

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS NOVEMBER 23, 1934

NO. 3

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

Everything for the Schoolroom  
High Quality Right Prices

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

## COTTON GINNED

Up to Wednesday noon, the three Hedley gins and the Mc Knight gin had ginned a total of 2801 bales of cotton

## HEDLEY P. T. A.

The Hedley P. T. A. met Thursday, Nov. 15, with a good attendance of about 40. A good program on leisure time activities was rendered. Quite a lot of business was attended to. All the community are urged to come and help carry on this work, which should be of vital interest to all.

It has been truly said that the race climbs upward through its children. Common sense suggests that in bad times we preserve first the things that are most important. When trouble comes we turn to fundamentals: Home becomes dearer. We appreciate the services of the school. If schools are a blessing in good times they are an imperative necessity in bad times. They safeguard the health of the child. They fortify the home. They give hope and encouragement to citizens who are the victims of misfortune but who can take satisfaction that their children are well cared for. The schools are ourselves working together for the education of our children. When times are hard we need to make that education better; to take more seriously our common task of preparing the young for life. Let us preserve and improve our schools. Let us keep the children first.

Program for Dec 6  
Responsibility of the home to the community.

Leader, Mrs. Z. T. Beaty.  
Invocation.  
Music.

Teaching the child consideration for other members of the family and effect of the teaching on leadership. Miss Mary L. Hawkins.

What support is the home in law enforcement, Mrs. J. W. Webb.

Publicity Chairman.

## HEDLEY SINGERS

The Hedley singing class will meet at the West Baptist Church next Sunday at 2:30, at which time officers for the coming year will be elected.

Everyone interested is urged to attend. We will have plenty of the new books, and several visiting singers are expected to attend.

If you like good singing, come out and be with us and help make this the best singing we have ever had.

## NOTICE

We will serve a special turkey dinner Thanksgiving day. Come eat all you want at the regular price. Cooper Hotel.

Miss Mildred Golladay of Clarendon spent Sunday with home folks here.

P. L. Dishman and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moffitt and Miss Pearl Morrison visited in Amarillo Sunday.

Oscar Kempson of Ashtola spent the past week end with relatives here.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

## ALUMNI BANQUET

Announcements are being mailed this week for the ex-Senior banquet which will be held Dec. 1. All ex-Seniors are requested to let Mrs. Chas. Rains, the secretary, know by Nov. 24 if they plan to come, so that proper arrangements can be made.

## FOOTBALL

The Hedley football team entertained the Estelline team here Friday afternoon by defeating them 18-6. Hedley made 16 first downs to 7 for the visitors. The Hedley team played the best game they have played all year.

Friday the Owls journey to Estelline for a return game. The team will be working hard to bring back another victory for Hedley.

There are plans for a game with the Dumas Demons in Dumas Dec. 1. The Demons play here Friday for the district championship. The Dumas team is coached by a brother of the Hedley coach.

## M. E. CONFERENCE

The Northwest Methodist conference which met at Abilene last week, closed Sunday night, and Rev. A. V. Hendricks comes back to Hedley. The many friends of Bro Hendricks and family are glad to have them with us again.

Men's dress shirts and work shirts. Men and boys pants and overalls at a bargain.

B. & B. Variety

## NOTICE

I will call at your home the first Monday of each month to collect your shoes which need repairing. Dig up that old pair and get a lot more service out of it by getting one of my expert halfsole jobs. A. L. Wall.

## HOOVER GIFT SHOP

Will be open for business next door to Wall Shoe Shop on Main street Saturday, Nov. 24. Please come in and see us. One box of candy given free to the first fifty customers. I give tickets.

## ATTENTION

Winter driving is a pleasure with Phillips 66. Highest test and anti-knock gasoline and winter grade motor oils. Try a tankful today and be satisfied.

For Rent—Dec. 1, the Daddy Nipper filling station and store building. See A. A. Nipper.

Found—Pair of glasses in case. Owner may have same by calling at this office and paying for this ad.

## ATTENTION

The ladies of the First Baptist Church will send a box of cookies to Buckner Orphan Home Monday Nov. 26. Every lady in the church is requested to send cookies and help make a large box for the home for Thanksgiving.

We will also have a cash offering.

Gift goods of all kinds.

B. & B. Variety

For

**Right Merchandise  
Right Quality  
Right Service  
at the  
Right Price  
See**

**Barnes & Hastings  
Grocery Co.**  
PHONE 21

## HEDLEY CIRCUIT

Rev Dennis Lawson Pastor  
First Sunday: Lella Lake at 11:00 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.  
Second Sunday: Giles 9:30 a. m. McKnight 11:00 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.

Third Sunday: Quail 11:00 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Pleasant Hill 8:00 p. m.

Fourth Sunday: Ring 11:00 a. m. Bray 8:30 p. m.

## FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. G. E. Johnson, Superintendent.  
Preaching at 11 a. m.  
B. T. S. at 6:30 p. m.  
Preaching at 7:30 p. m.  
W. M. S. meets Monday at 8 p. m.; Y. W. A. at 4:00.  
M. E. Wells, Pastor.

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

## NOTICE

I am not leaving town, but will not be in my shoppe until Monday, Nov. 26.

Plain permanent \$1.00

Quart Oil Steam Wave \$3.50, or two for \$4.00

## Vogue Art Beauty Shoppe

## 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.

## NAZARENE CHURCH

Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
Preaching service 11 a. m.  
Young people meet at 7:30  
Night service at 8:15.  
Pastor.

## 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

Fruits and Vegetables		
Grapes, 2 lb.		15c
Grapefruit, 3 for		10c
Lettuce, head		5c
Celery, bunch		12c
Spuds, 10 lb.		19c

Sugar		
Pure Cane, 18 lb.		\$1.00
Granulated, 25 lb.		\$1.29
Powdered, 2 for		15c

Cake Flour, Swans Down, pkg.		29c
Snowdrift, large pail		95c

Tender Garden Peas, No. 2 can		15c
Fresh Irish Potatoes, No. 2 can		10c
Fresh Green Beans, No. 2 can		10c

Tomatoes, 3 No. 2 cans		25c
Pork & Beans, 4 for		25c
Corn, No. 2 can		10c

## Thanksgiving Day

Of all the years we should be more thankful for the year now drawing to a close as we have been blessed with a fair crop and sufficient feed to care for our livestock while on all sides of us we have almost a complete failure.

We should stop and think of how fortunate we are and why we should be blessed. We should use our resources in helping our unfortunate neighbors and in saving for the day when we may not be so fortunate. As usual this Bank will be closed all day Thanksgiving Day.

**Security State Bank**  
HEDLEY, TEXAS  
Member F. D. I. C. A Safe Bank Made Safer

Three o'Clock—  
Wednesday

By PAUL M. VEST  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,  
WNU Service.

"WHAT time is it, Sally?"  
"Ten minutes to three, Miss Helen."  
"Very well, you may go now, but be back promptly at five. Dinner will be at seven tonight."  
"Yes, Miss Helen."

The outer door of the apartment closed with a soft thud.  
The fragile and palpitantly lovely figure before the Louis Quinze dressing table sat chin cupped in one slender hand as she looked into the crystal depths of the mirror.

Yet she seemed scarcely to be aware of the pink and golden loveliness reflected there.

About her was an air of tense expectancy. Unseeing she glanced down at the toe of one small satin mule peeping out from the trailing green folds of her negligee.

A little frown puckered her forehead. She looked nervously about the expensively simple bedroom.

The frown deepened.  
She got up and adjusted the white Venetian blinds to soften the light filtering through.

For half a moment she peeped between two of the little white slats to catch a fleeting glimpse of Central park many dizzy floors below.

She walked a few steps back into the room and stood still; she seemed to be listening intently.

There was no sound in the apartment.

She picked up a sparkling crystal of perfume from the dressing table, and delicately applied a little glass rod to her hair, the lobe of each ear.

Fretfully she glanced at the red morocco leather clock on the writing desk. Out in the apartment a doorknob clicked.

The figure in green chiffon started slightly.

Hurriedly she picked up a chiffon handkerchief from the dressing table. She walked a few steps toward the door, paused and came back to the dressing table where she sat down.

In the softly shaded mirror she saw the tall figure of a man appear in the bedroom behind her.

Her face in the glass blanched a trifle—that was all.

"Why, dearest!" she exclaimed—there was a nervous catch in her voice—"What on earth are you doing home at this time in the afternoon?" She seemed to be very busy with her cosmetics.

"It's Framingham," the man in the doorway said, "he refused to follow our plan. Won't co-operate. We had a director's meeting this afternoon. I blew up and walked out."

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry." She picked up a comb, but her hand trembled so violently that she had to put it back. Her body was tense, quivering. With wide, staring eyes, she glanced desperately at the clock. The man in the doorway looked at the timepiece also.

"Three o'clock," he said. Was there just the trace of strain in his voice, or did she imagine it?

"Where is Sally?" he asked.  
"I let her have a few hours off. You know we are having dinner at seven tonight. She wanted to see her brother or something."

"Oh." He selected a cigarette from the rich brown leather box on the writing desk, and lighted it with the lighter she had given him for Christmas.

She got up. The room seemed very unsteady. She swayed slightly. The man in the doorway didn't notice—or did he? She crossed to the writing table. The little red morocco leather clock ticked with a vengeance—five minutes past three. She wanted to scream.

"Guess I'll take a shower," the man said. "Awfully warm for this time of year."

"Why don't you, dear? It will rest your nerves. I'll lay out your things for you." Her voice trembled. She leaned against the table to steady herself.

