

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS JANUARY 11, 1935

NO. 9

Car of Poultry Wanted

Fri., Sat., Mon., Jan. 11th, 12th, 14th.

Will pay following prices, delivered at Hedley

Colored Hens, per lb.....	11c
Leghorn Hens.....	8c
Cox.....	4c
Stags.....	7c
Dux.....	5c
Turkeys, No. 1.....	11c

Sell your poultry where you can always get
Top Market Prices

Eads Produce Co.

Ernest H. Eads, Proprietor
Phone 23
HEDLEY, TEXAS

To the Friends and Customers of Eads & Company

I wish to thank each and every one of you for the loyal patronage which we have been given for the last two and one-half years that I have been associated with the company.

I have bought Mr. Eads' interest in the grocery and feed business, and will continue to operate same under the name of Harry Burden Grocery and Feed.

Giving you at all times the very best prices possible, with that good service that we have always tried to render; thanking you one and all once again for your past business and trusting that 1935 will be better for us all.

Harry Burden Grocery

Help Yourself

Try Us

For your Cigars, Cigarettes

or Fountain Drinks.

You'll Like Our Service

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome
PHONE 63

CHARLENE EVERETT

Little Charlene Everett daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Everett passed away North West Texas hospital in Amarillo last Friday at 9 o'clock. She had been sick for several days before she was taken to the hospital. She developed intestinal flu and double pneumonia and the skill of six physicians failed and her little spirit was wafted by the death angel back to God who gave it and now her form lies in a new made grave beneath a mound of flowers. She was an only daughter and a jewel in the home. "She was so beautiful, so fair. Budded here, to bloom up there."

And now her parents are lonely, and the home will never be the same. A treasure up in Heaven dear parents, to draw you that way. Her mission on earth was soon filled. We can not understand why she had to go, but Jesus who loves the little ones had need of her, and he sent his angel for her, and she must needs go. She was born Dec. 27, 1923 and died Jan. 4, 1935. She leaves to mourn their loss, her parents and one brother, her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Adamson, Hedley, and Mrs. C. B. Everett, Ft. Worth, and other relatives. Her funeral was held at the Church of Christ, conducted by Rev. Banister of Memphis.

The flower girls were: Lonista Hickey, Dorothy Dishman, Doris Marie Everett, Letha Marie Bain, Gene Marie Boone, Yvonna and Mary Frances Meeks. Pallbearers were Jean Thompson, Sybil Holland, Jo Wells and Theresa Bain.

Out of town relatives attending the funeral were, Mexara, and Mesdames Frank Whit., Clarendon; L. L. Tims, Amarillo; R. L. Adamson, Lubbock; W. H. Dickson, Seymour; S. O. Adamson, Vernon; John Adamson, Turkey, Mrs. C. B. Everett and James Everett, Ft. Worth, and Mesdames Joyce Armstrong, Clarendon; E. B. Kerr, Lubbock; C. O. Adams and children, Amarillo.

A Cousin

MRS. MAMIE BOWLING

Mrs. Mamie Bowling was born Sept. 13, 1890 and died Jan. 2, 1935. She was 44 years, 3 months and 20 days of age at her going. She professed religion in 1906 in Montague county and joined the Baptist church at Woodlin. She later affiliated with the Assembly of God church and has lived a consistent christian life, not only professing to be a christian but lived as a true follower of the lowly Nazarene.

She leaves a husband and 4 children, 3 boys and 1 girl. Two children preceded her in death. The children all being at home but one son who is married and lives near Hedley.

She leaves an aged mother, Mrs. Ella Ivey, three brothers and two sisters as follows: Jess Ivey of Turkey; W. H. and A. B. Ivey of Hedley, Mesdames Fannie Steen of San Angelo, and Bessie McClarnen of Come, Texas. The family had lately moved from Turkey to the S. G. Adamson farm three miles north of Hedley.

I will buy hogs every Saturday. I will also buy cattle Highest market price.

M. W. Mosley.

See Thompson Salvage Shop for used parts and repair work.

MRS. B. E. HARRIS

Mrs. B. E. Harris, 81 years of age, passed away Saturday morning Jan. 5, at the Clarendon hospital.

Funeral services were held at the home in Hedley Sunday morning Jan. 6, conducted by Rev. A. V. Hendricks.

Mrs. Harris was born in Charleston South Carolina. Her family moved to Mississippi when she was six months old, where she lived for about forty years.

The remainder of her life was spent in Texas, her home having been in and near Hedley for the past twenty eight years.

Mrs. Harris is survived by her husband, to whom she had been married sixty four years; four sons, Sid Harris of Clarendon; P. E. Harris of Hollis, Okla.; J. C. Harris of McLean; W. R. Harris of Hedley, and a daughter, Miss Mary Harris of Hedley.

WARNING

In the last three weeks there has been quite a lot of petty thievery in the county. I just want to warn the public to be very careful. Always lock your car when you leave it. Don't leave your car parked in the road or street, and if possible leave one member of the family at home at all times. I am in favor of using a shotgun on a thief. That is what you would do with a poecat, and a poecat is a respectable person compared to a petty thief.

For the next 2 or 3 months, as is the case every year, there will be quite a bit of stealing, so be very careful where you leave your stuff. Try to keep everything under lock and key, and keep your old shotgun handy. Pay attention to anything that looks suspicious, cars or people, and report it at once. Any person that catches anyone violating the law has a right to make an arrest just the same as an officer, so cooperate with your officers as much as possible, and we will do our level best, and it is through cooperation that we can get the job done. Thanks,
Guy Pierce, Sheriff.

HOOVER GIFT SHOP

A few bargain prices are as follows:

Men's Broadcloth shorts	25c
Men's Sox	10 to 25c
Men's and ladies hdk's	5c to 25c
Ladies silk hose	49c to 98c
Children's and baby's hose	15 to 35c
Baby shoes	25 to 50c
Kitchen supplies of all kinds.	
Low prices on everything.	

Our stock of variety items and dry goods are being added to every week. See us for quality and price. B. & B. Variety

For Sale—Good Jersey milk cow with young calf.

Mrs. Frank Simmons

I wish to rent a typewriter in good condition for service.

Mrs. S. G. Amason

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Mosley of Clarendon moved back to Hedley Monday. Their many Hedley friends are glad to welcome them back.

Mrs. Rollie Bramley and children Clarendon visited here last week end.

A beautiful line of new prints at a bargain. B. & B. Variety

Start the

New Year
Right

Buy Your Groceries
at the

Barnes & Hastings
Grocery Co.

PHONE 21

Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

Veg.	Celery, bunch	10c
	Carrots, bunch	5c
	Mustard, bunch	5c
	Spuds, pk.	25c

Fruit	Bananas, doz.	15c
	Apples, fancy, doz.	25c
	Oranges, doz.	25c
	Grapefruit, 3 for	10c

Flour	48 lb. Perryton	\$1.69
	48 lb. Kansas Cream	\$1.85

Cereals	Miller Corn Flakes, 2 for	19c
	Rice Krispies, 2 for	25c
	Jersey Bran Flakes, 2 for	25c

Pickles, Alabam	gal.	59c
	qt.	19c

Sugar, 25 lb.	\$1.25
Pork & Beans, 4 cans	25c

Bring us your Cream and Poultry

J. G. McDougal, President
J. W. Noel, Active Vice President
Condensed Statement of Condition of the
SECURITY STATE BANK
HEDLEY, TEXAS
at the close of business Dec. 31, 1934

RESOURCES	
Loans.....	\$54,903.10
Overdrafts.....	21.29
Banking House, Fur. & Fixt.....	7,000.00
Other Real Estate.....	10,500.00
Temp. Fed. Dep. Ins. Fund.....	308.64
Bonds and Warrants.....	24,445.35
Advances on Cotton.....	\$9,274.03
CASH.....	36,548.39
Total cash and quick assets.....	120,267.77
Total.....	\$198,000.80
LIABILITIES	
Capital.....	\$35,000.00
Capital Debentures Sold.....	25,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	3,391.05
Total Capital Structure.....	63,391.05
DEPOSITS.....	129,609.77
Total.....	\$198,000.80

The above statement is correct.
C. L. Johnson, Cashier

Security State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

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

SUCH IS LIFE—That's Different



CHARMING QUILT IS "SUN BONNET"

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Many mothers and grandmothers would get busy and make the "Sun Bonnet" quilt for a home darling if they could see just how cunning it looks when finished.

