

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

XXII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JUNE 10, 1932

NO 31

## DRUGS

AND

### Drug Sundries

We are in the market for your Drug business. Quality Goods and Quality Service

If it's RIGHT it's HERE

Hedley Drug Co.

THE REXALL STORE

This Store is a Pharmacy

## TO THE VOTERS OF DONLEY COUNTY

THIS POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT is bought and paid for by friends of

**S. W. LOWE**

who is a candidate for the office of County Judge in Donley County

Mr. Lowe has been a citizen of this county for more than fifteen years. His stand on all community interests is above question. His character and reputation are good. His business judgment is sound. In all his dealings he has been on the square. We recommend to each voter in the county a diligent inquiry concerning his ability and his sincerity in seeking this office.

Mr. Lowe is a strict believer in economy. He believes that a candidate offering his services to the county should be willing to work for what his county can afford to pay him regardless of what the amount might be. He believes the county should live within its income, the same as the individual. He believes all salaries of county officials should be reduced in same ratio as its revenue is reduced.

We ask your careful consideration in his behalf.

(Bought and paid for by friends of S. W. Lowe)

*You Are Always Welcome!*

**YOU ARE OUR PERSONAL GUEST Every Time You Enter Our Door**

to be treated with every consideration

You may want only to ask a question, use our phone, get a stamp, leave a parcel, or meet a friend--

Be sure you're welcome to make full use of this store's conveniences whenever they can be of service.

**Wilson Drug Co.**

PHONE 63

## BIRTHDAY PICNIC AT PLEASANT RIDGE FARM

Saturday, June 4, was a happy occasion for Mrs. E. H. Watt, when her relatives prepared a surprise birthday dinner in honor of her 66th anniversary.

The guests began to arrive about 10:30 o'clock, which was a great surprise to Mrs. Watt. After a hearty welcome, the guests were led to the locust grove, near the home, where seats and tables had been arranged without her knowing of it. The occasion had been planned since Easter Sunday by her children and sisters. Nothing was left undone to make the day pleasant. The menu consisted of meat loaf, creamed potatoes, snap beans, stuffed eggs, pickles, vegetable salad, fruit salad, ham, tomatoes, new peas, carrots, pies, cakes, ice cream, iced tea, and coffee. A ripple of happy, cheerful laughter floated in the air continually throughout the feast, after which a stroll was made through the grove to the creek, where swinging and other sports were much enjoyed by all.

It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. We should feel that a day is wasted if we have not succeeded in this.

The honoree was the recipient of a number of useful gifts.

These present were: Mrs. E. W. Bromley and son Jack, Mrs. Bill Bromley and children, Billy Milton and Mary Ann, and Ike Rains, all of Clarendon; Mrs. W. I. Rains, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bridges and children, Billie and Mary Rains, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rains, Mr. and Mrs. Loyd Shelton and son Douglas of Ashtola, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Watt and children, Leita Ruth, Fred Jr. and Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Glass, Mr. E. H. Watt and the honoree.

Occasions of this kind remind us that life is a battle and a march, and as each succeeding milestone in life's journey is passed may happiness and prosperity increase for Mrs. Watt. It is the sincere wish of her loved ones.

—A Guest.

## PLENTY OF POTATO AND Tomato Plants for sale.

Eads Produce Co.

Uncle Ben Harris has again come to the aid of the Informer family, this time with some fine fresh lettuce and onions out of his garden. Uncle Ben is a fine gardener and dandy neighbor.

## STARTED CHICKS

—all ages, at very attractive prices. Twenty four varieties to select from.

We will set your eggs on time and you can pay for same when you sell your fryers. Rate reduced to 2c per egg on custom hatch.

Clarendon Hatchery, Clarendon, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kutch of Wellington and niece, Nancy Bell Hallmark, of Shamrock visited the E. E. Mann family the past week end.

3 quart Pressers, 98c. B. & B. Variety Store.

Carl Pool visited the V. McMurry family at Vera the first of the week.

Miss Myrtle Reeves visited in Pampa several days last week.

## HEDLEY FOLKS LEAVE FOR SUMMER SCHOOL

Among those who left the past week to attend the W. T. S. T. C. summer school at Canyon were Mrs. Elvia Davenport, Mrs. Jewel McCaskill, Misses Melba Johnson, Peggy Caldwell, Hope Wells, Maurine Goin, and Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Newman.

Rex Kendall and Ralph Moreman have returned to Abilene to attend the summer school at McMurry College.

Foot Tubs, 35c.

B. & B. Variety Store.

## TO THE VOTERS OF PRECINCT NO. 3

There has been some discussion of the amount of money spent in Precinct 3 during my term of office. Below are the actual facts and figures.

Upon assuming my duties of office, Jan. 1, 1931, the precinct funds were overdrawn in the amount of \$2500.00. Of course this had to be paid first. It was also necessary to pay two warrants of \$1000.00 each, issued in 1917 for the purpose of constructing lateral roads. These warrants should have been settled by creating a sinking fund for that purpose at the time they were issued.

During 1931 the expenses of Precinct 3 totaled \$9 017.77. The same expenses for the Precinct for the year 1930 were \$15,568.42. This shows a saving to the Precinct during my first year of \$6550.65.

I have endeavored to conduct the business of the precinct in the most economical manner possible. The many expressions of approval, from the entire precinct, of the amount and type of work done, shows that it has been greatly appreciated.

Believing that the people appreciate knowing the facts, and feeling that they should have all the facts, I am publishing this article for your information.

I am asking for your consideration and support for a second term, and if you see fit to elect me again, I promise to continue faithfully to discharge my duties to the best of my ability.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Dee Franklin returned Monday from Saint Jo, Texas, where they visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bellah, and his mother, Mrs. Fannie Franklin.

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our thanks to our many friends and neighbors for their help and kindness during the illness and death of our beloved husband, father and grandfather, J. H. Grigsby. May God's richest blessings rest upon each of you.

Mrs. J. H. Grigsby, E. M. Grigsby and Family, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Ray and Family.

Mrs. W. H. Burden of Shamrock, a sister of Mrs. McEwin, visited in the Ernest Eads home the past week end.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Ethel McEwin, who suffered a partial stroke of paralysis some days ago, is better now, though still confined to her bed.

Earl Bond, Oswald Watkins and Bill LaFavors, of Canyon, spent last week end in Hedley.

## Every Day IN THE WEEK

we are on the job to serve you in the grocery line. We surely appreciate your business, and our constant aim is to please our customers.

LET US BE YOUR GROCER

**Barnes & Hastings**

PHONE 21

## SPECIALS

FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

COMPOUND, 8 lb Pail	59c
POST BRAN, Pkg	10c
DRY SALT MEAT, per lb	7c
PORK AND BEANS, 3 for	25c
BULK COFFEE, per lb	15c
BUTTER COOKIES, 1 lb Box	15c
SOUR PICKLES, Qt	19c
PALMOLIVE BEADS, per Box	9c
MACARONI, per Box	5c

We Will Pay as Much as Anybody for Eggs, Cream and Poultry

**Farmers Equity Union**

PHONE 171

WE DELIVER

## WE'LL STAND BY YOU

IF YOU ARE TRANSACTING YOUR banking business with some other bank, and are satisfied—then we wouldn't think of asking you to change.

We don't ask for all the business, nor do we expect it. But if you are looking for good, strong, reliable bank, we feel justified in asking for your patronage. Our Bank has stood the test of years. If you stand by our bank, it will gladly stand by you.

**SECURITY STATE BANK**

HEDLEY, TEXAS

Safe - Sound - Satisfactory

# Through Mists of Memory



THE great war is a memory now, shrouded in the mists of years into which men vanish . . . but out of the rain and the darkness on the long road to Flanders comes the sound of hobnails clanking . . . and faces flash out from the night and fade again . . . men of the diamond, the gridiron and the track . . . Hank Gowdy, bravest of the Braves, the first big leaguer to go . . . Tommy Hitchcock, trading his seat in the saddle for a ride on the back of a war eagle . . . John Miljus, he of the wild pitch, tossing fast ball grenades at the pill boxes at Varennes . . . Red-shirted Shawkey standing by at the surrender of the German grand fleet . . . Major Frank Cavanaugh, sitting down to fumble at the shrapnel in his shoulder . . . Tommy Armour, fighting the darkness with shell-torn eyes . . . Jess Petty and Joe Harris, with the bases loaded and mud up to their hips . . . Eddie Rickenbacker, cruising the clouds like a bird of prey . . . Johnny Poe, Johnny Overton, crashing that Hindenburg line . . . Tony Wilding, Captain Cheape, Tommy O'Brien, Jeon Bouin, Cyril Tolly, Gene Tunney—faces marching past into the mists . . . a face flashes past that will not return—Eddie Grant, stopping his last terrific line drive with his heart . . . into the darkness and rain they march again . . . but the war is old now and memories of men vanish in the mists of years.

—Detroit News.



## Those Last Hours of the Great Conflict

IN THE darkness of that unpropitious night of devastation, the last light of the World War, the old fighting Eighty-ninth—by that time one of the crack shock divisions of the A. E. F.—bridged Powder river, near Sayay, under the fire of those deadly batteries from the eastern shore and threw the Three Hundred and thirty-third Infantry, the Sunflower regiment, on into enemy land. Up the gentle slopes of the Meuse they went, maintaining contact with the enemy.

What meaning in those five hectic weeks? Perhaps back in our days in America, after all those soft and peaceful years, we forget—do not miss most of us would like to forget!—that the combat men of the A. E. F. had help them—will never remove them from their sacred memories of those weeks of the thoughts which "contact" brings, mustard gas, shrapnel, wire, machine guns, the deadly bayonet, the high explosive, the dirt, the filth, the haze of action.

The morning wore on. Fighting men went down, never to rise again. Others clawed the brown grass and soil in agony from wounds they could carry until the sunset day of . . . But still the Americans pressed on. And then came the first order of change, from the commanding officer, watch in hand, of a battery of "heavies" miles in the rear, "C" firing." A little later the same had transferred itself to the fussy . . . Then came 11 o'clock and silence. It was the end! Four long years, travail were over. And there they stood, "with their hands still clasped on their empty gats and their thoughts across the seas." Mother, sweetest, wife—they would see them again. Kansas Farmer.

## Memorial to the Nation's War Heroes

ARLINGTON was never destined to be a battlefield. It was fated to be instead a vast monument to the fruits of battle. There were brought the dead from those terrible fields where, for four years, the youth of North and South slew each other in fratricidal warfare. There rose, in token that North and South should no longer shed each other's blood, a monument to the Confederacy. There, without distinction of state or section, now lie dead from the Spanish war—including the sailors of the Maine—the Philippine insurrection, and the World War. The monuments are often distinctive, and there are stones carved with the last brave words of dying boys.

No soldier, from the Unknown in his magnificent emplacement above the river to the humble Vermont or Iowa private brought with the other shattered wreckage of the Wilderness or the Rappahannock, could ask a lovelier resting place, or one more peaceful. Despite the constant going and coming of visitors, the place is quiet—far quieter, probably, than it was in the early days when Mr. Custis used to allow the people of Washington to hold picnics down near the river in Custis grove. No one dances in Arlington now as they did in those days before its somber glory had been bestowed upon it. But one can wander along shaded roads and paths and be aware of the heavy march of history, of exquisite natural beauty.

Of old, unhappy far-off things, And battles long ago, of yesterday's bereavement, and of a pain so old that it has long since ceased to be pain.

The visitor may pass in review almost the whole history of the Republic—pioneer days, for Arlington was once a wilderness sold for a few hogheads of tobacco; Revolutionary days; years of far-flung internecine warfare, shaking the nation to its foundations; records of fighting on the western plains and on the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; and finally, the sacrificial years of 1917 and 1918. But he will come back to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier with an unanswered question—with the question, indeed, which more than any other in these latter days troubles humanity. For there is still space for other valiant dust.

## VIRGINIA'S TRIBUTE



Impressive memorial to her bravos, dedicated by the state of Virginia in the national capital at Richmond.

