

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

XXII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JULY 8, 1932

NO. 35

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 whenever they can be of service.

Wilson Drug Co.

PHONE 63

METHODIST YOUNG PEOPLE WILL BE HERE SUNDAY

The Methodist Young People of the Clarendon District will meet with the Hedley Church next Sunday morning at 9.

Sunday School at 10. Preaching at 11 by Rev. M. M. Beavers, who will hold our quarterly conference in the afternoon.

The young people will hold cabinet meetings at 9 a. m., and beginning at 1:30 p. m. will give the following program:

Theme: "An Echo Meeting" Prelude, O Worship the King Hymn, All for Christ. Prayer.

Scriptures, James 1:22, Galatians 6:9

Hymn, Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

Talk, The Spirit of the Assembly—Rev. R. N. Huckabee.

Talk, What Ought to Happen in Our Young People's Work as a Result of the Assembly—Bob Birchfield.

Hymn, I Would Be True.

Group Meetings (Go to the one that you are working in at your own department)—

1. Worship—Rev. T. M. Johnson

2. Citizenship and Community Service—Mrs. C. L. Clements

3. Missions and World Friendship—Mrs. T. C. Delaney

4. Recreation and Personal Development—Rev. E. D. Landreth

5. Evangelism and Church Relationships—Rev. Ollie Apple

6. Leadership Training—Rev. E. B. Bowen

Pod Rally, led by Mrs. G. L. Clements and Miss Katherine Clements.

Business, Bob Birchfield.

Benediction.

Let us make this the best year in the history of the Clarendon District.

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VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL TO CLOSE WITH PROGRAM

The Vacation Bible School in progress at the Methodist church is proving a success. The pupils are doing constructive work and developing mentally and spiritually. They are learning to think and to do for themselves. The records show eighty children enrolled.

Commencement exercises will be held Friday evening, July 8th, at 8 o'clock. Parents and interested friends are invited. The program consists of material chosen from the two weeks study and exhibits of handiwork from each department.

Ice Cream Freezers for 98c. B. & B. Variety Store.

The O. H. Tinsley family had as their guests the past week Mrs. Tinsley's sisters, Mrs. Emma Norman of Denton and Mrs. E. C. Chandler of Bowie, her nephew, Ernest Chandler of Bowie, and her cousin, Miss Clara Lawley of Weleetka, Okla.

Rev. E. M. Dunsworth, from Pampa, visited his friend, Rev. M. E. Wells, the past week end, and preached Sunday morning to Bro. Wells' congregation at the First Baptist Church.



H. B. HILL

Candidate for Representative Mr. Hill, while in the Legislature in 1921, was author of the only law passed in fifty years giving equal representation to West Texas in the State Senate. He is an experienced legislator.

CREAM AND CAKE FOR SALE

The Wifadasos Club will sell Cream and Cake on the street Saturday.

And don't forget the old Relic and Quilt Show July 22 and 23.

Proceeds will be used to buy a Club sealer.

PLENTY OF MAIZE HEADS

for sale. See

A. S. Johnson.

TO THE VOTERS OF DONLEY COUNTY

we recommend

S. W. LOWE

FOR THE OFFICE OF COUNTY JUDGE

FIRST, Because we believe that Honesty and Sincerity of Purpose are the most essential qualifications in recommending anyone for public office. We invite the most careful investigation as to his home and business life, his church and school life, and his general reputation as a Christian gentleman.

SECOND, Because of his exceptional ability. His decisions are not based upon prejudice. He is broad in his vision, seeing both sides of a question. He is reasonable and patient, and deals with people in an open, straightforward, businesslike manner.

THIRD, Because of his economic views and beliefs. He is fearless enough to state that the salary or commission of each office in the county should be in keeping with the taxpayers' financial ability to pay. He believes no candidate has a right to expect more pay than the revenue of the county will permit. He believes the best way to get out of debt is to stop going in debt, both in private business and county business. He believes any kind of bond issue would be absurd under present conditions. He believes in private and public improvement only when there is some good, sound, business reason to believe that the obligation can be met when due.

FOURTH, We recommend him to safe, sound and economical, and respectfully ask for your support.

(This space paid for by citizens of Hedley and Precinct 3)

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

25 lb SALT, 30c	50 lb Block, White 45c
PINTO BEANS, lb	3c
GALLON PRUNES	35c
BORAX WASHING POWDER, 6 for	25c
SPICES, 2 for	15c
CRYSTAL WEDDING OATS, Pkg	23c
COFFEE EQUITY SPECIAL, lb	23c
ONIONS, lb	3-2c
SALMON PINK, Tall Can	9c
TOMATOES, 2 1-2 Size, Can	10c

Farmers Equity Union

PHONE 171

WE DELIVER

J. G. HYDOLGA, PRESIDENT
T. R. MOREMAN, VICE PRESIDENT

J. W. NOEL, ACTIVE VICE PRESIDENT
C. L. JOHNSON, CASHIER

SECURITY STATE BANK

HEDLEY, TEXAS

At the Close of Business June 30, 1932

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans.....	\$124,972 64	Capital.....	\$ 35,000 00
Overdrafts.....	174 80	Surplus and Profits.....	9,726 50
Banking hours.....	7,345 69	Rediscunts with Federal Reserve	
Other Real Estate.....	10,001 00	Bank, Dallas.....	40,489 08
Federal Reserve Bank Stock.....	1,350 00	Bills Payable.....	21,774 47
Live Stock Account.....	2,357 55	DEPOSITS.....	56,967 71
CASH.....	17,756 03		
Total.....	\$163,967 71	Total.....	\$163,967 71

The Above Statement Is Correct. C. L. JOHNSON, Cashier.

STOCKHOLDERS

J. G. McDaniel
Mrs. A. E. Akers
J. C. Conroy
F. M. McClure
D. Browder
T. E. Moreman
G. M. Shook
J. W. Noel

Mrs. C. A. Crozier
J. E. Dishman
E. F. Bryan
W. B. Quigley
T. J. Dunbar
C. L. Johnson
A. N. Wood
F. A. Finch

Mrs. W. J. Greer

News Review of Current Events the World Over

Hoover and Curtis Stand on Platform Calling for Modification of 18th Amendment—Would Let State Decide for Themselves.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

LET each state decide for itself whether it will be wet or dry. That, briefly, is the prohibition plank adopted by the Republican national convention in Chicago. It was dictated by President Hoover and the administration forces, in complete control of the convention, put it over after one of the most uproarious sessions in twenty years of Republican conventions.

The plank is not pleasing to the very wet Republicans and is completely unpopular to the dry ones.

Under the Republican plan congress will at all times be in general control of liquor law enforcement in those states that elect to remain dry. Also, congress will control the manufacture, sale and distribution of liquor within the borders of the wet states.

With the platform out of the way the convention proceeded to discuss what had been whispered in some quarters they might do. They renominated Herbert Hoover for President and Charles C. Curtis for Vice President.

The debate on the prohibition plank was the only thing that saved this convention from being a complete flop as far as thrills and excitement are concerned. In all other respects it was about as tame as a town meeting, the selection of standard bearers being a foregone conclusion. James R. Gardfield, chairman of the resolutions committee, led the fight for the Hoover plank, while Senator Bingham and Nicholas Murray Butler headed the forces demanding a plank insisting on the repeal of the Eighteenth amendment.

Senator Bingham's plank was defeated by a vote of 681 to 47. An analysis of the vote shows that the Republicans in the south swung the balance against the northern, eastern and middle western states which furnish the bulk of the electoral votes for the election of Republican presidents.

The Hoover plank as amended reads in part as follows: "We do not favor a submission limited to the issue of retention or repeal. For the American nation never in its history has gone backward, and in this case the progress which has been thus far made must be preserved, while the evils must be eliminated.

"We, therefore, believe that the people should have an opportunity to pass upon a proposed amendment, the provision of which, while retaining the federal government power to preserve the gains already made in dealing with the problem as they arise, shall allow states to deal with the problem as their citizens may determine, but subject always to the power of the federal government to protect those states where prohibition may exist and safeguard our citizens everywhere from the return of the saloon and attendant abuses.

"Such an amendment should be promptly submitted to the states by congress, to be acted upon by state conventions called for that sole purpose in accordance with the provisions of Article V of the Constitution, and adequately safeguarded so as to be truly representative."

The entire platform, as submitted by the resolutions committee, was adopted by a viva voce vote. Some of the high lights follow:

- Approval given an emergency relief fund for loans to states in need. No direct federal relief to individuals.
- Shorter work week, shorter work day, legislation to stimulate home building, continuance of restricted immigration.
- Prompt and drastic reduction of public expenditure urged.
- Further aid pledged through general farm board, protective tariff duties, assistance to solve problems of controlling production.
- Full protection to incapacitated veterans pledged. Cash payment of bonus not mentioned.
- Favor extension of tariff protection to natural resource industries.
- Committed to maintenance of parity on basis of parity with any nation. Opposed to further any personnel reduction.
- American entry into league not favored. Settlement of international difficulties without annex or foreign partnership pledged.
- Rigid laws favored to stamp out activities of gangsters, racketeers and kidnapers.
- Relentless warfare pledged against narcotic traffic.
- Need cited for revision of banking laws on sounder basis.
- Retention of gold standard pledged. Participation in international conferences on monetary questions.
- Existing status of government

Hawaii should be maintained. President's "constructive program" lauded as an attack on the depression with "far-reaching objectives, but entailing no danger to the budget."

Republican control of the federal government will "insure the orderly recovery of the country."

While the Republicans were busy in Chicago, the Democrats made small progress in settling their pre-convention squabbles. One development was the rumor, originating in Chicago, that Melvin A. Traylor, the banker who is one of the dark horse possibilities for the Presidential nomination, might be put on the Roosevelt ticket in second place. It was said the New York governor would welcome this move. The Traylor campaign managers seemed to think the better ticket would be "Traylor and Roosevelt."

Support of the nominee, whoever he may be, was pledged by leaders of the party in a united appeal for completion of the party's \$1,500,000 victory fund before the opening of the national convention on June 27. The message to the rank and file was signed by Alfred E. Smith, Gov. Franklin Roosevelt, Jouett Shouse, Owen D. Young, Newton D. Baker, former Gov. James M. Cox, John W. Davis and 54 other leaders.

Tragedy stepped in to halt the debate on Representative Wright Patman's soldier bonus bill when Representative E. Eslick (Dem., Tenn.), dropped dead on the floor of the house while making an impassioned plea for the immediate payment of the \$2,400,000 bonus.

Shocked by the dramatic turn of events, the house adjourned immediately as a mark of respect.

