

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS JANUARY 25, 1935

NO. 11

Ship By Truck

Miller & Miller Motor Freight

A Home Institution

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Overnight service from Ft. Worth, Amarillo, Dallas. Direct connections for all other points

Elba Harkness, Agent

Programme

Women's Missionary Union, Panhandle Baptist Association, meeting with

First Baptist Church, Hedley, Jan. 31, 1935

Theme: "Lifting Up the Banner of the Cross"

Watchword: "In the name of our God we will set up our banner" (Ps. 20:5)

10:00 A. M. Devotional (Heb. 4:12-16), Mrs. J. Mason, Lakeview.

10:15 Lifting up the banner through faith (Heb. 11:1-6), Mrs. A. T. Cole, Clarendon.

10:30 Through stewardship (Lk. 10:38-42) Mrs. R. W. Alewine, Hedley.

Special Music, Letia Lake.

11:00 Through civic righteousness (Is. 58:13-14), Mrs. Henderson Smith, Memphis.

11:30 Through the youth of today, Mrs. O. K. Webb, Memphis.

LUNCH

1:15 P. M. Devotional, Mrs. J. Perry King, Clarendon.

Reading of minutes, Mrs. W. W. Williamson, Memphis.

Lifting up the banner through our district work and workers, Mrs. D. A. Grundy, Memphis.

Through our associational finances, Mrs. W. H. Moffitt, Hedley.

Special music, Turkey.

Through our associational chairmen.

Through our churches, local presidents.

Through the "One Hundred Thousand Club," Mrs. Albert Bailey, Estelline.

Try Us

For your Cigars, Cigarettes

or Fountain Drinks.

You'll Like Our Service

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63

REV. J. A. RILEY DIES IN LOUISIANA HOME

The following article is a clipping from a Trout, La., paper:
Rev. J. A. Riley, 79, Methodist Protestant minister, who had been preaching for 50 years, died Tuesday afternoon at 5:50 at his home, following a lingering illness.

Rev. Riley, who had been a resident of LaSalle parish for 28 years, is survived by his widow, Mrs. Gusale S. Riley; two sons, J. N. Riley of Clarendon and J. F. Riley of Hedley, and five daughters, Mrs. W. G. Brinson of Hedley, Mrs. L. L. Palmer, Alienred; Mrs. B. L. Knowles, Letia Lake; Mrs. P. L. Brooks, Terrell, Texas, and Mrs. Daisy Slaughter, Jena, La. All of his children except two were with him when he died.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. F. Lyman Shows at 3:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at Beulah church. Interment was made in Beulah Cemetery.

1919 STUDY CLUB

Naming as their honorees Mesdames Z. T. Beaty and L. E. Thompson, who are moving from Hedley soon the 1919 Study club were hostesses at a tea Tuesday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Burden.

The club president, Mrs. J. W. Webb, welcomed the guests and spoke words of appreciation of the honorees in behalf of the club.

The program for the afternoon had been arranged by Miss Theresa Webb and everyone found her quite charming as she read several selections on friendship and life.

During the social hour tea, sandwiches and mints were served from a most attractive table laid with a beautiful lace cloth and centered with a vase of pink and orchid sweet peas and lighted orchid candles. The tea services were gracefully presided over by Mesdames M. E. Wells and C. E. Johnson.

During the social hour corsages of sweet peas were presented to both honorees from the club. Those present were: Mesdames L. E. Thompson, Z. T. Beaty, W. C. Bridges, R. E. Mann, P. C. Jenison, W. C. Plank, E. E. Hickey, E. R. Hooker, E. F. Simmons, P. L. Dishman, J. A. Moreman, W. H. Moffitt, A. T. Simmons, J. W. Webb, B. L. Howard, F. G. Watt, M. E. Well, C. E. Johnson, R. D. Kutch, S. J. Lovell, W. H. Burden and Marshall of Pampa. Misses Otey Watkins, Myrtle Reeves, Melba Johnson and Cloetel Moreman.

HEDLEY SINGERS

The Hedley Singing class will meet at the West Baptist church Sunday Jan. 27. The new 1935 song books will be here. Everybody is invited to come.

NOTICE

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

M. W. Mosley

Batteries charged for 50c at Phillips Service Station, or 75c with rental. Give us a trial.

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

Mrs. S. G. Anderson

CERTIFICATE MASONS MEET IN HEDLEY

The certificate men's association of the Masonic lodge of the 98th district held their meeting with the Hedley lodge last Thursday, Jan. 17.

During the business session T. D. Gee of Estelline was elected president for the coming year. Much interest was shown, and the members declared it the best meeting for some time.

The Hedley lodge had 28 out of town members enjoyed a banquet at the Cooper Hotel. Next meeting will be in Wellington, March 21st.

HEDLEY P. T. A.

The P. T. A. met in regular business and social meeting Thursday night, Jan. 17. Mrs. Clyde Bridges called the meeting to order. Supt. Payne was asked to speak words of appreciation for the work done by Mrs. L. E. Thompson and Mrs. Z. T. Beaty as members of the P. T. A.

The president, Mrs. Bridges called Mrs. Wells, who was to be teacher, of the "Go To School Night" program. As the name of each performer was called they would perform or pay a fine of from twenty five cents to several dollars. All responded except Mr. Lovell. He was fined twenty five cents. He paid off after some difficulty in getting the proper change, as you know it is no easy matter to get change in an old fashioned school room.

Some of the children gave readings, some sang songs, one number on the piano, and one of the boys tried to play in the harmonica. The teacher was well pleased with the children, it being the first time some of them had appeared before the public in some years.

The teacher is anxious that the children be more thoughtful the next time and not throw popcorn at the other children when they give readings as this may cause "stage fright."

After the program was rendered in the auditorium all of children and visitors were invited to the room where the refreshments had been prepared and awaited their pleasure. You know the rest.

Print dresses at a bargain
B. & B. Variety

Mrs. A. W. Howard and daughters of Memphis visited at the Informer office Monday.

Miss Hasettine Bradley of Memphis visited friends here the past week end.

B. F. Tarver and family of Estelline and W. B. Morgan and daughter, Miss Jewell, visited in Amarillo one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Brownie Calsenberry are the proud parents of a fine baby boy, born Monday, Jan. 21.

Mrs. L. P. Trimble has returned from a three week visit with relatives in Ft. Worth and Strawn.

Mrs. Marshall of Pampa is visiting relatives here.

O. K. Owen and wife are visiting relatives here.

Our stock of baby items and dry goods are being added to every week. For quantity orders call B. & B. Variety.

We Guarantee

Prompt Service
Quality Groceries
Economical Prices
Appreciation of
Your Patronage

Why Not Try Us?

Barnes & Hastings
Grocery Co.

PHONE 21

Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

Veg. Turnips and Tops, bunch 5c
Carrots, bunch
Mustard, bunch

Baking Powder, K C, 50 oz. 29c
Ovaltine, 50c size 35c
Sugar, Cane, 25 lb. \$1.25

Soap Lifebuoy, 2 for 15c
Lux, 2 for 15c
Lifebuoy shave cream, good 25c

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

Pork & Beans, 4 for 25c
Spinach, No. 2, good 10c

Chili, lb. 15c
Tamales, Ratliff 15c
Corn Flakes, Jersey, 2 for 19c
Bran Flakes, Jersey, 2 for 25c

Bring us your Cream and Poultry

Credit

The past five years have wrought a wonderful change in the financial world and in the manner that business is carried on, but after all the foundation of the successful business man is his credit rating, his ability to use money and repay promptly when due, his regard for the lender and the lenders regard for the borrower. The prosperity of the entire Nation depends much on the faith of the borrower and the lender in each other.

This Bank is ready to extend credit where actually needed and when the borrower has the collateral and ability to repay, and has kept his money with us when able to do so.

Security State Bank

HEDLEY, TEXAS

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

SUCH IS LIFE—



By Charles Sughroe

PRETTY FOR THE SMALL DAUGHTER

PATTERN 9826



9826

Mothers who like to dress their small daughters after the simple smart English manner will love this design. At first glance, nice as it looks, there seems to be very little to it. But look again—Isn't that double yoke attractive, ending in two demure little scallops that button down in the front? And the side pleats, which make it such a pleasant frock in which to romp are also decorative in a charmingly discreet manner. The sleeves may be long or short, and a hidden charm is a pair of more than ordinarily well-cut bloomers. Make it of cotton or sheer wool.

Pattern 9826 may be ordered only in sizes 1, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards 36 inch fabric.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

To Mark 300th Year of Boston Common

Pageant Next Summer to Depict Historic Events.

Boston.—Saved from modern road builders and street wideners only by the high-powered indignation of the Boston Common society, the three-hundred-year-old square, with its lawns and shrubbery, uncrossed by rapid transit line or highway, will be celebrated next summer.

Of course, thousands of persons are inconvenienced each day because of the disinclination of Boston antiquarians to let go another foot of land from the Common for needed street widenings or permit the building of roads across it, but other thousands revere it for its place in American history and the breathing space it affords to the heart of downtown Boston.

For this reason, a committee is now raising a fund, tentatively placed at \$100,000, to reconstruct the scenes and scenes of vanished days, the duels, the ducking stools and hangings, during the 1935 celebration of its three hundredth anniversary.

As it Was 300 Years Ago. With the help of the Emergency Relief administration, the committee, headed by Everett B. Mero, hopes to draw from the past a representation of three hundred years of history—to show the plot as it was when Quakers

and pirates dangled from its eims; as it was when young Woodbridge and his rival dueled at forty paces for the favors of a Boston belle.

The committee, if sufficient funds are raised, hopes to reproduce the Common's ducking stool; show the smoker's circle where "benneked" devotees of nicotine repaired when driven from the home; reproduce the spinning bee of 1753 when young ladies revealed their matronly traits for the edification of their swains. The anti-slavery meeting of the '50s, Earl Percy and his Redcoats before the Revolution; William Blaxton (or Blackstone), Boston's first settler who sold his land, now the Common, to a community which he found too crowded and moved to Rhode Island; Beacon street "when respectability stalked unchecked"; the coming of the railroad in 1830; the water celebration in 1848, when a public system was first installed; the arrival of Lafayette on the Common, June 17, 1825, when he came to attend the Bunker Hill exercises; recruiting for the Civil war in tents near Tremont street—all this and much more is in the scope of a celebration which could almost depict a nation's history and progress as well as a city's.

First Woman in Boston.

Anna Pollard, a woman noted for her plain face, her fine tavern on Beacon street, and the fact that she was the first woman in Boston, may well find some mention in the ceremonies. She was a favorite of the Harvard class of 1838 as well as of 1839 and 1840, and others who loved her entertainment until at last she went to her reward. In those days Beacon Hill, according to a recent description, was "the tenderloin district."

More than sixty of America's great—soldiers, poets, statesmen, Presidents, preachers, architects—were wont to roam in leisure hours the routes that criss-cross this patch of tree-studded green in the heart of a city.

Clean Linoleum

Use benzine to remove wax, grease or film from a linoleum floor before attempting to varnish or lacquer it. If the wax is not completely removed the coating will not dry.

Fish Found Alive in Shell of Oyster

Snow Hill, Md.—Dorsey Carmean, of this city, found a fish in an oyster when opening oysters. The fish, while sluggish, was still alive, tightly closed in the shell. It is supposed that the fish entered the shell while the oyster had its mouth open to feed and was imprisoned when the shell closed. The clean and unspiced condition of the shell was sufficient evidence that the fish ate the oyster. The fish was a bullfish, 3 1/2 inches long. It had become oyster-colored.

The World's Greatest Need

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

Questionnaires seeking information on every conceivable subject frequently come to one's desk.



They are sent by students pursuing advance courses of study, by business concerns and professional institutions, and in some cases are sent as advertising propaganda. Of the many received, we cannot remember one which seriously asked the important question, "What is the world's greatest need?"

The financier would doubtless file an answer something like this: "The world's greatest need is a return to economic prosperity."

The college president would doubtless reply that education is our greatest need. Social workers engaged in labors to reinforce humanity with high moral purposes would ac-

After More Titles



Set for a racing dive into a pool is Dorothea Dickinson, New York's latest swimming sensation. Under the colors of the women's swimming association she has won the metropolitan championship and only recently she surpassed the time in which Olive McKean won the national 100-yard championship. Dorothea is looking for new worlds to conquer.

claim character as the world's most desperate need. All very good. The trouble is that none of these questions go to the root of the matter. The world may need all of these things but the greatest need is the power to bring about these results. It is not difficult for a physician to write a prescription after he has made the diagnosis. Were we to make a diagnosis of the world's moral and economic condition today, we would soon discover that the greatest need is not for "things" but for "spirit"—an attitude of mind and heart.

The spirit of good will is basic to all economic, social and moral recovery. Our racial problem is solved when the spirit of good will removes our prejudice against those not of our blood. The economic problem is solved when the spirit of good will removes the danger of that doctrine that only the fittest have a right to survive. The spirit of international good will solves for us the problem of universal peace. We have tried peace pacts, courts of justice, and gentlemen's agreements. We fought a war to end war. We failed miserably. Why not try the method of the Prince of Peace, the "spirit of good will"?