Suddenly the telephone jingled loudly. She jumped and muffled a cry in her handkerchief. "I'll get it, dear," she managed to say. "Oh, hello, Marie, darling. . . . Yes, of course, I've been expecting you. . . . Sure. . . . Surely, I understand. Bill just came in from the office. . . . Trouble of some sort. Of course, we'll make it another afternoon. . . ."

A great wave of relief swept over her, leaving her unbelievably weak. Somehow she got the receiver back on its hook. "It was Marie Jaynes, dear," she explained to the broad back turned toward her. "She was going to drop by but couldn't make it."

"Umm-m," he mumbled. "Help me get this dang tie off, will you?"

Water was splashing merrily in the bathroom. Weakly she commenced to pick up his clothes from where he had flung them on a chair. A single sheet of note paper dropped from his coat pocket. It read:

"Would it interest you to know that your wife is having an affair with one of the boys about town? Drop in at your apartment three o'clock Wednesday afternoon."

"A Sympathetic Friend."

With trembling fingers she replaced the note. The blood had drained from her face. She looked fondly at the diamond bracelets on her slender wrists and the diamond rings on her long, tapering fingers.

A moment later, at her writing desk, she very deliberately and completely erased from a tiny red leather notebook the name "Raoul Desmond, 44 Central Park West—CB 55515."

OUR COMIC SECTION

FINNEY OF THE FORCE



"WILL HAVE DINNER REDDY IN A JIFFY—WHUT DID YEZ DO TODAY?"

"WAL-OI WUZ ON SPECIL DAYTAIL T'DAY—IN TH' PARRK!!"

"SOME WOMIN'S CLUB WUZ PLANTIN' TREES AN' OI WUZ THERE T'HELP—BEAUTIFYIN' TH' CITY OI WUZ!"

"SO THAT'S WHAT YA CALLS IT?"



"CALL WHUT?"

"I WAS JUST COMIN' IN TER ASK ABOUT IT—I SEEN THIS PITCHER IN THE PAPER AND—"



ADD NEW BEAUTY TO PARK SCENERY

THE FEATHERHEADS



"DOGGONE!! DRAT! ETC!"



"HECK! PHOOIE! WHAT TH'—!"



"DARN! GEE WHIZ!"

"SOMETHING—THE MATTER?"



"HUH?—YES! I CAN'T NEVER FIND ANYTHING IN THIS HOUSE!"

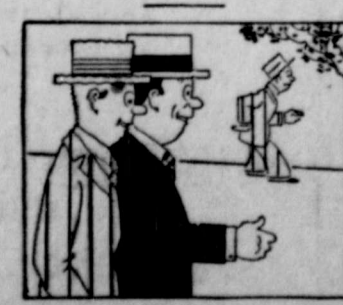
"OH YES YOU CAN!! YOU'RE ALWAYS ABLE TO FIND SOMETHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT!"

CERTAINLY



First Stenographer—There is no sentiment in business.  
Second Stenographer—I think you are mistaken. My experience with business men is that they all love the profits.

MAYBE LESS



"Young Swift thinks he's a legal light."  
"Well, he is—a legal lightweight."

TOLL THE BELL



"I play the piano merely to kill time."  
"Your playing certainly does it. But what a death!"

ADVICE



Wife—How can I keep from walking in my sleep?  
Hubby—Take carfare to bed with you.

THAT'S DIFFERENT



Man of Business—I can spare you a minute but you know my time is money.  
Gentleman of Leisure—I shall be happy to take it in that form, sir.

SOME HOPE



He—I trust your summer's vacation was beneficial in many ways.  
She—Yes, I lost ten pounds and gained six carats.

Nature's Aid

TRUE DETECTIVE STORY

by Vance Wynn © Public Ledger

The Spy Plot That Failed

IT WAS during the early days of the World war that a rough-looking man, who posed as a Belgian, began to frequent one of the branches of the Carnegie library in Pittsburgh.

He was poorly dressed, wore a scraggly beard and seemed to have all of the time in the world.

Usually he went to the reference department of the library, and spent hours in reading books that had reference to America. He paid particular attention to the maps and one night was seen to be tracing some of these from one of the geographical works in the library.

Miss Frances Langitt, the assistant librarian, noticed the man, and her suspicions were aroused.

So while the fellow spied around the shelves the young woman did a little spying on her own account.

Night after night she sat there with a green shade over her eyes apparently engrossed in her work, but in reality keeping tabs upon the Belgian who was not a Belgian.

One night she watched him replace a book on the shelf, and when he had departed she hastened over to that part of the library and obtained possession of this particular book.

It contained a coastwise map, and gave evidence of having been traced.

Before the next day had dawned the patriotic young woman had informed the Department of Justice of her suspicions of the man who had been visiting the library.

Operative Henry—that will have to be his name for the purpose of this article—was placed on the case at once.

He traced the man and found that he was a stranger in the city.

He located the house where he had a room and discovered he was going by the name of Jacob Harmon.

The fellow must have sensed the fact that he was being followed, because he ceased his visits to the library.

About the same time an undersized man with a decidedly German accent began to frequent the library.

When interrogated he gave the name of Emil Mayer.

This man pursued pretty nearly the same tactics as the other, but on the surface there did not seem to be any connection between the two.

One day he was followed to his room, and later in his absence a search was made of his effects.

There was nothing absolutely criminal, but the detectives did find a number of papers and tracings.

In themselves they seemed meaningless, but if it were possible to put them together they might have meant much.

At all events, the work of shadowing Harmon and Mayer continued without interruption.

Two and two were put together and the conclusion of the authorities was that the library had been made the rendezvous of German spies for nearly a year.

Of course it goes without saying that there was nothing in the library that was not open to the public at any time.

But the conviction grew that Harmon and Mayer were doing the preliminary work, which was afterwards verified by bolder and more audacious men who stole into navy yards and laid the foundations for destroying munition plants.

Operative Henry had several conversations with Miss Langitt and he compared this with the reports which were brought in as a result of the shadowing of the two Germans.

Up to this point they had never been found together.

In the meanwhile an attempt was made to learn something of the previous history of the two men.

One of them it was learned had been visiting a number of the seacoast towns in New England and it was also alleged that he had not complied with the alien enemy registration laws.

One night United States agents started to follow the two men and then for the first time they joined one another in a little back room in the northwestern part of Pittsburgh.

They sat at a table and produced a coastwise map which they began to study.

That was the signal for the detectives.

The suspects were arrested and in twenty-four hours had been placed in a detention camp.

What became of them no one will tell.

The mystery has gone into that limbo which is the repository of so many war secrets but to this day there are persons in Pittsburgh who are satisfied that the timely discovery of the librarian cut off the connection between these men and the German war office.

WNU Service.

**Rattlesnake Island**  
Belle Isle, in Michigan, at one time was known as Rattlesnake Island because of the abundance of reptiles on it, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. Hogs, immune to snake bite because of their outer layer of fat which prevents the venom from reaching the blood stream, were turned loose on the island and quickly rid it of snakes. However, the hogs became wild, the island became known as Hog Island, and when Detroit acquired it in 1879 for park purposes, hunters had to kill the dangerous hogs.

Why Children Need a Liquid Laxative

The temporary relief children get from unwise dosing with harsh cathartics may cause bowel strain, and even set-up irritation in the kidneys. A properly prepared liquid laxative brings a more natural movement. There is no discomfort at the time and no weakness after. You don't have to give the child "a double dose" a day or two later.

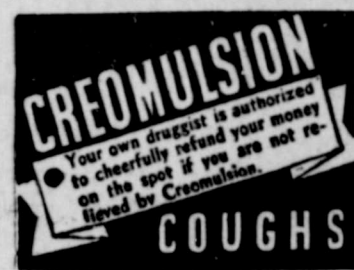
Can constipation be safely relieved in children? "Yes!" say medical men. "Yes!" say many mothers who have followed this sensible medical advice: 1. Select a good liquid laxative. 2. Give the dose you find suited to the system. 3. Gradually reduce the dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving naturally without aid.

An approved liquid laxative (one that is widely used for children) is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. The mild laxative action of this excellent preparation is the best form of help for children—and grown-ups, too. The dose can be regulated for any age or need.

Your druggist sells Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

Sad Parting

Wife (after tiff)—You brute! I'm going to get the baby and go to mother's.  
Husband—Yes, and I'm going to get the jewelry and go to uncle's.



Quick Healing FOR Skin Irritations

If you suffer with pimples, eczema, rashes, chafings, eruptions or other distressing skin trouble, begin today to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Bathe the affected parts with the Soap, anoint with the Ointment. Relief comes at once and healing soon follows.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 108, Malden, Mass.



Don't Do This—use LEONARD EAR OIL FOR DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES

A soothing and penetrating combination that has improved the hearing and lessened Head Noises of many. Not just in the Ear but in the Head of Ear and Earliest in Austria. Also excellent for deafness caused by Flu, Colds, etc. Leonard Ear Oil has been on the market since 1897. Price \$1.25 at drug stores. Descriptive circular sent on request. C. LEONARD, INC., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City

FEEL TIRED, ACHY—"ALL WORN OUT?"

