

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

Vol XXII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JULY 1, 1932

NO 34

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

Why We Favor The Candidacy of

J. C. ESTLACK

For The Office Of

County Judge

Of Donley County

BECAUSE-----

His honesty and ability is beyond question.

He represents no faction or political ring.

He stands "Four Square" for the rights of the citizens of ALL of Donley county.

He was first to advocate a reduction in salary of the office to which he aspires before he became a candidate, and has not changed his opinion since.

He favors a more just equalization of taxes.

He opposes bond issues in any form.

He is against higher taxes, and favors a reduction in the present rate we are now paying.

He is fearless and outspoken and does not "straddle the fence" on any issue.

As publisher of the Donley County Leader, he has fought against all measures that were unfair and unjust.

We believe he has stood the test required of that character of men best suited to serve us as county judge.

(This space paid for by citizens of Hedley)

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 when-
ever they can be of service.

Wilson Drug Co.
PHONE 63

CANDIDATES MEET WITH HEDLEY VOTERS

The cream supper and "cand-
date rally" sponsored by Hedley
P. T. A. at the high school build-
ing last Friday evening was a
successful and enjoyable affair.
The Clarendon Band came down
and favored the assembled crowd
with some excellent music.

Much handshaking and lively
conversation was engaged in as
car after car arrived, and if ap-
pearances were to be relied on
"a good time was being had by
all"

Rev. A. V. Hendricks acted as
master of ceremonies, made a
preliminary speech, and intro-
duced the speakers. Every coun-
ty candidate was present, and all
made talks ranging in duration
from 15 seconds to 12 minutes.
The only district candidate on
hand was John M. Deavers of
Memphis, for District Attorney.
Mrs. J. D. Stoecking of Clarendon
spoke briefly in behalf of Mrs.
Phoebe K. Warner, for Congress,
and Miss Margaret Puryear of
Wellington spoke in behalf of
her father's candidacy for Rep-
resentative.

The Hedley Rural Club made a
gift of a quilt to the "holder of
the lucky number," with Clifford
Johnson making the presenta-
tion. Mrs. Linnie Cauthen got
the quilt, and presented it to the
P. T. A. It was then sold at
auction, W. A. Armstrong bid-
ding it in at \$5.50.

Good grade men's and boys'
Socks for 10c
B. & B. Variety Store.

A FATAL AUTO ACCIDENT

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Pool and
little son, of Indianhom, Okla.,
while returning home from a trip
several days ago, were the vic-
tims of an auto accident which
resulted fatally for the little boy
and critically injured Mrs. Pool.
Mr. Pool is a brother of our
townsman, J. P. Pool, and for
many years has been a rural
mail carrier at Indianhom. We
deeply sympathize with them in
this tragic experience.

A later report says that Mrs.
Pool is in an Enid hospital, doing
as well as could be expected, and
will undergo an operation as soon
as she is able to stand it.

AVINELL JACKSON

Little Avinell Jackson, age 9
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tony
Jackson, died at Clarendon Tues-
day, of appendicitis.

The remains were shipped to
Hedley, and the funeral service
was held Wednesday morning
at the Methodist Church, Rev.
A. V. Hendricks officiating. In-
terment in Rowe Cemetery.

The Jackson family lived in
Hedley about a year before mov-
ing to Clarendon a few weeks
ago. Avinell was a bright and
cheery little girl, quite a favorite
with all who knew her. Hedley
people deeply sympathize with
the bereaved family.

Our friend T. F. Heath shared
his garden truck with us last
Monday bringing in a fine bunch
of radishes. Thanks.

WARNING!

Please remember that you are
prohibited from catching or rid-
ing the fire truck if you are not a
member of the Hedley Fire De-
partment. This is for your
protection. Secretary.

AYER CHILDREN ARE AWARDED DAMAGES

A \$5000 settlement in favor of
the plaintiffs, the five Ayer chil-
dren of McLean, was announced
a few days ago by the defendant,
the McLean Gas Co.

The plaintiffs' suit for damages
was based on the death of their
parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ayer
who suffered fatal burns when
their home at McLean burned
over a year ago. Through their
attorneys, Will R. Saunders and
E. A. Simpson of Amarillo, the
plaintiffs claimed that negligence
of the gas company was respon-
sible for the burning of the home
and the death of their parents.
Mr. Ayer died a day after the
fire. Mrs. Ayer lingered about
ten days.

Of the \$5000 named in the set-
tlement, \$3000 will go to the
children and the balance to the
lawyers, according to the Pampa
Daily News.

A Bargain on Ladies' Dresses
at the
B. & B. Variety Store.

JUDGE R. H. TEMPLETON FOR DISTRICT JUDGE

The attention of our readers
is called to the name of Judge
R. H. Templeton, of Wellington,
which appears in our announce-
ment column on another page of
this paper. Judge Templeton is
in the race for District Judge of
the 100th Judicial District.

A formal statement concerning
his candidacy will appear in an
early issue of this paper.

QUILT AND RELIC EXHIBIT

The Wifadassos Club will sponsor
a Quilt and Relic Exhibit in
Hedley July 22 and 23.

Adults 10c.

Children free.

The place will be announced
later.

THE RAIL
economical tr
ever devised.

The ability
ous charges f

Mrs. C. L. Johnson and sons
are at home from a visit of some
weeks in Wichita Falls. They
were accompanied home by Miss
Juanita Ivie.

Miss Letha Masten has been
quite sick, and Monday she was
taken to Amarillo by her par-
ents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Masten,
for special treatment. It is the
wish of her many friends that
she may recover speedily.

Claude Hill was in from his
farm in the Bray community
Tuesday, and remembered the
Infermer family, leaving with us
a big sack of choice snap beans.

Mrs. W. B. Laurence, Miss
Vera Laurence, Mr. and Mrs. A.
M. Sanders and son, Hubert,
drove to Claude Sunday for a
visit with Mr. and Mrs. Emmett
Jones and John Robert Laurence.
John Robert is working there
during the harvest.

SPECIAL PRICE ON OIL 100 Per Cent New Oil

Where we drain your car and
fill it, we make a special price of
only 12 1/2c per quart.

LUTTRELL SERVICE STATION
Hedley, Texas

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 1/2 Bucket	53c
SALT, 45 lb Block, White	45c
TOMATOES, 2 1/2 Size, Can	10c
BORAX WASHING POWDER, 6 for	25c
OATS, CRYSTAL WEDDING, Pkg	22c
SALMON, PINK, 1/2 Can	10c
SPICES, ANY VARIETY, Two for	15c
ICE CREAM SALT, 10 lb	18c
COFFEE, MAXWELL HOUSE, 1 lb	32c

BRING US YOUR
Eggs, Cream and Poultry

Farmers Equity Union

PHONE 171

WE DELIVER

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

Marks the Birth of
INDEPENDENCE

A Bank Account will bring you freedom
from financial worry. Start that Saving
account now.

This bank will be closed all day
Monday, July 4th

SECURITY STATE BANK
HEDLEY, TEXAS
Safe - Sound - Satisfactory

THE DESERT'S PRICE

By William MacLeod Raine

(WNU Service)
Copyright by William MacLeod Raine

SYNOPSIS

Wilson McCann, young Arizona ranchman, finds an old friend, Jim Yerbey, with a broken leg. Julia Stark, daughter of Matthew Stark, inveterate enemy of the McCanns, is rendering first aid. Taking a ride from Julia to her father, Wilson is fired by Jasper, Julia's brother. On the way to Yerbey's place to her home, Julia learns of her companion's identity and dismisses him as a "killer." The old feud ranking, Ann Gifford, her young sister, Ethel, are sheep raised on that account unpopular with the cattlemen. "Night riders" burn a cabin and shoot a McCann ranch hand. Peter McCann, Wilson's father, offers a reward for the disclosure of their identity. Wilson McCann horsewhips Jasper, he making practically no resistance. Jasper disowns his son for his cowardice, and says notice he will kill Wilson McCann on sight. Ann Gifford's tragedy is the fate of the dead sister, Nora, betrayed and abandoned by her lover, Jasper Stark and Carl Gitter, who is a "killer," a rider for the Stark ranch. Secret conferences. A Stark ranch hand, Tom McArde, slain a short time previously, is believed by the McCanns, but rumor links the same with that of Nora Gifford.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Because he found himself weakening he took refuge in tears. "Well, you'll not go. You'll stay here at home. I'll show you whether I can't go off this ranch without being tagged by you or some one else. You drop this intermin' in my affairs, Jule, an' behave yourself. I won't have it."

He swung her round by the shoulders and started her toward the house. As he got into the buckboard Phil gave him information. "Red says he saw Wils McCann in the ditch gates above the Three Cottonwoods. He may not be alone. Better let me go, too, Dad."

Matt Stark flung a couple of crisp questions at the cowboy and announced his decision. "You'll stay here, Phil. This is my job, an' I'm going to attend to it right now if he's still there. Let go." This last to the wrangler at the head of the dancing colts.

The young horses dashed down the road, racing at top speed. Already Phil was holding a horse he found in the stable. He rode to the house, swung off, an' ran inside.

Julia met him coming out of his room carrying a rifle. "Where you going?" she asked breathlessly.

"Wils McCann is down above the Three Cottonwoods. Pretends to be fixin' up the ditch gates. When he gets by while you're out, I'll likely be waitin' to get Dad if he comes along. I've got to get there before Dad does, so I'm takin' the hill trail."

Her heart contracted with a swift spasm of fear. "Let me go, too, Phil."

"No. What can you do? Besides, I can't wait."

He brushed past her, pulled himself to the saddle, and was off instantly at a gallop.

For a moment Julia stood, palsied by dread. Then, with a strong resurgence of courage, she followed Phil out of the house and ran to the stable.

"Get my saddle ready," she cried to Sam Sharp the wrangler as she snatched up a rope and flew to the corral.

Julia led her mount to the gate where the wrangler was waiting with saddle, bridle, and blanket.

The man slipped off the blanket, adjusted the saddle, an' cinched it expertly. Julia kept urging him to hurry.

"What's all this hurry an' hurry about?" he wanted to know.

"That Wils McCann is down the road waiting for Dad. We just heard it."

"Where?"

"At the ditch above the Three Cottonwoods."

She called this back over her shoulder as the pony found his stride.

Julia swung into the seat of that led to the hills. She rode fast, not sparing the horse, for an urgent spur was driving her. If she could arrive in time she might avert a tragedy. Just how, she did not know, but she would find a way. It was not possible that they would kill each other. She flung herself between them. Stay they would not do that.

The buckskin she was a good traveler, but she seemed to crawl over the ground. The hills were steep and rough, the declivities sharp. She deflected, trying to save a few hundred yards, and presently found herself in a thicket of cactus an' mesquite that grew more dense as she proceeded.

Out of this she would, desperately aware that she had wasted invaluable minutes. An open draw offered promise of faster progress. This led to a pocket, the sides of which were precipitous.

It was just as she reached the summit that the sound of a shot appalled her. She spurred the buckskin in the direction from which the report had come, recklessly, careless of danger of a fall from the plunging horse. All her being was obsessed by terror. Fear for those she loved rose in her and choked her.

The pony swung round a clump of bushes and shed suddenly that Julia was almost unseated. A man was stooping over something that lay huddled on the ground. The girl dragged the animal to a halt and flung herself from the saddle. As she ran back she noticed that the man held a rifle in his hand. He frightened and turned toward her.

The man was Wilson McCann. In his rigid face he had a far-filled eyes read confirmation of what she had dreaded. She looked down—and from her throat there leaped an anguished cry. The stricken figure at their feet was that of her father.

of his forehead was a small round hole. He was dead beyond any question of doubt.

CHAPTER V

Enemies Meet

Julia wailed "Oh Daddy—Daddy!" as she went down to her knees beside the tax body.

Wilson McCann waited for the first emotional outburst to spend itself. This was no place for him. He knew that. The drumming hoofs of his horse should be putting miles between him and the scene of this tragedy. But he had something to tell her, as soon as she was in a condition to listen. Besides, he could not leave her alone with her dead while she was still hysterical.

A twig snapped. Instantly McCann stiffened to alert and crouched wariness. The weapon in his hand shifted ever so little, but that scarcely perceptible movement meant that he was ready. His eyes searched the chaparral foot by foot.

The sun glistened on a rifle barrel. At once McCann moved swiftly so as to place the girl's horse between him and that shining tube of steel.

Out of the brush a face peered, searching the landscape. The shifting eyes found in the same instant of time both McCann and the grief-stricken girl, and a second later the supine figure over which her grief was spending itself.

