

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

OL XXII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 2, 1932

NO 43

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

THANKS THE VOTERS

I am deeply grateful for the honor accorded me by the voters of this district last Saturday. I harbor not a trace of ill feeling toward those who saw fit to support my opponent. It is my desire to represent all the people of the district, fairly and impartially, and I will do so to the best of my ability and judgment.

Sincerely,
John Puryear.

Just received our new Fall Hats for ladies
B & B Variety Store.

MISSIONARY CIRCLE No. 2

met with Miss Verda Gilliam last Thursday in a social session. All spent a very enjoyable afternoon playing four two Watermelon was served to those present: Urs H. Land, Ruth Duncan, Verda Gilliam, Sarah Hendricks, Eula Card, Mas. Masterson, Mrs. Dinn, and Miss Edith Bell of Amarillo.

Next meeting to be with Sarah Hendricks.

Reporter.

FOR SALE—Good four room house, east front, small barn and storm cellar. In McDougal Addition. Inquire at the Informer

Subscribe for The Informer

MRS T. N. NAYLOR

Mrs. T. N. Naylor, aged 80, and for 42 years a resident of Naylor community, died last Saturday and was buried Sunday. Her husband, Uncle Tom Naylor, died five years ago.

She is survived by four sons, P. O. and T. E., of Naylor; J. V., Portales, N. M.; H. B., Mangum, Okla.; and four daughters, Misses Minnie and Ava, of Naylor; Miss Lou and Mrs. Lewis P. Fields of Amarillo.

"EVANGELISTIC TENT"

Feeling that there may be in your life a need which God alone can meet, we invite you to the above tent meetings. If you are not already attending we hope you will do so at your earliest convenience.

As the services continue we will endeavor to uplift Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, the Example to Christians and the Pattern to preachers.

You will find these services helpful.

Your Servants for Jesus' sake,
R. E. Bryan,
P. Hartman,
B. F. Cox

Services commence at 8 o'clock each evening.

Come and bring others
Tent located one block east of High School.

SECOND PRIMARY BRINGS BIG VOTE

The Second Primary last Saturday was a pretty warm affair throughout Texas. The Governor's race was especially so, and is not yet settled. As this is put into type, Mrs. Ferguson is out in front something near 2200 votes, but the result will not be definitely known for some days. Other state races have been settled and the results broadcast.

In our district and county the following have been announced as winners:

Representative, John Puryear.
District Judge, A. J. Fires.
County Judge, S. W. Lowe.
County Treasurer, Mrs. R. Wilkerson.

County Attorney, R. Y. King.
In Precincts 1 and 2, respectively, Sid Harris and Roy Beverly were re-elected Commissioners.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Complete restaurant fixtures.
S. G. Adamson

Mrs. S. A. McCarroll of San Angelo is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. T. White.

PRIESTLY LUNCH ROOM

The Priestly Lunch Room will be open for business Sept 1st. Full line of School Supplies and plenty of Fresh Eats.

Operated by
Miss Eva Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Franklin returned last week from a visit to relatives at Saint Jo, Texas. They also spent several days in Houston and Galveston. Mr. Franklin's mother, Mrs. Fannie Franklin, returned with them.

8 cz Duck for Cotton Sacks.
B. & B. Variety Store.

FIRST BAPTIST REVIVAL UNDER GOOD HEADWAY

The revival at the First Baptist Church continues with increasing interest and attendance. The pastor has been doing the preaching awaiting the arrival of the evangelist, Rev. E. M. Dunsworth of Pampa.

A large and appreciative audience greeted the visiting preacher Wednesday night. He is a magnetic speaker, a real gospel preacher, and his ministry has been signally blessed of God wherever he has gone.

Hear him morning and evening. We solicit your presence, your prayers, your interest. If you sing, join our choir. A comfortable pew is reserved for you. Come just as you are.

M. E. Wells, Pastor.

We are glad to report Miss Ruby Moffitt recovering nicely from an operation undergone at an Amarillo hospital some days ago. She is expected to be able to come home in a few days.

Mrs. Fay Fulton, teacher in the Amarillo schools, and her son, Edwin, visited Mr. and Mrs. Dee Franklin last week. Mrs. Fulton and Mrs. Franklin are sisters.

Miss Myrtle Reeves left today for El Paso where she has accepted a position.

We are very sorry to hear that Grandpa Nipper is quite sick.

Miss Edith Bell of Amarillo is visiting Misses Oia and Eula Card.

SCHOOL TO START MONDAY MORNING

School begins Monday, Sept 5. Opening exercises will be conducted in the High School auditorium, beginning at 9.45 a. m. All patrons of the school are invited to attend. A program is being arranged which will consist of brief talks by the Pastors of the town, members of the School Board, and Faculty.

All parents are urged to send their children to school the first month, even if it will not be possible to attend the entire term.

A large enrollment is expected since a number of prospective students have transferred from surrounding schools.

We have in the New School Supplies. Will appreciate your trade.

B. & B. Variety Store.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Moody of Oklahoma City visited in the R. F. Newman home Saturday. The ladies are sisters. They went from here to Denton to attend a family reunion. Mrs. Newman and Joe Bob accompanied them.

HEDLEY P. T. A.

The Parent Teacher Association will have its first meeting for 1932 '33 on Thursday, Sept 8, at 8:30 p. m. Parents are urged to come and pledge themselves to make this a prosperous and beneficial year.

Parents of children of pre-school age are asked to bring their children to Dr. Webb's office for free physical examination.

Thursday's program: What Makes a Successful P. T. A.?

Leader, Mrs. Clyde Bridges.

Invocation—Bro Hendricks.

Music—Male Quartette

From the Teacher's Viewpoint—Mr. Payne, Mrs. Tinsley.

From a Father—C. L. Johnson

From a Business Man—Frank Kendall

From a Minister—Bro. Wells

President's Message—Mrs. Masterson.

Business.

Benediction—Bro. McClure.

Social Hour.

CLASS IN EXPRESSION

I will start a class in Expression here Sept 5. Anyone who is interested may see me at the High School building Sept 5.

Miss Willie C. Wilson,
Memphis, Texas

Mrs. J. M. Everett and children were called back to Durant, Oklahoma, some days ago by the continued critical illness of her father.

CONNER'S PRODUCE

Bring us your Poultry, Cream and other Produce. Top Cash Prices paid. East Side of Main street Phone 7.

Shorty Spalding, D. Leach, M. G. Whitfield and M. L. Monroe have returned from a fishing trip to Cache Creek, in Oklahoma. If you want to hear some whopper fish yarns, listen in on these fellows the next few days.

I WILL RUN MY BINDER this Fall. Will cut anywhere, at any time, at customary prices.
J. F. Hill.

Mrs. Z. T. Beaty and son Jack have returned from an extended visit with relatives at Huntingdon, Arkansas.

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

3 lb WOMEN CLUB COFFEE	60c
DRIED FRUIT 1 lb	9c
3 Cans PORTLAND CEMENT	23c
PALMOLIVE OILS, 3 for	24c
2 1-2 GREEN SAGE PLUMS, 2 for	25c
WHITE SWISS OATS, Large Size	19c
6 lb BOX CRACKERS	50c
ONIONS, 1 lb	3c
4 lb PRESERVED PEAS	49c

WE WILL PAY TOP PRICES FOR YOUR Chickens, Eggs and Cream

Farmers Equity Union

PHONE 100

WE DELIVER

A STIFF UPPER LIP

HERE'S SOME ADVICE, and we believe it is good: "Keep a stiff upper lip, and DON'T SELL AMERICA SHORT."

This country has lived through other depressions. It will pull through this one. And the very first people to feel the thrill of returning Prosperity will be those who have kept Pegging Away,—never giving up, never getting so discouraged that they are willing to quit. Swim close to shore if you must,—but Swim.

SECURITY STATE BANK

HEDLEY, TEXAS

Safe - Sound - Satisfactory

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 convenience whenever they can be of service.

Wilson Drug Co.

PHONE 63

The Desert's Price

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

Copyright by William MacLeod Raine

CHAPTER XII—Continued

He turned to another subject, one that had been on his mind a good deal of late. "It wouldn't be really reasonable to expect you to be friendly with us McCanns. Now that Matt has gone it's too late for me to say things up. But I want to tell you how I feel. When I heard of what had happened to him it gave me a jolt. The first I was sittin' there at the Circle Cross by his bedside, after he began to mend some, I couldn't get Matt outa my head. We were mighty close, like I told you, in those early days. I kep' seein' him as he was when we worked around together. An' there was you, lookin' the spittin' image of his mother, first savin' my boy's life an' then lettin' me come to yore house an' stay with him. I'll say you made me feel like a plugged nickel, you an' yore young brother Phil. How could I go on hatin' you Starks after that? I reckon I'm a tough an' stubborn proposition, but I had to give in. No other way to it."

In her eyes swam little wells of tears. "I wish you had come to Dad while he was alive and asked him to make up. Why didn't you?"

"Because I'm a hardened an' sinner h—bent on gettin' my own way. I couldn't any more have come to Matt than he could of come to me. But with you it's different. Just off, I can't ever pay what I owe you, but if I live to be a hundred an' the awake nights figurin' out ways. Then, too, whenever I look at you, I see yore mother shinin' outa yore eyes."

"You—loved her?" she asked, very softly.

Again he looked across the arid desert at the paper-mache mountains. In the peculiar afternoon sunlight they looked like artificial stage settings.

"Yes." He spoke, it seemed, rather to himself than to her.

"Was it about her you and Dad quarreled?"

"No. About some triflin' thing to start with. We had kind friends to keep us stirred up. When it was for a thing, I fought it. If I wanted it he was against it. The older I got the worse it grew. But I'm through now. I throw up my hands. Quit. If there can't be friendship between us, anyhow there will be peace."

"Yes," Julia agreed.

"We'll let it go at that."

"It's not that I hate you—any of you—any more. I see now there's nothing but loss in that. I don't see how we can be friends. Dad stands between us and you. If he was alive I could go to him and tell him how I feel. But I can't do that now. I can't feel it would be loyal for us to be friends with his enemies." Her honest eyes appealed to him for understanding.

He nodded. "I reckoned you would feel thataway. Well, I'm glad we've cleared things up. The feud's off anyhow."

"Yes, it's off," she asserted.

Peter did not offer to shake hands on it. He glanced at the ascending sun. "I'll be hittin' the horse trail," he said.

She turned, after she had ridden a little way, to watch him. A strong, straight-backed figure sitting his horse like a Centaur. A lump in her throat. The sight of him reminded her mind back irresistibly to her father. He, too, had been virile and purposeful and dominant, but beneath the ennobled surface she had known him tender and loving. What a waste that his last years should have been embittered by this implacable quarrel with the man who had been his closest friend! What a loss that he should have been cut off in his prime! Surely if he had lived the breach could have been healed.

Phil was coming burred out of his pony's mane when the cowpuncher, Red, rode into the yard at the Circle Cross and fell into the easy posture of the rider who intends to be comfortable while he stops at a chat.

"How'll you swap that paint hoss for my buckskin?" Red divided after greetings had been exchanged.

"I ain't swappin' this pony for any other in Arizona," Phil announced proudly.

"You sure got some notion of yore broomtail, boy. I was alvin' you'd orta gimme about ten dollars to boot. Buck's no plug, I'd have you know. Mighty few broncs can level alongside of him. Seventy may be done yesterday in the hills an' never turned a hair."

