

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS AUGUST 2, 1935

NO 38

Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

Fruits	Oranges, large, doz.	29c
	Bananas, lb.	5c
	Cabbage, lb.	3c
and	Lettuce, head	6c
	Snap Peas, lb.	5c
Veg.	Spuds, 10 lb.	19c
	Raisins, 4 lb. pkg.	32c
Honey, 4 lb. pail		59c
Compound	4 lb. carton	\$1.10 59c
	8 lb. carton	
Hershey Chocolate Syrup, 1 lb. can		15c
Canned	Tomatoes, No. 2 can	9c
	Peaches, No. 2 1/2 can, 2 for	31c
	Pork and Beans, 3 for	19c
Goods	Sweet Corn, No. 2 can	10c
	Salmon, 2 tall cans	25c
Paper Plates, 2 doz. for		15c
Fly-Ded qt. can		45c
Prunes, gal.		29c

BIBLE SCHOOL

A vacation Bible school will begin Monday, August 5, at 8 a. m. at the Methodist Church. There will be classes for beginners, primaries and juniors. All children of the town are invited to attend these classes.

ATTENTION

According to local authorities a new State law goes into effect on August 1st 1935, requiring all beauty hairdressers to take out license for same and be governed by State Sanitary Rules or pay fines.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Shipley and three daughters of Wichita Falls returned to their home Tuesday, after a visit with the Informer family.

GOOD WILL CLUB

The Good Will club met Tuesday, July 29, at the home of Mrs. J. B. Masterson. In the absence of our president, Mrs. Howard, the vice president, Mrs. Masterson, had charge of the meeting. The meeting was very interesting, and all are glad the new members taken in on this day filled our club roll to 18 members again. After the business meeting we had some interesting contests, Mesdames Jewell and Mann winning the prizes, after which dainty refreshments were served to Mrs. Weldon Bennett, guest, and Mesdames T. J. Wiggins, Frank Simmons, Cullen Hunsaker, R. E. Mann, Roy Jewell, Royce Hall, Chas. Grimsley, Fred Finch, J. M. Everett, J. B. Masterson, Roy Blanks and Lee Rolin.

J. H. Clawson and family spent the week end in McLean.

Mrs. J. M. Everett is ill in St. Anthony's hospital in Amarillo.

We are closing our ladies summer hats at a price you can't afford to miss. B & B.

D. C. Powell and family and B. L. Howard and family visited in Childress Sunday.

Battery work and recharging. Phillips Service Station.

J. C. Gibson of Randlett, Okla. is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Will W. Holland and family.

NOTICE

This is to advise anyone contemplating building a pit toilet that now is an opportune time. The city will dig the pit and do the concrete work for anyone so desiring, while we are able to get relief labor.

If the project goes through for which the city has applied, we will be unable to put any more labor on toilets as all the labor will have to be used on the streets. We will have no more relief labor if our city project is approved.

G. E. Johnson, Mayor

Ladies and childrens dresses at reduced prices. B & B.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

4 Per Cent Money

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

OLD SETTLERS' PICNIC

Don't forget the Old Settlers Picnic Aug. 16 at the Tate Grove. Plans are being made for the best picnic we have ever had. Following is the program:

10 o'clock, Band music (2 numbers).
Prayer, Rev. A. V. Hendricks.
Welcome address, Judge Lewis.
Song, "America," by audience.
Quartette, arranged by Mrs. Crawford.
Band music.
11:00, Business meeting.
Duet arranged by Robert Watkins.
12:00, Basket lunch.
1:30, Band music.
2:30, Quartette, arranged by Sam Earthman.
Everybody bring well filled baskets.

The revival at the Church of Christ closed Tuesday after a successful ten day meeting. A number of additions to the church were made. They plan to have Bro. Standridge with them again next year at this same time.

The Nazarene revival is still in progress. We are having some good preaching and song services also good crowds. A special musical program was rendered last Saturday night and will be rendered again next Saturday night. Everybody is invited.

PLUMLEE-GILBERT

Glean Plumlee of this city and Miss Lela Gilbert of Cloud, Okla., were united in marriage last Saturday, July 27, at Mountain View, Okla., by Rev. Kearns, Pentecostal minister there.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Plumlee of Hedley and has lived here a number of years. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Gilbert of Cloud Chief.

They plan to make their home here for the present. His many Hedley friends extend congratulations and best wishes.

SPECIAL SERVICE

Sunday morning, August 11, the pulpit at the First Baptist Church will be filled by a layman speaker, O. G. Watson of Clarendon.

A revival will begin at the First Baptist Church Sunday, August 18. The public is invited to attend these services.

SOCIAL

About 60 members of the First Baptist Church held the annual church picnic Tuesday evening at the Tate grove northeast of town. The ladies had prepared a bountiful picnic lunch, which together with plenty of lemonade and ice cream, proved most appetizing.

Those attending the picnic report a most enjoyable time.

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HEDLEY, TEXAS

A SPOT FOR TWO

By M. B. TOMSON
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WNU Service.

HASTILY the girl attached herself to his arm just as he was sauntering through a doorway.

"Darling, you've got to rescue me," she said gaily.

For a moment there was a trace of amused surprise on her face as she saw his puzzled glance.

"My error," she laughed. "Sorry. I thought you were some one else. But you'll do. I've only got to be rescued from some one who's had designs on my toes most of the evening, and I simply can't afford to lose them this early in the season."

There was about her the poised confidence of the attractive female whose garb and face are impeccably right and who knows it.

"Come and talk to me while I give the outraged toes a rest," she invited, leading him to an unoccupied corner.

She seated herself in a deeply upholstered chair, tossed a ravishingly beaded bag on the tiny table in front of her and glanced across to where he had seated himself.

"Anyway," she said, "I've seen you before somewhere."

"Somewhere, I know," he prevaricated charmingly.

"Let me see." She was thoughtful.

"At the Brayton's last week, perhaps?"

"I was there," he acknowledged.

"I, too, but I left before the excitement. Were you still there when Dora's jewels were discovered missing?"

"Unfortunately, no," he shook his head ruefully.

"I always miss out on the excitement."

"So do I," she sighed.

"Anyway, that's probably where I saw you. And now that we're out of that beastly jam, tell me about yourself."

"Nothing much to tell," he said promptly.

"I really don't belong to all this."

He glanced in the vicinity of palms, orchids, gardenias, orchestras and gala evening ensembles.

"I'm Harry Gordon, just a chap from the wide-open western plains. I came East to take some post-graduate work at Cornell and somehow or other my name was placed on the list they use for the stag lines at these brawls. That's how I blossomed into higher social circles where I dance to pay for my supper."

She appraised him thoughtfully.

Darned good looking, he was. And his dress suit fitted him faultlessly.

"You might tell me who you are," he suggested.

"Cynthia Belden," she smiled.

Belden, he thought quickly.

Yes, there was a Belden somewhere in the fringe of his mind. Rather on the fringe they were, if he remembered rightly and he probably did.

Memo? Yes, he was sure of that.

"It was my good fortune that it turned out to be me to whom you ran for rescue instead of the person you thought I was," he sighed contentedly.

"The evening I rescued a very beautiful lady will be one of the memories I'll cherish when I go out West again."

"You're not going West too soon, are you?" she smiled at him provocatively.

"Any time I'd go would be too soon now," he assured her gallantly.

"There, I knew you were a kindred spirit," she said approvingly, placing a white hand on her throat.