Get Rid of Poisons That Make You Ill

IS a constant backache keeping you miserable? Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; attacks of dizziness, rheumatic pains, swollen feet and ankles? Do you feel tired, nervous—all unstrung?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly, for functional kidney disorder permits poisons to stay in the blood and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They help the kidneys cleanse the blood of health-destroying poisonous waste. Doan's Pills are used and recommended the world over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

Same Price as Last Year

**BARGAIN DAYS**

(Expire December 31st)

**STAR-TELEGRAM**

Largest Circulation in Texas

LESS THAN A CENT AND A HALF A DAY  
FOR A STATE PAPER

ONE YEAR

**\$5.60**  
6 DAYS  
MONDAY  
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WEDNESDAY  
THURSDAY  
FRIDAY  
SATURDAY

TO INCLUDE SUNDAY ISSUE ADD 10¢  
60¢ FOR A PAPER EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

Order a \$10.00 State Paper for Next Year NOW  
on REDUCED RATE

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MORE READERS

Be as Well Posted as Your Neighbor

**FORT WORTH  
STAR-TELEGRAM**

Morning—Evening—Sunday

AMON G. CARTER, President

**THE HEDLEY INFORMER**

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

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

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

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Female Diseases • Specialty

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Hedley, Texas

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Physician and Surgeon

Hedley, Texas

Office Phone 8

Residence Phone 21

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287

AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each  
month

**BIRTHDAY PARTY**

Nov 18 1934 Mr and Mrs. C. B. Dickson were host and hostess to their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren in honor of Mr Dixon's ninetieth birthday. They met in the home of the grand old couple and gathered around a beautiful table where a huge cake adorned with ninety candles rested in the center. This was a very outstanding and unusual event for the old couple, who came to this locality twenty seven years ago, and settled at old Rowe, where they have seen this country grow from open plains to a fertile and productive country. C. B. Dickson, better known as Uncle Charley, was born in North Carolina in 1844. Until he was married he traveled through the eastern states. He saw New York when it was only a small town and sailed the Atlantic on one of the oldest sailing ships. He was in the war between the states, and served under Gen Gillan. He saw action in several battles and was in West Va., at the time of peace. Uncle Charley is one of the oldest citizens in this section of the country and is at the time active, and able to see the little city of Hedley each day. He has lived here in this little city for the past 20 years and is known for his optimistic mood day by day. Grandmother Dickson, a worthy soul, has trod the route with Uncle Charley. They were glad to have children to have the opportunity to gather in their home, which were as follows: Jim Dixon and family, Dodson Hill; W. T. Dickson and family Quail; J. G. Dickson and family Hedley; S. H. Dickson and family, Arnett, Okla.; H. G. Dickson, Amarillo; Mrs J. G. Gull and

**PARTY**

The home of Mrs. L. E. Thompson was the scene of a lovely bridge party Friday, November 9. Numerous bouquets of roses and chrysanthemums served to make the entertaining rooms more attractive. Tables were arranged for six sets of players. At the conclusion of the games, Mrs. Leon Reeves held the traveling little sism prize. Delicious refreshments were served to Mesdames L. Spalding, Ed Kinslow, Ed Todd, Clarence Davis, W. C. Payne, Leon Reeves, Roy Ketch, Elvin Hickey, Lovell Denman, Zeb Mitchell, Fred Watt, Clyde Bridges, G. Z. Sherman, P. L. Dishman, P. V. Dishman, Ray Moreman, E. R. Hooker, Alva Simmons, Hobart Moffitt and Misses Otley Watkins, Mary Harris, Myrtle Reeves and Joan Thompson.

**NEW DEAL BRIDGE CLUB**

Mrs. P. V. Dishman delightfully entertained the New Deal Bridge Club at her home Tuesday November 13.

A dainty salad course was served to Mesdames L. E. Thompson, Ed Kinslow, Leon Reeves, L. Spalding, guests; and Mesdames Roy Ketch, Elvin Hickey, Lake Dishman, Alva Simmons, Hobart Moffitt, C. L. Johnson, Ray Moreman, P. V. Dishman, E. R. Hooker and Misses Otley Watkins and Mary Harris.

J. R. Lamb and family were Memphis visitors Sunday.

family, Hedley; Mrs D. B. Smith and family, Amarillo. Many other grandchildren, great-grandchildren and friends were present.

**Huffman's Barber Shop**

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

W. H. Huffman, Prop.

**COFFINS, CASKETS**

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

Licensed Embalmer and Auto

Hearse at Your Service

Day phone 24

Night phone 40

**MOREMAN HARDWARE**

**HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991**



A. P. 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.

C. E. Johnson, Sec

**4 1/2 PER CENT MONEY**

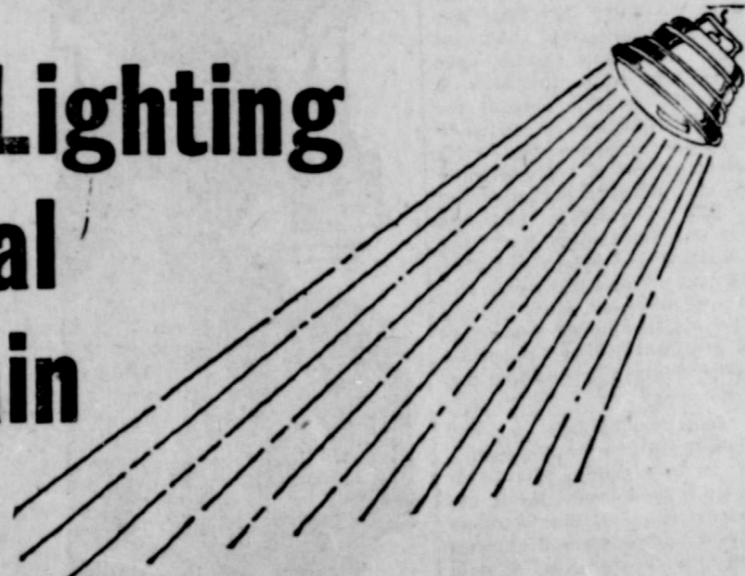
TO LOAN on Donley County Farms and Ranches  
C. L. JOHNSON, Sec. Treas.  
Hedley National Farm Loan Association

UNQUESTIONABLY SUPERIOR



J. H. Pierce Grocery  
McKnight

**Spot Lighting  
A Real  
Bargain**



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**Wichita Daily Times**

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OR THE

**Wichita Falls Record News**

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Seven Complete Papers  
Each Week



**Our Customer Obligation**



... is to always supply a constant and dependable source of Electric Power in advance of immediate needs.

To do this, we have invested much capital in facilities and always kept a highly trained personnel to efficiently operate the properties. We have helped our customers obtain appliances of the highest quality in order that they may enjoy the greatest benefit from their electric service. We have made rate reductions amounting to more than sixty per cent during recent years. We are supplying much more service to the average customer than in former times, and with the average customer bill much below that of former years.

We are doing away with the room count rate in the 160 towns we serve in keeping with our policy of low electric rates. We urge our customers to take advantage of these low incentive rates for a greater use and enjoyment of service.

Electric service is cheap! It is one of the most valuable commodities of the household, yet takes only one per cent of the workman's total household expenditures. You should use much more of it!

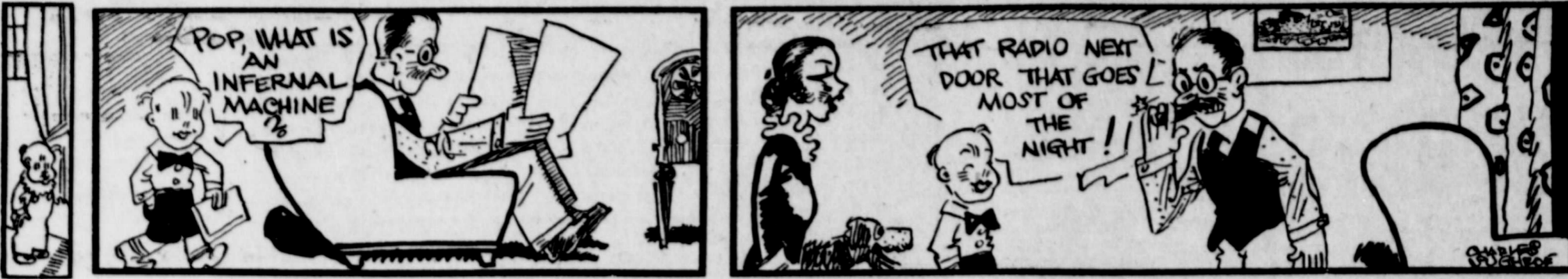
**West Texas Utilities  
Company**

SUCH IS LIFE—Have You a Lil' Infernal Machine?

By Charles Sughroe

Charming Design, and "Tubs" Well

PATTERN 9937



Here is a design that was born to make laundresses happy. One can see them with the mind's eye smiling "friendly-like" at it every time it is tubbed. The little sash will be untied, and first they will iron the ruffles. After that it will be plain sailing—or should we say ironing? In our concentration upon laundresses, we have forgotten to mention the proud possessors of the frock who will one and all adore it because, in the first place, it was so easy to make—and ever afterward so smart and becoming to wear.

Pattern 9937 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 36 inch fabric. Complete diagrammed sew chart included. Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE. Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Smiles

**SHORTENED HER VISIT**  
"For goodness sake, Bobby, why are you offering me that oil can?" asked the old aunt, who had settled down for a long stay.  
"Well," explained the kid, "daddy said that squeaky voice of your nearly drove him nuts, and I thought maybe it would quit squeaking if you oiled it."

**Speech**  
"What do you expect to say when congress meets?"  
"I'm sure only of one thing," answered Senator Sorghum. "I am being trained to great discretion. But I am sure there will be no objection to my saying 'present' when the roll is called."

**Up-to-Date**  
"That Miss Blonde is much older than I thought," remarked a young man to his friend in the boarding house.

"What makes you think that?" asked his friend.  
"Well," he replied, "I asked her if she had read Homer's 'Iliad,' and she said she read it when it first came out."—Stray Stories.