Julia had looked up when McCann ran for the shelter of the horse's body. She glanced round quickly, caught sight of the gleaming gun barrel, and rose hurriedly.

"Look out, Phil. He's killed Dad," she cried, in a panic of terror.

Without a thought for her own safety she ran straight across the open toward the mesquite thicket to protect her brother.

A shot rang out. McCann crumpled up behind the horse. Julia heard herself cry out, and even in that moment of fear felt a sense of puzzled wonder. For she had been looking at Phil and she was sure he had not fired.

Phil dragged her down behind him. "He's layin' a trap for me," he told her, almost in a whisper.

But Julia, looking over his shoulder, knew this could not be. For the man's head lay in the sand, his rifle six feet away by the fall.

Again there came the crack of a rifle.

"He's dead, but you didn't shoot," she murmured, horrified.

"Can't be dead," the boy answered. "How can he?"

"Some one shot—and neither you nor he did. I'm going to see."

"No," she protested.

"But she was gone before he could stop her. Phil scrambled to his feet and followed.

One glance at McCann was enough to show that this was no ruse. He lay still, either dead or unconscious. The boy stooped and found where a bullet had gone through the shirt.

"He was shot from behind, looks like," he said.

"But—who?" Julia asked, white to the lips.

"Jas maybe." Phil said it reluctantly. "I saw some one dodging in the chaparral. Looked like Jas, but maybe it wasn't. Anyhow, I stopped to find out an' he slipped away. I wish to God I hadn't. I might a-been on time."

They had walked over to the place where their father lay and were kneeling beside him. With her handkerchief Julia wiped from the forehead of the cattleman the little stain of blood showing where the bullet had entered his head. Her slim body was shaken with sobs. The face of the boy was working with emotion. The blow was staggering. The virile dominant personality of their father would never again rule their activities. He had gone out of life as the flame of a blown candle vanishes.

"One of us 'll have to go get the wagon," Phil said presently in an unsteady voice. "Dad musta left it somewhere near."

"Yes. You go, Phil."

She was clinging to him, quivering with grief.

They cried in each other's arms. After a little, Phil spoke gruffly, ashamed of his own distress. "I'll be moving. Sure you don't mind stayin' alone, Sis?"

"No. I want to stay."

"I'll leave Dad's rifle with you. Not that you'll need it." He tested the mechanism to make sure it was in order. "He hadn't fired a shot. McCann got him from the chaparral, don't you reckon?" Then, with a high sobbing note in his voice, "By G—d, this'll be a bad day for the McCanns."

"Yes." In that monosyllabic she concentrated all the passionate desire for vengeance in her young heart.

Phil disappeared among the mesquite bushes, and after a minute Julia heard the sound of a moving horse thrashing about in the brush.

The sun was shining on a land peaceful as old age. She could hear the faint twitter of birds. Nothing had changed, yet everything had changed. Something had gone out of her life that would never come back. An hour ago she had been a girl, gay and carefree, singing at her work. That happy irresponsibility was gone forever. She was no longer a girl but a sad-eyed woman.

Julia covered her father's face with

his own bandanna. She did it to keep the sun out of his eyes, even though no light could ever be bright enough now to trouble them.

A slight stir made her turn. Wilson McCann had rolled over and was looking at her. For a moment the two gazed at each other, neither speaking.

"I didn't kill him," he said at last, feebly.

"You murdered him from ambush," she charged.

"No. I heard a shot. I came an' found him lying there." The weakness was wholly physical. The steely eyes did not flinch in the least.

"I hope you'll die as he did, without a chance for your life," she cried in a low bitter voice.

"I reckon I'll do that . . . soon. But first . . . I'd like to see this straight. I didn't kill your father."

"Weren't you waiting here to—murder him?" she cried in a passion of horror.

There was a look in his eyes she did not understand. It was as though he



Silently He Watched Her.

knew something he did not mean to tell her, as though he were actually pitying her.

"I told you . . . if I had to do it . . . that it would be in the open. He was shot from the chaparral."

She did not believe that he was guiltless. She could not think that. And yet—

"What do you mean?" she asked.

His head sank into the sand and his eyes closed.

Reluctantly she moved toward him, drawn by his great need. He was the enemy of her house, the one who had brought disaster irremediable to it. But he was, she believed, a dying man. The eternal mother was in that hour stronger in her than the daughter of her father.

She knelt beside him, looking for the wounds. A stain of wet blood in the back of the shirt showed that he had been shot from behind. The sight of

passionate temperament of the girl. Water was needed, and Julia had not brought a canteen. She took the dusty hat of the man and ran to the canal, where she filled it with water. This she carried back carefully.

In one of his pockets she found a knife and used it to cut away the soaked shirt clinging to the wound.

McCann's face was touched by an acridly sardonic smile. "You're all

plumb good Samaritans," he murmured.

Phil had galloped ahead to prepare the ranch for the homecoming of him who had ruled as autocrat for many years. Among those gathered were Dominick Rafferty, the foreman, and the Texans, Stone and Gitter.

Rafferty soothed at the wounded McCann. "What about this buzzard?" he asked callously. "What's the idea in bringin' him here? Couldn't you bump him off where he was at?"

Julia was white to the lips. The crowd of bringing back her father had proved almost more than she could endure. "Don't talk like that, Dominick," she begged tremulously.

"How you want him to talk?" Gitter asked with an ugly sneer. "Do you figure we'll let this hombre get away with what he's done?"

Julia flashed one look of anger at the Texan. "You'll do as you're told, Carl Gitter, or you'll get your time."

"You're boss now, are you?" the big Texan snarled.

"Don't push on yore reins, Carl," advised Rafferty.

"Boy and man, the foreman of the Circle Cross had been with Stark for more than thirty years. He was devoted to him and his family. Even though he might not approve of what they had done he had no intention of siding with anybody against them."

Julia took control of the arrangements. "Take Father to his own room." She gave orders. "And carry this man to Jasper's room. Will you send some one for Doctor Sanders, Dominick?"

Before the doctor left town on his way to the Circle Cross it was known all over Mesa that Wils McCann had got Matt Stark and that he was himself desperately wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Within two hours it had reached the Flying VV and Peter McCann was organizing a rescue party.

"Better go kinda easy to start with," Wes Tapscott suggested. "I figure we're aimin' to spy out the land this trip an' not exactly call for a show-down. This business asks for some deep-diplomacy, as the papers say."

"We'll three of us go—you an' Lyn an' me," McCann decided. "An' Dusty will follow with a wagon to bring the boy home."

"If we get him," amended the foreman.

"If they don't give him up I'll round up the boys an' tear the ranch house to pieces," Peter answered, his mouth set grimly and his eyes hard as jade.

"Sure you will, an' we'll find the boy's body when we finally get in. There's more'n one way to skin a cat, Peter McCann. If you set any store by that boy—an' I reckon you do—I'd not run on the rope today, by gum. I'd jest naturally act like I was mighty sorry the way things had turned out an'—"

"You want me to tell the Starks that Wils was to blame—after the old man had posted him all over the country? That it?"

"Not exactly, Pete. But play yore cards close. Lemme ride ahead an' see how things stack up. I'll bring Doc Sanders out to you an'—"

"I'm not going home without seeing Wils. You can't talk me outa that, Wes."

Privately Tapscott was of opinion that the Starks would never let McCann into their house alive. It was not reasonable to expect it, with old Matt lying there dead at the hands of Peter's son. But he did not say so bluntly.

"We'll see how it works out. Maybe they'll be willin' to let us move Wils. Tell our play is to smooth down their fur till we got Wils safe in our hands. A deaf an' dumb blind man would get that without argument, Pete."

McCann recognized the justice of his foreman's views. The situation was so delicate that it must be handled with wisdom to prevent an explosion that might be fatal to Wilson. Figuratively speaking, he threw up his hands.

"All right, Wes. I reckon you're right. You run it an' let's see where we get off at."

Peter McCann and his son Lyn waited at the pass above the Circle Cross while Wes Tapscott rode down into the valley alone. He rode leisurely across the open and swung from the saddle. He was conscious that at least two men watched him. One was at the corral, the other lounging in the doorway of the house. Tapscott did not tie to the shiny bar, ever with a slip knot. He might have to leave in a hurry. So he dropped the reins to the ground. Practically speaking, this would fasten the cow pony until he gathered up the reins again.

Tapscott jingled his way houseward with the bowlegged swing of the dismounted horseman of the plains. "He'll house!" he called.

The man in the doorway was Phil Stark. He was no longer lounging. He stood straight, face keen as a blade.

"What you doing here?" he demanded.

Then, before the words had died on his lips, he ran swiftly down the steps and joined the Flying VV man. For there had come a puff of smoke, the spit of a bullet striking sand. The man running from the corral had fired. Tapscott turned swiftly, hand or gun. But he did not draw. Phil Stark was between him and Carl Gitter.

"Put up that gun," the boy ordered the Texan. "Don't you see he's here as a messenger?"

"I see he's Wes Tapscott. That's enough for me." The hired bully answered heavily. "Get outa the way there, boy, or I won't be responsible."

A slim figure flashed past Tapscott and joined Phil.

"Don't you dare shoot," Julia cried. Out of the men's bunkhouse came Stone and at his heels Rafferty.

Whether or not Hamlet was insane is a question which has disturbed critics for 300 years. It is interesting to know that most of the profound thinkers who have given the question deep consideration regard Hamlet as sane. It would seem that if Hamlet was insane there is no point to the drama.—Washington Star.

Hamlet's Sanity

Dog's Status Unjust

Great "Roman Holiday" Staged on Alban Lake

Worms are Dangerous

Wintersmith's Chill Tonic

For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria, Chills, and Fever, and Dengue.

FOR EMERGENCIES
B. & M.
THE PENETRATING GERMICIDE
Is standard item in many thousands of family medicine cabinets, safeguarding grownups and children against coughs and colds. No other treatment is like it. Large size \$1.25 at your drug store.
F. E. ROLLINS CO. 13 Beverly St. Boston, Mass.

Robin Had Business There
Some time during the winter a pane of glass was broken in the clubhouse of the Bath (Maine) Country club and an early arrival from the south decided that was a good place to build a nest and rear her young. As the clubhouse had not been kept open during the winter no one knew about the feathered visitor and recently the glass was reset. Then it was noticed that a robin kept flying against the glass and pecking at it. Inside the clubhouse was found a nest with two blue eggs in it.

Apply Once and —Away Goes Itch
One application of quick acting, germ killing, skin healing Blue Star Ointment stops all itching instantly. Second application kills the most stubborn germs. Third application finds all rash, tetter, ringworm, eczema and rawness healing nicely, and continued use soon returns the skin to its normal, healthy, itch-free condition. Clean and pleasant in odor. Money back if it fails. Sold by all drug stores. (Adv.)

Welsh Singers Persist
Not even the collapse of the platform on which they were standing could deter a Welsh choir which was trying for a prize at the recent Eisteddfod at Nebo, Wales. During the chief choral competition the stage gave way when the third choir had assembled on it preparatory to giving their number. They were hurled to the ground and, despite the shock and injuries, the singers tried for the prize later.

KILLS ANTS
Peterman's Ant Food is sure death to ants. Sprinkle it about the base, window sills, shelves, etc. Effective 24 hours a day. Cheap. Safe. Guaranteed. More than 1,000,000 cans sold last year. At your druggist's.
PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Keeping in Practice
"What's become of that hit-and-run driver?"
"He's now doing his stunt on the prison baseball team."—Boston Transcript.
The Largest Selling Aspirin in the World For 10c (Why Pay More?)
St. Joseph's GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

Pocketbook Anxiety
"Why does your husband object to your smoking? Afraid you will ruin your health?"
"Not Jack! Afraid I'll drop sparks and ruin my gown."

Worms are Dangerous
Most children and many adults have worms. Restlessness, loss of appetite, abdominal pains, are signs that worms may be present. These intestinal parasites cause a general run-down condition and become serious if they are not treated promptly. **Jayne's Vermifuge** is the most powerful remedy known to expel round worms and their eggs. One bottle is usually sufficient. It is pleasant, absolutely harmless, tones up the whole digestive system. Get a bottle today from your druggist. **DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.**
OVER 36 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD
JAYNE'S Vermifuge

Save Your Steam
Most arguments are too trivial to be worth arguing about.—American Magazine.
Cyclones will never break into the "popular air" class.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria, Chills, and Fever, and Dengue.
W. N. U. DALLAS, NO. 25-1932.