Mr. Eslick had about half completed a ten-minute speech in behalf of the bonus. Picturing the World War army as "the flower of the country's manhood," he waved aside questions of finance and said: "Mr. Spunker, I want to divert from the sordid—"

He never finished the sentence. As he collapsed, he clutched at a table and partially broke his fall. Dr. George W. Calver, Capitol physician, said he had died before he struck the floor. Mrs. Eslick was in the members' gallery at the time.

Tragedy added to futility is the history of this bonus bill. Hours of debate, largely for home consumption, wasted on a measure that was foredoomed before it was presented.

Though it passed the house by a vote of 211 to 176, there was no possible chance that the senate would pass it, and President Hoover had announced that he would veto it if it should be passed.

FRANZ VON PAPEN, Germany's new aristocratic chancellor, held several conferences with the premiers of the states and the German agricultural council and succeeded in part in allaying their fears that his government intended eventually to overthrow the republic. He assured them solemnly that his rule would be "based entirely on the constitution of the reich," and denied that his cabinet was unsocial or reactionary. The dissolution of the Reichstag and the calling of elections were thought necessary, he said, to a new unified expression of the national will, and it was his belief "that a new parliament will more readily produce a clear-cut majority for a policy of spiritual and ethical rehabilitation and an economic orientation that shall rest on Christian, national and social foundations."

STANISLAUS FELIX HAUSNER, the aviator, who attempted a flight from New York to Poland, was rescued by the steamship Circle Shell after drifting eight days on the Atlantic on his wrecked airplane. Hausner was completely exhausted when rescued and literally fell into the lifeboat that was lowered to pick him up. The captain of the ship reported by radio that Hausner had received only minor injuries and was progressing satisfactorily.

FOLLOWING the abortive attempt of three young Cubans to assassinate President Machado by throwing a bomb at him, the police of the island republic made a series of raids on the homes of prominent persons and ascertained they had uncovered three separate plots against Machado's life. Nearly a hundred leading citizens of Havana were put in prison, and arms and explosives were seized.

Capt. Miguel Calvo, chief of the police expert bureau, said: "Cubans have turned to terrorism in a desperate effort to oust President Machado dead or alive. I am convinced that Havana's leading men and women have gone crazy. The revelations are astounding and most disappointing for the future of Cuba and the Cubans."

The "society terrorists" belong to the ABC organization which sought to overthrow the government on May 20, independence day, but were foiled by the discovery of their plot. Police say that other government leaders besides Machado are "marked for death."

CARLOS DAVILA apparently was not sufficiently radical in his policies toward foreign interests in Chile, so he was forced by the military and socialistic junta to resign as provisional President. Col. Marmaduke Grove, who had a great deal to do with the ousting of President Montero, remained in control, but there were rumors that an army group was plotting to bring ex-President Carlos Ibanez back from exile and form a new junta with Davila's aid. Capt. Alejandro Lazo, an intimate associate of Davila and of Ibanez, was arrested.

Extremist sentiment against Davila's continuance in the junta arose as a result of attacks against him by the leftist newspaper Opinion, which has led efforts of certain elements in northern Chile to force dissolution of the \$375,000,000 Cosach organization.

IT LOOKS as if Gaston B. Means, one of the slipperiest individuals in America, would have to spend another term in a federal penitentiary.

A federal jury in Washington found him guilty of stealing \$104,000 entrusted to him by Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean for the purpose of raising Col. Charles Lindbergh's baby. The court inflicted a sentence of 15 years' imprisonment and a fine of \$2,000. He was acquitted on two embezzlement charges.

His attorney moved for a new trial and gave notice of appeal, and meanwhile Means was put back in jail.

POLICE action in the Lindbergh case is being attacked on both sides of the ocean, following the suicide of Violet Sharpe, English maid in the service of the Morrow family. The young woman had been questioned repeatedly by the police, and many persons in America and in England believe she had been so persecuted that she was driven to self-destruction, although it appears she was in no way implicated in the kidnaping. State Senator E. L. Richards of New Jersey attacked the administration of Governor Moore as responsible for blunders in the case and said a legislative investigation was "virtually certain."

In London a member of the house of commons brought up the matter by asking the foreign office if the government had its attention called to the suicide of Miss Sharpe and if it would make representations to the Washington government suggesting an inquiry as to what responsibility the police had for the girl's death.

WITH the avowed purpose of finding some formula to replace the expiring Hoover moratorium, the reparations conference opened Thursday in Lausanne, Switzerland. In preparation for this meeting, Prime Minister MacDonald went to Paris and conferred with Premier Herriot, and the result was, according to one dispatch from Paris that the two statesmen "constituted themselves a ways and means committee for saving Europe by presenting a united front against Germany." Other correspondents thought the most likely outcome of the confab of the premiers would be an agreement for a new moratorium for Germany.

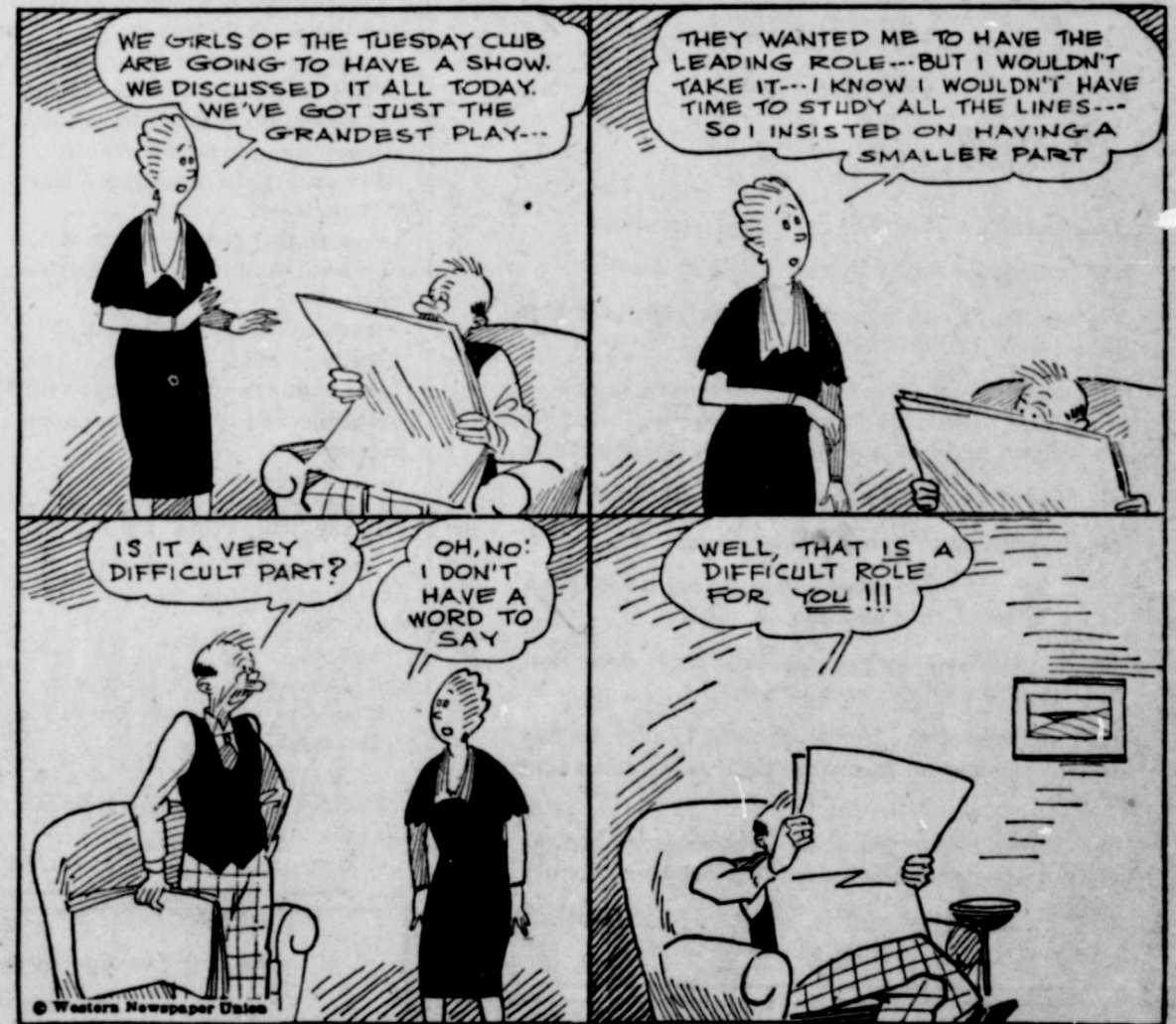
OUR COMIC SECTION

Our Pet Peeve



THE FEATHERHEADS

She's Positively Speechless



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

A Busy Homebody





THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Ed C. Boliver, Publisher

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

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

Advertisement 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.



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When you know a news item

Subscribe for The Informer

W. B. Morgan, living a few miles northwest of town, was a visitor at this office last Friday. He showed us a careless weed root, ten feet long, that he had pulled up out of John Edwards' fields. We're having some good weed growing weather the past few weeks, and they are taking advantage of it.

All \$1.95 Dresses at \$1.00. Our \$1.00 Dresses for 59c, or two for \$1.00.

B & R Variety Store

RESISTS THE FRICTION

of High-Speed Summer Driving



Change NOW to **SOCONY** DEWAXED - - PARAFFINE BASE MOTOR OIL

MAGNOLIA SERVICE STATION

Hedley, Texas

SMITH NEWS ITEMS

Friends of Miss Mildred Baker met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Knight, to give Miss Baker a surprise party. Several games were enjoyed, after which refreshments of ice cream and cake were served to some thirty guests.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Baker have received word from their son, Frank, who lives in Los Angeles, Calif., that he was married June 26th. All of his friends here extend congratulations and best wishes for a long and prosperous married life.

Sunday School was very enjoyable Sunday, although the crowd was rather small. We hope all of the members will be present next Sunday, as there is a very important matter to be discussed. Mr. Morgan Baker will talk on the subject, 'Who's Your Skipper?'

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Knight spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ben Moore at Harrell Chapel.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans gave a picnic July 4th. Quite a number were present and had a very nice time.

Mr. and Mrs. Sloan Baker enjoyed the picnic in Naylor community Monday afternoon.

Miss Addie Marie King, from Shamrock, is visiting with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hawkins.

