

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXIV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS AUGUST 31, 1934

NO. 43

Every Day Prices

Parke Davis Kreso Dip, gal.	\$1.50
Epsom Salts 15c 2 lb.	25c
Sulphur 15c 2 lb	25c
Russian Type Mineral Oil, pint	39c
New Gillette Razor with 5 blades	49c
New Gem Razor with blades	25c
Syrup Pepsin, Small 50c Large	\$1.00

Hedley Drug Co.
THE REXALL STORE
PHONE 3
This Store is a Pharmacy

Our Guarantee

If for any reason your permanent fails to come up to your most minute exactness you will be given another absolutely Free, regardless, if it be fault of machine, operator, texture of hair or what not. This assures you of ability of machine and operator.

Our Motto: No transaction complete until you are satisfied.

Where Can You Get More For So Little?

Permanents of Distinction

\$1.00 up

"They Speak for Themselves"

NO STUDENTS

NO BURNED HAIR

Vogue Art Beauty Shoppe

Room 3

Cooper Hotel

HEDLEY HIGH SCHOOL Will open Sept. 3

and

is second to none in Donley county

If you are going to attend school you will do well in coming to Hedley. Our building is up to date and equipped with the best equipment obtainable. Last, but not least, is the faculty. Our faculty is the best that could be had.

Come to Hedley

We carry a complete line of School Supplies, Drugs and Drug Sundries.

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63

OLD SETTLERS' PICNIC

Last Friday, Aug 24, marked the fourth picnic for Donley County Pioneers. Altho the rain kept many away, there were still some who kept the old time spirit, "rain or shine I'll be at the picnic." Old settlers came from Amarillo, Borger and Wichita. The register shows over 100 registering as having resided in Donley county 20 years and longer.

W I Rains, Hugh Brown and Dayton Shelton held the record, having resided in the county 40 years and over. Each has seen the county develop from open range prairie to the present cotton field. Messrs Shelton and Rains hauled all of the water from Lake Creek. A short time later Hugh Brown came and began digging wells. Quite a bit of pioneer history was discussed by the older folks while the younger ones gave careful attention.

The camp fire with the old wash pot of black coffee was a very welcome guest. The noon hour came and the ladies proved their skill along culinary lines. Good eats and plenty of them. No one went home hungry. Just an old fashioned picnic dinner. Rev. A. V. Hendricks of Hedley was the only pioneer minister present. Messrs. Dave Spier, Ralph Davis, Donovan Pickett and others furnished the old time music. An old square dance was enjoyed by all. Due to the unfavorable weather conditions, the program was not rendered. The Clarendon band was on the program. By mistake they received word the picnic had been postponed.

All old timers who did not attend this year, begin to make plans to be there in Aug 1935. Just as president Rains, the only officer present, was ready to call a business meeting it began to rain. The crowd all left therefore the same officers will hold over for another year. W. I. Rains, pres. M. W. Mosley, vice pres. Mrs. O. R. Culwell, sec.

Clean up price on summer wash dresses. Get yours before they are gone. B. & B. Variety

KO-ZEE BEAUTY SHOPPE

Mrs. Montgomery will give undivided attention to school girls. To do their work well they must feel well. There is nothing better than a new permanent wave to inspire confidence. This Shoppe has moved to the post-office building for your convenience. Don't forget I have a new permanent wave machine with an automatic cut off which prevents burned hair.

Only exclusive permanent wave goods are used in this Shoppe. Drop in. Make this Shoppe your meeting place. We welcome you. Guaranteed permanents \$1.00 to 7.50

REVIVAL

If you are not attending the revival services at the First Baptist church, you are missing some fine messages in sermon and song.

COUNTY SINGERS

The County singing convention meets at Ashtola Sunday, Sept. 2. All singers are invited.

We have a complete line of school supplies. B. & B. Variety

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

MRS. W. M. FOSTER

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Foster was born at Spartenburg S. C. July 6, 1848. She joined the Baptist church when twelve years of age. Sister Foster remained true to her Lord and her church till the Lord said "it is enough." She was married to William Martin Foster July 25, 1865. Ten children were born to this union, three of the children predeceasing her in death.

The children are as follows: J. J. Foster of Bea Franklin, Texas; R. R. Foster of Enloe, Texas; Mrs. J. J. Nichols of Gunterville, Ala.; Mrs. Mary Shaffer of San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Jee T. Rasco, Memphis; J. S. Foster, Wichita Falls; Mrs. J. B. Pickett, Hedley; one sister, Mrs. A. B. Prince, Spartenburg, S. C., and a host of grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Sister Foster had been a sufferer for some years. She made her home with her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Pickett, of Hedley. I have never seen greater devotion than that shown by Brother and Sister Pickett and the dear children. When her tired body had been weakened under pain and her suffering seemed to be unbearable, she was taken to the Wilson Hospital at Memphis, where she fell asleep last Friday, August 24, 1934. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Be faithful unto death. Christ proffers thee
Crown of a life that draws immortal breath.

To thee he saith yes, and He saith to me
"Be faithful unto death."

To every living soul that same He saith,
"Be faithful" whatsoever else we be,
Let us be faithful challenging His faith
Tho' trouble storm around us like the sea
Tho' darkness surge up to scare us and to
scathe,
Tho' heaven and earth betake themselves to
flee,
"Be faithful unto death."

Her friend, A. V. Hendricks.

SCHOOLS TO OPEN

Hedley schools will open next Monday, Sept 3. The school buildings have been repainted inside, various repairs have been made, and everything is in readiness for the new term.

The opening exercises will be held Monday morning from 9:00 to 10:00. Rural children will probably be permitted to go home at noon.

All patrons of the school are invited to attend.

HOOKER GIFT SHOP

Complete line of school supplies, candies, soda pop, gifts, toys and many other things. Come see them. What you want when you want it.

NOTICE

Wanted—Applications for substitute teachers for Hedley school.
J. A. Tollett
President School Board

Maine and Hegira bundles.
J. E. Blankenship

Will do share canning. For information see Mrs. Mula Nanny P. O. box 968.

V. F. Wade and family and Miss Omega Crawford were Memphis visitors Friday.

Professor Hobson and wife of Denton visited W. F. Burdine and daughters, Margie and Joyce June, Sunday.

Satisfied Customers

Are Our Best Advertisement

We have lots of them who have traded here for 18 years

Why not be Satisfied?

PHONE 21

**Barnes & Hastings
Grocery Co.**

Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

Flour Kansas Cream, 24 lb. 95c
Kansas Cream, 48 lb. \$1.85

Tea, W. P., 6 glasses full of tea 75c
Cheese, American or Pimento, 1/2 lb. 18c

Spuds No. 2, pk. 19c
No. 1, 10 lb. 25c

Beans, Great Northern, 4 lb. 25c

Jar Rubbers, 6 doz. 25c

Hominy, No. 2 1/2 can, doz. \$1.25

Salad Dressing, W. P., pint 15c

Sugar, Domino, 25 lb. \$1.39

Corh, No. 2 can 10c

Cabbage, 15 lb. 50c

Tomato Juice, 3 cans 25c

Rice Krispies, 2 pkgs. 25c

Powdered Sugar, 2 boxes 15c

Oats, National, box 15c

Strange Bedfellows

Business makes as many strange bedfellows as politics. The man in business is there to make money. That's the big incentive of course.

And the man in business must expect to meet others on the same mission. Naturally he must expect to be bumped around occasionally. For we are all human—except those who bump TOO HARD. We strive to be kindly, straight forward and honest. That's the policy of our Bank. We want you to feel justified in making OUR Bank YOUR Bank.

Security State Bank

HEDLEY, TEXAS

Member F. D. I. C. A Safe Bank Made Safer

STALEMATE RENDEZVOUS

By THAYER WALDO

MARK MANSFIELD raised his eyes from the magazine as Satoh came in and queried affably:

"Well, my boy, what's the good word?"

The Japanese beamed and came to a stop by Mark's chair, holding forth a small silver salver on which lay several letters.

"Mail of the afternoon having arrived, sir. I bring only those with writing that have familiarity," he added. "Others from studio I am leaving in sacks, as per the usual."

"Ah—lots of fan mail today, eh? Seems to get larger all the time. Well, let's see the personals."

Satoh handed him the top letter from the tray, saying:

"Excuse, please—this one pretty extra important, I suggest."

The actor glanced at the small, neat script in purple ink and took it eagerly.

"I should say so! Anything from Anita always comes first, and— Well, I'll be hanged! A San Francisco postmark. That's queer; she didn't say anything Saturday about going up. Now I wonder what—"

His voice trailed off as he slit the flap, drew out the single sheet of paper and unfolded it.

There were only three lines of writing:

"Parting: Meet me in the Hotel Admiral lounge at ten Tuesday evening. I think we can manage what we planned. Hastily, Anita."

Mansfield bounded out of the chair, all casualness gone from his manner, and cried:

"Great Scott! Satoh—get an overnight bag ready, quick!"

The valet scurried away without question.

Mansfield strode to the phone and dialed.

"What time," he asked, when connection was made, "does the next plane leave for Frisco? . . . And can one of your cars go direct from the field to the Hotel Admiral? . . . All right—hold a seat for me. What? . . . Oh—er—J. B. Johnson."

.....

Dashing into the room where Satoh was packing a gladstone, the actor said excitedly:

"Well, after I return from this trip there'll probably be three of us here. How does that strike you?"

The Oriental showed a wide row of gleaming teeth.

"I think pretty too nice for you. Miss French very fine quality girl, all right. But how's about her father which don't like actors and you special?"

Mark spun around with a sudden look of comprehension, exclaiming:

"Of course—her father! I'd forgotten about him. That makes it all clear. She's gone up there to escape his interference and probably plans that we'll fly to Nevada for the wedding. Swell!"

Half an hour later Mansfield stepped from his limousine at the terminal entrance of Grand Central airport and approached the ticket window.

"Reservation for J. J. Johnson," he said.

The man behind the grating stared at him and then smiled in recognition.

"Yes, sir—only it was J. B. Mr. Mansfield."

"Oh, all right," the actor replied with mock resignation; "it's getting so I can't do anything on the quiet any more."

"That's because of your great popularity, sir; every one knows you. Going north for a personal appearance?"

Mansfield's buoyant mood overbalanced his customary reticence.

"Well, I'll tell you," he confided, taking his ticket and change; "it's sort of a private one. I'm going to be married."

Immediately he knew regret.

The eyes of the ticket clerk widened with surprise and an almost avicened delight.

"Turning hastily away to avoid further talk, Mark strode toward the waiting plane. As he did so, the other man grabbed up a telephone and spoke excitedly into its mouthpiece:

"Give me the Examiner—city news room. . . ."

.....

At twenty past ten that evening, Anita French parked her roadster on Seventh street near Broadway in downtown Los Angeles and hurried toward a marquee on which lighted letters spelled: Hotel Admiral.

Her thoughts were of the man she was to meet and of a suitable apology for her tardiness. Still, Mark would understand; he knew how hard it was to slip away from Father.

She entered the hotel's tapestry-bung lounge room.

