

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXIV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS OCTOBER 26, 1934

NO. 51

**Buy Your  
School Supplies  
at Hedley Drug Co.**

Everything for the Schoolroom  
High Quality Right Prices

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

## GUNMAN CAPTURED

Virgil Stalcup, gunman, said to be wanted in a number of towns in the Panhandle, was captured Tuesday south of Clarendon after a five mile foot chase by Sheriff Pierce and members of a posse. The chase occurred after Stalcup, having wrecked his car, set out on foot across country. He was finally halted by County Attorney R. Y. King.

Stalcup escaped from the state prison at Huntsville on April 4 while serving a 45 year term. He is alleged to have hijacked a Ponca City, Okla. cigar salesman near Hedley on Oct. 10.

## LECTURE

Rev. A. E. Butterfield, a retired Methodist minister who lives at Childress, gave an interesting lecture at the Methodist Church Sunday night on his missionary work among the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians in Oklahoma. He carried with him a number of Indian relics, which he showed while delivering his lecture. The most notable among them was the seabird containing the bow and arrow of the Apache chief Geronimo. The church was filled with an appreciative audience from the other churches of the town, who felt that they were well paid in getting to listen to a man who has spent 52 years of his life in Texas and Oklahoma, as a pioneer preacher and missionary. He left Tuesday morning for Lubbock and the South Plains country, accompanied by Rev. Dennis Lawson, who will visit his home folks at Over, Texas.

## HOOKEE GIFT SHOP

Pretty gifts for showers, and birthday toys. Boys caps cheap. Halloween toys.

Hooker Gift Shop

## B. T. S. MEETING

The associational B. Y. P. U. meeting was held at Estelline Tuesday night. The Hedley union had charge of the program. Twelve attended from Hedley, eight of whom had parts on the program. Those present report a very enjoyable time.

## GO TO AUSTIN

A committee of Panhandle citizens left Monday night for Austin to appear before the Senate Centennial committee Tuesday to ask that historic sites in this section of the state be included in the state's proposed celebration in 1936.

The committee members will urge the Senate to provide funds for adequately marking historic sites in the Panhandle and assist in financing one or more regional pre-centennial celebrations in this territory.

Among those in the group which left Monday night were George Briggs of Pampa; Sam Braswell, Clarendon; L. F. Sheffey of Canyon and T. E. Johnson of Amarillo.

Mrs. J. M. Clarke is visiting her daughter, Jennette, who is attending T. W. U. at Ft. Worth. She will also visit at Red Oak before returning home.

L. E. Thompson and family visited relatives in Memphis Sunday.

## P. T. A. CARNIVAL

Don't miss the Hedley school carnival, sponsored by the P. T. A. See the get-something-for-nothing booth. Step right up, ladies; the show always loses. Eats! Sink your teeth in that boon to starving mankind, the hamburger. Dunk your doughnuts in the dunking parlor. Take your troubles to Madam Xjickling. She sees all and tells too much. Come see the hamburger booth, the spook room the 101 different performances we offer you. And last, but by no means least, don't forget the crowning of the carnival queen. Don't forget. Friday, Oct. 26. Carnival on the school grounds, beginning at 6:30 p. m.

## LEGION AUXILIARY TO ENTERTAIN HUSBANDS

The ladies auxiliary of the American Legion will entertain their husbands and all ex-soldiers and wives Wednesday night, Oct. 31, with a masquerade party at the Legion hall. Everyone cordially invited. No admittance unless masked.

## COTTON GINNED

Up to Wednesday noon, the three Hedley gins and the McKnight gin had ginned a total of 1509 bales of cotton.

## FOOTBALL GAME

The Hedley Owls will play the Claude team here Saturday afternoon Oct. 27, at 2 o'clock. Everybody come out and boost your home team.

## KO-ZEE BEAUTY SHOPPE

Your hair is your crowning glory. More so than in days of yore. And if you'll listen to my little story, I'll tell you something more. No hair dresser, be they ever so good, can give you a becoming coiffure which they most assuredly should. Let us have an artist shape your hair. As by your head and face he would be it said, much to our regret, as the average coiffure will show. That this little trade secret is coming to the Panhandle very slow.

Give us a trial if you have not, we'll shape your hair in the latest style. With smiling service on the dot, and thank you all the while. Mrs. Montgomery

## ATTENTION

Lee tires and tubes and accessories at Phillips Service Station. We give Trades Day tickets.

A splendid line of gift goods with prices to suit the purse. B & B Variety

## PIE SUPPER

A pie supper will be given at the McKnight school house on Friday, Oct. 26, at 7:30 p. m., sponsored by the McKnight woman's missionary society. A suitable program will be arranged.

For

Right Merchandise  
Right Quality  
Right Service

at the

Right Price

See

**Barnes & Hastings  
Grocery Co.**

PHONE 21

## FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

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

## CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Ohlson will preach in Hedley, at the Church of Christ, Saturday and Sunday, October 18 and 19. 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.

## HEDLEY CIRCUIT

Rev. Dennis Lawson Pastor. First Sunday: Leila 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. Gray 8:30 p. m.

## Special

We request your presence in our Shoppe Friday, Oct. 26, to see and have demonstrated to you a new

Quart Permanent Wave Machine  
A \$5 Quart Oil Steam wave on this machine for the extremely low price of \$1.50

## Vogue Art Beauty Shoppe

Located in Hess home  
Expert Hairdressers  
Mrs. Hood, Operator  
Miss Hess, Finger Waves

## 4 1/2 PER CENT MONEY

TO LOAN on Donley County Farms and Ranches. C. L. JOHNSON, Sec. Treas. Hedley National Farm Loan Association.

See the new line of infants clothing and gifts goods at the B. & B. Variety

## A Personal Service Store

A drug store with a genuine desire to serve must render a wide variety of services. You'll find this store of that type. You'll get prompt attention regardless of your purchase---large or small.

**Wilson Drug Co.**

Where You Are Always Welcome  
PHONE 63

## Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

Flour Kansas Cream, 48 lb. \$1.85  
10 lb. Cream Meal 29c

Syrup Pure Ribbon Cane, gal. 65c  
Sorghum flavor, gal. 59c

Tomatoes Fresh, 2 lb. 15c  
3 No. 2 cans 29c

Meat Sliced Bacon, odds, 2 lb. 25c  
Salt Bacon, lb. 16c

Spuds 10 lb. No. 1 Peck 29c 19c

Sugar Pure Cane, 18 lb. \$1.00  
Powdered, 2 pkgs. 15c

We give Trades Day tickets  
Bring us your Eggs, Cream and Poultry

## Protecting Our Patrons

The deposits in this bank are guaranteed up to \$5,000 by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

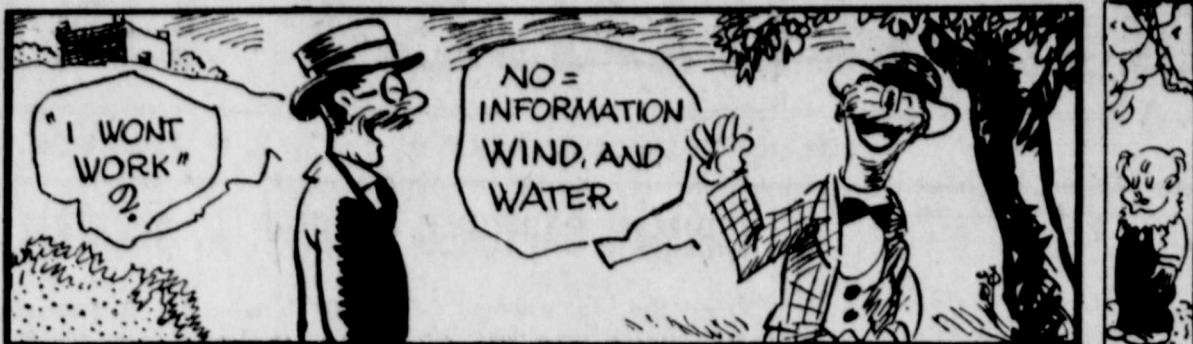
Sound, conservative management, first consideration to depositors, interest and efficient helpful service makes a checking account here particularly desirable. A cordial invitation is extended to new depositors.

**Security State Bank**

HEDLEY, TEXAS

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

SUCH IS LIFE—No Profit There



By Charles Sughrue Little Girl Allure



This little frock is so cute it would add to the charm of a Shirley Temple—nothing more could be said for a frock! It is the essence of little-girl allure with its dropped-shoulder yoke, its cunning little collar and big buttons running down to that devastating point. The sleeves are short and puffy—exactly as they should be, and the box plenis are there so that its wearer can run fast as well as look pretty. It has well-fitting bloomers, as do all right-minded frocks for little girls in this year of grace!

Pattern 9086 may be ordered only in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1/4 yard contrasting.

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 The Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West 18th Street, New York, N. Y.

Turn to Lotteries to Expand Incomes

Many European Nations Find Profit in Them.

London.—A number of hard pressed European governments are helping to balance their top-heavy budgets through the medium of legalized lotteries.

The vision of sudden fortune, by the simple expedient of buying an inexpensive ticket, lures millions of dollars each year from the pockets of rich and poor alike. And in every instance the national exchequers are benefited.

The principal countries where lotteries are permitted in Europe include France, Italy, Spain, and the Irish Free State, the last of which, in its racing sweepstakes, has the largest and most widely known of all.

For Different Purposes.

The rules of conducting lotteries vary in each country as do the stated purposes for which they are run. The Irish Free State hospitals benefit under the sweepstakes which are run in connection with three outstanding British horse races each year.

The Red Cross and the University City in Spain are allowed certain extra drawings for their own profit, while France and Italy allocate their shares to governmental departments as they think fit.

The biggest lottery of all is the Irish Sweepstake. Run three times a year, on the occasions of the English Grand National, Epsom Derby and Cesarewitch Handicap, it receives subscrip-

\$1,000 a Week



Little Mickey Rooney is here seen holding his new contract with MGM entitling him to receive \$1,000 a week for his work in the movies. No wonder he smiles.

tions from more than 100 countries. Since 1930, when it was started under the registration of the Irish Hospital Trust, Ltd., lucky ticket holders have been paid more than \$100,000,000.

By far the greatest number of tickets in this sweepstake are purchased in Britain, where it is illegal for any person to sell them. However, the tickets are smuggled in and sold. The money goes back to Ireland.

Out of these receipts and those from other countries, the Irish hospitals have benefited by more than \$30,000,000 during the past four years. The government itself received 25 per cent of the hospitals' share, and in addition, since 1932, has also realized \$2,500,000 in taxes on the "sweep."

Has Longest Record.

The Spanish National Lottery has the longest record of consistent performance. It dates back to 1763, when Charles III, looking for new means of supplementing his privy purse, hit upon this method.

In Spain, three draws are held regularly each month, in addition to five extraordinary draws, two of which are for the special benefit of the Red Cross and the University City. The lottery has grown to such an extent that last year the gross receipts amounted to \$57,750,000.

Of this amount prize-winners received \$40,356,100, wages and administration expenses took \$1,513,480 and the remaining \$15,888,240 went to the government.

The popularity of the lottery in France is shown by the fact that it is practically impossible to buy a ticket for as many as five days before a drawing. It is only recently that the lottery was legalized, and its object was to pay war veterans' pensions with the government's share of the proceeds.

Prize money takes 60 per cent of the total receipts; expenses are estimated at 5 per cent and the remaining 35 per cent goes into the national treasury to be applied to war pensions. The participant in the lottery has a one to nine chance of winning a prize, the highest of which is \$320,000.

In Italy the government reaps about \$6,380,000 a year from the lotteries which are conducted weekly by the state. The drawings are made in the eight principal cities, and large returns are possible from very small outlay.

Norman Town Turns Its Back on Coeducation

Coutances, Normandy.—By unanimous vote, this town has taken a united stand against co-education.

The reason given for this action is that "male school teachers cannot teach girls their future roles of wife and mother," and that "children of France are disconcertingly precocious."

Despite this anti-co-educational feeling in Normandy, there are 3,520 "mixed" schools in France. Wherever possible it is the principle of the French school system to keep boys and girls separated.

THE STORY OF DEMETRIUS

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

There is an ancient story regarding a silversmith named Demetrius. He was at the head of a group of craftsmen who made silver shrines for heathen temples. Most of these shrines were dedicated to the goddess Diana. It was a very lucrative business, perhaps the most prosperous of that day. The business continued to advance and every person connected with the



enterprise was happy for the reason that his living was secured and there was plenty of money available for the luxuries of a pagan world. All went well until something happened! The business of the company gradually began to fall off. When activity was almost "all" Demetrius decided to call a meeting of the directors of the corporation for the purpose of discussing the serious condition which confronted them. Demetrius addressed his directors something like this: "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth. Not only is our business in danger of being destroyed, but also the great temple of Diana despised." His address indicates a very hostile and vindictive attitude of mind. He cannot understand why any other force has the right to interfere with the

Benyon in Action



Jack Benyon, co-captain of the Illinois team, is on the job again. He is a sensational passer and is considered the pivot man of the team.

financial progress of his company. Having ascertained the cause of the financial calamity, Demetrius relates that a certain man lecturing to the people down in Ephesus, the center of the heathen world, told them that "There were no gods made with hands." The influence of this man became so great that many persons were turning away from the heathen temples and abandoning their loyalty to the heathen goddess, "and the image which fell down from Jupiter."

