

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS JANUARY 4, 1935

NO. 8

My Sincere THANKS

To my Friends and Customers

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking my friends and customers for their loyal patronage which I have been given during the time that I have operated my grocery and feed business in Hedley.

Your business has been deeply appreciated, and your friendship has been more than appreciated. Despite the fact that I have sold this business, I will consider you my friends.

As 1935, a New Year, settles down over the community, it gives me genuine pleasure to wish each of you contentment and happiness; and if I can ever be of service to you, feel free to call on me as a friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Eads

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Olson 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.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

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

W. 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.

WAYLAND BAND HERE

A band of young folks from Wayland College, Plainview, had charge of the morning and evening services at the First Baptist church last Sunday and rendered an excellent program at both services.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

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

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:45 a.m. J. W. McPherson, 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 3 p.m.; Y. W. A. at 4:00. M. E. Wells, Pastor.

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

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

W. D. PEABODY

W. D. Peabody, long time resident of Donley county, passed away at his home west of Clarendon Monday, December 31. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 1:30, at the First Baptist Church in Clarendon, with Rev. S. R. McClung of Floydada officiating. Interment was in the Citizens Cemetery.

Mr. Peabody was born in 1876, being 58 years and 6 months of age at the time of his death. He moved to Clarendon from Cooke county 24 years ago, in 1910, and had made his home in and near Clarendon since that time. He was a member of the Baptist church in the Martin community.

He is survived by his wife and six children. Carl Peabody and Mesdames Joe Hall and Mary Pierce of Clarendon, Mrs. Alta Atkins of Claude and Clay Peabody of McLean, and Jack Peabody of Hedley; and two brothers, Clarence and Acey Peabody of Clarendon. He is also survived by 12 grandchildren.

G. W. CALVERT

George W. Calvert, 48 years old a brakeman on the Ft. Worth & Denver Railway, died Friday morning Dec 21, at the home of his parents Mr and Mrs. Ward Calvert in Hedley.

Funeral services were held at 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, Dec 24 from N. S. Griggs and Sons chapel. Rev. E. B. Fincher, pastor of Edwood Park Presbyterian Church officiated.

Pallbearers were G. C. Boney, J. J. Ogles, D. F. Owens, J. M. Lyons, J. A. McGee and W. P. Henry. Burial was in Liane Cemetery. All employees of the Fort Worth & Denver in this vicinity and close friends were honorary pallbearers.

Besides the parents Mr. Calvert is survived by three children, Jennie, 17, G. S. 14 and Betty Sue 11. Two brothers, C. R. Calvert, Amarillo and J. F. Calvert, Wichita Falls, and a sister, Mrs. H. N. Atchison of St. Louis also survive. — Amarillo Daily News

MRS. J. L. WRIGHT

The following was clipped from the Wichita Daily Times of Sunday, Dec 23:

Mrs. J. L. Wright, 75, pioneer resident of Texas and Oklahoma, died at 9 o'clock Saturday night at a Wichita Falls hospital as a result of a heart attack. Mrs. Wright had lived in Wichita Falls during the past eight years, and was a member of the Baptist church. Her home was at 2124 Avenue H.

Born near Gainesville in 1859 Mrs. Wright later married a civil war veteran. At various times in her life, she resided in Comanche, Okla., Clarendon and Memphis.

The body will be sent Sunday to Clovis, N. M., by the Dalton, Powell Funeral home, where funeral services will be held Monday.

Mrs. Wright is survived by four daughters, Mesdames A. F. Edwards and H. E. Pyle, Wichita Falls, P. V. Dishman of Hedley and W. K. Hollifield of Melrose, N. Mex., and two sons, Ernest Wright of Ft. Worth and Clyde Wright of Amarillo.

GLENN SIBLEY KILLED

Glenn Sibley, 18, of Clarendon, passed away last Thursday morning in Clarendon as the result of a collision Tuesday between two automobiles just west of Hedley, in which five others were fatally injured.

Young Sibley received a fractured skull and was rushed to the Adair hospital, but failed to rally, and succumbed about 9 o'clock Thursday morning.

Sibley's home was in the Martin community, west of Clarendon. He was one of the football stars of the 1934 Broncho team of Clarendon high school. He was a former resident of Hedley. Funeral services were held in Clarendon Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

COUNTY SINGERS

The Donley county singing convention will meet at Chamberlain Sunday, Jan. 6, at 1:30. New officers for the year will be elected. All singers are invited.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of the policy holders and directors of the Hedley Protective Association will be held at the Methodist church, Monday, Jan 7, 1935.

HOOVER GIFT SHOP

(A Variety of Things) New shipments of all kinds of pretty and useful gifts. Big bargains in little things.

Born, to Supt. and Mrs. W. C. Payne, Friday Dec 21, a fine baby boy.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Horn of South Plains, Monday Dec 24, a fine 7 lb girl.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Reeves, Wednesday Jan 2, a fine baby girl.

When in town eat your lunch at the children's lunch room, the old Nipper store. Hamburgers, candies, school supplies. Come in and see.

Miss Jewell Grimsley, who is a student in T. W. C. Ft. Worth spent the holidays here.

FIREBOYS & LEGION TO PLAY BASKETBALL

If you haven't had a good laugh for a long time, come down to the high school auditorium Tuesday night Jan 8, and watch a basketball game between the fireboys and the legionnaires. Time 7:15 p.m. Admission 10 and 15 cents.

If you don't think this battle is worth the money ask for your money back, and SEE IF YOU GET IT.

WORLEY VISITS HERE

Eugene Worley State Representative from the 122 district, was a Hedley visitor last Wednesday. He was accompanied by Edgar Close of Shamrock.

We thank each and every one for the business given us the past year. We hope to have all our old customers and a lot of new ones this year, and will serve you to the best of our ability. B. & B. Variety

House to trade for mules or horses. See H. P. Anfill.

Start the

New Year

Right

Buy Your Groceries
at the

Barnes & Hastings
Grocery Co.

PHONE 21

Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

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

Tomatoes, fresh, 2 lb.	15c
Turnips, 3 lb.	10c
Chili, lb.	15c

Soap	Crystal White, 6 large bars	25c
	Balloon Soap Flakes, pkg.	29c
	Cocoa Castile, 6 bars	25c

New Potatoes, lb.	4 1/2c
Spuds, No. 1, 10 lb.	19c

Syrup	Cane, qt.	17c
	Maple, qt.	19c

Pork & Beans, 4 cans	25c
Cocoa, Hershey's, 8 oz. can	8c
Canoy, Hershey's, 144 bars	49c

It pays to trade in Hedley
Get your Trades Day tickets

A MESSAGE OF APPRECIATION

To Our Depositors at the Year End

As we come to the end of the year our thoughts turn to our customers who have stayed with us through this year and the years before, through good times and bad, through war and readjustment, through prosperity and depression.

We are proud of our record and we are proud of our loyal customers, and we wish to thank you sincerely, and wish you a happy new year.

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

Try Us

For your Cigars, Cigarettes

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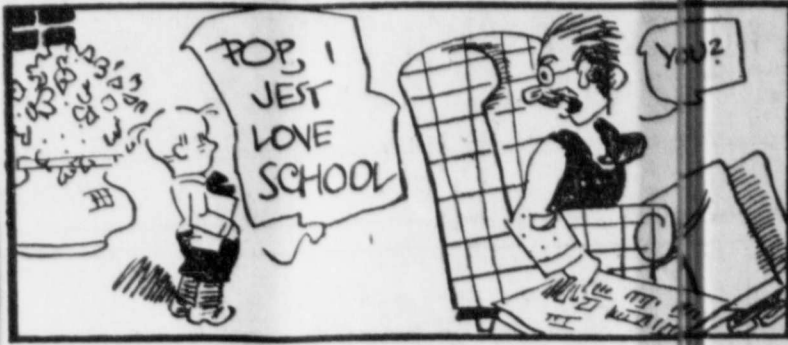
You'll Like Our Service

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63

SUCH IS LIFE—The Best Part



By Charles Sughrue

House Dress That Gives Slim Effect

PATTERN 1933

If you ever have to be careful about choosing slenderizing lines in the clothes you wear, then you always have to be careful. Never choose a thing that isn't becoming. Select a house dress like this! You will agree that it is attractive and it does very nice things for the figure of its wearer. That pointed front closing is much more slimmer looking than a straight one, the paneled skirt is excellent, and

Perfects Cure for Pernicious Anemia

Doctor's Discovery Wins for Him Nobel Prize.

Boston.—Dr. George Richards Minot is the name. The world has beaten a path to his door at the Thornyke laboratories in City hospital.

He has won the coveted Nobel prize for discovering that liver extract from cows, horses and hogs will cure pernicious anemia in humans—that dread malady that has claimed thousands of lives since time began.

Today, all over the world chemical firms are turning out hundreds of vials of the precious fluid. And untold numbers of humans, who might have been dead were it not for him, are sending him silent benedictions.

It was just a mere idea, he said, in explaining how it passed that he fell upon his eventful discovery.

Noted Medical Men.

He had been working on a means to cure the disease which destroys organs, stomach, nerves and tissues. Perhaps it was atavism that impelled him. For wasn't his great-grandfather the second professor of medicine at Harvard. And his great-grandfather, grandfather and father before him distinguished medical men?

In 1923—to use his own words—he had an embryonic thought. If that mysterious fluid which the liver requires could not be supplied by the system, why couldn't he adapt that manufactured naturally by animals?

Toward the last he was joined in perfecting the discovery by another young and famous savant, Dr. William

P. Murphy, who shares the Nobel honors with him. Explaining the chronology of his momentous contribution to medical science, Doctor Minot said:

"Others thought that in pernicious anemia, blood was destroyed too fast. I chose to think that blood stopped growing.

"It seemed to me that the victims needed something to make the blood cells grow.

"And then I thought that liver of animals might be appropriate. I started treating patients in 1925 and Doctor Murphy joined me.

Treatment Succeeded.

"A year after that we had most of the forty-five cases we had treated with liver were doing well. Instead of dying, some of them lived. That indicated to us that in order to stay well they had to eat or put in their stomach a large amount of liver—about eight ounces—a day.

"Now that's an awful big amount to ask a fellow to eat. The next question, therefore, was what is the nature of the substance in liver that does this. Dr. Edward J. Cohn of Harvard Medical school studied the nature of the substance."

At this point, Doctor Minot said, they evolved a liver extract, which they tested. They found that a teaspoonful of liver extract taken by mouth would go quite as well as asking people to eat eight ounces of liver.

"As time passed, we found that the extract may be given by needle into the muscle. When given this way, it is thirty times as effective as by mouth, and assures the patient that he will retain it in the system and no trouble had in its absorption by the stomach or intestines."

