

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS DECEMBER 21, 1934

NO. 7

Xmas Gifts

Do your Xmas shopping here. You'll find a wide variety of gifts to select from, with prices that will surprise you.

Hedley Drug Co.

THE RETAIL STORE

PHONE 3

This Store is a Pharmacy

Duart



PERMANENT WAVING

We have opened a first class Beauty Shoppe next door to the old postoffice. We are here to stay and ask you to come in and inspect our shop. Mrs. Wells of Amarillo and Opal Hess of Hedley are in charge. We have the latest and best equipment. Prices right.

Nu-Pad - Duart	\$2 00
Croquignole Oil Solution	\$2 25
Duart Standard	\$3.00
Duart Oil Standard	\$3.50
Shampoo wave set and dry	50c
Set and dry	35c
Set	15c and 25c

Mrs. Zeola Wells, Operator
Charm Beauty Shoppe

Christmas Gifts

Try us for your Xmas gifts this year. We have a good selection of high grade articles at a reasonable price.

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63

CENTENNIAL COINS

The new half dollars that are being minted to commemorate Texas independence will be on sale here this week. The first two will be auctioned off to the highest bidder by the American Legion Saturday afternoon.

It was through the Legion's efforts that these coins were issued. All coins must sell for as much as \$1.00, the extra 50c going to a fund to build a memorial museum at Austin.

ENTERTAINS

Mrs. M. E. Wells entertained her Sunday School class Monday night, Dec. 17, at her home.

A scripture was read by Miss Irene Anderson, after which the group sang several Christmas carols. Prayer was led by Miss Loretta Moore.

After the program each one present received a nice gift from the Christmas tree. Delightful refreshments were served.

XMAS PAGEANT

The Nazarene young people will present a Xmas pageant, "When The King Came," on Friday evening, Dec. 21, at 7:30.

You are invited

W. M. SOCIETY

The ladies of the First Baptist Church held an all day meeting with a covered dish luncheon in the home of Mrs. L. E. Thompson, Tuesday, Dec. 4.

The topic of the day was on Foreign Missions and a special observance of Miss Lottie Moon and her contribution to foreign missions.

The morning program opened at 10:30 and was led by Mrs. Calvert, assisted by Mesdames Alewine, Sherman and Simmons.

After the noon hour the program was continued with Mrs. Lake Dishman as leader, assisted by Mesdames Cooper, Johnson, Wells and Thompson.

Y. W. A.

The Y. W. A. held their regular meeting Monday, Dec. 17, at the home of Mrs. Dallas Milner. The following interesting program was rendered.

Scripture—Matt. 2:1-12 Opal Cooper.

Song, Silent Night, by group
Xmas poem—Nettie Blaaken-ship.

Xmas story—Doris Tinsley
Prayer—Loretta Moore

This program was given at the home of Mrs. Milner in order that her mother, Mrs. Johnson, who is a shut in, might enjoy the program. Delicious fruit cake and punch were served.

B. D. Sumrall of Amarillo, district evangelist, spoke at the First Baptist Church Sunday night. He brought a very interesting message on Self-Denial for Christ.

For Sale—Some nice fat hogs weight about 200 lbs. 7 miles north of Hedley. J. T. Bain.

W. Boseman and sons, James and Horace and H. L. Whitfield were visitors to McLean and Pampa Sunday.

Mrs. T. J. Wiggins and Miss Mavis Wiggins spent the past week end in Childress with Mrs. Elvia Davenport and children.

M. G. Whitfield and family and E. M. Herschler and family were Amarillo visitors Monday.

MRS. HAZEL BROWN

Mrs. Hazel Brown of this city passed away Friday, December 15, at her home in east Hedley. Funeral services were conducted at the home by Rev. A. V. Hendricks, with interment in the Rowe cemetery.

Mrs. Hazel Brown was born Sept. 6, 1915, in Comanche county, Texas. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McDaniel, who have resided in and near Hedley for a number of years. She was married to Milton Brown on Oct. 18, 1933.

Besides her parents, Mrs. Brown is survived by her husband and infant son, four brothers, Ira, Fennes, Wilton and Vernon McDaniel, all of Hedley, and four sisters, Mrs. Martha Davis of Cleardon, Mrs. Lena Black, Mrs. Cecil Riley and Maudie McDaniel, all of Hedley.

Besides those mentioned above, she leaves other relatives and a large circle of friends to mourn her passing. The Informer joins the friends of the family in extending deepest sympathy to the bereaved ones.

HALL-DOYLE

Harrison Hall of this city and Miss Margaret Doyle of Denton were united in marriage Saturday, Dec. 15, at the home of Rev. Gray, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Denton.

Mr. Hall is well and favorably known here, having been the efficient manager of the Hall Service Station for several years, and is one of Hedley's finest young men.

The bride is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Doyle of Denton. She attended school in Hedley a few years ago, was a graduate in the class of 1933, and was very popular with her classmates.

They both have a host of friends in Hedley who offer congratulations and best wishes.

Plenty of new print, just in. Make your gift a useful one
R & B Variety

Per Sale—good work mules, one mare, saddle pony, one cow fresh soon, farming tools of all kinds. Will sell at a bargain.

W. A. Hughes,
7 St
Windy Valley.

The Informer is ordered sent to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Whitfield of Amarillo, a Christmas gift from H. L. Whitfield and family.

Mrs. B. E. Harris is very ill and has been carried to Cleardon hospital.

PRE-XMAS SPECIALS

Pre Xmas specials for two weeks, beginning Dec. 8

Suits cleaned and pressed 85c
Dresses cleaned and pressed 35c or 2 for \$1.00

Repair work free
We are now moderately equipped for four or five hour service. All work guaranteed. Come in and see us.

H. Mebley's Tailor Shop.

Miss Ruth McQueen visited in Wellington Sunday.

For Sale—15 AAA barred rock roosters, \$1.00 each.

Mrs. C. A. Waddell

Don't forget we are headquarters for Santa Claus. We have a nice line of gifts, and you cannot beat our prices.

B. & B. Variety

For

Right Merchandise

Right Quality

Right Service

at the

Right Price

See

Barnes & Hastings

Grocery Co.

PHONE 21

Chunn & Boston

Merry Xmas—Happy New Year
Holiday Specials

Vegetables	Celery, bunch	8c
	Carrots, bunch	4c
	Lettuce, head	5c
	Tomatoes, 2 lb.	15c

Nuts	Walnuts, lb.	19c
	Pecans, choice No. 1, lb.	25c
	Almonds, lb.	15c

Fruit	Oranges, large, doz.	25c
	Apples, fancy, doz.	25c
	Grapefruit, 3 for	10c
	Apples, choice, pk.	39c

Candy	All kinds good candy	
	Xmas Mixed, 2 lb.	25c

Sugar	Powdered, 2 boxes	15c
	25 lb. Cane	\$1 29

Watch for our Window Specials.
We have a store full of bargains

Santa Will Bring Them

That's what the children think, but we know that it takes money to get the things the children want Santa to bring.

Let's open up an account now and add to it regularly, and next Christmas there will be a fund to take care of what the kiddies want Santa to bring.

This Bank will close at noon Monday, Christmas Eve, and be closed all day Tuesday, Christmas Day.

Security State Bank

HEDLEY, TEXAS

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

AUNT AGATHA'S ROMANCE

By R. H. WILKINSON
© Best Syndicate—WNU Service

AUNT AGATHA SPENCER AT fifty-five was still romantic. There is a story that Aunt Agatha was once the village queen, and that her romance with brilliant Paul Shelley was nipped in the bud when Paul eloped with the widow Dawson and never came back to Dexter.

Most folks give some credence to this tale. Aunt Agatha's features still reflect the glory of a once alluring beauty. She has retained many of her early ideas about love and is always eager to counsel youth in regard to it.

Some folks call the old lady flighty. Romance had never again come to Aunt Agatha after her affair with Paul Shelley.

That is, it never came until one day last June. On that day Aunt Agatha had a caller.

Unfortunately she was away at the time and Emma, laundress, the housekeeper, answered the door.

Emma's face wore a look of deep concern when Aunt Agatha got home. "Who," she asked, "do you suppose called this afternoon?"

"Paul Shelley," said Aunt Agatha quickly.

And for just an instant a sort of wistful look came to dwell in her eyes.

You could tell that she's never forgotten Paul.

"Don't be silly," said Emma. "It was Roy Huckleworth."

"Roy Huckleworth! Whatever did he want?"

"Goodness knows. He asked for you and when I told him you were out he looked at me kind of queerly and walked away."

Aunt Agatha was puzzled. Then suddenly she smiled. "We'll soon solve that mystery," she said, and picked up the telephone.

But Emma was quick to interfere. "No you don't, Aggie. You're not calling up any men like Roy Huckleworth. Goodness knows, folks ain't got over your affair with Paul Shelley yet."

A hurt look came into Aunt Agatha's eyes.

Emma saw the look and regretted her words. "Now don't take it that way, Aggie. I didn't mean to hurt you none, but Roy Huckleworth ain't no man for you to be calling up. Every one knows he ain't right in his head. Chances are he's got some crazy notion and—wants to take you ridin' or somethin'."

Aunt Agatha's eyes sparkled. "How exciting, Emma! How very exciting! I always did think Roy was handsome."

Emma was aghast. Personally she was afraid of Roy Huckleworth. He always had that wild look in his eyes that you see in the expressions of people who aren't just right mentally.

The mystery, for a time, went unsolved. Then Roy called again at the Spencer home. And again it was Emma who greeted him at the door.

But this time Aunt Agatha was in the sitting room and heard the conversation. She came to the door, just as Emma was slamming it in Mr. Huckleworth's face.

"He looked desperate, Aggie," Emma said a little shrilly.

"He said he had to see you personally, Aggie. I'm going to call the police. It ain't safe, having such a man around."

Aunt Agatha tried to open the door, but Emma had locked it and stuffed the key in her bosom.

"Oh, I wish Tom were here," she wailed. "He'd know what to do. I'm afraid of what that man will do."

Aunt Agatha was more curious than her face showed. She saw that Emma was frightened, and was willing, for a time at least, to humor her.

"Don't be silly, Emma. Roy's harm less. He wouldn't hurt a flea. Just because the boy's not mentally alert there's no need to set him down as a raving maniac. Besides," she added, "my brother Tom will be here any day now. Goodness knows I've been expecting a letter for more than a week."

Aunt Agatha retired to the privacy of her bedroom and began to think. Dejected though Roy Huckleworth might be, she remembered him in his younger days.

There had been a sort of rivalry between Roy and Paul Shelley for Agatha Spencer's hand. Perhaps, thought Aunt Agatha, perhaps—there was a bare possibility—that the old love affair might in a way be responsible for his present mental condition. Perhaps the thing was coming to life in his mind again.

Twice more within the next three days Roy Huckleworth called at the Spencer home and asked to see Aunt Agatha. And on both occasions Emma positively refused admission and slammed and bolted the door.

To make matters worse, no letter came from Agatha's brother Tom. Emma, with a little stretch of her imagination, connected the two and declared that Roy was responsible for Tom's delayed arrival. She insisted on notifying the police, an insistence that was overcome by Aunt Agatha's flat refusal.

"Don't be absurd, Emma. The police will scoff at you. It will make us the laughing-stock of the town. And, more-

over, folks will remember that Roy was once sweet on me."