The Household  
By Lydia Le Baron Walker

ORDINARY envelopes can be so used that they are helps in house-keeping as well as fulfilling their function in correspondence. The envelopes can be small, medium sized, and large according to their uses. Readers who enjoy detective stories will recall how those who are seeking to discover the criminal, are inveterate users of envelopes of which they seem always to have a limitless stock in their pockets. Into different ones are thrust bits of gravel, threads, etc., which may reveal some bits of evidence, and form valuable clues. This only goes to show some uses of envelopes. Others can be as valuable to homemakers as, for instance, in tabulating papers requiring classification, making them more readily accessible, and less time-consuming to find.



Alluring Furs



The new little fur fixings in the way of sets and ensembles and separate pieces are that fascinating you will have no peace of mind until you acquire some one or other of these flattering fantasies. As to that adorable jacket, hat and muff set of white ermine, wouldn't you just love to possess it? The muff is "tricky" for within its depths reposes a satin-lined receptacle with all the dainty appointments one expects in a perfectly fitted out hand-bag.

**Thermometer is Old**  
The Fahrenheit thermometer dates back to 1714.

Cleveland Birthplace a Memorial



This little white frame house, formerly the manse of the First Presbyterian Church of Caldwell, N. J., where Grover Cleveland first saw the light of day, March 15, 1837, was presented to the state of New Jersey as a permanent memorial to the only President of the United States born in that state. The home, purchased in 1913 by the Grover Cleveland Birthplace Memorial association for the purpose of preserving it, was given to the state without encumbrance and with all its valuable collections.

Pain and Purpose

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

A merchant in one of our large cities related his loss of a considerable sum of money due to unusual causes. Among his clients, fifteen committed suicide, twenty went into bankruptcy, and an exceptionally large number were not able to pay even a portion of their indebtedness though they had avoided the sheriff's summons. This case is typical of experiences which crossed

the path of almost every person during the past three years. In every case, however, the sorrow or trouble was not due to the loss of money. Suffering of one kind or another comes to every one.

It has been interesting to study the reactions of different persons who went through these experiences. Some, rather old-fashioned in their thinking, actually believed that the calamity which came to them was sent as a punishment for a wrong they had com-

Under the Ball



Walt Rohrschell, big end on the University of Washington team, is as fast as he is husky and not many punts get away from him.

mitted. Others, who had accustomed themselves to live in a world of "make-believe," reacted in a negative way, denying the reality of the experience itself. This attitude gave rise to what our psychologists call a "wish-world," the serious dangers of which are frequently emphasized in current periodicals. Still others accepted the storm which struck them with an attitude of self pity and inactive acquiescence; and stoically met the problem, but to no apparent purpose. The president of one of our western universities writes, "The most disturbing fact of the time is the number of Americans who are falling victim to a defeatist mood, assuming that all progress has come to an end." Another group of people, not accepting this conclusion as the verdict of history, began to look beyond the present moment, and far above the clouds which accompanied the storm. They frankly sought the purpose of the whirlwind. They refused to accept what appeared to be the verdict of fate; and determined to arise and go forward. Refusing to be like "dumb driven cattle" they became "heroes in the strife."  
A violin string serves no purpose until it is stretched, almost to a breaking point. It sings when the bow passes over it. On the rack of pain and suffering many a person has been stretched almost to a breaking point. Where this experience served a higher purpose, blessings hitherto unknown have been the reward.

Russian Cocos

Follow recipe for hot cocos, substituting for the three and one-half cups of milk, one tall can evaporated milk and two cups of strong hot coffee.

California to Get Largest Telescope

Palomar Mountain to Be Site of Giant Mirror.

Washington.—Search for a desirable location for an observatory in which to house the world's largest telescope, which will contain a 200-inch mirror, ended recently in the choice by scientists of Palomar mountain, about 50 miles northeast of San Diego, Calif.  
"For several years astronomers have been studying the map of the United States for a new observatory site," says the National Geographic society. "They chose Palomar because, according to specialists, it is far enough from the desert on the east and the Pacific ocean on the west to give promise of atmospheric conditions favorable for astronomical studies.

Rises 6,126 Feet.

"Palomar is not one of the giants among mountains of western America. In fact it is not as high as many of the peaks of the eastern United States, for it rises only 6,126 feet above sea level. Nor is it even the highest mountain in Southern California.

"It thrusts its rugged summit above the valleys of Cleveland National forest, a tract 27 miles long and from 5 to 12 miles wide, comprising portions of Orange, Riverside and San Diego counties. Created in 1910 by a reorganization of several earlier forest reserves, Cleveland forest, named for

Ex-President Cleveland, includes five mountains in addition to Palomar. The forest was created primarily for watershed protection. It supplies eight reservoirs with a capacity of 125,000,000 gallons.

"Before the gold-hungry hordes of 'Forty-Niners' moved their caravans across the western plains and through the passes of the Rockies, Palomar was a favored hunting ground among the Indians of the region. In 1831, Palomar was visited by a white man named Warner. He settled near its slopes, became a naturalized Mexican citizen—California then was Mexican—and a grant of land, including Palomar and its environs was made to him by the Mexican government. From Warner, the Warner Hot Springs near Palomar got their name.

Favorite Camping Site.

"The summit of Palomar is blanketed with a thick growth of timber—cedars, spruces, pines and black oak, in whose shade each year thousands of wander-lusters hike and ride horseback over a narrow, tortuous trail. Many pitch their camps in the brisk air of the summit. Through openings in the thick forest, mountain climbers are rewarded for their fatiguing trek by spectacular views of the country for miles around. Many miles of San Diego county, a veritable flower and vegetable garden, are at their feet. In some places one's viewpoint is atop a ridge whose sides tumble in steep grass-covered slopes for thousands of feet to the valley below.

"The 200-inch telescope mirror to be placed on Palomar will be twice the diameter of the mirror at the Mount Wilson (California) observatory—at present the largest in the world—which has made possible many notable contributions to astronomy. The first attempt to cast the great glass disc for the mirror occurred in the spring of 1934 at Corning, N. Y. The pouring constituted one of the outstanding scientific feats of the year and was witnessed by thousands of scientists and laymen.

"But the huge glass lens was found to have a slight imperfection, so plans have been made to pour a new one. When completed, the mirror will weigh about 18 tons, will reveal billions more stars than can be reflected by the Mount Wilson mirror, and will pierce space to 30 times the distance now possible."

Missouri Orchard Granted a Patent

Louisiana, Mo.—The Starks Orchards here recently obtained the first patent ever granted for a fruit tree.

The tree is a peach and it is patented under the title "Hal-Berta Giant." The name is a combination of two types of the fruit.

The patent was granted under a law passed by the seventy-first congress, which provides protection to originators of new fruits.

On a Shaky Throne



Here is little King Peter II who has succeeded to the throne of Yugoslavia following the assassination of his father, King Alexander. The boy is only eleven years old and will rule under a regency of three men.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



**SHOCKING TOLL—**  
TOLL COLLECTORS ON THE NEW SYDNEY HARBOR BRIDGE ARE FORCED TO USE RUBBER GLOVES TO AVOID SHOCK FROM STATIC ELECTRICITY GENERATED BY AUTOMOBILES.

**ALTHOUGH A THIN SHEET OF LEAD FOIL PROTECTS THE BODY FROM X-RAYS, THE COSMIC RAYS OF SPACE PASS THROUGH AS MUCH AS 18 FEET OF LEAD.**

**HEAVY OSMIUM—**  
OSMIUM, HEAVIEST METAL KNOWN, WEIGHS 22 1/2 TIMES AS MUCH AS WATER.



# The KENNEL MURDER CASE

• • • • • By S. S. Van Dine • • • • •

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WNU Service

## SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, crime expert, is called to investigate the supposed suicide of Archer Coe. With District Attorney Markham, he goes to Coe's house. They find Wrede, a friend of Coe's, there; also 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. Medical Examiner Doremus declares Coe had been dead for hours when the bullet entered his head. A wound, made by a dagger, is found on the body, and there is proof that Coe was fully dressed when he was stabbed. The investigators find a wounded Scotch terrier in a room of the Coe house. Vance declares the animal will prove an important connecting link. Gamble says Brisbane Coe, Archer's brother, left for Chicago the previous afternoon, but Vance points out that his favorite walking stick is hanging in the hall.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued

He pulled the door open, revealing only a great rectangle of blackness. Almost simultaneously, the circle of yellow light from Heath's pocket flashlight penetrated the gloom. "Lower, Sergeant!" came Vance's dictatorial voice. "The floor—the floor!"

The light descended; and then we saw the thing that Vance, through some process of obscure logic, had been searching for.

There, in a huddled heap, his glassy eyes staring up at us, lay the dead body of Brisbane Coe.

Though the sight was not altogether unexpected, in view of Vance's strange actions and even stranger comments, I received a tremendous shock as I gazed down into the closet. Even to an amateur like myself the fact that Brisbane Coe was dead was apparent. The stiff, unnatural pose of the body, and the hideous fixity of his gaze, together with the drawn bloodless lips and the waxen pallor of his skin, attested to violent and unexpected death.

And as I looked at it, temporarily petrified by the horror of this new development, I could not help comparing the dead body of Brisbane with that of Archer. Whereas Archer had died with a peaceful expression on his face, and in a natural and comfortable position, Brisbane had a shocked, almost wild, look in his eyes, as if he had been startled and frightened at the moment of death.

The discovery of Brisbane Coe's body affected all of us strongly. Heath stared down with hunched shoulders. The blood seemed to have left his face, and he was like a man hypnotized. Markham's jaw was set, and his eyes were mere slits.

Vance spoke, and his voice, usually so calm, sounded strained and unnatural.

"It's worse than I thought. . . I had hoped he might still be alive—a prisoner perhaps. I didn't altogether expect this."