"Where was it you an' buck broke the world's record?"

"Up in the Mal Pais—being a New York engineer over the dam to look at Basford's copper proposition."

"Didn't meet up with any rustlers whilst you were up there?"

About to give a careless negative, Red stopped with his mouth open. "Why, dawggone my eye, maybe I did," he said at last. "I never thought of it till right now. We was 'way up above Guadaloupe canyon when we saw a couple men driving out or ten vacas into it. I holloed, but they was a long way off an' didn't hear me. Maybe at that I'm inky the didn't hear me."

"Headed south were they?"

"Yetcha! They went on this end

of the gulch an' that's the last we seen of 'em."

Phil spoke his thoughts, to himself rather than to Red. "Funny they were 'way up there. Who could they have been? Where were they goin'? Unless they were rustlers. Wish you'd ride to the Flying VY an' tell Wils McCann what you've told me. It won't take you more than three-four miles outa yore way, an' Buck being the best traveler in the U. S. A.—"

"Which I'm bettin' my boots he is."

"It'll hardly be any trouble at all. Tell Wils I'll meet him at Jim Yerby's along about three o'clock."

The cowpuncher was still in sight when Julia came out to the porch.

"I'll have to leave, sis," her brother said.

"Red tell you something?" she asked.

He repeated to her what the range rider had said.

She nodded agreement. "Looks like you've struck a hot trail. What do you mean to do?"

"I'm going to put it up to McCann. My notion is for him an' me to drift up to Guadaloupe and see what we see."

"Let me go, too."

"Now looky here, Jule, you be reasonable," he protested. "This is no woman's job. You know that mighty well. We're out after bear meat. We're liable to be out three-four days. I never did see such a girl for wantin' to boss everything."

"I don't, either. I'm not trying to boss this. Far as that goes I've been up in the Mal Pais before. You remember when we went hunting with Dad and stayed a week."

"Well, you're not going."

"I don't want to go. I'll ride with you far as the sheep ranch. I can stop there tonight with the girls. I'll tell Ethel what a nice boy you are and how kind to your sister."

"I can tell her anything it's necessary for her to know," he said, flushing beneath the tan.

"You might omit something on account of being so modest."

He looked at her suspiciously, remembering something Jasper had once told him. "I reckon you're not going to meet Wils McCann, are you?"

His words struck out of her face the laughter, the gleam of sisterly malice that had sparkled in her eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked tensely.

He was ashamed of himself, sorry he had spoken. "I didn't mean that, Jule."

"Of all the mean things you could have said—!" She stopped, from sheer inadequacy, then turned and walked swiftly into the house.

Phil stood a moment, frowning at the ground, then slowly followed. He had not meant really to hurt her and he could not let it stand so. He knocked on her bedroom door, was told sharply to go away, and after a moment entered.

"Sorry, sis. I didn't go to say it. I reckon, I was kinda peeved because you were joshin' me."

"If you think just because I was civil to him at Mesa, after he had worked his head off to save Dave Stone—"

"Shucks, I don't think a thing. Nothing to it. I just shot off my mouth. Don't be sore about it. I'll slap saddles on the broncs an' we'll start."

"I'm not going."

It took him ten minutes of coaxing to get her to relent.

Harmony restored, Phil roped and saddled the horses.

Crossing Tincup pass, they descended to the mesa above the Painted Desert. The horses' hoofs flung up clouds of fine dust in the fringe of desolation which lay between the mesa and the sheep camp.

"I was sure enough spittin' cotton," Phil told Ethel after he had drunk two glasses of the lemonade she made for them. "Down in the basin she's certainly dry as a cork laik this time of year."

Wilson McCann had not yet passed, Ann Gifford told them, so they sat on the porch and waited for him.

Ann's attitude toward her neighbors was much changed. Her experience with them had broken the ice barrier that had dammed in her the flow of human fellowship. The manner with which she greeted the world was less hostile. Many of the kindly people who lived on the edge of the Painted Desert had come to her with warm eyes, a little awkwardly but manifestly in a friendly spirit, and had contrived to suggest that bygones be bygones.

Through Ann's new-born faith in her fellows ran a thread of distress. She knew that the testimony of Ethel and of herself had done much to save Dave Stone. A little flare of fierce and primitive joy rose in her when she thought of it. All her life she would be glad that she had done what she had. She had been forced to risk her reputation or let him die, and she had chosen the better part. The sting of shame in it was that she did not know what the Texan himself thought of it. He had come to her that night and thanked her formally. Since then she had not seen him. Beneath his cold and grave exterior, what was his real feeling about it? She tortured herself with doubts.

It was well past four when Wilson McCann rode across the mesa leading

a pack horse. He had not been at home, he explained, when Phil's messenger arrived. Hence the delay.

Julia said a word to him before he left. They were for the moment standing alone. "You'll look after Phil, won't you? He's only a boy."

"I'll do that if I can," he answered, smiling into her eyes by way of reassurance.

"Is it safe to go up there—you two alone?" she asked. "I wish you'd wait and take a posse."

He shook his head. "Can't do that. We'd be followin' a cold trail if we did. But I reckon it'll be all right. We're not allowin' to bring any rustlers back with us. Just now we're after information."

"Well, don't let Phil do anything foolish, please."

Again he promised to look after the boy.

He tightened a cinch before he made reference to another subject on his mind. "Father was tellin' me about his talk with you."

"Yes, we smoked a pipe of peace," she said.

"I'm sure glad. Far as I was concerned it wasn't necessary. I was through, anyhow. You an' yore brother have done too much for me. I'd never lift a hand against you. But it's better to have an open treaty."

"If Dad had only lived," she murmured, more to herself than to him.

"Father can't get over that. I reckon they hated each other, but there was something between them deeper than hate. I expect Mr. Stark knows that now, if he over there they know about things here. Likely their hate hurt them a lot more than they let on."

"That's what I think. Did your father tell you about his feel?"

Her deep eyes met his and through him went a thrill that quickened his pulses. His drumming heart beat the tidings that he wanted this lovely girl, so quick and vibrant with life, so passionately desirous of the fine things it had to offer—wanted to take her for his mate and spend the years of his life beside her. Yet he knew it could not be. There was a chasm between him and her that could not be bridged.

"Yes, I understand that too. It's the only way you could feel. But . . . Remember that night we rode across the desert together an' talked about how it had got us, how it had made us tough an' ferocious an' harsh like that clump of cactus there, an' how you said it had another side, too, for from that dry waste came lovely flowers an' outa the heat came hours when the air was all rose-colored an' pink an' lilac? I've thought a heap about that, an' you sayin' it was thataway with our lives, too. It's so . . . What I'm gettin' at is this, that if the desert makes us gaunt and hardy, if it gives us endurance and fierceness, shows us how to survive when softer folks, untrained by it, would crumple up an' die, maybe these very qualities, brought into service an' subdued to use, are the ones we've got to have to win out on this thirsty frontier. We live here we're always seein' the flash of teeth. We've got to stand heat an' drought an' hardship or get off the map. All summer my sister has been tryin' to cut the ironwaded outa her garden, but it's still there, I notice."

"Yes, it's tough, like the bisnaga and the cholla and the prickly pear," she agreed.

"Nature gives hooks an' barbs an' saw-edged teeth to those of her children that need 'em. A mule-deer learns to go a couple weeks without water. Same way with prairie dogs an' coyotes. If they couldn't stand

the still, they'd notice."

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Wilson stopped the other rider. "Hold on! Let's have a look before we mess up any tracks that may be here."

They swung down and grounded the reins of the horses. Through the red sand ran half a dozen tracks of sidewinders.

The men moved forward slowly to the damp soil surrounding the spring. What Wilson was looking for he found. His finger pointed out a heel mark. The boot was evidently much run over on the outside and the heel badly worn. The print of the same foot was stamped also in another moist spot below the spring. It had been made by a very large boot.

"Some folks are right careless," McCann said.

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"No, you're right about Gitner. He belongs to the lobo family, I reckon. Well, I'll be movin' along."

"I don't think you belong to the lobo family, Mr. McCann," she told him impulsively. "I did once, but I've changed my mind."

Their level gazes met.

"Much obliged for that," he replied in the drawl of the Southland. "I don't reckon I'd better tell you what I think about you."

Into her dark eyes there flashed a momentary panic. She drew back, her pulses fluttering.

Phil called across to his companion. "Ready, Wils?"

The two horsemen disappeared round a bend in the road.

Wilson McCann and Phil Stark did not find Yerby at home. A Mexican boy herding sheep on the hillside near said he had seen him start toward in the morning.

The trail ascended steeply. The travelers left behind them the desert vegetation. The lean and haggard ocotillo, cruel of claw, no longer shared with the mesquite dominance of the landscape. Catalpa and cholla were still to be seen and occasionally a Spanish bayonet. Scrub oaks and juniper appeared, at first straggling and hesitant. The riders passed through a splendid grove of live oaks festooned with great clumps of mistletoe, and as they still climbed upward pines were silhouetted against the skyline.

They camped far up in the hills, choosing for the location a small park where grass grew in place of burweed. The very sky had changed its character. It had become more live, much nearer, a deeper blue. The tang of the pines was in the winery air.

Phil chopped fuel and built a fire while his companion undid the lash rope and removed the cross buck from the pack horse, picketed the animals, and brought water from the spring. After supper they smoked a pipe and chatted.

"We'd ought to reach Guadaloupe by nine o'clock, wouldn't you say?" Phil murmured sleepily, his head pillowed on the most comfortable spot of his saddle.

"I reckon. If we get an early start."

They were up before daybreak. The sun was just peeping over the ridge when McCann threw the diamond hitch with the lash rope. It was possible, though not probable, that at any time they might jump up the rustlers driving stolen cattle. Wherefore they rode warily, following ridges where they could so that they could sweep with their eyes as much territory as was feasible.

Guadaloupe canyon opened before them after an hour or two of travel. Precipitous walls shut them into a defile, narrow and tortuous, up which they moved in single file. The soil was a red clay formation. Loose rocks strewed the floorway of the gorge, flung down ages ago from the heights above.

The trailers dismounted and studied the ground. Sure enough there had been cattle here and recently. Prints of horses' hoofs showed that they had been driven and had not strayed here by chance. This they already knew, by the testimony of the cowpuncher Red.

They followed the gulch for several miles. The walls opened out, so that the sun beat down upon the riders and baked them. There was no shade. The only vegetation showing was the creosote clinging to the rocks. Even this was scarce and stunted.

A bend in the canyon brought them to a clump of small pines. A spring emerged from a fissure in the red stone strata.

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"Sure are. Fellow who stomped that track is a considerable sized guy. He had ought to be careful where he writes his signature."

"If he knows what's good for him he'll write it in Mexico muy pronto."

"Looks like he's near the end of his trail here. Now we're on to him he'll not last long, I'd say. They must be holin' up near here."

"Not so far away." Wilson spoke apparently without stress. "Gitner knows these mountains pretty well, I expect."

"You think it's Gitner." Phil was startled, though the words voiced a fear that had been in his own mind.

"Looks thataway. You know Gitner's big feet, an' how his boots are always run over at the heel."

