







Bigger  
Than the  
War Debt



And We All  
Owe a Part  
Of It

## We Owe Our Merchants 15 Billion Dollars Today!

**FIFTEEN BILLION DOLLARS**—that's more than the combined war debt which Europe owes to the United States—but that is the total which the people owe the merchants, lawyers, manufacturers, doctors, dentists, and what not—that is more than 30 days past due.

The Nation's Business estimates that this is our greatest source of frozen credit—the greatest frozen asset of the depression. This money is largely unsecured . . . It is in small accounts that, if paid, would give the business world the greatest spurt it has had since the days of two chickens in every pot.

These debts were created largely for the necessities of life. The things which they were made for kept family, livestock and property alive. These bills have maintained many a secured creditor's collateral.

The Merchants and Professional men of America need **RÉLIEF**. The merchants of West Texas need relief from the burden of exces-

sive past due accounts which have made it hard for them to carry on business in a normal way.

West Texas banks are long on cash and are ready and willing to make personal loans to worthy borrowers. The unemployed, the railroads, the ranchers and the farmers have been given some sort of relief.

There are thousands of people in West Texas who can pay every dime they owe to merchants and professional men, but who have been dilatory about payments because they know the merchants know they will pay. If the liberal credit policy practiced by the merchants of West Texas is to continue its abuse must be curbed.

Clean up these old bills today—and if you haven't the money go to the banks and borrow it. Lending money is the banker's business—not the merchant's.

# Big Spring Daily Herald

### Osborne DIRECTOR BRIDGES

"Some Russian who's probably posing as a refugee. The whole of Europe stinks with them."

"I wish we knew how much he'd overheard," I remarked regretfully. "If he was listening the whole time..."

"I don't think he was," broke in Jerry. "I believe he went off for a bit and then sneaked back. Anyhow, I saw the door move; that's what attracted my attention."

"Well, whatever the damage is, it's done now," I pointed out. "Seems to me our best plan is to keep quiet. Molly's going to be here for another couple of days, and if we complain to the manager it'll probably get all round the hotel. We don't want to have everybody talking and gossiping about her."

"There's something in that," admitted Jerry. "All the same, I'd like to know who this skunk is, and where they got him from."

"I can probably find out," I said with a sudden inspiration. "You remember that kid I spoke to on my way up?"

He nodded.

"He's sort of protege of mine. Used to attend a drawing-class in Battersea. I've promised to look over some work of his when I go down, and I'll ask if he can ferret out anything about our pal's record."

"He'll tell all the other page-boys."

"Not he," I retorted. "Jimmy's a bright lad, and if I'm not mistaken he's by way of being rather attached to me. We can trust him absolutely."

"Right you are," said Jerry. "You get ahead with it. Molly and I will go back to the flat, and you can join us there. Then we'll take George for a walk and have tea in the park."

"I don't think I shall ever want to eat again," protested Molly. "You gave me such a huge lunch."

"You must have tea," said Jerry firmly. "I've looked a table at Mrs. S's tonight, and one can't dance on an empty tummy."

We waited for a minute while Molly powdered her nose and put

### GOULD'S GRANDDAUGHTER WEDS



In a surprise elopement, Anne Gould, whose grandfather was Jay Gould, railway financier of post Civil War days, was married at Harrison, N. Y., to Frank Spencer Meador, 24-year-old actor from San Saba, Tex. Later the bride announced she would become a Catholic so a religious ceremony could be added to the registry office marriage. (Associated Press Photo)

head, can't you?"

"He nodded."

"I want you to help me," I went on. "There's a waiter here who calls himself Kilner—Jacob Kilner. A little while ago, when I was upstairs with that lady and gentleman who have just gone out, we found him listening outside the door. As it happens we were talking about something very private. I'm not going to make a fuss, or anything of that sort, but if it's possible I'd like to find out who he is and where they got him from."

His eyes brightened. "I can do that for you, sir," he said eagerly. "Some of the chaps here are sure to know."

"I'll be most grateful if you will, Jimmy," I said, "but you must be precious careful how you set to work. I don't want Kilner to guess that I'm making inquiries about him."

