

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS JULY 5, 1935

NO. 34

Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

Drinks Tea, 1/2 lb. Lipton, glass free 21c
Cocoa, 8 oz. Hershey 9c
Coffee, Bliss, lb. 25c

Gelatin Dessert, 2 pkgs., mold free 15c

Fresh Veg. Lettuce, head 5c
Tomatoes, lb. 6c
Beans, lb. 6c
Bell Pepper, 2 lb. 15c

We pay Top Prices for Marketable Produce

Flour 24 lb. Pe ryton 79c
48 lb. Perryton \$1.49

Oats, per bu. 50c

Fruit Bananas, doz. 15c
Oranges, Red Ball, doz. 25c
Lemons, large size, doz. 23c
Prunes, choice, No. 2 1/2 can 10c

Royal Sorghum, 1/2 gal. 35c
Pork and Beans, 8 cans for 19c
Creamery Butter, lb. 25c
Belogna, lb. 16c

BEAUTIFUL

Cemetery lots, well protected graves, reflect to the public your love and esteem for your departed.

We make removals, re-interments, vaults, bridges, grave liners, etc.

Leave Inquiries at
Moreman Hdwe. Co.

R. W. Talley Co.
Clarendon, Texas

When You Buy
Any Article at

Wilson Drug Co.

You Buy
Quality Goods
At a Saving

Wilson Drug Co.
Where You Are Always Welcome
PHONE 63

'UNCLE DOC' LISEBEE DIES HERE SATURDAY

Death claimed D. B. Lisenbee, familiarly known as 'Uncle Doc' about midnight Saturday night. He had been a patient for some months in the Adair hospital, returning only last week. He was on the streets all day Saturday, talking to his friends. He became ill after supper, and they were making arrangements to return him to the hospital, when death claimed him. He was near his 76th year, and has been in Hedley and around this community for the past 10 years.

He was a member of the local Baptist Church here, and funeral services were conducted at 12 o'clock Sunday by his pastor, Rev. M. E. Wells, assisted by Rev. Hendricks of the Methodist Church. Interment was in Rowe cemetery. He had no immediate relatives in this part of the country. He kept a good set of veterinary tools, and never ask for help from anyone as long as he was able to work. He counted his friends to the extent of his acquaintance, and will be missed by them.

SPECIAL SERVICE

Rev. Butterfield, a missionary for over 40 years to the Indians of Oklahoma, will be at the Methodist Church next Tuesday night July 9th. He will be accompanied by some of his Indian converts, who will assist at this service. Those who were privileged to hear Bro. Butterfield in his lecture last year, and saw his Indian relics, will be promised a rare treat at this time. The public is cordially invited to attend. Some of these young Indians are direct descendants of Chief Quanah Parker. Don't fail to hear them, July 9th at 8:30 at the Methodist Church.

NOTICE

We have opened the Lone Star Service Station on the W. J. Luttrell place on Highway 5. We will carry a good line of gas and oils, also lunch goods and accessories. We will endeavour to give you honest and efficient service day or night. We also have opened up a beautiful grove with accommodations to be used at your convenience as a free camp and picnicking grounds. We would appreciate any amount of business you will give us. Thanking you in advance, we remain yours to please.

L. S. Luttrell, Mgr.

COTTON CHECKS

The last cotton certificate checks have arrived. Co. Agt H. M. Breedlove will be at the Security State Bank here Monday to distribute the checks for this part of the county.

COUNTY SINGERS

The County Singing Convention will be held at McKnight Sunday.

4 Per Cent Money

TO LOAN on Donley County Farms and Ranches
C. L. JOHNSON, Sec. Treas.
Hedley National Farm Loan Association

MRS. J. J. ALEXANDER DIES IN FT. WORTH

Mrs. J. J. Alexander, wife of the late J. J. Alexander, former County Clerk and Judge of Donley county, died at the home of her son in Ft. Worth last Friday morning. The body was brought Saturday to Clarendon, where funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church, conducted by Rev. B. N. Shepherd of Hereford, assisted by Rev. J. Perry King, Clarendon Baptist pastor. Interment was in the Citizens Cemetery.

Mrs. Alexander was born in Bartlettville, Ark., Feb. 28, 1875. She was married to J. J. Alexander 44 years ago in Hall county. She had been a resident of Donley county for 40 years until a year ago, when she moved to Ft. Worth with her sons. She is survived by 4 sons, Grady, Byron, Clark and Cecil, all of Ft. Worth, and two sisters, Mrs. Nat Woods of Clarendon and Mrs. P. M. Bush of Crisfield, Kansas.

She was a member of the Baptist Church and the Eastern Star lodge.

COMMITTEE APPOINTED

Eugene Worley, Representative from this district has been appointed by Secretary of State Gerald C. Mann, as chairman of an educational committee in this district to acquaint Texas citizens with the new Texas Securities Law.

Representative Worley has named the following members of the committee in Hedley: D. C. Powell and Edward Boliver.

The purpose of the committee will be to acquaint the people of this district with the new law—its provisions and the conditions that it seeks to correct. The various service clubs and other organizations of the district will be asked to devote a program to the law and members of the committee will be asked to present brief talks on the subject.

The success of the law, according to Secretary Mann, who is chief enforcement officer under the terms of the Act will be determined by how well acquainted the people become with its provisions.

Call on us and bring your dirty clothes. EZ Way Laundry

SOCIAL

The members of the Senior B. Y. P. U. enjoyed a social last Friday night at the Rev. M. E. Wells home. A number of amusing contests and games, together with the general merriment, made the occasion very entertaining. Delicious ice cream and cake were served to: Misses Zell and Inell Biffle, Dorothy Land, Pauline Boliver, Nina Mae Bailey, Jo Wells, Ruby and Verlin McPherson, Emma Lewell Plunk, Doris and Joyce Tinsley, Ruby Bell Aldridge, Theresa Bain, Pauline Stone, Edna Mae Smith, Imogene Bell, Mrs. Wells, Martin Stone and Ules Holland.

Special mention in the ice cream eating line might be made of Rev. Wells, Fred Wells, Wilson Biffle and Ye Editor.

Brachs fresh summer candies at B & B. Variety Store

For windmill and well repair work at reasonable prices see Mack Shaw. 814tp

1916 and 1935

Since 1916 this store has helped in the growth of Hedley and Donley county. Today, as in the past, we are ready to serve you at all times.

Barnes & Hastings
Grocery Co.
PHONE 21

Hodges FUNERAL HOME

Phone 35

Memphis, Texas

Ambulance
Service up to
15 miles \$3.00

O

A Complete
Funeral
for Child
\$14.25

O

A Complete
Funeral
for Adult
\$38.50

WHEN our services become necessary, in those moments of loneliness and depression we try to extend it with dignity and poise.

OUR FUNERAL services are designed to help relieve the bereaved family of every responsibility in an understanding and helpful manner.

NO ADDITIONAL charge for hearse or embalming.

G. C. Heath, Hedley representative..... Phone 76

Satisfied Depositors

One of the greatest pleasures we have is doing business with satisfied customers.

For more than in any other line of business, a bank must depend upon the good will and recommendations of its depositors in securing new accounts.

To do this our customers must be well satisfied and to be well satisfied they must be well served.

May we invite your business?

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.
Security State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

"DIFFERENCE"

By EDYTHE S. DRAPER
© D. J. Walsh—WNU Service.

GAY. How gay. The woman stopped her slow pacing of the pebbly seashore. Her eyes had been on the ocean. Now they were on the gay house, small, quite alone by the sea in the yellow sand.

Blue-gray stones piled in two pyramids in the two green rectangles of lawn were entwined by a thousand oranges and yellow and flame-bright nasturtiums. Geraniums, deep-crimson, scarlet, salmon and rose-pink, stood straight and stiff and splendid in pots along the stone embrasures of the porch.

The house was painted an incredible exquisite pink. Shells, pink and white, set one against the other, outlined the gravel path from the pink gate in the pink fence to the pink house. And the ocean was blue the woman knew though she did not turn her eyes from the house. And the sky was blue. Gay, gay, sky and sea and flower and house. The woman felt a little gay lightness in her. She felt able to venture.

"I will have this house," the woman murmured. "I will go in now and take it. The doctors, they are wrong. Six months? No. Forever. In this house."

She opened the gate. It was low. She could almost have stepped over it. It was a toy fence, a toy house, toy flowers, all for a good child. She was it, that good child. She would, with much, much money, make the people know that.

"I will have this house," she said again firmly.

Who could be living here? Far from boarding-house and hotel and place-cottage?

In such rash gawdy? Did they not know that the gods are jealous of the very happy? People very young and brave, helike, these were loving color and breeze, and each other.