It was this last remark, with its possible results of bringing to light again that old-time love wrangle, that kept Emma from her purpose.

However, much to Aunt Agatha's amusement, she kept the doors locked and bolted day and night.

And all the while Aunt Agatha's curiosity was growing stronger and stronger. For the life of her she couldn't figure out what it was that Roy could want.

Surely not to renew that old courtship!

Aunt Agatha's heart quickened a beat at the thought. For just a single instant she knew again that old romantic impulse.

But whatever his purpose, Aunt Agatha decided she'd have to get at the bottom of it.

She'd have to find out what Roy wanted.

She'd have to arrange to be at home the next time he called, and, if necessary, lock Emma in her room while she, Agatha, greeted her one time lover.

The opportunity came sooner than she expected.

That very afternoon Aunt Agatha glanced through the sitting-room window and saw Roy strolling up the path.

Emma was in the kitchen, and quick as a flash Aunt Agatha had closed and locked the kitchen door. She paused for just a second before answering Roy's insistent knocking, to glance in the dining-room mirror and pull back a rebellious strand of hair. Then, with heart pounding a little above normal, she walked over and threw open the door.

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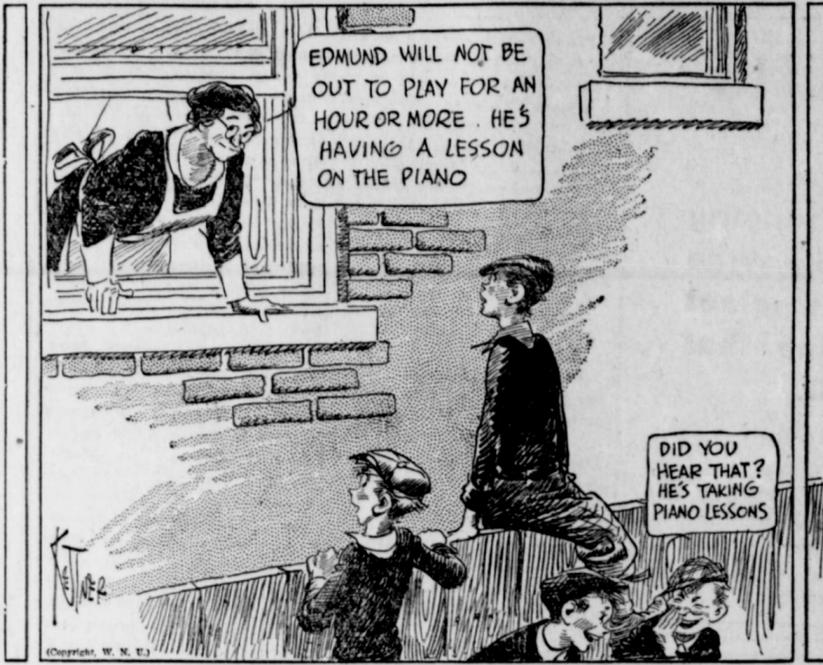
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OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



FINNEY OF THE FORCE



Sons of Toil



French Cooks in a Row

It is regarded as a healthy sign that, in the midst of political disputes, France has again found time for a culinary controversy. The latest is about sauces, and has opposed the Federation of Cooks to that august assembly, the French academy. The cooks appear to be getting the best of it.

The academy in a recent session adopted a new definition of the sauce that is known in French gastronomy as remoulade. The sauce, which in every previous edition of the academy dictionary had been described merely as a "kind of sauce piquante," has now been defined as "mayonnaise sauce, containing mustard."

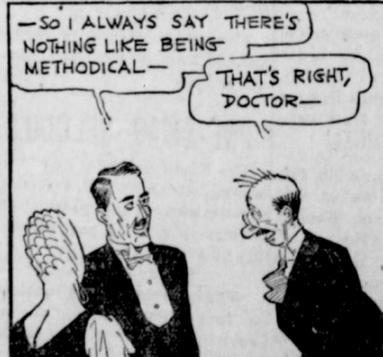
Great indignation among the cooks! Mayonnaise, indeed! There is nothing about a remoulade even approaching a mayonnaise, they declare. The determining characteristic of mayonnaise, it is pointed out, is that it is based in yolk of egg. Remoulade, according to the best Parisian chefs, is a sauce composed of mustard, salt, vinegar, oil and sometimes including parsley, shallots, or finely chopped herbs. No yolk of egg, and therefore no possible chance of confusion with a mayonnaise.

It is even pointed out that the remoulade was defined in the academy dictionary in 1740, thereby antedating the invention of mayonnaise, which occurred in 1756, and its name was a corruption of the name of the town of Port Mahon, which was taken in that year by Cardinal Richelieu, in whose honor the famous salad dressing was named.

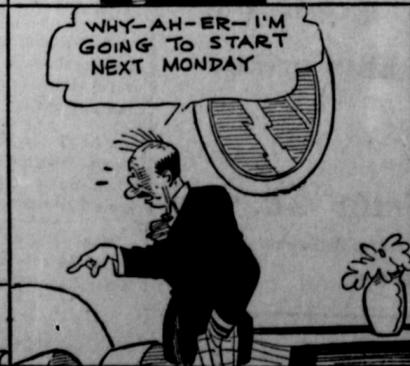
The academy on its accounts can furnish only one isolated definition of a special kind of remoulade called remoulade a la Provençal, which Alexander Dumas declared was made of the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a little parsley, a little garlic and the yolk of a raw egg. Here is yolk of egg enough, but it is probable that out of respect to the cooks the proofs of the academy dictionary will be corrected.

Thimble-Sized
Young meadow mice are born blind, deaf, toothless and hairless, weighing a fraction of an ounce and small enough to fit into a thimble. They grow rapidly and are weaned in 12 days. In a few weeks these young adults breed, producing a litter at about monthly intervals until winter sets in, when they generally cease breeding because of the scarcity of food.

THE FEATHERHEADS

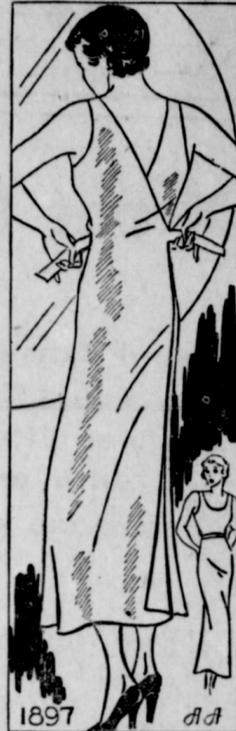


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Pattern 1897 is available in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 takes 3 1/2 yards 39 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins and 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

QUITE RARE

Snoop—Truth is stranger than fiction.

Slink—Maybe it only seems stranger because it's so much scarcer.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Natural History Note

Teacher—Who can tell me how the camel got its hump?

RED FEATHER



By R. H. WILKINSON

EVERY fall during the past ten years I have been driving up to Orion Oldway's place in Littlebrook to spend a week gunning for upland game.

Orion is a friend of long standing. He lives on a farm, alone, the place is a mile or two out of the village, and there are no habitations nearby.

The bounds of Orion's farm are widely extended, and there is considerable cover for birds.

The hunting is good, and Orion is a congenial companion. And he serves equally well as a guide, for during the summer months he acquaints himself with the feeding grounds of the birds which the law permits us to kill, and there is no delay in finding the largest coveys.

Orion is now an old man. Two years ago he laid aside his gun and said he would hunt no more, complaining that his sight was poor and his hand trembled. Yet he still accompanies me on my expeditions into the woods, and seems to share my delight in the business.

This fall I arrived as usual at Orion's place on the eve of the opening day, and spent a pleasant evening with the old man before his open fire.

With me as usual was Chris, my English setter, a well-broken and well-educated bird dog, companion of many a hunt, a true and loyal friend.

It was cozy sitting there in the tiny living room. The fire burned cheerily and gave off a welcoming warmth; the night outside had a bite in it.

Chris lay full length on the hearth, stirring now and then with fitful dreams.

Orion and I swapped yarns of former days, and I questioned him regarding the prospects of tomorrow's hunt.

"You'll not be disappointed," he told me. "There's plenty of partridge about, and a flock or two of quail. And there's pheasant, too."

He was silent a moment. "Yep, there's pheasant. They're a tame lot, them birds. Been coming up to the dooryard and eatin' with the hens. Up to a month ago, that is. Seems like they know when it's nearin' time for the law to come off. There's one big cock, especially. Old Red Feather, I call him. He's tamer than the rest. Most eats out of my hand. Biggest pheasant I ever see."

"I'd like to get a crack at him," I grinned. "Pheasants are scarce this year, in most places."

Orion was up ahead of me the next morning. He had bacon and eggs on frying and coffee boiling when I came into the kitchen.

Chris was there, too, rapping his tail on the floor, looking at me with glad eagerness in his eyes.

We were on our way within a half hour's time. The morning was beautiful with a bracing quality in the air, a sharpness that sent the blood tingling through your veins.

Orion led the way down the cart path behind the barn, presently turning off and cutting across a frost-white field.

The sun had burned its way through the early morning clouds; red lanes from it streamed across the fields, transforming the frost-locked world into a fairyland of dancing crystals.

Chris ranged and quartered ahead of us, joyful for the liberty that was his. I filled my lungs with that biting air, and was glad to be a part of it all.

Presently Chris slowed in his mad galloping, darted quickly to the right and into a patch of dead grass.

I came up on him rapidly, saw that he was crouched, moving cautiously ahead with belly almost to the ground, perceived that the wagging of his tail was suddenly stilled, that the dog himself had stopped, frozen into a point.

I spoke to him quietly, came up behind him, and there was suddenly the whirl of wings, and a covey of quail rose into the air and flung themselves against the sun.

The double-gun leaped to my shoulder; there was the report of it, and a bird came tumbling down end over end.

First kill of the day! First miss, too! Orion grinned and nodded. "Good work," he said. "The sun was in your eye. Them birds is knowin' critters."

We hunted till noon; paused on the banks of Little Brook itself to eat our lunch.

There were three quail and a grouse in my pockets. It had been a glorious hunt; the thrill of it was still in my blood. I looked at Orion.

"I think you'd still like to hunt; carry a gun, anyway. Might bring down a bird."

Orion wagged his head. "Got kinds fed up on killing them birds," he admitted, with a hint of guilt in his tones.

"They're knowin' critters. Sort of like to know they're around. Be kinds loose, too. Guess you won't kill 'em all."

I laughed. "Well, I won't kill them all on you, Orion." I said chidingly. "Leave a few for company."

That afternoon netted us another grouse. On the day following I shot a brace of quail, and on the third day added a squirrel to my score.

But the week was going fast, and the hunting seemed not so good as Orion had promised.

I was anxious to do some pheasant shooting, and spoke to Orion about the matter.

"Why, sure," he said. "Sure thing. We'll go after them pheasant tomorrow and get some, too."

"Maybe," I smiled, "you can get me a shot at old Red Feather. Say, I'd like to bring back a big fellow like that."

And so, on the next day, Orion took us down to the pheasant cover, and it wasn't long before Chris had struck a trail and pointed.

A pair of birds broke from the thick underbrush and I swung on the cock and brought him down.

"Good work," Orion applauded. "Good shootin'."