Send 15c to our quilt department and we will mail you one complete block like the above picture, also picture of quilt showing the six different blocks. Make this one block up and see how it looks when finished.

This is another of our good-looking quilts and, like the others, must be worked up to be appreciated.

Address—Home Craft Co., Dept. D, Nineteenth and St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

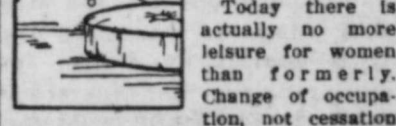
Enclose stamped addressed envelope when writing for any information.

Great Profit From Tree What is probably the most valuable tree in the world is an alligator pear tree at Whittier, Calif., which netted its owner a profit of \$3,000 in one year.

The Household By Lydia Le Baron Walker

MANAGING without servants has become a recognized feature of modern housekeeping. The innumerable devices and inventions which have been perfected for simplifying the work have made it possible for women to accomplish, without undue fatigue, what formerly would have been very wearisome.

sued steadfastly the road toward the apex of his lofty aspiration. It is the same steadfast effort that is shown in business by those who aim high. Theirs is a material goal: Many a young man or woman has determined to make money. To succeed in this, he must be unflinching in his step toward the apex of his desires.



of it, is the result. It was said when the sewing machine came in that there was rejoicing because it would diminish the work of making garments. But it proved no help in this.



Black Velvet Suit

Sleek and chic is this black Lyons velvet suit. The dress is one piece in spite of its two piece effect. The blouse is plaid silver lame and the coat, which is knee length, fits closely through the hips and flares.

Department of Agriculture Payments to States

The following figures show rental and benefit payments by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration made to the farmers of the nation up to November 1, 1934, as prepared by John B. Payne, comptroller. The figures given are by states and by products, showing a total disbursement of \$421,697,359.40.

Table with columns for State, Schedule, Total, Cotton, Wheat, Tobacco, and Corn-Hogs. Lists payments for various states including Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, etc.

RADIO AND RECOVERY

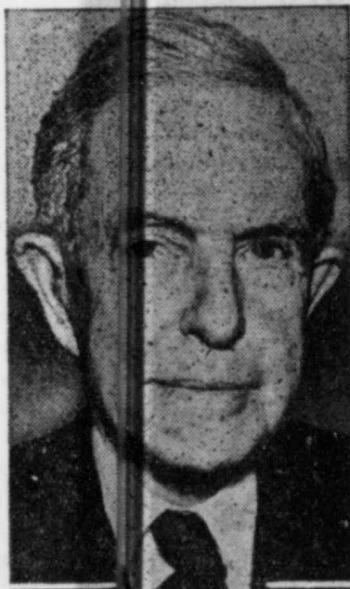
BY LEONARD A. BARRETT

In a recent editorial appeared the statement that the radio was seriously retarding recovery. The argument advanced in support of this opinion was that the time, one hundred million hours per year, spent in listening to, could be more profitably used in auto riding, paying the price of admittance to movies or other entertainment, or in seeking a job.

coast the voice of the President of our country—whether we agree with all he says or not. When we hear the chiming of Big Ben in London or the voice of Antarctic explorer, Byrd, somehow we realize something of the solidarity of the human race and that this is not such a large world after all.

The critic above mentioned forgets another fact—we are of the opinion that the amount of money spent for movies and other entertainments, when totaled, would approximate the total spent in the purchase and maintenance of radios, so from a monetary point of view the account balances.

Poe in Congress



Congress now has a real poet, who also conducts a newspaper column. He is John Stevens McGroarty of Los Angeles, a Democrat who replaces W. E. Evans, Republican, as representative from the Eleventh district of California.

Metoposaurus Is Back

After 140,000,000 Years Berkeley, Calif.—After an absence of some 140,000,000 years the metoposaurus has returned—but he isn't his old self.

In fact, the miniature amphibian in the University of California Museum of Paleontology is only a clay model of the extinct creature, which, scientists say, was a distant relative of the present-day salamander.

Turtle Sets New Swimming Record

Capetown, S. A.—While Scott and Black and the rest have been smashing records by their flights to Australia, a turtle has been quietly setting up another sort of record—by swimming from Australia to Africa!

Evidence of the feat is that a turtle which came ashore had scored in the shell of its back in capital letters the name "Australia."

The markings appeared to be very old and in places could hardly be made out. The turtle's competitors in the race from Australia—if any—are expected any time within the next 50 years.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



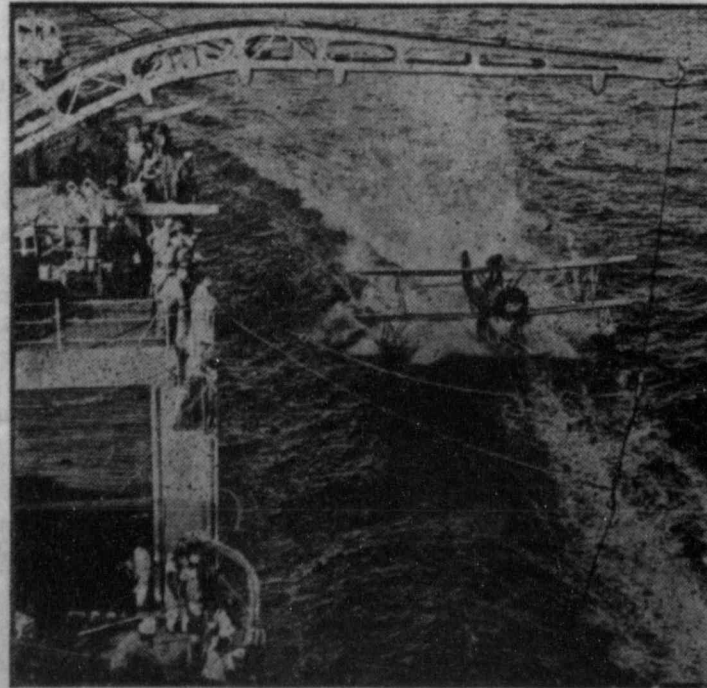
A BRIGHT AND DARK EYE—MULES IN MINES HAVE ONE EYE COVERED WHEN EMERGING INTO DAYLIGHT, AS EACH PUPIL ACTS INDEPENDENTLY (UNLIKE MAN'S) THE EYE WHICH WAS COVERED CAN IMMEDIATELY SEE UPON REENTERING.



JUMPING FLEAS—THE JUMPING ABILITY OF FLEAS IS GREATLY EXAGGERATED, AS THEY LEAP TO A HEIGHT OF 3 TO 5 INCHES ONLY.

BLOOD LIFE—THE LENGTH OF LIFE OF A RED BLOOD CORPUSCLE IS ONLY TEN DAYS.

New Method of Picking Up Planes



This picture, made at sea, shows the new method of lifting navy planes from the water without stopping the ship. The plane runs upon a net towed by the cruiser, the pilot stopping his motor as a hook on the pontoon engages the net, the plane being kept abreast of the crane.