If a person does not get cured by Doctor Minot's toxin, there are three reasons, he said. He wasn't given enough of the extract; the diagnosis was wrong, or he had a complication—such as pneumonia—serious enough in itself to cause death.

When a Jail Isn't a Hotel

Norwalk, Ohio.—When tourists traveling through Norwalk began applying for "hotel accommodations" at the county jail, Sheriff David A. Berry scratched his head. He discovered finally that the mixup was caused by a large sign in front of the jail, advertising a nearby hostelry.

20-Month-Old Girl Climbs Sixty Feet

Delaware Water Gap, Pa.—Despite her age of twenty months, Viola Kern has shown a marked aptitude for a steeply ascended career. She recently climbed to within two rungs of the top of a 60-foot forest fire observation tower from which her father, Francis Kern, unconscious of her proximity, was looking for smoke on the wooded slopes of the Delaware Water Gap. The father rescued her.

Polar Postmaster



Charles F. Anderson, postal inspector, who left San Francisco recently on the liner Monterey to become the postmaster for Admiral Byrd's party in Little America. Anderson is the first postal inspector to leave United States territory to conceal mail. He took with him 60,000 letters from stamp collectors all over the world.

MORE SPEED

By

LEONARD A. BARRETT

Is speed indicative of progress? The question can be answered only by experience. Was true progress being made in the so-called prosperous years which followed the war, or was that prosperity only a will-o'-the-wisp? Experience would indicate the latter. Economic and social progress is possible more in the days of depression than in days of false optimism.



We were all living at a high tension, and under the pressure of tremendous speed prior to 1930. During the few years which followed the financial crash, the intensity of speed seemed to have lessened. Of late, however, a return to the spell of "more speed" seems imminent. We read of an airplane having traveled at the rate of 400 miles an hour; of an automobile geared to

Sets New Swim Mark



Dorothy Forbes, fifteen, of the Camden Y. W. C. A., who set a new mark of 2 minutes, 33 1-10 seconds for the 200-yard swim during a meet staged at the Penn Athletic club in Philadelphia. She clipped two seconds off the old mark set by Marge Ravier Young, former world's marathon champion, eight years ago.

run 80 miles an hour; and of an aluminum built train reducing the time of travel from coast to coast from ten to twelve hours. Well, what of it? Who seriously cares to rush through space at the risk of his life? What practical difference does it make if we can save ten hours in traveling from Los Angeles to New York? As achievement in science such accomplishment may be worthy of high praise, but for practical purposes it is without significance.

What is gained by more speed? One argument is that the increased speed of rail travel successfully competes with the airplane in mail service. Very good. But is it not also obvious that the airplane will in turn increase its speed, to overcome train competition, to be followed in turn by more speed developed by the rail train, and so on indefinitely? Where will this competition in speed lead us? To the precipice of an unstable prosperity only to throw us down again into another economic debacle? Candidly we feel that this period of recovery might be more profitably characterized with less and not more speed. Moreover, what effect does this craze for more speed have upon our value of human life itself? Why place our lives in jeopardy by subjecting them to such unnecessary risks? During these recovery days we need time for reflection. It is not how fast we live, but how well we live that will affect generations to come.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Left-Over Pieces

Pieces of material which are left after making a garment should be kept together. The best way is to lay all the smaller worthwhile pieces on the largest piece, and make a smooth roll of them. Tie the roll up with a bit of the material. Beware of pinning the bundle up. Pins leave marks as mentioned before. Elastic bands do, too, and they break, in time. If there are pieces of a contrasting fabric used in making the article, put both textiles in the one roll, being careful to have both show, at least at one end of the roll, so hunting for either is avoided.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

THESE are two things which are of imperative importance in good housekeeping. The balance between them is slight. Each is of major significance. One is cleanliness, the other is orderliness. The sequence in which I put them shows that cleanliness leads, but only by a trifle. This is important to health of body. Orderliness is important for mental comfort and for making work easy. To keep a house clean is simplified by having it orderly. So each dovetails into the other.

When one lives on a thoroughfare, it is harder to keep a house immaculate than it used to be, and it is more difficult than to keep it clean on a side street. The size of a residence has much less to do with the labor of keeping it clean than its location. It is true that there is more space to go over during cleaning when a house is large; but the amount of dust and dirt in a home has more to do with the work of keeping it clean than the space to cover in doing it.

All homemakers who live in city apartments will agree that it is amazing how quickly the rooms get dirty. Dust seeps into them from streets below. From chimneys smoke and soot sifts down. The dwellings are far from large, yet to keep the places clean is no light task.

Less Care With Order.

It is to aid in this that orderliness is important as well as making a place more restful and peaceful. When articles are in their right places rooms are comparatively clear. It is not difficult to understand, then, that it requires less labor to dust them or wipe them off. Moreover it will be discovered that fewer articles will usually be found necessary to housekeeping when the things are in their correct array, or if the same number are re-quired, they appear to be less because of their orderliness.

The homemaker who would reduce her work and keep her home spic and span will learn to stress orderliness. It may take time to acquire the habit if one is not orderly by nature, but it is a habit which in the long run pays well to acquire, and to acquire as speedily as possible.

Placing Furniture.

The rearrangement of furniture can do more than any one other thing to improve the looks of a room without spending money. This is assuming that a room needs improvement and that the homemaker has no money to lay out on the work. It also does not always imply that the furniture has been poorly arranged to begin with. It may merely be that where the articles have been placed brings the wear on certain parts of the floor covering and these are worn more than other places which would be brought into prominence by the rearrangement.

There can be no hard and fast rules for furniture arrangement. The size and shape of the room, the architectural disposition of windows and doors, etc., are the chief determinants. Fashion sometimes appears to decree that certain placing of pieces should be followed, such as has been seen in davenport sometimes facing fireplaces, then at right angles to them, tables in back of these davenports, or arm ta-

bles at one end or both ends; easy chairs with standard reading lamps by left back, with occasional table at right. Without questioning the arrangements, they do not always suit rooms nor personal preferences which may be averse to formulas for arrangements.

Artistic individuality is advisable, but when a home decorator is puzzled, formulas are wise to follow, provided the requirements of the room are also suited. Experimenting is recommended. Try furniture in various arrangements. See which suits best the family comfort and the appearance of the room.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Tailored Jacket



A tailored jacket of quilted white satin having wide corded revers tops a very formal gown of shining black satin. The straight cut skirt is tightly fitted to the knees and flares out to a deep cording at the hem.

United States Keeps 3c

Postage Indefinitely

Washington.—The 3-cent postage rate is here to stay indefinitely. An experimental measure, it was to have been supplanted by the old 2-cent rate if it failed to bring increased postal revenues sorely needed. However, Postmaster General Farley said:

"The 3-cent rate should be retained. If it is not, our postal revenues will be decreased approximately \$75,000,000 a year."

The department succeeded in wiping out a deficit last year for the first time in fifty years.

Prize Winning Canary

Sings "Yankee Doodle"

Dunreith, Ind.—Miss Lillian E. Hayes, Dunreith, won twenty ribbons, two cups and ten special prizes on her exhibit of song birds at the Richmond bird show.

Nickie, a 1934 bird, is champion of Miss Hayes' canaries. He whistles "Yankee Doodle" and is learning "My Old Kentucky Home."

Miss Hayes entertained visitors with her canary choir acrobats that were able to perform many clever tricks.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode



ABOVE TIMBERLINE—

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS THERE IS AN AREA, EQUAL TO THAT OF NEW JERSEY, MARYLAND AND DELAWARE, ENTIRELY ABOVE TIMBERLINE AND MORE THAN TWO MILES ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

BELL RINGING FISH—AN ELECTRIC FISH CAN GENERATE ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO RING A DOOR BELL.

FLOWING UP! HYDROGEN IS SO LIGHT IT MAY BE FLOWED UPWARD FROM ONE VESSEL TO ANOTHER.

WNU Service.

Here Are Nippon's Healthiest Babies



These youngsters, here being held by their proud parents, were judged the healthiest babies of Japan after a nationwide contest that was concluded in Tokyo.

Smiles

THE TROUBLE

Two negroes were boasting about the merits of their respective motor cars, both worn, shabby, old wrecks. One of them said, "Deys ju' one reason why Ah culn't run dis cah o'mine 100 miles a hour."

"An' what's dat reason?" asked the other.

"Da distance is too long fo' de shortness of de time," said the first.

Safety First

Gardener—Is this your ball in the garden here?

Boy—Are there any windows broken?

Gardener—No, sonny.

Boy—Oh, that'll be my ball, then.

—Pearson's Weekly.

Learning to Shoot

Drill Instructor—Now take this rifle, and find out how to use it.

Recruit—Tell me one thing. Is it true that the harder I pull the trigger the farther the bullet will go?

U. S. S. New York Knickerbocker.



THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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Mrs. Ed C. Boiver, Owner
Edward Boiver, Editor and
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NOTICE—Any erroneous reflec-
tion upon the character, standing or
reputation of any person, firm or
corporation which may appear in the
columns of The Informer will be
gladly corrected upon its being
brought to the attention of the pub-
lisher.

All obituaries, resolutions of re-
spect, cards of thanks, advertising of
church or society doings, when ad-
mission is charged, will be treated
as advertising and charged for ac-
cordingly.

COFFINS, CASKETS

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Licensed Embalmer and Auto
Hearse at Your Service
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Night phone 40

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

W. H. Huffman, Prop.

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor

18th year in Memphis

PHONE 462

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Dr. F. V. Walker

General Practice.

Female Diseases - Specialty

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Office with Wilson Drug Co.

Hedley, Texas

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician

Hedley

Office Phone 8

Residence Phone

WIFADAGS CLUB

On Dec 18 we met at the home
of Mrs Noel. 22 members were
present and two girls. We had
a Christmas program. Mrs. Cal-
well leader. Opened the meet-
ing with the club prayer. Mrs
Newman gave the story of the
first Christmas. A Christmas
story. Mrs Swinney Christ-
mas in other lands. Mrs Lovell
Song, Silent Night, by club.

Then followed the Christmas
tree. Each one received a re-
membrance. Mrs Durean re-
ceived a shower of various ar-
ticles all appropriate and useful.
Mrs Ross Adamson received a
set of lovely china. Words are
inadequate to express our ap-
preciation of these remembrances.
Refreshments, cookies and
coffee was served. Each depart-
ed wishing so many greetings
of love and joy. Next meeting will
be Jan 8 with Mrs. Best.

Next meeting will be
Jan 8 with Mrs. Best.
The club will meet on
Thursday night in each month.
All members are urged to attend.
Visitors are welcome.
L. Spalding, W. M.
O. E. Johnson, Sec.

