

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXIII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 8, 1933

NO. 4

SCHOOL Supplies

A COMPLETE LINE OF THE BEST TO BE HAD.

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

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



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

The Harrison Halls were here from Memphis Wednesday.

COFFINS, CASKETS UNDER TAKER'S SUPPLIES

Licensed Embalmer and Auto Hearse at Your Service
Day phone 24
Night phone 40

MOREMAN HARDWARE

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

FIRST BALE COTTON COMES TO HEDLEY

J W Reese brought in the new season's first bale of cotton to Hedley last Friday. It was ginned free of charge by the Farmers Gin Co., who purchased the bale for 10c a pound. It weighed 391 pounds.

A premium of \$16 was made up by the merchants, to be divided two-thirds to the first bale and one third to the second.

Monday afternoon W. V. Bain from near Lelia Lake brought the second bale to Hedley, which was ginned free of charge by the Beatty Gin and bought by them at 10c a pound. Weight of this bale was 344 pounds.

Hedley's first bale was also the first bale of Donley county cotton ginned this season, we are informed. Clarendon received a bale some days earlier, but it was grown in Hall county.

See the Window Shades for 10c each.

B & B. Variety Store.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Velau and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mitchel of Hastings, Okla., spent the week end in Hedley visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Lois Wood of Tulsa is visiting home folks here.

LAWRENCE CAFE

W. B. Lawrence has moved back to his old stand on the east side of Main Street, and has opened his Cafe for business. He invites all his former customers, and new ones, to call on him when hungry.

J S Gilliam is now salesman in the Barnes & Hastings store taking the place of Jap Shaw who has resigned the position after a lengthy service, feeling that an outdoor job would be beneficial in the matter of health. V G Sanders has taken over the Gilliam Produce, and will operate it at the same location.

A few more of these Bargain Shoes left at Kendall's, at the old price. You'll have to hurry.

1919 STUDY CLUB

The 1919 Study Club will begin their new year September 13th. The first meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Kinslow, with the following program:

Roll call—My Vacation.
President's message
The 1919 Study Club Looking Backward—Mrs. Dishman
The 1919 Study Club, Looking Forward—Mrs. Reast
Ideals in Club Life—by Mrs. Burden
Music—Mrs. Thompson.
Leader—Mrs. Noel.
Reporter.

Miss Nita Cujwell left Friday for Mercedes to resume her duties as teacher in the schools there.

We have a few more House Dresses at a reduced price.
B. & B. Variety Store.

Quality, Price, Service and Satisfaction

Guaranteed at This Store

Hedley Cash Grocery

HEDLEY SCHOOLS OPENED MONDAY

The Hedley Public Schools opened Monday for the 1933-34 term. A good program was rendered as published in last week's paper, and there was a large attendance of patrons to help start the new year off right.

The opening enrollment was satisfactory, making allowances for general conditions, and the prospect is bright for a successful year. Monday's enrollment was as follows:

First Grade, 29
Second Grade, 34
Third Grade, 26
Fourth Grade, 28
Fifth Grade, 44
Sixth Grade, 28
Seventh Grade, 39
High School, 95.
Total, 333

A barrel of that good Neatsfoot Oil just received at Kendall's. Fine for harness, saddles, and shoes. Nuff sed.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Johnson and family of Amarillo visited his mother, Mrs. C. Y. Johnson, Sunday. Mr. Johnson is associated with the Amarillo Daily News of that city.

NEW BUNDLE FEED FOR SALE.
Willie Seales.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Bro. Frank E. Chism will be in Hedley and preach at the Church of Christ Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night.

You have a cordial invitation to come out and hear him.

Little Miss Jane Ruth Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hall who recently moved to Memphis, spent the week end in Hedley visiting with Mrs. Frank Kendall and other friends. She returned home Sunday night, Mrs. Kendall accompanying her for a visit at Memphis, returning Wednesday.

We are headquarters for School Supplies of all kinds and Free Book Covers at school house.
B. & B. Variety Store.

WATERMELON FEAST

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Meeks entertained a number of guests with a watermelon Feast at their home Tuesday night.

After numerous games were played, several watermelons were cut, which were much enjoyed by all present.

At a late hour the guests departed, promising themselves to visit the Meeks home again at the earliest opportunity.

Mrs. Jessie Adamson, Mrs. Ola Weber, Mrs. O. R. Cujwell and Bob Adamson were in Clarendon Tuesday on business.

NOTICE

Bozeman Garage has a full line of

Used Parts

at the Right Price. We can save you money on parts and work of all kinds. Try us

BOZEMAN GARAGE

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

Attention, Farmers

WE ARE BACK IN THE CREAM MARKET AS STRONG AS EVER

Give us a trial on your next CREAM AND POULTRY

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID AT ALL TIMES

Farmers Equity Union

I HAVE BOUGHT OUT

Gilliam's Produce

Located on Main Street, and will pay

Highest Cash Prices for Cream, Poultry, Eggs and Hides

GALE SANDERS

JUST PLAIN FOLKS

A PHILOSOPHER once said: "Most of us belong to the mediocrity, but don't admit it. It tickles our vanity to be called smart above those around us."

This isn't true with our Bank. We are not "chesty," nor trying to fool ourselves nor anybody else. We are doing a reliable banking business, trying our utmost to be of service to this community. We strive to be courteous, conservative, accommodating. Our officers and directors are just plain folks like the rest of the community—striving to make an honest living by rendering helpful service.

SECURITY STATE BANK

"The Bank that knows you"

E-In Disguise!



By Charles Sughroe

RITUALISTIC TRAGEDY

A human sacrifice to the elephant god, involving the death of a family of seven persons, has been carried out at Villupuram (Madras). Police discovered the bodies of a man, his wife and five children at the foot of a sacred hill temple.

Life's Dimensions By ONARD A. BARRETT

Breadth and height are not three dimensions of an object, they are also the dimensions which govern the development of human life.



Latest for Milady



A black satin frock with bodice top of pale blue crepe to match the jacket. The hat, purse and boutonniere are of paper-thin wood, bird's eye maple, to be exact.

Indians Look Forward to End of Hard Times

Once Rich Quapaw Braves Now Work on Roads.

Quapaw, Okla.—Prayers to the Great Spirit of the Happy Hunting Grounds—do they get results when delivered by tribal medicine chieftains? Older Indians will tell you yes.

years what others failed to achieve in twice that period of time. "It matters not how long we live, but how."

The tendency of reducing the number of working hours will give us more leisure; thus calling for serious consideration not only of the dimension of breadth but also of height, in which dimension will be found a man's aspirations, purposes and ideals.

Throws Down Coat, Wren Builds a Nest

Garden, Mich.—Virgil Winter threw his coat down on the ground and left it there while he was working at some fencing on the Alex Mellon farm just outside the village limits the other day.

young man took up the matter with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

They asked for an increase in the price of lead and zinc and for a reopening of the mines on their allotments. Now relief has arrived and the Indians are rejoicing.

Hit Them Hard.

Here's just how bad things have been with the Indians: A prominent young Quapaw playboy has been reduced to riding in very small motor cars and a former wealthy Indian woman has had to forget a custom of giving birthday dinners about three or four times a year to several hundred relatives and friends.

While the Indian spenders used to be the picked ones of Picher and Miami society, now they are being thrown into jail for law violations.

On the devil's promenade a crew of men is working on a public highway and about half of them are Indians.

Wins Junior Title



Miss Alice Ann Anderson of Kenosha, Wis., who won the woman's western junior golf championship in the tournament that was held at Evanston, Ill.

A few years ago when the mines were all running and the Quapaws were drawing royalty checks every thirty days they would not be induced to labor.

The Quapaws own about 7,000 acres in the heart of the Picher lead and zinc fields. They have been paid over \$7,000,000 in mine royalties and about \$3,000,000 held in reserve and doled out in small sums.

Four at the Start.

When the Quapaws first came to Oklahoma and settled on the reservation they were painfully poor.

Remember Their Ancestors.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

Persons who have to use ingenuity and effort to secure what they need have a pleasure of accomplishment which is denied those who can buy what they want when they want it.



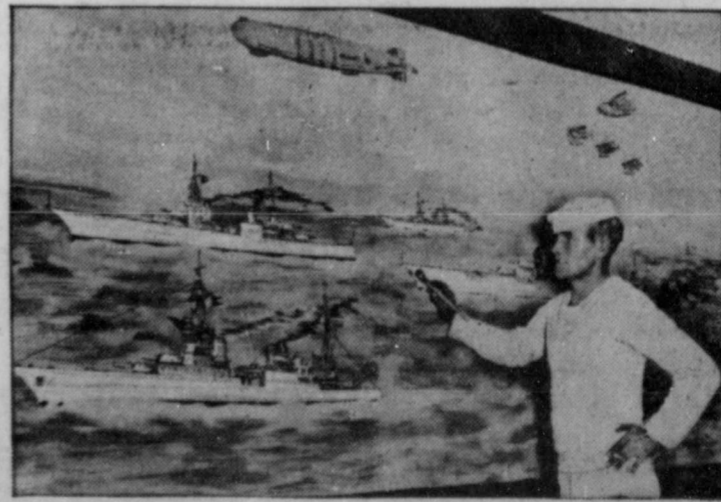
A Household Triumph.

The family on a ranch who wanted running water in the kitchen and had practically no money for the job, succeeded, nevertheless. A tank was made outside the kitchen.

While there are few families in the United States who have to cope with the circumstances related, there are also few families who do not have to use some ingenuity in contriving ways and means to secure needed things, or longed-for objectives.

Complete poise requires indifference on one's own part to being thoroughly understood. That you yourself know the truth of a circumstance, and have acted justly upon it, may not mean that you are given credit for so doing.