When all this news spread about the ancient city of Ephesus excitement rose to a very high pitch. A riot was finally prevented by the wisdom of the town clerk who persuaded the strikers and their sympathizers to appeal to the courts where justice would prevail.

While the conditions related in this story occurred nearly two thousand years ago it reads like a bit of news gleaned from our morning newspaper. When any force injects itself into the economic world which dries up profits or thwarts justice to labor, something happens—Discontent, riots, strikes, bloodshed! "There is nothing new under the sun."

© Western Newspaper Union.

Turk, 154, With Son, 11, Claims He Is Oldest Man

Adana, Turkey.—Claiming an age of one hundred and fifty-four years, and that he is the father of a boy of eleven, Hadji Boz Agir, a resident of the village of Mardin, said he considered himself the world's oldest and best preserved man.

He claims to be the successor of the late Zaro Agha, who died recently at a proclaimed age of one hundred and sixty-four.

Hadji Boz Agir went to Mardin about 50 years ago, where he acquired a small farm. He then was already considered a centenarian.

He maintains that when Turkey still exercised control over Egypt he served the sultan there as a gendarme, and that he took part in the suppression of a Wahabite uprising in 1821.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

PARENTS and school teachers or any person whose duty it is to govern others, whether children or adults, gain their respect and love or esteem, as the case may be, if they are good disciplinarians. They may even be strict, good disciplinarians are apt to be, but they are also prone to be just. There is a vast difference between being severe and being strict. In the first instance there may be no measure of justice, or actual relation between the offense and the punishment. It is particularly noticeable in governing children, where it will be found that a slight unreasonableness of a brings an unmerited, severe correction, and a real offense goes with but slight punishment. The state of mind of the parent or teacher, often has as much to do with the lightness or severity of the punishment as the misdemeanor itself.



Sports Ensemble

Parents do well to recall families in which respect and genuine affection exist between children and their fathers and mothers. They will find in most instances that the discipline is good. It is just, and it is respected.

It is very hard on children to be subject to the whims and the tempers of parents. One time the youngsters can do almost anything they like and it is unnoticed, or brings very slight punishment. Again they do the smallest prank, it may be in pure mischief.

When a person is a good disciplinarian there is not found this fickleness. Children and others know where they stand. Consequently they consider whether or not it is worth while to do the thing which will bring down upon them a severe punishment. What is more, they will be inclined to realize their wrongdoings would deserve the penalties meted out to them. There is a fine sense of justice in children. There is also an inherent respect for authority, until they find it is misapplied even when the rules seem arbitrary rather than, to them, reasonable.

Promotes Affection. Parents do well to recall families in which respect and genuine affection exist between children and their fathers and mothers. They will find in most instances that the discipline is good. It is just, and it is respected.

It is very hard on children to be subject to the whims and the tempers of parents. One time the youngsters can do almost anything they like and it is unnoticed, or brings very slight punishment. Again they do the smallest prank, it may be in pure mischief.

Moon Over Cow Shed Caused Fire Alarm

West Chester, Pa.—A big and bright September moon caused a false fire alarm here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seeds, farmers, looked out their bedroom window and saw a glare in their barn. Thinking the building was ablaze, they called the fire department.

When the firemen arrived, they discovered it was only the moon "coming up over the cow shed."

Animals With Vertebrae

Animals with vertebrae never have more than four legs.

These Boots Will Tramp in Congress



Judge P. L. Gassaway captured the congressional Democratic nomination from the veteran Tom McKeown in the recent Oklahoma primaries, and as this is equivalent there to election, the boots the judge is shown wearing will soon be clomping in the chamber of the lower house in Washington. Gassaway is a cow hand and never wears any other style of footwear.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

3,000 SETS ON ONE AERIAL—RADIO ENGINEERS HAVE PERFECTED MEANS OF OPERATING 3,000 RECEIVING SETS FROM A SINGLE ANTENNA WITHOUT INTERFERENCE.

TATTOOED INDIANS—CERTAIN AMERICAN TRIBES TATTOOED THEIR BODY USING CACTUS SPINES.

DEATH FROM DISEASE—22% OF ALL U.S. DEATHS ARE DUE TO COMMUNICABLE DISEASES.

Smiles

A SUPPOSITION

"Some of us congressmen are thinking a great deal we don't say," said the representative from Shuckville. "Didn't know it could be done," answered Farmer Coratossel. "Allus s'posed your speciality was saying a great deal you didn't think."

Machinery

"What do you intend to do about the political machine?" "I meant to use it to make hay while the sun shines," answered Senator Sorghum. "Only I'm afraid some of the boys out home have taken a fancy to the idea of a vacuum cleaner instead of a lawn mower."

Spectacular

"I suppose you regard all your display of eloquence as beneficial to the cause?" "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "to be candid, that eloquence isn't so much for the cause as for the effect."

In Trouble

Life Saver—Are you in difficulties? Fair Bather—Yes. Needle and thread and a button as soon as you can get them.—Weekly Telegraph (Sheffield).

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE TO QUALITY GUM

**THE HEDLEY INFORMER**

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY  
Mrs. Ed C. Boliver, Owner

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

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

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

**Huffman's Barber Shop**

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

**JOHN W. FITZJARRALD**

Chiropractor  
18th year in Memphis  
PHONE 462  
Lads in Office

**Dr. F. V. Walker**

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

**ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION**

Meets on the first Friday in each month

**J. W. WEBB, M. D.**

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas  
Office Phone 8  
Residence Phone 66

**COFFINS, CASKETS**

**UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES**

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

**MOREMAN HARDWARE**

**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.

**BEDLEY LODGE NO. 991**

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

All members are urged to attend. Visitors are welcome.

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

**WEST BAPTIST CHURCH**

Byron F. Todd, pastor  
Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
Preaching every 2nd and 4th Sundays and on Saturday before the 2nd Sunday. Morning service 11:00 a. m. Evening service 8:00. Visitors are always welcome.

B. Y. P. U. and adult Bible Sunday at 7:00 P. M.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moffitt and Mrs. P. L. Dishman and children visited in Memphis Sunday

**HEDLEY P. T. A.**

The following P. T. A. program will be given Thursday afternoon Nov 1

Leisure Time Activities  
Leader, Mrs. R. W. Alwine  
Invocation

Mother's sing-a-long  
Reading for leisure, Mrs. J. H. H.

Worth while leisure activities and how to provide them. Mrs. J. H. H.

We now have a new shipment of new Lee tires and tubes. Get our price before you buy.  
Phillips Service Station

Paid bills for trimming and houses. B & V Variety

**HOME TOWN HENRY**



HELLO OLD CHAP—YOU WOULDN'T BITE THE HAND THAT FED YOU, WOULD YOU? IF YOU WERE A MAN, YOU WOULDN'T TAKE THE MONEY YOU MADE IN THIS TOWN AND SPEND IT ALL IN SOME OTHER TOWN, WOULD YOU, NOW?

**RODEO AT MEMPHIS**

Memphis, Texas

The local post of the American Legion has contracted with Roy Mayes, rodeo promoter, to stage a rodeo and roping event here on Nov. 10 and 11, as a part of the Legion's Armistice Day Program. Mr. Mayes has staged three rodeos here in the past and is known over western Texas and Oklahoma as a successful rodeo promoter.

Other entertainment features will be combined with the rodeo, and all persons interested in entering any of the contests are asked to communicate with Roy Mayes at Memphis, Texas.

See our National tires and tubes. The most value for the least money. We also sell insured batteries. Battery recharging.  
Doris Marshall

Mrs. S. R. Tomlinson of Lella Lake visited in the L. B. Chunn home this week.

**Good PACKAGE COFFEE**

**Bright and Early COFFEE**

TEXAS LARGEST SELLER

Mrs. Donley Ball and Miss Ethel Bell of McLean visited here Sunday

J. M. Whittington and J. D. Masten made a trip to the South Plains first of the week

R. L. Moffitt of Clovis, N. Mex. visited in the W. L. Moffitt home the past week end

R. M. Webb and son of Clar endon were Hedley visitors Monday

Mrs. Charles Baldwin of La mesa and Mrs. Joe McCluskey of Throckmorton visited here first of the week with their daughter and sister, Mrs. G. Z. Sherman, and family

Mrs. T. R. Moreman left Sunday night as a delegate to the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star lodge which was held in Ft. Worth first of the week

Mrs. U. G. Key and daughter, Chancy Ruth, are visiting in Dallas this week.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year

**W. M. SOCIETY**

Joint missionary society meets Monday, Oct. 29 at 2 p. m. at the Nazarene Church with the Nazarene society as hostess.

Program  
Song  
Scripture by leader.  
Sentence prayer.

Song  
Chinese letter, leader.

Reading, Theresa Webb.

Dact. selected, Mrs. Walden Bennett and Sarah Hendricks.

Paper, Chinese missions, McKnight auxiliary.

Paper, Lepers of Haagchow, Mrs. Noel

Closing prayer, Mrs. Duncan. Leader, Mrs. Whiteside.

Business

You are invited to come and worship with us in a few minutes of inspirational service.

Golden Holland visited in McLean Saturday

Ned Grimley and family visited Jewel Grimley, who is attending T. W. C. at Ft. Worth, the past week end

**NOTICE**

In order to avoid a possible outbreak of typhoid, every citizen of Hedley is urged to cooperate with our city and health authorities in cleaning up all alleys and toilets and burning, burying or hauling out of town all garbage refuse.

Do this at once and help us keep our town clean.

An inspection will be made and those who fail to clean up their premises will be reported to the State authorities.

J. W. Webb, M. D., city health officer.

By order of L. E. Thompson, Mayor.

P. L. Dishman spent Sunday in Childress

**THE METHODIST CHURCH**

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

**QUALITY H AND H PRODUCTS**

**H AND H Sam Houston TEXAS GIRL**

**COFFEE**

**COFFEE**

**COFFEE**

**COFFEE**

*We roast it, others praise it.*

**For Every Taste and Pocketbook**

**No-Scru**

No Loose Screws —and each lens has a shock absorber.

You never again need be annoyed by loose screws and wobbly lenses. Let us fit you with the New Lectro-No-Scru-Fal-Vue Glasses.

Eliminates Wobble —each lens held by an iron set in a rubber glove.

**GOLDSTON BROS.**  
JEWELERS and OPTOMETRIST  
Clarendon, Texas

**Ask About Bargain Rates On The Fort Worth Star-Telegram**

**Week-End Specials and Electric Refrigeration Saves You Money**

You can economize as much as 20 per cent by buying at week-end specials and taking advantage of the perfect refrigeration offered in order to preserve your foods that you buy at these specials.

With modern Electric Refrigeration — which assures safe preservation of perishable foods at all times — you can easily buy in sufficient quantities to effect this saving.

Just think of the saving you can make . . . and you will only have to market once a week!

The safe, constant, dependable refrigeration supplied by the new Frigidaire makes this economical practice possible. Frigidaire automatically maintains this constant cold of less than fifty degrees necessary for safe refrigeration. There is no trouble on your part — even defrosting is automatic.

A trained representative will be glad to explain how the new Frigidaire pays for itself. Ask for a demonstration or ask any user of the Frigidaire.

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

**West Texas Utilities Company**

**HOT STUFF**

By **FLOYD McCracken**  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

DAN MAGIN pulled his worn cap low over a troubled brow. He had not known the Skeet long or comfortably, and with him, even here in the speakeasy, the boy felt impelled to conceal his identity.

Though, goodness knows, no one here in the city ever would recognize him. The Skeet was speaking. "It's hot stuff. You understand? Hot?" The Skeet muttered, peering impressively from slits of eyes into the agitated face of the youth sitting across the narrow service table.

If Dan flushed it was against his will. "You ain't gettin' frosted toes? That's the h— of you kids. No nerve!" If the Skeet knew one thing well it was how to handle his man.

"No, no," Dan rushed to deny. "Not cold feet, Skeet. It's nothing to me but a job, you know. You give me the— the suitcase and a five spot. I take the suitcase to the mayor's house."

"Just that easy." The Skeet eased back in his chair with obvious relief and satisfaction. "An' after that scam, see? Scram an' forget. I'm leavin' town myself. Goin' out on my yacht."

The two rose teasingly. Dan accepted a neat brown suitcase gingerly.

The older man slipped the boy a five dollar bill, at the same time repeating directions and muttering a final warning.

"An' none of your funny stuff. The gang's wise and if you don't earn that five—"

The Skeet left Dan to imagine the dark consequence of failure. It was nine o'clock.

The errand must be completed before midnight.

Plenty of time, Dan decided, but the sooner it was over the better.