Along its walls and around reading tables stood numerous easy chairs.

Anita paused just inside to scan the place, and a small frown puckered her brow.

"Only two figures, both women, were visible.

She stood for an instant irresolute, then walked toward the nearer of them.

"Pardoo me," she said; "did you happen to see a young man with asura hair and a mustache come in recently?"

"No," the woman answered; "I haven't noticed anyone of that description during the hour I've been here."

Anita thanked her and crossed slowly to a chair on the opposite side.

Slight misgivings arose, but she told herself there must be some perfectly simple explanation.

She had posted that note to him Sunday evening. It would just be a matter of minutes.

An early edition of the morning paper lay with magazines on the table beside her.

Idly she glanced at its headlines—and something weighty seemed suddenly to bear down on her.

There across the paper's top huge black type screamed: MARK MANSFIELD IN SECRET DASH TO MARRIAGE.

With fingers that trembled uncontrollably, Anita picked it up and read into the story:

"Boarding a Pacific Airways plane at seven-fifteen last night, Mark Mansfield, noted screen star, took off for San Francisco with the words, 'I'm going north to get married.'"

The move was a complete surprise, as Mansfield had lately been seen much in the company of Miss Anita French, daughter of a prominent local family. Although Miss French could not be located for a statement, she was known to be in the city. . . ."

Very carefully Anita laid down the sheet.

She couldn't read any further, for it had all grown quite blurred.

Somehow, though, a dazed numbness kept her from feeling anything like pain.

She stood up and started with unsteady steps toward the street door. . . ."

Mark Mansfield gave his watch another scrutiny.

The hands showed twenty past eleven.

His eyes raised again for reassurance to the sign across the lounge room which read:

HOTEL ADMIRAL SAN FRANCISCO

One of the Admiral Chain

Certainly queer, he thought, that there should be this long a delay.

Perhaps—the idea made him distinctly uneasy—perhaps that martinet of a father had trailed her here.

Impatiently Mark shifted in his chair; entertaining that sort of notion was sheer morbidity.

No matter how long it took, he'd wait right here till she came or sent word to him.

One or the other was bound to happen soon.

He picked up from his lap once more a copy of one of the San Francisco papers. For nearly an hour he'd been reading it; yet possibly some unnoticed items remained. Anything for a little diversion, and no other source seemed at hand.

Four pages he turned fruitlessly; thus a heading mildly attracted his curiosity. It read: "Unusual Error Routes Mail."

His eye traveled on: "In one of the few recorded occurrences of its kind, according to postal authorities, a sack of first-class mail was accidentally brought here yesterday direct from collection boxes in Los Angeles. On discovering the mishap, local officials ordered the letters sent out from San Francisco post office. It was said. . . ."

Apathetically Mark Mansfield flipped over the page. Such inconsequential stuff to fill a newspaper's columns with. . . . Where, oh where, his brain doggedly demanded, was Anita?

.....

Argument Over Work of Old Silversmiths

Something out of the ordinary has been attempted at the Pennsylvania Museum of Art with an exhibition of miniature English silver, says the Boston Transcript. This dwarfed form of silver collecting runs into great difficulties because of its comparative rarity, yet the Philadelphia Institution has assembled more than forty pieces which show the changes in design from Charles I to George III.

It is necessary to recall that a continuous argument has raged concerning miniature silver or, for that matter, miniature metal work of any kind, some protagonists saying that these delightful little pieces were made as toys for fortunate children and others asserting that they were used as working models for larger pieces. To an impartial observer it would seem as though both sides were right, as must be the case in a prolonged argument.

There are records of silver toys being made for young royalty. In 1576 a daughter of Henry II of France ordered a silver toy set made for the child of the Duchess of Bavaria, and the practice grew common in the Seventeenth century. On the other hand, it was a frequent practice, in the case of a large or elaborate piece, for the silversmith to make a preliminary model and submit it to the patron, so that changes could be made without undue trouble.

The Famous Shermans

Senator Sherman of Ohio was a brother of the great military hero, Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman. His personal traits contrasted sharply, however, with the more jovial disposition of the general. Senator Sherman's name was presented to the Republican national conventions of 1880, 1884 and 1888 as a candidate for the Presidential nomination, but he never became the choice of his party.

Sealed Train Windows

There will be no disputes about opening windows in the railway carriages of the future, for they will be sealed, according to the Canadian National Railways Magazine. Instead, the air in trains will be filtered, washed, continually renewed, and maintained at an even temperature. Carriages will be dustless and almost noiseless.

OUR COMIC SECTION

FINNEY OF THE FORCE



The Wrong Line



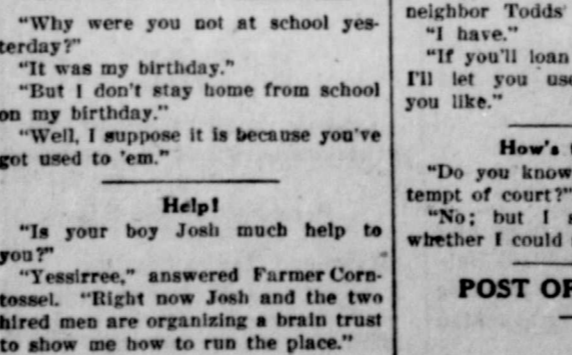
THE FEATHERHEADS



On a Trade-in?



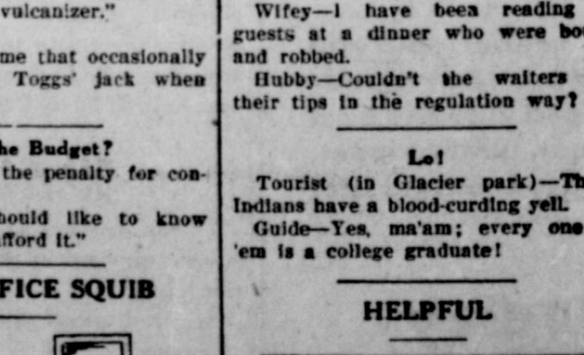
THE HABIT



SO LONG



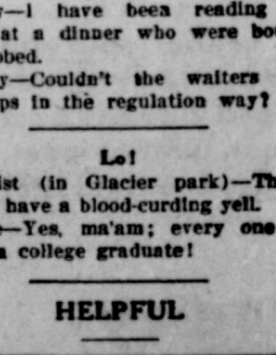
EVEN EXCHANGE



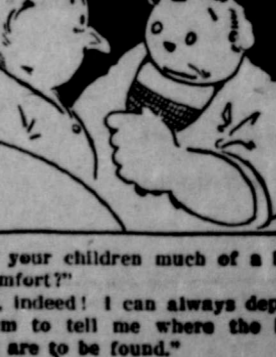
POST OFFICE SQUIB



TIGHT-WADS



HELPFUL



NEW TOUCHES ON CHARMING FROCK

PATTERN 9677



There is a lot to be said for this new vogue for crisp materials—and this little frock says it charmingly. Once a woman sees those gay bretelles flaunting their flares in organ-die, she becomes a convert on the instant—she just cannot wait to feel them flutter on her own fair shoulders. Of course, volie or dimity or chiffon would be equally lovely. And just to prove what a clever little frock it is, note how that waistcoat thing-a-jig pretends to button down so the belt will have a proper place from which to start.

Pattern 9677 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER AND SIZE.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth street, New York, N. Y.

Smiles

UNSEEN SPIRIT "Didn't you put up the money for that big musical show?" "Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "But your name isn't mentioned on the program." "Of course not. I'm the ghost underwriter."

Truly Hard Boiled "I say, old chap," said one freelance writer to another, "does the editor of the Paragon accept much of your stuff?" "Him? Accept anything?" the second writer replied. "Good heavens—that man, believe me, wouldn't accept the inevitable!"

Somewhat Similar "Yes," said the great man. "I woke up one morning and found myself famous." "It was slightly different with me," sighed the other. "I found myself—and then I woke up."

Innocence Magistrate—Well, have you anything to say? Prisoner—Yes, Guv-nor. Children an' dawgs loves me.—London Fun Show.

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum, 5c AND WORTH IT!

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Mrs. Ed C. Boliver, Owner
Edward Boliver, Editor and
Publisher

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

NOTICE—Any erroneous 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 respect,
cards of thanks, advertising of
church or society doings, when ad-
mission is charged, will be treated
as advertising and charged for ac-
cordingly.

COFFINS, CASKETS

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

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

MOREMAN HARDWARE

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991

A. F. and A. M. meets on the 2nd
Thursday night in each month

Members are urged to attend
Visitors are welcome.

L. Spalding, W. M.
C. E. Johnson, Sec.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Chism will
preach in Hedley, at the Church of
Christ, Saturday and Sunday,
July 7 and 8

Everybody is invited to come
out and hear him.

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.
Young people meet at 7:30
Night service at 8:15.

Rev. Nannie Carter,
Pastor.

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor

18th year in Memphis
PHONE 462
Lady in Office

Huffman's Barber Shop

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

W. H. Huffman, Prop.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor
Sunday School Sunday morn-
ing at 9:45. Clarence Davis, Supt.
Epworth League at 8:00. Martha
Sue Noel, Pres. Church service
morning and evening each Sun-
day

HEDLEY CIRCUIT

Rev. Dennis Lawson Pastor
First Sunday: Lella Lake at
11:00 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.
Second Sunday: Giles 9:30 a.
m. McKnight 11:00 a. m. and 8:30
p. m.
Third Sunday: Quail 11:00 a.
m. and 8:30 p. m. Pleasant Hill
8:00 p. m.
Fourth Sunday: Ring 11:00 a.
m. Bray 8:30 p. m.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

W. F. Pool, pastor.
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching every 2nd and 4th
Sundays and on Saturday before
the 2nd Sunday. Morning ser-
vice 11:00 a. m. Evening service
8:15. Visitors are always wel-
come.
B. Y. P. U. and adult Bible
Sunday at 7:00 P. M.

Clean up price on summer
wash dresses. Get yours before
they are gone. B. & B. Variety

Stomach Gas

One dose of ADLERIKA quick-
ly relieves gas bloating, cleans
out BOTH upper and lower
bowels, allows you to eat and
sleep good. Quick, thorough ac-
tion yet gentle and entirely safe.

ADLERIKA

**ADAMSON-LANE POST 287
AMERICAN LEGION**

meets on the first Friday in each
month

Dr. F. V. Walker

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

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. C.
Johnson, Superintendent.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
B. T. S. at 7:30 p. m.
Preaching at 8:30 p. m.
W. M. S. meets Monday at 3
p. m.; Y. W. A. at 4:00.
M. E. Wells, Pastor.

School will soon open and we
can supply all your school needs
B. & B. Variety

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas
Office Phone 8
Residence Phone 26

Maize and Hogra bundles.
J. E. Blankenship

NOTICE

Wanted—Applications for sub-
stitute teachers for Hedley school
J. A. Tollett
President School Board

REVIVAL

If you are not attending the
revival services at the First Bap-
tist church, you are missing
some fine messages in sermon
and song.