Vance closed the closet door. "It's very strange," he murmured, looking at Markham yet past him. "He is without his hat and topcoat; and yet his stick is hanging here in the hall. And he is dead in the closet. Why not in his own room—or the library?—or anywhere else, but in there? . . . Nothing fits, Markham. The whole picture has been painted by a crazy man."

Markham said in a dazed voice: "I can't follow any of it. Why did Brisbane Coe return here last night? And who knew he was going to return?"

"If only I could answer those questions!"

Burke and Gamble were sitting on a hall bench near the drawing room door. The butler had not seen the dead man in the closet, for our bodies had shielded him. But it was obvious that he suspected the truth.

Vance went to him. "What kind of topcoat and hat did Mr. Brisbane wear when he went to the station last night?"

The man made a desperate effort to pull himself together. "A—A tweed coat, sir," he replied huskily. "—black-and-white tweed. And a light gray fedora hat."

Vance returned to the closet, and presently emerged with a hat and coat.

"Are these the ones?"

Gamble swallowed hard and nodded his head.

"Yes, sir."

Vance replaced the coat and hat in the closet, and commented to Markham: "They were hanging up so neatly."

"Is it not possible," asked Markham, "that just as he hung them up after returning to the house, he was killed?"

"Possible—yes," Vance nodded slowly. "But that would not explain the other things that went on here last night. It's more reasonable, I think, to assume that Brisbane was killed as he was preparing to leave the house. But then again, there's the time element. . . ."

Heath had already gone to the hall telephone and was dialing a number. "I'll soon get the time element for you," he growled.

A moment later he was speaking to Doctor Doremus. "The doc's coming right away," he said, hanging up the receiver.

"In the meantime, Markham," suggested Vance, "I think we might have parlay with the Chinese cook. . . . Fetch him, will you, Gamble."

The butler hastened through the dining room door at the rear, and Vance strolled into the library, the rest of us following.

We had scarcely seated ourselves when a tall, slender, scholarly looking Chinaman of about forty stepped softly into the room through the door between the library and the dining room. He stood beside the door with relaxed immobility, and, after one swift glance at us, lifted his eyes unceasingly above our heads. Though he looked at nothing in particular, I felt that he saw everything.

Vance asked: "What is your name?"

"Liang," came the soft and almost inaudible response.

"Your whole name, please."

"There was a slight pause, and the man gave Vance a fleeting glance. "Liang Tsung Wei."

"Ah! . . . And I understand you are the Coe cook?"

"The other nodded quickly. "Me cook."

Vance sighed, and a faint smile overspread his face. "Be so good as to forgo the pidgin-English, Mr. Liang. It will handicap our conversation terribly. And please take a chair."

The Chinaman, with a faint flicker in his eyes, moved his gaze till it rested on Vance's face. Then he bowed and sat down in an arm chair between the door and the book shelves.

"Thank you," he said in a finely modulated voice. "I suppose you desire to question me regarding the tragedy last night. I deeply regret I can throw no light upon it."

"How do you know there has been a tragedy?" Vance inspected the end of his cigarette.

"I was preparing the breakfast," Liang returned, "and I heard the butler impart the information over the telephone."

"Ah, yes—of course. . . . Have you been long in this country, Mr. Liang?"

"Two years only."

"Interested in the culinary art of America?"

"Not particularly—although I am a student of occidental customs. Western civilization is of great interest to certain of my countrymen."

"As are, also, I imagine," added Vance, "the rare ceremonial pieces of Chinese art that have been pilfered from your temples and graves."

"We of course regret their loss," the man answered mildly.

Vance nodded understandingly, and was silent for a moment. Then: "How did you happen to seek employment with Mr. Coe?"

"I had heard of his collection of Chinese antiquities and of his great knowledge of oriental art, and I believed that the atmosphere might prove to be congenial."

"And have you found it congenial?"

"Not altogether. Mr. Coe was a very narrow and selfish man. His interest in art was purely personal. He wished to keep his treasures away from the world—not to share them with humanity."

"A typical collector," observed Vance. "By the by, Mr. Liang: when did you leave the house yesterday?"

"About half-past two," came the low answer.

"And you returned at what time?"

"Shortly before midnight. I was visiting friends on Long Island."

"Chinese friends?"

"Yes. They will be most happy to verify my statement."

Vance smiled. "I've no doubt. Where do you sleep?"

"My quarters, such as they are, are connected with the kitchen."

"Did you go to bed immediately upon your return?"

"There was a momentary hesitation on the man's part.

"Not immediately," he said. "I cleared away the remains of Mr. Coe's supper, and made myself some tea."

"Did you, by any chance, see Mr. Brisbane Coe after you returned last night?"

"Mr. Brisbane Coe?" The other repeated the name questioningly. "The butler told me this morning not to prepare breakfast for him, as he had gone to Chicago. . . . Was he here last night?"

Vance ignored the question. "Did you hear any sounds in the house before you retired?" he went on. "Not until Miss Lake returned. She is always vigorous and noisy. And a quarter of an hour later Mr. Grassi came in. But aside from that I heard no sound whatever."

Vance, during this interrogation, had appeared casual; and his manner had been deferential. But now a perceptible change came over his attitude. His eyes hardened, and he leaned forward in his chair. When he spoke, his voice was cold and uncompromising.

"Mr. Liang," he said, "at what time did you first return to this house—early last night?"

There was a clouded, faraway look in the Chinaman's eyes.

"I did not return early last night," he answered, in a faintly sing-song voice. "I arrived at midnight."

"Yes, you arrived at midnight—Gamble heard you come in. But I am speaking of your earlier visit—some time around eight o'clock, let us say."

"You are evidently laboring under a misapprehension," Liang returned.

Vance ignored the retort. "And what did you see in this room at about eight o'clock?"

"How could I have seen anything, when I was not here?" came the calm, untroubled reply.

"Did you see Mr. Archer Coe?" persisted Vance.

"I assure you—"

"And was anyone with him?"

"I was not here."

"Perhaps you visited Mr. Coe's bedroom upstairs," Vance went on with quiet but firm insistence. "And then, it may be, you thought it advisable to disappear from the house for several hours; and you went out, returning at midnight."

"I was not in this house"—Liang spoke with deliberation—"between half-past two yesterday afternoon and midnight." There was a finality in both his manner and his tone.

Vance sighed wearily, and, turning to the hall door, called Gamble.

"Where was Mr. Archer Coe sitting last night when you went out?" he asked.

"On the davenport, sir," Gamble told him. "In that corner near the floor lamp. It was Mr. Archer's favorite seat."

Vance nodded and rose. "That will be all for the present. Attend to your duties till we need you."

Gamble went out, and Vance walked to the davenport and looked down at it. Beside the lamp, and in front of the davenport, stood a low massive



"By the by, Mr. Liang: When Did You Leave the House Yesterday?"

tabouret of teakwood; and on the floor near the hearth lay a copy of Tchou To-y's *Les Bronzes antiques de la Chine*.

Vance contemplated the tabouret and the book for a moment. Then, without turning, he said: "Mr. Liang, did you find this tabouret upset when you returned to the house early last night?"

"It was not here," Liang repeated. "It will be a simple matter," said Vance, "to go over the tabouret for fingerprints and to compare them with yours."

"It would be unnecessary, however," came the calm reply. "You would undoubtedly find my fingerprints on it. I often touch the furniture and objects in this room."

Vance smiled faintly and, I thought, admiringly.

"In that case, we shan't bother."

He moved round the lamp and stood for a moment beside a circular camphor-wood table just behind the davenport. In the center of the table, on a slender teakwood base, stood a white balustrade-type vase about nine inches tall.

I had noticed Vance stop and glance at this vase when he had first entered the library; but now he studied it critically as if something about it puzzled him. We were all watching him; and not the least interested person in the room was Liang. His eyes were fixed on Vance's face.

"Extraordinary!" Vance murmured after several moments' contemplation of the vase. Then he lifted his eyes lethargically. "I say, Mr. Liang, was this bit of pottery on the table early last night?"

"How could I possibly know that?" Liang asked in a vague, mechanical voice.

Vance picked up the vase and inspected it closely. "Not exactly a museum piece, is it, Mr. Liang?" he mused. "Rather inferior. I should say it was imitation Ting yao made under Tao Kuang. This piece would never have deceived

a collector as shrewd as Archer Coe. . . . Do you not agree with me, Mr. Liang?"

"Mr. Coe knew much about Chinese ceramics," the Chinaman answered evasively, without taking his eyes from Vance.

Vance shook his head sadly. "No, Archer would never have been taken in by this specimen. . . . It's most confusing."

He started to replace the vase on the stand, but suddenly withheld the movement of his hand and set the vase to one side.

Leaning over, he pushed the little teakwood pedestal out of the way, revealing a tiny triangle of thin white porcelain, about an inch wide, which had been lying hidden underneath. Carefully adjusting his monocle he picked up the bit of porcelain and held it between his thumb and forefinger to the light.

"Now, this is eminently different," he remarked, studying it closely. "Apparently a particle of genuine Sung Ting yao. A vase of this delicate porcelain would do honor to any collection."

Gently he placed the little white triangle in his pocket, and addressed the Chinaman, who had sat immobile and unblinking during Vance's comments.

"Did not Mr. Coe possess a Sung Ting yao vase, Mr. Liang, about the size of this execrable Tao Kuang?"

"I believe he did," Liang spoke in a curiously repressed voice, without modulation or inflection.

"And when did you see the Ting yao vase last?"

"I do not remember."

Vance kept his steady gaze on the man. "When, Mr. Liang, did you last see this nineteenth-century imitation?" He pointed to the vase on the table.

