voice he said, "I beg your pardon, but is this yours?"

Very seriously she took the package. "If it isn't yours, perhaps it is mine. Thank you."

She was leaving him. "May I give you a lift somewhere?"

"Thank you, Napoleon, but your carriage awaits without—me." She stepped into a shining new white roadster and, without so much as a backward glance, was out of sight.

For a week Bill put all his time into the mills, trying to discover why such a busy place was not producing results. Everyone liked him. He liked everyone but the manager. Therefore he appointed the part of villain to him and watched him. This led to the discovery that very often the white roadster was waiting outside to drive this villain away of an afternoon. And from the rumble seat two golf bags nestled loosely together and nodded wisely to each other.

The day Bill decided that he was taking money from his friend under false pretenses he saw the car drive away from the mills with a single passenger. Racing to his own coughing steed, he cried gayly: "Do your stuff, T. B. This is just to say goodbye."

The car immediately stopped sputtering and gave chase to the sleek white beauty ahead. About four miles outside of town he saw the car parked by the roadside. Just ahead he saw another car wrapped around a telegraph pole. She was on her knees before the battered form of the manager of the mills.

"Got a flask?" she wanted to know. "No, you wouldn't! Well, go find a doctor. No, wait. See what you can do for him. I'll go." Instantly she was out of sight.

"I'm in love," sighed Bill, gazing after the departing car.

The form on the ground moved and spoke. "Josephine!"

"That's fine; you're doing fine," he told the man, while his heart sang. Her name was Josephine and she had called him Napoleon. Suppose it was love at first sight with her, too? The injured man was speaking again. "Josephine. I stole the money from the mills because I wanted enough to marry you. We must go away quickly now, because I think he suspects. Where are you, dear?"

"I am here, dear. Where is all the money now?" asked Bill, softly.

"In the bank in New York. Safe—safe. We must hurry."

Bill sent a telegram to Al later that day, which read: "Got my finger in the hole in the dyke, and all's O. K. Can't leave just yet. There is a woman in the case."

The answer came immediately. "Fine. All ends as I expected. Sis says if you don't propose soon she is going to. Better keep that manager's job as she likes living in the country. Good luck—Al."

Interesting Notes

In Johnson City, N. Y., it is illegal to stop in the middle of the sidewalk.

Days and nights of March 21 and September 22 are of equal length in all parts of the world.

The city water truck at Anderson, S. C., loaded with 300 gallons of water, caught fire and burned.

In the town of Chepigna, Panama, the principal houses and sidewalks are made of mahogany.

Marvin Smith, Dayton, Tenn., had more than 100 skin-grafting operations on his right leg in three years.

Keoki Kepoo earns a livelihood on Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, by painting, polishing and shining the toenails of women bathers.

A huge roadside boulder at Ardin, Scotland, was split in half by a tree which grew through it.

Max Drogal of Dresden caught Heinrich Gerin eloping with his daughter and kept him prisoner in a large ice-box for two days.

Mme. Josephine Courtrelles of Lyons, France, a wealthy 80-year old widow, has married her 40-year-old coachman.

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An ordinance in a New Hampshire town states that when two automobiles meet at an intersection, each must wait for the other to pass.

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CRUCIBLE

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By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS

Barbara Sentry, seeking to sober up her escort, Johnnie Boyd, on the way home from a party, slaps him, and attracts the attention of a policeman, whom the boy knocks down. As he arrests him, Professor Brace of Harvard comes to the rescue and drives Barbara home. On the way they see Barbara's father driving from the direction of his office at 12:45, but when he gets home he tells his wife it is 11:15 and that he's been playing bridge at the club. Next day Sentry reports his office has been robbed and a Miss Wines, former temporary employee, killed. The evening papers luridly confirm the story, and Sentry takes it hard. Mary, elder daughter, in love with Neil Ray, young interne at the hospital where she works, goes off to dinner at Gus Loran's, Sentry's partner, with Mrs. Loran's brother, Jimmy Endle. Mr. and Mrs. Sentry call on old Mrs. Sentry, and Barbara, alone, receives Dan Fisher, reporter, who advises her not to talk. Phil Sentry, son at Yale, is disturbed at the possible implications and suspicion of Miss Wines' absence from her rooms for three days during August. He goes home to help. Sentry is arrested and looked for murder. Dan Fisher explains the evidence against him—that the robbery was a fake, the safe opened by one who knew the combination, changed since Miss Wines' employment there—that a back door key, a duplicate of Sentry's, was found in the girl's purse, and that Sentry, too, had been away those three days in August. Brace calls, and backs up Barbara in her denial that Sentry could have done it, because of the discrepancy of time between the slaying and their seeing Sentry on the road.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Arthur was always losing keys," Mrs. Sentry assented, and realized with a faint shock of terror that she had spoken of her husband in the past tense, and then, with a deeper tremor, that Hare seemed not to have noticed, as though it were natural for her to speak of him so.

She said hurriedly: "I hear the girls coming downstairs. Let's not talk about details, Dean!" Her eyes met his for a moment, held his; and his after a moment were lowered, as though some word had passed between them.

Phil argued, "But just the same—" Then he stopped as Barbara and Mary appeared in the doorway.

"Morning, children," Mrs. Sentry said lightly. "Sleepy-heads!"

Barbara saw Dean Hare; she cried: "Oh, have you seen father, Mr. Hare? When will they let him come home?"

"I'm afraid not right away, Barbara," he confessed. "You know, these things take time."

"But they know he didn't do it!" Barbara insisted.

"Well, of course we know—" "They know it, too!" the girl urged. "I told Mr. Flood—"

Mrs. Sentry spoke quickly, almost desperately. She knew what Barbara was about to say; that Mr. Sentry had come home on the night of the murder at a quarter of one. But if Barbara said that, Dean Hare would know Arthur had lied to him. She fought instinctively to protect Arthur from that discovery.

"Sit down, Barbara, Mary," she said. "After all, there's breakfast to be eaten, our routine to go on."

Barbara insisted: "But mother, I—" "Barbara!"

Barbara sat down, puzzled by her mother's manner; and Mrs. Sentry thought, amazed at herself: I'm like an ostrich, hiding my head in the sand, trying to pretend, to blind myself— She said: "We've got to keep our heads, our sense of proportion. We must go on eating, for instance!"

Mary said in a low tone: "Must we? Pretend nothing has happened? We won't fool anyone but ourselves."

Mrs. Sentry ignored her. She asked the lawyer, in polite and empty tones, as one makes conversation with a strange dinner partner, "How's Olive, Dean?" Olive was Mrs. Hare.

"She wants to come over this afternoon—if you'd like."

"Of course!"