Subscribe for the Informer.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this means of
expressing our thanks and ap-
preciation to our Hedley friends
who so kindly offered their help
and sympathy in the death of
our son, George Calvert.
Mr. and Mrs. Ward Calvert

Vernie Wade and family spent
the holidays with relatives in the
Rio Grande valley. They brought
back some fine oranges and
grapefruit and left a generous
sample at the Informer office.

Mr and Mrs. Dee Franklin re-
turned Wednesday of last week
from Saint Jo, where they spent
the Xmas holidays with their
parents, Mr and Mrs. W. E.
Bellah and Mrs Fannie Franklin.

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991



A. F. and A. M.

meets on the 2nd
Thursday night
in each month.

All members are urged to attend.
Visitors are welcome.

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

WEDDING BELLS.

Dan Cupid has been working
overtime in our community dur-
ing the holidays, resulting in a
number of weddings as follows:

Leonard Baggett and Miss
Clara Mae Mann, accompanied
by Mr and Mrs. R. O. Shannen,
motored to Memphis on Satur-
day, Dec 22, and were united in
marriage by Rev. Banister, pas-
tor of the Church of Christ there.
Mr Baggett is the son of Mr.
and Mrs. G. B. Baggett of Cle-
burne, where he received his
education. Mrs. Baggett is the
daughter of Mr and Mrs. J. H.
Mann, and attended school at
Windy Valley. They will make
their home near Hedley for the
present.

Immediately after the cere-
mony, the couple left for Ste-
bourne to spend Xmas with his
parents.

Jessie Aldridge, son of Mr.
and Mrs. J. W. Aldridge of Hed-
ley, and Miss Louise Jones,
daughter of Mr and Mrs. W. H.
Jones of Claude, were united in
marriage at Amarillo Sunday,
Dec 23 in the home of Rev.
Robert C. Jones, pastor of the
Church of Christ, who conduc-
ted the ceremony.

The bride is a graduate of
Claude High school and Flem-
ming's Business College at Ama-
rillo.

They will make their home
near Hedley for the present.

Murry Donald of Goodnight
and Miss Ina Jean Blanken-
ship, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
J. E. Blankenship of this city,
were united in marriage Mon-
day, Dec 24, at the Blanken-
ship home here. Rev. M. E.
Wells read the ring ceremony,
and Miss Mary Hope Wells
played the wedding march.

The groom received his edu-
cation in the Goodnight schools.
The bride graduated from Hed-
ley high school and later attend-
ed West Texas State Teachers
College. She has been a teach-
er in the Hedley school the past
two years.

Homer F. Simmons and Miss
Myrtle Mims of this city were
married at Clarendon Wednes-
day evening, Dec 26, at 6:30 at
the Methodist parsonage. The
ring ceremony was read by the
pastor, Rev. E. D. Landreth.

The brides home is in Well-
ington, but she has taught music
in the Hedley school for several
years. She is a graduate in mu-
sic from Southern Methodist
University.

The groom is a member of one
of the pioneer families of this
county, being the son of Mrs.
Frank Simmons. They will make
their home in Hedley.

These young couples are very
popular among the younger set,
and most of the contracting par-
ties have lived in or near Hedley
for a number of years. They
have a wide circle of friends who
wish them much happiness and
success.

HEDLEY RURAL CLUB

The club met Tuesday 18, in
the Masterson home for our
Christmas program. The mem-
bers invited their husbands as
guests. A Xmas program was
rendered. Games were played
and then Santa came bringing
each a gift. Refreshments were
served the following: Messrs.
and Mesdames Everett, Howard,
Fred Finch, Hunsucker, Jewell,
Mann, Masterson, Sherman,
Mesdames Phelps Bush, and
Battie, Rev. and Mrs. Hendricks.

Margaret Luella Giles of Saint
Jo, and Edwin Fulton of Ama-
rillo were last week end guests
in the Dee Franklin home.

CALDWELL-MOORE

Truman Caldwell and Miss Lo-
retta Moore were united in mar-
riage at six o'clock, Thursday,
Dec. 20, at the home of the bride.

A small group of relatives and
friends were seated in the living
room, which was lighted by white
tapers, as Miss Peggy Caldwell
sang "I Love You Truly." She
was accompanied by Miss Paul-
ine Caldwell who played "A Per-
fect Day" softly as the bridal
couple entered. Rev. M. E. Wells
read the ring ceremony.

The bride, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. R. W. Alewine, was at-
tractive in a new blue crepe
swagger suit with black acces-
sories. She wore an old fash-
ioned locket which was her mo-
ther's as a girl.

The groom is the son of Mr.
and Mrs. J. K. Caldwell. Mr.
and Mrs. Caldwell will be at
home with his parents until they
enter Hardin Simmons Univer-
sity, Abilene, at mid term.

Those attending the ceremony
from out of town were: Mr. and
Mrs. P. A. Caldwell, and Alvin
Caldwell, Childress; Miss Mary
Lee Cooper, Killebrew; Mr. and
Mrs. V. Alewine and sons, Mc-
Knight; and Mrs. Henry Cauthen
and daughter, Wilsons, McKnight
Others present were: Rev and
Mrs. Wells, Mrs. L. B. Chunn
and daughter, Marian Ruth, Miss
Ouida Hill, Mr. and Mrs. R. W.
Alewine, Ralph Alewine, Mr. and
Mrs. J. K. Caldwell, and Misses
Pauline and Peggy Caldwell.

One present.

PASTIME IMPROVED

Continuing his policy of giving
the public the best and most en-
joyable entertainment possible,
manager Homer Mulkey of the
Pastime Theatre at Clarendon
has recently completed a num-
ber of improvements in the the-
atre. Mr. Mulkey has gone to
considerable trouble and expense
to give the people of this section
a thoroughly modern theatre.
The interior has been completely
remodeled and decorated in mod-
ernistic design, under the direc-
tion of the King Scenic Co. of
Dallas, a well known decorating
concern. The walls and corners
have been scientifically con-
structed to give proper sound
reproduction without distortion.
Indirect lighting has been in-
stalled to permit the audience to
view a picture without unneces-
sary eye strain from strong
lights. Leather upholstered
seats had previously been in-
stalled, to provide comfortable
accommodations for the patrons.

These various improvements
place the Pastime on a level with
any theatre in West Texas for
comfort and beauty. Mr. Mul-
key shows the highest class pic-
ture obtainable. If you want an
evening of clean, wholesome en-
tertainment, visit the Pastime.
You will enjoy it.

Richard Longmore and wife
visited in Denton and Ft. Worth
last week.

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

For 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,
7-31
Windy Valley.

Miss Pauline Oliver, who is
attending Wichita Senior College,
spent the Xmas holidays with her
mother and brother.

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each
month

AT ZERO AND BELOW

You get a sure-fire start with

SPECIAL WINTER BLEND

CONOCO
HIGH
BRONZE
GASOLINE

The lower the mercury drops, the more you'll like *Special Winter-Blend* Conoco Bronze Gasoline. **EXTRA HIGH TEST!** It gives an explosive mixture at 50° below zero. It starts at any temperature at which the starter will crank the motor. **LESS CHOKING!** After a short warm-up, you can pick up smoothly, without using the choke! **SAVE MONEY!** Save your battery. Get more mileage. Drive into your Conoco dealer's today and try a tankful. You are going to like it!

CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY — Established 1875

INSTANT STARTING
LIGHTNING PICK-UP



USE WINTER-
GRADE OIL

—to get easier starting, greater
motor protection and better
gasoline mileage. Ask your
Conoco dealer for the 10W or
20W grade of Conoco Germ
Processed Motor Oil. You will
see at once how much easier
your car starts and how much
smoother it runs.

TRY THIS BETTER WAY OF STARTING YOUR CAR IN EXTREMELY COLD WEATHER

Automobile makers recommend this method of starting in cold
weather, except for cars with automatic starters. Try it for a quick,
easy start without danger of "flooding" by too much choking.

*If your motor does not start instantly on Special Winter-Blend
Conoco Bronze Gasoline, it needs mechanical service.



1. Leave ignition OFF.
Pull choke out all the way.
Push down your clutch
pedal and keep it down.



2. Open hand-throttle one-
third. Leaving ignition
OFF, step on starter for
several motor revolutions.



3. Push choke back in.
Turn ignition on. Step on
starter. Motor should fire
instantly.*



4. Warm up motor grad-
ually. Choke closing spring-
ly, until engine runs
smooth.

Hall Service Station

POULTRY

KEEP RECORDS OF FLOCK IS ADVISED

Best Way to Ascertain the Weak Points.

By Roy S. Dearstyn, Head of North Carolina State College Poultry Department, WNU Service.

Poultrymen who keep records of their flocks will stand a better chance of making a profit in spite of high feed prices. With a well-kept record, the poultryman can find the weak points in his flock management when profits are low and thus determine what to do to remedy the situation.

It does not pay to save money by doling out small quantities of feed to the birds. Such practices will lower egg production, impair the vitality of the birds, and increase the mortality rate. True, it is good policy to provide winter grazing in order to cut down on feed costs, but this is advisable because winter grazing is beneficial. Non-beneficial feeds should not be substituted for the higher priced feeds.

The extension service at State college is offering a complete system of record-keeping free to all poultrymen within the state. Record books will be sent to those who wish them. The books contain sheets in which monthly-month records can be kept.

If the poultrymen will send these sheets back to the college each month, poultry specialists will be glad to figure for them the following data: feed cost per dozen eggs, feed cost per bird, value of eggs produced, returns above feed cost, mash and grain consumed, and other valuable pointers.

The record book also contains incubation and brooding record forms and an egg record sheet which should be of great advantage to the poultrymen.

Liberal Hopper Space

Favored by Poultrymen

To be successful with poultry the flock owner must pay close attention to details. Many farmers fail to obtain eggs during the winter either because their mash feeders are too small or because of failure to refill the feeders promptly when the supply has been exhausted. The mash feeders, says the Missouri Farmer, should be large enough to furnish one foot of feeding space for every five or six hens. Hens will eat mash more rapidly if the feeders are located in a well lighted portion of the house near enough to the floor to be easily accessible. However, it is not desirable to place the feeders less than 16 to 18 inches from the floor. Otherwise litter and dirt is likely to be kicked into the feed boxes by hens scratching on the floor.

Many poultrymen seem to doubt the advisability of feeding grain in troughs and continue to scatter grain in the litter to induce exercise. From the sanitary point of view it is obviously much better to feed grain in troughs.

If ample feeding space is provided so that all the hens can eat at one time they can get their fill of feed much more quickly at roosting time than when they are compelled to search for the grain by scratching in the litter.