YOU KILL
THE VALUE TO YOUR COMMUNITY OF THE DOLLARS YOU SEND TO MAIL ORDER HOUSES

Goodrich
new Safety
Silvertown
Safest Tire Ever Built!

15% thicker non-skid tread. Thousands of additional anti-skid miles. Greater protection against blow-outs. *Super-safety.* The new Safety Silvertown is the sensation of 1932 —the safest tire ever built. Yet look at our prices —not a cent higher than you'd pay for ordinary tires!

as little as **\$7.05**
 For 4.40 or 4.50-21

4.75-19.....	\$ 7.70
5.00-19.....	8.25
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5.25-18.....	9.20

For keen buyers and hard drivers
Cavalier

Goodrich-made. Over-size. Deep anti-skid tread. Goodrich Full-Floating Cord construction. A handsome tire and a glutton for punishment.

\$4.79
 4.40-21

4.50-20.....	\$5.35
4.50-21.....	5.43
4.75-19.....	6.33
5.00-19.....	6.65

Lowest Prices in Goodrich History
Commander

Goodrich has been in the rubber business 62 years—and never before have such prices been put on genuine Goodrich Tires.

\$4.16
 For 4.40 or 4.50-21

4.50-20.....	\$4.30
4.75-19.....	5.12
5.00-19.....	5.39
5.25-21.....	6.63

Hedley Motor Co.
 Phone 79 Hedley, Texas

DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL IS IN SESSION

The Daily Vacation Bible School is now in session at the Methodist Church, and you are asked to send your child. The school will run through Friday, July 8. During the two hours (9:30 to 10:30 a. m.) they are taught Bible stories, habit stories, memory work and handiwork. Also there is daily worship. It affords recreation and employment. The instruction is under the capable guidance of Mrs. Charles Dunn, Misses Ruth Wells, Frances Kendall, Theresa Webb, Opal Wood, Jonnie Webb, and R. V. A. V. Hendricks.

We invite you to bring or send your children. We have a place for them.

MRS. MOLLIE SPOON

On June 22nd, 1932 about 9:00 a. m., the death angel visited our home and took our sister and aunt, Mrs. Mollie Spoon. It grieves our hearts to give her up, but we believe she is much better off. She has passed from this world of troubles to a better world. We cannot understand why she had to suffer so much, but God know best. She was stricken with paralysis nearly a year ago, and was helpless from that time until death.

Funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church here Thursday afternoon, June 23rd, 1932, conducted by Rev. M. E. Wells and Rev. L. J. Crawford. Burial in Rowe Cemetery.

Mrs. Spoon was born in Cooke county, Texas, Jan. 15th, 1871, being 61 years, five months and seven days old at the time of her death. She was converted several years ago and joined the Baptist church at Hedley. Mrs. Spoon was one of 11 children—five girls and six boys. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. E. P. Ford of Hedley, three brothers, J. J. Mann of Alma, Okla., J. W. and J. H. Mann of Hedley, and several nephews and nieces.

CARD OF THANKS

Each one of us want to thank each one of you for your help, your kindness and sympathy during the sickness and after the death of our dear sister and aunt, and for the good dinner. May God's richest blessings be upon each one of you.

J. W. Mann and family,
 J. H. Mann and family,
 Mrs. E. P. Ford and family.

OUR GREAT CIVILIZED CHRISTIAN NATION--?

The fastest American horse and the fastest Australian horse ran a race a short time since and thousands of people paid thousands of dollars to witness the race and wagered hundreds of thousands of dollars on the result thereof. The two horses were valued at something like a million dollars, because they were great runners—and why? Any old Ford could run both horses to death in two hours and leave them far in the rear. The fleet-stepping colts do not contribute to the wealth of the country or make bread for the poor by pulling plow or cart, and they are entirely too frisky for saddle animals. Where, then, lies the value of these equine dudes? It seems to me their only value is in furnishing people something to gamble on. We have some strange standards of value. A tow-headed male that assists in producing three bales of cotton and 200 bushels of corn a year is worth ten times more to the world, yet he gets no notice, and usually not much to eat—Jim Lowry.

HEDLEY GOLFERS ARE INVITED TO CLARENDON

Sam Braswell Jr. of the Clarendon News informs us that the annual Clarendon Amateur Open Tournament will be held in that city July 3rd and 4th, and that members of the Hedley Golf Club are especially invited to participate. Plans are being made to care for 100 of this section's best golfers, and the play promises to be fast. A small registration fee of \$1.00 will be charged, and a handsome array of prizes given.

The Clarendon course, one of the prettiest and best in the southwest, is now open to the public for qualification rounds. If contestants desire to acquaint themselves with the layout prior to the first round matches on Sunday morning, July 3. However golfers are not required to qualify on the Clarendon course. Any golfer may send in his handicap score of his local club with the card attested by the club secretary and president.

HENRY FORD ON NATIONAL SOBRIETY

It is cause for thanks giving that there is yet at least one "big shot" in this country who is not blaming the Eighteenth Amendment for all our woes. The following telegram was sent to Dr. Clarence True Wilson by Henry Ford:

"I give unreserved support to the Eighteenth Amendment and the prohibition law because they provide the degree of control over liquor which is necessary for national sobriety. As between a law which favors drink

Specials!

48 lb High Patent Flour	85c
20 lb Cream Meal	28c
25 lb Sugar	\$1.15
Gallon Vinegar, bring vessel	25c
Quart Fruit Jars, dozen	80c
Gallon Fruit, each	39c
8 oz bottle Vanilla Extract	25c
12 oz Baby Belle Talcum Powder	25c
Quart Sour Pickles	15c
Blue Ribbon Malt	50c

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. WE DELIVER.

City Produce & Feed Store

C. C. Stanford, Prop. Phone 32

ing and a law which favors sobriety, the American home and church and school and workshop stand for the latter. Prohibition is the best method that has yet been devised to give effect to the sober sentiment of the Nation."

ICE
 Water is too hot to drink without ice. Let us measure and fill your ice box when you need it.
 Eads Produce Co.
 Phone 167.

Subscribe for The Informer

RAIL TRANSPORTATION IS EFFICIENT AND ECONOMICAL

● THE RAILROAD is the most efficient and the most economical transportation agency the human mind has ever devised.

The ability of commercial trucks to operate with various charges for their services has been because they are not required to carry all kinds and classes of freight. The truck can choose its freight and is privileged to reject that which it cannot handle, either because it is not equipped for such heavy service or the rates are too low to be profitable. The railroad CANNOT DISCRIMINATE but must accept all freight offered it.

In 1930 the shippers of Texas paid the railroads \$225,223,142 in freight charges. If the same volume and character of traffic had been carried by trucks it would have cost the shippers according to the best available data on trucking costs \$900,000,000, or four times as much.

What will be the effect on the shippers of Texas if only the traffic which the trucks cannot handle is left to the railroads? If traffic paying the higher rate is taken from the railroads by the trucks, it will be necessary for the rail carriers to increase their rates on the low grade traffic or go out of business. The total transportation bill will be greatly increased.

The railroad rate structure is a composite designed for the purpose of enabling the free movement of ALL ARTICLES OF COMMERCE, making it possible to bring even the cheapest commodities into general use and distribution. Were it not for the low rates made available by the railroads on many low grade commodities and raw materials, their distribution and use would be impossible and all commerce and industry would be seriously affected.

● THE RAILROADS CANNOT SUBSIST ON LOW GRADE TRAFFIC ALONE.

THE TEXAS RAILROADS

News Review of Current Events the World Over

J. P. Rockefeller, Jr., Comes Out for Prohibition Repeal—Republicans Fashion Moist Plank—Shouse Is Democratic Bone of Contention.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., threw a man-sized bomb into the camp of the prohibition forces with his announcement that he had come to the conclusion that the eighteenth amendment is a failure and should be repealed.



John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

His father, a liberal supporter of the Anti-Saloon league for years, Mr. Rockefeller in a letter to Nicholas Murray Butler commended the latter's anti-prohibition plank and urged its adoption by both the Republican and Democratic parties in their national conventions. He declared the aim of prohibition had not been achieved and said that "drinking generally has increased; that the speaker has replaced the saloon and that a vast army of lawbreakers has been recruited and financed on a colossal scale."

Upon these reasons of "unprecedented crime increase and the open disregard of the eighteenth amendment which I have slowly and reluctantly come to believe," Mr. Rockefeller has his present stand. He declared that the benefits of prohibition are more than outweighed by its evils.

After approving in detail Doctor Butler's proposal for repeal and state control of the liquor traffic, Mr. Rockefeller expressed a hope that the "million of earnest workers in behalf of the eighteenth amendment" would continue their efforts in support of "practical measures for the promotion of general temperance."

On course the wets were jubilant over Mr. Rockefeller's statement, and they tried without much success to minimize its effect by contradicting his assertions concerning the success of prohibition legislation.

ENCOURAGED by the Rockefeller announcement, leaders of six national anti-prohibition organizations met in New York and formed a "united repeal council" with the purpose of planning in both the Republican and Democratic platforms planks calling definitely for the repeal of prohibition.

Pierre S. du Pont was elected chairman of the council.

MANY anxious hours were spent by administration chiefs and James R. Garfield over the form in which the Republican prohibition plank should be cast, and a conference participated in by Postmaster General Walter Brown, the President's political adviser, and a dozen senators finally approved a resolution which stated that, while the Republican party stands for enforcement of all laws and abhors the saloon, it recognizes the right of the people to pass upon any portion of the Constitution and therefore favors the prompt re-submission of the eighteenth amendment to the people of the several states acting through non-partisan conventions.

The naturally did not at all suit the wet Republicans and they promised that the issue would be fought out in the convention. The tentative plank was derided as utterly evasive and deplorably weak. On the senate floor Senator Borah, dry, and Senator Tydings of Maryland, wet Democrat, took turns poking fun at the proposed resolution. Borah said it was the rarest combination of hypocrisy and insincerity ever heard of, and Tydings called it "the biggest piece of sham, bunk and camouflage ever seen assembled in 150 words."

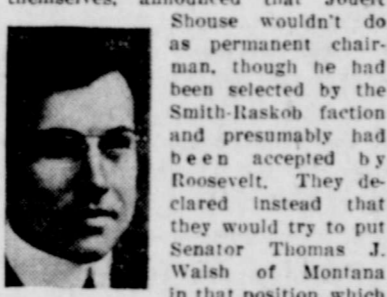
INDIANA Republicans in state convention went wet despite the aged pleadings of the prohibitionists. A plank was adopted calling for submission to the people of a repeal proposition on both the national and state dry laws. It was not a strong declaration in favor of such repeal, but it sufficed. Raymond Springer was nominated for governor and Senator Jim Watson was renominated by acclamation.

WHEN President Hoover signed the new revenue bill, he said many of the taxes imposed by it were not as he desired, which mildly expressed the opinion of countless Americans concerning that hodge-podge measure. However, had as it is in many respects, the act will, under certain conditions and within certain limitations, balance the federal budget at the end of the fiscal year 1933, provided congress enacts the necessary economic legislation. The senate almost rejected the conference report on the revenue bill because the tax on electricity was made to fall on the consumer instead of on the companies. The economy bill cutting the costs of government was passed by the sen-

ate after it had been mangled. Designed at first to save \$238,000,000, it was amended so the saving will be only \$126,000,000. An important change was the substitution of the enforced furlough plan for federal employees for the 10 per cent pay cuts previously adopted. This was rejected by the house.

SPEAKER GARNER'S \$2,300,000,000 relief bill was rushed through the house by an almost solid Democratic vote aided by twenty-one Republicans. The rest of the Republican members paid heed to President Hoover's denunciation of the measure as a gigantic pork barrel and voted in the negative. It is hard to understand how this measure in the face of their expressed conviction that it would never get through the senate or past the presidential veto. The senate, indeed, showed at once that it intended to smother the bill. Leaders of both parties in the upper house prepared to push through a noncontroversial bill permitting the Reconstruction Finance corporation to lend up to \$300,000,000 to states for relief purposes. This was just one section of the senate Democratic relief program, the remainder, involving a \$500,000,000 bond issue for public works and a \$1,000,000,000 expansion of the reconstruction unit's capital, being left for later consideration.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT'S supporters, having decided to run the Democratic national convention to suit themselves, announced that Jougett Shouse wouldn't do as permanent chairman, though he had been selected by the Smith-Raskob faction and presumably had been accepted by Roosevelt. They declared instead that they would try to put Senator Thomas J. Walsh in that position, which he held eight years ago. Mr. Shouse, however, made it known that he and his friends would fight to the last ditch, so there is a prospect of a first-day battle in the convention that will provide for a test of strength between the Roosevelt and anti-Roosevelt forces.

