

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS NOVEMBER 30, 1934

NO. 4

## Buy Your School Supplies at Hedley Drug Co.

Everything for the Schoolroom  
High Quality Right Prices

Hedley Drug Co.  
THE RXALL 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 2851 bales of cotton

There were 5 148 bales of cotton ginned in Donley Co., prior to Nov 14 1934, as compared with 12,067 bales ginned to Nov 1, 1933, according to information received from Tom A. Bailew, collector of cotton statistics for the Dept. of Commerce, Bureau of the Census

### HEDLEY SINGERS

The Hedley Singing class met Sunday, Nov 25, and officers were elected for the coming year as follows: S. J. Ayer, president, O. H. Tinsley, vice pres., Mrs. Lee Meeks, secretary, R. W. Alewine, chaplain

We are still meeting every 2nd and 4th Sunday at the West Baptist Church. Everybody is invited to come and help us carry the gospel in song. The county convention meets Sunday afternoon, Dec 2 at Martin. Everybody is invited.

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.

### 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

Do your Xmas shopping early. We have gifts for everyone from baby to grandpa.

Positively no hunting or trespassing allowed on my place. R. H. Jones.

Phillips 66 anti-knock and highest test gasoline for instant starting and quick get-away.

### B. T. S. CONVENTION

Lubbock, Texas.—"Vision for the New Day," will be the subject of the keynote address for the 44th annual Baptist Training Service convention here Nov 29, 30, Dec 1, by Rev. J. D. Gray, Denton. Five thousand delegates are expected.

"We are convinced that no program will surpass this one," W. E. Young, Wichita Falls, president of the convention, said in a radio broadcast Saturday.

Local entertainment will be under the direction of J. D. Riddle and two dozen committees, including Dr. F. S. Malone and committee who will provide an old time chuck wagon barbecue. About one hundred speakers will appear on the three day convention program.

Mrs. Lee Nowlin is teaching in the Thalia High school, and writes that she and Mr. Nowlin are well pleased with their work.

### ATTENTION

Ladies auxiliary of American Legion meets Saturday, Dec. 1.

### TO INSTALL LIGHTS

The merchants of Hedley are having the West Texas Utilities to install six streamers of electric lights across Main street. These streamers are to be installed 50 feet apart. Each streamer will have nine red lights and nine green.

The Utilities office will install these lights soon, and they will remain up through the holidays, after which they will be taken down and cared for until next year when they will be used again.

This decoration is expected to give the town a more "dressed up" appearance, as well as representing the Xmas spirit.

### HEDLEY POET IS INCLUDED IN BOOK

Dalhart, Texas. Work of Peggy Caldwell of Hedley, Tex., appears in Prairie Nights and Yucca, an anthology of Panhandle poetry which was published last week by the Dalhart Texan. It was completely sold out ahead of its publication date.

The volume contains the work of 102 Panhandle writers and is the first effort made to collect the work of poets in this region. It was discovered when work on the book began that the Panhandle had a number of widely recognized writers whose work had appeared in various magazines and anthologies.

The book contains 286 pages, is beautifully bound and has a cover design by George Antry of Amarillo, printed from wood cuts. Copies, many of them for reference shelves, have been bought by libraries over the country.

John L. McCarty, Texan editor, compiled the anthology, assisted by H. H. Lawrence of the Texan staff who has achieved considerable recognition as a poet.

### ATTENTION

I have bought Dewey's wrecking yard, and have moved it in the back of Bailey's ice house. When in need of parts you know where to look. We do repair work. Thompson Auto Salvage Co. E. Thompson, owner.

### NOTICE

I will have an auction sale on Saturday, Dec. 8, at 1 p. m., on the Lord Mill lot. R. L. Jordan.

Our Xmas line is complete and on display. Come in shop early and get the best price in the Panhandle. B. & S. Variety

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lynn, Friday Nov 22 a fine boy baby.

Rev. Dennis Lawson, who served as pastor of the Hedley circuit of the Methodist Church for the past year, left the latter part of last week for Abilene, where he will enter McMurry for the coming year. He expected to visit home folks at Smyer, Texas, on his way to Abilene. He left many warm friends here, who will be pleased to hear of his continued success, in preparing himself for a broader field of usefulness in the ministerial work.

J. H. Cooper and family visited the Homer Haney family at Goodnight Sunday.

### 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: 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. Bray 8:30 p. m.

### FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. C. E. Johnson, Superintendent.  
Preaching at 11 a. m.  
R. T. S. at 8:30 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.  
H. Y. P. U. and adult Bible Sunday at 7:00 P. M.

### 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.

### 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

E. F. Robinson, pastor  
Sunday Bible School, 9:45 a. m.  
Preaching Service, 11:00 N. Y. P. S. 6:30 p. m.  
Preaching Service, 7:30 W. M. S. Wednesday, 2:30 P. m.  
Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:15. We Welcome You.

Mens dress shirts and work shirts. Men and boys pants and overalls at a bargain.  
B. & S. 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

## Thanksgiving Day

On this Thanksgiving Day we take this privilege to thank our many customers and friends for the favors shown us during the past year, and trust in the next year to serve you better than in the past.

## Chunn & Boston

### Credit Rating

Your ability to borrow money and to finance various projects depends on your credit rating. Your credit is the most valuable asset you can possess. Many have lost their credit rating, some unavoidable but many from the way they handled their financial affairs.

This Bank is ready to extend credit where the credit rating and past experience of ability to pay will justify and the borrowers deposit with us will justify extending credit. We expect our borrowers to keep their surplus funds with us.

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



ROMANCE

By F. CROWDER  
McClure Newspaper Syndicate,  
WNU Service

"AMERICAN girls can't be told things of the heart," Mr. Morraine had always held. "They have to be shown."

Accordingly, he had spared Frances his wisdom and advice, but he had not stinted her on experience.

Not that he, too, deliberately pushed men at her; but he did not criticize them, nor shut the door in their faces nor rush Frances off to Europe to forget. Quite the contrary.

Frances was vitally in an elegant blond container.

By her glamour and loveliness many were called; but, assayed by her severe standards, all had been found wanting.

Until Jonathan Craig.

"That rustic has me worried," Mr. Morraine confessed to his wife, who never worried about anything.

Frances was out in the twilight somewhere with Jonathan now.

They had left early in the morning to climb a timberline peak; had promised to return before dark.

It had been Mr. Morraine's idea to bring Frances to Estes park.

She had been tiring of Morgan Lester, a young securities salesman.

"He's as smug as a turkey dinner," she had complained.

She had yearned for a man of a different sort.

"Come to think of it," she had mourned, "I've never known an engineer, or a field scientist, or a rancher—or any man really dealing with the elemental."

That was quite true.

And so Mr. Morraine had tactfully suggested the Rocky mountain vacation.

But then Jonathan had had to show up. The barbarian! Good looking, yes. No denying that. The physique of a classic god.

Frances had picked him up at a lodge dance.

For three weeks now she had seen Jonathan every day.

Mr. Morraine turned from the lodge window and tried to interest himself in his afternoon paper.

"It's getting black dark," he exclaimed so loudly that other people in the lobby looked at him.

"They've been out after dark before," his wife whispered.

"I know, but they've been away since dawn and they promised to get back. I don't trust these mountains after dark."

"You're not talking like Frances' father. You're being very conventional."

The man peered out into the night.

"I'm tired of being indulgent. It's expensive and the devil on the nerves."

Mrs. Morraine sighed and walked to the dining room where she danced every right like a coed.

With a match to grind between his teeth, Mr. Morraine sat down.

He couldn't entirely understand his being a fidgety. He even got to imagining accidents.

This Jonathan Craig claimed to be a horticulturist and landscape gardener, working just now at the adaptation of timberline flowers to rock gardens. Absurd! A man fussing around with clumps of forget-me-nots and King's crown. His people lived in Georgetown, some run-down mining camp in the mountains. He was said to have a sister there as peculiar as himself.

By eleven o'clock Mr. Morraine bundled into a top coat and went out for a walk in the village. He met a ranger he knew and confided in him.

"I wouldn't worry, Mr. Morraine," the ranger said. "Whatever's wrong in these hills, Jonny Craig is the right man to have around."

Very little mollified, Mr. Morraine returned to the lodge. He looked in at the dining room where dancing was in progress and found his wife in the arms of Morgan Lester! Sane, sound, dependable Morgan! The kind of son-in-law any man would covet. Mr. Morraine cut across the floor and clapped the wide wide shoulders.

"Surprise!" Morgan laughed, taking his hand. "Rolled up on the owl bus from Denver."

It was after midnight.

Mr. Morraine and Morgan still had their heads together before the fireplace. Morgan was temporizing.

"In a way," he said thoughtfully, "I don't blame Fran. I'm of the general breed she's always known—private school, eastern college, swank home. It's been the same thing with the girls I've known. Cut out pretty much with the same biscuit cutter. One reason I've liked Fran is for her streak of madness. Remember what a comedy she made of the coming-out party you staged for her?"

"Do I have to remember that?"

"But it illustrates my point."

"Perhaps," Mr. Morraine said. "But after all, you're familiar to each other. You're understandable."

"But none too exciting, I'm afraid. Really, there are times when I'd like to have a kind of comic opera, Tyrolean romance myself."