He did not question the nature of his burden, though the Skeet never had discussed that with him.

Alone in the night, the boy shivered with revulsion.

For an instant he was tempted to turn the thing over to the police, but only for an instant.

Thoughts of the Skeet's gang quickly drove away that idea.

He glanced nervously over his shoulder to see if he might be followed as he boarded a street car.

Finding a seat alone, he held the suitcase carefully on his knees until a policeman came and sat beside him.

It seemed unnatural to be holding the thing in this manner.

Dan was afraid the officer might notice and ask questions, so he shoved his burden carefully under the seat.

"Moving?" the policeman asked, smiling with warm friendliness as he glanced toward the disappearing suitcase.

"Yes. Yes, moving," Dan muttered deeply.

He felt weak, partly from hunger, partly from fear. "Hot stuff," the Skeet had warned.

"From the country, aren't you?" the officer asked.

Dan didn't want to talk to anybody, least of all to a policeman.

How could a cop tell just by looking at him that he was from the country? "Excuse me, my street," the boy blurted, bolting suddenly from the car with his precious suitcase.

He felt the surprised glance of the officer bore into his back as he hurried down the aisle. He was glad when he reached the street.

He had gained one thing at least by making his sudden move.

No one else left the car with him, and he felt sure that if he had been followed he now had shaken pursuit.

Dan glanced at the suitcase.

It was an ordinary oblong affair with brown leather finish. Neat but cheap. Nothing about it to attract attention. Nothing on the outside to identify it.

Signaling the next outward-bound car, he climbed aboard apprehensively.

What he feared he did not know, but he was relieved when a quick survey revealed no policeman aboard.

The car was almost filled.

Dan slunk into a seat beside a half-sleeping man he judged to be a seaman, and slid the suitcase carefully under the seat.

A newsboy working through the car spread a paper before Dan's eyes, and the youth's heart jumped into his mouth as he read:

**MAYOR DEFIES STRIKERS**

Suddenly the seaman leaped to his feet as the conductor called a street name.

Reaching under the seat, the man snatched at the leather bag and lurched into the aisle.

"Hey, you've got my suitcase," Dan shouted, grabbing at the thing.

"Your suit—say, didn't I just buy this piece of cowhide? And don't I now what's in it?" the sailor demanded thickly. "I got me a new farm clock in there. Listen, hear it tick!"

Dan put his ear attentively to the leather cover.

Sure enough, tick, tick. The sound quieted his thumping heart.

He reached under the seat and brought out a suitcase exactly like the one held by the seaman.

"My mistake, I'm sorry," the boy smiled weakly.

That had been a narrow squeak.

What if the seaman had taken the wrong suitcase? What might have happened to the sailor, and what would the Skeet have said? Whew!

The boy wiped a great bead of perspiration from his brow.

Dan had known the Skeet but a short time. The acquaintance had not been of his own choosing. He had known the older man only by that odd name, the Skeet, and he never had met him except at night.

The boy had been out of work for weeks. His money gone, he stood at a street corner the evening of their first meeting, wondering what he should do next.

"Smoke, buddy?" a voice had said at his elbow. It had been the first friendly word Dan had heard in days, and his heart warmed. Even then he sensed an antagonism against the thick, squat man.

"Thank you," the boy had said, accepting the proffered cigarette. "I'd rather have a plate of beans, though," he had smiled wryly.

For a week after that the Skeet had supplied Dan with a place to sleep and meager rations.

During that week Dan never escaped the feeling that he was being studied, watched. And yet one must eat, he argued to overcome his uneasiness.

With the money he had collected for this night's errand he would leave the city.

He would go as far into the country as the money would take him.

Perhaps he would be able to find work on a farm.

He always had been able to make a living in the country, and he would do it again, he vowed now.

Reaching the street indicated in the directions received from the Skeet, Dan left the car.

The mayor's mansion was as he had expected.

It was a large structure set well back amid luxuriant shrubbery. Dan's task proved comparatively easy. Put the suitcase against the front door and then scam, the Skeet had said.

Dan boarded the next car into the city.

He sat nervously, tensely watching the shadows rumbering by the windows.

He had almost reached the business section when a blinding flash against the sky brought him to his feet with a cry.

He looked at his cheap wrist watch, puzzled. Only a little past ten o'clock. Twelve had been the hour—And besides that, the errand he had undertaken had led him to the outskirts of the city, while the explosion he had just heard plainly was at the waterfront.

He hurried to the depot where he learned the next train into the country would not leave for an hour and a half.

He decided to eat.

Fears that overwhelmed him on an empty stomach fed as he mastered the food. He would never let himself get so hungry again, he told himself, never. Twelve o'clock and the suitcase would be far away. By midnight he would be well on his way from the city.

As he crossed the waiting room to the ticket window a newsboy burst noisily into view, waving a late edition.

"Mystery blast kills gangster!" the lad shouted.

"Read about it. Mystery blast kills the Skeet!"

Avidly Dan snatched a paper from the urchin.

Hot, bleary eyes raced across the bold-faced type as he read:

"Victim of a mystery blast, the Skeet, notorious gangster, was killed tonight while assisting a seaman in loading a small boat preparatory to going aboard the gangster's yacht. The seaman, who was seriously injured by the explosion, told the police the blast came when the Skeet dropped a suitcase tossed to him as he stood in the boat. The police said they can find nothing they can regard as a clue."

**Oldest Town in U. S.**

**Is Located in Arizona**

While St. Augustine, Fla., settled about 1565, and Santa Fe, N. M., founded about 1537, each insists it is the oldest town in the United States, the town actually oldest has no chamber of commerce to proclaim or defend its title, according to Dr. Paul S. Martin, assistant curator in charge of North American archeology at the Field Museum of Natural History. This town, Doctor Martin states, is the Indian settlement of Oraibi in the Hopi reservation of Arizona. Oraibi, Doctor Martin contends, is the oldest continuously inhabited community in the United States so far recorded. It probably dates back to at least A. D. 1200, and is thus a good 300 years older than any other town in the country, the museum archeologist declares.

Recent archeological work on the Oraibi site indicates that the present pueblo or town is erected on top of older habitations, built, lived in and deserted many centuries ago. According to tribal legends, Oraibi was founded as a result of a quarrel between two factions of another village, now abandoned. Probably this schism was a result of the age-old perennial battle between the old and the young, which even in more recent times has often resulted in splitting a population and causing a new settlement to be founded, Doctor Martin says.

**Mean Thing!**

"I take half an hour's beauty sleep every afternoon."

"You should make it longer, dear."

**OUR COMIC SECTION**

*Events in the Lives of Little Men*



**FINNEY OF THE FORCE**

**Numb**



**THE FEATHERHEADS**

**Driven to It**



**TRUE DETECTIVE STORY**  
by Vance Wynn  
© Public Ledger

**The Man Who Hit the Bull's Eye**

MOONSHINING flourished long before the prohibition amendment was made to the Constitution of the United States.

Twenty years ago it was carried on in the mountains of West Virginia on a scale that made the government authorities gasp for breath.

The general impression of the moonshiner is that of a poor white man who is willing to take big chances in order to make a little illegal money.

This is true of some sections, but at the time mentioned there were bold and unscrupulous distillers who carried it on as a business in a big way and who made fortunes by the operation.

Wayne Gooch was one of these men. He was called "the King of the Moonshiners," and there is no reason to doubt that he was entitled to the distinction.

The scandals grew to such proportions that the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington determined it would have to be stopped at all hazards.

The man he assigned to the job was a fearless agent named Tom Kennedy. He had several advantages. One was that he knew the mountains of West Virginia.

Another was that he was a crack shot.

These things were important, because the moonshiners placed small value on human life.

Most of them boasted that they would not be taken alive, and by the same token they would kill anyone who attempted to interfere with their business.

Kennedy determined to confront the lion in his den.

He made up his mind to go to the Gooch stamping grounds in the guise of a government forester.

Merely to be known as a person who was connected with the government in any capacity was taking a big chance, but Kennedy was a man who had been taking chances all his life, and one additional chance meant little to him.

He had two capable assistants with him, and he went direct to the cabin where the king of the moonshiners made his headquarters.

He introduced himself by his real name, and he wanted to know what the authorities could do to help the cultivation of trees in that part of the country. Gooch, who was a big, bluff fellow, received him cordially enough, even though he kept his weather eye on this curious stranger.

He said the soil in that part of West Virginia was not particularly adapted to forestry, but he cheerfully offered to escort Kennedy about the country.

It was just what the revenue agent wanted.

He kept his eyes and his ears open, and at the end of 24 hours was forced to confess that there was not even the sign of a still in operation.

During that time the king entertained the agent in a royal fashion.

One day they had a shooting match, with a big target set up near the cabin. Kennedy participated, and to the great delight and admiration of the king the visitor hit the bull's eye nine times out of ten.

Gooch said that was the best record ever made in that locality.

He parted with his guest with apparent reluctance.

Kennedy had played his cards so well that he was not even suspected by the king of the moonshiners.

They parted one night with expressions of mutual esteem. Kennedy had no misconception of his man.

He knew that if his true character had become known he would have been shot down like a dog.

This thought keyed him up to the game he was about to play.

He left the cabin and the vicinity, but he had proof that distilling was going on on a great scale.

He discovered that the stuff was sent to the depot in a truck at about midnight each night.

So he lay in wait with his two men and when the team arrived at a certain part of the road he appeared in the highway with a loaded and primed revolver.

The driver and his assistant, taken unawares, surrendered.

In the meantime, Kennedy sent for re-enforcements and before another day had gone by the king of the moonshiners and his men had been taken into custody.

WNU Service.

**Counterfeit Wampum**

Counterfeit wampum came into being with the white man's arrival in America when a family of European immigrants of Paskack, N. J., with the aid of steel drills and lathes, became proficient in making wampum from the cheap, plentiful shells of the common Busycon conch of the Gulf coast. This counterfeit Indian money circulated as far west as the Mississippi valley.

**Hawaii's Temperature**

Hawaii, lying in mid-ocean just within the tropics, has a warm climate throughout the year, though high temperatures are prohibited by the northeast trade winds, which blow for about nine months of the year. The mean annual temperature is 71.5 degrees. The extremes are 84 degrees and 59 degrees.

# THE GAS STATION



- 1—The gasoline pumping station is the very keynote of the American scene.
- 2—The United States is really a large body of people entirely surrounded by gas stations.
- 3—There are more gas stations in the country than there are churches, schools and libraries.
- 4—And they have decidedly better locations.
- 5—Once upon a time there was quite a distance between them. You could walk two or three blocks and not see one.
- 6—This seems incredible, but it is true.
- 7—But today they are thicker than frankfurter stands and waffle restaurants. Which is plenty thick.
- 8—It looks like a great plot by the oil interests to eliminate all old-fashioned residences, especially the corner sites.
- 9—The minute a gasoline baron hears of a fine old American home with spacious lawns in a nice residential district with birdies and posties all around it, he becomes seized with a maniacal determination to tear it down and replace it with a Spanish mosque with six pumps, free air and a rest room.
- 10—Why he behaves this way is hard to understand. It can't be from mercenary incentives, because there are more gas stations now than there are automobiles.
- 11—But there are signs that the tide is turning. The other day a couple of American home lovers bought up a gasoline station, tore it down and erected a colonial homestead on it with lilac bushes around it and with iron deer on the lawn.

# Nome Named by a Mistake

Washington.—Nome, Alaska, recently almost entirely destroyed by fire, is an outstanding example of a town named by mistake. In early maps of Alaska one cape was left nameless and an official to whom the draft was submitted pencilled beside it the query "name?" A copyist transcribed the scrawled question as "Nome," and the name stuck. When the gold rush came in 1899, the little settlement which had previously been called Anvil City, adopted the name of the cape, 11 miles to the east.

"Nome is only about 120 miles southeast of Cape Prince of Wales which marks the American side of Bering strait, and less than 150 miles from the mainland of Asia," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society headquarters in Washington. "For years it has been the nearest town of any importance to the Old World. The town sprawls along the sea shore and the Snake river where that stream flows into Bering sea, about midway of the Alaskan west coast.

**A Town Built of Wood.**

"The buildings of Nome have always been predominantly of wood, and even the streets were paved with boards to combat the almost bottomless mud of the tundra on which the town sprang up. There has always been an autumn exodus from Nome to the States." This was particularly marked in the early days of the town's life when the proportion of fair-weather citizens was large.

"The town lies wholly unprotected on the north coast of the icy storm-

swept Bering sea close to the Arctic circle, and is frozen in and snowed in for about seven months of the year. At times the snow drifts up to the eaves of the houses. Since placer mining, the community's chief industry, depends on the use of water, all activities must close when the water congeals. Nome's last boat usually leaves for Seattle about October 15, and none arrives until the middle of the following June.

"Gold was discovered in one of the creeks inland from the site of Nome, in the autumn of 1898. When the ice released its grip on the Bering coast the following spring, thousands of gold-seekers rushed in. Then came the astounding discovery by a United States soldier that he could pan gold from the sands of the beach.