## In Memoriam

In grateful memory of the soldiers who fought in the French and Indian war; soldiers and sailors of the American Revolution; heroes of the War of 1812 and the Mexican war; soldiers and sailors who fought in the War for the Union, 1861-1865; veterans of the Spanish-American war and the World War; soldiers and frontiersmen who fought in the Indian wars; and those hardy pioneer men and women who endured danger and privation and death by torture at the hands of the savages, in order to advance American civilization upon this continent—we bow in reverence Memorial day.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Marking the End of War's Long Debauch

IT WAS the armistice. The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, 1918, marking the end of modern man's most terrible debauch of blood-letting; starting the desolating hang-over period from which the combatants of the World War—both victors and vanquished—are just emerging.

And around the world there was universal rejoicing and peace. The blaring of sirens, the blowing of whistles, the ringing of bells, the waving of flags. Streets littered with paper, surging crowds, parades and demonstrations; Caruso singing from the fifteenth-floor balcony of his Broadway hotel; negro red-caps in Grand Central station cake-walking through the concourse behind one porter who was pushing an invalid chair in which was a stuffed figure of the Kaiser.

The President's and Mrs. Wilson's automobile escorted to the White House by cheering throngs. Clemenceau—the old Tiger of France—expressing his satisfaction of victory before the French chamber. Rome—wild with victory; Tokyo echoing with cheers—an allied world delirious with joy.

Happy, dancing, singing groups all-housed around the campfires, and in the villages behind the lines, lights appeared in windows that had been darkened throughout the war, welcoming beams of yellow radiance invited to warmth and comfort within. The sound of popping corks in crowded cafes and estaminets. All of it was a part of that corridor of light across war-torn Europe, the glow, the heat, and the warmth. It was peace.—Washington Post.

## HEROISM REMEMBERED



Soldiers' and Sailors' monument towering above the Hudson river on Riverside drive, New York.

# The Balearics



Street Scene in Palma, Majorca Island.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

AFTER more than four centuries of government by European nations, the Balearic islands, now Spanish-owned, are seeking autonomy under the provisions of the new Spanish constitution.

It is doubtful if there is in the world's geographic-photograph album a family group whose members show as little family resemblance as do those of the Balearics. Majorca, the big sister, so well known to the world, sits in the center, full-grown and radiantly beautiful. Minorca, slight and delicate, yet with a grace that suggests a certain knowledge of the world, sits at her side.

While Majorca is manifestly a daughter of Spain, Minorca's features and person partake of the north—a strange mixture of English and possibly a little Dutch with the Spanish.

On the big sister's other hand, Ibiza, a charming peasant in bright apron, skirt and shawl, hung with barbaric jewelry, plagues the interest of the genealogist, for in her a different strain, probably Arabic, seems to predominate. She gazes out of the picture with level, quiet eyes that are a bit mysterious and disconcerting. Her face is unsmiling, even slightly smug, but still peculiarly attractive. At her feet is Formentera island, one of the two babies, almost Ibiza's counterpart in face and dress.

It seems unkind to draw attention to Cabrera, the other baby, crouched at Majorca's feet, for she is a spare, pathetic little figure, maltreated since birth. In her plain face are to be read the signs of misery.

Such are the sister islands, and their description fits their people. The islanders are the pleasantest of folk to visit—simple-hearted, even-tempered, sober-minded, honest, and kindly.

The welcome accorded the traveler in the Balearics differs according to island. Majorca greets the stranger with easy familiarity, for she has known many tourists in the last few years; Minorca with quiet grace; and Ibiza shyly; but the warmth of welcome is never in doubt. Ask a passer-by to indicate the direction to a store or hotel; you will be escorted to the door and bowed in, and generally you must not offer anything more material than thanks in return.

The ideal Balearic climate contributes enormously to the traveler's comfort, and, in contrast to what one often experiences on the continent, it is a gratifying surprise to find the fondos, or inns, invariably clean and their meals wholesome.

Mahon Has a Fine Harbor.

One of the outstanding features of the Balearic group, is the abundance and excellence of its harbors. Mahon, the principal city of Minorca, is an example. One's ship picks its way down a water lane, through pink and gray shores capped with rolling green, into what the Spanish government plans to make one of the finest harbors in the Mediterranean.

Ever since Mago, the brother of Hannibal, wintered in this harbor (which still bears his name, Portus Magonis, now corrupted to Mahon), it has been famed as a refuge for ships, and its usefulness will be greatly increased when the Island of the Rats, a small knob of rock in the center of the basin, is removed.

The islanders tell proudly how in 1798 Lord Nelson, during the war with France, came into Mahon with his squadron, seized the mansion that overlooked the port where his ships rode, and installed the lovely Lady Hamilton. But the town's historians smile rather sadly and admit that, while history is replete with incidents of Nelson's visit, it does not bear out the story of Lady Hamilton.

And then Mahon! That is the way it comes. Suddenly, as the vessel rounds a point, it bursts into view, a quick splash of pink and white on the hillside, tier after tier of quaint streets, splendid in the sunshine.

Mahon sparkles, as does the whole island. It is a maze of spotless up-and-down-hill streets of shining dolls' houses. From the steamer's deck the town, terrace upon terrace of white houses, with the spires of the inevitable churches dominating the mass, appears pure Spanish; but that is just Mahon's little joke on the visitor, for many of the houses show English features peering from under their Spanish sombreros.

This mixture of the English and Spanish gives Mahon a character of

its own, which is shared by its people. It is the women who refuse to conform. In continental Spain and in the other islands they take their places in the fields with the men and the beasts of burden. Not so with upstanding Miss Minorca! She believes that "woman's place is in the home" or possibly, as a concession to the march of the times, in the factory, but not in the field, and there she refuses to go.

Minorca Spurns Alpargatas.

Quite as remarkable, the alpargata, the rope-soled canvas sandal of Spain and the rest of the Balearics, is practically extinct here. Whether it is that Minorca, producing a large proportion of the fine shoes sold in Spain, excludes this humble footwear from a feeling of local pride, or whatever the reason, the fact remains that Minorca wears shoes.

The Balearics are rich in relics, from the days of the prehistoric inhabitants of the Mediterranean countries on down to modern times. Castles, churches, palaces, forts, and watch-towers are seen so frequently that they become almost matters of course. In Minorca there are still standing more than 200 of the talayots, taulas and naus—stone structures generally supposed to have been used in connection with prehistoric religious ceremonies and the burial of the dead—and the cliffs and mountains are literally honeycombed with caves.

Within twenty minutes' walk of Mahon there is a fairly well-preserved talayot, a truncated cone of huge stones, probably 40 feet in diameter and 25 feet in height, with a large taula near by. Surrounding the talayot, and marking another age in Minorcan history, are the walls of a fort built probably of the stones of the talayot.

The surrounding fields are strewn with fragments of pottery from prehistoric times on down through the Phoenician, Grecian, Roman and Arabic occupations, and the high stone walls over which one scrambles to reach the charmed hilltop are capped with other fragments laboriously picked from the fields by the island farmers.

The deepest thrill for the visitor to Minorca is to be found in its prehistoric caves. A talayot, taula, or nau is an awe-inspiring sight when one realizes what it stands for, but it has not the instantaneous effect on the imagination made by one of those cave homes of no one knows how many years ago.

## The Cove Caves.

The Calas Covas, or Cove Caves, comprise a group in one of the many coves that indent the Minorcan shore, and certainly a better location from a dramatic standpoint could not have been selected by the cavemen. The cove is a wild, winding gash in the shore, descending sharply from the interior tableland to the sea.

The approach to the caves is along a narrow path hedged by a matted scrub growth and by fragments of the cove walls, which during the ages have become dislodged and have crashed to the valley. At the water level these walls are high, jagged, and precipitous; the sea beats and snaps at them and the place itself compels awe. Wild deeds are plainly indicated. Add, then, to all this the effect of some forty black apertures extending from the water line to the tops of the cliffs—all made by man when the human forehead was lower and human life more precarious than it is now.

It is a meager imagination, indeed, that does not immediately people the cove with small, active men, wide between the cheekbones and as agile as monkeys. We can conjure up the picture and see them leaping among the crags to their eerie homes, chattering and bickering and certainly ready to make it most unpleasant for foreign invaders such as ourselves.

Palma, the principal city of Majorca, is snugly situated at the central point of a magnificent horseshoe bay. Like all other waters of these remarkable islands, the Bay of Palma could supply half the colors of an artist's palette. The left-hand prong of the horseshoe shore, as one steams toward the city, was the scene of the first fighting between Don Jaime I, the Conqueror, and the defending Moors in 1229 A. D., and it is on this prong that Palma's fashionable town-section has sprung up, with stately Bellver castle, built by Jaime II, overlooking it from the top of a handsome wooded hill.

Palma itself is a country village of 100,000 people and of considerable commercial importance.

# THRIFT SAYS IT

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

TWO young men were discussing life in general and marriage in particular, as young men will. "A man should not marry," said Giles Harrington, "until he is drawing at least seventy-five a week, can show a bank balance of four figures, and is prepared to finance his own home."

"In my opinion," retorted Dick, who was the son of old Doc Winters, a notably loved but thriftless person, "he should marry when he finds the right girl."

"And I maintain," insisted the other, "that unless conditions that I outlined are met, she will not remain the right girl but prove the truth of that old saying about love flying out of the window when poverty comes in at the door."

Now it is possible that, at the time of this conversation, both young men had already become interested in Martha Endicott. Martha was a very pretty girl who had various suitors, but when Giles Harrington and Dick Winters entered the lists, people made no bones about saying Martha would ultimately choose one of the two.

However, it was not very long after the above discussion on life in general and marriage in particular, that both young men saw fit to call upon Martha. Not together, nor on the same day, yet near enough so that possibly the discussion had something to do with it.

Martha was seen out driving one day with Giles, the next at the theater with Dick. On Sundays, both Dick and Giles would drop in at the Endicott home.

But they were rivals, and each man knew it. In between calls on Martha, each man was hustling for all he was worth, trying to make himself worth more, for the sake of the woman he wanted to marry. If it was going to be a case of the better man winning it was to be nip and tuck between the two. A tremendous boom of business in the town increased Giles' law business and brought more practice to Dick, who was taking over his father's medical work. Giles bought a piece of property so far out of town that wise old ladies winked and said, "He'll be building a house on it for himself and Martha Endicott." Then a nationally known firm put up a factory nearby and Giles sold out for double what he had paid. Dick took a run-down two-family house in payment for a bad debt and before the year was up it was wanted badly by the owners of the apartment houses on either side, so that Dick turned a penny he had not expected to turn.

Dick was inclined to be free with his money, yet no one ever accused Giles of niggardliness. One merely spoke of him as "a thrifty man" with a suspicion of admiration in the saying of it. While of Dick one said, smiling, and shaking one's head a bit deprecatorily, "Easy come, easy go. Dick's a good spender."

He would have lavished gifts upon Martha had she allowed him to. But she was singularly fastidious in her treatment of both men, and what she did not permit Giles she did not permit Dick. Fortunately, perhaps, their invitations seldom clashed so that she was forced to decide between them. Dick did not invite her to the few intellectual affairs that came to town, as did Giles. He was more apt to run in unexpectedly as he was on the rounds of his morning calls with something impromptu.

As, for instance, "I'm taking the kids in the ward out to the circus this afternoon. Want to come along and feed the animals?"

And Martha would go, as lively as any of the youngsters.

As chance would have it, both chose to propose the evening of the annual bazaar given by the entire town for the hospital, on the lovely grounds of the hospital itself. It was always a busy day for Martha, and when evening had come and the strain was a bit over, she was glad to slip into one of the stone seats backed against a mass of shrubbery and listen to the sweet strains of the entertaining violinist.

Giles came first and plunged into his declaration without preamble. "I've loved you for years, Martha, but would not speak until I had what seemed to me adequate possessions to offer you. Some people accuse me of being overthrift, but what I have done I have done for you."

It was hard for Martha to do what she did, but it had to be done. She laid a pitying hand on his knee, for she knew what her words could mean to Giles. "Some time ago, Giles," she began tenderly, "Dick Winters told me frankly that he loved me. He refused to bind me, although I think I was quite willing to be bound. I must be free, he said, to marry anyone else, if I wished, only he wanted me to know that he was working and saving for me. Perhaps he won't ask me again, but, if he does, I am ready."

