

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXIII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1933

NO. 43

## SCHOOL Supplies

A COMPLETE LINE OF THE BEST TO BE HAD.

Come to Our Store for your **FREE BOOK COVERS** ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE

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

## HEDLEY SCHOOLS TO OPEN NEXT MONDAY

The Hedley schools will open next Monday, Sept. 4. Enrollment and classification begins at 9:00 a. m. Program given at 10 a. m. Classification and enrollment will be continued in the afternoon if not completed in the morning.

Following is the program: "America," by school. Scripture Reading—Rev. A. V. Hendricks. "Onward, Christian Soldiers," by school. Introduction of New Superintendent—Mr. Rains. Talk by Mr. Steele. Solo—Mrs. Nowlin, with Mrs. Thompson at piano. Benediction—Rev. M. E. Wells.

We will be headquarters for all kinds of School Supplies. B. & B. Variety Store.

## TEXAS GOES WET; HEDLEY STAYS DRY

The election passed off quietly here last Saturday, only 186 votes being cast in the Hedley box out of a voting population of more than 500.

Although Texas went "wet," Donley county and Hedley went "dry." In this box the Repeal amendment was defeated 139 to 45. 3.2 Beer lost out, 123 to 60. Local Option was retained, 184 to 51. All the other amendments carried here.

The State voted favorable on all subjects submitted, on the ground that we must "back the President" and "end the depression." Well, the former has been done; here's hoping that the latter will be done, also.

The best we can do now is to wait and see.

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

Quality at Low Price

That's what you have a right so expect at any grocery, and that's what you get here.

Let us prove it to you.

Barnes & Hastings  
PHONE 21



WE DO OUR PART

## If It Isn't a Secret Tell the Informer

We want to print all the news that ought to be printed. Don't "hold out on us." Send in your news items, not later than noon Wednesday; earlier if possible. The Informer

Douglas Tinsley has returned to Hedley after spending the summer at Denton and other downstate points.

Dick Bain of Clarendon was a visitor in Hedley one day this week.

W. M. Patman, Clarendon insurance man, was looking after business in Hedley Wednesday.

Subscribe for The Informer.

Mrs. Edith Sims, a daughter, Miss Latrice, son, Don, and Miss Dorothy B. Watson, of Newlin, spent the week end in the homes of Mrs. Teddie Ayers and Mrs. Mack Sims.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Espey and children of Tuscaloosa, Ala., visited the W. H. Hoffman family one day last week.

Mrs. W. B. Laurence and sons went to Denton the past week after Miss Vera, who has been attending summer school. W. B., who has been visiting in Iredell, met them there and returned with them.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Payne were visitors in Hedley Tuesday of this week. They are planning to attend Trinity University, Waxahatchie, this winter.

Reid Chilcoat made a business trip to Wichita Falls the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Gross of Lefors spent last Thursday and Friday as guests of Miss Hazel Stewart.

W. L. Hilton of Mercedes is a guest in the home of Miss Nita Cuiwell this week.

## CHANGES ARE MADE IN MANAGEMENT OF GINS

The Informer man learns this week of a change in ginning interests in Hedley.

Rainey Westberry has disposed of his interests in the Westberry Gin Co., and will be manager of the Besty Gin.

Tom McDougal has interests in the Westberry Gin Co. and will be manager of same.

This deal having been made just as the season opens, no change of name will be made in the Westberry Gin Co. this year, as it would entail too much time and expense in reprinting supplies.

## FIRST BAPTISTS CLOSE SUCCESSFUL MEETING

The revival meeting at First Baptist Church closed with the evening service last Sunday. It was a very successful meeting.

An especially large crowd attended the baptismal service, those baptized being Mrs. Claud Nash Jr., Mrs. W. C. Quesenberry, Jimmy Ray Gordon, R. C. and Elgin Campbell, Linwood Adkins, Wilmoth Smith, Ralph Alewine Jr. Also a number were received into the church by letter.

W. P. Bain, an old time citizen of Hedley, has been here on a visit to his brother, J. T. Bain, and other relatives and friends.

Misses Mabel and Gratches Howell visited friends in Hedley last Thursday and Friday. They were guests in the Lee Nowlin home.

Supt. S. R. Steele and Principal Lee Nowlin of the Hedley school were in the Quail and McKnight communities last Monday, in the interest of the school.

Mrs. O. H. Tinsley and daughters, Doris and Joyce, have returned from Denton, where they attended school this summer.

Subscribe for The Informer

Quality, Price, Service and Satisfaction

Guaranteed at This Store

Hedley Cash Grocery

## PARENT-TEACHERS WILL MEET SEPTEMBER 7th

Thursday, Sept. 7, will be the first meeting of Hedley P. T. A. for this term. The meeting is to be at 8 p. m., and will be for the purpose of extending a welcome to the teachers.

All school patrons of the community are invited to come.

## SPECIAL: SCHOOL GIRLS

Get your Permanent Wave before they go up. \$1.50 for one week.

Eracie Bradley, at Mitchell's Store.

## SUPT. STEELE DELIVERS EDUCATIONAL ADDRESS

Supt. S. R. Steele, who filled the Methodist pulpit last Sunday in the absence of the pastor, spoke on Christian Education, and was greeted by an appreciative audience. He took for his text "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." He discussed child life in the home, the church and the school, and showed how all three were necessary for a well rounded Christian character.

Among the Hedley folks who attended the State Convention of the American Legion and Auxiliaries in Wichita Falls the past week were Messrs. and Mmes. L. E. Thompson, A. T. Simmons, C. L. Johnson and P. L. Dishman, and Miss Mary Harris.

Rev. M. E. Wells is conducting a revival meeting at Quail this week.

Miss Ethel Fox of Childress visited in the Rev. M. E. Wells home the past week.

## NOTICE

This week we will Wash and Grease your Car for 50c

We have Gas and Oil at the Sinclair Filling Station. Come to see us.

BOZEMAN GARAGE

## JUNIOR STUDY CLUB

The Junior 1919 Study Club will hold the first meeting of the new year Wednesday, Sept. 6th, in the home of Mrs. Elvin Hickey. The program will be a current event review.

Mrs. Joe Everett, leader. Roll call—Current Events. Roosevelt, the Man of the Hour—Mrs. Ross Adamson. Brief Discussion of Four Prominent American Citizens—Mrs. Ray Moreman.

Yesterday and Today—"A Century of Progress"—Alice Noel.

All members are urged to be present. New members elected at the end of the closing year are Theresa Webb, Mrs. Ernest Eads, Mrs. Chas. Rains and Mrs. H. H. Hall.

Joyce and Barton Armstrong have taken over the Phillips 66 Service Station, and invite their friends and the general public to call on them when in need of anything in their line.

## ANNUAL HEDLEY SCHOOL BUDGET NOW ON FILE

The Annual Budget for Hedley Independent School District is on file with the School Clerk at Security State Bank.

W. D. Franklin, Secretary of Board.

Miss Hazel Stewart has returned home from the "El Plato C."

## TO CAR OWNERS

I have secured the services of A. I. McGowan, expert auto mechanic, and we are now better prepared than ever to do all kinds of auto repairing.

"Mack" is well known to the people of this community, having formerly been with the Hedley Motor Co., and he invites all his friends and former customers to call on him here.

Whiteside Garage

## Twenty Years

ON AUGUST 29th, 1913, this Institution first opened its hospitable doors. This is its 20th anniversary of service to Hedley.

In these years of service the Security State Bank has faced—with its patrons and the community—many problems and conditions; among them, times of financial stress, of war and depression. Through them all it has stood firm, doing its best for its customers, in trying times and good ones, as we are doing today.

We're proud of this record. It proves the strength of organization and the sound banking policies upon which our broad service is based.

SECURITY STATE BANK  
HEDLEY, TEXAS

"The Bank that knows you"

You Are Always Welcome!

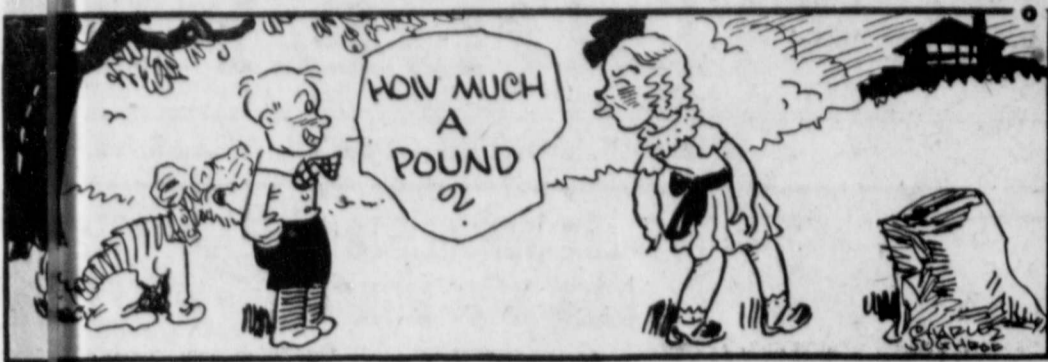
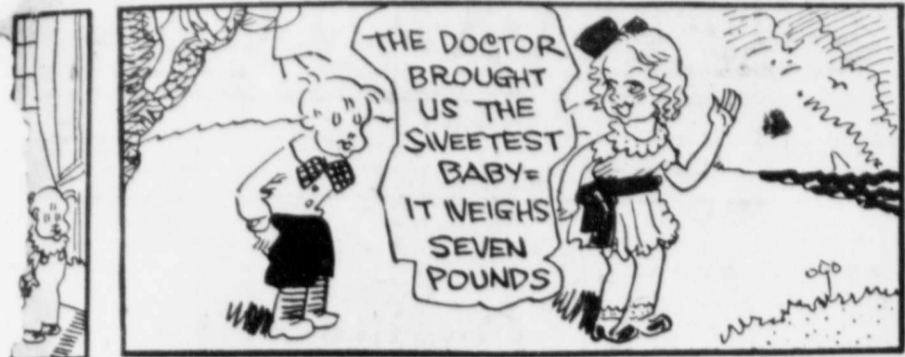
YOU ARE OUR PERSONAL GUEST Every Time You Enter Our Door to be treated with every consideration

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

JCH IS LIFE—The Smartie!



By Charles Sughroe

ROADSIDE MARKETING

By T. J. Delohery

WHY PEOPLE BUY AT ROADSIDE MARKETS

WHILE fruits, vegetables, poultry and dairy products are the main things sold over roadside markets, consumers will also buy fruit juices, jams, jellies, preserves, canned goods, nuts, popcorn, honey and such unrelated things as baskets, flowers, shrubbery, pottery and craft products.

These facts are revealed by the experience of thousands of producers, but more specifically in a questionnaire which the Massachusetts state department of agriculture sent out to 2,000 people representing a cross section of urban population. A survey of 1,700 markets along 2,800 miles of first, second and third-class roads in Ohio brought out the same facts.

The Massachusetts questionnaire was the groundwork for assistance which the state planned to give farmers who wanted to sell products of the farm, home and garden direct to the consumer. It was found, in the reply that roadside marketing, expanded yearly, has a promising future.

More than 90 per cent of the 2,000 replies to the questionnaire declare that city and town folks regard roadside markets as satisfactory places to buy fruits, vegetables and poultry products, dairy products, flowers, jams, jellies, preserves, juices, canned goods, cider and honey.

Freshness was given as the reason for buying direct from the producer with quality and price following the order mentioned.

In keeping with this desire for quality products, 1,400 people declared themselves very much in favor of home-grown stuff. The reason is quite plain. Green fields, fresh with dew, and the memory of the tasty vegetables grown in the home garden, to say nothing of tree-ripened fruit, are responsible. Surveys made in Illinois and West Virginia, where local towns and cities were "importing" many farm products which could be produced locally, backs up the answers of the Bay state consumers.

In Illinois, for instance, retailers and consumers expressed themselves willing to pay 5 cents a dozen more for locally produced fresh eggs; and not sufficient milk was produced in the vicinity to supply consumers.

Reviewing the compilation of the answers to the various sections of the Massachusetts questionnaire, it was evident that roadside markets offer the farmer the opportunity to get a bigger share of the consumer's food dollar, if producers will only make a little effort to grasp it. Not all of the consumers who answered the questionnaire are steady patrons of highway markets, but more than 50 per cent declared a preference for buying their fruits, vegetables and poultry products from the grower.

Here again freshness was the reason assigned. This feeling was also carried out in opposition to buying oranges, lemons, grapefruit, bananas and such other tropical fruits at roadside markets. True, farmers do handle fruits which they do not produce, this practice originating with their acquiring better knowledge of merchandising, and knowing customers like to do as much shopping as possible in one place; but few handle citrus fruits.

In every survey made, freshness stands out. In Ohio, where consumers spend 25 per cent of their fruit, vegetable and poultry dollar at roadside markets, freshness was given as the big reason why they went into the country for these products.

While the mention of freshness was general, it is rather significant in view of conditions that less than 10 per cent of the consumers in both states were interested in price or the possibility of saving money by buying direct from the producer.