The boy made no answer. A disturbing thought had found lodgment in his mind, one so full of ill omen that the muscles beneath his heart seemed to have given way. If Gitner was one of the rustlers—and he no longer doubted it for a moment, scant

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"We'd ought to reach Guadaloupe by nine o'clock, wouldn't you say?" Phil murmured sleepily, his head pillowed on the most comfortable spot of his saddle.

"I reckon. If we get an early start."

They were up before daybreak. The sun was just peeping over the ridge when McCann threw the diamond hitch with the lash rope. It was possible, though not probable, that at any time they might jump up the rustlers driving stolen cattle. Wherefore they rode warily, following ridges where they could so that they could sweep with their eyes as much territory as was feasible.

Guadaloupe canyon opened before them after an hour or two of travel. Precipitous walls shut them into a defile, narrow and tortuous, up which they moved in single file. The soil was a red clay formation. Loose rocks strewed the floorway of the gorge, flung down ages ago from the heights above.

The trailers dismounted and studied the ground. Sure enough there had been cattle here and recently. Prints of horses' hoofs showed that they had been driven and had not strayed here by chance. This they already knew, by the testimony of the cowpuncher Red.

They followed the gulch for several miles. The walls opened out, so that the sun beat down upon the riders and baked them. There was no shade. The only vegetation showing was the creosote clinging to the rocks. Even this was scarce and stunted.

A bend in the canyon brought them to a clump of small pines. A spring emerged from a fissure in the red stone strata.

Wilson stopped the other rider. "Hold on! Let's have a look before we mess up any tracks that may be here."

They swung down and grounded the reins of the horses. Through the red sand ran half a dozen tracks of sidewinders.

The men moved forward slowly to the damp soil surrounding the spring. What Wilson was looking for he found. His finger pointed out a heel mark. The boot was evidently much run over on the outside and the heel badly worn. The print of the same foot was stamped also in another moist spot below the spring. It had been made by a very large boot.

"Some folks are right careless," McCann said.

Wilson stopped the other rider. "Hold on! Let's have a look before we mess up any tracks that may be here."

They swung down and grounded the reins of the horses. Through the red sand ran half a dozen tracks of sidewinders.

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TALES OF THE CHIEFS

By Editha L. Watson

SPEMICALAWBA

The Indian boy, crouching in a corner, wished with all his wild young heart that he might be invisible. The white soldiers killed Indians, that he knew, but they were quick to see everything, and he was unable to run away without their seeing him. It was wrong to show fear, but all the same the lad was afraid—terribly afraid. His black eyes were the only part of him that moved, as he huddled into as small space as possible, hardly daring to breathe.

General Logan, with his troops, was on an expedition against the Ohio tribes. The general was not a hard-hearted man, and when he spied the young Shawnee, his impulse of kindness took practical form. The boy was made a captive, but he was well treated, and when the general returned to his home in Kentucky, the lad accompanied him.

Here he was given treatment such as the young Indian had not dreamed possible. He was taken into the Logan family and given the general's name—an honor of itself. He went to school and received the education of a white boy. And when this was over, and the lad had grown into a youth, he was sent back to his people.

Although he was called by the Shawnee Spemicalawba, or "High Horn," to the whites he was known as Capt. James Logan. His life in the good general's household had implanted in him an ardent friendship for the white race, and he did all that he could to prove his loyalty, even to death.

He opposed Tecumseh, his uncle, when that brilliant orator flamed through the country trying to kindle the spark of resentment into the fire of war. Unable to dissuade Tecumseh from his plans, Logan did the next best thing: he enlisted in the War of 1812, and served the American forces well as scout and spy.

It was during this service that Logan proved his loyalty with his life. During an engagement against greater numbers, his party had been forced to retreat. While the move was a legitimate one under the circumstances, and such as they themselves would have made in a similar case, some of the thoughtless white soldiers questioned Logan's good faith. Some thought that he should have stood against the enemy, if he had died in the attempt; others felt that he had joined the army with the purpose in mind to delay and complicate matters. Who could tell what was in the mind of an Indian? And Logan, for all his education and training, was an Indian still.

Logan was hurt by this slander. He knew it to be unwarranted, and he determined to accomplish some deed which would clear his name and establish his honesty for all time.

With two Indian companions, he went down the Maumee river, hoping to find an enemy. This hope soon became a reality, for Captain Elliot of the British army, with five Indians, appeared, and at once declared Logan and his men prisoners.

Here was the opportunity for which the chief had longed. Watching their chance, the three Indians attacked their captors, made a brave fight, and succeeded in killing Elliot and two of his men. Logan was not unharmed, however—he and one of his men were severely wounded.

Great was the surprise in General Winchester's camp, when the three Indians entered it, bringing with them the horses of their conquered enemies. Logan felt that he had vindicated his honor, and he was proud. His wounds, however, were deep and serious, and soon deprived him of his triumph. The agony was more than he could endure, and after suffering for two days, he died.

The Indian captain was buried with military honors, to the envy of the other Indians in the camp. General Winchester and Major Hardin eulogized him as a man of courage, intelligence, and sincerity. The general wrote to General (afterward President) Harrison that "more firmness and consummate bravery have seldom appeared on the military theater. . . . He was buried with all the honors due to his rank, and with sorrow as sincerely and generally displayed as ever I witnessed."

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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.

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.

Advertising rates: Display 25c per line. Classified 1c per word, per issue. Legal Notices and Readers Service 1c per line, per issue.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING HELD LAST SATURDAY

In the annual meeting of the stockholders of Farmers Equity Union last Saturday there was a fair attendance and routine business was attended to.

Officers elected for the new year are: S J Ayer president, J G McDougal, vice president, and R L Duckworth secretary. These officers, with R E Mann and T R Moreman constitute the board of directors.

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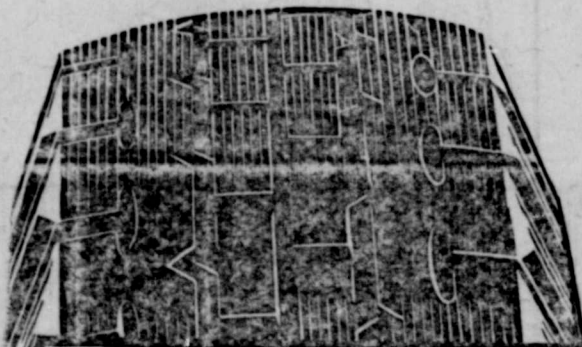
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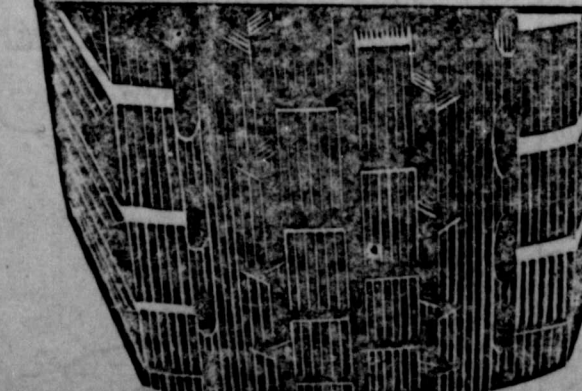


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4.50-21	6.40	1.00	5.40	6.00-18	12.95	2.50	10.45
4.75-19	7.45	1.50	5.95	6.00-19	13.15	2.50	10.65
4.75-20	7.55	1.50	6.05	6.00-20	13.25	2.50	10.75
5.00-19	7.55	1.50	6.05	6.00-21	13.50	2.50	11.00
5.00-20	7.95	1.50	6.45	6.50-19	14.95	3.00	11.95
5.00-21	8.20	1.50	6.70	6.50-20	15.35	3.00	12.35
5.25-18	8.50	1.50	7.00	6.50-21	18.15	3.00	15.15



OTTON CO-OPS TO HOLD MEETING AT WELLINGTON

An outstanding feature of the Texas Cotton Cooperative Association program this year is a series of pre-delivery membership conferences in each of the branch office areas. Since Wellington is headquarters for cotton classing service for the Association for a great area, a conference has been arranged for this point that will be of genuine interest not only to the members but to all farmers who are interested in a sound and progressive program for a better agriculture. Farmers and business men are urged to attend this conference that they might get the lesson of vigorous activity among farmers and that they might give careful thought and study to the principles involved in a cooperative marketing program.

All pre-delivery conferences to be held in the Lubbock delivery district of the Texas Cotton Cooperative Association, of which the territory around Wellington is a part, will be attended by General Manager R J Murray, in company with N. H. Payne, district manager, and H. L. Gantz, director of organization for the district.

The meeting will be held on Thursday, Sept 8th, at 2:30 p. m. in the District Court room at Wellington.

General Manager Murray is well known throughout the State as an earnest, forceful speaker. His message will have a striking appeal to all those interested in getting correct information concerning the association, its plans, policies and benefits.

The management of the district office at Lubbock is anxious to make this conference one of the best attended in the entire district.

BOARDERS WANTED—Room and board at reasonable rates. See Mrs E Christensen.

Among the out of town guests at the picnic were Mr and Mrs S A Killian, Mrs Mack Killian, Mrs Clyde Holman and children and Mrs George Tomberlin and sons, all of Amarillo.

Mrs S. L. Adameon was a recent visitor in Amarillo.

WOMEN HOLD JOINT MISSIONARY MEETING

The first joint meeting of the Missionary women of Hedley was held at the Methodist Church August 29, with the president, Mrs. McClure, in charge.

A very interesting and profitable program was rendered by Mesdames Hickey, Kendall, Noel and Dunn.

Mrs. McClure gave an interesting report of the General Assembly which met in Abilene this summer.

A special song by Mrs. White Webb, Sarah Hendricks and Uta Holland, accompanied by Mrs. McClure, was greatly enjoyed.

Punch and sandwiches were served to Mesdames McClure, Maness, Swinney, Kendall Noel, Whiteside, Koeninger, Hickey, Hendricks, Duncan, Dunn, Masterson, and Mrs S J Cannon of Ardmore, Okla., Misses Sarah Hendricks, Ruth Duncan, Jennie Webb, Helen McEwin, Mary Lane Hendricks, and Virginia Sue Anderson.

Adjourned to meet the 5th Monday in October at the Nazarene Church.

All the women and girls of the community have a standing invitation to attend these meetings.

JOT MONTGOMERY DEAD

Jot Montgomery, member of a prominent Hall county family, died at Duran, N. M., Monday of a bullet wound, self inflicted. He had been in bad health several months. He was the son of the late J T. Montgomery, founder of Memphis, was in the cattle business in Hall county for some time, and the past five years operated a drug store at McLean, also serving that city as Mayor for two years.

He is survived by his widow; a brother, S F Montgomery, president of the First National Bank at Memphis; and two sisters, Mrs. Mary Arnold, Memphis, and Mrs. Beulah Brice, San Antonio.

See our line of Prints for the kiddies school dresses. B & B Variety Store.

Ray Culwell is back at home from a trip through Colorado, Oklahoma and Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Puryear and daughter, Mrs. Margaret, were appreciated visitors at the Informer office Tuesday.