Mary said grimly: "I'm surprised she's willing to. I expect most people—"

Barbara cried, furiously: "Mary! You talk as though you thought father really did it!" And she said: "We must all go see him, right away! We'll all go together."

Mary said, "I want to see Neil!" She added, "This—he and I must decide what to do."

The doorbell rang, and Oscar went to answer it, and Phil followed him into the hall. Mrs. Sentry suggested: "Ask Neil to dinner, if you—like, Mary. Or to tea?"

Mary hesitated, nodded; then Linda Dane came in with Phil. "Mother said it was too early for me to come," she confessed quietly. "She's coming a little later, Mrs. Sentry. But I didn't want to wait. I knew you'd be up."

"There's nothing to see!" Mary told her coldly. "We're not a side-show!"

Mrs. Sentry protested, "Mary!"

But Linda said: "It's all right, Mrs. Sentry. I know how you all must feel; but—I didn't come to be curious, Mary. Please don't feel I'm prying. We've always—at least, Barbara and Phil and I have always been such good friends."

Barbara said, "Darling!" And Phil said, "Good kid, Lin!"

Dean Hare rose to go, and he nodded to Phil so that the boy went with him to the car.

"Phil," he suggested then, "don't let your sisters or your mother go to see your father yet. Not today. I shouldn't even go myself, if I were you. In a day or two, yes; but just now he's terribly shocked. It would distress any of you to see him; and I think it would be harder for him to know—keep his self control."

"Gosh! I suppose so," Phil agreed, shakily. He urged, "I want him to know we're—with him, though!"

"I'll tell him," the attorney promised.

But then Mrs. Sentry came to the open door. "Oh, Dean," she called, "will you arrange for me to see Arthur, let me know when I'm to come?"

Hare looked to Phil for support; but Phil said, "I know it will do him good to see mother, Mr. Hare." And the lawyer surrendered.

"Very well," he agreed. "If you—"

Oscar came to summon Mrs. Sentry to the telephone. "Mr. Loran calling," he explained. She departed, and Hare said doubtfully:

"I still think it's a mistake, Phil, for her to go. Mr. Loran came

last night while I was there. He was just back from New York. Your father almost broke down, just talking to him. Mr. Loran was sympathetic, of course, and loyal, and indignant at the police; but—it does no good to take that attitude. The police aren't to blame." He hesitated, said then, "We have to face the fact that there's a lot of circumstantial evidence against your father."

Phil said explosively, "You know darned well my father wouldn't kill anyone!"

"It's not a question of knowing. It's a question of proving."

Then he turned, for a police car came up the drive. Reporters on duty like guards at the entrance trotted after it; and Dan Fisher was among them. The police car stopped behind Dean Hare's; but Dan came along to where Phil and the lawyer stood, and he said in a low tone:

"Sentry, if you and Mr. Hare are interested, Flood waited outside last night till Professor Brace came out, questioned him."

Phil nodded, only half hearing, staring at the police car, from which officers alighted. Fisher asked softly, "Who was the young lady who came in a few minutes ago?"

"One of my sister's friends."

"What's her name?"

Phil hesitated, but Dean Hare said, "Phil, the best rule with reporters is, if they're going to find out anyway, tell them."

Phil nodded ruefully. "I suppose so. She's Linda Dane."

Fisher said, "Oh! I know her brother, Joe." Someone else demanded, "Not engaged to her, are you?" Phil shook his head, coloring with anger, and Inspector Irons alighted from the police car and said to the reporters:

"All right, boys, outside. Give these folks a break. I'll see that you get anything that you ought to have."

They obeyed him, moved away, and Dean Hare asked: "Anything new, Inspector?"

"I want to have a look around inside," the Inspector explained. "If that's all right?"

"Of course."

"And I might ask some questions. I suppose you'll want to be in on that." He added, as though apologizing for his own forbearance, "It's not the way I usually handle things, but the D. A. says to keep you in touch as we go along."

The lawyer nodded. "Thanks."

He said: "Mrs. Sentry wants to see Mr. Sentry this morning. I'll be with her. Could you hold off on the questions till this afternoon?"

Irons reflected: "Well, the Grand Jury's sitting, and the D. A.'s idea was to give them the evidence we've got, tomorrow." He looked at Hare. "I understand you and Mr. Flood agreed not to arraign him before?"

"Yes."

Irons looked at Phil apologetically. "It was hunch, as much as anything, when I booked him," he confessed. "But the D. A. got some stuff last night, and—I'll want to have all the dope I can get, for the Grand Jury."

"Of course," the lawyer agreed. "But this afternoon will do, to—ask your questions. Suppose I meet you here at two."

Phil, listening, felt himself shiver; his teeth pressed hard together to keep them quiet. There was something in their tones deeply terrifying. He was almost relieved when Dean Hare drove away, and he himself was left with Inspector Irons.

When Hare departed, the other men who had come in the police car approached, and Irons introduced them to Phil, Inspector Hays, Sergeant Kane, Officer Regan.

And the Inspector suggested then,

ters looking to him for strength, Phil himself was stronger. His grandmother had come downstairs; they were all in the living-room. Phil explained what the Inspector wished to do, suggested they stay where they were. Inspector Hays and Sergeant Kane went toward the kitchen. Regan had remained outside. Inspector Irons and Phil went upstairs.

Phil suggested, "If there's anything special you're looking for, I might help you."

Irons hesitated. "I don't want to put anything over on you," he said gently. "I told Mr. Hare I wouldn't ask you any questions unless he was here."

Phil colored. "We've nothing to hide!" he protested.

"Sure, I know," the Inspector agreed. "But I'll just look around. I want to see everything. Whose room is this?"

"Mine," said Phil. The Inspector nodded; he opened the drawers of the chiffonier, the desk, the closet, the recess under the window seat where Phil kept rods and fishing gear.

Phil, looking over the other's shoulder, saw something there; a japanned metal box with a combination lock. And the cover of the box had somehow been forced open! His thoughts went racing . . . In the summer after his Freshman year, at a dude ranch in New Mexico, one of the cowboys had given him an old single-action .45 revolver, with cartridge belt and holster; had told him that the weapon had been taken off the body of a man killed in a gun battle, years before. Phil brought it home; but because Mrs. Sentry was afraid of firearms, he never showed it to his mother or his sisters, kept it here in this locked box. Only, he had showed it to his father. His father had known it was here . . .

Irons picked up the box, now empty, and he held it to his face and sniffed at it. The old holster had been heavy with grease and oil. Phil remembered the rich smell. He heard himself now, saying hurriedly: "That's my old tackle box. Used to keep a couple of reels in it, in leather cases." The Inspector did not turn. "I forgot the combination, had to break it open with a—" He tried to think what tool his father might have used. "With a chisel," he said, and repeated: "Couple of reels, and some bass plugs—"

"Must have been hard on the chisel," the Inspector commented, and turned, the box in his hands, and looked at Phil. Phil saw sympathy and understanding in the older man's eyes, and was sick with fear. Then Sergeant Kane said from the doorway, in an intent tone: "Hays wants you, Inspector. Down cellar."

