

THE MERKEL MAIL

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Advertising Rates On Application.

All obituaries, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, etc., are classed as advertising, and will be charged for at 1c per word.

N. R. A. AND THE CONSUMER.

In a recent address covering the advantages of the N. R. A., especially to the consumer, Mr. Parker B. Ramsey, associated with one of the Southwest's largest work clothing manufacturers, explained many points which are not understood by the customers, particularly of dry goods stores, who complain about the recent increase in retail prices.

"I find," said Mr. Ramsey, "merchants are exhausted from trying to explain why goods have advanced to the customers, particularly cotton farmers, who bear down on the fact that the goods are made of the cheap cotton of last year."

"In a few words, I will try to explain this situation as I see it from both sides. In the first place it is not fair for anybody to use prices on cotton of last year in figuring values this year. If a man held his cotton last year, would he take last year's price if it was worth more now?"

"Mr. Cotton Farmer, I want you to listen to a few things the N. R. A. has done for you and how it affects you. You can't understand why your merchants asks you \$1.75 or \$2.00 for a good overall today with cotton about 9 1-2 cents when you paid 89c or 98c last year for the same overall and got 6c for your cotton. Here is where you get the best of the deal."

"The average family uses about five pairs of overalls per year and six pairs of pants. If you pay \$2.00 for an overall it would be \$10.00 per year and \$1.50 for pants would be \$9.00, or a total of \$19.00 for work clothes. Last year you paid \$1.00 for an overall which would be \$5.00 per year and 90c for pants which would be \$5.40, or a total of \$10.40 for work clothes—a difference of \$8.60. Do you appreciate the \$17.00 per bale you are receiving this year over last year?"

After reciting the distribution in cash of the plow-up rental money, "a deal that has given you higher prices on your cotton crop this year and established a higher market in the future," Mr. Ramsey makes this further point:

"Had the N. R. A. not been started, instead of 9 1-2c being paid for cotton, you would probably receive about 3 1-2c (if you could have sold it at all) and 4c would have been the peak. This leaves you 5 1-2c per pound better off today, or \$27.50 per bale, in addition to the money you will receive for plowing up part of your crop."

Have two good 14-ft. wagon beds for sale. Burton-Lingo Co.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank all of our friends who assisted us in any way during the illness, death and burial of our beloved husband and father. The many kind words spoken and sympathy extended will long be cherished in our memory. May God's richest blessings rest upon you.

Mrs. J. W. Hassey and Family.

For Sale—Chevrolet sedan, in good condition, reasonable. C. H. Jones.

If you have any visitors. Phone 29 or 61.

R & R PALACE

Sweetwater

Saturday

WILLIAM POWELL

In the type of picture that made him famous

"PRIVATE DETECTIVE NUMBER 62"

Sunday-Monday

WILL ROGERS

In the story of a country doctor and his problems

"DR. BULL"

As great and as human as "STATE FAIR"

Tuesday-Wednesday

Sally Eilers in

"WALLS OF GOLD"

COMING FRIDAY ONLY

F. P. No. 1 A Liberty four star picture of adventure.

"The Ideal Girls" Form Organization

The girls of the two sixth grade rooms of Merkel Grammar school have organized into "The Ideal Girls Club." The purpose of the club is to promote higher ideals of girlhood and to learn to do by doing. Their motto is "Think pure thoughts, then we act pure deeds." Besides learning to cook and sew, part of the time is devoted to literary work.

Officers of the club are Dorma Lee Shelton, president; Mabel Murray, vice-president; Frances Owens, secretary and Comora Hughes and Mary Jo Russell, reporters. Miss Morgan is the sponsor.

The first outing of the season was a hike taken Saturday morning out to Shannon's. After taking a swim and exploring awhile, a campfire was built and a "mid-morning breakfast" was prepared, consisting of bacon, eggs, potatoes, pickles, whole wheat bread, coffee, cookies, apples, oranges, and grapes.

