

'LLOYDS of LONDON'

By PETER B. KYNE
The Story of the 20th Century Fox Picture Starring
Madeleine Carroll and Freddie Bartholemew

COMING TO THE EL PORTAL SOON

CHAPTER ONE

On a late afternoon in the year 1770, in the fishing village of Burnham-Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, England, two men sailers, if one might judge by their costume—felt their way through the fog along a narrow greasy street. A pale beam of light shone from a small window; a lantern above the door outside feebly illuminated a sign that hung out over the sidewalk and proclaimed to the world that here was:

WIDOW BLAKE'S ALE HOUSE SNUG AND COZY

"We'll drop anchor here matey," said the older of the two men, and pushed through the door into the tap room. They seated themselves and stared belligerently at the Widow Blake, an ancient slattern, who peered at them suspiciously from behind the bar.

"Well, wot'll yer have?" she shrilled.

"Two hot rums, love o' me life," one of the sailors answered.

"Johnthan!" Mother Blake screamed. "Blarst yer lazy soul, here are ye?"

A rear door opened and a bare-footed, ragged lad of about thirteen entered the tap room. "Here!" he Moher Blake, who was rather far cried in a ringing voice.

gone in drink, staggered to him and struck him a stinging blow on the jaw. "Two 'ot rums," she croaked. The boy nodded cheerfully, ignoring the blow, prepared the two noggins of rum and hot water and carried them to the customers' table, after which he retired to a seat in the angle formed by the fireplace and the wall. Here, although not visible to the customers, he was not more than six feet from them and could hear every word of their conversation. It was not at all his intention to eavesdrop he had seen, at a glance, that both men were more than half tipsy and a long sad apprenticeship at Widow Blake's groggery had taught him that half drunken men never indulge in conversation remotely worth listening to. Indeed, Widow Blake claimed all of his attention this evening, for, early as it was, she had already arrived at that state of inebriety where she would be dangerous to him. Later in the evening she would begin to distrust her legs and then Jonathan would help her off to bed and look after the groggery until closing time.

So he sat in the corner, eyeing her speculatively, yet strangely without hatred, albeit he was disgusted enough. He was wondering how much longer he must endure the horrible old harridan before he would have the courage to seek elsewhere for shelter from the elements and food for his lank little stomach. Jonathon, orphaned, would have been a work-house brat, but Widow Blake, his aunt by marriage, seeking to slave, had had him handed over to her on her specious promise to give him a good home. He was intrigued by the sight

of her gin-colored nose the bright rosy end of her proboscis always fascinated him; he wondered if the mother he had never seen was remotely like Widow Blake and the sluts who frequented the neighborhood and frequently importuned him to extend them credit for gin on the nights when the widow succumbed to her potatoes earlier than usual. He had never seen a lady.

His attention was caught by a fragment of conversation from the two customers. The elder of the two fellows was speaking:

"Listen to me, matey, and do wot I say, an' ye'll lie drunk for a year on the gold it'll get ye. We'll all be rich."

"Aye," his companion muttered thickly, "but if anythin' slips we're gibbet fruit."

The older man banged the table with his mug. "Two more rums, lass," he called to Widow Blake,

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It's too bad the Spaniards couldn't settle all their differences with voting machines rather than machine guns.

TESTED RECIPE

By Frances Lee Barton

HERE'S what I call a surprise package pudding. The delicately browned meringue affords no



clue to what is underneath. But underneath the meringue, jam is spread! What is underneath the jam? A chocolate crumb pudding—rich and tempting with the flavor of

chocolate—a pudding economical enough to serve as a family pudding but so good that you'll not hesitate to produce it with pride when guests grace the table.

Tip-top Crumb Pudding

1 square unsweetened chocolate; 2½ cups milk; 1 egg and 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten; ¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1½ cups soft bread crumbs.

¼ cup red raspberry jam; 1 egg white; 2 tablespoons sugar.

Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Combine egg, sugar, and salt; add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring until blended. Add vanilla and crumbs. Turn into greased baking dish and let stand 10 to 15 minutes. Place dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Spread with jam. Beat egg white until foamy throughout; add sugar gradually, beating until sugar is blended. Then continue beating until mixture will stand in peaks. Pile lightly over jam on chocolate mixture. Return to oven and bake 15 minutes longer, or until delicately browned. Serves 6.

TEMPTATION

An educational authority thinks that savings bank boxes in the home are apt to make a child miserly. Further observation tends to suggest they also teach parents to become bank robbers.—Montreal Star.

HANDY MAN NEEDED

The grooming of a son-in-law to take over Il Duce's 15 or 20 jobs is under way. An apprenticeship in an American pharmacy would seem to be indicated, to build up versatility.—Bangor Commercial.

NEXT

It having been proved that several hundred nationals can survive seventy-two days in the Alcazar tunnels, Spain would appear ready for a subway.—Atlanta Constitution.

Hon. J. G. Scrugham sent several days of the past week in Las Vegas, making several trips up Lake Mead.

Mrs. Jack Lewis, of the Apache Dress Shop, returned from a business trip to Los Angeles Wednesday.

November 11 was Armistice Day but the political armistice will last until the middle of January when Congress meets again.

Being a Republican now is like living in a sawmill where there isn't any door to close when the wolf comes around. ¼

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