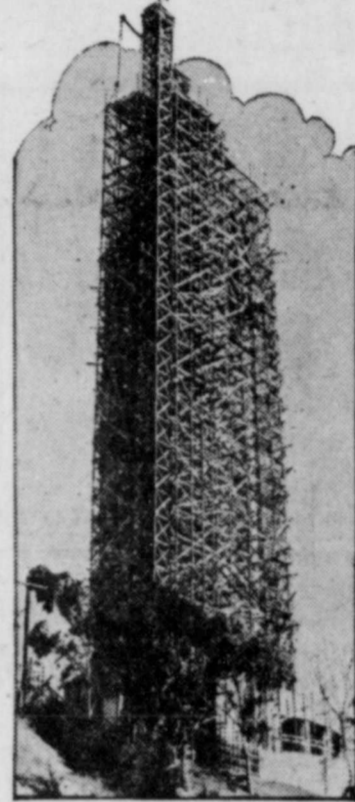
Sailor Paints Mural of the Fleet



John Allen of Pana, Ill., attached to the U. S. S. Indiannopolis, has painted a mural of the fleet on the wall of the recreation building in the Philadelphia navy yard.

explanations, or meticulous insistence upon having others know their every motive. Those who touch life deftly in this manner are among the happiest people one can find.

Coit Tower Goes Up



San Francisco soon will have one of the most spectacular observation towers in the world, for the Coit memorial, on Telegraph hill, is nearing completion.

Household Closets

Closets are filters of confusion for articles which would otherwise collect in rooms. Through the doors the articles filter to their proper places, provided persons take the trouble to put things where they belong.

The hall closet should be large enough to accommodate coats, hats, rubbers, raincoats, and umbrellas for the family.

In the dining room closet or the butler's pantry there should be plenty of drawers to provide places for the table napery to filter into.

The Great Man

A great man is great by thinking great thoughts; and if we cannot think his thoughts, we cannot know his greatness.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

Advertisement for a black leopard, featuring an illustration of the leopard and text: 'MOST FIERCE! THE FIERCEST OF ALL ANIMALS IS THE BLACK LEOPARD.'



WASH dishes the double-quick Rinso way! See how grease goes—how everything comes shining bright in half the time! Use Rinso on washday, too.



always FULLY EFFECTIVE

No destructive moisture creeps in to rob St. Joseph Aspirin of its effectiveness.

World's Largest Seller at 10c *ASK FOR IT BY NAME* St. Joseph GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

FOR BRUISES MOROLINE WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

Do you lack PEP? Are you all in, tired and run down? WINTERSMITH'S TONIC Will rid you of MALARIA

Cuticura Soap Best for Baby's Daily Bath

Made of the purest ingredients and containing soothing and healing properties, it protects baby's tender skin and keeps it clear and healthy, free from rashes and irritations.

Dr. F. V. Walker
 General Practice.
 Female Diseases • Specialty
 Residence Phone 5
 Office with Wilson Drug Co.
 Hedley, Texas

O. E. Dickinson
 DENTIST
 HEDLEY, TEXAS
 Office at Hedley Drug Co.

J. W. WEBB, M. D.
 Physician and Surgeon
 Hedley, Texas
 Office Phone 8
 Residence Phone 20

Man's Shop
 Tail Work. Shirts
 and Cold Baths
 Washed with our
 Try it.
 Manager, Prop.

CASKETS
COFFIN MAKERS'
SUPPLIES
 Licensed Embalmer and Auto
 Hearse at Your Service
 Day phone 24
 Night phone 40

MOREMAN HARDWARE

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bromley
 and children were visitors here
 from Clarendon Sunday.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
 Ed C. Boliver, Publisher

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

NOTICE—Any erroneous reflec-
 tion 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 pub-
 lisher.

All obituaries, resolutions of res-
 pect, cards of thanks, advertising of
 church or society doings, when ad-
 vention is charged, will be treated
 as advertising and charged for ac-
 cordingly.

"It's a queer thing," says the
 Groom News, "that a man who
 seeks the justice and wisdom of
 asking a fair price for the things
 he sells, often fails to see the
 justice and wisdom of paying a
 fair price for the things he buys."
 Ain't it the truth

When anybody tries to sell you
 something at a price less than
 its worth—there's a reason. And
 if you knew that reason, you
 probably wouldn't buy. Get in-
 quisitive

We are FOR the NRA. But
 the only way it has benefited us,
 so far, is by allowing us the priv-
 ilege of paying from 10 to 100
 per cent more for the things we
 have to buy. We expect, how-
 ever, to get other benefits in the
 long run—if we can keep running
 that long

Just read about a man who
 shot and killed his wife then put
 a second bullet into himself, dy-
 ing instantly. Probable the only
 thing that keeps this from being
 a plumb good job is that he didn't
 fire the second bullet first

Friend Estlack of the Donley
 County Leader has returned re-
 cently from a profitable three
 weeks visit to a n-o-t-d sanitarium
 down in Texas. We didn't know
 he had been ailing, and rejoice in
 his improved condition, yet it
 sorter irks us that a neighbor
 editor is still able to borrow that
 much money.

The cotton plowup checks
 strike us pretty much as does
 the full program of the NRA.
 Both have our approbation. But
 we could do a lot more approb-
 ating if they'd show a little
 more speed.

MACE-TOBIN

J. R. Mace, prominent pioneer
 citizen of Lelia Lake, and Mrs.
 Alta Tobin of Newlin were united
 in marriage at the Methodist
 parsonage in Hedley last Sunday
 afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rev. A. V.
 Hendricks officiating.
 Hedley friends will join us in
 good wishes to them.

We are headquarters for School
 Supplies of all kinds and Free
 Book Covers at school house.
 B. & B. Variety Store.

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.

Mr and Mrs John Killian and
 children of Pampa visited in Hed-
 ley Sunday afternoon.

A few more of those Bargain
 Shoes left at Kendall's, at the old
 price. Y'ou'll have to hurry.

**TWO CLARENDON BOYS
 IN FATAL AUTO WRECK**

Dewey Davenport son of Mr
 and Mrs. H. L. Davenport of
 Clarendon, was killed and Paul
 McDonald, son of Mr and Mrs.
 W. C. McDonald of Clarendon
 was critically injured in a colli-
 sion between an auto and a truck
 near Altus, Okla., Monday night,
 according to a news dispatch in
 Tuesday's daily papers.
 Dr. John W. Tyndell, president
 of Randolph College at Claico, who
 was driving the auto, was also
 killed, and H. H. Thompkins of
 Fort Worth critically hurt.

We have a few more House
 Dresses at a reduced price.
 B. & B. Variety Store.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor
 Sunday School next Sunday
 at 9:45. Mrs. W. H. Jones, Supt.
 Preaching at 11 a. m.
 Young people's meeting 7:30
 J. D. Shaw, Miss Alice Noel and
 Miss Verda Gilliam in charge of
 the respective groups. We have
 a class for all ages, and you are
 invited to attend.

Preaching at 8 o'clock, subject
 "The Younger Son." The young
 people will have charge of the
 choir each Sunday night. I hope
 the older people will come to the
 services and show these fine-
 young people that you are back-
 ing them.

Choir practice each Thursday
 night at 8.
 The Stewards are called to
 meet immediately following the
 Sunday morning service.

A barrel of that good Neatsfoot
 Oil just received at Kendall's.
 Fine for harness, saddles, and
 shoes. Nuff sed.

T. F. Heath has our thanks for
 the donation of a fine watermelon
 one day the past week.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

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

You are hereby commanded to
 summon Thomas Arthur Sumter
 by making publication of this ci-
 tation once in each week, for four
 consecutive weeks prior to the
 return day hereof, in the Hedley
 Informer, a newspaper published
 in Donley county, Texas, to ap-
 pear at the next regular term of
 the District Court of Donley
 county, to be holden at the court
 house thereof, in Clarendon, on
 the third Monday, in October,
 1933, the same being the 16th day
 of October, 1933; then and there
 to answer a petition filed in said
 Court on the 5th day of Septem-
 ber, 1933, in a suit numbered on
 the docket of said Court No 1811,
 wherein Gertrude Sumter is
 plaintiff and Thomas Arthur
 Sumter is defendant, said peti-
 tion alleging that the defendant
 was guilty of excessive cruel
 treatment to the plaintiff, and
 praying for a divorce of the bonds
 of matrimony existing between
 plaintiff and the defendant.

Herein fail not, but have you
 before said Court on the said
 first day of the next term thereof
 this writ, with your return there-
 on, showing how you have exe-
 cuted the same.

Witness Walker Lane, Clerk of
 the District Court, Donley coun-
 ty, Texas

Given under my hand and the
 seal of said Court, this the 5th
 day of September, 1933

Walker Lane, Clerk
 of the District Court,
 Donley County, Texas

Issued this the 5th day of Sep-
 tember, 1933.

Walker Lane, Clerk
 of the District Court,
 Donley County, Texas.

**TEACHERS WANTED FOR
 SCHOOL DEPOSITORY**

We will accept bids from par-
 ties 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.

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.

**Buil
 Ski.**

**Enrich His In-
 Blood.**

Sickly, weak, underweight children are
 usually lacking in rich, red blood. When
 blood becomes poor, a child becomes
 rundown. Already weak, he loses appet-
 ite, which makes him still weaker. Take
 no chances on a child gaining strength
 by himself. Start giving him Grove's
 Tasteless Chill Tonic right away. This
 famous tonic contains both iron and
 tasteless quinine. Iron makes for rich,
 red blood while quinine tends to purify
 the blood. In other words, you get two
 effects in Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.
 Put your child on this time-proven
 tonic for a few days and see the differ-
 ence it makes in him. Good appetite, le-
 vel of pep and energy and red roses in
 cheeks. Children like Grove's Taste-
 less Chill Tonic and take it eagerly. It is ab-
 solutely harmless and has been a reliable
 family medicine for half a century. Get
 a bottle today at any store.

**ADAMSON-LANE POST 26
 AMERICAN LEGION**

meets on the first Friday in each
 month.
 Subscribe for The Informer

**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 Ex-
 tra 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 in-
 spect your tires. If you need
 new tires you will be sur-
 prised how little it will cost
 to trade the danger of blow-
 outs for the safety of Firestone
 Tires.