Another indication that freshness and quality are the dominating factors in products to be sold at the roadside market is the time of day when most sales are made.

Convenience is mentioned because consumers gave it as one of the reasons they patronized these markets, it outranking the much stressed necessary business requirement—service.

Roadside marketing is still on the increase, despite general conditions. Business is good even though there may be less cars on the road. Individual purchases indicate this; investigations by college authorities and the records of individual farmers showing they range in average from 50 to 75 cents. Expense of operating has shown a corresponding decrease, labor, one of the biggest items, being considerably lower where hired help is necessary. The cost of other necessities such as packages and advertising vary with the volume of business.



An Inviting Display.

Jew "Flying Wing" Gives Higher Speed

Miles a Minute Predicted for Device.

New York.—A new type of "flying wing" monoplane, which is expected to attain a high speed of four miles a minute with two engines of small power, is under construction behind barred doors of a western plant, it was revealed here. Wind tunnel tests conducted by Prof. Alexander Klemin of the Guggenheim school of aeronautics at New York university, reveal the high performance possibilities of the new craft.

The new plane represents no radical departure. The four-mile-a-minute performance on two engines of 125 horse power each is obtained by almost perfect stream lining, plus the setting of the engines to get the best results.

It is a cabin type with a capacity of four passengers, and if the performance of the first plane comes up to the wind tunnel measurements on the model it will be the fastest low-power plane ever constructed.

Retractable Landing Gear.

The craft employs a retractable landing gear and has a short bullet-like fuselage which is streamlined into the wing, so that only a little more than half of it is visible above the high wing lift from a head-on position. The two engines also are streamlined into the leading edge of the wing in projectile-like nacelles, which have very little frontal area. The landing gear retracts into the engine nacelles.

Professor Klemin was agreeably surprised by the performance data collected for the designer, Thomas M. Shelton of Denver, Colo.

The tests show that the craft with a full load will have an initial climb of 1,700 feet a minute, and with the flaps in use will have a landing speed

of 55 miles an hour, which is low, considering the high speed of the plane. On one engine the craft will have a speed of 150 miles an hour and will be able to climb at the rate of 675 feet a minute.

The method of performance calculation used by Professor Klemin to arrive at the figures for the new plane, which Shelton will call the "gyro-plane," is considered reliable by the aviation industry, and the results in the past in flight figures has consistently shown agreement with the tunnel calculations.

22 Per Cent Faster.

Shelton, in comparing the performance figures with those of other planes in the same class, said that the gyro-plane would be 22 per cent faster than any marketed thus far. An outstanding safety factor in the design is the plane's capacity not only to fly but to climb on one engine.

Shelton said the project was financed completely and that the construction of the first plane would be pushed so that it may be tested in actual flight by the first of the year.

"After we iron out the 'bugs' in the four place craft we intend to build a 20-passenger ship with two engines of 700 horse power," he said. Although all the regular planes are to be built of metal, Shelton said the construction of the first would be of wood and fabric. The power units on the first model probably will be inverted in-line, air-cooled engines.

Lambs Born in Mine

Opal, Wyo.—When a cold snap broke over the wide-open spaces of Wyoming, Matt Bertagnoli, Opal sheep owner, had his herder run a band of sheep into a coal mine to escape the storm. Nearly 100 lambs were born in the mine during the storm and all of the sheep and lambs were saved.

Counts World's Noses

Geneva.—About 2,000,000,000 people dwell on this terrestrial globe, says the new year book of the League of Nations. Both births and deaths show a tendency to decrease.

Rat's Cancer Cured by Cobra's Venom

Paris.—Dr. Albert Calmette, under-director of the Pasteur Institute and member of the Academy of Medicine, announced that the institute had stopped the growth of cancer in a white rat by using the cobra venom treatment discovered by Dr. Adolph Monne-Lesser of New York.

The rat cancer is a much simpler form than cancer in humans, he said.

"We proved successful in treatment of the cancer in a white rat," said Doctor Calmette, "after twelve injections of venom, each of which represented one-tenth of a mortal dose."

Diving Champion



Katherine Rawis, comely young woman from Florida, who won the national springboard diving championship at Jones Beach, Long Island. She accumulated 132.44 points.

The Failure of Egotism

LEONARD BARRETT

Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" during the years of his confinement in prison at Seville. It is the story of one man's experience lived in a world of constant changing conditions. The character of Don Quixote is intended to illustrate the folly of that spirit which refuses to consider the opinions of others, but is led on entirely by its own delusions. Cervantes recently felt how irresponsible was that type of Spanish life which interpreted no higher law than "let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." In order to portray the utter folly of this type of life, he wrote Don Quixote. Don Quixote is mad with egotism, typical of a prevailing Spanish madness, but typical also of a universal madness when imagination runs riot with reason. Cervantes was born in Spain in 1547 and died in 1616. The book represents the product of his best and more mature life, having been completed and published only eleven years before he died.



Some persons are so constituted that they refuse to listen to reason or be guided by the advice of others. Convinced they are absolutely right in their point of view, they spare no strength or time in self-sacrificing efforts to realize a definite objective. Self-centered egotism, like the madness portrayed by Cervantes, sooner or later brings one to a tragic end. No person was ever so well endowed that he did not need the wisdom and counsel of others.

"Squirrel Man"



For fourteen years J. G. Arthur of San Francisco has spent his leisure time making friends with the squirrels in Golden Gate park. Every Sunday Arthur may be seen among the air trees on the main drive armed with a sack of nuts, enticing his small friends from the trees. He wears a flat green hat on which the small animals jump and stay to be fed.

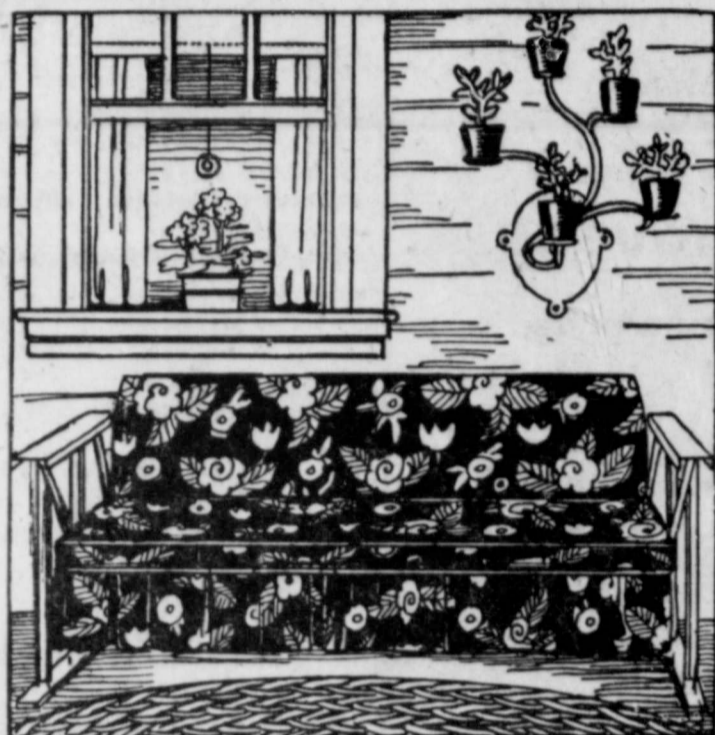
Self-confidence is one thing and greatly to be desired, but that bragadocio spirit of "I know it all" will soon lead to disaster. If not complete failure. If we will not learn from the experiences of others, perhaps we deserve to fail. The greatest teacher in all history sought the companionship and counsel of a group of twelve men. The very best counsel many times comes from those who are nearest to us and who are more interested in our career than any other person. No scientist, however brilliant, ever speaks in terms of finality. No wise man ever tries to win in the battle of life alone. The foolish man, full of himself and dominated by his own conceit seldom accepts counsel when it is offered to him. The old philosopher Seneca wrote, "Consult your friend on all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsel may then be useful where your own self-love might impair your judgment."

Father Sage Says:

Financial experts do not seem to be so hand to warn the people when there is real danger. But as hind-sighters, they come out strong.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker



One of the New Style Gliders Admirably Suited to Use on Piazza.

A modified living out-of-doors has gradually been developing in places which are not actual cities. It is a middle court between the restricted life of thickly settled districts, and the freedom of country life. Its expression is found in sun parlors, sleeping porches, screened-in verandas and screened-in rooms detached from houses. Roof gardens in cities are a decided trend in this direction, being the only opportunity afforded hotel and apartment dwellers for quick relaxation out-of-doors. When residences have even small garden plots they are often as carefully treated decoratively as the inside of the house so that they lure the family who remains in town to relax outdoors, or entertain under the open sky.

This phase of living has brought in to use a definite kind of furniture and furnishing, no longer novel except in the introduction of new styles, as is true of other furnishings. For example, once a Gloucester hammock was delighted in, with its wide and ample enough for afternoon siestas or for sleeping in, in case of torrid heat indoors, or when extra company made another sleeping place necessary.

Modern Improvements.

Today, these are seldom found. The swinging standard hammock, "gliders" as they are termed, have supplanted the Gloucester and couch hammocks. In selecting one of these, the upholstery should be removable or of waterproof material for porches where rain may blow in. Some of the latest models have separate mattresses with cushions for backs, and these can be carried indoors during storms. Others have smart waterproof textile upholstery. If the "glider" has neither of these protections, a waterproof cover for the mattress can be made which can be quickly tucked about the upholstery and be snapped or tied in position. This takes a bit longer to ad-

just, however, in case of sudden storms.

One of the great improvements in porch furnishings is in these attractive waterproof materials. They come in choice patterns, gay and cheerful as a garden in bloom. Or in beautiful plain colors, heavy and strong, or soft and almost thin. These latter are good for window curtains, while the heavier ones are best for upholstery and cushions. Never before has there been so wide a variety of more beautiful patterns in waterproof and sun-proof, textiles for out-door living rooms.

Balance in Furniture.

To preserve the balance between scantily furnished and overfurnished rooms is one of the problems of the home decorator. In the first instance, although the furniture may be adequate, the rooms have a bare appearance which robs them of the needed cozy welcoming character. There is a curious aloofness about the pieces in a scantily furnished room which is sapping to cordiality. It indicates either lack of funds to buy wanted articles, or an institutional trend in the nature of the home decorator. The woman may not be aware of this tendency, but the rooms betray it.

The well-furnished house must be carefully considered, for it should have in it every needed thing, and as many labor-saving devices as can be afforded. It should not be so full that it suggests work to keep it clean, nor should it be so lacking in furniture that it has a bare appearance. It should suggest comfort, restfulness and that home attribute of coziness which is instilled by having loved things about.

© 1923, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Knowledge

Much of anyone's knowledge is really only information gained by reading or hearing the facts and not by actual witness or examination of them.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

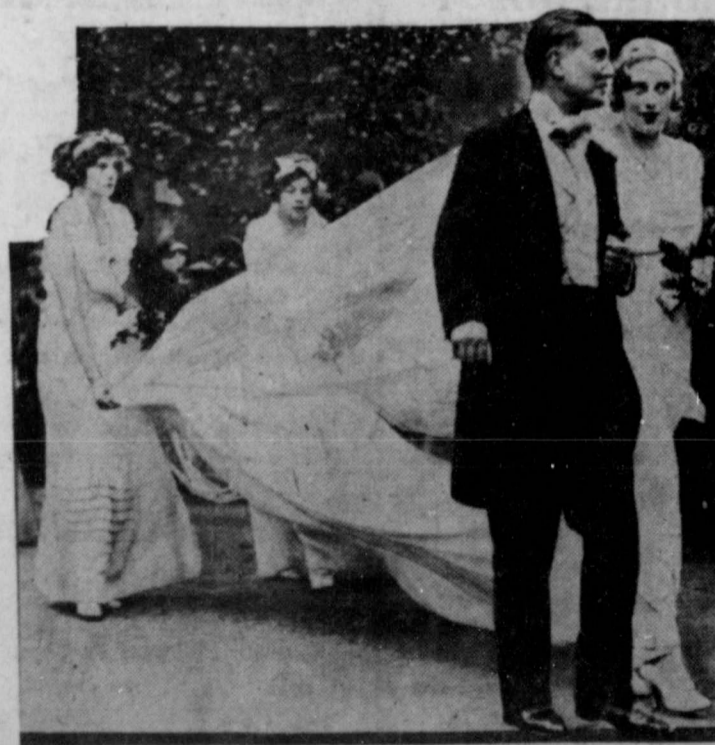
**SMALLPOX SCOURGE—**  
EUROPE HAD 60,000,000 DEATHS FROM SMALLPOX IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

**TRUE TEARS OF BLOOD—**  
THE HORNE TOAD SHEDS TEARS OF BLOOD, CAUSED WHEN DISTURBED BY A RUSH OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD, CONGESTING THE EYELIDS AND CAUSING BLOOD TO ISSUE.