"It was just fate that..." she paused suddenly and fingered her throat.

Her eyes were suddenly apprehensive.

"My... my pearls," she gasped; "they're gone!"

"Thank God his facial muscles never betrayed him."

"Your pearls?" he repeated with exactly the right intonation to meet the circumstance, while his face bore the exactly required touch of surprise and solicitude.

"Oh, I say, are you sure?"

But his brain worked nimbly and coolly as always.

Something queer about this, he reviewed swiftly.

Danny had placed the pearls in the agreed jardiniere, where he had recovered them deftly.

Then as he was about to make an unobtrusive getaway, this girl, the evident owner of the pearls, had tackled him.

Coincidence? Well, it was too pat for comfort.

Too, she had mentioned the Brayton's where he and Danny had pulled that other stunt. No question about it.

She knew or suspected something. Either Danny or he had slipped up somewhere.

Get the pearls back to her. Only way.

It was unthinkable to be caught red-handed.

Danny and he had too good a racket to mess it up by a blunder like this. Cynthia stared helplessly at him.

"What shall I do?"

"Stand up," he said gently, "and shake your dress. Maybe they dropped inside."

They hadn't.

"Now look under the cushions and back of the chair," he instructed, quickly dropping to his knees in order to search under her chair.

As she turned, obedient to his bidding, his hand paused lightly on her beaded bag, opened it, and with the

ease of long practice, deposited the pearls in less time than it takes to tell about it.

"They're not here," she turned to him and he was sure there was suspicion in her gaze.

"Certain you wore them tonight?" he asked solicitously.

"Yes," she hesitated; "Yes, I am."

"Suppose you call up home first and check up," he suggested briskly.

"Mistakes do happen. If they're not there, we'll report it immediately."

He was sparring for time.

When she reported her loss officially, it would be a simple matter to suggest almost into thin air that her bag be inspected and the suggestion would be carried along.

Nobody would remember where it originated but under the circumstances, everyone would take credit unto themselves for their perspicacity.

"Tell you what," she said, collecting herself; "here, give me a piece of paper and a pencil. You call up my house for me, like a lamb," she said, writing busily. "Ask for Suzanne. She's my maid. If she isn't there, ask for Lumpkins, the butler. Ask him to look around my dresser."

"There's the number and all the information," she handed the paper to him hurriedly.

"While you attend to that, I'll have somebody check up on anyone who may have left suddenly. See you later."

On his way towards the hall, Danny Jim concentrated on what was the wisest move for him now.

He had evidently allayed her suspicions.

The Dandy had nerve.

He'd telephone and then return and make his report.

He would be free from all suspicion and because the pearls were in the possession of their owner and would be found practically immediately, he wouldn't have the police to cope with.

"Where's the telephone?" he asked of a liveried attendant.

He walked into the telephone closet and glanced at the piece of paper he had carried carefully crushed in his hand.

Momentarily his control over his facial muscles relaxed and he cursed silently but fervently as he absorbed the message.

"Thanks for the pearls, Dandy. The person they really belong to hasn't discovered her loss yet, and I'm on my way before she does!"

Save Fur Life in Canada; Hope to Aid the Eskimos

The increasing demand for fur and the consequent high fur prices prevailing up to the end of the last decade saw the establishment of a string of trading posts along Canada's Arctic coast. The coming of the trading posts brought about a decided change in the normal life of the Eskimo. From a nomad following the sea, the walrus, the spawning fish and the migrating caribou for his humble necessities, he devoted more and more time to the hunting and trapping of fur bearers, with gradually lessened time for his own natural pursuits. To the game supply of the country the introduction of modern high-powered firearms and unlimited supplies of ammunition proved serious.

Tremendous inroads were made into the ranks of the fur bearers, while the migratorial routes of the caribou, one of the mainstays in the domestic economy of the natives, changed with consequent distress to the Eskimos. The Dominion government has watched these changes with growing concern lest the natives, confined to one line of hunting, might be seriously affected by the periodic fluctuations in the number of fur bearers and by changes in the fur market.

With the object of broadening the basis of subsistence of the natives, especially in view of the rapid advance of mining in the northwest territories, the department of the interior has taken steps not only for the conservation of the wild life by the establishment of native preserves and the strengthening of game laws, but by the experiment of introducing semi-domesticated reindeer into the Canadian north.

A study of the reindeer industry in Alaska and a survey of possible reindeer grazing areas in Canada's far north was undertaken in 1926, and this was followed in 1929 by the purchase of 3,000 picked deer from herds in the Kotzebue sound area of western Alaska.

King of Beasts

In accord with the popular idea the lion is called the king of beasts. Yet, King Leo has a master among the animals, says Pathfinder Magazine. Those familiar with African big game say the buffalo has no quarrel with the smaller and weaker animals but he will attack the flesh eaters such as the lion, leopard, hyena, etc., on sight. He also regards the white man as an enemy but pays little attention to the natives, since they leave him strictly alone most of the time. The lion appears to realize that here is a greater power and unless cornered gives the buffalo a wide berth. Like most animals, however, the buffalo has one great fear. He is scared of fire.

Shadows

Every one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra—a strange indefinable something—which has its effect on every other life on which it falls. It goes with us wherever we go. It is not something we can leave when we want to have it, and then lay aside at will, as we lay aside a garment. It is something that always pours out from our life, like light from a lamp, like heat from flame, like perfume from a flower,

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
© Western Newspaper Union

Tale Bearer



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

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SMILES

MEATY PROBLEM

Customer—What kind of meat have you today.
Butcher—Mutton and venison.
Customer—Is your mutton deer?
Butcher—No, the mutton is sheep. The venison is deer.

Exaggerated Statement
"My great-grandfather could have bought this whole township for a song," remarked the man from town.
"I've heard them stories," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "If he was all true there wouldn't be anybody ownin' real estate except musicians."

Limit in Selfishness
Ethel—He seems a bit selfish.
Jack—Oh, he's frightfully so. Why, on our regular fall hunting trips, he always shoots somebody else's guide by mistake for a deer, instead of his own.

Safety First
Fireman—Jump into the blanket.
Man—No, you might drop it. Put it on the ground first.—Pearson's Weekly.

WNU—L 29—35



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Chesterfields "go to town"



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THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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Edward Boliver, Editor and
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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.

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Early

SUCH IS LIFE—Curious



By Charles Sughrue

Little Lights on LIVING

By MARIA LEONARD
Dean of Women, University of Illinois
© Western Newspaper Union

WITHOUT WAX

WE WERE talking of antiques, when the Florentine gentleman of high birth said: "Come, let me show you my marble table in the garden." I followed him through the dark hall, stone paved, out into a beautiful sunlit Florentine inner court garden with great dark cypresses waving their tips in the breeze. Around the roots of these dignified old trees, centuries old, were little flower beds of bright posies confined by stone edges between which, in formal fashion, were inviting little paths.

It was a surprise garden in the rear of an uninviting looking stone residence set uncompromisingly on a none too wide side street in the city of Florence, Florence, Italy, is a surprise city anyhow, with its wealth of history, its tragedies, its bloody climb to light, its sacrifices in the name of power and religion, its wealth, its art and literature. What a panorama of human achievements and failures, Florence presents to a sympathetic heart, as one recalls the de Medicis, Savonarola, Fra Angelico, the Brownings and the host of others too numerous to name. When I am in Florence I never really know in what century I am living, for these old memories press persistently into my heart.