Firestone Tires are built with
 high stretch Gum-Dipped Cords.
 Every cotton fiber in every cord 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	PER CENT
4.75-19 ...	\$8.40	10.50	19.20
5.00-19 ...	9.00	11.00	18.75
5.25-18 ...	10.00	12.00	16.67
5.50-19 ...	11.50	13.50	15.56
6.00-18 ...	12.70	14.75	13.96
6.00-19 H.D.	15.40	17.50	11.54
6.50-19 H.D.	17.90	20.00	11.17
7.00-18 H.D.	20.15	22.50	10.67

Firestone Batteries
 A new high stand-
 ard of Power, De-
 pendability and
 Long Life. We test
 every make of Bat-
 tery FREE.
\$5.75
 and your
 old battery

Firestone SPARK PLUGS
 Hotter spark, increased
 power and longer life. Sealed
 against power leakage. Old
 worn plugs
 waste gaso-
 line. We test
 your Spark
 Plugs FREE. Each in Set
58¢

Firestone BRAKE LINING
 The new Firestone
 Aquaproof Brake Lining
 is moisture-proof giv-
 ing smoother braking
 action and most posi-
 tive braking control.
 We test your Brakes
 FREE.
 As Low as **24¢** Per
 Set
 As Retining 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 Plymo 'th 4.75-19 6.70	Ford Chevrolet Plymo '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 Rockne 5.25-18 8.10	Buick Chevrolet Ford Rockne 5.25-18 7.30	Ford Chevrolet Plymo 'th 4.75-19 4.65
Ambour Studeb'or 5.50-18 9.00	Ambour Studeb'or 5.50-18 8.15	

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

**Hall Service Station
 Hedley, Texas**

**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 en-
 joyable 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**

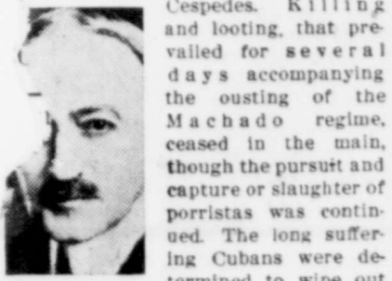
Yes—MR. EDITOR, Send Bargain No. _____
 Name _____
 Town _____
 State _____ R. F. D. _____
 Bring or mail this Coupon to our office today—NOW

View of Current Events the World Over

Cuba Quieting Down With De Cespedes as President—Basic Industries Slow With Codes—Johnson Relies on the Women.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

CUBA, recovering from its spasms of revolution, began to settle back into normal living under its new provisional President, Carlos Manuel de Cespedes. Killing and looting that prevailed for several days accompanying the ousting of the Machado regime, ceased in the main, though the pursuit and capture or slaughter of porristas was continued. The long suffering Cubans were determined to wipe out all those murderous members of Machado's secret police. Dr. De Cespedes appointed his cabinet ministers, most of them belonging to the ABC or the Nationalist party, and they were sworn in. The President himself took the post of secretary of state. Castillo Pokorny was made minister of war and Col. Erasmo Delgado, leader of the military coup that forced Machado to flee, was appointed military commander of Havana.



President De Cespedes

Machado, who fled to Nassau in the Bahamas by airplane, accompanied by several of his closest friends, was reported to have taken with him several million dollars though he left behind even his clothing. His wife and other members of the family escaped the vengeance of the mobs by taking a gunboat yacht to Key West, Fla., whence they expected to go to New York and later to Paris. The ex-dictator said he probably would remain in Nassau and would not interfere with developments in Cuba.

No one would even intimate that the Roosevelt administration fomented the anti-Machado revolution, but the State Department in Washington certainly knew in advance just about what was going to happen in Cuba. It knew Machado would be ousted, and that he would be succeeded by De Cespedes. Ambassador Welles was in close touch with the revolutionaries and was apprised of their plans. Assistant Secretary of State Caffery was kept informed and approved each step taken, and President Roosevelt apparently let him and Mr. Welles work out the problem themselves. The Cubans selected De Cespedes for the Presidency, but he received the O. K. of official Washington before being named. The islanders were not coerced in any way by the United States, however, and the three American warships that were sent to Havana and Manzanillo were sent only to protect American lives and property.

What part in the revolution was played by the National City Bank of New York and Electric Bond and Shares, which have heavy interests in Cuba, has not been revealed. Both concerns had formerly been considered supporters of Machado, but seemingly they did not lift a hand to save him from destruction. Probably they will come out at the big end of the horn when the island is rehabilitated. This recovery, Cuban business men feel, is certain if the price of sugar can be raised a cent or a half and a half a pound, which can be done if the United States tariff of two cents a pound is reduced or abolished. They believe, too, that Cuba would then become a good customer for American goods. Cuba's national debt, hugely increased under Machado, also will have to be refunded, for the interest and amortization payments now amount to \$1,500,000 a month.

President Roosevelt was so satisfied with the state of affairs in Cuba that he went for a short motor trip in the Virginia mountains. Before leaving Washington he and President De Cespedes exchanged friendly messages. Secretary of State Hull explained to the press that Cuba had really not had a change of government. He said it was a mere change of personnel without any alteration in the structure or processes of government. Consequently, he said, the United States did not find it necessary to extend recognition to President De Cespedes since he came in under the constitutional method of succession in Cuba.

steel leaders took one look at him and walked out.

Green declared this act was "a challenge to the government," and continued:

"The question is whether steel is to dictate to the government or whether the government is going to set up machinery under the industrial recovery act and require industry to work with that machinery."

Shortly thereafter the labor advisory board formally protested his exclusion.

Johnson described it as "Miss Perkins' party" and declined further discussion. The labor secretary, who continued in conference with the steel leaders without Green, made no statement.

Better progress was made with the oil and automobile codes. The former, it was believed, would provide for a measure of government supervision of prices. A group of Texas oil producers who challenged the constitutionality of the recovery act met defeat in the District of Columbia Supreme court. Justice Joseph C. Daniels denied the application for an injunction against sections of the law permitting federal regulation of oil production.

FOLLOWING a conference of President Roosevelt and his executive council, it was announced that the administration approved the Chicago Board of Trade's decision to withdraw the peg from wheat futures. Secretary Wallace said:

"We are going to do everything effective that we can to keep the price of wheat up, but we are not going to indulge in sleight-of-hand business. The peg was put in to give time to iron out a technical situation arising from one extremely large speculative account. We can't keep up the price of wheat by pegging futures. We are not engaging in a stabilization operation. We will try to do as effectively as possible the fundamental things which will keep the price of wheat up."

It was announced, also, that the government was waiving the bulk of its debt claims against cotton farmers who have complied with the acreage reduction program so that about \$100,000,000 would start moving in small checks to farmers within a few days. The same formula found for cotton will be used for wheat.

FIRST of the open disputes within the personnel of the recovery administration resulted in the resignation of Prof. W. F. Ogburn as a member of the consumers' advisory board. Ogburn, who is an economist from the University of Chicago, was vexed because Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey, chairman of the board, appointed Mrs. Hugh R. Johnson, wife of the administrator, chairman of the complaint committee, and declared the committee was unable to fulfill its functions. Ogburn told Johnson the consuming public was not being protected, and later he said that the expressed policy of the NRA of keeping purchasing power moving alongside of rising prices "will be blocked, I predict, for want of adequate indexes."

"The complaints (against violations of codes by employers), I recommend, should be handled by a 'line' organization and not by an advisory board."

Mr. Johnson's only comment on Professor Ogburn's resignation was, "It's all right with me."

Flying in an army plane to St. Louis, Mr. Johnson made a stirring appeal for support of the President's re-employment program, asserting its success depended upon co-operation of the people in each town, and, in the last analysis, upon the women. "Woman in defense of the support of her home," he said, "is about as safe for triffers as a lioness at the door of a denful of cubs. When every American housewife understands that the Blue Eagle on everything that she permits to come into her home is a symbol of its restoration to security, may God have mercy on the man or group of men who attempt to trifle with that bird."

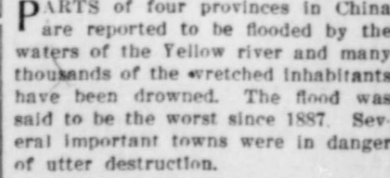


Mrs. H. R. Johnson

PARTS of four provinces in China are reported to be flooded by the waters of the Yellow river and many thousands of the wretched inhabitants have been drowned. The flood was said to be the worst since 1887. Several important towns were in danger of utter destruction.

MARTINEZ MERA, who was inaugurated president of Ecuador only last December, may have to give up his high office, for he doesn't seem to be satisfactory to the country. The congress voted, 42 to 22, to send a commission to him to ask him "in the name of democracy" to let the popular will rule. Latest dispatches from Quito said soldiers were guarding the presidential palace; but it is hard to say which way Latin American soldiers will jump.

STEEL, oil, coal and automobile industries, looked upon as basic, were still unable to formulate codes satisfactory to their various factions and to the national recovery administration. This slowed up the NRA stride so much that President Roosevelt called on Hugh Johnson to get quick action, and the administrator told the leaders in the industries that they must at once agree on codes providing minimum wages and maximum hours. There was an unpleasant incident in the iron and steel discussions that caused further delay. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, went into a conference as a member of the NRA labor advisory board and also on the invitation of Secretary Perkins. But the



William Green

LE SAM'S war on criminals, specially kidnapers and racketeers, made progress in some regions, notably in the capture in Texas of Hersey Bailey, escaped convict and leader of desperadoes who is wanted for numerous crimes in the Middle West, including the machine gun massacre last June at the Kansas City Union station. Bailey also is charged with the recent kidnaping of C. F. Uitchel, Oklahoma oil operator, and ten others implicated in that crime have been rabbed.

The federal crusaders, however, staged an awful flop near Chicago. Government agents, policemen and deputy sheriffs to the number of 250, equipped with airplanes, squad cars, machine guns and bombs, cornered two kidnapers for whom they had laid a trap, chased them by land and air all over the western part of Cook county, and then had to admit their quarry had escaped. The kidnapers had been baited with a promise of collecting a second \$50,000 from Jake Factor. They are supposed to be members of the Roger Touhy gang, four of whom, including the leader, are government prisoners under indictment for the kidnaping of William Hamm, Jr., wealthy St. Paul brewer.