**TOP-SOIL AGE—**  
400 YEARS ARE REQUIRED TO NATURALLY BUILD ONE INCH OF GOOD TOP-SOIL.

WNU Service

Chicago Author Weds Titled Girl



Henry Channon of Chicago, a well-known author, and Lady Honor Guinness, daughter of Lord and Lady Iveagh, leaving St. Margaret's church, Westminster, London, after their wedding. George, former king of Greece, was one of the ushers.

© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.

# 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 advertising is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

## Dr. F. V. Walker

General Practice.  
Contagious Diseases - Socially  
Residence Phone 5  
Office with Wilson Drug Co.  
Hedley, Texas

## O. E. Dickinson

DENTIST  
HEDLEY, TEXAS  
Office at Hedley Drug Co.

## GILLIAM PRODUCE

We buy Chickens Eggs  
and Cream  
Located on Main Street  
Phone 15

## J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas  
Office Phone 8  
Residence Phone 20

## Quick Relief for Chills and Fever

and Other Effects of Malaria!

Don't put up with the suffering of Malaria—the teeth-chattering chills and the burning fever. Get rid of Malaria by getting the infection out of your system. That's what Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic does—destroys and drives out the infection. At the same time, it builds up your system against further attack.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic contains tasteless quinine which kills the infection in the blood. It also contains iron which builds up the blood and helps it overcome the effects of Malaria as well as fortify against re-infection. These are the effects you want for COMPLETE relief. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is pleasant to take and absolutely safe, even for children. No bitter taste of quinine. Get a bottle today and be forearmed against Malaria. For sale at all stores.

## JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

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

## Huffman's Barber Shop

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

## COFFINS, CASKETS UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

Licensed Embalmer and Auto  
Hearse At Your Service  
Day phone 24  
Night phone 40  
MOREMAN HARDWARE

## BIDS WANTED FOR SCHOOL DEPOSITORY

We will accept bids from parties wishing to act as depository of Hedley Independent School District school funds for the coming two years.

Bids must be in not later than noon of September 11 1933.

W. I. Rains,  
President Board.  
W. D. Franklin, Secretary.

We will still sell merchandise at the lowest price possible after the tax is on.

B. & B. Variety Store.

G. O. Wood, old time citizen of Hedley now living at Abilene is greeting friends here Saturday. He is up here on a visit to his mother at Leila Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. McNeely and daughter of Sudan visited in the Rev. A. V. Hendricks home Thursday night of last week.

## J. B. GRIMSLEY GIVEN A PLEASANT SURPRISE

Mr. J. B. Grimsley was pleasantly surprised Sunday afternoon by a visit from his sisters and brother and other relatives.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Asa Caffee (sister) of Petrolia, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Clay Dunn and children of Byers, Mr. and Mrs. Chet Caffee and son of Daugherty, Floyd county, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wiggins (sister), Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Grimsley (brother), Mrs. Elvia Davenport and children. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Grimsley and children. Geo. Randall, Alta Grimsley, Bobby Lou Grimsley, all of Hedley, and Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Hemphill and children of Newlin.

Mrs. L. F. Stewart and Gene Stewart have returned to their home at McLean after a several weeks visit in the B. N. Stewart home.

## MRS. JOHN SIMS GIVEN BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

On August 24th, at the home of Mrs. Teddie Ayers a surprise birthday dinner was given in honor of her mother, Mrs. John Sims, it being her sixty fifth birthday.

Those present were: M. L. Sims and son M. L. Jr.; a sister, Mrs. E. I. Wingo, and granddaughter, Dolly, and Miss Ruby Berriman, all of Amarillo; S. A. Birdine, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heath, Mrs. Martha Hogue, Miss Fay Frost of Bray, and the joint hostesses, Mesdames S. A. Birdine, M. L. Sims, and Teddie Ayers. A bountiful dinner was set, with a birthday cake decorated with 65 pink and yellow candles. The honoree received several gifts including bouquets of flowers. Mrs. Marvin Powell visited with us in the afternoon.

It was an enjoyable day, and the guests departed wishing for the honoree many more happy birthdays.

## SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

For Sunday, September 3:  
Topic, "The Drawing Power of Jesus."

Introduction—Group Captain. The Drawing Power of Jesus Illustrated—Golden Holland.

The Drawing Power of Jesus Analyzed—Nina Mae Bailey and Nettie Blankenship.

The Drawing Power of Jesus Experienced—Pauline Boliver.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Heath were among those who accompanied the body of Tom Latimer from Levelland here Monday. They returned home Tuesday.

# Get Your MAGAZINES at Cost!

**WHY PAY MORE**  
HERE is an actual opportunity to make your dollar do double duty. Twice as much for your money is no small matter when you consider the well balanced assortment of standard publications which are entertaining, instructive, and enjoyable in the widest variety. We have made it easy for you—simply select the club you want and send us this coupon to our office TODAY.

Club No. C-1  
Progressive Farmer, 1 year  
Everybody's Poultry Magazine, 1 year  
The Farm Journal, 1 year  
Country Home, 1 year  
AND THIS NEWSPAPER For One Year } **ALL FIVE FOR ONLY \$1.00**

Club No. C-2  
Southern Agriculturist, 1 year  
Country Home, 1 year  
The Farm Journal, 1 year  
AND THIS NEWSPAPER For One Year } **ALL FOUR FOR ONLY \$1.00**

**CLIP THIS Coupon To Day**

**Yes**—MR. EDITOR, Send Sample to \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_  
Bring or mail this Coupon to our office today—NOW

See our window display of School Supplies.  
B. & B. Variety Store.

W. A. Lewis and family were in Hedley a short time Monday. They were moving from Smith to Roaring Springs, where he will be superintendent of the public schools.

Mrs. Donley Hall of Alanreed visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bell, here recently.

**CHURCH OF CHRIST**  
Bible Classes every Sunday morning from 10 to 11 o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

**NAZARENE CHURCH**  
Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
Preaching service 11 a. m.  
Night service at 8:15.  
Rev. Nannie Carter, Pastor.

## Buy Now! TIRE PRICES ARE GOING HIGHER

WE will sell you Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires at today's low prices as long as our stock lasts. Don't risk the danger of tire trouble or possible blowouts on your Labor Day trip.

With new Firestone Tires on your car you can drive anywhere, at any time with the assurance that the extra construction features of Gum-Dipping and Two Extra Gum-Dipped Cord Plies under the Tread give you greater safety and blowout protection than can be found in any other tire.

Drive in today. Let us inspect your tires. If you need new tires you will be surprised how little it will cost to trade the danger of blowouts for the safety of Firestone Tires.



THE MASTERPIECE OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION

Firestone Tires are built with high stretch Gum-Dipped Cords. Every cotton fiber in every cord in every ply is saturated and coated with pure rubber. This extra Firestone process gives you 58% greater protection against blowouts.

SIZE	TODAY'S PRICE	JAN. 1933 PRICE	1932 PRICE
4.75-19 ...	\$8.40	10.50	12.25
5.00-19 ...	9.00	11.00	12.75
5.25-18 ...	10.00	12.00	13.75
5.50-19 ...	11.50	13.50	15.25
6.00-18 ...	12.70	14.75	16.75
6.00-19 H.D.	15.60	17.50	19.50
6.50-19 H.D.	17.90	20.10	22.00
7.00-18 H.D.	20.15	22.90	24.60

**Firestone Batteries**  
A new high standard of Power, Dependability and Long Life. We test every make of Battery FREE.  
**\$5.75** and your old battery

**Firestone SPARK PLUGS**  
Hotter spark, increased power, increased mileage. Sealed against power leakage. Old worn plugs waste gas—line. We test your Spark Plugs FREE. Each in Set **58c**

**Firestone BRAKE LINING**  
The new Firestone Approved Brake Lining is moisture-proof giving smoother braking action and more positive braking control. We test your Brakes FREE.  
As Low as **2.40** Per Set  
Refining Charges Extra

## Insure a Safe Holiday Trip • Equip Your Car With Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires at Today's Low Prices • Don't Wait

3 LINES of TIRES with Firestone NAME and GUARANTEE  
Built with Superior Quality and Construction Yet Priced as LOW as Special Brands and Mail Order Tires

Firestone OLDFIELD TYPE		Firestone SENTINEL TYPE		Firestone COURIER TYPE	
Ford Chevrolet 4.50-21	\$6.30	Ford Chevrolet 4.50-21	\$5.65	Ford 30x3 1/2	\$3.45
Ford Chevrolet Plym'n 'th 4.75-19	6.70	Ford Chevrolet Plym'n 'th 4.75-19	6.05	Ford Chevrolet 4.40-21	3.60
Nash Essex 5.00-20	7.45	Nash Essex 5.00-20	6.70	Ford Chevrolet 4.50-21	4.25
Buick Chevrolet Ford Packard 5.25-18	8.10	Buick Chevrolet Ford Packard 5.25-18	7.30	Ford Chevrolet Plym'n 'th 4.75-19	4.65
Auburn Studebaker 5.50-18	9.00				

See Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires made in the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at "A Century of Progress," Chicago.

## Hall Service Station Hedley, Texas

## You'll Enjoy the Advantages of Modern ELECTRIC Water Heating



Hot water at all times (and it's needed for countless purposes every day in the week) is one of the greatest comforts and conveniences of the modern home. Most homes of today enjoy hot water service of a fashion—but here's the type of service your home should have...

Hot water in a constant and adequate supply... with perfect safety... without the disadvantages of flame noise, poisonous fumes, odors, smoke and soot... and at extremely low cost.

—In short, you need modern ELECTRIC water-heating service!

Drop in at our Merchandise Showroom and see the beautiful new electric water heaters now on display. They are efficient, dependable, safe, low in first cost, the terms are attractive—and they operate on the new "constant hot water service" plan that means remarkably LOW COST OF OPERATION!

ASK ABOUT... Our "Constant Hot Water Service" Plan. It Gives You a New and Surprisingly LOW COST!

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



## West Texas Utilities Company

# Review of Current Events the World Over

## Cuba in Turmoil as Machado Refuses to Quit the Presidency—Germany Rebuffs Britain and France—National Recovery Progress.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

GERARDO MACHADO, president of Cuba, appeared to be reaching the end of his rope, but was stubbornly defiant of his opponents and flatly rejected the plan offered by American Ambassador Sumner Welles for settlement of the island's political turmoil.



Gerardo Machado

Welles told Machado that he should ask congress for a leave of absence after appointing an acceptable man for the position of secretary of state; that secretary, according to the Cuban constitution, would succeed to the presidency in event that office became vacant. He would then select a cabinet representative of all political factions, constitutional reforms would be submitted to congress and later to a constitutional convention; and the vice presidential office would be filled by either the congress or the supreme court.

To this proposition President Machado replied:

"I am and will continue to be the president of the Republic of Cuba, exercising all of my constitutional prerogatives. Of these I cannot relinquish the smallest part without becoming a traitor to the confidence reposed in me by the people of Cuba when they freely gave their votes to me, or without diminishing the independence and sovereignty of a republic that I assisted in founding, having fought in the war for independence."

The Cuban congress supported Machado in his determination to retain his office, and the mediation efforts of Ambassador Welles were denounced as detrimental to the sovereignty of the republic. To those who know conditions on the island this is not surprising. The basis of Machado's power is the state lottery. He controls this institution and by his favor many leading congressmen are able to realize large sums from the sale of lottery tickets.

What the people think of Machado was plainly indicated by the events just preceding the crisis described. It was reported in Havana that the president had resigned and immediately a great throng began demonstrating joyfully. But the police and troops attacked viciously, killing some and wounding many, and the marchers fled in dismay. Martial law was declared and the city was patrolled, but acts of violence were frequent.

For several days the city had been tied up by a general transportation strike that involved many industries. The government announced it had granted the demands of the laborers, but the union men refused to return to work while constitutional guarantees of freedom remained suspended.

Cuban politicians thought Machado's rejection of Welles' peace plan would lead to intervention by the United States, but in Washington this was considered quite unlikely. To send our marines to the island would be contrary to President Roosevelt's declared policy, and would stultify the position he took concerning the Japanese in Manchuria.

Mr. Welles declared that mediation was not ended, and Machado in his statement said: "I am disposed to mediate with my political adversaries and to concede to them their just demands to any extent that will not diminish the authority or the prestige of the institutions of the republic or the head of the state."

### SECRETARY OF STATE CORDELL HULL, back from the London conference, is again in his offices at the State department, and has lost none of his internationalism.

He still believes all nations can and should co-operate to end the world depression, and says domestic programs for raising prices and reducing unemployment are but the prelude to such co-operation. Mr. Hull also announced that the United States was ready and willing to promote close trade and commercial relations with the countries of Latin America, and suggested the negotiation of specific commercial agreements.

In advocating bi-lateral trade agreements under the most favored nation principle, Hull explained that such agreements would relate primarily to commodities of a noncompetitive nature. He explained that reciprocal trade agreements would not necessarily conflict with most favored nation treaties, because such agreements would be thrown open to signature by other nations which, however, might not be interested in the products affected by the treaties because the treaties would affect particular products which would best be manufactured in some one nation.