Mr. Morraine was certain he would suffer all night without sleep. But he was snoring comfortably when, about seven o'clock, the clerk called him down to the long-distance booth in the lobby. His scalp prickled when he heard Frances' voice—cool and gay and confident.

"Have you been up all night, daddy?" "Certainly!" he shouted.

"That's just terrible. We fully intended to call you from Grand Lake. But we had car trouble on the pass and have been up all night ourselves."

We got in here only a couple of hours ago."

"Indeed! And to whom do you refer with your plurals?"

"Why, to Jonathan and my self . . ."

"And what are you doing, where are you going, and why?"

"To Georgetown to see Jonathan's people. And his sister. She's a perfectly remarkable girl. She's running the newspaper up here and she's corresponding for a mining journal and—"

"All very well. Jonathan must have a remarkable sister. But what about my daughter?"

"Daddy! You, of all fathers!"

"But after all, you're not married to this Mr. Craig."

A teasing laugh came over the wire.

"Well, are you?"

"No."

"Then you turn smack around and come back to Estes. We're leaving. I—I've had a call back to the city."

"You have not," was the blithe reply. "And I'm calling to say I am going on to Georgetown. Toodle—ooo—"

"D—n!" He banged the receiver.

Mr. Morraine roused Morgan Lester. They took counsel together.

"The precipitate, dashing, ruthless technique is the only one that will work or impress her," the father said. "Poke Jonathan in the jaw if necessary. You played tackle for Amherst, didn't you?"

A half-hour later, Morgan Lester, blood in his eye, sat at the wheel of the big Morraine sedan and waved farewell to his prospective in-laws.

It was three more days before any further news reached them. It came in the person of Frances herself. Mrs. Morraine saw her step out of the sedan. She ran in to call her husband. In force, the parents met her at the top of the veranda steps.

Together they said, "Well!"

And then they saw Jonathan.

Frances was radiant and her eyes mischievous.

"Dear Pater," she said, "and dear Mater—meet Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Craig."

It was a difficult moment.

Mrs. Morraine was pale. Mr. Morraine was crimson. And both were practically without speech.

Somehow, they got inside.

"But Morgan," the afflicted man croaked, "Where's—?"

Frances smiled benignly on her parents. "Morgan sends a message. He says to tell you that he is having his comic opera, Tyrolean romance at last and that it's very exciting and serious. He's already helping edit the Georgetown Chronicle."

**Make Increasing Use of Shark Flesh as Food**

Knowledge that some species of sharks prey upon man when they get a chance is probably responsible for the widespread aversion to the idea of using shark flesh as food in this country, notes a writer in the Detroit News, although some change in this attitude has been apparent recently. According to officials of the Fish and Game Department of California, advertising has overcome the prejudice against eating sharks somewhat, and they are now sold in fairly large quantities in the markets of San Pedro and San Francisco. They are first beheaded, skinned and finely filleted and, as a rule, are sold under the name of "filets" at ten to twenty cents a pound. Not infrequently do they masquerade successfully as fillet of sole, or fillet of some species, at least, compares favorably with that of more popular fishes.

There is no reason why many species of sharks should not be fit for human consumption and fill a real need among those persons who cannot afford to buy the more expensive salmon, tuna or halibut, in the opinion of the department, for the smaller varieties, at least, are equipped with small teeth and, like most of the fish suitable for human fare, they feed on smaller species of fishes and on invertebrates. Even the basking shark, one of the largest of the Pacific varieties found in California waters, eats only very tiny marine organisms. It is pointed out.

**Fish That Builds Nest**

Among the many wonderful inhabitants of the waters is the stickleback, which is remarkable as being a nest builder. The male sets about building a nest. First he forms a depression in the sand by rolling his prickly body about therein. Then he collects vegetable fibers and other material building a nest with roof and all complete, leaving an open space for the front door. He next selects a bride and drives her into the opening. After she has laid her eggs he officially looks them over and gets another bride to add to the number after which both brides may go where they like. He takes care of the eggs and also fathers the little fish until they are able to care for themselves.

**Body Contracts and Expands**

It is well recognized that during cold weather the human body contracts and that it expands during warm weather. This applies particularly to the surface of the body; for example, a ring may fit snugly in summer but become loose in winter. No definite figure can be given, since the amount of contraction and expansion varies with the climate and with the individual.

**Rank of the Duke**

A duke is a temporal peer of the highest rank, yielding precedence to a prince of the blood or an archbishop, and ranking above a marquis. In Great Britain a baron is a member of the lowest grade or order in the peerage.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Equally Suspected



THE FEATHERHEADS

Rolling Stock



Does Away With "Awkward Age"

PATTERN 1978  
This is a frock for what used to be called the "awkward age"—the years between eight and sixteen. Styles like this have made it one of the most attractive feminine ages. The model is as young as youth, but designed with the skill of a woman's dress. Look at the front of that bodice with its nipped vest lines emphasized by cleverly placed buttons! See the way the panel idea is prolonged in the seams of the skirt! Don't you like the sleeves—they can be short or long. And please don't overlook



the back view, with that nice pointed yoke.

Pattern 1978 is available in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 takes 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 3/4 yard contrasting. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

Smiles

CRIMSON GULCH IN LINE

"What do you want with a school house?" asked the traveling salesman.

"We don't want an ordinary school house," answered Cactus Joe. "We're going to start a college and issue diplomas."

"Why be so ambitious?"

"For the sake of our politics. Nobody seems able to get a good job nowadays unless he's some kind of a college professor." — Washington Star.

The Bargain Hunter

"When does the next train leave for Chicago?" she asked.

"At 2:50, madam," replied the station agent.

"Make it 2:48 and I'll take it," she said absent-mindedly. — Pathfinder Magazine.

Home Happiness

"Would you marry for wealth?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "I couldn't think of being bothered with a person who is constantly worried about his income tax."





Same Price as Last Year

# BARGAIN DAYS

(Expire December 31st)

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LESS THAN A CENT AND A HALF A DAY  
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## 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  
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as advertising and charged for accordingly.

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C. L. JOHNSON, Treas.  
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Specialized Embalming and Auto  
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A real bargain in hardware for  
men, women and children. See  
them. B & B Variety

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Long  
and family visited in Memphis Sun-  
day

### WOOD AND ECONOMICAL TOO

TEXAS GIRL  
Coffee



Eads Grocery Co.

### LEGION CONVENTION

The Aubyn E. Clark post of  
the American Legion will be host  
to the Nineteenth Convention of  
the Eighteenth District of the  
Department of Texas, American  
Legion, in a two day business  
session December 8 and 9.

The last convention was held  
in Canadian April 7-9, and Clarendon  
was chosen for the next  
meeting place.

Mr. Van W. Stewart of Perry-  
ton, who is the Commander of the  
Eighteenth District was in  
the city the latter part of last  
week completing plans for the  
convention. The Chamber of  
Commerce pledged their best  
support, and urged the business  
men to assist the Legion in their  
entertainment fund.

Well known and important  
speakers will take part in the  
convention, which will be a gala  
day for the boys of the local post.  
There will be delegates from  
Legion Posts from over the entire  
Eighteenth Congressional  
District.—Clarendon News.

M. W. Mesley of Clarendon was  
in Hedley Saturday.

Mrs. J. W. Reeves and family  
moved to Clarendon last week.

Phillips 66 anti-knock and high-  
est test gasoline for instant start-  
ing and quick get away.

### HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991

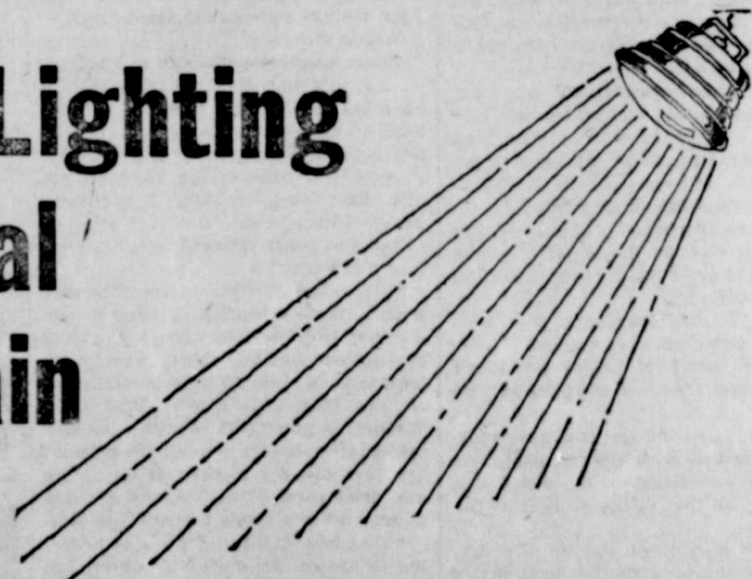


A. F. and A. M.  
meets on the 2nd  
Thursday night  
in each month.

All members are urged to attend.  
Visitors are welcome.