CREOMULSION advertisement with text: 'Your own druggist is authorized to cheerfully refund you money on the spot if you are not relieved by Creomulsion BRONCHIAL TROUBLES'

Must Bear With It What does kindness do when it finds it only invites imposition?

COMMON COLDS advertisement with text: 'Relieve the distressing symptoms by applying Mentholatum in nostrils and rubbing on chest. MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT Daily'

Do you lack PEP? advertisement with text: 'WINTERSMITH'S TONIC Will rid you of MALARIA and build you up. Used for 65 years for Chills, Fever, Malaria and A General Tonic'

Your Advertising Dollar advertisement with text: 'buys something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons. Let us tell you more about it'

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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

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

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

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

COFFINS, CASKETS

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

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

MOREMAN HARDWARE

Huffman's Barber Shop

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

JOHN W. FITZJARRALO

Chiropractor

18th year in Memphis
PHONE 462
Lady in Office

Dr. F. V. Walker

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

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas
Office Phone 8
Residence Phone

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.

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991



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

All members are urged to attend.
Visitors are welcome.

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

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Ohism 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.

COTTON GINNED

Up to Wednesday noon, the
three Hedley gins and the Mc
Knight gin had ginned a total of
8074 bales of cotton

There were 6,849 bales of cot-
ton ginned in Donley Co., prior
to Nov 14 1934, as compared with
16,888 bales ginned to Nov 1
1933, according to information
received from Tom A. Hallow,
collector of cotton statistics for
the Dept. of Commerce, Bureau
of the Census

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,
Windy Valley.
7-8t

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 8
p. m.; Y. W. A. at 4:00.
M. E. Wells, Pastor.

Left Over From Last Week

1919 STUDY CLUB

Mrs. Roy Kutch was hostess to
the 1919 Study club, which met
in the home of Mrs. Ray more-
man, Wednesday Dec. 12 Mrs.
Lovall was leader of the program.
Golden Tales of the old South.

Biography of O'Henry, leader.
The Moment of Victory, Mrs.
C. E. Johnson.
Biography of Irvin S. Cobb,
leader.

The Billed Buzzard, Mrs. J.
W. Webb.

Delicious refreshments were
served to Misses Otey Watkins,
Roberta Mann, Theresa Webb,
Mesdames Ray Moreman, Mann,
Watt, Beaty, Noel, Simmons,
Moffitt, G. L. Johnson, J. E.
Johnson, Webb, Howard, P. V.
Dishman, Spalding, Lovall, Mc
Ewin, and hostess.

The 1919 Study club met in the
J. W. Noel home with Mrs. Wool
as hostess, Dec 19. Mrs. Sim-
mons being leader of the program
Roll call, quotations from the
Bible.

Selection of Christmas carols,
club.

Play, Mrs. Jenkins Brilliant
Idea, directed by Theresa Webb.

Place selections, Mrs. Hooker.

After the program each re-
ceived a present from the beauti-
ful Christmas tree.

Refreshments were served to
Miss Theresa Webb, Mesdames
Hooker, Leon Reeves, Beaty, G.
L. Johnson, Webb, Watt, Lovall,
Howard, Simmons, Moffitt, G. E.
Johnson, Wells, Kutch, McEwin,
Thompson, Kinslow, Spalding
and the hostess

The 42 club met in the B. L.
Howard home Dec 17 These
attending were Messrs. and
Mesdames Jewell, Sherman, Ray
Moreman, Mann, Watt, Chann,
Mastersen, Webb, and Mr. Gil-
ham Mrs. Busch, and Miss Jes-
sie Davis

REUNION

On Sunday, Dec 30, a most
pleasant day was spent in the
home of Grandmother Shelton,
when her children, grandchild-
ren, and great grandchildren
spent the day in the old home.

At noon a bountiful feast was
spread, consisting of turkey and
all the trimmings. The day was
spent in reminiscences of former
days gone by.

Those present to enjoy the oc-
casion were a son and daughter,
W. D. Shelton and family of Bor-
ger. Mrs. Maile Killian of Hed-
ley who resides with Grandmo-
ther Shelton, C. A. Wood and
family, L. A. Wall and family,
Thomas Killian and family and
Ray Killian, all of Hedley, Loyd
Moreman and family, Clyde Hol-
man and family and Mrs. Mollie
Killian of Amarillo, John E. Kil-
lian and family of Pampa, Sam
Roberson and family and Loyd
Shelton and family of Ashtola.

In the afternoon life long
friends of the family calling,
were Mesdames E. H. Watt, E.
M. Glass, W. I. Rains, W. C.
Bridges and Mary Rains Brid-
ges and Eloy Bardine and son.

At a late hour this happy meet-
ing came to an end, each return-
ing to their respective homes
wishing that they might enjoy
many more such pleasant oc-
casions.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

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

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

W. M. SOCIETY

The W. M. S. met with Mother
Dishman Jan 7, in a Bible study.
We are happy to report 4 new
members in the first meeting of
the new year, 1935. It would be
very fitting to enlist every wo-
man of the church in this great
work. We believe, and hope the
time will soon come when it will
be that every one who joins the
church will automatically become
a member of every branch of the
church, and then we will see
great things accomplished for
the Kingdom of God.

Monday, Jan 14, we will meet
at the church at 8 o'clock in a
World Outlook program. On Jan.
21, the program will be on Spir-
itual life, Mrs. Howard leader.
On Jan. 28, at 2:30, we will have
our joint missionary society at
the M. E. church. Every lady of
the town and community is in-
vited to come.

ENTERTAINS

The young people of the Naz-
arene Church were entertained at
the parsonage the evening of
Dec 28. After several interest-
ing games refreshments were
served to the following: Misses
Minnie, Eula and Lonie Jones,
Agatha Lovelace, Annie Mae and
Della McLaughlin, Lillie Ballard,
Frances Robinson, Jewel Ford,
Glenn Lovelace, Buster Culwell,
Don Ekeley, Bev. and Mrs. E. T.
Robinson. Out of town guests
were Rev. Alton Hawkins and
wife of Memphis, Jessie Mildred
Culwell and Faye Robinson of
Bethany, Okla.

BRIDGE PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bridges
entertained a number of friends
with a bridge party Friday, Dec.
28, at their home west of town.
Those enjoying the occasion were
Messrs. and Mesdames L. E.
Thompson, Alva Simmons, R. E.
Mann, Obas Rains, Ed Kinslow,
J. W. Webb, B. L. Howard, Fred
Watt and L. Spalding, and Ike
Rains. High score for ladies
went to Mrs. Simmons, while R.
E. Mann won high score for men.

PARTY

F. A. Finch and wife enter-
tained with a watch party on New
Years eve. Games were enjoyed
until a late hour when lovely re-
freshments were served to Mes-
srs. and Mesdames Roy Jewell,
L. Spalding, Ed Kinslow and Fred
Finch. After seeing the old year
out and the new year in, all de-
claring the Finch's the charm-
ing entertainers.

House to trade for mules or
horses. See E. P. Autil.

Positively no hunting or tres-
passing allowed on my place.
R. H. Jones.

Constipation

If constipation causes you Gas,
Indigestion, Headaches, Bad
Sleep, Pimply Skin, get quick
relief with ADLERIKA. Thoro-
ugh action, yet gentle, safe.

ADLERIKA

THE METHODIST CHURCH

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

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



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. Use choke sparingly,
only enough to get smooth
firing.

Hall Service Station

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. There he finds 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. By manipulating the string, the bent pin and the damning needle, Vance bolts Archer Coe's door 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. Vance sets out with the Scottie to determine the dog's ownership.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Wrede had remained indoors all day and had telephoned to Markham twice and offered to give whatever assistance he could.