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1932 SEPTEMBER 1932



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4.75-20	5.00-19
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\$4.65 Each in Pairs Single \$6.70 Tube \$1.00	\$5.19 Each in Pairs Single \$6.35 Tube \$1.00
4.50-21	4.75-19
\$5.27 Each in Pairs Single \$6.40 Tube \$1.00	\$6.16 Each in Pairs Single \$6.33 Tube \$1.17
4.75-20	4.75-21
\$6.24 Each in Pairs Single \$6.40 Tube \$1.00	\$6.40 Each in Pairs Single \$6.60 Tube \$1.00
5.00-20	5.00-21
\$6.45 Each in Pairs Single \$6.60 Tube \$1.10	\$6.55 Each in Pairs Single \$6.75 Tube \$1.33

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News Review of Current Events the World Over

President Hoover Declares Himself for Change in Prohibition Amendment—Roosevelt Hears Mayor Walker's Defense—Secretary Stimson Angers Japan.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

PRESIDENT HOOVER opened the campaign for his re-election with his acceptance speech, and told the nation that, in regard to the liquor question, he stood not exactly on the Republican platform but a considerable step ahead of it. He said the administration's efforts to enforce national prohibition had been of the avail because the Eighteenth amendment itself was a failure except in states where the majority sentiment was actually dry. He declared he could not consent either to restoration of the saloon or to the continuance of such grave abuses as the speakeasy and the bootlegger which flourish under the amendment. Therefore, he proposed such modification of the prohibition amendment as would return liquor control to the states under federal control that would guarantee the dry states federal aid in keeping out liquor and prevent the restoration of the saloon in the wet states.

In substance the position taken by Mr. Hoover on this prohibition problem is very close to that of Alfred Smith in 1928. It was warmly endorsed by the Republican senators who consented to talk about it, even by such veteran dries as Fessenden Borch. The Republican press generally commended it, and Democratic newspapers praised the President as "bravery greater than that of any party platform."

The President's address of course covered practically all the subjects that appear in the Republican platform and was written with skill. In it he reiterated his stand for freedom in industry and commerce as opposed to radical and revolutionary proposals, for a protective tariff, for noncancellation of foreign debts, and pledged himself to work for restoration of prosperity.

The notification ceremony took place in Constitution hall and the speech was heard by 4,000 persons gathered there and by countless millions who listened in by radio. The affair was preceded by a garden party and buffet luncheon on the White House grounds, to which 700 men and women had been invited. Former President Calvin Coolidge was not there because, as he said, he feared the trip would aggravate the fever from which he was suffering.

MAYOR JAMES WALKER of New York, appearing before Governor Roosevelt in the latter's office in Albany, made an impassioned plea for the right to face and question the witnesses who have accused him and whose testimony before the Seaman committee resulted in the demand that the governor remove him from office. Mr. Roosevelt ruled that the mayor might present any witnesses or evidence that would contribute to the governor's examination of the case. He did not require the proof of Mr. Walker's guilt to be shown by witnesses, but he did go at once to a cross-examination of the mayor himself.

Mayor Walker's answers followed closely his previous defense as given in his formal answer to the Seaman charges and in his testimony before the legislative committee. He admitted taking the \$26,000 gift from A. Slato, banker interested in taxicab legislation, but denied he had given of his influence as mayor to obtain the legislation.

Answering the charge that he owned securities in a company doing business with the city, in violation of a state law, Walker asserted he knew nothing about its connection with city contracts.

In succeeding sessions of the hearing he continued along the same line, denying all charges of misconduct and defending the acts on which those charges were based.

JAPAN, continually on the defensive concerning her course in Manchuria and extremely sensitive to criticism, whether direct or implied, has been aroused to great official indignation by Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson. In an address before the council on foreign relations in New York the cabinet officer asserted that consignation among signatory nations to mobilize "moral disapproval" of acts of aggression is implicit in the Briand-Kellogg treaty outlawing war and that a definite pact providing for such consultation is unnecessary. As an example, the secretary of state referred to the American protest to Japan against hostilities in China. Such a protest would have had far less weight, he pointed out, had it not been supported by the entire group of civilized nations.



President Hoover

Later in his address Mr. Stimson said:

"As it stands, the only limitation to the broad covenant against war is the right of self-defense. This right is so inherent and universal that it was deemed unnecessary even to insert it expressly in the treaty. It exists in the case of the individual under domestic law, as well as in the case of the nation and its citizens under the law of nations. Its limits have been clearly defined by countless precedents."

"A nation which sought to mask imperialistic policy under the guise of the defense of its nationals would soon be unmasked. It could not long hope to confuse or mislead public opinion on a subject so well understood or in a world in which facts can be so easily ascertained and appraised as they can be under the journalistic conditions of today."

The Japanese foreign office took Mr. Stimson's remarks as an attack on Japan's acts in Manchuria and cabled the embassy in Washington for a detailed report of the speech. It was believed that formal protest might be made to the United States government.

ROY D. CHAPIN, the Detroit automobile manufacturer, was sworn in as secretary of commerce to succeed Robert P. Lamont, who resigned to become president of the American Iron and Steel institute. As he took office Mr. Chapin gave expression to his optimism, saying: "Naturally, like every other American, I am gratified by the unmistakably better tone that now prevails in our industries and markets of trade. Concerning the future trend, I will not be so bold as to venture prediction now, but one thing is certain—we must all exert ourselves to the utmost striving to strengthen all favorable factors and to make the inevitable turn come as soon and with as much security as possible."

Secretary Chapin is already encouraging the railroads to go ahead with repair and replacement work and finding money to help them do it; and in co-operation with Secretary of Labor Doak he is working on the plans for spreading employment by decreasing the individual hours of work.

FOR about twenty-four hours there was a spectacular attempt at revolution in Spain by the monarchists who hoped to restore the Bourbons to the throne. The movement was led by Gen. Jose Sanjurjo, known as "the lion of Morocco," and for a time he and his helpers were in control of Seville. But the republican government was apprised of his plans in advance and the revolt was speedily squelched mainly by the police. Sanjurjo himself was arrested as he fled from Seville and was taken to Madrid for trial by court martial, and various others of the former king's military commanders also were apprehended. In Madrid there was little fighting when revolutionists sought to occupy government buildings.

The whole affair was a mixture of comedy and tragedy and the net result was the burning of many royalist clubs, homes and residences by the republicans in several cities, and the prospect of death at the hands of firing squads for the royalist leaders.

REWARD for his uniformly successful prosecutions of gangsters and politicians for evasion of the federal income tax has come to George E. Q. Johnson, United States attorney in Chicago. He has been appointed to the federal District bench by President Hoover, and probably will be confirmed by the senate in December with little opposition. As successor to Mr. Johnson, the President named Johnson's able assistant in the tax cases, Dwight H. Green, who has been solicitor for the bureau of internal revenue and has conducted many of the trials instituted by Johnson. Both the appointments were urged by Senators Glenn and Lewis of Illinois.

Johnson began his drive against hoodlums and crooked politicians in the fall of 1929, first indicting Ralph Capone and Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake. Other indictments followed, and trials, and Mr. Johnson was successful in sending the following persons to the penitentiary for evading income taxes: Al Capone, Ralph Capone, Druggan, Lake, Jack Guzik, Sam Guzik, Frank Nitti, former County Assessor Gene G. Oliver, and former State Representative Lawrence C. O'Brien. Christian P. Paschen, building commissioner in the last Republican Chicago municipal administration, is now under sentence, but has appealed his conviction.

CHANCELLOR VON PAPAN and his cabinet acted to stop terrorism among the political factions of Germany by decreeing the death penalty for all persons convicted of acts of political violence, including rioting, treason, arson, instigation of explosions or floods or damaging railways or railway equipment. Despite this rigorous action, the acts of violence did not cease. Adolf Hitler issued a proclamation to his storm troops to curb their disorderly enthusiasm.

Von Papan invited both Hitler's National Socialists and Hugenberg's Nationalists to share in the government which he will submit to the reichstag when it convenes August 30. But the monocolored chancellor is determined to keep the office of chancellor and to maintain the government on the "no-party" basis. The Hitlerites continue to claim full governmental control.

WHEN the field and track events of the Olympic games came to a close it was found the United States had won first place by a tremendous margin; Finland was second and Great Britain third. The climax of this part of the program was the marathon race, which was won by Juan Zabala of Argentina in record-breaking time. The second week was given over to all kinds of events, mainly in the water, and Helene Madison, the premier woman swimmer of the United States, distinguished herself again by winning the 100 meters free-style race in the new Olympic time of 1:23.8. She was first in the fastest field of girl swimmers ever assembled, and every one of them beat the old Olympic record.

In other water events the flags of Japan, Holland, Australia and other nations were raised.

MUCH of the work of the British imperial conference in Ottawa was completed during the week and the delegates thought they might be able to leave by August 20. However, the questions that most interest the United States were still unsettled, these being the trade relations between Canada and Great Britain. The dominion's offer of preferences on manufactured goods was rejected by the British delegates as not good enough. The Canadians thought their offer ought to mean about \$55,000,000 extra trade for Britain every year, but the British could not figure the gain at more than \$10,000,000 a year.

The British made satisfactory trade arrangements with the Australians, the New Zealanders and the South Africans. Points on which the conference fails to agree will be referred to a permanent committee.

ALL the neutral nations of Central and South America joined with the United States in calling on Bolivia to lay down her arms and accept arbitration of the dispute with Paraguay over the Gran Chaco. They even set a definite time for such submission, but Bolivia's reply was not especially satisfactory.

President Daniel Salamanca's government said it was willing to suspend hostilities pending arbitration, if Paraguay and the neutral powers would consent to the present positions in the Gran Chaco as the basis for negotiations, instead of the positions of the troops on June 1, as stipulated by Paraguay. After June 15 Bolivian patrols captured three Paraguayan outposts.

Fascists in La Paz, Bolivia, who opposed war with Paraguay, were court-martialed and eight of them were condemned and shot.

Adventurous citizens of the United States have been offering their services to Paraguay and Bolivia, if war materializes, through their legations in Washington. One World War flyer with the rank of captain telegraphed both sides identical requests for service.