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

## Spot Lighting A Real Bargain



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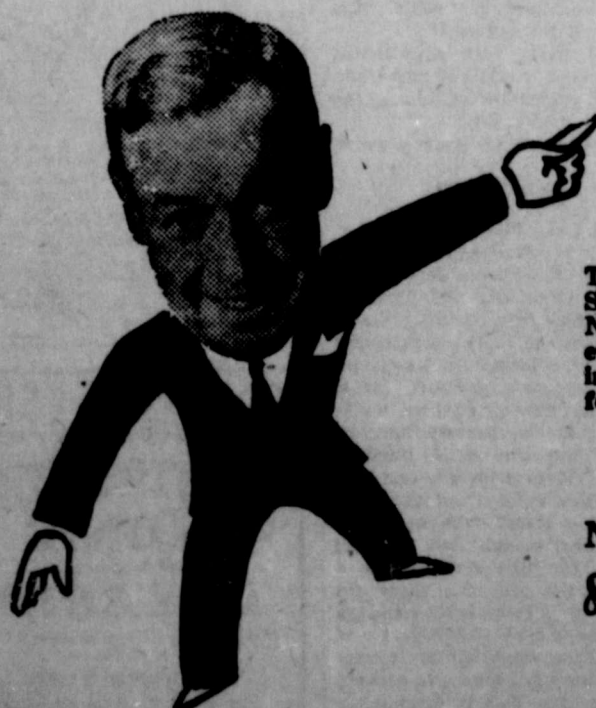
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# The KENNEL MURDER CASE

By S. S. Van Dine

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WNU Service

## SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, crime expert, investigates the supposed suicide of Archer Coe. With District Attorney Markham, he goes to Coe's house. There 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 Scottish terrier in a room of the Coe house. Vance declares the animal will prove an important connecting link. Brisbane Coe, Archer's brother, is believed to have left for Chicago the previous afternoon, but his dead body is discovered in a closet in the Coe home. Vance interrogates the Chinese cook, Liang. A splinter of porcelain from a vase that has disappeared is found to have blood on it.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

Heath gave orders to Burke to remain at the library door and see that no one entered the room. Gamble was told to stay in the front hall and answer the doorbell.

"Which one of the babies do you want first?" the Sergeant asked.

"The Italian, by all means," said Vance. "He's frightfully upset, and therefore in an admirable state of mind for questioning. We'll keep Wrede till later—he's teeming with possibilities."

Grassi and the sergeant joined us a few seconds later.

"Mr. Grassi," Vance began without preliminaries, "we should like to know exactly what your social and professional status is in this house. We understand you have been a house guest of Mr. Coe's for a week."

The Italian had himself well in hand. He sat down in leisurely fashion.

"Yes—that is right," he returned, looking at Vance with calm disdain. "I came here at Mr. Coe's invitation a week ago yesterday. It was to have been a fortnight's visit."

"Had you any business with Mr. Coe?"

"Oh, yes. I am connected, in an official capacity, with a museum of antiquities in Milan," he explained; "and I had hoped to be able to purchase from Mr. Coe certain specimens of Chinese ceramic art from his remarkable collection."

"His Ting yao vase, for example?"

Grassi's dark eyes became suddenly brilliant with astonishment; but almost at once a wary look came into them, and he smiled with cold politeness.

"I must admit I was interested in the vase," he said. "It is a magnificent specimen of the amphora shape. . . . Have you examined it?"

"No," Vance told him. "I've never seen it. . . . but I think I've had a fragment of it in my hand."

Grassi stared.

"A fragment?"

"Yes; a small triangular piece," Vance nodded. Then he added: "I have grave fears Mr. Grassi that the Ting yao vase has been broken."

The Italian stiffened and his eyes clouded with suspicious anger.

"It's impossible! I was inspecting the vase only yesterday afternoon. It was on the circular table in the library."

"There's only a Tao Kuang vase there now," Vance informed him.

"And where, may I be permitted to ask, did you find this fragment of Ting yao?"

"On the same table," Vance replied carelessly. "Beneath the Tao Kuang."

"Indeed? There was a sneer in the infection of the word.

Vance appeared to ignore it. He came closer to the Italian.

"I understand from Gamble that you left the house at about four o'clock yesterday afternoon."

"That is correct. I had a business appointment for dinner and the evening."

"With whom?"

"Is that information necessary?"

"Oh, very," Vance met the other's smile with one equally ironic.

"Very well then. . . . With one of the curators of the Metropolitan Museum of Art."

"And," continued Vance, without change of tone, "at what time last night did you meet Miss Lake?"

The Italian rose indignantly, his scowling eyes flashing.

"I resent that question, sir! Even if I had met Miss Lake, I would not tell you."

"Really, Mr. Grassi," Vance smiled. "I would not have expected you to. Your conduct is quite correct. . . . I take it for granted you were aware that Miss Lake is engaged to Mr. Wrede."

Grassi calmed down quickly and resumed his seat.

"Yes; I knew there was some understanding. Mr. Archer Coe informed me of the fact. But he also stated—"

"Yes, yes. He also stated that he was opposed to the alliance. He enjoyed Mr. Wrede intellectually, but

did not regard him favorably as a husband for his ward. . . . What is your opinion of the situation, Mr. Grassi?"

The Italian seemed surprised at Vance's question.

"You must forgive me, sir," he said after a pause, "if I plead my inability to express an opinion on the subject. I may say, however, that Mr. Brisbane Coe disagreed with his brother. He was very much in favor of the marriage, and stated his views most emphatically to Mr. Archer Coe."

"And now both of them are dead," Vance remarked.

Grassi's eyelids drooped, and he turned his head slightly.

"Both?" he repeated in a low voice. "Mr. Brisbane was stabbed in the back shortly after Mr. Archer was killed," Vance informed him.

"Most unfortunate," the Italian murmured.

"Have you," asked Vance, "any suggestion as to who might desire to have these two gentlemen out of the way?"

Grassi suddenly became austere and aloof.

"I have no suggestion," he replied in a flat, diplomatic voice. "Mr. Archer Coe was the type of man who might inspire enmities; but Mr. Brisbane Coe was quite the opposite—a genial, shrewd, kindly—"

"An excellent characterization," Vance complimented him. "And what are your impressions of Mr. Wrede?"

"I assure you any opinion you express will go no further."

Grassi appeared ill at ease. He did not answer at once but contemplated the wall before him for some time. Finally he spoke in the slow, precise manner of a man carefully choosing his words.

"I have not been particularly impressed by Mr. Wrede. On the surface he is most charming, but I have a feeling he is inclined toward superficiality. Withal he is very clever. . . . Cleverness is our national curse," Vance remarked. "But forgive my interruption. You were speaking of Mr. Wrede."

"Mr. Wrede, as I have said, impresses me as being very clever. But I have sensed another side to him. He is capable, I should say, of unexpected things. I have a feeling he would stop at nothing to gain his own ends."

"Thank you!" Vance spoke with unwonted harshness. "I perfectly understand your feelings." He looked down at Grassi contemptuously. "And now, sir, we should like to know exactly what you did yesterday between four o'clock in the afternoon and one o'clock in the morning." His tone was almost menacing.

The Italian made a valiant effort to meet Vance's stern gaze.

"I have said all I intend to say," he announced.

Vance faced the man threateningly.

"In that case," he said, "I shall have to order your arrest on suspicion of having murdered Archer and Brisbane Coe."

A look of abject fear came over Grassi's pallid face.

"No—you can't—do that," he stammered. "I didn't do it—I assure you I didn't do it!" His voice rose. "I'll tell you anything you want to know. I went to Doctor Montrose's for tea. We discussed ceramics; and I stayed to dinner. At eight o'clock I excused myself and went to the railway station to take the train for Mount Vernon—to the Crestview Country Club."

"Your appointment with Miss Lake was at what time?"

"Nine o'clock." The man looked appealingly at Vance. "There was to be a dance. . . . but—I took the wrong train—I'm not familiar—"

"Quite—quite," Vance spoke encouragingly. "And what time was it when you arrived at the club?"

"It was after eleven," Grassi fell back into the chair as if exhausted. "I had to make several transportation changes," he continued in a forced tone. "It was most unfortunate. . . ."

"Yes, very," Vance studied the other icily. "Did the lady forgive your tardiness?"

"Yes! Miss Lake accepted my explanation," the man returned, with a show of heat. "The fact is, she did not arrive until several minutes after I did. She had motored to the Arrowhead Inn with friends for dinner, and had an accident of some kind on her return to the club."

"Very distressing," murmured Vance. "Were her friends with her at the time of the accident?"

"I do not believe they were," Grassi answered. "Miss Lake told me she had motored back alone."

At this point Detective Burke stepped into the room.

"That Chink downstairs wants to speak to Mr. Vance," he said. "He's all hot and bothered."

Vance nodded to Heath.

"Send him up, Burke," the sergeant ordered.

Liang appeared at the door and waited till Vance came to him. He said something in a low voice which the rest of the room could not distinguish, and held out a crudely twisted paper parcel.

"Thank you, Mr. Liang," said Vance; and the Chinaman, with a bow, returned downstairs.

Vance took the parcel to the desk and began opening it.

"The cook," he said, speaking directly to the Italian, "has just found this package tucked away in the garbage pail on the rear porch. It may interest you, Mr. Grassi."

As he spoke, he smoothed out the corners of the paper; and there were revealed to all of us many fragments of beautiful, delicate porcelain with a pure white luster.

"Here," he went on, still addressing the Italian, "are the remains of Mr. Coe's Ting yao vase. . . . And, if you will notice, several of these pieces of fragile Sung porcelain are stained with blood."

There was a long silence. Finally Grassi looked up.