Drafts Cause Discomfort

The average farm flock suffers from too much ventilation in cold weather, says a poultryman. Drafts cause the fowls serious discomfort. Sudden changes in temperature are harmful to laying hens and may reduce egg production considerably. Ventilation may be controlled by using a straw loft or installing a commercial or homemade ventilative system, or by careful regulation of window openings. Insulation and ventilation go hand in hand. A variety of good commercial insulating materials is sold by lumber dealers.

In the Poultry Yard

Green feed for poultry ranges such big dividends that it should never be overlooked.

When eggs are pecked for market they should be graded for size, color and inferior quality.

A pullet's heart beats 300 times a minute, whereas the heart of humans should beat around 72.

The United States bureau of agricultural economics says that poultry production this year is the smallest since 1925.

The storing room should be kept free from musty odors and highly flavored foods because eggs absorb odors readily.

Progressive poultrymen should count their laying hens each month in order to detect losses which might have been overlooked.

Use lights on early pullets only to prevent too great a drop in egg production, say Penn state poultry specialists.

Six pounds of good feed is needed to produce a dozen eggs. Three pounds of feed should produce a pound of broiler or fryer.

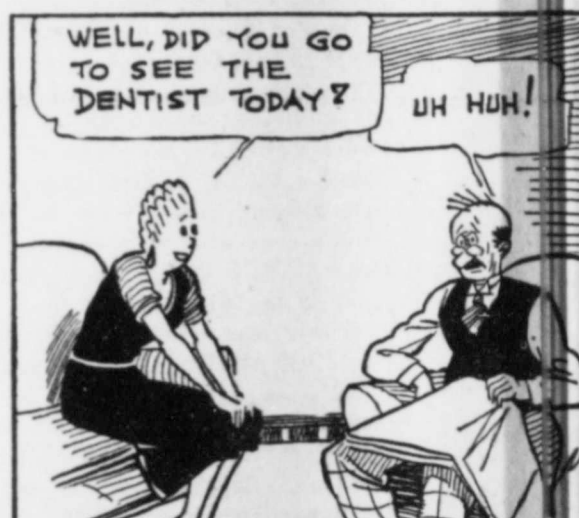
A hen owned by Charles T. Schue, city fireman at Elyria, Ohio, laid four eggs at once. The fowl weighed only 18 ounces, while the four eggs weighed six.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



THE FEATHERHEADS



A Concrete Reason



FINNEY OF THE FORCE



Cold and Hot Running Copper



IGNORANCE IS BLISS

At one golf course there had been some talk of standardizing tips to caddies, and one day the secretary explained his ideas to a group of members. "We feel," he said, "that a caddy should not receive a tip of more than one shilling and sixpence per round. You'll agree that's reasonable." They did agree, all except one Aberdonian, who, looking up with an expression of innocence, said, "Excuse me, Mr. Secretary, but what is a tip?"—Tid-Bits.

Literary Problem

Mrs. Nyland faces a problem of parental responsibility, but the more she ponders it the less possible of solution it appears. For years she had read to her daughter, Nancy, from juvenile books befitting her years, but one day, when the girl had reached the age of five, she suddenly interrupted the reading with: "I'm tired of those books, mumsy. All the girls in it are so goody-goody." Mrs. Nyland was too shocked to make a suitable retort. But she admits that the younger generation is getting new ideas, whether from their elders, the movies, or what not.—New York Sun.

Progress

"Are you taking any interest in the war on crime?" "A great interest," said Senator Sorghum. "Of course, we can't kill off all the gangsters out home. But we're at least taking steps to prevent so many of them from being elected to office."

Sweeping

Full of enthusiasm, she had gone in for politics and was out of the house most of the day. The other night she returned at nine o'clock and sank into an armchair. "Everything's grand," she said. "We're going to sweep the country." Her husband looked around wearily and said: "Why not start with the dining room?"

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS



Daddy's Cranium

The young hopeful of a suburban family objected strenuously to having his hair washed. He argued it was unnecessary and a great nuisance to his mother as well as himself. It was pointed out by his elders that grown-ups as well as children were subjected to the inconvenience. "Daddy isn't," was the quick retort. "He has no hair, only head."—New York Sun.

Considerate Hospitality

"Is it considerate for a lady who has sent out invitations to remain absent from her own reception?" "Perfectly proper," answered Miss Cayenne. "It prevents any embarrassment if the guests feel like criticizing the furniture and the house-keeping."

Consideration

"Has your horse a good disposition?" "Yep," answered Farmer Corntassel. "But he wouldn't have if I worried him as much as he does me."

Hasn't Paid Yet

Neighbor—How is that new incubator doing which you bought? Mrs. Newbride—I suppose it's all right, but I'm a little worried about it. It hasn't laid a single egg yet.

Tailored Frock for Little Lady

Pattern 2041

This is the type of simple but smart dress which any little girl would love. Almost every detail that goes into the making of a well-bred little girl's dress is to be found here. The double collar is "just right," the long, slightly full sleeves, with their narrow cuffs are very practical for cool weather, or if you prefer, the frock may be made with little puffed short sleeves such as a girl adores. The tailored effect is carried out very well by means of the closed pleats running all the way from the cunning half-yoke and opening near



the hem. Notice the belt, tying in a bow in the back! And a word to mothers—it's very simple to make!

Pattern 2041 is available only in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12. Size 10 takes 3 3/4 yards 36 inch fabric and 1/4 yard contrasting. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

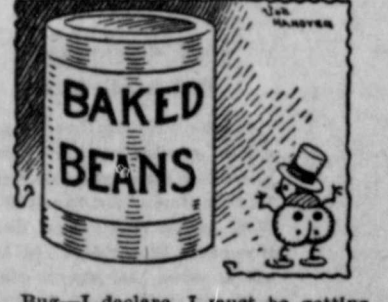
Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. Be SURE TO STATE size.

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

MIXED

At a political gathering an orator waxed indignant and exclaimed: "To ridicule the idea is to follow the example of the camel, which buries its head in the sand when an enemy approaches." The rival speaker rose and retorted: "Surely the gentleman, in giving utterance to this remark, must have meant to refer to the ostrich, which, in those circumstances, has a habit of putting its eye through a needle."—Ludlow Advertiser.

VERY LIKELY



Bug—I declare, I must be getting near Boston!

Value Received

"Politics causes a great deal of debate," said the plain citizen. "Of course," answered Senator Sorghum. "There has to be a certain amount of brilliant oratory so as to make the campaign contributors feel that they're getting something for their money."

Ouch!

Pompous Man—They told me that if I didn't quit reading dime novels I wouldn't amount to anything. Cheerful Puncturer—Well, why didn't you quit?

The KENNEL MURDER CASE

By S. S. Van Dine

Copyright by W. H. Wright

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 Wrede, a friend of Coe's, there; also Signor Grassi, a guest. The door of the death chamber is bolted from the inside. They force it. Coe is seated, a revolver in his right hand and a bullet hole in his temple. 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. By manipulating the string, the bent pin and the damning needle found in Brisbane's pocket, Vance bolts Archer Coe's door from the outside.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Vance sat down and inhaled deeply of his cigarette.

"Archer—yes, it could have been. . . Sergeant, suppose you fetch the signet."

Heath went from the room, and Vance said to Markham:

"Ceramics, I opine. Nothing would be so likely to stir up Grassi as a disappointment along that line. . . The Italian was ushered in by the sergeant; and Vance went straight to the polished desk.

"Who telephoned to you, Mr. Grassi, at Doctor Montrose's yesterday during dinner?"

Grassi gave a slight start; then looked defiantly at Vance.

"It was a personal matter—my own affair."

"It was Mr. Archer Coe who phoned you, was it not, Mr. Grassi?" came Vance's flat and unemotional voice.

Grassi neither moved nor spoke.

"Perhaps he regretted the bargain he had made with you," Vance continued. "Perhaps he decided to call the deal off, after thinking it over alone with his treasures. . . Perhaps he thought it best to inform you immediately of his decision so you would not talk of the transaction to Doctor Montrose."

Still Grassi did not move, but the inevitable impression he gave was that Vance had guessed the import of the telephone call he had received at the curator's home the night before.

"I can well imagine how you felt, Mr. Grassi," Vance went on, without alteration of tone. "After all, the bargain had been made and you held Mr. Coe's letter of confirmation. But really, y' know, you shouldn't have threatened him—"

Suddenly the Italian's pent-up emotion broke forth.

"I had every right to threaten him!" he burst forth, the blood rushing back to his face. "For a week I have been negotiating—meeting his constantly increasing prices. Finally, yesterday, we reach an understanding. He puts it in writing, and I cable to Italy announcing my success. Then he rejects the agreement; he tells me he will not sell—that he has changed his mind. He insults me over the telephone; he says I have swindled him. He said he would break every vase he owned before he would let me have them."

Vance gave a wirthless smile.

"No wonder you were a bit disconcerted at the sight of those Ting yao fragments! . . . But Mr. Coe didn't smash the vase, Mr. Grassi. That destruction was achieved—inadvertently—by the person who killed him. Most unfortunate, what?"

Vance got to his feet wearily.

"That will be all for the present," he said.

Grassi made a low bow and left the room.

Markham addressed Vance as soon as Grassi was out of hearing.

"A curious and ominous situation, Grassi is refused the collection, on which he has obviously set his heart and staked his honor; and he threatens Coe. Then he disappears for three hours, saying he took the wrong train; and this morning Coe is found dead, with all the superficial indications of a suicide."

"But why should he also stab Brisbane?" Vance asked dispiritedly. "And why the revolver? And why the bolted door? And especially why the Scottish?"

"You were counting a great deal on the dog this morning," Markham observed.

"Yes, yes—the dog." Vance gazed into silence for a while, his eyes lapsing out of the east window. "And no one here liked dogs—no one but Wrede. Funny he should give his pet away. . . Vance's voice was scarcely audible; it was as though he were thinking out loud. "A Doberman Pinscher . . . too big, of course, to keep in a small apartment. And I wouldn't

take Wrede for a dog lover. Too unsympathetic. . . I think I'll have converse with him. . ."

He stepped to the telephone. A moment later he was talking with Wrede. The conversation was very brief, but during it Vance jotted down some notes on the phone pad. When he had replaced the receiver Markham gave an exasperated grunt.

"Why should you be concerned with Wrede's former pets?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," Vance admitted frankly. "Some vague association perhaps. But Wrede and dogs don't go together—the combination is almost as incongruous as was the presence of the wounded Scottish in the hall. And I hate incongruities."

Markham strove to control his irritation.

"Well, what did you learn about Wrede's dog?"