Constipation

If constipation causes you Gas,
Indigestion, Headaches, Bad
Sleep, Pimples, Skin, get quick
relief with ADLERIKA. Thorough
action, yet gentle, safe.

ADLERIKA



because
IT TASTES BETTER

WEST BAPTIST B. Y. P. U.

Several members of the West
Baptist B. Y. P. U. together
with the pastor, Rev. Pool, visit-
ed with the Tell and Childress
churches Sunday in the interest
of B. Y. P. U. work. A program
was rendered at Tell at 8 o'clock
and one at Childress at 8 o'clock.
Those attending were: Misses
Della Marguerite and Beatrice
Hansard Inez Reeves Mrs. Ted
die Ayers, Wilmer and Elmer
Reeves and J. M. Tidwell of
Ashtola

NOTICE

I am opening the New Deal
Cafe, and will appreciate a share
of your patronage

R. L. Hunsucker

Rev. L. J. Crawford is con-
ducting a revival at McKnight
this week.

Miss Lois Hendricks of Dallas
is a guest of her aunt Mrs. Reed
Sanders

Miss Wanda Blalock has re-
turned from a visit to McLean

Misses Hope and Ruth Wells
have returned from W. T. S. T.
O. Canyon

Mrs. Josie Adamson and Bob
Adamson left this week for a
two weeks visit in Colorado

J. A. Tollett and O. R. Gulwell
are leaving this week for Michi-
gan and Chicago to bring back a
new school bus.

C. B. Burdine and family of
O'Donnell, Texas visited with his
brother, S. A. Burdine and fami-
ly and other relatives last week

Mrs. J. M. Rolfe and son Jack
of Little Rock, Ark., visited the
L. B. Chunn family Tuesday

Miss Nita Outwell left Monday
for a ten day stay at Mineral
Wells, and will go from there to
Mercedes where she will teach
this winter

Mrs. Art Gamble of Borger
was awarded a prize in the con-
test conducted by the Singer
store of that city on "Why I
Like My Norge" Mrs. Gamble
won a Dormer electric mixer.
She will be remembered here as
Miss Nella Mai Farris

Mr. and Mrs. B. Mullins and
children, Treva LaRue and Dar-
win, have returned from a two
weeks visit with the P. H. Crozier
family at Portales. N. M. June
Grosier came home with them
for a ten day visit

Joe Mullins of Riverside, Calif
visited last week with his bro-
ther, B. Mullins and family

Mrs. Bill Mann and A.
R. Pinkerton and families, and
Mrs. W. A. Jolly and son An-
drew of Plainview visited the D.
Gard family last week

L. J. Burdine of McLean visit-
ed home folks several days last
week

New fall print just in. Come
in and get those school dresses
B. & B. Variety

Good PACKAGE COFFEE



TEXAS LARGEST SELLER

ELECTION

In the election Saturday, J.
Les Hawkins was re-elected com-
missioner of precinct 3. Will
Chamberlain was elected in pre-
cinct 4.

Mrs. J. W. Reeves and family
were informed Saturday evening
about 7:30 that they would be
entertained by the city's best
musicians that evening. About
8:30 the guests began to arrive,
bringing along a number of lis-
teners. While awaiting the re-
turns of the election the two vi-
olins, two guitars and two mando-
lins put out some real music.
Musicians included Rob Sim-
mons, Orville, Roy and Lester
Ellis, Allan Edwards, Cecil Hun-
nicut and Wilmer Reeves. In-
troductions were forgotten so we
failed to learn the names of some
of the guests but to everyone we
invite you to come again, and to
the musicians hurry back!

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murry of
Quail visited in the Grover Heath
home Sunday

Dalton Koen and wife visited
in the A. B. Harris home this
week.

LAWN PARTY

Mrs. G. R. Hunsucker, Lee
Nowlin and Miss Hazel Stew-
art were hostesses to a lawn
party Wednesday evening eve-
ning at the Hunsucker home.
After the guests had registered
they were seated and a program
was given which included "A
Radio Recipe" by Edna Mae
Smith, Nettie Blankenship and
Hazel Stewart. A reading by
Ruth Elizabeth Nowlin, and
"Home" by Miss Theresa Webb.

The rain forced the party to
take their chairs to another sec-
tion of the lawn. Mrs. Jim Ev-
erett appeared as a negro wash
woman and gave Mrs. Joe Ever-
ett several "washing hints." After
"looking into" the hints
given the group made a run for
the house as the rain was sure
coming down. A refreshment
plate was served to about 30.

The many Hedley friends of
Pleasant Long, top hand of the J.
A. Ranch, will be sorry to learn
that he is in the hospital at Plain-
view with a broken leg, caused
by his horse falling on him at
the recent Rodeo held at Silver-
ton

HEDLEY RURAL CLUB

The club had an auction sale
at the home of Mrs. W. I. Rains.
We had lots of fun during the
sale. Those present were Mes-
dames Edwards, Mendenhall,
Hogue, Glass, E. H. Watt, Elvia
Davenport, and Misses Margie
Davenport and Roberta Mann
guests. Members present were
Mesdames Howard, Everett,
Mann, Sherman, Wiggins, Rains,
Bridges and Grimsley.

The club had a theatre party
Tuesday 28th. The members
who enjoyed the show in Mem-
phis were Mesdames Howard,
Finch, Leach, Mann, Grimsley,
Sherman, Jewel, Blacks, Phelps,
Masterson, Wiggins, and Mrs.
Davenport guest

Messrs. and Mesdames L. A.
Tucker of Estelline, and Virgil
Threat of Roswell, N. M. and
Mrs. E. E. Newman attended
the graduating exercises at Can-
yon Thursday.

Mrs. S. O. Richerson, Misses
Ruth and Madge Richerson have
returned from Flagstaff Arizona
where the Misses Richerson at-
tended the U. of Ariz.

Holiday SAFETY WEEK
Buy Firestone
SAFEST TIRES IN THE WORLD!
PRICES REMARKABLY LOW!
Here's PROOF OF SAFETY
TWO BREATH-TAKING ENDURANCE RUNS
LAST WEEK ON SAME TRACK—A DRAMATIC
COMPARISON OF SAFETY! READ BOTH LETTERS!

Ab Jenkins, prostates Firestone
tires in toughest endurance run
he ever made

Lake Roswell, Utah
Aug. 10th, 1934

Mr. Harvey S. Firestone, Chairman,
Firestone Tire & Rubber Company,
Akron, Ohio

Dear Mr. Firestone:

Under A.A.A. supervision, I have just com-
pleted a 3,000-mile run on the hot salt desert at
Lake Roswell, Utah, averaging 117.1 miles per
hour, breaking 77 speed records—without any
tire trouble. Firestone tires gave an almost
unbelievable performance, with temperatures as
high as 120 degrees.

Last year I made a similar run with a
car of less power and speed using tires of
another make whose national advertising fea-
tured blowout protection. Yes, I had a blowout
and made a number of tire changes.

This year I also used Firestone Spark
Plugs and a Firestone Extra Power Battery with
your new All-Rubber Separator. Not a Spark
plug failed and the battery required no service
of any kind.

If every car owner knew what my Firestone
tires went through they would appreciate what
blowout protection means in strength and heat protection
that makes Firestone tires safe from blowouts.
This is the toughest run I have ever made in my
25 years of breaking speed records.

Sincerely yours,
Ab Jenkins

Willy Show using widely advertised
competitive tires had eleven tire failures,
preventing him from establishing records
worthy of the car he was driving

Lake Roswell, Utah
Aug. 10th, 1934

Mr. Harvey S. Firestone, Chairman,
Firestone Tire & Rubber Company,
Akron, Ohio

Dear Mr. Firestone:

I have just finished a 2,000-mile
test at Lake Roswell, Utah, driving a
couple of 1934 leading manufacturers' cars
equipped with tires from a large manufac-
turer who recently brought on a large manufac-
turer's advertisement in tire construction.
I had eleven tire failures and made two
blowout tire changes.

When a right front tire blew out,
I was unable to get the car under control
for a quarter of a mile, leaving a trail
of rubber and fabric on the hot salt base.

After this experience, I appreciate
tires that have passed so many tests during the
testing and personal care. Without them I
could never have made the many
speed records I have established.

Very truly yours,
Willy Show

THE Proof of leader-
ship is performance!
Many claim it, but
Firestone proves it.
Never before have tires
withstood such severe,
continuous, grinding
torture, breaking 77
speed records for 3,000
consecutive miles at
127.2 miles per hour.

Hour after hour, on
through the scorching
heat of the day and
inky blackness of the
night, with tempera-
tures as high as 120
degrees—breaking
record after record for
speed, strength, safety
and blowout protec-
tion—all in a stupen-
dous demonstration
of safety performance
for car owners.

For your holiday
trip have the Firestone
Service Dealer or Ser-
vice Store equip your
car with Firestone
Tires, Spark Plugs and
Battery and reline
your brakes with
Firestone Aquapuf
Brake Lining. Protect
your life and the lives
of your family with
the world's safest tire.
Buy now before prices
increase.

And remember, every
Firestone Tire carries the
Triple Guarantee

- for Unequaled Performance
- for Life Against All Defects
- for 12 Months Against All Road Hazards (Six months in commercial service)

Listen to the Voice of
Firestone—Featuring
Gladys Swarthout—every
Monday Night over
N. B. C.—WEAF Network

The following
Firestone dealers
are prepared to
serve you:

**HALL'S
Service
Station**

**Wholesale and
Retail**

**Conoco
Gasoline and Kerosene**

New Improved
GERM PROCESSED
Motor Oil
Phone 34

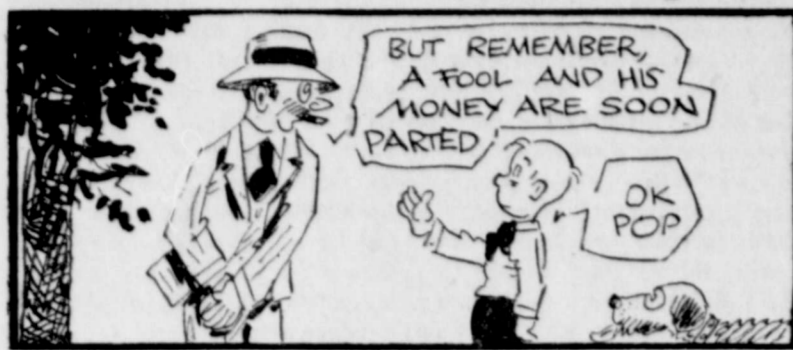
REDUCED PRICES \$5.75
FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY
FIRESTONE CENTURY PROGRESS TIRES

SIZE	OLD PRICE	NEW PRICE	YOU SAVE ON ONE TIRE	YOU SAVE ON A SET OF 4	THE OUTSTANDING VALUE IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD
4.40-21...	\$6.65	\$5.75	\$.90	\$3.60	Firestone COURTESY TYRE
4.50-21...	7.11	6.30	1.01	4.04	
4.75-19...	8.18	6.70	1.08	4.32	
5.00-19...	8.34	7.20	1.14	4.56	
5.25-18...	9.27	8.00	1.27	5.08	
5.50-17...	10.15	8.75	1.40	5.60	
6.00-19...	12.45	12.45	2.02	8.08	
7.00-20...	19.85	17.10	2.73	10.92	

OTHER TIRES PROPORTIONATELY LOW

SIZE	PRICE
4.40-21	\$4.45
4.50-21	4.90
4.75-19	5.20
5.00-19	5.65

SUCH IS LIFE—One on Pop!