"It's an outrage!" he exclaimed. "I don't comprehend it in the least. . . . And the blood! Do you think, sir, that this vase had anything to do with the death of Mr. Coe?"

"Without doubt," Vance was watching the Italian with a puzzled look. "But pray sit down again, Mr. Grassi. There are one or two more questions I should like to ask you."

The other resumed his seat reluctantly.

"If you were with Miss Lake at the Country Club late last night," Vance proceeded, "how did it happen that you and she returned to the house at different hours? I presume, of course, that you accompanied her back to the city."

Grassi appeared embarrassed.

"It was Miss Lake's suggestion," he said, "that we should not be heard entering the house at the same time. So I waited in Central park for a quarter of an hour after she had gone in."

Vance nodded.

"I thought as much. It was the proximity of your two returns that made me conclude that possibly you had been together last night. . . . But what reason did Miss Lake give for the deception?"

"No particular reason. Miss Lake merely said she thought it would be

better if Mr. Brisbane Coe did not hear us coming in together."

"She specifically mentioned Mr. Brisbane Coe?"

"Yes."

"And she did not mention Mr. Archer Coe?"

"Not that I remember."

"That is quite understandable," Vance remarked. "Uncle Brisbane was her ally in her engagement to Mr. Wrede; and she may have feared that he would not have approved of her being out so late with another man. By the by, Mr. Grassi, when you came in last night—or rather, this morning—where did you hang your hat and coat?"

A cautious look came into the Italian's eyes.

"I did not wear an outer coat. But I carried my hat and stick to my own room."

"Why? There is a closet in the lower hall."

Grassi moved uneasily, and I could have sworn the pallor of his face increased.

"I did not care to make a noise opening and shutting the closet door," he explained.

Vance made no comment.

"That will be all for the present," he said pleasantly. "And thank you for your help. . . . Would you mind waiting in your room? We shall probably want to question you again before the afternoon is over."

The man bowed and went down the passageway of the hall toward the front of the house.

Markham was immediately on his feet.

"What about that broken vase?" he demanded, pointing at the parcel of porcelain fragments on the desk. "Was that the thing with which Archer Coe was struck over the head?"

"Oh, no. This delicate Ting yao china would crack under the least pressure. If a man were struck with such a vase he would hardly feel it.

The vase simply would break into pieces."

"But the blood. . . ."

"There was no blood on Archer's head," Vance selected one of the fragments and held it up. "Moreover, please note that the blood is not on the outer glaze, but on the inside of the vase. The same is true of the little piece I found on the table downstairs. But I can't possibly connect this broken vase with Brisbane's death or with the Scottie."

"And how do you connect it with Archer's death?"

Vance became evasive.

"Give me a little more time," he said. "I have a fairly definite idea about this broken vase with the blood stains on the inside; it's too fantastic—too incredible. I want to verify my suspicions. . . . His voice trailed off, and he lighted a cigarette meditatively.

Markham regarded him a while and then said:

"The whole affair strikes me as fantastic and incredible."

Vance exhaled a blue ribbon of smoke.

"Suppose we talk to Wrede," he suggested. "We may know more when he has unburdened his heart to us."

Markham gave an order to Heath, but at that moment Burke announced the arrival of the wagon from the department of public welfare. The sergeant went into the hall and was half-way down the stairs when Vance hastened after him.

"Just a moment, Sergeant!"

So impetuous was Vance's manner that Markham and I followed him into the hall.

"I could bear," Vance called down to Heath, "to snoop in the pockets of Brisbane's suit before it's taken away. . . . Would you mind?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Vance. Come along."

We all went to the library. The sergeant closed the door.

"I had the same idea," he said. "I've been figuring right along that maybe that slick butler was lying to us about the ticket to Chicago."

It took but a short time to empty the pockets of Brisbane Coe's suit to the library table. But there was nothing of interest among the contents, only the usual items to be found in a man's pockets—a wallet, handkerchiefs, keys, a fountain-pen, a watch, and the like. There were, however, the ticket and berth reservation to Chicago, and also the parcel room check for the suitcase.

Heath was crestfallen, and expressed himself in violent terms.

"The ticket's here all right," he added; "so I guess he intended to go, after all."

Vance, too, was disappointed.

"Oh, yes, Sergeant, he intended to go. But it was not the ticket that was worrying me. I was hoping to find something else."

"What?" asked Markham.

Vance gave him a vague look.

"Really, don't you know, I haven't the slightest idea." He would say no more.

Heath summoned the two men waiting in the hall with their basket, and the body of Brisbane Coe was taken away to join that of his brother at the mortuary.

As the men went out to the car, Snitkin came in with the dead man's suitcase. The contents consisted merely of the items which would ordinarily be taken by a man making a short trip.

Vance nodded to Heath, and the sergeant ordered Gamble to put the bag away.

"And you, Snitkin," he added, "wait upstairs."

Both men disappeared, and the sergeant went to the drawing room doors and pulled them apart.

"Mr. Wrede," he called. "You're wanted."

Wrede came into the library with a haggard, questioning look in his eyes.

"Have you learned anything, Mr. Markham? His voice seemed to quaver slightly, and as he spoke, his eyes roved over the room. "Where's Mr. Grassi?"

"Mr. Grassi's upstairs," Markham motioned to a chair. "And I'm sorry to say that thus far we have learned very little. . . . We are hoping that you may be able to help us out of our quandary."

"Good Lord! I wish I could," Wrede was like a man on the verge of collapse. "It's horrible!"

Vance had been watching him from under half-closed eyelids.

"It's more horrible than you perhaps realize," he said. "Brisbane Coe has also been murdered."

Wrede sank heavily into the nearest chair.

"Brisbane?" His voice seemed to come from afar. "But why—why . . .?"

"Why, indeed?" Vance spoke harshly. "Nevertheless, he's dead. He, too, was stabbed in the back with a curiously shaped instrument."

Wrede stared straight ahead. His lips moved, but no sound came from them.

"Tell us what you know about this double murder, Mr. Wrede," Vance went on with grim relentlessness. "A shiver ran over Wrede's body.



"At What Time Last Night Did You Meet Miss Lake?"

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"Who owns the vacant lot?"

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"Who owns the vacant lot?"

"It is part of the Coe estate."

"And you remained in your apartment from three o'clock yesterday afternoon until this morning?"

"That's right. I had a beastly headache. . . ."

"Did you see Miss Lake yesterday?"

"Yes, in the morning when I was here. The fact is, I made an appointment with her for last night—at the Country Club. But when I got home yesterday afternoon, I called her by phone and excused myself. I was in no condition for dancing."

"Mr. Grassi substituted for you," said Vance.

Wrede's eyes clouded, and he set his jaws.

"So she told me this morning," Wrede frowned.

"When Gamble phoned you this morning," Vance asked, "what was your mental reaction to the news?"

Wrede frowned.

"That would be difficult to analyze. . . . I was not overfond of Archer," he admitted; "and I was not personally distressed by the report of his death. But I was extremely puzzled. It was not like Archer to take his own life; and—frankly—I had very grave doubts. That is why I advised Gamble to get in immediate touch with Mr. Markham."

"You acted wisely," Vance observed, with a tinge of sarcasm. "But if you did not believe that Archer Coe had committed suicide, there must have been in your mind another possibility—to wit; that of murder. Who, Mr. Wrede, do you think would have had sufficient motive to commit the crime?"

Wrede did not answer at once. He appeared sorely troubled and ran his fingers several times through his hair.

"That is a question I have been trying to answer all morning," he replied without looking at Vance. "One may speculate, of course, but it would not be fair to voice those speculations without definite evidence of some kind. . . ."

"Mr. Grassi?"

"I—I really, Mr. Vance, I'm not well acquainted with the man. He was after Coe's collection of Chinese ceramics; but that would hardly constitute a motive for murder."

"No-o," Vance smiled frigidly. "What about Miss Lake?"

Wrede almost leaped from his seat.

"That suggestion is outrageous!" he cried, glowering at Vance. "How dare you—?"

"Spare me the drama," Vance cut in, with a contemptuous smile. "I'm denuded of impressions."

Wrede sat back, with a mumbled remark which we could not make out.

"What do you think of Liang, the cook?" Vance asked next.

The man glanced up with a swift, shrewd look.

Wrede's eyes clouded, and he set his jaws.

"So she told me this morning," Wrede frowned.

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**MOST AILMENTS  
EASY TO CHECK  
AT EARLY STAGE**

The 1934 meeting of the Indiana State Medical Association offered to Indiana doctors a wealth of technical information on the latest developments in the treatment of human ailments, but its most significant phase from the standpoint of laymen was the emphasis placed on the importance of diagnosis and treatment of disease in its early stages. When an ailing patient goes to a doctor for treatment, the responsibility for using all that science knows in combating the ailment lies with the doctor. The primary responsibility of seeking competent medical advice at the first suggestion of trouble, however, rests with the patient.

The emphasis in medicine in recent years has graduated from attempted cure of disease after it has developed, to disease prevention. While treatment of disease in its early stages is true prevention, it virtually is next to prevention. The medical profession has shown that many of the dread illnesses of the body often are curable if the treatment begins in the early stages when symptoms first appear. If a person values his health, he first will observe simple precautions in living that will prevent disease and at the same time will act quickly if symptoms of an ailment appear.