We have wandered far from our sunlit garden into which I had followed my host to see his marble table. "Is it an antique?" I inquired as I noticed great cracks across the beautiful marble slab. "No, it is not," my friend responded. "Listen to this story!"

"The marble cutters of Florence are wily old fellows," he continued, "often when their chisels slipped too far they cracked the marble slabs. Into these cracks they poured soft wax. After the wax had hardened the slabs were polished and the tables sold for solid marble." The Florentines soon realized the deception and began asking when buying tables for those "sine cera"—(without wax).

Interesting it is to note that our word sincerity comes from the little phrase "sine cera" without wax, which is precisely what it means—for to be sincere is to be genuine, whether it be a table or an individual.

"To be without pretext or show. Exactly what men think I am."

If this be a good working rule for Florentine tables, to be genuinely sincere tables of solid marble, isn't it also a silver rule for you and me to follow in daily life, to be found always "sine cera"?

Sweden's Riksdag Is 500 Years Old

Fetes, Ceremonies and Pageants Mark Birthday.

Washington.—Sweden's parliament has just celebrated its five hundredth birthday. Pageants, fetes, and ceremonies were held throughout the nation, especially in Stockholm, and in the little village of Arboga, a few hours distant, at the western end of Lake Malaren.

"The first riksdag (parliament) was convened in 1435 by Engelbrekt Engelbrektsson, leader of the national movement against union with Denmark and Norway," says the National Geographic society. "A new monument to this great Swedish patriot was unveiled at Arboga on the first day of the celebrations.

Greater Than King.

"The modern riksdag, whose power is greater than that of the king, now meets in the low, square house of parliament, set on one of the many islands that make up Stockholm, a city that offers a beautiful background for pageantry, and where the greatest celebration took place.

"The oldest part of Stockholm is on the island of Staden, where Birger Jarl, traditional founder of Stockholm, built his fortress in 1255. Here are narrow, winding streets, high gabled houses, an ancient church, and the great square block of the royal palace. Nearby rises the slender spire of Riddarholm church, burial place of Sweden's kings and heroes.

"Every citizen in Stockholm points with pride to the new town hall, com-

pleted only 12 years ago. The copper roof was financed by popular subscription, and on each six dollar plate is engraved the name of a separate donor. Built of red brick, in a style at once medieval and modern, the straight, severe walls and tall, square tower are mirrored in the waters of Lake Malaren.

"All Stockholm is waterfront. Not dingy, crowded wharfs, but endless miles of clean, granite quays, where hundreds of boats dock daily—great ocean liners, fleets of little steamers and ferries bringing commuters from green, island suburbs; trim private yachts and motor boats, and little white sailboats loaded with cargoes of birch logs for city fireplaces.

Harbor Always Open.

"In summer, when the long northern twilight has faded, myriad lights are reflected in the dark waters of the lake. Even in winter the harbor is kept open by icebreakers, though it is in the same latitude as southern Greenland.

"Swedish food is world famous, and Stockholm cooks live up to their reputation. The city is rich in restaurants—gay sidewalk cafes; smart, scintillating establishments, and queer, Bohemian cellars. The most distinctive feature of a Swedish repast is the smorgas-bord, or table of hors d'oeuvres.

There are salads, cold meats, cheeses, pickled herrings, caviar, anchovies, sausages, baked mushrooms, dark breads, and the grayish-brown, unleavened cracker called knackebrod. Heap your plate high with these, drink generously of good Danish beer, and forget that a full course dinner is yet to follow."

Fast Australian



Jack Lovelock, the brilliant miler from Australia who is a student at Oxford, England, has been meeting some of America's best runners and has more than held his own against them.

2-Ton Grapevine
Oregon City, Ore.—A grapevine planted in 1853 by Joseph Blanchard now measures 78 inches in circumference at the base and has branches extending 60 feet from the roots. As many as two tons of grapes have been taken from the single vine in a season.

Lindbergh Watchdog Balks His Landing

North Haven, Maine.—The German shepherd dog that watches over two-year-old Jon Lindbergh wouldn't let Col. Charles A. Lindbergh land his airplane here recently. Colonel Lindbergh, flying here to be with his son and members of the Morrow family, circled the island several times and then dropped toward the private landing field near the Morrow residence. Little Jon's pet and constant companion was loose and didn't like the aerial intrusion. He raced onto the field, yelping, and the flyer had to zoom upward again to avoid killing the dog. A caretaker had to lure the dog away and tie him before Colonel Lindbergh could glide to a landing.

THE ABUSE OF TRUST

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

It is an exceptional morning newspaper which does not record one or more violations of trust. An official of a bank has been found guilty of misappropriating funds, a city official is found short in his accounts, an auditing committee discovers discrepancies in ledger entries of trust companies. This abuse of trust may assume another form, not in misuse of funds but in misuse of power or betrayal of confidence. The manager of a concern proves unfaithful to his board of directors, an executive in a high place of responsibility double crosses his friends, an employer violates the trust his employer places in him. Most of the wrong doing in the world is attributable to the abuse of trust.

Undoubtedly there are circumstances which present grave temptations to prostitute one's power to a dishonest end, but in the long run it never pays. Many times the exercise of this imposed trust conflicts sharply with one's

Golden Tongued



Elizabeth Langford, a bank clerk of Atlanta, Ga., won first place in the national oratorical contest, sponsored by the American Institute of Banking, at Omaha, Neb. Her oration on "The Banker's Service to the Community" and her excellent delivery brought her a cash prize of \$500.

personal desires and responsibilities, but he who refuses to sacrifice honor for what appears to be a shining prize is bound to win out. This idea is splendidly illustrated in the book, "Oil for the Lamps of China." Success came at last to the hero of the story who steadfastly refused to abuse the trust placed in him.

Perhaps the struggle through which many persons are passing these days is a call back to the integrity and simplicity of life of our forefathers, who considered the honor of one's name greater possession than mere material wealth. It would be very interesting to call the roll of the men and women of the past who refused to sell their honor for a mess of pottage.

In the career of the late Jane Addams we have the finest possible illustration of fidelity to trust. J. G. Holland in his little book, "Katherine," writes, "Highest art is highest ministry to human need and no man has the right to prostitute his art to a selfish end." That was the spirit of Jane Addams. Daughter of a wealthy family, possessing the culture of both university training and extensive travel, she shared these privileges with the exploited classes. The institution known as Hull House in Chicago will remain a perpetual memorial to the ideal that no one has the right to misappropriate power, be that power control of money, the possession of talent, influence or opportunity. "Trust" in the final analysis demands fidelity to duty in scorn of consequences.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Book Covers Like New

Taking a cue from the public library's practice of varnishing the backs of new books, some booklovers are doing the same thing with their own volumes. A light, clear varnish, applied in a thin coat with a good varnish brush, will preserve the original freshness of cloth covers.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

BLANKETS for summertime should be light in weight. Heavy blankets are for wintry nights. Whether for summer or winter use, wool is the best material for blanket weaving. A mixture of cotton and wool is next in the scale of excellence. Silk and wool, and rayon and wool are sometimes combined, especially in fancy blankets. All-cotton blankets which are less expensive than wool ones, or cotton and wool, are often chosen for summer use. They can now be made in the soft and fluffy weave similar to all-wool, but they have to be heavier in weight for equal warmth. Wool is somewhat akin to down in that it provides a maximum of warmth for a minimum of weight. Cotton blankets have gained in popularity with the improvements in their texture.