Explaining why the economic conference did not achieve the full measure of success that had been hoped for,



Sec'y Hull

Hull said the various nations found that their economic problems and the problem of co-operation were much more difficult than had been imagined. Nevertheless, he was unwilling to consider the London gathering of 66 nations a failure.

FRENCH fears of another war with Germany were sharply stimulated by the abrupt refusal of the Hitler government to consider the parallel requests made by Great Britain and France that Nazi propaganda in Austria be discontinued. The two protesting nations declared the course Germany was pursuing was in violation of the spirit of the four power peace pact recently signed; but their ambassadors were told by the German foreign office that the Berlin government failed to see any reason for application of the four power treaty in this instance, and that Germany regarded as inadmissible this interference in the German-Austrian trouble.

Italy had declined to join Britain and France in their protest, but did make friendly representations to Berlin concerning the Nazi aerial propaganda over Austrian territory. The Italian government was informally advised that Germany would take steps immediately to end this practice. This eased the situation considerably, but French statesmen were pessimistic and believed the whole affair would lead to the smashup of the disarmament conference when it reassembles in the fall.

ONE of the most important branches of the NRA, the national labor mediation board, met in Washington, formally organized and got busy at once, taking up first a controversy in New Orleans.

Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, chairman of the board, was on vacation in Europe but messages were sent to him asking that he return immediately. His secretary represented him at the board's sessions, the other members present being Walter C. Teagle, Dr. Leo Wolman, Louis E. Kirstein, John L. Lewis, William Green and Gerard Swope.

Henry I. Harriman, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, is highly optimistic concerning the employment situation. At San Francisco he predicted that 7,000,000 persons would be re-employed by the end of this year.

BUY liberally now, but buy only from dealers who display the blue eagle, is the advice of Gen. Hugh Johnson, national recovery administrator. His justifiable expectation is that prices soon will advance as the various codes get into operation and the purchasing power of the people increases. At the same time the recovery administration is taking steps to keep the retailers within the terms of their agreements and to check profiteering. Housewives and wage earners over the entire country are being organized for house to house and store to store canvasses to insure against infractions of codes and to prevail on buyers to patronize only blue eagle businesses.

Miss Mary Hughes, director of the women's section of the emergency employment campaign, announced completion of an organization in 48 states to carry on the educational and "police" work. Violators of codes and agreements are threatened with publication of their names.

Deputy Administrator A. D. Whiteside, in charge of the retail store temporary code, said he had received reports from many parts of the country that retail stores are entering agreements to shorter hours of operation so they will not have to hire additional workers. The enforced creation of more jobs is the major objective of the campaign.

In numerous cases stores also are "staggering" their employees to avoid an increase of their forces. Whiteside said. He sent a sharp warning to the Indiana Retail Grocers' association, which was intended as an admonition to retailers generally and which was immediately effective.

Among the many codes offered was one for the daily and Sunday newspapers.

ARIZONA became the twenty-first state to ratify the prohibition repeal amendment, the wets winning by a majority of more than 3 to 1. Their victory was unexpectedly complete, although the dries had failed to muster enough votes to place delegates on the ballot.

Mrs. Isabella Greenway, national Democratic committeewoman and a personal friend of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, easily captured the Democratic nomination to fill the congressional post vacated by Lewis Douglas when he was named director of the federal budget. The victory insured her election because of the absence of Republican opposition.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT by his appeal to both sides and Hugh Johnson by vigorous argument and heat brought the big bituminous coal strike in Pennsylvania to an end. Their efforts were ably seconded by Edward F. McGrady, the NRA labor representative in the controversy. At last many of the workers were induced not to obey the order of the union chiefs to return to the mines, but when Mr. McGrady arrived at Uniontown by plane and told the men: "I am acting for the President of the United States and asking you to go back to work," they cheered him, packed up their lamps and got back to the pits. The trouble was mainly concerning recognition by the operators of the nationally organized union.

Under terms of the truce reached in Washington the miners are to lay their problems before a board appointed by the President, pending acceptance of the coal code. Miners are to employ their own checkweighmen to calculate the amount of coal produced, upon which their pay depends.

CHINA'S last faint chance to recover Manchuria and Jehol from Japan probably has disappeared, for Gen. Feng Yu-hsiang, the independent commander who had been leading the fight against Japanese aggression, has given up and signed a peace pact with the national government. Under the agreement he abdicates all titles, turns over the command of his troops to the national government and retires to political obscurity.



Gen. Feng Yu-hsiang

Gen. Sung Cheh-Yuan, incumbent of Feng's most recent operations, and the government will be reorganized.

Feng has been one of modern China's most romantic figures and his persistent opposition worried Japan not a little. His captivation is attributed to a lack of funds and munition, as well as mutiny and dissatisfaction among his own men, said at one time to have numbered 20,000. Added were Japanese threats to boycott Kalgan, and the vastly superior national government forces sent against him.

THREE recognized authorities on economics and finance had a significant conference with the President at the summer White House in Hyde Park, N. Y. They were James Warburg, one of the fiscal experts for the American delegation at the London conference, and Profs. George F. Warren of Cornell university and James H. Rogers of Yale university.

The two professors brought to the President a report on the studies they have been conducting for him, including the budget, taxation, the tariffs, and particularly the possibility of adopting a dollar which would be geared to the commodity price index, rising and falling in value with the value of wholesale commodities.

THREE bold French aviators, Maurice Ross and Paul Codos, set a new record for non-stop flight and are due to receive a million francs from the French government. Starting from New York, they flew almost directly to Raqqa, Syria, about 500 miles further than the previous record. They intended to go to Bagdad but couldn't quite make it. Rossi said he thought the record would be accepted at 9,300 kilometers (5,775.3 miles), although they actually flew more than 10,000 kilometers (6,210 miles) at an average speed of 166 kilometers (82.28 miles) an hour.

General Balbo and his Italian seaplane set reached the Azores, some of the planes coming down at Ponta Delgada and the others at Horta. After a night of festivity and rest the big plane took off for home via Lisbon, by one of them, commanded by Captain Banier, upset and was left behind. Lieutenant Squaglia was killed, Banier was injured, and the others of the crew suffered from shock and bruises.

OUR government is getting out of the shipping business as fast as possible. Under an executive order from the President the shipping board is now abolished, and the merchant fleet corporation and its remaining 98 ships and 1,000 employees are transferred to the Department of Commerce for direction. Secretary Roper's department intends to carry on the policy of building up commercial maritimes.

Two years ago the corporation had approximately 300 ships. It had hundreds of employees scattered about this country and in foreign ports. Sale and lease of its shipping lines have reduced both personnel and ships.

Under organization the Commerce department may re-employ within the next few months as many of the workers as it needs. Many will be absorbed temporarily by the department, others expecting the force to be decreased gradually as the fleet corporation's affairs are closed up.

VIOLENCE in the New York state milk strike increased daily and Gov. Herbert Lehman, though reluctant to call out the National Guard, consulted with its commander and prepared to take that extreme step if it was deemed necessary. The state police, acting as guards for milk trucks, were in conflict with the strikers in many localities, using bullets and gas against the armed farmers. Most of the cities and towns obtained plenty of milk.

© 1932 Western Newspaper Union.

## How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By CONRAD NAGEL

BREAKING into pictures for me was a matter of stepping across the footlights to the front of the camera. There was no long, weary journey from studio to studio, no heart-breaking disappointment, nor fruitless search for work. My first role in the silent drama was that of leading man.

From a stock company in my home town I entered vaudeville and gave that up a year later to play in "The Natural Law" in New York. Following this came the role of "Youth" in the allegorical play "Experience" in which I appeared for two years.

Then William A. Brady, with whom I had worked for some time, decided to make a picture called "Little Women," and cast me in the leading role. When this was over I went back to the stage.

Pictures held a lure for me and without giving up my stage work I played several leads in as many pictures with such companies as Vitagraph and the old Famous-Players-Lasky.

Then came the actors' strike. Naturally, I turned to the movies and have remained in them ever since. I think it's a great mistake for an actor to specialize. An actor or actress must be versatile to attain and hold his position, to any degree of permanency.

Some one asked me which I liked best—motion pictures or the stage. I cannot tell, for both have proven tremendous factors in public education, both are wonderful mediums of expression and both have their definite

place in the world of things artistic.



Conrad Nagel.

However, with the growing popularity of talking pictures, more and more actors from the legitimate stage are turning to the films as a field of artistic endeavor.

For anyone seeking to "break into" the movies today it is almost imperative that they have personal acquaintance with some studio executive, plus a good-sized bank account or personal income, and above this, of course, a complete wardrobe and the ability to act.

Even though you may have something really good to offer, unless you get the chance to appear before the camera and demonstrate it, your efforts will be in vain.

To the non-professional, motion pictures represent fame and fortune. They hear of the dozen or so enormous salaries in the industry and feel that by coming to Hollywood they, too, have an equal chance to reach stardom and receive a similarly large financial reward.

But figures do not lie! There are a definite number of pictures to be made and a definite number of people are required to make them. Newcomers must possess the ability to displace some one already in the game, or failure is theirs before they even start.

It is unfortunate, indeed, that the outside world seldom hears of the thousands of ambitious youngsters who annually come to the movie capital in a vain search for the elusive "stardom."

Beginners have a long row to hoe, and unless they have the proper background and equipment, mentally and physically and financially, they are most surely doomed to disappointment. For such is Hollywood!

WNU Service

### First an Amateur

Miss Diane Sinclair began her career in amateur theatricals, from which she graduated into the Thalian club in Philadelphia. She next became a member of the Hedgeron Theater Stock company, where she played leads in "The Inheritance," "The Bill of Divorcement" and "Street Scene." It was there that she was discovered by screen executives and brought to Hollywood.

### Shuns Beauty Doctor

Greta Nissen, blond Norwegian actress, has never been inside a beauty parlor, as a client. Miss Nissen has never had her finger nails manicured, her toenails pedicured, or her hair waved. She has never had a facial or a shampoo given her. All these things she does for herself at home. The one treatment to which she does succumb is an occasional massage.

# Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart

Washington.—No one can watch Washington these days and not be amazed at the tremendous driving force that is being put behind the several schemes to awaken the nation and get business going again. It is as though the war engines of a powerful foreign enemy were pounding at the fortifications marking the threshold of our country which, indeed, is true, except that the enemy, depression, is and has been among us through almost four years. I think I can say without fear of successful contradiction that governmental activity is as feverish, as wildly unsystematic, if you please, as any we observed during the trying days of the great World War. Though it is along different lines, the activity is none the less as direct and as positive, and in some respects as militaristic.

## Great Drive for Recovery

In such an analogy as this, it should be stated that the federal forces are now being subjected to more severe influence throughout the land than they faced during the preparation for and prosecution of the World War. Then, there was a physical fear which could be held up before the people as a reason for united action. That threat cannot be employed now. In its absence the government is unable to overcome the innate selfishness that must be largely overcome to make the general recovery program a success.

In the beginning of the World War, it was necessary to strike quickly and hard at the enemy military plans. In the current campaign, it is necessary to strike quickly and hard or else some business interests will wait to see how the picture is going to look in order to gain some advantage for themselves. Thus, the campaign is at least partially spoiled. The reason for the thunderous drive, the mental and muscle strain of these days becomes apparent. If the objections of those who are hesitant about signing are broadly heard, others who had wanted to conform get suspicious about the concessions they have made and begin to shy away.

Therefore, throughout the government one finds today weary-eyed executives, tired clerks, near exhaustion from the endless hours of labor. For example, in the agricultural adjustment administration and in the national recovery administration, clerks are working in three shifts, and the executives may be found in their offices anywhere from sun-up until long after the following midnight. Whether you are completely convinced of the efficacy of the various plans and programs, or whether you just hope they may be successful, your admiration and respect for those who are trying to construct this new machinery certainly is warranted.

As a sample of the driving force that has been exerted and is being exerted every day to a greater or less extent, was the solution of the wrangle presented in the Pennsylvania strike situation. That was not an ordinary strike. Its portents were nationwide. It involved questions the answers to which meant the making or the breaking of the basic recovery principles.

## President Saves the Day

In the first instance, the most powerful corporate unit in the world—the United States Steel corporation—was the government's adversary. I say the government's adversary because unless the recovery administration was able to reconcile the differences between the corporation and the union workers, the program of blanket codes and group codes and everything else was imperiled. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, recovery administrator, could not get the warring groups together. He was ready to throw up the sponge. But he had one more trick in the bag and that was to call for help from the President of the United States. Somehow, that trick worked. Whether the merits of the case were with the corporation or whether they were with the government, the power of the government was and had to be supreme in the emergency.

While observers here are not inclined to defend the steel corporation fully for taking the position it did, it can be said with equal force that most of them believe there was real danger of infringement of private property rights. In this sense, therefore, the corporation was within its rights in resisting. When it yielded, it appears, it yielded not to the labor unions which had stirred up the trouble, but to the sovereignty of government.