Speakers on the subject of cancer, at the doctors' meeting, were authority for the statement that most of the toll of life claimed by the disease would be prevented if victims recognized potentialities of danger in small skin growths, irritating sores that fail to heal and unnatural bleeding and lumps in organs of the body. In its struggle against the ravages of cancer, science has learned control in most cases if the disease still is in its infancy, but is baffled if cancerous growths have developed too far.—Indianapolis News.

**Why  
Liquid Laxatives  
are Back in Favor**

The public is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that the right dose of a properly prepared liquid laxative will bring 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. A child is easily given the right dose. And mild liquid laxatives do not irritate the kidneys.

Doctors are generally agreed that senna is a natural laxative. It does not drain the system like the cathartics that leave you so thirsty. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a liquid laxative which relies on senna for its laxative action. It gently helps the average person's constipated bowels until nature restores their regularity.

You can always get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at any drug store, ready for use.

Call It Criticism  
Abject party followers always for-  
give the lying on their own side.

**CREOMULSION**  
Your own druggist is authorized to cheerfully refund your money on the spot if you are not relieved by Creomulsion  
**COUGHS**

He Gets Used to It  
When a man is in office, his left ear must burn much of the time.

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

**DON'T NEGLECT  
YOUR KIDNEYS!**

If your kidneys are not working right and you suffer backache, dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, swollen feet and ankles; feel lame, stiff, "all tired out" . . . use Doan's Pills. Thousands rely upon Doan's. They are praised the country over. Get Doan's Pills today. For sale by all druggists.

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**Let Our Motto Be  
GOOD HEALTH**  
BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD  
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive  
Medicine, University of Illinois,  
College of Medicine.

**YOU CAN PASTEURIZE MILK**

A city mother was telling a country mother how lucky she was that she could raise her baby where there was clean air and open fields and sunshine.

"I know these are important," said the country mother, "but you city people have pasteurized milk, while we never know what disease our babies will get in the milk they drink."

The country mother was right. Pasteurization of milk is one of the greatest boons to health that the city offers children. Milk is one of man's best foods, but it is also a good food for germs. Germs grow well in milk. Milk from cattle certified to be free from disease and handled by persons free from disease is good wholesome milk, but unless this certification of health has been made, then a family should not take any chances on milk that is used for drinking or in the preparation of uncooked food. Unpasteurized milk may of course be used safely in cooked or baked dishes.

Milk, as stated above, is a food in which many kinds of germs thrive. Some of these are harmless to man, but, unfortunately, many are decidedly harmful. Among these are the tuberculosis, typhoid fever, septic sore throat and infectious diarrhea germs.

Pasteur discovered that when he heated milk to a certain degree for a certain length of time, these harmful bacteria were destroyed and the milk was safe for drinking. This principle is the one used in the large commercial pasteurizing plants in the large cities.

In a survey made several years ago we learned that 70 per cent of the population in Illinois outside of Chicago was without benefit of pasteurization.

So in the research laboratory of the University of Illinois we worked out a plan that would allow for home pasteurization. The various steps may seem complicated the first time, but after a little practice, you will find that the routine is very simple. Certainly much simpler and less worrisome than the care of a sick child would be.

We devised two simple temperature indicators containing chemicals that would "clear" at the desired temperatures. By the first you can easily tell when the right heat point is reached; by the second when the danger point of coolness is reached and the milk is no longer safe for the baby.

The heat-telling indicator is a sausage-shaped glass tube 11 mm. in diameter and 45 mm. long, into which 400 mg. of palmitic acid is placed.

The cooling-point indicator is a glass tube 4 1/2 mm. in diameter, approximately 8 inches in length, with a bulb blown at one end. This bulb is filled with menthol, and the open end of the tube sealed.

With these two tubes, a vacuum bottle of one quart capacity, and a pan of more than one quart capacity with a side lip to facilitate pouring of milk from pan into bottle, you are ready to go into the pasteurization business. The equipment necessary to carry out this method of pasteurization will cost less than \$3. If you want to pasteurize more than one quart at a time, then do not use a larger bottle, but get several quart bottles. The results are better.

**Pasteurization technique:**  
1. Clean out vacuum bottle with hot soap water several times. Rinse well with water about 100 degrees F., fill bottle with this water and let stand.

2. Wash the stopper well, place in a pan of water and boil for ten minutes. Pour water out of pan, leaving the clean stopper in the pan.

3. Clean the lipped pan well and pour a quart of strained milk into it. Milk should be less than 12 hours from the cow.

4. Drop Indicator No. 1 into the milk. Place pan on stove and bring temperature of milk up slowly, stirring constantly with a clean spoon.

5. When the indicator becomes transparent, the temperature of the milk has reached 145. Remove milk from stove immediately and take out indicator with the spoon.

6. Pour the hot water out of the vacuum bottle.

7. Pour the hot milk into the bottle. Seal with stopper.

8. Set the bottle in a warm cupboard in the kitchen.

9. Do not use this milk until it has stood in the vacuum bottle for at least one hour.

10. When ready to use the milk, hold one end of Indicator No. 2 in the hand and put the bulb end down into the milk in the bottle. Hold for two to four minutes. If the milk is above 115, the bulb will clear. If below, it will remain opaque.

11. If the bulb clears, pour out enough milk for a feeding and replace the stopper, and put the bottle back into the cupboard.

12. If the bulb does not clear, the milk is unsafe for the baby. It can then be used in cooking or set aside to sour.

If this technique is followed carefully, the milk usually stays safe for about eight to ten hours, so that a pasteurization in the morning and one in the evening will give the baby safe milk all the time.

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**Fur-Trimmed Short-Jacketed Suit**

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



**I**N THE game of late fall and early winter fashion one can make it to stake all on a handsome short-jacketed suit, hiplength to be explicit, which is lavishly trimmed with luxurious fur. As an after thought add more than one fetching blouse. Begin with a blouse of tinsel knit, then a plaid velvet or taffeta and so on, leading up to a sumptuous tunic of glittering lame.

It is a question which is more exciting in point of novelty and elegance, the materials which go to make up these dramatic suits or the furs which adorn them. The new tweeds which fashion as many of the smartest suits are a treat to the eye both in the matter of color and novel weave.

However, all is not tweed that is tailored, for broadcloth is "in" this season and best-dressed women are ordering their suits made of handsome duvetyne in rich vibrant reds or greens or browns. Indeed than duvetyne we know of no smarter material for the new jacket suits, that is, unless you choose velvet.

As to interpreting the glories of velvet suits as "now is" in the style parade the most extravagant adjectives fall short of doing the theme justice. The best we can do is to call your attention to the fetching velvet costume centered in the illustration and let you judge for yourself as to what heights of glory this season's velvet suit fashions are being carried. A very choice grade of black velvet was selected for this formal afternoon suit. The sleeves are intriguingly worked with tufts to give them fullness at the elbow. The belt and pocket are decorated with gold-metal discs and the

blouse is of red and gold lame. A flattering silver fox collar with a huge matching muff add "class" to this outfit de luxe. By the way we are going to see more muffs during the next few months than we have seen for winters and winters past.

The smart town suit to the left radiates that feeling of quiet elegance which bespeaks refinement and good taste. The brown striped woolen of which it is tailored is a more than ordinary weave. The effective styling of the generous mink collar is noteworthy in that it emphasizes the vogue which calls for clever rever treatments. This accent on designful revers is very noticeable throughout the fall and winter mode. The blouse worn with this suit is chaireuse crepe patterned with a gold threading.

The interesting note to carry in mind in regard to the suit to the right is that the jacket tops a one-piece dress—an excellent idea for winter warmth as well as costume chic. The jacket-and-dress suit is a favorite theme with designers. Very often the scheme is carried out in two wooleens such as plaid for the dress with duvetyne or velveteen in a solid color for the jacket, the plaid repeated in the jacket lining. Nutria fur trims the light oxford wool suit in the picture. Fashion reports from Paris all stress the importance of nutria trimming and other similar furs. Another outstanding fashion is the black woolen suit which is trimmed in white ermine, galyak or breitschwantz.

© Western Newspaper Union.

**WINTER GLOVE-MUFF  
BECOMES ACROBATIC**

The winter glove-muff is becoming almost acrobatic. With wide and high cuffs reaching to the elbow, they look like coat sleeves, as they are intended to look, and when folded back over the hands and snapped together to form the muff, they in no way detract from the sleeve arrangement of the coat.

So wide is the cuff and so cleverly is the glove attached to it that the whole thing can also be worn as a hat. The hand of the glove is turned inside and lies flat across the top of the head, while the cuff—either of fur or fabric—forms the hat that is crushed into shape and held in place with a pin, feather, flower or button.

**Milliners Are Awaiting  
New Trimmings for Hats**

Hat trimmings have not said their last word and all the new millinery collections are reserving a very important place for them. There is a supple black felt toque, the front part of which is turned down as a brim and gathered in a draped effect against the crown, where it is held by a motif in red plastic material and metal, which is pinned through the felt.

Also, there is a cloche in great felt, entirely covered with rayon stitches in a lighter shade and in checked design. The crown is fastened at the back from the top of the head down to the hat band with black plastic buttons in half-conic shape.