She had used to come to this piece of mind. Yes, away up here. With Angus, Angus.

When in years now had she thought of Angus? Angus the sailor? He was dead perhaps in some far city, low in some still green sea. But, no. Too stubborn Angus to die. Old stubborn Angus. Old Scotch, stubborn Angus. "You can't talk English," she had scoffed, "Difference! Can't you say difference?" "He!" he had roared. "I don't see any difference between difference and difference!" "Very well, then, Mr. Angus! Good-by."

She had laughed and gone.

She knocked. Anybody in the house wanting to analyse the sound of those white knuckles on the tiny door would have said it was the knocking of some woman getting in always where she wanted to get in, having always what she wanted when she got in, but yet not often glad.

Perhaps one in this house was discussing with himself this knock, coming perhaps to some conclusion about it. For the door remained closed. The woman stood before it and a flush came up into her cheeks, making them young.

She knocked again hard. The door remained closed. A third time she knocked and tears were in her eyes as she turned away.

Then the door opened. A man robust and vital and compelling stood smiling at the woman. He wore a velvet coat. He had a white beard. A pink rose half-blown was in his buttonhole. He had a cork leg. He was no one she had ever seen, the woman said to herself. His eyes were very blue, his cheeks pink. Gay and content seemed he.

"Good morning! Come in! He stood aside a little and the woman entered the pink toy house.

Sunshine filled the house coming in through many windows.

The sunshine had a gay rainbow sheen because it came in by so many green leaves and flowers in the house. It glinted on a clear large round bowl of goldfish. It sparkled up the feathers of greenish birds flitting among orange trees and ferns and oleanders.

The inside walls of the house, the walls where no windows could be were like a museum. Plaques were on them from China, kakemono from Japan, fat gods from India and a lovely Taj Mahal; ivory and ruby-encrusted scimitars from Turkey, monkeys and parrots, stuffed, lifelike, grotesque, from Africa, small, unglazed, richly earth-colored pottery from Central America, silk fans from Malaysia. On small mirroring mahogany tables bits of porcelain and coral and intricate inlaid fragrant boxes holding treasure. The woman's eyes sparkled, her cheeks were deeply flushed. She felt young, not ill.

"I will take your house," she said breathlessly.

The man's eyes sparkled, too. The lips under his very white beard twitched.

"The little house? But, please, it is the lunch hour. If you will sit for a moment."

"Oh—I do not eat."

"But I do! I am agreeable after lunch. I may give my house away, after lunch."

He opened a door and went out.

She sank down against golden embroidered cushions in a long low chair of bamboo.

The ferns waved their lacy fronds in the wind from the sea.

The oranges and oleanders breathed forth fragrance. The goldfish swam delicately appreciative of their own scintillant beauty in the reflecting translucent depths of their coral-cavated lagoon.

The birds preening their emerald and yellow feathers on perches among the

ferns in the sun twittered out little upward-sliding chirpings. The woman's eyes were taken from this to that. They had no chance to turn inward, to peer into her own sore soul. A splendid house the woman had in the far city, a darkly splendid house with many grand rooms. In that house one's thoughts were pressed into oneself.

"Oh, ye'll tak' the high road an' I'll tak' the low road."

The man's barytone came into the room where the woman sat.

She held her head quickly up for an instant and smiled.

Then she lay back long and slender and pale, resting from deep weariness against the golden brocaded cushions. Her hands lay open and empty on the chair arms.

She smiled, but two tears ran down and met the points of the smile.

"Old stubborn Angus sang that," she whispered.

Then not caring to be thinking she turned to watch the birds.

In this house one would be always interested. And when she wanted open space, sky, sea, blue-lavender distances—there they were beyond the open windows merely for the lifting up of one's eyelids.

Space outside seemed more beautiful for the things inside and the things inside were comforting when space without was too empty and wideness appalled.

An old, old Chinaman wrinkled like a long-folded saffron silk handkerchief brought lunch in on a small ebony table, lacquered, with golden dragons, tea unforgettable in yellow cups of egg-shell thinness, jelly with the shaven pills of innumerable Nipponese babies, orange marmalade, hot crisp biscuits, but, first, clam-chowder.

The tasting nerves are the organ of memory.

At the first whiff from under the silver dish-cover the woman's eyes widened and darkened. At the first taste accustomedness and happiness sat in the room of her mind, strange guests therein.

"Old stubborn Angus," she whispered low into her teacup. "You would have clam-chowder."

"Did you speak?"

"No. Oh, no."

And she ate her first food in four days, like a hungry child.

After a while the Chinaman came and took the table away.

The woman still in the low golden chair lifted beseeching eyes.

"You, you might rent the house?"

This the self-assured, commanding woman whom the great of the earth stumbled over each other to kneel to? This the woman whose name and face the people of three continents knew and worshipped?

The man stood with his white beard covering his lips, twitching. His eyes sought the sea dreaming in the afternoon sun. The blue of his eyes became bluer than the blue of sea and sky together.

"I'll not rent it. No."

"Oh."

"It is yours."

"Mine?"

"The years, Nora, have made in me no difference."

"Oh! Old stubborn Angus!"

"To you, the years, have they made any difference?"

"They have. They have." As if repeating a litany she reverently intoned, "There is no difference between difference and difference."

"You will have the house, Nora?"

"With you?"

"With me or without me."

"With you, please, Angus."

Ramie, Substitute for Cotton, Linen, in West

Success in growing ramie or China grass as a partial substitute for cotton and linen and a probable aid to both in making better twines or fabrics is announced by Bela Chatt, who has been growing this plant experimentally near Los Angeles, says the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Chatt reports a probable yield of more than 1,500 pounds of ramie fiber an acre.

Ramie fiber has been produced in China thousands of years, but only by laborious hand processes not possible without very cheap labor.

Although ramies fibers are stronger than cotton or linen and have the other advantage of glistening almost like silk, they have two serious practical disadvantages. One is that they grow embedded in a layer of extremely sticky gum, every trace of which must be removed from each fiber before these can be used. The other is that individual fibers, even if from the same plant, may differ considerably in length, so that it is difficult to sort and spin them by machinery.

With the cheap Chinese labor, the fibers merely are picked out and degummed one by one and are sorted into lengths by hand. Many degumming machines have been suggested, but most of them require the crude fibers to be stripped of the plant stalks and carried to some kind of factory, during which trip the gum dries out and becomes still harder to remove.

Some Equivalents

One tablespoon of butter makes one ounce. One tablespoon of granulated sugar makes one ounce. One heaping tablespoon of powdered sugar makes one ounce. One tablespoon of flour makes half an ounce. Two tablespoons of ground spice make one ounce. Five nutmegs equal one ounce. One pint of granulated sugar makes one pound. One pint of chopped meat, packed, makes one pound. One cup of rice makes half a pound. One cup of stemmed raisins or cleaned currants make six ounces.