"In other words," said Giles, bitterly, "he set you aside like a savings account, to be there when he wanted it."

"Perhaps," said Martha. "There are many kinds of thrift, Giles."

Giles had left her and she was wondering if, after all, Dick had not perhaps changed in feeling since that far-away night when he had told her of his love, when she felt herself drawn into a pair of strong and eager arms.

"Oh, Dick!" she murmured and met his kiss with uplifted lips.

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY  
Ed C. Boliver, Publisher

Entered as second class matter October 28, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

NOTICE—Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Informer will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Advertising Rates: Display 25c per inch. Classified 1c per word, per issue. Legal Notices and Readers 5c per line, per issue.

## LOCAL PEOPLE ATTEND THE NAZARENE ASSEMBLY

Rev. W. R. McClure and wife, Miss Vera Gariand, Mrs. I. M. Noble and Miss Lucy Garrison have gone to Wichita, Kansas, to attend the General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene.

They will be gone until the latter part of next week.

Mrs. M. A. Garrison will fill Bro. McClure's pulpit Sunday.

Fresh Candies at all times.  
B & B Variety Store

## NO KICK COMING

When you hear a person kicking on the home paper, just ask that individual if he or she is a paid up subscriber. The kicker is probably not a subscriber and will tell you so. Then fire this back at the fault finding one: "If you are not a paid subscriber and do not help in the least to keep the paper going, it is none of your business how the paper is run, or what the editor says or does. You haven't even a kicking interest in the paper."—Higgins News.

Subscribe for The Informer

## CERTIFICATE MASONS AT HOWARD RANCH

The regular meeting of the Panhandle Association of Certificate Masons was held Thursday, June 3, at the M T (Doc) Howard ranch, southwest of Clarendon. It was an occasion that will long be remembered by those who attended. Although "Doc" had not been enjoying his usual good health, he again proved himself to be the perfect host, and under the expert direction of Frank Whitlock had prepared one of his "fatted calves" in the form of barbecue. This, together with all the "fixin's," was served at the noon hour and was greatly enjoyed by all present—more especially P. C. Johnson.

Fifty-two men were in attendance, representing a number of Panhandle towns. The meeting was particularly noteworthy on account of the unusually large percentage of men who have passed the 60th milestone, one man present being 82.

Those from Hedley who attended this most enjoyable affair were P. C. Johnson, Wyverne W. Holland, L. E. Thompson, and Chas. M. Lowry.

New Prints, 15c per yard.  
B. & B. Variety Store.

Mrs. W. S. Sibley and children of Amarillo spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brinson.

Our friend E. F. Fortenberry, living on Route 1, donated a bag of fine snap beans to the editorial larder a few days ago. For which we extend our thanks.

# Specials!

48 lb High Patent Flour	85c
20 lb Cream Meal	28c
6 lb Whole Grain Rice	25c
Pint Jar Pure Honey	25c
Half Gallon Bucket Pure Honey	50c
5 lb bucket Peanut Butter	40c
Gallon Fruit, each	39c
Melrose Pickle Hams, lb	12c
1-4 lb Tetter Tea	17c
1 lb Box Premium Crackers	15c

### PLENTY OF FRESH VEGETABLES

Remember, each item in our house is Priced Down Right and our Market Man is anxious to show you our line of Meats. Come in, or phone in. WE DELIVER.

## City Produce & Feed Store

C. C. Stanford, Prop.

Phone 32

### THE BAWL-ONE

If you are thinking of buying a saxophone, don't be too cautious an Oklahoma editor. He advises the buying of a cow instead, at about the same price. Since you can get the same kind of music and a lot of good milk if you will give as much care to the cow as to a saxophone.

We get in new goods every week. See our line before you buy.

B. & B. Variety Store,

A MILK COW—Will trade for 5 tons of good bright maize.  
J. A. Pirtle.

Subscribe for The Informer.



**6**  
"PLIES"

★ of the six layers of cord fabric under the tread in this tire, two do not run from bead to bead—they are really cord "breaker strips" and that's what we call them, although some tire-makers call them extra plies.

**FULL SET**  
**\$18<sup>60</sup>**  
Expertly Mounted Free  
**PAIR \$9.30**  
**\$4.79 EACH**  
TUBE \$1.03  
CASH PRICES

**QUALITY**  
**at new low prices!**  
Famous Lifetime Guaranteed

## GOODYEAR Pathfinder SUPERTWIST CORD TIRES

Big husky handsome Goodyears—QUALITY tires within reach of all—built by Goodyear processes, with Goodyear craftsmanship, measuring up to Goodyear standards in every way—at prices so low you can afford new rubber all around.

<b>HEAVY DUTY TRUCK &amp; BUS</b> 4.00-20 EACH in Pairs Single \$14.07 \$12.50	6.50-20 EACH in Pairs Single \$16.95 \$15.00	7.00-20 EACH in Pairs Single \$21.73 \$19.00	33 x 5 EACH in Pairs Single \$14.00 \$12.50	33 x 5 EACH in Pairs Single \$13.60 \$12.00
--	---	---	--	--

29x4.50-20 EACH in Pairs Single \$5.19 Tube \$1.02	30x4.50-21 EACH in Pairs Single \$5.27 Tube \$1.03	28x4.75-19 EACH in Pairs Single \$6.16 Tube \$1.17	29x4.75-20 EACH in Pairs Single \$6.24 Tube \$1.02	29x5.00-19 EACH in Pairs Single \$6.45 Tube \$1.30
30x5.00-20 EACH in Pairs Single \$6.55 Tube \$1.33	31x5.25-21 EACH in Pairs Single \$7.91 Tube \$1.43	30x3 EACH in Pairs Single \$3.95 Tube 61c	30x3 1/2 Reg. Cl. EACH in Pairs Single \$4.06 Tube 90c	32x4 EACH in Pairs Single \$7.35 Tube \$1.32

Other sizes equally low. These prices are for cash.  
GOOD USED TIRES \$1.00 UP. EXPERT VULCANIZING

Lifetime Guaranteed **Goodyear Speedway** Supertwist Cord Tires

- Size 29x440 priced at \$3.80
- Size 29x450 priced at \$4.10
- Size 28x475 priced at \$4.90
- Size 29x500 priced at \$5.15
- Size 28x525 priced at \$5.85
- Size 31x525 priced at \$6.35

Sold singly at slightly higher prices. These prices are for cash

### Trade In Old Tires

for New 1932 Goodyear  
All-Weathers. Get our offer!

## Hiway Service Station

Phone 157

Hedley, Texas



## ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION . . . . to Protect His Precious Health

As you no doubt know, your baby's future health and happiness depend, in a large measure, on the nutritive quality and the purity of the foods he receives now. The matter of proper nutrition is taken care of through the scientific diet prescribed by your doctor . . . but it's your job to insure the other requisite, Purity!

And here's how you can do it: Health authorities agree that to prevent undesirable bacterial action foods must be kept at a constant temperature of below fifty degrees. This constant cold so necessary to the safe preservation of baby's foods is assured automatically through the mechanical perfection of the modern Electric Refrigerator. So the simplest answer to the problem of safely guarding health is through use of this invaluable Electrical Servant!

Ask one of our Trained Representatives—or your Electric Appliance Dealer—to explain more fully the vital importance of modern Electric Refrigeration. You'll be delighted with the Economy, Comfort and Convenience of an Electric Refrigerator—and surprised to learn how easily you can arrange this necessary purchase under a Convenient Payment Plan.

Do you know that your increased use of Electric Service is billed on a surprisingly low rate schedule . . . and adds only a small amount to your total bill?

## West Texas Utilities Company

# News Review of Current Events the World Over

## Norfolk Boat Builder Confesses Cruel Hoax in Lindbergh Case—Terrible Tragedy at Sea—Gossip of National Politics.

By EDWARD PICKARD

**B**REAKING down under long continued examination, John H. Curtis, the Norfolk boat builder who had put himself forward as an intermediary in the Lindbergh baby case, confessed to Inspector Harry Walsh of the Jersey City police that his story was a hoax and his "negotiations" with the kidnapers were entirely a fake. He said he never knew such persons as those he named to Colonel Lindbergh and to meet whom the distracted father made many trips to sea on a yacht in company with Curtis. In his brief written confession of his cruel swindle Curtis said he "became insane on the subject for the time being, which caused me to create the story in its entirety," and that he was "brought back to his senses" by a telephone conversation with his wife.



W. H. Stevens

Arrested in Brooklyn for abandoning his family, Frank Parzyck, a thirty-year-old narcotic addict, told detectives—and clung to the story after more than twelve hours of questioning—that he was one of a band of seven men who kidnaped the child and that the baby died after the man carrying him down the ladder from the nursery window accidentally dropped him to the ground. The police were inclined to believe this story was false.

Though the authorities of the entire country are of course hunting for the kidnapers and murderers of the baby, New Jersey is still the center of the operations, and the investigation there is in the charge of William H. Stevens, attorney general of the state, and of Prosecutor Erwin Marshall of Mercer county. Neither of these men is optimistic, fearing the case will be added to the list of unsolved crimes because, as Mr. Marshall said, whatever trail there was is now virtually dead. The necessary excessive caution of the police while the child was still thought to be alive lessened the chances for solving the mystery. However, Attorney General Stevens by no means gave up. At a conference of state, federal and county police and investigators in Trenton, a plan was established for co-ordinating all activities in the hunt for the murderers.

**O**NE of the worst marine tragedies of recent years occurred near the entrance to the Gulf of Aden when the new French liner Georges Philippiar of the Messageries Maritimes suddenly burst into flames and was destroyed. The loss of life is uncertain at this writing, but probably about 100 persons perished. The survivors were picked up by several steamships and landed in different ports. Two British vessels took 254 of them to Aden, and they said at least 100 of the thousand odd aboard the doomed ship were trapped in their cabins. Many others lost their lives in the stormy sea.

**P**ROMINENT bankers and industrial leaders, convinced that public fear and uncertainty have prevented the federal reserve system's policy from taking full effect in the stimulation of recovery of prices and of prosperity, have formed a committee of twelve to aid in putting to work the hundreds of millions of dollars being poured into the market by the system in its program for credit expansion. These gentlemen gathered in New York at the call of George L. Harrison, governor of the Federal Reserve bank of New York, with Owen D. Young as their chairman. The following statement was issued: "Governor Harrison of the Federal Reserve bank of New York has called together a committee composed of bankers and industrialists for the purpose of considering methods of making the large funds now being released by the federal reserve banks useful affirmatively in developing business. "Its purpose will also be generally to co-operate with the Reconstruction Finance corporation and other agencies to secure more co-ordinated and so more effective action on the part of the banking and industrial interests."

**S**PEAKER GARNER put forth his own plan for depression relief, and it was endorsed by Representative Rainey, leader of the house. Its main features are: 1. Appropriation of \$110,000,000 to be expended by the President in his discretion for the relief of destitution. 2. Increase of \$1,000,000,000 in the borrowing power of the Reconstruction Finance corporation for loans to state and local governments, corpora-

tions and individuals for the purpose of increasing employment. 3. A bond issue of \$1,000,000,000 for construction of federal public works in the interest of revival of industry and increase of employment, this expense to be met by a tax of one-third one cent a gallon on gasoline.

**O**UR senators are not yet willing to give us real beer, even as part of a plan to bring relief to the unemployed. By a vote of 24 to 61 they rejected Senator Tyding's amendment to the tax bill. This amendment would have legalized 2.75 per cent beer with a tax of 24 cents a gallon upon it which was calculated to yield \$200,000,000 annually for amortization of a construction bond issue and an additional \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 that would have allowed that amount to be stricken from the tax bill.

**W**ITH the near approach of the Democratic national convention speculation as to the chances of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt for the nomination grows intense. His pre-convention manager, James A. Farley still believes he will be nominated on the first roll call. He asserts that Roosevelt will be sure of 691 votes to 463 for all other aspirants, and that before the tally clerk gets down as far as Wyoming and the territories, enough states will change their votes from former sons to put the New York governor across the two-thirds line—70 votes.