**Alluring Black Stockings  
to Be Popular for Winter**

Deeper shades of hosiery are expected to be popular this winter, partly as a result of the revival of black hose. An off-black or mascara shade is out-selling black, dealers report, and equally popular is a deep brown, called mahogany, which looks well with either black or brown attire. Hose for evening wear are darker than last winter, a beige-like sultan being preferred to the natural skin tone.

**DOLMAN SLEEVES**  
By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



Many of the newest coats have dolman sleeves. The model pictured sets forth the attractiveness of this new silhouette which features big sleeves in fine shape. It is interesting to know that the taffeta frock worn underneath is in a rich red which matches the color of the handsome wool cloaking used for the dolman and sleeves. Luxurious blue fox trims collar and wrap.

**Sacred and Lucky Numbers**

**Superstitious Notions Connected With Almost Every  
One of the Digits; Six Is Held Highly  
Potent in Mystical Properties.**

Very many superstitious and curious ideas have been and are still connected with numbers. Great hopes have been founded upon certain combinations of numbers in lotteries, in horoscopes, or in predictions regarding important events. Important undertakings have awaited favorable dates for their inception, and the lives of more than one leader of men have been more or less influenced by a regard for certain numerical combinations, supposed to have a dominating power in shaping a successful career, writes a contributor in the Birmingham (Eng.) Weekly Post.

There have been superstitious notions connected with nearly every one of the nine digital numbers.

The number 1 was held to be sacred because it represented the unity of the Godhead. This number is esteemed as very lucky by the Japanese, who allot but one day to each of the several operations of husbandry, leaving that portion of the crop that could not be gathered in one day.

The second digit acquired an especially evil reputation among the early Christians, because the second day hell was created, along with heaven and earth. The Cabalists said it typified union of Christ. It seems to have been a number unlucky in English dynasties. Harold II was slain in battle; William II and Edward II were murdered; Ethelred II Richard II and James II were forced to abdicate; and Henry II, Charles II, and George II were unfortunate in many ways. The number seems to have been an unlucky one to the sovereigns of other European countries. The Charles II's of France, of Navarre, of Spain, of Anjou and of Savoy passed or ended their reigns unhappily.

The number 3 has an abundance of superstitions connected with it. It was the perfect number of the Pythagoreans, who said it represented the beginning, middle and end. A greater importance was given to the number because it represented the Trinity, not only in the Christian religion, but in many others.

There was but little mystery attached to the numbers 4 and 5. In folk-lore the four-leaved clover is especially lucky. The four of clubs is an unlucky card, and it is named the devil's four-post bed.

The Cabalists asserted that the number 6 was potent in mystical properties. The world was created in six days, the Jewish servant served six years, Job endured six tribulations, and hence the figure typified labor and suffering. The rabbis asserted that the letter vau, which represented six, was stamped on the manna, to remind the Jews that it fell on six days only.

The number 6 was an unlucky one at Rome. Tarquinius Sextus was a brutal tyrant and the church was divided under Urban the Sixth.

The number 7 has been invested with more mystery than all the other digits together, and to it were ascribed magic and mystical qualities possessed by no other numbers. Several learned treatises have been written on this number, and septenary combinations have been sought everywhere. In an old writer of two centuries ago we may read why, in his opinion, the number is peculiarly excellent. First, he says, "It is neither begotten nor begets"; secondly, "It is a harmonic number and contains all the harmonies"; thirdly, "It is a theological number, consisting of perfection"; fourthly, "It is composed of perfect numbers, and participates of their virtues."

He may find better reasons for the importance attached to this number. Much of it is doubtless due to its prominence in the Bible. The seven days of creation led to a septenary division of time to all ages. Several of the Jewish feasts lasted seven days. Elisha sent Naaman to the Jordan seven times, and Ellpah sent his servant from Mount Carmel seven times to look for rain. For seven days seven priests with seven trumpets invested Jericho, and on the seventh day they encompassed it seven times. There were seven virtues and seven mortal sins.

The ancients not only noted the importance of seven as an astronomical period, but also connected with the seven planets the seven

metals then known. The soul of man was anciently supposed to be controlled by this double septenary combustion. It was also an ancient belief that a change in the body of man occurs every seventh year.

Says an old writer: "Augustus Caesar as Gellius saith, was glad, and hoped that he was to live long, because he had passed his sixty-three years. For older men seldom passed that year, but they are in danger of their lives. Two years, the seventh and ninth, commonly bring great changes to a man's life, and great dangers; therefore 63, that containeth both these numbers multiplied together, containeth unknown dangers."

**Surely Busy Woman**

Mrs. S. G. Brown, wife of a famous English inventor, is called "the busiest woman in the world." Besides managing a factory in which her husband's inventions are produced, she directs two companies, having a total of 600 employees, has charge of all correspondence, interviews callers, directs the social club for employees, edits a magazine for children and runs a children's welfare center. She raises and markets rare orchids as well as raises for market pigs and cows and cultivates peaches and bananas.

**Mercolized Wax**



**Keeps Skin Young**

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Inevitable 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 with hand and use daily as face lotion.

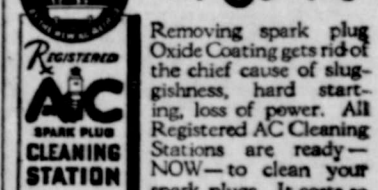
**Record Long Speech?**

What is believed to be the world's talking record was made recently when in a law case an Australian King's counsel spoke for more than 71 hours.



**ALL CLEANED UP  
and RARIN' TO GO**

CLEANED SPARK PLUGS  
GIVE MOTORS THE SPARK  
OF LIFE... SAVING GAS...  
MAKE STARTING EASY  
only 5c a plug



Removing spark plug  
Oxide Coating gets rid of  
the chief cause of sluggishness, hard starting,  
loss of power. All  
Registered AC Cleaning  
Stations are ready—  
NOW—to clean your  
spark plugs. It costs so  
little—means so much!  
Badly worn plugs should,  
of course, be replaced  
with new AC's

**Cash Paid for  
CANARIES**  
FROM EVERYWHERE—WRITE  
NATIONAL PET SHOPS  
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**The Choice of Millions  
KC BAKING POWDER**  
Double Tested — Double Action  
Manufactured by baking powder specialists  
who make nothing but baking powder—  
under supervision of expert chemists.  
Same Price Today as 44 Years Ago  
25 ounces for 25c  
You can also buy  
A full 50 ounce can for 50c  
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Highest Quality — Always Dependable  
MILLIONS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN USED  
BY OUR GOVERNMENT

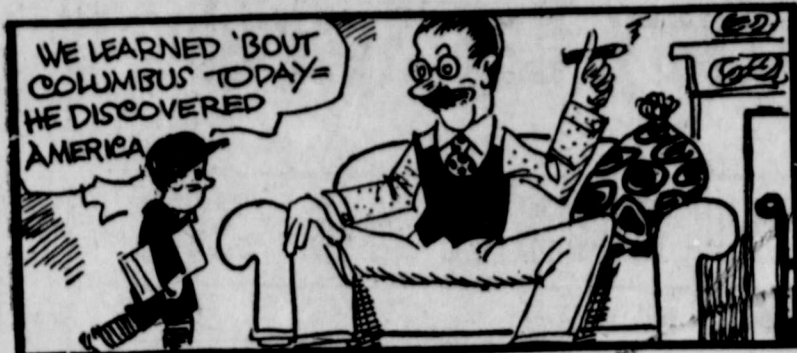






SUCH IS LIFE—That's So!

By Charles Sughrue



Mati Hari Sent to Death by Comrade

"Mlle. Docteur," Dying, Confesses Betrayal

Berne, Switzerland.—On her death bed Anne-Marie Lessert, notorious "Mlle. Docteur," German spy, revealed how she betrayed the famous World War spy, Mata Hari, to her death before a French firing squad.

"Mlle. Docteur" died alone in a sanatorium near Zurich, where she had been under treatment for the narcotic habit. For she had taken drugs to deaden her memory.

Her doctor in the sanatorium was the only person to whom she talked and after her recent death he disclosed for the first time her astonishing story. It was a confession of a woman who stopped at no crime to gain war secrets for Germany.

Doctor's Story

Here is the doctor's story: "Do you think, doctor, that I should be arrested if I went to France?" "Certainly not," I replied, "the question would not even arise."

"I should like to go to France," she said, "to see once more all those places where I used to go. I should like also to see Mata Hari's grave; she was one of my victims. I engaged her and it was from me that she obtained all her instructions."

"But one day she told me that she did not want to continue the work. She had had enough or she was afraid. I don't know which. But she wished to be released from her promises."

"For anyone who has trodden that path there is no possibility of retreat. I should not have been able to release

her even if I had wanted. I should have been suspected at once. I threatened her, but without success.

"Yes, I had her executed. As was customary, I arranged that the French should receive all the necessary evidence for her arrest."

"And now, doctor, I am going to tell you something which I alone know."

"For a long time, for a very long time, I envied Mata Hari's fate. Her death was easy, I am going to tell you why."

An Easy Death

"She was condemned to death and was waiting for the end in her cell when a man came to her and said in a low voice:

"Fear nothing, Mata Hari, everything has been arranged for your escape. You will have to go before the firing squad, but that will be a mere formality, the bullets will pass above your head."

"Pretend to be dead, our men will put you on the bier and transport you out of France on a wagon."

"Mata Hari smiled gratefully, and went to what she believed to be the last to be a mock execution, and smiling received the rifle bullets in her heart. She had an easy death."