OUR COMIC SECTION

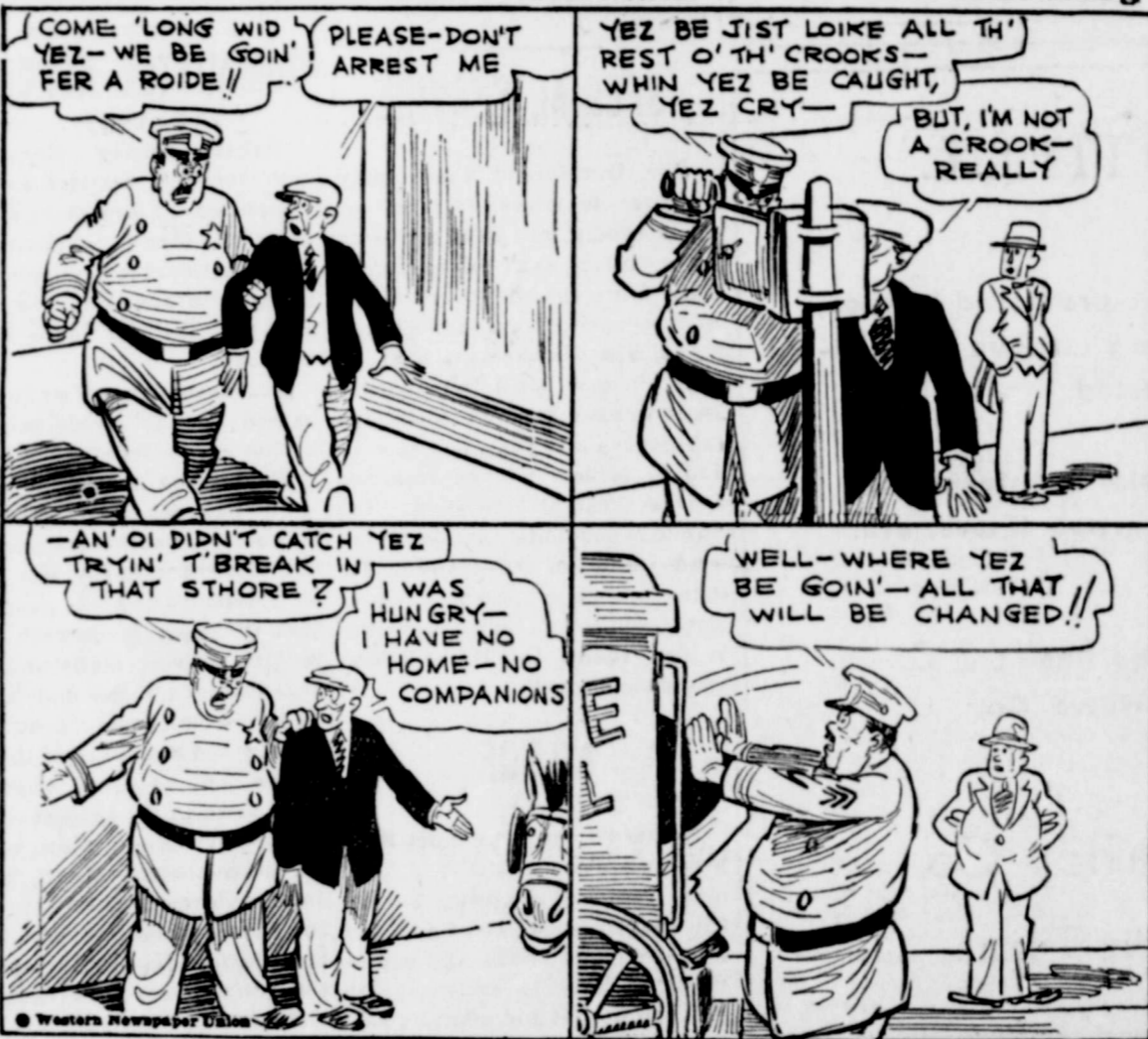
Events in the Lives of Little Men



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
© By Western Newspaper Union

Accommodating



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

Money Madness



CHARMING LITTLE RUNABOUT FROCK

PATTERN 9333



The whole fabric world echoes with the words "Shantung"—"Linen"—"Pique." The whole fashion world reflects "femininity" in its styling, even when the styling is decidedly tailored! So take a cue, and combine the two! For the casual little runabout frocks you need so many of, Pattern 9333 is the Right Answer. Charming in its simplicity, the yoke becomes a slashed excuse for a sierre and a note of femininity is reflected in the simple bodice by means of front and back tucks. The clever detail of belt and pocket subtly conforms with the yoke styling. Choose novel crystal, wood or cork buttons.

Pattern 9333 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 36 inch fabric.

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

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern department, 232 West Eighth Street, New York.

SMILES

COMPLAINT

"Are you complaining of the cost of living?"

"I am," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "When I go to town it costs me all out of reason to have my pants pressed."

Final Alibi

Tombstone Dealer (after several futile suggestions)—Would just a simple "Gone Home" do for an inscription?

The Widow—I guess that will be all right. It was always the last place he ever thought of going.—Wisecracker.

Demand for Improvement

"The radio is a marvelous mechanism."

"It is," replied Miss Cayenne. "All that's needed now is to find some way to fill it up with material that will include a large supply of good news."

WNU-L 25-35



THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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Mrs. Ed C. Boliver, Owner
Edward Boliver, Editor and
Publisher

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

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

COFFINS, CASKETS UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

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

MOREMAN HARDWARE

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each
month

NAZARENE CHURCH

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

Huffman's Barber Shop

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

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 413

Hedley Chapter No. 413,
O. E. S., meets the first
Monday of each month,
at 7:00 p. m.

Members are requested to attend.
Visitors welcome.
Mary Newman, W. M.
Byrda Watt, Sec.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor
Sunday School Sunday morning
at 9:45 Clarence Davis, Supt
Epworth League at 6:30, Sybil
Holland, Pres. Church service
morning and evening each Sun-
day



We now have our washer on
direct steam line. We can boil
your clothes while they wash at
no extra cost. Phone 62

Jack's Helpy-Selfy Laundry

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Chism will
preach in Hedley, at the Church
of Christ, the second Sunday of
each month.
Everybody is invited to come
out and hear him.
Bible Classes every Sunday
morning from 10 to 11 o'clock.
Everyone is cordially invited to
attend.

Dr. F. V. Walker

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

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

Byron F. Todd, pastor
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching every 2nd and 4th
Sundays and on Saturday before
the 2nd Sunday. Morning 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

Worship
Each Sunday
9:45 a. m. in Teaching Service
10:45 a. m. in Prayer, Song and
Sermon
7:00 p. m. in Training Service
8:00 p. m. in Prayer, Song and
Service
Each Monday
2:30 p. m. W. M. S.
4:00 p. m. Y. W. A.
Each Wednesday
7:00 p. m. in Prayer Meeting
7:00 p. m. in Church Confer-
ence, first Wednesday in each
month
M. E. Wells, Pastor.

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas
Office Phone 3
Residence Phone 20

EMBALMING

Caskets & Undertaking
Supplies

We Are At Your Service

THOMPSON BROS.

Night Phone 94 or 64

NOTICE

I buy hogs every day. Will
call for them when desired. I
also buy cattle. Phone 4.
M. W. Mosley

REVIVAL

The B. M. A. revival will begin
this year the first Sunday in
August. Rev. Dick Holcomb of
Amarillo will do the preaching.
The public is invited.

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor

18th year in Memphis
PHONE 462
Lady in Office

WIFADADOS CLUB

The Wifadados club held their
regular meeting at the home of
Mrs. Maness on June 11, with
Mrs. Ruth Kempson hostess. 12
members present. Received one
new member, Mrs. Thelma Ma-
lone, making 18 in all. After a
short business session we had
the program, then adjourned for
the social hour, at which time
Mrs. Ruth Kempson, assisted by
Mrs. Grimsley, served both
filled and plain cookies and iced
grape juice, which all seemed to
enjoy.

On July 9, the club will have
demonstrations of frozen des-
serts, Mrs. Cora Luttrell hostess,
at the home of Mrs. Whiteside.
Leader, Mrs. Swinney. Roll
call, my first baby picture.
Plain ice cream, Mrs. Crawford
Sherbet, Mrs. Noel, Ice box
cookies, Mrs. Luttrell.

Picnic luncheon sets. Service
for four. B. & B.

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991



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

All members are urged to attend.
Visitors are welcome.
T. W. Bain, W. M.
C. E. Johnson, Sec.

LET US MAKE YOUR 4TH OF JULY TRIP SAFER

BEFORE you start on your holiday trip,
let us completely inspect your car. There
is no charge for this service and it will
assure you of a safer and more enjoyable trip.

For the convenience and safety of car
owners Firestone has established more than
500 Auto Supply and Service Stores through-
out the country, and thousands of Firestone
Dealers are also equipped with complete
Auto Supplies and complete Service
Departments, to test and service your tires,
brakes, batteries, spark plugs, in addition
to power lubrication and crank case service.

AVOID THE DANGER OF BLOWOUTS

Firestone removes the danger of
blowouts by preventing their main cause—
internal friction and heat. This is accomplished
by Gum-Dipping.

THERE ARE THREE QUESTIONS AND
ANSWERS THAT WILL SOLVE YOUR
PROBLEM OF WHAT TIRES TO BUY:

1 "Will the tread give me the greatest
traction and protection against
skidding?"

—Recent tests by a leading University show that
Firestone High Speed Non-Skid Tires stop a car 15%
quicker than any other of the leading makes.

For eight consecutive years Firestone Tires have
been on the winning car in the dangerous Pike's
Peak Race where a skid means death.

2 "Are they blowout-proof?"

—Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires have the most
amazing records for being blowout-proof of any tires
ever built. In the gruelling 500-Mile Race at Indian-
apolis, May 30th, every one of the 33 cars was
equipped with Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires. Not one
of the 33 drivers had tire trouble of any kind.

Ab Jenkins drove his 5,000 pound car on Firestone
Gum-Dipped Tires over the hot salt beds of Utah,
3,000 miles, averaging 127.2 miles per hour, with
temperatures as high as 120°, without tire trouble of
any kind.

3 "Without sacrificing these two
important safety features will they give
me longer mileage, thus making them the
most economical tires I can buy?"