**Glamor and Tragedy Marked Nome's Life.**

"News of this paradise for the poor miner, where it was not even necessary to file claims, spread rapidly over the world even in those radioless days. Miners in other Alaska settlements and western United States, dropped their picks, store clerks quit their jobs, seamen deserted their ships, gamblers left their old haunts, laborers laid down their tools, and even women left comfortable homes to seek their fortunes in the Nome sands.

"In two years Nome became the largest city in Alaska territory. In the summer of 1900, it had 20,000 inhabitants. They came from all parts of the world—a colorful group who emblazoned Nome's name indelibly

on the pages of Alaskan history.

"Life in Nome was at once glamorous, sordid, thrilling, and tragic. Unscrupulous adventurers plied their shady tricks on innocent prospectors. Claim jumping, sometimes with the connivance of officials, was common. Gamblers grew rich from miners' gold bags and pocketbooks by the use of crooked gambling devices. No one had time to think of sanitation, so many lives were lost through typhoid, diphtheria and other diseases.

"Meanwhile Nome's glamor aroused the imaginations of such writers as Rex Beach and Jack London. And why not? The Nome gold rush ranks with the most remarkable stampedes in American mining history. The city grew like a mushroom. Thousands streamed in by boat and wagon and afoot. Hotels, banks, and stores, all of wood, rose along muddy lanes. Increased traffic on the streets made their knee-deep mud, so the town covered them with sturdy boards for safety of pedestrians.

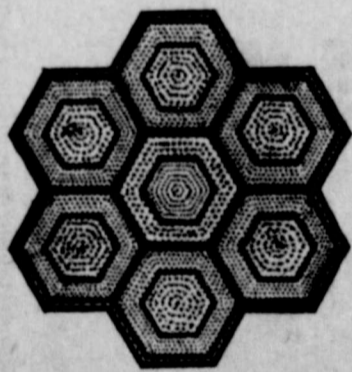
**One of the Greatest Gold Stampedes.**

"After the golden sands of the beach were exhausted, dredges were brought in and the mining took on an industrial aspect in the creeks some miles inland. Nome's population began to dwindle. By 1903 thousands of gold seekers had died or vanished,—some with purses bulging; others poorer than when they arrived. Many could not stand the cold climate, for Nome is 600 miles farther north than the southern tip of bleak Greenland, and lies in the same latitude as frigid Arkhangelsk (Archangel), Russia. The 1903 census accounted for about 7,000 people during the summer and half as many in the winter. In 1910 there were 2,000 residents. The town's population reached its low mark in 1920 when it was only 852. In recent years the population has been about 1,300.

"Altogether, between \$90,000,000 and \$100,000,000 in gold has been taken from the sands and creek beds of the Nome region. And the great dredges, eating away some miles inland, continue to pour out a sizable stream of the yellow metal each summer."

# Crocheted Rugs in Quilt Designs

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



During the past years patchwork quilts have been the big article of interest to the home needleworker and now we have the crocheted rug in quilt designs. The beauty of these rugs can only be appreciated after you have seen one of them. Crocheted

rugs have the best wearing properties.

The rug above illustrated is the "Flower Garden" rug, which you will recognize as having received its name from the "Flower Garden" quilt. Size of rug is 30 inches and made from 2 lbs. of rag strips. Each block is made separately and when the seven are finished they are slip stitched together. The colors to be used depends upon the material you may have on hand or can dye to colors desired. Use contrasting colors for the different rows and the brighter the colors the more sunshine the rug brings to the home.

Our book No. 24 on crocheted rag rugs in quilt designs contains 20 rugs shown in colors with instructions. Write our rug Dept. and send 15c for this book. Address Home Craft Co., Dept. C, 19th & St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

to tear it down and replace it with a Spanish mosque with six pumps, free air and a rest room.

# A TRUE GHOST STORY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

"In 1922, after the death of Bois Penrose, my family took occupancy of his apartment in Washington. From our first night there a strange phenomenon pervaded the place," related Mary Roberts Rinehart famous novelist. "The distraction was only to end with my mother's death.

"The account of the phenomenon has been told before, and I am telling it now, not because I believe in any physical manifestation of survival after death, but because I know one cannot say that because he or she cannot see a thing, it does not exist.

"Perhaps the disturbances were warning us of danger to my mother; perhaps some child, incarnate, was playing around our rooms. Whatever it was some strange phenomenon did exist.

"The scene was set there, of course, for the rumor of a ghost.

"Immediately after Senator Penrose's death the colored maids were stating that the dead man was walking. On our first night in the apartment, after we had turned off our lights, there was a rush of something through the room. The effect was as if a large black curtain had been drawn swiftly across us. Doctor Rinehart sat up in bed.

"What on earth was that?" he asked.

"We turned on the lights, but everything was as it should be. The windows were open, but there was no wind, and the narrow curtains held flat to the wall by heavy bands that could not blow under any circumstances.

"The next morning brought an unusual incident. We had no servants save Marie, the personal maid for my mother and myself. At seven the next morning Marie entered with my coffee. I reproved her for coming early.

"But you rang, madam. Rang twice."

"Later Marie complained repeatedly of my ringing the bell which connected my room with hers, when I did not ring. One day I myself heard the bell ringing in her room, when I was in the study opposite her room. We called in an electrician to examine for a short circuit; there was none.

"After that we accepted the bell, and in time became accustomed to it. But other queer happenings took place; curious and unexplainable noises and stirrings disturbed not only Marie, but myself, two aunts who came to visit us, and my sons.

"My eldest son, who came home for a visit was unwarned of the situation. Just before his arrival the hall floor had been painted, and the furniture had been set back for the first time.

"The following morning he called me, and I found him in the hall staring at something. He had come in late, and gone to sleep at once, to be awakened with a feeling of intense cold and a sense of terror he could not explain. Following that, as he lay there, outside his door in the hall, a heavy piece of furniture had apparently commenced to move, and for an hour it had creaked and

## Why the Sudden Change to Liquid Laxatives?

Doctors have always recognized the value of the laxative whose dose can be measured, and whose action can be thus regulated to suit individual need.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a more natural movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

The dose of a liquid laxative can be varied to suit the needs of the individual. The action can thus be regulated. It forms no habit; you need not take a "double dose" a day or two later. Nor will a mild liquid laxative irritate the kidneys.

The wrong cathartic may often do more harm than good.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a prescription, and is perfectly safe. Its laxative action is based on senna—a natural laxative. The bowels will not become dependent on this form of help. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is obtainable at all druggists.

## At the Hospital

First Nurse—How's business at the hospital?

Second Ditto—So quiet you can hear a man's fever drop.

## Mercolized Wax

**Keeps Skin Young**

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

**Powdered Saxolite**

Removes wrinkles and other age spots. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint which base and use daily as face lotion.

## Do you lack PEP?

Are you all in, tired and run down?

### WINTERSMITH'S TONIC

Will rid you of **MALARIA**

and build you up. Used for 65 years for Chills, Fever, Malaria and **A General Tonic**

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Before shampooing, anoint the scalp with Cuticura Ointment, then massage. Wash with a warm sud of Cuticura Soap. Rinse and wash again, then rinse thoroughly. This will keep your scalp in a healthy condition which is essential to good hair.

Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c.

Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

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**NOW—Pay Less and Get Real BAYER Aspirin!**

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15c Now For 12  
25c Now For 24

For instance, the pocket tins of 12 real Bayer Tablets have been cut to 15c. The popular 24 tablet bottles have been cut to 25c.

And the big, family size, 100 tablet bottles have again been reduced.

**So—Always Say "Bayer" When You Buy**

These new low prices make it a folly to accept unknown brands in order to save a few cents.

So—never ask for Bayer Aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone when you buy, but always say B-A-Y-E-R ASPIRIN and see that you get it.

**ALWAYS SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" NOW WHEN YOU BUY**

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Use Mentholatum to help open the nostrils and permit freer breathing.

**MENTHOLATUM**  
Gives COMFORT Daily

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For best results when baking muffins, biscuits, griddle cakes, cookies, waffles, use the leavening recommended by expert cooks, our pure Baking Soda and sour milk. To retain the natural color of fresh green vegetables, add a pinch of our Soda as they cook. Our Baking Soda is often prescribed by physicians. Keep an extra package ready in the medicine cabinet. Mail the coupon today.

## CRUNCH & DWIGHT CO. INC.

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Business established in the year 1848

**HOT STUFF**

By FLOYD McCRACKEN  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate  
WNU Service.

DAN MAGIN pulled his worn cap low over a troubled brow. He had not known the Skeet long or comfortably, and with him, even here in the speakeasy, the boy felt impelled to conceal his identity.

Though, goodness knows, no one here in the city ever would recognize him.

The Skeet was speaking.

"It's hot stuff. You understand? Hot!" The Skeet muttered, peering impressively from slits of eyes into the agitated face of the youth sitting across the narrow service table.

If Dan flushed it was against his will.

"You ain't gettin' frosted toes? That's the h—l of you kids. No nerve!" If the Skeet knew one thing well it was how to handle his man.

"No, no," Dan rushed to deny. "Not cold feet, Skeet. It's nothing to me but a job, you know. You give me the— the suitcase and a five spot. I take the suitcase to the mayor's house."

"Just that easy." The Skeet eased back in his chair with obvious relief and satisfaction. "An' after that scam, see? Scram an' forget. I'm leavin' town myself. Goin' out on my yacht."

The two rose tensely.

Dan accepted a neat brown suitcase gingerly.

The older man slipped the boy a five dollar bill, at the same time repeating directions and muttering a final warning.

"An' none of your funny stuff. The gang's wise and if you don't earn that five—"

The Skeet left Dan to imagine the dark consequence of failure.

It was nine o'clock.

The errand must be completed before midnight.

Plenty of time, Dan decided, but the sooner it was over the better.

He did not question the nature of his burden, though the Skeet never had discussed that with him.

Alone in the night, the boy shivered with revulsion.

For an instant he was tempted to turn the thing over to the police, but only for an instant.

Thoughts of the Skeet's gang quickly drove away that idea.

He glanced nervously over his shoulder to see if he might be followed as he boarded a street car.

Finding a seat alone, he held the suitcase carefully on his knees until a policeman came and sat beside him.

It seemed unnatural to be holding the thing in this manner.

Dan was afraid the officer might notice and ask questions, so he shoved his burden carefully under the seat.

"Moving?" the policeman asked, smiling with warm friendliness as he glanced toward the disappearing suitcase.

"Yes. Yes, moving," Dan muttered deeply.

He felt weak, partly from hunger, partly from fear. "Hot stuff," the Skeet had warned.

"From the country, aren't you?" the officer asked.

Dan didn't want to talk to anybody, least of all to a policeman.

How could a cop tell just by looking at him that he was from the country?

"Excuse me, my street," the boy blurted, bolting suddenly from the car with his precious suitcase.

He felt the surprised glance of the officer bore into his back as he hurried down the aisle. He was glad when he reached the street.

He had gained one thing at least by making his sudden move.

No one else left the car with him, and he felt sure that if he had been followed he now had shaken pursuit.

Dan glanced at the suitcase.

It was an ordinary oblong affair with brown leather finish. Neat but cheap. Nothing about it to attract attention. Nothing on the outside to identify it.

Signaling the next outward-bound car, he climbed aboard apprehensively.

What he feared he did not know, but he was relieved when a quick survey revealed no policeman aboard.

The car was almost filled.

Dan slunk into a seat beside a half-sleeping man he judged to be a seaman, and slid the suitcase carefully under the seat.

A newsboy working through the car spread a paper before Dan's eyes, and the youth's heart jumped into his mouth as he read:

**MAYOR DEFILES STRIKERS**

Suddenly the seaman leaped to his feet as the conductor called a street name.

Reaching under the seat, the man snatched at the leather bag and lurched into the aisle.

"Hey, you've got my suitcase," Dan shouted, grabbing at the thing.

"Your suit—say, didn't I just buy this piece of cowhide? And don't I know what's in it?" the sailor demanded thickly. "I got me a new alarm clock in there. Listen, hear it tick?"

Dan put his ear attentively to the leather cover.

Sure enough, tick, tick. The sound quieted his thumping heart.

He reached under the seat and brought out a suitcase exactly like the one held by the seaman.

"My mistake. I'm sorry," the boy smiled weakly.

That had been a narrow squeak.

What if the seaman had taken the wrong suitcase?

What might have happened to the sailor, and what would the Skeet have said? Whew!

The boy wiped a great bead of perspiration from his brow.

Dan had known the Skeet but a short time.

The acquaintance had not been of his own choosing.

He had known the older man only by that odd name, the Skeet, and he never had met him except at night.

The boy had been out of work for weeks. His money gone, he stood at a street corner the evening of their first meeting, wondering what he should do next.

"Smoke, buddy?" a voice had said at his elbow. It had been the first friendly word Dan had heard in days, and his heart warmed. Even then he sensed an antagonism against the thick, squat man.