Due to the heavy rain Friday afternoon, but few of the community were able to attend the Candidate speaking at the school house. All of the candidates did not get to come, so we just visited and sang a while. Those present enjoyed the occasion, but are sorry we did not get to carry out our plans. The candidates present were A. H. Baker and Walker Lane for District Clerk; J. J. Alexander and S. W. Lowe for County Judge; M. W. Mosley and A. N. Wood for Tax Collector; Mrs. Bessie Smith and W. G. Word for County Clerk; Mrs. Linnie Cauthen and Mrs. Richard Wilkerson for County Treasurer; Mrs. Nora McMurtry and Sloan Baker for County Superintendent of Schools; Les Hawkins for Commissioner, Precinct 3. We were very glad to have these visitors in our community, and hope next time we will be able to entertain them royally.

HEDLEY SINGERS

If you want to hear good singing, come to the West Baptist Church Sunday afternoon, July 10, at 3 o'clock.

Opening song by President.
Prayer by Chaplain.
Two songs, E. 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.

COFFINS, CASKETS

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

Licensed Embalmer and Auto Hearse at Your Service

Day phone 24
Night phone 40

MOREMAN HARDWARE

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Hedley, Texas

Office Phone 3
Residence Phone 20

WINDY VALLEY NEWS

There was Sunday School as usual Sunday afternoon, after which Bro. Roby Josey of Lelia Lake preached a very interesting sermon. Roby formerly lived among us, beginning his work in the ministry here. He has been making his home in Rio Grande Valley for several months, returning to Lelia Lake in June. His many friends were glad to have him back again, and all enjoyed the sermon very much.

Miss Hazel Cole, who is attending school at Canyon, spent the week end with home folks.

Miss Della Barnes of Lubbock spent a few days last week with friends in the Valley.

Misses Eileen Maude and Dora Buchanan and Inez, Lora and Vergie Skinner visited Miss Cleo Pope Sunday.

Rev. Campbell of McKnight will preach at the church here next Sunday at 11 a. m.

There was a large crowd at the candidate rally Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Bullard, Misses Effie Dean and Melba Bullard and Loree and Lucille Haggan of Lelia Lake attended Sunday School and church here Sunday afternoon.

There was a large crowd at the singing Sunday night. We had with us a number of visitors from Godston, Hudgins, Chamberlain, Clarendon, Lelia Lake and Hedley. We invite them all to come again.

Men's good heavy Work Clothing at a bargain.

B & R Variety Store.

Subscribe for The Informer

Specials!

48 lb High P...ent Flour	85c
20 lb Cream Meal	27c
22 lb Bulk Sugar	\$1.00
3 lb bucket Truck Wagon Coffee	74c
Cup Oats, large size	21c
1 lb Premium Salted Crackers	11c
2 lb Premium Salted Crackers	19c
2 lb Jar Peanut Butter	19c
Quart Sour Pickles	15c
All Breakfast Cereals	10c

PLENTY OF FRESH VEGETABLES

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

City Produce & Feed Store

C. C. Stanford, Prop.

Phone 32

Mrs. Elvia Davenport, Misses Cloteal Moreman, Melba Johnson, Peggy Caldwell, who are attending summer school at Canyon, spent the week end in Hedley.

P. C. Johnson was business visitor in Clarendon Tuesday.

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

GOODRICH

QUALITY

as low as
\$4.79



CHALLENGING 1932 conditions and every other tire on the market, we're pricing this genuine Goodrich Cavalier tire dollars under what you'd expect to pay. Imagine buying a tire of Goodrich quality for as little as \$4.79!

The tread has been thickened—bringing thousands of miles additional anti-skid performance. The exclusive Goodrich cord construction—every cord impregnated with rubber under pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch—combats internal friction and heat—combats wear.

Big, handsome, this tire will add new distinction to your car. At our prices it's a bargain nothing short of sensational.

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

6,000 Reds 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.....	17¢ each
100 Dark Cornish 1 1/2 months old.....	19¢ each
700 Reds, 8 weeks old.....	12¢ 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
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By William MacLeod Raine

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SYNOPSIS

Wilson McCann, young Arizona ranchman, called to help an old friend, Jim Yerby, with a broken leg. Julia Stark, daughter of Matthew Stark, inveterate enemy of the McCanns, with her father, taking a note from Julia to her father, Wilson is fired on by Jasper, Julia's brother. Ann Gifford, with her young sister, Ethel, are sheep raisers, and on that account unpopular with the cattlemen. "Night riders" shoot a McCann rider, Peter McCann, Wilson's father, offers a reward for the disclosure of their identity. Wilson McCann horsewhips Jasper, he making practically no resistance. Matthew discovers his son for his cowardice and posts notice he will kill Wilson McCann on sight. Ann Gifford's tragedy is the fate of her dead sister, Nora, betrayed and abandoned by her lover, Jasper Stark and Carl Gliner, known as a "killer," held secret conference. A Stark rider, Tom McArdle, is believed by the McCanns to have been killed by the McCann but rumor links his name with that of Nor Gifford. Matthew Stark is shot and killed from ambush. Julia finds him dead, with Wilson McCann stooping over him. She and Phil her younger brother, both accuse McCann of the killing, despite his vehement denial. Wilson is shot from the chapsal, while standing over Matthew Stark's body. Believing his dying, the Starks have him taken to the house.

CHAPTER V—Continued

To the flying VY man Rafferty put a blunt question: "What'd you want here?"

"I dropped in to see if we couldn't fix things up an' to get the correct facts. I'm hopin' the story we've heard ain't true," Tapscott replied amiably. "We've heard stories and a course we're not lookin' for trouble, so we figured I'd better come to head quarters an'—"

Rafferty ripped out a sudden savage oath. "That lowdown manny coyote Wils McCann waylaid an' killed Matt Stark this mornin', since you're here for facts."

Mildly Tapscott protested. "I don't reckon Wils would waylay anyone. Niek, who says he waylaid him? I know for a fact that Wils wasn't lookin' for trouble."

Phil's voice broke shrill and high. "Wasn't he? Well, he's found it. You go back an' tell them so that sent you."

"Meanin' he's been hurt?"

"Meanin' he's lyin' in the house here shot through an' through."

"That's bad."

"Bad for the McCanns," retorted Rafferty. "I reckon you ain't worryin' none about Matt."

"That's bad, too," Tapscott replied. "I was hopin' we could patch up this range war before it got too late."

"You can't," Phil interrupted, with a touch of hysteria in his boyish voice. "Not 'til I've got two-three McCanns."

The foreman of the flying VY ignored this. He had not come to make or receive a declaration of war. "What does Doc Sanders say about Wils?" he asked.

"Gives him a day—or maybe two," Gliner cut in triumphantly, with a raucous laugh.

Tapscott looked through the Texan without apparently seeing him. But the blank hardness of his gaze softened as he turned to Julia. He had an appeal to make and he hoped that she would back it.

"How can I go back an' tell his old dad that? If I sure break his heart. He sets the world an' all by that boy. What can we do? His old dad is out there in the mesquite waitin' for me to bring him news of his son. What am I to tell him, ma'am?"

Julia's eyes were on a sudden little veils of brimming tears. She thought of her own father and of how he would have felt if she had been dying in the house of an enemy. She hated the McCanns, every last one of them. They had struck at her a mortal blow from which she would never recover. All her life she would cherish revenge. But even so she could not keep a father from the son whose life was ebbing. If she did that she would always despise herself.

"Tell him he can see his boy."

"If he feels like he wants to take the chance," Gliner added with an evil sneer.

For the first time Stone spoke, in the low drawl of the Southland. "If Miss Julia says Pete McCann can come here, why I reckon I'll be all right with you an' me, Carl, won't I?"

Gliner's eyes met his reluctantly. There was something compelling in the cool steady gaze of the little man, something that was a menace if not a threat in the even murmur of the voice. The big Texan said no more.

Julia drew her brother aside and urged upon him impetuously her point of view. He listened, half resentful, half consenting. The youth in him, the milk of his tenderness not yet dried up, appreciated and shared her feeling. But he had to remember his loyalty to the dead father within. Would it be construed as weakness for him to let Peter McCann into the house? Did his honor not rather demand that he shoot the man on sight?

The boy in him was for the moment dominant. "All right. Have it your own way. I know you will anyhow," Phil said, a little sullenly. "Tell Tapscott to have him come down."

"No, that won't do, Phil. I don't trust that Carl Gliner. We'd better go and meet him, you and I. We'll ride one on each side of him."

To this Phil assented. The three rode up to the pass and Tapscott waved his bandanna as a signal to the

McCanns. There was an answering handkerchief, and presently Peter McCann and his son Lyn came out of the brush to meet them.

"Meet Miss Julia, Pete—Mr. McCann, Miss Julia. Her brother, Mr. Phil Stark—Lyn McCann."

Thus Tapscott, as self-elected master of ceremonies, by way of breaking the ice of a cold silence.

None of them acknowledged the introduction in words or by an inclination of the head. They looked at each other with chill and bitter hatred. But, as the elder McCann looked at Julia, there came a change in his face. Beneath the shaggy brows she caught a glimpse for an instant of his soul. It was there, during the heat of a pulse, and was gone, a look that had amazingly softened the grim countenance. Later she was to puzzle over it and wonder at it.

"Well?" demanded Peter harshly.

"Doc Sanders is lookin' after the boy," Tapscott said.

"How is Wils?"

"Pretty bad, Doc says. Shot through the lung and in the side."

Not a muscle of the old cattleman's face twitched. "Can he be moved?"

"Not a chance. He's—a mighty sick boy, Pete."

"I'll go to him—right now."

Instantly Phil bridled. He would show McCann whether he could ride roughshod in this high-handed way to his end. "I'll have something to say about that. You'll go unarmed if you go."

There was a moment of significant silence while the eyes of the old and the young man clashed.

"Let's get this right," McCann said. "If I go, do I go as a prisoner? Or am I free to leave when I want to?"

Phil's boyish voice lifted to a high note that was almost a wail. "My father's lyin' dead down there, killed by the son you're going to see. Some day we'll wipe yore whole d—d outfit off the map. But not today. If you go in now you can walk out when you're a mind to."

"How do we know you'll play fair? How do we know some of yore killers won't shoot Dad?" Lyn asked.

"You don't," Lyn asked.

"Insolence in young Stark's scornful eyes. 'We're not askin' him to come. It's his own say-so. If he's scared why he can stay away.'"

For the first time Julia spoke, eyes flashing, lips tremulous. "We're not murderers, like you."

"Now folks," interposed Tapscott hurriedly. "This is a mighty bad business all round. One thing's sure. We can't make it any better by that kind of talk. Miss Julia, but I'll bet my boots they ain't the way you think they are. I know Wils McCann. You don't. That's his all fixed up. You ride along with these young people, Pete, an' we'll stick around till we hear from you. So-long."