Hilda Lake had gone out about ten o'clock in the morning, dressed in sports clothes. When Heath had asked her where she was going, she had told him nonchalantly that she was going to take a drive in the country.

The den window-sill had been gone over carefully for fingerprints, but without results. A general routine investigation had been put in operation by the sergeant, but, aside from this, nothing had been done.

"The case has me bogged," Markham complained sadly at dinner that night. "I see no way out of the situation. Even if we knew who committed the crimes, we couldn't show how they were accomplished—unless the guilty person himself chose to tell us. . . . And that attack on Grassi; instead of helping us, it has only put us deeper into the well. And there's nothing to take hold of. All the ordinary avenues of investigation are closed. Heaven knows there are enough people who might have done it—and there are enough motives for a dozen murders."

"Sad . . . sad," sighed Vance. "My heart bleeds for you, don't y' know. Still, there's some simple explanation. It's a deucedly complicated puzzle—a cryptogram with apparently meaningless words. But once we have the key letter, the rest of it will fall into place. And the key letter may be the Scottie. I'm hopin' for the best. You might confide in me the exact condition of the Coe domicile tonight."

"There's little to confide," Markham told him acerbically. "Heath has done the usual things and gone home. However, he's left two men on guard, one in the street and one at the rear of the house. Grassi has remained in his room all day—Heath's last report to me was that the gentleman had gone to bed. The lock on his door, by the way, has been fixed; so he'll probably live the night through. Miss Lake came in just as the sergeant was going. . . . By the way, she took the news of Grassi's stabbing rather hard."

Vance looked up quickly. "I say, that's most interestin'!" "The Chinaman did not leave the house," Markham continued, "and told Heath he preferred to remain until the guilty person had been brought to justice."

"I do hope he hasn't too long to wait," Vance sighed. "But it's just as well if Liang stays with us. I feel that he's going to be most helpful to us anon. . . . And you, Markham, old dear; what have you been doing? Milk investigations, I suppose—and committees of eminent citizens who wish to uplift the drama—and interviews with aldermen."

"That's about all," Markham confessed. "What would you have suggested?" "Really, Markham, I hadn't a suggestion today." Vance leaned back in his chair. "But tomorrow—" "You're so helpful and satisfying," Markham snapped.

CHAPTER X

The Scottie's Trail.

At nine o'clock the following morning Vance called at the offices of the American Kennel club, and explained to the secretary, Mr. Perry B. Rice, the nature of the information he sought. Mr. Rice introduced us to Mrs. Del Campo, the head of the show department. Mrs. Del Campo, when Mr. Rice explained to her what Vance wanted, found the marked Englewode catalogue. Turning to the Scottish terrier section, she ran her finger down the list of Puppy Bitch entries until she came to the winner of the class,

The owner's name was given as Julius Higginbottom, and the name of the dog itself as Miss MacTavish. Then followed the A. K. C. Stud Book number and the date of birth—November 20 of the preceding year. The sire of the bitch was given as Champion Ormsay Autocrat, and the dam as Laurieston Lovelace. The breeder was Henry D. Rixby.

Vance made a note of these data, and expressed his admiration for the A. K. C. system.

When we arrived at the district attorney's office on the fourth floor of the Criminal Courts building, Markham was in conference with Sergeant Heath, Swacker, the district attorney's secretary, ushered us immediately into Markham's private office.

"Things are moving," Vance sat down and took out his cigarette case. "I have just come from the American Kennel club and have discovered a bit of most interestin' information. The wounded Scottie, Markham, belongs to none other than Julius Higginbottom."

"And who might he be, Vance? And why does the fact interest you?" "I have met Higginbottom. He's a member of the Crestview Country club, and he has a large country estate at Mount Vernon, where he spends his entire time living what he imagines to be the life of a country gentleman."

Heath sat forward in his chair. "It was the Crestview Country club at Mount Vernon," he interjected. "where Miss Lake and Grassi went to a dance Wednesday night."

"And that's not all, Sergeant," Vance sprawled luxuriously in his chair and took a deep inhalation. "Higginbottom knew Archer Coe pretty well. Several years ago Higginbottom inherited, from an aunt, a very fine collection of early Chinese paintings, many of which Coe bought from him at a preposterously low price. Higginbottom is something of a gay bird—the sporting type of man—and knew nothing of the value of the paintings. After he had sold them to Coe he learned from a dealer that they were very valuable, and there was consequent talk, in certain New York art circles, to the effect that Coe had put over a shrewd and somewhat unethical deal on Higginbottom. Higginbottom, as I know, took the matter up with Coe, but without any success, and there has been a certain amount of bad blood between them ever since. Higginbottom was a major in the World War and is a hotheaded sort of a chap."

Markham beat a nervous tattoo on the desk. "Well, where does that get us?" he asked. "Are you implying that Higginbottom came down from Mount Vernon with his dog and murdered Coe?" "Good Lord, no!" Vance made a slight gesture of annoyance. "I'm not implyin' anything. I am merely reportin' my findings. But I must confess that I find the relationship between the Scottie and Major Higginbottom and Archer Coe a bit satisfiyin'. I am motorin' immediately to Mount Vernon, where I hope to have polite and serious—and, I trust, illuminatin'—intercourse with the major concerning Miss MacTavish. . . . Would you care to hear the result of my social endeavors?"

"I'll be here all afternoon," Markham answered glumly. "It was a pleasant drive to Mount Vernon, in the brisk October air. We had little difficulty in finding the Higginbottom estate, and we were lucky enough to find the major sitting on the big colonial front porch.

He welcomed Vance effusively and invited us to sit down and have a highball. "To what do I owe the honor of this call, sir?" He spoke with hospitable good nature. "I am really delighted. You should come oftener."

"I'd be charmed," Vance sat down beside a small glass table. "But today, Major, d'ye see, I hopped out here on a little matter of business. . . . The truth is, I'm dashed interested in a Scottie bitch belonging to you—Miss MacTavish—who was shown at Englewode. . . ."

At the mention of the dog's name Higginbottom gave a loud cough, pushed his chair back with a scraping sound, and glanced over his shoulder to the open window leading into the house. The man seemed deeply perturbed, and his tone of voice and his manner, when he answered, struck me as most peculiar.

"Yes, yes; of course," he blustered, rising and walking toward the front steps. "I rarely go to dog shows any more. By the way, Mr. Vance, I want to show you my roses. . . ." And he walked down the stairs toward a small rose garden at the right.

Vance lifted his eyebrows in mild astonishment and followed his host. When we were out of hearing of the house, the major placed his hand on Vance's shoulder and spoke confidentially:

"By gad, sir! I hope my wife didn't hear that question of yours. She's generally in the drawing room during the mornings, and the windows were open." He appeared troubled. "Yes, sir, it would be most annoying if she heard it. I didn't mean to be impo-

lite, sir—no, sir, by gad—but you startled me for a moment. . . . A most trying and delicate situation." He put his head a little closer to Vance. "Where did you hear of that little bitch of mine?—were you at the Englewode show?—and why should you be interestin'?" He glanced again over his shoulder toward the porch. "George! I hope your question didn't reach my wife's ears."

Vance looked at the man quizzically. "Come, time, Major," he said pleasantly. "I really can't be so serious. I was not at Englewode, and I never saw Miss MacTavish until the day before yesterday. The fact of the matter is, Major, your little bitch is now in my apartment in New York."

"You don't say!—in your apartment?" Higginbottom seemed vastly astonished. "How did she get there?—I don't understand at all. This is most peculiar, Mr. Vance. Pray enlighten me."