"Nothing staggering." He had the Doberman only a few months—bought him at a show in Westchester. When he moved from his house in Greenwich Village to his present apartment he gave the dog to some friends of his." He pointed to the phone pad. "I have their name. Think I'll drop by and see them. Y' know, Markham, I'm dashed interested in Doberman Pinschers. They're beautiful dogs."

It was decided to discontinue the investigation for the day. We were all tired and confused, and there were no leads to follow. Vance suggested a complete cessation until he could make an inquiry into the ownership of the wounded Scottish. His sanguine attitude toward the presence of the dog in the house struck me as extravagant; and I knew Markham felt the same way about it. But since there was little more that could be done at the moment, he gave in hopefully to Vance's suggestions.

"It's quite safe," Vance told him, when he had reached the lower hall, "to let the various members of the household go about their business. I can assure you, Markham, no one will run away."

Gamble was told to proceed with his duties, as usual; and Miss Lake and Grassi were informed that they were free to go and come as they chose, provided they were available for questioning.

"Keep a man in Coe's bedroom, however," Vance admonished the sergeant; "and it would also be well to have a man outside to check on anyone entering or leaving the house."

Vance, Markham and I went out into the chill air. It had been a day of horror, and the cool breeze from the park was invigorating. When we were entering the district attorney's car, Markham asked:

"Were you serious, Vance, about seeing those people to whom Wrede gave the Doberman Pinscher?"

"Oh, quite. . . It will take only a few minutes."

The name of the people was Enright; and they lived in a penthouse in one of the new apartment buildings on Central Park West. The butler informed us that Mrs. Enright was out of the city, and that Mr. Enright was at that moment walking the dog in the park.

Entering the park, we sat down on a bench by the path entrance and waited. Presently there appeared a very large man with a dog on a leash.

"That will be Enright," said Vance. "Suppose we stroll toward him."

Enright proved to be a genial, easy-going type of man of great bulk. Vance introduced himself and presented Markham and me. Enright was cordial and talkative; and when Vance mentioned Wrede's name he became voluble regarding his long friendship with the man. As he chatted, I had a good look at the dog. He was lean and muscular, with beautiful lines, his coat a shiny black with rust-red, sharply defined markings. The dominating impression he gave was that of compact, muscular power, combined with great speed and intelligence—a dog that would make a loyal and protective friend and a dangerous enemy.

"Oh, yea," Enright said, in answer to a question from Vance. "Wrede gave me and the missus Repracht last spring. Said he couldn't keep him in a small apartment. We've got a penthouse—plenty of roof for the fellow to run around. But I always take him out at night and give 'im a to-and-fro in the park. Good for him."

"Oh, quite," agreed Vance pleasantly. He went toward the Doberman and bent over, making a friendly clicking sound with his tongue and calling the dog gently by name. He extended the back of his hand slowly toward the dog's muzzle and ran his hand over his occiput and down his slightly arched neck. But the dog would not respond. He shrank back, gave a frightened whine, and crouched down on his haunches, trembling.

"That don't mean he don't like you, Mr. Vance," Enright explained, patting the dog on the head. "He's shy as the devil. Distrustful of strangers. Gad! You should have seen him when I first got him. He crawled under a big settee in the den and wouldn't come out for two days—not even to eat. Had to drag him out twice a day and put him on the roof. Then

back he'd go under the settee. . . Lots better now than he used to be. Getting a little confidence. He's pretty near all right when he's alone with me."

"He'll probably get over it," Vance told him encouragingly. "The right treatment, don't y' know. . . He's a beautiful specimen. . . Ever show him?"

"Oh, I entered him once—Cornwall. But he wouldn't show. Lay down in the ring and whimpered. D—n shame, too, for the two fellows that went over him lacked quality."

We walked with the garrulous Enright back to his apartment house and took leave of him. When we were in the district attorney's car, headed down town, Vance spoke, and his voice was troubled.

"Something queer about that dog, Markham—something deuced queer. Why should he be timid? Why should he distrust and fear strangers? It's not like a Doberman to act that way."

Something has happened to him. He's had a blighting experience of some kind. . ."

Markham beat an annoyed tattoo on the window ledge of the car.

"Yes, yes; it's very sad, I suppose. But what possible connection can there be between a shy Doberman in Central Park West and the murder of Archer Coe?"

"I haven't the vaguest notion," Vance returned cheerfully. "But there are only two dogs in this case, and one of them is brownstern and timid, and the other is viciously wounded."

"Pretty far-fetched," Markham grumbled.

Vance sighed.

"I dare say. But so are the circumstances surrounding the murders themselves." He lighted a fresh cigarette and glanced at his watch. "It's draw-



"Well, Anyway, You Weren't Killed."

ing toward dinner time. Does that tempt you? . . . And I'll open a bottle of that '95 Chateau-Yquem you're so fond of."

"You cheer me, old man," Markham gave an order to the chauffeur. "Ah, a bit of forgetfulness—eh, what? Quite right you are. There'll be nothing to irk us till tomorrow."

But Vance was mistaken. That night the Coe case entered a new and more sinister phase. It was exactly half-past two in the morning when Vance's private phone rang. It woke me from a deep sleep, and it was several minutes before I could answer it. Markham's voice came over the wire demanding Vance. I carried the portable phone set to his room and handed it to him in bed. He listened a brief minute; then he set the instrument on the floor, yawned, stretched, and threw back the bedclothes.

"Dash it all, Van!" he complained, as he rang for Currie. "Grassi has been stabbed!"

When Vance and I arrived at the Coe house, Markham and Sergeant Heath were already there. There was a detective from the homicide bureau sitting glumly on the front steps.

We went to the second floor, walked back toward the front of the house, and entered Grassi's quarters. The curtains were drawn and all the lights were on.

Heath and Markham stood at the foot of Grassi's bed, looking at the prostrate figure lying there. Sitting in a straight chair, on the opposite side of the bed, was a capable looking man of about forty.

"This is Doctor Lobsenz," Markham informed Vance. "Gamble called him in."

Doctor Lobsenz looked up, nodded, and went on about his work with swift efficiency.

Grassi lay on his back, clad in white silk pajamas. He was ghastly pale, and the arm nearest us moved restlessly on the sheets, like that of a person under the influence of hyoscin. There was an area of blood, perhaps 12 inches in diameter, on the sheet at his left side nearest the doctor. His pajama coat was also stained with blood. His eyes were closed, but his lips were moving incoherently.

Presently the doctor rose.

"I think that's all I can do for him at the minute, Mr. Markham," he said. "I'll send for the ambulance immediately."

Markham nodded. "Thank you, Doctor."

Then he turned to Vance.

"Grassi was stabbed through the left arm. Doctor Lobsenz says it is not a dangerous wound."

Vance's eyes were on Grassi's face. Without looking up he spoke. "Just what is the nature of the wound, doctor?"

"He was stabbed at the outer border of the biceps tendon, where it crosses the thrust of the anti-cubital fossa. The diastole punctured the median basilic vein and caused a profuse hemorrhage. But it luckily missed the basilic artery."

"What shaped weapon would you say was used?" asked Vance.

"The doctor hesitated.

"The wound was a bit ragged, and of a rather peculiar conformation; it was not made with a knife, but with some instrument like a very thick awl."

"Could it have been a small dagger with a diamond-shaped blade?"

"Yes, very easily."

Vance nodded. "You're taking him to the hospital?"

"Yes; immediately," the doctor told him. "I gave him three grains of sodium-amylal by mouth. It'll quiet him tonight and he'll be able to return here tomorrow. His arm will be in a sling for a few days, but unless there is an infection, there's no danger."

"Is he in shape to be questioned for a while before you take him to the hospital?" Vance asked.

The doctor bent over Grassi, felt his pulse, and looked at his pupils.

"Oh, yea," he walked toward the door. "The ambulance won't be here for half an hour." He went into the hall where Gamble was standing.

"Where's the phone?" we heard him ask the butler.

Doctor Lobsenz was no sooner out of the room than Grassi opened his eyes and looked up at us, shifting in the bed and trying to assume a more upright position. Vance arranged the pillows under his shoulders and drew up the sheet.

"Thank God you've come!" Grassi said, his eyes resting on Vance. "After all that has occurred today—then to have this happen. It's terrible! I hope I never see this house again. He gave a shudder and his eyes closed.

"Well, anyway, you weren't killed," Vance murmured.

He was now walking round the room. He looked carefully at the door, tried the knob; studied the arrangement of Grassi's shoes near the foot of the bed; opened the closet door and looked inside; moved to the east window, opened the shade and drew it again; took the lid off a small ironed clothes hamper, scrutinized the contents and replaced the lid; studied the arrangement of the furniture; and finally switched the lights off and on again.

Grassi's lids were half-closed, but I could see that his eyes followed every move that Vance made. When Vance had switched the lights back on, Grassi lifted himself on one elbow.

"What are you searching for?" he demanded. "What right have you to come in here and take advantage of my helplessness?"

Vance sat down in a chair beside the bed and calmly took out a cigarette, lighting it with leisurely deliberation.

"Is it not," he asked, "the custom in your country, Mr. Grassi, to glance over a room in which a crime—or an attempted crime—has been committed?"

"Well, what did you find?" demanded the man on the bed.

"Nothing really exciting," Vance replied. "Suppose you tell us what happened."

Grassi settled back on the pillows.

"Certainly—I went to bed early. I was fatigued—the excitement today. . . I am sure you will understand. It was before eleven o'clock—and I went to sleep immediately. I was exhausted."

"You turned out the lights?" Vance asked casually.

"Naturally. And I also drew down the shades. The street lights are often annoying. . . I was awakened by some slight noise—I cannot say exactly what. But I lay quiet for a moment, listening, and hearing nothing further, started to doze off again when I suddenly became aware—I do not know exactly how to explain it—of the presence of somebody in the room. There was no noise or movement—I had a sort of sixth sense. . ."

"Perhaps you are psychic," suggested Vance, with a slight yawn.

"It may be," Grassi agreed. "At any rate, I kept perfectly still and let my eyes move about the room. But it was very dark—there was only a faint nimbus of light filtering through the drawn shades. But as I looked at the window I saw a vague shape pass in front of me, and I instinctively threw my left arm across my breast, as if to ward off something which I felt was endangering me, but which I did not understand. Almost simultaneously I felt a sharp stinging pain in my left

arm, just above the elbow—and a curious sort of pressure. Whether it was the pain or whether it was from being startled and frightened I do not know, but I lost consciousness for a moment. I probably fainted. . ."

"When I regained consciousness I felt a warm, sticky wetness under my left side, and the pain in my arm had increased and was throbbing."

Grassi looked at Markham appealingly. Then his eyes moved to Heath and finally to Vance. Vance was placidly smoking, as if the man's recital had little or no interest for him. But I knew him well enough to realize that he was at this moment intensely absorbed in the recital.