**O**NE of the most prominent of the "dark horses" has taken himself definitely out of the running. Owen D. Young, who had a large and hopeful body of supporters though he never had been an avowed candidate, made the "final" announcement that he would not accept the nomination if it were offered him. In a letter to John Crowley, publisher of the Times of Little Falls, Young's home town, he said his reasons for this decision were "so compelling as not to be open for argument." It was assumed the chief of these reasons was Mrs. Young's ill health.

**A**L. SMITH has by no means surrendered. In a radio address he set forth his personal platform containing planks designed to cure the ills from which the country is suffering. The main features were: Balance the national budget. A manufacturers' sales tax to meet the \$1,500,000,000 deficit. Reduction of national expenditures to an "irreducible minimum." Opposition to a veterans' cash bonus. Repeal of the Eighteenth amendment.

**I**mmEDIATE modification of the Volstead act, to permit wines and beer. His previously proposed bond issue for public works to relieve unemployment, the bonds to be amortized by proceeds from a wine and beer tax. Defeat of President Hoover's proposal to relieve unemployment through funds of the reconstruction finance board. Clothe the President with power to extend, if need be, the moratorium on international debts "until a real solution can be reached." Suppress "all blocs which bedevil legislation."

**S**ENATOR WATSON of Indiana, majority leader of the senate, does not think congress can possibly get through its necessary business without a summer session before June 14, when the Republican national convention opens, so he proposed to other leaders of both parties that a recess be taken from June 4 to July 11. Speaker Garner demurred, believing all legislation can be disposed of before June 11, so a decision was postponed until June 4. If it appears then that congress can end its work by June 11, the recess plan will not be pressed.

**U**NLESS reparations payments are maintained, Rumania, Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia will refuse to pay their international debts. This was decided upon at a conference of these nations, which form the little entente, at Belgrade, and it will be their attitude at the coming Lausanne parley. It is not a new position for them, and is the same as that maintained consistently by France, their great friend. Jugoslavia is especially concerned about reparations, since the amounts due it were estimated on the basis of damage done. The Jugoslavs fear Germany cannot be persuaded to resume payments, in which case they will lose annually an increasing amount beginning with \$19,000,000 and reaching eventually \$26,000,000, or a total in all of \$875,000,000. Jugoslavia's war debts to the allies total about \$300,000,000, so that full cancellation of reparations and debts would cause a loss of \$575,000,000.



Owen D. Young

**L**OU T. REICHERS, a daring American aviator, was the first of this year's crop of would-be transatlantic flyers, and he failed. Hopping off from Harbor Grace, he sought to fly to Paris with a landing at Dublin. But he got lost in the clouds when nearly across the ocean, came down not far from the south end of Ireland and was picked up by the steamship President Roosevelt, whose commander, Captain Fried, and chief officer, Harry Manning, have rescued many persons from death at sea.

**C**APT. ROBERT DOLLAR, the aged and spectacular dean of the shipping and lumber industries of the Pacific coast, died at his home in San Rafael, Calif., after an illness of several weeks. Born in Scotland in 1844, he began work as a lad in Quebec and rose steadily to the dominant position he held at his death.

The coast guard lost its able commandant when Rear Admiral F. C. Billford passed away in Washington, where he resided. He was fifty-eight years old and had been ill two weeks. Dr. B. J. Cigrand, founder and president of the American Flag Day association, died at his home in Batavia, Ill.

**H**ENRY L. STIMSON, secretary of state, returned from Geneva, says his conversations there convinced him that Europe agrees with the United States on what can and must be done in regard to the far eastern situation and will co-operate with Uncle Sam. He is certain neither Japan nor Russia wants war, and he indicates that the great powers will strive to keep the Manchurian trouble localized, at least for the present. However, the authorities in Washington are rather alarmed by the military situation in Manchuria because of the continued concentration of troops along the frontier.

**J**APAN is in a state of ferment and the occidental mind can scarcely figure out what the results may be. Premier Tsuyoshi Inukai was assassinated by a group of young army men and at the same time military terrorists raided and bombed various buildings and did other damage in Tokyo. These events signalled the outbreak of an actual military revolt against the existing government and its course in national and especially international affairs. Inukai's cabinet resigned and plans were made to install Kisaburo Suzuki, new president of the Seiyu party, as premier. But the representatives of the army served notice that a national cabinet must be formed not based on political parties. The vice chief of staff declared the army would refuse to approve any nomination for war minister in a party cabinet. The constitution provides that the war minister must be a general of the army, so the army can prevent the formation of any ministry that it disapproves. Late dispatches from Tokyo indicated that the army would have its way, and all over the world there was speculation as to what might be the effect on Japan's relations with China and especially with Russia.



T. Inukai

Prince Saionji, last of the elder statesmen, was called to Tokyo to try to effect a compromise. **H**ARRY J. LEIK, superintendent of Mount McKinley National park in Alaska, and three companions climbed both peaks of the mountain, the first time this ever had been accomplished, and discovered that tragic disaster had befallen a group of scientists headed by Allen Carpe who had attempted to scale the mountain for the purpose of measuring cosmic rays. Carpe himself and Theodore Koven lost their lives. Koven's body was found on Muldrow glacier, and it was certain that Carpe had fallen into a crevasse. The lost leader was regarded as the ablest mountaineer in America. He was working under the direction of Prof. Arthur H. Compton of the University of Chicago, who had expected to join him in Alaska to continue the cosmic ray study. Two other members of Carpe's party, E. P. Beckwith and Percy T. Olton, Jr., both of New York, were safe, encamped on the glacier. Leik reported, Beckwith was seriously ill with fever and was rescued by airplane. N. D. Spadevockla, also of the party, had left the camp to seek aid and was missing.



Allen Carpe

**H**INDUS and Moslems in Bombay fought each other for days and about a hundred were killed and many injured before the British troops could quell the riots with rifle fire and tanks. The strife between the two races spread to Calcutta and there, also, it was necessary for the police to fire on the mobs.

**P**OPE PIUS XI issued an encyclical entitled "Charitas Christi" in which he called the world to prayer, penance and mortification to save itself from "the peril of terrorism and anarchy" and "the still graver evils that are threatening." For this purpose he set aside a period of eight days for "reparation" on the octave of the feast of the Sacred Heart, beginning June 3.

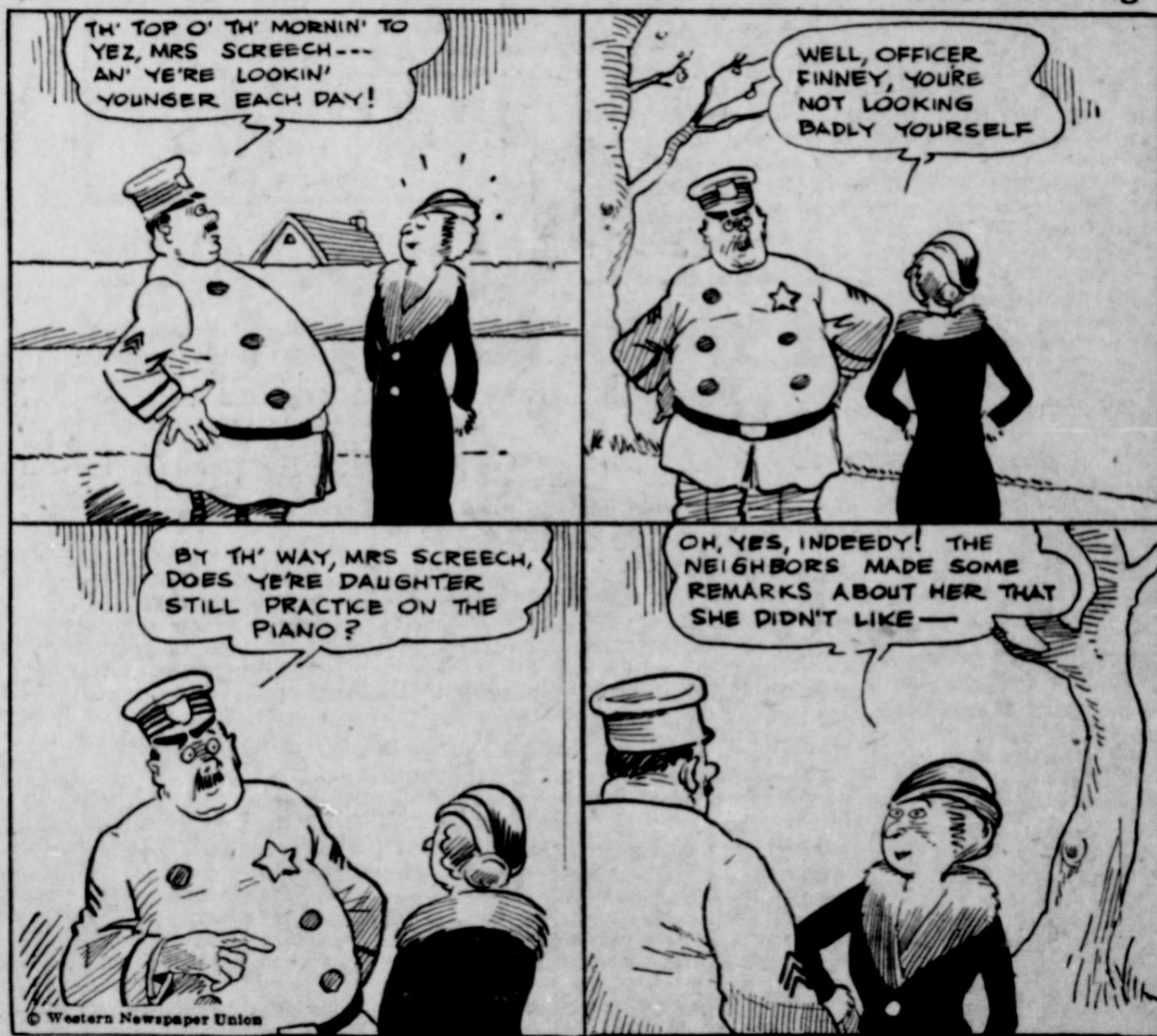
# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Our Pet Peeve



## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

## Sweet Revenge



## THE FEATHERHEADS

## Misunderstanding



City Hall That Is Like a Fine Palace



BEVERLY HILLS is famous for its beautiful residences, some of which are owned by movie stars. Now the California city has a city hall that matches in beauty the palatial homes. This recently completed building, which cost half a million dollars, is shown above. It is the first part of a three-building civic center project.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

PATIENCE, be you young or old. Brings its own reward, we're told. Buster Bear doesn't believe it. He doesn't see it that way at all. He is willing to admit that it does sometimes, but not always. No, indeed, not always! Perhaps that is because the reward isn't always what Buster wants it to be. You know how it is when we set our hearts on a thing and then don't get it. The disappointment makes us overlook some of the good things we do get. I suspect that it was this way with Buster that day when he discovered Busy Bee in the Green Forest.

Buster had heard the hum of Busy Bee and then had discovered her at work among some flowers in a little opening among the trees right back of where he was sitting. Then she flew away. Now the sight and the sound of Busy Bee had awakened pleasant thoughts in Buster Bear—thoughts of

honey. Can you imagine any sweeter thoughts? Buster knows a great deal about Busy Bee. Ever since he was a little cub he has been interested in Busy Bee. I am afraid it has been a selfish interest, but none the less it has been a real interest. It has led him to find out a very great deal about Busy Bee. He knows that Busy Bee makes honey. He knows that she gathers the sweets from the flowers of the Green Meadows and the Green



So Buster Sat and Dreamed and Watched the Flowers and Waited for Busy Bee to Return.

Forest and that in a secret storehouse she packs these sweets away in the form of honey. He knows that sometimes this secret storehouse is in a hollow tree, sometimes in a hollow log, and sometimes even in a cave among the rocks. He knows that Busy Bee never wastes any time, not a single minute, but from morning till night is at work gathering the sweets of the flowers and making them into honey. He knows, too, that she isn't a safe person to interfere with, that she carries the sharpest of little lances with her all the time, and little as she is isn't the least bit afraid to use it on even such a big fellow as he is. Yes, indeed, Buster Bear knows a great deal about Busy Bee.

