

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

OB XXII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, OCTOBER 7, 1932

NO 48

Combination Offer!

GET TWO BOXES OF NEW
Phantom Kotex
AND ONE BOX
Kleenex
95c Value
All for 59c

To Introduce the New Phantom Kotex !!

Hedley Drug Co.
THE REXALL STORE
This Store is a Pharmacy

Agency

Sinclair Refining Co.
Wholesale and Retail
C. R. Hunsucker
Phone 157

Sinclair Service Station

Gas, Oils, Accessories
Sudden Tire Service
Wrecking Shop
GIVE US A TRIAL
Blaine Doherty

You Are Always Welcome!

YOU ARE OUR PERSONAL GUEST
Every Time You
Enter Our Door
to be treated with every consideration

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

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

Wilson Drug Co.
PHONE 63

TEXAS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

One of the complaints that Texas had against Mexico when a part of that nation was the fact that Mexico did not have free public schools. This was one of the reasons why Texas wanted to be independent of Mexico.

Yet thirty-five states in the United States spent more money per child than Texas during the school year of 1931-'32.

The Lone Star State is spending millions on highways, — placing them where the people do not want them, — yet the state is not able to pay over \$16.00, while the state of New York averages spending \$168.81 per pupil.

Do parents of the younger Texans owe it to their children to consider very carefully the many proposed methods of saving in school expenditures? The coming years will bring forth many more serious problems, and a false step this year can ruin the schools.

What are your children, or your neighbor's children, worth to you?

We still carry a full line of School Supplies.
B. & B. Variety Store.

Bernice Harlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Harlin of Windy Valley, underwent an appendicitis operation Sunday at Adair Hospital, in Clarendon. We are glad to hear that she is getting along all right.

Get your Pick Sack Duck at the B. & B. Variety Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mergan and daughter Colleen were in Hedley Tuesday from their home in the Windy Valley community.

RIPE TOMATOES FOR SALE
— No. 1, 75c per bushel; No. 2, or culls, 50c per bushel.
Mrs. W. I. Rains.

Messrs. Frank Simmons, A. T. Simmons, Matthew Allen and E. B. Hooker and Bettye Hooker were Amarillo visitors Monday.

2 YEAR OLD JERSEY BULL for sale, or trade for any kind of grain.
M. T. Howard.

Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Brooks of Groom were in Hedley yesterday on their way home from Belton, where the Misses Brooks are attending the Baylor College for Women.

A shipment of New Suede Jackets to arrive at Kendall's. Don't fail to see them.

DEPENDABLE BUILDING MATERIAL

C. F. & I. Coal
B. P. S. Paints
Also Have Added
Hardware, Axtell
Windmills and
Supplies
Call No. 8

or drop in to see us. We are glad to be of service to you at all times.

Cicero Smith Lumber Company
Hedley, Texas



Roosevelt-Garner Medallion, this emblem is being distributed to contributors to National Democratic campaign.

FORMER WEST TEXAN WRITES FROM KOREA

Rev. A. V. Hedricks, pastor of the Hedley Methodist church, is in receipt of a long letter from an old friend and schoolmate, Dr. H. H. Boehning, now Superintendent of Ivey Hospital at Songdo, Korea. He has been in charge of this hospital for the past four years.

The Korean Mission was established and is maintained by the M. E. Church South, and a great work has been done there, about which he writes most interestingly. However, as he says, the work in that far away country has really just started. Needs are astonishingly great, the work is hard, and progress is so slow as to dishearten all but the most patient and the strong in faith.

Dr. Boehning is a West Texas boy, and his wife is a West Texas girl. Our readers will join us in all good wishes to them.

We will handle New and Second Hand Clothing this year. Ladies coats, mens and boys overcoats, mens suits, and odd coats and pants. These goods will be sold at your price at Kendall's.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Garrett Jr. of Kansas City, Mo., arrived in Hedley Wednesday for a visit in the home of the lady's mother, Mrs. Frank Simmons.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our appreciation to the dear friends of our father, grandfather, and great grandfather, J. Fred Smith, for their many deeds of kindness, words of comfort and floral offerings in our hour of bereavement.

Mrs. H. L. Lewis,
Mrs. S. A. Sheppard and son,
Mr. and Mrs. Charley Smith,
Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Clifton
and children,
Mrs. Frank Wolf.

Kerosene

We will have in a stock of Kerosene by Saturday of this week. 30 gallons or over, 6c. Under 30 gallons, 7c. Phone 7. Your business will be appreciated.

CONNER'S PRODUCE

NEW LOCAL AGENCY CONTINENTAL OIL CO.

We have secured the agency in Hedley for Continental Oil Co. Wholesale and Retail Gasoline, Kerosene and Motor Oils. Your patronage will be appreciated.
W. T. and H. N. Nell
Phone 24

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

10 lb STALEY'S GOLDEN TABLE SOAP	58c
7 Bars P. & G. SOAP	25c
DRIED FRUIT, All Kinds, lb	9c
2 lb FOLGER'S COFFEE	78c
Half Pound BLACK PEPPER	28c
BORAX WASHING POWDER, 6 for	25c
SPICES, 2 for	15c
50 oz K & G BAKING POWDER	40c
SALMON, Tall Can	9c

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

Farmers Equity Union

PHONE 171

WE DELIVER

ALL HE HAD LEFT

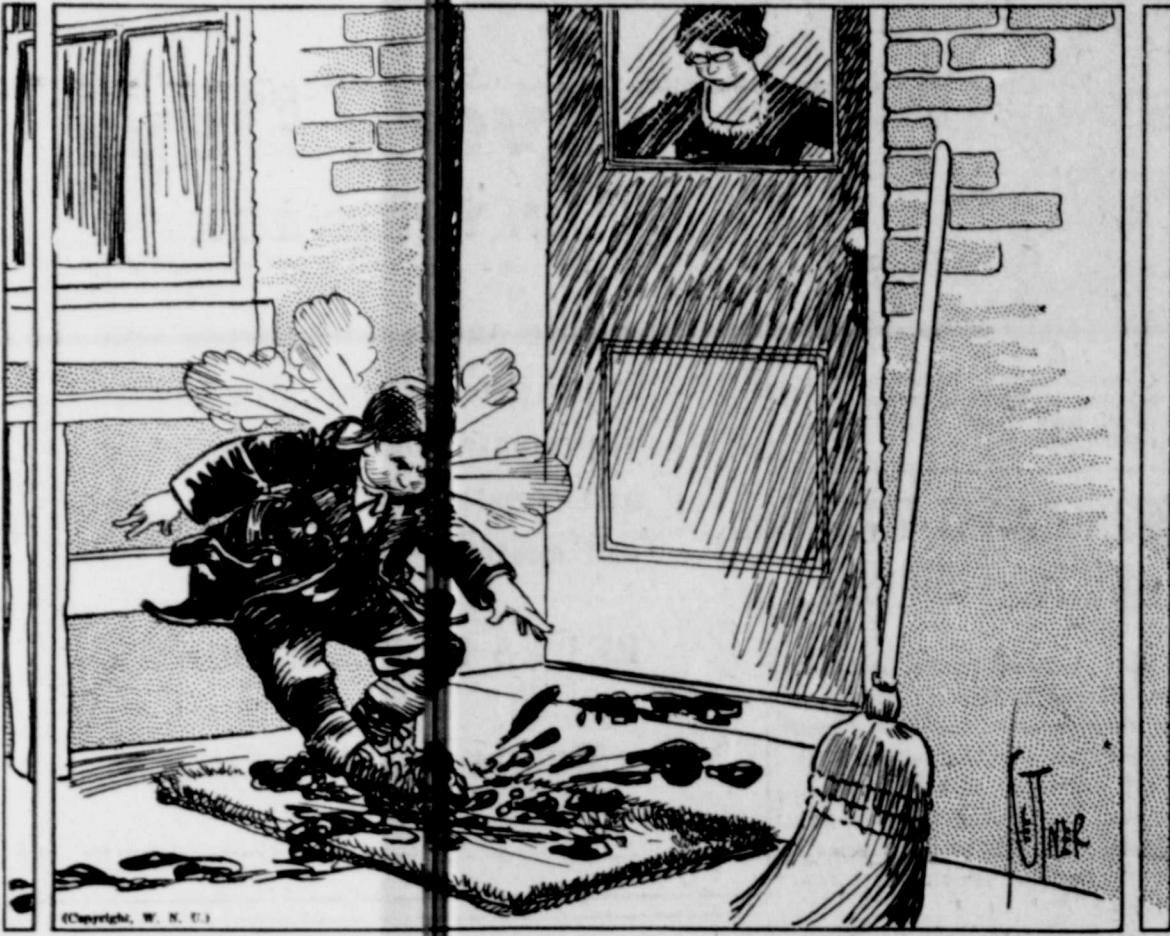
We heard of a man who died recently and left EVERYTHING he had to the Orphans Home. What did he have? ELEVEN CHILDREN!

Many a man goes that way. Avoid such a situation if you can. Start now to saving a little, no matter how small the amount. Make a confidant of your Bank. He may be able to help you. Avoid speculation. Try to live within your means. Go slow but sure. Better days are on the way. Be stand ready to help you if we can.

SECURITY STATE BANK
HEDLEY, TEXAS
Safe - Sound - Satisfactory

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

A Washout



THE FEATHERHEADS

Blame the Delay on the Male



OLD CHURCH BELLS RECALL THE PAST

Their Music Brings Back "Good Old Times."