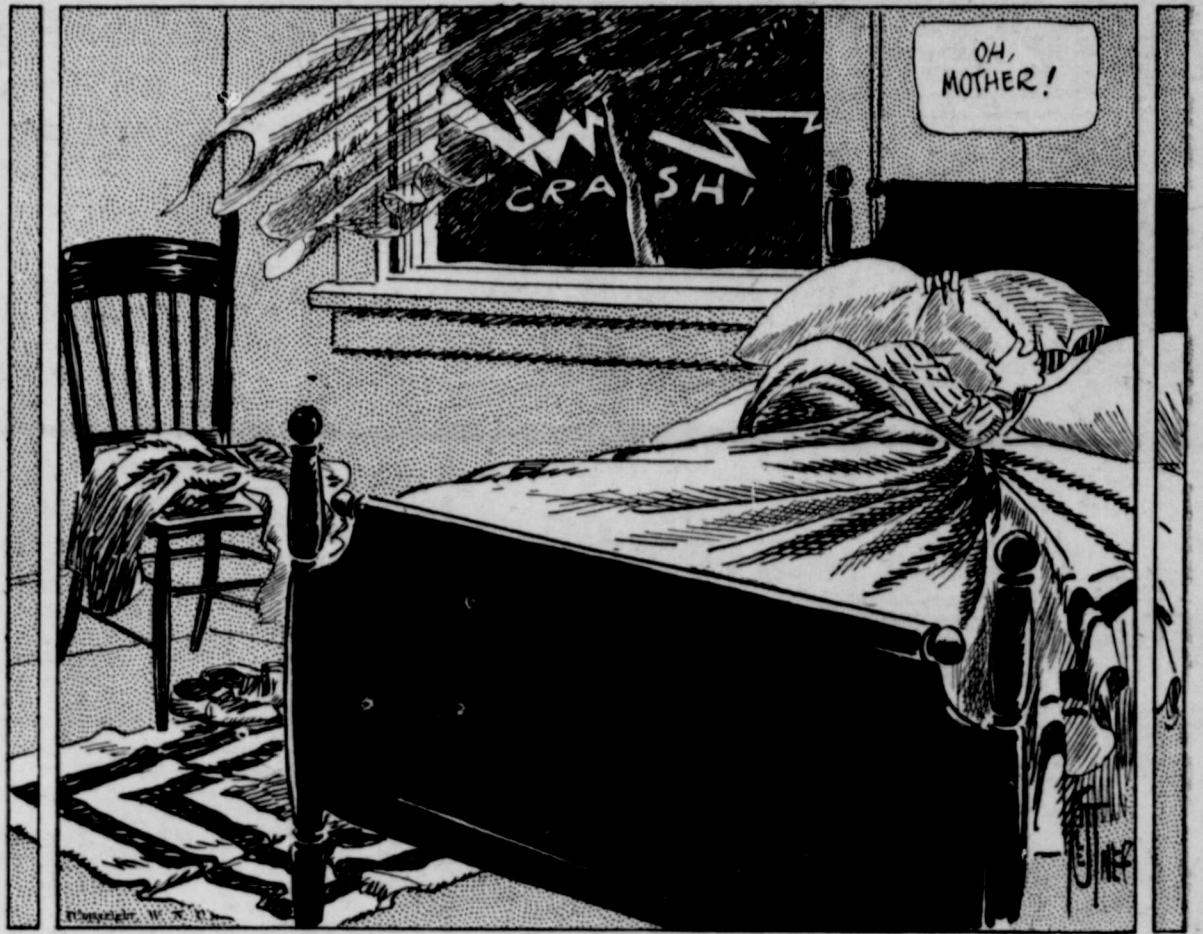
GEN. CHIANG KAI-SHEK, it appears likely, will be the supreme dictator of China. This results from the controversy between Wang Chingwei, premier, and Marshal Chang Hsiao-liang, Peiping war lord. Chang refused to obey Wang's order to make war on the Japanese forces that were operating in Jehol province, and offered to resign. Soon after Wang and his entire cabinet submitted their resignations, the last to step out being Finance Minister T. V. Soong.

Chiang Kai-shek, unlike Wang, still thinks the Sino-Japanese dispute can be settled by direct negotiations and therefore refuses to take any warlike steps likely to antagonize Tokyo. Under the terms of the Chinese constitution, General Chiang as permanent chairman of the military council is untouchable and is in full control of the armies.

TWO Democratic senators were successful during the week in obtaining renominations. They were Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky, keynote in the recent national convention, who defeated former Senator George B. Martin and others; and Mrs. Hattie W. Caraway of Arkansas the only woman member of the upper house. Mrs. Caraway had six male rivals for the nomination but easily distanced them all.

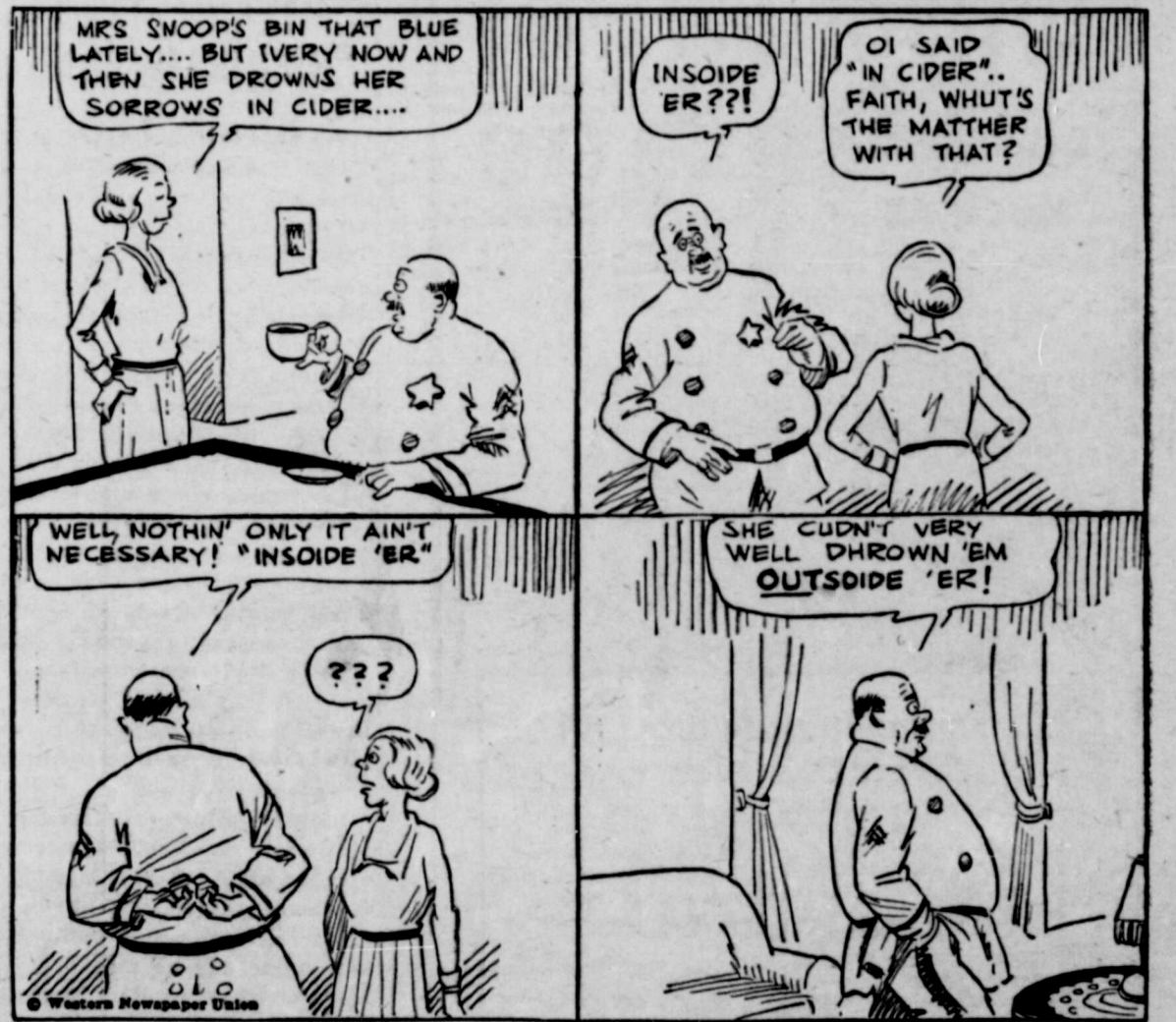
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Events in the Lives of Little Men



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Better in Than Out



THE FEATHERHEADS

Helpful Suggestions



Holding Court in Hold of a Barge



WITH all the traditional pomp and ceremony, the mayor of Rochester, England, is presiding over a session of the Medway Court of Admiralty in the hold of a barge on the River Medway.

A STORY FOR BEDTIME

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

PETER TAKES JIMMY SKUNK'S ADVICE

What you don't think of, others may. So lend a heedful ear. The thing that most perplexes you May thus be made quite clear.

"STUPID, stupid, stupid!" exclaimed Peter Rabbit as he watched Jimmy Skunk out of sight. He didn't mean Jimmy; he meant himself. "Here I have been running my legs off trying to find the hole of Rattles the Kingfisher without once stopping to think that I never have seen him near the places where I have been looking. Jimmy Skunk is right. He certainly is. The place to look for Rattles is near water. No one sees him anywhere else except when he is flying across from one body of water to another. Of course if he lives around the water he must have his home near it. That means it is somewhere along the Laughing Brook or over by the Big River. I wonder which place to visit first. Let me think! I roared often see him at or near the Smiling Pool. If his home was over near the Big River I don't believe he

out of sight of the big lilypond on which Grandfather Frog spends so much of his time. It wasn't long before he heard the harsh rattling noise that Rattles the Kingfisher makes. He was coming up the Laughing Brook from below the Smiling Pool. Peter peeped out from behind the Big Hickory Tree and watched Rattles dive into the Smiling Pool and come up with a shining little minnow. Instead of flying over to the Big Hickory Tree and there swallowing the little fish, as Peter so often had seen him do, he turned and flew back down the Laughing Brook with it. Peter scratched his head thoughtfully. "I wonder," thought he, "if that mean that he has some babies at home and is taking the little fish to them. I wonder." The more he wondered the more likely it seemed. He was still wondering when he heard that harsh rattle again, and there was Rattles the Kingfisher flying straight toward him. With a final rattle he perched in the Big Hickory Tree where he could see over the Smiling Pool. There he wait-

THE BROTHERS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

A MAN once kicked your father's shin. If others hadn't stepped right in, Yes, hadn't seen them, Got between them, Your father very likely would Have gone to jail, and gone for good

Well, men are funny. Just last night Your dad came in an awful sight. They nearly had to Carry dad to His bed—he couldn't walk just right I said, "You've had another fight."

"An awful fight—Just see your head!" "There wasn't any fight," he said, " 'Twas just the brothers And some others, I've joined that lodge I wanted to: Tonight the brothers put me through."

"They put you what?" "The first degree They put me through," he says to me. "The brothers, honey." Men are funny: They leave him lame, they pound him good, And that's what men call "brotherhood."

© 1932, Douglas Malloch. —WNU Service.

Close to the Neck



The "close to the neck white collars" find smart expression in this luncheon frock of black ribbed crepe with collar in white angelskin.



"A clev," says expository Estelle, "is what criminals leave behind for police to work on while they get away."

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DOUBLE VICTIMS OF A "STATE OF MIND"

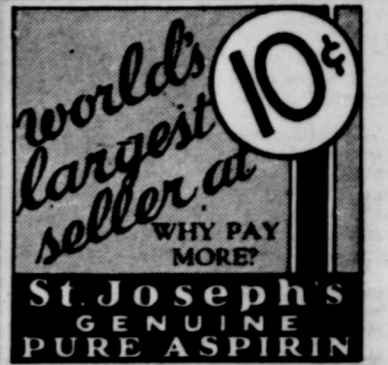
Its Possessor and Target Alike Suffer.