"But still, your dog, is she not, Major?" Vance asked quietly. "Well, . . . well—the fact is—that is to say—Higginbottom was spluttering with embarrassment. "Yes—yes, I suppose you would say that I am the technical owner of her. But I haven't seen her for over six months. . . . You see, Mr. Vance, it's this way—I gave Miss MacTavish away to a friend of mine—a very dear friend, y' understand—in New York."

"Ah," breathed Vance, looking up at the cerulean sky. "And who, Major, might this friend be?" Higginbottom began to splutter again, with an added show of indignation.

"By gad, Mr. Vance! I can't see—really, I can't see—what possible concern that is of any one but myself—"



"She Always Gets Under My Feet When I'm Serving."

and, of course, the recipient. . . . It was a purely private transaction—I might say a personal transaction—" "Major," Vance interrupted brusquely. "I am not trying to intrude on your private affairs. But a rather serious matter has arisen, and it will be much better for you to come in with me than to have the district attorney summon you to his office."

Higginbottom's little eyes opened very wide and he fumbled with the ashes in his pipe. "The fact is, Mr. Vance, I have a very dear friend in New York—a young woman—a very charming young woman, I might say—" "It's like that, Mr. Vance. I come to the city quite often—on business, y' understand—and enjoy a night club and the theater now and then, and—you know how it is—I don't care to go alone, and Mrs. Higginbottom has no interest in such frivolous things—" "Pray don't take apologies, Major," Vance put in. "What did you say the young lady's name was?"

"Miss Doris Delafield—and a very fine young woman she is. Comes of an excellent family—" "And it was Miss Delafield to whom you gave the dog six months ago?"

"That's right. But I'm most anxious to keep the matter a secret. You see, Mr. Vance, I wouldn't care to have Mrs. Higginbottom know of it, as she might not understand exactly."

"I'm sure she wouldn't," Vance murmured. "And I quite sympathize with your predicament. . . . And where does Miss Delafield live, Major?" "At the Belle Maison apartments at 90 West Seventh Street."

Vance's eyes flickered very slightly as he took out a cigarette and lighted it slowly. "That's the small apartment house just across the vacant lot from Archer Coe's residence, isn't it?"

"That's right. The fact is, Mr. Vance, I was calling on Miss Delafield the very night he was murdered."

"Indeed, Major? That's most interestin'." Vance leaned over and snapped off a dead leaf from one of the Tallman bushes. "By the way, Major," he went on in an off-hand tone, "little Miss MacTavish was found in the Coe house the next morning with a rather vicious wound across her head."

The major's eye fell from his mouth to the lawn, and was ignored.

He stared at Vance like a man transfixed, and the blood went from his face.

"I—I—really. . . . Are you—sure?" he stammered.

"Oh, quite. Quite. As I told you, I have Miss MacTavish in my apartment now. I found her in the house—in the lower hall. I took her to Doctor Blamey—she's coming round in first-class shape. . . . But how do you account for the fact, Major,—Vance looked at the man squarely—"that your dog was in the murder house at the time the crime was committed?"

"Account for it?" the man blustered excitedly. "I can't account for it. . . . Good gad! This is incredible! I'm completely bowled over—"

"But how does it happen, Major," Vance cut in placidly, "that you have not heard of the dog's absence from Miss Delafield's apartment—?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said the major, and hesitated.

"Ah, what did you forget to tell me?"

"The major shifted his eyes. "I omitted to mention the fact that Miss Delafield sailed for Europe on Wednesday night."

"The night Mr. Archer Coe was murdered," Vance said slowly. "Just so," the major returned aggressively. "The reason I happened to be at her apartment that night was because we were having a farewell dinner, and I was to see her off on the boat."

"And how does it happen, Major, that your dog was not returned to your kennels here when Miss Delafield sailed for Europe?"

"The fact of the matter is"—Higginbottom became apologetic—"Doris—that is, Miss Delafield—on my advice, left the dog in the care of her maid, who was to look after the apartment during her absence. . . . Why?"

"On your advice? . . . Why?" "I thought it best," the major explained weakly. "You see, sir, if I brought the dog here it might involve the situation a bit, as I would have to give explanations to my wife when Doris—Miss Delafield—returned from Europe and wished to have the dog back. And, of course—"

"Ah, yes. I quite understand," nodded Vance. "And what time did Miss Delafield sail Wednesday night?" "On the Olympic—at midnight."

"And you were in the apartment at what time?"

"I called about six o'clock and we went out immediately. We had dinner—let me see—at a little restaurant—I suppose you might call it a night club—and we remained there until it was time to go to the boat."

"What little restaurant was it?" Higginbottom knit his brow.

"Really, Mr. Vance, I can't remember. He hesitated. "You know, I'm not certain that it even had a name. It was a small place in the West Fifties—or was it the Forties? It was a place that had been recommended to Miss Delafield by a friend."

"A bit vague—eh, whady?" Vance let his eyes come to rest mildly on the major. "But thank you just the same. I think I'll stagger back to New York and have a chat with Miss Delafield's maid. I'm sure you won't mind. What, by the by, is her name?"

The major looked a bit startled. "Annie Cochrane," he said, and then hurried on: "But I say, Mr. Vance, this thing sounds rather serious. Would you mind if I accompanied you to the city? I myself would like to know why Annie didn't report to me the absence of the dog."

"I'd be delighted," Vance told him. "We drove back to New York with Major Higginbottom and went direct to the Belle Maison.

Annie Cochrane was a young dark-haired woman in her early thirties, obviously of Irish descent, and when, on opening the door to our ring, she saw Major Higginbottom, she appeared frightened and flustered.

"Listen here, Annie," the major began aggressively. "Why didn't you let me know that Miss Delafield's dog had disappeared?" Annie explained stumbingly that she had been afraid to say anything about the dog's disappearance, as she considered it her fault that the dog was gone, and that she had hoped from day to day that it would return. The woman was patently frightened.

"Just when did the dog disappear, Annie?" asked Vance in a consoling tone. The woman looked up at him gratefully.

"I missed her, sir," she said, "just after Major Higginbottom and Miss Doris went out Wednesday night, at about nine o'clock, sir."

Vance turned to Higginbottom with a faint smile. "Didn't I understand you to say that you went out at six o'clock, Major?" Before Higginbottom could answer, the maid blurted: "Oh, no; it wasn't six o'clock. It wasn't until nine o'clock. I got dinner for them here a little after eight."

The major looked down and stroked his chin cogitatively.

"Yes, yes," he nodded. "That's right. I'd thought it was six o'clock, but now I remember. An excellent dinner you prepared that night, An-

nie." He looked up at Vance with a smile of nonchalant frankness. "Sorry to have misinformed you, Mr. Vance. The—ah—incident rather slipped my memory. . . . I had intended to take Miss Delafield out to dinner. But when I arrived Annie had prepared everything for us, so we changed our plans."

"Vance appeared to accept his explanation without question. "And what time did you arrive here that evening, Major?"

Higginbottom seemed to ponder the question; but before he could speak Annie supplied the information. "You arrived about six o'clock, sir," she informed him with a respectful salve. "And Miss Doris came in at half-past seven."

"Ah, yes. Quite right, Annie." The major pretended to be grateful for having this moot point recalled to his memory. "Miss Delafield," he explained blandly to Vance, "said she had been shopping."

"Well, well," murmured Vance. "I didn't know the shops were open so late. . . . Astonishin'!"

"The major squinted his small eyes and glanced quickly in Vance's direction. "Oh, I'm quite sure," he supplied, "that a number of the smaller Madison avenue shops are open late."