© Western Newspaper Union.

Butter Yellow for Walls

Butter color is a new shade of yellow for walls, taken up by a prominent interior decorator and rapidly becoming a vogue. It is especially effective in a room where a pleasant, sunny air is needed—as a breakfast room or dining nook. One or two pieces of furniture may be painted the same, with upholstery and pillows to match. Contrast is obtained by window curtains and solid-hued rugs or carpet in raspberry color.

To Remove Wrinkles

To remove wrinkles from a transparent velvet gown hang it in the bathroom after filling the tub with hot water. The steam from the water will remove all wrinkles.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

HOME ironing can be the finest sort, or it can be just the opposite. It all depends on how it is done.

This concerns not only the right handling of the iron and its varying degrees of heat, but how the material or garments are positioned on the board, whether they are ironed on the right or wrong side, whether they have an ironing cloth between the goods and the iron, whether they are pressed across the goods or lengthwise of it, or on the straight of the goods which means with the weave, etc. While there are many details to pay attention to, they soon become second nature to heed. Since at one time or another every woman irons or presses garments, or goods, or both, it is well to acquire early the correct knack.



Cotton and linen can be ironed either on right or wrong side. Damask linens, such as tablecloths, napkins, etc., should be actually damp, pressed on right and wrong sides with a hot iron, and have a polishing pressing on the right side. It will then have a high gloss, like new damask, and a body to the texture obtainable in no other way. Silk damask is treated like silk, not linen, and is ironed with a slightly dampened cloth over it and with an iron of moderate heat. Avoid a hot iron when pressing silk. It is detrimental. If a damp ironing cloth is not used, iron on the wrong side. If creases do not come out entirely (as desired) they may be dabbed with a damp cloth and then pressed again.

Effect of Ironing on Colors

Should the color of the silk change by this, it will be necessary to press it with a damp cloth over it to make the color uniform. Wait until the material is cold before doing this, however, as some colors change under heat but resume their original color when cold. This is especially true of purple in all its tints such as orchid, lavender, etc. in other textiles as well as silk. Such a curious changing and restoring of color through pressing and cooling is to be expected.

Pongee must be evenly damp all over or else dry when ironed or it will be spotted where there was moisture. These spots and streaks will come out as soon as the material is dipped in water and then pressed either while damp or after the material is dry.

Decoration of Mantels

The decorative treatment of mantel-pieces and walls above and about them has always been a fascinating problem. Styles of mantels vary with fashions. Sometimes they are wide, sometimes narrow and sometimes they are eliminated altogether. But this last does not eliminate the decoration since the wall above a mantel is so allied with it that it becomes part and

parcel of the treatment.

There are three distinctive over-mantel treatments which can be very beautiful. One is to have the space hung with a handsome old brocade, damask, or other suitable textile, or perhaps a tapestry of a pictorial character. Another is to have a picture hung in the space. A third way is for a mirror to be over the mantel. All these are accepted ways of decorating the space. For some years past the mantel mirror has been out of style, but it is gradually assuming its old popularity. Mirrors are very much in evidence today, and there are few places which lend themselves better to its reflecting beauty than above a mantel. There may be side lights in the wall or on the mantel which, in their duplication in the reflecting surface, supply extra illumination at no extra cost.

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Late Paris Creation



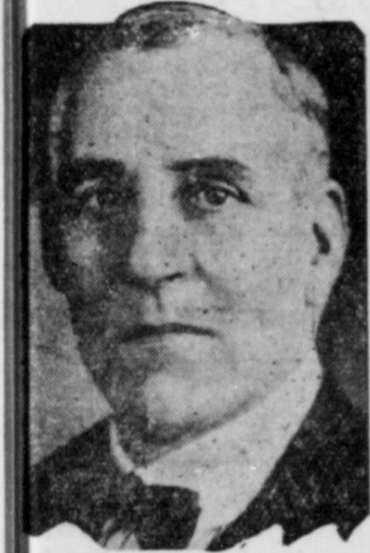
The top of the dress is in white and black printed faille. The skirt is of black velvet. Hat, jacket and bag are in white ermine fur.

Largest Prime Number

Chicago.—Dr. Samuel I. Krieger wore out six pencils, used 72 sheets of legal size note paper and frazzled his nerves quite badly but he was able to announce that 231,584,178,474,632,330,847,141,970,017,375,815,708,530,909,331,281,129,978,915,828,259,270,871 is the largest known prime number.

A prime number is any figure divisible only by itself or 1.

Richest Briton



Joseph Rank, mill owner, is regarded as England's richest living man. Few Englishmen would name him as the wealthiest in the British Isles, for despite the immensity of his wealth, he lives simply. Rank, who is now eighty, was born at Hull. His father owned a small flour mill, and at fourteen he was sent to work for him for a day stipend. When his father died, he inherited the mill, and then proceeded to build modern mills at strategic points throughout the country, and in that way amassed his fortune.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

SAVING ON SHIPMENTS—
A DEVICE PACKED IN SHIPMENTS WHICH SHOWS THE EXACT TIME OF ROUGH HANDLING WILL SAVE CONSIDERABLE PRESENT DAY DAMAGE.

COLOR PREFERENCE BY AGE—
TESTS SHOW THAT BABIES PREFER RED AS A COLOR WHILE GROWN-UPS PREFER BLUE.

SNOWLESS SKIING—
IN BERLIN SKIING IS TAUGHT INDOORS ON A SNOWLESS CHUTE.

Name Day Ceremony at Santa Barbara



In one of the most picturesque ceremonies on the Pacific coast, Girl Scouts are shown planting seeds of native wild poppy in the shadow of the ancient Santa Barbara mission in California. They are commemorating "Name Day," that is, the day 15 years before the Pilgrim fathers sailed for America, that the Spanish explorer, Sebastian Vizcalno, bestowed the name of Saint Barbara on the region.

Smiles

SELECTING A ROUTE

"We need a leader!" said the excited man.

"We've got plenty of leaders," answered Senator Sorghum, "what you want to do is to get up a good road map and show us where and how it is safe and proper to travel."

Overdid It

Mrs. Gadder—I should have loved to go to Florida last winter and I would have gone except for one thing.

Mrs. Wigwag—Your husband didn't want you to, I suppose?

Mrs. Gadder—That's just the trouble. He was so anxious for me to go that I was suspicious.—Pathfinder Magazine.

All Inclusive

Mr. Gamesport—But our shooting match ain't cruel. We only shoot at clay pigeons.

Miss Goodsole—Our society intends to prevent cruelty to clay pigeons as well as to other breeds.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WNU—L 2-35

YEAR AFTER YEAR QUALITY.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

1935 1934 '33 '32

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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Mrs. Ed C. Boliver, Owner
Edward Boliver, 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 respect,
cards of thanks, advertising of church
or society doings, when admis-
sion is charged, will be treated
as advertising and charged for ac-
cordingly.

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SUPPLIES**

Complete Embalmer and Aus-
tarses at Your Service
Day phone 24
Night phone 40
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Barber Shop**

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

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Chiropractor
18th year in Memphis
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General Practice.
Female Diseases - Specialty
Residence Phone 5
Office with Wilson Drug Co.
Hedley, Texas

J. W. WEBB, D. O.

Physician at
Hedley
Office Phone 8
Residence Pho

NAZARENE CHURCH

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

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Obism 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.

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991



A. P. and A. M.
meets on the 2nd
Thursday night
in each month
All members are urged to attend.
Visitors welcome.
Meeting, M.
K. Johnson

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

Byron F. Podd, 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.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:15 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 8:00.
M. E. Wells, Pastor.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor
Sunday School Sunday morn-
ing at 9:45 Clarence Davis, Supt
Epworth League at 9:30, Martha
Sue Noel, Pres. Church service
morning and evening each Sun-
day

BANKING EVOLU-

By R. S. HECHT

President American Bankers Association

BANKING at one time was a private
business, but more recently has de-
veloped into a profession—a semi-pub-
lic profession. This change has not
come suddenly but is the result of an
evolutionary process. Banking has
grown and changed with the growth and
change of our country.

The banker who has survived the
trials and tribulations of the past
few years has proven himself a
man of courage and ability, and we may well expect him to
meet the problems that lie before him
with resolution and sound judgment.

Changes of momentous importance
have occurred in our economic struc-
tures and bankers have had a difficult
road to travel. Some will argue that all
of these changes were evolutionary and
inevitable, while others look upon many
of them as revolutionary and unneces-
sary. It is extremely difficult to trace
with any degree of accuracy the real
causes for many of our troubles and it
is not always easy in judging these de-
velopments to distinguish properly
between cause and effect.

Unfortunately it has become the fash-
ion to blame our banking system all
the troubles which the depression has
brought. As a consequence we hear
much of needed reform of banking by
law. No one will deny that certain de-
fects have developed in our existing
banking laws which need correction,
and that certain abuses were com-
mitted which no one wishes to defend
or have remain possible in the future.
Never before were bankers more de-
termined than they are today to bring
about whatever changes in our banking
system are called for by the public wel-
fare.

The best results can and will be ac-
complished by normal processes and
gradual adjustments of our present
private banking structure suitably su-
pervised by proper authority rather than
by the passage of still more drastic
laws, offering panaceas in the form of
more government-owned or govern-
ment-controlled financial organizations.

The Basis of Good Laws

Lasting laws relating to any phase of
human need are formed and modeled
in the rough school of practical human
experience and are usually the result of
sound evolutionary processes rather
than of sudden impulses to change fun-
damental principles.

If we analyze the new banking pic-
ture which has developed during the
past eighteen months, we cannot help
but arrive at the conclusion that evo-
lutionary changes which have taken
place in banking and the economic life
of the nation of which it is a part, have
justified much of the banking legisla-
tion recently passed. As we look ahead
and consider the new problems which
are facing us we must inevitably come
to the conclusion that some further
changes in our banking laws will be-
come necessary.

It is not enough that bankers merely
acquiesce in banking imposed by law.
Zeal for evolutionary banking reform
must be more aggressive than that.
Banking practice itself, without com-
pulsion of law, can and should reflect
the changes and lessons of the times
and difficulties through which the na-
tion has passed and, even to a greater
extent than law, render banking more
truly a good public servant by volun-
tary self-reform. In no small measure
is this accomplished by the better
training of the members of the bank-
ing fraternity and by instilling con-
stantly higher ideals in those who are
ultimately responsible for bank man-
agement.

As we march on into the world of to-
morrow the banker has a greater oppor-
tunity for usefulness than ever be-
fore, and I hope that the service he will
render to society will be so conscien-
tious, so constructive and so satisfac-
tory as to merit general approval and
assure him his logical high place and
leadership.

NATIONAL SAVINGS

MARK INCREASES

NEW YORK.—The annual savings
compilation of the American Bankers
Association for the year ending June
30, 1934, shows that for the first time
since 1929 total savings in all Ameri-
can banks recorded an annual increase.

A statement by W. Espey Albis, Dep-
uty Manager of the association in
charge of its Savings Division, in
the organization's monthly magazine
"Banking," says that savings deposited
in banks as of June 30, 1934, gained 2.5
per cent as compared with a year
earlier.

"The aggregate is an increase over
last year of \$742,132,000, the first since
the year which closed June 30, 1930,"
he says. "This is a notable achievement,
for the decline since 1929 had been pre-
cipitate and all-embracing. In that year
savings had reached the all-time high
of \$28,478,631,000. A year ago the
amount was \$21,125,334,000, a loss in
three years of \$7,353,297,000. This year
the figure stands at \$21,867,656,000.

"Depositors, too, have gained in num-
ber, going from 39,262,442 on June 30,
1933, to 39,562,174 on June 30 this year
a gain of 299,732. Four years ago there



TED O'LOUGHLIN

**Who Says
That Nobody
Loves a
Policeman?**

There is one thing sure...
that isn't true so far, at
least, as Officer Finney is
concerned.

You know Finney—Finney
of the Force—whose comi-
cal adventures are portrayed
for readers of this paper by
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3. Push choke back in.
Turn ignition on. Step on
starter. Motor should
start instantly.*



4. Warm up motor grad-
ually. Use choke sparingly,
and enough to get smooth
running.

Hall Service Station

YOU NEVER KNOW

By AMY CAMPBELL
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LOIS moving in and out among the homegoing crowds was suddenly filled with expectancy. It was not quite sensible to be so stirred by the mental reiteration of a certain phrase.

Not a spoken one caught in the conversations of the street.

Not one from business slogans traced in electric signs.

Merely a small group of words that just flashed across her ordinary thinking.

Oddly and like a flash, something within her was saying right in the middle of her arithmetic—

"Just as she turned the corner—"

As she walked cautiously through the wet streets, trying to avoid splashing her stockings, this new phrase kept coming between everything she was thinking until, with a certain quality of impatience, she paused mentally to charge back at the inner voice—

"And what happened if she did turn the corner?"