By Charles Sughroe

Good Taste Today

BY EMILY POST

Author of "ETIQUETTE," "THE BLUE BOOK OF SOCIAL USAGE," ETC.

WHAT PRICE SILENCE?

DEAR Mrs. Post: I have been engaged for over a year to a man who has risen above his family, though he is not ashamed of them. He is innately refined and highly respected for himself and his professional achievements. I have not heard a word from his mother, which I can feel embarrasses him terribly. It does not trouble me because I can easily imagine it possible that she cannot perhaps write very well, and does not want to display her lack of education. But whatever her reason, I feel sure that she intends no slight to me. But my mother is making a great "fuss." She takes a hurt attitude and feels mortified about the discourtesy to me, and threatens to take the matter up with my fiancé. Personally, I would rather never hear from his mother than hurt his feelings. So my question is: Couldn't I, without bringing down all the walls of convention upon my mother's head, write to his mother (she lives too far away to go to see her) and perhaps make her feel at ease with me enough to write to me? This is a long story but it does seem cruel to wreck my whole happiness on the keeping of the rule that a man's mother should write a letter to the girl her son is to marry. Are the rules of thumb so important that we should take serious offense at my fiancé's mother without even knowing anything about her real intention—which you have so often written, is the one thing that counts? Actually, I'm not sure that anything counts except my fiancé's love for me and mine for him. Answer: I think your last sentence answers the question. The only thing I can suggest is that you talk to your fiancé frankly. Surely you ought to be able to ask him whether he would like you to write or whether he prefers that you do nothing. Make as little fuss as possible but say something such as, "Tell me, John, what would you like me to do about your mother? Do you think she would like a letter from me? Of course I want to do whatever you want me to." I can't quite understand why you are not able to say everything in your heart to the man you love. After all, your married happiness must rest on mutual understanding, on trust and confidence. You must not let unshared thoughts build a barrier between you.

Fire Dance Rites May Be Forbidden

Holy Synod Would Stop Pagan Ritual in Bulgaria.

Sofia.—In the little village of Vulgari, deep in the forest which extends from a few miles south of Burgas to the Turkish frontier, an amazing annual ceremony which dates from pagan times took place recently. It is now strangely combined with Christian ritual, but it is performed in defiance of the Holy Synod.

It was the festival of Sts. Constantine and Helena; and upon that day every year several women of a small community known as the Nestinarki—dancers upon fire—dance with bare feet upon red-hot embers, an act of self-mortification which brings fruitfulness and health to their village and friends, and yet, according to witnesses, apparently causes them no pain.

After a service in the village church which is attended by all the villagers in their best clothes, three young men carry from the church an ikon and other sacred symbols. Before them walks the master of ceremonies, Kiro Kostadinoff, a man sixty-nine years old, swinging a censor. Kiro leads across the village to another tiny church dedicated to St. Constantine, the church

of the Nestinarki, a dark place hung about with pictures of saints. The villagers crowd in after him, each bringing a present for the church.

Big Drum Is Used.

On the wall hangs a big drum, which is taken from its peg only upon this day each year; and by the drum, holding a burning candle, waits old Baba Nuna, the "high priestess" of the Nestinarki. At the door the villagers buy their slender candles, as they do in all orthodox churches, and light them from old Baba Nuna's tin shadows dance on the walls.

Then all emerge again. At a sign from Baba Nuna a man with the drum and another with the crude bagpipes common in Bulgaria strike up strange music. The Nestinarki—there were four at the recent ceremony—dressed in black, their faces pale, begin to dance rhythmically, their hands outstretched, chanting as they go. Faster and faster goes the music and old Baba Nuna urges on the dancers till they are in a frenzy, though apparently oblivious of their surroundings. Suddenly the music and dancing stop and the procession reforms, winding its way from the village to a little valley where there is a holy spring in a grove of ancient oaks. Here another service is conducted by the village priest, while the people drink the water of the spring and eat unleavened bread.

Dance on Glowing Embers.

In the dusk the procession returns to the village square, where a great wood fire has been lit. As the flames die down the embers are spread, their glow giving the only light. The smell of incense mingles with the acrid fumes of smoldering wood. On one side of the carpet of red embers stand the bearers of the ikon and holy symbols, on the other side the musicians, who now strike up their wild tunes again.

Suddenly the Nestinarki run forward, take the holy symbols in their hands and dash upon the glowing embers with their bare feet, dancing as before, faster and faster, for ten or fifteen minutes, round and round, and finally twice across to describe the sign of the cross. Then the music suddenly ceases, all go to the church again, the oldest inhabitants first, and sit upon the floor to end the day's performance with a holy feast.

Vulgari is the only village where this strange ceremony survives, though it used to be common to many villages of that region. Spectators are not encouraged. This year the ceremony has attracted so much attention in the Bulgarian press—the papers being no longer able to fill their columns with political news since the establishment of the dictatorship—that the Holy Synod considers it time to intervene and is considering what measures must be taken to put a stop to such pagan rites.

Tip About Soup

Soup should never be used the same day as made, if possible. Allow it to stand one night and all the flavorings will blend.

Fine Travel Coat



A fine travel coat for your vacation is a beige and brown herringbone tweed with a brown leather belt. The jabot collar is trimmed with natural lynx. The beige felt hat is trimmed with brown beitzing ribbon. Coat, hat and bag from Bergdorf-Goodman.

A MORAL CRUSADE

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

At last the public mind has become aroused at the indecent element in the movies. Righteous indignation has expressed itself in unmistakable terms. An organized censorship has been created which not only means business, but will prove relentless in its efforts to clean the silver screen of its immoral pictures.



For many years there was supposed to exist a censorship for this very purpose. It made many promises but they were never fulfilled. Movies grew worse and worse. Those that would not be tolerated in an American theater were sent to China and other foreign countries. The sole object of those who had charge of exporting these pictures seemed to have been the amount of money which the picture could earn. The educational and moral factor never entered their calculations. It seemed that the produc-

All Around Athlete



Anna Paluszek of Nassau college, not only is an accomplished shot-putter but also is an excellent sprinter and jumper. She was selected as a member of the Polish-American team to take part in the Polish Olympic games near Warsaw in August.

ers concluded that the public conscience had been completely calloused, consequently their efforts to present the grotesque and immoral became bolder and bolder. All of a sudden something happened. The mind of the public spoke. These producers were given something to think about. As one critic put it, "They've got it coming to them."

There are many channels through which the public conscience may speak. The most effective is the one through which this protest has come, the organized forces of Christianity. Never in the history of modern times have the different divisions of organized Christianity spoken more earnestly or unitedly on any moral issue. The Roman Catholic, the Jewish and the entire Protestant world have arisen in vigorous protest, saying you have gone far enough, you can go no farther, we declare a moratorium, or better still, a complete elimination of the immoral picture. These Christian forces hold the balance of power. The producers know that right well; so we may soon expect better things for this part of our amusement program. The movie may become an important source of great good. Perhaps that day is near.

Why not go farther—why not have a concerted action against the immoral element in all our yellow journalism, our cheap vaudeville shows, etc. Why not? When once the public conscience becomes aroused, something is bound to happen!

Our Venomous Snakes

This country's four venomous species of snakes are the rattlesnake, the copperhead, the coral and the moccasin. Some classifications will give as high as 27 different species that are poisonous but this list includes 15 different classes of rattlers which differ only in markings and localities in which they are found.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

AVOID making work for yourself. There are women, really competent, who make themselves more work than they need to. They get things done, but not in the easiest way. They employ more dishes when preparing food than they actually need. They surround themselves with extras when sewing, such as odd pieces of a pattern not required at the time, and yet not folded and put back as taken out, although known to be unwanted pieces, etc. We all know such persons if we are not ourselves. It is worth taking some trouble to acquire ways of doing things easily, so some suggestions are made today.



If, as soon as a kettle or saucepan is emptied of its contents, it is filled with hot water, if convenient, or cold, if not, it will be the work of but a moment or two to clean it later. It is even better to wash the container immediately. It will be hot from the stove, the food will not have had time to harden on edges, or the scum to stick, if there is a scum. It can be washed clean in a jiffy, if done immediately, and what a delight it is not to have an accumulation of pots and pans to wash after the dishes themselves have all been done. Sometimes these pots and pans seem the last straw. Try doing them immediately, and note the difference in the task of cleaning up.

Keeping "Cleared Up."

When sewing avoid spreading the work about more than you can possibly help. If materials have to be gotten out, or laces, or notions, etc., don't let them stay out when what is wanted has been found and set aside. Immediate putting away seems part of the process of getting them out, instead of a totally different bit of work, as it appears to be and really is, when left until later on. Be sure whatever time you do put the things away, that no oddsments are left out. You surely make work for yourself when you do. The entire process of taking out the box or drawer and putting it back must be gone through with.

Avoid leaving things around. It is one of the commonest ways of making one's self work, and it is a habit once fallen into that is very hard to break. To hear "Have you seen anything of my gloves"—or whatever it is, becomes annoying to the rest of the household. The loser feels annoyed with herself, and it often reacts in a querulousness, until the family is drawn into a vortex of discussion. It is trouble saving as well as labor saving not to make extra work for one's self.

Present Pleasures.

It is a mistake to have one's expectations of good things dim the enjoyment of present ones. Or to let opportunities slip by for pleasure and happiness, that come day by day. I remember hearing one elderly woman speak with regret of an opportunity she let slip when she was a young woman. She was privileged to be one of a party of relatives, a family going

abroad, and who hoped that she would accompany them. The girl would pay her own way, but she would be able to be saved all expense of guides, couriers, interpreters, etc., and she would be relieved of the bother of seeing to tickets, and all traveling problems, and have the companionship she dearly loved. In the days of her youth the details of travel were many more than in 1934. Now there are various agencies to help lone travelers and tourists. Also the placard "English spoken" is generally found in shops and pensions. The lady mentioned let the chance pass by, and never again did it present itself, and never did she go to the places she would so have enjoyed in England and Europe. Here was the chance of her "today."

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

He Stops Bleeding



Dr. Luigi Pancaro, well-known physician of Sudbury, Ont., Canada, who recently announced he had discovered a fluid that stops bleeding, even from the major blood vessels. The development, it was announced, followed two years of intensive work in the physician's laboratory.

King Tut's Tomb

King Tut-Ankh-Amen's burial place was actually composed of four separate rooms. The first, an ante-chamber, measured about 12 by 24 feet; the second only 12 by 12 feet; the inner tomb or burial chamber 12 by 20 feet; and the final one, about 12 by 15 feet. All the rooms were more than 10 feet in depth.

Doctors Ponder on Odd Accident Case

Albany, N. Y.—A case described as one of the most unusual in medical history continues to puzzle surgeons here.