A recent announcement that the church bell that began calling "the faithful to service" on old Westport in 1854 had been rung again on a recent Sunday at the Westport Methodist Episcopal church, South, the first time in twenty years might be heralded by the more reverent adherents to old-fashioned customs as an occasion for rejoicings.

Indeed, for those mortals who are blessed by occasional spiritual reveries, there is no music in these somewhat hectic modern days comparable to the music of an old church bell. Seemingly its sonorous pealing carries one back to the days long ago when Sunday was called "the Sabbath."

One slept late of a Sunday morning, of course, in those days, yet not so late perhaps as today. Then no one who ever went to church in a small town Sunday morning stayed out quite so late the night before.

So even the first notes of the bells calling the sleepy-heads out for Sunday school about half past nine did not go unheeded. Yet there was the usual scramble for the elder members of the family in getting the children off to Sunday school and themselves ready for church by 11 o'clock.

In residences where there was only one bathroom (or none at all) some nice calculations were required. Mother herself always was up first and busy supervising schedules. No sooner did she inspect the abutions of the youngsters, with particular attention to their cleansing behind the ears, and seeing whether they had blacked their shoes (including the heels) than she had to begin on father and insist that he complete his shaving and get his Sunday suit brushed well. And, of course it was a black suit of worsted or wool, or a broadcloth remnant of a palmier day, that did require a pretty thorough application of the whisk broom. Few there were, or no pavements in the small town in those days, so the dust of summer did things to black clothes.

Mother then gave final prechurch attention to the dinner, seeing that the fire was not too hot for the roast in the oven, or that the light rolls would not rise too much, before giving last touches to her own fixing up for church. About the time she was well down the steps and out the front gate, appealing to father that he shouldn't be seen smoking a cigar on the walk to church, she'd recall that she'd forgotten her gloves—long black gloves usually—and her fan. Then father would stroll on ahead enjoying the few last leisurely puffs of his cheroot while she went back for them.

The old church bells would begin ringing while they were still several blocks from church. Yet there was time enough to get to the "meeting house" and go in while the congregation was singing the first hymn.

One advantage of the old days in getting to meeting on time was that there were fewer interruptions—or none—by telephone calls. Mother, after she got her gloves and her fan, could go on without being called back to answer the phone. And father could walk along slowly and think philosophically without having to wait for traffic lights to change.

There's lure and happy reminiscence in the old church bells too often missed these days in modern cities.—Kansas City Times.

Delouse Sleeping Chickens

Lice-infested chickens that go to roost on poles painted with a 40 per cent nicotine sulphate solution come down in the morning wholly free from lice, the University of New Hampshire experiment station found in testing this new method of controlling these pests.

"Black Leaf 40" is universally used to control sucking insects on plants by spraying, and as a dip to control ticks and similar pests on sheep and cattle.—New England Homestead.

You Lose!

The teacher was testing the knowledge of a kindergarten class. Slapping a half-dollar on the desk, she said sharply:

"What is that?" Instantly, a voice from the back row. "Talks."

Read how PREMIUM FLAKES help cut meal costs



FREE RECIPE BOOKLET—in this package.

Don't put it off; put it to work today in your kitchen.



PREMIUM SCRAMBLED EGGS

Allow 3 crumbled Premium Flake Crackers and 2 tablespoons milk to each egg. Mix and scramble in hot butter. A thrifty recipe that makes 4 eggs serve six people! (Remember Premium Flake Crackers are already slightly salted.)

MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN—everybody likes milk-and-Premium-Flakes—so why not surprise your family with this good, old-fashioned, economical treat?

That's one way to save, but Premiums can show you dozens of others. Just take one peek into the booklet, "7 Money Saving Meals"—main dishes to make your meat go further. . . . desserts to make your money last longer. . . . all in this free booklet, packed inside the big money-saving box.

Get a big box of Premiums and your free booklet today. They'll save you money and help you serve for many a day to come!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Case of "Some Baby"

The sheriff in a small Indiana town had arrested a woman who was wanted for house breaking in a neighboring city. As there was a handsome reward offered for the guilty party, there was considerable speculation in regard to the possibility of the local officer's "bringing home the bacon." On his return from delivering his prisoner to the city authorities, the sheriff was questioned as to the outcome of his trip.

"Aw, there wasn't nuthin' to it," he explained disgustedly. "I thought I had her dead to rights but blamed if she didn't prove a lullaby."

Want "Ad" Jogs Memory

Unusual was the public announcement that appeared in the London papers recently. The Hungarian minister, Baron Ivan Rubido-Zichy, inserted this advertisement: "The Hungarian minister regrets that, having lost his engagement book, he is unable to remember his engagements for next week, and would, therefore, be grateful for reminders." Luckily three persons who had invited him to dinner on various nights telephoned to remind him of the dates, and as for the rest of the engagements he remembered them.

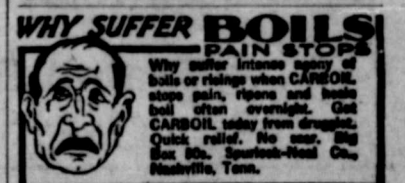
Faux Pas

"Hi! Where the dickens are you putting that deck chair?"

"I'm not obstructing your view, sir, surely?"

"No, but hang it, you're keeping the sun off my left foot!"—London Opinion.

Politicians do much as they please because the people don't know how to prevent it.



W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 39-1932.

Sun Water Heater

A water heater that uses the sun's rays only as a source of heat has been built and used successfully in the agricultural engineering department at the University of Florida. The solar heater has warmed water sufficiently hot for household purposes on practically every day in the year.

Mighty Is Wealth
Ovalline—Money talks.
Asperin—In this country it not only talks; it votes.

**You're Right, Madam,
Dishwashing is a
Nuisance**

But see how much easier
the new Oxydol makes it

For clean, sparkling dishes with less work—try the New Oxydol with its 50% more suds—rich, lasting suds that cut grease cleanly and yet are kind to hands. Oxydol never balls up, leaves no scum, softens water.



Procter & Gamble

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NUBLY SOAP

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

OXYDOL
THE COMPLETE
HOUSEHOLD SOAP

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Ed C. Boliver, Publisher

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

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.

Dr. F. V. Walker

General Practice.
Female Diseases a Specialty
Residence Phone 5
Office with Wilson Drug Co.
Hedley, Texas

SLIPPERY DRIVING DAYS,
AHEAD! You'll need tires that
GNIP. Enjoy the safety of stout
new Goodyears this fall and
winter. Save trouble, time,
money—equip your car now.



Look at These Features

- 1 Husky, handsome, heavy, long-wearing tread.
- 2 Center Traction Safety.
- 3 Built with Superwrist Cord—Goodyear patent.
- 4 Full Oversize in all dimensions.
- 5 Goodyear name and housing on sidewall.
- 6 Guaranteed for life by world's largest rubber company.
- 7 New in every way—a value you get because MILLIONS MORE people buy Goodyear Tires.

GOODYEAR SPEEDWAY

LOOK at these Cash Prices!

4-10-21 Each in Pairs \$3.98 Each \$2.15 Tube \$2.05	4-50-20 Each in Pairs \$4.39 Each \$2.60 Tube \$2.50
4-50-21 Each in Pairs \$4.47 Each \$2.77 Tube \$2.65	4-75-19 Each in Pairs \$5.12 Each \$3.27 Tube \$3.15
5-00-19 Each in Pairs \$5.40 Each \$3.55 Tube \$3.45	5-25-18 Each in Pairs \$6.12 Each \$3.80 Tube \$3.70

Other Sizes in Proportion
Also the above and larger sizes in

GOODYEAR PATHFINDER

4-75-19 Each in Pairs \$6.00 Each \$3.75 Tube \$3.65	5-50-19 Each in Pairs \$9.15 Each \$5.60 Tube \$5.50
6-00-20 Each in Pairs \$11.70 Each \$7.25 Tube \$7.15	6-50-19 Each in Pairs \$13.20 Each \$8.15 Tube \$8.05

Trade Old Tires for New

GOODYEAR ALL-WEATHERS

Over 200 Million Tires Built by Goodyear!
Sept. 12th the 200,000,000th tire was built—Goodyear All-Weather. Every year the public buys MILLIONS MORE Goodyears than any other make. We'll show you why!

Hiway Service Station
Phone 197
HEDLEY, TEXAS

ANOTHER GOOD CITIZEN GOES TO HIS REWARD

J. Fred Smith, age 76, and for twenty five years an esteemed citizen of this community, died suddenly of an apoplectic stroke last Friday on the Willie Scales farm, just north of Hedley. He was a one at the time. Mr and Mrs. Scales having left him in the cotton field a short time before and walked over to look at their potato patch. On their return they noticed him lying beside the cotton wagon and supposed he was resting. There was no sign of a struggle; death was apparently instantaneous and painless. His children and other relatives were notified.

Funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church at 8:00 p. m. Saturday, conducted by his pastor, Rev. M. E. Wells, assisted by Rev. A. V. Hendricks of the Methodist Church and Rev. V. A. Hansard of the B. M. A. Church. Burial in Rowe Cemetery.

A profusion of beautiful flowers covered the casket, silent tokens of the high regard of the people of Hedley for this good man and useful citizen.