Her mind was an instant blank.

This annoyed her into further challenging—

"Who turned the corner, and what for—and all the rest—go on—"

But there was seemingly a helplessness within her for further suggested adventure.

Her feet growing hot and tired in rubbers, she stopped to have coffee at a small shop. She opened her evening newspaper and at once in the daily verse, there leaped to greet her eyes:

"You never know what's waiting just around the bend—
You'll maybe find a dollar or a brand new friend."

Lois knew that the little lost phrase had significance and solution.

Just as you turned the corner you found something.

She almost sparkled as she stepped again into the night.

Rain still came in steady showers but she was not hungry or tired now so why go home?

She turned to the nearest talkie, and did not realize that she was really turning a corner.

Her parasol tangled instantly with another and when she peered under and around to see what she was doing, there was Jerry Karn from whom she took dictation every day of her life.

He was getting ready a courtly apology, having seen only the really lovely, tapering feet and slender ankles that belonged to Lois.

At that moment the phrase returned to her mind, fairly singing to her—

"Just as she turned the corner—"

It persisted with lifting inflection, giving her honest eyes, peering beneath her green parasol under the rim of her small green hat, a charming and waiting excitement.

Jerry's words were heavy with adventure—"Well, of all luck."

Lois smiled bewilderingly.

It was all too wonderful.

Jerry, with eyes that had never particularly lighted for her, smiling as if he had a date and had met a little sooner to his big delight.

"Going somewhere?" he asked foolishly.

"No place in particular. Just thought I might get out of the rain in the Palace."

"Come on," he said, taking charge of her.

Desperately proud of his tall righteousness of herself, she waited to be chided after he bought the tickets.

He huddled low in the seat to look directly into her eyes, busching one shoulder lower for the smallness of her, saying:

"Do you know, I've always wanted to talk to you."

She listened to the inner voice—priding to breathlessness—and believed him.

Well, this was what happened when at last the phrase was complete—just as you turned the corner you found yourself running into Jerry this gorgeous way and his eyes fairly asking where'd you keep yourself up till now.

No other man in the world could teach any girl how to talk to Jerry.

Lois could only smile, thinking many things back of her answering eyes—saying Oh yes—and I know—and did you really?

And they whispered because the ushers were vigilant for silence.

Afterward she recaptured everything he had said, counting the words like jewels, touching them with tremendous dissection—"Never noticed you'd play before. Saw you working as if you were a machine. Am I keeping you from watching the picture?" a steady wonder of words from Jerry who until tonight had only uttered little courtesies and business phrases.

As they went out he hummed the theme-song, guiding her back towards the busy streets, and just in a moment, they turned the corner around which they had met.

She felt a sudden vigor in Jerry's arm, as his hand tightened around hers to halt them both.

"Well, of all the luck," he was saying to a couple of girls.

Margaret and Phyllis he called them. Very great friends apparently.

He introduced Lois and the girls looked her over ominously.

She felt them holding her guilty of something and then Jerry was halting a taxi.

"We'll just drive Lois home," he was saying.

And all the way home the two girls talked to him and Jerry talked back to them and Lois listened only vaguely because now she was lost again and shy.

"Oh, here we are so soon!" Jerry announced as the car stopped and he slipped out to take Lois to her door.

"Some other night, Lois," he murmured carelessly and disappeared so quickly she stood on the step a moment wondering, under her flat green parasol if he had only been part of a dream.

The next day Jerry was late at the office and Lois did not look up as he passed her desk.

His buzzer sounded and she stole in to take his dictation with a sense of dread.

Of course he would read in her eyes that she had thought about things into the night—remembering him—counting his words like jewels—wishing they had not gone back around the corner and met the others.

Oh, wanting him desperately to tangle his umbrella with her parasol before ever it rained again.

"Good morning," he said abstractedly, not looking up.

"I'm late. We'll have to work fast."

She settled herself for rapid copying.

Her small hand flew in cool accuracy while the other hand held her place and turned pages like a swift purposeful wind.

She masked herself with efficiency.

When he had finished she sighed, a little out of breath physically and mentally.

He reached over and caught her fingers—pencil and all. "Lois, did I go too fast?"

She studied him coolly, needing her hand instantly to gather up her pencils.

He did not smile as a certain reproach crept into his voice.

"Well, take your time getting the stuff out," and his tones dismissed her.

The inner voice was speaking, "Just as she turned the corner—Jerry—" It stated adventurously.

She stopped typing and imperceptibly stamped both her small feet.

Tears were blurring her notes.

Of course last night to him was just an incident he had forgotten.

Just before closing time Jerry signaled for her.

"Lois," he said, "What are you doing tonight? Can we go somewhere—dinner and anything we like afterward?"

She smiled with a brilliance she hoped was convincing.

"Aren't you nice? But the week's all dated."

"All of it?"

"Yes-s."

"Well, Sunday—" he persisted.

"Out of town for the week-end—"

"Monday following—"

"That's taken—"

"Tuesday?"

"Crossed out, too—"

"Wednesday?"

"That's promised—" she faltered.

"Thursday?"

"Well, Thursday I have a permanent date I can't break."

"Friday?"

Lois was blinking with steady monotony to evade tears. Jerry being persistent like this. Even if he didn't mean it. Even if he'd drop her around the first corner for someone more interesting.

"Friday is for my very best friend."

"I thought so—" he answered dully.

"I wanted my sisters to meet you again soon. They could only half see you last night. But that's my luck."

"Your sisters?"

"They'd love you, Lois. Anyone would," he continued, glaring at his desk.

"Seeing you in your little green outfit, looking up from under that mushroom parasol with big, gorgeous eyes—"

"Just as she turned the corner—" she thought rapturously and completed aloud, "Jerry!"

"Who's the man, Lois—tell me—Tell me!"

Each demand beating upon her was beautiful. She smiled wisely, imaginatively now, as if peering cautiously from beneath a mushroom parasol—

"Just try and find out!"

Lace Blouse for Every Occasion

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE WAY of keeping properly informed as to the high-spots which loom on fashion's horizon, let's talk about lace. It is not only that the future of lace looks wonderfully bright and promising but lace in the scheme of styles-current is playing a most outstanding role.

Lace in an endless variety of new and unusual weaves and textures is being used in ways we would not have dreamed of a generation ago—not only for dresses and negligees, which bespeak romance and leisure and pretty feminine wiles, but for tailored suits and blouses and various apparel for the more practical hours, lace registers as dependably wearable and chic. Then, too, one of the most fascinating chapters being written into the story of fashions present and coming has to do with shoes, handbags and gloves which are ingeniously styled of lace.

It goes without saying, that in this emphasis given to lace for every occasion there needs must be a right lace for the right time and place, as we now have laces at our disposal as filmy and fragile as cobwebs, laces as sturdy and wearable as tweeds, and in tune with the trend to elegance comes along this season rich and lustrous laces shot with gold and silver or sparkling with glitter of sequin embellishment.

Lace blouses are particularly highlighted in the present mode. We are picturing three which will add variety and interest to the winter velvet or cloth suit, making it appropriate for any more or less informal occasion. The lines are as smart and new as the laces which fashion them.

To the left in the group we have a trig little blouse, smart, tailored and youthful. Interesting, too, because of the very new fabric—like lace—gold shot metal sephyr lace knit—and it comes in a wide choice of colors such as candy beige, clay rust, Chinese coral and mahogany brown.

The lace blouse with the polka dot pattern gives just the right accent when you don't care to look too tailored. Soft, feminine and quite new in line and medium is this wiolette lace blouse.

If you want a blouse to dress up your suit for an afternoon bridge or a matinee or three o'clock musicale, here's the very thing centered in the picture—a fine Alencon lace in a thoroughly wearable style.

The new lace tunics are wonderfully good looking. Whether in the modish dark colored laces—wine, hunter's green, rust brown or in the delectable blue, blush pink or pale champagne tints, these knee-length blouses are fascinating. Wear them over a velvet or crepe skirt or that which is the last word in chic—a sheer skirt knife pleated all around, for evening.

If you want to be assured of always looking beautifully gowned during the formal after-five hours enrich your wardrobe to the extent of one exquisite black lace gown. The filmy Chantilly black laces are competing with the heavier grandiose Spanish types at present. To vary the appearance of the black lace dress of your choice have it made with a neckline which lends itself to jeweled clips, also to the wearing of flowers across the front neckline.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Ingenious Solution of Daytime "Nap" Problem

ROBERTA EARLE WINDSOR, National Kindergarten Association, New York.

The problem of the daytime nap nearly had us beaten. Our little Molly, just three and a half, was so ambitious, so interested in everything and so afraid that she would miss out on something, that she just couldn't find time to sleep during the daytime. We tried all of the usual means of luring her off to a daylight dreamland with but little success. Then one day in a children's shop I found the solution to this troublesome problem.

The solution was in the form of a little pink rayon crepe nightie. It had all the luster of crepe de chine and was trimmed with bands of turquoise blue. Molly loves silk and I had an idea that the purchase of this little nightie would be a good investment. And truly it was the beginning of our little Molly's becoming a sweeter child. Every child, no matter how ambitious, needs some rest during the day in order to keep happy and well behaved.

I have found the use of dainty and attractive sleeping garments a real solution to the daytime nap problem. This success is due, no doubt, in part at least, to the fact that coax as much as she might, Molly has never been permitted to wear the daytime nighties at night.

Since the little "silk" gown worked such wonders, I have added to the daytime sleeping apparel other pretty and interesting garments. There is a dainty little suit of flowered batists which is about the coolest sort of pajamas that a child can slip into after the bath on a hot summer day. For the dolly outing pajamas for winter, Molly was allowed to select the colors she liked best. She has a bathrobe of French blue, made of Turkish toweling, which adds interest to the afternoon bath and a special pair of little bedroom slippers, for daytime use only, helped to make Molly's afternoon nap a pleasant occasion.

Molly loves these pretty things, as she loves the flowers. She is never told how pretty she is, nor encouraged to stand before the mirror. When she has done so any tendency toward self-admiration has been turned aside by interesting her in the garment itself—its color—graceful lines—the people who made it. To condition our little girl to be vain would probably bring about more inharmonious than lack of sleep, but we have found that this is no more necessary in the appreciation of beautiful clothes than it is in the love of the wonders of nature.

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LISTERINE FOR SORE THROAT

Chew for Beauty, Models Advised



Rhythmic chewing, combined with exercises of the head and neck, was revealed recently at New York to 2,000 models, members of the Models' Guild, as the newest beauty formula. The advice came from a well-known specialist in response to a request from the guild for information regarding the system.

A dozen exercises are included in the complete routine. The instructions for the one illustrated: "Start with chewing gum—one or two sticks. After a few seconds, begin the exercise by tossing the head from side to side. Then open your mouth as wide as you can. Close it gradually, and all the while endeavor to chew your gum."

This exercise is designed to tone the muscles of the chin and lower jaw. Others promote a fine neckline and beautiful cheeks.

Thrown Back
Sea Captain (to new midshipman)—Well, me lad, I suppose it's the old story—the fool of the family sent to sea.
Midshipman—Not at all, sir; that's all altered since your day.—Pearson's Weekly.

TAKE OWN LIVES, SUFFERING FROM IMAGINARY ILLS

Imaginary ills cause most suicides, and unrequited love is waning as a cause for self-destruction, says J. F. Cutbirth, veteran coroner's jurymen of Kansas City, who has been investigating suicides for years.

"It's not just the loss of their money that causes a man to commit suicide," said Cutbirth. "As often as not it is imagination that gets them."

"What seems to plange them into despair is the thought they are losing caste. They've fallen into the habit of thinking only the life they have been living is worth while."

"I can think of several men who committed suicide after financial losses which did not leave them destitute by any means. A lot of folks get along without complaint on what was left to them."

"Does romance figure much in suicides?" he was asked.

"Not much these days," Cutbirth replied. "Some women still commit suicide because of broken hearts, but very few. And hardly any men do so."

"I suppose that men and women know that if they lose their sweethearts they can find new ones."

"Public opinion also is a factor. Men and women, fearing ridicule, do not go about mooning over their unhappy romances."

Miles of Trees Planted
In an orchard near Milan, Italy, 74 miles of pear trees and 31 miles of peach trees are being cultivated under the most approved conditions. The orchard is one of the largest in Europe, having 200,000 pear and 6,000 peach bearers. Several varieties of each fruit have been planted in order to determine the best suited to soil and climate. The promoters intend to export their crops when the time seems propitious.

"BLANKET" COAT
By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here's the latest thing in the way of a sports and practical daytime coat. Schiaparelli makes this dashing model of a brilliant red, green and blue plaid blanket wool. It is shown here worn over a dark blue one-piece wool dress. The furling lines are very new.

Capes Carry On
Obviously the small round cape is carrying over for spring. Hardly a day model is shown without one, and the little evening cape is practically inevitable. Elbow or waist-length is the size of them.