—Firestone High Speed Tires not only give you
more than 50% longer wear, but also lowest cost per
mile. In fact, unequalled mileage records of thousands
of car owners add undisputed evidence of the longer
wear and greater economy of Firestone High Speed
Tires.

Equip your car with a set of Firestone Gum-Dipped
Non-Skid Tires, the safest tires ever built and avoid
the dangers of skidding and blowouts.

You Can Always get better Quality at No Higher Price When
You Buy a Firestone Tire with the Firestone Name and
Guarantee.

Liberal Trade-In Allowance
from These Prices

<p>1 University tests show Firestone High Speed Tires stop cars 15 to 25% quicker.</p>	<p>2 Gum-Dipped cords give greater blowout protection. Gum-Dipping is not used in other tires.</p>	<p>3 Wider, flatter tread gives more than 50% longer non-skid wear.</p>
<p>\$745 4.50-20 HIGH SPEED TYPE Gum-Dipped Made with the highest grade of rubber and cotton. Accurately balanced and rigidly inspected and we know it is as perfect as human ingenuity can make it.</p>	<p>\$665 4.40-21 CENTURY PROGRESS TYPE Gum-Dipped Equal or superior to any special brand tire made for mass dis- tributors, ad- vertised without the manufac- turer's name or guarantee.</p>	<p>\$605 4.40-21 OLDFIELD TYPE Gum-Dipped Equal or super- ior to any special brand tire made for mass dis- tributors, ad- vertised without the manufac- turer's name or guarantee.</p>
<p>\$550 4.40-21 SENTINEL TYPE Carries the Firestone name and guarantee. Equal or su- perior to any tire in this price class.</p>	<p>\$405 4.40-21 COURIER TYPE For car owners who need new tire safety at a very low price.</p>	<p>Other Sizes Proportionately Low</p>

<p>4.50-21 \$7.75 4.75-19 \$6.25 5.00-19 \$6.00 5.25-18 \$6.75 5.50-17 \$6.75 6.00-16 \$11.00</p>	<p>6.25-19 \$10.00 6.50-18 \$11.00 6.75-17 \$12.75 7.00-17 \$14.30 7.50-16 \$17.45</p>
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Other Sizes Proportionately Low

Also
**Firestone
Spark Plugs
and Batteries**

Change those worn plugs
for your summer trip.

**HALL
Service
Station**
Phone 34
Hedley,
Texas



**No-Loose
Screws** —and each
lens has a
dash of
rubber.
No-Scrú
You never again need be annoyed by
loose screws and wobbly lenses. Let
us fit you with the New Lectro-No-
Scrú-Fal-Vue Glasses.
**Eliminates
Wobble** —each lens
held by an
invisible fit in a
rubber frame.

GOLDSTON BROS.

JEWELERS and OPTOMETRIST
Clarendon, Texas



● "Concrete Begins"—most wel-
come sign in the world to a weary
motorist. You relax. Sit back in the
seat. Ease up your grip on the wheel.
Your car leaps ahead. The motor
soars into a swifter, smoother pace.
The tires sing. Jolts... wheel-fights
... nervous tension of other roads
are quickly forgotten. Motoring
regains its zest. You're on smooth,
non-skid concrete again, where
driving is a pleasure, not a problem.
Concrete roads are swifter but safer
... you'll stop more quickly, more
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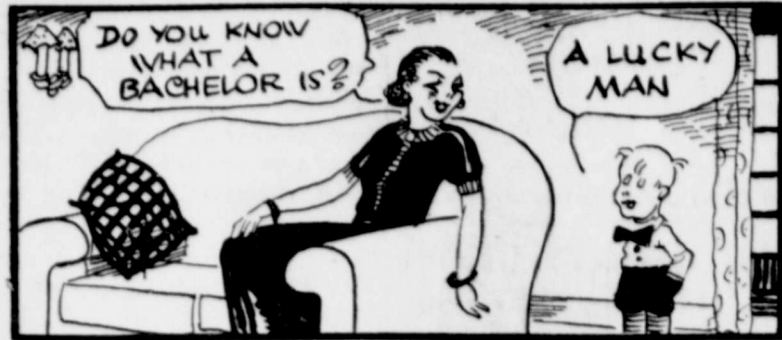


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SUCH IS LIFE—Look Out, Pop!



By Charles Sughroe

Byrd's Ship Boasts Remarkable Record

Service and Adventure Written Large on Log Book.

Washington.—"The Bear of Oakland, sturdy steamship which brought Rear Admiral Byrd and members of his expedition safely back from their year long vigil in Antarctica, has a name that stirs the hearts of sea dogs," says the National Geographic society.

"Gales and high seas of three-score years have whipped over the broad decks of the barkentine, but like punches bouncing off the unyielding shoulders of a heavyweight champion, all have been turned aside," continues the bulletin.

"Adventure and service to mankind are written large in the pages of the Bear log-book. No polar explorer lives who is not familiar with her stout career, and several there are who have paced her staunch oak decks—Byrd, Greely, Stefansson, Amundsen, and Capt. 'Bob' Bartlett, to name a few. She was the first to meet Lieutenant Greely marooned on the Arctic ice in 1884.

"Her crew maintained law and order in the frozen outposts of America during the Alaskan gold rush, long before radio had come into general use. Her commanding officers were often called upon to conduct funeral rites and marriage ceremonies during the long period of her service in the U. S. Coast Guard, from 1886-1928.

Built in Scotland.

"Whaling men knew and loved her for the occasions on which she went to their rescue in the icy fastnesses of the North. When the bark Napoleon was wrecked in the ice near Cape Navarin, Siberia, the Bear put out to sea immediately, following a route described on a piece of board passed from one native village to another.

"She has schooled many salty seamen in the uncharitable ways of ice, wind, and ocean. A dozen of them reside in the City of Washington today. Rear Admiral H. G. Hamlet, present commanding officer of the U. S. Coast Guard, served three assignments aboard 'the old Bear' as he affectionately recalls her. His assistant, Capt. L. C. Covell, was the skipper of the Bear in 1925 and 1926.

New Catspaw Design



The new catspaw design in this navy and white silk crepe dress is copied in the stitching on the navy taffeta jacket. The hat and gloves are taffeta.

"A barkentine with auxiliary steam power, the Bear was built at Greenock, Scotland, in 1874, for service in the whaling trade. Constructed of solid oak, she is strongly braced to cushion the shock of ice. She is 200 feet long, weighs 703 tons, and has a depth of 18 feet, and a beam of 32 feet. When the United States government wanted a real boat to bring Greely out of the Arctic, the Bear seemed a logical purchase.

"Reinforced with additional beams, iron straps, and Australian iron bark, the Bear, commanded by Lieut. W. H. Emory, U. S. N., and a volunteer crew of navy men, set out with a relief expedition under Commander Winfield Scott Schley. Schley was the commodore who later led the famous Flying Squadron against Cervera during the Spanish-American war. The Thetis and the Alert went out after Greely with the Bear.

Rescued Greely.

"Speed and ruggedness made it possible for the Bear to reach the Greely party first. Her arrival was none too soon. Only seven of the 25 men who set out with the explorer were alive when the Bear crew reached them in the summer of 1884. There are few more thrilling tales than the story of this gallant rescue in the frozen Arctic. Greely was brought back to Portsmouth, N. H., in August on Commodore Schley's boat.

"The Revenue Cutter service which is today U. S. Coast Guard, received the Bear for service in Alaskan waters and the Arctic ocean. Here began its long career of rescue and patrol work, after which it was donated to the City of Oakland, Calif.

"Admiral Byrd bought the Bear, now the Bear of Oakland, in May, 1932. Retired at Boston, it sailed with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition H."

THE EASIEST WAY

by LEONARD A. BARRETT

One of the army of unemployed was promised a job at \$50 per month with an increase if he proved successful in his work. Failing to appear for work on the day he agreed, the employer received the following reply in response to his inquiry, "Why should I work for \$12.50 per week when I can get \$15 from 'Relief.'"

This incident suggests a very serious problem which not only concerns the unemployed but retards our economic recovery. Doubtless this man argued that it was the better part of wisdom to remain on "Relief," which promised a sure and steady income, than run the risk of making good on an uncertain venture. Had he succeeded on



Beauty or Death



This is Mary Harriet Heckman of Gloucester, N. J., former beauty shop operator, who has offered herself for experimental purposes to "any doctors, surgical or plastic," who would attempt to make her beautiful. "I don't want to live any longer as I am," Miss Heckman is reported to have stated. "I am perfectly willing to face death. I will submit to any experiment the doctors wish to submit me to. I am not doing this for any gain other than to do something about a body and face which have made me so miserable that I will take death rather than go on."

his \$50 per month job he doubtless would have been advanced to a point where his income would have been much more than his weekly relief allowance. Perhaps economic pressure and the element of uncertainty influenced him to choose the easier way; but the question still remains, was it the best way for all concerned? Is that choice always the wisest, which because of fear, surrenders the heroic element and the spirit of venture and pride? "There is a high way and there is a low way," and the choice we make determines not only our present action but our future character and happiness. The easiest way is the way of idleness and leisure, but is it the "high way?" In choosing between the high way and the low way are there not other considerations which should influence us besides those of a monetary and economic value? If it were possible for even the majority of the unemployed to make another heroic venture and thus recapture the spirit of pride and self confidence, would it not make a very distinct contribution toward the solution of our problem?