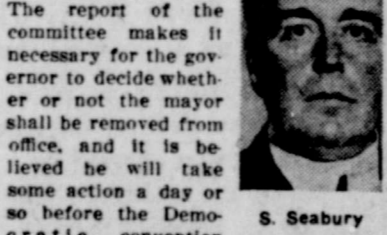


Jougett Shouse

Mr. Shouse said that Governor Roosevelt expressly consented to the plan to make him permanent chairman.

"Not even remotely was any kind of condition attached to the governor's assent; otherwise I should not have been a party to it," said he. "Any speech I may make before the convention will be my own and will not be censored or inspired by any candidate. The presiding officer of the convention should represent no faction and should decline to assist or obstruct the fortunes of any candidate."

MORE seriously affecting Roosevelt's chances was the problem of Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York, put up to him by the Hofstadter investigating committee and its counsel, Samuel Seabury, the governor's inveterate foe.



S. Seabury

The report of the committee makes it necessary for the governor to decide whether or not the mayor shall be removed from office, and it is believed he will take some action a day or so before the Democratic convention meets. Presumably, if he casts the vote of Tammany Hall—which might cost him the vote of New York in the election but undoubtedly would add to his strength elsewhere, for Tammany is not admired outside of the metropolis. Governor Roosevelt made a strategic move when he demanded that Seabury quit talking and submit to him the charges and evidence against Walker at once. He let it be known that he would give the mayor unlimited opportunity to defend himself and his administration, but said he would demand that Walker prove himself fit to be mayor of New York. Walker engaged Dudley Field Malone as his chief counsel.

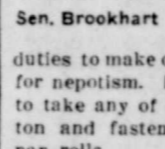
GEN. CHARLES GATES DAWES suddenly and unexpectedly sent to President Hoover his resignation as president of the Reconstruction Finance corporation, to take effect June 15. He denied rumors that there had been any friction between him and Eugene Meyer, Jr., chairman of the board of the corporation, and averred he was quitting the post merely because he wished to resume his banking business in Chicago. In his letter to the President General Dawes said he felt he could do this now that the budget had been balanced and "the turning point toward eventual prosperity seems to have been reached."

EIGHT thousand of the "bonus marchers" who had gathered in Washington to demand immediate payment of the bonus to veterans held their first parade down Pennsylvania avenue to the capitol, and there was not the slightest disorder despite rumors that the communists would stage an outbreak. As a matter of fact, the reds who tried to stir the veterans up to violence were roughly treated by the ex-soldiers.

The marchers carried many American flags and had three bands. Swarms of police were on hand but had little to do. The paraders broke ranks at the Peace monument and returned to the various camps established for them. Every day the number of veterans in those camps was augmented by arrivals from all parts of the country.

Senator Lewis of Illinois had a run-in with the bonus seekers and came off with flying colors. They resented his Memorial day reproof to them and threatened to "tell him where he got off," whereupon the courtly senator calmly told them to "go to hell" and walked through them to the senate chamber.

IOWA Republicans at last have grown weary of Senator Smith D. Brookhart and have put an end, at least for the present, to his political career. In the primaries they decisively rejected him, selecting as his successor Henry Field of Shenandoah, a nurseryman and a novice in politics who owns a radio station. Field had been making a vigorous speaking campaign in which he attacked Brookhart especially for neglecting his senatorial duties to make chautauqua lectures and for nepotism. He pledged himself not to take any of his family to Washington and fasten them on the federal pay rolls.



Sen. Brookhart

Brookhart, a radical who never has hesitated to vote against Republican measures, refused to comment on his defeat, which was attributed by some observers partly to the fact that many voters hitherto Republicans had deserted that party and cast their ballots as Democrats.

The Democratic senatorial nominee was Louis Murphy, who defeated former Senator Daniel Steck.

In North Carolina the Democrats turned against one of their long-time leaders, Senator Cameron Morrison, who was defeated for the nomination by Robert R. Reynolds, almost a newcomer in politics. Morrison is bone dry and Reynolds is an advocate of prohibition repeal. Neither of them had a majority of votes cast, so both will be candidates again in the runoff primary on July 2. Two others who polled a considerable vote promised to throw their support to Reynolds.

Franklin Roosevelt won a sweeping victory in the Florida Democratic primary, "Alfalfa Bill" Murray getting only a small vote. Mark Wilcox of West Palm Beach, running on an anti-prohibition platform, apparently defeated Ruth Bryan Owen for the congressional nomination in the Fourth district.

WISCONSIN'S conservative Republicans in convention at Madison nominated a ticket with the purpose of putting a crimp in the regime of the La Follette dynasty. John B. Chapple of Ashland was put up for the United States senate in opposition to Senator Blaine; and former Gov. Walter J. Kohler was nominated for governor to run against Gov. Phil La Follette who seeks to succeed himself.

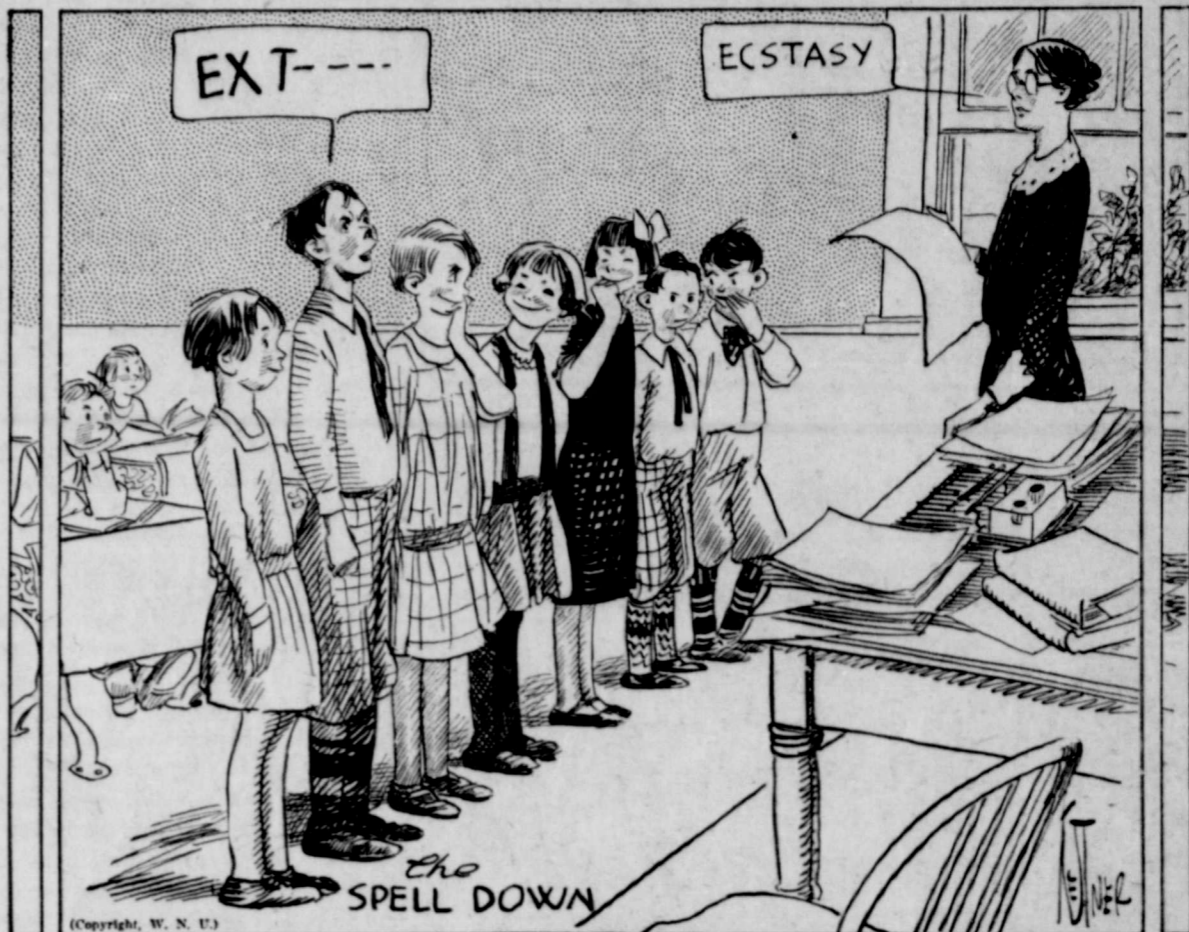
SAMUEL INSULL of Chicago, who for many years has been one of the country's leading public utilities magnates, has finally fallen under financial stress and has been forced to resign as head of his great utilities concerns and also as officer or director of many other corporations with which he has been associated. Besides his money troubles Mr. Insull is in poor health. He is soon to sail for Europe and it is understood he will reside in England, where he owns a home. Three of the big corporations he built up. It is said, will unite in paying him an annual pension of \$18,000.

CHILE has become a "socialistic republic." The government of President Montero was overthrown by a military and socialistic junta in a coup d'etat that was almost bloodless, and the leader of the movement, Carlos Davila, former ambassador to the United States, was installed as provisional president. Col. Marmaduke Grove was made minister of defense and immediately had to get busy suppressing a counter-revolution in the southern part of the country.

It was authoritatively stated in Santiago that the establishment of the socialist regime created no immediate danger for American investments in Chile except those tied up in the \$375,000,000 Cosach nitrate combine which, it was understood, would be nationalized. President Davila said one of the main purposes of the government would be to remove the burdens on workers and the unemployed.

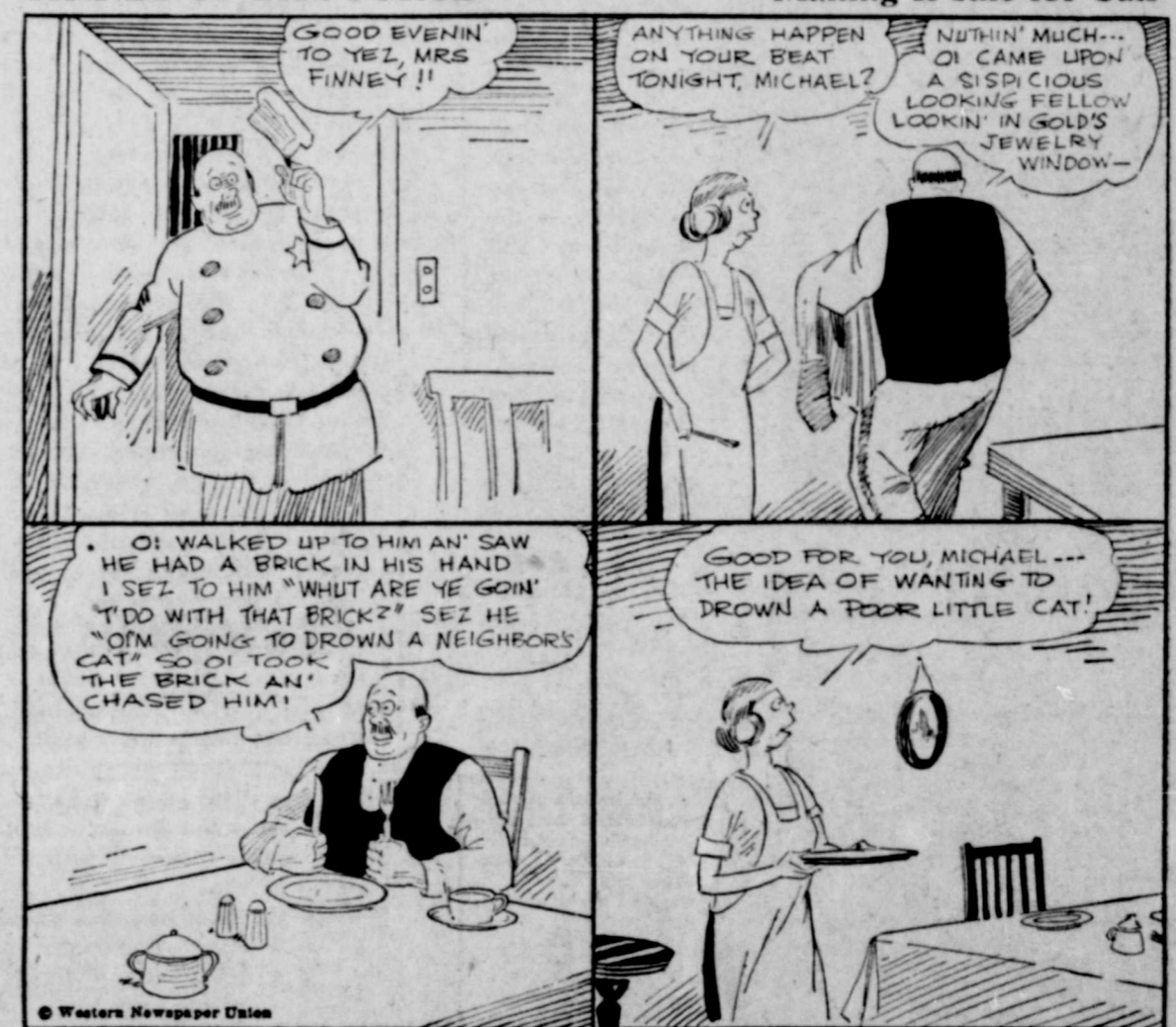
OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