"Thank you," the boy had said, accepting the proffered cigarette. "I'd rather have a plate of beans, though," he had smiled wryly.

For a week after that the Skeet had supplied Dan with a place to sleep and meager rations.

During that week Dan never escaped the feeling that he was being studied, watched. And yet one must eat, he argued to overcome his uneasiness.

With the money he had collected for this night's errand he would leave the city.

He would go as far into the country as the money would take him.

Perhaps he would be able to find work on a farm.

He always had been able to make a living in the country, and he would do it again, he vowed now.

Reaching the street indicated in the directions received from the Skeet, Dan left the car.

The mayor's mansion was as he had expected.

It was a large structure set well back amid luxuriant shrubbery.

Dan's task proved comparatively easy. Put the suitcase against the front door and then scam, the Skeet had said.

Dan boarded the next car into the city.

He sat nervously, tensely watching the shadows rumbling by the windows.

He had almost reached the business section when a blinding flash against the sky brought him to his feet with a cry.

He looked at his cheap wrist watch, puzzled. Only a little past ten o'clock. Twelve had been the hour—And besides that, the errand he had undertaken had led him to the outskirts of the city, while the explosion he had just heard plainly was at the waterfront.

He hurried to the depot where he learned the next train into the country would not leave for an hour and a half.

He decided to eat.

Fears that overwhelmed him on an empty stomach fed as he mastered the food. He would never let himself get so hungry again, he told himself, never. Twelve o'clock and the suitcase would be far away. By midnight he would be well on his way from the city.

As he crossed the waiting room to the ticket window a newsboy burst noisily into view, waving a late edition.

"Mystery blast kills gangster!" the lad shouted.

"Read about it. Mystery blast kills the Skeet!"

Avidly Dan snatched a paper from the urchin.

Hot, heavy eyes raced across the bold-faced type as he read:

"Victim of a mystery blast, the Skeet, notorious gangster, was killed tonight while assisting a seaman in loading a small boat preparatory to going aboard the gangster's yacht. The seaman, who was seriously injured by the explosion, told the police the blast came when the Skeet dropped a suitcase tossed to him as he stood in the boat. The police said they can find nothing they can regard as a clue."

**Oldest Town in U. S.**

**Is Located in Arizona**

While St. Augustine, Fla., settled about 1565, and Santa Fe, N. M., founded about 1537, each insists it is the oldest town in the United States, the town actually oldest has no chamber of commerce to proclaim or defend its title, according to Dr. Paul S. Martin, assistant curator in charge of North American archeology at the Field Museum of Natural History. This town, Doctor Martin states, is the Indian settlement of Oraibi in the Hopi reservation of Arizona. Oraibi, Doctor Martin contends, is the oldest continuously inhabited community in the United States so far recorded. It probably dates back to at least A. D. 1200, and is thus a good 300 years older than any other town in the country, the museum archeologist declares.

Recent archeological work on the Oraibi site indicates that the present pueblo or town is erected on top of older habitations, built, lived in and deserted many centuries ago. According to tribal legends, Oraibi was founded as a result of a quarrel between two factions of another village, now abandoned. Probably this schism was a result of the age-old perennial battle between the old and the young, which even in more recent times has often resulted in splitting a population and causing a new settlement to be founded, Doctor Martin says.

**Mean Thing!**

"I take half an hour's beauty sleep every afternoon."

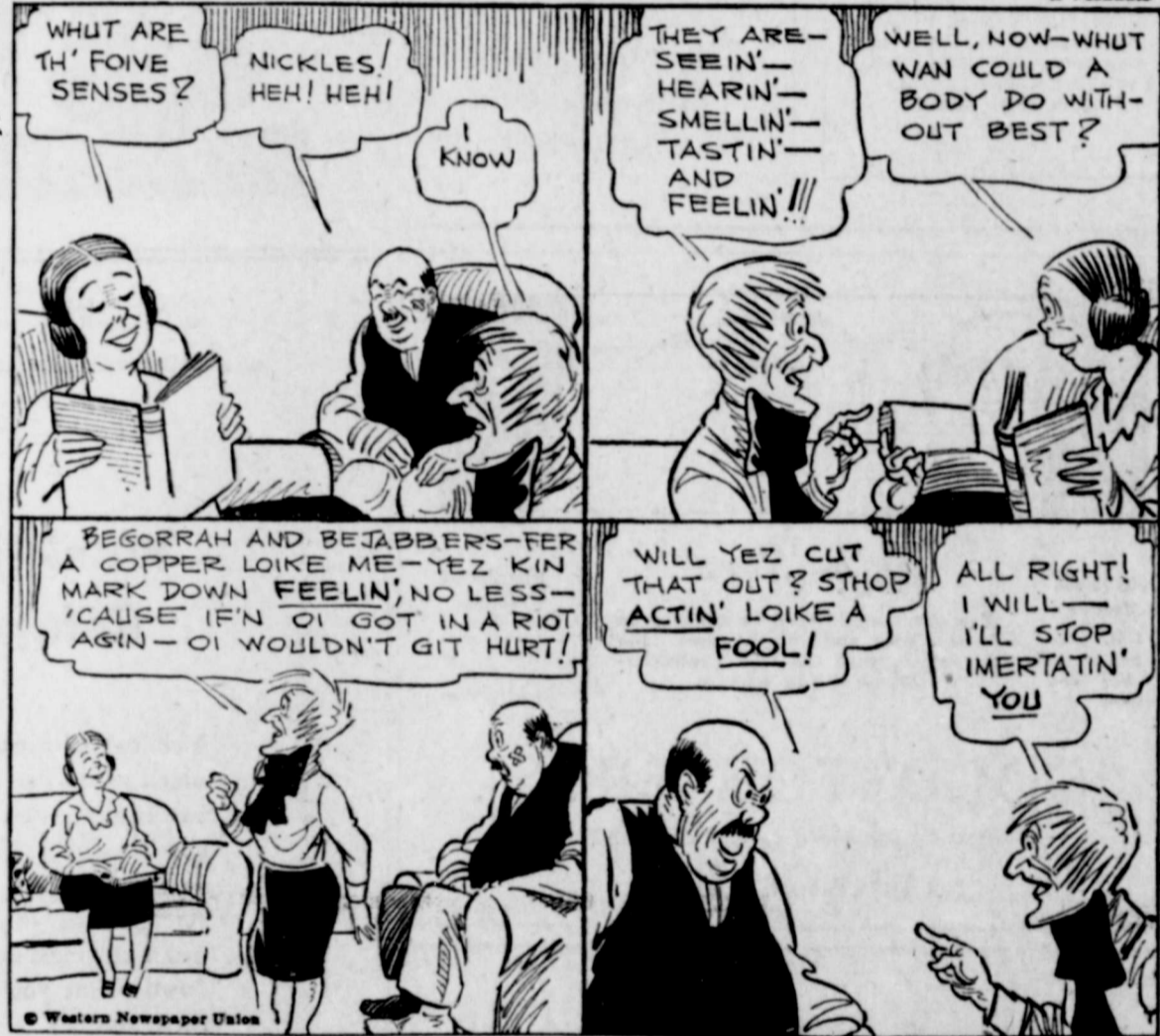
"You should make it longer, dear."

**OUR COMIC SECTION**

*Events in the Lives of Little Men*



**FINNEY OF THE FORCE**



**THE FEATHERHEADS**



**TRUE DETECTIVE STORY**  
by Vance Wynn  
© Public Ledger

**The Man Who Hit the Bull's Eye**

MOONSHINING flourished long before the prohibition amendment was made to the Constitution of the United States.

Twenty years ago it was carried on in the mountains of West Virginia on a scale that made the government authorities gasp for breath.

The general impression of the moonshiner is that of a poor white man who is willing to take big chances in order to make a little illegal money. This is true of some sections, but at the time mentioned there were bold and unscrupulous distillers who carried it on as a business in a big way and who made fortunes by the operation.

Wayne Gooch was one of these men. He was called "the King of the Moonshiners," and there is no reason to doubt that he was entitled to the distinction.

The scandals grew to such proportions that the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington determined it would have to be stopped at all hazards.

The man he assigned to the job was a fearless agent named Tom Kennedy. He had several advantages. One was that he knew the mountains of West Virginia.

Another was that he was a crack shot.

These things were important, because the moonshiners placed small value on human life.

Most of them boasted that they would not be taken alive, and by the same token they would kill anyone who attempted to interfere with their business.

Kennedy determined to confront the men in his den.

He made up his mind to go to the Gooch stamping grounds in the guise of a government forester.

Merely to be known as a person who was connected with the government in any capacity was taking a big chance, but Kennedy was a man who had been taking chances all his life, and one additional chance meant little to him.

He had two capable assistants with him, and he went direct to the cabin where the king of the moonshiners made his headquarters.

He introduced himself by his real name, and he wanted to know what the authorities could do to help the cultivation of trees in that part of the country. Gooch, who was a big, bluff fellow, received him cordially enough, even though he kept his weather eye on this curious stranger.

He said the soil in that part of West Virginia was not particularly adapted to forestry, but he cheerfully offered to escort Kennedy about the country.

It was just what the revenue agent wanted.

He kept his eyes and his ears open, and at the end of 24 hours was forced to confess that there was not even the sign of a still in operation.

During that time the king entertained the agent in a royal fashion.

One day they had a shooting match, with a big target set up near the cabin. Kennedy participated, and to the great delight and admiration of the king the visitor hit the bull's eye nine times out of ten.

Gooch said that was the best record ever made in that locality.

He parted with his guest with apparent reluctance.

Kennedy had played his cards so well that he was not even suspected by the king of the moonshiners.

They parted one night with expressions of mutual esteem. Kennedy had no misconception of his man.

He knew that if his true character had become known he would have been shot down like a dog.

This thought keyed him up to the game he was about to play.

He left the cabin and the vicinity, but he had proof that distilling was going on on a great scale.

He discovered that the stuff was sent to the depot in a truck at about midnight each night.

So he lay in wait with his two men and when the team arrived at a certain part of the road he appeared in the highway with a loaded and primed revolver.

The driver and his assistant, taken unawares, surrendered.

In the meantime, Kennedy sent for re-enforcements and before another day had gone by the king of the moonshiners and his men had been taken into custody.

**WNU Service.**

**Counterfeit Wampum**

Counterfeit wampum came into being with the white man's arrival in America when a family of European immigrants of Paskack, N. J., with the aid of steel drills and lathes, became proficient in making wampum from the cheap, plentiful shells of the common Busycon conch of the Gulf coast. This counterfeit Indian money circulated as far west as the Mississippi valley.

**Hawaii's Temperature**

Hawaii, lying in mid-ocean just within the tropics, has a warm climate throughout the year, though high temperatures are prohibited by the northeast trade winds, which blow for about nine months of the year. The mean annual temperature is 71.5 degrees. The extremes are 54 degrees and 89 degrees.

## THE GAS STATION



1—The gasoline pumping station is the very keynote of the American scene.  
2—The United States is really a large body of people entirely surrounded by gas stations.  
3—There are more gas stations in the country than there are churches, schools and libraries.  
4—And they have decidedly better locations.  
5—Once upon a time there was quite a distance between them. You could walk two or three blocks and not see one.

6—This seems incredible, but it is true.  
7—But today they are thicker than frankfurter stands and waffle restaurants. Which is plenty thick.  
8—It looks like a great plot by the oil interests to eliminate all old-fashioned residences, especially the corner sites.  
9—The minute a gasoline baron hears of a fine old American home with spacious lawns in a nice residential district with birds and posties all around it, he becomes seized with a maniacal determination

to tear it down and replace it with a Spanish mosque with six pumps, free air and a rest room.  
10—Why he behaves this way is hard to understand. It can't be from mercenary incentives, because there are more gas stations now than there are automobiles.  
11—But there are signs that the tide is turning. The other day a couple of American home lovers bought up a gasoline station, tore it down and erected a colonial homestead on it with lilac bushes around it and with iron deer on the lawn.