NET IS FAVORITE AS WINTER FABRIC

Fashion designers are well aware that many women aren't satisfied unless they are wearing furs in summer and filmy garments in snowstorms. So for winter evenings, they are recommending the most transparent of fabrics, net. The most arresting model, seen in a representative collection, is designed along shirtwaist lines and has silver cross bars to decorate the net. A turnover collar with ruffled edge, short sleeves with ruffled cuffs and a skirt which bunches its buoyancy at either side, are noteworthy features of the mode.

A square dotted mesh is the most old-fashioned of all the netted themes to appear this season. An overblouse of this quaint stuff is recommended to cover a simple but quite formal black crepe evening gown.

New Bodice Treatment Is Seen in Late Collections

The bodice silhouette has been gradually growing in importance and gives promise of coming through in an important way. Lelong and Molynoux both showed the bodice that is bloused at the back.

Collections prepared for resort wear are playing up the bloused bodice, in all-round and just-at-the-back treatments; the resort groups suggest it in sporty versions, which will doubtless have much to do with its acceptance. Shirrings and smockings are important in gaining the bloused line. Introduced in yokes and sections, the smockings not to be confused with the peasant blouse type.

Dainty Footwear
If midlady intends driving her car to the party when she is wearing delicate slippers, she would be wise to wear an old pair of slippers and change in the car before going in to the party. An unexpected smudge of oil or grease could ruin the whole afternoon.

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The KENNEL MURDER CASE

By S. S. Van Dine

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"There was no possibility," inquired Vance, "that Mr. Wrede could have assisted Mr. Coe upstairs, after the melee?"

"Oh, no," Liang was quite emphatic. "Within a few moments of the encounter here in the library, Mr. Wrede came out through the kitchen, surreptitiously, and departed through the rear door."

"How can you be sure it was Wrede, Mr. Liang, if you did not see him?" Vance asked.

The Chinaman gave a slow smile.

"In my country the senses are more acute than in the Occident. I had heard Mr. Wrede move about this house too often not to know his step and sense his presence." Liang paused and looked at Vance. "And may I be permitted now to ask a question of you?"

Vance bowed acquiescence.

"Ask me any question you care to, Mr. Liang, and I will try to be as frank as you have been."

"How, then, did you know that I was aware of the crime on the night it was committed?"

"There were several indications, Mr. Liang," Vance replied; "but it was you yourself who told me as much—by a slip of the tongue. When I first spoke to you, the next morning, you mentioned a tragedy; and when I asked you how you knew there had been a tragedy, you replied you had heard Gamble telephoning—while you were preparing breakfast."

Liang looked at Vance for a moment, a faint expression in his eyes. Then a puzzled smile appeared slowly on his mouth.

"I understand now," he said. "I had already prepared the breakfast when the butler telephoned, for he discovered the crime when he was taking Mr. Coe's breakfast to him. . . . Yes, I gave myself away, but it took a clever man to grasp the error."

Vance acknowledged the compliment.

"And now I shall ask you another question, Mr. Liang. Why were you pretending to work in the kitchen at three o'clock yesterday morning, after the attack on Mr. Grassi?"

The Chinaman looked up shrewdly.

"Pretending?"

"The ink was quite dry on the papers you had so neatly arranged on the kitchen table."

A slow smile again spread over Liang's ascetic mouth.

"I was afraid, afterward," he said, "that you might have noticed that. . . . The fact is, Mr. Vance, I was standing guard. At about half-past two that morning, I was awakened by a slight sound. I sleep lightly—and I am sensitive to sounds. I listened, and some one opened the door and passed through the kitchen into the butler's pantry and the dining room, and on into the library."

"You recognized the footsteps?"

"Oh, yes. The person who came in so softly was Mr. Wrede. . . . I naturally did not trust him, knowing what I did, and I hoped that I could trap him in some way. So I rose, dressed, turned on all the lights in the kitchen, and took my post at the table—as if I were working. Fifteen minutes later, I heard Mr. Wrede come back softly into the butler's pantry and then retreat again toward this room. I knew that he had seen the lights in the kitchen and was afraid to enter. I did not hear the front door open—which is the only other means of egress except the windows—and I decided to stand my ground."

"A little later I heard Mr. Grassi call out, and then I heard the butler telephoning. Even so, I thought it best to remain in the kitchen, for it occurred to me that Mr. Wrede might still be hiding in the house, waiting for a chance to escape through the rear door. When you came into the kitchen and informed me of the attack on Mr. Grassi, I suggested the den window. I could not see how else Mr. Wrede could have gone out of the house."

Liang looked up sadly.

"I am sorry my efforts were not more successful, but at least I made it difficult for Mr. Wrede."

Vance got up and put out his cigarette.

"You've helped us no end," he said. "You've clarified many things. We are most grateful."

He walked to Liang and held out his hand. The Chinaman took it and bowed.

CHAPTER XII

The Startling Truth

When Liang had gone out, Vance sent Gamble for Hilda Lake. As soon as she entered the library, Vance informed her that Wrede was dead.

She looked at him a moment, lifted her eyebrows, shrugged slightly, and said: "It is no great loss to the world."

"Furthermore," Vance went on, "I believe that Mr. Wrede murdered your uncles and attempted the life of Mr. Grassi."

"I would not be in the least surprised," the young woman commented

coldly. "I have suspected all along that he murdered Uncle Archer—but I could not quite see how he accomplished it. Have you learned his modus operandi?"

Vance shook his head.

"No, Miss Lake," he admitted. "That's a part of the problem still to be solved."

"But why," she asked, "should he kill Uncle Brisbane? Uncle Brisbane was his ally."

"That's another phase of the problem that must be worked out. There was an error—a miscalculation—somewhere."

"I can understand," Hilda Lake remarked, "why he should attempt Mr. Grassi's life. Mr. Wrede was intensely jealous of Mr. Grassi."

"All clever, scheming men with a sense of their own inferiority," said Vance, "are inclined toward intense jealousy. . . . But there's a particular thought that has entered my mind this evening, and I shall ask you about it—Tell me, Miss Lake, what reason would Brisbane have had for killing Archer?"

Vance's question amazed her, and when I glanced at Markham and Heath, I saw that they, too, were startled. But Hilda Lake accepted it as if it had been the most casual and conventional of queries.

"Oh, various reasons," she answered calmly. "There was a deep antagonism between the two. Uncle Brisbane had many ideas and many ambitions, but he was always handicapped by the fact that Uncle Archer controlled all the money. There was, therefore, the money motive. Again, Uncle Brisbane did not feel that Uncle Archer had treated me fairly, and he was quite anxious for me to marry Mr. Wrede. Uncle Archer, as you know, was violently opposed to the marriage."

"And you, Miss Lake?"

"Oh," she returned offhandedly, "I thought the marriage might be rather a good thing. Mr. Wrede was a comforting kind of soul who wouldn't have bothered me in the slightest—and I was tremendously desirous of escaping from this queer household. I knew all his faults, but as long as they didn't interfere with me—"

"Perhaps," suggested Vance, "the arrival of Mr. Grassi changed your mind a bit?"

For the first time during my acquaintance with Hilda Lake, I noticed a soft, feminine expression come into her eyes. She glanced down as if embarrassed.

"Perhaps, as you say," she replied in a low voice, "the arrival of Mr. Grassi changed my mind."

Vance stood up.

"I hope, Miss Lake," he said, "that you will both be very happy."

We dined at Vance's apartment that night. Both Vance and Markham were troubled, for the case had not had a satisfactory ending—there were many things that had been left unexplained; there were many links in the chain of evidence which had not been found. But before the night was over there were no longer any mysteries; each step in this monstrous crime, and each perplexing and contradictory factor, had been clarified.

The final elucidation of the mystery came in a most unexpected manner.



"It is No Great Loss to the World."

ner. We were sitting in Vance's library, talking, after dinner. Vance smoked in doleful silence for a while. "It's dashed mystifyin'," he muttered. "What I can't understand is how Archer got upstairs after he had been stabbed in the library. There's the bloody work was done downstairs."

"I'm not so sure you're right about that, Vance," submitted Markham. "If your theory is correct, you must logically admit the proposition that a dead man walked upstairs."

Vance inclined his head.

"I realize that," he said thoughtfully. Then he leapt to his feet and stood before Markham, tense and animated. "A dead man walked upstairs," he repeated in a strained, husky voice. "That's it! That's the answer to everything. . . . Yes, Markham,"—he nodded with curi-

ous significance—"a dead man walked upstairs!"

Markham looked up at him with benevolent concern.

"Come, come, Vance," he said, in a kindly, paternal tone. "This case has upset you. Take a good stiff nightcap and go to bed—"

"No, no, Markham," Vance cut in, his eyes staring straight ahead. "That's just what happened the other night. Archer Coe—already a dead man—walked upstairs. And—what is even more terrible, Markham—he didn't know he was dead!"

Vance turned quickly and went to a set of thick quarto volumes on the lower shelf of one of his bookcases. He ran his finger along the books until he came to volume "E." He turned the pages and found what he was looking for. Then he glanced down the column of fine type.

"Listen, Markham," he said. "Here's a historical case of a dead person walking. He read from the encyclopedia: "Elizabeth (Amelie Eugenie), 1837—1898, consort of Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria, a daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria and Louisa Wilhelmina, was born on the 24th of December, 1837, at Lake Starbörz. . . . He turned the page. "But here's the passage regarding her death: "Elizabeth spent much of her time traveling through Europe and at the palace she had built in Corfu. On the 10th of September, 1898, she was walking through the streets of Geneva with her entourage, from her hotel to the steamer, when an anarchist, named Luigi Luccheni, ran suddenly into the roadway and stabbed her in the back, with a shoemaker's awl. The police immediately pounced upon the man and were about to drag him away, when the empress stayed them and gave the order that they should release him. "He has not injured me," she said, "and I wish, on this occasion, to forgive him." She continued her walk to the steamer, which was more than half a mile distant, and made a farewell speech to her subjects from the deck. She then retired to her cabin and lay down. Several hours later she was found dead. Luccheni had actually stabbed her without her being aware of it, and she had died hours later of an internal hemorrhage. This crime was the final misfortune which came to the Austrian emperor, and all Europe was agitated to a state of intense indignation."

Vance closed the book and threw it to one side.

"Now do you see what I mean, Markham?" he asked. "A dead person often does strange things without knowing he is dead. Do you recall what Doctor Doremus said? 'An internal hemorrhage!' That's the whole story—that's the key to everything. That's how Archer could have been killed in the library and still have walked upstairs."

Markham stood up and walked back and forth across the room.

"Good G—d!" His words were scarcely audible. "So that's the explanation! No wonder we couldn't understand the things that happened there that night. Unbelievable!"

Vance had sunk back into his chair, relaxed. He took a deep inspiration, like a man who had suddenly found a friendly settlement in the midst of a hostile jungle.

"Really, Markham," he said with a slight upward glance, taking out his cigarette case, "I'll never forgive you for this—never! It was you who guessed the solution. And I knew it all the time, but I couldn't correlate my knowledge."

Markham came to a sudden halt.

"What do you mean by saying that I guessed the solution?"

"Didn't you say," asked Vance mildly, "that the only way one could explain the circumstances was by the assumption that a dead man walked upstairs? . . . No, Markham, I am sure I shall never forgive you."

Markham sat down and muttered a disgusted oath. He smoked a while in silence.

"The internal hemorrhage explains many things," he admitted finally. "But I still don't understand Brisbane's death, and the bolted door."

"And yet, d'ye see," returned Vance, "it all fits in perfectly, now that we have the key."

He lay back in his chair and stretched his legs. He took several puffs on his cigarette and half closed his eyes.

"I think, Markham, I can reconstruct the amazing and contradictory occurrences that took place in the Coe domicile last Wednesday night. . . . I doubt if Wrede actually planned to murder Archer Coe that night. The idea had no doubt been in his mind for a long time, for he had obviously taken the precaution of securing a duplicate key to the spring lock on the rear door. But I have a feeling that he wished only to argue various matters out with Archer last Wednesday night before actually resorting to murder. It's obvious that he called on Archer that night and tried to convince him that he would be the perfect mate for Hilda Lake. Archer disagreed—and disagreed violently. That was no doubt the argument that Liang overheard. I imagine that the

debate reached the point where blows were struck. The poker was handy, don't you know, and Wrede, with his tremendous sense of personal inferiority, would naturally reach for some outside agent to help him over the top. He snatched the poker and struck Archer over the head.