The basic controversy involved in the steel corporation case was the question of so-called company unions. Labor leaders, the professionals, naturally want to have all workers in the national organizations. Otherwise, the strike as a weapon is ineffective. Being quick to see a vulnerable spot, labor took advantage of the situation to lick the steel corporation which heretofore has permitted its employees to belong only to company unions. In other words, it has been an open shop in view of these facts, it seems to me that organized labor is as much entitled to criticism in the circumstance as is the greatest corporation in the world. Organized labor has been wielding too much influence in the recovery organization according to the

consensus here, and its insistence on advantages promises further difficulties.

## To Check Profiteering

The Department of Agriculture has set for itself the big job of establishing fair prices for the consumer while giving what is tantamount to a guarantee of higher prices for the things the farmer produces. Through a series of statements, Secretary Wallace has repeatedly affirmed that the returns to the farmers must be increased in every direction. Simultaneously, Dr. Fred C. Howe, who as the consumers' counsel represents the side of the buyers in the government's agricultural set-up, made the announcement that he was going to compile weekly lists of prices for publication as a means of protecting against the profiteer.

From this arrangement it would be made to appear that there will be reasonable prices maintained where on food commodities. I servers here have been picking mercurial angles of the situation they believe contain elements of danger. Doctor Howe, of course, will gather price lists at rate and in whatever volume desired, and he can get them through the press and the radio to the bulk of the people in the United States. But the question is being asked here is, will Doctor Howe go to the length of will fix a price just and everywhere and provide the same with all of the return promised them. Some of the more critical say there is a likelihood that Doctor Howe is going to run into a difference of opinion, what with farmers demanding more, added expenses forcing the retailer to charge more and the ultimate consumer with limited means of buying the things concerned.

Of course, there can be no doubt but that some retailers are going to try to capitalize on the situation and profiteer on prices. Doctor Howe is set to defeat them by the weight of public opinion which must be regarded as a commendable course. Yet, according to the consensus one finds in Washington, that which Doctor Howe announces as a fair and reasonable price is unlikely always to fit the situation.

## It's a Tough Problem

In the course of negotiations between the recovery administrators and industrial representatives, one of the great problems was how to arrange a fair basis for competition when different factories had such widely different costs of production. The highly efficient plant could produce at much lower cost, obviously, than could the plant that was obsolete in equipment and managed in haphazard fashion. The same situation obtains with respect to retailers. Chain stores with great buying power and the resultant advantage of lower prices are naturally going to be able to sell at a lower price than the independent store owner who buys in small quantities and has higher overhead costs. Now, say the critical-minded, if Doctor Howe fixes as a fair price that for which the chain store is able to sell its goods, what is going to happen to the independents? If, on the other hand, the price level quoted by Doctor Howe approximates the price charged by the independent, then the chain store can and undoubtedly will get all of the business. It will make use of those figures in advertising the fact that the chain store prices are "below the government price." Manifestly, that will be unfair to the independent. But, I am prompted to ask, what can Doctor Howe do about it?

In announcing his program to establish fair prices, Doctor Howe said there were consumers' councils being organized in scores of cities and towns. These, he averred, would help in seeing that no merchant profiteered. There can be no doubt of the fact that these consumers' councils will exert a tremendous influence. Old-timers here, however, recalled that the fight against profiteering during the World War developed many nasty situations. Overzealous individuals, conscientious in their efforts, but sometimes a bit shy of horse sense, made a personal matter out of such things as patriotic action.

Prof. Raymond Moley has been detached as assistant secretary of state to have charge of the federal government's campaign against crime, especially kidnaping and racketeering. It was the first break in the "brain trust," that group of professors with whom the President surrounded himself. Some weeks ago I wrote in these columns the prediction that such a result had to come. It was obvious. The professor and his theories can be used by the statesmen and practical men only so far. Professor Moley was of no use to Secretary Hull in the Department of State after his adventures in connection with the London economic conference and the unfavorable publicity that the professor caused. In asking Professor Moley to the job of banishing crime, the President said later he would put him back as assistant secretary of state.

© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.

**OPERATION**

By George Best

"THE biggest lemon as ever ran on a race-track." Portly "Zippy" Tanner, the Sunrise stable's trainer, indicated a chestnut gelding breezing along the rail on Latonia race track.

"Yea," grinned Pat Calhoun, the stable's contract jock, "and with Corky Millam on his back it's a lemon rode by a jinx."

"Jinx nothing," Zippy shook his head sadly. "Corky can ride. But his guts went in a spill and now he needs an opening big enough for a cavalry troop."

The trainer was right, and no one knew it better or more bitterly than Emil Millam, otherwise Corky, a nickname holding over from the days before the spill which his cry, "Pull over or I'll cork you," did not prevent.

Three months later doctors assured him he was again like new. But the old Corky was gone. Tolerant horsemen expected him to snap out of it, but when his riding showed no improvement, mounts became few and far between for Corky.

The "winner's circle" had once known Corky but that territory was unknown to Caesarian, the four-year-old which Corky's friend Slim Sanborn had acquired for \$75 in the padlock sale of two weeks ago. The chestnut gelding Caesarian, by Trumper, dam, Golden Bells, on work should have won many a race finished out of the money in each furlong in 1:11 or a mile in 1:38 nothing unusual for the gelding the morning; but the races which he off are run in the afternoon.

Corky, trainer and jock of Slim's one-horse racing stable, sat on a bale of straw by a stall door in poverty row; stables where the owners of one or two selling platters found quarters. In his hand was a telegram.

Genial Doctor Wird, the Jockey club's official veterinarian, ambled slowly down the shed row to make a call farther down the line, when Corky's yell halted his steps.

"Oh, Doc; read this, will you?" Old Doc, towering above the rider's small form, took the message and stepping toward the light read its contents. Then came his deep-throated laugh.

"Congratulations, Corky," he boomed. "There is nothing to worry about in this."

"But it says they had to perform some kind of operation."

"What of that? Doesn't it say also the operation was successful? 'Mother and child doing fine.' If there was any danger the hospital staff would surely inform you."

He turned to go but stopped once more.

"Slim's gelding is entered in tomorrow's stake, the Quickstep, isn't he?" he asked.

"He is," affirmed Corky. "But—"

"Well, you at least should make an effort to win that race after this." Old Doc tapped the paper in Corky's fingers. "I don't believe the horse is good enough but there is no harm in your trying."

Latonia, dressed in green and white, entertained the usual Saturday throng of race devotees. The horses entered in the fifth race, the Quickstep handicap, three-year-olds and up, distance one mile, were milling in front of the grandstand at the post.

Then—they're off!

The horses shot for the clubhouse turn urged on by bootheels and whips, each jockey trying for a contending position.

"Sure enough, going for the rail. That's you, boy," Corky's chuckling voice and a very light pull on the reins steadied the chestnut. "Fast Mail's in front; Traffic Light's second and we're third. No we're not; here comes Blue White. That's the baby," Corky, crouched way up on Caesarian's withers, crooned into the twitching ears of his mount, "let 'im go. Those saps'll run themselves dizzy; that half was run in '39 or I'm a Dutchman, and something's going to crack."

And if that happened—Corky nodded grimly to himself—he was sure to find tight quarters next to the rail, unless he took out while there was still time. But this was supposed to be the gelding's day—the rhythmic play of muscles against his legs told Corky the horse was all there—and Corky swore profane oaths he'd not show the white feather.

At Corky's right was a thunder of hoofs, and a several head, Fieldlark's, nodded into view and came on. Fast Mail in front was all in and coming back. Traffic Light, "Dunk" up, urged on by his rider's whip, was squeezing through on the rail and Caesarian, Corky gritted his teeth and forced himself into sitting still, the doggone old fool, followed him like a pup—and—the rider's choked-in breath sighed relief—made it.

Then—was there a sign of faltering in Traffic Light's running? There was, Traffic Light was bearing out and Corky hunkering closer to his mount's neck inched over toward the rail.

"Yeeeeeesshh! Pull over, Dunk, or I'll cork you," called Corky. Caesarian, startled by Corky's screech and feeling the sting of the lash, shot ahead. Corky's left foot scraped against the top rail of the infield fence; but they were through, and—

The roar of the stands was like

far-away thunder in Corky's ears as three horses and their riders flashed under the wire with a last muscle-straining effort. Had he won? Corky didn't know, it was close, mighty close.

Snorting and shaking his head, Caesarian, gulping air with wide extended nostrils, slowed to a walk, turned and cantered back to the Judge's stand. The pagoda in the infield showed number three, Caesarian's number, in the one-hole and the numbers above read 1:38 1-5.

Fondly, exultingly, Corky patted the lathered neck of his mount.

The winner's circle once more knew Corky. He raised his whip saluting the Judges, and Caesarian looked straight into their eyes.

Dismounting, Corky grinned at Slim. "You son-of-a-gun," said Slim, "you sure did it, but, boy, you blame near gave me heart failure when you went through that knothole on the rail."

"It was close," chuckled Corky, "but the old screech startled 'Dunk' into giving us room."

Two hours later the bale of straw in front of Caesarian's stall was supporting the form of Corky and Slim. The gelding had cooled out nicely and was now contentedly munching hay out of a rack in a corner of his stall while the drone of a voice he knew came to his sensitive, twitching ears.

"As near as I can figure it out," said Corky, "Caesarian is under the impression a race must be run close to the rail. And working him out in the mornings I noticed whenever I pulled him up enough to make him change his stride, he took that to mean work was done for the day. Seems funny no one noticed it," Corky grinned, "but most exercise-boys in a millionaire's stable do what they're told to do and let it go at that. But if a jockey pulled him up during the race—and," Corky chuckled, "they naturally would—old Caesar being on the rail running nice and smooth it looked to them the thing to do—but if they did the race was over as far as Caesarian was concerned."

"And a little thing like that sold a good horse for seventy-five smackers," Slim wondered.

"Sure," Corky nodded and smiled dreamily, "it's the little things that count on the racetrack. And I figured if I'd let him run his own race and found enough guts to go through when an opening showed up there would be nothing to the race but Caesarian."

"Well, you sure found the guts," Slim exclaimed fervently, "and got us a sweet purse and a nice bet—h-h-h, mind you," there was a snap to Slim's voice, "to be divided fifty-fifty."

"I ain't argue'n'," laughed Corky, "I can use the dough. The operation the sawbones performed on my wife is called Caesarian, and I guess that kind comes high."

"Don't ask me," chuckled Slim, "ask the bookies who are paying off on Caesarian."

"Well, you sure found the guts," Slim exclaimed fervently, "and got us a sweet purse and a nice bet—h-h-h, mind you," there was a snap to Slim's voice, "to be divided fifty-fifty."

"I ain't argue'n'," laughed Corky, "I can use the dough. The operation the sawbones performed on my wife is called Caesarian, and I guess that kind comes high."

"Don't ask me," chuckled Slim, "ask the bookies who are paying off on Caesarian."

**Uncooked Pork Dangerous Unless Safely Processed**

Eating of uncooked pork, always a dangerous method of using pig meat, still goes on despite the innumerable warnings of health experts of the danger of trichinosis. This parasite disease is often fatal to human beings and particularly so when the disease gains somewhat of a foothold before being diagnosed.

Federal inspection of pork products, both raw and cooked, provides safeguards against the parasite of trichinosis. These processes, whereby uncooked pork is rendered safe, are carefully tested before the stamp of governmental approval is given. Each is tried out in the laboratories with rats, guinea pigs and other test animals being fed the meat.

For the householder, however, the only safe method of preparing pork is through thorough cooking and the emphasis is decidedly on the word thorough.—Washington Star.

**Man Intended for Long Life**

The human race was originally intended to live for a thousand years if the theory of Prof. Robert L. Greene, head of the department of pharmacy at Notre Dame, is correct, says Pathfinder Magazine. Professor Greene, believes that the proper diet, consisting chiefly of fruits, vegetables, milk and water will enable persons even in these days to attain an age of at least 100 years. He bases his belief on the answers he receives to a questionnaire he sends to every person he hears of who has neared or turned the century mark. He believes that the processed foods of today are responsible for the shorter span of life.

**Life on Mars?**

Hiram Percy Maxim, who invented the silencer for guns, autos, and hospital windows, believes that Mars is inhabited by a race of beings much further advanced than the men of this earth. The design of the canals, he says, offers conclusive proof that they are artificial, and for works to be constructed on such a scale as to be visible from the earth would suggest a race of super-life, not necessarily in the form of man.

**Czechs Get Comenius' Grave**

By a treaty signed at The Hague, the grave of Comenius together with the Valonic chapel in Naarden in Holland has been made the national property of Czechoslovakia for eternity, writes a correspondent in the New York Times. For this long lease Czechoslovakia makes to the Dutch government a single payment of one Dutch guilder. Czechoslovakia will renovate and keep in good order the resting place of its great son.