John Fred Smith was born July 9, 1856 in Newton county, Georgia. He was married in 1876 to Miss Emma Leonard Williams in Macon, Ga. To this union

were born five children, all living: Mrs. J. E. King of San Angelo, Mrs. J. O. Smith of Louisiana, Mrs. H. L. Lewis of Wichita Falls, Mrs. S. A. Sheppard, Corsicana, and Charley Smith of Groom. Two other sons by another marriage are: J. T. Smith, Marana, Ariz., and Ben Smith, Lubbock. In 1904 he was married to Mrs. Gussie Jarrell. To this union was born a daughter who died in infancy. Nineteen grandchildren and thirteen great grandchildren are left to join other relatives in mourning their loss.

Mr. Smith was converted in early manhood and joined the Methodist church. Later, he joined the Missionary Baptist church of which he was a faithful member, and a deacon in First Baptist Church of Hedley, at the time of his death.

He moved from Georgia to Texas, settling in Navarro county, and thence 27 years ago to Oklahoma, and two years later came to Donley county, where he has since made his home.

See our Fall line of Knit Hats, Caps and Berets.
B. & B. Variety Store.

Chas. W. Kinslow was here Sunday from Memphis.

Those good hand made Wagon Lines at Kendall's are cheapest for wear and service.

MISSIONARY CIRCLE No. 2

Program for October 7:
Lesson in World Outlook.
Song.

Bible Lesson—Ura Holland.
Alvin Pierson Parker—Mrs. Newman.

Women at Moore Memorial Church—Mrs. Dunn.
Such a Chance As This—Sarah Hendricks.

Song.
Closing prayer.
Will meet with Misses Ola and Eula Card.

Men's Shirts, Overalls, and Work Pants.
B. & B. Variety Store.

HEDLEY SINGERS

Because of inclement weather we did not have singing last fourth Sunday, although quite a number came out. So we are looking for everybody out next Sunday at West Baptist church, 3 p. m.

We are always glad to have the people from neighboring communities with us.
Everybody welcome.

Frank White was here Monday from Clarendon, attending to business and visiting his mother, Mrs. W. T. White.

JERSEY MALE for service \$1.00
G. F. Simmons

EVERY DAY SPECIALS

Extra High Patent Flour, 48 lb	85c
25 lb Pure Cane Sugar	\$1.22
Gallon Can Fruits, per gallon	35c to 40c
All Dried Fruits, per lb	8c to 10c
19 oz jars W. P. Apple Butter	15c
5 lb bucket Peanut Butter	52c
5 lb Fancy Sunset Rice	25c
14 lb Pinto Beans	50c
Sweet Potatoes, per cask	25c
Beef Roast, lb	8c

Just remember, every item in our store is Priced Right, and we will appreciate your business, large or small. Come and see for yourself, or phone us.

WE DELIVER

City Produce & Feed Store

C. C. Stanford, Prop. Phone 32

"Joy Ride or DEATH RIDE—this 'footprint' may make the difference"

Floyd Gibbons

HELLO everybody, Floyd Gibbons speaking. This ought to be happy vacation time. We'll be tuning up the old bus. We'll ramble.

So will 20,000,000 other car owners. Will ours be a Joy Ride—or a Death Ride?

Thirty-four thousand were killed last year in automobile accidents—nearly a million injured.

Remember! When we're out there on the road, our only contact with this old earth is through the four points where our tires touch the pavement!

When we slam on the brakes, it's those few square inches of rubber that have to stop the car! Otherwise—BAM! Tragedy.

It's the DESIGN of those few square inches of rubber which determine whether we stop—or skid!

That's responsibility—responsibility that chills us! That's why I'm all steamed up about Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown Tires.

They often represent the difference between a Joy Ride and a Death Ride. I've seen Safety Silvertowns tested. And I can't help believing what I see.

I saw skid tests on wet asphalt roads. Car running 42 miles an hour around a sharp angle. She didn't skid an inch.

That's where the DESIGN of the new Safety Silvertown—the FOOT-PRINT of the tire—gets in its work. They've increased the sharp, gripping, skid-fighting edges on this tread 33%!

It hangs on to a slick road surface like a fly on a windowpane!

That's the kind of tire I want to be

That's where the design—the FOOTPRINT of the tire—gets in its work. This tread grips all the way across—not only in the center but from broad shoulder to broad shoulder. It hangs on to a slick surface like a fly on a windowpane!

riding on this vacation trip—but here's the tragic fact:

A SURVEY SHOWS THAT 57% OF THE CARS ON THE ROAD ARE RIDING ON AT LEAST ONE BALD-HEADED, TREACHEROUS TIRE. A DEATH TIRE!

Just one is enough to cause an accident—to turn that joy ride into a death ride! With 34,400 killed last year—almost a million injured—we've had PLENTY of death rides.

I like that name SAFETY Silvertown. I love to ride—but I want to get back home and not in an ambulance.

Another thing—this Safety Silvertown—with the footprint that stamps out death—doesn't cost a cent more than any standard tire. That's a BARGAIN in safety!

SELL US YOUR UNSAFE TIRES \$12

for as much as

Here's a sale without precedent! To rid the highways of "death tires" we're offering sensational allowances for one or more of your old unsafe tires—allowance of from \$3.00 to \$12.00 per set when traded in for four new Goodrich Safety Silvertown—THE SAFEST TIRES EVER BUILT.

Copyright, 1932, The Goodyear Rubber Company
I'M FOR THE LEAGUE, TOO! Her's emblem. The Silvertown Safety League. It gives me driving rules to follow—for safety. I'll use an emblem for my car. I joined up! Any Goodrich dealer will enroll you. They'll tell me. No cost.

HEDLEY MOTOR COMPANY, Phone 79
Goodrich Safety Silvertown
THE SAFEST TIRE EVER BUILT

News Review of Current Events the World Over

Startling Victory of Democrats in the Maine Election—Hoover Calls for Big Budget Cuts—Von Papen Triumphs Over Reichstag.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

GREAT rejoicing among the Democrats, and corresponding dismay in the Republican camps. Maine, normally a rock-ribbed Republican state, has gone Democratic and everyone is quoting the old adage "As Maine goes, so goes the Nation."



Louis J. Brann

For the first time in 18 years Maine chose a Democrat for governor. He is Louis J. Brann, mayor of Lewiston, whose pluralism over Burleigh Martin was nearly 1,400. The Democrats also elected two of three congressmen the victors being Edward C. Moran, Jr., Rockland insurance agent who twice ran for governor, and John G. Utterback, automobile dealer who was once reform mayor of Bangor. Congressman Carroll L. Beedy, Republican, was re-elected in the First district.

Republican National Chairman Everett Sanders sent a reassuring telegram to President Hoover, but the Chief Executive was not to be deceived. His reply wire said:

"The result of the election in Maine imposes need for renewed and stronger effort that the people may fully understand the issues at stake. We have known all along that, owing to the ravages of the world depression, our fight is a hard one; but we have a strong case and a right cause. Our task is to acquaint every man and woman in the country with the facts and issues which confront the nation."

"We are greatly disappointed," admitted Vice President Curtis. "But will only make us work the harder and we will carry Maine in November."

Democratic Chairman Farley grinned exultantly as he said he was impatiently awaiting a Republican explanation of the Democratic victory in Maine. "The Democrats do not concede single state," he added. "I think must be admitted by Mr. Hoover's supporters that in this particular commonwealth the Democratic prospect were no better, to put it mildly, than in the least promising (from our point of view) of the so-called doubtful states. Maine was no harder hit by the depression than the rest of the country and had no more reason to resent the evasive policies of the administration."

PRIMARIES were held in various states during the week. In Michigan Gov. Wilber M. Brucker, Republican, easily won re-nomination as Representative Walcott and Pers also were victors. The Democrats named W. A. Comstock for governor. Senators George H. Moses of New Hampshire and Porter Dale of Vermont were re-nominated by the Republicans, as was Senator E. D. Smith the Democrats of South Carolina, C. Biense being rejected. In Louisiana Representative John H. Overt friend of Senator Huey Long, defeated Senator Broussard who sought nomination.

MR. HOOVER poked a stick in a hornet's nest when he made public the report of Attorney General William D. Mitchell on the bonus and the regrettable incident of its ousting from Washington. Mitchell said his investigators found that most of the B. E. F. members were honest, earnest and law abiding, but that perhaps a quarter of them were criminals, many were radicals, many were arrant rascals, and the worst were among those who were evicted by troops with tear gas and flame.



Atty Gen Mitchell

The attorney general defended the manner of eviction and the conduct of the troops used, and the president said: "This report should correct the many misstatements of fact as to this incident with which the country has been flooded."

But many newspapers and individuals, both discussing the report, declared it was misleading general and absolutely false in certain parts; and it is a question whether it did not still further alienate a considerable part of the body of veterans from support of the administration. Of course, it was one of the major topics of talk among members of the American Legion when they assembled in Portland. Of greater importance to the legionnaires than this affair was demand for immediate cash payment of the bonus. The resolution called

for this was adopted by a vote of 1,107 to 100 after a noisy debate. The delegates thus disregarded the warnings of President Hoover and General Hines, director of the veterans' bureau, that the payment would cost the treasury between two and two and one-half billion dollars and impose an intolerable burden on taxpayers.

Other resolutions adopted called for repeal of the Eighteenth amendment and immediate modification of the Volstead act, opposed cancellation of foreign war debts and favored adequate national defense. Chicago was selected for the 1933 convention, and Louis A. Johnson of Clarksburg, W. Va., was elected national commander.

HOW the problem of intergovernmental debts may best be solved is the puzzling question that is now being considered by a new organization of business leaders of the nation, seventy-six men prominent in industry, agriculture and labor.