"Should have got 'em both," I said ruefully.

Orion had marked down the second bird and we turned in that direction, but failed to flush him again.

Nor did I get another shot on that day or the next, and was somewhat disappointed.

Orion seemed aggrieved that the gunning had proved poorer than he anticipated; promised that on the last day he'd take me to a spot he knew where birds were sure to be.

And surprisingly enough he did this. Before noon on that day I had added three more quail and another partridge to my kill.

We started home about mid-afternoon. I was satisfied with the day's work but still had in mind to bring down another pheasant.

We were passing then over the crest of the hill. To the right of us I saw a swale that seemed to hold good promise, and turned that way with a view of sending Chris inside of it, myself skirting the edge where the walking was less difficult.

But Orion, missing my purpose, made hasty protest. "There's nothing there," he said. "Feed's played out! you'll find no birds down there."

I glanced at him doubtfully, would have followed along over the hill, taking heed of his words, had not Chris suddenly frozen to a point on the very edge of this swale, in plain view.

"Look there!" I said, and started hurriedly down the hill.

Orion followed close on my heels; we came upon the dog together, and I spoke a low command and waited. Chris lifted a forefoot and set it down as if treading on eggs. He repeated the movement, and suddenly there was a roar.

A huge cock pheasant rose above the swale, fighting with madly beating wings to gain speed and altitude. It was a perfect shot.

The double gun leaped to my shoulder. And in the moment I would have pressed the trigger something jostled my arm and the shot went wild.

The pheasant soared out of range before I could regain my balance.

It was Orion. He had fallen against me. There was on his face a rueful expression.

"Sho!" he said. "Sho, I'm right sorry, about that. I musta tripped. You'd o' got that bird. Big one he was, too."

I saw his look of dismay, and my flash of anger cooled.

"Forget it," I said. "I'd probably have missed anyhow."

And then suddenly a thought flashed into my mind. "Say," I asked, "was that old Red Feather?"

Orion nodded and turned away, and started up the hill. And after a moment I followed, grinning behind his back, remembering his remark that day as we lunched by the brook: "You do all the shootin' you're a mind to. Guess you won't kill 'em all." And I wondered, too, if the gunning was really as poor this fall on Orion's farm as it appeared to be.

Speech Development Last

Split of Man From Ape

Essential turning points in the evolution of man from lower animals were outlined in recent lectures in London by the distinguished anthropologist, Prof. G. Elliot Smith, who quoted some of his material from a book by Dr. S. Zuckerman, of the London Zoological Society.

One step in human evolution was when the whole group of animals now including the apes, monkeys, lemurs and man separated from the rest of the insect-eating, tree-living animals by abandoning the habit of a fixed breeding season at one time of the year in favor of ability to breed at any time.

The next great separation distinguished man, the apes and the monkeys from most of the lemurs by the habit of drinking water by sucking it into their mouths instead of lapping it up with their tongues as is almost universal among animals.

Third was the separation of man and the apes from the monkeys, placed by Doctor Zuckerman at the time when both ape blood and human blood evolved the four chemical blood groups now observed in all human races and in gorillas, chimpanzees and other apes, but not in monkeys.

Finally, Professor Smith believes that man's final distinction from all living kinds of apes was marked by the development of precise and accurate nerve connections and muscular control which made it possible for man to learn to speak. This last step in human evolution probably happened in Africa at least three million or four million years ago, possibly even earlier.

Smartly Veiled Midwinter Brides

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



eyebrow-line caps. This one is fashioned of a treasured bit of lace instead of tulle. Look close and you will see medallions of the lace scattered here and there on the long veil. The particular thing to call attention to is that the longer part of this veil is detachable.

AS FAR as being smartly, charmingly and distinctively veiled, the outlook for midwinter brides-to-be was never more propitious. And why? Because more and more designers are specializing in wedding veil-craft.

Wherefore it is the good fortune of the modern bride to have had made available to her an array of wedding veils and bridal party finery the likes of which never could have been evolved by other than master artists.

The reaction to this spectacular gesture on the part of designers to create accessories for bride and bridesmaids which omit no detail of beauty and finesse is that the custom is growing among those who are planning a wedding cortege which shall be a "perfect picture" to patronize specialty shops that carry these lovely ensembles rather than to rely on the services of the novice or the kindly endeavors of home talent.

An outstanding choice among fashionable brides this season is the little cellophane cap made either of exquisite lace or all of tulle which features the new and extremely becoming Joan Crawford eyebrow line. See the bride seated to the left in the picture. She is wearing a charming cap of this description. In this instance the cap is made entirely of tulle with weaves of self-tulle for trimming.

The absence of lace on the headpiece makes the beauty of the lace sleeve all the more apparent, which is a stroke of absolute genius on the part of the designer.

The stately bride centered in the picture is also wearing one of the roguish

longer part of this veil is detachable. This is for the convenience of the bride when she unglazes with her friends after the ceremony. After the long trailing veil is removed the shorter veil is thrown back from the face, forming a popular cape fashion enveloping the shoulders. The gown is of lusterless heavy white satin.

For the youthful bride could anything be lovelier than a quaint little Dutch bonnet effect as shown to the right in the group? The veil is lace-bordered in harmony with the picturesque lace flanges which fold back on the bonnet away from the face. Her girlish frock is of tree-bark white crepe.

In this story of wedding veils for the midwinter bride we have saved the biggest thrill to the last—a vision of ice-blue tulle over satin in the same blue. The veil is finger-tip length falling from a cunning bonnetlike headpiece which has a flaring cuff trim. The entire ensemble is elaborated with wee rose platings of the tulle making it very flattery and pretty, but here's the big sensation—the announcer at the style showing tells the spellbound audience that this ensemble is designed for the young divorcee who is to wed again. Thus does fashion indeed go modern! The same lovely ensemble follows in the procession repeated in blush pink for the young widow who re-weds. We might add that the designer tells us that in Mexico the short veil for a second plunge into matrimony has been in vogue for some time.

© Western Newspaper Union

GOLD JEWELRY

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Yes, indeed, we agree with you the twisted gold chain necklace and bracelets which this stylishly hatted young woman is wearing, is perfectly stunning—enough to excite to envy. It is quite the proper thing to wear massive gold jewelry this season and the shops are showing the most fascinating array of clips and bracelets and pins and necklaces and novel ornaments in gold that fancy can picture. It is a master stroke to wear this gold costume jewelry with classically simple frocks. The sophisticated and severe black cloaky dress here pictured is all that it should be to wear with gold jewelry.

Blouses for Morning

For morning wear tunics appear in blouses of brightly colored wool generally no longer than the hip-bones. Burnt orange tunics are worn with brown tweed suits and green with gray.

RAGE FOR METAL IS SPREADING RAPIDLY

Girls as well as skyscrapers are chromium trimmed this season, and the rage for metal is growing by leaps and bounds.

It's true that a glint of shining metal cloth dresses up any costume no end, and so we see neckerchiefs and collars and cuffs presented in sparkling gold and silver lames and, for more formal occasion, even in sequins.

A gold cloth turban with a matching scarf, for instance, makes the most striking complement to one of the slithery new black dinner gowns, adding festivity to the picture.

Or you may wear a bandanna of striped or checked silver lame with your most severe suit, and enjoy the touch of gay frivolity.

There are Peter Pan collars and cuffs in shining metal fabrics and brocades, jabots of silver and gold ribbon, belts of seemingly precious metals, all of which brighten up the winter scene.

Popularity of Feathers

for Coiffures Spreading

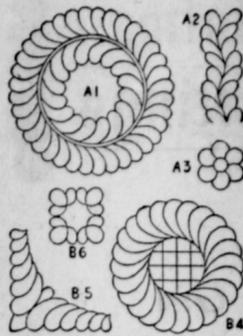
For years feathers have adorned the heads of women when they were presented at the Court of St. James. This season feathers are being tucked into the coiffures of social leaders at other than court affairs.

At a recent formal function three fashionably attired gossams wore green feathers. One attracted admiring glances as she held the center of an animated group. Her white gown of deceptive simplicity was accompanied by green satin shoulder length gloves, emerald green slippers and then, for contrast, her jeweled cigarette holder was a brilliant lacquer red.

There is a new handbag which is shaped like a case for field-glasses. It has a shorter strap than the field-glass case, but this permits it to be carried more easily in the hand.

PERFORATED DESIGN FOR QUILT MAKERS

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Quilt makers realize the beauty of a finished quilt depends upon the patches used, the beauty in the patchwork design, and, most important, the quilting. If the quilting design is not accurately reproduced on the material it is impossible to quilt neatly and clearly. Many quilts are never finished, because the worker has no pattern or means to transfer all the quilting lines accurately. There are several ways of transferring quilting patterns to cloth, but the most approved and successful method is stamping the design through a perforated pattern, with stamping powder. This is the simplest and most economical way, and produces results that make quilting interesting. Each stamping is the same, and perfect. These patterns are already perforated on bond paper, and good for many stampings. Each stitch is indicated on the lines of the design, and the stamping can be brushed off when quilting is finished, leaving the work neat and clean.

Grandmother Clark's package No. 33A contains perforated patterns of the designs shown, also stamping powder and full directions how to use them. Sizes of patterns are as follows: A1 Feather Circle, 12 inch; A2 Feather Border, 3 inch; A3 Motif, 3 1/2 inch; B4 Feather Circle, 9 1/2 inch; B5 Feather Corner, 7 inch; B6 Feather Square, 4 inch.

If you want your quilting to lock right, send 15 cents to our quilt department and receive all of these. Lot 33A six perforated patterns by mail postpaid.

Address—Home Craft Co.—Dept. "D"—Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Enclose a stamped envelope for reply when writing for any information.

TURKISH SAILOR LED COLUMBUS, IS CLAIM MADE

The Turks discovered America before Columbus, and Turks were the guides of the Spanish explorer on his great venture, it is claimed by Abdurhaman Bey, vice director of the Turkish government's cartographic service.

The Turks were the fathers of Europe's whole civilization, and all European languages were derived from Turkish, according to the official theory, prevailing in Kemalist Turkey and taught in the schools.

There hardly can be any doubt that Abdurhaman's theory will be added to the glorious list of national achievements.

In an article published in Harita Mecmuasi, (Cartographic Review) the author, who finds his thesis corroborated to a certain extent by Captain Charcot, a French writer, maintains that "Rodrigo," the mysterious companion of Columbus, who appeased the mutineering crew on the sixtieth day of the voyage, and persuaded the men to hold out for another three days, was a Turk who probably had served previously in the fleet of Halreddin Barbarossa, the famous raider and admiral of Sultan Soltman the Magnificent.

The first island sighted, to which Columbus later gave the name of San Salvador, originally was called Guvan Haul, according to the Turk author, who explains that Guvan Haul is Turkish and means "Where is Guvan?"

When "Rodrigo," in the crow's nest, sighted land, his countrymen on deck shouted up to him, "Where is Guvan?" according to Abdurhaman's theory, because they, or, at least, "Rodrigo," knew about the island, since he had made the definite promise to the crew that land would be found within three days.

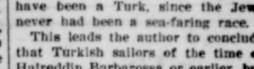
While Charcot believed that "Rodrigo" was a Turkish Jew, the Turkish author feels certain that he must have been a Turk, since the Jews never had been a sea-faring race.