When she flew away from those flowers in the little opening among the trees in the Green Forest, she went so suddenly that Buster didn't see in which direction she flew. "Never mind," said Buster himself, "she'll come back; and next time I'll be sharper and see which way she goes. This is a very pleasant and comfortable place, so I'll just wait until she returns."

So Buster sat down where he could watch those flowers, made himself comfortable and waited for Busy Bee

Right for Golf



Looked at from the sports angle, a comfortable tweed costume is just as important for golf as a well-grooved swing. This costume is roomily cut, the skirt has fullness to spare, the short pull-on sweater has ease through the shoulders and the fitted one-button jacket can be left on or off according to the weather. — Woman's Home Companion.



"A doctor," says convalescent Corrie, "is a gentleman who accommodates people who would rather have health than wealth." — WNU Service.

Net Catch Is the Town's Net Profit



SO PLENTIFUL are the herring that make their way up and down the shallow waters of the famous brook at Pembroke, Mass., that the town has hit upon the novel idea of furnishing motorists with nets and then charging them 25 cents a dozen for their catch. It is estimated that over 120,000 herring make their way up this brook every day.

JUST BALANCING

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

A BIRD upon a twig, Just balancing, A bird not very big Or anything; Although the branches sway In every breeze, He sings, the best he may, His harmonies.

And what are we? Like him We dip and dance, Upon a swaying limb The sport of chance. The sky not always blue, The winds at rest, We sometimes live it through And do our best.

Our hold on joy is poor, And winds are strong, And little is secure For very long, And yet to heaven's Word Still let us cling, As bravely as a bird Just balancing.

(© 1932, Douglas Malloch.)—WNU Service

to come back. And while he waited he dreamed—day dreams, you know—and they were very pleasant dreams. They were sweet dreams, the very sweetest of dreams, for they were all of honey. He dreamed of a great hollow tree and that he had climbed it and with his great strong claws had torn it open and found more honey than he could eat all at once, and Buster Bear could eat a great deal. He smacked his lips quite as if that honey were real, and not just dream honey.

So Buster sat and dreamed and watched the flowers and waited for Busy Bee to return. He waited and waited. He was very patient, was Buster Bear. With such pleasant dreams it wasn't hard to be patient. You see, he felt that patience might make those dreams come true. When Busy Bee should come back for more sweets he would follow her straight to her secret storehouse. So he waited and waited.

The Jolly Little Sunbeams were very comforting and pleasant. It was very, very still and beautiful there. His stomach was reasonably full. Altogether Buster Bear was very comfortable. He blinked at the flowers. He nodded. Presently he lay down, and then—well, then those sweet day dreams became still sweeter sleep dreams. Yes, sir, Buster Bear fell asleep. And while he slept, Busy Bee returned and went away again, not once but several times. The Black Shadows had begun to creep through-out the Green Forest, when at last Buster opened his eyes. He scrambled to his feet and shook himself. Then he growled a rumble-grumble growl of disappointment. He knew that Busy Bee would not return again that day, but had gone to bed for the night. His patience had brought no

BACK YARD GARDEN

A LITTLE garden at the back of the city lot, a bit of space where green things may grow in neat rows, a half dozen tomato plants, bush beans, carrots, radishes and onions—what a joy it can add to one's life. Even where space is not such a factor a small garden near the kitchen where it may be tended is to be recommended.

A garden south or west of the house gets more protection from cold winds, and better sunlight. Any kind of soil with proper handling will make good gardens. Place the rows so that they get as much spacing as possible, making the garden look trim by the proper spacing and placing of seeds. Plan the crops so that the soil is working all summer. The time to plant depends upon the date of the last frosts, which is not always reliable, but many of our vegetables like lettuce, radishes, turnips, spinach and parsley are not afraid of a little cool weather.

Where one has space for corn, it must be planted after all frost danger is past. Corn is one of the most satisfactory of vegetables to raise. In good soil, with plenty of moisture and heat, with a few hoeings, a crop will respond that will delight the heart. There is nothing equal to the fresh juicy golden bantam or the country gentleman, and later the luscious-milky ears of the evergreen.

When the last frost is over plant early beets, onion seed, carrots and such tender vegetables as the bush bean. Now the tomato plants may be set out, the cabbage and eggplant as well as pepper plant and cucumber seed may be sown, also melon and squash. Do not have these near enough to mix the pollen, or the melons will not be of good flavor.

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

DADA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a mosquito?" "Real cause of Job's death." (© 1932, Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service

reward, he thought. You see he quite overlooked the nice long rest and the beautiful sweet dreams. He had wanted a different reward, and so he thought he hadn't had any.

(© 1932, by T. W. Burgess.)—WNU Service.

Here's Your Chance to Buy a French Village



IF YOU want to purchase a whole French village for yourself, you can obtain the one a part of which is here pictured. And the price will be only about \$10,000. The village is located near Tonnerre in Bourgogne and is offered for sale—see the sign on the tree?—because all its inhabitants have moved to larger places in search of work.

When Husband's Slip

THIS woman's husband was run down, irritable, unhappy. She didn't know what the matter with him. It worried her. She was afraid he would lose his job. Her mother-in-law suggested Fellows' Syrup and see that her husband took it regularly every day. She saw it build up his vitality, nerve strain, pep-up vigor and appreciate it now to all her friends. Ask for genuine Fellows' Syrup at your druggist.



FELLOWS' SYRUP

Outlines Six Steps for Land Use Plan

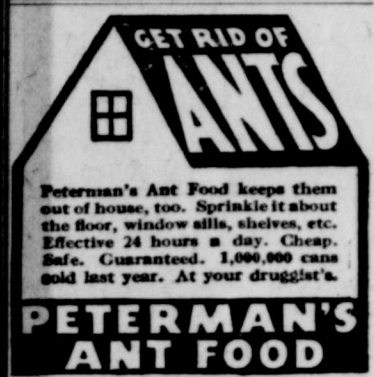
"Much lower prices for what he sells, higher prices for what he buys, and higher taxes—these are the upper and nether millstones which are slowly grinding the life out of rural America," said Prof. M. L. Wilson of Montana State College in a radio address, over an NBC network in the program of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education. "Fortunately, there is a way out," Wilson stated, "but the way demands a reversal of the basic land policy of the nation."

The speaker presented six steps in a program for land utilization.

First in the list of six fundamentals suggested by Professor Wilson is the repeal of the Homestead Act and the enactment of a new national land policy bill which, he pointed out, is essential because there is no more land in the public domain suitable for farming and home building. "Secondly, each state should classify its lands, develop a state-wide land use plan and institute a program of action," Professor Wilson advised. The third step is that pool land, as determined by land utilization studies, should be taken out of production.

Additional steps in the plan presented by Professor Wilson included the modification of land taxes and reorganization of local government, the withdrawal of poor lands from production to solve the surplus problem. Suggesting how this might be carried out, he explained the "Domestic Allotment Plan" which calls for the issuance of certain allotments to farmers to grow the kinds of crops they have been growing, the farmer to receive tariff protection of the allotted acres. Finally, Wilson

recommended part time farming and the decentralization of industry. To prevent men who are farming unprofitable land from joining the ranks of the unemployed, Professor Wilson stated that industry must adopt a new policy coupling industry with small farm agriculture. Small farms, located near industrial plants, he said, would not produce the great food staples of which there is a surplus.



Excuse It, Please Voice Over Telephone—Is Mike Howe, there? Answer—What do you think this is, a stock yard?



Explained "I live by my wits." "Now I know why you look so hungry."



Covered Bridges Going The covered bridge is fast disappearing from Vermont roads, and is estimated at least 1,000 of the picturesque old wooden structures have been supplanted by other bridges within the past four years. Much of the reconstruction was necessitated by the floods of 1927.

Limit in Dullness Askum—How's business with you Bascom—As dull as a can opener after it has been used six months by a flapper bride!—Exchange.

The humblest individual exercises some influence either for good or evil upon others.

Is Best for Daily Use Because while it is cleansing and purifying the skin, by reason of its pure, saponaceous properties, it is soothing irritations, by reason of its super-creamy emollient properties derived from Cuticura Ointment. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass. Try Cuticura Shaving Cream.

Good for Nothing "When I am big, mamma, I'm going to marry a doctor or a minister." "Why, dear?" "Cause if I marry a doctor I can get well for nothing, and if I marry a minister I can be good for nothing."

Show "Going to the horse show?" "I think I will. It may be my last chance to see a horse."

Can you hold your neighbor in high regard if he supports a law intended to reform you? He!

It doesn't take much of a hunter to bag his trousers.



Rinso THE GRANULATED HARD-WATER SOAP The makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend it

WOULD you spend a few cents to save several dollars?

Anyone would spend a few cents to save a dollar. And that is exactly what you do, again and again, when you buy this paper and read its advertisements and act on their advice. A single fortunate purchase saves you more than the price of a year's subscription. And buy you better things—for the table, for the house, for yourself—smarter clothes, extra convenience, increased comfort. All sorts of new satisfactions. Form the good habit of reading the advertisements with care. The news they contain is valuable and practical. News that's good. News that means better living.

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY  
Ed C. Boliver, Publisher

Entered as second class matter October 28, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

NOTICE—Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Informer will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Advertising Rates: Display 25c per inch. Classified 1c per word, per issue. Legal Notices 5c per line, per issue. Readers 5c per line, per issue.

All obituaries, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, advertising of church or society done, when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

## Political Announcements

For Representative 122nd District

**JOHN PURYEAR**  
of Wellington  
**D. O. BEENE**  
of Mebeetie  
**H. B. HILL**  
of Shamrock

For District Judge 100th Judicial District

**EDWARD BROWN**  
of Collingsworth County  
**A. J. FIRES**  
of Childress County

For District Attorney 100th Judicial District

**JOHN M. DEANER**  
of Hall County  
**JAMES C. MANN**  
Re election

For County Judge

**S. W. LOWE**  
**J. J. ALEXANDER**  
(Re election)  
**J. C. ESTLAGE**

For Sheriff

**GUY PIERCE**  
Re election

For Tax Collector

**M. W. MOSLEY**  
Re election  
**A. N. WOOD**

For Tax Assessor

**W. A. ARMSTRONG**  
Re election  
**MARVIN SMITH**

For County Clerk

**MRS BESSIE SMITH**  
Re election  
**W. G. WORD**

For County Treasurer

**MRS LINNIE GAUGHEN**  
Re election  
**HUGH BROWN**  
**MRS RICHARD MILKERSON**

For County Attorney

**R. Y. KING**  
Re election  
**R. J. DILLARD**  
**J. C. SWINBURN**

For District Clerk

**A. H. BAKER**  
Re election  
**WALKER LAKE**

For County School Superintendent

**MRS NORA MURTRY**  
**SLOAN BAKER**  
**J. B. (Jimmy) WILLSAP**

For County Commissioner Precinct No. 3

**J. LES HAWKINS**  
Re election  
**W. C. (Clyde) BRIDGES**

**J. W. WEBB, M. D.**

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas

Office Phone 3  
Residence Phone 1

## SMITH NEWS ITEMS

Miss Mary Richerson is very ill at present. We hope for her a speedy recovery.

The close of school plays will be given Friday night. The public is cordially invited.

Those to spend Sunday in the George Jackson home were Mr. and Mrs. F. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Harris and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Gardenhire of Lakeview, and O. B. Smith.

Monroe Jackson spent Saturday night and Sunday with Chester Grimes.

Sloan Baker and son Sloan Hugh, visited in Clarendon and Hedley Saturday.

The young people enjoyed a party at Mr. and Mrs. Ward's Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Beasley and Miss Ara Faye Womack of Harrell Chapel attended the play Friday night.

The play "No Account David" was given Friday night to a large and appreciative audience. The cast of characters: Mrs. Golden (Gran)—Mildred Baker; Ned Golden (Gran's grandson)—Monroe Jackson; David Gamble (wanderer)—O. B. Smith; Sheriff Barnes (who did his duty)—Bill Maddox; Bill (a small boy witness)—Sloan Hugh Baker; Chum Zona (vaudeville player)—Holbert Harris; Mrs. Mattie Zona (also a vaudeville player)—Mrs. Sloan Baker; Zelta Zona (their daughter)—Lou Harris; Mr. Coolie (who held the mortgage)—Chester Grimes.