They rode down from the pass in silence, the hearts of all three bitter with anger. But as they came into the alley the Starks fell back till McCann was almost abreast of them. They drew their ponies close to his, so that it would be difficult for anybody to take a shot at him without danger of hitting one of them.

Peter understood the maneuver and smiled sardonically. There was something amusing in this solicitude to protect him. In a day or two this boy and his allies would be laying plans to shoot him at sight.

In close formation they moved to the porch and dismounted. Together they went into the house.

Julia led the way to the room where Wilson McCann lay. After stopping aside to let his father enter she left it once without a word. A Mexican woman was taking care of the sick man under instructions from Doctor Sanders.

McCann moved forward and looked down at the restless figure on the bed. The young man's face was flushed, he was in a high fever and the glazed eyes showed no recognition of his father.

"Is he—so awful bad, Doc?" Peter asked, when he was sure of his voice.

"Mighty sick, McCann," the doctor answered gently. "If he wasn't an Arizona product, tough as cactus rind and clean-blooded as a young antelope, I say he hadn't a chance in the world, but he's liable to fool me yet."

"Don't you let him die, Doc," the other begged.

"Not if I can help it. If he lives you can thank Miss Julia. She looked after him fine till I got here."

McCann made no comment on that. "You'll stay right here with him?"

"Till morning anyhow. We'll see how he is then."

"How about sending for a doctor from Los Angeles or El Paso? It's not at all I don't trust you, but if he'd have better chance, why—"

"All right. Wire for Doctor Elder on El Paso. He's a first-rate man."

Peter turned to the nurse and asked her in Spanish to bring Miss Stark.

Julia came. She stood in the doorway, straight as an arrow. Her dark eyes flashed defiantly into the light ones of the cattleman. She waited for him to speak, not asking what he

wanted. And again, for an instant, she saw in his face the expression that had puzzled her before. She knew him to be hard and fierce as the Painted Desert. What was back of this look in his eyes, almost wistful and yearning, that broke through the cold mask? If it had not been for her father's body lying in the next room it would have disarmed her, for it undermined her prejudices. She did not want to believe it, but she knew that there was a side of him human and probably likable.

"Miss Stark, I want to send to El Paso for another doctor, an' I want to stay here all night with my boy," he said.

It was on her tongue tip to tell him that he could not possibly stay, that neither she nor her brother would countenance. Later she was to puzzle over it and wonder at it.

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CHAPTER VI

Friendship Rejected

After Julia had delivered McCann's message to his son she returned with Stone to the ranch. The Texan left her there and jogged down the valley along the road which Matthew Stark had followed a few hours earlier.

Out of the brush a man rode to meet Stone.

"Lo, Sam," the Texan said. "I asked you to be here because I want



Her Dark Eyes Flashed Defiantly into the Light Ones of the Cattleman.

you to show me just where the old man was standin' when he was shot."

"Sure," agreed Sharp. Five minutes later he was showing Stone where they picked up the body of his employer.

"Here's where he lay—an' Wils McCann was right over there. Miss Julia, she was lookin' after Wils. Say, I'm right sorry for that lil' girl. She must be a sure enough Christian, her havin' that McCann like she does an' havin' to save his life after he'd shot her paw."

"If he shot Stark," the Texan amended. "Looks to me like McCann heard the shot an' went to see who'd been hurt."

"Some one shot the old man. It don't look like it if some of the rest of the McCann outfit did it they'd go away an' leave Wils wounded without lookin' after him."

"That's a bull's eye shot, Sam. They wouldn't. So we know Wils was alone."

"I reckon."

"Another point. Who shot Wils? Matt Stark didn't. Phil didn't. Miss Julia didn't. You hadn't got here, so you didn't."

Sam scratched his head. If this was a riddle he did not know the answer. "Blamed if I know. Who did?"

"I don't claim to know—yet. But I'll say one thing. It ain't proved to my satisfaction that the same man didn't shoot both the old man an' Wils McCann."

"Now looky here, Dave. I ain't talkin' about the fellow who shot McCann. But take the old man. He gives it out in cold type that he aims to kill Wils McCann on sight. All right. He hears Wils is fixin' up this head gate an' he lights out hell-for-leather to get him. We all figure there's liable to be trouble between them an' we get busy to head it off. But we're too late. When we get here the old man's dead an' Wils McCann is standin' over him with a rifle in his hands."

"An open-an'-shut case, a fellow would say first off," the little Texan agreed with a smile. "But look at the other side. McCann's rifle was full up with shells. Not one gone. Are you askin' me to believe that he was packin' one extra shell in his pocket an' that he waited to put it in the magazine after he had shot Stark before comin' into the open? It don't look hardly likely, does it? This Wils McCann. I size him up a fighter but a game one. If he killed Stark it was in the open, an' I don't reckon the old man was give a chance for his white alley. He was plugged when he wasn't expectin' it."

"We don't even know that. Maybe they met right here an' Wils beat him to it."

"No. He was shot from that ditch likely."

"Why from the ditch an' not from the brush?"

Stone showed his companion a clump of prickly pear standing on a sand hillock. Through two of the thick leaves a neat small hole had been bored.

"Here's where the bullet went after it passed through Matt's head."

"Great snakes! I'll bet you're right." The wrangler's forehead wrinkled in thought. "An' if it did the fellow must a been lyin' in the ditch over there or mighty close to it."

They walked over to the irrigation ditch.

"Water runnin' in it," commented Stone. "D'you happen to notice whether there was any in it when you drove across with the buckboard?"

"Nary a drop. The ditch was dry as that wash there."

"Funny. Who opened the lateral headgate, do you reckon? An' why? Here's the point, Sam, an' it sticks out like a sore thumb. The slit-eyed son-of-a-gun that shot the old man left a heap of tracks here in the soft sand at the bottom of the ditch an' in the clay just above. He had to light a shuck raddle in on him unexpected. But he was a heap worried about them foot-prints. So he beats it back later an' turns the water into the ditch so no body can cut sign on him."

"You figure maybe the McCanns?"

"Did I mention the McCanns?" the little Texan asked in a soft drawl.

He went over the sandy soil and studied it almost in microscopic detail. He spent nearly an hour at this before he remounted and rode away.

Jasper Stark appeared as the Circle Cross toward evening. He swaggered into the house with the manner of a master.

Julia met him and drew him into the big room that served as the family gathering place.

"Oh Jas," she wailed. "Isn't it awful?"

"I just heard," he told her. "Been roundin' up cattle all day to sell. Fellow told me when I got back to Mesa. I came right out."

Her memories flashed back to what her younger brother had said. "Phil thought he saw you near the Three Cottonwood. Were you up that way?"

He swept her face with a look of quick and sullen suspicion. "No. I wasn't. Nowhere near there. Why?"

"That's where Dad was killed. Some one shot Wils McCann there afterward. We thought maybe—"

"Well, you thought wrong," he interrupted harshly. "But I hope whoever shot him did a good job."

"He's alive, but awfully badly hurt. He was shot through the lung and the side. Doctor Sanders thinks he hasn't much chance."

"Bully! Where is he at?"

"He's here."

"Here! Whacha mean?"

"I mean he's here in the house, too sick to move."

"Who brought him here?"

"I did."

He exploded in a roar of rage.

When for a moment he ceased to bellow Julia mentioned more information that added fuel to his fury. "His father's here looking after him."

"Pete McCann!"

"Yes. And there's no use shouting, Jas. Dad's lyin' in the next room."



Jasper's Face Had Turned a Sickly Yellow. "Cut Me Out of It, Did He?"

you know." She spoke quietly, looking straight at him.

He stamped up and down shaking his big fist. It was not till he came to a specific threat that she interrupted. "No, you won't, Jas. You'll not touch him. I told him he might come and stay."

"You told him. Goddlemighty, what you got to do with it? Claim you're boss here now, do you? I'll show you about that."

Phil had come into the room and was standing beside his sister. "Gettin' down to cases, just what'd you mean, Jas?" he asked.

"Mean? Why, ain't I the oldest son? Ain't I runnin' the Circle Cross now? You can bet your boots I am. I'm boss here now an' don't you forget it."

"Are you?" The eyes of the boy consulted those of his sister before he fired his bomb. "I reckon you're mistaken, Jas. Mr. Fletcher sent his black boy Tom out here last night with Dad's will. Right here in this room Dad signed it before witnesses. Jule an' I tried to get him to put it off, but he wouldn't listen to a word."

Jasper's face had turned a sickly yellow. "Cut me out of it, did he?"

"Yes." The boy did not add that Matthew Stark had said publicly to those present that Jasper was no son of his.

The older son was beside himself with disappointment, ready for any display of bad temper and malice.

"Don't get on the hook," his brother advised. "Say you act mean an' vicious. What good 'll it do you? Soon as the will gets into court you'll be kicked out, anyhow."

Jasper choked down his passion. What Phil said was true. He had no case for a fight in court. His only chance was that the other two children of Matthew Stark would reverse the action of their father. Sullenly he backed-track.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of seed skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax keeps out the hidden beauty of your face. To remove wrinkles use one ounce powdered Mercolized dissolved in one-half pint with hand. At drug store.

High Grade Foreign Stamps sent reliable collectors an approval. Name preference. H. R. Wheeler, 28 Forest, New Britain, Ct.

Riddles

Six-year-old Billy was giving riddles with his grandmother. Billy gave "h" and his grandmother guessed "house."

When it was Billy's turn again, he gave "h" another time. His grandmother guessed "house" again, but told Billy not to give the same riddle twice.

"Well," said Billy, "I didn't give the same riddle twice. The first one was our house and the last one the house next door."

GET RID OF ANTS

Peterman's Ant Food keeps them out of house, too. Sprinkle it about the floor, window sills, shelves, etc. Effective 24 hours a day. Cheap. Safe. Guaranteed. 1,000,000 cans sold last year. At your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

He Said a Potful

"Why did you throw the pot of geraniums at the plaintiff?"

"Because of an advertisement, your honor."

"What advertisement?"

"Say it with flowers."—Der Lustige Sachse.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cried Herself to Sleep

All worn out . . . splitting headaches make life hideous every month. She needs a tonic . . . Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieves cramps.

How Willie Helps

Guest (after dinner)—And don't you help your mamma with the dishes when she has company?

Willie—I don't help her wash 'em, but I help her count the spoons after the company's gone.—Capper's Weekly.