## Nome Named by a Mistake

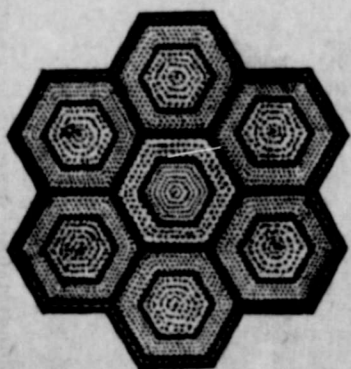
Washington.—Nome, Alaska, recently almost entirely destroyed by fire, is an outstanding example of a town named by mistake. In early maps of Alaska one cape was left nameless and an official to whom the draft was submitted penciled beside it the query "name?" A copyist transcribed the scrawled question as "Nome," and the name stuck. When the gold rush came in 1899, the little settlement which had previously been called Anvil City, adopted the name of the cape, 11 miles to the east.  
"Nome is only about 120 miles southeast of Cape Prince of Wales which marks the American side of Bering strait, and less than 150 miles from the mainland of Asia," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society headquarters in Washington. "For years it has been the nearest town of any importance to the Old World. The town sprawls along the sea shore and the Snake river where that stream flows into Bering sea, about midway of the Alaskan west coast."  
**A Town Built of Wood.**  
"The buildings of Nome have always been predominantly of wood, and even the streets were paved with boards to combat the almost bottomless mud of the tundra on which the town sprang up. There has always been an autumn exodus from Nome to the States." This was particularly marked in the early days of the town's life when the proportion of fair-weather citizens was large.  
"The town lies wholly unprotected on the north coast of the ice, storm-

swept Bering sea close to the Arctic circle, and is frozen in and snowed in for about seven months of the year. At times the snow drifts up to the eaves of the houses. Since placer mining, the community's chief industry, depends on the use of water, all activities must close when the water congeals. Nome's last boat usually leaves for Seattle about October 15, and none arrives until the middle of the following June.  
"Gold was discovered in one of the creeks inland from the site of Nome, in the autumn of 1898. When the ice released its grip on the Bering coast the following spring, thousands of gold-seekers rushed in. Then came the astounding discovery by a United States soldier that he could pan gold from the sands of the beach.  
**Glamor and Tragedy Marked Nome's Life.**  
"News of this paradise for the poor miner, where it was not even necessary to file claims, spread rapidly over the world even in those radioless days. Miners in other Alaska settlements and western United States, dropped their picks, store clerks quit their jobs, seamen deserted their ships, gamblers left their old haunts, laborers laid down their tools, and even women left comfortable homes to seek their fortunes in the Nome sands.  
"In two years Nome became the largest city in Alaska territory. In the summer of 1900, it had 20,000 inhabitants. They came from all parts of the world—a colorful group who emblazoned Nome's name indelibly

on the pages of Alaskan history.  
"Life in Nome was at once glamorous, sordid, thrilling, and tragic. Unscrupulous adventurers plied their shady tricks on innocent prospectors. Claim jumping, sometimes with the connivance of officials, was common. Gamblers grew rich from miners' gold bags and pocketbooks by the use of crooked gambling devices. No one had time to think of sanitation, so many lives were lost through typhoid, diphtheria and other diseases.  
"Meanwhile Nome's glamor aroused the imaginations of such writers as Rex Beach and Jack London. And why not? The Nome gold rush ranks with the most remarkable stampedes in American mining history. The city grew like a mushroom. Thousands streamed in by boat and wagon and afoot. Hotels, banks, and stores, all of wood, rose along muddy lanes. Increased traffic on the streets made them knee-deep mire, so the town covered them with sturdy boards for safety of pedestrians.  
**One of the Greatest Gold Stampedes.**  
"After the golden sands of the beach were exhausted, dredges were brought in and the mining took on an industrial aspect in the creeks some miles inland. Nome's population began to dwindle. By 1903 thousands of gold seekers had died or vanished—some with purses bulging; others poorer than when they arrived. Many could not stand the cold climate, for Nome is 600 miles farther north than the southern tip of bleak Greenland, and lies in the same latitude as frigid Arkhangelsk (Archangel), Russia. The 1903 census accounted for about 7,000 people during the summer and half as many in the winter. In 1910 there were 2,600 residents. The town's population reached its low mark in 1920 when it was only 852. In recent years the population has been about 1,200.  
"Altogether, between \$90,000,000 and \$100,000,000 in gold has been taken from the sands and creek beds of the Nome region. And the great dredges, eating away some miles inland, continue to pour out a sizable stream of the yellow metal each summer."

## Crocheted Rugs in Quilt Designs

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



During the past years patchwork quilts have been the big article of interest to the home needleworker and now we have the crocheted rug in quilt designs. The beauty of these rugs can only be appreciated after you have seen one of them. Crocheted

rugs have the best wearing properties.  
The rug above illustrated is the "Flower Garden" rug, which you will recognize as having received its name from the "Flower Garden" quilt. Size of rug is 30 inches and made from 2 lbs. of rag strips. Each block is made separately and when the seven are finished they are slip stitched together. The colors to be used depends upon the material you may have on hand or can dye to colors desired. Use contrasting colors for the different rows and the brighter the colors the more sunshine the rug brings to the home.  
Our book No. 24 on crocheted rag rugs in quilt designs contains 20 rugs shown in colors with instructions. Write our rug Dept. and send 15c for this book. Address Home Craft Co., Dept. C, 19th & St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

to tear it down and replace it with a Spanish mosque with six pumps, free air and a rest room.  
10—Why he behaves this way is hard to understand. It can't be from mercenary incentives, because there are more gas stations now than there are automobiles.  
11—But there are signs that the tide is turning. The other day a couple of American home lovers bought up a gasoline station, tore it down and erected a colonial homestead on it with lilac bushes around it and with iron deer on the lawn.

**CLEAR BREATHING**  
Use Mentholatum to help open the nostrils and permit freer breathing.  
**MENTHOLATUM**  
Gives COMFORT Daily

## A TRUE GHOST STORY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

"In 1922, after the death of Bois Penrose, my family took occupancy of his apartment in Washington. From our first night there a strange phenomenon pervaded the place," related Mary Roberts Rinehart famous novelist. "The distraction was only to end with my mother's death.  
"The account of the phenomenon has been told before, and I am telling it now, not because I believe in any physical manifestation of survival after death, but because I know one cannot see a thing, it does not exist.  
"Perhaps the disturbances were warning us of danger to my mother; perhaps some child, incarnate, was playing around our rooms. Whatever it was some strange phenomenon did exist.  
"The scene was set there, of course, for the rumor of a ghost.  
"Immediately after Senator Penrose's death the colored maids were stating that the dead man was walking. On our first night in the apartment, after we had turned off our lights, there was a rush of something through the room. The effect was as if a large black curtain had been drawn swiftly across us. Doctor Rinehart sat up in bed.  
"What on earth was that?" he asked.  
"We turned on the lights, but everything was as it should be. The windows were open, but there was no wind, and the narrow curtains were held flat to the wall by heavy bands that could not blow under any circumstances.  
"The next morning brought an unusual incident. We had no servants save Marie, the personal maid for my mother and myself. At seven the next morning Marie entered with my coffee. I reproved her for coming early.  
"But you rang, madam. Rang twice."  
"Later Marie complained repeatedly of my ringing the bell which connected my room with hers, when I did not ring. One day I myself heard the bell ringing in her room, when I was in the study opposite her room. We called in an electrician to examine for a short circuit; there was none.  
"After that we accepted the bell, and in time became accustomed to it. But other queer happenings took place; curious and unexplainable noises and stirrings disturbed not only Marie, but myself, two aunts who came to visit us, and my sons.  
"My eldest son, who came home for a visit was unwarned of the situation. Just before his arrival the hall floor had been painted, and the furniture had been set back for the first time.  
"The following morning he called me, and I found him in the hall staring at something. He had come in late, and gone to sleep at once, to be awakened with a feeling of intense cold and a sense of terror he could not explain. Following that, as he lay there, outside his door in the hall, a heavy piece of furniture had apparently commenced to move, and for an hour it had creaked and

moved without stopping. We examined the floor and found on the freshly painted surface a series of new scorings around a heavy leather chair. These scorings were very deep.  
"A few days later we were all out of the apartment which was locked. When we returned we found to our amazement the pandanus plant sitting neatly upright on the living room floor, minus its crock, and some thirty feet from where it belonged.  
"One night we gave a dinner. The next day the papers ran a tale that the Penrose apartment was haunted, and that the dead Senator was ringing his bell. Whereupon a statement came from the senate office building, that the bell for some time after his death, two short sharp peals. Also a page from the senate later told me that the boys would not go into his office if they could help it, that there was a ghost in it.  
"I have never laid any of the disturbances to the so-called earth-bound spirit of Mr. Penrose. But we have never found an explanation. We even had a special type of Yale lock on the entrance door to our apartment. I myself checked on such things as the ringing of the bedroom bell, and that repeatedly.  
"Suddenly, dreadfully, the matter terminated in my mother's death. It was considered an impossibility for her to do it.  
"One night Marie turned on the hot water, and then was called away. And in the few moments of absence my mother did the supposedly impossible, got into the scalding water in the tub, there to die from it."  
Copyright—WNU Service.

## Camping Out Started in Eighteenth Century

Camping, as an American practice, originated in the Eighteenth century for a different purpose than did the contemporary outdoor recreation, says the Tulsa World. In the early days "camp meetings" were religious festivals which all the neighborhood families attended. Then there were few churches and communities, so a certain spot would be appointed for services at a specified time of year. All the farmers from miles around would participate in the three or four days' services, and during this time the families would lodge near by in tents or shacks. Their purpose was to establish a temporary community.  
In 1885 churches were well established in all organized communities, and pioneering in the United States was virtually ended. People became weary of the city, especially the youths, so a New York business man conceived the idea of establishing a camp. From the first year of operation, which included six boys, to the present date, the total number in all camps has swelled to over 2,000,000. Older people became interested in this back-to-nature movement; now 10 per cent of all the population shares in this recreation.

## Why the Sudden Change to Liquid Laxatives?

Doctors have always recognized the value of the laxative whose dose can be measured, and whose action can be thus regulated to suit individual need.  
The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a more natural movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.  
The dose of a liquid laxative can be varied to suit the needs of the individual. The action can thus be regulated. It forms no habit; you need not take a "double dose" a day or two later. Nor will a mild liquid laxative irritate the kidneys.  
The wrong cathartic may often do more harm than good.  
Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a prescription, and is perfectly safe. Its laxative action is based on senna—a natural laxative. The bowels will not become dependent on this form of help. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is obtainable at all druggists.

## At the Hospital

First Nurse—How's business at the hospital?  
Second Dillo—So quiet you can hear a man's fever drop.

## Mercolized Wax



**Keeps Skin Young**  
Absorb bleaches and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Irradiable particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading Druggists.  
**Powdered Saxolite**  
Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

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and builds you up. Used for 65 years for Chills, Fever, Malaria and  
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Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c.  
Preparators: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

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# THE KENNEL MURDER CASE

By S. S. Van Dine

Copyright by W. H. Wright  
WNU Service

## SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, crime expert, is called to investigate the supposed suicide of Archer Coe. With District Attorney Markham, a friend of Coe's, there, also a Signor Grassi, a guest. The door of the death chamber is bolted from the inside. They force it. Coe is seated, a revolver in his right hand and a bullet hole in his temple. He is clothed in a dressing gown, but wears street shoes. Markham thinks it is suicide. Vance says it is murder.

## CHAPTER II—Continued

Vance yawned and strolled between Hilda Lake and Markham. Again he held out his cigarette case.

"Oh, do have a cigarette," he pleaded. "Sometimes they quiet the nerves, don't y' know."

The woman looked up at him and gave a hard, questioning smile. Then, after a moment's hesitation she took one, and he lighted it for her.

"What do you think of this affair, Mr. Vance?" she asked casually.

"Dashed if I know," He spoke lightly. "Your suggestion of a Chinaman is most fascinating. I wonder if there are any objects d'art missing from the house."

"I wouldn't be surprised." She blew a long ribbon of smoke toward the ceiling. "Personally, I hope they're all gone. I'd infinitely prefer Wedgwood and Willow ware."

Markham again took the floor.

"I'm afraid we're all talking a bit dramatically. . . . If your uncle's death was not suicide, Miss Lake, how do you account for the fact that the door of this room was bolted on the inside?"

Hilda Lake rose to her feet, a puzzled look on her face.

"Bolted on the inside?" she repeated, turning toward the door. "Ah! So you had to break in!" She stood still for several moments looking at the hanging bolt. "That's different."

"In just what way?" asked Vance.

"Maybe, after all, it was suicide!"

A bell sounded downstairs, and we could hear Gamble opening the front door.

Markham stepped quickly to Hilda Lake's side, and put his hand on her arm.

"The medical examiner is probably coming. Will you be so good as to go to your room and wait there?"

"Right-o." She strode to the door. Before she went out she turned. "But please send Gamble up with my tea and muffins. I'm positively starving."

A minute later Dr. Emmanuel Doremus was ushered into the room. He was a wiry, nervous man, cynical, hard-bitten, and with a jaunty manner. He resembled a stock salesman far more than he did a doctor.

He greeted us with a wave of the hand, and glanced about the room. Then he testified back and forth on his toes, and pinned a baleful eye on Heath.

"More shenanigan," he complained. "I was in the midst of hot cakes and sausages when I got your message. You always pick on me at meal time, Sergeant. . . . Well, what have you got for me now?"

Heath grinned and jerked his thumb toward Coe's body. He was used to the medical examiner's growling.

Doremus turned his head and let his indifferent eyes rest on the dead man for several moments.

"The door was bolted on the inside, doctor," Markham volunteered. "We had to break it in."

Doremus drew a deep sigh and turned back to Heath with a grunt of disgust.

"Well, what about it?" he asked impatiently. "Couldn't you have let me finish my breakfast? All you needed was an order to remove the body."