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors, is the chairman, and the vice chairmen include Henry A. Wallace, farm paper publisher of Des Moines; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university; James M. Cox, former governor of Ohio; John W. Davis, former ambassador to Great Britain; Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois; E. A. O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau federation; and Louis Tabor, master of the National Grange.

Mr. Sloan's new forum, it is announced, will devote itself to "mobilizing practical opinion" on the international debts question.

PRESIDENT HOOVER started off the week well by calling on the heads of departments and the executives of all other federal activities to cut out all non-essentials from budget requests for the next fiscal year. The President said he had requested Director of the Budget Roper to make every effort to secure a reduction of at least \$500,000,000 in the estimates of appropriations for the next year from the appropriations made for the current year, and the co-operation of the responsible administrative officers is necessary to achieve this end. A part of this can be accomplished in reduction of construction, activities which have been so greatly speeded up during the past few years as an aid to employment.

From administration sources it was learned the President hoped the total budget reduction might be \$800,000,000.

Just before sending his message to department heads, the President announced that the government would go ahead with that portion of the construction program which the relief act made contingent on the ability of the treasury to raise the necessary money. He said he had instructed the various departments to speed up the program by the amount of slightly less than \$200,000,000.

On Tuesday the War department, to advance the government's employment relief efforts, approved a great construction program that calls for the expenditure of \$41,577,200 on food control and rivers and harbors projects. The department expects these activities will provide work for 25,000 persons now jobless.

THOUGH supported by only one-fifteenth of the reichstag, the government of Chancellor Von Papen of Germany remains in power, for it has the backing of President Hindenburg who seems to agree with the chancellor that a parliamentary government in the reich is a failure.

When the reichstag met Monday Von Papen tried to read the command for its dissolution given him by the president, but Herman Goerring, the Nazi president of the parliament, refused to recognize him until after a vote of non-confidence in the government had been moved by a Nazi and carried by an overwhelming majority.

AS WAS forecast a week ago, France rejected the German demand for equality of armaments, though in a conciliatory way, asserting that the other allied nations and also the United States would have to assent to the proposal before it could be granted. Chancellor Von Papen thereupon announced that German delegates would not attend further sessions of the disarmament conference, which reassembled Wednesday.

FROM Riga comes the interesting statement that Josef Stalin, dictator of Soviet Russia, has lost his influence and before long will be replaced as secretary of the Communist party—the only office he holds—by M. L. Kaganovich. This latter man, however, is a devoted disciple of Klem E. Voroshilov, commander of the Soviet armies, so it is taken for granted that Voroshilov will thereafter direct the policies of the Communist party and of the nation.

Stalin's reign, it is said, is being brought to a close because of failure of the five-year plan to industrialize the country, coupled with the growing shortage of food, which is causing workers everywhere to desert the industrial undertakings and return to the villages.

Another reason for the fall of the dictator is said to be Moscow's hope to obtain American recognition by a radical change of internal policy. Voroshilov is anxious to obtain America as an ally against Japan, whose plans, Russians fear, threaten Siberia.

MANCHOUKUO, the "independent" state set up by Japan in Manchuria, is now a full-fledged nation for Japan gave it recognition by signing a protocol Thursday at Changchun, which city was re-named Hsincing, meaning "New Capital." There was great rejoicing in Tokyo and a display of intense resentment in Chinese cities.

CHILE narrowly escaped another revolution during the week. A military clique led by Col. Arturo Benitez, air force commander, served notice on Carlos Davila, the Socialist President and former ambassador to Washington, that unless he resigned the Presidential palace would be bombed or attacked by troops. The clique already had forced the resignation of the cabinet, and the men and planes of the air corps gathered at Santiago ready for action. So Davila gracefully stepped down and out, saying he would leave Chile and probably would seek a job in journalism in some other country.

GATHERED in Sioux City for the purpose of considering the needs of the farmers, governors and other representatives of nine middle western states outlined a proposed federal program for financial aid to farmers. Among other things they suggested tariff revision to protect farm products, "sound" expansion of currency, Reconstruction Finance corporation loans to farmers, a moratorium on farm mortgage foreclosures and crop surplus control legislation.

This program seemed fairly satisfactory to the farmers who were on "strike," and there was an immediate decrease in the picketing that had kept much farm produce out of several large cities, especially in Iowa.

FOR several days it was believed the "Flying Family," made up of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Hutchinson, their two small daughters and a crew of four, had perished off the coast of Greenland on their flight by stages to Europe. Their huge amphibian plane was forced down and smashed in the ice, but all of them were found alive and unhurt in an Eskimo settlement and were taken to Angmagssalik by the British trawler Lord Talbot. The projected flight of the Hutchinsons over Greenland and Iceland was not approved by the Danish government, and the taking of the children has been severely criticized.

RECEIVERS for the Insull Utility Investments, Inc., report to Federal Judge Lindley in Chicago that the concern is hopelessly insolvent, its assets being \$27,473,304 and its liabilities \$253,984,341. Aside from the \$148,000,000 which 51,678 persons invested in the stock of the corporation and lost, there still remains a deficit of \$78,474,403.

That apparently wipes out the purchasers of \$58,645,028 of debenture bonds in the company, with still a deficit of nearly \$20,000,000. That is nearly half of what the bankers loaned the corporation.

FOUR years ago John D. Rockefeller, Jr., conceived the idea of restoring the old town of Williamsburg, Va., to the conditions of colonial days. The first step in the project, the restoration of the historic Raleigh tavern, has been completed, and the structure, rebuilt on the original site and furnished in the style in vogue 150 years ago, was opened to the public on Friday. This one item has cost more than \$200,000 of the \$5,000,000 Mr. Rockefeller has contributed for the entire work.

Close by the tavern, which is situated on the Duke of Gloucester street, is the old Colonial Capitol building, another of the structure which has been included in the restoration plan and which is now nearing completion.

Modern Contract Bridge

By Lella Hattersley

WHEN your partner makes an opening bid of three in a major or four in a minor, he tells you that he has a powerful trump suit needing no support and outside strength as well and that his total of playing tricks count within two of game. In short, he says, that with very little assistance in either honor or playing-tricks, he is practically sure of his game. Such a strong plea for assistance should rarely go unanswered. One supporting trick plus is a sound raise for such a dynamic bid. Unless your raise is based on ruffing values, you need not bother about your trump holding. Even a singleton will do.

When you find yourself with three supporting tricks of which two at least are high honor-tricks, you may give your partner a "slam suggestion," by jumping his major suit three-bid to five.

A bid in another suit is classed as an indirect raise. Such a declaration does not necessarily show a long suit. It is not really offered as a take-out, but rather to reveal to your partner where your support is concentrated. He may be able to use the information for a slam bid.

Unless the opponents should overcall your partner's opening game bid, you would rarely need to consider a response. In such a situation a slam bid should not be contemplated unless you held three or four honor-tricks with, perhaps, other support.

The Triple Valuation of a Hand

The danger of driving your opponents into a successful slam bid is always present in high competitive bidding. And, at lower stages of the bidding we are frequently called on to consider the danger of pushing the opponents into a successful game contract.

With such a possibility in mind, as well as when you must consider a penalty double, your hand must be viewed from an entirely new angle, you must appraise it defensively.

Hitherto we have discussed only aggressive valuations, that is the appraisal of bidding and assisting hands. But as a matter of fact, during the course of the bidding the same hand often has to be valued from three different angles.

First—At your own bid. Count honor-tricks and long suit tricks both in trumps and side suits.

Second—In support of your partner's bid: Count honor-tricks, long suit and short suit tricks.

Third—Against opponents' bid: Count honor-tricks and trump tricks only. Count no long suit tricks or short suit tricks except rarely a singleton or void.

Simple Defensive Bids

A defensive bid is a bid made by the side opposing the player who opens the contracting. A simple or regulation defensive bid is always just high enough to cover the previous declaration. A defensive bid does not necessarily show the strength in honor-tricks that an original bid implies, nor can it ever give the same type of exact information.

A hand which would suffice for an original bid of one is almost always sufficient for a defensive bid of one; and a sound original bid of one with a strong five-card suit is sufficient for a defensive bid of two if forced by the opponent's declaration.

Sound defensive bids may be made on hands which contain biddable suits with no more than 1 1/2 honor-tricks. If with this minimum holding of honor-tricks there are sufficient playing-tricks to promise a favorable chance of making the contract.

The best way to be assured of the soundness of your defensive declaration is to use the rule of "two and three." In making a defensive overcall when vulnerable, count on your partner for two supporting tricks and bid accordingly. When not vulnerable, count three supporting tricks from your partner.

To illustrate the working of this rule let us assume that you are not vulnerable and hold the following hand:

S-A-3
H-Q-J-7-6-4-2
D-J-8-7-6
C-3

You have 5 playing-tricks including 1 1/2 honor-tricks, and so, using the rule of gambling on three supporting tricks from your partner's hand you would be justified in overcalling an opponent's one spade bid with two hearts. Vulnerable, in the same situation, you would have to pass as your total of 5 playing-tricks with the 2 you are permitted to expect from partner, would still be insufficient to cover your declaration for 3 tricks.

A defensive over-call of two, or higher, should not as a rule be ventured on four-card suit lengths. Therefore, the partner can support such over-calls with but three low trumps although even here caution is needed. When in over-calling it is necessary to bid three, or higher, (assuming, of course, that the opening bid is not a forcing two-bid) your trump suit must be very strong.

A simple defensive over-call usually ranges in strength from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 honor-tricks.