Because lightweight blankets are preferable to heavy ones for summer bedding, old blankets are favorites. These may be quite thin and prove just the things for nights when a sheet alone is scarcely sufficient covering. A pair of these comparatively thin blankets outfits a bed with warm coverings. One extra coverlet, either a blanket, quilt, or afghan in pastel tones, laid across the foot of the bed is advisable. It can be used in the daytime as a cover during a siesta.

Seasonal Blankets.

The competent homemaker has her two sets of blankets, the heavy ones mentioned, and the lighter ones described, each set for its special weather. It is a reasonable time now to make such divisions, which will prove a saving if planned rightly. The heavy blankets will be moth-proof if they are laundered either at home in lukewarm soapy water and rinsed in water of the same temperature, still having a little soap in it if blankets are pure wool. As soon as thoroughly dry, bone dry as it is sometimes said, wrap in newspaper and put well-marked bundles in a summer storage closet. Or they are more easily put away if the homemaker has a cedar chest.

Mend the old lightweight blankets, if they need it. Patch them with the good parts of old blankets too worn for other use. Darn with woolen yarn, fine, and matching in color, when darning will suffice. Cut down the blankets when side edges are torn or worn through and make them fit single beds or cots. Bind all edges for uniformity. Or, if the ends are not worn and can be left as is, hem or bind side edges. These reconstructed blankets will wear several years during their special season. They are recommended for summer camp and cottage use.

A new type of summer blanket is made of homespun textile. It may be machine or hand woven. Some of the colors are as beautiful in tints as the flowers in the garden, or the blue of the sky through a mist, or the first delicate shoots of trees in the spring.

These blankets are light weight and warm as befits summer nights.

Slip Cover Styles.

The vogue for slip covers has reached a high water mark. It has been a score of years or more since they held the attention of decorators as they do today. The old idea was to protect the furniture upholstery from summer wear and tear and to introduce a cool element into the furnishings. Today the former remains one of the features and the latter should also, but decoration pushes this somewhat into the background. The slip covers of today stress decoration above all else. Perhaps we should call them ornaments plus, and let the last word stand for protection and coolness.

The material for slip covers used to be linen, chiefly because linen is the coolest of textiles that are durable. They were frequently white since this is the coolest tone to the eye. Couple this with the coolness to the touch and it is an ideal combination in a hot weather textile.

Today the textiles may be linen, cotton, silk, rayon, etc., and the color is seldom plain white. As a matter of fact colors are apt to be gay and consequently warm in tone. When soft tones are chosen, they retain color as a pronounced feature, the hue being black, seal brown, blue, green, Chinese red, etc., more often than light tints. If the color is subdued vivid bindings are used for seams and edges, thus promoting color schemes and retaining notes of brilliance.

Printed Silk Suit



Schlaparelli's printed silk suit with formal rows of white flowers on a brown background shows her new sleeve treatment having a wide pointed shoulder effect. The shirred fullness in the front of the skirt is another new note.

Step Right Up and Tell the Time



The natives of Walla Walla, Wash., are so proud of their consistently sunny weather that they have designed this large "sun clock" on the public square. Anyone wishing to know the time of day steps on the center dot and looks at his shadow, which serves as an hour hand.

AMAZE A MINUTE SCIENTIFACTS BY ARNOLD



MINING BURNING BRIMSTONE IN A VOLCANO!
THE 500-FOOT DEEP AND 3/4 MILE WIDE CRATER OF MEXICO'S GREAT VOLCANO, POPOCATEPETL, IS NOW TO BE WORKED FOR ITS VAST SOURCE OF SULPHUR.

SWEET SECOND-SWEET POTATOES MAKE THE SECOND LARGEST VEGETABLE CROP GROWN IN THE U.S.

DANGEROUS PLAY AT HOME! SWINGING CHILDREN AROUND BY THE ARMS SHOULD NEVER BE DONE. THEIR NERVES AT THE ARMPITS ARE EXPOSED, AND APT TO BE STRETCHED, CAUSING PARALYSIS.

WNU Service.

THE ABILITY FAMILY

THE best neighbors I ever had were the Ability family. There were eight in the present family, one child died young. The father's name was Reliability, the mother's Responsibility. They were each well named. The father had the respect and confidence of all he met in business—people, even strangers, felt him to be trustworthy. The mother played her part, too; after visiting her household, one could be assured that she carried her part of the home making for her husband and their six children, adding more duties each day to her already full program. Her name was Responsibility and she lived up to it. One would naturally expect a strong family of children from such parents, and such was the case.

Their first child, who grew to be strong and stalwart, they named Respectability. He was an upright chap. He thought well of himself and justly so, for he lived persistently at his best.

The second child was named Stability, for at an early age he evidenced decided firmness of character. He was sure footed and steady as a rock. His opinions were always real convictions to him.

After a few years passed another child was born to this interesting family, not as strong in health as the first two children, but patient unto long endurance, with never a word of complaint. This child was calm and often silent with an inner reserve and strength that won from his friends great admiration and love. His parents called him Durability.

The fourth child was a joy to his mother. Nothing ever seemed to go wrong when this little fellow was about. Everyone loved him as he grew up, because he was thinking constantly of others. He would change his plans to accommodate others if need be. Unselfishness was his watchword. His name was Adaptability.

One child died young. Feeble and ill-tempered, he grew quite apart from the family traits. His name was Irritability. He was too unhappy to live long.

After the death of Irritability the Ability family was again augmented by two, when the twins came. Happy, good natured, lovable pair of youngsters they were. They brought sunshine and joy wherever they went. Everybody agreed that they should be called Affability and Computability!

So this is the Ability family. How many of them have you met in your circle of friends? Do you wonder the name of this family was ABILITY?

Is the Vast British Empire Breaking Up?

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

KING GEORGE V's silver jubilee, now at its height in England, has formed an innocent, if world-wide, institution for propagandizing the unity and extent of the British Empire. No one, certainly, questions its extent. But there are those among the political economists of the day who at least suggest that the far-flung realm shows signs of breaking apart, and when the real test comes, if it ever does, they may be right.

"Recent developments in South Africa have again made people ask whether the British Empire is breaking up," writes Fred Clarke, English educator and former representative of the Union of South Africa at Geneva, in Current History Magazine. "Without attempting to answer that question, one can have no doubt as to the importance of the status of the Union act, which received royal assent on June 22, 1934. This new law has a bearing on the whole future of British imperial unity."

The status act contains the first definite official reference of the crown to the union as "a sovereign independent state." Its accompanying seal act gives the exclusive right of use of the Great Seal and Little Seal, heretofore held by the king, to the South African ministers.

For more than a quarter of a century South Africa, politically, has been torn bitterly between two political factions as directly opposed as our New Dealers and rugged individualists. They were led by General Smuts, right-hand man of General Botha in the Union government which arose a few years after the South African war, and General Hertzog, a minister in the Botha cabinet who was removed in 1912, two years after the cabinet was formed.

General Smuts and his faction openly considered the Union a definite part of the Empire, with British civilization and culture dominant. Hertzog sympathizers held out against the complete social, cultural and political domination of the Boer population by the British, and have always striven to make the Union a separate and independent nation.