He reached in his pocket and drew out a small pad of printed blanks. "If you'd have given me the lowdown, I'd have sent an assistant." His voice had become peevish.

"Mr. Markham told me to call you personally, doc," Heath explained. "It ain't my funeral."

Doremus, holding his fountain pen poised, cocked an eye at Markham.

"Straight case of suicide," he announced breezily. "Nothing to worry about. I'll give you the approximate time of death, if you want it. And the routine autopsy. . . ."

"I say, doctor," Vance asked languidly: "would it be unprofessional if you look at the body?"

Doremus spun round.

"I'm going to look at the body," he snapped. "I'm going to dissect it—I'm going to give it a post mortem. What more do you want?"

"Just why, Doctor," pursued Vance, "do you jump at the conclusion that it's suicide?"

Doremus sighed impatiently.

"The gun's in his hand; the bullet wound is in the right place; and I know a dead man when I see one. Furthermore, the door—"

"Was bolted on the inside," Vance finished. "Oh, quite. But what about the body?"

"Well, what about it?" Doremus began filling in the order. "There's the body—look at it yourself."

"I have looked at it, don't y' know."

"You see, Doc," Heath explained,

with a grin of satisfaction, "Mr. Vance and I made a bet. I said you'd say suicide; and he said you'd say murder."

"I'm a doctor, not a detective," Doremus returned acidly. "The guy's dead, with a bullet hole in his right temple. He's holding a gun in his right hand. It's the kind of wound that could have been self-inflicted. His position is natural—and the door was locked on the inside. The rest of it is up to you fellows in the homicide bureau. If the bullet from the gun don't fit the autopsy'll show it. You'll get all the data tomorrow. Then you can draw your own conclusions."

Vance had sat down in a chair near the west wall and was smoking placidly.

"Would you mind, Doctor, taking a close look at that bullet hole before you return to your hot cakes and sausages? And you might also scrutinize the dead man's mouth."

Doremus stared at Vance a moment; then he approached Archer Coe's body and bent over it. He inspected the wound carefully, and he saw his eyebrows go up. He lifted the hair from the left temple, and there was visible to all of a dark bruised indentation on the scalp along the hair line. Then he lifted Coe's upper lip slightly, and seemed to inspect his teeth, which appeared bloodstained from where I stood. After a close inspection of the dead man's mouth, he again focused his attention on the bullet wound in the right temple.

Presently he stood up straight and fixed a calculating gaze on Vance.

"What's in your mind?" he asked truculently.

"Nothing at all—the brain's a mere vacuum," Vance took his cigarette from his lips and yawned. "Did you find anything illuminatin'?"

Doremus nodded, his eyes still on Vance.

"Yeah. Plenty!"

"Oh, really, now?" Vance smiled ingratiatingly. "And you still think it's suicide?"

Doremus crammed his hands into his pockets and made a wry face.

"H—l, no! . . . There's something queer here—something d—d queer." His eyes shifted to Coe's body.

"There's blood in his mouth, and he's got a slight fracture of the skull on the left frontal. He's had a dirty blow by a blunt instrument of some kind. . . . D—d queer!"

Markham, his eyes mere slits, came forward.

"What about that bullet wound in his right temple?"

Doremus looked up, took one hand from his pocket, and pointed toward the dead man's head.

"Mr. Markham," he said with precise solemnity, "that baby had been dead for hours when that bullet entered his head."

The only person in the room who was not staggered by this unexpected announcement was Vance. Heath stood staring at the corpse as if he almost expected it to rise. Markham slowly took his cigar from his mouth and looked vaguely back and forth between Doremus and Vance. As for myself, I must admit that a cold chill ran up my spine. The sight of a dead man sitting with a revolver in his hand and a bullet wound in his temple, coupled with the knowledge that the bullet had been fired into him after death, affected me like a piece of African sorcery.

Vance, as I say, was unaffected. He merely nodded his head slightly and lighted another cigarette with steady fingers.

"Interestin' situation—eh, what?" he murmured. "Really, Markham, a man doesn't ordinarily shoot himself after death. . . . I fear you simply must eliminate the suicide theory."

Markham frowned deeply.

"But the bolted door—"

"A dead man doesn't ordinarily bolt doors, either," Vance returned.

Markham turned, with slightly dazed eyes, to Doremus.

"Can you determine what killed him, Doctor?"

"If given time," Doremus had become sullen; he did not like the turn of events.

"I say, Doctor," drawled Vance, "what's the state of rigor mortis in our victim?"

"It's well advanced. Dead eight to twelve hours."

"Can't you come closer than that?" asked Heath sourly.

"Give me a chance." The medical examiner was irritable. "I'm going to take a closer look at this guy before I go. . . . Lend me a hand, Sergeant, and we'll put him on the bed. . . ."

"Just a moment, Doctor," Vance spoke peremptorily. "Take a look at the hand on the desk. Is it clutching the revolver tightly?"

"He's clutching the gun tight, all right." With difficulty Doremus bent Coe's fingers and removed the revolver, taking great care not to make fingerprints on it.

Heath came forward and gingerly inspected the weapon. Then he dropped it in a large pocket handkerchief, and placed it on the blotter.

"And, Doctor," pursued Vance, "was

Coe's finger pressed directly against the trigger?"

"Yep," was Doremus' curt answer.

"Then we may assume that the revolver was placed in Coe's hand before rigor mortis set in, what?"

"Well, I'll tell you. He"—pointing to Coe's body—"may have had the gun in his hand when he died. I wasn't present, y' understand. And if the gun was already in his hand, then nobody put it there later."

"In that case how could it have been fired?"

"It couldn't. But how do you know it was fired? There's no way of telling until the post mortem whether the bullet in his head came from the gun he was holding."

"Do the caliber of the revolver and the wound correspond?"

"Yes, I'd say so. The gun's a .38, and the wound looks the same size."

"And," put in Heath, "one chamber of the gun's been fired."

Markham nodded, and looked at the medical examiner.

"If it should prove to be true, Doctor, that the revolver in Coe's hand fired the shot in his head, then we could assume, could we not, as Mr. Vance suggested, that the revolver had been placed in the dead man's hand before rigor mortis set in?"

"Sure you could," Doremus' tone was greatly modified. "Nobody could have forced the gun into his hand and made it appear natural after rigor mortis had set in."

Though Vance's eyes were moving idly about the room, he was listening closely to this conversation.

"There is," he remarked, in a low voice, "another possibility. Far-fetched, I'll admit, but tenable. . . . Men have

been known to do queer things after death. There are recorded instances of suicides who have shot themselves and then thrown the weapon thirty feet away. Dr. Hans Gross in his 'Handbuch für Untersuchungsrichter—'

"But that hardly applies here."

"No-o." Vance drew deeply on his cigarette. "Quite so. Just a fleeting thought."

Markham studied Vance a moment; then turned back to Doremus.

"Did Coe die of that blow on the head?"

The medical examiner teetered on his toes, and pursed his lips.

"There's something funny here. There's been an internal hemorrhage—what might be expected from a severe blow on the head. Blood in the mouth and all that. . . . But, Mr. Markham, Doremus spoke impressively—that blow on the left frontal wasn't powerful enough to kill a man. A slight fracture, but nothing serious—just enough to stun him. . . . Nope, he didn't die of concussion or a fractured skull."

"And he didn't die of the revolver shot," added Vance. "Most fascinating!" . . . Still, the Johnny's dead, don't y' know."

Doremus swung jerkily about to Heath.

"Come on, Sergeant."

He and Heath lifted Coe's body and carried it to the bed. Together they removed the clothes from the dead man, hung them over a chair by the bed, and Doremus began his examination. The body was lying on its back, and as Doremus pressed his hand over the right side we could see him pause and bend forward.

"Fifth rib broken," he announced. "And a decided bruise."

"Did it happen before or after death?" asked Markham.

"Before. Otherwise there'd be no epidermal discoloration."

"And that blow on the head was also before death. I take it."

"Sure thing. He got a little bunged up before he died, but that isn't what killed him."

"Perhaps," suggested Vance, "the blow on the head and the broken rib are related. He may have been stunned and, in falling, struck his rib against some object."

"Possibly."

"Was the blow on the head powerful enough to have rendered him unconscious?" Vance was looking around the room at the various pieces of furniture, and there was a veiled interest in his eyes.

"Oh, yes," Doremus told him. "More than likely."

Vance's gaze came to rest on a heavy teakwood chest near the east windows. Going to it he opened the lid and looked in. Then he closed it almost immediately.

"And," pursued Vance, turning back to the medical examiner, "would Coe have regained consciousness very soon after that blow on his head?"

"That's problematical," Doremus straightened and screwed up his face into a perplexed frown. "He might have remained unconscious for twelve hours, and he might have come to in a few minutes. All depends. . . . But that's not what's bothering me. There are a couple of small abrasions on the inside of the right-hand fingers and a slight cut on the knuckle—and they're all fresh. I'd say he'd put up a scrap with whoever cracked him over the head. And yet his clothes were certainly neat—no sign of having been mused—and his hair's combed and slicked down. . . ."

"Yeah, and there was a gun in his hand, and he was sitting restful-like and looking peaceful," added Heath with puzzled disgust. "Somebody musta dolled him up after the battle. A swell situation."

"But they didn't change his shoes," put in Markham.

"Which explains his still wearing his street shoes with his bathrobe," Heath addressed this remark to Vance.

Vance gazed mildly at the sergeant for a moment.

"Why should anyone re-dress a person he has just knocked unconscious, and then comb his hair? It's a sweet, kind-hearted thought, Sergeant, but somehow it's not the usual procedure. . . . No, I'm afraid we'll have to account for Coe's coiffure and sartorial condition along other lines."

Heath studied Vance critically.

"You mean he changed his clothes himself and combed his hair after his head was bashed in?"

"It's not impossible," said Vance.

"In that case," Markham asked, "why did he not also change his shoes?"

"Something intervened."

During this speculation Doremus had turned Coe's body over so that it now lay on its face. He was watching him and I saw him suddenly lean forward.

"Stabbed, by George!" he announced excitedly.

We all drew close to the bed and looked down at the area on the body at which Doremus was pointing.

Just below Coe's right shoulder-blade and near the spine was a small diamond-shaped wound about half an inch in diameter. It was a clean-cut wound etched with black coagulated blood. Apparently there had been no external bleeding. This fact struck me as unusual, and Markham must have received the same impression, for, after a moment's silence, he asked Doremus about it.

"All wounds do not bleed externally," Doremus explained. "This is especially true of clean, quick stabs that pass through thin membranes into the viscera; they frequently show little or no external blood. Like contusions, the bleeding is internal. . . . This stab closed immediately and the lips of the wound adhered. An internal hemorrhage was caused. Very simple. . . . Now we have an explanation of everything."

Vance smiled cynically.

"Oh, have we, now? We have only an examination of the cause of Coe's death. And that explanation complicates the situation horribly. It makes the case even more insane."

Markham shot him a quick glance.

"I can't see that," he said. "It at least clarifies one point we have been discussing. We now know what stopped him in the middle of changing his clothes."

"I wonder. . . ." Vance crushed out his cigarette in an ash-tray on the night-table, and picked up the dressing-gown which Coe had been wearing when we found him. He held it up to the light and inspected it minutely. There was no cut or hole of any kind in it. We all looked on in stupefied silence.

"No, Markham," Vance said, placing the gown over the foot of the bed. "Coe didn't have on his dressing-gown when he was stabbed. That change was made later."

"Still and all," Heath argued, "the guy mighta had his hand under the robe when he did the stabbing."

Vance shook his head ruefully.

"You forget, Sergeant, that the gown was buttoned tightly and that the belt was neatly tied around Coe's middle. . . . But let us see if we can verify the matter."

He walked quickly to the clothes closet in the west wall, whose door was slightly ajar. Opening the door wide, he stepped inside. A moment later he emerged with a clothes hanger from which depended a coat and waistcoat of the same somber gray material as that of the trousers Coe had been wearing.

Vance ran his fingers over the coat in the vicinity of the right shoulder, and there was revealed a slit in the material the exact size of the wound in Coe's back. There was a smaller slit in the back of the waistcoat, coinciding with the one in the coat.

Vance held the two articles of clothing close to the light and touched the slits with his fingers.

"These holes," he said, "are slightly stiffened at the edges, as if some substance had dried on them. I think that substance will be found to be blood. . . . There's no doubt that Coe was fully dressed when he was stabbed, and that the blood on the dagger, or knife, soiled the edges of these two cuts when it was withdrawn."

After a moment Markham expressed the thought uppermost in all our minds.

"That being the case, Vance, the murderer must have taken Coe's coat and vest off, hung them in the closet, and then put the dressing gown on the stabbed man."

"Why the murderer?" Vance parried. "The indications are that some one else came here after Coe was dead and sent a bullet through his head. Couldn't this other hypothetical person have made the change in the corpse's habiliments?"

"Does that theory help us any?" Markham asked gruffly.