Frederick McCredie, a machinist, accidentally was struck on the head with a hammer by a fellow worker in 1925. He appeared to be unhurt. One month later, however, he was found wandering along the streets, unable to remember his identity, or recognize his wife and children.

Gradually his memory returned, but he discovered he had forgotten his trade completely.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



BAD LIGHT TENSE!

POOR LIGHT, AS DRIVING AT NIGHT OR WORKING WITH INSUFFICIENT ILLUMINATION, CAUSES THE MUSCLES TO BECOME TENSE MUCH MORE LIGHT IS NEEDED THAN THE AVERAGE PERSON THINKS IS NECESSARY.

BATHTUBS—

LESS THAN ONE HOME ACCIDENT IN 100 OCCURS FROM BATHTUBS, STAIRS, LADDERS, BURNS AND SLIPPERY FLOORS ARE MOST DANGEROUS

PREHISTORIC WEATHER—

BY STUDYING PRESERVED POLLEN OF ANCIENT TREES, THE CLIMATE FOR THE LAST 25,000 YEARS IS BEING DETERMINED.

WNU Service.

Memorial to Paris Riots Victims



This statue of St. Genevieve has just been placed on the steps of the Madeleine in Paris as a memorial to the persons who were killed in the riots that followed upon the revelation of the Stavisky scandal.

COURTESIES AND PROPRIETIES

DEAR Mrs. Post: I am a business woman and live alone. Naturally there are many things that I must do for myself (cleaning, sewing, laundering, etc.) in the evening. There is a neighbor in the apartment house who keeps coming in all the time and stays and stays, and there is apparently nothing I can do about it because she lives on the same floor and, without announcing her intentions, simply walks in. Could you suggest anything to do without having her think I am disagreeable and unfriendly? As a matter of fact, I like her at times when I am not busy, but I cannot stand having work pile upon me for nothing.

Answer: In your place, I am afraid I should be tempted to move! But as this is probably not practical, the only thing I know of to suggest, is to explain to her politely, but quite frankly, that you are sorry you can't sit with her and talk because you must do your washing or sweeping or sewing on the machine or whatever it may be. And then go on doing whatever this is as though she were not there. You would of course have to give her as much of your attention as you can, without interrupting your work. If your manner to her is courteous, she could have no cause to resent your preoccupation. When she finds that she cannot often usurp your attention she will probably prefer to spend most of her evenings with neighbors who have leisure for conversation.

Dear Mrs. Post: Is all white proper mourning in summer for a young wife to wear to her husband's funeral? Should it be worn with or without a veil?

Answer: It is true that all white is deep mourning in the house or in the country. But at the funeral she should certainly wear all black. A white widow's veil on such an occasion, would be very conspicuous and therefore unsuitable.

My dear Mrs. Post: I gave a picture of myself to a friend and framed it attractively before sending it. I have since been told that it is improper ever to frame a picture before giving it. Is this true, and why?

Answer: If you sent the picture to an intimate friend, it was quite proper. You would not send a framed picture to some one whom you know slightly, nor would a girl send a framed picture of herself to a man to whom she is not engaged—unless, on the contrary, he has been a life-long and completely unromantic friend.

© by Emily Post.—WNU Service.

Snakes' Eyes

Poisonous snakes have slit-like eyes, the harmless kind having round eyes. A snake can not strike more than three-quarters of its own length. Water snakes, which sometimes curl around one's leg are harmless.

Child's First Three Years

Character Then Developed Lasts Through Life; Writer Cites a Case Which Would Seem to Prove Truth of Jesuitical Theory.

By L. F. RAMSEY, National Kindergarten Association.
Ursula has just been to see me. She is a young composer, in the twenties, of whom the world will hear. And when recognition comes, as it surely will, no one will be more thrilled than I, who had a share in developing this musical genius. Please notice that I said, only, "in developing."

In the beginning, it just happened. I used to practice the piano each morning during the time Ursula's Nannie was having breakfast, and from the age of three weeks the baby was brought into the room and lay there while I played. It made no difference whether she was awake or asleep; she never cried. When she was able to sit up I was startled one morning to see her swaying backwards and forwards to the rhythm of the music.

At six months old, she sang her first musical sounds, two notes at the interval of a third, in imitation of the sound made by the swinging of a hanging lamp. At eleven months old, she sang the first phrase of a song, of which I had just played the introduction—a phrase which did not occur in the pianoforte part.

Ursula now began to show strong likes and dislikes. Mendelssohn's "Lied No. 10" in B minor was a favorite and she always chuckled when I played it. Heller's "Studies" harmonized to her and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." Before she was a year old, she surprised everybody by snatching at a copy of her brother's "Little Folks" which contained a page of music, shouting gleefully: "Pian, pian."

A pile of old magazines was brought and she picked out the page of music from each one, with the same cry. She now began to identify me with the instrument, calling out: "Pian, pian," directly she caught sight of me. At fifteen months, she could sing fifty songs, such as "Since First I Saw Your Face," and other old English songs.

She never wearied of listening. One Sunday afternoon, I played to her for over three hours, and she sat by the piano in her high chair listening intently and occasionally volunteering a comment: "Dat welly jolly!" or asking: "What dat called?"

One of those popular airs that spread throughout the world like an epidemic was all the rage and I played it over one day to Ursula, before she was two. She was standing by the piano and had never before interrupted me, but before I had sung two lines she protested: "No, no." Then, as I paid no attention, she threw herself face downward on the floor, sobbing out: "Baby not like!" It was just about this time that her brother had a humming-top that was not in tune and Ursula would howl with her hands to her ears if she heard it. He thought it a joke, but it was no joke to a child with a musical temperament.

At two years old, Ursula recog-

nized any of Beethoven's sonatas and would find the one she wanted in the volume. She began then to recognize similarities, and once when I was playing the "No. 10 Lied," she remarked: "Like 'Pastorale.'" I was playing bars 67-73 and it is noticeable that bars 75-78 of the "Pastorale" are similar.

She now began to recognize the styles of different composers and would remark confidently: "Dat Grieg!" or "Dat Gounod!" Before she was three, she was taken to a pianoforte recital and sat through it, one of the most interested listeners.

The Jesuit who was confident that if he might have the care of a child during its early years he need not fear the influence of any later environment has given us food for thought. Ursula seems to support his theory. She will always choose the companionship of good music. She is a genius, doubtless, because of inheritance, though we know not from what ancestor or ancestors, but her cultured taste—who can doubt that such idealistic discrimination is the result of her early education?

In Just One Minute
What happens in a minute? Have you ever given it a thought? The human heart beats approximately 72 times a minute, 90 babies come into the world every minute, 76 people die every minute. Each minute one person is injured in a street or road accident in the British Isles.

In the civilized world 20 couples marry, and one couple is divorced every minute. Education costs the country \$65 per minute.

The damage done by the destruction of rats costs \$99 every minute. Despite this, if all the rats in the country were to die past a given spot at the rate of seven per minute, all would not have passed in a year.

Recently an airplane flew from Paris to West Africa at the rate of two and a quarter miles a minute.

One of Britain's coal ports alone loads no fewer than 17 tons of coal every minute to be shipped to all parts of the world.—London Tit-Bits.

Possibility of Change in Time's Measurement

Back in the days when monarchs were all that the world mattered, Augustus Caesar added a day to August, the month of his birth, to put it on a par with July, which commemorates Julius Caesar. It would scarcely be worth while to estimate the cost of that act of vanity during the last 1,942 years. Even the energy spent by calendar reformers in trying to correct this and other irregularities in the measurement of time is considerable. But it is worthy of note that persistent efforts are still being made to substitute for the Roman calendar a more systematic measure of time.

Interest in this subject is attested by the fact that 29 nations have appointed committees to confer with the League of Nations regarding it. The Eastern Orthodox church, with a membership of 140,000,000 persons, recently endorsed the so-called world calendar. Its action is especially significant because much of the opposition to calendar reform has come from churches and other organizations that oppose the shifting of significant historical dates. If opposition from these sources is overcome, the difficulties of securing a new calendar will be greatly minimized.

Adoption of a 13-month calendar now seems to be out of the question. Most of the reformers appear to be swinging to the improved 12-month calendar of 364 days plus one year day that would not be placed in any month. Under this plan the year can

Shrewd Jap Growers
Japanese berry growers in Orange county, California, have learned that strawberries can be grown in open fields late into the winter months with the aid of electricity. Insulated wires, buried beneath the berry plants, heat the ground around the roots and stimulate the growth despite winter chill.

STRONG RULERS IN THE ORIENT

Careers Reminiscent of "The Arabian Nights."

There are still men in the Orient who have had careers typical of "The Arabian Nights," but even in the Orient a certain change seems to have occurred. No longer does the good will of a eunuch, the pleasure of a pasha, or the love of a princess bring advancement, but, remarkable as it may seem, courage, courage—with luck and diplomacy added.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha had such a career, rising from the position of commander of a Turkish army corps on the Palestine front to ruler of modern Turkey. Riza Shay had such a career, rising from noncommissioned Cossack officer to Cossack colonel, then from colonel to prime minister and then emperor of Persia.

King Ibn Saud had such a career. He was born a son of an exiled Arabian monarch and set out at the age of eighteen to win back his father's kingdom, just as the prince in "The Arabian Nights" goes to bat to fight against the evil jinn.

And between these three soldiers ruled a fourth king from "The Arabian Nights," living in Baghdad, the city of Harun al-Rashid. He, too, was a new man on the throne, who had also commenced his career on the field of battle. He, too, was a figure out of "The Arabian Nights," but King Faisal of Iraq was a very different kind of man from his three neighbors.

The delicate descendant of a line of aristocratic priests, he adapted himself to the more robust methods of the new politics of the Orient. King Ibn Saud, his southern neighbor, is physically the strongest man in his kingdom, a man of unlimited vital energy who has been married 150 times, although he never has more than four wives at once. His western neighbor, Riza Shih, is at least as big a man as Ibn Saud, and, whereas the king of Arabia is a comparatively slender man, the shah of Persia looks like a Pomeranian Junker, bony, muscular, with a square head and powerful jaw. The dictator of Turkey is built in the same way. He is an old soldier who can always summon up his ultimate physical reserves for battle or pleasure.—Dr. Wolfgang von Weise in the Neue Freie Presse, Vienna.

TRACES DESCENT OF BIRDS FROM FLYING REPTILES

All birds descended from flying reptiles with teeth, according to Dr. Alexander Wetmore, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He has traced the family history of the birds back to the grotesque archeopteryx and archeornis, nature's first attempts at bird making. At the top of the scale of evolution are the songbirds, while the most primitive birds living today are the ostrich and the penguin.

The story of the Wright brothers is well known. But how did the first flying reptile manage to "take off"? There were few airports at that time and those were not equipped with modern safety devices. None of the animals or reptiles had made a transatlantic flight or a journey to the stratosphere and there were no birds to soar and glide gracefully through the air. Flying existed only in the mind's eye of the howly though imaginative reptile, and while it had a good set of teeth, it could not use them in such an undertaking.