This lends the author to conclude that Turkish sailors of the time of Halreddin Barbarossa or earlier, but at any event long before Columbus, knew the route to America.

Man's Common Enemy

Fear is the source of many of our commonest ailments.—Rev. Arthur Lee Kinsolving.

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one for their patronage
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a wash tub? Let us do
the job. Cheap rates.*

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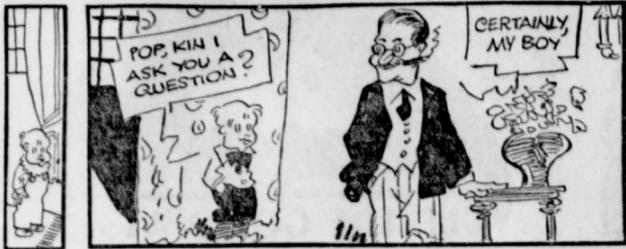
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PAID - APR. 22, 1934

SUCH IS LIFE—Pop's Night Out



By Charles Sughroe

TRUE DETECTIVE STORY
by Vance Wynn
© Public Ledger

The Gentleman From Paris

IT ALL came about from engaging a caretaker without looking into his antecedents. Dr. and Mrs. Jerome Depinnt—the last named being an Italian countess—had a winter home in Minneapolis. They were in the habit of going south for winter, and left the Western home in charge of a venerable servant. One year when they returned to Minneapolis they discovered that the servant had disappeared, and with him many of the precious possessions of the family.

These included a rare watch that had once been the property of Cardinal Richelieu, and a grape cluster design in pearls, diamonds and platinum, the work of the peerless artist, Benvenuto Cellini. It was felt instinctively that the stolen goods had been taken to New York, so Doctor Depinnt called upon George B. Dougherty, a clever detective of that city, who had made a reputation by solving more than one perplexing case.

His first inquiry concerned the venerable caretaker. The victims were sure that he was all right; they feared, in fact, that he might have met with foul play. As a proof of the man's good name, they exhibited a sheaf of letters of recommendation he had brought with him when he applied for the job. Dougherty investigated and found that all the letters had been forged. This satisfied him that the man was a crook, and, from the character of the robbery, he was convinced that the caretaker worked with confederates.

His first move was to make a tour of the pawnshops of New York. After that he visited many of the dealers in antiques. On the second day of the search he was fortunate enough to come across the famous Richelieu watch in a shop on Sixth avenue. The dealer pretended to be very much shocked when he was told that he had purchased stolen goods, and, in reparation, said he was willing to do all in his power to bring the thief to justice.

He stated that the man had told him his name was "Mr. Coates," and that he had picked up this antique and others in the Rue Madame, that street of famous antique shops in the French capital. It had been "picked up" truly enough, but not in the manner nor in the place suggested by the clever crook.

The dealer was able to give a very good description of the man who had sold him the watch. He said that he was of medium build, smooth shaven, of an olive complexion and with dark eyes. The rogues' gallery was consulted and the detective found several men by the name of Coates, but none of them answered the description of the gentleman who seemed to be so familiar with the Rue Madame. Dougherty now turned his attention to the second-hand stores, and, by great good luck, he located a dealer who had purchased the grape cluster design made by Benvenuto Cellini. This man was able to give him a clue regarding the whereabouts of the elusive "Mr. Coates."

He said he had gone West, and thought he was living in Wisconsin. It did not take Dougherty long to get to Milwaukee, and there, with the aid of the police, he located the man for whom he had been searching so long.

He was existing in a hall bedroom, and, having spent all of his money, was on the lookout for a fresh job. The detective, in short, had struck him at the psychological moment. Dougherty played his part cautiously. He might have arrested him on suspicion, but he did not propose to do anything like that.

What he wanted was real evidence. At their second meeting he began to talk about antiques and said that he had a customer who was anxious to get some rare Seventeenth century works of art, that he was willing to pay a big price for the right kind of articles. The so-called "Mr. Coates" swallowed the bait like hook and sinker and offered to take the detective to a place in New York where he could get the watch once owned by the great French cardinal.

The rest of it was detail. It was proved that the fellow was the confederate of the caretaker who had robbed the Western home of Doctor Depinnt, and after the usual formalities, he was placed on trial and promptly convicted. He was given a long sentence, during which it is to be presumed that he had ample opportunity for improving his knowledge of the French language and French antiques.

WNU Service.
Magellan Straits
The Straits of Magellan are more than 300 miles long, measured by the ship channel, which must be followed. Penguins are seen in great numbers along the route; seals and whales are plentiful and the albatross is sometimes encountered. Mt. Sarmiento, 7,330 feet high, covered for 6,000 feet with snow and glaciers, is one of its greatest sights. The straits are at the tip of South America.

Seek to Stamp Out Rule of Marihuana

Authorities Start Fight on Pernicious Drug.

New York. — Narcotic authorities throughout the country have started a grim, intensive drive against the use of marihuana, one of the most insidious and pernicious dope evils of the Twentieth century. The campaign will be prosecuted with an intensity that no similar past crusade has known. And it probably will fail. Almost inevitably it must do so.

But that is not deterring United States officials from bending every effort to stamping out widespread use of marihuana. If anything, their determination was whetted by the recent discovery here of the raw material for 1,000,000 "reefers." This is the slang term, used by addicts, to describe the innocent-looking cigarettes made from the lethal Mexican plant.

A Drop in the Bucket. But—statistics startlingly show—this seizure, while imposing on paper, perhaps—was a mere drop in the huge bucket of marihuana dissemination. To root out the menace it would be necessary to include marihuana in the list of drugs forbidden by the Harrison act.

This measure fixed a heavy penalty for the sale or possession of opium, heroin, cocaine and similarly deadly narcotics. But on the topic of marihuana it is silent, although desperate efforts are made yearly to have the latter included in the ban.

The outstanding reason why the latest and most savage thrust against marihuana may fail is easily explained. This is the facility with which the ad-

dict can provide himself with it locally. If you craved cocaine or heroin, the only way you could get it would be to buy it surreptitiously from a peddler. But marihuana can be easily and cheaply made by almost anyone. "Mary Warner," as it is known along the waterfronts, will grow in window boxes, backyards, any patch of earth. Therein lies the grimness of the situation. And the ironic corollary to this is the fact that in at least half the states of the Union it may be sold quite openly, without fear of arrest.

Terrible in Effects. What is this sinister marihuana? It is scientifically designated as cannabis Americana (American hemp). From its plant hashish is made—a mixture of the dried seeds of the hemp, a little opium and aromatic spices.

American addicts, however, usually smoke the unadorned leaf, known as "reefers" or "muggles." After the first few puffs the novice experiences a sense of wild hilarity. Then he falls into a profound slumber. The second time, however, the real effects begin to tell. Space and time become vastly distorted so that a second seems like hours, and a kiss will last forever. Sensuous images become magnified and last indefinitely. A hand-clap sounds like a thunderbolt and the addict can literally hear a pin drop.

The craving for it becomes greater, unquenchable. After five years of taking it periods of temporary insanity result.

Move 150-Year-Old Home From Coast to Coast

Portland, Maine. — Charles Quincy Chase, of San Francisco, will transfer from coast to coast the 150-year-old homestead built by his great-grandfather.

So delighted was he with the landmark when he visited Maine that he arranged to have it taken apart and shipped to California, where it will rise again on the shores of Lake Tahoe.

Golf Ball Is Moon in Calendar Clock

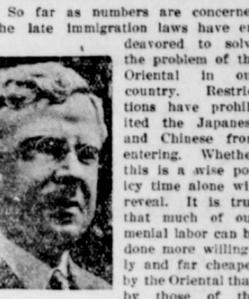
Fort Worth, Texas. — A clock that tells the time of day, the day of the week and month and phases of the moon has been constructed by Price Kiker, whose occupation is piano tuner.

The clock works with such accuracy, Kiker said, that it is calculated it will not vary more than one day in 48 years.

A golf ball, painted black on one side and aluminum on the other, represents the moon. It is connected with the regular clock movements by delicate gears and makes a complete turn in 29½ days, just as the moon does. Kiker spent five years in figuring out the plan, he said but actually spent only five days constructing the clock.

Our Neighbor—the Oriental

By LEONARD A. BARRETT



So far as numbers are concerned the late immigration laws have endeavored to solve the problem of the Oriental in our country. Restrictions have prohibited the Japanese and Chinese from entering. Whether this is a wise policy time alone will reveal. It is true that much of our mental labor can be done more willingly and far cheaper by the Oriental than by those of the white race. It is also true that merchandise made in Japan has been offered for sale in this country at a price cheaper than it can be manufactured in our shops. It is also true that the Oriental may not be the most congenial neighbor. He comes to us with

Political Prodigy



Rush D. Holt has been elected United States senator from West Virginia on the Democratic ticket, but being only twenty-nine years old, he cannot qualify for the place until next June. Mr. Holt was a member of the West Virginia legislature, or house of delegates, when he was twenty-six years old and gained fame for his successful fight against waste in government expenses. His father, Dr. M. S. Holt, is mayor of Weston, W. Va.

the background of a different culture and insists on expressing his hereditary tendency. For this reason we find the Chinese, in particular, developing colonies of their own where they have their own temples, shops and social privileges. Every large city has its Chinatown. This is only one side of the picture. We should not forget that in our universities many Oriental students have won first rank in the field of scholarship. Many are preparing for a professional career in their native land. All of the Orientals in this country are not of what might be called the artisan class.

When we seriously ask ourselves, what are the obligations we owe these neighbors, we face a dilemma. One thing certain: we cannot press assimilation to the extent of intermarriage if we want to preserve the white race. The latter invariably loses its identity in the offspring of all intermarriages. On the other hand, the best judgment of the Oriental mind is equally opposed to intermarriage. Nor can we assimilate them into citizenship, for the reason of their tendency to colonize. It would be just as impossible for us to become Chinese or Japanese.

Perhaps our obligation is best expressed in the exercise of Christian courtesy and neighborly spirit, endeavoring to instill into them the spirit of American democracy, and leave it to work from within outward. Whatever assimilation is possible, must arise within the personality of the Oriental himself, and cannot be forced upon him from the outside.

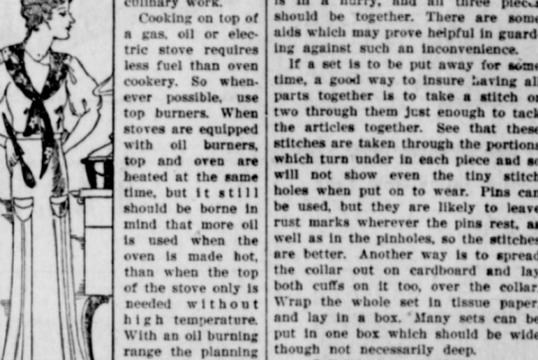
© Western Newspaper Union.
Famous Names Live
Chicago.—The University of Chicago intends to challenge Harvard's claim to famous names. The frosh class here boasts of a Woodrow Wilson, William Cullen Bryant, Irving Berlin and Walter Eckersall.