Irons nodded. "Right," he said. With the broken box under his arm, he followed Kane.

Phil followed them. Irons once looked back, as though to bid him stay behind; but he did not speak.

In the cellar, Inspector Hays stood by the furnace. The furnace door was open. The fall had been warm, these last few days unseasonably so; and there had been here no recent fire.

Irons went toward the other Inspector. Hays said quietly, "See if you see what I see."

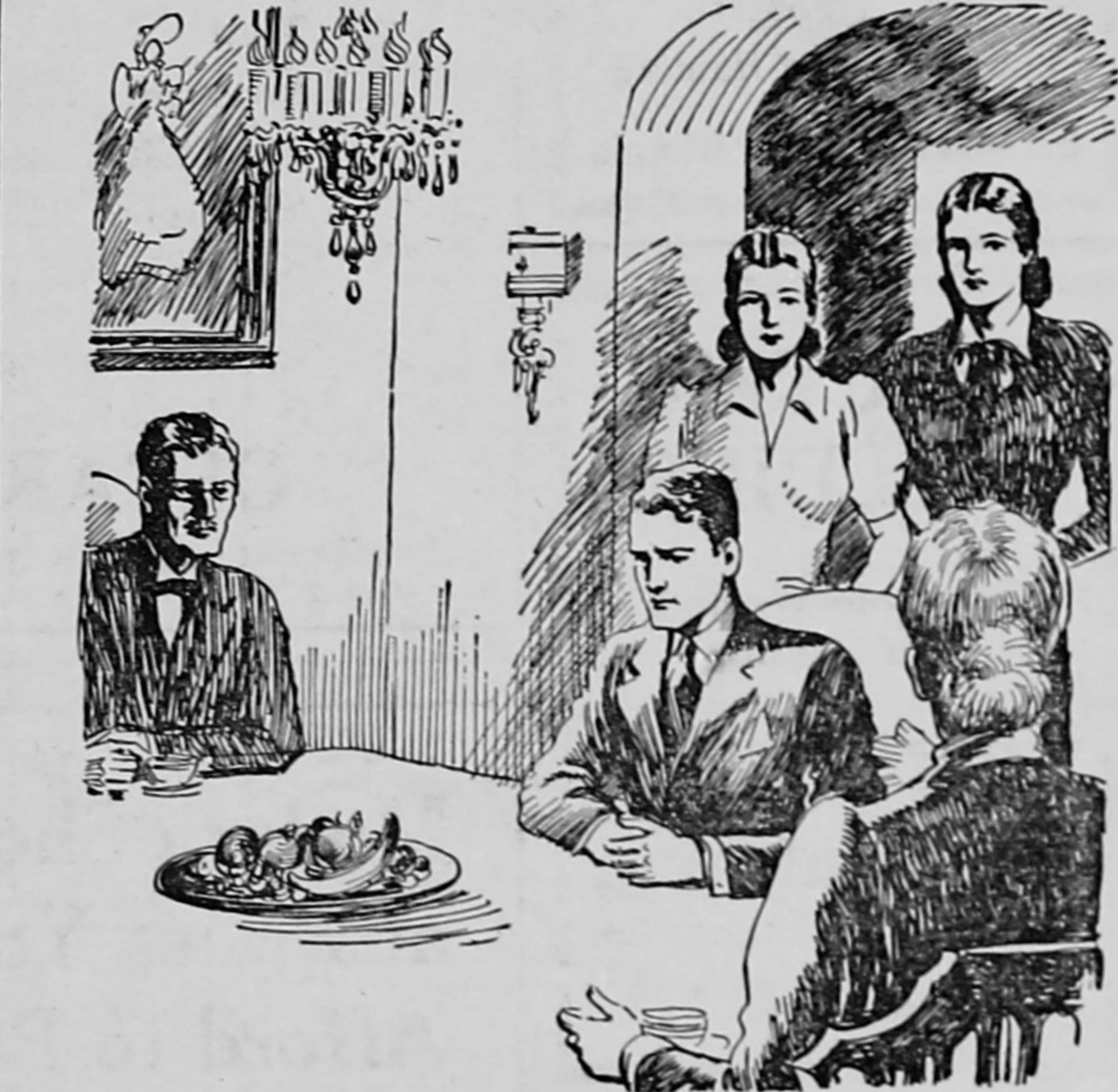
He turned a flashlight's beam into the fire box of the furnace. Irons stooped to look in. After a moment he stood up.

"Close the door easy," he said crisply then. "Close the draughts. Any air might make the ashes crumble or muss them up. I'll get Peters and Knobbe right out here. They can handle it."

Phil touched his arm. "What is it, Inspector?" he asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Morning, Children," Mrs. Sentry Said Lightly.



last night while I was there. He was just back from New York. Your father almost broke down, just talking to him. Mr. Loran was sympathetic, of course, and loyal, and indignant at the police; but—it does no good to take that attitude. The police aren't to blame." He hesitated, said then, "We have to face the fact that there's a lot of circumstantial evidence against your father."

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Captive Balloons Are to Help Defend English Cities Against Air Raiders

In a recent lecture, Air Commodore J. G. Hearson partly lifted the veil of secrecy surrounding the balloon barrage scheme, in which a large number of captive balloons will add to the protection of cities against air raiders, says the Illustrated London News.

Each balloon is handled by a lorry-winch with a crew of ten. Toward the end of the World war "balloon aprons" were used in the defense of London. They were formed by tethering four or five balloons in a line and stretching a network of wires between them.

The balloon barrage of today is not in the form of "aprons," but consists merely of the cables by which the balloons are held captive. At first sight, such a defense may appear rather diaphanous; but, if simple calculations are made, it will be found to be far more effective than many might imagine.

Assuming that the span of the wings of a bomber is 70 feet, and that that bomber passes through a line of balloons tethered at 100-yard intervals, there is about one chance in four of the aircraft hitting a cable

and one chance in two if it makes an "in-and-out" passage, a formidable risk which no attacker could afford to continue taking if the cables are lethal; that is, capable of destroying any airplane coming in contact with them.

The cables are so thin that they cannot be seen from a traveling airplane, even by day and in fine weather.

The role of a balloon barrage is to deny passage to aircraft below the barrage height over the defended area; thus driving the attackers to an altitude at which they can be dealt with by anti-aircraft fire and interceptor fighters.