Chicago's law authorities are doing better. The courts are manned by judges who have given up their vacations, and every day sees a number of desperate criminals convicted and sentenced to prison terms. The usual long delays granted to defendants in such cases are being refused by the judges, and the unsavory lot of lawyers who get rich defending known racketeers and gangsters are rather dumfounded.

RUSSIANS, Jews and international Free Masons, are concocting a world plot against Germany, according to Der Deutsche of Berlin, official organ of the Nazi "labor front." The paper cites, as proof that secret negotiations are being carried on, the simultaneous presence at the French resort of Royat of Bernard Baruch of New York, Andre Tardieu of France, Leon Troitzky, Maxim Litvinov, Russian foreign commissar, and the Russian ambassador to the republic of Turkey.

Former Premier Edouard Herriot's trip to Moscow is also part of the plot against Germany, according to Der Deutsche, which warns Germans against what it terms the duplicity of the Soviet Russians and "Jews who want to profit by the chaos and hatred that now sow among nations."

The Swiss, on the other hand, claim to have discovered a Nazi plot, one of their papers charging that Hitler's followers have launched a propaganda campaign for the annexation of Germany, Switzerland and Austria.

An American sailor named Thorsten Jensen was sentenced to six months in jail at Stettin on charges of calling Chancellor "a Czechoslovakian Jew," and the American authorities were preparing to move for his release.

JAPAN'S navy of about 280 ships sailed south from Tokyo, under personal command of Emperor Hirohito, and began the maneuvers that take the form of an encounter with a hypothetical foe attacking Japan from the equatorial Pacific. It was assumed that the enemy fleet had crossed the Caroline and Marshall islands, between the Philippines and Hawaii, which the League of Nations turned over to Japan under mandate after the Germans lost them in the World war.

ALTHOUGH the old prohibition bureau has been abolished, and repeal is expected before the close of the year, "liquor control is neither dead nor forgotten," in the words of L. M. Henry Howe, the secretary to the President said the bureau had merely been absorbed by the division of investigation of the Department of Justice adding that "if any racketeers or bootleggers are holding celebrations over the supposed demise of the bureau they are due for an awful shock."

"When the Eighteenth amendment is repealed," Howe added, "the bootlegger will find himself if anything in clearer quarters than now. Uncle Sam is counting on several hundreds of millions of dollars from revenue taxes, which will lighten the taxpayers' burden—and if you are laboring under any illusion that he doesn't intend to collect every red cent of it you are making the mistake of your life."

DETERMINED to prevent graft in the expenditures of the government's huge \$3,300,000,000 public works fund, Secretary Ickes, the administrator, announced appointment of ten regional inspectors as the nucleus of an organization to see to it that the government gets its money's worth.

They will receive their orders from a report directly to Louis R. Glavis, chief of the division of investigations of the Interior department.

All engineers, familiar with construction work, the inspectors will be charged with seeing that contract specifications are fully met, and with investigating evidences of conspiracy in bidding and complaints.

GEN. ITALO BALBO and his fellow aviators brought their great seaplanes back to Italy and were given a welcome by Premier Mussolini and the people that was much like the triumphs of the ancient Caesars. Balbo was made air marshal and each of his men was promoted and decorated.

How I Broke Into The Movies

How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

BY AL JOLSON

I DON'T believe I "broke" in the movies at all. I think I sauntered into them through a front door that was left open by the Warner Brothers. And there was a "welcome" mat in the hall! At least I did a lot of "looking" before "leaping."

I "looked" into the movies several times during the years that immediately preceded the development of Vitaphone pictures, but I couldn't be convinced that the silent screen was a proper medium for me to use to reach an audience.

Several producers and directors tried to persuade me but I was always dubious. I went so far as to make tests to plan a story, but I was still dubious and finally decided that the silver screen was for me.

I'm still skeptical—about silent pictures—but the public has been kind in its approval of "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool."

I had resisted some tempting offers to try the silent picture and was on the road with my show "Big Boy" when the suggestion that I make a "singing" picture was first discussed. We were in Denver with the show and before we left there I had thought the proposition over and decided to make the experiment.

Warner Brothers who had just then perfected the Vitaphone and who had approached me with the proposal that



Al Jolson.

I make their first full length talking and singing picture, were notified that I would accept their offer to make one Vitaphone picture. During the rest of the tour of "Big Boy" we planned the story of "The Jazz Singer" and when the road show closed I went to Hollywood for the first tests.

I was not easily won away from my intention to make the legitimate stage the only medium between the public and me but Vitaphone offered me an opportunity I could not resist.

The success of "The Jazz Singer" is motion picture history. It did "break" into the movies with a loud bang, and I found a new and satisfactory way of reaching a vastly increased audience.

Having made the break and having learned that the public approved of the break, it followed naturally that Warner Brothers wanted more pictures and that I was willing to make them.

In a way I have "gone Hollywood." I have a home there and will probably always spend a part of my time and energy making pictures. I looked a long time before I leaped, but once the leap was made into the movies I had no regrets.

BUCK JONES Has Played in More Than 300 Features

Buck Jones has been a successful screen star for more than twelve years. After ten years with Fox, he left that organization to produce independently. Three years ago he joined Columbia pictures and today holds the remarkable record of having appeared in more than 200 feature screen plays.

A fan plot conducted a year ago by a national magazine, revealed that Buck Jones was the most popular outdoor screen star in the opinion of the millions of the publication's readers. The rapid development of the Buck Jones Rangers clubs attests to the star's appeal to the youth of America. Some 3,000,000 Rangers are enrolled throughout the country, in these boys' clubs with a goodly portion of them meeting regularly in more than 500 theaters.

Hobart Bosworth Played Leads to Notable Stars

Hobart Bosworth started his stage career in 1885, subsequently appearing as leading man for Minnie Maddern Fiske, Julia Marlowe and Henrietta Crossman. Mr. Bosworth had the distinction of starring in the first picture ever made in Los Angeles, in 1909, "The Sultan's Power." A few months later he wrote, directed and played the leading role in "The Sea Wolf." He has appeared in "Blood-ship," "Flight," "Dirigible," and "Hurricane." His most recent pictures include "Fanny Foley Herself," "Carnival Boat," "County Fair," "Phantom Express," and "The Miracle Man."

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart

Washington.—Some twenty-five or thirty newspaper correspondents were privileged the other day to witness the start of a new stage in the national drive for economic recovery. It is unfortunate there were only those few persons able to witness that which I am convinced is going down in history as an event worthy of recollection. It is unfortunate that more persons were unable to see the spectacle of Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, the recovery administrator, in that moment of determination, his eyes glaring, his jaws set. It was decisive.

The incident to which I refer was when General Johnson, at one of his regular conferences with newspaper correspondents, announced that the time was near, if, indeed, it had not already arrived "when somebody is going to take one of those blue eagles off the window of some business house" because that business house failed to live up to its pledges in the code.

"And," General Johnson added with all of the grim determination of the army officer that he was, "when that happens, it is going to be an economic death sentence. That outfit will be nearly through."

He leveled a finger at the correspondents that, under the atmosphere created by his earlier remarks, seemed for all the world to me like it might go off. There was no braggadocio. It was a positive declaration, this assertion that some of those who promised to do their part would try to cheat. And the added remark that such a business house was economically sentenced to death when their pet blue eagle insignia was taken down was as sternly said as though it had been an actual sentence of death from the lips of a jurist. I repeat, it was impressive.

I do not know how effective this threat will be. No one does, because it never has been done in peace time in this country. But make no mistake about it: the individual who attempts to balk General Johnson is going to have both hands full. To employ a favorite expression of a colored boy whom I know: "He ain't goin' to fool wid 'em."

General Johnson's remarks on that occasion illustrate better than other words available to me the developments thus far in the great campaign to lift this country out of the economic depression. Heretofore, and it still continues, the effort was to get businesses into line, into agreement to stand united and work for the common good. Those agreements among the individual businesses were, and are, agreements with and promises to the President of the United States that each will make the necessary sacrifices, the required concessions, that a given result may be attained. Everyone hopes for better times. That is the end sought, and the signing of codes, including the promises of individuals who buy things to deal only where the blue eagle is displayed, was just the preliminary work.

Now, however, the national recovery administration has reached the point where the enterprise must either succeed or fail. There are to be no more soft words. The decisive moment has come. General Johnson's determination that "he ain't goin' to fool wid 'em," has placed the entire power of a sovereign nation behind that which has been done.

This blue eagle insignia is a powerful weapon. It may later fall into disrepute, but, however that may be, the display of that poster now is having an enormous effect. For instance, General Johnson's attention was called to the status of public utilities operating wholly within a state, a unit unto itself and not subject to the jurisdiction of the federal government. He replied that the blue eagle knows no state lines.

"This blue eagle doesn't know anything about interstate or intrastate commerce," he said. "If the recovery act falls to reach such corporations, the blue eagle will reach them."

And so the stage is set for the drive to encourage people to buy now and to buy only from those displaying the blue eagle.

Let us look into this program. The call to buy now represents a move to get people to let loose of money they have been holding back on account of uncertainty (if they have had such uncertainty) and thus to provide the distribution agencies such as retail stores with business and, of course, profit. If the retailer sells, he must buy from his source, which is the wholesaler or the jobber, and when they have disposed of their stock they must seek replacements from the manufacturer. He, in turn, if he is going to remain in business, must manufacture replacements, and thus the cycle has been set in motion.

But there is more to it than just the proposition of moving goods along from producer to consumer. Each time that the consumer sets the cycle in motion by making a purchase, he adds theoretically at least to the probability of more jobs for workers. He also adds to the possibility of a profit

for all of those handling the commodity.