While going home from the play Friday night, Johnnie Alexander's car became stalled in the creek bed, where it was hit by a head rise and was swept down stream; Johnnie was also carried down until he caught hold of the bridge and got out. The car was badly damaged.

Several had to spend the night at the school house while others stayed with neighbors, due to the storm, but no one seems the worse for having had such an experience.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Alexander of Clarendon visited the Byron Alexander family Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Thomas and Mrs. Clyde Reed of Memphis attended the play.

Mrs. George's daughter and husband of Fort Worth are here on a visit.

Foot Tubs, 35c  
E. & B. Variety Store.

## GARD OF THANKS

We take this means of expressing our sincere appreciation to those who assisted in any way through the illness and death of our dear wife and mother. God bless you, is our prayer.

R. H. Keasler,  
M. H. Keasler,  
V. L. Keasler,  
D. A. Keasler,  
Mrs. C. F. Hart,  
G. W. Keasler,  
C. L. Keasler,  
G. P. Keasler,  
W. J. Keasler,  
W. R. Keasler,  
J. E. Keasler,  
Mrs. R. A. Keasler

## SWEET POTATO PLANTS FOR SALE

Also Cabbage, Onion, Beet, Tomato, and old fashioned Georgia Collard plants. Write for prices. Plants large garden this year.

DAVID NICHOLS CO.  
Kingston Georgia

Subscribe for The Informer

**SAFEST TIRE EVER BUILT**  
*...is here!*

**Goodrich Safety Silvertown**

as low as **\$7.05**

WE'VE received a shipment—now you can see for yourself the tire which is proving the sensation of the year. Let us explain the construction—why it is the world's safest tire. Why the thicker tread gives thousands of miles additional anti-skid performance. Why it has a firmer grip on the road than any other tire—minimizing the skidding hazard. Why it has the strongest carcass—greater protection against blowouts.

PRICES  
30x450 \$7.05 each \$13.60 pair

## Hedley Motor Company

Phone 79

Hedley, Texas

## WINDY VALLEY NEWS

There were 57 present at Sunday School Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Odus Owens of near Hedley spent Sunday with the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Lyons.

Margaret Nell and Beaty Hillman accompanied their uncle, W. W. Beaty of Memphis on a visit to East Texas last week.

Miss Hazel Cole left Sunday for Canyon, where she will attend school this summer.

Mrs. I. M. Noble will leave Wednesday, June 8, for Wichita, Kansas, to attend the Nazarene General Assembly. She will be accompanied by Rev. and Mrs. W. R. McClure of Hedley, Miss Lucy Garrison of Clarendon and Miss Vera Garland of Ashtola. They expect to be gone about ten days.

News was received here Saturday night of the marriage of Miss Rachel Tidrow of Naylor and Mr. Dee Crites of Lelia Lake, which occurred Saturday. Miss Rachel taught in the Windy Valley school the past two terms. We wish them a long and happy married life together.

## SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN

The infant.  
The little girl.  
The maiden.  
The young woman.  
The young woman.  
The young woman.  
The young woman.

## JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor

19th Year in Practice  
11th Year in  
Memphis, Texas  
718 West Noel St. Phone 462

## KILLIAN Dray Line

We want to do your HAULING  
Always ready to go. See us or call Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.  
Phone 8

## SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas,  
County of Donley

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Collingsworth county on the 23rd day of May, 1932 by Lenore Sherwood Hors, Clerk of said District Court, for the sum of Seventy Six Hundred Sixty-five and 06/100 (\$7665.06) Dollars, with 8 per cent interest thereon from said date, and costs of suit, under a judgment in favor of J. C. Doneghy, in a certain cause in said Court, No. 1535, and styled J. C. Doneghy vs W. E. Reeves et al, being a personal judgment against W. E. Reeves for said sum and foreclosure of deed of trust lien on the land below described, placed in my hands for service, I, Guy Pierce, as Sheriff of Donley County, Texas, did, on the 8th day of June, 1932, levy on certain real estate, situated in Donley county, Texas, described as follows, to wit:

All of Section No 121 in Block "E," Certificate No 23, containing 640 acres of land, more or less, located about four miles north from the town of Hedley, in Donley county, Texas, and most generally known as the W. E. Reeves farm, and levied upon as the property of W. E. Reeves and Margaret Reeves;

And that on the first Tuesday in July, 1932, the same being the 5th day of said month, at the court house door of Donley county, in the town of Clarendon, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., by virtue of said levy and Order of Sale, I will sell said above described real estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said W. E. Reeves and Margaret Reeves.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper published in Donley county.

Witness my hand, this 8th day of June, 1932.

Guy Pierce, Sheriff,  
Donley County, Texas

## ALL OF US WANT

a Good Daily Paper

in order to keep posted on politics, election and other vital matters.

You can get the

**Amarillo Daily News**  
and Big  
**Sunday News-Globe**

from now until Dec. 1st at a Bargain Price

See the Informer Man

# The Desert's Price

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

Copyright by William MacLeod Raine

WNU Service

## SYNOPSIS

Drawn by the desert signal of distress, Wilson McCann, young Arizona ranchman, finds an old friend, Jim Yerby, with a broken leg. Julia Stark, daughter of Matthew Stark, inveterate enemy of the McCanns, signaled and in rendering first aid. Taking a note from Julia to her father, Stark, Sr., expresses disbelief of Wilson's account of the shooting.

## CHAPTER II

### The Giffords

Doctor Sanders was smoking a pipe in front of Yerby's cabin when McCann dismounted.

"How's Jim?" the horseman asked. "He's taking a little nourishment. Miss Julia fixed up for him. How'd you come out at the Circle Cross? I see they didn't scalp you."

"No," McCann said dryly. "They sent a messenger to meet me."

The doctor's sparkling eyes guaranteed attention. He guessed that something interesting had occurred and he was a born gossip.

"Jas Stark shot at me an' lit out. I followed him lickety-split to the ranch. We had a few pleasant words, the old man an' me."

"Shot at you? He didn't! How come he to do that? They don't like you a lick on the road, you or any of your kin. But—shooting! Who started it?"

In a few crisp sentences McCann told the story. The doctor listened, absorbed. Was this the beginning of the end? Would the smoldering feud break into open warfare, bitter and tragic? If he knew the McCanns—and he thought he did—they were not the kind to take this challenge tamely. They came of fighting Irish stock, upon which had been grafted four generations of American frontier life. There were likely to be reprisals.

Even now both camps were waiting tensely for the signal to begin hostilities openly. The death of Tom McArdie had brought them to the point of war. But the doubt as to who had killed him had made for delay. Matthew Stark had hesitated to give the word. While he brooded, willing to let events shape themselves, Jasper had fired a warning shot that might be the first of hundreds.

The doctor rose and with a sigh of resignation knocked the ashes out of his pipe. He saw busy days and nights ahead of him. Well, it was in the hands of the gods, or rather of two grim hard men with too much of the desert fierceness in their blood. He was a pawn in the game they played, just as were the rollicking boys who would ride out laughing to meet death at the lift of a hand.

"No use telling you so, of course, but it's all wrong, Wils—this putting yourselves above the law and killing so free and easy."

"Have I been killin' anybody free and easy, Doc? Better speak to Jas Stark about that, hadn't you?"

"I'm not meaning you, Wils. But some one shot Tom McArdie."

"None of our outfit, Doc. You don't mean we had anything to do with it." The eyes of the range rider were bleak.

"No, Wils. Nothing like that. But you know how the Starks feel. They're holding it against you boys of the Flying VY."

Sanders knew by the other's face that they were no longer alone. He turned, to see Julia Stark in the doorway.

"Who else would we hold it against, Doctor?" she asked curly, looking straight at the younger man.

"There was a thin ironic smile on the brown face of McCann. He murmured, with the soft drawl of insolence to which he sometimes reverted, "Nobody else would have dry-gulched him, would they?"

"What'd you mean?" the girl demanded.

The man in chaps said nothing, but he continued to give her that mocking smile. It was the doctor who answered at last.

"Tom was quite a boy for the girls, Miss Julia. Folks say—some folks do—that maybe some one who was jealous or wanted revenge might have laid for him."

The girl's dark eyebrows gathered in a frown. "First I've heard of it—that Tom was so fond of the girls. And if he was—if he did like them—is that any crime, any reason why some one would want to kill him?"

"I reckon you didn't know Tom very well," the doctor said judicially with intent to hold an even balance between the Stark and the McCann. "He was a mite wild, Miss Julia, by the stories I've heard."

"I don't know anything about that. I never saw him but once." She swept defiant eyes over the rider. "But I don't believe a word about a private enemy killing him."

"You wouldn't," agreed the younger man.

The implications of his smile stirred her anger. Stiffly she turned and walked into the house.

Those outside heard Yerby: "Don't I hear that Flying VY boy chinnin' with the doc?"

"Yes. Want to see him?"

"I reckon. Before he goes." Julia made things snug for the night.

"Hope you'll have a good night and sleep well," she said.

"I'll be fine an' dandy," he assured. Outside the girl spoke indifferently to the night, "Mr. Yerby wants to see you before you go."

Since Doctor Sanders had just been explaining that he intended to stay all night with his patient, McCann was justified in assuming that this impersonal remark was addressed to him. He went into the house.

"How they stackin', old-timer?" he asked.

"I'll make a hand yet. What's worryin' me is I've got to lie here like a bump on a log an' let a kid like you see Miss Julia home. She's outa luck. Well, give my love to Pa Stark when you get to the Circle Cross."

"Was that what you wanted to tell me?"

Little limps of deviltry danced in the beady eyes. "No, Wils. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind hoss. Scratch gravel, boy. You know the ol' saying: Opportunity is like a bald-headed guy with chin whiskers; you can catch him comin' but not going."

McCann's answer was direct. "I'm not liable to forget that she's Matt Stark's daughter, so you needn't look so blamed knowin' Jim. I don't like her any more'n she does me."

"Sho! She's a mighty nice l'il girl, an' the best lookin' one in Arizona."

"No Stark looks good to me," the son of Peter McCann said grimly.

They were taking the short cut across the desert before either of them spoke.

"What did you say your name is?" she asked, rather imperiously.

"They call me Wilson."

The girl noticed the slight pause before he had drawn the answer. It probably was not his right name, she reflected. A good many men did not use the one to which they were born. In that country it was not good form to insist on particulars as to who a man had been or from where he had come.

"You ride for the McCanns?" He assented, without words.

Silence fell again between them. They had come out of the silt and were threading a way among the steel-thorned yuccas. The moon and the stars were out, touching the land as by a magic wand. All harsh detail was blurred. Ten thousand years of drought were wiped out. A soft desert breeze was sighing gently across a sleeping world.

His words, when at last they came, were a surprise. "Why isn't it always like this?" he asked, speaking almost to himself rather than to her.

"How do you mean, like this?"

But she knew, she hoped she knew, what he meant before he answered. For the desert had entered into her life, too. She sensed its moods and reflected them in her own. Sometimes it was a hot devouring monster blasting all living things with its fiery breath; again at sunset, when light was flooding over the sheen of the mesquite, it might be a silver dragon less destructive. In the moonlight it was kind of lovely, all ugliness and threat obliterated.

A crouching animal slipped quickly across the trail into the chaparral.

"Coyote?" she asked.

"Wildcat," he answered. Then, with unexpected bitterness. "That's the desert for you."

Again she understood what he meant, and again asked, "What do you mean?"

"Survival of the fit."

"Isn't that true everywhere?"

"Maybe so, but the conditions are different. Everything that lives here is born and bred in hardship, trained for attack an' defense. No escape from it. All the plants have thick an' callous rinds. They have thorns that sting. They have to push their roots 'way into the ground to get water. If they don't toughen they die. That's what's ailin' us humans. We're desert-bred."

"Aren't people the same everywhere?" she asked.