"Vance apparently did not hear this explanation. He had already turned to the maid. "By the by, Annie," he asked, "was the dog here during dinner?"

"Oh, yes, sir," the woman assured him. "She always gets under my feet when I'm serving."

"And how do you account for the fact that she disappeared immediately after Major Higginbottom and Miss Delafield had gone?"

"I don't know, sir—honest I don't. I looked for her everywhere. I looked out in the back yard and in the court, and I went through every rear hallway in the house. But she wasn't anywhere."

"Why didn't you look in the street?" Vance asked. "Oh, she couldn't have got into the street," the maid explained. "She was in the kitchen and the dining room here, sir; and only the front door of the living room leads into the main hall. But that was closed and locked after Miss Doris and Mr. Higginbottom went out."

"Then, as I understand it, the dog could only have gone into the rear yard?" "Yes, sir; that's all. And that's the strange thing about it, sir; for if she had been in the rear yard, I would have found her."

"Did you look in the vacant lot next door, between this house and Mr. Coe's residence?"

"I looked there, too, sir, though I knew it wouldn't do any good. There's no way she could have gotten through the gate, for it's always kept locked."

Vance did not speak for a moment; then he asked with unwonted seriousness: "At just what time, Annie, did you start your search for the dog? It is quite important that you be accurate."

"I can tell you almost exactly, sir," the woman answered, without hesitation. "It was when I was through with my dishes and the housework. Miss Doris and Mr. Higginbottom went out at nine o'clock, and when I had straightened everything up, it was exactly half-past ten."

Vance nodded. "How do you account for the dog's disappearance, Annie?"

"I can't account for it, sir. At first, when I couldn't find her, I thought maybe some delivery boy, or one of the expressmen, had stolen her. She's a sly little devil, she is. And very sweet. And she has a lovable nature. Almost anyone could get her to follow them. But no one had been here after seven o'clock that evening."

1,900,000 Miles a Day!

Sirius is estimated to be 70,000,000 miles distant, yet it is the brightest star visible in our hemisphere. It is what we commonly call a "fixed" star, but it moves apparently about an inch a century. Even that microscopic movement, to be calculable at such an immense distance, means a speed of 1,900,000 miles a day. The light by which, tonight, one may easily see Sirius left that star 30 years ago. Compared with Sirius, our sun is a mere infant beside a giant. If the two were to exchange places our sun would be barely discernible without the aid of a telescope, whereas Sirius would consume the earth as quickly and completely as a blast furnace would a gnat, for it would take 400 suns to make Sirius.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Largest Roman Forum

The largest Roman forum is at Salamis, on the island of Cyprus. Five miles away, at Famagusta, in one of the town's fortifications, stands Othello's Tower, where Desdemona met her tragic end. To the southeast stands Limasol, where Richard the Lion Hearted married Berengaria, and there she was crowned Queen of England.

TRUE DETECTIVE STORY

by Vance Wynne STORY © Public Ledger

The House on the Hudson

SEVERAL years ago Chief Flynn, of the United States Secret Service, discovered that counterfeit \$2 bills were being circulated in large quantities in the eastern part of the country.

His search first led him to Philadelphia, but the trail was imperfect and he returned to New York, where he finally located some of the men who were passing the bad money.

A general raid in various sections led to the arrest of twenty men, most of them Italians.

This was very well, as far as it went, but it did not go far enough for the detective.

His desire was to find the men who were manufacturing the money, and eventually he got a clue which made him believe that the plant of the counterfeiters was located in a town on the Hudson river in New York state.

He went there and discovered what was called, in the language of the department, a deserted house.

It was not actually deserted, because an aged Italian and his wife were living there, and when they learned the mission of Mr. Flynn they vigorously protested their innocence of any wrongdoing.

But paper and ink had been shipped to this town of Highland, and when he made a search of the premises he discovered dies and other tools used in the making of counterfeit money.

He decided not to arrest the old couple, feeling that premature action might enable the real culprits to escape.

He returned to New York again and in the course of a few weeks managed to get on the trail of two men who were known to be in the business of making bogus money.

Salvatore Cueno and Vincent Gago were the suspected ones, and it did not take long to satisfy the secret service man that they were connected with the deserted house on the Hudson and knew something about the \$2 bills which were being circulated in the Eastern cities.

They were shadowed day and night. The chief spent his days in his office laying his plans and his evenings in gathering evidence.

One morning one of his men called at the office and told him that the suspects knew they were being shadowed, and had been heard making threats against him.

He shut his lips grimly and decided upon his plan of action.

The threat which had come to him was regarded as a challenge. Flynn accepted it.

That night he started out as usual, but instead of pursuing his usual round of investigation he made straight for the saloon where he was likely to find the two men he was interested in.

It was the sort of thing that required nerve, but anyone who is acquainted with this great detective knows that he is not deficient in courage.

The door of the place was shut and locked. He knocked on the panels and demanded admittance.

The door was opened on a crack, Flynn pushed his way in, and found that the saloon was crowded with a motley assemblage of men and boys, most of whom were easily recognizable as inhabitants of the underworld.

His dramatic entrance filled them with awe.

For some moments they stood there looking at him without saying a word.

Before they had time to recover from their surprise he pulled a revolver and shouted: "Hands up, everybody!" He had planned all of this before he entered the place. He knew the psychology of crowds. He knew, especially, the kind of men he would have to deal with. The result was exactly what he had anticipated.

Every man in the saloon raised his hands, and the next moment a corps of assistants rushed into the place and placed the men under arrest. Among them were the two men he was after.

They were taken before a United States commissioner and held for trial.

When the trial took place some time later the evidence was so complete and conclusive that they were promptly convicted and sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary.

Most of the other persons caught in the raid were released, but it is a significant fact that the manufacturing and circulation of the counterfeit bills ceased from that time.

It was a clever piece of detective work, involving keen headwork and persons' courage.

WNU Service.

Iron Age Relics Are Found

Relics of an early iron age have been found in the caves at Ballinury, northern Ireland, by a group of archeologists under Dr. J. Wilfrid Jackson of the Manchester museum. The most remarkable and unique find was a roughly finished female figure in baked clay, which was similar to some of the clay figures of Crete and other Mediterranean places of ancient times. A fireplace, built of large water-worn stones was unearthed at a depth of six feet. It was partially surrounded by a wall of similar stones. Among the worked bones were piercers and needles, including a very fine polished needle about two inches long, with a perfectly formed eye.



Just a Little Smile

THAT'S TALENT

Two friends, one married and the other a bachelor, were at the latest play, admiring the performance of a famous actor.

"By Jove," the married man murmured, "he's wonderful. The way he displays affection toward the leading lady, eh?"

"Yes—pretty good," the bachelor agreed, "but, you know he's been married to her for eighteen years."

"What? Really married! Gosh—what an actor!"—Tit-Bits Magazine.

How It Happened

Little Johnny was late coming home from school, and his parents were worried about his delay.

Finally he sauntered in, and when asked why he was so late, said he was "spellbound."

"Spellbound?" his mother inquired. "What does that mean?"

"I did not know my spelling lesson and the teacher made me stay in until I learned it," Johnny explained.—Indianapolis News.

OH, PIFFLE



Mr. Littlebit—I suppose you're very much annoyed by me.

His Wife—I never allow myself to be annoyed by trifles.

Saving Skin

She was contemplating marriage, and she had put the suggestion to her father.

"But, my dear girl," he exclaimed, "you can't seriously think of marrying young Brown! Why, he only earns \$15 a week!"

She sighed happily.

"I know, dad," she returned, "but a week passes so quickly when you are in love."

A Sick Man

He was one of those people who always imagines they are ill.

"And how are you today, John?" asked an old friend.