Los Angeles Boy Needed Help

Leroy Young, 1116 Georgia St., Los Angeles, is a "regular fellow," active in sports, and at the top in his classes at school. To look at him now, you'd think he never had a day's sickness but his mother says: "When Leroy was just a little fellow, we found his stomach and bowels were weak. He kept suffering from constipation. Nothing he ate agreed with him. He was fretful, feverish and puny."

"When we started giving him California Fig Syrup his condition improved quickly. His constipation and biliousness stopped and he has had no more trouble of that kind. I have since used California Fig Syrup with him for colds and upset spells. He likes it because it tastes so good and I like it because it helps him so wonderfully!"

California Fig Syrup has been the trusted standby of mothers for over 50 years. Leading physicians recommend it. It is purely vegetable and works with Nature to regulate, tone and strengthen the stomach and bowels of children so they get full nourishment from their food and waste is eliminated in a normal way.

Four million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it. Always look for the word "California" on the carton to be sure of getting the genuine.

Find Records of Stern Greek Law

Two pieces of pottery on which votes were inscribed which sent Aristides and Themistocles, Greek political and military leaders, into temporary exiles 240 years ago have been found in the ancient market place at Athens, Greece.

Citizens of Athens during the Fifth century B. C., were privileged under the constitution of the city to meet in public assembly and vote for the temporary banishment of any of the citizenry. If as many as 6,000 votes were cast in the ballot, the citizen receiving the largest number was exiled for ten years but not deprived of the enjoyment of his property.

At least eight Athenian leaders are known to have been ostracized, but votes cast in the ballots have only been found for four of the proceedings.

The above mentioned "ostraca," Greek term for the ballots so used, which was cast against Aristides is the first of its kind ever discovered but the one with the name of Themistocles is the second found. Ostraca have now been found for the votes against Megacles in 487 B. C., Xanthippos, father of Pericles in 485 B. C., Aristides in 483 B. C., and Themistocles in 471 B. C.

Period of Depression Worried Walt Whitman

Back in 1857 Walt Whitman was worrying about the depression, and the "wild thyme among the banks," and unemployment. He wrote an editorial about it for the Brooklyn Daily Times, which the Golden Book Magazine quotes:

"For the land has been shaken as by an earthquake, and the foundations of industry are dried, the arm of the worker is palsied, the cunning hand is motionless, and the hum and stir of a busy commerce are changed to the dejected silence of a day of national fasting and humiliation."

"Already, it is computed, more than 15,000 laboring people, who live, and help still more numerous thousands to live, by their toil, are thrown out of employment in the metropolis alone."

Bermudas Not Coral

The popular supposition that the Bermudas are formed of coral has been exploded in the latest book of Dr. William Beebe, "Nonsuch: Land of Water." Although "living coral," in small and large heads, is indeed abundant on the submerged reefs of Bermuda, says Doctor Beebe, it is only a "vener of encrusted life." Bermuda is really the peak of a long extinct volcanic mountain which rose from the sea floor; the alternating periods of raised and lowered ocean levels, due to the ice ages, alternately exposed and submerged large parts of the mountain and made possible the accumulation of crumpled shells and wind-blown sand.

WELL BE LATE FOR THE MATINEE, YOU'D BETTER LET ME DRY THE DISHES

OH, I'LL JUST LET THEM DRAIN DRY! YOU SEE, I USE RINSO, ITS THICK SUDS SOAK AWAY EVERY BIT OF GREASE—A HOT RINSE—AND THEY'RE DONE, EASY ON HANDS, TOO

Millions use Rinso— it's so easy on the hands

Mercollized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get no more and use as directed. Fine particles of good skin and soft until all defects such as wrinkles, liver spots, sun and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercollized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To receive maximum benefit, use one ounce Mercollized Wax dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

Constitution Can Be Relieved without drugs. Complete instructions. Send \$1 bill to J. A. Fennell, 294 Austin, Waco, Texas.

The Cinema Influence
Youth (pointing out lovely bather)—There, isn't she a peach? She knocks all the rest of the girls down here silly.
Friend—Ha! a real flatter-er's blond!—Humorist (London).

PLAN NOW TO GO

HOOT GIBSON'S RODEO Livestock Arena Twice Daily—Sixteen Days

ALICE JOY IN "DREAM GIRL FOLLIES" with HENRY SARTREY'S BAND Many Other Stars and a Bunch of BEAUTIFUL GIRLS in the AUDITORIUM New Prices . . . 50c to \$1.50

STATE FAIR OF TEXAS DALLAS Oct 8-23

To the Sheets
Cronie—Well, I must be going—I'm on my way to the club.
Meekton—I guess I'll go to—Mrs. Meekton—What!!!
Meekton—Bed!

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

She Shouldn't be Tired
No energy... circles under her eyes. If she would only try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in tablet-form, she could be strong and happy again.

TO KILL Screw Worms
Your money back if you don't kill Cannon's Lintiment. It kills screw worms, heals the wound and keeps flies away. Ask your dealer. (Adv.)

For Face and Hands
Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Lintiment are world favorites because so effective in restoring the natural purity and beauty of the skin, scalp, hair and hands when marred by unwholesome conditions.

Aticura
Sung 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Prepared by Foster Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria Chills and Fever Dengue

It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.

"Calibration"
By the calibration of an instrument is meant the checking or correcting of the scale readings of the instrument.

New Fable of the Flapper Feud

By GEORGE ADE

© 1932, Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.
ONCE there was a Lone Man who was compelled to take a ride on the new kind of Bus which is helping the Zinc Elizabeth to make a Joke out of the average Passenger Train. This Conveyance looked like a Batt's Ship with Wheels. It breathed Blue Smoke and made a Noise like Niagara Falls, and when it came surging along a rural Highway the Chickens would beat it for behind the Barn and remain there for Days.

The Traveler, who had planted himself in one of the springy Seats, had a couple of fresh Magazines in his Lap and counted on finding out how all of the Butter-and-Egg Men started as Weed-Pullers and got their Kale by hiring Employees who were too dumb to steal. Like many other Readers, he was keen for these Confessions of the Successful, little suspecting that most of the Strong-Arms who have taken it away from the Common People, hide their Black Jacks and Masks after they become Bank Directors and, after that, want to talk about Paintings, and the Opera.

He had just started to eat up a thrilling Piece entitled, "How it feels to be Red Headed" when his Attention was directed to two Pearls of Young Womanhood planted directly across the Aisle.

Claudine's Porous Eats.

They were Regulars and had overlooked Nothing. They were clipped high and had been dipped in Flour and had large rolling Eyes and wore One-Piece Gowns which did not seem to be securely fastened. The exposure included a long vertical Stretch of Shin-Bone.

This Traveler had no Desire to pry into the Secrets of these Cuties, who probably came of Refined People, no matter what they looked like. He was no Eavesdropper, Interloper or Buttinsky. If he could have kept out of their Confidence he would have done so. But his only Chance would have been to get off the Bus.

Because he could not help himself, he heard the whole Story, involving an undramatic Prologue, a treacherous Betrayal, Scandal and Dirt, Plot and Counterplot, the dissolution of Friendships and the bust-up of Love's Young Dream. That is to say, he got it in a General Way. Some of the Intrigues were a bit turgid and the Details became jammed in the Talking Machinery, but, as nearly as he could gather it up and sort it out and unravel it, here was the whole Seismic Disturbance:

Everything had been O. K. between Edna and Claudine up to the time of the Picnic. It must have been, because the two of them packed in the same Basket, and it was understood, from the Beginning, that they would eat with Raymond and Ollie, but nothing was said before the Picnic about Claudine's Boob Cousin from Springfield who was nothing but a Ringer and had an Appetite like a Horse.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Claudine had come through Fifty-Fifty, but she was always looking for a Chance to make a Splurge with somebody else's Chow. For one Thing, she didn't bring any Pickles or Thousand Island Dressing, after promising, and her Sandwiches were so thin the Sun could shine through them. Just the same, she told Everybody where to sit and let on as if it was her Party, all the time telling Edna what to open next.

Elmer the Goof.

All of that Rough Stuff at the Picnic might have been forgotten if she hadn't tramped all over Town the next Week telling Everybody that Edna had told Alma that Raymond was going to be Captain of the Basket Ball Team instead of Elmer. Always trying to start something. Her Middle Name was certainly War. Edna had told Alma, right in front of the Public Library, or it might have been more in front of the Service Garage, that she hoped Raymond would be Captain, because everyone knew he was the best player, but she hadn't even mentioned Elmer's Name and wouldn't have, for the World, because she had always been friendly with Elmer and liked him, in a Way, even if he was a Goof to look at, but Anybody who said that Elmer had any License to be Captain of the Team must have Mashed in the Coco, to say the least, coming right down to it, as far as that's concerned.

It was a Funny Thing that Claudine would knock Raymond the way she had and then go out to vamp him. And get away with it! Right from the Start Claudine had misrepresented, in every Way, Shape, Manner and Form, everything that Edna had said about the Basket Ball Team, even going so far as saying to Raymond, after he didn't get to be Captain, that he would have been all right if Edna hadn't queered him by going to the Superintendent and some of the Boys and shooting off her Mouth and getting everybody sore at her. All of which was a Pack of Lies, because Edna never opened her Face about Basket Ball unless she was asked and then said, in a Nice Way, that she hoped Raymond would be Captain because that was before he had gone Bloozy, in the Beans and fallen for the pinheaded Wiggler and Giggler.