**For Immediate Chic--Black Satin!**

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IF YOU have not already done so, then "do it now"—buy a black satin suit or frock for immediate wear, for satin is the opening sensation on the new style program. Favor for satin is running at such a high pitch at this moment, even our hats, our handbags and our gloves are being made of satin, while certain exclusive booteries are displaying shoos of satin to help correlate a perfect ensemble.

The call of the hour is for the black satin jacket suit. Ideal it is for mid-season wear. Just the thing to don when summer togs take on that passe look which they always do when cool days herald the approach of autumn. Which is why we are presenting herewith several sketches of the newest fashions styled of satin.

The suit to the left has the three-quarter-length coat which has won its way into the hearts of womankind. The organdie-trill, large bow and the flaring cuffs of the gloves carry the pretty fashion of white accessory touches on into the fall program.

The other charming satin ensemble happily combines black with white satin. The top part of the dress is fashioned of the white and the hat is one of the new swanky white satin saliors which you will find are immensely flattering.

The satin sailor, which is initiating a program of midseason millinery, is scoring a triumph. For a "first" hat it is ideal. One of the very newest models is shown in the inset circle.

So far all that we have been saying pertains to daytime fashions as they sound the satin note, but if you wish to follow evening trends you will discover that it is satin which is leading the way. Satin with lustrous finish and silk back is the wanted kind for formal dress. Stunning dinner gowns combine black satin for the skirt with white satin for the bodice and girdle as sketched in the center of the group.

Novelty satins for evening wear especially intrigue the fancy. All sorts of effects are shown, from printed design to interwoven bar and rib novelties, also jacquard effects and stripes which alternate satin and dull crepe. Perhaps the most interesting of them all is the new reversible satin which may be one color on one side and another on the opposite, or it may be had with one shiny and one dull surface. The color play of these fascinating two-tone satins is inexhaustible.

Evening gowns of gleaming white or off-white satin have their severely classic necklines softened with hand-some white ostrich boas or with leis formed of petals cut from sheerest silk mousseline. Another feature of the evening mode is the dazzling mirror jewelry which is worn with these gowns of white satin.

One of the smartest type gowns shown for immediate daytime wear is the shirtwaist frock which is tailored of crepe satin.

© 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

**COLORFUL JEWELRY**

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Incoming style reports particularly stress the increasing importance attached to costume jewelry. A fascinating story is now broadcasting concerning jewelry which repeats the colors of the costume. This theme is being especially played upon in connection with formal evening dress. Jewelry which reflects the color of the costume is smartly exemplified in the simulated ruby and rhinestone ensemble worn with a white and red crepe evening gown as here illustrated. Note that this handsome jewelry set includes a stunning bracelet, pendant earrings and two clips.

**Plaid Taffeta**

Plaid taffeta makes girdles on some of the most striking evening frocks this season. A white organdy dance frock with ruffles running from the hem to the knees is trimmed with a wide belt and long sash ends of blue, red and white taffeta ribbon.

**BLACK SATIN SUIT IS WISE PURCHASE**

Black satin is the common denominator of advance smartness to remember in your present purchases. It has been a long time since black satin had a run of luck, but it looks like it was in for the money now. The new designing sensation of Paris, "Dikusha" has created the black satin "appointment suit" with nipped waistline and white handkerchief linen plastron and calls the result "Black Magic." Marvelous for all town appointments, and not a frill to the budget either, as it'll still be useful next winter under your mink or sables. Major, another new Paris house, comes clean with an austere and simple long double-breasted evening wrap in black satin which will send a lot of the little idyllic jackets into farcical tailspins.

**Candy Stripe Ribbon Is Popular Dress Trimming**

A rush of frills to the shoulders brings a rush of thrills to the beholders, and then the fun begins.

Wide candy-striped ribbon does a lot of frilly things for Lucien Lelong because he has magic in his fingers as he turns and twists it into just the right folds and pleats and gathers he wants it in. On a model called Melodie, Lelong uses a Roman striped tulle and chiffon, running it around very large and deep armholes—great loops that extend from the tip of the shoulder to the waistline. The ruffles appear again at the hem of the princess skirt.

**Clothes That Adorn but Do Not Conceal Deceed**

Fashion has decreed that the smart woman will be the one whose clothes adorn but do not conceal.

Two articles of clothing comprise the approved full dress for the hot months—a transparent frock and beneath a simpler than ever corset of a new material, trimmed scantily with lace.

"The mode is not inspired by nudism," Mme. Charis, lingerie czarine of Paris, said "But women nevertheless will give the impression of nudity under their summer robes."

**CAP AND BELLS**



**MIGHT BE WORSE**

A visitor to a seaside town was observing the crowd. "I suppose you serve a good many fish dinners," he remarked to the hotel proprietor.

"Yes, the people eat fish, mostly."

"I thought fish was supposed to be brain food, but these people are about the most unintelligent specimens of humanity I've ever seen."

"Well," returned the other with a shrug of his shoulders, "just think of what they'd look like if they didn't eat fish."

**Cats**

"Your fiance spoke to me last night."

"I know. He is doing advertisement pictures for beauty preparations and wanted a model for 'Before using.'—Die Woche im Bild (Otten).

Fondly little Ruth's father mother were watching their daughter rock back and forth ecstatically in the little black chair they had brought home to her.

Proudly the father said: "We a bargain in that little chair, right?"

Whereupon Ruth proceeded to get out of the chair, look at it and then to lift a woe-begone and say:

"Where is it, daddy? I can't any bargain in my chair!"—Indopolis News.

**Comedy Calculation**

"You drop an occasional remark, considerable sapiently," said the friend.

"I try to," answered Senator Selghum. "Life has become so serious that comedy is regarded as excusable only in one who is able to sell it."

**Accomplished**

Prospective Father-in-Law—I notice you smoke quite a lot, Mr. Smith; do you drink as well?

Ditto Son-in-Law—Great Scott, yes! Rather better, in fact.—By-stander.

**Learned by Experience**

John—I can't afford to keep a car. Stone—But I thought you had one?

"I have. That's how I found out I can't afford one."—Stray Stories.

**WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT**  
THE PERFECT GUM

**IN STEP WITH THE NATION**

NRA WE DO OUR PART N-178

IF THERE'S ONE JOB I HATE, IT'S WASHING DISHES. I DON'T MIND IT ANY MORE. I USE RINSO NOW. IT LOOSENS GREASE IN A FLASH—AND DISH WASHING IS MUCH EASIER.

I HAVE SOME RINSO HERE—I ALWAYS USE IT ON WASHDAY. I KNOW—IT SAVES SCRUBBING. JUST TRY IT IN THE DISHPAN! EVEN POTS COME BRIGHT AND CLEAN IN A JIFFY.

FEW MINUTES LATER THROUGH IN HALF THE TIME—RINSO'S GRAND. AND ISN'T IT EASY ON THE HANDS!

**Quick way to wash dishes!**

MAKE things easy for yourself—use Rinso! Grease goes like magic in its creamy suds. Rinso makes washday easier, too. It soaks out dirt—saves scrubbing. Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Get it now—at your grocer's.

**Rinso**  
AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

**Renew Your Health by Purification**

Any physician will tell you that "Perfect Purification of the System is Nature's Foundation of Perfect Health." Why not rid yourself of chronic ailments that are undermining your vitality? Purify your entire system by taking a thorough course of Calotabs,—once or twice a week for several weeks—and see how Nature rewards you with health.

Calotabs purify the blood by activating the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Trial package, 10 cts. Family package, 35 cts. All dealers. (Adv.)

**ASK FOR IT BY NAME MOROLINE**

Special Offer 24 Kt. Gold Plated Gillette razor, 10 New Type Blades, Tube Shaving Cream, Styptic Foam, Complete Toiletry Set. E. F. MUTZ, BOX 479, Elizabeth, N. J.

Ladies' Diamond Ring 1 1/4 Karat, perfect, \$200 cost \$175.00. Also Diamond Ring \$120.00 cost \$75.00. Send for instruction. Opportunity Evelyn Rapport, 616 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

**AVOID THE KNIFE Cure Piles Our Easy Way**

At home without pain and with very little trouble. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Medicine sent C.O.D. Price \$2.00. Print name and address plainly. BRIXLEY-McGUIRE, Patissones, Tenn.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair-Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Keeps Hair Soft and Silky. 50 cents by mail or at drug-gists. Hicox Chemical Works, Patagonia, N.Y.

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



## The Terry County Herald

**SAYS: "THE NEWSPAPER THAT WILL NOT boost for its Home Town is a Traitor. The merchant who will not, under present conditions, patronize his home paper, can figure out for himself what he is."**

The home town paper may not be as large and important as some others, but it's the only paper that is really interested in and will make sacrifices for

## The Old Home Town

## The Informer

is interested in everything and everybody in and around Hedley

# FORLORN ISLAND

by Edison Marshall

Copyright by Edison Marshall  
WNU Service

## CHAPTER IX—Continued

Sandomar's crew had not yet passed out. They saw her dash out in of them, the weapon gleaming in hand, and fly down the row to door. The wind smote at her in She seemed to cut through it, nipped. Crying, she burst into the doped room and dropped to her knees beside the prone figure on the bed.

"Sandomar's coming," she gasped, as he held out the revolver.

Eric was still in the stupor of grief, his face like plaster. Could he try to meet this emergency? She did guess—she knew!

Courage! This ancient virtue was best of all. Man is not yet a but an earth-creature fighting up through a dark vale to the splendent summits of immortality, all his goods, courage counts whether in the silent moors of island or the ringing valleys street. Man stands above brutes in intelligence, in pure courage, overmastering of self-preservation alone. Even today, when and Woden a shadow, no anathema so stinging

muscles of Eric's face rubber; the dead eyes light. In one bound, he The next he was in deadly cool, sinister.

wind rushed in at him. his crew had stopped guessed Nan's purpose. like wolves in snow at the twinkling of a rifle-barrel, and when Eric showed himself, their crouched figures straightened. For a few, tense seconds, they eyed him sullenly; then Garze's squirrel mouth widened in a grin and his hand rose in a jaunty salute. Staying well out of Sandomar's reach, he led the retreat.

Eric and Nan lingered in the doorway. He seemed puzzled by her pale, not the bleach of fear, but a white beating from within. But her manner was sober rather than jubilant. "Thanks for bringing me the gun," said in the long silence.

"Roy didn't want to keep it. . . I have him a chance, but he didn't take it."

Eric nodded to himself. "He didn't tell you why, did he?"

"No, I s'pose he thought that you could do more with it. Plainly it isn't in his line."

"His turn will come later when we're back in civilization—and I'm skipper of a tramp steamer wallowing in the trough of the Atlantic." There had been a trace of bitterness in his tone, but it faded away as Nan's gaze looked on his.

Something in her look made his words trail away. He took a quick step forward and clasped her hand.

"His turn won't come later," she murmured.

"What is it, Nan?"

"I've made up my mind at last. There was still no exultation in her face, only peace, relief, sober satisfaction. Her lips dimly curled.

"I don't dare believe—" he began, dazed.

She averted toward him and kissed him gently, without fire, on the mouth. "You can believe it, Eric. I've come to you to stay. I want you for my mate."

## CHAPTER X

When she went to Roy and blurted out the news, he took it in good part. "I must say I expected it. Naturally, it was Forlorn Island that you you, not Eric, but if you see you've made a mistake, back in civilization, you can get out of it simply enough."

"This won't be a trial marriage," she told him, soberly. "It's the real thing."

"All marriages are trials, these days. The institution of divorce is an open admission of that fact." He smiled kindly. "I don't blame you a bit, Nan dear. He's just the mat for you, out here, only don't get too fond of him. Look up to him—thrill in him if you want to—but don't let that warm romantic heart of yours get too much involved. That might be serious. You might even think you'd have to stick by him. You're not entirely safe from sentimental nonsense, you know."

"My heart is involved already. Otherwise I'd never go as far as this."

"You're not in love with him; don't try to tell me you are. You want a mate, and I admit he's the logical man. He's all right, too, I tell you—a gentleman, something of a scholar, and a good judge of girls. I hand it to him for what he's put over here; I admit now I couldn't have begun to do it. You'll respect him, have a happy time with him, be queen of the island—and not lose the slightest dignity."

Her fine brows knitted; she did not like this faint praise. "Is that all you have to say?"

"One thing more." His tone grew solemn; her anger gave way to deep pride. "I'll be best man, if you wish. I hear no ill-will to Eric, he won you fairly. And when you get home, and find there is no longer any bond between you, all you need do is let me know. I want you now, and I'll want you always."

Mother Horton was jubilant at the tidings. "Most sensible thing I ever heard of you doing," she chirped.

"You'll know how much more fun it is to marry an ancestor than a descendant, if you see what I mean. A man who has his place to make, like the one I chose, instead of a fellow with nothing to gain and everything to lose."

Nan's father looked at her dazed. "I won't oppose you, Nan," came the faltering tones she had heard so often of late. "Eric's a good man, I know, and I think he can protect you better than Roy. True, I'd hoped you'd choose a man of great name, but everything is swept away, we must meet conditions as they are."