After a short business meeting, games were played; then the following members got behind the wheelbarrow and journeyed home with a heart full of joy—Our sponsor, Miss Morgan, Dorma Lee Shelton, Mabel Murray, Frances Owens, Comora Hughes, Mildred Bird, Rachel Patterson, Verne Moore, Frances Catts, Mary Jo Garland, Maureen Huddleston, Mary Nell Morgan, Bonnie Church and Eloise Perry, Mary Jo Russell, Joyce Hayes.

We are looking forward to a year of fun and pep.

BALDWIN HUNTER.

Misses Elizabeth Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hunter, residing near Blair, and Mr. Grady Baldwin, of Weatherford, were united in marriage at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, with Elder W. G. Cypert officiating, the ceremony being performed at his home. The young couple will make their home at Weatherford where best wishes of a host of friends follow them.

Typewriting and carbon paper at Mail office.

STOP GAS PAINS! GERMAN REMEDY GIVES RELIEF

Acting on BOTH upper and lower bowels Adlerika washes out all poisons that cause gas, nervousness and bad sleep. One dose gives relief at once. Merkel Drug Company.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Effective Monday of this week, the two local banks are operating on N. R. A. hours, opening at 8 a. m. and closing at 5 p. m.

Mrs. W. J. Bicknell of Noodle was carried back to the Baptist sanitarium at Abilene Thursday of last week for medical treatment.

By error, it was stated in last week's issue of The Mail that Earl D. Henry had just opened the Merkel Paint shop on Kent street. This should have been L. D. Henry, who is prepared to do all kinds of painting.

Included in the list of 36 recruits to the forest army leaving Abilene Thursday morning for Mineral Wells were three Merkel boys, Vaughn Pangle, Maurice Frederickson and V. L. Pess.

Mrs. J. T. Dennis, ill for so many months, is steadily improving and is able to go for a drive almost every day now, which is most gratifying news not only to friends here who are able to enjoy seeing her out but to many out of town friends.

NOTICE.

All parties knowing themselves indebted to Mrs. W. F. Hamblet will please see G. W. Boyce, who has the accounts for collection.

Ford Cars Capture First Three Places

Three Ford cars—two V-8s and a 1931 "four"—won the first three places in the famous Laredo-Monterrey road race sponsored by the Mexican Automobile association, an affiliate of the American Automobile association, according to official reports of the race just received.

The two V-8s established the fastest time on record for the course. The third Ford won the same position in the class B event of the original road races which formally opened the new Pan-American highway between Laredo and Monterrey three years ago.

The race was won by Eddy Byers, a veteran figure in Texas and Oklahoma road race circles, in a Ford V-8, with an average speed for the 138.6-mile race of 78.25 miles per hour. Byers staged a thrilling finish to win over Jimmie Davis, also driving a Ford V-8, who placed second, one minute and 14 seconds behind the winner. Jim Hall, of Houston, Texas, was third in a Ford Model A. Davis' average speed was 77.5 miles per hour, Hall's 75.1 miles per hour.

-DON'T BARK-

Stop That Cough with Hamm's Cough Syrup. It does the work of Your Money Back—
Sie Hamm Drug Co.

Tune in on

"The Feel of the Ford Revne"

Wednesdays at 8 p. m.

WFAA-WKY-KVVO

Let us give you a demonstration, so you may enter prize contest.

See us before you buy your tires and tubes.

Also 15-plate Genuine Ford Battery, \$6.90 and your old battery.

Take advantage of the good value Ford Motor Exchange, \$41.50 installed.

MERKEL MOTOR COMPANY

AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER

LEST YOU FORGET

WE DO



When you are in need of job work, think twice before you send it out of town. If you will have the Merkel Mail do your work, you will get some of this money back.

THIS IS SOMETHING FOR YOU TO THINK ABOUT

PHONE 61

THE MERKEL MAIL

Something to Think About

This bank has always molded its services to meet the requirements of both business men and farmers in this territory. Today, we are in a position to understand what banking services will best take care of YOUR needs.

By establishing a connection with this bank NOW you will be in a more favorable position to secure credit accommodations, if needed, in the future. We invite you to make this your banking home—you may count on our personal interest and cooperation.