Probably Raymond was a Goner or, from somebody could get to him and

give him the Low-Down and inside on the Trouble-Maker. Becuz, say what you will, Raymond wasn't such a Bad Scout. Just weak, that's all. Claudine had sewed Buttons on him because the Simp believed everything she passed out to him. It was only a Question of Time until he got wise to all that Apple Sauce she was feeding him and then he would walk out on her and leave her flat. You know it.

Sooner or later he would find out what she had told Mr. Finch, who ran the Picture Show. It seems that she had been waiting out in Front for the poor Egg to show up and take her in to see "Unprotected Women" and Mr. Finch in a joshing Way, started to kid her about Raymond and she said that he was nothing in her Young Life but she couldn't give him the Air because he was Nuts about her and tagging at her Heels every Minute. Those were the very identical Words she had used, because Mr. Finch had told Mrs. Finch, who had imparted the Big Sensation to Alberta Wilcox.

Swiping the Old Greek Badge.

The very Idea of her saying that Raymond had been chasing her when everybody in Town knew that she had been making Googy-Eyes at him for a Year and doing a lot of other Things that no Girl who had been well brought up would think of doing! For one Thing, he couldn't back the Car out of the Garage without her being on the Corner, all diked up like a Horse and Buggy, to flag him. Every time she pulled the Old One about just happening to be there.

It's funny where they went riding at Night. Her mother didn't seem to have the slightest Control over her. She could get away with all that Murder for a While but sooner or later she would get such a Hard Name that she wouldn't be able to break into a Public Dance with a letter of Introduction from President Hoover.

If Raymond wasn't such a Goose he'd remember what she pulled on George Spelvin while he was home from the Academy. She told around that he gave her the Frat Pin, but it was purty well known that she just the same as swiped it and then gave him the Old One about losing it, which is awful Coarse Work, if anyone should ask. Kit Lawrence had told Effie Dusenberry that she knew Claudine still had the Badge. If that didn't make a Thief out of her, what would you call it? I ask you.

As for having a Chance to go to Hollywood and be in a Picture, all that Chatter just proved that she was Crazy in the Head. Somebody had told her she looked like Joan Crawford and since then there had been no living with her. No wonder Everybody was sorry for her Mother.

It seemed that the Future of the Universe was now hinging on the Junior Prom. She (Claudine) had been buying Things and telling around that Raymond was going to take her, but Edna and Blanche said wouldn't it be a Good Joke if he gave her the Toss?

While further Plans for saving the much-to-be-desired Raymond were on the Fire, the Traveler had to alight and he may never know what happened to the Eternal Triangle.

MORAL: Suffering in Silence has become a Lost Art.

Normal Eyes Unhurt by Watching the "Movies"

If moving pictures hurt your eyes, your eyes are wrong and not the moving pictures, points out a recent bulletin of the Better Vision Institute. Normal eyes are not strained by the movies from any position in the theater, while eyes that are subnormal, aging or overworked feel the burden of several hours of focused attention on the screen.

"A moving figure on the screen should not strain our eyes any more than any other moving object," says the bulletin. "We actually see in a series of short, rapid jerks. That is the reason that sleight-of-hand performers can do their tricks, for their hands actually move faster than our eyes. The moving picture machine takes advantage of this fact and presents a series of snapshots so rapidly that the eye does not perceive the change. The 'persistence of vision,' or the lingering of the image in the eyes, gives the sensation of continuousness. But exactly the same thing happens when we look at any moving object. If anything hurts the moving picture-goer's eyes, it is focusing them uninterruptedly on the same spot for two or three hours. If the visual muscles are weak or tired, any other focused attention would strain them. Moving pictures are therefore one of the most infallible means of knowing whether or not you are due for a visit to the eyesight specialist."

Just Difference of Opinion

The resident in a London suburban street where the houses all look alike was returning home after a night out. He was endeavoring to make his key fit a lock for which it was not intended, when the window above him opened and an irascible voice called out: "You're trying to get into the wrong house, you fool." The reveler looked upward and answered: "Not at all. It's you who are looking out of the wrong window, you idiot."—London Sporting and Dramatic News

Gossip's Momentum

Two men met in a village and after a few minutes conversation, one remarked: "You've heard what they are saying about Smith; do you suppose it's true?" "I don't know," replied the other, "but I do know this, if you set a feather free at one end of the village, it'll be a feather bed before it gets to the other."

LITTLE GUILF ON THE CHESS BOARD

Compares More Than Favorably With Diplomacy.

Sir John Simon, speaking at the opening of the annual congress of the British Chess federation, referred to the innocence of the chess player. "Your opponent," he said, "holds out two fists, each with a pawn. You indicate one of the fists. He opens it and shows you a black pawn. Nobody since the beginning of the game of chess has ever said, 'But haven't you got a black pawn in the other fist?'"

In this, the foreign secretary was

perhaps thinking, the chess player compares favorably with the diplomat, even though their games are not dissimilar. When the world is your board and pawns men and women whose lives are at stake, when castles are mounted with guns and the slantwise attack of a bishop means death from the air, who dare be innocent? Chess is an abstract of politics. It is politics without passion, diplomacy in a world where all treaties are observed and all agreements faithfully fulfilled. The knight treads a crooked path like any politician, but it is always the same path; even the queen—the dictator—must obey rules. Pawns do not suddenly, like Japanese soldiers, leap forward five squares, nor players threaten, unless this is allowed, to

overturn the whole board. The innocence of the chess player is the innocence of the economic game that exists because it is least like life. What king, with knowledge of good and evil, would be content to move by rule to an inevitable doom? Where is the king who would allow a pawn to be obviously invented by dishonest statesmen. It represents their plea—proletariat in front; king, glory and no power; queen (the East, by the way, called mind) all powerful; church sudden and unexpected in attack; army through unlikely places; landowner and direct and powerful, particularly in difficult times when

others have fallen—the whole working to rule. They do not work to rule at Geneva.—Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

Expediency

Doctor—No tobacco, no alcohol, no theaters, a quiet life, plain food, and early to bed.

Patient—Yes, doctor, and what then?

Doctor—Then you will be able to pay my bill.—Cleveland News.

Maybe

"Insurance statistics show women live longer than men," said she.

"Yeah?" he snapped. "Well, that proves talking is less wearing than listening on the human system."—Sam Hill, Cincinnati Enquirer.

WARNING to PROPERTY OWNERS

TODAY a letter came to my desk that deeply impressed me. It was written by a woman—the mother in a typical American family. Her little home had been saved from foreclosure by a coat of new paint, for which a part of their meager savings had been paid.

Those few gallons of fresh paint had so revived the appearance and enhanced the value of the property that the mortgagee had consented to renew the loan . . . and the little home was saved.

I could not help thinking of the thousands of homes and buildings that are shabby and unattractive today due to several years of neglected painting; of the millions of home owners who, because of reduced incomes and enforced economy, have been obliged to sacrifice painting for taxes, interest, assessments, to say nothing of food, clothing, heat and other essentials of comfort and health.

You have seen these paint-starved houses and buildings, as have I. They are everywhere about you. Perhaps your home is included.

Do you understand what they signify? Do you realize what will happen to wood or metal that is literally naked of paint if these houses and buildings face the attack of another season of rain, snow, ice, and frost?

Never in the history of our country has the situation been paralleled. Property owners face an added burden of expense amounting to millions of dollars for repairs and replacements next spring.

And the crisis, in my opinion, will be reached *this coming winter* when paint of four, five, and even six years exposure to the weather will be unable to resist the elements—when badly weathered wood and metal will be easy prey for rot, rust and decay.

Today the big question facing thousands of property owners is plain. It is "paint or pay." Either you must invest a little this fall in new paint or you must take the risk of

paying many times the cost of paint to repair the damage done by rot, rust and decay this winter.

Even at the sacrifice of other things, have your house or buildings completely repainted now. No investment you can make will pay better dividends. And nothing you can buy will make you and your family feel so uplifted and cheerful.

If you cannot arrange to do a complete repainting job now, at least get the badly weathered places a coat or two of protecting paint.

Look especially, to the window sills, thresholds, outdoor porches and steps; the joints of porch railings and balings; the bases of pillars; the edges of eaves; the roof; the gutters and down spouts. These are the vital spots—where water lodges—where ice and frost settle—where rot and rust attack first.

A few dollars' worth of good paint, applied now, will protect these vital spots—will tide you over this crucial winter. And it will probably save you a much greater expense for repairs and replacements next spring and summer.

Under existing conditions, you may be tempted to buy a cheap paint because of its low price. I hope you will not make this costly mistake.

Even on sound lumber, inferior paint is a poor bargain. But on weathered wood, which is very porous, such paint is worse than useless. It gives you a false feeling of security and leaves you without protection.

Prices of well-known established brands of paint are now the lowest in fifteen years. Enough good, dependable paint can be purchased for a few dollars to protect all the badly weathered surfaces on your building.

Again I repeat, do a complete job this fall if you can. But at least do the vital exposed places before it is "too late."

G. L. Martin
 President
 THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

This message to the property owners of America is sponsored by the following paint manufacturers and their dealers:

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
 DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS
 W. W. LAWRENCE & CO.

LINCOLN PAINT & COLOR CO.
 THE LOWE BROTHERS CO.
 JONAS LUCAS & CO., INC.