Fretful and Cross

treat for worms

If your child is peevish, cross and fretful, don't scold, there is a reason—often it's worms. They are much more common than mothers think. Picking the nose, grinding the teeth, crying in sleep or offensive breath are symptoms that worms are present. Careful mothers take no chances—they treat promptly with JAYNE'S Vermifuge. This proved preparation will expel round worms and their eggs as nothing else will. Get a bottle of this famous prescription today from your druggist. Dr. D. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

OVER 26 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

JAYNE'S Vermifuge

Demonstrated

"How long have you had your new cook?" asked her dearest friend.

"Just long enough to understand why she was out of a job when we got her through the agency," she replied sadyly.

Original PURITY and Full Strength

Scaled in by Cellophane

12 TABLETS 10c

St. Joseph's GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

Applause Always Due

"I have one friend," said Senator Sorghum, "who is always sure to win the plaudits of the crowd."

"To what party does he belong?"

"He isn't a fellow statesman. He's a circus clown."

ROILS PAIN STORS

CARBOL really stops the pain. Ripens and often breaks worst cold overnight. Leaves no mark. Use for chills, headache, toothache, etc. At drug stores. Sample-Free Company, New York, N. Y. Big Box 50c.

The Great American Salve, 50c

Without Parental Love

Naturalists are inclined to believe that no species of snake takes any interest whatever in its offspring, either in connection with feeding or protecting.

A man's temper improves the more he doesn't use it.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Flies are annoying. DAISSY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Next, clean, economical, convenient and safe. Lasts all year. Made of entirely non-toxic or fly-killers. Will not injure children, pets, or plants. Guaranteed. Sample-Free Company, New York, N. Y. Big Box 50c.

BAROLD SOMMER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. E. F. CAPTAIN RECOVERS RING LOST IN FRANCE IN WORLD WAR

Finder Kept Up Search 13 Years for the Owner.

Chicago.—Capt. Robert N. Winslow and Sgt. Harry G. Young met once, for a few minutes only, on a battlefield in France. They were not formally introduced. The captain was a slightly wounded combatant and the sergeant was at work in a first-aid station pouring iodine, twisting bandages and giving tetanus shots. They parted quickly. Nearly fourteen years have passed since the meeting. Recently Captain, now Mr. Winslow, received a letter. He now lives at 2204 Forestview road, Evanston, but the missive had been sent to his former address.

It was mailed from North Brooksville, Maine, and read as follows: "Dear Captain: "At intervals during the last 13 years I have been trying to locate an A. E. F. officer bearing your name. "The object of my letter is to ask, if you served in France, did you lose any personal jewelry? If so describe same and state, as near as you can, the place you lost it.

"H. G. YOUNG."

Captain Winslow, in reply, wrote as follows:

"Dear Mr. Young: "Thanks for your thoughtful letter. I wonder how you ever got my address, especially as I have not lived there for several years, although in the same city, which is a suburb of Chicago.

"I was born and raised in Fred-erickton, N. B., which is probably not far from your home. "Regarding the personal jewelry which you mention: On September 14, 1918, during the battle of St. Mihiel, I dropped into a first-aid station which happened to be in an old church in the town of Mouilly, to have my hand dressed. It was badly torn by barbed wire.

"I took off a gold ring which probably had my initials and laid it down while the doctor did the work. I forgot all about the ring and when I went back to get it I found that the medical outfit had moved. Possibly this is what you refer to in your letter, because I don't remember ever losing anything else.

"I appreciate very much your thoughtfulness in trying to find me, and if there is anything I can do to reciprocate, kindly let me know. "Sincerely yours,

"ROBERT N. WINSLOW."

From Mr. Young came the following:

"Dear Mr. Winslow: "Through the company clerk, American Legion, New York office, I obtained your 1924 and last address as listed by the adjutant general's office in Washington.

"I remember quite clearly the morning you came into the first-aid station in Mouilly (about 9 a. m., and you were to come back at 4 p. m.). I dressed your hand and after you left I found the ring, which I have kept. Had it not been for your name inside, I could not have located you. It gives me pleasure to return this souvenir to you by return mail.

"I have a small general store in this town, where I was born, and if you

should come this way I would like to shake your hand.

"I joined the army while in Boston in 1916, went to the Mexican border in July, returned in December, went into camp again, 1917, sailed from New York September, 1917, with Twenty-sixth division, A. E. F. "Sincerely yours,

"HARRY G. YOUNG, "Ex-Sergt. 104th Field Hospital, 26th Division."

Captain Winslow has his ring. It arrived in the same mail with the second letter from Brooksville.

Students Build Plane and It Passes Tests

Oklahoma City, Okla.—The Central high school class in aerodynamics decided it wanted to be practical. Members pooled resources and the result was an airplane given the Department of Commerce stamp of approval. The plane, built of old material during class periods, was claimed to be the first project of its kind carried through and meeting federal regulations.

Lack of funds and policy of the school kept the board of education from financing the plan. Students bought material and an old plane, tore it down, and under supervision of an aviator friend built an airworthy craft. They planned to form a flying club and hire an instructor.

Lip Reading Coed Makes Good Grades in College

Norman, Okla.—Ability to read lips has enabled Mary Elizabeth Scott, Oklahoma university freshman, to attend school and maintain a good scholastic average. Miss Scott lost her hearing as a result of scarlet fever when three years old. She completed elementary and high school after learning to read lips. She made a "B plus" average during the first semester. She is studying to be a librarian.

New Deal for Hoboes Is Planned by Conference

Kansas City, Mo.—The problem of the hobo, the tramp, and the bum, was studied at length by the Missouri-Kansas conference for social welfare, but in the study the hobo became "the local homeless man."

Any community, the conference decided, owes a definite responsibility to men of this type, and, while this responsibility has for the most part been accepted in the past, the meth-

ods used in handling the men have been wrong.

Missions, rewarding the man who prayed loudest, pursued the wrong course, the experts asserted. So did those who gave with a cynicism rivaled only by that of the transient, and those who regarded the men with suspi-

cion. Now, it was agreed, "the seasonal migratory worker" and "the local homeless man" should get a new deal—a deal in which a definite trend in treatment would be preserved, not only in a community, but in a whole section of the country.

Horses Called to Take Disabled Truck to Fire

Brighton, Can.—A fire in this village is quite an event. The volunteer firemen dash at top speed for the fire house, and the chief drives the bright but not so new fire truck down the street spectacularly. But fires are infrequent.

The other night there was one, and everything went well until the chief jumped into the driver's seat and stepped on the starter. Nothing happened.

The crank was tried. Nothing happened.

Then it was discovered that some one had appropriated some of the ignition apparatus. A pair of old reliable horses finally dragged the truck to the blaze.

COMMANDS THE FLEET



Admiral Richard H. Leigh, who relieves Admiral Frank H. Schofield as commander in chief of the fleet. Admiral Schofield has been ordered to duty as a member of the general board, Navy department.

WORLD WAR PLANES NOW HOPELESSLY OUT OF DATE

One 1932 Pursuit Plane Equal to 1918 Armada.

Washington.—So remarkable has been the development of aerial warfare in the past 15 years, according to army experts, that one well-manned fighting plane of 1932 could destroy an entire air armada of 1918!

The Spads and the Fokkers in which the war-time aces went forth to engage in "dog fights" over no man's land are now as hopelessly outmoded as milady's hat of the gay nineties, and the United States, it now develops, is the leader in setting the new fashion in planes.

The army's Boeing P-12 F has without challenge the highest rate of climb and is faster than any other single seater, air-cooled pursuit type in the world. There are changes being made now in this ship which will better its present performance.

The 525-horse power engine, the 192-miles-an-hour speed, and the 30,000-foot ceiling of the P-12, combined with a structural strength that was never

equaled anywhere else, makes it aviation's leading pursuit plane.

The planes of the 1914-1918 period were remarkable in that they were the result of a mushroom growth in the development of aviation. The pressure of war needs caused a rapid development in aviation, but the development in peace time has been as sure, if not as rapid.

Observation and bombing planes are not standing still.

The army has brought forth a new aerial strategy—ground attack. The Curtiss XA-8 is the army's newest attack plane and is different! Its earlier brothers were virtually modified observation planes of the biplane type. It is designed for diving at great speeds. Mounting machine guns under each wing and guns for and aft for the pilot and gunner, it is a deadly weapon against infantry. The United States is ahead of all other nations in this type of flying.

In any future wars the autogiro may take the place of observation balloons. The "giro" can hover over a spot and move away in case of attack, whereas a balloon must be hauled down, deflated, and carted away in several trunks.

Big Gold Deposit Found in U. S. National Forest

Clarksburg, W. Va.—What is believed to be the biggest gold deposit ever found in the eastern states lies in the Monongahela national forest, owned by the United States government.

The deposit was found recently by a group of Clarksburg and Parsons, W. Va., business men, who have leased 600 acres in the district and plan immediate construction of a mining plant.

The ore lies about ten feet below the surface in the mountains near Porterwood, two miles from Parsons. Tests in Washington, D. C., and Pittsburgh have shown enough gold and silver content to make mining profitable.

First Rocket Mail Is Carried in Germany

Munich.—Mail was transported by rocket for the first time recently in Austria from the top of the Hoch-Troetsch mountain to the village of Semriach, a distance of a mile and a quarter. The designer of the rocket is Fritz Schmiedl. Pulverized chlorate was used as the explosive. The rocket carried about 300 letters, some destined for overseas. The first rocket mail had special stamps.

Think of it! \$3.49 Each In pairs Buys a First-Choice Tire



YOU KNOW a bargain when you see it. Cast a thrifty eye on what you are offered here.

Goodyear quality—Goodyear value—stout, husky, handsome tires with the Goodyear name on every sidewall—at the lowest prices in rubber history!

Goodyear builds these Speedway Tires with patented Super-twist, that famous cord material which gives tires longer life. And every one of these tires has a lifetime guarantee.

You can get such amazing values because Goodyear builds millions more tires than any other rubber company.

And if you stop to wonder why Goodyear builds more tires—here's the answer: more people want Goodyear Tires, more people buy them, because experience shows they're the best tires on the road.

That makes it easy for you to get the best tire for your money. Just ask yourself: Why buy any second-choice tire when FIRST-CHOICE costs no more?

PATHFINDER SPEEDWAY



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 head to head. Some tire-makers count these as "plies," but they are really "breaker strips," so we call them that.