"I'm not at all myself," he grumbled. "Congratulations," said his friend; "it's probably a change for the better."

ANOTHER LAUGH



He—On the street today a very handsome young lady smiled at me.

She—I wouldn't feel badly about it. There are some men who look even funnier than you do.

One of Those Silly Hazards

"A party platform is a mighty important consideration," said one statesman.

"Yes," replied the other, "a party platform in politics is a good deal like a bunker in golf. The rules require it, but you show your skill in avoiding it."

Qualified Sorrow

Mike—What's the idea of wearing a mourning band on your left leg, Pat?

Pat—My mother has passed away.

Mike—But why on your leg instead of your arm?

Pat—Well, she was me stepmother.

Won't Do

"Doesn't your mother have a pair?" the lady asked the boy who was at the door to borrow her scissors.

"Yes," he replied, "but hers won't cut tin."

Shucks! He Asked for It

Bill—Guppy used to call his house over there "The Nutshell." Wonder why he changed the name?

Rettina—He got tired having funny people calling to ask if the kernel was in.

Just Like the Rest of Us

Stenographer—This "To be done today" note upon your desk is two months old.

The Boss—That's all right. I haven't done it yet.

OUR COMIC SECTION

SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY WITHOUT A HANDKERCHIEF

BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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IS DINING OUT WITH PARENTS. REACHES FOR HANDKERCHIEF



LOOKS IN ALL POCKETS. FINDS HE'S FORGOTTEN TO BRING ONE



MOTHER REMARKS AUDIBLY FOR PITY'S SAKE SIT STILL AND DON'T WRIGGLE SO



TRIES TO OVERCOME THE DIFFICULTY BY A GOOD SNIFFLE



MOTHER HASTILY SIGNALS DON'T DO THAT, USE HIS HANDKERCHIEF



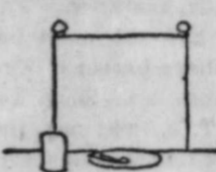
TRIES TO SIGNAL FATHER TO PASS HIM HIS HANDKERCHIEF UNDER THE TABLE



FATHER DOESN'T GET THE IDEA AND ASKS JUNIOR WHAT IN THE WORLD HE'S MAKING FACES ABOUT



GETS DESPERATE. TRIES SECRETLY TO APPLY BOYHOOD'S SUBSTITUTE, THE BACK OF THE HAND, BUT FEELS ALL EYES ON HIM



DROPS A SPOON, DIVES UNDER THE TABLE AND APPLIES FIRST AID

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

No Apology



FINNEY, WE'VE TRIED TO MAKE THIS TOUGH EGG CONFESS, BUT HE WON'T—SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO—YOU HAVE A WAY WITH YOU

YIS SOR!



WATER

NOT SO GOOD, OI'M AFRAID, SOR

WELL—HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT?

CONFERENCE ROOM



SO HE WOULDN'T CONFESS TO BEATING UP THAT OLD MAN, EH?

OH YIS—HE SEZ HE DONE IT, BUT—



BUT? BUT WHAT?

HE SEZ HE WOULDN'T TELL TH' OULD MAN HE WUZ SORRY!

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

Reflections on Clothes



ALL RIGHT/ALL RIGHT/ I'LL GET A NEW SUIT— BUT I'LL GET IT AT SCHNIPPS

WHY NOT GO TO A BETTER TAILOR—I DON'T



WHATS A MATTER WITH GOOD OLD SCHNIPPS? I'VE BEEN GETTING ALL MY CLOTHES THERE

YES! AND LOOK AT THEM! SUCH CLOTHES!



WELL—THEY MAY NOT BE FANCY— BUT THEY WEAR— TAKE THIS SUIT FOR EXAMPLE—I'VE HAD IT FOR YEARS!



YES—IT'S A SHINING EXAMPLE!

Just a Little Smile



MISLEADING MELODY

"You can learn a great deal from old songs," remarked the light-hearted statesman.

"They may be misleading," answered Senator Sorghum. "When posterity revives 'We Have No Bananas' a large number of persons may be led to infer that with all our crop failures the most we have had a content with was a scarcity of tropical fruit."—Washington Star.

Case of Necessity

"What was the inspiration for your success?" the rich man was asked.

"Well, frankly," he grinned, "it was the meals my wife cooked when we were first married. I realized right off I'd have to earn enough to hire a cook if I didn't want to die of indigestion."

Don't Be So Modest

Visitor—And what's your name, my good man?

Prisoner—0742.

Visitor—Is that your real name?

Prisoner—Naw, dat's me pen name. —Santa Fe Magazine.

HIGH CLASS BEGGING



Lord Blessus—My solicitor will call on you to arrange the marriage settlements.

Mr. Multitox—He'll hafta do some expert sollicitin' to make me come across with more'n I promised you.

Busy

Caller—I would like to see the Judge, please.

Secretary—I'm sorry, sir, but he is at dinner.

Caller—But, my man, my errand is important.

Secretary—It can't be helped, sir. His Honor is at steak.—Pearson's Magazine.

She Was Willing

Curate (admiring a bowl of bulbs)—How lovely to think it will soon be opening time, Mrs. Bird.

Mrs. Binks—Well, now, and whoever would have thought of you sayin' a thing like that! But I'm game to pop out for a quick one if you feel like it.—London Tit-Bits.

Not What They Ought to Be

"Would you like some pickles?" said Marjorie's aunt, who had asked her to luncheon.

"No," said Marjorie.

"But these are sweet ones," replied auntie.

"But I don't like sweet things that ought to be sour," Marjorie insisted.

Why the Old One is Comfy

"What would your wife say if you bought a new car?"

"Look out for that traffic light! Be careful now! Don't hit that truck! Why don't you watch where you're going? Will you never learn? And a lot more like that."—Boston Evening Transcript.

HEFTY ENOUGH



"What made them give up that trip to California?"

"His wife happened to hear some one say that travel broadened one."

Hm-m!

"That certainly is a freak publicity stunt of Judge Bart's!"

"What's that?"

"Well, the paper states that he wouldn't sit again for a month."

GET SMARTNESS IN SATIN FROCK

PATTERN 2029



Probably about now you have decided that you just must have a satin frock. You're right! And here is the model you have been seeking in which to make it. It is a dress you can wear afternoon or evening and always look smart. The jacket is not just an ordinary jacket but something cut in one with the yoke and joined in the bodice on new and very chic principles. The sleeves, too, do things differently, and while there is nothing different about the pleats at the bottom of the skirt, front and back, they afford graceful movement for the slim panels.

Pattern 2029 is available in sizes 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 takes 4 1/2 yards 39 inch fabric. 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.

NO JOKE

"Well," the recent bride was asked, "what have you learned since you became a man's meal getter?"

"That there are a lot of things about it besides onion to bring tears to the eyes," she sighed.

THROUGH THE READING GLASS



Bug—Great Scott, look at that terrible giant!

Youthful Assumption

"How is your son getting on in his new position?"

"First rate," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "He knows more about the business now than the boss does. All he has to do is convince the boss."

Lofty Assumptions

"You have been getting some bad advice in business."

"I have," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I had a highbrow group of advisers. But highbrows are always suspected of high-bat inclinations. Instead of a brain trust I got merely a brain crust."

'Twas Ever Thus

"You look worried. What's the matter?"

"Ding it, my doctor just told me I've got to quit worrying or else."

Equality for All

Friend—How's the boy since he came back from college?

Man—Fine! Still treats us as equals.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

The Flavor Lasts

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank each one who helped us in any way with kind words and loving deeds during the illness and death of our precious little Charlene, also for the beautiful floral offerings. May you be rewarded here and in the world to come.