"The phrase 'a state of mind' has an indefinable locution, the meaning of which is thoroughly understood by everybody," said Mr. Cato Nincompoop. "It is another case where it is a condition, not a theory, that counts the victims of it whether the victims are regarded as those possessed by it, or those who are the targets of it; for a state of mind does not denote serenity and satisfaction. On the contrary, it indicates dissatisfaction with somebody or something, and in extreme cases, with everybody and everything. It is antagonistic, it may even be menacing, with a tendency that almost amounts to a determination to make everybody else as uncomfortable as the possessor of it. Perhaps uncomfortable is not the correct word because, as there are those who get a great deal of satisfaction—or, at any rate, pleasant stimulus—out of wrangling, there is little doubt that there are those who find a state of mind highly diverting. "When necessity, or accident, compels us to come in contact with a state of mind, it is necessary to formulate an instant policy with which to meet it. This may be concession, it may be tact—if so rare and difficult an attitude can be commanded, but long and sometimes embarrassing experience has shown me that the safest way to meet a state of mind is, if in any way possible, to run away from it. This, to be sure, is a sort of peace-at-any-price method, but experience has also convinced me that the older we grow the more desirable and valuable peace seems to be. I do not think that a state of mind is no respecter of persons; I have known extremely violent states of mind to be suppressed for the occasion by a good job. Those who cause a suppression are not even aware of it, but those on whom it is visited are more violent afterward. "Now, I don't think that a state of mind is something that is utterly condemned. If it is, we come under the condemnation, for all of us have attacks of it from time to time. There is no escaping it, and perhaps it is just as well that there is not. As an eruption on the skin inside that should be the condition of morbid mental should be, and must be, relieved. "Our cure may make it unpleasant for our associates, but there is compensation for them—their curiosity is unpleasant for us. Thus, while I would not advise the cultivation of a state of mind, and would encourage the avoidance of it where possible, it must still be regarded as a sort of safety valve that gives a valuable purpose and should not be permanently closed. "A state of mind is not anything for anybody, do you think? I asked Buck. " 'Nope,' he replied. " 'But I'm afraid it's unavoidable.' " 'It is,' he declared; 'unavoidable and justifiable, for everybody is entitled to display a modicum of temper from time to time, and sometimes even more than the Indianapolis News.

Mergolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ointment and use as directed. Fine particles of gold sink into pores and keep skin smooth. Your face looks years younger. Mergolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Try Mergolized Wax one ointment. Powdered Mergolized Wax in one-half pint white jar. At drug stores.

She Would A wife is somebody who thought you had jotted down the street number of the people you are driving out to visit for the first time.—Detroit News.



Reason for It Jack—I thought you and Dora weren't on speaking terms. Vera—Well, we are now. I wanted to find out what Mabel told her about me.—London Answers.



For lazy liver, stomach and kidneys, biliousness, indigestion, constipation, headache, colds and fever. 10¢ and 35¢ at dealers.

Summing It Up Bees don't whine. They hum while working. And they cooperate. Result: honey.



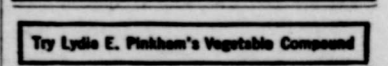
Reverse She—I've just turned twenty-three. He—I thought you were about thirty-two.—London Answers.



Loss of appetite, crossness, gritting the teeth or scratching the nose are signs that worms are present. Treat promptly with Jayne's Vermifuge. This proved remedy can be relied upon to pass round worms and their eggs out completely in short order. No other preparation is so effective. It is pleasant and absolutely harmless. Don't subject your children to drastic treatments for other ailments when the real trouble is worms, those dangerous and disgusting parasites which live in the intestines. Get a bottle today from your druggist, DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. OVER 36 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD



If one is a success at selling people what they want, he does not need to become expert in selling what they don't want.



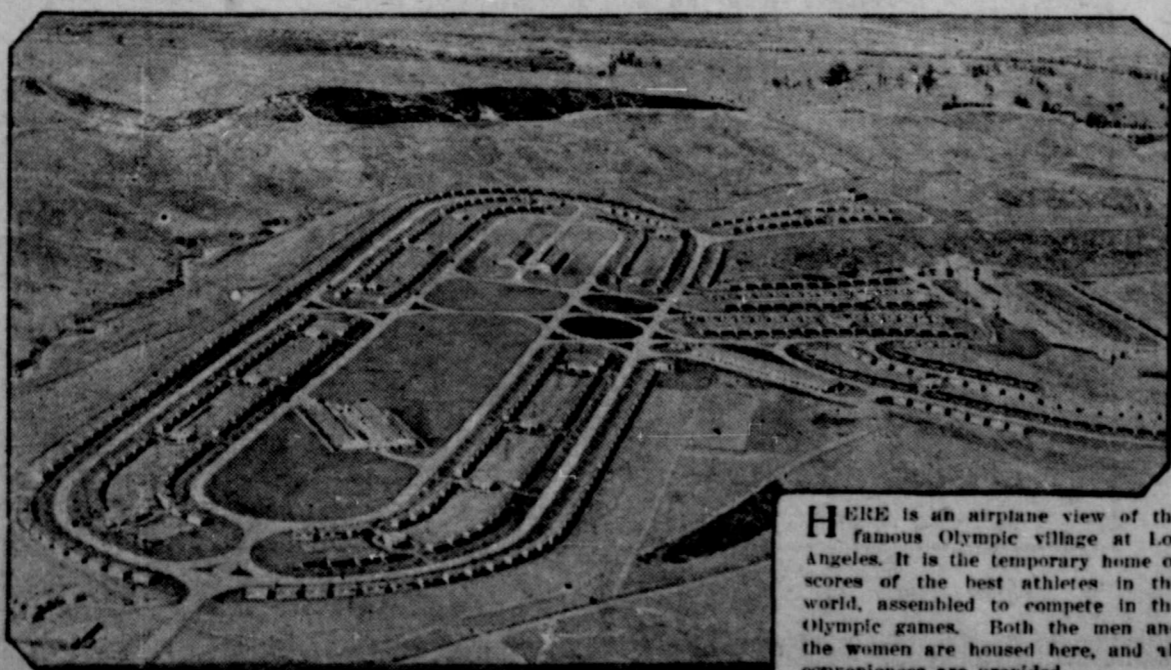
Wanted to die . . . she felt so blue and wretched! Don't let cramps ruin your good times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound gives you relief. To be often indignant leaves permanent marks on the face.

They'll Have an Aerial Honeymoon



JUDGE RUPERT TURNBULL of the California Supreme court has announced the engagement of his pretty daughter, Loretta, world's feminine speedboat champion and holder of three international records, to Richard R. Blythe, New York publicist and former personal representative of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. The wedding will take place in the fall. Mr. Blythe, who pilots his own plane, will fly to the west coast for the ceremony. An aerial honeymoon will follow. Above is a recent studio portrait of the couple.

Where the World's Greatest Athletes Are Living



HERE is an airplane view of the famous Olympic village at Los Angeles. It is the temporary home of scores of the best athletes in the world, assembled to compete in the Olympic games. Both the men and the women are housed here, and all conveniences are provided.

New Things in Cookery

THEY tell us there is nothing new under the sun and he that discovers a new star is not nearly so important as he who discovers a new dish, as we already have all the stars we need, but can always enjoy a new dish.

Some good lover of spinach has added another way to make it attractive. Serve it well cooked and seasoned with two or three sections of luscious grapefruit atop each serving—giving a tart taste to the vegetable which makes it more palatable.

Grapefruit French Dressing. Take one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of paprika, three tablespoonsful of grapefruit juice and one-half cupful of salad oil. Mix the seasoning well, add the fruit juice and oil and shake or beat until slightly thickened. A small piece of ice added to mixture will hasten the mixing.

Golden Fruit Salad Dressing. Take the juice of a large orange, the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, two egg yolks and one-half cupful of cream, whipped. Melt the butter in a double boiler top, add the fruit juices, sugar and slightly beaten yolks of the eggs. Cook over a low flame until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Fold in whipped cream just before serving. If one has canned grapefruit one cupful of the juice may take the place of the orange and lemon.

Molded Cheese With Fruit Filling. Take a tablespoonful of gelatin, dissolve in one-fourth cupful of cold water, add one cupful of boiling water or the fruit juice may be used in place of the water; add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of whipped cream, one chopped pintlo, one-half green pepper chopped and one small onion chopped, one ounce of Roquefort cheese, one cream cheese and one can of grapefruit. Soak the gelatin and when it begins to thicken fold in the cheese and whipped cream. Pour into a ring mold and chill. Serve with the drained grapefruit in the center.

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DADA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is straphanging?" "Commuter's salute."

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Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

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.

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.

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

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

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11th Year in

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COFFINS, CASKETS

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Licensed Embalmer and Auto Hearse at Your Service

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MOREMAN HARDWARE



47

when you know a news item

Political Announcements

Representative
12th District
JOHN PURYEAR

District Judge
10th Judicial District
A. J. FIRES

District Attorney
10th Judicial District
JOHN M. DEEVER

County Judge
S. W. LOWE

Sheriff
GUY PIERCE

Tax Collector
M. W. MOSLEY

Tax Assessor
W. A. ARMSTRONG

County Clerk
W. G. WORD

County Treasurer
MRS RICHARD WILKERSON

County Attorney
R. Y. KING

District Clerk
WALKER LANE

County School Superintendent
SLOAN BAKER

County Commissioner
Precinct No. 2

J. LES HAWKINS

Justice of the Peace
Precinct No. 3

L. A. STROUD

Miss Nita Culwell has returned home from an extended visit in Marillo.

See our line of Prints for the ladies school dresses.
B. & B. Variety Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Adams of Marillo visited the O. R. Culwell family Sunday.

PLENTY OF MAIZE HEADS for sale. See A. S. Johnson.

Rev. A. V. Hendricks and family are visiting in Abilene, and will return Saturday. Ralph Moreman went with them, and will resume his studies in Mercury.

Just received our new Fall hats for ladies.
B. & B. Variety Store.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas.
To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon Henry Taylor by making publication of this citation once each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Donley county, to be holden at the court house thereof in Clarendon, on the third Monday in October, 1932, the same being the 17th day of October, 1932, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 26th day of August 1932, in a suit numbered 1766 on the docket of said Court, wherein Orene Taylor is plaintiff, and Henry Taylor is defendant, said petition alleging that said Orene Taylor and Henry Taylor were married on or about February 4, 1930, in Clovis, New Mexico; and that the bonds of matrimony still exist between the two; and that by reason of excessive cruel treatment by the defendant inflicted upon the plaintiff that the plaintiff is entitled to a divorce, and praying for a divorce and restoration of her maiden name.

Herein fail not, but have you before said Court on the said first day of the next term hereof this writ, with your return thereon showing how you have executed the same.

Witness A. H. Baker, Clerk of the District Court of Donley County, Texas.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court in the town of Clarendon, this the 26th day of August, 1932

A. H. Baker, Clerk of the District Court Donley County, Texas

Issued this the 26th day of August, A. D. 1932

A. H. Baker, Clerk of the District Court Donley County, Texas

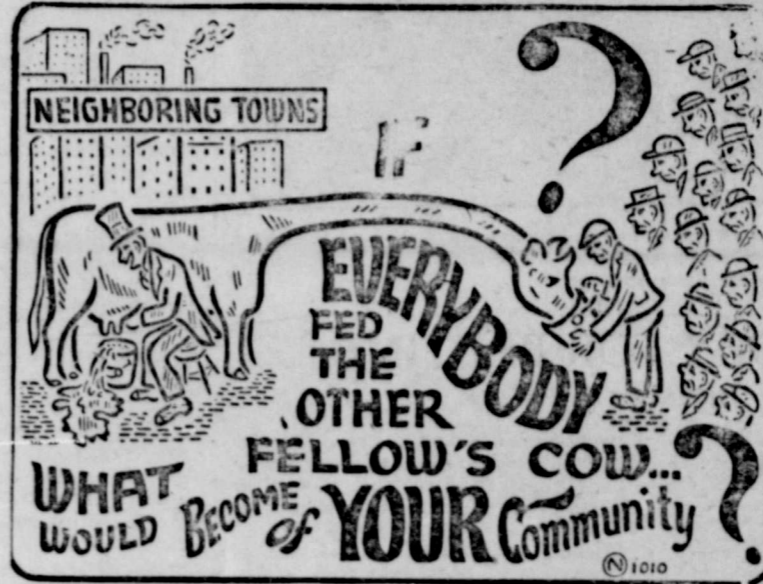
FOR SALE—Good four room house, east front, small barn and storm cellar. In McDougal Addition. Inquire at the Informer office.