28 x 4-75-19 Each, in pairs . . . \$6.16 \$6.33 per single tire

28 x 5-50-18 Each, in pairs . . . \$8.10 \$8.35 per single tire

29 x 5-50-19 Each, in pairs . . . \$8.23 \$8.48 per single tire

30 x 6-00-18 HD Each, in pairs \$10.33 \$10.65 per single tire

Full Oversize—30 x 4.50-21
Ford Chevrolet \$3.83 Each In pairs \$3.95 per single tire

Full Oversize—30 x 5.00-20
Essex Nash \$4.80 Each In pairs \$4.95 per single tire

Full Oversize—29 x 4.50-20
Chevrolet \$3.79 Each In pairs \$3.91 per single tire

Full Oversize—28 x 5.25-18
Chrysler Buick Oldsmobile \$5.39 Each In pairs \$5.55 per single tire

Full Oversize—28 x 4.75-19
Ford Chevrolet Plymouth \$4.50 Each In pairs \$4.63 per single tire

Full Oversize—31 x 5.25-21
Buick Dodge Nash \$5.82 Each In pairs \$5.98 per single tire

Full Oversize—29 x 5.00-19
Chrysler Dodge Nash \$4.72 Each In pairs \$4.85 per single tire

Full oversize—30 x 3 1/2 Reg. Cl.
Ford Model T \$3.30 Each In pairs \$3.39 per single tire

GOODYEAR

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR THESE VALUES!

Feet Tell Fortune, Orthopedics Assert

Chicago.—Orthopedic surgeons now tell fortunes by studying feet. In the case of a woman: Short, thick toes denote lethargy and lack of imagination. Long toes and long feet mean temperament. High arches mean the subject is aristocratic; low ones, that she works for a living. The bigger the feet, the prettier the woman.

Olympic Torch Will Be Lighted July 30



Mrs. Edgar Tevis Smith of the Olympic Junior Hospitality corps of Los Angeles shows the newly completed Olympic torch which will be lighted during the opening ceremonies of the 1932 Olympic games on July 30. The torch will burn throughout the 16 days and nights of the games.

Never Positive Proof That Atlantis Existed

According to ancient tradition, Atlantis was the name of a large island or continent which existed at a very early period in the Atlantic ocean, and eventually was sunk beneath the waves.

An account of it is given by Plato. His writings state that in the Atlantic ocean, over against the pillars of Hercules, there was once an island which was larger than Asia and Africa together (or the then existent notion of the extent of these continents), and near it lay other islands through which there was a passage to a large continent beyond.

Nine thousand years before Plato's time, said the tradition, the island of Atlantis was thickly settled and very powerful. It held sway over Africa as far as Egypt and over a large part of Europe, but the advance of its conquering power was checked by the valor of the Greeks. At last, during a violent earthquake, which lasted a day and a night and was accompanied by inundations of the ocean, the island was wholly submerged. The account adds that many years thereafter, the sea in

this part was unnavigable because of the shoals caused by the sunken lands.

This ancient legend may, probably did, have some historical circumstances for foundation, but what these were no historian has ever been able to determine.

Self-Condemed
People who complain that they suffer from ennui, are merely people tired of doing nothing and too lazy to do something.



W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 26-1932.

Modernistic Piano
Modernistic art has transformed the piano into something new and unfamiliar. A new art piano has been exhibited at the Leipzig fair in which the solid piano legs are replaced by steel supports, no thicker than a finger. The sides of the piano, a triangular grand, are made of plates of red glass, while the top and even the music rack are covered with glass.

A great mind is a generous one.

For Milady's Toilet

Just a shake or two of this fragrant, antiseptic powder gives that finishing touch to your toilet. Pure and delicately medicated, it absorbs excessive perspiration and cools the skin.

Price 25c. Sold everywhere. Importers: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c and \$1.00 at Drugists. Hilsco Chem. Works, Paterson, N. J.

LOBSTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drugists. Hilsco Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.



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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Ed C. Boliver, Publisher

Entered as second class matter October 23, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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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 accordingly.

Political Announcements

For Representative
122nd District

- JOHN PURYEAR
of Wellington
- D. O. BEENE
of Mebeetie
- H. B. HILL
of Shamrock
- IVY E. DUNCAN
of Pampa

For District Judge
100th Judicial District

- EDWARD BROWN
of Collingsworth County
- A. J. FIRES
of Childress County
- R. H. TEMPLETON
of Collingsworth County

For District Attorney
100th Judicial District

- JOHN M. DEAVER
of Hall County
- JAMES C. MAHAN
Re election

For County Judge

- S. W. LOWE
- J. J. ALEXANDER
(Re election)
- J. C. ESTLACK

For Sheriff

- GUY PIERCE
Re election

For Tax Collector

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

For Tax Assessor

- W. A. ARMSTRONG
Re election
- MARVIN SMITH

For County Clerk

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

For County Treasurer

- MRS. LINNIE CAUFMAN
Re election
- HUGH BROWN
- MRS. RICHARD WILKINSON

For County Attorney

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

For District Clerk

- A. H. BAKER
Re election
- WALKER LANE

For County School
Superintendent

- MRS. NORA McMURTRY
SLOAN BAKER
- J. B. (Jimmy) MILLSAP

For County Commissioner
Precinct No. 3

- J. LES HAWKINS
Re election
- W. C. (Clyde) BRIDGE

For Justice of the Peace
Precinct No. 3

- L. A. STROUD

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE



JUDGE R. H. TEMPLETON, of Wellington

Judge R. H. Templeton makes the following statement in behalf of his candidacy for District Judge:

The people of the 100th Judicial District are vitally interested in two things, namely, Better Law Enforcement and Stricter Economy in the administration of our District Courts. They realize that this court has charge of the major law enforcement in this judicial district, and that the place to commence improvement in law enforcement is in this court. They further realize that this court spends entirely too much of the people's money and consumes too much of their valuable time, and they are right in insisting that these matters be corrected. They know that the District Judge is the directing head of this court, and that better law enforcement and stricter economy in the running of this court depend largely upon the qualification, ability, experience and purpose of the man who is intrusted with this important position. On July 23 the people of this district will determine the kind of law enforcement and economy they are to have the next four years by the men they nominate, because law enforcement will never rise higher than the qualification, ability and purpose of the men who render that service. This being true, it then behooves the people to look well to the qualification, ability and disposition to render this needed service of the candidates offering for this important office, and elect that man who can best render this service. If in the judgment of the people either of my opponents can better render this service, then it is their duty to vote for him; but if it is their judgment that I am better fitted by age, learning, experience, disposition and purpose to render this service, then I shall appreciate the great opportunity, and do here promise to do all in my power to render service commensurate with the high duties of this office.

In order to render service that will result in better law enforcement and stricter economy, the occupant of this office must first be learned in the law that he is to administer, and experienced in its practice, both civil and criminal, in order to avoid falling into error, which is always costly

to litigants and does much to retard law enforcement. I submit the following in the hope that it may meet this requirement. My two diplomas from the Law Departments of the Universities of Texas and Tennessee, together with the fact that I served eight years as County Judge of Collingsworth county and was not reversed in a single case, ought to be convincing evidence that I am sufficiently learned in the law to charge the law in this court. Next, my twenty five years experience in the practice of the law, both civil and criminal, which I believe all will concede has been reasonably successful, ought to give confidence that I can direct trials in this court. Then, he should have had a successful business experience and ability to direct this court to the two ends sought to be accomplished, namely, better law enforcement and spending less of the people's time and money in the administration of this court; because the District Court is the biggest business institution in the district and requires a higher order of business ability and a more varied experience for its successful administration than any other institution in the district. As the directing head of the city government of Wellington, as Mayor, and the county government of Collingsworth county, as County Judge, together with my own business, I believe that it qualifies me to direct this court along business lines for economy. Then, in addition to this, he must stand and live for law enforcement and have in his heart the purpose to measure up to this high calling, if he would serve acceptably to his people and with honor to himself. I know I have these qualifications, and promise if given the opportunity to render this service to do all in my power to make this district the kind of District Judge it needs and is entitled to.

Respectfully submitted,
R. H. Templeton.

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W. H. Huffman, Prop.



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Amarillo Daily News
and Big
Sunday News-Globe
from now until Dec. 1st
at a Bargain Price
See the Informer Man

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

By FANNIE HURST

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

YOD talk about your dramatic panoramas of life! What is more stirring than a glimpse backward, say along the twenty years that follow the college graduation of any given group.

The college reunion is a singularly potent event. It is a stock taking. It is the moment of resume backward.

Men and women who have not paused in the race of life long enough even to contemplate it as a spectacle, are here forced to face the evidence.

Twenty years after graduation. Have I failed in the race or reached the goal?

Two men who had not met for those twenty years were about to come together for the first time; two men who had been inseparable through four years of high school and four subsequent years at their state university.

The Heavenly Twins, they had been facetiously called during those years of their intimacy. It had been a nice friendship, ceasing, it is true, after graduation to have any active significance, or, for that matter, anything of a passive quality, because the paths of the two boys diverged instantly.

Rex Tyson went to Boston to learn the shipbuilding business in the yards of an uncle.

Claude Nipher returned to his home town to take up his father's business of taxidermy.

Varied interests if ever there were. Tyson climbing steadily ahead in the enormously profitable business of shipbuilding. Nipher, taking up where his father had left off, and then branching out into many tributaries that led off taxidermy, but into which his father before him had never ventured.

It was after twenty years of their respective efforts in their divergent fields that the old school and college chums were about to meet once more.

Tyson's home town, which was situated on the most northerly of the Great Lakes, floated steamers of enormous drawing power.

It was in connection with an enterprise to launch some gigantic boats on the bosom of this body of water that Tyson was returning to his home town.

In the twenty years since his graduation from the state university, he had not set foot in it.

Rumors of his fine success had come back. It is true. Some of the decorative monthly magazines had carried photographs of the Tyson country estate just outside Boston. The sailing lists of the big steamships bound for Europe frequently carried the name of Rex Tyson and Mrs. Rex Tyson, and the year his son was graduated from Yale university the papers were quite agog with the story of the ship magnate's son shipping for South America aboard a fruit steamer.

From the bottom-up sort of thing which the American public loves to observe, and admires in the sons of its millionaires.

Nipher had followed Tyson's career pretty closely. Living as he did in the smaller environment of his home town, his laboratory built right on the quiet old frame house he continued to occupy after the death of his parents, Nipher had the leisure to watch with close scrutiny the various aspects of the outside world which interested him most.

Tyson's career captured his curiosity not only because it happened to whirl around the person of an old and valued friend, but because it illustrated a sociological and economic aspect of his country. It was interesting to study the success of a man like Tyson and to ponder over just what conditions made his kind of position possible.