There has not been a time in recent years that stocks of manufactured goods in warehouses of the country were as low as they are now. It is a condition known as hand-to-mouth buying. One result of that condition is that when a retailer, for example, sells a couple more suits of clothes or shoes or dresses, he is out of those sizes or styles. Unless he goes back to the wholesaler immediately and buys replacements, he cannot make further sales of those particular things. So it is with the wholesaler, and the manufacturer has great stocks piled up either in empty shelves, or in people's pockets to do it. When the money they are holding is spent because they have no more and with no money to buy barest necessities.

General Johnson's fore, is twofold. He get people to buy money with which cycle of business full swing again. The plan will workers, profit for manufacturers and producers of the full swing again. The plan will workers, profit for manufacturers and producers of the full swing again. The plan will workers, profit for manufacturers and producers of the full swing again.

Wheat Acreage Program

With the destruction of cotton crop surplus under way in every cotton-growing state, the agricultural adjustment administration has concentrated its attention on getting the wheat acreage program started, which, indeed, it has been in more than a preliminary way. Previously, I reported that Secretary Wallace figured a wheat crop of not more than 400,000,000 bushels next year was all that would be necessary. Accordingly, withdrawing of thousands of acres from planting will be necessary.

Now, the adjustment administration has sent out orders to farm extension agents wherever counties have them and has appointed temporary workers where no county agents exist, and these people are laying the ground work for wheat farmers to sign contracts with their government. The contracts will provide for withholding of acreage and the farmers will be paid for giving up that acreage through the funds obtained by the processing tax on wheat as it is milled into flour.

Something like 1,100 agents, either permanent county agents or temporary appointees by the Department of Agriculture, are at work in twenty-three states. They are taking the initiative in organizing the farmers, explaining to them what the purposes of the acreage reduction program are and how they will be compensated by joining in the plan.

Chester C. Davis, director of the wheat production division in the agriculture adjustment administration, envisions that "at all about the ultimate success of the program. Nor does Dr. M. L. Wilson, of the same group, who has been in close touch with actual wheat farmers. They are agreed that it will go over just as rapidly as the farmers can have the thing explained to them."

In the meantime, however, the millers of wheat are suffering, and the Department of Agriculture is playing tag with the grain exchanges and boards of trade. The millers obviously are kicking about the burdensome processing tax which they say is difficult to pass on to the consumers fully. The boards of trade and the Department of Agriculture are snarling and biting at each other over a different matter, but settlement of their differences will affect the results of the acreage reduction campaign. So the whole thing constitutes one picture.

The grain exchanges have been criticized without end by Secretary Wallace and the others in positions of responsibility on the farm problem. Secretary Wallace has told the grain dealers they have to come under a code, like other businesses, and they have submitted a code for his consideration which he does not like at all. The secretary wants to keep the "little fellows" out of the grain speculation. He feels they have no business there and that their marginal trading has been the cause of some of the violent fluctuations in prices because they cannot always put up more money if the price falls out from under them. The code submitted by the exchanges leaves more power in the hands of the exchange governing boards than Mr. Wallace wants to leave there, and falls also to reduce the speculative factors the secretary thinks necessary.

So the situation is tense. It is proper to say, I believe, that restrictions already thrown around grain trading have virtually abolished contract markets.

ROADSIDE MARKETING

By T. J. Delohery

ADVERTISING PRINTING

WHILE few roadside or farm markets do enough business to warrant continued advertising unless it be small classified space, the value of advertising printing as a follow-up to newspaper publicity should not be overlooked.

Cards, folders, dodgers, blotters, labels, stickers, food charts, recipes and other such material tie in very well with newspaper advertising, to say nothing of helping to make new customers which come from the recommendation of satisfied buyers.

The kind of printed material to use depends upon the market, what is sold and where it is located. In the past few years operators of roadside and farm markets which are off the main highway are a bit difficult to find, are included in their printing and advertising to guide prospective customers.

well liked; in fact, doing nothing will help sales, and the appearance of the which we patronize, now how to cook it.

It, too, was the delicious dish when the advice of the A poultry farmer used chicken direct obtain recipes which customers. He advo weights and ages for—that is, roasting, when housewives do tions and don't get the

One of the best pieces of printed advertising I have seen is a so-called health chart. It was used by roadside market owners in Cook county, Illinois. The heading: "For Those Who Are Healthy and Those Who Would Like to Be." The chart, made up of three columns, listed the minerals and vitamins essential to body health, told their effect on the system, and then listed the fruits, vegetables, eggs, nuts and other farm produce in which they were contained.

The chart attracted an unusual amount of interest. Doctors commented upon it as being a fine thing to place in the hands of consumers. Not one piece of this literature, which was available in racks hung in front of the markets, was thrown away after first glance.

In Essex county, New Jersey, where roadside markets are grouped in an association, County Agent H. A. Harman helped the farmers draw up a series of four advertising cards. On the front side of each card, which measured 3 1/4 by 5 1/2 inches, was a picture of the association sign or emblem which was on display before all member markets. "Fresh Farm Products," in large heavy type, was the display line on the first card. The second line said "Quality Goods—Honesty Packed." Below was sufficient room to stamp in the name and address of each member. On the reverse side was a little history of the organization telling what it meant to both consumer and farmer, alike.

All of the four cards were seasonal. The second card had "Fresh Vegetables" in large letters on the front side, with recipes for canning tomato juice, making tomato cocktail, sauted tomatoes, stuffed tomato salad and some information on home canning in general. No. 3 card stressed sweet corn, with recipes and the last of the series was devoted to "Fresh Candied Eggs"—day-old eggs. The value of fresh eggs produced by chickens fed balanced rations of feeds rich in vitamins and minerals, and their value in feeding babies and adults as well, was stressed. Recipes on various egg dishes fill the back side of the card.

"The cards did a fine job of advertising," said County Agent Harman. "They carried the message of the association and have made customers for the roadside markets displaying the association sign. It was nothing unusual for customers to ask for several of each card. Presumably they keep a set for reference and pass out the others to friends and neighbors."

Printed paper bags are now regarded as fine advertising—and cheap, too, since the printing costs little extra if done at the time the sacks are ordered. John Haley of Centre Groton, Conn., relates the story of a woman telling her friend that she had been in the country buying vegetables from a farmer, only to have the friend declare she bought from a dealer, pointing out that producer-owned roadside markets in that section used bags on which their names and addresses were printed.

Package inserts are good advertising, especially if they carry messages on future crops. Tales of new machinery or equipment which produce better fruits or vegetables, aid in making for better quality or cheaper production. The more homey and friendly these messages, the better. Customers realize you are a farmer and not a trained advertising writer. A good example of a package insert is that used by F. R. Dolman, Ohio fruit grower. It says:

FOR 30 CENTS
I'll sell one bu. of apples.
Not the fancy grade.
Not the choice, but
The best apple on the
Ridge for the money.

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OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



THE FEATHERHEADS



FINNEY OF THE FORCE



© Western Newspaper Union

Scraps of Humor



The man firm, stern, office and bungee his desk. "Smithers," he said, "this is outrageous. I distinctly remember you could only take seven clear days' holiday, and here you have at last put in an appearance on the eleventh day. What is the meaning of it?" "Oh, yes, sir," said Smithers, coolly enough. "I have an explanation. Three of them were foggy."—London Answers.

HALF AND HALF

They had bought a second-hand car and were taking their first trip in it. After covering several miles the driver became aware that something was amiss. He stopped the car. "I say, my dear," he said to his wife, "have a look at the tires on your side and tell me if there's anything wrong with them." "Oh, it's quite all right," she said, after a careful scrutiny. "The rear one's flat at the bottom, but it's round enough at the top."

Making It Even

"A girl who is engaged should never go out with another man," said the maiden aunt. "Oh, it's all right! Bob's engaged, too," replied the modern maid.—Stray Stories.

Wifey's Objection

Bones—Have you noticed that William Jackson has stopped wearing glasses? Banks—Yes. His wife won't let him. They show up her wrinkles and gray hair too plainly.

Slight Mistake

Visitor to a Hotel—This wall is so thin that you can almost see through it. Hotel Manager—That's the window you're looking at.

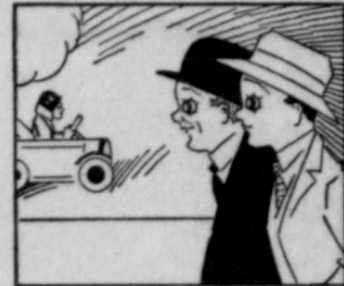
Can Hear a Pin Drop

May—Yes, Dick tells me all he knows. Candid Friend—How really awful the silence must be!—Answers Magazine.

Less Will Do

Kind Lady—Why are you crying, little boy? Boy—I've lost a dime. Kind Lady—When did you lose it? Boy—This afternoon and mother has sent me out again to look for it. She says if I can't find it, nickel would do.—Gazette (M. real).

HER STATUS

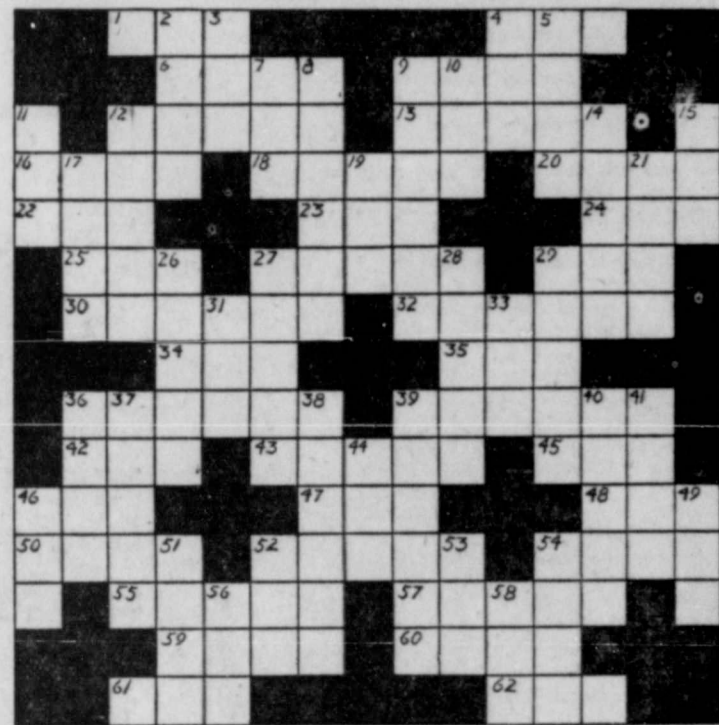


"Is Jane a careful driver?" "Not exactly careful, but exceedingly fortunate."