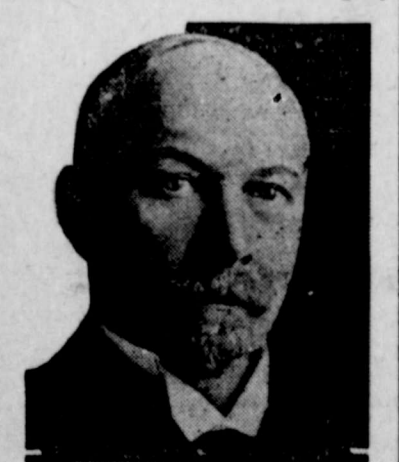
The present status of the Union has been effected as a sort of political compromise between the two generals and their respective parties. The Union is undeniably independent now, with merely "allegiance to the crown," the string politically tying it to Great Britain. And the two parties have fused into one.

They Get Together.

It is interesting to note that the coalition of the parties came about because their differences became so bitter after England went off the gold standard in 1931 that party leaders decided that unity and compromise would be the only means of averting hopeless internal political strife. Imagine Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover, getting together before a political campaign and straightening out their differences!

General Hertzog's nationalist party, which was in power in 1931, preferred to keep South Africa on the gold standard, believing that England had stepped off only temporarily, and that maintaining the standard would help to stabilize a leading industry of South Africa, gold mining. Other interests suffered badly, and General Smuts' South African party accused the incumbents of pampering the political interests always prone to take the opposite line from the empire, jeopardizing the interests of the Union in general thereby.

It was conceded that if General Smuts could force an election at that time, he would have more than an even chance of winning, but that he could not do so without stirring up



General Smuts.

the smoldering embers of racial conflict between Boers (or, rather, the present-day Afrikaanders) and Britons, an animosity that had been admirably subdued in the preceding decades by wise government.

To youth of South Africa really goes the credit for coalition. Young men of both parties know the sentimental and romantic racial dissensions merely as historical traditions, not as real loyalties and convictions. It was they whose insistence that these differences be wiped out once and for all impressed the nation with the necessity for taking up the real business at hand—that of administering good government. As a result of the coalition, the status act, satisfactory in the main to both parties, was effected.

Boers in Opposition.

The Boer in South Africa has long opposed the out-and-out political dominance of the Union by London, as proposed by the Briton, for fear of losing his identity. South Africa is a



region of two separate and powerful cultures, and its people speak two languages. There is, of course, the English with which we are more or less familiar. And there is the Dutch offspring, Afrikaans.

The New Deal for South Africa pacifies both factions by fostering both cultures. Education is administered in both. Newspapers and magazines are published in both languages.

That the status act, with its admission of South Africa's virtually absolute independence, applies as well to all of the British Dominions, is implied in the fact that it includes in its preamble the Balfour declaration obtained by General Hertzog when he headed the nationalist government of 1924. This calls the Dominions "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any respect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Further removing British political dominance from the Dominions was the Statute of Westminster, which was passed by the British parliament in 1931. It closely allied the constitutional development of the other Dominions of the empire with that of the Union of South Africa. The Balfour declaration and the Statute of Westminster are masterpieces of phraseology which carried soothing balm to both South African factions. The status act is the application of them to the South African constitution.

Two important concessions are made to the Dominions in the Statute of Westminster. It gives the Dominion government power to amend, repeal or modify any British act which has been incorporated in the law of the Dominion. It further states that no British law may be applied to any Dominion unless that Dominion has requested the application and consented to it.

Really Independent.

The status act itself declares that no British legislation shall be considered in effect in the Union of South Africa until it is re-enacted by the South African parliament. The "chief executive" is defined as the king, who shall act upon the advice of his South African ministers.

In South Africa the king's representative is the governor-general. Neither he nor the king have any powers of veto or reservation of a bill. The governor-general may, however, simply return a bill with his opinion for further consideration if he thinks it wise. The king does not retain the power to name the prime minister and to dissolve parliament.

The case of war would be the real test. For, with the clearly worded status act, the Union of South Africa can now decide for itself whether or not to remain neutral if the empire enters a war. Says Clarke:

"It might even secede altogether, though not apparently, by legal process. Some commentators in England as well as in South Africa feel disturbed by these possibilities. But 'equal status' necessarily implies them, and legal barriers would be flimsy defenses against the strong political pressures when the time of crisis comes."

It will be remembered that when England entered the World war there was widespread dissension in South Africa, and even serious uprisings in some cases. Clarke goes on:

"Neutrality and secession are political issues, to be determined in the light of all the facts when the question arises. They are not to be determined in advance, as some of the die-hard lawyers seemed to demand, by any constitutional legislation, especially legislation under such documents as the Balfour declaration and the Statute of Westminster."

The Ties That Bind.

The abolition of the prerogative power of the king aroused the anguish of the pro-British faction in South Africa. This faction claimed that in the time of crisis the king was the executive head of the entire British Empire, and that he could act as he saw fit in case of a crisis, in order to keep the realm from falling apart. General Smuts was able to convince his followers that for centuries no such prerogative, if there was one, had been exercised, and that the question was not one of law, but of politics.

Of course, what the economists who cite the status act as evidence that the British Empire is disintegrating fail to

show is that political power or legal power are not the real bands which hold the Empire together. Experience has taught us that in time of war nations do not act on the literal interpretation of the law. The ties that bind are more substantial. In the case of the British Imperial Dominions they are the advantages of free trade within the Empire and the protection of the British fleet. The Union of South Africa would be an easy mark indeed for an invading force were it not for the protection of the greatest fleet in the world. It is extremely doubtful that the Union would ever want to forsake such a protection.

With its constitutional status now more clearly defined than ever before, the Union of South Africa is ready itself to begin expanding. It would like to annex the adjacent protectorates of Bechuanaland, Swaziland and Basutoland, which are now governed under the Dominions office in London. When the Union was formed in 1909, the constitution provided for the eventual inclusion of these territories.

Their population, however, is 99 per cent black, and they were left out of the original Union and kept under direct London protection because of the treatment they had received at the hands of the Boers who made up a large share of the Union population.

When, last year, Prime Minister Hertzog announced to Great Britain that the Union of South Africa was ready to act immediately to include the protectorates, his act drew an instant appeal from Chief Tshekedi



General Hertzog.

Khama of Bechuanaland. British administration to the protectorates has not been all that it might be, but natives and native sympathizers believe that it is better than the discrimination which might harm them at the hands of the Boers.

Native Chiefs Balk.

Unionists claim that there are no selfish reasons for annexation, for the Union has plenty of land and plenty of economic difficulty without taking on that of the native areas. Basutoland is tremendously overcrowded and conditions among the blacks are deplorable. The Union would move the surplus population over to the vast expanses of Bechuanaland, where the population is scarce, and would give the blacks land and irrigate it.

The natives and their chief are afraid of this. The reason is that the Tait Company, Ltd., owns about 1,325,000 acres in Bechuanaland. They fear that the blacks might be exploited industrially here, that the grazing land which has been held out to them as a home land for the surplus Union blacks might be seized by the surplus whites of the Union.

Neither do they like the present native policy of the Union. The native under the protectorate of the Union, according to the Manchester Guardian, has found that "his freedom of movement is limited by restrictive 'pass' laws; his status as a worker is degraded by the color bar act to one of permanent economic inferiority. He sees his fellows through the Union compelled by the native service contract act to relinquish settlement and to wander in search of work. He sees them barred by the native land act from acquiring land even if, despite all obstacles, they acquire means to do so."

With the constitutional differences straightened out between black and white in the Union, and with the rising of a new generation which does not feel so bitterly the inequality of the whites and the blacks, it is held that the government under Smuts and Hertzog means well by the natives.