"No. Here we have to fight or go under. We fight the drought and heat of nature. We fight each other for the water holes. If we don't we lose out. Consequence is we get fierce and savage like that wildcat."

"Yes," she admitted with a sigh. "We're all under the spell of it, all hard and relentless, kinda. But we don't have to be—what is it you called that wildcat?—ferocious and sly. The desert shows its teeth most of the time. It's full of sting and barb and thorn. But that's only one side of it. All the time it's trying to tell us something else, too, isn't it?"

His brooding eyes rested on her. So she, too, felt it, this wild young thing so full of contrary impulses, of passionate resentments, of brave elusive dreams, of mysterious cravings for goodness and beauty. He forgot that she was of the enemy. Something primeval stirred in him, a joy old as the race, that walked with Adam and Eve in the garden. Without taking thought of it he knew that they were alone in a world wonderful.

"What's it tryin' to tell us?" he asked in his low gentle voice.

"I don't know—quite. But something good—and hopefu'. The lovely

flowers of the yucca and the cactus—aren't they a promise to us?" She laughed at herself, soft-eyed. "Maybe that seems silly to you. But it's the way I feel. Tonight, now. In all this still moonlight the desert isn't threatening us, is it?"

They were drawing up into a country of creased arroyos. On the crest of a hillock they stopped and looked back across the Painted desert. The man was for moment carried out of himself. Looking at this starry-eyed girl, clean and innocent and rhythmic in the freshness of her youth, it seemed possible to escape the inheritance of his dark environment. There was something in life deeper than hate and selfishness and revenge if he could only find it.

Down the wind came drumming the sound of hoofs. The two listened in silence. Each, sitting poised and alert on their mounts, knew that several horses with riders were moving rapidly toward them. The fact had its significance in a country where one might travel a day without meeting a human being. Voices became clear, a snatch of laughter, an oath. Silhouetted against the skyline, three cow ponies moved along the ridge across the arroyo.

Julia gave a little cry of greeting, lost in the cllop of the hoofs and the chuffing of the saddle leather. She



Resentment at Life's Injustice Marred Her Dark Good Looks.

turned to her companion, to suggest that they canter down and intersect the riders. But the words died on her lips.

The man beside her was watching the riders as they descended from the ridge and disappeared. He sat crouched, eyes narrowed to hard shining slits of light, teeth clamped like a vice. The change in him shocked her. He had become a machine designed to stalk and kill, a desert animal savage and ferocious, the deadlier for the stillness of his emotion.

"Did you know who they were?" she asked.

The eyes that looked at her were chill. He nodded without speech.

"I reckon Dad sent them to bring me home."

She knew he would not accept that explanation, since she could not believe it herself. They had come through Tincup pass and were headed south. Moreover, they carried rifles. Why? What did they want with them?

"Does it need three men to bring you home—two Texas hired killers like Stone an' Gitner, as well as yore brother?"

"Killers! Who says my father's men are killers?" she flamed. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"Wils McCann," he flung back at her.

He could see her recoil and stiffen. "I might have known it. You liar!" She threw the epithet like a missile in his face. "If I were a man—"

"You've got an able-bodied brother," he suggested, ironically. "Maybe you could get him to take a crack at me from the mesquite. He might have better luck next time."

"I don't know what you're talking about," the girl said scornfully.

"Ask him when you see him again. He wouldn't lie, Jasper wouldn't. He's a Stark, you know."

She swung her horse and gave it a touch of the spur. Before it had gone twenty steps the man was riding beside her again.

"Hit the trail!" she ordered hotly. "I don't need your help to get home."

"I reckon not," he drawled. "But I promised Doc, so I'll mosey along."

She pulled up, a diamond-hard glitter in her eyes. "I'm going to my brother. I'd advise you to light out."

"After I know you're safe." His voice was cool and dry, his gaze level and unwavering.

"If I tell Dave Stone and that Gitner what you called them—killers—"

"Why, then they'll prove it to you right there," he cut in with a jeering laugh. "Seeing is believing. They claim we owe 'em one for Tom McArdie, an' they'll collect now."

A tempest of impotent anger surged in her. His words were meant to affront and challenge her. Not since she had been in her early teens had she

felt so uncontrollable an impulse to break out in crackling speech that pelted like hail. What was there in this hateful man that stirred so deeply the wild and lawless elements of her being, so long dormant?

Julia's glance swept the landscape. The last of the three riders was disappearing into an arroyo. Obligingly McCann pointed him out. In a weak voice she called to her brother.

Her companion's smile was mocking. "Lemme get him for you." Before she could stop him there came from his throat the far-carrying yell of the cowpuncher. "Yi yi yippy yi!"

She had a shaken sense of stilled pulses, the premonition of impending disaster. But it was too late to ride away now. Already the three riders were showing darkly in silhouette against the sky line. She waited with dread beside this enemy of her family while the men rode toward them.

"Who is it?" Jasper Stark demanded. Julia called her name to him. She heard him say to his companions, "Jule an' Doc Sanders." He was riding in the lead and it was not till he had pulled up his horse that his startled oath announced recognition of McCann.

Hurriedly Julia explained. "Doctor Sanders had to stay all night with Jim Yerby. He asked Mr. McCann to see me home."

"Since when has Wils McCann been yore friend, Jule," her brother demanded harshly.

"He's no friend of mine. I didn't know who he was till he told me just now."

"The Starks know me well enough to shoot at me but not well enough to pass the time of day," McCann added tauntingly. "An' that's about as well as I want to know most of them."

His gaze moved to the Texans. Gitner was a big rangy fellow with the appearance and manner of a bully. He looked dangerous, but not so much so as the man on his right. There was a deadly quality about the stillness of Stone. Only the chill light-blue eyes were quick with life. McCann knew his reputation and one long steady exchange of looks told him this small brown Texan would live up to it.

"You didn't shoot at him from the mesquite, Jas, did you?" his sister asked.

"Been runnin' to you about it, has he?" snarled Stark. "Well, there's nothin' to it. I shot to warn him back, an' he's been bellyachin' ever since."

"I knew it was something like that," the girl replied quickly.

McCann laughed, softly and deviously.

"Something amusin' you?" Gitner wanted to know, heavy lower jaw thrust forward aggressively.

The Arizonian met him eye to eye. "Any law against laughin', Mr. Gitner?"

"Depends how you laugh an' where."

"If I could get Mr. Gitner to show me how an' where—"

Stone interrupted, quietly, each drawing word spaced evenly. "If my name was Wils McCann I'd light out now my pronyot." His eyes were slits of shining menace.

Julia, alarmed, moved her horse a step or two so that she was between the Flying VY rider and his foe.

"Yes," she said, and her voice was not quite steady. "I'd go now, Mr. McCann—please."

"That's good advice, I reckon," he agreed. "Or I might not go at all. Yore friends seem anxious."

He lifted his sombrero in a sweeping bow, swung Jim-Dandy, and moved

away at a road gait. The thing was done raffishly and flipperily, with obvious intent to irritate.

Julia was relieved when the darkness swallowed him and she said to her brother, "We'd better go home to her mother."

Jasper was annoyed. He looked at his companions, doubtful what to do.

With a dry ironic smile he settled the matter. They could not go about their errand now since the information that they were night riding had become public property.

"Why yes, Jas. Mizzie as well go home. I reckon, like Mizzie, with gentle sarcasm. "We taken the ride tonight we need for our horses."

On his way back to the Flying VY that morning Wilson McCann passed the sheep ranch on the mesa. The place had inherited a few years before a stiff-necked uncle who had bought sheep in regardless of opposition from the cattle interests. It had starred ventures, followed by quarrels, warnings, raids, and bloodshed. Old Andy Gifford died who was the trouble was at its height and the trouble was passed on to his son. But it took the form of a sheep rather than active warfare. The neighborhood did not get disturbed at the presence of these "hoofed locusts" eating, yet could not bring itself to the point of driving out three defenseless women.

When their uncle died he had been twenty-two, a past nineteen, and Ethel sixteen. Friends, on the edge of the life of the girls was a look upon them with ill-concealed resentment. Their wives and daughters paid no friendly visits.

But in a man's country these three attractive girls were a magnet not to be resisted. A few cowboys began to fly, as they must when presentable young women are visited only by men. At last the warring tongue of gossip found something tangible to whisper. And Nora Gifford had taken the trip for Los Angeles, while the younger ones were attending school a few months later the older ones came alone, hard-eyed, close-mouthed. No letters from Nora ever came to the ranch, it was observed at the post office. Where was she? What had become of her?

During Ann's absence a band of sheep had been harried and driven over a cliff by night riders. Ann's lips shut tighter, the lines about them grew harder. Since her husband and Ethel lived alone.

McCann lifted his hat. "Howdy, Miss Gifford. What's your good word?" he asked.

Ann Gifford was this brown, dry as a chip. Her eyes blazed with a burning bitterness. Resentment marred her dark good looks.

"What can I do for you?" she said bluntly.

"For me? Nothing, ma'am," he replied, disconcerted. "I reckoned there might be somethin' I could do for you. When there's no men on the place a husky willing lad comes in handy sometimes. If you need me—"

"We don't."

"Now or any time, ma'am," she snapped.

McCann was embarrassed but persistent. He had met her only two or three times, and then casually. But he had heard about the hard lives had fallen upon them.

McCann pointed him out. In a weak voice she called to her brother.

Her companion's smile was mocking. "Lemme get him for you." Before she could stop him there came from his throat the far-carrying yell of the cowpuncher. "Yi yi yippy yi!"

She had a shaken sense of stilled pulses, the premonition of impending disaster. But it was too late to ride away now. Already the three riders were showing darkly in silhouette against the sky line. She waited with dread beside this enemy of her family while the men rode toward them.

"Who is it?" Jasper Stark demanded. Julia called her name to him. She heard him say to his companions, "Jule an' Doc Sanders." He was riding in the lead and it was not till he had pulled up his horse that his startled oath announced recognition of McCann.

Hurriedly Julia explained. "Doctor Sanders had to stay all night with Jim Yerby. He asked Mr. McCann to see me home."

"Since when has Wils McCann been yore friend, Jule," her brother demanded harshly.

"He's no friend of mine. I didn't know who he was till he told me just now."

"The Starks know me well enough to shoot at me but not well enough to pass the time of day," McCann added tauntingly. "An' that's about as well as I want to know most of them."

His gaze moved to the Texans. Gitner was a big rangy fellow with the appearance and manner of a bully. He looked dangerous, but not so much so as the man on his right. There was a deadly quality about the stillness of Stone. Only the chill light-blue eyes were quick with life. McCann knew his reputation and one long steady exchange of looks told him this small brown Texan would live up to it.

"You didn't shoot at him from the mesquite, Jas, did you?" his sister asked.

"Been runnin' to you about it, has he?" snarled Stark. "Well, there's nothin' to it. I shot to warn him back, an' he's been bellyachin' ever since."

"I knew it was something like that," the girl replied quickly.

McCann laughed, softly and deviously.

"Something amusin' you?" Gitner wanted to know, heavy lower jaw thrust forward aggressively.

The Arizonian met him eye to eye. "Any law against laughin', Mr. Gitner?"

"Depends how you laugh an' where."

"If I could get Mr. Gitner to show me how an' where—"

Stone interrupted, quietly, each drawing word spaced evenly. "If my name was Wils McCann I'd light out now my pronyot." His eyes were slits of shining menace.

Julia, alarmed, moved her horse a step or two so that she was between the Flying VY rider and his foe.

"Yes," she said, and her voice was not quite steady. "I'd go now, Mr. McCann—please."

"That's good advice, I reckon," he agreed. "Or I might not go at all. Yore friends seem anxious."

He lifted his sombrero in a sweeping bow, swung Jim-Dandy, and moved

away at a road gait. The thing was done raffishly and flipperily, with obvious intent to irritate.

Julia was relieved when the darkness swallowed him and she said to her brother, "We'd better go home to her mother."

Jasper was annoyed. He looked at his companions, doubtful what to do.

With a dry ironic smile he settled the matter. They could not go about their errand now since the information that they were night riding had become public property.

"Why yes, Jas. Mizzie as well go home. I reckon, like Mizzie, with gentle sarcasm. "We taken the ride tonight we need for our horses."