This happened about 150,000,000 years ago, and we are frequently reminded that evolution can accomplish wonders in millions of years. But it cannot be rushed. The copperheads, rattlesnakes, water moccasins and black snakes of the Ozarks have never sprouted wings, nor has any one of them ever been heard to sing like a mockingbird. Their offspring always lack both the ambition and the ability to fly. But that does not mean they will always remain as they are, unless, indeed, evolution sometimes runs into a blind alley, a possibility suggested by Doctor Wetmore himself.

He ventures the opinion that birds may have reached the end of the evolutionary road, because he says, civilized man is disturbing the natural conditions of the earth. And if birds will never become reptiles, perhaps reptiles will never become birds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Part of the Game
Men with sound judgment generate a lot of silence.

ITCHING IRRITATION
Even in persistent cases where parts are sore and tender—comfort follows the soothing touch of **Resinol**

Too great a leap falls into the ditch.

Frogs Reveal the Earth's Past

From Them Scientist Has Learned of Lost Continents and Vanished Seas; Furnish Information of a Long-Ago Ultra Far West.

When the frogs croak you can well imagine, with scientific backing, that you hear the nature songs of lost continents and vanished seas of the past 175,000,000 years.

For, in a new kind of frog geography, the records of these lost places have been found in living frogs by Maynard M. Metcalf of the National Museum. His studies are an almost unique method of reading the earth's past. He has published the first report in the official Journal, Science.

The frog map shows the possible existence of a great continent in the Pacific, in Triassic times, 175,000,000 years ago. This was Gondwanaland, some evidences of which scientists have found previously by other methods. Gondwanaland probably connected with South America.

Another lost frog continent was Lemuria. It likewise was about 175,000,000 years back, but in the Indian ocean. It appears to have connected Africa, Madagascar, Ceylon, southernmost India, the islands of southwest Malaysia and probably some of the southwestern Malay archipelago islands.

Then the frogs show an ultra-Far West. This was a strip of land west of the present Pacific coast of the United States. It ran from Siberia, down past Alaska, Central America, and perhaps even for a time, Maynard finds, to Ecuador and Chile. His findings was 50,000,000 to 100,000,000 years ago.

In this same cretaceous times, there probably wasn't much Texas. Instead the frogs indicate an arm of the sea there, running up from the western Gulf of Mexico all the way into the Arctic ocean.

Finally, 100,000,000 years ago Byrd apparently might have walked to

POETIC PHRASES EVOLVED BY MEN IN PRISON CELLS

If the talk of a gangster and the words of a poet were scrambled, it is hard to say which would yield the larger number of poetic phrases. Does this sound as though written in jest? A list of slang terms used in prison, published in American Speech, offers many a gem for collectors of poetic figures; diamonds in the rough, they might be called. Leaving aside the question whether these are genuine specimens of prison slang—and some of them sound as though they may not be found outside the covers of a crime novel—it is instructive to observe how faithful to the muse of poetry is much that the pickpocket, the swindler or the bank robber says in the course of his trade.

One of the examples compiled by J. Louis Knuth, of Johns Hopkins University library, is the word "tears" for pearls. There is as much poetry in this as in such an image from Shakespeare as "Those are pearls that were his eyes." Another term from the cells is "sunshine," meaning gold. The phrase "last brightening" is defined in the criminal's thesaurus as "yesterday morning." It might have come from Shelley. A gangster is "hot" when he is wanted by the police. Shakespeare wrote "how like a winter my absence has been." Here we see merely a reversal in seasons. The criminal who says "vine" for a suit of clothes is no less poetic than Campton was when he wrote "There is a garden in her face." When contemporary poetry of the school of T. S. Eliot has wearied of the search for phrases among old Australian ballads or among the verses of medieval Spanish poets it may turn with profit to the cell blocks at Sing Sing and Great Meadow.—New York Sun.

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ENCOURAGING HUMOR

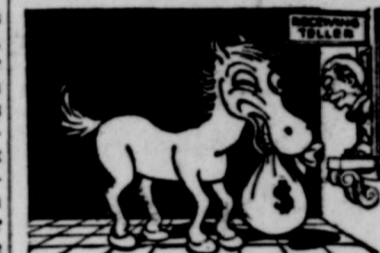
London is to have a college of humor. The main object will be to take produce comedians ready to take their place as master funsters in the entertainment world. They will be taught all the tricks of comedy, including how to originate and to put over "gags," as well as make the materials provided comedians by playwrights. Eccentric dancing and knock-about tomfoolery will be taught by experts. Part of the college will be devoted to teaching aspiring young authors the meaning of the word comedy. There also will be a course for men and women who wish to shine in public life as witty speakers.—Montreal Herald.

Plenty of Static
"How many controls are there on your radio set?" "Three. My wife, son, and daughter!"

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Flame of the Border

By
VINGIE E. ROE

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SYNOPSIS

Seeking death to escape dishonor at the hands of a drunken desperado, Sonya Savarin allows herself to be rescued by her suddenly repentant attacker. The girl is a self-appointed physician to the Navajo Indians, living on an Arizona sheep ranch with her brother Serge, his wife, Lila, and their small daughter, Baba. She is engaged to Rodney Blake, wealthy New Yorker, but her heart is with the friendless Navajos and she evades a wedding. Sonya pulls Little Moon, wife of Two Fingers, a Navajo, through the crisis of an illness. Two Fingers is deeply grateful. Sonya again meets the man whose advances she had repulsed on Lone Mesa. He tells her he bitterly regrets his action. Sonya is affected, but unforfeiting. She hears rumors of a Border bandit "El Capitan Diablo," and vaguely connects him with her attacker. On Lone Mesa she again comes upon the strange young man. When he reiterates his sorrow over his misconduct, she indicates forgiveness and urges him to abandon his life of lawlessness. From concealment, Sonya witnesses the transference of objects from an airship to her attacker. At a dance she demands that he tell her his name. He says he is Starr Stone, that his mother believes him dead, and that he goes by a different name in this region. He leaves the dance with a tall, fierce Mexican, with whom he is mysteriously associated. Sonya realizes she is falling in love with a man whom she can only class as a renegade and outlaw, and that she can never marry Blake. An influenza epidemic among the Indians keeps Sonya busy. She and Stone declare their love for each other, all doubt in the mind of the girl being ended.

CHAPTER VIII

—11—

Clouds of Portent.

In the hard days that followed, Sonya knew a fire of ecstasy among the dark shadows of disaster. Whenever suffering and death entered the lowly hogans, there the steady hands of Starr Stone were a bulwark and a help. They rode together in the dawns, meeting on this and that high level, and at the twilights, when they separated, she to go back to the ranch, he to that mysterious limbo from which he had emerged. Where he spent his hours away from her Sonya did not know and was afraid to ask again. She only knew that his long hands were gentle as a woman's with a hungry child, holding a cup to parched lips, bathing hot dark faces with a little rag, and once he brushed and braided the black hair of a dead mahala before they buried her.

And that day Sonya wept against his shoulder for sheer misery at the tragic fate which had made of this man an outcast and a pariah. So the hectic days passed, with little count of them and these two working together at their humble tasks. Once the girl told him, "You're no lost soul as you'd have me think. You're of that brotherhood of which Christ spoke when he said, 'If ye do it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me.' Servers of the world." And he had made no answer.

They kissed each other now at parting, softly, as if the thing they held between them was so precious that a careless touch might destroy it utterly. To the man there was tragedy and stark sorrow in every touch of Sonya's lips, her hands, the tender brushing of her cheeks against his. He was blessed beyond all dreams, humbled beyond all imagining.

And he knew how fleeting this paradise must be, how soon life and its mandates must take him away from her forever. It was this knowledge which made the enchanted days so short, so unreal.

And by the end of that week the strain lessened. Everywhere her people were getting up from their hogan floors, thin brown shapes with big eyes in their dark faces, and no more were lying down. The epidemic was dying out. Those that were left began to be busy making new hogans before the summer should be gone, for they would not live in any house where death had been. They feared the evil, ill, or ghosts of the dead, and malevolent spirits. But they looked at Sonya and Starr Stone with long looks, unfathomable looks, and sometimes a woman touched the girl's hand tentatively, or a man said some clipped, guttural word which the latter could not understand and Sonya interpreted. "Hostess Little Man says we are the Healing Winds." Or, "Our medicine is better medicine than Yellow Buck's."

And Yellow Buck had been very busy in all the hogans where Sonya was not, performing ceremonies, singing chants and making medicine of his own. And now life made ready to take its reckoning. She had lived in these rushing weeks, lived very fast, very full, known the dark of sorrow, of pity, and the light of great joy, the pleasure of good work well done. She had bloomed in the glow of such love as she had never dreamed of, what time she could spare to it, and felt as though she were richer, more vital, in all the reaches of her nature. Now,

with the cessation of the sickness, she turned her eyes toward the future and what it held.

"Now," she told Starr Stone, "we'll begin to think of us."

But Starr Stone shook his head. "I," he said, "must think of you. My reprieve is over—was over some days ago. I'll be going back—to where I belong."

But Sonya smiled. It did not occur to her that anything could be so dark and strong that she and her strength could not conquer it.

"We'll not talk of that just now," she said, "let's ride to the top of Lone Mesa. We owe it something—the mesa."

"I owe it something," he said passionately—"owe it my everlasting apologies, my undying reverence. It was there I saw creation as it was meant to be—in your white face on the cliff."

So they swung south from their trail that day and climbed the ancient path in the stark precipice.

There was the long stretch of the western edge where Darkness had fled full speed, a horse and rider at his flank. Where the wild face of a drunken man had blazed at the woman on his back with every evil passion of the soul. There was the spot where the man had pulled the slim girl from her saddle, where she had fought like a fury in his arms, where, at the last she had pulled free and flung herself, in one wild leap, over the mesa's brink. As they reined up at the great rock's edge they both sat silent, each with unspoken thoughts plain to be read.

"Sonya," said the man at last in a strangled voice, "I have no words—there is nothing I can ever say—nothing I can ever do—to wipe that memory away."

But Sonya turned and laid her hand on his, and there was a soft smile in her eyes.

"There is no need," she said. "No need! The greatest need I'll ever know! And it can't be filled! I'll have to leave you soon, forever, with that on my conscience, on my heart!"

"Leave me? No, you will not. Not ever, Starr Stone. You are my man—from the beginning."

"The soul in my body—if I have one—will stay with you while life lasts. I hope you know that. But the body itself—is another matter. I think we'll be saying good-by up here. Here where we met in—disaster—and I want you to know, Sonya, that if there



Climbed the Ancient Path in the Stark Precipice.

is such a thing as redemption of a man's inner self, I have been redeemed by knowing you. All my instincts, all my desires, all my outlook on life itself, have changed. When I'm with you my speech, even, is changed—back to what it once was. The Border and all it has meant to me in my wildness, my devil-may-care, has lost its charm. I'd leave it—all—everything—for a different life, if I could."

"Oh, Starr," she said tremulously, "can't you tell me? Won't you tell me what it is that threatens you—us?"