"Archer fell forward against the table, upsetting it and fracturing the rib. Wrede was in a quandry. He again his sense of inferiority invaded him. He looked round the room quickly, saw the dagger in the cabinet, took it out and, as Archer lay on the floor, drove it into his back. . . . The deed was done. He had vindicated himself in a physical way, and he removed all obstacles from his path. He believed he was alone in the house with Archer; but still there was the question of a suspect. Into his shrewd brain flashed the thought of Liang, whom he had always suspected of being more than a servant. He figured that if he left the Chinese dagger where it would be found in the library, Liang would be the logical suspect. He threw the dagger into the Tiao yao vase. But he threw it in too high. It broke the vase—and again Wrede was in a quandry. He picked up the dagger and placed it in the other vase on the table. Then he gathered up the fragments of the Ting yao, carried them through the kitchen and placed them in the garbage pail on the rear porch. The poker he had thrown back on the hearth. And he left the house through the rear entrance, passed behind the hedge in the vacant lot, unlatched the gate at the rear of his apartment house, and went to his rooms."

"So far, so good," said Markham. "But what of Brisbane?"

"Brisbane? Ah, yes. He was an unexpected element. But Wrede knew nothing about it. . . . As I see it, Markham, Brisbane had planned to trip Archer that same night. With his knowledge of criminology and his shrewd technical brain, he had worked out a perfectly logical means of doing away with his brother-in-law. Naturally he chose a Wednesday night when he knew Archer would be alone in the house. He established his alibi by having Gamble make reservations on the 5-11 train to Chicago. His plan was to sneak back to the house and take a late train. It was an excellent idea, and it was almost detection proof. . . . He did come back to the house, Markham, with the definite intention of killing Archer. . . ."

"Still, I don't see—"

"Oh, it's all quite simple," Vance went on. "But before Brisbane returned that night, strange and uncanny things happened. The plot became cluttered with complications, and Brisbane, instead of creating a perfect crime, walked into a plot more diabolical than the one he himself had conceived. . . ."

Vance moved in his chair.

"This is what had happened in the meantime: Archer, recovering from the blow of the poker, and not realizing that he had also been stabbed, went upstairs to his bedroom. The shades were up, and Wrede, from his own apartment, could see him across the vacant lot. . . . No one would ever know what thoughts went on in Coe's mind at this time. But obviously he was incensed at Wrede, and probably sat down to write him a letter forbidding him ever to put feet in the house again. He began to tremble—perhaps the blood had commenced to choke his lungs. The gasp fell from his fingers. He made an effort to prepare himself for bed. He took off his coat and waistcoat and hung them carefully in the closet. Then he put on his dressing gown, buttoned it, and tied the belt about him. He walked to the windows and pulled down the shades. That act took pre-

tically all of his remaining vitality. He started to get his bedroom slippers, but the black mist of death was drifting in upon him. He thought it fatigue—the result, perhaps, of the blow Wrede had struck him over the head. He sat down in his easy chair. But he never got up, Markham. He never changed his shoes. As he sat there the final inevitable fog stifled him! . . ."

"Good G—d, Vance! I see the horror of it," breathed Markham.

"All these steps in that sinister situation," Vance continued, "are clearly indicated. . . . But think what must have gone on in Wrede's



"A Dead Person Often Does Strange Things Without Knowing He is Dead."

mind when he looked out of his window and saw the man he had murdered moving about the room upstairs, arranging the papers on his desk, changing his clothes, going about his affairs as if nothing whatever had happened?"

Vance inhaled several times on his cigarette and broke the ashes into a small tray beside him.

"My word, Markham! Can you imagine Wrede's emotions? He killed a man; and yet he could look across a vacant lot and see this dead man acting as if nothing had happened. Wrede had to start all over again. It was a delicate and terrible situation. He knew that he had thrust a deadly dagger into Archer Coe's body. But Archer was still alive—and retribution must inevitably follow. And don't forget that the lights did not go out in Archer Coe's room. Wrede, no doubt, frantically asked himself a thousand times what was going on behind those drawn shades. He not only feared the incalculable mystery of the situation, but I am inclined to think, he was perturbed most by his speculation concerning the things he could not see. . . . I wouldn't care to put in the two hours that Wrede spent between eight o'clock and ten that night. He realized that some decision must be made—that some action must be taken. But he had nothing whatever to go on; his imagination was his only guide. . . ."

"And he came back!" said Markham huskily.

"Yes," nodded Vance, "he came back. He had to come back! But in that interim of his indecision something unforeseen and horrible had taken place. Brisbane had returned to the house—he had returned stealthily, letting himself in with his own key. He had returned to kill his brother! He looked into the library; the lights were on, but Archer was not there. He went to the drawer of the table and took out the revolver. Then he went upstairs. Perhaps he saw the light through Archer's bedroom door. He opened the door. . . ."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Scientist Finds Remains of Animals That Carried an Eye Like Periscope

The evolutionary mystery of what happened to the third eye which land animals once possessed and which might have been a considerable asset to modern humanity in warfare or in keeping a good lookout in the street traffic has been revived by the recent discovery of South African fossils of animals which not only had this third eye, but carried it on a kind of stalk lifted in the air above their foreheads like a periscope; as a few animals, such as snails and lobsters do. . . . In a well-known series of African fossil-bearing rocks called the Karoo beds, Dr. E. C. N. van Hoepen, of the National Museum of Bloemfontein, has found fossil of several different extinct reptiles. Most of these show a socket for the original third eye, probably pointing upward toward the sky instead of more or less horizontally. These resemble fossils found previously in Australia and elsewhere and support the usual theory of biologists that such a third eye pointing straight upward would not be of much use accordingly may have vanished early in the course of animal evolution, according to the Baltimore Sun. Dr. Van Hoepen has found, however,

at least one kind of ancient three-eyed reptile with its extra optic on a stalk, presumably able to turn in any direction. This undoubtedly would be valuable to almost any animal with enemies. One possibility is that any such projecting eye was likely to be damaged by bumping into things or might be bitten off by other animals, so that its reptilian owners became extinct, which is why man now needs no eye holes through the tops of his hats.

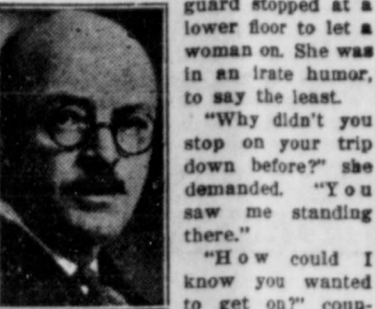
Quicker "Aging" of Leather Scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture have developed a method of "aging" leather in a heated chamber containing gases which will produce the same effect in from three to six months as would be caused by years of exposure under natural conditions. The purpose of the experiment was to further a campaign to devise new methods of tanning.

Maritime Nation Nearly 6,000 persons in Great Britain, 1,200 of them living in London, were born on the big

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

THESE "GOSH-AWFUL" HEALTH WORRIERS

The other day when I was in an elevator in one of the tall office buildings in Chicago, the guard stopped at a lower floor to let a woman on. She was in an irate humor, to say the least.



"Why didn't you stop on your trip down before?" she demanded. "You saw me standing there."

"How could I know you wanted to get on?" countered the guard. "You didn't press the button."

"And do you think," said the woman, "that I'll put my finger on that bell with all the germs there are on it? Everybody pushes that button." The guard shook his head.

"Lady," he said, "you'll have a gosh-awful time going through life if you worry about the germs on bells and door-knobs. How do you think you can escape them?"

Every one, particularly the physician, has met these worrying types of individuals. And the trouble is, that they give not only themselves, but every one connected with them a gosh-awful time. You can have no rest when you are with them. They make life miserable worrying about germs; they crane their necks hunting for drafts, so that some one has to jump up constantly opening and shutting doors and windows; and they're always wondering about their digestions. You can't mention a food in their presence without getting a long harangue about whether it is good or not good for them.

Health officials sometimes think that the indigestion worriers are increasing out of proportion to the increase in the population. Certainly the advertisements in the newspapers and magazines and on sign boards throughout the country that advocate cures for indigestion, sour stomach and dyspepsia, seem to be growing in number, and if these patent medicines did not have buyers, the advertising about them could not be so extensive. Indeed, one might divide the adult population into two groups; those that suffer from indigestion and those that do not.

Most of the digestion worriers are underweight; they have dried, leathery skins, puckered and wrinkled foreheads and a bored and self-sacrificing expression about the eyes; usually they are past the age of thirty-five. In every case they have too much time to think about themselves.

Our bodies are always with us. In the absence of other mental occupations, the worrier makes his body an all-important and ever-engrossing subject of thought. He creates an artificial little world around himself where in he lives exclusively. He is out of tune with his environment. He doesn't react as other people do to things that happen. His first impulse is to consider the possible ill effect these happenings might have on him. The woman who did not want to push the elevator bell because many other hands had pushed it, thought only of herself. She would be highly offended if a person coming after her did not want to touch a door knob that she had touched. She would always be holy in her own opinion, and no one else could ever be.

The indigestion worriers become food faddists. They cannot eat anything that is fried; they think a combination of milk and fish is poison. They cannot eat starches and meats at the same meal. They believe one thing this month and another thing next month. The errors in diet made by worriers are enough to put them ultimately under a physician's care. Constantly wondering if their food will agree with them is not a healthful pastime. As time goes on, the worrier avoids more and more foods, with the result that his diet become more and more unbalanced, and the consequence is that he worries still more. It is a vicious cycle that often culminates in a hospital bed.

To the physician the worrier is always a health hazard. When his physical resistance is worn down, as it will be, he becomes good soil for bacteria. And then he not only is apt to get a disease himself, but he is also apt to transmit it to others. Because the worrier, thinking only of himself, is not usually concerned about protecting other people from his disease germs.

If you have a worrier in your family, you are not likely to make him see the unwisdom of his ways by lecturing him. You had best bend your energies in getting him interested in a hobby—something that will make him cognizant that there is a world outside himself.

And if he is the food worrier type, then don't play up to his whims. It is a mistake to say anxiously to the food worrier, "Would you like to have this, dear or would you rather have me fix you something else?" Put a well-balanced meal before him, and then let him take it or leave it. That may seem harsh treatment for "sensitive stomachs," but the World War army life cured many food worriers.

Of course, if the food worrier has really developed an intestinal upset, he will need a diet. But the physician should then prescribe the diet—not the worrier.

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YOU NEVER KNOW

By AMY CAMPBELL
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LOIS moving in and out among the homegoing crowds was suddenly filled with expectancy. It was not quite sensible to be so stirred by the mental reticence of a certain phrase.

Not a spoken one caught in the conversations of the street.

Not one from business slogans traced in electric signs.

Merely a small group of words that just flashed across her ordinary thinking.

Oddly and like a flash, something within her was saying right in the middle of her arithmetic—

"Just as she turned the corner—"

As she walked cautiously through the wet streets, trying to avoid splashing her stockings, this new phrase kept coming between everything she was thinking until, with a certain quality of impatience, she paused mentally to charge back at the inner voice—

"And what happened if she did turn the corner?"

Her mind was an instant blank.

This annoyed her into further challenging—

"Who turned the corner, and what for—and all the rest—go on—"

But there was seemingly a helplessness within her for further suggested adventure.

Her feet growing hot and tired in rubbers, she stopped to have coffee at a small shop. She opened her evening newspaper and at once in the daily verse, there leaped to greet her eyes:

"You never know what's waiting just around the bend—
You'll maybe find a dollar or a brand new friend."

Lois knew that the little lost phrase had significance and solution.

Just as you turned the corner you found something.

She almost sparkled as she stepped again into the night.

Rain still came in steady showers but she was not hungry or tired now so why go home?

She turned to the nearest talkie, and did not realize that she was really turning a corner.

Her parasol tangled instantly with another and when she peered under and around to see what she was doing, there was Jerry Karn from whom she took dictation every day of her life.

He was getting ready a courtly apology, having seen only the really lovely, tapering feet and slender ankles that belonged to Lois.

At that moment the phrase returned to her mind, fairly singing to her—

"Just as she turned the corner—"

It persisted with lifting infection, giving her honest eyes, peering beneath her green parasol under the rim of her small green hat, a charming and waiting excitement.

Jerry's words were heavy with adventure—"Well, of all luck."

Lois smiled bewilderingly.

It was all too wonderful.

Jerry, with eyes that had never particularly lighted for her, smiling as if they had a date and had met a little sooner to his big delight.

"Going somewhere?" he asked foolishly.

"No place in particular. Just thought I might get out of the rain in the Palace."

"Come on," he said, taking charge of her.

Desperately proud of his tall rightness, of herself, she waited to be climbed after he bought the tickets.

He huddled low in the seat to look directly into her eyes, hunching one shoulder lower for the smallness of her, saying:

"Do you know, I've always wanted to talk to you."

She listened to the inner voice—prodig to breathlessness—and believed him.

Well, this was what happened when at last the phrase was complete—just as you turned the corner you found yourself running into Jerry this gorgeous way and his eyes fairly asking where'd you keep yourself up till now.

No other man in the world could teach any girl how to talk to Jerry.

Lois could only smile, thinking many things back of her answering eyes—saying Oh yes—and I know—and did you really?

And they whispered because the ushers were vigilant for silence.

Afterward she recaptured everything he had said, counting the words like jewels, touching them with tremulous dissection—"Never noticed you'd play before. Saw you working as if you were a machine. Am I keeping you from watching the picture—"

A steady wonder of words from Jerry who until tonight had only uttered little courtesies and business phrases.