Has Bottle 200 Years Old
Union City, Tenn.—A small bottle, or demijohn, which is over 200 years old and which has been in the family five generations, is owned by Mrs. N. E. Jenkins of Union City.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

IN THESE days when economies are sought it is well to remember that fuel can be saved in many little ways of well-planned cooking. Frequently the saving proves one of time as well as coins. Modern stoves and methods require different management from the one-time kitchen stove burning coal and which was always kept going. This is seldom found. There were certain advantages in it, for the constant heat made it possible to cook, slowly at least, without adding to the fuel bill. But on the other hand, the very fact that the fire was constant increased costs. It is because the heat can be regulated at will today, that it is so important to have the fire going as little as is compatible with the culinary work.



Cooking on top of a gas, oil or electric stove requires less fuel than oven cooking. So whenever possible, use top burners. When stoves are equipped with oil burners, top and oven are heated at the same time, but it still should be borne in mind that more oil is used when the oven is made hot, than when the top of the stove only is needed without high temperature. With an oil burning range the planning of cookery to save fuel is much the same as with the ordinary, if less used, range. That is when the fire is high, do oven baking as well as top cooking, and then let the fire burn low, or even cut off the flow of oil and let the fire go out.

For Thrifty Cooking. When using the regulation oil stove, or the gas or electric stove, confine cooking to top burners as much as can be managed with results satisfactory. For example, try that delicious pudding, baked apple tapioca, made from cored, peeled, and sliced apples and pearl tapioca, water, sugar, a dash of salt, and cinnamon, if liked. Make it in a double boiler on top of the stove. The tapioca will steam in the boiler much quicker and the apples soften in much less time than in the oven. Serve in sherbet cups, and top each glass with whipped cream or marshmallow whip. Macaroni with cheese can be made in the double boiler, and if dished up and top covered with buttered crumbs browned under the flame, the effect is practically identical with baked macaroni.

When having a roast use the oven to cook other things which require a hot oven, when that is needed, or which take long rather slow cooking if

Smart Accessories



A black cellophane hat and bow are the smart modern accessories to this Schiaparelli costume. The coat is in black lightweight wool and is collared with two silver fox pelts. It is worn over an afternoon dress of heavily crinkled rayon called "Tave."

Mark Builds His Own Tombstone



Mark W. Sanderson of Ellsworth, Wis., believes in preparedness. So in his spare time he has constructed his own tombstone. The picture shows him viewing with considerable pride the ornate monument, now completed.

Pug's Fighting Face



Pug Lund, captain and star back of the Minnesota football team, is not handsome to look upon when in action, but he gets there just the same. His friends think he might go to Hollywood and get a job as a screen villain.

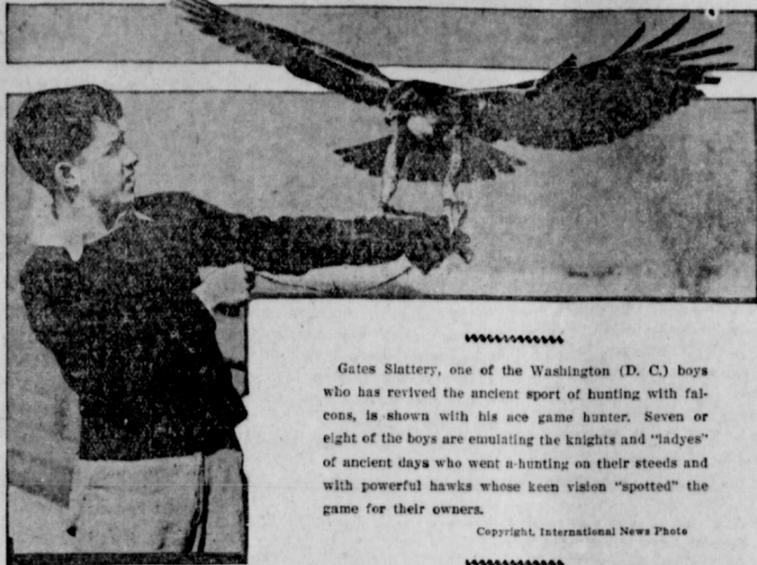
ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

MAD DOGS!
HOT WEATHER DOES NOT CAUSE RABIES, IT IS NOTICED MORE DURING SUMMER BECAUSE DOGS ROAM MORE FREQUENTLY

SMELLING SPACE—
ALL OF THE OLFACTORY NERVES OCCUPY A SPACE ONLY 4/10 INCH IN DIAMETER.

FILLING A STOMACH—
THE STOMACH'S NORMAL CAPACITY RANGES UP TO ONE-HALF GALLON.

Ancient Sport of Falconry Revived



Gates Slattery, one of the Washington (D. C.) boys who has revived the ancient sport of hunting with falcons, is shown with his ace game hunter. Seven or eight of the boys are emulating the knights and "ladies" of ancient days who went a-hunting on their steeds and with powerful hawks whose keen vision "spotted" the game for their owners.

Copyright, International News Photo

TRUE GHOST STORY

By CHICK SALE
© by Public Ledger, Inc.—WNU Service

"There is an old house on an abandoned Vermont farm which is the only place where I have ever come across circumstances which seemed to me supernatural and unexplainable.

"When I was hunting in Vermont for some pieces of early American furniture, I asked my escort, a native of the place, about an abandoned house which we were passing. "More than fifty years ago a family named Benham had lived in the stone house, he related. The family consisted of Proctor Benham, his wife, a former Boston society girl, and their twin sons. Upon these two handsome boys the family lavished their affections.

"The second floor of the house was given entirely to the boys; the children in the neighborhood loved to come to the playroom, they envied the boys their pleasure. My friend, when he was a boy, had played with the twins in their attic. "Then one night the two boys disappeared and were seen no more. It was thought they had drowned in a pool in a quarry back of the house. Half mad with grief, the parents moved finally from the stone house with its quiet garret playroom, and it became a truly abandoned Vermont farm, gathering



Was an Old Portrait of Two Small Boys.

about itself, as the years progressed, a reputation for being haunted.

"All old houses and barns and buildings interest me. Moreover, I was intrigued by the story. I asked my companion to take me into the house to see the locale of the tragedy of other years. As a storm was impending, he agreed to seek shelter within.

"The house proved to be bare of furniture, with one interesting exception. Above the living-room mantel, which itself was partly torn away, was an old oil portrait of two small boys, painted directly on the smooth old plaster of the chimney itself.

"It was a poor effort, but the faces belied the apparent poverty of the painter's talents. They fairly glowed with life and true flesh tones as they smiled out into the barren room where once they had brought such joy.

"My friend told me the history of the painting. Fifty years before a wandering painter had visited the district, begging for work painting the pictures of children. He preferred to paint on plaster rather than canvas.

"My companion said that there had been an ugly rumor to the effect that every family in which the tramp painter was admitted and painted a portrait, had later suffered the loss of a child; this rumor grew after the Benham tragedy.

"The story fascinated me, and I insisted on climbing the stairs. In the attic I found rough boards contrived into a kind of robbars' den; the crossbeams showed worn places where swing ropes had been attached.

"As I came downstairs, I saw it was dark, and that the storm which had threatened was going to break.

"My friend advised that we wait inside until after the storm.

"The storm broke, and I lost sight of the facts which my friend told me, in my ensuing terror.

"Sitting together in the dark, we heard the sound of feet on the floor of the playroom above us. Running feet, stamping feet, undoubtedly children's feet. Above our astonished heads, we heard the creak of swing ropes and the noise of scuffling and wrestling, as though several children were playing, roughly and excitedly.

"Neither of us moved—only once, when a flash of lightning illuminated the room momentarily. I was amazed to see that the chimney above the mantel was bare and white; that there was no painted likeness of two children there!

"To my disordered imagination, it now seemed that the hubbub above me increased to an almost unbearable pitch as though dozens of children were playing there, madly, furiously; as though jealous of the passing hours, and anxious to crowd into a brief time all the enjoyment they had missed for years.

"I don't know how my friend and

I got out of that house, and into our car in the storm, but we certainly did just that.

"I never returned to it. My friend did, but I was as far away as a fast train could take me.

"He wrote me once about his return trip. He said the painting on the chimney was there, just as it had been for, more than fifty years."

Egypt's Attractions

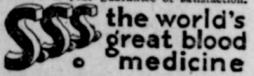
The tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen is now visited by nearly all Mediterranean cruisers, as are the temple of Karnak and the other great relics of ancient Egypt. The huge columns and still mighty ruins of the temple are subtly pleasing to feminists. One of Egypt's strong queens, Hatshepsut, played a leading part in directing the building of this temple.

When her brother succeeded her he jealously had all her inscriptions chiseled away and covered her great obelisks with a wall of masonry. With the centuries the masonry has crumbled away and Hatshepsut's obelisk was disclosed, unchanged despite the vindictiveness of kings.

Appetite gone?

A simple thing, perhaps...yet a very serious one, resulting in loss of strength...body weakness...and possibly many other ills. So why not check-up and snap back to the zest of eating and well being. You will find S.S.S., a great, scientifically-tested tonic—not just a so-called tonic, but one specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on." Do try it. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food and good digestion...sound sleep...and renewed strength. Remember, "S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again."

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.



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?

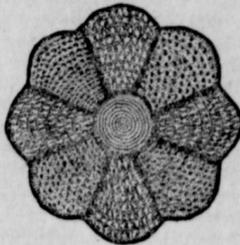
Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly, for functional kidney disorder permits poisons to stay in the blood and upset the whole system.

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

"DRESDEN PLATE" CROCHETED RUG

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



In Colonial days patchwork quilts and rag rugs were very popular. During the past 3 or 4 years patchwork quilts have been the leading item of interest for home art needleworkers. In 1933, when the crocheted rag rug in quilt design appeared, women all over the country took great interest in this new and beautiful way of making rag rugs. The old rugs were either round or oval, crocheted row after row until desired size was obtained. Changing of colors was the only variation. In quilt design rugs many beautiful combinations are possible and the work is really interesting.

Illustration above shows the "Dresden Plate" rug, named after the Dresden Plate or Friendship quilt, a pattern that every woman knows. This rug is another popular pattern, measures 34 inches and can be made from 40 oz. of Grandmother Clark's rag rug strips or 32 oz. of

"Linkraft," the new woven material for rag rugs.

Send 15c to our Rug Department and get our book No. 24 showing 29 different crocheted rugs in quilt design in colors with illustrations.

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing for any information.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. C, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

No Mending at Home

Little Sadie, visiting a neighbor, was carefully watching the preparation of a chicken for the Sunday dinner. She quite approved of the procedure until the neighbor began sewing up the fowl; then, shaking her head, she declared: "Goodness me! we never have to mend our chickens like that."

America's Riches

It is the feeling of most thoughtful people that the only true wealth we have in the United States are the boys and girls.—Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture.

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

How Calotabs Help Nature To Throw Off a Bad Cold

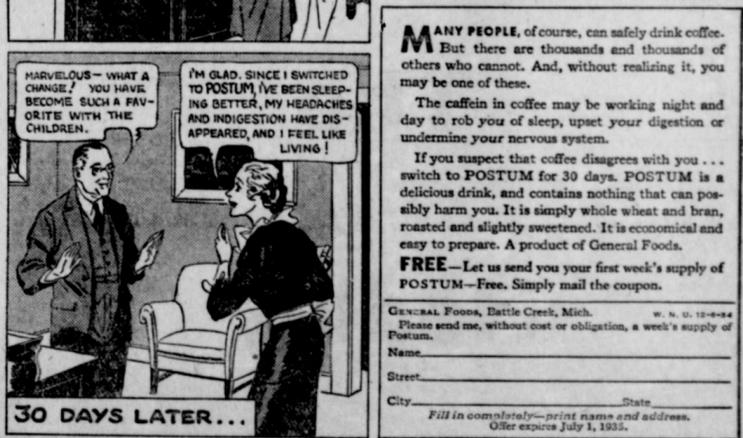
Millions have found in Calotabs the most valuable aid in the treatment of colds. They take one or two tablets the first night and repeat the third or fifth night if needed.