Anna-Marie began her career as a spy when she was sixteen when, described on her passport as a student at the Beaux Arts of Geneva, she appeared in a little French village in the Vosges which was going to be the scene of certain military maneuvers.

In 1914 there arrived at Brussels a splendid creature with a French name bearing only a vague resemblance to the little student of the Beaux Arts of Geneva.

The beautiful "French woman" was not long getting to know a young lieutenant, Rene Austin.

In the intervals of love-making she painted little pictures, which she sent, via Switzerland, to Berlin, where her chiefs, removing the oils, found underneath tracings of fortresses, guns and gunpits.

Mushroom as Anesthetic

Dentists among the Zapotec Indians of Mexico used as an anesthetic a mushroom that still grows wild in that region.

Wives Too Expensive for Most Moslems

Belgrade.—The prices paid for wives by the Moslems of south Yugoslavia have fallen heavily.

Prices for wives used to be high because there was a shortage of suitable women. But many women have gone to south Yugoslavia. Numbers of them are actually prepared to bring a dowry to their husbands instead of having to be "bought" from their families.

Also, farm product prices have fallen and made it impossible for most men to support more than one wife.

Liberty or License

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

There is an important difference between liberty and license. By liberty we mean, "exemption from external restraint — freedom." In government it means, "freedom from political usurpation; the condition of a people which participates in the making of its own laws." License, means a special grant of privilege, like the right to conduct a certain business, operate an automobile, conduct an entertainment or show. The distinction between these two terms is not always clearly understood. We find them seriously confused in many of our public addresses and press articles. Perhaps it is quite important that this distinction should be emphasized these days when the problem of freedom is being challenged by many writers.

Far be it from the spirit of this article to criticize the NRA or any aspects of the so-called New Deal. It is impossible, however, not to notice, with



Best Dressed Woman



Anna May Wong, the beautiful oriental screen star, is the newest holder of the title of "best-dressed woman in the world." She was chosen at an international convention of designers in the Mayfair Mannequin academy, New York. Anna is shown with the cup awarded to her.

considerable alarm, the daring assaults hurled at those in executive authority who argue that the New Deal will result in the complete destruction of that liberty for which our fathers fought and died.

Much of the writing directed toward this end, however, fails to recognize the distinction between liberty and license for which this article pleads. License fails to recognize a moral imperative. A license to operate an automobile does not imply a moral obligation to avoid unnecessary risks. So far as the license is concerned, I can drive 70 or 40 miles an hour, just as I please. True, my license may be revoked, if I disobey a law, which limits my speed, but my license has nothing to do with that. Or, again, my neighbor's house may be on fire. While I am under no legal obligations to notify him of that fact, the very nature of the freedom of choice implies a moral obligation to do so. Liberty implies a moral obligation to live and let live. License may give me the right to conduct a certain business, but liberty limits the methods and motives which may seriously affect the physical and economic condition of the other person.

License to do as I please, regardless of others, and liberty which safeguards the rights of others are two different things. The latter is what we have inherited from our forefathers. Let us not lose it.

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Blindness No Hindrance to Six New Englanders

Boston.—Blindness is no barrier to one girl and five boys who have entered New England colleges.

The girl has enrolled at Hampton Institute, while the boys have matriculated at Harvard, Boston College and the New England Conservatory of Music.

All are graduates of the Perkins Institution for the Blind.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

GARMENT hangers require correct use for best service. It is not enough that the clothes are put over their branching arms. They must be so put on that they hang straight from the shoulders. If the frock or coat does not fit the hanger it is almost better not to use a hanger at all for the garment will bulge in odd places where the ends of the hanger-arms push out the material. When a garment remains long in such a peculiar position, it is difficult to restore the right shape even with good pressing. The textile is stretched out of shape and has to be coaxed back by steaming with a hot iron pressed down over a wet cloth. A tailor's services may be required, and all for the lack of a moment's attention to putting the garment on the hanger in the correct way.

If a coat hanger is rightly used, it will save trouble and time otherwise needed in pressing garments. So why not let your coat hangers give you the best service?



See that the arms of it come directly under the top of the shoulder. In some cuts of garments this place is the shoulder seam, but not always is this true. See that the garment hangs in its right folds, that the hem at bottom of skirt, or the lower edge of a coat or blouse is not turned up, and that the sleeves fall as they should. There are women who are so particular about proper adjusting of garment to hanger that they seldom have to iron their garments. Dresses will have to be laundered or cleaned when soiled and some materials, which have to be crisp and which rumple easily, will need pressing, of course. But a correct use of hangers will reduce work amazingly.

Don't Crowd Hangers

After garments are put on hangers properly they must not be crowded together in a closet. There are more ways of pressing clothes than with a flatiron. One of them is to hang them so close together that they press against each other and crush materials badly. So don't crowd hangers on rods. Some day soon I shall tell you about various rods, poles, arms and devices on which to suspend garment hangers in closets. Some of them keep the hangers sufficiently far distant from one another to eliminate crowding.

Hints on Dyeing

The home dye pot will work wonders in changing colors of textiles to make them look like new and different fabrics. Now is the time to make it prove itself beneficial in supplying what would appear like new frocks, or it may be different draperies, cushion covers and such upholstery materials as can be taken off and put into the dye pot.

To get good results the dye must not

only be the right kind for the material, silk requiring silk dyes, etc., but the color must be sufficiently darker than the color to be changed, to insure hiding faded places, stains, and spots. It is because there is difficulty in doing this in some instances, that makes dye houses advise black, which is a sure hue as far as concealing defects in colors is concerned.

It is wiser for the home worker to pick out a tone which is sufficiently dark for her purpose than to experiment, unless she is perfectly willing to redye the article. However, if she is willing to experiment she can often get stunning effects in what are known as "off-colors," those exquisite hues of artistic beauty not on color charts.

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Hat of Beaver Fur Felt



For the girl who likes tailored clothes, fashion suggests a hat of fine beaver fur felt, with a dressmaker touch of smoking on the crown.—From Knox.

Problems in Decoration

Assembling a room is, after all, quite like assembling a costume. To have things which go together you must analyze before you buy. Consider these questions: Are you starting anew or combining new furnishings with those you already have? Does your room lack color and design? Has it a preponderance of colors with no theme to draw them together? Or is your room, perhaps, of the type widely known as the "too-tape" room? You can easily relieve the drab monotony of this one tone by hanging colorful chintz curtains at the windows. Then make a slip cover for a chair in the same chintz and place it opposite the windows, across the room. Bring out some of the warm hues of the draperies in lamp shades and accessories, and before you know it your room will really begin to live!—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

Worth Remembering

When running a new tape or elastic through underwear baste one end of the new tape onto an end of the old tape, and when the old tape is drawn out the new one is pulled in place.

Tip on Ironing

A clean, washable rag rug is excellent to place under the ironing board when ironing. Large pieces, such as tablecloths, will not get on the floor.

She Sees Through "Grafted" Eyes



Mrs. Daphne Muir (right), noted British novelist, is shown telling a girl reporter at Quisset, Mass., of the almost miraculous restoration of her eyesight through a delicate grafting operation performed by Dr. Tudor Thomas at Cardiff, Wales. Mrs. Muir was blinded nearly ten years ago when a doctor accidentally dropped some chloroform into her eyes during a minor operation, burning the corneas. Another woman, almost blind and incurably so, offered the healthy parts of her own eyes so Mrs. Muir might see again. Mrs. Muir appeared before the American College of Surgeons, so the members could see what may be done in the field of "eye grafting."

TRUE DETECTIVE STORY

by Vance Wynn © Public Ledger

The Quebec Mystery

ONE morning in the spring of the year, Mrs. Caroline Poirier, of St. Canute, in the Province of Quebec, roused one of her neighbors and said with much agitation that she was unable to get into her home or rouse her husband.

She had been spending the night with a friend nearby, and said that her husband, who had been working on the repairs to a church at St. Jerome, nine miles distant, was expected home some time the previous evening.

The police were summoned, the door broken in and the husband found lying on the floor dead.

His body bore three knife wounds, and it was quite evident that there had been a life-and-death struggle.

But beyond the disordered appearance of the room there were no clues to indicate who the culprit might have been.

The strange part of it was that nothing had been taken from the house, so that the murder could not have been for the purpose of theft.

Mrs. Poirier was naturally distracted, and went about the work of settling up the estate like a woman in a trance.

The man, who had led a dissipated life, died practically penniless, but he did leave an insurance policy of \$2,000 in favor of his wife.

Isidore Poirier had been a contractor and builder in a small way, and he had married Cordelia Vian, the handsome daughter of a farmer, after a whirlwind wooing.

They had no children, but for some years after their marriage they lived very happily.

At the end of that time the woman seems to have conceived an aversion for her husband.

The reason for this, according to one of the commentators on the affair, is that she was a masterful woman and he was a man of "very common mold."

The gossips had it that she was enamored of another man, one Samuel Parslow, a carpenter who worked for her husband.

At all events they were seen together very much, and he paid her marked attention.

Indeed, on the night when the murder had occurred the two were together.

But that in itself did not necessarily connect either of them with the crime.

Mrs. Poirier was the organist of the village church, while Parslow was a member of the choir.

That fact might well have explained their frequent meetings.