As they went out he hummed the theme-song, guiding her back towards the busy streets, and just in a moment, they turned the corner around which they had met.

She felt a sudden vigor in Jerry's arm, as his hand tightened around hers to halt them both.

"Well, of all the luck," he was saying to a couple of girls.

Margaret and Phyllis he called them. Very great friends apparently.

He introduced Lois and the girls looked her over ominously.

She felt them holding her guilty of something and then Jerry was hailing a taxi.

"We'll just drive Lois home," he was saying.

And all the way home the two girls talked to him and Jerry talked back to them and Lois listened only vaguely because now she was lost again and shy.

"Oh, here we are so soon!" Jerry announced as the car stopped and he slipped out to take Lois to her door.

"Some other night, Lois," he murmured carelessly and disappeared so quickly she stood on the step a moment wondering, under her flat green parasol if he had only been part of a dream.

The next day Jerry was late at the office and Lois did not look up as he passed her desk.

His buzzer sounded and she stole in to take his dictation with a sense of dread.

Of course he would read in her eyes that she had thought about things into the night—remembering him—counting his words like jewels—wishing they had not gone back around the corner and met the others.

Oh, wanting him desperately to tangle his umbrella with her parasol before ever it rained again.

"Good morning," he said abstractedly, not looking up.

"I'm late. We'll have to work fast."

She settled herself for rapid copying.

Her small hand flew in cool accuracy while the other hand held her place and turned pages like a swift purposeful wind.

She masked herself with efficiency.

When he had finished she sighed, a little out of breath physically and mentally.

He reached over and caught her fingers—pencil and all. "Lois, did I go too fast?"

She studied him coolly, needing her hand instantly to gather up her pencils.

He did not smile as a certain reproach crept into his voice.

"Well, take your time getting the stuff out," and his tones dismissed her.

The inner voice was speaking. "Just as she turned the corner—Jerry—" it stated adventurously.

She stopped typing and imperceptibly stamped both her small feet.

Tears were blurring her notes.

Of course last night to him was just an incident he had forgotten.

Just before closing time Jerry signaled for her.

"Lois," he said, "What are you doing tonight? Can we go somewhere—dinner and anything we like afterward?" She smiled with a brilliance she hoped was convincing.

"Aren't you nice? But the week's all dated."

"All of it?"

"Yes-s."

"Well, Sunday—" he persisted.

"Out of town for the week-end—"

"Monday following—"

"That's taken—"

"Tuesday?"

"Crossed out, too—"

"Wednesday?"

"That's promised—" she faltered.

"Thursday?"

"Well, Thursday I have a permanent date I can't break."

"Friday?"

Lois was blinking with steady monotony to evade tears. Jerry being persistent like this. Even if he didn't mean it. Even if he'd drop her around the first corner for someone more interesting.

"Friday is for my very best friend."

"I thought so—" he answered dully.

"I wanted my sisters to meet you again soon. They could only half see you last night. But that's my luck."

"Your sisters?"

"They'd love you, Lois. Anyone would," he continued, glaring at his desk. "Seeing you in your little green outfit, looking up from under that mushroom parasol with big, gorgeous eyes—"

"Just as she turned the corner—" she thought rapturously and completed aloud, "Jerry!"

"Who's the man, Lois—tell me—Tell me!"

Each demand beating upon her was beautiful. She smiled wisely, imaginatively now, as if peering cautiously from beneath a mushroom parasol—

"Just try and find out!"

Lace Blouse for Every Occasion

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



BY WAY of keeping properly informed as to the high-spots which loom on fashion's horizon, let's talk about lace. It is not only that the future of lace looks wonderfully bright and promising but lace in the scheme of styles-current is playing a most outstanding role.

Lace in an endless variety of new and unusual weaves and textures is being used in ways we would not have dreamed of a generation ago—not only for dresses and negligees, which bespeak romance and leisure and pretty feminine wiles, but for tailored suits and blouses and various apparel for the more practical hours, lace registers as dependably wearable and chic. Then, too, one of the most fascinating chapters being written into the story of fashions present and coming has to do with shoes, handbags and gloves which are ingeniously styled of lace.

It goes without saying, that in this emphasis given to lace for every occasion there needs must be a right lace for the right time and place, as we now have laces at our disposal as filmy and fragile as cobwebs, laces as sturdy and wearable as tweeds, and in tune with the trend to elegance comes along this season rich and lustrous laces shot with gold and silver or sparkling with glitter of sequin embellishment.

Lace blouses are particularly highlighted in the present mode. We are picturing three which will add variety and interest to the winter velvet or

cloth suit, making it appropriate for any more or less informal occasion. The lines are as smart and new as the laces which fashion them.

To the left in the group we have a trig little blouse, smart, tailored and youthful. Interesting, too, because of the very new fabric—like lace—gold metal sephyr lace knit—and it comes in a wide choice of colors such as candy beige, clay rust, Chinese coral and mahogany brown.

The lace blouse with the polka dot pattern gives just the right accent when you don't care to look too tailored. Soft, feminine and quite new in line and medium is this wiolette lace blouse.

If you want a blouse to dress up your suit for an afternoon bridge or a matinee or three o'clock musicale, here's the very thing centered in the picture—a fine Alencon lace in a thoroughly wearable style.

The new lace tunics are wonderfully good looking. Whether in the modish dark colored laces, wine, hunter's green, rust brown or in the delectable ice blue, blush pink or pale champagne tints, these knee-length blouses are fascinating. Wear them over a velvet or crepe skirt or that which is the last word in chic—a sheer skirt knife pleated all around, for evening.

If you want to be assured of always looking beautifully gowned during the formal after-five hours of one exquisite black lace gown. The filmy Chantilly black laces are competing with the heavier grandiose Spanish types at present. To vary the appearance of the black lace dress of your choice have it made with a neckline which lends itself to jeweled clips, also to the wearing of flowers across the front neckline.

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"BLANKET" COAT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here's the latest thing in the way of a sports and practical daytime coat. Schiaparelli makes this dashing model of a brilliant red, green and blue plaid blanket wool. It is shown here worn over a dark blue one-piece wool dress. The flaring lines are very new.

Capes Carry On
Obviously the small round cape is carrying over for spring. Hardly a day model is shown without one, and the little evening cape is practically inevitable. Elbow or waist-length is the size of them.

Dainty Footwear
If misty intends driving her car to the party when she is wearing delicate slippers, she would be wise to wear an old pair of slippers and change in the car before going in to the party. An unexpected smudge of oil or grease could ruin the whole afternoon.

Ingenious Solution of Daytime "Nap" Problem

ROBERTA EARLE WINDSOR, National Kindergarten association, New York.

The problem of the daytime nap nearly had us beaten. Our little Molly, just three and a half, was so ambitious, so interested in everything and so afraid that she would miss out on something, that she just couldn't find time to sleep during the daytime. We tried all of the usual means of luring her off to a daylight dreamland with but little success. Then one day in a children's shop I found the solution to this troublesome problem.

The solution was in the form of a little pink rayon crepe nightie. It had all the luster of crepe de chine and was trimmed with bands of turquoise blue. Molly loves silk and I had an idea that the purchase of this little nightie would be a good investment. And truly it was the beginning of our little Molly's becoming a sweeter child. Every child, no matter how ambitious, needs some rest during the day in order to keep happy and well behaved.

I have found the use of dainty and attractive sleeping garments a real solution to the daytime nap problem. This success is due, no doubt, in part at least, to the fact that coax as much as she might, Molly has never been permitted to wear the daytime nighties at night.

Since the little "silk" gown worked such wonders, I have added to the daytime sleeping apparel other pretty and interesting garments. There is a dainty little suit of flowered batiste which is about the coolest sort of pajamas that a child can slip into after the bath on a hot summer day. For the downy outing pajamas for winter, Molly was allowed to select the colors she liked best. She has a bathrobe of French blue, made of Turkish toweling, which adds interest to the afternoon bath and a special pair of little bedroom slippers, for daytime use only, helped to make Molly's afternoon nap a pleasant occasion.

Molly loves these pretty things, as she loves the flowers. She is never told how pretty she is, nor encouraged to stand before the mirror. When she has done so any tendency toward self-admiration has been turned aside by interesting her in the garment itself—its color—graceful lines—the people who made it. To condition our little girl to be vain would probably bring about more in-harmony than lack of sleep, but we have found that this is no more necessary in the appreciation of beautiful clothes than it is in the love of the wonders of nature.

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TAKE OWN LIVES, SUFFERING FROM IMAGINARY ILLS

Imaginary ills cause most suicides, and unrequited love is waning as a cause for self-destruction, says J. F. Cutbirth, veteran coroner's jurymen of Kansas City, who has been investigating suicides for years.

"It's not just the loss of their money that causes a man to commit suicide," said Cutbirth. "As often as not it is imagination that gets them."

"What seems to plunge them into despair is the thought they are losing caste. They've fallen into the habit of thinking only the life they have been living is worth while."

"I can think of several men who committed suicide after financial losses which did not leave them destitute by any means. A lot of folks get along without complaint on what was left to them."

"Does romance figure much in suicides?" he was asked.

"Not much these days," Cutbirth replied. "Some women still commit suicide because of broken hearts, but very few. And hardly any men do so."

"I suppose that men and women know that if they lose their sweethearts they can find new ones. There are a lot of men and women in the world. Both men and women have larger circles of acquaintances than they formerly did."

"Public opinion also is a factor. Men and women, fearing ridicule, do not go about moaning over their unhappy romances."

Miles of Trees Planted
In an orchard near Milan, Italy, 74 miles of pear trees and 31 miles of peach trees are being cultivated under the most approved conditions. The orchard is one of the largest in Europe, having 200,000 pear and 6,000 peach bearers. Several varieties of each fruit have been planted in order to determine the best suited to soil and climate. The promoters intend to export their crops when the time seems propitious.

College of Morals
The church is a college of morals, a university of right living and a culture room where the laws of life are worked out.—Dr. W. Remfy Hunt.

Thrown Back
Sea Captain (to new midshipman)—Well, me lad, I suppose it's the old story—the fool of the family sent to sea.
Midshipman—Not at all, sir; that's all altered since your day.—Pearson's Weekly.

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The KENNEL MURDER CASE

By S. S. Van Dine

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"There was no possibility," inquired Vance, "that Mr. Wrede could have assisted Mr. Coe upstairs, after the melee?"

"Oh, no," Liang was quite emphatic. "Within a few moments of the encounter here in the library, Mr. Wrede came out through the kitchen, surreptitiously, and departed through the rear door."

"How can you be sure it was Wrede, Mr. Liang, if you did not see him?" Vance asked.

The Chinaman gave a slow smile. "In my country the senses are more acute than in the Occident. I had heard Mr. Wrede move about this house too often not to know his step and sense his presence." Liang paused and looked at Vance. "And may I be permitted now to ask a question of you?"

Vance bowed acquiescence. "Ask me any question you care to, Mr. Liang, and I will try to be as frank as you have been."

"How, then, did you know that I was aware of the crime on the night it was committed?"

"There were several indications, Mr. Liang," Vance replied; "but it was you yourself who told me as much—by a slip of the tongue. When I first spoke to you, the next morning, you mentioned a tragedy; and when I asked you how you knew there had been a tragedy, you replied you had heard Gamble telephoning—while you were preparing breakfast."

Liang looked at Vance for a moment, a puzzled expression in his eyes. Then a faint smile appeared slowly on his mouth.

"I understand now," he said. "I had already prepared the breakfast when the butler telephoned, for he discovered the crime when he was taking Mr. Coe's breakfast to him. . . . Yes, I gave myself away, but it took a clever man to grasp the error."

Vance acknowledged the compliment. "And now I shall ask you another question, Mr. Liang. Why were you pretending to work in the kitchen at three o'clock yesterday morning, after the attack on Mr. Grassi?"

The Chinaman looked up shrewdly. "Pretending?"

"The ink was quite dry on the papers you had so neatly arranged on the kitchen table."

A slow smile again spread over Liang's ascetic mouth.

"I was afraid, afterward," he said, "that you might have noticed that. . . . The fact is, Mr. Vance, I was standing guard. At about half-past two that morning, I was awakened by a slight sound. I sleep lightly—and I am sensitive to sounds. I listened, and some one opened the door and passed through the kitchen into the butler's pantry and the dining room, and on into the library."

"You recognized the footsteps?"

"Oh, yes. The person who came in so softly was Mr. Wrede. . . . I naturally did not trust him, knowing what I did, and I hoped that I could trap him in some way. So I rose, dressed, turned on all the lights in the kitchen, and took my post at the table—as if I were working. Fifteen minutes later, I heard Mr. Wrede come back softly into the butler's pantry and then retreat again toward this room. I knew that he had seen the lights in the kitchen and was afraid to enter. I did not hear the front door open—which is the only other means of egress except the windows—and I decided to stand my ground."