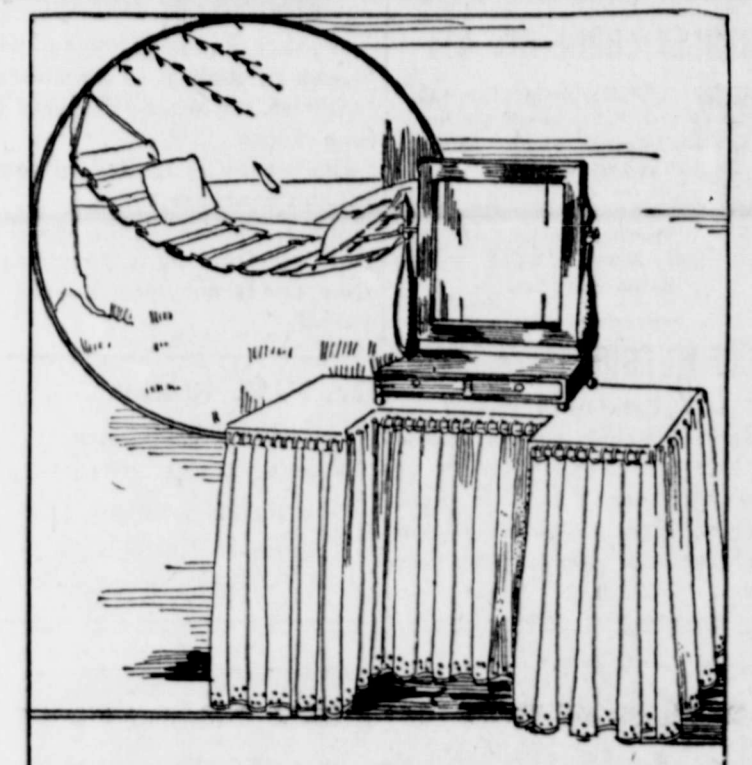
The choice of the easier way is also fraught with evils of idleness. The devil has mischief for idle hands to do, no doubt of it. One of the most difficult social problems with which we may have to wrestle in the future are the conditions arising from enforced idleness. The lowering of the morale is in itself a grave peril, but even more threatening may be the moral and social conditions arising out of idleness. With the five day week the problem of leisure is no longer confined to those who are gainfully employed. It is bound to affect the vast army of the unemployed. Is any appreciable amount of unemployment due to the loss of pride and courage and the fear to make another venture? This might prove to be an interesting inquiry if we endeavored to ascertain the facts.

© Western Newspaper Union.

40,000 Eskimos in Arctic

There are only about 40,000 Eskimos in the entire Arctic.

The Household



Two Easily Constructed Pieces of Improved Furniture, a Comfortable Hammock From Barrel Staves and a Dainty Dresser From Three Boxes.

IMPROVED furniture is just the sort to have when an essential article cannot be bought at the present moment. The cost is reduced to a minimum, the labor is not great, and the utility is assured. Also some of the type of furniture is very attractive and decorative. For summer shacks, the sturdy sort, minus frills, suits the architecture—if one can use so pronounced a word for such a simple dwelling place. The improvised furniture is also well-suited to cottages, and it may be used effectively in city and country houses.

There is no definite decorative style to improvised furniture. It may be constructed for lawn, or inside-the-house, or porch furnishings. I have enjoyed a comfortable seat in a hammock made from the staves of a barrel. Two holes were drilled near the ends of each stave. Through them clothesline was run, and knotted between staves. The shape was in accord with the contour of the staves and was further accented by giving the hammock an upward turn at the ends, for added comfort.

Color and Cushions.

The hammock was painted tile red. In it were Turkey red cushions. What

Gander Is Constant Companion of Man

Royalton, Wis.—A senile gander of doubtful ancestry, believed to be old enough to vote, is the unusual pet and constant companion of Charles Frey, retired farmer and former village president of Royalton. Frey's gander embodies all the characteristics of a dog. He waddles at his master's heels all about the barnyard, does sentry duty in front of the house, heralds the approach of intruders with shrill cackling and hissing, and displays dog-like devotion.

more can be desired for a seat under the trees, a seat that lends gaiety to the surroundings, and which will weather any storm without detriment. Even the cushions will not suffer when they are covered with waterproof material.

It is a far cry from this piece of lawn or porch furniture to the dainty boudoir dresser contrived from three boxes. Each box is stood on its side, the center one with the width toward the front, while at ends the boxes have the width at the sides which makes them project at side front. All boxes are on a line at the back, and are secured together with screws. Pieces of boards resting on screw eyes form shelves. This is the construction. Now for the dainty touches.

Covering for Dresser.

Pad each box top lightly. Tack plain or figured glazed chintz over the whole bringing the material down over all edges. Use small brass rods, fastened inside the boxes just under their top boards, on which to run curtains, which extend to the floor. Edges of box tops and curtains may have borders or be finished with a ruching made of narrow contrasting colored chintz in double box pleats. Or the entire dressing table may be covered with net over the textile. The sides of boxes are finished as described, but the slightly filled material is brass tacked or invisibly tacked along top edges.

With a mirror above this dressing table, the furniture is a genuine addition to chamber furnishings. Frequently such a dresser is made to order by a cabinet maker for a special room, being done by a decorator. Nevertheless it is an improvised furnishing.

Bookkeeping a Million

Jud Tunkins says a billion dollars is a sum so large that it uses up a lot of itself in the mere matter of bookkeeping.

Mermaid Persuades "Bob" to Dine



"Bob," a 498-pound tortoise in the Department of Commerce aquarium in Washington, didn't feel just right recently and for some days refused to eat. So Miss Doris Anderson dived down into his tank with a big head of lettuce and after much coaxing persuaded him to devour it.

THE RUINS

The sad-looking man in the tenement area leaned over the banisters and caught the visitor before she could disappear down a hole in the staircase.

"I wonder," said the visitor indignantly, "the landlord doesn't do something to repair this deplorable building?"

"Well," said the slum dweller, philosophically, "he was going to do something about it until he went on a tour to Naples and saw the ruins of Pompeii. Now he thinks this isn't too bad."—London Tit-Bits.

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YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.

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AMAZE A MINUTE

SCIENTIFACTS — BY ARNOLD

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ORANG GRASP — THE ORANG-UTAN, LESS THAN FOUR FEET TALL, HAS AN ARM SPREAD OF OVER 7 1/2 FEET.

DISSOLVED SILVER — THERE IS 30,000 TIMES MORE SILVER DISSOLVED IN THE OCEAN THAN HAS BEEN MINED IN ALL THE WORLD.

WNU Service.

The Lucky Lawrences

By Kathleen Norris

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

The Boston Lawrences came to California at the beginning of the gold rush, but the holdings of the family have shrunk to a small farm, and the old family home in Clippersville. The family consists of Phil, the oldest, Gail, Edith, Sam, who is in school, and seventeen-year-old Ariel, something of a problem. Phil is fascinated by "that terrible" Lily Cass, Young Van Murchison, son of a wealthy family, returns from Yale, and Gail has visions through marriage with him, of the turning of the Lawrence luck. Dick Stebbins, Phil's friend, has the run of the house. Gail goes with Van for a week-end with the Chipps, his uncle and aunt. She is received coldly. At a roadside Gail sees Ariel, at midnight. Next day Ariel admits she was at the place, and displays no remorse. Dick Stebbins proves himself a true friend of the Lawrences, and Gail realizes that she loves him and not Van. Stebbins and Ariel elope, according to a note left by the girl. Phil and Lily are married and Lily and her three children make their home in the Lawrence house. Edith is fatally injured in an accident for which little Danny, one of Lily's children, is innocently responsible. After Edith's death Gail passes through a period of heartbreaking grief. Always a great reader, she begins to write and her first story is accepted by the editor of a leading magazine. The colossal Murchison fortune is swept away, and Van faces the world almost penniless.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Is this you with me, Edith?" her soul would ask as she stamped and pattered books and slips, smiled and answered at the library desk. "Are you helping me at last?"