Farmers & Merchants National Bank

Merkel, Texas

OFFICERS:

J. T. Warren, President.

G. F. West, Vice-Pres.

Sam Butman, Sr., Vice-Pres.

Booth Warren, Cashier.

F. Y. Gaither, Ass't Cashier

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A modern American city... rich in historic lore... 19 miles of river front... sixty-five city parks... world-famous zoo... Shaw Botanical Gardens... art galleries. Many other points of great interest... the world-renowned Lindbergh trophies exhibit and Municipal Opera, worth the visit alone.

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THE AMERICAN HOTEL THE AMERICAN ANNEX

"On the Plaza"

Market at 6th and 7th

St. Louis, Mo.

MERKEL MAIL WANT ADS FOR RESULTS—PHONE 61

WHISPERING ROCK

by JOHN LEBAR



TENTH INSTALLMENT.

Synopsis: Ruth Warren, who lived in the East, is willed three-fourth interest in the "Dead Lantern" ranch in Arizona by her only brother who is reported to have met his death while on business in Mexico. Arriving in Arizona with her husband who has ailing lungs and their small child, they learn that the ranch is located 85 miles from the nearest railroad. Old Charley Thane, rancher and rural mail carrier agrees to take them to the "Dead Lantern" gate, 5 miles from the ranch house. As they trudge wearily through a gulch approaching the ranch house, a voice whispers "Go back! . . . Go back!" At the ranch house they are greeted suspiciously by the gaunt rancher partner, Snavelly, and Indian Ann, a herculean woman of mixed negro and Indian blood. Snavelly is difficult to understand but regardless, Ruth takes up the task of trying to adjust their lives to the ranch and its development. Kenneth, Ruth's husband, caught in chilling rain contracts pneumonia and passes away before a doctor arrives. Ruth tries to carry on.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY—

Ruth felt that the only definite result of consulting a lawyer would be to put Snavelly in a fury. After all, a lawyer couldn't change anything; she had her interest in the ranch and Snavelly his. She supposed that Snavelly thought himself to have once been cheated by the law and that to him it represented civilization in much the same way that barbed wire did.

Snavelly had left for Palo Verde immediately after breakfast, in search of Mexicans. Now Ruth and Ann were catching their horses while David watched from the top of the corral gate.

Before he left Snavelly had ordered Ann to ride the south pasture and Ruth had quietly determined to go. The south pasture contained the only water-filled pond and consequently all of the cattle, except those which watered at the corral troughs on the home ranch. Ruth wanted to see if the feed in the south pasture was as nearly gone as Snavelly had said.

The little party reached the inclined road which led down into the gulch when Ruth spurred Brisket to the side of the big road. She pointed to the trail which led along the southern bank of the gulch. "Don't we want to go this way, Ann?"

Ann shook her head. "You-all kin go 'round—I got to go through. This here's the naturalist way to go."

Ruth hesitated then followed Ann. She did not know whether or not she was afraid to pass the brown boulder which squatted so nakedly in the barren sand. She supposed she would scream if she heard—anything . . . As she reached the floor of the gulch the roots of her hair began to tingle. Ahead Ann was sitting very straight in her saddle. The horses plodded slowly through the sand, yet they seemed to approach the boulder with incredible speed. Ruth's hand gripped her saddle horn, her shoulders were hunched as though expecting a blow. All about was the bright, hot silence of the morning—a stillness somehow more terrifying than the shadow-filled evening when she had first come through the gulch. Ann was passing the boulder; Ruth could see the first slight relaxing of the great body; then it suddenly grew tense, and Ann reined her horse to a dead stop. Ruth and David also stopped. Ann remained motionless, her head set rigidly.

Ruth held her breath and listened. She heard nothing. She allowed Brisket to take a few steps nearer the road, then stopped him. She could hear something now, a low whispering guttural voice, so faint that she could almost imagine she heard nothing. For perhaps a minute she listened, before Ann nodded as though in reply and urged her horse forward. Ruth heard nothing as she passed the rock, except perhaps a dry rustling as of brushed leaves, but of course there were no leaves, only sand, empty sand and the banded walls of the gulch far to the right and left.