Best Words to Indicate Letters

In spelling a word over the telephone Reader's Digest gives the following list of words as the best to use to indicate the various letters: A as in Alice, B as in Bertha, C as in Charles and so on through David, Edward, Frank, George, Harry, Ida, James, Kate, Louis, Mary, Nellie, Oliver, Peter, Quaker, Robert, Samuel, Thomas, Utah, Victor, William, X-ray, Young and Zebra.

IMPROVED
UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
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Lesson for November 13

THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN LIFE

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:13; Matthew 5:21-26, 38-42.
GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt not kill.—Exodus 20:13. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer.—1 John 3:15.

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The sanctity of human life finds its foundation in the fact that God created man in His own likeness and image. Because that is true no man has any right to take the life of another for any cause except at the direct command of God. Only by the orderly process of law for the protection of society and in accordance with the Word of God may there be any such action by man toward man. Both of these truths are declared in Scripture in God's covenant with Noah (Gen. 9:5, 6), which was made possibly a thousand years before the Ten Commandments were given to Moses.

Life is held rather cheaply in our day. Nations count their boys and girls as only so much "war material." Life is destroyed on the highway, in the shop, or in the home. Let us declare again the solemn command of God, "Thou shalt not kill."

I. The Prohibition of Murder (Exod. 20:13).

The word "kill" in this commandment is one which means a violent and unauthorized taking of life, and is therefore more properly translated "murder." Not all killing is murder. A man may kill another entirely accidentally, or he may be the duly constituted legal officer carrying out the law of the land in taking the life of one who has forfeited his right to live because he has slain another. There is also the right of self-defense, but individual or collective. But these are the only exceptions; let us not attempt to justify any other.

Murder is too prevalent in our and. In 1936 there were 13,242 outright killings—a murder every 40 minutes. The head of the United States secret service estimates that here are 200,000 persons at large in our land who "have murder in their hearts and who will take human life before they die." Also in 1936 there were 37,800 deaths in automobile accidents. Some of these were by unavoidable accidents, but many were really murder because he one responsible drove with defective brakes, dangerous tires, or while he was intoxicated. Add to these the deaths in industry caused by failure to provide proper safeguards or healthy working conditions, and by the exploitation of child labor, and we say again, that we should cry aloud, "Thou shalt do no murder."

II. The Cause of Murder (Matt. 5:21, 22).

The Sermon on the Mount, from which the rest of our lesson is taken, while it "describes the character of the citizens of the earthly kingdom which the Messiah came to set up" and "assumes a class of people already saved, regenerated, and in fellowship with their King" (James M. Gray), does provide fundamental principles for the guidance of the Christian.

In this matter of murder, Jesus cuts right through the outward aspects of the matter and points out that an angry hatred in the heart is the root of all murder. If you hate, we have murder in our hearts. Circumstances may hinder its fulfillment, but the danger is always there until we remove the cause. Just being angry—calling our brother "Raca" (the modern equivalent of which is "nobody there"), and calling him "thou fool," which classifies him as "morally worthless"—these are the three dreadful downward steps to murder. And they begin in anger. May God help those of us who have strong feelings that we may not yield them to the devil in such anger against our brother!

III. The Prevention of Murder (Matt. 5:23-26, 38-42).

Prevention with God means more than putting up a barrier to keep us from killing. He deals with the heart, and thus puts the whole life right. It is not even a question of how we may feel against our brother. If he has aught against us we are to do all we can to win him. He may be unreasonable, grasping, and unfair. However, the spirit that will win him is not that of retaliation or sullen submission to the inevitable, but rather a free and willing going even beyond what is required.

The full interpretation of this passage is not possible in our limited space. It is clear from other scriptures that it does not mean that wicked and unscrupulous men are to be permitted to defraud and destroy God's people. At the same time, we must not explain away the heart of our Lord's interpretation of this great commandment. Let us seek His grace that we may, like Him, silence by our loving deeds and words even the bitter gainsayers of the gospel.

AROUND THE HOUSE

Care of Book.—Never bend a book backward to keep it open. That weakens the back strap so that the leaves will fall out. Use a book mark or put a small weight on one corner of the book to keep it open.

Mending the Wringer.—If a crack appears in the rubber roller of your wringer, bind the cracked part tightly with adhesive tape. It stops the crack from spreading and it does not come off.

Broken Glass.—Use a wet cloth or dampened absorbent cotton to pick up broken glass. Even the tiniest bits will adhere to it. For safety, discard cloth and all.

To Clean Chromium.—Chromium plated household fittings should be kept clean by frequent dusting with a soft cloth. If dirty, wipe with a cloth wrung out in warm water and then dry thoroughly with a soft duster. Or try wiping with a rag moistened with paraffin.

On Heat Appliances.—Lamp sockets and cords waste electricity and deteriorate rapidly when used with heat appliances. If the cord on the toaster or electric iron gives out, a new cord suited to that piece of equipment will save current and possibly a serious accident.

Repelling Mice.—The smell of peppermint is most obnoxious to mice. A little oil of peppermint placed about their haunts will soon make them look for other quarters.

Renewing Leather.—Since the natural oils in leather slowly dry out and may cause it to crack and look parched, leather coverings on furniture should be treated occasionally to a slight dose of oil—neat's foot is excellent and inexpensive for this purpose. Be sure that it is well rubbed into the pores of the leather, and then polish the surface with a clean cloth.

Vinegar Cures Rust.—Don't waste time trying to clean rusty articles with emery paper! Place them in a jar of ordinary vinegar, leave for a couple of days, and you will find that they are quite free from rust.

TRUE!

Like lemons, Luden's contain a factor that helps contribute to your alkaline reserve. I prefer Luden's.

EDNA RIGGS, Lecturer, Los Angeles

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MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

Source of Progress
And from the discontent of man the world's best progress springs.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LOST YOUR PEP?

Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Stagnant Bowels

Nature's Remedy
If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. No mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spots, tired feeling, was associated with constipation.

Without Risk
Get a box of NR from your druggist. Try it. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get NR Tablets today.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

ALWAYS CARRY
DR. THOMAS' EMERALD TABLETS

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

Good Thoughts Live
Good thoughts, even if they are forgotten, do not perish.—Publius Syrus.

2-DROP COLD RELIEF

Put 2 drops of Penetro Nose Drops in each nostril to relieve congestion, secretion in head colds. Every breath—you feel relief.

PENETRO NOSE DROPS

WNU-A 45-38

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waster

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOANS PILLS

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

BIG TOP

"Silk" Fowler, ringmaster, seeks revenge for the elephant's attack on him, and gives a dastardly order.