"I'd like to know where you'd find a greater name than Ericsson," Mother Horton put in loyally. "One of 'em was the first conqueror of America—when the Hortons were probably pulling a wooden plow in a Saxon field."

The ceremony began at twilight the day following the storm. By Nan's wish it was in harmony with the simplicities of Forlorn Island; no flowers, no Aleut feast, naught but the ancient rite of the Greek Catholic church, as passed down by word of mouth from ancient days. The only witnesses were Nan's own party. Fireheart, so white she could well be taken for the paleface she longed to be, her eyes shining like a dying moth's, pronounced the "charms" in slow, guttural tones.

There was no other audible sound. The hum of the oil lamp, the low boom of the surf, and the whisperings of the stealthy wind across the moors only



"Eric, Do You Take Me for Your Wife—to Love—to Cherish—to Protect?"

gave depth to the silence. The weird, flickering light showed an incredible thing—big tears coursing Horton's face. Perhaps he was weeping for his daughter's strange fate, possibly for his own broken fortunes.

When Fireheart had finished the Russian service, Eric turned to Nan with a look that made her gasp. "Nan, do you take me for your husband—to love—to honor—to obey—for richer or poorer—for better or for worse?" he asked solemnly.

She hesitated briefly; then her gaze met his with steadfast strength. "I do."

There fell a long silence. The witnesses held their breath. At last her low voice streamed into the hush.

"Eric, do you take me for your wife—to love—to cherish—to protect?"

"I do."

But neither had said "till death do us part." Not only Roy noticed this, but Nan, too, and she was ashamed that her mind should seize upon the fact, and store it away.

By the island custom, instituted by a long-dead Russian priest, Fireheart should now kiss the neophytes on the cheek. From some deep need of her heart, she varied this custom tonight. Swaying toward Eric, she fiercely pressed her lips to his. Then with a squaw-like grunt, she wheeled and trudged away.

Only a moment later Eric and Nan were left alone, with the faded ikon, the tarnished candlestick, and the flickering inconstant shadows of the lamp, prophetic on the floor.

Eric and his bride could live apart. The Aleut people loved crowded quarters—animal heat, intimate contacts to comfort their lonely souls, clamoring voices to drown out the moaning wind and sea; so at Anuga's death, Chigum and her family had moved in with Tuzat, Kanak's widow, leaving vacant a large two-room barabara. To this the pair came in the first starlight, hand in hand, quietly but with no misgivings, naturally as mated sea-gulls flying to the nest. When Eric had lighted the oil lamp in the larger of the two rooms, and bolted the door, he turned to find Nan watching him with a contented smile.

This was home. It was good to shut out the haunted dark. She and Eric were tried comrades; he would respect her rights, meet her more than half way in everything. A sweet sense of security swept over her, unknown in all the days of her exile. She smiled at Eric's efforts to make the best of the rough fare, clean pelts on the floor, wooden stools, her own handbag containing her few treasures salvaged from the wreck, waiting for her, in the adjoining room.

He unstrapped his revolver, hung it on the wall in easy reach, then drew her gently to him. "You're tired, aren't you, Nan?"

"Fagged out. We've had two trying days."

"I'm going to keep you up only a minute—just long enough to ask you

a question—then you can curl up in there, on the sealskins."

The gentleness in his voice and gaze touched her profoundly. She cared for him more than ever. "What is it, Eric?"

"I think I already know the answer, but I want to be sure. . . . Do you love me?"

She looked into his steadfast eyes a long time before she ventured a reply. "I'm so fond of you, Eric. . . . I More fond of you every minute. But I don't think it's the real thing—yet. You want me to be honest, don't you?"

"And the real reason you married me was so I can protect you? Because you had to make a choice between Roy and me?"

"I think that had a great deal to do with it." Her gaze fell.

"But perhaps you will learn to love me, soon—as I love you?"

She pressed his hand against her breast. "Very soon, I think, if you'll just let me learn it in my own way, my own time. Just be tender with me, Eric."

"I'm not one to drive a hard bargain, Nan," he told her in his slow, grave way. "You will be safer as my wife, but that safety—is free." He kissed her hand, and with equal gentleness her lips.

Her eyes looked like starlit crystal pools surrounded by dark rushes. "You will wait for me—to learn to love you?"

"There is your room." He beckoned over her shoulder. "You'll find a new bolt on the door. Go in it when you like."

Doubting himself and his creed—blaspheming his idealism that kept him from his heart's fulfillment, Eric lingered alone by the flickering lamp. His exultation of the previous hour had burned to ashes. He made no move toward bed; his hands felt like stone weights on the hollow lines.

Nan's good-night kiss haunted him still. It was so light, so fleeting, yet its warm ghost returned again and again to his lips. At last he rose from his stool, yearning toward Nan's doorway. . . . half-crossed the room. . . . His heart was racing. . . .

But the way was not open. What he had fancied was lasting peace was only an hour's armistice, a breathing spell in the thick of the fight. To the victor belong the spoils—but the enemy was not destroyed, merely harried. His and Nan's love was not a thing apart, but inexorably bound up with island history, still to be written.

Fate moved again—in a manner and guise beyond Eric's wildest dreams.

There was a sudden violent shock, like an earthquake, leaning through the turf walls and under his feet. But it was not some subterranean force rising in blind fury; this giant's blow was dealt from above. He had time only to raise his eyes when the dome of the roof collapsed in ruin, and a two-hundred-pound boulder crashed through and thundered to the floor.

It was like a cold meteor hurled from the sky. The wind of its fall was an icy blast on Eric's face, and the abysmal horror of the thing rustled up the hair of his head. It struck the drift-wood block where he had just been sitting, crushing it into the earth. Death had missed him by two paces, but he had not come through unscathed. The shock to his nerves and heart was of stunning force; besides, a block of turf had struck his head, making him reel half-blind against the wall. He could not grasp what had happened. The room was streaked with fire. But Nan, springing up with a scream in the doorway, divined the truth at once.

An implacable enemy had carried the stone onto the roof of the barabara, with his unnatural strength tugging it to the very dome. Through a crack between the blocks of turf, or a loophole bored out beforehand, he had located Eric's position; then he had lifted the savage missile high in his stilet arms and hurled it down.

But this was only the beginning. Events swept on with the fatal momentum of a snowslide. The surprise at tuck had already staggered the victim; before he could begin to recover, a second blow fell. It was like a bayonet rush after artillery barrage.

Peering down through the yawning hole, the attacker saw he had missed his mark. Howling, he plunged through; and the further collapse of the roof under his feet shot him into the room with a violence only second to his thunderbolt. Nan saw him like an evil dream among the falling clouds and dust.

Eric made one hopeless effort to defend himself. He lunged out from the wall, but he seemed blind, and his movements lacked their familiar litheness and panther-like power. The fight ended before it began. Sandomar's arm stretched slow and long, an odd, raking blow with open palm and hooked fingers. Eric was huddled back against the wall, only to writ to the floor.

Nan screamed with all her breath. To see the victor and strength she knew so well utterly fail, to behold the splendid muscle quiver and go slack like a speared seal's, broke her last grip on reality. The rest was a dark fantasy that made a blind spot in her brain. She would recall it only in broken fragments—Eric's dull open eyes. . . . the curious swirl of Sandomar's wiry hair. . . . the lamp flickering from the wind of his violence.

Yet a mind within her mind kept fighting cool and strong. Her screaming stopped with a rattle, her hand flashed to her mouth. . . . If she attracted Sandomar's eye, her only hope of saving Eric and herself was lost. . . . She watched him in frozen silence, but he did not turn his head.

# TANGLED WIVES

## By PEGGY SHANE

Copyright by Peggy Shane.  
WNU Service

### SYNOPSIS

A pretty young woman finds herself in a taxicab in New York with a strange man who addresses her endearingly and speaks of "an awful shock." When he leaves her for a moment at a drug store she drives on, for she fears him. She stops at the Biltmore, still wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. From her expensive clothing she concludes she is married to a wealthy man. She meets a young woman who speaks of her desire to go to Reno for a divorce, if she can get the money. The woman vanishes with the nameless girl's purse and \$500. An elderly woman, Mrs. Oscar Du Val, cordially greets the nameless girl, addressing her as "Doris," wife of Mrs. Du Val's son, Rocky. Rocky is abroad, and Doris, bewildered, is taken to the home of Mrs. Du Val and her sculptor husband, Oscar.

### CHAPTER II—Continued

The last box contained merely hats and shoes to go with the dresses. Doris Du Val didn't believe in carrying papers around, evidently.

The search had yielded the information that yellow and lavender were her favorite colors and that she had undoubtedly been rich. Nothing more.

Was Rocky really her husband? She peered again with strained eyes into the pictured face. If he could only speak! If he could only tell her who she was, where they had met. Gently, gradually, she felt sure she would come back to connection with her past if she could only see him.

It seemed to her as she looked into those serious boyish eyes as if she must remember. Surely the time he had given her the ring. Some of that might come back. She sat turning the ring over and over and pondering. But it was useless.

Mrs. Du Val tapped on the door softly. An hour had passed in these thoughts.

"Come in," said Doris.

"Oh, oh! C'est tres mauvais! Verree bad! You must rest. At such a time young girls must rest, and apt tire themselves out."

Doris was getting rather weary of being told that at "such a time" she must take care of herself. The such a time seemed to be always. But she smiled. "I was just going to get dressed for dinner."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Du Val. "We live very simply. Do not dress tonight. It is too exhausting at such a—"

"I'll just wash my face then," said Doris hastily. She disappeared into the bathroom half expecting to be told that "at such a time" girls shouldn't wash. Then she smiled ruefully, ashamed of her impatience.

The drawing room was attractive with flowers and books. Alone there for a moment Doris looked about for a newspaper. Unable to find one, she turned on the radio.

Instantly an orchestra blared. An avalanche of jazz poured into the room, flooded the whole quiet countryside. Almost immediately there was another and larger roar from the hall outside. Oscar Du Val, his white hair disarranged, his black eyes rolling angrily, rushed in.

"Turn it off! Turn it off!" he shouted.

Amazed and frightened, Doris ran to obey. As the sound was cut off, Du Val looked at her blushing furiously. "I am sorry," he said, "I am very sorry. I did not think it was you. The servants, have orders never to touch the radio."

"I didn't know," said Doris. "I'm sorry."

Mrs. Du Val had darted into the room.

"Roaring like a mad bull at our little girl," she scolded.

Du Val looked heartbroken. "Oh, I am so sorry."

"Making noise like one hundred elephants and frightening our little girl at such a time!"

But Oscar Du Val now looked more frightened than Doris.

Mrs. Du Val turned to Doris. "You see what it is to live with an artist. You can thank your stars that I brought up my son to be a business man. Oscar cannot work with the radio going. He does not like to have the outside world come to him."

"Yes, to be told I must wash my teeth every day. Me, I have never been to the dentist in my life."

"He will not have anything come into the house. No radio! No newspapers! Such a man! We never play the radio except on Sunday afternoons when we love to listen to the Philharmonic concerts."

"Yes," said Oscar eagerly. He looked at Doris as if pleading with her to understand. "The Philharmonic concerts are very nice. I like them very much."

The evening passed quickly. Listening to the talk of the famous sculptor, Doris nearly forgot all about her own worry. She felt that if she had not already fallen in love with the son,

she might find herself tempted to marry him anyway for the pleasure of having such a father-in-law.

"Rockwell St. Gardens is a great friend of yours, isn't he?" asked Doris when the talk had come to a little pause.

"Ah, yes," said Oscar. "A great friend. We named our Rocky for him. His work is magnificent—magnificent. You know it of course?"

"Oh yes," said Doris, a little surprised to find that she did. "I suppose," she said after a pause in which she considered how she happened to have this particular piece of knowledge, "that he is like you. I mean—every one knows something of his work."

"Yes, he has become very famous. It is hard to realize that. I remember him always as a wild crazy one in Paris. We were young then, n'est-ce pas? But now we are so no longer. And I—I have my practical little wife, my fine son who has his own good wife, and Rockwell St. Gardens lives very respectably too—up in northern New England near the Canadian border, where it is too cold for me."

"Early in July we will visit him," said Mrs. Du Val. "We will go up to his daughter's wedding."

"Yes," said Oscar, "that is so. Beatrice is to be married in July."

Mrs. Du Val's voice often trembled on a note of ecstasy so fragile that overtones of despair and sadness could be heard beyond her joy. "Rocky will be back by then and we will all go together."

Doris felt the tremor of happiness behind the mother's words. It caught a response in her. Could it possibly be true that in six weeks she would be the normal, happy, remembering wife of Rocky? It must be so.

She went to bed early. The sounds of bullfrogs and crickets lulled her quickly to sleep. Her last thought was that she would wake up in the morning knowing all about her past.

But the next day everything was the same. She felt secure and full of happiness. She was in her right place, and Rocky's picture was on her dressing table.