"A little later I heard Mr. Grassi call out, and then I heard the butler telephoning. Even so, I thought it best to remain in the kitchen, for it occurred to me that Mr. Wrede might still be hiding in the house, waiting for a chance to escape through the rear door. When you came into the kitchen and informed me of the attack on Mr. Grassi, I suggested the dead window. I could not see how else Mr. Wrede could have gone out of the house."

Liang looked up sadly.

"I am sorry my efforts were not more successful, but at least I made it difficult for Mr. Wrede."

Vance got up and put out his cigarette.

"You've helped us no end," he said. "You've clarified many things. We are most grateful."

He walked to Liang and held out his hand. The Chinaman took it and bowed.

CHAPTER XII

The Startling Truth.

When Liang had gone out, Vance sent Gamble for Hilda Lake. As soon as she entered the library, Vance informed her that Wrede was dead.

She looked at him a moment, lifted her eyebrows, shrugged slightly, and said: "It is no great loss to the world."

"Furthermore," Vance went on, "I believe that Mr. Wrede murdered your uncles and attempted the life of Mr. Grassi."

"I would not be in the least surprised," the young woman commented

coldly. "I have suspected all along that he murdered Uncle Archer—but I could not quite see how he accomplished it. Have you learned his modus operandi?"

Vance shook his head. "No, Miss Lake," he admitted. "That's a part of the problem still to be solved."

"But why," she asked, "should he kill Uncle Brisbane? Uncle Brisbane was his ally."

"That's another phase of the problem that must be worked out. There was an error—a miscalculation—somewhere."

"I can understand," Hilda Lake remarked, "why he should attempt Mr. Grassi's life. Mr. Wrede was intensely jealous of Mr. Grassi."

"All clever, scheming men with a sense of their own inferiority," said Vance, "are inclined toward intense jealousy."

But there's a particular thought that has entered my mind this evening, and I shall ask you about it.—Tell me, Miss Lake, what reason would Brisbane have had for killing Archer?"

Vance's question amazed me, and when I glanced at Markham and Heath, I saw that they, too, were startled. But Hilda Lake accepted it as if it had been the most casual and conventional of queries.

"Oh, various reasons," she answered calmly. "There was a deep antagonism between the two. Uncle Brisbane had many ideas and many ambitions, but he was always handicapped by the fact that Uncle Archer controlled all the money. There was, therefore, the money motive. Again, Uncle Brisbane did not feel that Uncle Archer had treated me fairly, and he was quite anxious for me to marry Mr. Wrede. Uncle Archer, as you know, was violently opposed to the marriage."

"And you, Miss Lake?"

"Oh," she returned offhandedly, "I thought the marriage might be rather a good thing. Mr. Wrede was a comforting kind of soul who wouldn't have bothered me in the slightest—and I was tremendously desirous of escaping from this queer household. I knew all his faults, but as long as they didn't interfere with me—"

"Perhaps," suggested Vance, "the arrival of Mr. Grassi changed your mind a bit?"

"For the first time during my acquaintance with Hilda Lake, I noticed a soft, feminine expression come into her eyes. She glanced down as if embarrassed.

"Perhaps, as you say," she replied in a low voice, "the arrival of Mr. Grassi changed my mind."

Vance stood up.

"I hope, Miss Lake," he said, "that you will both be very happy."

We dined at Vance's apartment that night. Both Vance and Markham were troubled, for the case had not had a satisfactory ending—there were many things that had been left unexplained; there were many links in the chain of evidence which had not been found. But before the night was over there were no longer any mysteries; each step in this monstrous crime, and each perplexing and contradictory factor, had been clarified.

The final elucidation of the mystery came in a most unexpected manner.

"It is No Great Loss to the World."

ner. We were sitting in Vance's library, talking, after dinner. Vance smoked in doleful silence for a while. "It's dashed mystifyin'," he muttered. "What I can't understand is how Archer got upstairs after he had been stabbed in the library. There's little doubt, after Liang's story, that the bloody work was done downstairs."

"I'm not so sure you're right about that, Vance," submitted Markham. "If your theory is correct, you must logically admit the proposition that a dead man walked upstairs."

Vance inclined his head. "I realize that," he said thoughtfully. Then he leapt to his feet and stood before Markham, tense and animated. "A dead man walked upstairs," he repeated in a strained, hushed voice. "That's it! That's the answer to everything. . . . Yes, Markham,—he nodded with curi-

ous significance—"a dead man walked upstairs!"

Markham looked up at him with benevolent concern.

"Come, come, Vance," he said, in a kindly, paternal tone. "This case has upset you. Take a good stiff nightcap and go to bed—"

"No, no, Markham," Vance cut in, his eyes staring straight ahead. "That's just what happened the other night. Archer Coe—already a dead man—walked upstairs. And—what is even more terrible, Markham—he didn't know he was dead!"

Vance turned quickly and went to a set of thick quarto volumes on the lower shelf of one of his bookcases. He ran his finger along the books until he came to volume "E." He turned the pages and found what he was looking for. Then he glanced down the column of fine type.

"Listen, Markham," he said. "Here's a historical case of a dead person walking." He read from the encyclopedia: "Elizabeth (Amelie Eugenie), 1837—1898, consort of Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria, a daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria and Louisa Wilhelmina, was born on the 24th of December, 1837, at Lake Starberg. . . . He turned the page. "But here's the passage regarding her death: 'Elizabeth spent much of her time traveling through Europe and at the palace she had built in Corfu. On the 10th of September, 1898, she was walking through the streets of Geneva with her entourage, from her hotel to the steamer, when an anarchist, named Luigi Luccheni, ran suddenly into the roadway and stabbed her in the back, with a shoemaker's awl. The police immediately pointed upon the man and were about to drag him away, when the empress stayed them and gave the order that they should release him. 'He has not injured me,' she said, 'and I wish, on this occasion, to forgive him.' She continued her walk to the steamer, which was more than half a mile distant, and made a farewell speech to her subjects from the deck. She then retired to her cabin and lay down. Several hours later she was found dead. Luccheni had actually stabbed her without her being aware of it, and she had died hours later of an internal hemorrhage. This crime was the final misfortune which came to the Austrian emperor, and all Europe was aroused to a state of intense indignation.'"

Vance closed the book and threw it to one side.

"Now do you see what I mean, Markham," he asked. "A dead person often does strange things without knowing he is dead. Do you recall what Doctor Doremus said? 'An internal hemorrhage! That's the whole story—that's the key to everything. That's how Archer could have been killed in the library and still have walked upstairs.'"

Markham stood up and walked back and forth across the room.

"Good G—d!" His words were scarcely audible. "So that's the explanation! No wonder we couldn't understand the things that happened there that night. Unbelievable!"

Vance had sunk back into his chair, relaxed. He took a deep inspiration, like a man who had suddenly found a friendly settlement in the midst of a hostile jungle.

"Really, Markham," he said with a slight upward glance, taking out his cigarette case, "I'll never forgive you for this—never! It was you who guessed the solution. And I knew it all the time, but I couldn't correlate my knowledge."

Markham came to a sudden halt.

"What do you mean by saying that I guessed the solution?"

"Didn't you say," asked Vance mildly, "that the only way one could explain the circumstances was by the assumption that a dead man walked upstairs?"

"No, Markham, I am sure I shall never forgive you."

Markham sat down and muttered a disgusted oath. He smoked a while in silence.

"The internal hemorrhage explains many things," he admitted finally. "But I still don't understand Brisbane's death, and the bolted door."

"And yet, d'ye see," returned Vance, "it all fits in perfectly, now that we have the key."

He lay back in his chair and stretched his legs. He took several puffs on his cigarette and half closed his eyes.

"I think, Markham, I can reconstruct the amazing and contradictory occurrences that took place in the Coe domicile last Wednesday night. . . . I doubt if Wrede actually planned to murder Archer Coe that night. The idea had no doubt been in his mind for a long time, for he had obviously taken the precaution of securing a duplicate key to the spring lock on the rear door. But I have a feeling that he wished only to argue various matters out with Archer last Wednesday night before actually resorting to murder. It's obvious that he called on Archer that night and tried to convince him that he would be the perfect mate for Hilda Lake. Archer disagreed—and disagreed violently. That was no doubt the argument that Liang overheard. I imagine that the

debate reached the point where blow were struck. The poker was handy, don't y' know, and Wrede, with his tremendous sense of personal inferiority, would naturally reach to some outside agent to help him over the top. He snatched the poker and struck Archer over the head.

"Archer fell forward against the table, upsetting it and fracturing his rib. Wrede was in a quandry. He again his sense of inferiority invaded him. He looked round the room quickly, saw the dagger in the cabinet, took it out and, as Archer lay on the floor, drove it into his back. . . . The deed was done. He had vindicated himself in a physical way, and he removed all obstacles from his path. He believed he was alone in the house with Archer; but still there was the question of a suspect. Into his shrewd brain flashed the thought of Liang, whom he had always suspected of being more than a servant. He figured that if he left the Chinese dagger where it would be found in the library, Liang would be the logical suspect. He threw the dagger into the tin yao vase. But he threw it in too hard. It broke the vase—and again Wrede was in a quandry. He picked up the dagger and placed it in the tin yao vase on the table. Then he gathered up the fragments of the tin yao, carried them through the kitchen and placed them in the garbage pail on the rear porch. The poker he had thrown back on the hearth. And he left the house through the rear entrance, passed behind the hedge in the vacant lot, unlatched the gate at the rear of his apartment house, and went to his rooms."

"So far, so good," said Markham. "But what of Brisbane?"

"Brisbane? Ah, yes. He was an unexpected element. But Wrede knew nothing about it. . . . As I see it, Markham, Brisbane had planned to go to Chicago that same night. His trip to Chicago was merely a bluff. With his knowledge of criminology, and his shrewd technical brain, he had worked out a perfectly logical means of doing away with his brother and having the crime appear a suicide. Naturally he chose Wednesday night when he knew Archer would be alone in the house. He established his alibi by having Gamble make reservations on the 5th train to Chicago. His plan was to go back to the house and take a late train. It was an excellent idea, and it was almost detection proof. And he did come back to the house, Markham, with the definite intention of killing Archer. . . ."

"Still, I don't see—"

"Oh, it's all quite simple," Vance went on. "But before Brisbane returned that night, strange and uncanny things happened. The plot became cluttered with complications, and Brisbane, instead of creating a perfect crime, walked into a plot more diabolical than the one he himself had conceived. . . ."

Vance moved in his chair.

"This is what had happened in the meantime: Archer, recovering from the blow of the poker, and not realizing that he had also been stabbed, went upstairs to his bedroom. The shades were up, and Wrede, from his own apartment, could see him across the vacant lot. . . . No one would ever know what thoughts went on in Coe's mind at this time. But obviously he was incensed at Wrede, and he probably sat down to write him a letter forbidding him ever to put feet in the house again. He began to feel tired—perhaps the blood had commenced to choke his lungs. The pen fell from his fingers. He made an effort to prepare himself for bed. He took off his coat and waistcoat and hung them carefully in the closet. Then he put on his dressing gown, buttoned it, and tied the belt about his waist. He walked to the windows and pulled down the shades. That act took prac-

tically all of his remaining vitality. He started to get his bedroom slippers, but the black mist of death was drifting in upon him. He thought it fatigue—the result, perhaps, of the blow Wrede had struck him over the head. He sat down in his easy chair. But he never got up, Markham. He never changed his shoes. As he sat there the final inevitable fog stifled him! . . ."

"Good G—d, Vance! I see the horror of it," breathed Markham.

"All these steps in that sinister situation," Vance continued, "are clearly indicated. . . . But think what must have gone on in Wrede's



"A Dead Person Often Does Strange Things Without Knowing He is Dead."

mind when he looked out of his window and saw the man he had murdered moving about the room upstairs, arranging the papers on his desk, changing his clothes, going about his affairs as if nothing whatever had happened!"

Vance inhaled several times on his cigarette and broke the ashes into a small tray beside him.

"My word, Markham! Can you imagine Wrede's emotions? He killed a man; and yet he could look across a vacant lot and see this dead man acting as if nothing had happened. Wrede had to start all over again. It was a delicate and terrible situation. He knew that he had thrust a deadly dagger into Archer Coe's body. But Archer was still alive—and retribution must inevitably follow. And don't forget that the lights did not go out in Archer Coe's room. Wrede, no doubt, frantically asked himself a thousand times what was going on behind those drawn shades. He not only feared the incalculable mystery of the situation, but I am inclined to think, he was perturbed most by his speculation concerning the things he could not see. . . . I wouldn't care to put in the two hours that Wrede spent between eight o'clock and ten that night. He realized that some decision must be made—that some action must be taken. But he had nothing whatever to go on: his imagination was his only guide. . . ."

"And he came back!" said Markham huskily.