Liang did not reply at once. He looked thoughtfully at the vase for a full half-minute; then his eyes returned to Vance.

"I have never seen it before," he said finally.

"Fancy that!" Vance returned his monocle to his waistcoat pocket. "And here it sits in a place of honor, crying out its spuriousness to anyone who enters the room. . . . Most interesting!"

Markham, who had been chafing under Vance's apparent irrelevancies, now spoke.

"What possible connection can a vase have with the murder of Archer and Brisbane Coe?"

"That point," answered Vance dulcely, "is what I am endeavoring to ascertain. I see, Markham, Archer Coe would not have included this Tao Kuang vase in his collection. Why is it here? I haven't the foggiest notion. On the other hand, that little broken piece of Sung porcelain is of a beautiful quality. I can imagine Coe waxing ecstatic over a vase of such ware."

"Well?" Markham retorted irritably. "I still can't see the significance. . . ."

"Nor can I," Vance became serious. "But it has significance—and a vital significance. It is another absurdly irrelevant factor in this hideous case. Because that little triangular bit of Ting yao porcelain was on the table just back of where Archer Coe sat last night. And it was hidden beneath a vase which Archer would not have tolerated in the same room with him."

He paused and looked up somberly. "Moreover, Markham, that broken fragment of porcelain has blood on it."

## CHAPTER V

## "Needles and Pins."

Liang was dismissed with instructions to remain in the house until further notice.

While we were waiting for the medical examiner, there ensued a brief discussion concerning the blood on the piece of porcelain and Liang's possible relationship to the events preceding the double murder. But Vance was evidently as much in the dark as the rest of us; and Doctor Doremus' report.

Burke came to the door and beckoned to Heath.

"Say, Sergeant," he reported from the corner of his mouth, "that Chink just went upstairs. Right with you?"

Heath looked sour, and shot Vance an angry look.

"Now, what's the idea?" he bawled. Gamble entered the hall from the dining room at this moment, and Vance addressed him.

"What is Liang doing upstairs?"

The butler seemed perturbed at Vance's tone, and replied with apologetic obsequiousness: "I told him to fetch Miss Lake's tray, and tidy up her quarters. . . . Shouldn't I have done it, sir? You told me to proceed with my duties."

Vance scrutinized the man closely. "When he returns keep him downstairs," he said. "And you'd better stay here yourself."

Gamble bowed and returned to the dining room; and a moment later Doctor Doremus arrived.

Heath went briskly out of the room and down the corridor to the closet.

We were close behind him when he opened the door. Doremus, straightway assuming a professional air, knelt down and touched Brisbane Coe's body.

"Dead," he announced.

Heath simulated astonishment.

"Honest, is he dead? And me thinking all the time he was playing 'possum'?"

Doremus snorted. "Take hold of his shoulders." And he and the sergeant carried the body into the library and placed it on the davenport.

"Could you tell us, Doctor," Vance asked, "which of the two victims died first?"

Doremus, who had been testing the movability of the dead man's head and limbs, glanced at his watch.

"That's easy," he said. "The one upstairs. The advance of rigor mortis in the two bodies is practically the same. This one might be slightly further along; but it's been nearly four hours since I went over the other fellow. Therefore, I'd say that this one died anywhere from two to three hours later. Say eight o'clock for the one upstairs and about ten o'clock for this one."

He proceeded with his examination. After a while he straightened up and frowned at Markham.

"You know what killed this guy? A stab in the back! . . . Same like the fellow upstairs. And almost in the same place."

"And the weapon?"

"The same. A sharp, narrow, four-cornered instrument. Only, in this case, the hemorrhage was external. A lot of blood lost."

"Died instantly, I take it," remarked Vance.

"Yes." The doctor nodded. "Must have fallen in his tracks."

Vance picked up the bloodstained coat and waistcoat of the dead man, and inspected them.

"And this time the stab was through the clothes he was wearing," he commented. "A minor point, but worth verifying. . . . I say, Doctor; any indications of a struggle?"

"Nope. Not a sign. He got it in the back when he wasn't expecting it. Startled him for a split second probably—look at that expression!—and then he curled up and passed out. Doubt if he even saw the fellow that did him in. Quick, smooth business."

"Devilish business," amended Markham.

"Oh, well, I'm no moralist," Doremus confessed. "I'm a doctor. They're too many people in the world anyway." He began fidgeting in a printed blank.

"Here's your removal order, Sergeant." And in another moment he had slipped the front door behind him.

Heath went at once to the telephone and ordered the wagon from the department of public welfare. Then he returned to the library.

"Now where do we stand?" he asked, spreading his hands hopelessly.

"It's my opinion the Chink cook did it. If Mr. Markham would give me the word, I'd arrest him now."

"Why such haste, Sergeant?" sighed Vance. "You haven't a particle of evidence against him—and he knows it. That's why he will not admit that he was here earlier last night."

"See here, Vance," Markham said, "how do you know Liang was here early last night?"

"By the fact that Gamble heard him come in at midnight. I imagine he always comes in silently—it's a Chinese characteristic. On general principles, the Chinese never want their movements, however innocent, to be known to foreigners. But last night Liang was heard returning—and Gamble had already retired to the fourth floor. A bit significant—eh, what? Liang probably saw Gamble's bonfire light ablaze and let it be known, in a subtle way, that he was arriving from his afternoon and evening off."

"I see what you mean," Markham nodded dubiously. "But, after all, your reasoning is purely speculative."

"Oh, quite," Vance admitted. "But the entire case is in a speculative stage just now, what? . . . Anyway, I have even more definite evidence that Liang was here early last night, and I'll present him with it later. . . . What do you say to our having polite intercourse with Wrede and the Signor Grassi?"

Markham waved his hand in assent. "And we'd better go upstairs," Vance suggested. "Brisbane is not a pretty sight."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Fort Blunder." The fortification known as "Fort Blunder" was started in 1816 at Rouses Point, N. Y., under the supervision of a United States engineer. The plan of the fort was octagonal. It was to be 10-bastioned and occupy about three-fourths of an acre. The walls were to be about 30 feet high. It was believed that the fort would be of great strategic value, but in 1818 it was found that the fort was located within the limits of Canada, and work was abandoned. It was known for many years as Fort Blunder. Its correct name is Fort Montgomery. By the Webster treaty of 1842 the fort was ceded to the United States.

ON THE MOVIE LOT  
Movie Ham—"What is the scenario man brooding over now?" Movie Gel—"Trying to hatch a plot."

Week's Supply of Postum Free  
Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

If They Are Evil  
Thinking is a habit; at certain times a bad one.

## ASK THE MOTHER who has made this change



The average mother gives any laxative the family may be using, while family doctors give children a liquid laxative of suitable ingredients, suitable strength, and in suitable amount.

If you want to know just what a tremendous difference this means to any youngster, try inquire of any mother who has tried it!

She knows that a bilious boy or girl needs a gentle liquid laxative when constipated, and a little less if dose is repeated until bowels seem to be moving regularly and thoroughly without need of help.

Use a liquid laxative containing senna (a natural laxative). California Syrup of Figs has the right amount for children's use, and this rich, fruity syrup does not harm or upset a child's system.

Get a bottle of the real California Syrup of Figs at any drugist's. All children like its agreeable taste, and it agrees with them. No need to give a child anything stronger. This fruity syrup is laxative enough; indeed, many adults use it in preference to pills and tablets.

THE "LIQUID TEST." First: select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: give the dose suited to the child's age. Third: reduce the dose, until the bowels are moving without any help.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is the pure California Syrup of Figs, but be sure the word "California" is on the bottle.

For Her Own Benefit  
Man—"Is your wife very economical?" Neighbor—"Very. Look at the clothes she makes me wear."

Man—"Is your wife very economical?" Neighbor—"Very. Look at the clothes she makes me wear."

KC BAKING POWDER

Manufactured by baking powder Specialists who make nothing but baking powder—under supervision of expert chemists.

ALWAYS Uniform Dependable

Same price today as 44 years ago 25 ounces for 25c

FULL PACK NO SLACK FILLING

MILLIONS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

Food for Thought  
The question is, do the Joneses on joy being kept up with?

If you tire easily—

why not reason out the cause of this unnatural condition?

Your first thought may be, "I must eat more." That's not all. You should enjoy what you do eat. Frequently, the blood cells are low. . . . and this, perhaps, is what makes you feel weak. If this is your trouble the stomach may not be calling for sufficient food. Zest to eat may be lacking. But what a difference S.S.S. makes when taken just before meals. Just try it and notice how your appetite and digestion improve.

S.S.S. stimulates the flow of gastric juices and also supplies the precious mineral elements so necessary in blood-cell and hemo-globin up-building. Do try it. It may be the rainbow you need to brush away present discouragement over your health condition.

Do not be misled by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

the world's great blood medicine

Make Them at Home. Wonderfully good Caviar, Cream, Lollipops, Skis Food, Wreathes, Renovers, Toilet Goods, etc. for a few pennies. Write for FREE booklet. Order Book. 1128 Broadway, Houston, Texas.

WNU-L 45-34

Skin Torment  
Itching, roughness, cracking, easily relieved and improved with soothing—

Resinol





It Was Necessary to Remove a Moderately Heavy Black Object From My Chest.

## IN THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE

By JAMES T. MONTAGUE

The first news I'd had of Bill since we had both left school came in an urgent invitation to come and live with him a few weeks in "the great heart of nature." From the postmark on the letter "the great heart of nature" appeared to be along a river in the northeast part of the United States. The name of the river, and that of the village through which it ran, were on the outside of the envelope. I had liked Bill a lot when we palled around together, and as I was out of a job I packed up a kit containing what I thought might be useful, purchased a railroad ticket and set forth. What Bill's job or avocation was I did not know. But he appeared to be able to feed an extra mouth for a while, and I was willing to take a chance.