Second, Calotabs are diuretic to the kidneys, promoting the elimination of cold poisons from the blood. Thus Calotabs serve the double purpose of a purgative and diuretic, both of which are needed in the treatment of colds.

How do Calotabs help Nature throw off a cold? First, Calotabs are one of the most thorough and dependable of all intestinal eliminants, thus cleansing the intestinal tract of the germ-laden mucus and toxins.

Calotabs are quite economical; only twenty-five cents for the family package, ten cents for the trial package. (Adv.)

Mr. COFFEE - NERVES . . . he gets expelled from school



MANY PEOPLE, of course, can safely drink coffee. But there are thousands and thousands of others who cannot. And, 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 nervous system.

If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you . . . switch to POSTUM for 30 days. POSTUM is a delicious drink, and contains nothing that can possibly harm you. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It is economical and easy to prepare. A product of General Foods.

FREE—Let us send you your first week's supply of POSTUM—Free. Simply mail the coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Dattle Creek, Mich. W. N. D. 10-4824

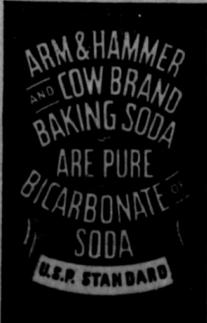
Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

Name _____

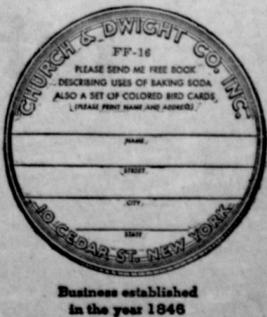
Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address. Offer expires July 1, 1935.



The right leavening for quick gingerbread is our Baking Soda with sour milk also for molasses cookies, strawberry shortcake, doughnuts sour milk with our Baking Soda is preferred by famous cooks . . . Our Baking Soda is obtainable everywhere in convenient sealed containers for just a few cents a package . . . Our pure Soda is useful in many ways outside the kitchen, keep an extra package in the medicine cabinet . . . Mail the coupon today.



THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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

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

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tion upon the character, standing or
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corporation which may appear in the
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gladly corrected upon its being
brought to the attention of the pub-
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All obituaries, resolutions of res-
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meets on the first Friday in each
month

SHERIFF'S NOTICE OF SALE

The State Of Texas
County Of Donley

Notice is hereby given that by
virtue of a certain order of sale
issued out of the Honorable Dis-
trict Court of Donley County, on
the 16th day of October, A. D.
1934, by Walker Lane, Clerk of
said District Court, under a judg-
ment in favor of Realty Trust
Company, a corporation, in a cer-
tain cause in said court, number
1787 and styled Realty Trust
Company vs E. L. Kennedy, et
al, placed in my hands for ser-
vice, I, Guy Pierce, as Sheriff of
Donley County, Texas, did on
the 23rd day of November, A. D.
1934, levy on certain real estate
situated in Donley County, Tex-
as, described as follows, to wit:
The West one half of Lot 4 and
all of Lots 5 and 6 in Block 88,
situated in the city of Clarendon
County of Donley, State of Tex-
as, and fronting 125 feet on the
south side of First street in said
city; and.

Whereas, \$94.06 of said judg-
ment is a foreclosure of a special
assessment lien on the west one
half of Lot 4, Block 88, City of
Clarendon, County of Donley,
State of Texas, fronting 25 feet
on the south side of First street
in said city; and.

Whereas, \$168.21 of said judg-
ment is a foreclosure of a special
assessment lien on all of Lot 5,
Block 88, city of Clarendon,
County of Donley, State of Tex-
as, fronting 50 feet on the south
side of First street in said city;
and.

Whereas, \$168.21 of said judg-
ment is a foreclosure of a special
assessment lien on Lot 6, Block
88, city of Clarendon, County of
Donley, State of Texas, and
fronting 50 feet on the south side
of First street in said city.

And levied upon as the property
of E. L. Kennedy and wife, Nan-
nie Kennedy and Farmers State
Bank, a banking corporation, and
that on the first Tuesday in Jan-
uary, 1935, the same being the
1st day of said month, at the
courthouse door of Donley
County, in the city of Clarendon,
Texas, between the hours of
10:00 o'clock A. M. and 4:00
o'clock P. M., by virtue of said
levy and said order of sale, I will
sell said above described real
estate at public vendue, for cash,
to the highest bidder, as the prop-
erty of the said E. L. Kennedy
and wife, Nannie Kennedy, and
Farmers State Bank, a banking
corporation.

And in compliance with law, I
give this notice by publication,
in the English language, once a
week for three consecutive weeks
immediately preceding said day
of sale in the Hedley Informer, a
newspaper published in Donley
County, Texas.

Witness my hand, this 23rd,
day of November, A. D. 1934
Guy Pierce, Sheriff of Donley
County, Texas

By Guy Wright, Deputy

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. C.
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.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

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

SHERIFF'S NOTICE OF SALE

The State Of Texas
County Of Donley

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issued out of the Honorable Dis-
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the 23rd day of November, A. D.
1934, by Walker Lane, Clerk of
said District Court, for the sum
of One Thousand Five Hundred
Two And No 100 Dollars and
costs of suit, under a judgment
in favor of C. W. Bridges in a
certain cause in said court, num-
ber 1889 and styled C. W. Brid-
ges vs R. D. Starkey, placed in
my hands for service, I, Guy S.
Pierce, as Sheriff of Donley
County, Texas, did on the 24th
day of Nov., A. D. 1934, levy on
certain real estate situated in
Donley County, Texas, described
as follows, to wit:

Being out of and a part of J.
W. Singleterry pre-emption sur-
vey in Donley County, Texas, de-
scribed by metes and bounds as
follows:

Beginning in the East boundry
line of said 160 acre pre-emption
survey, at a stake, the S. E. cor-
ner of a forty acre tract, out of
said tract sold by W. M. Cavness,
to F. Caraway.

Thence south 377 17 yards to
a stake in said east line;

Thence west 641 23 yards to
west line of said 160 acre survey;

Thence north 377 17 yards
with the west line of said pre-
emption survey to S. W. corner
of said F. E. Caraway 40 acre
tract;

Thence east 641 23 yards to
the place of beginning containing
50 acres of land out of the J. W.
Singleterry pre-emption survey
in Donley County, Texas.

And levied upon as the prop-

erty of R. D. Starkey, and that
on the first Tuesday in January,
1935 the same being the 1st day
of said month, at the courthouse
door of Donley County, in the
city of Clarendon, Texas, be-
tween the hours of 10:00 o'clock
A. M. and 4:00 o'clock P. M., by
virtue of said levy and said order
of sale, I will sell said above de-
scribed real estate at public ven-
due, for cash, to the highest bid-
der, as the property of the said
R. D. Starkey

And in compliance with law, I
give this notice by publication,
in the English language, once a
week for three consecutive weeks
immediately preceding said day
of sale in the Hedley Informer,
a newspaper published in Don-
ley County, Texas.

Witness my hand, this 24th
day of November, A. D. 1934

Guy Pierce, Sheriff of Donley
County, Texas.

By Guy Wright, Deputy

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.
C. E. Johnson, Sec.

COFFINS, CASKETS

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

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

MOREMAN HARDWARE

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

Byron F. Todd, pastor
Sunday School at 10:30 a. m.
Preaching every 2nd and 4th
Sundays and on Saturday before
the 2nd Sunday. Morning ser-
vice 11:00 a. m. Evening service
8:00. Visitors are always wel-
come.

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

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.

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.

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

Huffman's Barber Shop

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

W. H. Huffman, Prop.



The Hedley Informer

The Christmas Frigidaire... The Supreme Gift



Clever husbands, thoughtful brothers, keen sons—all are solving
their perplexing problems of what to give the family by select-
ing THE CHRISTMAS FRIGIDAIRE. It is the expression of your
thoughtful loving care through the years—The Gift Supreme.

She will be delighted that your gift is a genuine Frigidaire,
with all the Frigidaire features—the super freezer, cold control,
hydrator for vegetables, and automatic ice tray release.

West Texas Utilities
Company

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. They find Wreda, 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. Brisbane died from a stab in the back as in Archer's case. Vance, searching Brisbane's coat, finds waxed thread attached to a bent pin, and a damning needle. A lipstick discovered in Archer Coe's wastebasket, indicates that a woman called on him the night of the murder.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"But I don't see the connection," Markham was puzzled. "Brisbane was the victim—not the murderer. Suppose you elucidate—if possible."

"I live in 'opes," Vance grinned. "Let me question Miss Lake a bit further. I could bear a bit of amplification as to Brisbane's delvings into criminological lore." He sobered and went toward the door. "What do you say to using Archer's bedroom as the scene of the interrogation?"

Markham gave a resigned sigh, and we went upstairs. Heath sent Gamble to ask Miss Lake to join us there; and a few minutes later she came in, swagpering but chilly and, I thought, suspicious.

Vance pushed a chair forward for her.

"We wanted to ask you, Miss Lake," he began gravely. "Just what you meant when you spoke of your Uncle Brisbane's having 'dabbled in criminology'—I believe that was your phrase. What form did his interest in criminology take?"

"Only reading. Criminal cases, court cases, court records, detective stories—the usual thing. There are hundreds of volumes in his room."

"Were you, too, interested in your Uncle Brisbane's books?"

"Oh, yes. There's nothing else interesting in the house."

"Then you, too, have 'dabbled in criminology'?"

She shot Vance a quick look and gave a forced laugh.

"You might call it that."

"Ah! Then perhaps you can help us." Vance's air became jocular. "We have to know how this door could have been bolted on the inside. Obviously Archer couldn't have done it with a bullet in his head."

"Or a dagger through his lungs," she supplemented, and he became suddenly serious. "But he might have done it before the bullet entered his head."

"But he was dead at that time," Vance, too, had become serious and was watching the woman closely.

"Have you never heard of cadaveric spasm, or rigor mortis?" she asked contemptuously. "Men, with revolvers in their hands at death, have been known to fire them hours after they were dead, as a result of muscular contraction."

Vance nodded, without changing his expression or shifting his gaze.

"Quite true. There was the famous case in Prague of the suicide who later shot the police inspector. And there was a more recent case in Pennsylvania. . . . But I hardly think that condition applies here. Archer, if you see, died of a stab in the back. And the position of his hand holding the revolver was not such as would indicate that he himself pulled the trigger."

"Perhaps you're right." I was surprised at her ready acceptance of Vance's dismissal of her suggestion. "Some one else must have bolted the door." She spoke with cynical lightness. "It's quite a problem, isn't it?"

"Are you sure you can't help us?" Vance gazed at her steadily.