On his way back to the Flying VY that morning Wilson McCann passed the sheep ranch on the mesa. The place had inherited a few years before a stiff-necked uncle who had bought sheep in regardless of opposition from the cattle interests. It had starred ventures, followed by quarrels, warnings, raids, and bloodshed. Old Andy Gifford died who was the trouble was at its height and the trouble was passed on to his son. But it took the form of a sheep rather than active warfare. The neighborhood did not get disturbed at the presence of these "hoofed locusts" eating, yet could not bring itself to the point of driving out three defenseless women.

When their uncle died he had been twenty-two, a past nineteen, and Ethel sixteen. Friends, on the edge of the life of the girls was a look upon them with ill-concealed resentment. Their wives and daughters paid no friendly visits.

But in a man's country these three attractive girls were a magnet not to be resisted. A few cowboys began to fly, as they must when presentable young women are visited only by men. At last the warring tongue of gossip found something tangible to whisper. And Nora Gifford had taken the trip for Los Angeles, while the younger ones were attending school a few months later the older ones came alone, hard-eyed, close-mouthed. No letters from Nora ever came to the ranch, it was observed at the post office. Where was she? What had become of her?

During Ann's absence a band of sheep had been harried and driven over a cliff by night riders. Ann's lips shut tighter, the lines about them grew harder. Since her husband and Ethel lived alone.

McCann lifted his hat. "Howdy, Miss Gifford. What's your good word?" he asked.

Ann Gifford was this brown, dry as a chip. Her eyes blazed with a burning bitterness. Resentment marred her dark good looks.

"What can I do for you?" she said bluntly.

"For me? Nothing, ma'am," he replied, disconcerted. "I reckoned there might be somethin' I could do for you. When there's no men on the place a husky willing lad comes in handy sometimes. If you need me—"

"We don't."

"Now or any time, ma'am," she snapped.

McCann was embarrassed but persistent. He had met her only two or three times, and then casually. But he had heard about the hard lives had fallen upon them.

McCann was embarrassed but persistent. He had met her only two or three times, and then casually. But he had heard about the hard lives had fallen upon them.

McCann was embarrassed but persistent. He had met her only two or three times, and then casually. But he had heard about the hard lives had fallen upon them.

McCann was embarrassed but persistent. He had met her only two or three times, and then casually. But he had heard about the hard lives had fallen upon them.

McCann was embarrassed but persistent. He had met her only two or three times, and then casually. But he had heard about the hard lives had fallen upon them.

McCann was embarrassed but persistent. He had met her only two or three times, and then casually. But he had heard about the hard lives had fallen upon them.

McCann was embarrassed but persistent. He had met her only two or three times, and then casually. But he had heard about the hard lives had fallen upon them.

## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of sand skin and oil until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use our other Face Cream. Mercolized Wax is one-half pint which lasts. At drug stores.

## Old-Fashioned Remedy for Economic Illness

Some old-fashioned remedies for depression are being brought out into the open by the long-suffering public. Here's one worth a place in the Hall of Fame, contributed by Mrs. Lydia O. Larson of Knoxville, Tenn., to Collier's Weekly:

"I am sick and tired," snaps she, "of hearing all our troubles blamed on congress, Wall Street, tariffs, distribution system, etc. The germ of our sickness is cultivated in our homes by ourselves, a little more cooking, scrubbing and sweeping, at the sacrifice of a few hours of bridge, won't hurt any woman. A little less gambling and some additional leg-work isn't going to make any man poorer, either. More backbone and less wishbone is what we need. I will close now, as I have to look for a washboard I discarded about two years ago."

**CIRCLE NO. 2**

Circle No. 2 of the Methodist W. M. S. meets Thursday, June 9th, with Verda Gilliam. Following is the program:  
 Subject, Bible Types of Modern Women.  
 The Romantic Girl, Rebekah—Jewell Everett.  
 The Soulless Beauty, Rachel—Pauline Slover.  
 The Girl Who Came from a Bad Nest, Rahab—L. Wood.  
 The Flapper, Queen of Sheba—Verda Gilliam.

Fresh Candies at all times.  
 B. & B. Variety Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Ring returned the past week from a stay of several months at Weslaco, in the Rio Grande Valley. We are glad to have them back home.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Spurlin and son Tom, old time Hedleyans, were visiting with relatives and friends here the past week end. We were glad to see them.

**B. W. M. S.**

The B. W. M. S. met Monday with Mrs. Wells with a lesson from the Mission Study book, The Larger Stewardship.  
 Meet with Mrs. P. C. Johnson next Monday.

New Prints, 15¢ per yard.  
 B. & B. Variety Store.

**MRS. R. H. KEASLER**

Mrs. Martha Keasler, age 79 years, 6 months and 13 days, died Sunday morning, May 29, at the family home in Hedley. This news came as a grievous shock to her many friends, although she had been bedfast a little over a week "Grandma," as she was known, had been in good health considering her age right up to the time she was stricken, being able to do her own work and care for her invalid husband.

Funeral services were held at the B. M. A. Church Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock by Rev. A. V. Hendricks, assisted by the other ministers of our town. Interment was made in the Childress Cemetery.

Grandma Keasler was born Nov. 15, 1852, near Blairsville, Georgia. She and her husband moved to Hedley seven years ago from Plainview, Texas. She is survived by her husband, nine sons and one daughter. Those that are left behind grieve, and yet are happy for the sweet consolation that she is safe in the arms of Jesus; by her life and the wonderful dying testimony that she calmly and yet so happily left behind.

Mrs. C. B. Everett, a former Hedley resident, requests that we change her address on our mailing list from Amarillo to Fort Worth.

**Ritz Theatre  
 Memphis, Texas**

Friday, Saturday, June 10, 11  
 Tim McCoy, in  
 in a pre-release showing  
 of his latest picture  
**Two Fisted Law**  
 Serial and Cartoon  
 10c to all

Monday, Tuesday, 13 14  
 Lily Damita, Chas. Ruggles,  
 Roland Young, Theima Todd  
 in one fine comedy  
**This is the Night**  
 We guarantee that this will  
 please you  
 Comedy and News

Wednesday, Thursday, 15 16  
 Walter Huston,  
 Phillips Holmes and  
 Anita Page, in  
**Night Court**  
 A new release from Metro  
 you will enjoy. See them  
 while they are new.  
 Comedy and News.

**Don't Miss**  
 The Little Theatre's Stage Plays  
 at the Ritz Monday and Tuesday,  
 June 20 and 21. Reserved  
 seats on sale now.

**WANTED**—Clean cotton rags  
 Hedley Motor Co.

**J. H. GRIGSBY**

J. H. Grigsby was born in Rusk county, Texas, Nov. 19, 1858; died at Quail June 8, 1932.

He moved with his parents from Rusk county to Hill county, near Hillsboro, where he spent the greater part of his life. In 1906 he settled near Quail, where he remained until his death.

On May 21 he suffered a heart attack from which he could not recover, though everything was done that friends and medical skill could do. He professed faith in Christ when about twenty years old and joined the Missionary Baptist Church in Hill county. After leaving there never united with another church, but in his last days he spoke to members of the family about the hope he had of the future. His great regret was in leaving his companion behind.

As a citizen of his country he stood for full enforcement of law and was on the right side of all moral reforms, both in State and National affairs.

He leaves to mourn his death his wife, one son, E. M. Grigsby of Quail, and one daughter, Mrs. Dora Ray of San Simon, Arizona, fifteen grandchildren, nineteen great grandchildren, and a large number of friends, as was witnessed by the aid and assistance rendered in his sickness and death.

Funeral services were held in B. M. A. Church at Hedley, conducted by Rev. L. J. Crawford and Rev. V. A. Hansard, and he was laid to rest in the Rowe Cemetery to await the Great Day of our Lord.

Our father's life meant much to us; his love, truthness and sympathy; in trials, great and small, he was our all in all.

Now he is gone, we miss him so much; the light of his life we shall see on earth no more. But if we live true to our great Creator we shall meet him on that blissful shore.

**SPECIALS!**

**New Spuds, lb 2½c**

**Dry Salt Meat, lb 6½c**

**Green Beans, lb 4½c**

**Brooms, dandy good quality 25c**

**Bread, 4 regular loaves 25c**

**Wash Tubs No. 3 59c No. 2 50c**

**30 lbs Pinto Beans \$1.00**

**10 lbs White Rose Rice 45c**

**6 bars Big Ben Soap 25c**

**45 bars Luna Soap \$1.00**

**5 Gallon Oil Cans, heavy weight 65c**

Mr. Farmer, let us fill your Oil barrels and cans. We deliver any amount, any time. Come in and get our prices on some of the best Oil you ever used.

We need and appreciate your patronage.

**Eads Produce Co.**

PHONE 167 WE DELIVER

Pierce Store, McKnight



J. W. VALLANCE

**Watch Our Window  
 for  
 EXTRA SPECIALS**

**Specials**

for FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Sugar, 25 lb	\$1.00
Lard, Swift or Armour, 8 lb	52c
Shredded Wheat	10c
Coffee, lb, we grind it	15c
Red Barrel Syrup, half gallon	29c
Pinto Beans, 10 lb	27c
Milk, 3 large or 6 small cans	19c
Bliss Coffee, vacuum packed, lb	25c
Green Beans, 4 lbs	11c
New Spuds, peck 33c 5 lb 13c	
East Texas Yams Pk 17c Bu 50c	
Lettuce, nice, firm heads	7c
Tomatoes, fresh, lb	10c
Steak, Sausage, Roast, 3 lb for	25c

**YOU TELL 'EM**



Lightning never strikes twice in the same place -- It doesn't need to

IF IT'S HARDWARE OR FURNITURE

we have it. If there is anything you want that we haven't got, we'll get it for you. If you need anything in the way of tractor or implement service, call for Thompson Bros.

We Are Always Ready to Serve You.

The Phone number is 145

**Thompson Bros.**

Hardware -- Furniture

**NOTICE!**

On the front page of the paper is an article headed:

**TO THE VOTERS OF  
 PRECINCT NO. 3**

that should have borne the signature of J. Les Hawkins. For some inexplicable reason we failed to put the signature in type. The article itself identifies the writer, but that does not excuse the omission, which is one more "bonehead" for the editor. If we could pay him off we'd fire him.  
 —THE INFORMER.

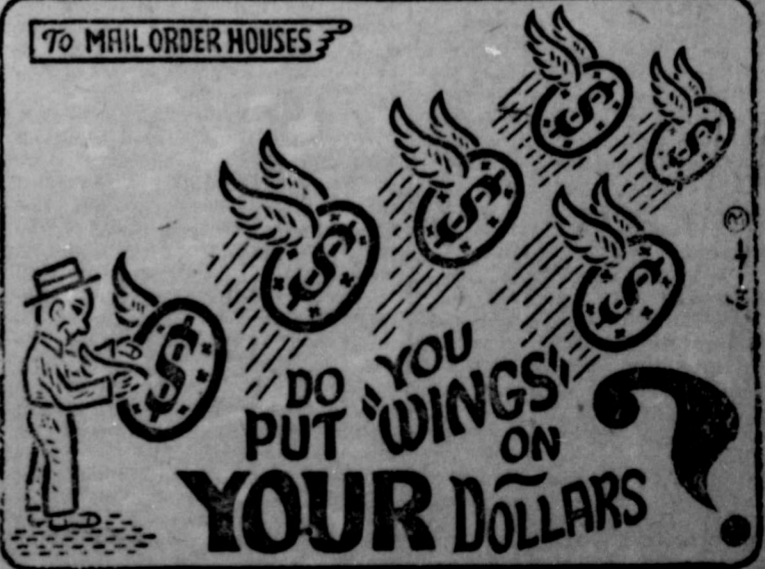
**DIFFERENT CARS REQUIRE  
 Different Size Batteries**

When you buy your Batteries from us, you get one that fits your car electrically.

We also sell Radio A Batteries, 150 ampere hours at \$12 95

**Hiway Service Station**  
 Phone 157

TO MAIL ORDER HOUSES



DO YOU PUT WINGS ON YOUR DOLLARS?