By ED WHEELAN



LALA PALOOZA

Alone in a House Full of People

By RUBE GOLDBERG



SMATTER POP— Temptation? Huh, They Gotta System in Pop's House

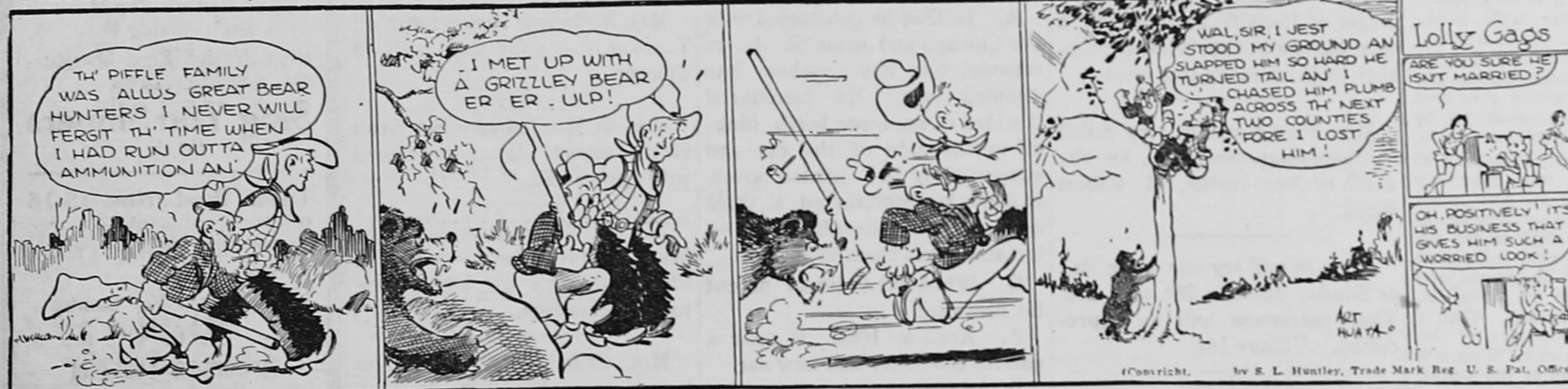
By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