No Cause for Worry

Doctor—I thought I told you not to eat any porterhouse steak without my permission? Patient—So you did, Doc; so you did. Doctor—Then why are you disobeying my orders? Patient—This won't delay the payment of your bill, Doc. This steak is being paid for by my friend here.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

Horizontal.

- 1—March
- 4—Young goat
- 6—Deeply engrossed
- 8—Organs of head
- 12—Dull, spiritless person
- 13—Purchasable
- 16—Exclamation of regret
- 18—Pastimes
- 20—A quick pull
- 22—Having been victorious
- 23—Small room
- 24—Fish eggs
- 25—Turf
- 27—Girl's nickname
- 28—Long period of time
- 29—One who follows up
- 32—Boy's first name
- 34—Old horse
- 35—To pull with force
- 36—Hit
- 38—University official
- 42—Prevaricate
- 43—Becomes fatigued
- 45—Boy's name
- 47—Distress signal
- 48—Mixture of earth and water
- 49—Unclashed (poetic)
- 50—Shoemaker's tool (pl.)
- 52—Yellow
- 54—Belonging to a person
- 55—To run off
- 57—Acquires by labor
- 58—Impressed
- 60—Flesh
- 61—Nickname of martyred President
- 62—A weight

Vertical.

- 2—God of love
- 3—Short sleep
- 4—To know (Scottish)
- 5—Englishman's salutation (two words)
- 7—Projecting piece of wood
- 9—Dealer
- 10—Happening
- 11—Affirmative
- 12—Face bone
- 13—Mansion
- 14—Big
- 15—To earn

- 17—Parted with
- 18—Came face to face with
- 21—Christmas carol
- 23—Prefix meaning by means of or through
- 26—Author of "The Inferno"
- 27—Acquire
- 29—Belonging to an eastern unit—verity
- 30—A drill
- 31—Domestic animal
- 32—Cup
- 33—Forensic stroke
- 37—Passageway
- 38—Darkened
- 39—To make amends
- 40—Middays
- 41—Metal stamp
- 44—Cafe with friction
- 46—Carpenter's tool
- 48—Latin or French for "is"
- 51—Thick slice of anything
- 52—To initiate
- 53—Girl's name
- 54—Upon
- 56—To be in debt
- 59—Nodent

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.





THERE IS NO GOLD

At the End of the Rainbow -- just HARD WORK

and the small town newspaper is probably getting as much of the hard work and as little gold as any of you.

This paper, along with others, is doing the best it can to help its home community. And that is what it should do. We're saying this simply to remind you that the home paper is the only one on earth that gives a whoop for

The Old Home Town

The Informer

**is interested in everything and everybody
in and around Hedley**

ORLORN ISLAND

by Edison Marshall
Copyright by Edison Marshall
WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

He had forgotten he was deaf! Her scies had set to hurl her into the air, with the mad aim of attacking from behind with any weapon she could seize, but now she stopped, ed in her tracks.

He was deaf! She must not forget it again. It was his one weakness. Her eyes began to reecele far and far into their sockets. Their crazed light grew steely and gray.

Sandomar stood leaning over Eric, watching him as a cat watches a stunned mouse. It was a jungle posture impelled by a jungle instinct—nothing he had ever done had shown the sub-human workings of his mind better than this vigilant and deadly scrutiny of his fallen prey. There was no hatred, purely human emotion, in his eyes. Otherwise he would have quickly seized the chance to crush Eric's head. His rage was impersonal, grizzily bear for a step beyond the paw. An prolonged Eric's life that he made not the same as he had him lie still. Sandomar would have lashed his prey.

Slowly he saw that his prey was mumbled. "You didn't tell me all. Now I'll take the gun first."

He bent over at Eric's hip. Falling to the side, he patted Eric's side, breast, the pocket of his blue coat. Behind him in the dark doorway, Nan's withered, fainting heart swelled and grew strong.

Where was his revolver? For all her dream-state, her mind moved clear and sure. Instantly she remembered seeing Eric unstrap the weapon and hang it up. Peering with steely eyes, she saw its blue-steel barrel catch the lamp-gleam on the opposite wall.

She began to stalk across the room, behind Sandomar's back. Even now it was hard to remember that he was deaf—that she need not guard against sound, but only the flick of her shadow on the floor—that she had best run before he turned his head, saw her, and reached for her with his terrible arms. Steady and straight her hand sped; her fingers clasped the butt. Stealing back two strides, till she was directly behind her enemy, she slowly raised the barrel until she saw his bullet head over the sights.

She must not miss the first shot! Never in her life was she so cool, so steady. She deliberately chose his head for her target rather than his back, to destroy his brain, to make him fall like Swede had fallen, lest he break Eric's neck in his dying struggle.

Even the frantic yell above her head did not throw off her aim. . . . "Behind you, Sandy!" It was a shrill cry of utter terror and futility. "Oh, good Gord—"

It was Garge, on the way to overtake his runaway mate, thrusting his head through the gaping hole in the roof. . . . In one glance he took in the still figure in the white parka, the lifted steady wrist, the leveled barrel that never twinkled in the light, and his certain target beyond; and he never dared dream but that he had come too late. He saw Nan's finger jerk back against the trigger. . . . Again that futile click! When she heard it, when Sandomar did not crash, the fire and powder of her life seemed to fall too. The room turned black before her eyes.

Shrieking, she pulled the trigger again and again. Warned by a swirl in the air, Sandomar looked up—saw her—came lunging; at the same instant Garge pitched down into the room. Only because the jackal fell in the tiger's way, throwing him headlong, did she escape his maul. In the second's respite, she dropped the useless weapon, threw back the bolt of the door, and fled down the village row.

As the clouds drifted from Eric's mind and the light crept back into his thick eyes, he saw Sandomar rear up and peer after Nan, then kick Garge out of the way, and recover the gun. He must have seen Nan's futile effort to fire it, because he handled it with simian curiosity, holding it close to his eyes. Pointing at the floor, he pulled the trigger. As the hammer clicked, he grunted in brute wonder. "The thing won't shoot," he muttered to himself.

It was a strange anti-climax. Forgetting his late victim, the ungainly figure squatted on the floor and began to unscree the ramrod. As in a grotesque dream, Eric saw Garge clamber to his knees, and come creeping near to watch. Their heads were close together as Sandomar worked out one of the cartridges and held it to the light.

Grunting, he pulled back the hammer to look at the breach. Then he raised his head and blinked at Eric across the room.

"You cheated us with this thing, too," he said in his dead monotone. A surging might have happened next, a surge of rage, violence; but what did happen was impossible. Incredible. Sandomar looked from Eric to the woman, then threw back his head

with a hoarse bellow of laughter. His big hands snatched at his ribs; his mouth gaped wide as the inhuman bay rang through the ruined roof far into the silence of the night.

It stopped suddenly as it began. "He's all right, that fellow," he told Garge. "Kept us marching around like school children for three months with a gun that won't shoot." He started, bit his lip, and turned to Eric with a malignant grin. "It was a good joke you played. Now I'm going to play one on you."

Eric gave no outward sign, but in his inner mind he turned on the tap of his emergency strength. Still half-paralyzed from the blow, he called on all the shell-shocked battered forces of his brain, nerve, and sinew to prepare for a last charge. Sandomar's jests would be worse than his furies.

"You think this gun's no good, but I'm going to show you it's good enough for you."

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"You think this gun's no good, but I'm going to show you it's good enough for you."



She Must Not Miss the First Shot! Never in Her Life Was She So Cool, So Steady.

to kill a man," Sandomar went on, quietly.

He looked at the pearl handle, ribbed with steel. It suited him, so he grasped the barrel in his huge white palm. With his left hand flat on the floor, in an ape posture, he started to roll forward.

Eric's brain gave a signal. The strong wrench of his will somehow hurried him to his feet. At the same instant, Sandomar heaved erect with dog-fangs bared and arms spread wide. Drawing a knife that made little wicked lightning in the shadows, Garge leaped to cut off the victim's escape.

But Eric did not jump the way they expected; neither did he back to the wall to fight. He had only one chance and he played it with all the valor of his soul. Weaving to avoid Sandomar's rush, he sprang toward the oil lamp.

He would have picked it up and hurled it, if he could, but the quarters were too close. Instead he kicked it over. There was one instant's brilliant glare, revealing all three antagonists in frozen motion, then the room went inky black.

Sandomar was deaf. He lived by light. When it went out, he was as though he had died; a rattle rose in his throat, and he could not move a finger. Now was the time to dispatch him, provided Eric had a weapon and could first kill Garge. But Garge slashed right and left, cursing, and Eric's hands were empty. He must run—to live, and fight again.

Ducking low, slinking along the wall, he made for the open door. A second later the night wind was in his face, and he was free.

CHAPTER XI

Eric's first thought was to find Nan, lest she attempt some desperate act of rescue and fall into Sandomar's power. But he need not search for her far. As he sped down the village row toward Horton's hut, he heard her low voice behind him.

"Eric!"

Just as he might have known, she had already turned back to the strife. Hearing his nearing footfall, she had hidden in the shadows; and not until he had passed her looming in the moonlight had she dared believe he was saved. As he whirled, she ran to meet him.

She could speak no more, save by the pressure of her hand on his. It was her left hand; in her right she tremly grasped, like the old salmon-slayer she was, a seal-spear with an ivory point.