She became thoughtful; a curious change came over her, and she looked at Vance with a questioning steady stare.

"I've been thinking about that door for several hours," she said tensely; "and I can't find an answer to it. Uncle Brisbane and Mr. Wreda and I often talked about these tricky criminal devices. We worked out various ways and means of doing seemingly impossible things; but bolting this door from the outside was something we could never figure out."

Vance took his cigarette from his mouth with slow deliberation.

"You mean to tell me that you and Brisbane and Mr. Wreda actually discussed the possibilities of bolting this door from the outside?"

"Oh, yes. She appeared quite frank. "Many times. But we decided it couldn't be successfully done."

Vance hesitated, and a strange kind of "sh" ran over me. I felt as if we

were approaching something particularly pertinent and, at the same time, sinister.

"Did anyone else"—Vance's cool voice brought me back to reality—"ever hear these discussions?"

"No one but Uncle Archer." Hilda Lake had become frigid and indifferent again. "He always ridiculed our speculations."

"What of Liang?" Vance asked casually.

"The cook? Oh, I suppose he heard our idle chatter. I believe we talked over our dire plots at dinner occasionally."

"And now the problem that troubled all of you has been solved." Vance rose and strolled meditatively toward the door. "Very sad. . . ." He opened the door and held it ajar. "Thank you, Miss Lake. I say, you won't mind remaining in your room till dinner time, will you?"

"If I did mind, it wouldn't do me any good, I suppose." She spoke with obvious resentment as she walked toward Vance. "May I be permitted to get a book from Uncle Brisbane's room to while away my hours of detention?" Her eyes were narrowed, and her lip curled in an ugly arc.

Vance's calm gaze did not alter.

"I'm dashed sorry, and all that sort of thing," he said politely, "but I'll send you up any book you'd like—later, I've a bit of bowdizing to do first."

The woman turned on her heel and walked away without a word.

Vance waited until he heard her door close with a bang; then he turned and came back into the room.

"Not a sweet, Victorian clinging vine," he lamented; "but a lady of parts, none the less. . . . Curious, her telling us of her discussions with Brisbane about the possibilities of bolting this door from the outside. There was something back of that, Markham. The young woman had ideas. Now, why should she have tried to be so helpful? And that suggestion about rigor mortis and the revolver. . . . Amazing."

"If you want my candid opinion," Markham commented, "she knows, or suspects, more than she's telling us; and she's trying to throw us off the track."

Vance considered this for a time.

"Yes—it's possible," he agreed at length. "On the other hand . . ."

Markham was patently puzzled.

"Any suggestion?" he asked. "What's our next move?"

"Oh, that's indicated," Vance sighed deeply. "Painful as it may prove, I simply must run my eye over Brisbane's books."

Markham also sighed deeply, and rose.

We went into Brisbane Coe's room, which was at the front of the house on the west side. On the north wall beside the window was a series of simple built-in book-shelves extending to the ceiling. There were, I estimated, between three and four hundred volumes on them, all neatly and meticulously arranged.

Vance went to the window and threw up the shades, and began running his eye systematically over the volumes.

For so small a number of criminological volumes Brisbane Coe's collection was unusually complete. In surveying the titles one got the impres-

sion that, had he gone in for crime, he would have been highly practical rather than subtle.

Vance glanced over the books rapidly but carefully.

"It should be here, if you know," he murmured, as if to himself, "unless it's been taken away. . . ."

He got up and began to check the volume numbers of the various sets of books. When he came to a red-and-gold set of the "Aussensetter der Gesellschaft" he gave a nod and stepped down to the floor.

"A volume missing," he announced. He scanned the upper book shelves carefully. "I wonder. . . ." Then he dropped on his knees and began going more thoroughly over the section of fiction.

When he had come to the lowest shelf he reached forward and took out



"Then You, Too, Have 'Dabbled in Criminology?'"

a thin red-and-gold volume. He glanced at it and leaned forward again to inspect the books on either side of the space from which he had extracted the missing volume of the "Aussensetter der Gesellschaft" series.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed. "That's deuced interestin'. Markham, it's significant that the missing volume of the 'Aussensetter der Gesellschaft' should be found cheek by jowl with a book dealing with a pin."

Markham took his cigar from his mouth, stood up, and faced Vance with a serious face.

"I see what you mean," he said. "You think that Brisbane, by the help of these books on criminology, worked out some way of bolting Archer's door from the outside, by the use of those pins and string."

Vance gave an affirmative nod.

"Either Brisbane or some one else. It was quite a technical operation." He picked up the "Aussensetter der Gesellschaft" volume. I think I'll do a bit of pryin'—if you could bear to wait for me a short while."

Markham made a gesture of acquiescence.

"The sergeant and I will wait downstairs—I've some telephoning to do."

The three of us left Vance alone in Brisbane's room, and as I closed the door, I saw Vance stretch himself out on theavenport with the two books.

An hour later he came to the head of the stairs and called down to us. We joined him in Archer's bedroom.

"I think I've found a solution to one phase of our problem," he announced seriously, when we were seated. "But it may take a bit of working out."

He opened the book. "The tale, as I gather at a hasty reading, relates of a dead man found locked in a vault with a key to the door on the table before him. The vault door was locked from the outside, of course. . . . Here's the explanatory passage: 'No other word he spoke, but took something from his pocket; it was a reel of stout cotton. Then from his waistcoat he produced a new pin, and with great care and solemnity tied the thread to the end of the pin, Tab watching him intently. And all the time he was working, Rex Lander was humming a little tune, as though he were engaged in the most innocent occupation. Presently he stuck the point of the pin in the center of the table, and pulled at it by the thread he had fastened. Apparently he was satisfied. He unwound a further length of cotton, and when he had sufficient he threaded the key upon it, carrying it well outside the door. The end he brought back into the vault, and then pushed it out again from the inside through one of the airholes. Then he closed the door carefully. He had left plenty of slack for his purpose and Tab heard the click of the lock as it was fastened, and his heart sank. He watched the door fascinated, and saw that Lander was pulling the slack of the cotton through the airhole. Presently the key came in sight under the door. Higher and higher came the sagging line of cotton and the key rose until it was at the table level, slid down the taut cotton, and came to rest on the table. Tighter drew the strain of the thread, and presently the pin came out, passed through the hole in the key, leaving it in the exact center of the table. Tab watched the bright pin as it was pulled across the floor and through the ventilator. . . . That's the way the author worked his locked door."

"But," objected Markham. "There was an open ventilator in the door, and space beneath the door. These conditions are not true here."

"Yes—of course," Vance returned. "But don't overlook the fact that there was a string and a bent pin. At least they are common integers in the two problems. . . . Now, let's see if we can combine those integers with certain common integers of another case." He opened the other book.

"Konrad," Vance explained, "was a truck driver in Berlin nearly fifty years ago. His wife and five children were found dead in their cellar room; and the door—a ponderous affair without even a keyhole or space around the molding—was securely bolted on the inside. The case was at once pronounced one of murder and suicide on the part of the mother; and Konrad would have been free to marry his inamorata (whom he had in the offing) had it not been for an examining magistrate of the criminal court, named Hollmann. Hollmann, for no tangible reason, did not believe in the suicide theory, and set to work to figure out how Konrad could have bolted the door from without. . . . Here's the revelatory passage—'If you'll forgive my rather sketchy slight translation of the German: 'Hollmann determined, as a last resort, to give the entire door, both inside and outside, a microscopic examination. It required hours of labor, but in the end he was rewarded. Just above the bolt he found on the inside, close to the edge of the door, a very small hole which was barely discernible. Opening the door he inspected the outside surface directly opposite to the hole on the inside. But there was no corresponding hole visible. Hollmann did find on the outside of the door, however, a small spot on which the paint seemed fresher than that on the rest of the

door. He borrowed a hatpin from one of the tenants in the building and heating it, ran it through the hole on the inside. With but little pressure the heated hatpin penetrated the door, coming out on the outside exactly in the center of the newly painted spot. Moreover, when Hollmann withdrew the hatpin a piece of tough horsehair adhered to the pin; and on the pin was also discernible a slight film of wax. . . . It was obvious then how Konrad had bolted the door from without. He had first bored a tiny hole through the door above the bolt, looped a piece of horsehair over the bolt's knob, and slipped the two ends through the hole. He had then pulled the bolt-knob upward until the horsehair loop was disengaged, withdrawing the horsehair through the hole. A piece of the horsehair had, however, caught in the hole and remained there. Konrad had then filled up the hole with wax and painted it on the outside, thereby eliminating practically every trace of his criminal device. He was later convicted of the murder of his family, sentenced to death, and hanged.' . . ."

Heath, as Vance finished reading, leaped to his feet.

"That's a new one on me." He went swiftly to the door and bent over.

Vance smiled.

"There's no hole in the door above the bolt, Sergeant," he said. "No need, don't you know. There's a keyhole."

Heath squared off and looked at the door.

"Still and all, the keyhole's only halfway over the bolt, and eight inches below it. No string fastened to the bolt and run through that keyhole would lock the room from the outside."

"True, Sergeant," Vance nodded. "But that's where the modification of the trick comes in. The person who planned bolting this door carried the idea to a few more decimal points. Don't forget we have two pieces of string and two pins."

"Well, I don't get it," Heath still stood scowling at the door. "The cases in those two books are easy enough to understand but neither of 'em will work here."

"Maybe the two together will work," suggested Vance. "Look at the wall just to the right of the jamb and opposite to the bolt. Do you see anything?"

"I don't see much," he grumbled. "Right in the crack of the jamb and wall there's what might be a pinhole."

"That's it, Sergeant!" Vance rose and went to the door; and Markham and I followed him. "I think I'll try the experiment I have in mind."

We all watched him with fascinated interest. First he reached in his pocket and drew forth the two pieces of string and bent pins and the damning needle he had found in the pocket of Brisbane Coe's overcoat. By means of his pocket knife he straightened one of the pins and inserted it in the hole Heath had found in the wall at the edge of the jamb, giving it several taps with the handle of his knife to drive it in rather securely. He then threaded the other end of the string in the damning needle and passed it through the keyhole into the hall, removing the needle and letting the string fall to the hall floor. After this operation he bent the other pin securely round the upright knob of the bolt, passed the string over the pin he had driven into the wall, and threading this second string into the damning needle, passed it also through the keyhole about 18 inches, drawing the two strings partly back through the keyhole in a loop to permit the door to swing inward without disturbing his mechanism.

He bent down and passed under the two strings into the hall. Then he closed the door gently, while we remained inside, our eyes riveted to the two strings and the two pins.

Presently we saw the string which was attached to the bolt knob go taut, as Vance drew it slowly through the keyhole. Passing over the pin in the wall, which acted as a pulley, the string described a sharp angle, with the pin in the wall as the apex. Slowly Vance drew the string from outside and the bolt, getting a straight pull around the pin, began to move into its socket on the jamb. The door was bolted!

The next thing we saw was the tightening of the other string—the one attached to the head of the pin in the wall. There came several jerks on the string—the pin in the wall resisted several times and bent toward the source of the pull. Finally, it was disengaged from the wall; and it was then drawn upward from its depending position, disappearing through the keyhole.