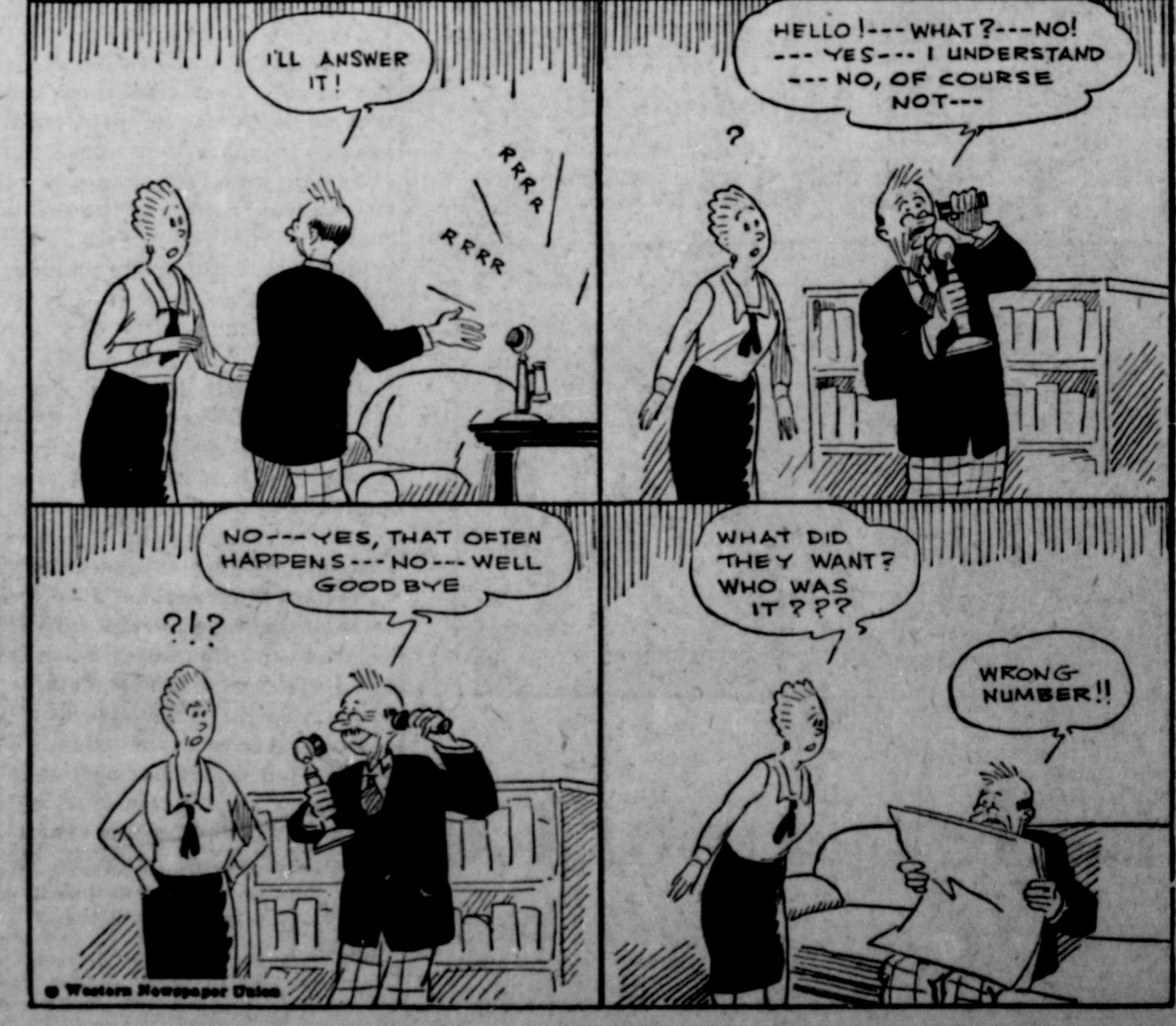
FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Making It Safe for Cats

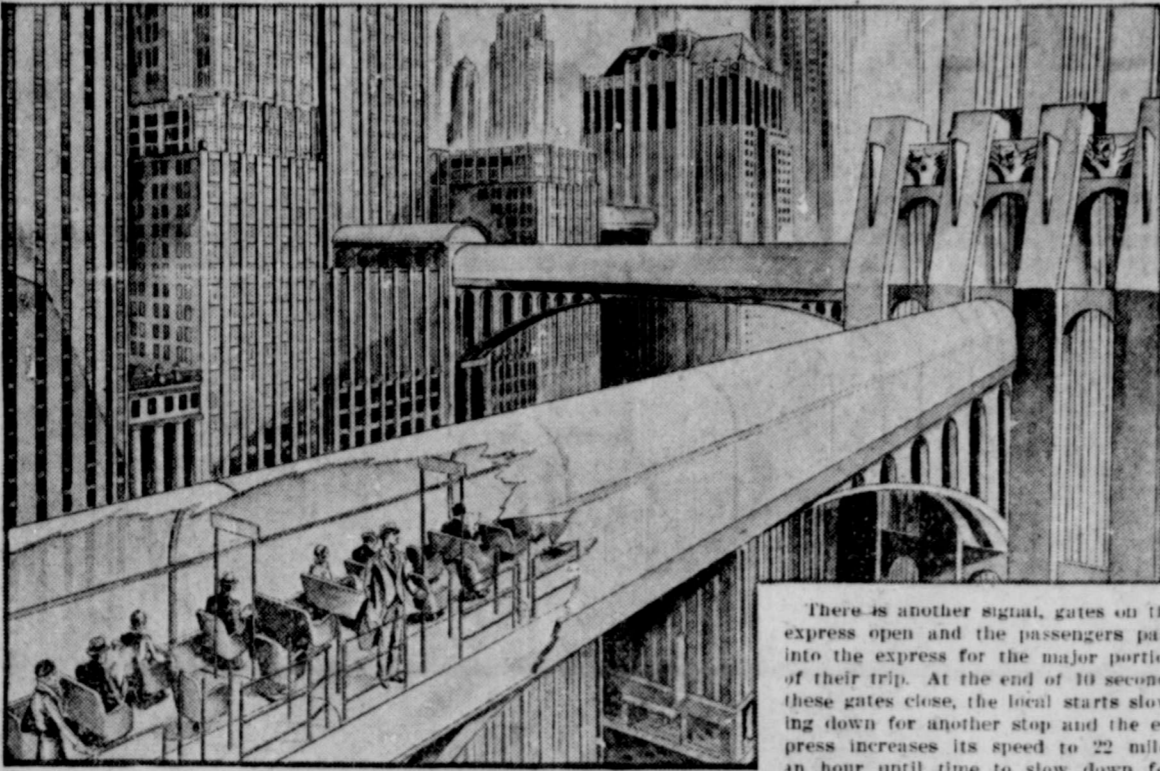


THE FEATHERHEADS

Sounds "Phoney"



Novel Transportation Plan for Big Cities



There is another signal, gates on the express open and the passengers pass into the express for the major portion of their trip. At the end of 10 seconds these gates close, the local starts slowing down for another stop and the express increases its speed to 22 miles an hour until time to slow down for another transfer. The express moves continuously.

RELIEF of traffic congestion in large cities depends on having different levels of travel and continuous movement. Experts have been studying the problem for many years, and now one of them, Norman Wilson Storer, a Westinghouse engineer, has evolved the "Hiway system." The illustration shows how it would appear if constructed high above the streets, running from one skyscraper to the next and on glass-covered bridges across the open spaces. As indicated by the name, it is an arrangement of two vehicles, continuous trains or belts of cars running on parallel tracks with a stationary loading platform along its entire course. Passengers are not required to go to stated stations. They can board the first or local train at any point and it stops every 50 seconds for 10 seconds. The maximum wait is 40 seconds. When a gong sounds, gates close and the local platform starts moving. When it attains a speed of 17 miles an hour, the second or limited train has slowed to exactly that speed.

All stations are controlled from one central control point and the entire system, starts, stops, signals, gates and speeds are so timed and synchronized that operation is infallible. With 4,000 seats per mile of train, the express, traveling at an average speed of 20 miles an hour, carries 80,000 seats past any given point every hour. But three seats on each local car and you increase this number to 91,000 seats an hour. Asked to explain the motive power, Mr. Storer said: "We don't drive through the wheels at all. Axles carry vertical shaft rollers, the flanges of which run between longitudinal 'T' rails, the flanges of which run between vertical shaft rollers or drive wheels at power stations located every 1,000 feet along the route. These stations are like stationary locomotives and are in pits beneath the tracks. Sets of motors propel the drive wheels which are pressed against the flanges of the 'T' rails. It is purely an adhesion drive."

OUR BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

WHEN Buster Bear got over his first fright after he dropped from the big hemlock tree where Farmer Brown's Boy had surprised him feasting on the honey of Busy Bee he stopped running. By this time he was some distance from the tree, for, big as he is and clumsy as he appears to be, Buster can run very fast and can cover a lot of distance in a very short time. He turned and listened for sounds of some one following him, but heard none. Of course not, for the very good reason that no one was following him.

The Green Forest was very still. Only once did he hear anything to tell him that there was another living thing there. A Merry Little Breeze wandering through the treetops brought him the sound of Sammy Jay's voice. It was very faint, but it was enough to make Buster growl a deep rumbling growl. Sammy Jay was laughing and Buster knew perfectly well why. Sammy was laughing at him, at the way he had dropped out of that tree and run at the sound of Farmer Brown's Boy's yell. It hurt Buster's pride, for Buster is no more fond of being laughed at than any one else.

The Merry Little Breeze passed on and Buster heard nothing more, though he listened and listened with all his might. He tried to use his nose to find out if there was any man smell in the air. You know Buster has a very wonderful nose, and he depends on it a great deal. But all he could smell was honey. You see it was still smeared all over his face and nose. After a while he felt sure that no one was following him, and then he began to think of other things.

In the first place he ached from the bumps he had received when he

dropped out of that tree. He had been too frightened to feel them at the time, but he felt them now. But worse than that there were the stings from the bees. He hadn't minded these while he was filling his stomach with that delicious honey, but he did now. It seemed to him that those bees had found every tender place on his whole body. He ached and he smarted all over, but the smarters were worse than the aches, a great deal worse. It seemed to him that he felt one in a new place every other second.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear me! I almost wish I had never found that honey," groaned Buster. "It wouldn't be so bad if I had got all of it (Buster is very greedy), but to be cheated out of half of it, and then have to ache and smart the way I do is dreadful. I can't stand this much longer. I've got to do something. I've got to find some mud, and I've got to find it soon. I'll go crazy if I don't. There's nothing like a good cool mud to take the smart out of bee stings. And I guess I need a bath. I'm a mess."



"Oh, Dear! Oh, Dear Me! I Almost Wish I Had Never Found That Honey," Groaned Buster.

There isn't water enough in the Laughing Brook for a bath. There's just one place for me and that is the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I wish I was there this minute."

So Buster set out for the pond of Paddy the Beaver.

Now Farmer Brown's Boy's one thought when he yelled and ran was to get away from those bees as soon as possible. At the moment he quite forgot Buster Bear. He heard the crash of breaking branches as Buster dropped out of the tree, and then he heard Buster crashing his way through the Green Forest as he ran away, but he was too busy fighting angry bees to realize what it all meant then. Later he did and chuckled as he thought of what a fright Buster must have had. The bees did not follow him far, and pretty soon, quite out of breath, Farmer Brown's Boy stopped to rest. But it wasn't for long. The stings from the bees smarted too much. My, how they did smart!