Subscribe for The Informer

Huffman's Barber Shop

Expert Tonsorial Work. Shine Chair. Hot and Cold Baths. You will be pleased with our service. Try it.

W. H. Huffman, Prop.



If You Ever
Expect to Boost
the
Home Town
Now's
the
Time!

LET'S SPEND our dollars at home and help our community to "get back on its feet." We have nobody to do that for us -- we've got to do it ourselves.

General Pershing Says: "We Are At War"



The great American soldier who led the A.E.F. to victory in France in 1918 sees the nation again at war, but this time it is a war with racketeers, with crooked politicians. In two striking articles that will appear in these columns he outlines a plan of campaign that is stirring, vigorous and provocative. These articles are of unusual interest to every American and we know they will be appreciated by all of our readers. Be sure to read them.

TWADDLE

By FANNIE HURST

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

ONE sunlit January morning Madame Heinrich Strassmore sat in the large, lived-in looking music room of velours, mahogany, chintz, bits of good brass, crystal and books and opened her large stack of mail.

It was rightly termed music room. The big alcove of circular windows contained a grand piano, a smaller upright, a harp, two music cabinets and signed photographs of most of the musical celebrities of the day.

The last of madame's letters occupied her attention a bit more than the rest. A brief note in a blue and black envelope with a stamped, addressed envelope of the same blue and black enclosed.

Finally madame flipped this letter to the top of a handsome marquetry table and let softly explode the word "twaddle" from her wide, handsome lips.

Then madame walked out of the sunlit, shabbily pleasant music room, through a dining room of good old silver; several still life paintings, handsome high-backed Heppelwhite chairs ranged around the well-worn but handsome dining table and then into an enormous kitchen.

A cook looked up at her approach and together there were conferences over dinner, the contents of two large refrigerators were scanned by madame and a sip out of a large double boiler taken by her as she leaned over the range to inspect a slowly simmering gruel.

More conferences with a parlor maid who came into the kitchen lugging two pails, an inspection of a new litter of kittens under the back porch, inquiry about the ice man's infected finger and then madame, who wore a chintz bungalow apron over her tan morning dress, climbed up the back stairs to her children's nursery.

Three children who inherited their mother's sturdiness of figure were having their breakfasts of the recently inspected gruel, in a sunny corner of that room with a fraulein who conversed with them in German and then French.

There was a frantic clamoring over madame as she entered. Kisses, tumblings, confidences, stories to be told to her, "pieces" to be recited to her, even a few tears to be wept to her.

For two hours madame remained in the nursery.

At twelve o'clock she mounted still another flight of stairs in the bright old house, and knocked at a door that led into the sunniest room of all.

At a desk, under a green eye shade, sat Josef Strassmore, the iron gray scholarly husband of madame.

There was an hour's conference there. The kind of conference none of their friends had ever looked in on. Madame and the professor were guilty of the sort of sophomoric absorption in one another that would have revealed a surprising side of one of the most famous mezzo-sopranos of her time and her academic husband whose name was equally eminent in one of the more special realms of science.

Considering their years, and, for that matter, the sedate droop of the professor's shoulders and the enormous Brunhilde magnificence of madame, they were like boy and girl. Obviously two people who were still lovers.

At one o'clock the professor and madame and the three children lunched in a small secluded room known among themselves as "the get-away" because it was there madame and her family secluded themselves when reporters or celebrity-seekers invaded their quiet.

At two o'clock, a messenger from a shop arrived with same samples of chintz for the nursery and, for another half-hour, madame and the children and the professor conferred over color and fabrics.

At three o'clock, the professor returned to his retreat and madame, accompanied by fraulein and two of the children, went in a motor car to the dentist, where madame held little hands while cold instruments clicked among small teeth.

At four o'clock madame was back once more in her home and, at the sound of her voice, the professor ventured out of his retreat for a few moments, arranged some music with her and went softly out, closing the door, locking it, and throwing the key back over the transom, because already madame's glorious voice was rippling and pouring.

For three hours, with brief intervals of rest, that sonorous avalanche of melody rang through the house.

Messengers arrived, telephones rang, servants scuttled on noiseless feet, but no hand turned the knob of that locked door.

At seven o'clock, madame emerged from the music room and again mounted the stairs to the nursery and fed her youngest child his gruel spoon-by-spoon from a dish with four rabbits around the brim. For every rabbit a story had to be invented as he clutched his mother's wrist and swallowed gruel.

The second child, a lovely girl, Griselda, wanted a certain lullaby to send her to sleep, and so while a maid dressed madame's hair she sat beside the small bedstead that she herself had painted, and softly sang her girl to sleep.

At seven-thirty, while madame was being hooked into a spangled gown well fitted to her ample figure, frau-

lein brought her in a bowl of milk toast which she took standing up.

At eight o'clock, the professor, far more nervous than madame herself, awaited her in the lower hall in stiff evening clothes, while a limousine chugged at the door.

At a few minutes past eight, madame, handsome in the spangles and a superb sable wrap across her shoulders, descended the stairs.

There were final instructions to leave with fraulein about baby's cold and rubbing his small chest with goose grease. There were some questions to put to the chauffeur like, whose wife had scatica. The parlor maid came tearing down to hand the professor madame's throat syringe to have along in case of emergency.

At eight forty-five, madame appeared on the stage of Carnegie hall and for two hours held an audience enchanted by the soaring magnificence of her voice.

At eleven o'clock, while the professor hovered about with madame's wraps, the crowds milled about her in the dressing room, bagging for buds from her corsage, eager to press her hand, hungry for a closer view of the woman whose glory had held them spellbound.

At half after eleven, the professor and madame once more entered the room they called "music room."

There was a table for two spread beside a roaring fire and Johanna, the second upstairs girl, who had logged the privilege of staying up instead of the waitress, was standing ready to serve.

Madame herself went into the kitchen and made the coffee. The professor liked his percolated her certain way. After that, with Johanna eager to remove her mistress' stiff slippers for softer ones, there was just quiet talk between madame and the professor.

She had been her magnificent best. His eyes caressed her. His lips sought her hands.

Madame and the professor ate now with relaxed enjoyment.

There were pigs' knuckles. Not coarse to madame or the professor, but succulent food of rich, strong flavor. The firm, white bread madame had baked herself. The salad, crisp and green, she twirled in the bowl and concocted its dressing out of ingredients that Johanna brought her. There was apple cake that madame had baked the morning before and the rich coffee of her brewing.

After that they sat by the fire, madame and her husband, until the lovely chimes of the clock in the hall sounded two.

Sitting back relaxed, madame's hand reached idly out for the letter in the blue and black envelope that had elicited the single word "twaddle" from her that morning. She drew it again from its envelope, leaning back to read it through half-closed, amused eyes, to her husband:

"Dear Madam Strassmore, From your vast experience and your enormous success, will you give the readers of the Daily Gazette the benefit of your views upon the following subject:

Do you think it possible for a woman to have both home life and a career?"

"Twaddle," repeated madame, and, trailing her handsome wrap, went lazily upstairs on the arm of her husband.

Kashmir Shawl Beloved by Another Generation

In their heyday—when Napoleon presented several to Josephine as a gift—Kashmir shawl masterpieces kept 16,000 looms humming and more than 25,000 men and women at work. They have always been characterized by the elaboration of their design, in which the "cone" or "mango" pattern is the prominent feature—also by the glowing harmony, the brilliance the depth, and enduring qualities of the colors.

When Victoria was proclaimed empress of India a number of Kashmir shawls were presented as tribute to the English crown. In fact, it is told that this gift gave impetus to an industry that presented the Kashmir in its more modern version—the Paisley. Whether or not familiar with the handsome old Kashmir shawls, there are few who have not owned or seen a Paisley.

In pattern it is a copy of the Kashmir, but the materials are products of Scotland rather than of the Tibetan goat. From the little town of Paisley that grew up around the abbey of Paisley this more recent shawl took its name.

Snorer Shocker Welcome

Europe is welcoming the news that a radio device to shock snorers has been invented. Newspapers have taken up the idea, and when the device is marketed there is sure to be a demand for it, especially from bedfellows of those who broadcast in their sleep. The invention consists of a small microphone patterned after those used in radio broadcasting. It is placed near a sleeper, whose snores complete a circuit, which shocks or sticks a pin into the nasal soloist.

Valuable Counterfeit

Counterfeit coins whose value increases with the disclosure of the fraud perpetrated are not common in the banking world. Recently, however, such a case came to light in London. Among a parcel of coins bought as gold was a clever imitation of a sovereign of 1863. Acid tests revealed that the coin was glided platinum. At the time it was struck off, in the reign of Queen Victoria, platinum was worth only about one-third as much as gold. Now it is worth much more.

POULTRY

VACCINE WILL SAVE LOSSES IN FLOCKS

Its Value Demonstrated by Experiments.

Chicken pox, a disease which annually takes a heavy toll in Illinois poultry flocks, can now be controlled with more safety as a result of experiments which the division of animal pathology and hygiene, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, has made during the past year with different vaccines.

Pigeon pox vaccine proved superior to chicken pox vaccine, and consequently the former is being recommended to farmers and flock owners.

Proper vaccination at this season of the year will prevent losses from canker, avian diphtheria or chicken pox during the winter months, according to the laboratory. There is no medicine or serum that will cure the infection, but vaccination will prevent it. Growing stock that is running on range should be vaccinated during June, July and August. If vaccination is put off until fall, egg production may be lowered as a result of the extra handling of the birds as well as by the reaction from the vaccine.

Potent vaccines properly administered to healthy, young chickens produce an immunity against chicken pox that probably lasts for a year or longer. It is important, however, that chickens be free from intestinal parasites and other diseases before they are vaccinated.

The pigeon pox vaccine which is now being recommended causes less reaction than the chicken pox vaccine, and therefore may be used with less danger. A practical immunity is induced by the pigeon pox product. A limited supply of the vaccine prepared by the division of animal pathology and hygiene is available at a nominal cost to qualified veterinarians for demonstrational purposes. Veterinarians taking advantage of this supply are required to make a careful record of the vaccination, age and condition of the chickens vaccinated on blanks furnished for the purpose.

Keeping Poultry House Dry Not an Easy Matter

There is a fairly general opinion that dry air is lighter than damp air, and this opinion has some influence upon methods of poultry house ventilation, says the American Agriculturist. As a matter of fact, air rises as it becomes saturated with moisture, which makes it obvious that the outlet for moist, impure air should be near the top of the house if this excess moisture is to be removed by air circulation. On the other hand, the air intake should be somewhat lower, and then the fresh, cool, dry air will enter the house and accumulate near the floor, where it takes up moisture as it becomes warmer.

The principal difficulty comes during periods when the outside air is practically saturated with moisture before it enters the house. In such cases, the only practical way to keep the house dry is to raise the temperature inside the house. Although the body heat of the birds will raise the temperature some, it has been found that artificial heat is essential if the house is to be kept absolutely dry.

Brooding Problems.