Nipher married a few years later than Tyson. Where Tyson had chosen an eastern girl of some social prominence, Nipher made what was considered, even in his town, a peculiar alliance. He married a girl named Madalaine de Fond, daughter of a French Canadian who had drifted across the line from Quebec and earned a more or less precarious existence as a veterinarian. Madalaine was not only a rather plain, quiet girl, but she had quite a marked affliction. From birth she had been deaf, hearing only slightly with the left ear. Nipher beheld her once on an evening at the graduation exercises of the Central high school, where in spite of her handicap, she was graduated with honors. The year later they were married.

There were two children, normal youngsters with acute hearing.

One of Nipher's favorite occupations when he was not working in his laboratory and doing important mounting of animals for some of the foremost museums in the country, was perfecting an ear disk for Madalaine by which she might be enabled to hear more clearly.

Long years after his death, the Nipher ear drum was to earn great fortunes for his grandchildren.

But when Tyson returned to his home city, the Niphers were living the quiet and uneventful lives of small-town people of limited income.

Madalaine had no servant and took sole care of her two children. Nipher himself spent the long hours of the day at work in his laboratory with only one assistant, and although he had come to be regarded as the prime authority in his field, museum experts

Journeying to him for advice from all over the country, his income failed to keep pace with his achievement.

Besides, pre-eminence in taxidermy was not the kind of thing calculated to bring a man any great local eminence. Indeed it is doubtful if his townspeople had any idea that in their midst they were fostering a man who was truly supreme in his work.

Nipher was just rather an old fogey like his father before him. Tyson, if he had had time to give any great amount of thought to his friend in the years intervening, might have affectionately fallen in with that general estimate of him.

And yet, it was with a glowing sense of warmth that he turned his face back home on the shipping mission in question.

Good old Claude! Be a pleasure to write Claude a good fat check if for any reason he might be in need of funds. Chances were that he was. Taxidermist in a one-horse town. Read Claude had married. A deaf girl, too. Just like old Claude. Undersigning sort of fellow. Fall for nearly anything. Should have kept better in touch with old Claude. No friendships like the old ones. Good old Claude! Jove, won't ever again get out of touch with him.

So it was a genial, rather remorseful fellow who swung handily off a train one day in the little city he had once called home. A fellow with prosperity written all over him. In the cut of his clothes, his manner of lavishly tipping porters and chauffeurs. The look of his luggage. The general aroma of expensive well-being.

Nipher met him. The friends clasped hands. Big, long, silent clasps, two or three of them, and then, bag and luggage, great big Tyson crammed into Nipher's little old Ford roadster and off they clugged.

Offhand it was pretty much as Tyson had foreseen it would be. Stuffy, smelly, little old house. Smelly of horsehair and many, many gone yesterdays. Shabby gentility. Servantless. Madalaine, a faded, gentle enough, person with the persistent low voice of the deaf and the eager listening manner. Two nice, normal youngsters. A bedroom, scrupulously clean, but that smelled monotonously of the years. Oh, yes, Tyson had been right. The first glimpse of the place showed that.

Deadly, shabby, gentility. Neat poverty. Routine. Monotony. Provincialism.

It made Tyson shiver as he unpacked his bag. So this was what the years had brought to Nipher! Good old boy—a snide taxidermist in a snide town.

Doggone shame. Do something about it. Doggone shame.

Nipher, who was Tyson's age to the month, looked at least five years older than his friend.

Life had passed Nipher by. Had it? Tyson had occasion to ask himself after his first snap-judgments had worn away and after he left the house at the end of five weeks where originally he had only planned to remain five days.

Had it, or had life passed Tyson by in a fashion that terrified him, now that he was beginning to realize the extent to which his nose had been at the material grindstone?

Why Nipher, with complete unself-consciousness, chanted Gregorian verse to Tyson and Madalaine read poetry aloud during the long, quiet evenings, feeling its music along her lips as she transmitted it to her husband and children as they grouped about her in the lamplight.

The Niphers went on hikes in the springtime and actually and without self-consciousness studied the plant life of their region and brought home specimens for slides and mounted their findings in their "Springtime Books" as they called them.

Madalaine Nipher played the harp, and in the evenings she took on a delicate kind of beauty, sweeping her fingers along the strings of the instrument there in the mellow quiet of the shabby study.

Nipher was engaged in some of the most romantic kind of taxidermy. Mounting wild animals with such fidelity that several of the museums of Europe had called for his services. The Nipher wild animal display in a Chicago museum was said to be the finest in the world. Nipher thought nothing of spending a six-month studying from picture and life the anatomy of the dog, the tiger, the llama.

Frequently he went off on visits to the public zoos, Madalaine accompanying him.

The Niphers staged plays in their own little living room, playing and writing and doubling up in the characters themselves. For hours on end, one forgot Madalaine's affliction. The Niphers wrote poetry to one another and the Niphers had formed a quartet. Claude and his older son Merle at the viola, the little girl Ariel at the piano and Madalaine at the harp which so transformed her into beauty.

Close, happy, almost naive family. Greedy for the beauties of life. Ignorant of its materialism. Indefatigable in their quest for the happiness of harmony.

No wonder that Nipher's face, while lined with the thoughtful years, was a face of peace. No wonder that Madalaine at her harp had a strange, quiet beauty all her own. What more natural than that the children of this union should share in its beauty?

There was nothing that Tyson could do for Nipher. He realized that after his second day in the home of his friend.

There was so much that Nipher could do for Tyson.

Blessedly, Nipher realized that after the second day of the visit of his friend.

TALES OF THE CHIEFS

By Edith L. Watson

CORNPLANTER

The Seneca boys who played around their village on the Genesee river (New York), noticed that one of their number was much lighter of complexion than the rest.

This boy who was so different-looking was called Cornplanter, and the reason for his paler skin was that his father was white.

The father was indifferent to the fate of his half-Seneca son. After he was grown, the young man went to Albany to see his parent, but though the white man treated him well enough, he omitted the gifts which mean so much to the Indian heart, and sent him back no wiser, and certainly no happier, than he had come.

Cornplanter, however, was Indian by inclination, and soon threw all his interests into those of the tribe, becoming a chief. In this capacity he proved to be one of the greatest Seneca leaders, and the British forces owed much to Cornplanter's ability during the Revolutionary war.

In 1779, General Sullivan and his American troops invaded the Seneca country. The Indians were powerless to stay the advancing army, which burned and destroyed as it went, showing the Seneca that the colonies were strong and that they had chosen badly when they united (reluctantly though it had been) with the British cause.

"The great fighting chief," as Hewitt calls him, tried to make a stand on the shores of Canandaigua lake, and endeavored to rally his men to the fight, hoping to drive off the American troops. As their army advanced, however, many of the Seneca lost heart. They began a retreat, melting away from the spot where they feared to die. Cornplanter was furious at their cowardice. Placing himself before them, he harangued them in the effort to revive their enthusiasm, but to no avail. Red Jacket, the leader of the retreating Indians, could not be dissuaded and branding him as a coward, Cornplanter was forced to see him go, taking many Senecas with him.

The chief was party to many of the treaties between the Seneca and the United States, in which their lands were conveyed to the white men. At first, the Indians allowed these cessions of land as being necessary, and placed no blame on Cornplanter for his part in the treaties. As their chief, he visited Philadelphia in 1790, to tell General Washington the story of his people and the grievances of which they complained. Six years later, the chief was given a tract of 640 acres by Pennsylvania. In recognition of his valuable services to the white people. He owned more than this amount of land adjoining the grant, forming a fine holding on the banks of the Allegheny river.

Thus far, he had flourished, but he had not always been happy. The treaties which he had signed, ceding Seneca land to the white men, finally caused the Indians to hate him. In fact, he was in danger of murder at times from the incensed Seneca, although they had willingly chosen him to represent them, though knowing that he was friendly to the whites. His favorite son, on whom Cornplanter had lavished every advantage (perhaps trying to make up for his father's neglect of himself) became a drunkard. His pension, of \$250 a year, was uncertain. The blame of his people weighed on him, whether he knew it to be justified or not. He was a very old and very lonely man.

Then, in his age, the Great Spirit of the Indians came to him and spoke. White men had given him a beautiful sword and belt, relics, medals, and other gifts. The Spirit told him that he was wrong to preserve these or to associate further with their givers. He had prospered through the white men. It is true, but he had also suffered through them. Had they never come into his life, he would have avoided all the troubles which beset him—troubles which were clearly attributable to the white men and their ways.

The old chief broke the sword and burned the belt. All his life he had been associated with the white people, and had gained and lost from the contact. He was an Indian—that half of his blood which was white had been given, long ago, in white men's service. He looked back on almost a century of life, and wondered what it had gained him. And so, on February 18, 1836, Cornplanter went to find the answer to his questions, at the summons of the Great Spirit.

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union)

More Joshua Business

Brazilian Captain—Sergeant, tomorrow there will be an eclipse of the sun—something which does not happen every day. Give order to form the men for parade at 5:30 a. m. They can observe this rare phenomenon and I shall give the necessary explanations.

Sergeant (to second ditto)—By order of the captain, in the morning at half-past five there will begin an eclipse of the sun with demonstrations by the captain. If it rains and nothing can be seen out of doors, the eclipse will take place within the barracks.—Boston Transcript.



Women say A fast woman can't

BUT they didn't know it Oxydol makes 50% more suds—off clean, that leave no scum—much and still be kind to hands

NOTHING TO BEAT REAL APPLE PIE

That Is, the Kind "Mother Used to Make."

Of all our national food dishes none lingers in fond recollection as persistently as the pie. Mince pie was glorious; pumpkin pie was grand, but both were seasonal, as was the truly remarkable blueberry pie, the rhubarb pie, the gooseberry pie and the cherry pie. But the apple pie stayed with us as a welcome friend and gustatory delight around the year. Steaming hot, exuding odors of nutmeg and cinnamon, or cold and thrilling, to be partaken of at night, it left no digestive qualms behind. A generous piece—maybe two pieces—just before retiring invoked sweet slumber.

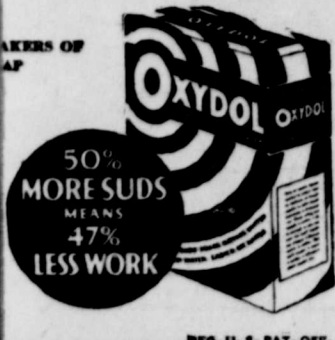
Today, alas, apple pie has degenerated into a bakery product—not bad, you understand, but not up to its past apex of achievement. One apple pie is as like to another apple

pie as another. Forgetting the great heritage of their ancestors, form a base of some sort of crumbs, pile on canned apple and bake the thing. The result is neither pie nor pudding.