I arrived at midnight, but he was waiting for me. Around and over the station was a midnight pail, back of which I supposed the great heart of nature was beating solemnly. We talked of old times as he drove me through a road neither side of which was visible, but the bumpy surface of which was a little unsettling. Arrived at his abode, a two-room log shack, he offered me a drink, and observed:

"I'll show you around the place in the morning. Tell you about it, too. But you're tired and sleepy now. There's your shakedown in the corner. Roll in, for we'll be up and doing at daylight."

I think I fell asleep instantly, but not asleep for long. I was awakened by the impact of a body of some sort on my stomach and thrusting forth a protecting hand my fingers came into contact with something furry. Naturally I yelled. Also I sprang nimbly out of bed.

"What's up?" inquired Bill drowsily. "Did Jake bother you?"

"If Jake weighs about four pounds and is covered with fur he did," I replied. "Who is Jake?"

"No harm in him. He's just a tame badger. Go to bed, Jake, and behave yourself."

The ray of a flashlight investigated the darkness, and rested at last on two shining greenish eyes in the corner. "Take a look at him, and you won't worry about him. I'll tell you more in the morning."

The tones were reassuring, but I remembered that as the flashlight made its circuit it had revealed several other pairs of optics, some green, some red, some yellow, and all apparently directed at me.

"What is this?" I asked. "A zoo?"

"I'll tell you in the morning when—"

"You'll tell me right now," I said. "If I'm in a den of wild animals I want to know it."

"They aren't wild. They're just a few friends of mine I have made in the great heart of nature. You'll be pals with 'em when you get to know them. Now go to sleep like a good fellow and I'll explain all about them in the morning."

I might have attempted to follow this advice, had not I put my hand on the blanket in order to locate the portion of the bed from which I had emerged. The hand met with something cold and clammy and there was the sound of a low growl in its neighborhood.

"What's that?" I cried. "Probably Bob. He just wants to get acquainted. Take him by the scruff of the neck and put him under quietly till daylight. He's just a the blankets with you and he'll sleep youngster and wants to be petted."

"What is he?" I asked. "A bear?"

"No, just a baby wild cat. But be careful not to roll over on him in your sleep. He might scratch a little if you hurt him."

"How do I turn on the light?" I demanded. "I want to get out doors and do my sleeping there."

"Don't be silly, the mosquitoes would eat you alive. Besides there was a mountain lion around here last night, and if they are hungry you can't tell what they'll do."

I made up my mind that it was

better to bear the fears that I had than fly to others that I knew not of. I gathered the blanket about me, arousing a snarl from Bob as I did so, wrapped it around me up to my chin, and sliding quietly to the floor lay awake for the remainder of the night.

Just at daylight I was awakened by a sensation of smothering and found that it was necessary to remove a moderately heavy black object from my chest before I could rise. The black object gave a snort as he was evicted, and scurried away across the floor. There was a thumping sound, and I observed with considerable pleasure that it had leaped to Bill's bunk and aroused him.

But the dispute I had anticipated did not take place. Instead Bill said sleepily: "That's right, old fellow, crawl in and get warm." And I heard some creature whine a sort of assent as it burrowed its way under the bedclothes.

By the dim light of the dawn I examined my own premises more carefully, evicted a couple of squirrels and a garter snake, and shutting out all possibility of approach, by winding blankets about me, climbed in and slept till the smell of coffee and the footsteps of my host told me that breakfast was on the fire.

During the meal I learned that he had been sent up here by some asso-

ciation for the study of biology in the wild state, and that he had been collecting and taming a few creatures for observation. There being no way to get out of the place till that night I complied with his request to take a walk through the woods, where we could observe the brutes in their own habitat.

Hardly had we gone ten steps from the door before a large moose climbed out of a big copse beside the path, stood for a minute eyeing us beligerently, and then slowly ambled away.

"Supposing he had taken a dislike to us?" I inquired.

"They seldom do, unless they've been wounded. They just run away."

"But suppose one of them had been wounded?"

"Well, then we'd climb a tree. And we'd have to hurry."

Bill then revealed to me that he remembered that as a boy I was needed somebody to help him catch fond of adventure, and that he a bear that a farmer ten miles away had observed in his apple orchard. "I knew you would grab at a chance like that," he said. "I've got everything ready, and I think we can get him this morning."

"But don't bears bite?"

"Only if you get into close quarters, or they happen to have cubs with them."

"Then what happens?"

"There have been cases of accidents, but not many. Stop." He sniffed the air. "There's one not 50 feet from here."

I went back to the cabin. I wasn't afraid, but I believe that men have done too much already to destroy the great heart of nature and the wild life that still exists therein. Bill put up an eloquent argument, but I stated my belief that wild life

ought to be allowed to go its ways unmolested, and that the same rule applied to man. I was sorry to disappoint him, however, so when I got back to town I persuaded a man who

had done me a dirty trick and thought I had forgotten it to go up and help Bill out. I hope he enjoys himself as much as I did.

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## DRASTIC PRICE CUT ON GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN!

POCKET TINS OF 12 NOW **15c** PAY NO MORE

ON SALE AT NEW LOW PRICES AT ALL DRUG STORES



NOW—Pay Less and Get Real BAYER Aspirin!

If you're one of the people who has been denying yourself the speedy action and quick relief of BAYER ASPIRIN, in order to save a few cents, here's Good News for you:

We've reduced the prices on all sizes of Genuine Bayer Aspirin to a point that makes it unnecessary to ever again accept an unknown brand in place of the real BAYER article.

People by the millions, as you know, have long been willing to pay a higher price in order to enjoy Bayer's remarkably fast action in relieving headaches; neuralgia, and pains of rheumatism or neuritis.

Now—you can enjoy its benefits without thought of price.

Only 15c Now for 12 25c For Two Full Doses

Remember this next time you go to buy aspirin. You now actually pay less and get Genuine Bayer Aspirin. So never ask for it by the name "aspirin" alone; but always say "BAYER ASPIRIN" when you buy and see that you get it.

On sale now at new low prices—including the 100 tablet bottles, which have again been lowered in price—at all drug stores throughout the United States.

ALWAYS SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" NOW WHEN YOU BUY

## Mr. COFFEE-NERVES... he does a fade-out!



IT IS TRUE that many people can drink coffee without ill effects. But there are thousands of other people who cannot. Without realizing it, you may be one of these.

The caffeine in coffee may be working night and day to rob you of sleep, upset your digestion, or undermine your nerves.

If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you... switch to Postum for 30 days. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened.

It is a delicious drink—and contains nothing that can possibly harm you. It is very easy to prepare... and costs less than one-half cent a cup. A product of General Foods.

**FREE**—Let us send you your first week's supply of POSTUM—Free! Fill in and mail the coupon below.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. W. N. U. 11-24  
Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Fill in completely—print name and address.  
This offer expires July 1, 1935.

## Mercolized Wax



### Keeps Skin Young

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

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-glass with basal and use daily as face lotion.

## Learn From Doctors How to Treat Colds

**Four Points to Remember**  
As colds cause more loss of time and money than any other disease, every one should learn what modern medical science teaches as to their proper treatment. Your doctor has the following objectives:

First—To relieve the congestion in the nose and throat, thus aborting, or lightening the attack and relieving the symptoms caused by the congestion.—Calotabs, the improved calomel compound tablets, accomplish this by attracting the excess blood to the bowels.

Second—To help the kidneys wash out of the blood the cold-poisons which cause the chilly sensation, feverishness, aches, and mean feeling.—Calotabs are diuretic to the kidneys, assisting them in ridding the blood of the poisons.

Third—To expel the germ-laden mucus and toxins from the bowels,

thus preventing their absorption into the blood.—Calotabs accomplish this thoroughly.

Fourth—to keep the bile of the liver flowing freely through and out of the intestines, thus relieving the biliousness and constipation, which attend and aggravate a cold. As Calotabs contain calomel, they promote the flow of bile.

Thus, Calotabs meet these four important objectives of medical treatment for colds. One or two Calotabs at bed time, with a glass of sweet milk or water, is usually sufficient; but should be repeated the third or fifth night if needed. The milk tones down the action, making it milder, if desired.

Why risk doubtful or make-shift remedies? Get a family package of Calotabs, containing full directions, only twenty-five cents; trial package ten cents, at your dealer's. (Adv.)

**Head COLDS**

Put Mentholatum in the nostrils to relieve irritation and promote clear breathing.

**MENTHOLATUM**  
Gives COMFORT Daily

**ARM & HAMMER AND COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE PURE BICARBONATE SODA U.S.P. STANDARD**

To cleanse the throat and remove accumulated mucus dissolve two teaspoonfuls of our Baking Soda in a glass of water and gargle the throat thoroughly with this cleansing solution... Obtainable everywhere, our Baking Soda is pure Sodium Bicarbonate, often prescribed by physicians... Get an adequate supply from your grocer... it costs just a few cents in convenient sealed containers. Mail coupon today.