In the meantime, the authorities were working hard to trace the movements of the dead man prior to the murder.

It was ascertained that he had been working that very day at St. Jerome. The people of the village informed them that he had left there in a carriage, saying that he was going home.

Other persons living on the road between the two towns testified that they had seen him pass with the team.

One of them said that a woman accompanied him.

Unfortunately, this person was not able to give a very good description of the woman.

At this stage of the investigation the agent of the insurance company which had insured the victim appeared to say that Mrs. Poirier had personally taken out the insurance, had carried on all of the correspondence, and was particularly anxious at the time to be sure that she would get the money, no matter what might have been the cause of death.

The authorities determined to take the bull by the horns, and both Mrs. Poirier and Parslow were arrested. They were placed in different cells, and each told a story that conflicted with the other.

The evidence was circumstantial, but it was shown that the woman had gone to St. Jerome and had brought her husband home on the night the tragedy was supposed to have occurred.

Both were found guilty, and sentence of death was at once pronounced. In spite of the fact that the woman had been shown in anything but a favorable light petitions were numerous signed and presented to the governor general urging him to show clemency to the female convict.

He declined to interfere, saying that the law must be permitted to take its course.

When the noose was prepared Samuel Parslow was so limp that he had to be literally carried to the platform. Not so the masterful woman.

She walked up the steps with a firm tread, and as she reached the executioner, exclaimed: "Be quick; that is all I ask."

WNU Service.

Air's Composition

The colorless gas which we call the air or atmosphere is a mixture of several gases, about 77.08 per cent being nitrogen, 20.75 per cent oxygen, 0.95 per cent argon, 0.002 per cent carbonic acid gas, 0.001 per cent hydrogen and water vapor, averaging 1.20 per cent. It also contains minute quantities of the rare gases, helium, krypton, neon, niton and xenon. A cubic foot of air under average conditions weighs about .08 pound, or an ounce and a quarter.

Navy's Left Half



Fred Borries is the left halfback in the formidable football machine developed at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He is both fast and powerful.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



CORN ALCOHOL—LARGE SCALE ALCOHOL FUEL MANUFACTURE IS BEING DEVELOPED FROM PROCESSING ORDINARY CORN.

AIR PRESSURE ON EGGS—By SUBJECTING THEM TO INCREASED AIR PRESSURE, EGGS ARE HATCHED IN RECORD SHORT TIME.

ROPE STRENGTH—ROPE MADE FROM VEGETABLE FIBER OF PLANTS IN FIFTEEN-INCH DIAMETER CAN LIFT 60 TONS OF WEIGHT.

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### JUNIOR STUDY CLUB

The Junior Study club met Wednesday, Nov 21, in the home of Mrs Ray Moreman. Each member answered roll call with something for which she was thankful. An interesting Thanksgiving program was then given. Delicious refreshments were served to the following: Mesdames Leon Reeves, Lake Dishman, Joe Everett, John Auffill, Ross Adamson, Clarence Davis, Lawson Elvin Hickey and Miss Pauline Caldwell, members. Guests were Mesdames Powell, Howard, Kutch and Mann, and Misses Theresa Webb and Roberta Mann.

UNQUESTIONABLY SUPERIOR



J. H. Pierce Grocery  
McKnight

### PARTY

Mr. G. Z. Sherman proved herself to be a very delightful hostess when she entertained a number of her friends with a bridge party on Friday afternoon, Nov. 23. Tables were arranged for five sets of players. After five games were enjoyed lovely prizes were presented to Miss Cloetel Moreman, high score, and Mrs. J. W. Webb, low score, after which delicious refreshments were served. Those enjoying this pleasant occasion were: Mesdames P. L. Dishman, Zeb Mitchell, L. E. Thompson, Ray Moreman, B. L. Howard, J. W. Webb, Elvin Hickey, A. T. Simmons, Hobart Moffitt, Clyde Bridges, Roy Kutch, Danman, W. C. Payne, G. L. Johnson, J. M. Clarke and G. Z. Sherman, and Misses Otey Watkins, Cloetel Moreman, Myrtle Reeves and Mary Harris.

J. F. Riley and wife visited in Shamrock and Alanreed Sunday.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

### W. M. SOCIETY

The W. M. S. of the First Baptist Church met in regular monthly social meeting in the home of Mrs. P. G. Johnson Nov. 19, with Mrs. C. L. Goin assistant hostess.

The program from Royal Service was given with Mrs. Blankenship as leader, assisted by Mesdames Sherman, Alewine, Johnson, Simmons and Thompson.

During the social hour lovely refreshments in keeping with the Thanksgiving season were served.

### PARTY AT FINCH HOME

Mr and Mrs Frank Finch entertained a number of their friends at their home on the Finch ranch Nov. 21. Games of bridge and 42 were enjoyed until a late hour when delicious refreshments were served. Those enjoying the evening were: Mesdames and Mesdames L. Spalding, Roy Jewell, G. E. Kinslow, Fred Finch, and Orville Finch and Mr. Kents of Dalhart and the host and hostess.

### PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas

Thurs Fri Nov 20 30,  
Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, in  
**Chained**

Chained to one man yet loved by another. A chain of romance of gripping circumstances. Also News and Novelty 10 25c

Sat Dec 1, Bob Steele and Deris Hill in

### Galloping Romeo

A western full of thrills and plenty of good laughs, what more could you ask. Cartoon comedy. Matinee 10c to all, night 10 15c

Sun Mon Tues. 234 Three big days. Will Rogers in  
**Judge Priest**

His newest and best (Irvin Cobb story) Dont judge a book by its cover. Dont judge a man by his silence. Will Rogers in the most human portrayal of his entire career. Also Abe Lyman's Orchestra, and cartoon. Matinees every day Only 10 25c

Wed 5, Charles Rogers in  
**Fog Over Frisco**

One of his best and funniest, and our Bank Nite. Oh boy, better not miss this one. Also good comedy. 10 25c

Thurs Fri 6 7, Jean Parker and James Dunn in

### Have A Heart

Learn what it really means to "have a heart" when you see Jean Parker and James Dunn in the sweetest love story ever filmed. Also News and novelty 10 25c

Coming, Norma Shearer in The Barretts of Wimpole street, and Death on the Diamond

### ENTERTAINS

One of the most delightful affairs of the holiday season was held at the home of Mrs Lake Dishman on Tuesday, Nov 20 the occasion being a seated tea given by members of the Junior Study club. The rooms of the entertaining suite were made beautiful by bouquets of autumn flowers, the same motif being carried out in the center piece and other decorations. Miss Pauline Caldwell, president of the Junior club, was assisted in serving by Mesdames Ray Moreman, Leon Reeves and John Auffill and Miss Otey Watkins. The program, with Mrs Elvin Hickey as leader, consisted of an address on the appreciation of art by Miss Theresa Webb, which was greatly enjoyed by all; a duet by Miss Otey Watkins and Mrs Dannie Battle, and a piano selection by Mrs. Robert Watkins. Those present were: Mesdames B. L. Howard, Mary Roast, J. W. Webb, C. E. Johnson, Z. T. Beaty, J. W. Noel, A. T. Simmons, H. Moffitt, D. Lawson, Joe Everett, Ed Kinslow, L. Spalding, O. L. Johnson, Dannie Battle, Ross Adamson, Elvin Hickey, Ray Moreman, Leon Reeves, Lake Dishman, John Auffill, Roy Kutch and Robert Watkins, and Misses Pauline Caldwell, Alice Bishop, Meiba Johnson, Cloetel Moreman, Otey Watkins and Theresa Webb.

Mr and Mrs Frank Kendall are enjoying a visit this week from Mr and Mrs Buford Hines of Pro, Texas. They expect to remain until after Thanksgiving. Mrs Hines will be remembered by her many friends as Miss Virginia Kendall.

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

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

Subscribe for the Informer.

## Every Day Specials

FLOUR, GUARANTEED, 48 LB. \$1.73

Spuds, pk. 25c

Tomatoes, 3 No. 2 cans 27c

Hominy, 2 large cans 23c

Prunes, gallon, 3 for \$1.00

Plums, gallon, 3 for 20

Peaches, gal. 45c

Corn Flakes, Kellogg's 11c

Whole Wheat Flakes, 3 boxes 25c

Oatmeal, Crystal Wedding 23c

Syrup, East Texas Sorghum 63c

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

## 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, Home	\$1.69	Syrup, E. Tex. Ribbon Cane	69c
Meal, large sack	59c	Sorghum, bring your bucket	63c
Sugar, 25 lb sack	\$1.25	Lettuce, head	5c
Sugar, 10 lb.	53c	Celery, bunch	10c
Mackerel, can	9c	Soap, Big Ben, 7 for	25c

Lard, 8 lb. carton 85c

Blackberries, gal.	49c	Steak, grain fed, 2 lb.	25c
Grapefruit, 3 for	10c	Beef Roast, lb.	6c
Sour Pickles, qt.	17c	Sausage, pure pork, 2 lb.	25c
Crackers, 2 lb.	19c	Cream Cheese, lb.	19c
Coconut, lb.	23c	Weenies & Bologna, 2 lb.	23c

Cranberries, qt. 19c

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

## 'M' SYSTEM

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A real bargain in bustery for men women and children. See them. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Longshore visited in Memphis Sunday. B. & B Variety