Chicks that are confined to a brooder house require much more room than those that are permitted to range during a part of the day. The average 10-by-12-foot brooder will accommodate only 300 chicks when confined, and from 300 to 400 when they are on range. Chicks that are reared in confinement are more susceptible to vices such as feather-pulling and cannibalism than those on range. Greater sanitation in the brooder is necessary when chicks are confined, and producers who use wire floors in the brooders escape many of the losses which sometimes are had on regular floors. Frequently, it will pay to build a wire porch on the front of the house so as to get the chicks out in the sun a part of the time.

Medicated Eggs

Most medicated or artificial nest eggs often recommended for controlling poultry parasites are nothing but ordinary naphthalene, of which moth balls are made, and are of no use whatever against lice, mites, and other parasites of poultry, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Naphthalene, explains the department, in a bulletin, does not kill or drive away poultry parasites, and may even injure good eggs and give a moth-ball flavor to the flesh.

Keep Chicks Cool

Shade is essential for successful brooding of late-hatched chicks. In early spring brooding, ninety degrees Fahrenheit at the edge of the hover is warm enough for the first week. After that the temperature can be lowered five degrees a week until 70 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. After chicks are five weeks old they need heat only at night. With late-hatched chicks it is hard to keep the temperatures low enough and vitality is sapped.—Prairie Farmer.

YOU GET LOW PRICE!

YOU GET GOODYEAR QUALITY!

(These prices do not include any increase brought about by the Federal tax)

Full Oversize—4-40-21	Full Oversize—4-50-21
Ford \$3.49 Each In pairs	Ford \$3.83 Each In pairs
3.57 Per single tire	3.95 Per single tire
Full Oversize—4-50-20	Full Oversize—4-75-19
Chevrolet \$3.79 Each In pairs	Ford \$4.50 Each In pairs
3.89 Per single tire	4.63 Per single tire
Full Oversize—4-75-20	Full Oversize—5-00-19
Chrysler \$4.57 Each In pairs	Dodge \$4.72 Each In pairs
4.70 Per single tire	4.85 Per single tire
Full Oversize—5-00-20	Full Oversize—5-35-21
Essex \$4.80 Each In pairs	Buick \$5.82 Each In pairs
4.95 Per single tire	5.98 Per single tire
GOODYEAR TUBES	Full Oversize—30 x 3 1/2 Reg. Cl.
are now so low priced it's thrifty to put a new tube in every new tire	Ford—\$3.30 Each In pairs
	3.39 Per single tire

TUNE IN on the Goodyear Program every Wednesday night over N. B. C. Red Network, WEAJ and Associated Stations

GOODYEAR

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR THESE VALUES!

Expert With His Toes
Although Woodrow Horns, nine-year-old negro boy of Okemah, Okla., has no arms, he is an expert marble player. The boy plays marbles with his toes and displays a deadly aim with either foot. He was born without arms.

Of Dubious Sanity
Nurse (in mental hospital)—There's a man outside who wants to know if any of our men patients have escaped lately.
Doctor—Why does he ask?
Nurse—He says somebody has run off with his wife.

Cuticura Shaving Cream

PRICE 35 CENTS

Gives a clean, cool shave making daily shaving a comfort. It is economical, a small amount making a good lather which soothes the skin, doing away with the necessity of using lotions.

CUTICURA LABORATORIES, Malden, Mass.

Hairless Heirs
It says here that down in South America baby Indians are born bald-headed.—Exchange.

With a Proviso
Doctor—Say "Ah-h-h!"
Patient—All right, I'll say it, but remember, I don't mean it!

Women said:

You can't keep suds like that

But that was before they used the New Oxydol

MADE BY THE UNION OF IVORY SOAP

Why don't you try this amazing soap—see how its suds last till dishes are sparkling clean—how they float dirt out of clothes and hold it out so clothes are cleaner and whiter without rubbing? Softens water. Never balls up.

OXYDOL

THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP

TO KILL Screw Worms

Your money back if you don't like Cannon's Liniment. It kills screw worms, heals the wound and keeps flies away. Ask your dealer. (Adv.)

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Use and It Grows at Druggists,
Hess's Chem. Wks., Paterson, N. J.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug-gists. Hiseox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Join Reliable Friendship Club for ladies and gentlemen. Meet new friends. Confidential. Box 14, New Haven, Ind.

Film Developed, Glossy prints, 6 exposures 25c (silver), 3 exposures 20c. ARMITAGE, 4811 Carter Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 34-1932

No man is henpecked who doesn't invite it.

Boredom is as positive a sensation as a toothache.

APPRECIATION

I extend heartiest thanks to the voters who gave me the nomination for the office of County Judge last Saturday.

Furthermore I have the kindest feeling for those who opposed my candidacy, and to all the people of Donley county I pledge my very best efforts.

Sincerely,
Sam W. Lowe.

ESTLACK THANKS VOTERS

I am grateful to the voters of Precincts 3 and 4 for the loyal support given me through the recent campaign. I bear no ill will against those who did not support me, and shall in the future continue to render all of you the same assistance, even to the remotest corner of the county, to the very best of my ability.

J. C. Estlack

SINCERE THANKS

I am deeply grateful to the people of Donley county for the honor you have conferred upon me. Mindful of the public trust your vote has bestowed, I pledge my very best efforts as your County Treasurer.

Mrs. R. Wilkerson.

DONLEY COUNTY VOTERS

I am taking this opportunity to thank each and every citizen of the county for the fine support received last Saturday; and in the future as in the past I will do my best to enforce the laws of the State and to protect the public interests. Inasmuch as no one man can do things alone, I would greatly appreciate the wholehearted support from the citizens of this county which I have received in the past.

R. Y. King.

Ritz Theatre Memphis, Texas

Friday, Saturday, 2nd, 3rd
Harry Carey, in
Border Devils

One of the new, fast action pictures of the Border
10c to all

Monday, Tuesday, 5 6

Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields
Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin
If there ever was a comedy, it's here now in

Million Dollar Legs

Comedy and News
Matinee 10c, Night 10c and 15c

Wednesday, Thursday, 7, 8

Charles Bickford and
Constance Cummings in

The Last Man

A pre release showing of one of the latest releases. How would you like to be the last man on earth?

Comedy and News

Matinee 10c Night 10c and 15c

BRIDGE PARTY

Miss Myrtle Reeves entertained with three tables of Bridge on Wednesday afternoon, August 24th, honoring her niece, Miss Gwendolyn Harris, of Rotan.

High score prizes went to Helen McEwin and Anne Ruth Mitchell; low score to Jonnie Webb. The honoree was presented a beautiful gift.

Punch was served during the afternoon to the following: Misses Gwendolyn Harris, Helen McEwin, Era Belle Watkins, Jonnie Webb, Roberta Mann, Jennette Clarke, Mavis Whiteside, Mildred Culwell, Dorothy Brumley, Anne Ruth Mitchell, Martha Gene Pirtle, Pauline Boliver.

Rex Kendall is here to spend a few days with the home folks, coming in from Roby, where he assisted the Methodist pastor in a revival meeting. He will leave next week for Abilene, where he will teach the coming year, and also continue his studies in McMurry.

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WIFADASOS CLUB AND 4-H GIRLS GO TO ENCAMPMENT

The Wifadasos Club sponsored the 4-H Club Girls to the Encampment. Our president, Mrs. John Aull, got busy looking for a way for us to get to the camp ground, and secured a truck from Mr. Hall, which enabled us to take girls from Bray and Giles along with six of our girls and six women—about thirty in number, with bedding and chuck for the two days. The truck was very much loaded.

Leaving town about 8 o'clock an hour's drive brought us to the camp site (the Word ranch). We were the first ones on the ground and had plenty of time for sight seeing. The spring is fine, with its little rock house and concrete curb; also the lake and boats.

Then cars and trucks began to arrive. Eight clubs were represented: Clarendon, Chamberlain, Ashtola, Hedley, Giles, Bray and Lelia Lake. Someone said "Supper," which was served on tables loaned us at the ranch. After supper a number of stunts by various clubs were very amusing. Singing by the Clarendon ladies, though they were not used to singing together, blended beautifully with the night air. Then beds were pitched, but not much sleeping done.

Arising about sun up, camp fires were built, coffee pots set on the coals, and bacon and eggs became the center of attraction. Then all were called to the lake, and here we learned something of the value of our demonstrator, Miss Buttrill. The girls gave reports of the work taught them by her, and had it not been for her these things would not have been accomplished: gardening, canning, sewing, fancy work, and improving the home. Jessie Mae Tomlinson of Lelia Lake won the trip to the Short Course this year on improving a Bedroom.

Twelve o'clock—and dinner. Dinner over, a number of songs were sung by the girls, and Mrs. Reed of Chamberlain, president of Council, and a delegate to the Short Course, gave an interesting report.

Then time to come home. At Miss Buttrill's suggestion we came by to see Jessie May's improved bedroom. This was most interesting and beautiful—everything so neatly and conveniently arranged.

From there came home, hoping that we can go to the encampment next year. And we want to especially thank Mr. Hall for the truck.

Miss Pearl Morrison returned home Tuesday from Amarillo, where she underwent a throat operation.

Robert Young of Rogaraville, Tennessee, left last Sunday for Albuquerque, N. Mex. after a two weeks visit with the R. E. Mann family.

Miss Faye Maxwell of Hedley school faculty is recovering from a minor operation some days ago, according to word brought by her mother and brother, W. C., who paid us a pleasant, but short, visit Monday.

Roy Jewell visited his father in Grayson county last week.

O. A. Heath and family of Levelland visited home folks here the past week.

Ernest Wright of Fort Worth visited his sister, Mrs. P. V. Dishman.

Mesdames Milner, Thompson Hill, Gordon, Parmlee, Wells, and Misses Hope and Ruth Wells attended the W. M. U. Institute at Memphis Monday.

EVERY DAY SPECIALS!

Binder Twine	57c
20 lb Corn Meal	29c
Red Karo Syrup, gallon	51c
White Karo Syrup, gallon	56c
Mary Jane Syrup, gallon	50c
25 lb Table Salt	37c
Large Butter Beans, lb	7c
Brooms, Best Grade	25c
Dried Fruit, any kind, lb	10c
Bulk Coffee, five lb	60c

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Pierce Store, McKnight

"GOING AWAY" PARTY

Mrs. Dannie Mae Battle complimented Misses Myrtle Reeves and Nita Culwell with a Bridge Party at her home Friday afternoon. Miss Reeves is leaving for El Paso and Miss Culwell for her school in South Texas the latter part of this week.

High score prizes went to Mrs. Z. B. Mitchell and Miss Culwell, and low to Mrs. Jodie Bell. The honorees were presented lovely gifts by the hostess.

An ice course was served to Mesdames Pirtle, Mitchell, Hooker, Westberry, Alva Simmons, Jodie Bell, Lake Dishman, and Mrs. E. C. Harris of Rotan; Misses Otey Watkins, Cloteal Moreman, Alice Noel, Alice Johnson of Arizona.

Dorothy Brumley of Pampa was the guest of Martha Gene Pirtle Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Jess Kirby and family of Ardmore, Okla., are visiting George Mitchell and family.

Mrs. Chester Monroe of Temple, Oklahoma, is visiting the D. Leach family.

We have in the New School Supplies. Will appreciate your trade.

B. & B. Variety Store.

Mrs. J. E. Leigh of Dallas, State Secretary of Missions, addressed the young people at the First Baptist Church last Sunday evening. It was an interesting and inspiring service.



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