"Mud," said Farmer Brown's Boy. "I've simply got to get some mud. My face will be swelled up like a balloon if I don't. Let me see, this isn't far from the pond of Paddy the Beaver. There will be plenty of mud there. I was going there anyway."

So Farmer Brown's Boy set out for the pond of Paddy the Beaver.

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

With Draped Collar



An intricately draped collar forms the trimming motif on this print frock in red, black and white.

SOME BRAN DISHES

THE value of uncooked bran as a laxative food is so well known that it need not be mentioned here. Uncooked, unsweetened bran may be used in combination with any foods to add roughage to the diet. One must know of course that all people cannot use irritating roughage, but the majority of people need all kinds to cleanse the alimentary canal, aid digestion and further elimination. When one objects to taking a tablespoonful or two of bran in a glass of water, add it to the cereal, or make some of these dishes:

Bran Macaroons.

Beat one egg, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of brown sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one and one-half cupfuls of uncooked bran and such flavor-

New Farms in Shadow of the Pyramids



THIS Egyptian peasant with his primitive team of oxen is one of thousands who will be benefited by the adding of 29½ feet to the height of the great Assuan dam, 551 miles south of Cairo. The vast irrigation project, which is being carried out by the Egyptian government, will permit the cultivation of 7,000,000 acres of land now lying barren for a part or all of the year in the vicinity of the Pyramids of Giza, shown above. It will supply 5,000,000,000 cubic meters of water from the River Nile.

EVEN LAWYERS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE boy's decided law is what he wants to do. Although, of course, his Maw hoped preachin' was his plan.

But, if it's law, O. K., I'll help to put him through.

Yes, I'll be glad to pay, help any way I can.

And when he gets his—well, whatever lawyers git.

Though Maw has had a spell because it ain't to preach.

And when he's home again, then we'll sit down a bit.

And sort of figger then, together, each with each.

A father and a son, a youngster and his dad.

Have got one duty, one they never ought to miss.

A pair of chairs to bring, the gray-beard and the lad.

To talk about one thing, and that one thing is this:

It ain't how much the pay, the cash the boy'll make.

It ain't the hours a day, it even ain't the place.

But whether what he asks is service for men's sake.

For even lawyers' tasks can be works of grace.

Although his Maw is sick because the law be took.

The weeds are mighty thick, the vineyard-needin' care;

There's lots of work to do, according to the Book.

And there is labor, too, for even lawyers there.

There's many sorts of needs that need this boy of mine.

And lawyers can pull weeds as well as preachers can.

Whatever trade it is, I know his light will shine.

The chance is always his, if he's an honest man.

(© 1932, Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.)

ing as liked. Mix well and drop by teaspoonfuls on buttered baking sheets. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Bran Muffins.

Take two cupfuls of flour, one and three-fourths cupfuls of milk, two cupfuls of bran, one beaten egg, three and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-third of a cupful of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening. Drop into well greased muffin pans after mixing and heating well. Bake thirty-five minutes in a hot oven. Sour milk with the same amount of baking powder and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda may be used in place of the sweet milk.

Bran Upside Down Cake.

Beat two egg yolks, add one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix one cupful of flour and one and one-fourth cupfuls of bran, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Measure one-third of a cupful of water, add half of it to the egg yolk and add the dry ingredients, then add the rest of the water. Mix and beat well and fold in the stiffly beaten whites.

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It's easy for a man to reduce," says housekeeping Honorah. "All he has to do is marry a bridge fender."

(© 1932, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.)

MUCH OF INTEREST IN DESERT CAVES

Railroad Engineers Find Bronze Age Relics.

British engineers who are surveying the unknown Transjordan-Syria desert route for a railway from Haifa to Bagdad, have just made some important and most fascinating discoveries.

To the south of Amman great caves, containing prehistoric relics, have been found. The walls of the caves are covered with primitive inscriptions and drawings similar to those of old Assyrian times.

The engineers report that the region is visited by fearful recurring midnight winds which tear up tents, beds, tables, equipment, instruments, and carry them long distances. Sudden rainstorms frequently convert the desert into a sea, they say.

At Haith, nearly half way between Damascus and Bagdad, it has been planned to build a large dam over the river Euphrates. This is the site of the ancient Babylonian towns of Pumbedra and the Talmud was first applied at Mahtaba. Beyond Haith railway's half-way station will be constructed. Numerous ruins have been found in this district, the most of which are not yet detected; also wells and cisterns of some 15 miles from Haith, to the westward, magnificent ruins have been found of the ancient Babylonian town of Almagrube. Several of these, six meters in height, a meter thick, and eight meters long, also shorter walls and other buildings have been discovered in the vicinity of Almagrube.

A number of the wells and cisterns which have been found are still used by Bedouins who, while they do not move the stones from the walls among the ruins for numerous uses, which they take to Bagdad sale.

The Bedouins of these regions are tall and attractive, blue-eyed, strong Crusader blood, while their features have not the slightest resemblance to the Semites. They are despised by the other Bedouins, although they are more capable and are richer than the others. Their dialect is different and their family life is more free than the other nomad Bedouin tribes.

Eight-Saving Methods Aiding Children's Eyes

Four hundred sight-saving classes have been established in the schools of 112 American communities, according to statistics received by the later Vision institute. The classes are conducted so as to put the least possible strain on the children whose eyes are naturally defective; large books are used, the children choose their own positions in the classroom so that they can see the keyboard without difficulty, and they are taught to use the touch system on the typewriter as soon as possible to avoid the strain of handling. According to the institute, one out of five children are handicapped by defective vision, and since they are compelled to attend school up to a certain age, school authorities are beginning to realize that they owe a special responsibility to the 5,000,000 out of the 26,000,000 children in the United States who do not see well.

Cat Like Kangaroo

At Camden, Tenn., a cat at the home of G. M. Spence has features of characteristics resembling those of a kangaroo—rear feet larger and longer than fore feet. It leaps like a kangaroo, using its short, heavy tail for balance and propeller, and is like a kangaroo.

Knew the Symptoms

Gertrude—Gee! I'll be glad when the "s" wife gets through the house cleaning!

Myrtle—How do you know she is using cleaning?

Gertrude—By the ugly humor he's been for the last few days.

Some men have such a hatred for red that it worries them if others have more money than they do.

Wise is the individual who prepares for the future by studying both the past and the present.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an open and use as directed. Fine particles of sand skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, etc. 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 cream Powdered Sandalwood in one-half pint which has a drug store.

Long Railway Rails

The longest railway rails in the world are to be laid in England soon. They measure 90 feet in length, compared with the usual length of 30, 45 and 60 feet. It is hoped that the longer rails will provide smoother running, less noise and wear. It is estimated that on a train traveling 40 miles an hour on 30-foot rails, each wheel jolts 117 times a minute, due to the joints. On the new rails this number will be reduced to 39 a minute.



Record Butterfly Collection

The late Dr. William Barnes, a surgeon of Decatur, Ill., devoted practically half a century to collecting what is the finest assemblage of North American butterflies in the world. Doctor Barnes' widow has been offered \$50,000 for the specimens by the United States government. Upon her acceptance they will be brought to Washington and placed in the National museum.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

She's Up in the Air Again

Those she loves . . . are first to suffer when monthly pains shatter her nerves. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would ease that awful agony.

Aping Man

Yale university has a chimpanzee in captivity that spends much of its spare time making marks on walls with a pencil. It must have been raised in a telephone booth.

Well, Well

"How did you happen to get a kiss?"

"By special permission of the copy-right owner," answered the crooner addressed.

Calotabs

For lazy liver, stomach and kidneys, biliousness, indigestion, constipation, headache, colds and fever.

10¢ and 35¢ at dealers.

Accounting for It?

Jimmy—Well, I will say I have a pretty good opinion of myself.

Bertie—Yes; you never studied yourself very much, I suppose.

Harmonica Production

More than two-thirds of the harmonicas made in the world are produced in Germany.

Small but Noisy

There is no insect or animal that makes more noise for its size than the katydid.

His Color

Teacher—John, have you read "Freckles"?

John—No, I have brown ones.

Goldfish Long Pets

Goldfish were domesticated as pets in China as long ago as the Tenth or Eleventh century A. D.

Nugget of Wisdom

Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in few wants.



Breaking a Record



Miss Ruth Osburn of Shelbyville, Mo., established herself as an Olympic threat for the discus throw when she heaved the platter a distance of 108 feet 2½ inches to win the event in the Missouri Valley A. A. U. regional Olympic tryouts for women held at Columbia, Mo. Miss Osburn's new mark bettered the American record for women of 107 feet 6 inches, set by Caroline C. Lowe in 1929. Miss Osburn also won the individual championships in the shotput, baseball throw and javelin throw in the Mid West meet.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Ed Boliver, Publisher

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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.

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

Political Announcements

For Representative
122nd District
JOHN PURYEAR
of Wellington
D. BEENE
of Mebeetie
H. HILL
of Shamrock
IVY DUNCAN
of Pampa

For District Judge
100th Judicial District
EDWARD BROWN
of Collingsworth County
A. FIRES
of Childress County
R. TEMPLETON
of Collingsworth County

For District Attorney
100th Judicial District
JOHN M. DEEVER
of Hall County
JAMES C. MAHAN
of election

For County Judge
S. LOWE
J. ALEXANDER
of election
J. ESTLACK

For Sheriff
GUY PIERCE
of election

For Tax Collector
M. W. MOSLEY
of election
A. WOOD

For Tax Assessor
W. A. ARMSTRONG
of election
MERVIN SMITH

For County Clerk
MRS. BESSIE SMITH
of election
W. G. WORD

For County Treasurer
MRS. LINNIE CAUTHEN
of election
W. BROWN
MRS. RICHARD WILKERSON

For County Attorney
Y. KING
of election
J. DILLARD
C. SWINBURN

For District Clerk
H. BAKER
of election
WALKER LANE

For County School
Superintendent
MRS. NORA McMURTRY
LOAN BAKER
B. (Jimmy) MILLSAP

For County Commissioner
Precinct No. 3
LES HAWKINS
of election
W. C. (Clyde) BRIDGES

For Justice of the Peace
Precinct No. 3
L. A. STROUD

SMITH NEWS ITEMS

The W. C. D. Club met at the home of Mrs. W. D. Mabry last Wednesday. After the business session, Mesdames Reden and Knight gave a demonstration on How to Use the Sewing Machine Attachments, this being a lesson they learned at the sewing school in Clarendon a few weeks back.

There will be a candidate speaking at the school house Friday night. The Club ladies will furnish ice cream and cake for the occasion.

Mesdames Shelby and Pierce and Messrs. A. J. and Taylor Tucker visited in the W. B. Baker home last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Trilton Davis spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Knight.

Miss Mildred Baker left last Wednesday for San Francisco, California, where she will attend summer school.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Beasley were visitors in our community Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Grimes and family spent last Sunday in Memphis.

Miss Mary Louise Thomas has returned to her home in Lubbock after a visit with Miss Mildred Baker.

Mr. Hollis Niece visited home folks over the week end. He is working at Wichita Falls.

The rains last Saturday night damaged our crops and gardens quite a bit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sloan Baker and family attended the candidate speakings, at Lelia Lake and Hedley, the past week.

SWEET POTATO PLANTS FOR SALE

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

DAVID NICHOLS CO.
Kingston Georgia

COFFINS, CASKETS UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

Licensed Embalmer and Auto Hearse at Your Service
Day phone 24
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MOREMAN HARDWARE

Huffman's Barber Shop

Expert Tonsorial Work. Shave Chair. Hot and Cold Baths. You will be pleased with our service. Try it.
W. H. Huffman, Prop.



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when you know a news item

WINDY TRALEY NEWS

There were 55 present at the Sunday School Sunday afternoon. We invite others to come and be with us.

Mrs. I. M. Noble returned last Friday from Wichita, Kansas, where she had been attending the Nazarene Assembly.

Boots Mount of Amarillo spent the week end with Ira Paulk.

There was a large crowd at the singing Sunday night. We enjoyed very much having with us Messrs. Nelson Seago and L. H. Earthman, as leaders, and Mrs. Earthman, as pianist, from Goldston. We invite them back again. We're expecting the Goldston quartette next Sunday night.

Misses Maude, Ellen and Mary Lee Buchanan and Cleo Pope visited Miss Lora Skinner last Sunday evening.

There will be a candidate rally at the school house Saturday night, July 2nd. Refreshments of cake and lemonade will be served.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson had as their guests during the past week end the lady's parents, from Vernon.