"What did you do then?" Vance asked.

Grassi took a deep breath and again closed his eyes.

"I called out several times and waited; but as no one answered, I arose and pressed the electric switch by the door—"

"On which side of the bed did you arise?" Vance interrupted.

"On the side on which you are sitting," Grassi informed him. "And as soon as I had turned on the lights, I opened the door—"

Vance's eyebrows went up.

"Ah, the door was closed?"

"Not quite. It was, as you say, unlatched. . . Then I called again—answered me. I sat down on the edge of the bed and waited until he arrived. . ."

"Did anyone else answer your summons?"

"No. The butler went immediately to the telephone in the hall, downstairs, and I could hear him summoning medical assistance."

Vance rose slowly and walked to a beautiful old Boule cabinet between the two east windows, and ran his fingers over the inlay.

"I say, Mr. Grassi—he spoke without turning round—'what about that blood-stained bath towel in the hamper?'"

Grassi glanced up with more alertness than he had shown at any time during the conversation.

"There was a bath towel on this little stand beside the bed," he explained. "You see, I have no private bath and the butler always leaves me my bath towel at night. When I arose I wrapped it around my arm—"

"Ah, yes—quite so," Vance turned from the Boule cabinet and walked toward the door. "That accounts for the fact that there are no bloodstains on the floor."

Vance was now inspecting the lock of the door.

"How did it happen, Mr. Grassi," he asked in an offhand manner, "that you didn't lock your door before you said your prayers and went to bed last night?"

"The lock does not work," Grassi returned in a tone of injured defiance.

At this moment a siren was heard in the street, and Vance went to the front window and looked out.

"The ambulance is here," he announced. "We hope, Mr. Grassi, that you have a quiet night, and that we will see you tomorrow feeling quite yourself again."

Doctor Lobsenz appeared at the door with Gamble.

"Through with my patient?" he asked. "If so, I'll get some clothes on him and take him along."

Vance nodded.

"Thank you, Doctor, and good luck. . . And now, Markham, suppose we go downstairs to the library and do a bit of thinking—although it's a beastly hour for mentation. . ."

After Grassi, accompanied by Doctor Lobsenz, had departed, Vance closed the library doors and walked to the large center table.

"There it is, Markham, old dear," he said with a grim smile, pointing to the Chinese dagger before him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Official Birds Adopted by the Various States

Tradition or legislative action have given official birds to all of the states except Connecticut, Iowa, New Jersey and Tennessee. By tradition the bald eagle is the official bird for the United States.

The others are: Alabama, flicker; Arizona, cactus hen; Arkansas, Florida, Mississippi, mockingbird; California, valley quail; Colorado, lark bunting; Delaware, Illinois, Kentucky, cardinal; District of Columbia, wood thrush; Georgia, brown thrasher; Idaho, Nevada, mountain bluebird; Indiana, eastern cardinal; Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Wyoming, western meadowlark; Louisiana, brown pelican; Maine, chickadee; Maryland, Baltimore, oriole; Massachusetts, veery; Michigan, robin; Minnesota, goldfinch; New Mexico, road runner; North Carolina, Carolina chickadee; Ohio, house wren; Oklahoma, ruffed grouse; South Carolina, Carolina wren; Texas, western mockingbird; Utah, California, gull; Vermont, hermit thrush; Virginia, Wisconsin, robin; Washington, willow goldfinch; West Virginia, tufted titmouse.

Housewife's Idea Box



Easy Way to Fill Cream Puffs
Cream puffs are easy to make and are delicious and nourishing. If you are filling them with whipped cream or a thick custard, use a pastry bag. You will find it more efficient than a spoon.

THE HOUSEWIFE
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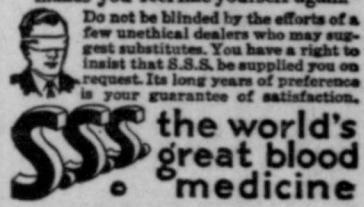
Reason for Youngster's Interest in Election

"Pop, are you gonna vote?"
"Of course I am. I always vote."
"That's good," said young Sidney. He hesitated a moment. "Do you suppose you'll probably go vote the same time manna does?"
"I don't know. It's very likely that we'll go together, though we might have to go at different times."
"Gee, I hope it's that way, 'cause I want to go with you both, especially if you don't go together."
"Why, what's the idea?" asked his father. "I didn't know you were interested in politics."
"Oh, sure," answered Sidney vaguely. "I'd go vote myself if I could and if Mary votes, I'm going to see if she won't let me go down with her." Sidney hurried toward the kitchen to interview Mary. Just then his mother came in to throw some light on the subject.

"He went with me when I registered and found that the polling place was in a candy store kept by a nice woman. She gave him a bar of chocolate, so I expect he's figuring on cashing in on election day in a big way."—New York Sun.

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 seat 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 secretion and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemoglobin 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.

S.S.S. the world's great blood medicine

For Peace on Earth
We have got to take the idealism out of war.—Rev. Dr. Dwight Bradley.

CREOMULSION

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

COUGHS

But It Falls
Getting acquainted with people is very interesting in early life.

STOPPED-UP NOSTRILS
due to cold.

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

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

WNU-L 50-54

NIP THAT COLD

CLEANSE INTERNALLY

Doctors advise: "The moment a cold sets in, eat sparingly, CLEANSE INTERNALLY." A cup of Garfield Tea will relieve constipation, help break the cold's hold, incidentally cleanse out the system, increase your resistance—drugs over—25¢ a tin.

GARFIELD TEA

Happy New Year

We wish to thank all our

Friends and Customers

For their loyal support during 1934,

And to wish them all a happy

1935

The Hedley Informer

Travelers on the 8:30 train to town knew Brown of old. On this particular morning he was more talkative than ever.

"Yes," he said impressively, "and would you believe it? Although I was so close at hand at the time, the thieves got away with my car."

Wilson, who wanted to read his paper in silence, leered across.

"That's not surprising," he said cuttingly. "I've always heard that these antique collectors stop at nothing."—Stray Stories.

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.

Not Worth the Money

Beware of having a good time that makes you look foolish.



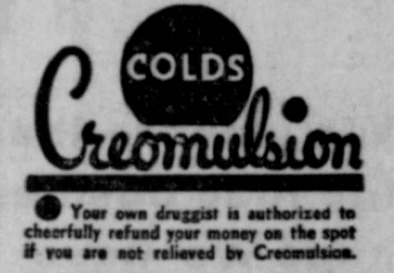
MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
A Few Drops Every Night and Morning Will Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition!
At All Drug Stores
Write Murine Co., Dept. W., Chicago, for Free Book

Like Some Men After a dog wins two or three fights, he may become a salsance.



CHAPPED LIPS
To quickly relieve chapping, roughness, cracking, apply soothing, cooling Mentholatum.
MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

Driven Into the Open Hard times rub away the veneer of false friendship.



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

Hands Would Swell and Crack with Eczema
Healed by Cuticura

"Eczema started on my hands in blisters and then spread to my face. My hands would itch and I would rub them and they would get inflamed and burn terribly. They would pain and crack open and would swell until my hands were almost twice their size. I could not sleep."

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. The first application was soothing so I bought more and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Wm. Twomey, 22 Brookside Ave., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.—Adv.

WNU—L 51—3

WATCH YOUR KIDNEYS!
Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering impurities from the blood stream. But kidneys get functionally disturbed—in their work—fail to remove the poisonous body wastes.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains; feel "all worn out."

Don't delay! For the quicker you get rid of these poisons, the better your chances of good health.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They tend to promote normal functioning of the kidneys; should help them pass off the irritating poisons. Doan's are recommended by users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE By S. S. Van Dine

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SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, crime expert, investigates the supposed suicide of Archer Coe. With District Attorney Markham, he goes to Coe's house. They find Wrede, a friend of Coe's, there; also Signor Grassi, a guest. The door of the death chamber is bolted from the inside. They force it. Coe is seated, a revolver in his right hand and a bullet hole in his temple. 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 darning needle. A lipstick, discovered in Archer Coe's wastebasket, indicates that a woman called on him the night of the murder. By manipulating the string, the bent pin and the darning needle found in Brisbane's pocket, Vance bolts Archer Coe's floor from the outside. Vance finds the owner of a dog Wrede had owned and given away, and determines that the animal suffered ill-treatment at Wrede's hands. Grassi is stabbed. He says he did not see his mysterious assailant, who came in at night.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

The dagger lay on the library table in almost exactly the same spot where we had left it the afternoon before; but now there was undried blood upon it and its condition told us, only too plainly, that it was the weapon which had been used to strike through Grassi's arm.

"But why," asked Markham with a puzzled frown, "should the man who attempted to kill Grassi bring the weapon back here to the library?"

"Probably," replied Vance, "for the same reason that the person who stabbed Archer and Brisbane Coe put the dagger in the vase in this same room. At least there's a certain consistency in the actions of our stabber."

"You think," asked Markham, "that the same person who stabbed the Coes attempted Grassi's life also?"

"Why leap at conclusions?" sighed Vance. "There are so many other things to be ascertained before we can reach any intelligent conclusion."

"For instance?"

Vance arranged himself comfortably in a large chair.

"Well," he said, inhaling deeply on his cigarette, "I could endure to hear the various persons inside and outside the house chant their runes as to what they know of tonight's happenings. . . . And there are other things which might bear casual scrutiny—to wit: Why did Grassi call for help not arouse Miss Lake on the third floor ere it penetrated to Gamble's ears? And what hath you Cerberus on the front stone steps to say about those who may have come and gone tonight? And where, and doing what, was the subtle Mr. Liang during the upheaval? And also what of the doughty guard which I asked to have stationed in Archer Coe's bedroom tonight?"

Heath, who during the entire time we had been at the Coe house had been in a state of silent but aggressive indecision, stood up and squared his shoulders.

"Well, Mr. Vance, we'll get all of your questions answered pronto. I'm telling the world I'd like to get the answers myself. I asked that detective out front who'd been in here tonight, and he said nobody. But we'll ask him again."

He threw the door open.

"Come here, Sullivan," he hawled; and the dejected figure we had passed on the front steps came into the library.

"A guy's been stabbed here," Heath blustered. "You told me no one had come in or gone out the front door. But this is serious business, and we want you to rack your brain, if any, and tell us what you know."

Detective Sullivan was both abashed and defiant.

"I told you, Sergeant," he insisted, "that I've been sitting on those steps since seven o'clock tonight and nothing or nobody, so much as a cockroach, has passed me, goin' or comin'."

"Maybe you went to sleep and just dreamed it all," the sergeant suggested sarcastically.