And then, a week after the picnic, came a Sunday of deluge, when Phil and Lily went to a movie and Gail took the three little boys for a wet walk. The older two came back contentedly enough to blocks and crayons, but little Danny was almost too tired for luncheon, and quite too tired to play, and at three o'clock Gail sponged his sticky little face and put him down on her bed, with her old woolly dog, for a nap.

"Riff-raff," she said to him affectionately, straightening her big room, putting another log of wood—wood from the famous old Lawrence pine that had come down only a few weeks ago—into the little stove.

"Wiff-waff," Danny said affectionately returned. Gail closed bureau drawers, straightened books on the shelves. She carried a finished, fat, satin-bound microscopic blue blanket into Lily's room, stood looking thoughtfully at Lily's upper bureau drawer that was already filling with bands and knitted jackets for Philip, junior.

In the hall, she called down to the sitting room. "Woffe! Everything all right?"

"I'm down here," Sam called back. "I'm building these kids a cattle barn!" Gail went back into her room. Little Riff-Raff was asleep, looking like a tousle-headed angel. The room was warm and orderly and still, rain tapped, tapped, tapped tirelessly on the tin of the kitchen roof. Clippersville was buried in wet tree tops, in the silent Sunday afternoon; here and there blue smoke struggled up above the oaks and elms and pear branches.

On Gail's desk lay a heap of paper—large sheets—and her own green fountain pen. She sat down, dreamy eyes fixed on space, the pen's smooth butt pressed against her cheek.

"I don't know why I shouldn't write stories," she mused, half aloud. "I've read enough!" "Ede, wouldn't it be funny if I were really to be a writer some day?" "To the dear memory of my sister, Edith Partington Lawrence."

The pen touched the paper; began to move. Danny slept deeply, luxuriously, in the center of the big bed, the old woolly dog tightly clasped to his shabby little underwaist. Rain streamed steadily down the high windows, and drummed on the tin roof; the high feathery new tops of the trees below moved gently in the constant onslaught of the warm drops. Wood fell in the stove, and flamed up and was quiet again.

After awhile Gail threw a covered sheet aside, numbered a second, covered that. She pushed back her hair; her face was pale, her eyes shining. The scratching of the pen recommenced. The clock struck, struck again. Danny slept on, and the rain continued to fall.

But at six, when Lily was home and the boys having supper in the kitchen, a hot, golden sunset suddenly broke over the world. Gail walked up past the old stables, and saw the light shining red on the trunks of the oaks and on the village and on the woodpile and on the straining itself through the screen of the young grape leaves. Everything sparkled and glittered, scents heavy, wet and delicious crowded the air; the broken tumbler, that had been on the pump ever since Gail could remember anything at all, was a diamond tonight,

and the tiny yellow balls of chickens, cheeping and tumbling after their efficient mother across the wet grass, were almost more of beauty than the human heart could bear.

She reflected that she would do her full share of the dinner work and of the dishwashing afterward. Then she would take a bath, and get into pajamas and wrapper, and arrange shoes and dress for the library day tomorrow, and carry her week's laundry—for this was Sunday night—out to the big basket in the upper back hall.

And she lighted her desk lamp, and drew those five scribbled pages toward her, and in a silence and solitude of her own room read them once again—and found them good.

The loss of Ariel, the deeper blow of Dick's loss, Phil's marriage had been earthquake, the unbearable last burden after the burdened years. And beyond that had been the consuming flame of Edith's going, the unthinkable thing, the death of something that was herself, that was her own life.

The earthquake and the fire. And now into Gail's heart comfort came creeping back, new interest, new hope—the still small voice of the Lord.

Thus began the new life, in the unchanged setting of the old. Gail did not know whether what she dreamed and what she wrote was good or was not good, nor did she care. It had to come, and the coming was a sort of ecstatic bearing—a giving of life.

In April she had the letter: a dozen typewritten lines: "Dear Miss Lawrence: 'The renders report that, delightful as this story is, it is not quite in our tone.' The feeling of the Atlantic is that, when a tale is as intimately true to life as this is of yours, the tone is surely a tone for the Atlantic to adopt. 'It gives us much pleasure to accept so admirable a story."

"Very truly yours, 'The Editor."

The dull old grimy kitchen swooped and soared about her. She had been hulling strawberries, putting every



"I Don't Know Why I Shouldn't Write Stories"

twelfth one into Danny's expectant mouth, open at her knee.

The letter from the Atlantic had strawberry juice on it; no matter, it shook like a tacking sail as she read it. "Phil! Look here a minute."

"My—Gawd!" said Phil, upon reading it.

"Read it, Sam!" "When 'joo write a story?" Sam said, incredulous.

"Oh, Phil, you don't suppose—you don't suppose I'm—I'm going to write!" "Well, for heaven's sakes," Lily said patiently, "the way you carried on, I thought some one was dead!"

Gail sat at the table, her elbows resting on the worn oilcloth, pressing the crushed letter against her face. She felt as if her body had taken wings and was about to lift itself up into the air.

"Phil Lawrence," she whispered presently, taking her hands down, regarding him seriously, "I've sold a story!" He looked at her kindly from the old rocker. Lily tired easily now, and had established her shapeless person wearily on his knee. Phil's eyeglassed eyes looked over Lily's head.

"'But time something good came to you, Gail,' Phil said simply. His sister felt the words to be an accolade. "Oh, I can't believe it—it isn't me!" Gail whispered. "It's—it's the Lawrence luck, coming back!"

She got up and carried the glass dish of strawberries into the dining room. She lifted the cover of the pail, and poured the lightly tumbling bulls down into it. Then with a damp old rag she wiped the oilcloth, afterward at the sink rubbing her finger tips with a withered half lemon. And all the time the juice-stained letter blazed in the breast pocket of her old midshipman's blouse like a burning jewel.

CHAPTER X

So came Clippersville to be proud of another Lucky Lawrence. A thousand pleasant little episodes, as the summer wore along, told Gail that she was famous and that her old friends and neighbors were glad.

The Challenge ran her picture with a flattering article. Patrons of the old library, coming and going in the hot afternoons, smiled at her over the broad desk top.

"Ticked to death to hear we have an authoress!" the women whispered, nodding and smiling. Gail would flush brightly, joyfully, in return. She saw them all differently now, these busy, strained young mothers, with their babies in rompers and sun-bonnets; these shapeless big middle-aged women with

their corsets showing under their middie blouses. They were her marionettes now; they moved to the strings in her fingers.

Walking home, in the burning bright sunset, she looked at the hills that ringed sleepy Clippersville, those gauzy, transparent hills that were the color of the sky all summer long. She looked at the great oaks and the locusts that lined the Calle, and the magnolias and peppers on the lawn. She looked at the stout women in cottage gardens; women with hair wetly, smoothly dressed; women watering marigolds and wallflowers in the afternoon shadows. They were all beautiful to her.

If Lily telephoned her, and she had to stop in the market, she saw the market or the fruit store or the five-and-ten with new eyes. Their witted wares, their wearied salesfolk, their anxious bargainers were newly dramatic. When some shabby woman from Thomas Street hill, with a fat, drooping baby on her arm, and another stumbling and whining at her knee, priced the pork chops, priced the chopped beef, looked worriedly from one to the other, Gail felt her heart go out on a rush of love and sympathy for all poverty—all motherhood. She did not know why.

She had letters from persons, far away unknown persons, praising her story when it was published. Gail answered them simply, unable to believe the words that flowed from her fountain pen. "She could presently write: 'If you liked 'Simply Impossible,' I hope you will like 'Post Office Closed Tomorrow.' It is coming out very soon in some magazine."

The great Barnes Rutherford, III, idling in a palace on the Maine coast, wrote her. He, sixty-five, the dean of the greatest profession of all, could find time to write to a little Clippersville girl, and tell her he thought "Simply Impossible" was a good story!

Even more touching were the literary folk of Clippersville. It had so many! Wistful, discarded men and women, living in shabby little gabled cottages smothered in dusty vines, suddenly appeared on all sides, and proudly claimed kinship with the writer. Gail accepted their condescensions graciously; she knew that she was not of their ilk.

Miss Libby Gatty had sold a story to the Black Cat twenty-five years ago; a story that one of the judges had thought deserved first prize. Miss Lou Bennett had known Edward Townsend, who wrote the Chimie Fadden stories, when she had been in New York with her uncle in 1897, and had met Archibald Clavering Gunter.

"Oh, my uncle knew everybody!" said Miss Lou, tossing her withered head, growing splochy in the face at the mere exciting memory. "He knew Frank Munsey; he knew everybody!"