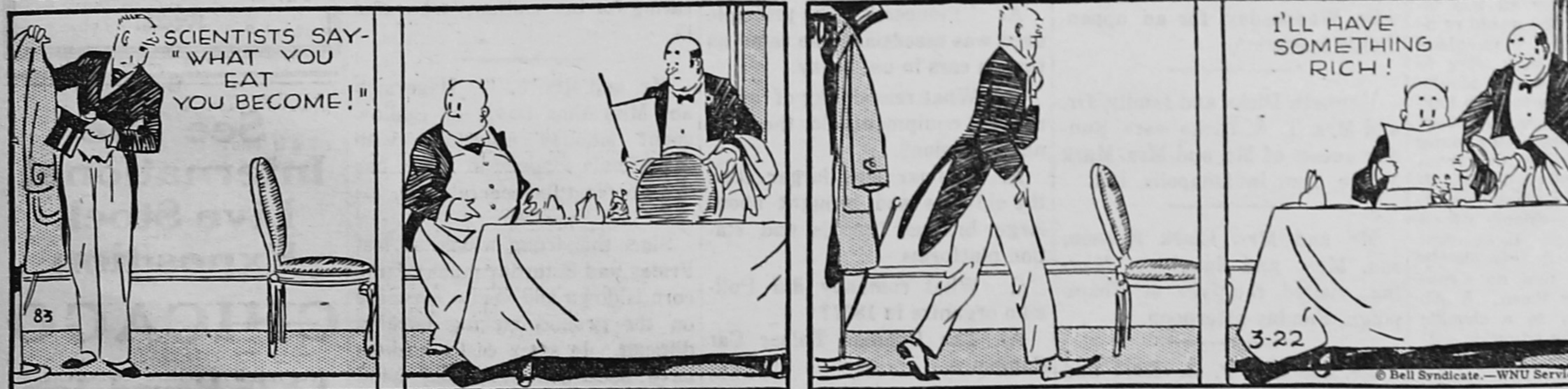
By S. L. HUNTLEY

How Time Does Change



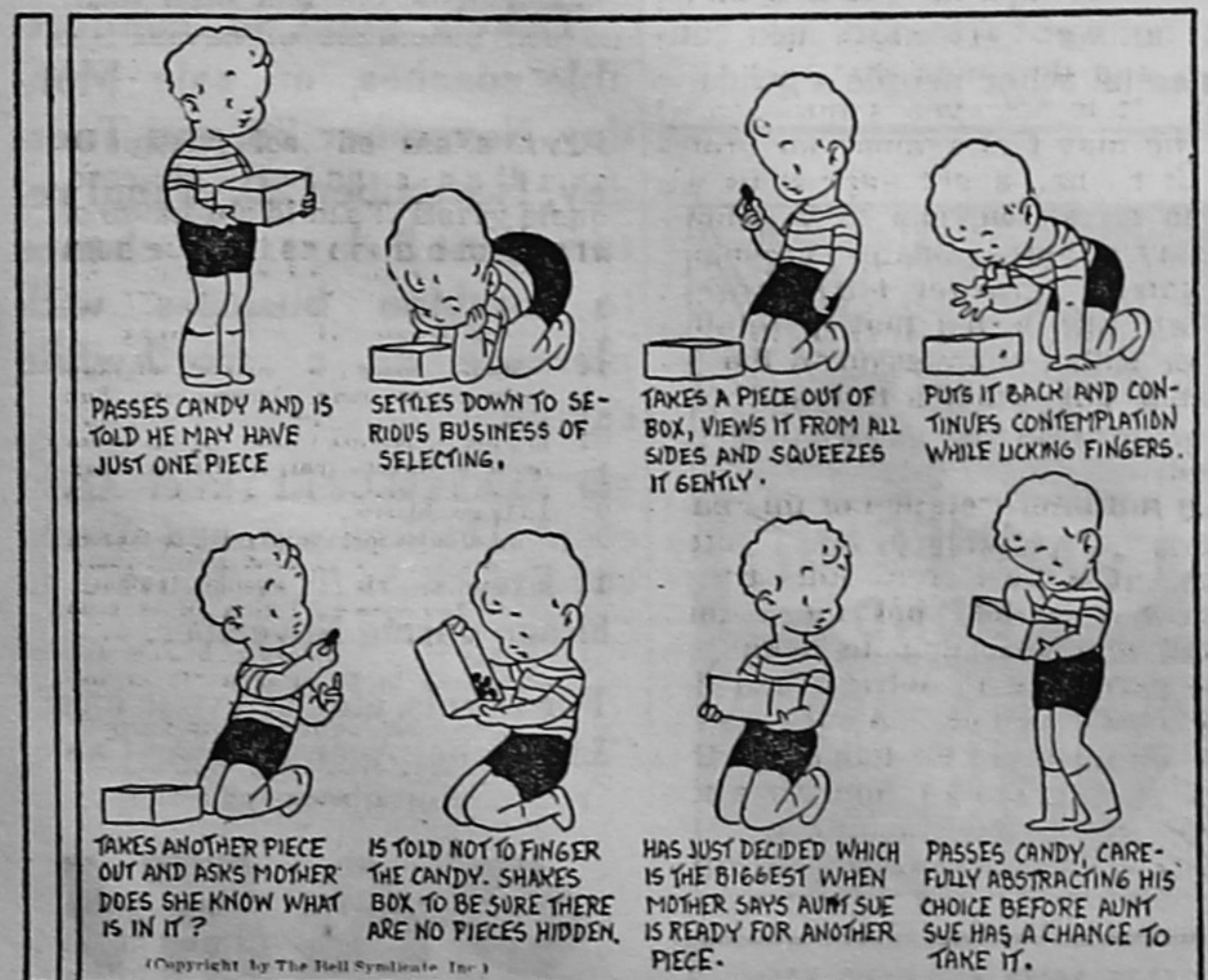
POP— Dieting

By J. MILLAR WATT



SELECTION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WOULD TRY IT NEXT TIME

"Willie," said the Sunday School teacher, "you shouldn't talk like that to your playmate. It's no use losing your temper. Have you tried heaping coals of fire on his head?"
"No, miss, I haven't," replied Willie; "but it's a jolly good idea."

Very Neat

Rodney—I thought I saw some soup on the bill of fare.
Waiter—There was some, but I wiped it off.—Baltimore Sun.

No Sale

Hitch Hiker—Hi, mister! I'm going your way.
Mr. White—Yes, but I'll get there first.

PRECAUTION

A Scotsman was stripping wallpaper from the walls of his house when a friend called to see him.

"Well, Sandy," said the visitor, "are ye goin' to have new paper?"
"Na, na," replied Sandy, "Ah'm just movin' to another house."—Annapolis Log.

Fashions for Daytime That Are Flattering

EACH of these good-looking new designs is just as comfortable and practical as it is becoming, and each is accompanied by a detailed sew chart that assures you no difficulty at all in the making.

Dirndl-Style Jumper.

High neckline, to cover up her collar bones, with a little round collar to soften. High-puffed sleeves and very full skirt to fill her out. Shirred waistline, to make her look soft and small through the middle. Those are the details making this one of the most becoming dresses a girl of the fast-growing years can possi-



bly wear. Make the jumper of flannel, jersey or wool plaid, for every day, with linen, batiste or flat crepe blouse. Repeat it, for parties, of velveteen, with organdy or chiffon blouse.

Large Woman's House Dress.

Plenty of leeway for reaching up, down and under, is promised you by the ample armholes, slight blouse above the belt, and easy waistline of this practical home dress. And it looks very trim and tailored, because the long lines, the darts around the middle, scalloped closing and narrow collar are just as slenderizing as they can be. You will enjoy having a jersey or challis version of this dress for cold weather, as well as several in calico, gingham or percale. It's a diagram design that you can make in no time.

No. 1621 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material for the skirt and 1 1/4 yards of 39-inch material for the blouse.

No. 1624 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. Contrasting collar takes 1/2 yard; 3 yards braid.

Fall and Winter Fashion Book.

The new 32-page Fall and Winter Pattern Book which shows photographs of the dresses being worn is now out. (One pattern and the Fall and Winter Pattern Book—25 cents.) You can order the book separately for 15 cents.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your common cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you may get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained. Creomulsion is one word, ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

As Judgments Are

Most people have ears, but few have judgment; tickle those ears and depend upon it, you will catch their judgments, such as they are.—Lord Chesterfield.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 35 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

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IRIUM makes PEPSODENT POWDER "TOPS"
PROOF? ... 27 MILLION SALES!

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millions are doing—change to Pepsodent. Watch Irium help Pepsodent Powder to brush away masking surface-stains... watch Pepsodent polish teeth to a dazzling natural luster! Contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH. Try it!

*Pepsodent's trade mark for its brand of Purified Alky Sulfate

Peacock Feathers

By BEULAH ROSE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

"I LOVE children," she murmured, caressing the curls of a pretty three-year-old girl whose eyes gazed rapturously up at the furs and jewels on this very handsome lady.

SHORT STORY

The low voice at her side caused her to start, and for a moment she seemed quite taken aback.

"What do you mean, George Townsend?" Her usual dignity had returned, and she was the picture of placid indifference.

The rest of the hospital visitors had sauntered down the corridor and the two were left alone at the nursery door.

"You fool no one but yourself, my dear, when you say you love children," he said. "You are just attracted to a few—the pretty ones. You're a coward, Christine. Why, I believe you would shudder to pick that poor little lame fellow up in your arms and kiss his pale cheek."

She swung round at this challenge and surveyed him wincingly. Then, walking gracefully across the nursery floor in the direction of the crippled boy's bed—so like a handsome peacock spreading her gay plumage, he thought admiringly—she took his hand and asked quietly:

"What is your name, dear?" A wan smile took the place of the pain-wracked expression, and she noticed that his teeth were pearly and his lips well curved.

"Danny," he whispered. "Danny—and your other name?" "I—I don't know."

"You have a mother or a father?" His smile faded and a sad light crept into his eyes.

"Nurse says they are in Heaven and are waiting for me." He grew silent. Then, "You're not crying, lady?"

Hastily wiping away a tear, she bent down and kissed the white forehead.

The child's eyes looked into her own. Looked through the furs and the jewels, and into the secret depths of her heart.

"You—" He hesitated. "You smell like a garden—like roses and lilies—Please come to see me again."

When George called on her the following week he found her occupied in embroidering a dress. This, he thought, was extremely interesting and unusual.

"And how are all the busy bees?" he laughed.

She explained that she was making a party dress for the birthday of the little girl with the brown curls whom they had seen on their previous visit together at the hospital.

"I hear that a big orthopedic surgeon up there is going to do something on young Danny." He vouchsafed this information with a secret hope, and watched her face carefully.

She turned to him instantly, and the eager expression in her eyes recompensed him for all past anxiety. She was interested! And growing more interested every day! He had never thought it could be like this. His heart fairly stood still for a moment in sheer delight.

He got up and came to sit on the arm of her chair.

"Christine, dear—" "Oh, George, don't, don't for pity's sake, propose to me again!" His eyes fell.

"And I was beginning to think there was some encouragement in sight. I thought you had changed, but now I must feel again that you are still—" he swallowed hard—"a coward. You love children—other people's—and perhaps only the pretty ones, after all. Well—" He bit his lower lip as if to restrain what he had further to say.

Her eyes appealed to him.

"You mustn't call me—a coward. And I do not love only the pretty ones. I—George, do you think this surgeon can do anything for Danny?"