She had not come alone. Behind her, fired by the flame of her purpose, were all Eric's friends. Mother Horton likewise held a spear, and in the ghostly light her thin face showed set and grim. Horton brandished a native ax; Wilcox' hunting knife twinkled in his hand. Even Marie had snatched up a walrus tusk and had come to fight beside her mate to the last.

There was one more. Cool and aloof, Roy came strolling out of the shadows, a lance in his hand. He smiled grimly when he saw Eric start and stare.

"Yes, I'm as big a fool as the rest," he said in grim tones.

Clutching Eric's hand, Nan hurried him to Horton's hut. Presently all her party were behind the stonily-boiled door, gazing fearfully into one another's faces.

The storm that had threatened them

so long had broken at last. There could be no truce, no compromise. Life was reduced to its first form—kill or be killed, the brute battle to survive.

"What now, Eric?" Horton asked. "It looks to me like a fight to the finish, now."

"But we're only four men against seven—one of 'em Sandomar. How are we going to even up those odds?"

Eric glanced to Nan, then to Mother Horton and Marie. At the last and the worst, all three would strive like the women of the covered wagons on the plains. Nan was dead white, but her eyes burned. Mother Horton looked cold and deadly; Marie's black brows were knitted.

"There are seven of us, too," Eric said.

"Could we get any of their crowd to come over to ours?" Horton asked. "I'll promise 'em anything."

"Not a chance. They've all turned brute. The island did part of it, Sandomar the rest. Remember that Cooky and Big Smilh were both in that slaughter on the yacht—and they'll give us no quarter. Little Smith will stick by his brother; Petroff is a fanatic nihilist. Sydney Bill is the most decent of the lot."

"Don't count on Sydney Bill," Wilcox said quietly. "He wants Marie; and he'll kill to get her."

"How about trying to get away in kayaks?" Roy asked. "The way that little shell of yours weathered the storm—"

Eric shook his head. "You know what happened to Chechago's tribesmen, good paddlers every one, when they were blown from Ignak harbor onto the shoals. Kayaks are fine in deep water, but no good in the rocks. I think we'd stand a better chance fighting. If we can kill Sandomar and Garge, we may bluff out the rest. And there's one little chance—"

He paused, afraid to give words to the feeble hope. But Nan swayed forward, her fevered eyes gazing into his, and whispered what was in both their hearts.

"The Aleuts might help us!"

In the startled silence, Roy grunted disbelief. "They'd be more likely to help Sandomar. He's more their kind; and his whole gang has made pals of 'em while we've been bossing them around."

"It's a chance, just the same," Eric persisted. "No one ever knows what an Aleut is thinking."

His words were drowned out by a dull thud in front of the house. As they listened, riveted in their tracks, the sound was repeated, and something bombed and shook the door. Nan's quick mind was the first to guess the truth.

"They're locking us in!"

Eric sprang toward the threshold, then stopped, baffled. Plainly Sandomar and his crew had put their shoulders to one of the immense volcanic rocks strewn on the ridge and had rolled it to the door. Yet probably the situation was no more desperate than before. The prisoners could break out at any moment through the wall; in the meantime there was no place for them to go.

"What do those men mean to do?" Nan asked, wide-eyed.

"I s'pose they want to keep us rounded up till they're ready for us," But Eric concealed what he deemed their main purpose. While one or two of their pack guarded the prisoners, the other could haul up the boats and seize the paddles. There would be no flight to sea, but war to the last ditch. Well, it was better so. Sandomar was strong, but the seacurrents were stronger. The stones he hurled were not so dangerous as the billow-swept rocks of the shoals.

Presently they heard a familiar voice through the window. "Ear, you!"

Eric crept close to the wall, careful not to cast his shadow on the oiled pelt that acted as a glass pane.

"What do you want?" There was naught but defiance in his tone.

"I want to talk to Orton, not you. We'll talk to you later—on the bench. I'm 'ere to give 'im till sunup to meet our terms."

"What are your terms?" Horton spoke huskily.

"Turn over Ericsson and the two gals to us. We don't promise what we'll do to 'im—we've got plenty for to pay 'em back, but the gals won't take no special 'arm. Sandy and me'll keep one, Sydney Bill the other. The rest of you can live 'ere in peace."

"And if we refuse?"

"You won't. You've got too much sense. If you don't 'and 'em over by sun-up, we're coming in through the roof to get 'em, and we'll let a few rocks come first to pave the way." They heard the ratty little man snigger in the darkness.

There was only a moment's wait. Horton's pale face turned black as the turf, and he shook his fist at the window. "Come any time you want to," he shouted. "We'll fight you to the last man."

His voice echoed and died away. The only sound was the hum of the oil lamp, and every man's pulse beating in his ears. Eric's gaze roved from face to face. There was no terror there, only quiet resolution, resignation, almost relief. They knew at last just where they stood. Their backs were to the wall.

In a dark corner of the dome-shaped roof, Eric began to cut a small opening level with his eyes. For a long time he watched and listened. At last Nan stole up beside him.

"Where are they?"

"All gone to the beach, I think. But there may be someone watching the door."

"Hadn't we better break out, while the coast is clear?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TANGLE WIVES

By Peggy Shane

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

A pretty young woman finds herself in a taxi cab 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 Blitmore, still wondering who he 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 \$1000. 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. Doris falls in love with Rocky's photograph, but cannot remember having married him.

CHAPTER III

"I think I'd like to go into New York," said Doris.

She looked away from Mrs. Du Val as she spoke. Below her eyes was a long vista of formal terraces, dropping one below another and ending in a square pool.

They were sitting on a grassy floored room set against the house, and walked on one side by a rock garden, and on the other by a lattice of climbing roses. Lunch was spread on a gaily tiled table. They were waiting for Oscar Du Val to come from his studios and eat with them.

Mrs. Du Val's fingers were busy as usual with crocheting. She did not look up, but Doris saw that she was frowning anxiously.

"Rocky left orders that you are not to go into New York, you know."

This was rather surprising. Doris lifted her pretty brows. "Why not?"

"You know Rocky's reasons better than I. You were with him, were you not, when he spoke to me over the telephone? You perhaps heard him make me give him my promise."

"What harm would it do for me to go into New York?"

"Oh, c'est Rocky," sighed Mrs. Du Val. "Perhaps our boy is a little of the jealous, n'est-ce pas? What do you think? At the time he made me to promise I had the idea that you were a little—shall we say a little too gay in your habits? But since I know that this is not the case—I rather wonder at that boy Rocky."

"It's certainly rather unusual."

"You find it dull here, little Doris?"

"Oh no. You've been so kind. So wonderful, only—"

Doris hesitated. "I hate to bother you about it, but I did want to go to New York."

"Why do you want to go to New York?"

Doris could think of no convincing answer. "I'd like to do some shopping," she said haltingly. Then she flushed with embarrassment. She had no money. With what could she shop?

"What is it you need?" said Mrs. Du Val kindly.

Doris tried hard to think. "Oh some thread. Some red thread to mend a rip in my red dress, and some darning cotton."

"But I can let you have those things. Doris, you know you have only to ask."

Doris felt ashamed and desperate. It was impossible for her to go to New York without money. To suppose she were not Mrs. Rocky Du Val seemed now simply morbid imagining. If she weren't then where was the real Mrs. Rocky Du Val? She would have turned up long ago, surely. She sat biting her lip and looking at Mrs. Du Val who kept busily on with her crocheting.

After a moment the French woman's rich voice began to flow like an organ; pulling out stops of joy and gloom, ecstasy and despair. "I know how is it when you are young, Doris. You want change. You want to see some of your friends. Perhaps the doctor?"

"No."

"Or to the dentist?"

Doris said in relief, "Oh yes. I ought to go to the dentist."

"We ought all to go and see the dentist regularly," said Mrs. Du Val placidly. "We will go together into town. We will go to your dentist. We will go to the shops. We will buy some things which you need. Will that be good?"

Doris did not know what to answer. She was touched by the evident desire of her mother-in-law to please her. Mrs. Du Val was at once fussy and grand. This paradox made her lovable. But it did not make her a possible companion for Doris on her proposed tour of investigation into her own past. She would not let Doris have a minute alone. And at the same time her dignity of character, her overflowing kindness would make it difficult for Doris to practice the least kind of deceit.

"Where is your dentist?"

There she had already told one lie about a dentist. Now she must make up something glib. "I haven't a good one," she said. "Do you know of one?" Could she possibly think of any reasonable excuse to get away from Mrs. Du Val in New York?

Mrs. Du Val was looking pleased. "Yes, I have a very good dentist. She rose and folded away her lace. "I will tell Oscar that we are going to New York this afternoon. He will not like that. He is like a baby. Always

I must be here. We will leave immediately after lunch and return for dinner. Will that, do you think, give us enough time?"

Doris did not know. It did not seem to her that it would give any time at all, since it took two hours to get into New York, and two more to return. It was after twelve now. If they left at one they would get to New York at three. They would have to leave at five to be back by seven. Two hours was something, of course. If she could find an excuse to go to Tange's and see if she could identify herself through the hat, and dresses and suit she had bought, it would be plenty of time. But could she break away from Mrs. Du Val and get to Tange's?

In a few minutes Oscar had joined them and they all sat down at the little table.

Mrs. Du Val told her husband that she was taking Doris into New York that afternoon.

He put down his spoon at once. He looked at his wife angrily.

"Why?"

"Ah well. We have many things to do."

"That is nonsense," said Oscar. "What with all these motor accidents on the roads it isn't safe for you to drive into New York. The last time you went when you went to get Doris, God knows what I suffered!" He rose abruptly and sent the light chair behind him flying into the rock garden.

His wife rose. "See what you have done now!" she scolded. "Come, sit down and finish your lunch. Of course we will go to New York." She smiled into Doris' agonized eyes. "It will be all right. He always acts so when I have to go to New York."

After lunch the big car came around in front of the door, and Oscar Du Val gloomily watched them drive away. From the important way that Mrs. Du Val switched herself into the limou-

sine and settled her skirts over her round short legs, Doris knew that the French woman was secretly pleased with the outing. Perhaps married to a less exacting husband she would have loved gaiety and mixing with the world.