She thought of her new family. Mrs. Du Val—"Mother" was a dear, and she seemed really to like Doris. She reviewed her eventful yesterday with tranquility. All that fright about the man in the cab had been so useless, so silly. Anyway, it was all before she knew that she had this quiet

refuge, before she had even seen Rocky's picture. She took it up now and studied it thoughtfully for the twentieth time.

Her husband! Where had she met him? How long had she known him? Not long, apparently. She had gathered this from her welcome.

And yet Mrs. Du Val had met her before. Mrs. Du Val had recognized her in the Biltmore! Or had she? Doris shut her eyes again, and tried to imagine the scene. Mrs. Du Val's greeting had been something about how beautiful she was. Could it be possible that Mrs. Du Val as well as her husband had never seen Rocky's wife before?

It was too confusing. Today her memory would return. It must! It would! It had to!

But it just didn't. The more she willed to know, the more the curtain of the past seemed to shut down on her, blinder than the unknown future on which she could at least make a few tentative plans of her own. As spring passed it seemed strange to be married to a photograph, married to someone who was a topic of conversation at every breakfast, luncheon and dinner, and yet whom she had never seen.

The days were always the same. Doris could understand why Rocky didn't come home much if he were at all the type that liked gaiety. For at nine o'clock promptly every night the family went to bed. And at six o'clock the next morning it was time to get up. From six-thirty until noon Mr. Du Val worked in his studio.

After lunch he worked again. Meanwhile his wife occupied herself with the house, superintending the gardening, the dairies, the farm. Aside from her work in running the huge place, Mrs. Du Val spent much of her time in acting as a guard to her husband against the outside world. Hardly a day passed that did not bring a group of tourists eager to see the sculptor at his work. His wife kept them away

from him—soon become a nuisance to work, for they would have swamped him, overwhelmed him. He lived in his overwork, and he was utterly dependent on his wife, who made it possible for him to work so steadily and ardently.

"It is dull for you here, Doris?" he would say sometimes at lunch.

"No, no. I love the quiet of the country. And besides there's really a lot to do."

"Yes," said Mrs. Du Val. "We sew, we make new curtains for Doris and Rocky's bedroom."

Doris was really learning a great deal. Already the peas and asparagus were being canned in the big kitchen. She had helped start dandelion wine, seen the red currants come off the bushes, watched them bubble in enormous pots. Mrs. Du Val was making bar-b-duc "such as you will not get, my Doris, this side of the water."

There was a batch of new setter puppies. Doris was weaning them. This occupied much of her attention. Then there were many vases in the big house to be filled with flowers. This had become Doris' task. There was, as Doris had said, a lot to do. And she enjoyed doing it.

Every night she fell asleep dreaming about Rocky. She had moments it is true, of doubting that anyone could be so perfect as the son Mrs. Du Val talked of constantly. But when she looked into his pictured eyes she believed them all. Somewhere in the blank past he had told her that he loved her. They had married each other. She almost believed she remembered it.

Besides his mother's stories, she had listened to his father's description (tinged with a humorous irony) of Rocky's business career. And gradually she had formed a picture of this Rocky Du Val to whom she was married. He emerged now as a lover, a person more real than anyone she had ever met. She looked eagerly toward the day when she would write to her because she thought that certainly when she looked at the intimate words of her husband, written to her, his wife, she would remember and know for all time what she still groped and wondered over.

Meantime she thought of him as being the tall careless type fond of outdoor life. "He likes outdoor life when it isn't too strenuous." Mr. Du Val had chuckled. Mrs. Du Val said that like his father he made friends everywhere, but he had inherited his keen business sense from his mother. He had had a recent promotion in his firm which would send him to Paris frequently.

But no letter came. A week passed, and another week. June came, bringing roses and peonies, a festive setting for Rocky's return. Then Mrs. Du Val got a letter from him, but of Doris it said only, "Doris strikes me as being very husky, so there is no need to worry about her. Just see that she gets plenty of sunshine and goes to bed early every night."

This sounded far from love-like and Doris felt suddenly cold all over when Mrs. Du Val read it aloud to her. Mrs. Du Val seemed also to feel some lack in it, for she said consolingly, "Your letter will come tomorrow."

But it didn't come, though Doris began wistfully to watch for the mailman's daily visits. The words, "there is no need to worry about her," made Doris wonder again if her young husband did know of the condition in which she found herself mentally. Had the Du Vals, after all, suspected it? Was that why Mrs. Du Val was constantly fussing over her, urging gentle exercise on her, making her take naps, begging her to take sunbaths, and forever babbling about, "such a time?"

No. That was impossible. The Du Vals showed no sign of guessing that Doris could not remember anything. Yet Rocky's letter left her more than slightly disquieted. The old doubts came back. Supposing she were not Rocky's wife. Supposing Mrs. Du Val had mistaken her in the Biltmore? What on earth should she do if Rocky came back and repudiated her?

She spent hours brooding now on this situation. She ought to go to New York and make some effort to locate her rightful place. Supposing her memory never came back? For over a month had passed now, and she was beginning to lose that first expectancy that had buoyed up her spirits.

"What is the matter, Doris? You look pale today. You need rest."

"No, no, I'm all right." Rest meant returning to her nightmare imaginings; if Rocky was not her husband then she must go back to the other.

"Tell me what is troubling you, dear?"

She considered taking Mrs. Du Val into her confidence. If she found out that Doris had lost her memory there was no telling what she would do. As it was, she was always talking about taking Doris to the doctor. She could not tell Mrs. Du Val now after all these weeks of deception.

But she really ought to go into New York and see if she couldn't find out something. Supposing she went to Tange's—the store where she had bought most of her trousseau. The label with its Fifth avenue address was on all of her clothes. Perhaps some clerk there would recognize her, and tell her for sure if she was Mrs. Rockwell Du Val. That was something she must do before Rocky came home. And he was due home in a week.

### (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Rats Wreck Whole Town

A whole town in Tanganyika was destroyed by rats, which first destroyed the cotton crop and then invaded the town in such numbers that the inhabitants had to vacate it



She Studied It Thoughtfully.



47

when you know a news item

Subscribe for The Informer

### HEDLEY RURAL CLUB

Mesdames Finch, Jewell and Beach entertained the rest of the Club members with a picnic on the pretty lawn of Mrs. C. R. Hunsucker.

Forty-two was played and pictures taken.

Delicious cake and cream were served to the following members: Madmes Everett, Gordon, Hall, Materson, Sherman, Acord, Hunsucker, Mann, and the three hostesses

See our window display of School Supplies  
B. & B. Variety Store.

Ernest Thompson has returned from a week's visit with relatives at Memphis.

Mrs. Daisy Slaughter and children spent the week end with relatives at Lella Lake.

### MOTHER OF BROWN LAMB LAID TO REST AT MEMPHIS

Mrs. A. I. Lamb, 75 years, 5 months and 18 days old, passed away at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Martin, in Memphis, at 2:30 p. m., Wednesday, August 23, after a prolonged illness.

Funeral services were held from the First Methodist Church Thursday, August 24th, at 11 o'clock a. m., with Rev. E. D. Landreth, pastor of the church, officiating, assisted by Rev. O. K. Webb, pastor of the First Baptist Church Interment was made in the Fairview cemetery.

Palbearers were: H. W. Kuhn, George McLearn, Jim Vallance, John Vallance, Wilbur Jones and Arthur Gidden. Those in charge of the flowers were Mrs. Lamb's granddaughters, Misses Mildred and Evelyn Lamb Lucile Bird, Mrs. Foster of Plaska and Faye Lamb.

Mrs. Lamb was born on March 5, 1858, at Savannah, Tennessee. She moved to Bentonville, Illinois, with her parents at the age of five, but returned to Tennessee later. She was married to A. I. Lamb in 1876 in Tennessee. Eight children were born to this union, seven of whom are living. They are: Mrs. Ella Martin, Josh and Creech Lamb of Memphis, Jake and Sanford Lamb and Mrs. D. V. Sasser of Plaska, and Brown Lamb of Hedley. All of these children were present at the funeral.

Mrs. Lamb united with the Methodist Church at the age of 16. She came to Texas in 1900, and made her home at Sulphur Springs, moving to Hall county in 1909. She lived in the Plaska community until 1918 when she moved to Memphis, where she resided until her death.

We will still sell merchandise at the lowest price possible after the tax is out.

B. & B. Variety Store.

Clarence Street of Tye, school friend of Rex and Virginia Kendall, spent Tuesday night in the Kendall home here. Clarence has been working this summer near San Francisco, Calif. in the chemical department of one of the largest sugar beet refineries in the world. He was returning to take up his studies this fall as a senior in Abilene High School.

Miss Nita Culwell is at home from a stay of several weeks in Amarillo.

Chas. W. Kinslow and family were visitors in Hedley Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Palmer of Alanreed visited relatives in Hedley Friday and Saturday.

A. G. Caldwell and wife and son of Altus visited the O. R. Culwell family last week end.

### THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor  
Sunday School next Sunday at 9:45. Mrs. W. H. Jones, Supt. Preaching at 11 a. m.  
Senior and Hi Leagues at 7:15. Preaching at 8:15 by pastor.

### FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. C. E. Johnson, Superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m.  
B. T. S. at 7:15 p. m.  
Preaching at 8:15 p. m. by the pastor.

M. E. Wells, Pastor.

### ADAMSON LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each month.

Subscribe for The Informer.

### TOM LATIMER SHOT AT LEVELLAND; FUNERAL HERE

Funeral services for Tom Latimer were held at the Methodist church in Hedley Monday afternoon, his family and a number of friends accompanying the body from Levelland. Rev. M. E. Wells conducted the service, and a great crowd of relatives and old time friends attended. The remains were taken to Clarendon and laid to rest in the Citizens Cemetery.

Thomas William Latimer was born at Blossom, Lamar county October 20, 1880, the family moving to Donley county in 1890. He married Miss Vera Lamberson Nov. 9, 1902, and in 1904 became a member of the M. E. Church in Hedley. He moved to Dalhart in 1916, remaining there until 1924, when he moved to Levelland and resided there until his death on August 26, 1933.

He is survived by his widow, one son, Eckford, of Levelland, three daughters, Doris Latimer of Levelland, Mrs. Hoyt Hamill of Grandfield, and Mrs. O. W. Marcum of Ropesville, and three grandchildren, Donnell and Anita Joy Hamill and Patsy Sue Marcum. Three brothers, Dan Latimer of Hedley and Earl and Frank Latimer of Dexter, N. M., also survive him, as well as four sisters, Mrs. Homer Portenberry of McKnight, Mrs. Ernie Leitner of Mangum, Okla., Mrs. Hines of Hedley, and Mrs. Edna Sherman of Springfield, Colo.

The following account of Mr. Latimer's death is taken from a news dispatch from Levelland to the daily papers:

V. L. Bradley, about 48, manager of a produce station here, was arrested after Tom Latimer was shot and killed in front of the station soon after 6 p. m. Saturday. A charge of murder was filed against him by County Attorney Weldon Johnson.

Some attributed the shooting to ill feeling growing out of conflicting sentiments on the wet and dry issue.

Late Saturday afternoon Bradley walked out of his place of business, apparently to attend his trade. A torpedo exploded behind Bradley. He turned and re-entered the building. Latimer, laughing, was walking across the street from the station. About the time Latimer reached the middle of the street he turned partially around to look back. Bradley fired one shot from a shotgun through a screen door, it is said. Latimer fell, dying almost instantly.

Some witnesses said Latimer had thrown the torpedo; others thought some children threw it.

Bradley declined to make a statement. He was removed to the Lubbock jail Sunday for safe keeping, there having been some talk of violence.

Word was received from Rex Kendall this week that he had been assisting in meetings near Abilene since leaving here; and that he was leaving Monday with some friends for the World's Fair at Chicago. He expects to return to Hedley about Sept. 10 to visit his parents before taking up his work at S. M. U. the latter part of September.

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

Mrs. R. B. Adams came in from Childress Tuesday for a visit with friends.

Les Hawkins was a recent visitor to McLean, taking his sister, Mrs. A. T. Young, and daughters, Sybil, Marietta and Dorothy Sue Young, to their home in that city. They had been visiting in Memphis and Hedley.

## Every Day Specials

8 lb bucket Pure Lard 68c

Dry Salt Jowls, lb 8c

Dry Salt Bacon, extra nice, lb 11c

Dried Apples, 2 lb 25c

Dried Peaches, 2 lb 25c

Fresh Tomatoes, lb 5c

Kraut, 10c size, three for 25c

Mustard, 15c size, two for 25c

Corn, extra nice, No. 2 can 10c

Tea, 1-4 lb Temple Garden 10c

Fresh Corn, per dozen 15c

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR CREAM AND EGGS

Eads Produce Co.

WE DELIVER THE GOODS

PHONE 23

YOU TELL 'EM



Remember the good old days when the wedding ceremony was a life sentence?

Everything for the FARM and HOME

We are always at your service

Thompson Bros.

Hardware -- Furniture

DAILY PAPER BARGAIN

Seven Days a Week

Fifteen Months

for

\$5.25

See the Informer Man

M System