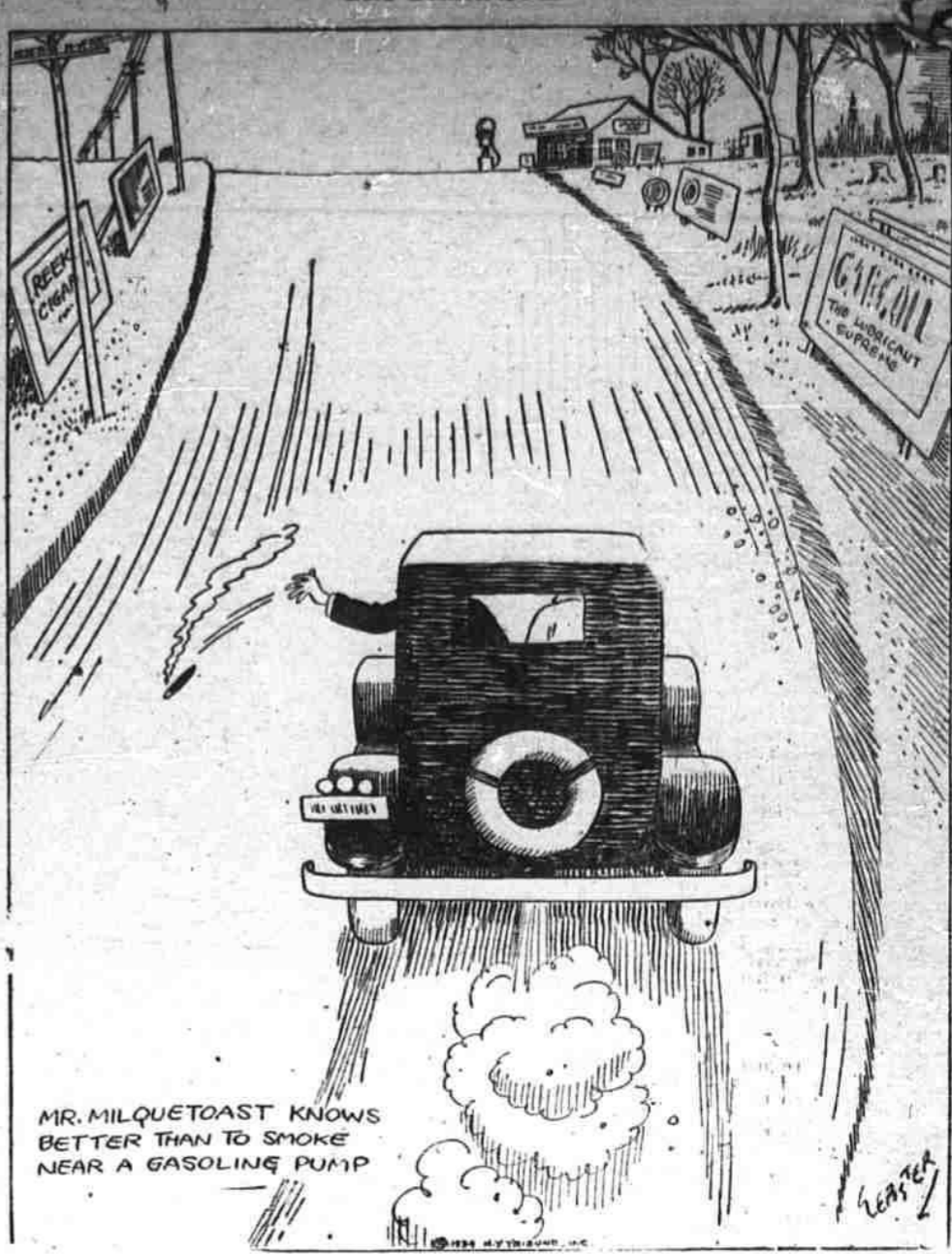
"I won't give it away, sir. You can trust me, honest." He hesitated, and then flushed. "Why, I'd do anything to help you, sir," he stammered.

The statement was so obviously sincere that a fresh idea suddenly struck me.

"Well, there's another way in which you might be useful, Jimmy," I said. "That young lady I was talking about, who is sleeping in Number eight-six, is a rather particular friend of mine. Her name's Miss O'Brien. Quite by accident she's got mixed up with a rotten crowd of foreigners, who are trying to frighten her and cheat her. Now I don't suppose that anyone will interfere with her here, but all the same, these people are an ugly lot, and I'd feel happier if I knew that there was somebody in the hotel who would let me know at once in case anything went wrong. It would only be a question of ringing me up on the phone."

(To be continued)

### The Timid Soul



"Get out before I break your neck!" said Jerry.

I strolled after him and locked the door.

"Quite an exciting little episode!" I observed as I came back. "Just how careful one ought to be."

Jerry shook his head. "Avon was right," he growled. "We are mutts, and we deserve to be kicked—all the lot of us."

"What do you mean?" asked Molly. "Do you think he's one of Orlo's people?"

"Not a doubt of it. An ordinary hotel waiter never have the nerve to do a thing of that sort. He took a couple of paces towards the window, and then wheeled

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on a hat, and then, making our way to the end of the corridor, walked down the broad deserted staircase. As we arrived at the bottom I saw Jimmy on the opposite side of the lounge. I gave him an encouraging nod, and leaving the others to make their exit, walked over to an untenanted corner.