Mr and Mrs Charles Everett and other relatives.

Mrs. Raymond Hood and daughter of Lefors visited here Sunday. They were accompanied home by Miss Nina Mae Bailey

Dr A. L Johnson of Knoxville, Tenn., is visiting his brother, C. E Johnson

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this means of expressing our appreciation for the many deeds of kindness and sympathy shown us in the death of our loved one, Mrs. B. E. Harris.

B. E Harris and family.

John Simmons and family moved to Dimmitt, first of the week

J D Shaw left Monday for Austin, where he will enroll as a student in Texas U.

W. S Wilson and wife of Santa Rosa, N. M were recent visitors in the B Curd home

Alton Hawkins and wife and John Crew of Memphis spent Sunday in Hedley

Mrs Joyce Armstrong is visiting in Amarillo

Barton Armstrong made a business trip to Amarillo one day this week

HEDLEY P. T. A.

The Hedley Parent Teacher association started the new year with a program on thrift. The house was called to order by the president Mrs. Clyde Bridges. The leader, Mrs. Mitchell, not being able to be present, Mrs Lovall took charge. Supt Payne led in prayer. Jo Wells gave a piano solo. Prin Lovall gave a talk on the advantages of the family budget. In his talk he said there were various other things that could, and should be budgeted besides finances. Some are fun and recreation, some are the more serious things of life and also education. Miss Hawkins read the by laws.

The meeting was turned back to the president for a short business session \$28.00 made on Christmas grade program was reported. \$21.00 worth of books for the grades have been received. Two new book cases costing \$14.00 have been installed. The fourth grade had the most parents and teachers present. The medicine cabinet has been refilled. The P. T. A. will pay the Interscholastic League fee. Mr. Lovall dismissed with prayer.

Jan 17, at 7:30 will be a social meeting. Refreshments will be served. Members and all who are interested in children and school are invited to come and have a good time.

Publicity Chairman

Messrs. and Mesdames Dee Franklin, W F Walker, Chester Walker visited in Canadian Tuesday of last week

Bill Yeakum and wife of Borger visited in the Geo. Armstrong home Sunday

**PASTIME THEATRE
Clarendon, Texas**

Fri Jan 11. James Dunn and A. Lee Fay in

365 Days in Hollywood
Sucker money, movie madness. A picture of Hollywood, its racket and rewards. Also news and novelty 10 25c Matinee 2 p. m

Sat 12. Bob Steele in
Breed of the Border
Another outdoor picture, thrills, laughs, romance, also cartoon comedy. Matinee 10c night 10 15

Sun. Mon 13 14. Dick Powell, Josephine Hutchinson in

Happiness Ahead
Chase the blues, all signs lead to 'Happiness Ahead' at the Pastime Theatre. Dick Powell and a new screen star, Josephine Hutchinson, also Will Osburn and his orchestra and Buddy cartoon 10 25c Matinee 2 o'clock

Tues. 15. Jack Holt, and Mona Barrie in

I'll Fix It

A fixer in politics, a failure in love. Nothing was too good for his kid brother, baseball captain a here at his school, and our Bank Nite, and comedy 10 25c

Wed Thurs 16 17. Geo. M. Coban and Wynne Gibson in

Gambling

He's on the screen. The star who delights you on the air. Also the Spectacle maker, musical number in colors, 2 reels 10 25c Matinee 2 p m

Watch for Spencer Tracy in 'Marie Galante' Maurice Chevalier in 'The Merry Widow' Shirley Temple in 'Bright Eyes'

Ray Outwell is visiting in Amarillo

Friday-Saturday Specials

COFFEE, THAT GOOD BULK, 2 LB. 35c

- Coffee, Break o' Morn, 3 lb. 65c
- Sugar, 25 lb. \$1 23
- Spuds, pk. 25c
- Tomatoes, 3 No. 2 cans 25c
- Pork & Beans, 4 cans 25c
- Black eyed Peas, 4 cans 25c
- Pickles, sour, qt. 17c
- Mustard, qt. 15c
- Big 4 Extract 15c
- Lye, Red Top, 7 cans 50c
- Washing Powder, Borax, 7 boxes 25c
- Oranges, nice size, doz. 15c
- Bananas, doz. 15c

Plenty of Fresh Vegetables

FLOUR, 48 LB. GUARANTEED \$1.59

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

Harry Burden Grocery

Help Your Selfy

PHONE 15

Successor to Eads & Co.

Constipation
If constipation causes you Gas, Indigestion, Headaches, Bad Sleep, Pimply Skin, get quick relief with ADLERIKA. Thorough action, yet gentle, safe.

ADLERIKA

We have with us Miss Marie Weaver, who comes to us with the best of references as to character and efficiency to do all work that is required in a beauty shoppe, and in order to get acquainted, for the next 10 days we will give you Reduced Prices on Permanents and other work, to show our efficiency.

If you do not want any work done, come and visit with us and see our work and shoppe. Miss Marie Weaver and Miss Opal Hess in charge. Yours to please.

Charm Beauty Shoppe

FOOD SPECIALS

Pay Cash and Save at 'M' System

Grapefruit, doz. 35c

- | | | | |
|---------------------------|--------|------------------|-----|
| Flour, Yukon Best | \$1.85 | Lemons, doz. | 23c |
| Sugar, pure cane, 25 lb. | \$1.25 | Cranberries, qt. | 23c |
| Cheese, full cream, lb. | 20c | Salmon, tall can | 11c |
| Coffee, Admiration, 3 lb. | 89c | Candy, 3 bars | 10c |
| Bulk Cocomat, lb. | 23c | Stick Candy, lb. | 15c |

Lettuce, head 8c

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----|
| Vegetables | Roast, nice fat, 3 lb. | 25c |
| Mustard, Turnips & Tops & Spinach | Bologna or Weenies, 2 lb. | 25c |
| Large bunches, 6 for | Sliced Bacon, good grade, lb. | 28c |
| Tomatoes, fresh, lb. | Steak, fat & tender, lb. | 15c |
| Onions, 5 lb. | Sausage, pure pork, lb. | 15c |

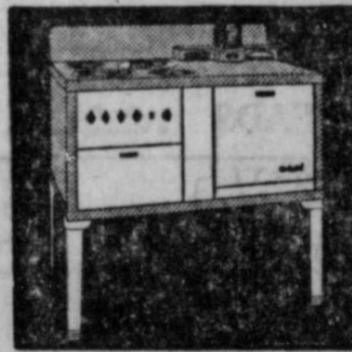
Spuds, Colorado No. 1, pk. 25c

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

'M' SYSTEM

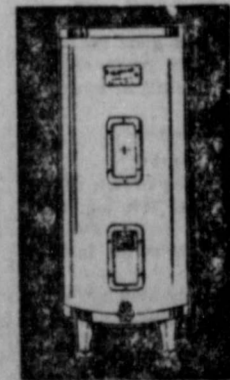
**Now Enjoy---
MODERN ELECTRIC COOKERY
AND
WATER HEATING SERVICE
---At Low Cost!**

Hundreds of West Texas women the past year have changed from old-fashioned methods of cooking to a clean, dependable and fast automatic Electric Cookery.



Electric Cookery produces consistently better results. No flames, odors or watching, waiting or pots and pans to scrub because electric cookery is automatic and clean. The beauty part of Electric Cookery is that it is not costlier than less convenient methods.

This beautiful electric water heater gives you dependable, economical service without the disadvantage of flame noise, fumes, soot or odors! This beautiful heater itself is controlled to use electric service when other major appliances are not in use. In this manner water heaters may be served without increased investment and at an extremely low off-peak energy rate.



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

West Texas Utilities Company