Are we unworthy of our forefathers? Must we even in the shape of a pie? Must we even in the shape of a pie? Must we even in the shape of a pie? Must we even in the shape of a pie?

No doubt a Frenchman considers his roast of beef the best—maybe it is. To the German the worthy sauerkraut; to the Russian, vodka-flavored tea; to the Bulgarian, goulash; to the Chinese, bird's nest soup; to the Eskimo, walrus blubber. We do not criticize their food. Some of their food is good and serves a place.

Let us throw off the shackles that are being insidiously riveted on our limbs (or should we say stomachs). Let us turn back to the food that



OXYDOL THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP

made our parents great. Let us demand in home and restaurant, in hotel dining room and cafeteria runway, pie, apple pie—American green apple pie—not the kind that somebody thinks is like what a French chief might concoct in an unguarded moment, but the kind that mother used to make!—Los Angeles Times.

Silent Lancashire Clogs

Another new trade has come to Lancashire, in the wake of a new fashion. It is the making, and the wearing, of the silent clog. Once every cotton town was filled with the clatter of the wooden clogs of the millworkers as the irons with which they were shod clanged on the pavements. Now clogs are being made again in this time of economy, shod with rubber instead of iron. The millworker has taken back her old footwear, but goes to her looms on silent feet. Even postmen and policemen are using the new clog.

Would Annoy Any Girl

"Why are you angry with Martin?" "He promised not to kiss me—and kept his word."



The greatest thrill a mother can know

HER BABY... thriving... gaining by leaps and bounds! His back, strong and fine as a little champion's. His teeth developing perfectly. His legs straight and sturdy. His skin rosy, his flesh firm, his whole body a living promise of health—radiant, buoyant health—through the years to come!

Can any food except Nature's food build such a baby? Millions of mothers have answered Yes to this question. And now more emphatically still a world-famous clinic answers Yes.

Living proof—in millions of healthy babies

Seventy-five years ago, Gail Borden gave Eagle Brand to the mothers of America. Today, Eagle Brand—second only to mother's milk in easy digestibility—is known as a wonderful infant food the world over. Eagle Brand has raised more healthy babies than any other food, excepting mother's milk. In practically every community are healthy, sturdy boys and girls, and men and women who got their start in life on Eagle Brand. In your own community, see how these Eagle Brand ex-babies compare.

What the scientists discovered But newer still is the news from the world-

famous baby clinic. Two physicians fed a group of average babies on Eagle Brand for a period of several months—checking with care every detail of their health and growth. Bone structure. Tooth development. Weight and height gains. Blood count... And those Eagle Brand babies, judged by every known test, proved themselves superbly nourished!

Mail coupon below for a free copy of "Baby's Welfare"—containing feeding instructions and directions for general care; also histories and pictures of Eagle Brand babies. We will gladly send your physician a report of above scientific test of Eagle Brand. Your grocer sells Eagle Brand—feeding instructions are on the label.

FREE! HELPFUL BABY BOOKLET

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. WN-4, 350 Madison Avenue, New York. Please send me—free—new edition of "Baby's Welfare" Name Address City

YOU TALK EM



It's hard to love thy neighbor why loves thy lawn mower

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.

Thompson Bros.
Hardware--Furniture

FOR DISTRICT Ritz Theatre
Memphis, Texas



Friday, Saturday, July 8, 9
H. B. Warner, in
Cross Examination
Also Cartoon
10c to all

Monday, Tuesday, 11, 12
Walter Huston,
Neil Hamilton and
Dorothy Jordan, in
The Wet Parade

This mighty fine special on the all important question of today (Prohibition) will entertain you every minute of the two hours it runs
Comedy and News
10c and 15c

Wednesday, Thursday, 13, 14
Barbara Stanwyck,
Adolph Menjou, and
Ralph Bellamy, in
Forbidden

It will grip you—don't miss it
Comedy and News.
10c and 15c

The W. H. Huffman family and Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Reed visited in Altus and Elmer, Okla., last Sunday. Mr. Reed is a relative of Mrs. Huffman and is in the U. S. Navy, stationed at San Francisco. He and Mrs. Reed are on their honeymoon having married only a few days ago.

Mrs. W. E. Luttrell has the thanks of the Informer family for some choice snap beans delivered Tuesday.

Miss Letha Masten was brought back home from Amarillo some days ago. She has been seriously ill, but is reported improving the past three days, and it is hoped she is now on the road to complete recovery.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE



IVY E. DUNCAN, of Pampa

To the Citizens of Donley County: On July 23rd you will again go to the polls to select a man to represent Donley county in the next Legislature which convenes in January. I am offering to serve in this capacity.

I am not sure how you feel, but I have come to the conclusion that we have been too lax in selecting the men whom we have sent to our legislative halls, with power and authority to tax ourselves, who could not appreciate these taxes because they have very little or no taxes to pay. In making this statement I am not casting any reflections on any particular persons or any particular tax body, but I do know that my taxes have increased from a nominal amount to a sum that is hard to pay, and this does not include the taxes that one pays when he purchases many of the useful and necessary things of everyday life. As far as I am concerned, this reckless spending is at an end and, although we have certain State institutions that must be maintained I think their expenditures can be held within their incomes as well as a business run on an efficient basis.

Gray county is the most densely populated of any of the four counties of this district. Her oil and gas resources at this time are greater than any other county in the Panhandle. There is much development to take place in each of the four counties of this district. There will be much important legislation concerning these mineral resources and their development at this next session and, unless one has been engaged in this business, he has no idea of the results of his legislative efforts. I think it not unfair or selfish for Gray county to have a citizen as representative at this time.

Incidentally, I am a lawyer by profession, interested in oil and gas production, wheat farming, cattle raising and banking, and the owner of real estate and know what an ad valorem tax is. I am chiefly concerned about governmental expense and the reducing thereof, and in particular am I interested in seeing all state highways paid for out of the gasoline tax rather than being partly paid for out of an ad valorem tax assessed against the property of the citizens of the county.

If elected, will give you a practical business representation. If you care for me to serve you, leave my name on the ballot.

Respectfully,
Ivy E. Duncan.

Now is a good time to get your ice tea glasses.
B. & B. Variety Store.

Miss Era Belle Watkins of Canyon is visiting Hedley friends this week.

SPECIALS!

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

What a Change! She: "To think, you used to catch me in your arms every night" He: "Yes, dear, and now to think I catch you in my pockets every night!"
She has been reading EADS' Specials!

Gallon Blackberries 36c

Gallon Uncle Bob Syrup 65c

Gallon Gold Bar Pineapple 55c

Gallon Pure Apple Cider Vinegar 30c

48lb Flour, guaranteed 80c

Quart size Fruit Jars, dozen 75c

Spuds, No. 1, peck 25c

Fresh Tomatoes, lb 5c

Green Beans, lb 3c

Mr. Farmer, do you know you can sell us most anything you bring to town, from a ton of cottonseed to a bushel of crab apples. Let us have your Cream, Poultry and Eggs.

Eads Produce Co.

PHONE 167

WE DELIVER

Miss Myrtle Reeves visited in Amarillo last week.

Mrs. E. R. Hooker and daughter, Bettye, visited in Wellington Tuesday.

W. A. Luttrell "did his bit" last Friday by visiting the editorial parsonage and leaving with us an armful of fresh and fine mustard greens, radishes and onions. Thanks, Bill.

No. 953 Official Statement

OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF SECURITY STATE BANK

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1932, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 8th day of July, 1932.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts, on personal or collateral security	\$111,121.79
Loans secured by real estate	13,850.85
Overdrafts	174.80
Other bonds and stocks owned	1,350.00
Banking House	3,250.00
Furniture & Fixtures	4,095.69
Real Estate owned, other than banking house	10,001.00
Cash in bank	3,767.71
Due from approved reserve agents	13,848.55
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check on demand	139.77
Other Resources: Livestock	
Acct.	2,357.55
Total	\$163,947.71

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$ 35,000.00
Surplus Fund	9,000.00
Undivided Profits, net	726.50
Individual Deposits, subject to check, including time deposits due in 30 days	56,212.75
Cashier's Checks Outstanding	754.96
Bills Payable	21,774.47
Rediscounts	40,489.03
Total	\$163,957.71

STATE OF TEXAS }
County of Donley } We, J. G. McDougal, as President, and C. L. Johnson as Cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
J. G. McDougal, President
C. L. Johnson, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1932.

L. A. Stroud, J. P. and Ex-Officio Notary Public, Donley County, Texas.

Correct--Attest:
W. B. Quigley }
T. R. Moreman } Directors
J. W. Noel }

Subscribe for The Informer

Misses Myrtle Reeves and O. W. Watkins spent last Thursday in Memphis.

The J. A. Pirtle family made a trip to Borger Tuesday.

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

CITATION ON FINAL ACCOUNT

The State of Texas To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County— Greeting You are hereby commanded to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the notice in the county of Donley, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for the period of twenty days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

NOTICE

The State of Texas.

To all persons interested in the welfare of the Estate of Clyde Naylor and Mary Naylor (Wallac) Minors: Eola Naylor, Guardian, has filed in the County Court of Donley county, Texas, her final account of the condition of the estate of Clyde Naylor and Mary Naylor (Wallac) Minors, together with an application to be discharged from said guardianship, which will be heard by our said County Court on the first Monday in August, A. D. 1932, the same being the 1st day of August, A. D. 1932, at the court house of said county in Clarendon Texas, at which time all persons interested in said minors may appear and contest said account, if they see proper.

Herein fail not, but of this writ make due return, showing how you have executed the same. Witness, Mrs. Beasie Smith, Clerk of the County Court of Donley county.

Given under my hand and seal of said court at Clarendon, Texas, this 6th day of July, A. D. 1932.
Mrs. Beasie Smith,
Clerk County Court,
Donley County, Texas.

By Helen Wiedman, Deputy.



J. W. VALLANCE

Watch Our Window for EXTRA SPECIALS

Specials

for FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Vinegar, gallon, bring your jug	23c
Flour, Homa, 48 lb	75c
Lard Armour, 8 lb	52c
Brooms, each, fair quality	21c
Texas Oranges, Large and Juicy, dozen	23c
Lettuce, nice firm heads, each	5c
Blackberries, gallon	35c
Coffee, Bright and Early, 1 lb Pkg	20c
New Spuds, peck	23c
Bulk Oats, lb	4c
Sugar, 10 lb	45c
Fresh Tomatoes, 6 lb	25c
20 lb Cream Meal	25c
Cream Cheese, lb	16c
Qt Fruit Jars, dozen	78c

BRING US YOUR CREAM, POULTRY AND EGGS