Roby Josey of Lelia Lake will preach at the school house next Sunday afternoon, immediately after Sunday School.

Mr. Coffey, of the Wellington Leader force, was in Hedley for a short while Monday, and paid this office a pleasant call.

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 00/100 (\$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 33, 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 of 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



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 BLESSED BARRIER

By FANNIE HURST

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

SOMEWHERE in the heart, the mind and the spirit of young Sterling was a barrier as high, practically, as his life was long. Had you even suggested anything of this to any member of the Buhlow family, they would have met the implication with loyal and heated denial.

How could Sterling secretly feel himself an outsider in the Buhlow family, when not one of the Buhlow children, although they had quite simply been told when they each became eight, had an atom of consciousness that Sterling was not blood brother?

As a matter of fact, bending too far backward perhaps to achieve this end, Ann and Proscow Buhlow took pains to see to it that Sterling received even more than their own children of parental solicitude.

The fact that Sterling had been adopted by Ann during a previous marriage was as remote in the minds of her present husband and children as if it had never happened.

Sterling belonged. As the senior member of a remarkably alert group of children, he was the acknowledged leader of the clan.

"Sterling is too outrageously clever," Ann was wont to remark of her alleged eldest, treating him in the colloquial young fashion of the modern mother. "He sets a dreadful example to the rest of the children. They have to live up to him."

"Sterling is not clever," Ann's real eldest, Shirley, would sing out on such occasions. "He's a soulless misanthrope, an acid-flinging cynic, a misbehaviorist, and he passes off among the unworshippers of my mother's generation as clever."

"Oh, Shirley, be yourself," Terry, two years below Shirley, would retort on the ring of a soft pillow. "You know you'd give your sleepy head to be as clever as Sterling."

"What Shirley can't be, she is not going to bid for," remarked her father, dodging in turn the same sofa pillow flung by Shirley toward him, that had been flung by Terry to his sister.

"Father, it is a good thing you make it a point to speak your true words in jest. Otherwise your family would never grant you a hearing."

Typical, all this, of the way Sterling stood in the admiration of his so-called parents and brothers and sisters. Not only the two older of the Buhlow children vested him thus in their full and enthusiastic approval, but the staid and younger ones followed suit with hero worshiping eyes.

"Sterling this," "Sterling that," "If I had Sterling's brains," "Sterling is the genius of this family," "if only Sterling would take the trouble he could be anything he set out to be."

Something undoubtedly there was in Sterling. The something that would not take the trouble. Time after time, her sweet, anxious eyes scrutinizing this youth, Ann tried to analyze that trouble. Proscow, too, and as Ann said banteringly of her husband, as a famous alienist whose job it was to analyze the workings of the human brain, Proscow ought to be able to ferret out the way to attack the streak of cynical inertia in Sterling.

"Darling, with all your brains, isn't there anything you want to be?"

"I want my father to subsidize me with ten thousand a year as guarantee against the horrible thought of ever wanting to be anything."

"Sterling, won't you be serious just once? You're twenty now. The time has come when you simply have to decide what you want to do with your life. You're too talented! Music. Painting. Writing. I've a suspicion you can be a great person in any one of them."

"Perhaps."

"Proscow, you talk to him."

Curious, with any one of their own children, this problem would have been treated in quite another manner. In fact, the problem of Terry had already been handled with decision and the school for his medical training selected. With Sterling, just because of his equivocal position in the household, the dilemma of stimulating him to action was a subtle and troublesome one.

"You know after all, Sterling, your father, in spite of his wealth, could never be wealthy enough to encourage a disquiet in the family."

A flush ran beneath the pallor of the best-looking member of the Buhlows. Ann had struck in. Proscow, and rightly, would not permit one of his sons to live off of his largess much less Sterling, the outsider.

How to convey to these dear, warm, discerning people that gnawing, sickening sense of his outsidership. The very coloring of the eyes and hair of his five foster brothers and sisters was something Sterling could never look upon without the cold sense of being alien sweeping through the lonely inner moors of his desolation.

The Buhlows were blond, every one of them, blue-eyed, straw-haired. Dark, aloof, alone, he stood in their dear, kind world—the alien whose isolation no one dared mention. The alien, who by very virtue of the

anomaly of his position, was treated with considerations that hurt more than helped. All of his childhood, Sterling had yearned for the heartier reprimands handed out so unselfconsciously to the Buhlow children. No childish dispute had ever been settled against him. The alien deferred to?

The same way now with his retarded decision. With not one other of his children would Proscow have been so indulgent. Terry was a concrete example. Even Shirley, the only girl in the group, had never met the quality of indulgence that had been meted out to Sterling.

It made the bitterness and the hurting and the secret gnawing pain of being special, and a little outside the dear, inner group of people who were dearer than dear to him, almost too vast to be borne.

It was not alone the sense of being the outsider, it was the knowledge that their unspoken sense of it kept them all so cruelly considerate, so deferential to his special position.

Not even his foster father was to sense this out as the secret of the curious problem confronting him in this foster son of his.

Too bad. Most gifted member of the family. Brains. Talent. Will get his bearings in time, of course. But a curious licked kind of psychology to the lad. Doesn't care a great deal about anything. Fine intelligence. High strung, but not unduly nervous. Sensitive, of course. But somewhere in the machinery of the boy's fine mind, a monkey wrench.

For a while Shirley had seemed to have easiest access to the confidence of Sterling. They were so close; so filled with admiration, each for the other. Their entire childhood had been like that. Merciless in their repartee, gibe and banter, they were nonetheless closer than any other two of the children.

But then at this stage, when more than ever Sterling had become the noncommittal dilettante, even Shirley had fallen back defeated. Something was eating Sterling.

However, in the end it was Shirley who was to find her way into the tormented labyrinth of Sterling's dilemma.

The recital of his years of secret anguish and hurt and jealousies came from him one night in a torrent, on the heels of a discussion that had been having together on the subject of his refusal to compete for an art prize.

Sentence by sentence, revealing commitment by commitment, the strange secret tortures of the years lay revealed.

"I'm too jealous, Shirley. Too eaten with the devilish pain of being an outsider to the people I love best in the world, to care about anything. I'm liked before I start. You can't want anything badly enough to go out and get it when you're eaten with a devil like that. It will always be that way with me. Homesickness, heart sickness, to be one of a group that will always too consciously and conscientiously try to make me think I am what I am not."

"You fool," said Shirley, after hours of letting this too long dammed-up confession flow from him. "You darling, blessed, adorable idiot. The only thing, Sterling, that has made all these late years of mine the grand luminous years that they have been, is the fact that you are not one of us in the sense you mean. Fool, Darling idiot. Please, please don't sit there pretending you don't know what I mean. Sterling—how terrible it would be if really you were of us."

Suddenly, seeing her there in a radiance that was as beautiful as it was unmistakable to him, Sterling did see . . . and seeing, came to bless the fact that he was not one of them!

Coal Mined in Great Britain Since Year 1239

The first charter giving liberty to the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne to dig coal was granted by Henry III in 1239, and was denominated "sea coal" on account of its being shipped to places at a distance. In the year 1281, this trade had so extended that laws were passed for its regulation.

In Scotland coal was worked at about the same time and a charter was granted in 1291, in favor of the abbot and convent of Dumfermline, in the county of Fife, giving the right of digging coal to the lands of Pittencrieff, adjoining the convent.

Coal began to be used for smelting about the beginning of the Seventeenth century.

The working of coal gradually increased until the beginning of the Eighteenth century, when the steam engine was brought forward in the year 1705, and was applied to collieries in the vicinity of Newcastle about the year 1715. This engine produced a new era in the mining concerns at Great Britain and collieries were opened in every quarter and the coal trade increased to an astonishing extent.

Biblical "Slips"

Our recent note on a clergyman's discovery that a Bible verse ran: "Gird up thy loins," instead of "loins," brought from correspondents letters concerning other errors that have slipped into this and kindred religious works. Thus in one Bible an error in punctuation made a certain passage run: "The wicked flee, when no man pursueth the righteous, is as bold as a lion."

And the omission of a letter in a passage in the Book of Common Prayer made it run: "We shall all be hanged in the twinkling of an eye."—Boston Transcript.

Kiss Mary Louise

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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

"AND it will be a great treat for me to see you all again. Give Mary Louise a kiss and ask her if she remembers her 'Cousin Warren.'"

Mary Louise's mother looked up from the letter she had been reading aloud and smiled at her pretty daughter curled up in the chair opposite.

"I guess," she said, "that Cousin Warren has forgotten just how big a girl you have grown!"

"And who?" asked Mary Louise, "is Cousin Warren?"

"Well, to begin with, dear, he isn't really your cousin. He's the son of a very dear friend of mine. At the time of her death Warren came to us for a little visit. He must have been—well, about sixteen at that time and you were five or six. He let you tag around after him and was much more friendly to you than boys of that age usually are to little girls."

"And now," mused Mary Louise, "he must be—why, nearly thirty years old! Oh, I guess he's so old that it's quite all right for me to be accepting a kiss from him?"

If Mrs. Sumner smiled inwardly at Mary Louise's calm assumption that thirty years spelled a privileged age, she gave no sign. Certainly Warren would seem mature to her daughter compared to the crowd of youngsters with whom she ordinarily traveled. Knowing a little of what his life had been, she could well imagine that he would prove even older than his years.

Perhaps, had she known all that was going on in the mind of her daughter, she would have been alarmed, for the young woman, as she listened to an account of Warren's life, had arrived at a singular conclusion.

As a starter, she would borrow Trixie Horton's lipstick, Jante Robert's new shell-tint rouge, and Clare Brayton's "How To Behave in Society." She would read up on a couple of the latest plays, a few of the more sophisticated magazines, and shorten her sports skirt another inch. A kiss to Mary Louise indeed!

Warren Wayne looked about him with interest as he got down from

the car. "I'll say I am!" he replied promptly, looking curiously at the scarlet-lipped, black-lashed girl before him whose cheeks glowed with a radiance liberal if not quite skillfully applied.

"I am Mrs. Sumner's daughter," drawled Mary Louise. "Please stow away your luggage in back and hop along in. I fancy the station man will see to your trunk."

She swung away up the main street, one hand carelessly on the wheel, with an air that would have distinguished a sportier model of car than the flivver she was driving.

So this was his old friend, Mary Louise! Well, well, well! Then he gave himself up to picking out old landmarks along the way.

Meanwhile, of what was Mary Louise thinking? She was, for one thing, wondering just what her mother would say when she saw her. She had not yet had that pleasure, for Mary Louise had made a back-door exit, merely calling out a good-by to her mother who sat on the side porch.

And then she was also thinking that thirty was not as ancient as she had imagined. And nobody had thought to mention the fact that Warren was handsomer than her favorite movie star of the moment.

She wished, just a little, that she had left the make-up business alone. Or, at least, that she had not gone into it on such a heavy scale.

Mrs. Sumner came down to meet them. "My dear boy, she cried, and took Warren in her arms much as she had when he had come to her, motherless, years ago. Then she caught sight of her daughter. Just for an instant words seemed to fall her. Then "Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed. "Have you been rehearsing again for that silly play? Do run upstairs and wash your face or Warren will never believe you are the same sweet little girl he used to let beat him at croquet!"

Warren stayed on all summer. One day, near the end of his visit, he took Mrs. Sumner aside for a little talk. Afterwards, he hunted up Mary Louise and found her busy with her sewing out under the trees.

"I asked your mother," he said gently, "if she ever gave you the kiss I sent you. She said she hadn't and gave me permission to give it to you myself. You see, the girl I sent it to was the one I have always carried with me."

Opening the back of his watch, he disclosed a faded little snapshot of a curly-haired child that looked out at one with lovely, steadfast gaze. "And even if she had grown taller," he went on, "I still see in her so much of that same darling little girl. Do you think you could ever care to accept that kiss? How about it, Mary Louise?"

And Mary Louise slipped into his arms as if she had always belonged there.

THE BEST TIRE PRICES ever offered for GOODYEAR QUALITY

IT'S GOOD NEWS that you can buy any tire for as low as \$3.49. But that's only half the story. The other half is—this price buys a GOODYEAR. You can put stout new Goodyear Speedways on your car today at the lowest prices you ever paid for a Goodyear Tire. No need to worry about old, lumpy tires—no need to wonder whether they'll bring you home safe every time you start on a trip—when you get Goodyear values at these bargain prices. And you can bank on it—they are bargains! Full oversize tires—marked with the Goodyear name and house flag. Built with patented Goodyear Supertwist Cord. Lifetime guaranteed. Balanced for long, even wear. Goodyear can give you such tremendous values because more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind. Here certainly is the chance of a lifetime! "Why buy any second-choice tire when first-choice costs no more?"