"Impossible," he said quietly. "My lips are sealed—for your sake more than mine. What I know would be dangerous knowledge for you. What I have done—being with you, coming back to you against—against orders—has been a danger for you. I knew it but was too weak to go my way, never to see your face again. I could not, in this strange transition which has been taking place in me. But strength has been growing in me of late, like a great tree standing against the wind. Do you see, Sonya, what you have done for me?" he finished earnestly.

"I know," said Sonya, "I knew from the first, almost, that it would be so. That the good was in you under—under whatever it was that hid it. That some day it would come out, that the evil would fall away, leaving you as you were meant to be."

"You knew? How early? When?"

"The second time I saw you—at Two Fingers' hogan in Chee wash. I think I knew it then, dimly, when your face flushed red on seeing me. The good was struggling with the bad that minute."

"You're right. It was. And has never ceased to struggle since."

"And you're not going to go back?" cried Sonya passionately. "Not going to throw it all away! I will not let you!"

The man sighed, wet his dry lips. Then he leaned toward her and took her against his breast.

"My darling," he said gently, "please kiss me once more."

With a strangled cry Sonya threw her arms around him.

"Why? Why?" she pleaded. "Why will you not stay here and go forward with me, into life? Don't you love me?"

"Love you? My G—d; It's because I love you, adore you, worship you, that I'm taking myself out of your life before it is too late. I don't want to see you—"

"See me what?"

"Nothing. Let's go. Let's go now."

He turned Un d'Oro sharply and headed for the down trail, Darkness following close. Sonya sat rigidly in her saddle, her throat swelled painfully with the dark realization that her dream of love was done for, that this man whom she had come to love so helplessly was riding out of her life. She could not speak.

At the mesa's foot they set out across the levels which were once more darkening into a starlit night in dreary silence. And before they could say that last farewell which comforts the heart bereaved, fate was upon them.

Out of the shadows of a clump of Juniper four men suddenly rode across their way. Four men on good horses, clad in dark garments, their wide hats pulled low over their dark faces, guns frankly showing at their thighs. And at their head rode that huge figure of a man which had loomed on the dance floor that enchanted night and called Starr Stone as a master calls his dog.

He sat now and looked at him with black eyes burning in the gathering darkness.

"Hombre," he said again as he had said before, "three times in as many days have I sent for you, and you did not come. This is the reason."

He nodded toward Sonya.

"Yes!" cried the girl like a shot, though her voice shook. "Yes! I—and a better one. I first, and the caring for those who died, second. I am a doctor, and there has been a great sickness among my people, the Indians. This man has stood with me shoulder to shoulder in a fine thing. Together we have saved many lives. That's why he stayed." There was a note of defiance in the trembling voice.

"Oh, so that sees why, senorita?" the stranger said, changing from the Spanish to broken English, "why he obeys hees l'orders? For you, eh, an' for thees dirty Navys? Well, he goes now, an' don't you forget it! An' remember, Senorita Savarin, that if he comes to you, ever again, that will happen to you an' yours which will be a price. A fair price for thees insult to me, in that you keep my best lieutenant from hees work. Adios, senorita. Do not forget."

He raised his sombrero with a gallant gesture and whirled his horse away. And this time Starr Stone, following, looked long in Sonya's white face with eyes in which all the tragedy of life lay stark and awful. Then he was gone, and only the soft sound of loping horses in sand came back to her.

Until the dim shapes were lost in the night the girl sat still, listening, her mouth open, her hands on her rein, cold and nerveless.

That which threatened had struck at last.

And presently she drooped forward with her face in Darkness' mane and fell to such weeping as only a heart cleaved to the quick can know.

When she rode into the patio at home an hour later a man came swiftly from the lighted doorway, his hands reaching up for hers, his face glowing with joy.

"Sonya! Dear heart!" he cried, and,

"Rod!" said Sonya before she crumpled and slid limp into his reaching arms.

"She's fainted!" he cried. "Lila—Serge—quick!"

He carried her to the door and in, laying her down on the living room couch, and Lila was at his side in a flash.

"Get me some water," she said.

But Sonya, strong creature that she was, did not need it. Her senses, reeling from grief and fear and the sudden sight of Rodney Blake, who was the last man she wanted to see in her present trouble, righted themselves swiftly. She moved, opened her eyes, sat up a bit unsteadily.

"Why, what a silly thing!" she said tremulously. "And Rod—how in the world—"

"Steady, dear," said Rod. "I just dropped in—by plane and car—from New York—Williams—got a man to bring me over. Us rather. Have a friend with me. But don't talk now. Lie down again."

"Piffle!" said Sonya. "I'm all right. A bit tired, I guess."

"She's been riding day and night for a month," said Lila, looking at Blake.

"Epidemic, you know."

"Dam' Indians again," the man thought. "They'll kill her yet."

But Sonya was on her feet, stripping the kerchief from her neck, rolling back her shirt sleeves.

"I'm O. K.," she said. "I'll just go and clean up a bit."

And she walked steadily to her own room.

Inside its shielding door she clasped her hands together, stood a long moment staring into the darkness. The fight of life which she had visioned, of which she had spoken to Starr Stone, was on, and she had lost the first battle—to that black force across the Border.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Old Roman Funerals

The old Romans had elaborate funeral ceremonies. It warranted by rank of the deceased, the processions passed through the Forum, and an oration was there pronounced.

It's High Style to Shine in Satin

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AS to the most outstanding immediate fabric news, it's satin! In all the annals of its history this bright and shining costume medium has never more dramatically illumined the pathway of midseason and early fall styles, than at the present moment.

If anyone thinks that the newer satins "tell the same old story," all we can say is that a most happy surprise awaits each and every so unimaginative a skeptic. Fact is the early arrivals on fashion's stage are delivering a message so refreshingly new and inspirational the moment you glimpse the advance models you will feel the urge to wear satin.

The resplendent evening gowns of gleaming satin in such beguiling tones and tints as mint green, ice blue and that new and illusive dusky pink which is so lovely, the smartly finished daytime suits with their amazingly wide-buckled belts and their primly starched broad white turn-back collars that remind of the picturesque garb of our honored Puritan forefathers, the handsome dresser afternoon satins with their dainty feminine details, and the swagger tailored sports dresses with their many buttons and tricky gadgets, all of which are now on style parade, simply hold one spellbound.

It is just such stunning costumes as the trio pictured which are causing seekers of chic and timely apparel for immediate wear to "catch the vision" of satin. These particular models were carefully selected for illustration in these columns from among scores of strikingly original styles shown at a recent pre-view of fall fashions by the Chicago Wholesale Market Council. The detail that instantaneously strikes the eye as the spotlight centers

on the smartly satin-clad woman pictured to the left in this group is the very wide belt and enormous buckle which distinguishes the suit she is wearing. This model is the sort which will start you touring the stores which carry foremost fashions with a determination to acquire a facsimile for your very own. The new finger-tip length coat (a trifle shorter than three-quarter), the roomy graceful sleeves, the straight skirt with just enough of a kick pleat to ease it a bit, these are style details each of which is prophetic of the future.

The fetching satin jacket suit to the right in the picture is warranted to capture the heart of most any style-aspiring young modern. The white satin which fashions the blouse with its scallop-edge sailor collar and down-the-front jabot is metal threaded in a cross-hatch patterning. One of the big features of the newer materials is that they are all more or less agleam with interweavings of gold and silver.

It is almost needless to say that black satin fashions the suits just described, for undoubtedly black is first choice by a large majority, for street wear. However, any number of smart street models are being tallied of satins in rich autumn browns or greens (green is much talked of for fall) while a satin costume in the newly featured beetroot red or dark blue is considered a last word in chic.

As to the exquisite satin evening gown here shown, imagine it in any delectable pastel you may happen to fancy, or glistening white if you prefer. The cape sleeves and ruched neckline are important style points also the semi-fitted princess lines sans belt are typically new.

© Western Newspaper Union.

FIND TUNIC BLOUSE IN MANY VARIETIES

That blouses will remain a big fashion is generally conceded, but in what forms is a matter of discussion. Very few couturiers have thought seriously, as yet, of models for autumn, and those who have show suits mostly with hip-length jackets and waist-length blouses of the butcher boy type. The rumor about Russian suit styles has been heard here. Lucile Paray has one suit with a tunic blouse which might come under this designation, and Heim has another, in velveteen with fur bordered coat.

Silk Still Holds First

Place for Undergarments

The increasing favor for lingerie neckwear, for cotton frocks and linen suits has brought speculation as to a change in undergarment styles, but so far investigation has failed to reveal any real revival of "lingerie" lingerie. Here and there, one finds a linen night-dress, as at Helen Yrlande or one of the Paris lingerie specialists but such a model is an exception; and even at Worth, the prime sponsor of sheer cotton stuffs and frilly touches, as well as petticoat foundations for evening gowns, the answer is that only a few batiste gowns are shown.

Large Parisian Compacts

in Brown Simulate Wood

New compacts from Paris are huge affairs made of a brown composition material that looks like wood. They are loose, single pieces, a trifle expensive, but a knockout to look at. To make accessories harmonize, there are bracelets and clips, trimmed in gold, of the same substance, and necklaces in which synthetic wooden links alternate with colored stones.

New Cape Style

A gown of bright flame red satin is cut with a deep square front decollete, accompanied by an ermine cape mounted on a square back yoke.

Square Finger Rings

The expression "round like a ring" doesn't mean anything any more, for there are new finger rings that are square.

VERY SHEER BLACK

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A message of vital importance concerns the vogue for dine, dance and other gowns of more or less formality which are created of black nets or tulle or wispy laces of finest diaphanous texture. When fashioned of daintiest sheer net there is almost sure to be a lavish use of pleated ruche effects. The gown pictured shows a wide ruche trimming outlining the pointed-back-and-front decollete. A similar ruche trimming heads the deep flounce on the skirt. The silhouette which stresses a slim fitted hipline contrasted by a pronounced and sudden deep flare is typical of the later style trends.

Tricky Earrings

Earrings—once more back on the fashion map—are novel in cut. Many are designed to follow the lobe of the ear instead of standing out, button effect, in front.

That Body of Yours

By
JAMES W. BARTON, M. D.

Results in Thyroid Operations

ONE of the problems facing both patient and physician in goiter or thyroid ailments is whether an operation should be performed at once or whether treatment by rest, iodine, X-ray or other methods should first be tried.

Now no one likes the idea of an operation because there is the anesthetic, the time in hospital with its expense, and the danger of the operation. Naturally then if all this can be avoided it would seem like good sense to wait.

However, physicians always keep in mind that the extra juice from the thyroid gland makes the heart beat more rapidly all the time and this extra work, together with poisons in the system, can so damage the heart that rest and other forms of treatment are of no avail.

Therefore we now find that the condition of the heart itself and the strength of its muscular walls in pumping the blood, is the factor that influences the physician whether or not to advise operation. In fact many surgeons favor operation even when heart symptoms are mild.

What is this operation?

The operation consists in the removal of a large part, but not all, of the thyroid gland in the neck. In former times this operation was considered so dangerous that patients traveled hundreds and often thousands of miles to have it performed by some renowned surgeon. Today, in practically every hospital, surgeons are performing this operation with splendid results and with a very low death rate.