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CLIFF DWELLERS OF PAST AGES

Apartment Living Traced Back to 85 B. C.

How many of us have the impression that apartment dwelling is comparatively modern?

No doubt a good many of us. However, surprising as it may seem, apartment dwelling dates back to about 85 B. C., according to official records.

How much further no one can answer, but an exhaustive research by the writer reveals that in 85 B. C. an entire apartment city was built high up in the Andes, a place called Machu Picchu, Peru.

The entire city was built about 7,000 feet above sea level, on a precipice leading up from the Grand canyon of the Urubamba. It was supposed to have been constructed to promote safety. These apartments were built of white granite and divided into one and two rooms per family, with one window and door in each building. This was quite the mode of living in that day.

We also find a troglodyte village in southern Tunisia, with apartment houses built of mud dauber, each apartment being separate from the others and consisting of one room, one door and no windows.

Crude, treacherous stairs, worn by much use, led to the doors from the outside. The life of these inhabitants was much like that of the Pueblo Indians of America and was another instance of apartment dwelling of that period.

We find in the Twelfth century in Kandy, Ceylon, a type of apartment better known today as the homes of the original cliff dwellers. These cliffs were built in the form of individual apartments, one above the other and served as a refuge for the Ceylonese against the invading Malays.

The Ceylonese monarch of that age was so much impressed by the apartment, or cliff dwellers, that he ap-

pointed priests to take charge of them, and dedicated lands for their support. That was probably the origin of our present superintendent or resident manager of apartment houses.

Coming to the North American continent, we find at Mesa Verde, Colo., a large community apartment, known as "The Cliff Palace," tucked away under an overhanging rock, which afforded protection in the form of a roof.

Entrance was made from the top of the apartment, by a crude ladder, and the individual apartments were built in tiers, rising a few feet per apartment. This is still a famous relic of ancient Indian civilization in southwest Colorado.

What was probably the first example of set-back architecture was discovered at Taos Pueblo, New Mexico, where a large Indian communal house was discovered and housed about 200 Indian families. This house was inhabited by Pueblo Indians and was built of stone and sometimes mud. This communal house was often the subject for artists.—Raymond R. Keane, in the Philadelphia Record.

Calotabs
BILIOUSNESS

If you have a pimply, blotchy complexion try **Resinol** to help nature heal such surface defects

Wintersmith's Tonic
Not only the old reliable remedy for **MALARIA** in all its forms, but **A Good General Tonic** which stimulates the appetite and helps restore the strength. **USED FOR 65 YEARS**

FRECKLES DISAPPEAR



WONDER CREAM WIPES AWAY BLACKHEADS—DULL, DINGY SKIN
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, soft, smooth, lovely! Fine results positively guaranteed with NADINOLA—tested and trusted for nearly two generations. At all toilet counters, only 50c. Or write NADINOLA, Box 41, Paris, Tenn.

Then It's Different
Civilized people occasionally like to live as savages do until it is time to get a haircut.

MOSQUITOES inject Poison

Mosquitoes live on human blood. Before she can draw your blood, however, the mosquito must first thin it by injecting a poison. Thus mosquitoes annoy—are dangerous, spread serious disease epidemics. Don't take chances. Kill mosquitoes, flies, spiders with **FLY-TOX**—proved best by 10,000 tests. **Accept no substitutes... demand FLY-TOX**

ADVERTISING

is as essential to business as is 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.

DIZZY DEAN pours one in!

MAD DOG! **GIVE ME THAT BALL! QUICK!**
LOOK OUT!
MAD DOG!

GOSH, YOU SURE KNOCKED THAT DOG COLD
GEE! DIZZY DEAN
JIMINY CRICKETS! IT'S DIZZY DEAN
GOSH, IT SURE IS!

AND I RECKON YOU ALL BELONG TO THE DIZZY DEAN WINNERS
SURE—EVEN DOROTHY HERE!
AND WE ALL EAT GRAPE-NUTS—JUST LIKE YOU DO SO WE CAN HAVE LOTS OF ENERGY

WELL, GRAPE-NUTS WILL GIVE IT TO YOU. I'VE PUT GRAPE-NUTS ON MY ALL-STAR TEAM AS AN ENERGY-MAKER
AND IT SURE TASTES GREAT, DIZZY
I LIKE GRAPE-NUTS—UM!

Boys! Girls! Get Valuable Prizes Free!

Join the Dizzy Dean Winners... wear the Membership Pin... get Dizzy's Autographed Portrait!

Send top from one 12-oz. yellow-and-blue Grape-Nuts package with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin and copy of club manual showing 37 mighty free prizes. And to have lots of energy, start eating Grape-Nuts right away. It has a winning flavor all its own. Economical, too, for two tablespoons, with milk or cream, provide more varied nourishment than many a heavy meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1935. Not good in Canada.)



"ADS" and "NEWS"

Politics still besets the Texas Centennial. Naming an advertising advisory committee, to have direction of expenditure of the \$500,000 state advertising fund for the Centennial, Walter Wood, lieutenant governor, selected a railroad executive, a department store manager, a lobbyist for the sulphur company. The Dallas News explains that no advertising or newspaperman was selected, because "the presence of active journalists on the committee would have tended to sway the group toward the impracticable policy of frittering away the advertising appropriation" by buying space with the money. Many advertising and newspaper people thought that was what the legislature appropriated the advertising money for. The News recommends, instead, that Chicago's example be followed, and all of the advertising money be spent for high powered press agents to send out accurate and attractive news of the Centennial to be published free by the newspapers that cheerfully published such material during the past year, when the Centennial had no advertising funds. The Central Exposition management at Dallas has indicated its faith in this policy, by hiring a crew of press agents, headed by an expert from San Diego, to send out Centennial "news." This group also is considering bidding for South American attendance at the Centennial by backing an airplane race around that continent, at a cost of \$100,000, with Elliot Roosevelt, son of the president, as manager of this advertising project. Some Texas editors already are returning the "news" produced by the "experts," with their advertising rate cards enclosed.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Ohism will preach in Hedley, at the Church of Christ, the second Sunday of each month.

Everybody is invited to come out and hear him.

Bible Classes every Sunday morning from 10 to 11 o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

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.

NAZARENE CHURCH

E. P. Robinson, pastor
Sunday Bible School, 9:45 a. m.
Preaching Service, 11:00
N. Y. P. S., 8:30 p. m.
Preaching Service, 7:30
W. M. S. Wednesday, 2:30 P. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:15
We Welcome You.

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 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.
Byrds Watt, Sec.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor
18th year in Memphis
PHONE 462
Lady in Office

JOINT W. M. S.

Aug. 29, our 5th Monday Joy missionary society had their meeting at the Methodist Church 32 were present. Our president was called to Amarillo because of sickness but our vice pres. Mrs. Hicks handled the situation very efficiently. The Parks Hawkins quartette were with us and gave us a very helpful program. The services opened by singing two songs. We were led in prayer by Bro. Parks. They gave a quartette, "Be Strong" and Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins sang a duet, "I am resting in His love." Scripture lesson Matt. 27, was read and commented on by Bro. Parks, which was helpful to all, impressing afresh every one's call to service. Sister Parks then gave a talk on the same subject, this lesson being the great commission. Bro. Hawkins then sang "The old country Chapel," which always renews pleasant memories of the long ago. A short business session, then dismissed with prayer by Bro. Parks. All went to the basement where the refreshment committee served sandwiches, cookies and punch. All in all a very pleasant hour spent together, and we take this means to thank these visitors for their contribution to the success of the meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cole and Mrs. Loyd Lee of Wheeler and Mrs. Cecil Johnson of Dozier visited in the R. W. Alwine home Thursday and Friday.