"Yes," nodded Vance, "he came back. He had to come back! But in that interim of his indecision something unforeseen and horrible had taken place. Brisbane had returned to the house—he had returned stealthily, letting himself in with his own key. He had returned to kill his brother! He looked into the library: the lights were on, but Archer was not there. He went to the drawer of the table and took out the revolver. Then he went upstairs. Perhaps he saw the light through Archer's bedroom door. He opened the door. . . ."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Scientist Finds Remains of Animals That Carried an Eye Like Periscope

The evolutionary mystery of why happened to the third eye which last animals once possessed and why might have been a considerable asset to modern humanity in warfare or in keep a good lookout in the street traffic has been revived by the recent discovery of South African fossils of animals which not only had this third eye, but carried it on a kind of stalk lifted in the air above their foreheads like a periscope; as a few animals, such as snails and lobsters do.

In a well-known series of African fossil-bearing rocks called the Karoo beds, Dr. E. C. N. van Hoepen, of the National Museum of Bloemfontein, found fossils of several different extinct reptiles. Most of these showed a socket for the original third eye, probably pointing upward toward the sky instead of more or less horizontally. These resemble fossils found previously in Australia and elsewhere and support the usual theory of biologists that such a third eye pointing straight upward would not be of much use and accordingly may have vanished early in the course of animal evolution, according to the Baltimore Sun.

Dr. Van Hoepen has found, however,

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

THESE "GOSH-AWFUL" HEALTH WORRIERS

The other day when I was in an elevator in one of the tall office buildings in Chicago, the guard stopped at a lower floor to let a woman on. She was in an irate humor, to say the least.



"Why didn't you stop on your trip down before?" she demanded. "You saw me standing there."

"How could I know you wanted to get on?" countered the guard.

"You didn't press the button."

"And do you think," said the woman, "that I'll put my finger on that bell with all the germs there are on it? Everybody pushes that button."

The guard shook his head.

"Lady," he said, "you'll have a gosh-awful time going through life if you worry about the germs on bells and door-knobs. How do you think you can escape them?"

Every one, particularly the physician, has met these worrying types of individuals. And the trouble is, that they give not only themselves, but every one connected with them a gosh-awful time. You can have no rest when you are with them. They make life miserable worrying about germs; they crane their necks hunting for drafts, so that some one has to jump up constantly opening and shutting doors and windows; and they're always wondering about their digestions. You can't mention a food in their presence without getting a long harangue about whether it is good or not good for them.

Health officials sometimes think that the indigestion worriers are increasing out of proportion to the increase in the population. Certainly the advertisements in the newspapers and magazines and on sign boards throughout the country that advocate cures for indigestion, sour stomach and dyspepsia, seem to be growing in number, and if these patent medicines did not have buyers, the advertising about them could not be so extensive. Indeed, one might divide the adult population into two groups; those that suffer from indigestion and those that do not.

Most of the digestion worriers are underweight; they have dried, leathery skins, puckered and wrinkled foreheads and a bored and self-sacrificing expression about the eyes; usually they are past the age of thirty-five. In every case they have too much time to think about themselves.

Our bodies are always with us. In the absence of other mental occupations, the worrier makes his body an all-important and ever-grossing subject of thought. He creates an artificial little world around himself wherein he lives exclusively. He is out of tune with his environment. He doesn't react as other people do to things that happen. His first impulse is to consider the possible ill effect these happenings might have on him. The woman who did not want to push the elevator bell because many other hands had pushed it, thought only of herself. She would be highly offended if a person coming after her did not want to touch a door knob that she had touched. She would always be holy in her own opinion, and no one else could ever be.

The indigestion worriers become food faddists. They cannot eat anything that is fried; they think a combination of milk and fish is poison. They cannot eat starches and meats at the same meal. They believe one thing this month and another thing next month. The errors in diet made by worriers are enough to put them ultimately under a physician's care. Constantly wondering if their food will agree with them is not a healthful pastime. As time goes on, the worrier avoids more and more foods, with the result that his diet becomes more and more unbalanced, and the consequence is that he worries still more. It is a vicious cycle that often culminates in a hospital bed.

To the physician the worrier is always a health hazard. When his physical resistance is worn down, as it will be, he becomes good soil for bacteria.

And then he not only is apt to get a disease himself, but he is also apt to transmit it to others. Because the worrier, thinking only of himself, is not usually concerned about protecting other people from his disease germs.

If you have a worrier in your family, you are not likely to make him see the unwisdom of his ways by lecturing him. You had best bend your energies in getting him interested in a hobby—something that will make him cognizant that there is a world outside himself.

And if he is the food worrier type, then don't play up to his whims. It is a mistake to say anxiously to the food worrier, "Would you like to have this, dear or would you rather have me fix you something else?" Put a well-balanced meal before him, and then let him take it or leave it. That may seem harsh treatment for "sensitive stomachs," but the World War army life cured many food worriers.

Of course, if the food worrier has really developed an intestinal upset, he will need a diet. But the physician should then prescribe the diet—not the worrier.

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NOTICE

Those indebted to Sinclair Refining Co., should pay direct to the company or to Cat Armstrong, who will be agent in this territory.

P. J. Hommel, Clarendon

Constipation

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

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Finest Tapered Bearings, Machine Cut Gears, Positive Brake and Oil-It-Once-a-Year feature make the Dempster No. 12 outstanding. Drop around and let our competent windmill and pump men show you a sample.

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JOINT W. M. S.

Following is the program for Monday Jan. 28 at the Methodist Church

Devotional, Sister Robinson.
Leader, Mrs. Whiteside
Hymn, Abide With Me.
Roll call, My New Year resolution
Duet, Miss Sarah Hendricks and Mrs. Weldon Bennett
Blessed Are Ye, a poem, Mrs. Armstrong.

The 12 months of 1935 speaks, Mrs. Noel.

A selected missionary story, Mrs. Newman
Special song, Mrs. Burden.
Business, election of officers
Song, for new year.
Closing prayer, Mrs. Duncan
Social hour. Everyone is urged to be present.

1919 STUDY CLUB

The 1919 Study club met in the home of Mrs. L. E. Thompson Wednesday Jan. 9, our program being a Health program, Mrs. Watt being leader.

Making vitamins interesting
Breakfast—Mrs. Kutch.
Luncheon—Mrs. Simmons.
Dinner—Mrs. Spalding
The Sunset of Life—Mrs. Reast.

Roll call—A health hint.
Delicious refreshments were served to the following guests and members: Mesdames Clyde Bridges, Homer Simmon, Lake Dishman, G. Z. Sherman, Kutch Spalding, G. E. Johnson, Webb, Watt, Moffitt, Howard, Burden Lovall, Simmons, Reast, Beaty and the hostess

Subscribe for the Informer.

PASTIME THEATRE
Clarendon, Texas

Fri 25. Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers and Bruce Cabot in **Finishing School**

Story of college days, and the many things that you might get away with. Also news and novelty 10 25c. matinee 2 o'clock

Sat 26, Tim McCoy and Sheila Manners in

The Prescott Kid

A hair raising heart pounding, romantic of the cattle country, and Cartoon comedy matinee 10c to all, night 10 15c

Sun Mon 27 28, Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette McDonald in **The Merry Widow**

Lehar's internationally popular romance is brought to the talking screen Gaily, laughter, music. Also Listening in, musical, and Buddy cartoon, matinee 2 o'clock 10 25c

Tues. 29, Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in

A Gay Bride

Marriage was her business and she carved her career with a chisel, also our Bank Nite and comedy, matinee 2 p. m. Those attending matinee on that date will participate in the drawing that night with out being here 10 25c

Wed Thurs. 30 31, Greta Garbo and Herbert Marshall in

The Painted Veil

Garbo and Marshall is a good combination, and is one of the best Garbo pictures to date, also Opened by mistake, a two reel comedy, matinee 2 p. m. 10 25c

Coming, Guy Kibbee in 'Babbitt' Shirley Temple in 'Bright Eyes'

MRS. THOMPSON HONORED

The women of the Baptist Church honored Mrs. Louis E. Thompson Monday afternoon, Jan 7, in the home of Mrs. Alva Simmons. The following program was given:

Devotional, Mrs. John Blank enskip
Appreciation of Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Clyde Bridges
Selection of poems on friendship, Mrs. Moffitt
Best wishes, Mrs. Wells.

Mrs. Thompson received several gifts from the ladies, in a small way showing their appreciation of her, and wishing her everything good in her new home

Refreshments were served during the social hour to the following: Mesdames T. E. Thompson, M. E. Wello, R. W. Alewine, John Blankenship, G. Z. Sherman, Clyde Bridges, W. I. Rains, Stanley Connor, W. C. Plunk, P. L. Dishman, Dell Cooper, J. H. Cooper, Simmons, Hall, Smith, McQueen, Land Afill, Moffitt and Miss Edith Plunk

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O. E. S. meets 1st Monday in each month

All members are urged to attend
Mrs. T. R. Moreman, W. M.
Mrs. F. G. Watt, Sec.

HOME EC CLUB

The two Home Economics classes had a joint meeting Wednesday, January 16, to organize a club. The purpose of the is to meet both the social and educational needs of the girls.

The following members were elected officers:

Verlin McPherson, president.
Geneva Whittington, vice-president
Helen Settle, secretary-treasurer.

Lucille Parker, corresponding secretary.

Jack Leach, reporter.

Imogene Bell, hostess and chairman of social committee.

Ruby Dell Aldridge, Oecia Black and Francis Robinson, program committee.

Reporter

KEMPSON-CRAWFORD

The following was clipped from last Sunday's Amarillo News:

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Ruth Crawford and Edgar Kempson which was solemnized Dec. 22 at Clayton, New Mexico.

Mrs. Kempson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crawford, who live 28 miles north of Amarillo. She is a graduate of the Canyon high school, class of '28, and attended W. T. S. T. C. She was a teacher for three years at the Bivins Booster Station.

Mr. Kempson has been employed on the Joe Sneed ranch for a number of years.

Mr. and Mrs. Kempson are honeymooning at Carlsbad, N. M. and other points in the west.

(United Press) Lisabce has been quite sick and was carried to the hospital at Clarendon Sunday.

Cat Armstrong and family of Clarendon are moving to Hildy this week.

The basketball boys are planning on going to the basketball tournament at Clarendon Friday.

Print dresses at a bargain
R. B. V. Co.

Friday-Saturday Specials

SYRUP, WHITE SWAN, GAL. 63c

Sugar, 25 lb. \$1.25
Meal, 20 lb. 67c
Rice, 4 lb. Blue Rose 25c
Corn, 3 No. 2 cans 27c
Coffee, Break o' Morn, 3 lb. 65c

PRIDE OF PAMPA FLOUR, 48 LB. \$1.69

Spuds, pk. 23c
Prunes, gal. 37c
Peaches, gal. 45c
Pickles, sour, gal. 58c
Lye, Red Top, 13 cans \$1 00
Washing Powder, 7 boxes 25c
Soap Flakes, Big 4, box 33c
Fresh Vegetables of All Kinds

Harry Burden Grocery

Help Your Self
PHONE 15

Market Specials

Steak, lb. 15c
Steak, choice cuts, lb. 18c
Beef Roast, nice, fat, 3 lb. 25c
Good Cream Cheese 21c
All Weenies & Bologna, lb. 15c
Custom Grinding—Sausage and Meats

McCalister Market

FOOD SPECIALS

It pays to buy the best, and the best costs less at
M System

Grapefruit, seedless, doz. 33c

Bananas, nice, yellow, doz. 15c	Lettuce, head 6c
Lemons, Sunkist, doz. 25c	Celery, large stalk 12c
Calif. Oranges, 150 size, doz 30c	Cabbage, fresh Texas, lb. 3c
Flour, guaranteed, 48 lb. \$1.69	Spuds, No. 1, pk. 25c
Flour, Yukon Best \$1.89	E. Tex. ribbon cane syrup, gal 65c

All Bunch Vegetables 4c

Blackberries, gal. 45c	Steak, Round or T-bone, lb. 18c
Peaches, gal. 49c	Steak, forequarter, 2 lb. 25c
Salmon, pink, can 11c	Roast, beef, 3 lb. 25c
Pork and Beans, 4 cans 25c	Country Sausage, lb. 18c
Blackberries, 2 No. 2 cans 25c	Chili, lb. 15c

Sugar, 25 lb. cane \$1.25

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

'M' SYSTEM

Like All Women, You Want Your Clothes to Be Right

AND the only way that you can be sure they will be right is to know what the designers and creators of new styles have decreed shall be right.

Cherie Nicholas, nationally known authority, who writes on women's fashions for this paper, tells you just what you want to know and pictures for you the garments and hats that the well-dressed woman will be wearing in the weeks to come. The styles that Miss Nicholas describes are authentic and the garments that she depicts are up-to-the-minute, but they do not represent style extremes. The garments are those that will be worn by the average woman and that you will find for sale in your home stores.

Keep up with the changing styles through Miss Nicholas' illustrated fashion articles, appearing in these columns, and tell your friends about them.

Advertise! It Pays!



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No Loose Screws
—and each lens has a shock absorber.
Eliminates Wobble
—each lens held by an inner fit in a natural flow.

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