THE MARTIN-SENOUR CO.
 PENINSULAR PAINT & VARNISH CO.
 THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Ed C. Boliver, Publisher

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

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

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J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas
Office Phone 3
Residence Phone 28

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

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

You are hereby commanded to summon Luther Jones to making publication of this Citation once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in the nearest county where a newspaper is published, to appear at the next regular term of the 100th District Court of Donley county, to be holden at the court house thereof in Clarendon, Texas, on the third Monday in October, A. D. 1932, the same being the 17th day of October, A. D. 1932, and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1932, a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No 1769, wherein Annie Jones is plaintiff, and Luther Jones is defendant, and a brief statement of plaintiff's cause of action being as follows:

Action for divorce by plaintiff against defendant. Plaintiff alleges that she has been an inhabitant in State of Texas for more than twelve months preceding the filing of this suit and has resided in the county of Donley, State of Texas, for a period of over six months preceding the exhibiting and filing of this petition. Plaintiff alleges that she and defendant were married on November 1, 1931, and that they continued to live together as man and wife until on or about January 21, 1932, when, by reason of the cruel and harsh treatment on the part of the defendant toward her, she was forced to leave defendant, since which time they have not lived together as husband and wife. Plaintiff shows that on numerous occasions defendant would curse and abuse her and would threaten to take her life, all of which tended to cause her mental pain and anguish and tended to render the marriage of plaintiff and defendant insupportable. Plaintiff further shows that the cruel and harsh acts on the part of the defendant in cursing, abusing and threatening plaintiff was of such a nature as to cause mental pain and anguish. Wherefore plaintiff prays that decree of divorce be granted her and for judgment for costs in this behalf, etc.

Herein fail not, but have before said Court, at its next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Clarendon, Texas, on this 19th day of September, A. D. 1932.

A. E. Baker,
Clerk District Court,
Donley County, Texas.

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DUAL SHOW
BEEF CATTLE
October 8 to 15

Also sheep, goats, mules, jacks and heavy horses.

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Increased interest in Poultry. Rabbits and Pigeons bring another great show to the State Fair.

Rabbits, Pigeons and 4-H Club Poultry the first week. Poultry the second week. Also a 16-day Egg-Laying Contest.

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HALL OF CHAMPIONS See America's Best under one roof!

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For District Attorney 100th Judicial District
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For County Judge
S. W. LOWE

For Sheriff
GUY PIERCE

For Tax Collector
M. W. MOSLEY

For Tax Assessor
W. A. ARMSTRONG

For County Clerk
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For County Treasurer
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Jim the Conqueror

... By Peter B. Kyne ...

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SYNOPSIS

Roberta Antrim, beautiful Eastern society girl, who lives with her uncle, William B. Latham, known as "Crooked Bill" because of his amusing slyness, receives a telegram from Jaime Miguel Higuenes, owner of the Rancho Valle Verde, in Texas, informing her her Uncle Tom Antrim has died, a violent death.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"He is also good-natured and easy-going, otherwise he would not bother himself with the probably thankless task of protecting the interests of a stranger—and an American at that. Probably he acted thus because I am a woman, which proves he is gallant and chivalrous."

"A sort of knight-errant." Crooked Bill murmured maliciously, and Hackett shot him a look of displeasure. "Well, Mexicans, of whatever class, are very polite to a lady. They always make a great-to-do about women. The chances are this Higuenes is an educated half-breed Aztec Indian. I wish he had informed us who killed Cock Robin. He merely says it was a cowman."

"I wonder if he got hurt?" Roberta murmured. "Does it matter particularly?" For a reason he had not even tried to analyze, but which had been born of a subconscious resentment of the man who had made it possible to interject Jaime Miguel Higuenes into Roberta Antrim's thoughts, Glenn Hackett spoke.

Ten thousand cunning lips peeped for an instant from Crooked Bill's old eyes. "No, he didn't get hurt—at least, not very badly."

"How do you know?" Hackett demanded, and Roberta looked at her uncle inquiringly. "I believe you know Jaime Higuenes."

"I couldn't make an affidavit to that, Roberta. I cannot recall having met him or even heard of him, so help me!"

Just then the butler entered to announce dinner. "Better reconsider your decision and break bread with us," Crooked Bill urged their guest.

"Yes, do," Roberta pleaded. "Thank you, I think I shall not." Then to the butler, "Harms, will you be good enough to get my hat and coat and telephone the garage for my car?"

When Glenn Hackett's car had rolled away down the driveway, Crooked Bill turned to his ward. "Round two for little Bright-eyes. I'm placing my money on the red."

"Who, the girl demanded firmly, is Jaime Miguel Higuenes?"

"I don't know, honey. I can only suspect, and some day I'll verify my suspicions and tell you."

"Please tell me your suspicions now, there's a dear," and Roberta smiled her most coaxing smile and put her arms around Crooked Bill's neck.

"Ah," he murmured, "a man can struggle along under a mystery but it drives a woman crazy. I'll not tell you what I suspect and you are perfectly powerless to drag it out of me."

"For two cents," Roberta threatened, "I'd go down to Los Algodones and investigate Jaime Miguel Higuenes personally."

"If you do you'll get the surprise of your sweet young life, my dear."

Roberta's brown eyes danced. Nobody knew better than Crooked Bill how she cherished surprises.

"I think I should go down to Uncle Tom's funeral," she suggested. "I'm the last of the Antrims and it would be rather indecent of me to permit strangers—and not very sympathetic strangers—I fear—to bury him."

"Crooked Bill was always practical, even if mysterious. 'I wouldn't do that, honey. I'm afraid Uncle Tom won't keep until you get there. I have never heard of ice or undertakers in Los Algodones, and as for hermetically sealed caskets, there just aren't any. I have a friend down there, however, and I'll wire him to attend the obsequies and send flowers for you and a wreath of cactus for me."

"Why have you always disliked Uncle Tom?"

"Because you're his niece, not mine, and he's never showed the slightest interest in you, except to send you five dollars at Christmas and on your birthdays; because I staked the unholy wretch in the cow business and he sold out the cows, refused to pay the loan, went to Mexico where I couldn't collect and set up in the sheep business; because he was ornery from birth and looked it. Your father was not what I would call a mental giant, Roberta, but he was kind and amusing and on the square, whereas your Uncle Tom was a throwback, a black sheep."

"Every family has them," the girl defended.

"Well, honey, you haven't yours any more!"

The following evening, Glenn Hackett, having recovered marvelously from his indisposition of the day before, called for dinner. "The bank gives the man Higuenes most flattering recommendations, Mr. Latham," he

announced. "He has plenty of cash and worldly assets and his record is clean. He is known as a man of honor and can be trusted implicitly."

Crooked Bill nodded, as if this report was not a matter of surprise to him. Hackett resumed:

"I cannot go to Texas to attend to this matter of your, Roberta. It will be necessary to engage a lawyer down there to handle your affairs there, and I suppose Higuenes can direct you to a good one. I imagine you will have to proceed to Los Algodones immediately."

"I shall start tomorrow," Roberta decided, and added maliciously: "I can hardly wait to meet that adorable Jaime Miguel Higuenes!"

CHAPTER II

A Sabbath calm lay upon the hacienda of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes, lord of the Rancho Valle Verde, notwithstanding the fact that it was not Sunday. Don Jaime gazed out through the arched entrance of his patio toward the distant, blue, serrated hills where the United States of America ended and the Republic of Mexico began.

"I wonder," he thought, "what is going to become of the Higuenes family?"

The problem proving too much for him, Don Jaime did that which all of his race do with the utmost ease and without preliminary notice. He fell into a gentle slumber. And while he slept a man on a honey-colored horse with a dark stripe running the length of his backbone rode up to the hacienda entrance, dismounted, and strode stiffly through the arched entrance

drive his sheep off my range; and before I called the sheriff in I talked with Tom Antrim. I told him he must not come back again, because eef—I mean if—he did—here Don Jaime shrugged eloquent shoulders—"well, I would not bother the sheriff to fight for my rights for me. No, by Santa Maria la Purisima! It is in the blood of the Higuenes family to fight their own fights."

The ranger protested again. "I heard all about the famous def of yours to old Antrim, and I happen to know the old skunk don't take orders worth a cent. Yet, he knows you mean business. That's why his men are all armed. He expects a battle and he knows you'll lead your forces. Now, if you should get killed in the fracas, your executor would be the one to protest against his trespassing in the future. Who might your executor be?"

"The Federal Trust company of El Paso."

"Tom Antrim owes them a lot of money. In a dry year they might not be too anxious to discover that Antrim was invading your range—that is, not until they had gotten their money out of the old hog. Now I

declined the argument, and would be a delight to be led but driven."

"Well, when some girl starts leading you, you'll need a manager for this ranch, Jimmy. You're growing weary of the reckless, and I could be depended on to keep this range free of sheep."

"There are also bandits from below the border who raid my little. The cemetery of the Rancho Valle Verde has grown fast of late years."

"Border fighting is an alley, James, old son."

"As a ranger you fight with the law behind you. You get a moral victory. But as a manager of this ranch, which God please to the Rio Grande for you, you would have to be very careful. It is better to be the head of a mouse than the tail of a lion."

Friend Ken, if the time comes for me to tie myself to a string I shall send for you."

Don Jaime lifted from beside his chair a copy of a pretentious magazine devoted to country life in America. "Here is a photograph of a girl," he said, turning the pages indolently, "whose face and figure would cast a halo over Texas."

"Where the devil do you suppose I got my education, if not along the Rio Grande?" Ken Hobart retorted. He lit a cigar and looked out over the pleasant garden. "Gosh, you've got a nice place here, Jimmy. I wish I'd been as discriminating in the selection of my ancestors as you were."