Oscar Du Val kissed them both as solemnly as if he never expected to see them again.

"I feel rather guilty," said Doris.

"Nonsense. It does him good. Let me advise you, Doris, about your husband. In big things, give in to him, yes."

"Yes!" repeated Doris somewhat doubtfully. She did not understand Mrs. Du Val's meaning.

"Yes," said Mrs. Du Val firmly, "always give in to your husband in big things, in things that matter. Let him have his own way about his work. He knows best about that. Let him have his way about his home, yes. But in the little things—ah, Doris, in the little things the woman must be the ruler."

Doris said thoughtfully, "Most people seem to think you should do the other way around? Let him have his way about the things that do not matter, so you can influence him in the big things."

Mrs. Du Val's bright face was overcast like the quick wrapping of the sun in a cloud. "I know. I know it is the theory of the play 'What Every Woman Knows,' a theory that has done much harm, much harm, and made every empty-headed little woman think it is she who is the greater and the doer if it happens her husband has done something good. Never let yourself fall into that error, Doris. I know many women like that. Remember, whatever Rocky becomes it will be because he himself had it in him to become that thing."

Doris felt thrilled and happy. Surely this trip would set her doubts at rest. She must be Mrs. Rocky Du Val. Who else could she be?

As the limousine rolled pompously over the white pavements, her heart was beating more quickly. If she were to go to Tange's and find out that, after all, she was not Mrs. Rocky Du-

promise you I'll only be gone a minute or two."

Mrs. Du Val looked slightly ruffled. Her astonishment was slowly yielding to a faint amusement. "I know, I am some kind of a surprise. I have small eyes wrinkled with fun at the corners. You want to get away a moment and I am too much the old mother-in-law to let you do that?"

"Oh no. Of course not. You been darling to me."

Mrs. Du Val patted her hand. "Right, you go. I wait outside in the car. But not over ten minutes, n'est-ce pas?"

"No, no. Not over ten minutes."

"And do not make up any stories to tell me. Next time I'll be angry."

Doris was very excited as she slowed the car in front of the front door of Tange's. She slid past the doorman hastily, opening the heavy door herself.

Before she could formulate any plan of action a girl came from behind the closed door and came toward her.

Then Doris saw that she was recognized.

The girl's mouth opened, her eyes drew together in a horrified flash. She seemed to scream as if with terror. But instead she slapped a highly manicured hand over her sagging lips.

"Miss—I mean Mrs.—Val—"

Then she stopped as if paralyzed. "You know me," gasped Doris.

"Oh you poor kid; Oh! I'll help you. Get in here. Come quick!"

Doris' amazement deepened. The girl had seized her by the arm and was dragging her across the room, she spoke.

"But listen—" protested Doris.

"There's no time."

"But why should I—"

"For G-d's sake, don't be a fool. Someone's coming!"

In spite of herself the girl communicated herself to Doris. The girl was so frightened that she said nothing Doris said. Her own words came out in short breaths. "I'll help you. I'll help you. Get in here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



But Instead She Slapped a Highly Manicured Hand Over Her Sagging Lips

A silver of ice her spine. But th Nevertheless she certain. The probl her was how to leave a few moments. She had a the French woman meant to her very persistently.

"Where do you want to go first, Doris?"

"I would like to go to a shop called Tange's. I bought a dress there that has come out at one of the seams, and I want to show it to them."

This was pure inspiration. Mrs. Du Val clucked sympathetically. "Such robbery. A dress in an expensive shop like Tange's coming out at the seams. Did it not fit you then? Oh my—yes. We must certainly speak to them. Did you bring the dress with you?"

"No—I didn't think—"

"Oh, dear, oh dear. We should have the dress. You remember perhaps the clerk that waited on you. I will give her a talking to. But we must not excite you at such a time," she said with an air of tenderness.

What mysterious ailment was she supposed to have? She saw genuine concern in Mrs. Du Val's small brown eyes. "I feel very well," she said.

"Shall we go first to the dentist?"

"Suppose we stop by Tange's and I just run in for a moment while you wait in the car. I'm sure when I tell them about the dress, they'll agree to fix it, and tomorrow I can send it in to them."

"No, no," said Mrs. Du Val, "we will go together. There is plenty of time."

Doris felt desperate. Panic was clutching her heart. She wanted more than anything else to prove that she was Mrs. Rocky Du Val. But she had to go in that store alone. She determined on new tactics. "I have a confession to make," she said. "I want you to trust me. You said a little while ago that you did. I have merely made up this silly story of a dress torn at the seams, because I wish to run into Tange's alone. I—I can't tell you my business. But I—"

She must not miss the first shot! Never in her life was she so cool, so steady. She deliberately chose his head for her target rather than his back, to destroy his brain, to make him fall like Swede had fallen, lest he break Eric's neck in his dying struggle.

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when you know a news item.

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**MRS. C. S. HUTCHINS
DIED LAST FRIDAY**

Mrs. C. S. Hutchins of Greenville, who was elected president of the State American Legion Auxiliary at its meeting in Wichita Falls a few days ago, died suddenly last Friday while visiting in the home of a friend in Dallas.

Mrs. Hutchins was a niece of Uncle Ben Harris of this city, and visited the Harris family about a year ago. She was a woman of high intellectual attainments, and through her activities in the interests of Legion Auxiliary work had gained state wide prominence.

The Informer sympathizes with her loved ones, and the Auxiliary, in their loss.

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**RURAL CLUB MEMBERS
ENTERTAIN HUSBANDS**

Friday, Sept. 14, yet another delightful party was added to the list of the summer parties given on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Hunsucker.

In honor of their husbands the Hedley Rural Club entertained with a chicken dinner of lovely appointments Tuesday evening. Five tables, accommodating all the guests, were centered with small vases filled with beautiful garden flowers in a variety of pastel colors.

The evening was spent in playing 42 until a late hour.

Those present were: Messrs. and Mrs. Fred Finch, Roy Jewell, J. B. Masterson, Ross Hall, R. E. Mann, C. Z. Sherman, Ed Gordon, Chas. Grimsley, Dee Leach, C. R. Hunsucker, and Mrs. S. G. Phelps.

**HEDLEY SENIOR CLASS
ORGANIZED MONDAY**

The Senior Class met Tuesday morning and organized. The following officers were elected:

Mrs. Davenport, Sponsor. George Gordon, President. Pauline Boliver, Vice Pres. Joyce Tinsley, Sec. Treas. Anne Ruth Mitchell, Reporter. Mrs. Boliver, Class Mother. Mrs. J. B. Masterson, P. T. A. Mother.

Committees were appointed by the president as follows:

Social—Emma Lewell Plunk, chairman; Nina Mae Bailey, and H. B. Settle.

Colors and Motto—Jack Beaty, chairman; Mildred Golliday, and Pete Armstrong.

The Seniors have all resolved to cooperate in making this our best school year.

DARNELL-SANDERS

Pete Darnell and Miss Opal Sanders, both of this city, were united in marriage last Saturday, Sept. 2 at McLean, Rev. W. A. Erwin, Presbyterian pastor there officiating.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Darnell, and is connected with Bill's Garage. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sanders. Both are popular among their associates and number their friends by their acquaintances. They will make their home in Hedley.

The Informer wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Darnell a long life of happiness together.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the many friends who came to us during our recent bereavement. The memory of your loving kindness shall remain in our hearts forever.

Mrs. T. W. Latimer, Doris and Eckford Latimer, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Marcom, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Hammill, Mrs. Homer Fortenberry, Mrs. Ernie Leitner, Mrs. Maggie Latimer Hinds, Dan Latimer and Family, Earl and Frank Latimer.

Mrs. Ned Grimsley and Loyd Grimsley visited relatives at Sunday the past week.

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\$16.50 covers ALL tuition and fees for split semester of nine weeks.

Standard courses leading to many professions; special training for prospective teachers.

Obtain further particulars and Catalog. Write

J. A. HILL, President

G. W. Antrobus of Clarendon was an appreciated caller at the Informer office Wednesday. He had just returned from Rochester, Minnesota, where he went through the famous Mayo Bros. clinic.

Commissioner Sid Harris of Precinct 1 visited one day last week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Harris.

Mrs. Ed Butler and son have returned from a visit with relatives in Missouri.

Just received a good line of Men's and Boy's Overalls and Shirts.

B. & B. Variety Store.

**ADAMSON-LANE POST 287
AMERICAN LEGION**

meets on the first Friday in each month.

HEDLEY SINGERS

The Hedley Singing Class met the 4th Sunday with a good attendance. Several visitors were present including Mr. and Mrs. Ham Barthman of Clarendon and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart of Chamberlain. Some special numbers were rendered by them, which were much enjoyed. We hope these people will find it possible to visit us more often.

We also had some visitors from Windy Valley. Come again and bring some one with you.

Be there Sunday Sept. 10, at 8 p. m. West Baptist Church.

Mrs. Clyde Adams and children of Amarillo are visiting home folks here this week.

Miss Fay Maxwell was in Hedley Friday en route to Amarillo where she will teach this year.

Misses Mavis Whiteside and Lometa and Jessie Mildred Culwell visited in McLean Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Bilderback were recent visitors in McLean.

Sam Bond and his mother, Mrs. John W. Bond, came down the first of the week for a visit with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Wade and children spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives at Wheeler. They were accompanied home by Rev. L. J. Crawford, who has been holding a series of revival meetings in that section of the country.

Mrs. Ed Butler and son visited relatives at Muleshoe, few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Heath visited in Amarillo Wednesday.

See the Window Shades for 10c each

B. & B. Variety Store.

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.

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Flour, Ponca Best 48 lb \$1.70

Meal, 20 lb 45c

Meat, Fancy Breakfast Bacon, lb 16c

Spuds, extra nice, peck 48c

Good Cooking Apples, peck 35c

Twine, per ball 65c

Cabbage, nice and firm, lb

Syrup, Steamboat

Peaches, gallon can

Prunes, gallon can

Cherries, gallon can

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