"Not a bit." Vance cheerfully admitted, "even if it were true—which, of course, we don't know. And I'll admit it sounds incredible. I merely made the suggestion by way of indicating that, at this stage of the game, we should not jump at conclusions. And the more obvious the conclusion, the more cautious we should be. This is not, my dear Markham, an obvious case."

Doremus was becoming bored. He gave a cavernous yawn, stretched himself, and reached for his hat which he had placed on the floor beside the bed.

"Well, that lets me out," He squinted at Heath. "I suppose you want a quick autopsy."

"I'll say we do." The sergeant's head was enveloped in a cloud of cigar smoke. "When can we get it?"

"Tonight—if you must have it."

Doremus drew a sheet over the prone figure on the bed, and made out an order for the removal of the body. He shook hands cordially with every one and walked briskly toward the door.

"Just a moment, Doctor," Markham's voice halted him. "Any remote possibility of suicide here?"

"What!" Doremus wheeled in surprise. "Not a chance. That bird was stabbed in the back—couldn't possibly have done it himself. He died of internal hemorrhage caused by the stab. He's been dead eight or ten hours—maybe longer. The bullet in his right temple don't mean a thing—he was already dead. . . . Suicide? Huh!" And with a wave of the hand he went out.

Markham stood for a time looking unhappily at the floor. Finally he made a commanding gesture to Heath.

"You'd better notify the boys, Sergeant. Get the fingerprint men and the photographer. We're in for it. . . . And you'll take charge, of course."

"I hope, sir," Heath said a bit pleadingly to Markham, "that you are not going to step out on this case. I don't like the way things stack up. Almost anything mighta happened here last night." (I had rarely seen the sergeant so perturbed; and I could not blame him, for every phase of the crime seemed utterly contradictory and incomprehensible.)

"No, Sergeant," Markham assured him; "I shall remain and do all I can. There must be some simple explanation, and we're sure to find it sooner or later. . . . Don't be discouraged," he added, in a kindly tone. "We haven't begun the investigation yet."

Vance had seated himself in a low-backed chair near the windows and was smoking placidly, his eyes on the ceiling.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Crabs "Shed" Quickly

The transition of crabs through the three stages from peeler through soft shell to hard shell is only a matter of a very few hours under natural conditions. The hardshell crab, having outgrown its shell and with a new or soft shell developed beneath, gradually breaks out of the hard shell. During that stage it is known as a peeler. Once out of the shell the new shell is soft and will remain so if the crab is taken out of the water and packed for shipment to market. However, if the crab remains in the water for two or three hours after sloughing the shell, the new shell also becomes hard. The entire process may not require more than four or five hours.

The Letter "D"

Although the sound which "D" represents and its place in the alphabet remains unchanged from earliest times, the form of the letter has undergone much development. The rounded form, as we know it, passed into Latin from the Chalcidian alphabet. This form has come down to us. In the early Ptolemaic and Greek, as the chart shows, the form was quite different.

## Sparrow and Linnet Take Turns Sitting on Nest

A recent issue of the British publication, *Cage Bird World*, related an extraordinary story of a hen hedge sparrow and a linnet that insisted on nesting in the same spot. Since neither would give in, the two birds finally constructed a joint nest and both deposited eggs in it. During the incubation period the birds were observed to take turns on the nest, but when it was time for the eggs to hatch the linnet was driven off. Two baby sparrows and one linnet were hatched in the nest, but only the sparrows survived.

## Married Life

When a young man came home the other day he found his wife in tears, and asked her what was the matter.

June Bride—I've just made a cake and put it on the kitchen table to let the icing dry, but the dog has eaten it up.

June Groom (soothingly)—Never mind. I know a man who will give us another dog.—Chelsea Record.



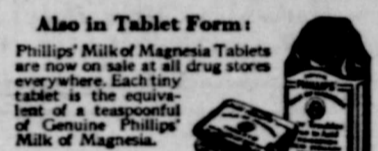
## If You Eat Starches Meats, Sweets Read This

They're All Necessary Foods — But All Acid-Forming. Hence Most of Us Have "Acid Stomach" At Times. Easy Now to Relieve.

Doctors say that much of the so-called "indigestion," from which so many of us suffer, is really acid indigestion . . . brought about by too many acid-forming foods in our modern diet. And that there is now a way to relieve this . . . often in minutes!

Simply take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia after meals. Almost immediately this acts to neutralize the stomach acidity that brings on your trouble. You "forget you have a stomach!"

Try this just once! Take either the familiar liquid "PHILLIPS", or, now the convenient new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. But be sure you get Genuine "PHILLIPS".



## PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Described "What kind of a guy is he?" "He radiates gloom."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Dirty and Oxide-Coated spark plugs mis-fire intermittently—robbing your car of power. A thorough plug cleaning will restore that power—save gas, and assure quick starting. You will find the AC Spark Plug Cleaner at all better dealers, garages, and service stations. Replace badly worn plugs, of course, with new ACs.

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WNU—L 42—34

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Promotes Growth and Keeps Hair Soft and Shiny. Cleanses Scalp and Removes Dandruff. Cleanses Scalp and Removes Dandruff. Cleanses Scalp and Removes Dandruff.

### FORTY-TWO CLUB

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Masterson were host and hostess to the 42 club in their home Tuesday night Oct 16. All enjoyed the games until a late hour.

Guests and members present were: Mesdames Bush, Cannon and Dannie Battle, Messrs. and Mesdames Spalding, Edd Kinslow, Roy Kutch, Whitfield, Jewell, Mann, Watt, Sherman, Howard, Miss Lela Rutt Watt, Mr. Gilliam and Mrs. Webb.

We meet in the Sherman home Tuesday, Oct. 20

### RODEO AT MEMPHIS

Memphis, Texas. The local post of the American Legion has contracted with Roy Mayes, rodeo promoter, to stage a rodeo and roping event here on Nov. 10 and 11, as a part of the Legion's Armistice Day Program.

Mr. Mayes has staged three rodeos here in the past, and is known over western Texas and Oklahoma as a successful rodeo promoter.

Other entertainment features will be combined with the rodeo, and all persons interested in entering any of the contests are asked to communicate with Roy Mayes at Memphis, Texas.

### HOMECOMING

A "homecoming" for ex-students of West Texas State teachers College was held last Friday and Saturday at Canyon. Those attending from Hedley were: Messrs. and Mesdames Lovell and Denman, Mrs. Owens, Misses Hixon, Gamewell, Nell and Mabel Maness and Mary Hope Wells and Vinoka Holland.

### NARROW ESCAPE

The following article appeared in a Jerome, Arizona, newspaper. Tragedy was narrowly averted last Saturday morning near Gallup, N. M., when the car in which Mr. and Mrs. Tony Radetich and Miss Blaric Radetich, all of Jerome, were riding, overturned four times after a front tire blew out.

Mrs. Radetich received both head and body injuries while Miss Radetich suffered a head wound and numerous body bruises. Tony, who was driving, obtained only minor cuts.

The trio had been visiting in Texas for the past month and were returning to their home here at the time of the accident. Completely demolished, the automobile was left in Gallup.

Mrs. Radetich was formerly Miss Cordia Holland of this city.

### BAPTIST CONVENTION

Report that Texas leads the world in Baptist young people's work will be made by T. C. Gardner of Dallas at the eighty-sixth annual session of the Baptist General Convention of Texas at San Antonio Nov. 6 to 9. Mr. Gardner will present the Baptist Training Service report.

A two day convention of the W. M. U. of Texas will precede the general convention. The conference of pastors and laymen also will precede the convention.

The general convention will be called to order Tuesday night, Nov. 6 by Dr. J. C. Hardy, Belton, president.

L. A. Stread visited in Anarillo the past week end.

### HEDLEY P. T. A.

The Hedley P. T. A. met Thursday, Oct. 18, at 4 p. m. 27 members were present to enjoy a very interesting program. After a brief business session Mrs. Clifford Johnson gave an interesting talk on the birth and growth of the P. T. A. in Texas, after which a birthday offering was taken. Mrs. Wells represented the mother singers with a solo, with Mrs. Thomson at the piano. Mr. Payne and Mr. Lovell asked the members to carefully study the proposed tax amendment. The fifth grade was awarded \$1.00 for having the most mothers present for October.

Plans were completed for the carnival. All parents are urged to attend.

The following P. T. A. program will be given Thursday afternoon Nov. 1.

Leisure Time Activities. Leader, Mrs. R. W. Alewine. Invocation. Music, mother singers. Reading for leisure, Mrs. J. Hall.

Worth while leisure activities and how to provide them. Mrs. Owens.

See our National tires and tubes. The most value for the least money. We also sell insured batteries. Battery recharging. Doris Marshall.

### FOR SALE

One span mules and harness, one cultivator, one godevil, one georgia stock. All in good shape. C. A. Wood.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

### PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas

Thurs Fri Oct 25 26  
Wallace Berry and Jackie Cooper in

#### Treasure Island

Just to remind you that this is a picture you should see. A blood thirsty pirate and a boy in his teens become pals in the strangest friendship ever filmed. Also Fox News and Novelty. Matinee 2 p m 10 25c

Sat 27. John Wayne and his wonder horse in

#### Sagebrush Trail

A real western full of thrills, spills and laughs. Also Cartoon comedy. Matinee 10c to all. Night 10 15c

Mon Tues 29 30. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien in

#### Here Comes The Navy

Get in line, here comes the navy. See James Cagney joining the navy just to get even with an enemy. Plenty of fun. Also Mrs. Barnack. Bill a two reel comedy. Matinee 2 p m 10 25c

Wed. 31 Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans in

#### Fugitive Lovers

Comedy drama with a touch of real romance, and Bank Nite. Also comedy reel. No matinee.

Wed 31. Halloween frolic, beginning at 11:00 o'clock, with Charles Ruggles in

#### Murder in a Private Car

Thrills, laughs, romance. This is a knock out. See our midnight show. Beginning at 11:00 sharp 10 25c

Thurs Fri Nov 1 2

#### Pat Peterson and Nils Aster in Love Time

Based on the life of Franz Schubert. Filled with delightful romance and plenty of music. A picture you will long remember. Also Fox News and Novelty. Matinee 2:00 p m 10 25c. Evening show at 7:15

Change in program. Beginning Saturday, Nov. 8, we will run western pictures for matinees only. Saturday night and Sunday matinee, another program, with Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans in

#### This Side of Heaven

Remember Saturday night and Sunday matinee Nov. 8 4

Plaid silks for trimming and blouses. B & B Variety

Mrs. Elvia Davenport and children of Childrens visited relatives here the past week end

Misses Jack Leach and Geneva Whittington visited in Clarendon the past week end

County Judge S. W. Lowe of Clarendon was a Hedley visitor Saturday

M. W. Mosley of Clarendon was a visitor in Hedley Saturday

Deputy Sheriff Goy Wright of Clarendon was in town Saturday

J. B. Perrine and A. B. Watkins made a business trip to Memphis Monday

## Every Day Specials

SUGAR, 25 LB \$1.35

Flour, Ponca Best, 48 lb. \$1.85  
Coffee, Admiration, lb. 32c  
Coffee, Admiration, 3 lb. 93c  
Coffee, Bright & Early, 3 lb. 65c  
Spuds, pk. 29c  
Sweet Potatoes, pk. 35c  
Apples, large, bushel 80c  
Crackers, 2 lb. box Saltine 29c  
Crackers, Saltine, 10c box 9c  
Milk & Honey Grahams, 2 lb. 29c  
Ripple Wheat, box 9c  
Tomatoes, lb. 7c  
Lettuce, large head 7c  
Grapefruit, 3 for 10c

We will serve free coffee and cakes Saturday

### McCallister Market

Friday & Saturday Specials

Steak, choice cuts, lb. 15c  
Beef Roast, lb. 9c 3 lb. 25c  
Pork Chops 20c  
Pork Roast 18c  
Sausage, pure pork, lb. 15c  
Hot Barbecue, gravy free, lb. 15c

Also all kinds of Lunch & Cured Meats

## EADS GROCERY CO.

PHONE 23

## FOOD SPECIALS

Don't forget to ask for Trades Day tickets

Chili, lb. 15c

Flour, Yukon Best	\$1.90	Sweet Potatoes, bushel	\$1.00
Sugar, Pure Cane, 25 lb	\$1.35	Pears, large, bu.	\$1.25
Lard, 8 lb. carton	85c	Tomatoes, fresh, 2 lb.	15c
Spuds, No. 1, pk.	25c	Lettuce, 2 heads	15c
Sweet Potatoes, pk.	29c	Lemons, Sunkist, doz.	24c

Cabbage, 10 lb. 15c

Cranberries, qt.	15c	Pickles, sour, qt.	17c
Onions, 7 lb.	21c	Steak, choice cuts, lb.	15c
Oranges, nice size, doz.	19c	Roast, fat, 3 lb.	25c
Salmon, tall cans, 2 for	25c	Sausage, 2 lb.	25c
Binder Twine, bale	\$4.15	Cheese, full cream, lb.	19c

Weenies & Bologna, 2 lb. 24c

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