Tottering old Kane Rissette had had quite a literary experience as one of the publicity agents of a big railroad in the days before he drank so hard. He lived with a widowed sister now, and Min Rissette Riggs kept him in order. He delighted in remembering all the literary lights who had come into the office of the railroad magazine and paid their written, and sometimes rhymed, tributes to California.

Then there were the poets, most of them women. They tremblingly brought out for Gail's inspection their hoarded clippings, discolored strips of newspaper or magazine pages. Mrs. Jadwin, who ran a boarding house down by the flour mills, had once won a twenty-five-dollar prize for a poem called "Cloud Voices."

"Oh, my dear!" said Hatty Schenck, who wrote women's club news for the newspapers all over the state, and nature poems beginning "Hail!" and whose pen name was "Lillian Lynne." "Oh, my dear, is there any moment in the world like the one when you know you're getting it, you're in the mood? For, you know, I can't always write," Hatty rushed on. "Sometimes . . ."

There were times when she just felt dull and blank, as if she'd never written a line. And then, suddenly, perhaps when she was in the kitchen with Mamma . . .

"Oh, I know!" Gail would sympathize, with dancing eyes. And all the time, deep within her, she knew that she and Hatty were not alike. She knew that she could lean down to Hatty, but that Hatty could never reach up to her. It made her humble, and sometimes, when it came to her with a fresh pang of realization that only Edith could have shared all this truly, that only Edith would have appreciated it—indeed, that she owed much of it to the poem-loving, book-loving, truth-loving little sister—she felt a deeper sorrow even than the younger sorrow had been.

Lily sat sewing or idling on the side porch in the afternoon, and the three little boys worked in the wide yard. Sam and Phil had carried their work as far as trimming off the dry limbs of oaks and peppers; the shorn trees sent rich lacy shadows across the new sheen of the grass.

"Lily, what's for dinner?" Gail would ask out of a dream. "The cream puffs and corn and the peaches, and there's a lot of cold rice. I thought maybe poached eggs."

"It's too hot for meat." Silence again. "Thinking up another story, Gail?" "Well, there's one kind of teasing me."

"I can kinder tell by your eyes when you're thinking of your sister," Lily said once. "Edith?"

"Well, I was thinking of Ariel, then." "Ariel . . ." Gail always spoke the name on a long sigh. "She couldn't wait," she would muse aloud sorrowfully. "Doesn't it seem funny, Lily, for a person to go away—just as if she had died—and never to write—never to send any word?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

"UNLESS"

"THE department commander places too much confidence in your zeal, energy and ability to wish to impose on you precise orders which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy. He will, however, indicate to you his own views of what your action should be, and he desires that you should conform to them, unless you should see sufficient reasons for departing from them."

It was June, 1876, in Montana. Gen. George Armstrong Custer, riding at the head of the Seventh cavalry in search of a big village of hostile Indians, pondered over these orders from his commander, Gen. A. H. Terry. He knew the plan of campaign—Terry and Gibbon and he were to time their marches so that they would strike the enemy at the same time. And that time was June 26.

But Custer was "in bad" with President Grant. If, unaided by the others, he could find the Indians first and win a smashing victory, he might get back into the good graces of the administration at Washington. So he pushed on relentlessly toward the Little Big Horn.

On the morning of June 25 his scouts reported the discovery of the village in the valley just below. True, Custer was 24 hours ahead of the appointed time of the rendezvous with Terry and Gibbon. But here were the Indians. If he let them escape he would be open to censure. Should he wait, or should he attack?

He remembered Terry's orders . . . "he desires that you should conform to them." And yet—"unless you should see sufficient reasons for departing from them." Didn't that little word "unless" relieve him of the responsibility for "conforming"? If he knew the meaning of the word, it did.

So he decided to attack. And on that word "unless" hung his life and the lives of 300 men of the Seventh cavalry. For that many perished, or died later of their wounds, in "Custer's Last Battle" on the Little Big Horn in Montana.

H. U. (U. S.) GRANT

WHEN the first-born son of Jesse Root Grant and Hannah Simpson Grant was six weeks old, his relatives wrote their choices of names for him on slips of paper, folded them, then drew one. It said "Ulysses"—his Grandmother Simpson's choice. But Jesse Grant didn't want his son to bear the name of "one of them furriers." So he tacked "Hiram" on in front of "Ulysses."

As the boy grew older he didn't care so much for "Ulysses" because the village wits pretended it was pronounced "Useless." Congressman Thomas L. Hamer, writing out Grant's appointment to the United States Military academy, couldn't remember if he had a middle name. But he did recall that the boy's mother was a Simpson. So he wrote it "Ulysses Simpson Grant."

On May 29, 1839, Ulysses Hiram Grant registered at West Point. "But," protested the adjutant, "this appointment is for Ulysses Simpson Grant." More trouble over his name! "All right—Ulysses Simpson Grant it is," he replied. And "U. S. Grant" he became.

The Civil war brought new meaning to that "U. S." After Fort Donelson it stood for "Unconditional Surrender," and as a commander of the victorious Union army in 1865, it was easy to believe that it also stood for "United States." Both meanings were easy to remember when it was time to elect a President in 1896. Would things have been the same if his initials had remained "H. U." or "U. H.?"

THIRST

IT WAS hot that day along the road to Palos in the Spanish province of Andalusia. The dust eddied and swirled around the hoofs of a little white mule and arose in a choking cloud around his rider. He was Cristobal Colon, a Genoese sailor.

Ahead of him, the mariner saw the walls of a monastery . . . Santa Maria de la Rabida. Surely the good friars there would give him a drink!

They would, indeed! So he drank several cups of the refreshing fluid. Between drinks Juan Perez, officiating guardian of the monastery, listened to the stranger's tale of thwarted ambition. He wanted to sail West across the Sea of Mystery to tap the riches of India and China. He had sought the aid of Ferdinand and Isabella, rulers of Spain. But they refused it.

By and by the disheartened sailor rode away. He did not know that Juan Perez was the confessor of the queen, nor what a deep impression he had made upon the friar with his tale of vast ambitions. But he soon found out. For Perez's eloquent pleading in the Genoese sailor's behalf convinced Isabella. She summoned the mariner to her court and called a council.

And so it came about that the thirst of Christopher Columbus on that hot summer day along the road to Palos sent him sailing at last across the Atlantic to immortality as the discoverer of America.

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CROCHET COLLAR OF MEDALLIONS

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



No matter what state you live in, you will find the women interested in crocheted collars. They are becoming more popular every day, and we know our readers will be interested in the ideas we have to offer. The round collar shown above is made of twelve assembled medallions, No. 30 thread and size 8 hook.

Package No. 719 contains sufficient white "Mountain Craft" crocheted cotton to complete this collar, also instructions how to make it.

Send us 25c and we will mail this package to you. Instructions only will be mailed for 10c.

ADDRESS—HOME CRAFT CO., DEPT. B., Nineteenth & St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

In the First Class

A hypocrite is a man smiling while pushing a lawn mower.

44 PREMIUMS

Clabber Girl's Record for perfect baking results at the Indiana State Fair, 1934.

CLABBER GIRL BAKING POWDER

ECZEMA ITCHING

Quickly soothe burning, torment and promote healing of irritated skin with—

Resinol

TWEET, TWEET!



BUY IT, TRY IT



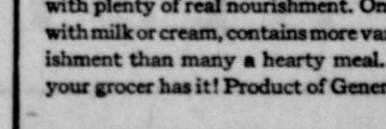
THE FLAVOR'S SWEET



IT'S A RIOT



HEY THERE YOU, YOU'LL LIKE IT TOO



Housewife's Idea Box



To Prevent Fat Spattering

Some fish and meats should not be wholly covered while frying. Instead of covering your pan with a saucer, invert a colander over the pan. This will prevent the grease from splattering and will at the same time allow the steam to escape.

THE HOUSEWIFE.
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WNU Service.

Can't Gauge Them

It is the half fool, half wise people who make the real problems.



MAGIC SKIN Beautifier

FAMOUS CREAM ENDS FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS—RESTORES CLEAR, LOVELY SKIN

Now you can quickly restore the fresh, lovely skin of youth. Just let wonderful NADINOLA Cream gently smooth away the mask of dull gray skin, freckles, blackheads. All you do is this: (1) At bedtime spread a thin film of Nadinola Cream over your face—no massaging, no rubbing. (2) Leave on while you sleep. (3) Watch daily improvement—usually in 5 to 10 days you will see a marvelous transformation. Freckles, blackheads disappear; dull coarsened skin becomes creamy-white, satin-smooth, adorable! Nadinola Cream is a famous beautifier tested and trusted for nearly two generations. Fine results positively guaranteed. All toilet counters, only 50c. Or write NADINOLA, Box 35, Paris, Tenn.