"That's enough, Sergeant," said Vance mildly. "I think Sullivan is telling the truth. I have a feeling that no one came in the front door tonight."

Sullivan was sent back to the front steps and Heath went into the hall.

"I'll find out about Burke in Coe's room," he offered.

A moment later he appeared with Detective Burke in tow.

"Tell Mr. Markham and Mr. Vance," he ordered gruffly, "what you've been doing all night."

"I been sleeping," Burke admitted frankly. "I pulled up a chair against the door and forgot my troubles. Was there anything the matter with that, Sergeant?"

Heath hesitated.

"Well, I guess not. You been working all day—and I didn't tell you to keep awake. But a guy's been stabbed right down the hall from you, and he called for help—and now you know nothin' about it." The sergeant shook his head with disgust. "Well, go on back and see if you can keep awake for a while."

Burke went out.

"My fault," the sergeant explained. "After all, you can't blame him, Mr. Vance."

"Burke wouldn't have been able to help us anyway, I'm afraid," Vance consoled him. "Suppose we commence with Gamble."

"The butler was brought in. He was a pitiful figure as he stood before us in questioning fear."

"How do you account for the fact," Vance asked him, "that you could hear Mr. Grassi's call from the second floor and that his appeal for help should entirely have missed the ears of Miss Lake who is on the floor between Mr. Grassi's room and yours?"

Gamble swallowed twice and braced himself against the door.

"That is quite simple, sir," he said. "Miss Lake's honor is at the rear of the house and there's a large parlor between her boudoir and the door leading into the hall. I, sir, leave my door open on the fourth floor, in case the front door bell should ring or I should be called."

When Gamble had been sent back to the upper hall, Vance sighed and crushed out his cigarette.

"Well, that explains that. . . . Really, I know, Markham, we don't seem to be moving with what might be called precipitate rapidity."

He lit a fresh cigarette and stood up.

"I think I'll take a look at the rear of the house. Would you care to stagger along?"

The sergeant nodded sagely.

"You think the guy that stabbed the Italian got in the back way, do you, Mr. Vance?"

"I have come to the conclusion, Sergeant," Vance returned sadly, as he went toward the door leading into the dining room, "that thinking at this hour of the morning is a frightful waste of effort."

We followed him toward the kitchen. As he opened the door leading into the butler's pantry, I was surprised to see a rectangular line of light around the kitchen door.

Vance halted momentarily.

"I wonder . . ." he murmured, as if to himself. And then: "No, no; Gamble wouldn't have dared come near the rear of the house—he's in a blue funk."

He proceeded across the pantry and pushed open the swinging door into the kitchen.

Under the central light, seated at a large table of white pine, was Liang, fully dressed, and with a green eyeshade pulled down to the bridge of his nose. Before him on the table were a pile of books and many sheets of scattered paper. As we entered he rose and faced us, removing his eyeshade, smiled pleasantly and made a stiff bow.

"Good evening, Mr. Liang," Vance greeted him amiably. "You're working rather late."

"I had many things to do tonight—my work had accumulated. My month-



ly report to the Ta Tao Hwei is overdue. . . . I trust I have not discommoded the household."

"You have been working all night—here in the kitchen?" Vance asked, going to the porch door and trying it. (It was locked.)

"Since eight o'clock," the Chinaman returned. "May I be of any service to you?"

"Oh, no end," Vance snarled back and perched himself on a high stool. "Have you been aware of anything unusual in the house tonight, Mr. Liang?"

The man looked mildly surprised.

"Quite the contrary. It seemed very peaceful after the excitement today."

"Restful—eh, what? Astonishin'! And yet, Mr. Liang, while you were engaged in your literary labors, Signor Grassi was stabbed."

There was no change of expression on the Chinaman's face as he answered: "That is most unfortunate."

"Yes, yes, quite," Vance's tone was slightly irritable. "But did you, by any chance, hear anyone or see anyone enter the rear door this evening?"

Liang shook his head slightly in a slow and indifferent negative.

"No," he said. "No one, to my knowledge, entered by the rear door. . . . Perhaps the front door."

"Many thanks for the suggestion," Vance interrupted with a shrug; "but there's been some one guarding it."

"Ah!" The Chinaman moved his eyes a little until they rested on a point somewhere above Vance's head.

"That is indeed interesting. . . . Perhaps the den window—"

"An excellent suggestion! Our gratitude, and all that, Mr. Liang," Vance murmured. "I'll have a look at the window. . . . Pray continue with your work." And he led the way back through the dining room into the library.

"Well, what about it?" grumbled Heath. "A swell lot you learned from that Chink."

"Still, Sergeant," Vance returned, "it was kind of Mr. Liang to suggest the den window. Why not take a peep at it?"

Heath hesitated, squinted, and then went swiftly across the hall into the drawing room. We could hear him open the den door and walk heavily across the small room. A few moments later he returned to the library.

"There's something d—n queer about this," he announced. "Maybe the Chink was right, after all. The den window was open—and the sofa that was in front of it was pulled out at a cock-eyed angle." He glanced at Markham helplessly. "Maybe somebody did get in and out of that window, Chief. . . . Anyhow, where do we go from here?"

"Home and to bed, my dear Peppy," said Vance. "This is no hour for respectable people to be up. There's nothing more to be done here."

CHAPTER IX

The Six Judges.

Vance rose early that morning. I myself was around at nine o'clock and was surprised to find him in street clothes and on the point of leaving the house.

"I'll be back in half an hour, Van," he said, as he went out, but gave no further explanation.

Fifteen minutes later Markham arrived, and he had waited but ten minutes when Vance came in. He was carrying the Scotch terrier bitch in his arms. There was a dressing on her head held in place by adhesive tape, but otherwise she seemed alert and well.

"Morning, Markham," Vance greeted the district attorney. "Really, I know, I didn't expect you so early. I've just toddled over to Doctor Blamey's to see how the little Scotch lassie was getting along—and here she is."

Markham looked at him skeptically.

"You still think you can trace the person we want through that dog?"

"It's our only hope," Vance told him seriously. "The case is far too complicated as it stands—there are too many contradictions. I am sure that you, as a prosecuting attorney, could pin the various crimes on any one of three or four people. But until I have traced the ownership and peregrinations of this Scottie, I shan't be satisfied."

Markham frowned. "Just how do you intend to go about it?"

"As I told you, Markham, this little bitch is in perfect show condition. She's been trimmed and conditioned by an expert, and it seems pretty certain that she's been entered in some show recently. My guess is, from her condition, that she's been shown within the last month. And it's simple enough to find what shows have been held within a reasonable radius of my New York during that period."

He went into the library and returned with his file of Popular Dogs. Sitting down in his easy chair he began running his finger down the calendar of official dog shows.

"Now, let's see," he murmured. "During the past month there has been held around New York the show at Syracuse—make a note of these, will you, Van? Then came the Cornwall show; and after that, Tuxedo. And a week later was the Camden show, which was followed by Westbury, and also the Englewood show. . . . That brings us pretty well up to date, and they are all possibilities. This dog is too young to have won any important blue ribbons, and therefore my guess would be that her entries would have been in the puppy and novice classes. . . . It's not an important matter, although it limits and facilitates my investigation somewhat."

"It sounds like shooting into the dark," Markham was far from convinced.

"You're right, to a certain extent," Vance agreed. "But there's a simpler way of determining the dog's ownership—and I shall try that first."

Vance stood looking down at the bandaged Scottie.

"The more I see of her, Markham, the more I'm convinced that there are only about five men in this part of the country who could have done such a perfect job of trimming. William Prentice could have done it; and George Wimberly, and Jimmy McNab, and Ellery Burke, and Steve Parton."

Vance walked round the dog several times, studying her.

"Wimberly is in Boston, so we may eliminate him on the grounds of distance. McNab is working in a private capacity for a kennel on Long Island, and I hardly think he would qualify. Both Burke and Parton are fairly distant from New York, although they are certainly possibilities."

He knelt down and ran his hand over the contour of the dog's neck and lifted the hair along the spine. Then he stood up.

"William Prentice! That's the chap. That outline of the neck and the back has been achieved by a master hand, and there's no greater master at that in this country than Prentice. Furthermore, he's only a short distance from New York. . . . I think I'll try him first. If he did trim this dog he may be able to give us some information as to her ownership."

As soon as Markham had left us that morning, we drove to Mr. Prentice's famous Barias kennels at Hawthorn, N. J. Mr. Prentice took one look at the dog in Vance's arms.

"How'd ye do, Mr. Vance," was his greeting. (Vance had known him for years.) "A good one, you bitch."

"You know her, then?" asked Vance eagerly.

"Ay."

"And you trimmed her?"

"Ay."

"And about how long ago might that be?"

"I couldn't say exactly, but it was after the first of September."

"Whose bitch is it?"

"That I couldn't say. A lady and a gentleman drove up one afternoon and asked me if I could trim the dog at once. I said 'ay,' and I trimmed it."

Vance seemed disappointed.

"What sort of man brought the dog to you? Could you describe him?"

"Ay. He was a large man, around fifty, and he had little enough to say."

"And the woman?"

"She was young and not difficult to look at."

"A blonde?"

"Ay."

"His daughter, perhaps?"

A shrewd twinkle came into the Scotsman's eyes.

"I hae me doots," was all he vouchsafed.

Vance seemed in better spirits.

"In any event, Van," he said, "we can now go ahead with a certain assurance of success. If only Prentice had taken the owner's name and address, how simple everything would have been."

Returning to his apartment, he telephoned to the American Kennel club and obtained the names of the Scottish terrier judges in the six shows he had selected as the most likely ones where the bitch might have been exhibited.

The six judges turned out to be Marguerite Kirmse, Karl B. Smith, Edwin Megargee, William MacBain, Morgan Stinemetz, and Robert D. Hartshorne.

Vance glanced down the list of names he had made.

"Now, let us see what we can find out."

He turned to the telephone and kept it busy for the best part of half an hour. Then he rose and took the dog in his arms.

"Come, Van, our itinerary begins."

Mr. Hartshorne, Vance's first selection, showed a keen interest in the dog and went over her carefully. But he could not remember having judged her in the show at which he had officiated. He said he would have been sure to have remembered her because of her outstanding qualities; but he was unable to give us any help.

Mr. MacBain was not in his office that day and Mr. Karl Smith was unable to help us. He was quite sure that the dog had not been shown under him; so we went to call on Mr. Megargee.

But here again we met with disappointment, for he was not able to identify the dog as having been entered in the show at which he judged.

Things began to appear discouraging, and Vance was not in the best humor as we drove to the eastside winter studio of Mrs. Marguerite Kirmse Cole. But to no avail. Mrs. Cole was positive the dog had not been an entry under her judgeship.