Don Jaime laughed lightly. "Only a little while ago I was reflecting that I have not had opportunity to practice the discrimination evinced by my ancestors in the picking of wives, Friend Hobart," he replied. "If you would be lord of a rancho marry a lady who has one and doesn't know what to do with it. Fortunately, I possess thees—I mean this—rancho, so I do not need the lady!"

"If you did, Jimmy, where the devil would you find her?"

"You have the delightful habit of placing your finger on the weak spot, my friend. Where, indeed, would I find a suitable wife? I am too busy with thees—I mean this—rancho, and when, once or twice a year I wander to the feshpots it is to be filled with amazement and fear of what would happen to me if I marry a modern girl."

"You have all of a Castilian's horror of a woman who believes she can take as good care of herself as any man can. I suppose you want a girl who will consent to dwell behind bars, take no exercise and stand for a fat old duenna tagging around behind her, not to see that she avoids romance but to make certain she doesn't act natural and seek it."

"You are wrong, my friend. I am quite modern but a bit old-fashioned, too. I have been in love many times but only in love with love. I must think long and carefully before asking any woman to share this life with me. Here, she would be lonely. She would look from this hacienda to the horizon and see—cattle. She would look back and see—me. One grows weary of scenery. She would come to regard me as a jailer, not a husband. So I must be careful."

"Well, when you meet the girl you truly fall desperately in love with, and she reciprocates your passion—"

"She," quoth Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes solemnly, "shall be the mother of my children."

"Where? Here?"

"Where she will, my friend," Don Jaime replied with simple sincerity.

"Then, Jimmy," said Ken Hobart, "I hope, for purely selfish reasons, you'll meet your fate before long and that she'll refuse to marry you until you sell this ranch and move to Houston or Dallas or San Antonio or—"

"The Higuenes men do not take orders from women," Don Jaime interrupted. "And this rancho will never be sold. Four generations of my family have owned it and fought for it. I love it."

"Well, if she asks it, you'll buy her a town house and live there with her part of the year, will you not?"

"Asking is not ordering or delivering ultimatums—"

"Ultimata, Jimmy," the ranger corrected him, mischievously.

"At any rate," Don Jaime resumed,

statistics provide new pastime for fat folks

Are you fat or lean? In either case you will appreciate these valuable statistics revealed by a magazine writer regarding adipose tissue, says the Detroit News. New fat added to the frame naturally has to be nourished by the extension of blood vessels. And a pound of fat, says a writer, requires small vessels totaling 5-6 of a mile in length. When a man puts on 30 pounds he interlaces his system with 25 miles of new capillaries, veins and arteries.

This fact supplies a very amusing pastime for persons addicted to laying things end to end, and is supposed to explain why fat folks are so contented and jolly. Every evening, as their weight increases, they can sit by the

fire and, after doing the cross-word puzzle, lay a fresh supply of capillaries end to end. Or, when losing weight, they can remove them end from end. It keeps the mind innocent and pleasantly occupied, and makes for happiness and good citizenship.

Beware of us fellows with the lean and hungry look. Such men are dangerous.

Large Gold Nugget

The National Museum has a record showing that the largest gold nugget found in California was found in the Monumental mine, in Sierra county, and weighed 1,506 Troy ounces.



Sabbath Calm Lay Upon the hacienda of Don Miguel Higuenes.

TALES OF THE CHIEFS

By Editha L. Watson

JOHN OTHERDAY

Out in a cow pasture, some twelve miles from Wilmot, S. D., there is a lonely grave.

There is no headstone to tell who lies here. There are no lovingly-planted flowers to brighten the spot. Two or three small stones mark the location—stones which a child could roll down into the creek which flows by.

Yet in this little-noticed, unkept grave lies the dust of John Otherday, hero.

He was a Wahpeton Sioux, born at the beginning of the Nineteenth century, and his early manhood was not what we would expect from heroes. Passionate and revengeful, he killed several of his tribesmen in drunken rages. Here, surely, was not the material from which good citizens are made.

Bravery, however, was a virtue which Otherday always possessed. In one of the fierce battles between those life-long enemies, the Sioux and the Chippewa, he carried a severely-wounded tribesman from the field, and later in the day saved the life of another. Thus the scales might be said to balance, for though he killed on one hand, he heroically saved on the other.

I do not know what changed Otherday into the man he became. At any rate, when he decided to become as nearly like a white man as an Indian could, he went at the task with the intensity he showed in everything. He became a devout church member, and dressed in white man's clothing.

This, perhaps, was not unusual in itself, but the "Spirit Lake massacre" proved Otherday to be a sincere friend of the white man. Inkapduta, a hostile, renegade Sioux, with his followers killed the settlers at Spirit Lake, S. D., and carried off two white women, Abigail Gardner (later Mrs. Sharp) and Mrs. Noble. Otherday and another Sioux, a chief, offered to attempt a rescue, and followed the dangerous band at the risk of their own lives.

Mrs. Noble died before the friendly pair won through to them, but Miss Gardner was released.

Otherday was fifty-six years old at this time. The exciting events of his life, especially this latest exploit, were enough for one person to have experienced, surely. He had married a white woman, and lived comfortably in a house built for him by the agent of his reservation. It is unlikely that he expected further adventures—he had certainly earned a peaceful life for his later years—and it is doubtful if he ever longed for other deeds of valor to perform.

But his service was not over; in fact, it may be said to have scarcely begun. The Sioux outbreak of 1862, in which hundreds of Minnesota settlers were tortured and killed, aroused the entire-region. Something must be done, and done quickly.

John Otherday, Sioux, one of the very tribe whose anger had flamed forth in such dreadful might, heard the call again. He was sixty-one years old, but he knew that he must answer. There was a wilderness between the besieged settlers and Saint Paul, where they would be safe. The people needed a guide, lest they become lost and die as they fled.

Sixty-two white persons were gathered by Otherday. He led them through to Saint Paul safely, and then turned back to the frontier to offer every aid at his command.

General Sibley and his troops having been ordered to quell the uprising, Otherday became attached to them as a scout, fighting against his tribesmen. It is said that "no person in the field compared with him in the exhibition of reckless bravery." He dressed all in white, and it was his custom to go so far in advance of the troops that they often fired at him, mistaking him for an enemy.

Remember the age of John Otherday; it seems incredible that he could kill several younger men, Sioux warriors, and take their horses, but a man who had lived through adventures enough to fill several lives, found this feat not so difficult.

At the close of this war, the valiant old Sioux was granted the sum of \$2,500 by congress. He bought a farm, and tried to succeed at agriculture, but it was too late for the war horse to begin drawing a plow. Finally he moved to the Sisseton and Wahpeton reservation, where he lived only a short time, dying of tuberculosis, and was buried on the land which he had hoped to some day own.

There is a monument at Morton, Minn., erected in honor of Otherday and the three other Christian Indians who showed their loyalty so heroically during the Sioux uprising. But only now, more than sixty years after his death, a movement has begun to mark the grave in a fitting manner.

I suggest an epitaph for the stone: "Here lies the body of an Indian, which enclosed the soul of a white man."

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Inland Islands"

Britain's "inland islands"—land situated in one county but under the jurisdiction of another—will soon disappear, according to recent reports. Neighboring counties in which these "islands" exist have decided to exchange their "foreign" territories. The change will simplify administration work, but it is meeting some opposition from those who for sentimental reasons regret the passing of this peculiarly English anomaly.

Don Jaime smiled. "As you will see, while I require no actual proof that I have made no mistake in hiring you, still—he shrugs his shoulders as only a Latin can—he has to have it. As you know, the Higuenes tribe are easy-going people. We do not require the supervision of a superintendent, for we have been loyal to our government since the day that your job I have engaged."

"Thank you, Don Jaime," Ken Hobart replied.

"You are employed now, and you will not wait for the end of the year, will you not?"

"I will ride back in time to meet when Antrim's sheep come to the guarded water-holes."

Don Jaime smiled. "As you will see, while I require no actual proof that I have made no mistake in hiring you, still—he shrugs his shoulders as only a Latin can—he has to have it. As you know, the Higuenes tribe are easy-going people. We do not require the supervision of a superintendent, for we have been loyal to our government since the day that your job I have engaged."

"Thank you, Don Jaime," Ken Hobart replied.



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Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. C. E. Johnson, Superintendent.
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Bright and Early, 3 lb 67c

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Also Serial and Comedy "Plane Crazy"
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Also Paramount News and Comedy "Rhythm in the River" and added attraction "Annie Rooney." It's a great show.
10c and 25c

MISS GULWELL IS HOSTESS TO THE SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class together with their sponsors, Mrs. Davenport and Mr. Maxwell, enjoyed their first social event Thursday evening of last week. Lometa Culwell was hostess to the grand affair which took the form of an Overall-Apron Party.

Games were played throughout the evening. Mr. Newman royally entertained the crowd with an Apache dance. Kenneth Bain also rendered several harmonica numbers to the delight of every one present.

Dainty refreshments of sandwiches, cookies and hot chocolate were served to The Senior Class and Sponsors, Mr and Mrs. R. F. Newman, Mr and Mrs. O. R. Culwell, Jessie Mildred and Paul, and the hostess.

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The Informer wants to print all the news, and appreciates your cooperation in its efforts to do that. But we must have all contributions in hand by 4 p. m. Wednesday. Lengthy articles should reach us earlier. This is not an arbitrary rule, but simply a necessity if we are to issue the paper on time—and our advertisers rightfully demand that this be done.

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