Thus Dr. J. de J. Pemberton in Journal of Surgery and Obstetrics reports a death rate of less than 1 per cent.

What about the results obtained by operation?

Statistics from Kocher's clinic in Vienna and Mayo's clinic, Rochester, Minn., give 86 per cent of satisfactory results after operation in serious cases of the severe type of goiter.

The thought, then, is that where rest and other forms of treatment are not giving results in these thyroid cases when the heart is affected, the earlier the case is turned over to the surgeon the less danger there is from the operation.

Sometimes the operation is performed because the patient can't spare the time required by the rest treatment.

Overweight Individuals

OVERWEIGHT individuals will cut down on bread, potatoes, pastry, butter and cream, in an effort to reduce their weight, but will continue to drink large quantities of water and other liquids, because liquids do not put on fat.

Strictly speaking, liquids do not put on fat tissue, but they do put on weight and they do prevent fat from being used up as readily as it would were the liquids not taken.

It isn't a matter of water not being good for all mankind. Water is the very first thing needed to maintain the proper working of the body, just as food is needed to provide the structure of the body.

But the body at all times has a good supply of water on hand, and only needs a certain amount every day to keep its needs supplied.

Just as you see storage tanks of water on the roofs of factories to be used in an emergency, so all your tissues have a goodly supply of water stored away. This water is not in any one place like the storage tank, but in and about all the tissues, and actually forming part of the tissues themselves.

When you exercise and the perspiration pours out on the surface of the skin, then your tissues have given up that much water and you are just that much lighter in weight. Some fat tissue has been used up by the exercise, but water makes up most of the weight lost.

If, however, after exercising and losing all this water, or even if you simply perspire without taking exercise, and because you feel thirsty drink three or four glasses of water then immediately you are just that much heavier again.

With those of normal weight, this perspiring and then drinking water is helpful to the system; in fact it is helpful also to the overweight individual in a general way, but as a matter of fact he doesn't need all this water, and it only increases his weight.

In other words the tissues and spaces of the overweight hold so much more water than he needs, that he has really too large a "storage tank" of water. Thus if he loses considerable water by perspiration and uses up some of the water in his storage tank, he is bound to lose some of his weight.

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Lioness Loose in Circus

When the electric lights went out during a lion act of a circus in Cardiff, Wales, recently, five beasts were caught in the dark. Attendants lit matches. Carrying a torch, the trainer managed to get four beasts back into their cages, but the fifth, a lioness, was missing. After a search, she was found in another part of the tent, badly frightened, and was happy to return to her cage. The audience of 1,500 thought it all was part of the show, and enjoyed it.

Y. W. A.

The Y. W. A. girls met at the Baptist parsonage Monday afternoon. After the program new officers were elected as follows: Nettie Blankenship, president; Joyce Tinsley, v. pres. Nina Mae Bailey, sec. tres. Opal Cooper, song leader. Miss Mary Hope Wells entertained us with a special song and Miss Ruth Wells told us of her trip to Hollister, Mo., which was very interesting. Miss Theresa Webb was surprised when the Y. W. A. presented her with a lovely gift. The girls certainly appreciate what she has done for them. Those present were: Ila Mae Kyser, Loretta Moore, Edna Mae Smith, Nettie Blankenship, Nina Mae Bailey, Opal Cooper, Doris and Joyce Tinsley, Wouda Hill, Louise Adamson, Hazel Stewart, Irene Anderson, Theresa Webb, Mary Hope and Ruth Wells and Mrs. Wells.

Richard Dingler and wife of Chamberlain visited the Frank Davis family Sunday. Mrs. Davis returned home with them for a visit.

PICNIC

The "True Blue Girls" of Mrs. P. G. Johnson's Sunday school class enjoyed a hike down the railroad track Wednesday afternoon. It did not take the girls long to reach the favorite railroad bridge, and there they ate their picnic lunch. One girl was abundantly showered with potato chips. The rain soon brought them home, singing in the rain. Those present were: Theresa Bain, Joan Thompson, Janette Cooper, Dorothy Land, Jo Wells and Mrs. Johnson.

FORTY-TWO CLUB

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Watt entertained the 42 club with a lawn party at the J. B. Masterson home Tuesday night August 14, there being seven tables of players to enjoy the games. Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Hunsucker, Howard, Jewell, Horschler, Whitfield, Mann, Masterson, Webb, Sherman, Thompson, Williams and Madison of New Mexico, Mesdames Nowlin and Cannon and Jim Gilliam. We meet Sept. 4 at the Roy Jewell home.

BANK RECEIVES SIGNS

The Security State Bank has received from the Federal Deposit Corporation at Washington the official signs which will hang at all receiving windows as visible evidence that the depositors of this institution are insured.

The Security State Bank is one of more than 14,000 licensed banks in the country which are receiving these signs. Insured banks are able to offer protection to their depositors up to \$5,000. Statistical studies have shown that this maximum fully protects more than 97 per cent of all the depositors in insured banks.

A statement by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation follows: "The purpose of the signs is to let depositors know which banks are insured. Heretofore, although 90% of the licensed banks are insured, depositors have had no easy means of identifying them."

"If, by any unforeseen circumstance an insured bank should suspend, the Insurance Corporation would begin paying off the depositors just as soon as a receiver was appointed for the closed institution. The depositors would receive their money in a few days instead of waiting months or years as was the case in the former method of liquidation. This is not only a benefit to the depositors, but it saves the community from a terrific economic and social blow. When the depositors receive their insured accounts they assign their claims to the Insurance Corporation. Thereafter liquidation proceeds on a business like basis with the maximum chance of the corporation and other creditors being paid in full."

PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas

Thurs Fri Aug 30 31.
Will Rogers and Peggy Wood in **Handy Andy**

His best to date, two weeks at the Majestic, Dallas. You will certainly get a kick out of this one. Also Paramount News and comedy. 10 25c

Sat Sept 1, **Hot Gibes** in **A Man's Land**

A he man story with a he man star. A Western picture full of action, thrills, laughs. Also Cartoon and Novelty. Matinee 10c to all. Night 10 15c

Mon Tues 3 4 Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in

Manhattan Melodrama

The picture John Dillinger went to see the night he was shot down by United States officers. Also Extra added attraction, the life story of Dillinger from childhood to the morgue. This picture alone is worth the price of the show. 10 25c

Wed 5th Jimmy Durante, Lupu-Velz Norman Foster and Marion Nixon in

Strictly Dynamite

What a surprise. Strictly Dynamite is scheduled to blow the roof off our theatre with laughter. You are invited to be present. Also our Bank Night. Better get wise and be here. 10 25c

Thurs Fri 6 7th Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in

Cockeyed Cavaliers

Merry maidens, comely queens, cockeyed courting cavaliers. Plenty of fun, they always please. Also Paramount News and comedy. 10 25c

MRS. FRANCES E. COOPER

Funeral services were held here Wednesday for Mrs. Frances E. Cooper, who passed away Tuesday in an Amarillo hospital. The services were held at the Methodist church, conducted by Rev. A. V. Hendricks. Burial was in Rowe cemetery.

FAREWELL PARTY

Misses Edna Mae Smith, Ruth McQueen and Nettie Blankenship entertained a number of friends with a farewell party last Tuesday night at the Smith home honoring Misses Wouda and Delma Hill and Chester Hill, who are leaving soon to make their home in Clarendon.

The amusement started by writing and completing telegrams but some were very difficult to complete. The question and answer game caused much disturbance. Punch, cake and sandwiches were served to Doris and Joyce Tinsley, Wouda and Delma Hill, Martha Sue Noel, Hazel Stewart, Opal Cooper, Ima Gene Bell, Mavis Wiggins, Nina Mae Bailey, Verlin McPherson, Pearl Morrison, Geneva Whittington, Ila Mae Kyser, Pauline Boliver, Gwendolyn Shipley of Wichita Falls, Edna Mae Smith, Nettie Blankenship, Ruth McQueen, Fred Wells, Pete Arm, Marvin Hickey, Wallace Grimley, B. Adamson, Elton Howard, Vernon Webb, Homer Stehersen, O. C. Horschler, Chester Hill and W. L. Stewart.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our appreciation and love for those who were so thoughtful and kind during the illness and death of our mother and grandmother. May God's richest blessings be yours. Mrs. J. B. Pickett and family. Mrs. Joe T. Rasco and family.

O. H. Brown and family of Mc Knight visited the O. W. Bain family Sunday.

Subscribe for the Informer.

Every Day Specials

FLOUR	
PONCA BEST, 48 LB.	\$1.85
Sugar, 25 lb.	\$1.39
Coffee, Admiration, 3 lb.	83c
Syrup, Penick Golden, gal.	57c
Oatmeal, 55 oz. box	15c
Whole Wheat Flakes, 3 boxes	25c
Bran Flakes, 3 boxes	25c
Prunes, 3 gal.	\$1.00
Peaches, gal.	42c
Strawberries, gal.	63c
Cabbage, lb.	3c
Fresh Tomatoes, lb.	8c

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PHONE 23

BIGGER! BETTER! GREATER!
TRISTATE FAIR
DATES SEPTEMBER 15 to 22

The Tri-State Fair Association and the people of Amarillo cordially invite everyone to attend this greater Fair of 1924. Don't miss it! Write U. L. Taylor for Catalogue, which carries Premium List, Amarillo, Tex.

AUTOMOBILE SHOW

SAM B. DILL'S CIRCUS —with— TOM MIX	\$15,000 CASH PREMIUMS I am guaranteeing that they will be paid.—WILBUR C. HAWK, President of Tri-State Fair.	Exciting HORSE RACES DAILY
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FREE GATE

\$5,000 FOR HEREFORD CATTLE. Also Milking Shorthorns, Jersey and Houshens.
Hog Department; Agricultural Premiums; 4-H Clubs, etc. Domestic Science and Arts. Many other attractions.

FOOD SPECIALS

Better Take Advantage of These Prices Before We Are Forced to Go Up

Lard, 8 lb. carton	69c
Flour, guaranteed, 48 lb.	\$1.75
Sugar, 25 lb. Cane	\$1.39
Meal, Yukon, large sack	55c
Spuds, Colorado Red, pk.	29c
Extract, 8 oz.	19c
Grapes, Tokay, lb.	10c
Cocoa, Hershey's, lb.	15c
Lettuce, fresh, head	6c
Celery	15c
Potted Meat, can	4c
Tomatoes, fresh, lb.	10c
Lye, Red Top, 2 cans	15c

Coffee, Admiration, lb. 33c

Specials In Our Market

Lunch Meat, all kinds, lb.	25c	Barbecue, plenty of gravy, lb.	15c
Steak, choice cuts, lb.	15c	Roast, lb.	10c
Meat, dry salt, side or half, lb	10c	Plate Ribs, lb.	7c

Bulk Coffee, lb. 15c

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

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Eliminates Wobble
You never again need be annoyed by loose screws and wobbly lenses. Let us fit you with the New Lectro-No-Scru-Ful-Vue Glasses.
—each lens held by an screw fit in a metal frame.

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