"Yes, I am sure he can." "Oh, George!"

"But—" he was visibly surprised—"I didn't think you cared so much. I didn't think you loved the poor weak orphaned ones. I thought—" His brow wrinkled in confusion.

"I understand you were at the hospital again a few nights ago." "How do you know?"

"One of the nurses told me." "Yes, I was." A pause. "George, the little boy—Danny—he told me he loved me!"

She put down her sewing and stood up. The color had rushed into her face, and her eyes gleamed with the anticipation of something she was about to say.

"George, I want your advice. I—I am going to ask for the—adoption of Danny."

She saw him catch his breath. "Danny was operated on yesterday at 2 o'clock," he told her.

"George—he—he—" "Yes, he will live—and he will also walk, Christine."

She let him kiss her. She had never realized until now what his kisses meant to her.

Riches Take Wings

By JENNIE LITTLE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

AS THE clock struck nine Ellen Ford turned the last page with a work-worn finger. It seemed thicker than the others and she examined it curiously.

SHORT STORY

Rising, she went to the stove and held it over the steaming kettle. A moment later she lifted a folded document to her near-sighted eyes.

Incredulity, amazement, triumph followed in quick succession across her features, then she raised her head in silent thanksgiving.

Across the street she marched with the air of a conqueror, and confronted her sister-in-law.

"Dora, you remember the date of Aunt Rachel's will?" "As if I could ever forget it," beamed Mrs. Perney. "June 24, 1924."

"Then will you please look at this?" Mrs. Perney's eyes dilated and her breath came in little gusts. "Ellen—you're just trying to scare me—you're jealous—that isn't a real will."

"But it is," declared Mrs. Ford. "Pasted between the leaves of the Bible Aunt Rachel left me, and dated August 4, 1925. Don't glare at me like that, Dora Perney. All your married life you've tried to thwart me, and get me in wrong with Auntie, but thank the Lord she must have seen through you finally, and my boy gets her money, which is just and right."

"Ellen," cried the other, sinking to her knees and wringing her hands. "You wouldn't—oh you wouldn't take it from Reggie now, just when everything is settled. He needs it—and expecting it all—"

"Well," countered Ellen grimly, "my Roger isn't expecting it, but he'll have it, which is better."

Usually sleep kissed her tired eyes as soon as she touched the pillow, but tonight little snatches of the past marched through her brain like troublesome ghosts on parade. Why did she think back so persistently to a starchy, rose-drenched night like this, when a poor halting voice kept repeating, "Oh, Ellen, what a mess I've made of life! I wish we had always been poor, for money spells ruin to a miserable weak apology for a man like me. I'm glad Roger has nothing to start with, for if he is handicapped with any hand-me-downs from his father's character, work will be his salvation."

Finally Ellen Ford gave her pillow a vicious poke that sent it spinning across the room, and dressed again. She slipped into her son's room. A shaft of moonlight made a fitting frame for his attractive young face. He stirred, then opened his eyes, and grinned—the dear boyish grin that his mother was sure could not be duplicated in heaven or earth.

"Smatter, Muth? How comes Old Sleepyhead up at this unearthly hour?" He reached out and pulled her closer. "Lemme tell you something while it's too dark to see me blush. Judge Pond said today that I had my dad's gift of speech, and my mother's sense in using it. Make a low bow, ma'am. When I get to be the chief justice of the Supreme court, you and I'll have a high old time on top of the world, won't we, Muth?"

Ellen dropped a kiss on his chin and hurried out. Why all this indecision and worry? She would rather cut off her hand than place riches in his way if they were to endanger his ambitions and ideals. Yet what right had she to even harbor the thought that he might follow in his father's footsteps? Her young Galahad! She took the will from her pocket and turned on the brightest light. Slowly she went over it, word by word, and suddenly stared with wide open mouth. In her first excitement she had completely overlooked the fact that no signature or witness was there. A sob of regret gave way to a chuckle of enjoyment over the situation. At any rate she need worry no longer about riches.

She looked across the street where a dim light showed that Dora also was holding an unnecessary vigil with Trouble. Ellen was honest, but she was also human, and she had borne much from her sister-in-law. The Lord would forgive a little deception this once.

She opened Mrs. Perney's door again, and as that unhappy lady looked up from red-rimmed eyes with a little cry of hopeful questioning, spoke slowly and ominously.

"No!" Reggie's mother cringed.

"No, Dora, my boy doesn't need this money. He'll make his way anywhere with his bonny smile and brave heart. He and I will still have the joy of working together. I'll take my revenge in a different way. You'll have to remember to your dying day, way down to the bottom of your mean little shriveled soul, that my boy is so much superior to yours that I can do this and never regret it. I wouldn't change places with you, poor thing, for a thousand legacies."

Swiftly she tore the paper into bits, and marched back across the street, still with the air of a conqueror.

Local and Personal

Try our special Sunday dinner; 40c.—Village Inn.

Leonard Block of Alton was a visitor here Wednesday.

Prof. and Mrs. Geo. H. Cook spent the weekend with relatives at Huntington, Ind.

Mrs. Anna Poggendorf of Danville spent the past week here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray McClelland were Danville visitors, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kracht were Champaign visitors, Tuesday.

Kenneth Brewer of Indianapolis, spent the past week with home folks.

Shelby Roberts of Greenup is a guest of his sister, Mrs. Walter Logan and family.

Mrs. Harold Wiese and baby son returned home from Jarman hospital, Tuscola, Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Kilian, Sr., has been confined to her home by illness the past week.

Wm. Nonman entered Mercy hospital, Urbana, Wednesday, for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith of Fairland spent Wednesday with Mrs. Ella Maxwell.

Oscar Gallion and family visited friends at Homer, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Esther Johnson and son Smith of Fairland, spent Saturday with Mrs. Ella Maxwell.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer attended the funeral of a relative, Mrs. D. Winn, at Paris, Monday afternoon.

Charles Gilbert and Guy Melinger of Danville are building a new garage at the Gilbert property in Broadlands this week.

Mrs. Fred Newkirk was called to Champaign, Saturday, by the death of her father, B. Albert Block.

Come in and try our week day or Sunday dinners, 35c and 40c. Your patronage will be appreciated.—Village Inn.

Montelle Maxwell was removed to Lakeview hospital, Danville, Wednesday, for an appendicitis operation.

Kenneth Dicks and family, Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Dicks were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Moore, near Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson, son, Max, and daughter, Maxine, visited relatives at Champaign, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl and daughter Wanda were Champaign and Villa Grove visitors, Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Griffin, Mrs. Dan Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Brewer and Miss Beryl Culton were Champaign visitors on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Lillie Baker attended a meeting of Illinois Commercial Telephone Company employees at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bauman, Tuscola, Saturday evening.