PATHFINDER



SIX "PLIES" ?

You can count six layers of fabric here, but the first two under the tread in this tire (or in any so-called "six-ply" tire built this way) do not run from bead to bead. Some tire-makers count these as "plies," but they are really "breaker strips," so we call them that.

29 x 4.40-21	Each, in pairs . . . \$4.65
	\$4.79 per single tire
30 x 4.50-21	Each, in pairs . . . \$5.27
	\$5.43 per single tire
29 x 4.50-20	Each, in pairs . . . \$5.19
	\$5.35 per single tire
28 x 4.75-19	Each, in pairs . . . \$6.16
	\$6.33 per single tire

LOOK AT THESE 7 FEATURES:

(1) Lifetime Guaranteed (2) Goodyear name and house flag on sidewall (3) Full oversize (4) Built with Supertwist cord, Goodyear patent (5) Husky, heavy tread (6) Deep-cut traction (7) New in every way

SPEEDWAY

Full Oversize 30 x 4.50-21	Each In pairs \$3.83	Full Oversize 30 x 5.00-20	Each In pairs \$4.80
Full Oversize 30 x 4.50-20	Each In pairs \$3.95	Full Oversize Essex Nash	Each In pairs \$4.95
Full Oversize 28 x 4.50-20	Each In pairs \$3.79	Full Oversize Chrysler Buick	Each In pairs \$5.39
Full Oversize 28 x 4.75-19	Each In pairs \$4.50	Full Oversize Chrysler Buick	Each In pairs \$5.55
Full Oversize 28 x 5.00-19	Each In pairs \$4.72	Full Oversize 31 x 5.25-21	Each In pairs \$5.82
Full Oversize 28 x 4.75-19	Each In pairs \$4.85	Full Oversize Buick Dodge Nash	Each In pairs \$5.98
Full Oversize 30 x 5.00-19	Each In pairs \$4.72	Full Oversize 30 x 3 1/2 Reg. Cl.	Each In pairs \$3.30
Full Oversize 30 x 5.00-19	Each In pairs \$4.85	Full Oversize Ford - Model T	Each In pairs \$3.39



Find Revives Interest in Oldest Hero Story

From Oxford comes word that 50 more lines of the epic of Gilgamesh, the traditional Babylonian hero, have been found inscribed on a stone tablet lately excavated at Kish, a very ancient city in the desert of Iraq. This is regarded as a most important addition to the oldest adventure story in the world. One estimate of the Kish tablet places its writing at about 4000 years ago.

But even that does not necessarily mean the beginning of the Gilgamesh epic. From time to time contributions to this adventure story have been made as records have been unearthed, with evidences of earlier production. As digging is continued and older and older cities are brought to light earlier versions of Gilgamesh may come to hand. For Gilgamesh is the fundamental, basic story of heroism. Historically Gilgamesh is reputed to have been a king in the first dynasty of Erach, to whom is attributed a reign of 126 years, which is doubtless an exaggeration to be understood in the light of some of the great ages reported

in very early records of man. Gilgamesh was a soldier who became a sun god. To him were attributed many acts of great valor. He sought the secret of immortal life and perpetual youth. In him are embodied the naive myths such as are identified with all primitive civilizations. From the Gilgamesh epic ramified innumerable legends throughout the Mediterranean area and southwestern Asia. There are traces of Gilgamesh in the folk tales and myths of the Hebrews, Phoenicians, Syrians, Greeks and Romans, throughout Asia Minor and even in India. The finding of 50 new lines, presumably dated earlier than those hitherto available for study, is consequently an achievement of moment, and it is hoped that these lines may supply gaps in the story of this oldest tale of heroism of which man now has any records.

When a man says "Stop me if you've heard this one," he tells his anecdote very fast.

It takes a dentist to fill a long-felt want of a certain kind.

in 8 Texas
HILTON HOTELS
to Serve You!
2
2.50
5.00

Responsible Representatives distribute circulars, samples, exp. unnecessary; good pay. Great. 100% Zack, Tampa, Fla.

Few and Far Between
He was warning a little neighbor about being careful crossing streets. "Oh, don't worry," the child assured, "I always wait for the empty space to come by."—Parents' Magazine.

It's true, madam

Dishwashing is the hardest part of marriage

50% MORE SUDS 47% LESS WORK

NEW Oxydol
Dissolves faster, rinses away cleaner, makes 50% more suds—that's why the New Oxydol makes dishes so sparkling clean—lightens all housework. Kind to hands, no crum, softens water, never balls up.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF IVORY SOAP

OXYDOL

OXYDOL
THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP

BABY CHICKS!

All Ages

This is your opportunity to buy the finest strains of layers in West Texas at GIVE AWAY prices. These chicks are rich in the blood lines from the flocks of the most famous poultry breeders in America.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES

8,000 Red and Buff Orpingtons at.....	\$6.50 per 100
4,000 English White Leghorns at.....	\$4.90 per 100
2,000 Leghorn Pullets, 5 weeks old.....	\$16.50 per 100
2,000 Leghorn Pullets, 8 weeks old.....	\$12.50 per 100
400 Buff Leghorns, 1 1/2 months old.....	17c each
100 Dark Cornish, 1 1/2 months old.....	19c each
700 Red, 3 weeks old.....	12c each
400 Buff Orpingtons, 2 weeks old.....	9c each
400 Barred Rocks, 2 weeks old.....	9c each
800 Brown Leghorns, 2 weeks old.....	8c each
200 White Langshans, 2 weeks old.....	10c each
400 Buffed White Minorcas, 2 weeks old.....	9c each
800 Anconas, 2 weeks old.....	9c each

Many Other Varieties Also

Clarendon Hatchery

CLARENDON, TEXAS

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Open Day and Night.

WINDY VALLEY Theatre

Memphis, Texas

Friday, Saturday, July 1, 2
Defenders of the Law
Starting Serial just released
Sign of the Wolf
Also Cartoon
10c to all

Monday, Tuesday, 4, 5
Sylvia Sidney and
Chester Morris, in
The Miracle Man
Everyone knows this story
it's a knockout
Comedy and News
10c and 25c

Wednesday, Thursday, 6, 7
George Bancroft in
World and the Flesh
The same old George
and that's enough
Comedy and News.
10c and 15c

Mrs. J. B. Masterson, Mrs. Dannie Battle, Jack Battle, and the Oscar Alexander family of Amarillo left Wednesday for an outing at the Masterson summer camp at Taos, New Mexico.

Miss Hazel Stewart has returned from a visit with friends at Lelia Lake.

WIFADASOS CLUB

The Wifadasos Club met Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Jai Shaw, with eight members present, two new members and four visitors. A very interesting program was given on Preparation and Serving of New Dishes. Mrs. Ross Adamson demonstrated a new dish composed of green beans and peas.

The next meeting will be July 12th with Mrs. John Auflill.

A weary mother rolling dough—
Don't you wish that food would grow?
How happy all the world would be
With a cookie bush and a doughnut tree.

New White Purses at 49c.
B. & B. Variety Store.

Misses Alice Noel and Marian Hicks have returned from a visit of several weeks with relatives and friends in California.

T. R. Moreman Sr., Mrs. C. B. Bell and T. R. Moreman Jr. visited in Abilene, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Davidson, Okla., and other points the past week.

Ed Z. Gordon and family have returned from a two weeks visit to Sherman.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lewis and daughter Eulene, of Los Angeles, Calif., stopped off in Hedley a short time Wednesday and paid the Informer family a pleasant visit. Mrs. Lewis was formerly Miss Orene Lane. She grew up in Hedley, and at one time was editor and publisher of the Informer for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Laurence of Pampa stopped off here Monday for a visit with the W. B. Laurence family. They were en route to Bosque county for a visit. Accompanying them were the Misses Ray of Meridian and Miss Mildred Harper of Iredell, who have been visiting them at Pampa the past few weeks.

Mrs. J. T. Curtis and children have returned from Melrose, N. M., where they have been with Mr. Curtis, who is operating a grain elevator out there.

P. G. Johnson has returned from Amarillo, where he enjoyed a visit with his long time friend, G. C. Elder.

Men's and boys' Straw Hats.
B. & B. Variety Store.

Frank Houston, District Superintendent of the West Texas Utilities Co. with headquarters at Childress, and W. R. Cabaness, manager at Memphis, visited Chas. M. Lowry at the Hedley office Wednesday.

B. G. Clifton and family, who formerly resided here, but lately of San Angelo, visited in Hedley and Memphis this week. They were en route to Dalhart.

Judge William Pierson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Texas, and candidate for re-election, was a visitor in our town yesterday. Judge Pierson is a native Texan, and favorably known throughout the State.

Ernest Johnson left a few days ago for Stratford, where he will be connected with an elevator company throughout the grain marketing season.

Miss Roberta Mann is visiting her sister, Mrs. Roy Kutch, at Wellington.

SPECIALS!

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Did you ever attend a school for stuttering? N-n-no, I ju-just p-picked it up. We don't stutter when we say it pays to sell what you have to sell, and buy what you have to buy, at EADS'.

Kerosene, Gallon Not Delivered 6c

Navy Beans, lb	3 1/2c
Big Lima Beans, lb	6c
2 lb Iten's Fairy Crackers	20c

Bread, regular size loaf 3c

Brooms, Good Quality	25c
Oats, Cup, Large Size	23c
Blackberries, gallon	36c
Coffee, Bright and Early, 1 lb pkg	21c

Bring Us your Cream, Poultry and Eggs. We pay you the highest possible price for what you have to sell, and sell you at the lowest possible price.

Eads Produce Co.

PHONE 167

WE DELIVER



W. VALLANCE

Watch Our Window for

EXTRA SPECIALS

Specials

for FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Fresh Tomatoes, 6 lb	25c
Bran, 100 lb	69c
Shorts, 100 lb	79c
Flour, 48 lb, Homa 75c Yukon 95c	
Meal, Cream, 20 lb sack	27c
Syrup, Red Barrel Qt 15c Half Gal 29c	
Lemons, nice size, doz	23c
New Spuds, peck	23c
5 lb Salt 35c Block Salt 45c	
White Beans, 10 lb	27c
Steak, Sausage, Pork Chops, 3 lb	25c
Coffee, 3 lb Maxwell House, or 2 1-2 lb Folger's	89c

We have made arrangements to buy CREAM in connection with our Grocery business. Jim Sachse will look after this, and it is our aim to pay you Top Market prices at all times, and render you the best kind of service. Give us a trial with your next can of Cream.

HEDLEY SINGERS

If you want to hear good singing, come to the West Baptist Church Sunday afternoon, July 10, at 8 o'clock.

Opening song by President.
Prayer by Chaplain.
Two songs, Ed Z. Gordon.
Two songs, O. H. Tinsley.
Special, arranged by Mrs. G. L. Armstrong.

Two songs, Mr. Ben Watson.
Special, arranged by Sam J. Ayer.

Two songs, R. W. Alewine.
Song Jack Gordon.

B. W. M. S.

The B. W. M. S. met Monday, June 27, in the home of Mrs. J. A. Pirtle, with Mesdames Pirtle, Tinsley and Hart hostesses. The following program was well rendered:

Subject: Baptist Schools.
Leader, Mrs. Claude Bain
Song, I Love to Tell the Story.
School Bells—Leader
The "Musts" of Christian Education—Mrs. Wells.
Song, More About Jesus.
Baptist Schools in the South and in Our Own State—Mrs. Alewine.

Prayer for Baptist Schools in the Southland—Mrs. Simmons.
Song, Send the Light.
Our Southern Baptist Schools Abroad—Mrs. Milner.
Prayer for Baptist Schools Abroad—Mrs. Tinsley.
Message of Baptist Bells—Mrs. P. C. Johnson
Solo, Keep the Baptist School Bells Ringing—Mrs. Moffitt.
Closing Prayer—Mrs. Wells.
After the program a social hour was enjoyed.

Miss Mavis Whiteside left yesterday for a visit with relatives in Amarillo.

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Hedley, Texas

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19th Year in Practice

11th Year in

Memphis, Texas

718 West Noel St. Phone 462

Ice Cream Freezers, 98c at the B & B Variety Store.

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Man reaps what he sows -- unless he is an amateur gardener

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

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Hardware -- Furniture