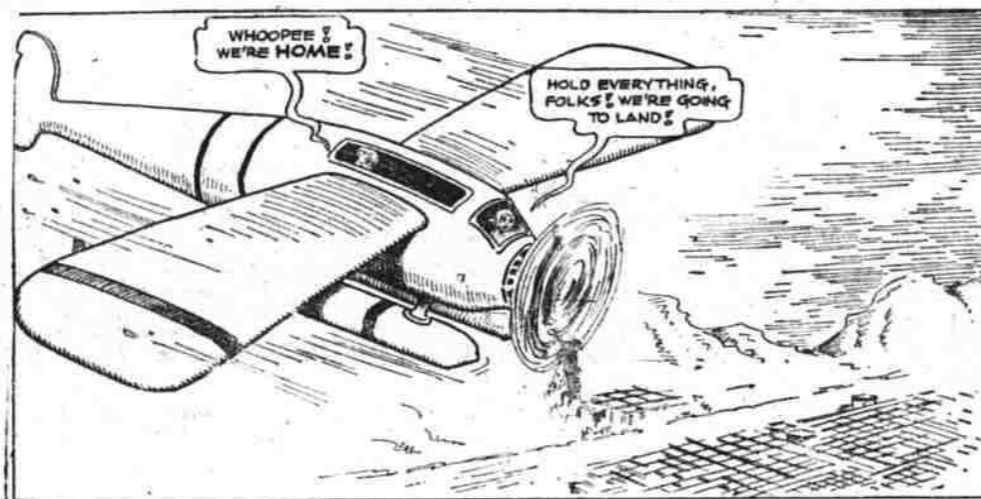
He had evidently thought out his preparations, for, disappearing promptly through an adjoining door, he emerged a moment later carrying a neatly tied brown paper parcel.

"These are them, sir," he whispered, coming across to where I was waiting. "They ain't up to much—just a few bits I done at odd time. It won't be 'at kind if you'll have a look through them."

"I'll take them home with me," I said, "and I'll let you know what I think about them tomorrow. Look here, Jimmy," I added. "You do away with a quiet tongue in your

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### PA'S SON-IN-LAW



### Back To Earth

by Wellington



### DAILY CROSS WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS  
1 Kind of rubber  
2 Lead covering and means human road  
3 Cretaceous  
4 Rich  
5 Recent affection  
6 Recently used tonight  
7 In correction in narrow inlet  
8 Toward with lateral  
9 Average  
10 Draw  
11 Of  
12 Indian  
13 Indian  
14 Indian  
15 Indian  
16 Indian  
17 Indian  
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28 Indian  
29 Indian  
30 Indian  
31 Indian

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle

PAS AIR SPLAT  
ALP FOE LEAVE  
ROE ENTRANCED  
INCUR AUNT  
SETS BRED IRE  
AHEAD ESNES  
INTEND GRATES  
DOORS BASTE  
ERR ITEM IRIS  
ELIA ANENT  
DETRACTOR SUE  
ALONG ELM TRI  
MANSE NAY SEN

DOWN  
1 Head  
2 Component of a molecule  
3 The merry to-night  
4 Part of an amphitheater  
5 Twitching  
6 Idolized  
7 Excessive enthusiasm  
8 Hindu  
9 Portable beds  
10 Wagon track  
11 Box of maps  
12 Military student  
13 Beards of grain  
14 Flew  
15 Weary  
16 Lamb's  
17 Admiration  
18 Prophet  
19 Musical  
20 Incessant cold

### DIANA DANE

Trade-mark Reg. Applied For U. S. Patent Office



### The Idol Smasher

By Den Flowers



### SCORCHY SMITH

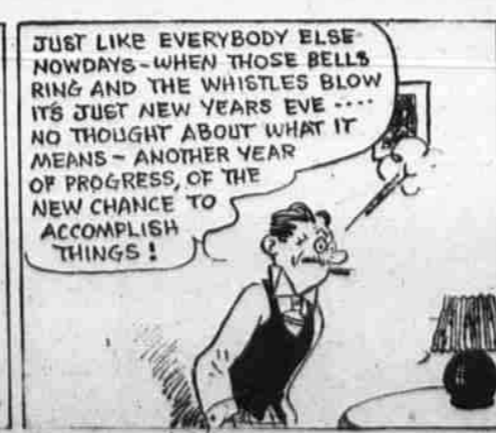
Trade-mark Reg. Applied For U. S. Patent Office

THE POISON-GAS FIEND ESCAPES OUT A WINDOW. SCORCHY AND GUS FIND BROOK PATTERSON UNCONSCIOUS, BUT UNHURT. FROM THE WINDOW, THEY FIRE AT THE GAS-FIEND AS HE RUNS ACROSS THE LAWN. HE CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND!



### HOMER HOOPEE

Trade-mark Reg. Applied For U. S. Patent Office



### Deep Stuff

by Fred Locker