Eddie Maxwell has a force of workmen clearing the lots at his residence one-half mile north of Broadlands, preparatory to the building of a new home. Brown & Sons of Allerton have the contract. Mr. Maxwell's home was recently destroyed by fire.

Try our special Sunday dinner; 40c.—Village Inn.

The A. A. Cable house, occupied by Grover Peterson and family, has recently been repaired, painted and otherwise improved, adding greatly to its appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Block entertained the following relatives at dinner last Sunday: D. W. Culton and family, Longview; Charles Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer and sons.

The occasion was in honor of the birthday anniversary of Charles Brewer, and the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Brewer and Miss Hazel Vandevere of Charleston were Sunday afternoon guests at the Block home.

Some Boy! Allerton, Nov. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Cutsinger are parents of a 9½ pound son born last Friday morning. This is their first child.

Notice I have opened a Beauty Shop in Long View in the building vacated by Sarah Wilson. Your patronage will be appreciated. Phone 65F11, Broadlands, Ill. Phyllis Toppe.

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

Q. Where and when was George M. Pullman born? A. Brocton, New York, Mar. 3, 1831.

Q. What work prepared Pullman for his ultimate invention of the Pullman sleeping car? A. From 1848 to 1855 he worked with his brother as a cabinet maker in Albion, New York.

Q. When did he build his first sleeping cars? A. In 1858 he contracted with the Chicago and Alton R. R. to remodel two day coaches into sleeping cars. He introduced the idea of an upper berth hinged to the side of the car and supported by two jointed arms. In 1859 he constructed a third car, but the railroads were reluctant to put them in service.

Q. When did Pullman patent his first car? A. April 5, 1864. It took a year to construct this new car.

Q. What was the name of this first patented Pullman car? A. "Pioneer." The principle used was essentially the same as that in cars in use today.

Q. What remodeling of other railroad equipment did the Pioneer occasion? A. The car was larger than the old ones and brought about larger bridges, tunnels, and station platforms.

Q. What company did Pullman organize in 1867? A. The Pullman Palace Car Company.

Q. What other cars were built by Pullman? A. Sleeping and Restaurant Car; Dining Car; Chair Car; Vestibule Car, 1887.

Q. When was Pullman, Ill., completed? A. This town, built as a company town for employees, was completed in 1881.

Q. Where and when did Geo. M. Pullman die? A. Chicago, Oct. 19, 1897.

Time Tables C. & E. I.

Southbound 1:31 p. m.
Northbound 3:26 p. m.

Star Mail Route
Southbound 7:15 a. m.
Northbound 8:30 a. m.

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

Longview H. S. Senior Class Play Friday Night

At 8 o'clock, Nov. 11, in the high school gym the Seniors will present their class play, "Be Yourself," a farcical adventure in three acts by Wilbur Braun.

The cast of characters follows: Leslie Ferris—Juanita Luth. Beverly Lane—Jane Jarman. Madame Frances—Phyllis Stuebe.

Mrs. Patricia Ballard—Ferne Walker. Beulah Ballard—Leone Bergfield.

Mrs. Minnie Hendricks—Evelyn Seider. Arnold Ford—Andrew Henson. Bing Warren—Irvin Nussemeyer.

Leslie Prince—Charles Hood. Anna Karova—Clarice Brewer. Prince Luverne—Ronald Wilson.

A. S. Maxwell Will Is Filed

The will of Andrew Maxwell, late of Broadlands, was filed Wednesday with the county clerk for probate.

He leaves his personal estate to his widow, Mrs. Ella B. Maxwell, and gives her a life interest in his real estate.

After the death of Mrs. Maxwell, the property is to be divided between his four children, Mrs. Ella Ruth Henson, Esther M. Johnson, Edward B. Maxwell, and Mrs. Cecile V. Griffith. A house and lot in Broadlands is given to his grandson, Andrew Thomas Henson.

The widow is named executrix and the son, Edward B. Maxwell, executor, both to serve without bond.—News-Gazette.

Long View News

The Senior class play will be given this Friday night, Nov. 11.

Mrs. Katherine Deere returned Tuesday from a few days visit in Chicago.

Mrs. T. M. Sullivan has been ill for several days, threatened with pneumonia.

The Girl Scouts were busy the first of the week delivering Christmas cards for which they had taken orders.

Mrs. Chas. Bengston has returned from Mt. Ayr, Indiana, where she spent several weeks caring for her mother, who was ill.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Hagerman and Miss Alma Davis of Ludlow spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Emily Hagerman, who has been bedfast for several days.

Since the strong winds of last Friday and Saturday much of the corn is down and many ears are on the ground making husking difficult. In some cases, pickers have been put aside and hand shucking resorted to.

The trouble with a reformer is that he wants to let his conscience be other people's guide.



ORDER FROM US



How are your brakes? If you were to drive an unfamiliar car you would probably immediately ask about the condition of the brakes. Yet we often step into our own cars knowing that the brakes are not up to standard, and we drive at unusual speeds.

Where standards have been set the results of investigations are usually surprising. Often 50% of the vehicles are not able to make a stop from 20 miles per hour in 37 feet.

Grease on brake drums, delayed action on all brakes, and other causes are responsible for poor brake action.

Have your brakes checked regularly. They should be up to standard at all times. When an emergency arises you want to be prepared, and you can not be prepared with poor brakes.

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

STAR Now Showing the New Season's Parade of Hits

Thur. & Fri., Nov. 10-11
Armistice Day Special
Judy Garland
Freddie Bartholomew

Listen Darling
"Q" Nites 10c-25c

Saturday, Nov. 12
Mat. 5c-15c Nite 10c-25c
2 Features
A Stirring Drama of Our Girls Today
Ronald Reagan Jane Bryan

Girls on Probation
Also
Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette

Springtime in the Rockies

Sun. & Mon., Nov. 13-14
The Picture You Have Been Asking For
Bing Crosby, Fred MacMur-ray, and Ellen Drew

Sing You Sinners
10c-25c

Tues. - Wed., Nov. 15-16
Wow! What a Show. The Finest Bob Burns Picture To Date
Bob Burns Fay Bainter John Beal

Arkansas Traveler
You'll Want to See This Twice.
10c-25c

See The International Live Stock Exposition

CHICAGO

\$3.35 Round Trip from Danville

Tickets good in comfortable coaches, on sale Monday, November 28, and Tuesday, November 29. Final return limit 5 days. A chance to combine business with pleasure at a worthwhile saving.

Ask local C&E Ticket Agent about Thanksgiving and Week-end Excursions from Danville to Chicago during November.

For tickets, etc., see your local C&E Ticket Agent, A. A. Cable, or phone 12

C&E

Chicago & Eastern Illinois Ry.