It was past four in the afternoon when we arrived at Mr. William MacBain's Diehard kennels in Closter, N. J. Mr. MacBain showed an intense interest in the dog that Vance had brought to him, but was unable to identify her. Vance had drawn another blank in his investigation of the wounded dog's ownership.

He had succeeded in locating the New York office of Mr. Stinemetz, but, on phoning, learned that he was not in the city that day but could undoubtedly be found at his country home.

"This is almost our last chance," Vance observed dejectedly, "—unless

the dog has been shown in New England or the South. But if that were the case, why is she here in New York now?"

He was downcast; I realized for the first time how much he had counted on this stray Scottish terrier to help him in the solution of the crime which was perplexing him. But it was just at the moment when things seemed darkest that a ray of light was introduced into the situation. It was Mr. Stinemetz—the last of the judges we consulted—who gave Vance the information he was seeking.

Vance showed him the little lost bitch and asked him if he had ever

judged her. Mr. Stinemetz looked at her closely for a moment, took her in his arms and stood her on the show table in his main kennel.

"Yes," he said slowly, after a minute's inspection; "I not only judged her, but I put her up, three weeks ago at Englewood. She won the puppy bitch class, and I would have given her a first instead of a second in the novice class, if she had shown properly. But, as I remember, some young woman with little or no experience brought her into the ring. Naturally, she could get no response from the dog. I tried to help her out, but it was hopeless; and I had to give the blue to a bitch that had the style and the ring manners, but who wasn't quite this one's equal in anatomy. . . . There was one slight fault in the mouth, however."

Mr. Stinemetz held back the dog's lips, exposing her teeth.

"You see this upper incisor: it's out of place. But it's not a serious fault. There's many a champion with a much worse mouth."

Vance thanked him for his help and added: "Do you happen to know what bitch this is, or who owns her?"

Mr. Stinemetz shook his head.

"No, I never saw her before—she must be a newcomer. I didn't see a catalogue of the show and there were no postmortems at the judge's table after the show."

Vance left Mr. Stinemetz's kennels in a much happier frame of mind.

"Tomorrow," he said, as we drove home through the gathering dusk, "we will know the owner's name."

Immediately upon our arrival in New York, Vance telephoned to Markham at his home, and learned that there had been no developments in the case during the day. Grassi had returned to the Coe house at eleven o'clock that morning, evidently very little the worse for his experience of the previous night. He had wished to go to a hotel, but Markham had prevailed upon him to remain at the Coe residence until some light had filtered into the case, and Grassi had reluctantly agreed to do so.

Duties in Coast Guard

The daily routine of all men in the Coast Guard service is not the same. In general the duties of the Coast Guard may be classified as follows: Rendering assistance to vessels in distress and saving life and property; destruction or removal of wrecks, derelicts and other floating dangers to navigation; conduct of International ice patrol in North Atlantic ocean; extending medical aid to American vessels engaged in deep-sea fisheries; protection of the customs revenue; prevention of smuggling; operating as a part of the navy in time of war or when the President shall direct; suppression of mutinies on merchant vessels; protection of game, seal and other fisheries in Alaska; enforcement of laws and regulations governing merchant vessels in navigable waters, immigration quarantine, neutrality, regattas and marine parades.

The Confederate White House

The White House of the Confederacy, in Richmond, Va., is now a Confederate museum, each of the Confederate states having a memorial room in it.



"But, as I Remember, Some Young Woman With Little or No Experience Brought Her Into the Ring."

WNU—L 51—3

For Trade or Sale—one set of harness. Will trade for a big hog.
Rev. W. E. Lawson.

We will have plenty of nice gifts all the family.
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 Leha Lake
Edna Nannes, Hedley.

ENTERTAINS

Mr and Mrs. G. L. Johnson entertained with 6 o'clock dinner on Sunday, Dec 16. Those present were Misses Juanita Ivie and Mary Vaughn, Messrs. J. O. Vineyard and Pete Kerbow and Mr. and Mrs. Byrum Hall of Clarendon, and the host and

Mrs. R. L. McBrant, formerly Miss Ileta Mass, of Mojave, Calif., is visiting relatives in Hedley and Leha Lake.

J. S. Hinds and wife of Tre and Rex Kendall of Dallas visited in the Kendall home during the holidays.

The G. W. Killingsworth family had the following as guests during the holidays: Clarence and Claude Killingsworth and families of Wellington; Cecil Amerson and family and Nellie Fay and Lila Mae Dowdy of McLean; C. J. Payne, J. A. Carmack and Jack Killingsworth and their families and Miss Dottie Killingsworth of Quail; S. S. Williams and Miss Leslie Moore of Wellington.

Miss Jessie Mildred Culwell and Miss Robinson returned to college at Bethany, Okla. Tuesday, after spending holidays here.

Miss Emma Lowell Plank of W. T. S. T. C. Canyon, spent Xmas with home folks here.

C. L. Kinsey and wife, and Delbert Kinsey of Amarillo were Xmas visitors in the Lake Dishman home.

Lionel Blankenship, who is attending Cameron College at Lawton, Okla. spent Xmas here.

PASTIME THEATRE Clarendon, Texas

Fri Jan 4. James Gleason and Edna May Oliver in
Murder on the Blackboard

A mystery picture full of thrills. Also news and Amarillo Corpus game. A mighty good show 10 25c Matinee 2:00 p. m.

Sat 5. Hoot Gibson in
The Fighting Parson
Another good western and plenty of good laughs, also Cartoon comedy matinee 10c night 10 15c

Sun Mon. 6 7. Arline Mae Mahon and Guy Kibbee in
Big Hearted Herbert
Story of tight wad father. Entertainment for the whole family. It's the seasons big laugh panic. Also Isham Jones (musical) and Cartoon comedy. 10 25c matinee 2:00 p. m. sharp

Tues. 8. Laurel and Hardy in
Babes in Toyland
Full length picture with plenty of fun for everybody, and our Bank Nite, also novelty. Remember those attending matinee will participate in drawing 10 25c

Wed Thurs 9 10 William Powell and Myrna Loy in
Evelyn Prentice

You saw them in Manhattan Melodrama also The Thin Man. Now see them in their very latest. Her fingers were stained with murder, and only her husband could clear her of the crime, also musical number. 10 25c matinee 2:00 sharp

Misses Jennette Clarke and Ann Mitchell have returned from Ft. Worth, where they have been attending T. W. C.

Every Day Specials

We wish to thank all our customers and friends for their patronage during 1934, and to wish for them all a very prosperous and happy

1935

FLOUR, 48 LB. GUARANTEED \$1.73

Meal, 20 lb.	65c
Spuds, pk.	25c
Coffee, that good bulk, 2 lb.	35c
Corn Flakes, box	10c
Whole Wheat Flakes, 3 boxes	25c
Crackers, 2 lb. box	19c
Prunes, gal.	35c
Peaches, gal.	45c
Bananas, doz.	15c
Grapefruit, doz.	35c
Lettuce, extra large, head	8c
Carrots, bunch	5c

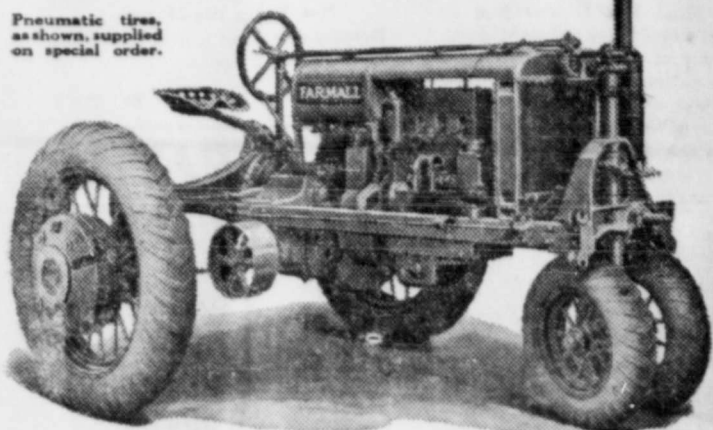
McCalister Market Friday & Saturday Specials

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

Farming Is Much Easier and Cheaper When a Farmall Does the Work

Pneumatic tires, as shown, supplied on special order.



McCormick-Deering

SPEED and flexibility are brought to the row-crop farm by the Farmall Tractor. It is so far ahead of horses when it comes to planting, cultivating, and doing other row-crop and general farming work that there is no comparison. And most important of all, Farmall farming means lower-cost farming.

Until you own and operate a Farmall you cannot appreciate the benefits and advantages of it. But just ask any Farmall owner about it. He is the man who is enthusiastic about the Farmall. He knows. He has farmed with horses and with the Farmall and you can bet that he isn't going back to horses.

If you want a real demonstration of the Farmall, call us up and we will arrange one for you. We'll show you how much easier it is to farm with a Farmall and why you cannot afford to be without one. There are three sizes—to fit the needs of any farm.

Thompson Bros.

FOOD SPECIALS

We want to thank all our customers for the nice business you have given us and hope we have contributed to your success. It is our desire to continue this policy throughout the new year.

Grapefruit, doz. 39c

Flour, Yukon Best	\$1.89	Raisins, 4 lb.	32c
Flour, Home	\$1.69	Crackers, 2 lb. salted	19c
Sugar, 25 lb.	\$1.25	Tomatoes, 3 No. 2 cans	25c
Salt, 25 lb.	29c	Oranges, large	33c
Salmon, 2 cans	25c	Lemons, doz.	19c
Bananas, doz.	15c	Roast, nice fat, 3 lb.	25c
Delicious Apples, 2 doz.	25c	Sausage, lb.	15c
Granberries, qt.	25c	Candy, 3 bars	10c
Cheese, full cream, lb.	23c	Texas Oranges, doz.	10c
Steak, fat & tender, lb.	15c	Pickles, sour, qt.	19c

Spuds, pk. 25c

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

'M' SYSTEM



APPRECIATION



The WEST TEXAS UTILITIES COMPANY is duly appreciative for the patronage and co-operation received from its customers and friends the past year.

Our aim has been to render a superior service at constantly reduced rates. In expression of our gratefulness for the patronage received, we have continued our policy of rate reductions. Our customers are now able to enjoy a dependable electric service at rates below the state's average.

Our hope of reward is in YOUR INCREASED USE of service. Your continued increase in patronage and your co-operative influence in obtaining full information so as to understand your power company's problems will combine our efforts in the future development of West Texas and reduced cost of electric service.

We feel that we have established a foundation by our past experiences and achievements for a greater public service. As we close out the year of 1934 and make our plans for service in the future, we pledge our entire organization—to the 160 towns and communities we serve—in a continued improvement of our service.

**West Texas Utilities
Company**