Joe Everett and Clarence Davis made a trip to Wellington last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Houston of Wheeler are visiting here.

Neil Dean was carried to an Amarillo hospital Monday for an appendicitis operation.

Mrs. Joe Everett and children are visiting in Merkel this week.

Ira Foster of Wheeler spent the week end at the O. R. Caldwell home.

Alton Hawkins and wife of Memphis spent the week end here.

J. N. Weaver and wife, Mrs. M. C. Raney and Wallace Raney and family are visiting in Ft. Worth, Denton and other points.

Dr. A. L. Johnson and wife, Earl Whedbee and wife and Miss Nana Johnson all of Knoxville, Tenn., were guests of the C. E. Johnson family the past week end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hinds of Tye spent the week end in the Frank Kendall home. Mrs. Kendall, who has been visiting in Tye for some time returned with them.

Miss Ora Lee Burns of Kirklund is visiting at the Richard Longscore home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Reeves and daughter, Miss Myrtle, returned Sunday from a visit in the Ed Harris home at Estan.

Miss Kye of the Charm Beauty Shoppe made a trip to Amarillo first of the week to take the laboratory tests required by the new beauty laws.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

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

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

CRICKIANS

Virginia Watt entertained a number of friends with a slumber party at her home last Wednesday night. At 11 o'clock delicious ice cream was served. At the breakfast hour bacon and eggs, cooked over a bonfire were enjoyed by the following: Mary Lane Hendricks, Marie Clawson, Doris and Flaurine Sherman, Doris Marie Everett, Eddie Mae and Geraldine Land, Norma Jean and Mary Jo Hart and Marieta Shipley of Wichita Falls.

Rev. A. V. Hendricks is holding a revival at Plaska this week.

Mrs. Janie Fitzgerald and Mrs. Bertie Smith of Altus, Okla. are visiting at the W. H. Huffman and Oscar Hess homes.

Marvin Whitfield and family are visiting the Homer Bridges family in Bartlesville, Okla. this week.

Miss Joyce Sheats of Childress is spending this week in the Rev. Wells home.

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.

Ladies dresses and piece goods at a reduced price. B. & B.

Homer Grimsley and family of Memphis spent Sunday with home folks here.

Teddy Hull of Newcastle is visiting his aunt, Mrs. E. C. Beliver.

SPECIAL SERVICE

Sunday morning, August 11, the pulpit at the First Baptist Church will be filled by a layman speaker, O. G. Watson of Clarendon.

NOTICE

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

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 Sunday.

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each month.

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

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Office Phone 3
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The Bruce Stewart family are moving to the country this week.

EMBALMING

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We Are At Your Service

THOMPSON BROS.
Night Phone 94 or 64

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

Remember the

Old

Settlers'

Picnic

August 16th

The Lucky Lawrences

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright by Kathleen Norris
WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"There's one thing I can't do it with-out!" Dick admitted, folding the telegram to put it back into his breast pocket.

"Money?" Sam asked.
"Nope," Dick looked at Gail, and all the others laughed. "I won't do it with-out my wife," he said simply.
"But gosh!" This was Sam again.
"You'd have to be married right off!" Dick said nothing. He looked at Gail.

"Gail could be married tomorrow, and get out like a fire horse!" Lily said, and they all laughed.

It was exciting. Things were happening fast and furiously to the Lucky Lawrences at last. Miss Ariel's secret wedding had had all the town buzzing. Now Miss Abigail's plans had the right of way, and the little town was stirred with a deeper emotion!

"To—for the land's sake! To where?"

"To London, Mrs. Pine. For two years."

"For the land's sake! Well, don't forget your friends in Clipperville, Gail."

"As if I could!"

"Next Thursday! Next Thursday? For heaven's sake! Why the rush?"

"Dick—Mr. Stebbins—has to sail for London on the fifteenth. And we have ten days or two weeks in New York."

"Well, you certainly have taken folks' breath away!"

"Not any more than mine, I assure you, Mrs. Brush."

"You'll be back in Clipperville some day."

"Oh, indeed I hope so!"

"When do you leave the library, Gail?"

"Tomorrow night."

"Well, I declare it won't seem like the same place without you!"

"They were all so kind. Old associates in tears, old friends carrying armfuls of brightly polished huckleberry and pungent chrysanthemums to the Lawrence house. Presents, presents, presents—every one in town had to have a finger in Gail's new equipment. In Muller's she looked at the incredibly smart ensemble: the tan silk blouse, the tobacco-brown coat with a great white fur collar.

"The tag seems to be gone, Mr. Muller. Not that I think it's—just my price."

"It is thirty dollars," said old Muller steadfastly. The saleswoman almost cried out. Even unsophisticated Gail looked bewildered.

"Thirty dollars?"

"Thirty."

She tried it on that night for the family, pulled down the rich little tobacco-brown hat over her eyes.

"You're stunning!" said Lily and Ariel.

"Gee, you're cute!" Sam and Phil said.

Dick said nothing.

The days were full of delights; in the long evenings she and Dick sat by the fire and planned.

"What keeps us in New York for ten days, Dick?"

"Oh, I have to see Mr. Leavitt, and we have to get you a winter coat—or maybe we could get that in London."

"All I know is," Gail said, "that when you say 'a London coat,' you say something."

"But you'd need it on the steamer, you see."

"Dick, I assure you in all seriousness that I can't believe my ears!"

"It's going," he said slowly, with a rich content in his voice, "to be fun!"

"Imagine our paying for things in shillings and pence, Dick!"

It was an inexhaustibly diverting thought. Once she said wistfully, "Would any of Dickens' London be left, Dick, do you suppose? I mean all around Lincoln's Inn, where Trad-dies had all the girls, and down 'round the docks and bridges where Izzie Hexam and her father rowed, and in the law courts where Snagsby bolted his bread and butter?"

He laughed at her tenderly.

"My darling, I don't know Dickens as you do!"

"I should love to see the old Marsh-alen," she mused, "and Arthur Cleen-ham's house, and the gate where they found Lady Dedlock!"

Old Miss Roundtree, born in London, came especially to warn her. The Hyde Park neighborhood was the nice neighborhood, my dear. There were very nice flats in all those streets; the Stebbins couldn't do better, unless they meant to go as far out as St. John's Wood. But they must keep away from the Pimlico district. These things were important at 'ome.

Mrs. Wibser, Lily's extraordinary mother, also had advice to impart.

"You might easily take it for sea-sickness, d'ye see? But there'll be a good doctor on board, and you look him up the first thing. He'll tell ye the difference. Not that there's anything to be afraid of, but it's as well to take care of yourself, from the beginning."

"I'm not one bit worried about that. What does worry me is that I might be the sort that never—"

"Well, you're not!" said the oracle firmly. "You're one that'll have to look out now, not to get all run down!"

"Honestly, Ma," Lily said, "your idea of conversation with a girl who's going to be married in two days simply gets me!"

Mrs. Wibser was undaunted. She instantly recalled the case of a girl who had mistaken a discomfort for more

significant for sea-sickness, and who had died and been buried at sea. Lily and Gail laughed the tears into their eyes, the older woman could not see why.