When they were out of the gulch the road turned southward. Ruth spoke to Ann. "Did it speak in Spanish?"

"Apache."

That was all Ruth could bring herself to ask and the only word Ann had ever said about the voice. During the whole of the ride Ann made no comment. Even when they were returning, and Ruth remarked that the quick growing billows of clouds above the western mountains might mean rain, the Indian woman had only nodded. The mother and son rode around the gulch, but the giantess went through.

Ruth and David had been in the old adobe for some time when Ann passed and entered the ranch house. Although it was hardly mid-afternoon the sun had already set behind the black mountain range of clouds. A cold wind blew, slowly gaining in strength, driving swirls of dust which flew like frightened shapes before it.

Ann entered the kitchen and made the fire. She put on a kettle of water and a pot. From time to time as she mixed dough for the tortillas, she licked her lips. She had made six lumps and had begun to flatten the first by slipping it in her huge hands when she threw down the dough with a frenzied gesture and almost ran into Snavelly's room. She did not pause but took hold of the nearest corner of the old carpet and flung it violently back. On her knees, she peered closely at the cracks in the floor, testing the boards with an occasional thump of her great fist. At length she found what she sought: with her nails in the crack she pulled up two short boards, tossed them aside, and thrust her arm into the opening. She brought up a tin cash box which fell heavily as she dropped it beside the hole. Then a wolfish grin twisted her lips and she withdrew a quart bottle filled with white liquid. "Here you is—jest like th' voice say," she rumbled.

When Ruth brought her son into the ranch house Ann was in the kitchen, the last of the tortillas crisply browning on top of the stove. The girl received the surprise of her life when Ann looked at her with a broad grin. "Well, howdy, folks—set down; th' eats 'er comin'."

"Why, Ann—"

"What's th' matter, white girl—skeered o' somepin' ag'in'?" Ann laughed, the full-throated, primitive laugh of the negro. She snatched the burning tortilla from the stove and flung it toward the table.

"Miss Ann's funny!" David's little voice was filled with questioning delight.

Ruth said nothing but seated herself at the kitchen table.

"Now fer a feed," grunted Ann. Her chair squawked dangerously as she slid into it. "Here, white girl," she invited, holding out a pot, "slop yersef a plate o' beans."

There was no spoon in the pot and

Ruth poured out the beans. She couldn't understand what had happened to Ann, but something warned her not to ask for a spoon.

"Ann," said the girl, "it's beginning to rain and the wind is much stronger—do you suppose we ought to go to the barn and see if everything's shut tight? Is the windmill shut off?"

For a second Ann appeared to consider the matter, then she grinned and waved her arm aimlessly. "Let'er rain—can't do nothin' 'bout it!" She began to sing, beating the table with her cup:

"A man kin sow corn,
A man kin sow oats,
A man kin git chillen,
A man kin raise shoats,
A man kin make one thing,
A man kin make two—
But hit rains, dear Lord,
Like hit wants to do!"

The cup broke and Ann settled back

in her chair, holding a bit of the porcelain handle between her big fingers and laughing—deep, gurgling laughter.

David looked questioningly at his mother. Ruth had an idea. "Ann's a great old sport, isn't she?" And she laughed until David joined uncertainly. "Sing some more, Ann," she cried, patting the huge knee which had slid to press her own. She knew that Ann must be drunk, but where she had obtained the liquor was a mystery.

Ann immediately obliged with a song which was evidently a relic of the days when she "run a dance hall down in Texas." Terrified as she was, the girl found time to hope that parts of the song would not linger in David's brain. She applauded vigorously. "That's fine!" And leaning forward confidentially, "When the cat's away, Ann—you know!" She finished with a wink.

(Continued Next Week.)

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NOTICE.

I want to buy maize. Before you sell, see me.

L. L. Murray.

ALL for ALL

This is the essence of the Recovery movement.

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It is worth all our effort, and as time goes on, its results should be reflected in substantial benefits to all.

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Directors—C. M. Largent, J. S. Swann, W. W. Toombs, J. A. Patterson, Jr., W. L. Diltz.

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PHONE 61

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