**CRUNCH & DWIGHT CO. INC.**

FF-16  
PLEASE SEND ME FREE BOOK DESCRIBING USES OF BAKING SODA ALSO A SET OF COLORED BIRD CARDS (PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Business established in the year 1846

### WIFADADOS CLUB

On Nov 13, the Wifadados club met with Mrs. Manness, with a Patriotic program. Mrs. Adamson, president, called the house to order. Roll call was answered by naming Pioneer home builders. After a short business session, Mrs. Manness, leader for the afternoon, took charge. Mrs. Whiteside gave a short talk on The Mayflower and Mrs. John A. F. Field. Business of the afternoon finished, Mrs. Adamson took charge and plans for the dinner by the club honoring their husbands were discussed and arranged as far as practical at that time. Everyone remember, on Nov 27 at 7 p. m. sharp, at the home ec dept., high school building, the Wifadados club is entertaining their husbands with a dinner, as has been their custom for sometime. All are looking forward to a very pleasant social time.

### FORTY-TWO CLUB

The 45 club met in the Marvin Whitfield home Tuesday night, Nov 6. Those present to enjoy the games were Mesdames Bush and Dannie Battle, Messrs. and Mesdames Horschler, Watt, Kinslow, Masterson, Howard, Webb, Jewell, Mann, Mr. Gilliam, the host and hostess.

GOOD AND ECONOMICAL TOO



Eads Grocery Co.

### MENDENHALL-BOWMAN

Mrs. Eva Bowman and Earl Mendenhall of this city drove over to Hollis, Okla., Saturday, Nov 17, and were united in marriage. Mrs. Mendenhall is well known here, having lived in Hedley a good many years, and has lots of friends here. Mr. Mendenhall is also well known here, having moved with his parents to Hedley when a small boy. He also has lots of friends here, who wish for the couple happiness and success. They will make their home in Hedley for the present.

### ENTERTAINS

Miss Gamewell entertained the Dramatic club with a party at the home of Martha Sue Noel, Friday Nov. 16. Games and jokes of every sort were enjoyed until a late hour. Dainty refreshments were served to: Mrs. Owens, Misses Hixon, Hickox, Nell Manness, Goldie Dixon, Geraldine Howard, Ione Wall, Joan Thompson, Hazel Stout, Hazel Tollet, Julia Ruth Priestly, Sybil Holland, Theresa Bain, Dorothy Land, Jo Wells, Mamie Hunnicutt, Opal Grimsley, Martha Sue Noel and Clifton McWhorter, Fred Wells, Glenn and Stephen Milner, Tom Atkin, son, Russel Gull, Hershel Heath and the hostess.

Leo Holland and wife, Golden and Vinoka Holland, Imogene and Shelby Bell visited in McLean Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Franklin visited in Amarillo last Friday.

Rollie Brumley and family of Clarendon visited in the J. A. Moreman home Sunday.

### 1919 STUDY CLUB

Mrs. J. W. Webb was a delightful hostess to the 1919 Study club which met in her home Wednesday, Nov. 14. A most interesting program was given on Tales of the old South, Mrs. Webb being leader of the program.

Introducing the Stories, Mrs. Watt

Biography, Francis Hopkinson Smith, leader.

The True Southern Lady, Mrs. Howard.

Biography, Permet Patterson, leader.

Buttin Blood, Theresa Webb.

Southern Melodies, Mrs. Hooker.

Very delicious refreshments were served to twelve members and three guests as follows: Miss Theresa Webb, Mesdames Eb Hooker, Tom Lamberson, Beaty, Kutch, C. L. Johnson, Burden, Watt, Spalding, McEwin, Simmons, Moffitt, Noel, Howard and the hostess.

### PARTY

One of the most enjoyable evenings of the younger set was the party given by Virginia Watt and Mary Rains Bridges, at the Watt home last Friday evening. A number of enjoyable games were played. Dainty refreshments were served to Eddie Mae Land, Seretha Gunn, Jonnie Merle Pickett, Marie Clawson, Jonnie Bell Aldridge, Amelene Tollett, Jerry Hunt, Neil Thompson, Max Webb, Don Hickey, Charlie Ervin, Billy Bob Boone, Fred Watt, Billy Bridges, Lamar Abamson, Lelia Ruth Watt and the hostesses.

### PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas

Thurs Fri Nov 22 23, William Warren, Mary Astor in **Case of the Howling Dog** (A Liberty magazine story) Is a howling dog a warning of death, or an old superstition? Plenty of laughs. Also News and Novelty. 10 25c

Sat 24, Bob Steele in **Sun-ise Trail**

A western with plenty of action, just the kind we like. Also Cartoon comedy. Matinee 10c to all, night 10 15c

Sun 25, Robert Montgomery, Elisabeth Allan, Lewis Stone, in **Mystery of Mr. X**

Mystery to baffle you, romance to thrill you. She loved to be terrified, and he did it with much charm. Also Ben Pollard and his band, and Viva Buddy Cartoon. A mighty good program, matinee only. 10 25c

Mon Tues 26 27, Robert Montgomery, Maur-en O'Sullivan, in **Hide Out**

He thought he had everything, money, romance, pleasure until a lovable country girl crossed his path. All critics give this picture letter A. Also the Spectacle Maker, a musical in color music, laughs and thrills. 10 25c

Wed 28, Jimmy Durante, Chas Butterworth, Maxine Doyle, in **Student Tour**

It's merry, musical, it's full of beautiful lasses. Also our Bank Nite and Novelty. 10 25c

Thurs Fri 29 30, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in **Chained**

All the world loves a lover, but never before has the world saw lovers like these. She had to marry one man to realize she loved another. Also News and Novelty. 10 25c

Coming soon, Will Rogers in **Judge Priest**. You must see it.

### BIRTHDAY DINNER

On Nov 14, Mrs. Masterson entertained a jolly bunch of 'youngsters' at high noon with a birthday dinner in honor of her mother, Mrs. Cannon. The dinner was a veritable feast. The turkey and 'fixins' were all that could be desired. A lovely birthday cake occupied the center of the table, placed on a glass tray surrounded with a beautiful wreath of autumn flowers. Lovely bouquets of flowers placed at strategic points enhanced the beauty of the occasion.

Present at this unusual feast were the following: Mesdames M. E. Payne, Dollie Rains, S. J. Cannon, Shelton, Josie Adamson, Mendenhall, Bob Jones, Killian, Killingsworth, R. L. Duncan, Hicks, Harrison and D. J. Lindsey of Memphis, Ray Bush and Dannie Battle; Jack Rattie and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Masterson. Some lovely gifts were presented to the honoree, with congratulations and hearty wishes for many happy returns of the occasion. Mrs. Cannon returned to her home in Ardmore, Okla., last Thursday, but we hope she may be among us again soon. One present

Guernsey male for service, \$1.00 at time of service. See Roy Blanks. 2-4tp

Our holiday line will be better than ever before. Shop early B. & B. Variety

Lost - Pair of new dark brown kid gloves on highway between Hedley and Memphis. Return to Informer office. Reward

Truman Caldwell visited in Childress last week end.

J. A. Denman and wife visited in Amarillo last week end.

## Every Day Specials

FLOUR, GUARANTEED, 48 LB. \$1.73

Spuds, pk. 27c  
Tomatoes, 3 No. 2 cans 27c  
Hominy, 2 large cans 23c  
Prunes, gallon, 3 for \$1.00  
Plums, gallon, 3 for \$1.00  
Peaches, gal. 45c  
Corn Flakes, Kellogg's 11c  
Whole Wheat Flakes, 3 boxes 25c  
Oatmeal, Crystal Wedding 23c  
Syrup, Staley's Golden 59c

We have a good stock of fruit cake preparations for your Christmas cakes.

### McCalister Market

Friday & Saturday Specials

Steak, choice cuts, lb. 15c  
Beef Roast, nice, fat, lb. 7c  
Sausage, pure pork, lb. 15c  
Plenty good Lunch Meats and Barbecue  
Good Cream Cheese 20c  
All Weenies & Bologna, 2 lb. 25c

Fresh Catfish & Oysters  
Friday and Saturday

## EADS GROCERY CO.

PHONE 23

## FOOD SPECIALS

We have the ditch on south side of store filled, making lots of parking space

Chili, lb. 15c

Flour, Yukon Best	\$1.85	Salt, 10c size, 2 for	15c
Syrup, E. Tex. Ribbon Cane	69c	Salt, 25 lb.	29c
Sorghum, bring your bucket	63c	Raisins, 4 lb.	32c
Sugar, 25 lb sack	\$1.29	Cocoanut, lb.	23c
Sugar, 10 lb.	55c	Soap, Big Ben, 7 for	25c

Prunes, gal. 35c

Blackberries, gal.	49c	Mackerel, 3 cans	25c
Grapes, 2 lb.	15c	Round or T-bone Steak, lb.	15c
Bananas, doz.	15c	Steak, forequarter, lb.	10c
Celery, bunch	10c	Sausage, lb.	15c
Lettuce, head	5c	Roast, rib, 3 lb.	25c

Spuds, pk. 23c

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

## 'M' SYSTEM



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

No-Scru

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

Eliminates Wobble - each lens held by an iron fit in a metal sleeve.

## GOLDSTON BROS.

JEWELERS and OPTOMETRIST

Clarendon, Texas

Mrs. D. C. Powell and children visited in Childress last week.

Miss Jewell Grimsley, who is attending T. W. C. at Ft. Worth, visited home folks here the past week end.

Tom Heath of Ft. Worth visited here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Heath, first of the week.

### CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Chism will preach in Hedley, at the Church of Christ, the second Sunday of each month.

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.

**SPECIAL - FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY**

THIS BEAUTIFUL NEW 1935 SUPER **Aladdin** MANTLE LAMP (KEROSENE) (Coal-Oil)

REGULAR RETAIL PRICE \$4.95 for only **\$3.25** SHADE AND TRIPOD EXTRA

**Act Quick** Get Details Here Today! CASH - when your purchases at this store amount to \$10.00

Thompson Bros.  
Hardware and Furniture