ADVERTISING

... is as essential to business as rain to growing crops. It is the keystone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.

KODAKERS LOOK! One roll developed, eight prints. 25c. Kodak Film Service, Dept. 9-3, Ypsilanti, Mich.

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Friday-Saturday Specials

VEGETABLES

Cabbage, lb.	4c	New Spuds, pk.	31c
Onions, 7 lb.	25c	Tomatoes, 3 No. cans	29c
Tomatoes, lb.	6c	Cut Beans, 2 cans	23c
Lettuce, head	5c	Kraut, 3 cans	25c
Green Peppers, lb.	9c	Hominy, 3 for	21c
Oranges, large size, doz.	35c	Mustard, qt.	15c
Bananas, doz.	15c	Pickles, sour, qt.	19c

FLOUR, Fern Leaf, every sack guaranteed. 48 lb. \$1.65

Meal, extra fancy, 20 lb.	61c
Sugar, 25 lb. Pure Cane	\$1.39
Coffee, 2 lb. bulk	31c
Dried Peaches, choice, 2 lb.	25c
Prunes, 3 lb.	25c
Bran Flakes, Jersey, 2 boxes	19c
Corn Flakes, 2 for	19c
Tasty Malt, 50c size, with Kodak free	25c

Cotton seed wanted. Will pay oil mill prices, and exchange meal for seed at the same price of the oil mill.

Market Specials

Try one of our good steaks or roasts for that Sunday dinner.

HARRY BURDEN Grocery & Market

Food Specials

Our large buying power enables us to purchase goods at a saving, and this saving we pass on to our customers. Try us a month and prove it to yourself.

Flour, Amaryllis \$1.85

Beans, snappy, 6 lb.	25c	Cabbage, 5 lb.	19c
Tomatoes, fresh, lb.	6c	Black-eyed Peas, 3 lb.	12c
Corn, fresh, doz.	25c	Sweet Potatoes, lb.	3c
Bunch Vegetables, 3 for	10c	Pineapples, fresh, each	25c
Cucumbers, 3 lb.	10c	Lettuce, head	5c

Bran, 100 lb. \$1.45

Tomatoes, 3 No. 2 cans	25c	Ribbon Cane, gal.	55c
Lemons, large, doz.	19c	Steak, fancy home killed, lb.	28c
Onions, white, 3 lb.	12c	Roast, Rib, lb.	15c
Lard, 8 lb. carton	\$1.15	Cheese, full cream, lb.	19c
Sorghum, the best, gal.	59c	Barbecue, fresh, hot, lb.	25c

New Spuds, pk. 29c

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

'M' SYSTEM

PASTIME THEATRE Clarendon, Texas

Friday July 5
10.00 Raise
Edward Everett Horton. Karen in a comedy drama. His pay was enough to live on but not enough to love on. Also news and comedy 10 25c

Saturday 6
Justice of the Range
Tim McCoy. Billie Seward in a thrilling western drama. Also comedy, Graduation exercises. Matinee 10c to all, nite 10 15c

Sun Mon 7 8
College Rhythm
Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, Mary Brian, Lanny Ross. A college musicale featuring Joe Penner. Famous clowning comics. Also comedy. So you want talk 10 25c

Tuesday 9
Black Fury
With Paul Muni and Karen Morley in a sweeping drama of strikes and riots and a heroic miner. Also our Bank Nite, remember to attend matinee, also Screen Snapshots 10 25c

Wed Thurs 10 11
Romance in Manhattan
Starring Ginger Rogers. Francis Lederer in a comedy drama. A thrilling struggle for freedom, love and justice. Also comedies Taking care of Baby, and the Discontented Canary. 10 25c

Coming attractions, "Star of Midnite", "No more Ladies" and "The G Men"

Matinees each day at 2 p. m. Evening shows at 8:00

BIRTHDAY PARTY

John Edward Powell, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Powell, entertained a number of his little friends Monday on his 4th birthday with a party at the Powell home. Many enjoyable games were played, after which ice cream and cake were served to the following guests: Winfred and Marion Ruth Ghann, Gilbert Sherman, Ochanita Heath, Joan Ray Moreman, Mary Alice and Corky Hunsacker, Bobbie Lee Hall, Dorothy Dishman, Paula Jean and Ronald Everett and Buck Everett.

Warm weather demands a cool straw hat. Get it at B. & B.

ATTENTION

The Y. W. A. girls will sell ice cream Saturday at Moreman Hardware. The proceeds will go toward helping defray the expenses of the girls to the Y. W. A. encampment.

J. G. McDougal left Monday for Dallas to be with Mrs. McDougal, who is in a hospital there. We are sorry to learn that she is not getting along so well.

Mildred Monroe of Hastings, Okla., returned home Tuesday after a visit here with her brother, M. L. Monroe and family.

Mrs. C. Y. Johnson of Amarillo is here to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Radell Latimer.

Mrs. Henry Tims and son of Amarillo visited relatives here last week.

Billy Johnson of Giles is visiting his aunt and grandmother Mesdames Radell Latimer and C. Y. Johnson.

Mrs. John Sims returned from Newlin Saturday where she has been visiting her son.

Dick Mesley of Waco visited in the B. N. Stewart home last week.

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When you need Kerosene, Tractor Oil and Greases or Gasoline, phone No. 1, Hiway Service Station, for prompt delivery.

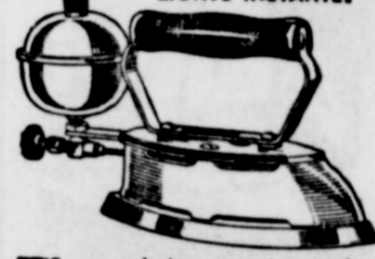
SINCLAIR REFINING CO. PRODUCTS

**HIWAY
SERVICE STATION**
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Remember Trades Day July 6



EASY WAY TO IRON
WITH A
Coleman
SELF-HEATING IRON
LIGHTS INSTANTLY



It's easy and pleasant to iron with a Coleman. It saves your strength. You do better ironing easier and quicker at less cost. This modern Coleman iron lights instantly... no generating with match or torch... no waiting. Saves you more time and work than a \$100 washing machine. Do a whole ironing with one iron. The evenly heated double pointed base irons garments with fewer strokes. Ironing time is reduced one-third. Heats itself... use it anywhere. Makes and burns its own gas. Economical, too... costs only 1/2¢ an hour to operate. Come in and see it demonstrated. (IRKX)

Thompson Bros.

Miss Nita Cuwll underwent an operation in a hospital at Temple Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lew Timmes of Amarillo and Bill Luttrell and family went to Kirkland Sunday to see the new oil well.

F. V. McFarridge of Dallas, state Baptist rural evangelist, will preach at Bray Sunday night. The public is invited.

Dr. and Mrs. Webb left Tuesday on a visit to Ardmore, Okla.

Mrs. Zeb Mitchell and John spent the week end in Lipan. Miss Anne Mitchell returned home with them.

Miss Clara Jones has returned to Ft. Worth after a visit with relatives and friends.

NOTICE

We are getting out a short paper this week, and also getting out a day early, in order to close up for the 4th.

The Memphis Gold Medal Band was in Hedley a short while last Thursday evening and rendered several numbers.

Uncle Ben Davis visited in Amarillo last week.

REVIVALS

The Nazarene meeting will begin July 21 and will continue to Aug 8. The Parks Hawkins quartette will be here. Bro. Parks will do the preaching.

Rev. J. L. Standridge of Clarendon will conduct a meeting at the Church of Christ here, from July 21 to 28.

Who is he? Can I depend upon his word? Is he registered and licensed?

These are the questions that you should have answered to your complete satisfaction before buying stocks, bonds, oil leases, royalty or any other form of investment securities from a salesman—particularly when the salesman is a stranger. That's the advice of Secretary of State Gerald C. Mann, administrator and chief enforcement officer of Texas' new Securities Act.

Designed to curb the fraudulent and crooked seller of securities, the new law requires every security dealer, agent and salesman to be registered with the State. Any citizen may determine for himself if the salesman is registered by writing to the Secretary of State. The records are open to the public.

The State does not propose to guarantee or endorse any stock, bond or other security. However, salesman may be held strictly accountable for representations made in the sale of securities.

The important thing, according to Secretary Mann, is to be sure the salesman is registered!

Subscribe for the Informer.

NOTICE

To Car Owners

Let us wash and grease your car and clean the upholstery

We do general repairing and carry new and used parts, and tires and tubes.

Let us check your car for summer driving.

**CLIFTON'S
GARAGE**

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