The other string, still hooked about the bolt knob, was then drawn taut through the keyhole, describing a straight line from the bolt knob to the keyhole which was almost directly below it. Another slight pull by Vance on the string, and the knob fell downward into its groove. Another pull, and the bent pin was disengaged from

the knob and pulled through the keyhole into the hall.

Markham, Heath, and I had been bolted in the room from the hall as neatly as if we ourselves had shot the bolt and locked it. And there was no evidence of any kind—save the indiscernible pin-point hole in the crack of the wall—to show that it had not actually been bolted from the inside!

The sergeant, after a moment's stupefaction, threw back the bolt and opened the door.

"It worked?" asked Vance, coming into the room.

"It worked," mumbled Heath lacholically, lighting the cigar he had been chewing on viciously for the past half hour.

CHAPTER VIII

The Dagger Strikes.

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We all watched him with fascinated interest. First he reached in his pocket and drew forth the two pieces of string and bent pins and the damning needle he had found in the pocket of Brisbane Coe's overcoat. By means of his pocket knife he straightened one of the pins and inserted it in the hole Heath had found in the wall at the edge of the jamb, giving it several taps with the handle of his knife to drive it in rather securely. He then threaded the other end of the string in the damning needle and passed it through the keyhole into the hall, removing the needle and letting the string fall to the hall floor. After this operation he bent the other pin securely round the upright knob of the bolt, passed the string over the pin he had driven into the wall, and threading this second string into the damning needle, passed it also through the keyhole about 18 inches, drawing the two strings partly back through the keyhole in a loop to permit the door to swing inward without disturbing his mechanism.

He bent down and passed under the two strings into the hall. Then he closed the door gently, while we remained inside, our eyes riveted to the two strings and the two pins.

Presently we saw the string which was attached to the bolt knob go taut, as Vance drew it slowly through the keyhole. Passing over the pin in the wall, which acted as a pulley, the string described a sharp angle, with the pin in the wall as the apex. Slowly Vance drew the string from outside and the bolt, getting a straight pull around the pin, began to move into its socket on the jamb. The door was bolted!

The next thing we saw was the tightening of the other string—the one attached to the head of the pin in the wall. There came several jerks on the string—the pin in the wall resisted several times and bent toward the source of the pull. Finally, it was disengaged from the wall; and it was then drawn upward from its depending position, disappearing through the keyhole.

The other string, still hooked about the bolt knob, was then drawn taut through the keyhole, describing a straight line from the bolt knob to the keyhole which was almost directly below it. Another slight pull by Vance on the string, and the knob fell downward into its groove. Another pull, and the bent pin was disengaged from

the knob and pulled through the keyhole into the hall.

Markham, Heath, and I had been bolted in the room from the hall as neatly as if we ourselves had shot the bolt and locked it. And there was no evidence of any kind—save the indiscernible pin-point hole in the crack of the wall—to show that it had not actually been bolted from the inside!

The sergeant, after a moment's stupefaction, threw back the bolt and opened the door.

"It worked?" asked Vance, coming into the room.

"It worked," mumbled Heath lacholically, lighting the cigar he had been chewing on viciously for the past half hour.

CHAPTER VIII

The Dagger Strikes.

Markham sat for several minutes in a brown study.

"As you say, Vance," he remarked without looking up, "the technique of the bolting of the door from the hall explains one phase of the problem, but

leaves another phase unexplained. . . ."

"That's a new one on me." He went swiftly to the door and bent over.

Vance smiled.

"There's no hole in the door above the bolt, Sergeant," he said. "No need, don't you know. There's a keyhole."

Heath squared off and looked at the door.

"Still and all, the keyhole's only halfway over the bolt, and eight inches below it. No string fastened to the bolt and run through that keyhole would lock the room from the outside."

"True, Sergeant," Vance nodded. "But that's where the modification of the trick comes in. The person who planned bolting this door carried the idea to a few more decimal points. Don't forget we have two pieces of string and two pins."

"Well, I don't get it," Heath still stood scowling at the door. "The cases in those two books are easy enough to understand but neither of 'em will work here."

"Maybe the two together will work," suggested Vance. "Look at the wall just to the right of the jamb and opposite to the bolt. Do you see anything?"

"I don't see much," he grumbled. "Right in the crack of the jamb and wall there's what might be a pinhole."

"That's it, Sergeant!" Vance rose and went to the door; and Markham and I followed him. "I think I'll try the experiment I have in mind."

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PUTTING IT NEATLY

When T. R. was President he had a habit, very annoying to some members of his cabinet, of suddenly phoning an invitation to breakfast. There were no gossipings or discussion of matters of state, the object apparently simply being to eat breakfast in the Presidential aura, and most officials seized every possible excuse to avoid them.

One morning the President called Elihu Root, who hemmed and hawed as he tried to think of a reasonable excuse.

"I understand you, Elihu," interrupted Mr. Roosevelt. "What you mean is that you'll come—if you have no subsequent engagement."

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.

Add Similies

As hungry as a lightning rod agent.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Public Education

Public discussion is the best means of educating a people.

And Further

Many a thing whispered into an ear is heard the town over.

CREOMULSION

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

COUGHS

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 put in the Ear but Rubbed Back of Head and Inserted in Nostrils. Also excellent for deafness caused by Flu,



Xmas Specials

Buy the "goodies" for your Xmas dinner at this store. We have a complete line of foods.

Buy Here and Save!

Grapefruit, doz. 39c

Cocoanuts, fresh, each	8c	Oranges, small, doz.	19c
Cranberries, qt.	25c	Oranges, medium	29c
Delicious Apples, box	\$1.75	Oranges, large	39c
Apples, bulk, bu.	75c	Oranges, extra large, doz.	49c
Candy, bulk, lb.	15c	Nuts, mixed, lb.	23c

Lettuce, head 5c

Bananas, doz.	15c	Coffee, Admiration, 3 lb.	83c
Texas Oranges, basket	\$2.25	Flour, Yukon Best	\$1.89
Cocoanut, bulk, lb.	23c	Meal large sack	83c
Cocoa, Mother's, 2 lb.	23c	Lard, 8 lb. carton	85c
Sugar, 25 lb.	\$1.25	Celery, bunch	10c

Big Variety of Candy, Nuts & Fruits

M System

PASTIME THEATRE Clarendon, Texas

Fri. 21, Neil Hamilton, Florence Rice in

Fugitive lady

Out of a job but honest, her life becomes one of many twists. Also Fox News and novelty. 10 25

Sat 22, Buck Jones in

The Avenger

Wild and wooley western. We are mighty glad to have Buck back with us again. Also Cartoon comedy. Matinee 10c, night 10 15

Sun Mon 23 24, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Pat O'Brien, in

Twenty Million Sweethearts

All critics give this as one of the best in its class. We are using this for our opening of our newly decorated Theatre. Also Mr and Mrs Jessie Crawford in a musical number. and cartoon 10 25c

Tues. 25, Our Xmas program. Grace Moore in

One Night Of love

What a picture, what a voice. A picture you can't afford to miss. Also Novelty and Our Bank Nite. Those attending matinee will participate in Bank Nite drawing 10 25c

Wed Thurs 26 27, Helen Hayes, Brian Amerne, Madge Evans in

What Every Woman Knows

You will love Maggie with all your heart. This is Miss Hayes' greatest emotional triumph. Also Our Gang in Washee Ironce comedy 10 25c

NEW DEAL BRIDGE CLUB

The New Deal Bridge club entertained with a buffet supper in honor of their husbands at the home of Mr and Mrs. Alva Simmons December 12.

The Christmas tree presented a gay and colorful appearance as we entered, with its red, green and silver decorations and the attractively wrapped packages hanging upon the tree gave us the real Xmas spirit. The home was decorated with Xmas greens and symbols of the season. Miniature Xmas trees and green candles in silver holders were used to decorate the table that was loaded with turkey, cranberry sauce, creamed potatoes, hot rolls, raisin nut pie with whipped cream, and many other appetizing dainties that delighted all of us. Following the supper bridge was played. Leon Reeves won high score, a roman candle, Evin Hickey got low, a very noisy rattler. Suddenly bells were heard on the porch, a hush fell over the room, the curiosity of the whole party was at breaking point but no one dared to speak. The hostess cautiously opened the door and old Santa bounded in, in his jolliest mood. He questioned each man most earnestly, anyway we succeeded in convincing him we had been good boys for he rewarded each of us with a gift from the beautifully lightest tree. Hobart Moffitt got a little tricycle that was the envy of all. Hobart reluctantly allowed each fellow to play with his tricycle. Leon Reeves gift was a sack of fire crackers and torpedoes, and with his high score prize he furnished the party with many sparkling amusing scenes. Branch Watkins got a cap gun, but no blood was shed due to Branch's poor marksmanship. He even aimed at innocent bystanders.

Many useful gifts were given and each man went home wishing the New Deal Bridge club a fair and square deal for the coming year, and a very Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Those who enjoyed this charming party were Messrs and Mesdames Hobart Moffitt, Evin Hickey, Evin Hickey, Lake Dishman,

Xmas Specials

Buy your Xmas candles, nuts and fruits from us, and save the difference.

FRUITS

Oranges, large as they grow, doz.	38c
Oranges, 150 size	33c
Oranges, medium	18c
Delicious Apples, extra large, doz.	39c
Delicious Apples, medium size	25c
Delicious Apples, extra good, pk.	40c
Bananas, doz.	15c 2 doz. 29c

SUGAR, 25 LB. \$1.23

Coffee, Break o' Morn, 3 lb.	65c
Spuds, pk.	23c
Crackers, 2 lb. box	19c
Grape Nut Flakes, box	10c
Kellogg Corn Flakes, box	11c

FLOUR, 48 LB. GUARANTEED \$1.65

McCalister Market

Friday & Saturday Specials

Steak, choice cuts, lb.	15c
Beef Roast, nice, fat, lb.	7c
Sausage, lb.	15c
Good Cream Cheese	20c
All Weenies & Bologna, 2 lb.	25c
Custom Grinding—Sausage and Meats	

EADS GROCERY CO.

PHONE 23



Merry Christmas
Frank Kendall

Don't forget we are headquarters for Santa Claus. We have a nice line of gifts, and you cannot beat our prices.

B. & B. Variety

You can get felt insoles, viscol shoe oil, leather shoe strings, and other shoe accessories at Kendall's.

A bargain in house and lot at Lelia Lake

Eula Nanney, Wedley

For Trade or Sale—one set of leather harness. Will trade for a big fat hog

Rev W E Lawson.

Positively no hunting or tree passing allowed on my place.

R. H Jones.

We still have plenty of nice gifts for all the family.

B & B Variety

Clarence Davis, Ray Mor-man, Roy Kusch, Leon Reeves, Alva Simmons, Louis Thompson, Clifford Johnson, Mrs P V Diebman, Misses Myrtle Mims, Oney Watkins, Myrtle Reeves, and Messrs Branch Watkins and Homer Simmons.

For Sale—15 AAA barred rock roosters \$1.00 each.

Mrs O A. Waddell

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

Better for Better Service

Superior construction assures you greater power and longer life when you buy a **DEMPSYER** NO 12, BACK GEARED **Ann-Oil WINDMILL**

Dempsyer Engine Bearings Machine Cut Gears Positive Brake and Oil-It-Once-a-Year feature make the Dempsyer No. 12 outstanding. Drop around and let our experienced windmill and pump men show you a sample.

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