"Havin' children's as natural as breathin'," she said indignantly. "They say the Indian women simply drop out on the march . . ."

"Do you know whom I'm going to miss like everything, Lily?" Gail asked in an undertone, after awhile.

"Phil?" suggested Phil's wife.

"Phil, too, and of course the baby. But I meant Wiff-waff," said Gail. "He and I understand each other; I never dreamed that I could love a little boy as much as that!"

"He'll miss you, too," Lily said, tears in her bright sharp eyes. "But won't we all!" she added simply.

It was only Ariel, of them all, of all Clipperville, who could not share the excitement and pleasure of Gail Lawrence's marriage. Ariel had somehow lost her birthright of little sister-ship; there had been no happy flurry of flowers, gifts, wedding frocks, and wedding plans for her; and she looked on at Gail's excitement and emotion with disillusioned, hard young eyes and a faint curl of the lip.

Sometimes Gail dragged herself from her own roselate absorption to try—as all her world had always tried—to cheer Ariel.

"Do you know anything about Manchester?"

"The New Jersey town where Van is, where you'll live!"

"Not much." Ariel's tone would be utterly dreary. "Van says there's a country club."

"That might be fun!"

"I don't imagine anything in New Jersey is fun. It sounds to me like a horribly joy place!"

"Maybe you'll have a baby, Ariel. That will keep you busy!"

"Maybe I won't," Ariel answered, setting her jaw firmly.

"Oh, darling—you love children."

"I know," Ariel conceded grudgingly, and was silent. "Men always get the best of everything!" she added resentfully.

"Well, as far as I can see," Gail said healthily, "Van is working hard on a rather dull job, and seems to be an immensely improved—"

"The word—'developed young man!'" she finished.

"Why should what a girl does be so much worse than what a man does?" Ariel said darkly, out of thought.

"Oh, darling, we can't go back to that!"

"I mean, why should a man be able to throw anything up to his wife, when he himself was in it—talked her into doing it?" Ariel demanded.

Gail flushed with distaste.

"I don't think a decent man would do that, Ariel!" she said warmly.

But words were no use. Twenty-one, beautiful, married to the man she had chosen, yet the secret of content was denied Ariel, and she could only look forward with apprehension, and backward with regret. The look in Dick's eyes when he came to steal a few words with his promised wife was a sealed book to Ariel, as was the light that shone on Gail's face as she went to meet him. There had been no mystery, no waiting, no fragrance and glory to Ariel's surrender—excited, reckless, their sudden desire knowing no law, their breath stained with food and drink and cigarette, and Van had possessed each other casually, without premeditation, unashamed and unfeared before the hour that found them in each other's arms; ashamed and fearful forever afterward.

Ariel tried to feel contempt for Gail, so innocent, so awed, so trembling with love and faith at the door of the temple. Ariel was but twenty-one, but life had hardened her; she had aged ten years in the last three. Nothing thrilled Ariel now, no promises rang true in her ears, no prospect allured her. And Gail at twenty-seven, Gail who wrote stories and handled unmanageable little boys and novel-loving old ladies so expertly—Gail was only a child, going in utter unknowingness to her bridal night. To Gail men could still be fine, good, worthy of trust and love; to Gail marriage and motherhood would be the very crown of life.

When Gail and Dick sat before the fire in the late evenings, and when Ariel, reading in the next room or loitering discontentedly up to bed, heard their low voices, their low laughter, she tried to despise them.

But after all it was hard to despise beauty and strength and hope; it was hard to despise the prospect that embraced travel and new cities, and the crossing of the great ocean. Above all, it was hard to despise love, and how these two loved each other!

Gail's new cards came home: "Mrs. Richard Alden Stebbins."

Her new trunk came, with a plain little "A. L. S." lettered on the blue stripe that encircled it.

"Why the blue stripe, Dick?"

"Willoughby gave me that idea. We'll be traveling, off and on. We'll go over to Paris for Christmas, maybe. And it helps you pick out your baggage."

"Oh, thrills!" sang Gail.

"But listen to me, Dicky," she said, on the afternoon before the great day itself. "Mark me well. If you were running this ranch as your father did, and if you and I were moving in here tomorrow, I'd be just as happy. I'd be just as happy! I'd bake you biscuits and sweep out this old kitchen."

On a quiet, late October afternoon they were walking about the old place that was presently to be Sam's home.

Sam not only had theories about farming, but he had an eye on pretty Beth Tait who taught the kindergartens grades. He, Gail, and Dick wandered through the gauzy, deserted farmhouse that still smelled of apples and rotting wood, and through the sweet-scented barns and stables.

"I believe you would!" Dick said.

Sam had left them alone for a minute in the kitchen. It held the homely air of a place in which hard living—loving, hating, eating, grieving, and rejoicing—had had their way for generations. The old stove had been polished thin; lamps still stood crookedly on the old brass brackets. Two empty flower pots careened on the window sill.

"How different it would be!" Gail said.

"Well, this was home to me, you know. I learned to read in this kitchen. My whole childhood was right in this yard."

"If Beth and Sam make a go of it we'll come back some day!"

"We'll come back anyway, Gail."

They stepped into the dooryard, and looked up at the trees from which the leaves were drifting, and Dick showed her his initials cut clumsily into the great wealed bole of a pepper tree. The girl stooped and touched her lips to them.

"Do you know what that is, Dick?" she asked, straightening up with eyes full of love and laughter. "That's love, dear. The love of a woman for a man!"

"The miracle," he said, kissing the glowing face under the tawny mop.

On the way home they stopped at the graveyard, and Gail knelt, dry-eyed and thoughtful, at Edith's little stone, and touched its carved inscription with her finger tips.

"Blessed are the pure in spirit, for they shall see God," she read. And all that evening, the last of her girlhood, she thought of Edith.

"My darling, if you could share this! You'd love it so! Packing the trunk—you'd have so many little tricks, out of the backs of magazines! You'd come to visit us, maybe, in London, and we'd stroll around together—in the Strand and in Charing Cross road. . . . You'd be the first to touch my baby—when he comes."

The evening was one long dream, a dream that blended into the dreams of the short night, when she slept lightly, but sweetly, mingling waking thoughts with happy, confused journeys into the unreal.

She thought of the old house whose winter shadows rose about her and below her and above her; the stately old ugly rooms, the books and books and books, on the shelves and lying face downward on the chairs and stuck between the railings of the winding stairway. She thought of her poetic mother, dying, with innocent little golden-headed Ariel on her arm and of motherless childhood days when she and Edith had whispered of school affairs, going off to sleep, and had played mud pies and flower ladies out in the old garden during the long vacations.

Then Papa off to the war, as became a Lawrence and a patriot, and then the strange sense of suddenly growing up, of responsibility, that had come with the news of Papa's death, and her first job.

Poverty, hard work, discouragement, ignorance—how these shadows had darkened about the Lawrence children! The old house shabbier and poorer, Ariel unmanageable, Sam playing hooky, Phil beginning to run with the Wisber girl, and never any money, any beauty, any leisure, any young pleasure for any of them!

She and Edith had philosophized, had read books and taken walks, had refused the spurious coin when the genuine had fallen them. But Ariel had flattered straight toward the flame—desperately determined to force from the world what the world would not give.

Edith always steadfast, faithful, coming to the library to help stack books, planning supper in the side garden, with raspberries and iced tea. But Ariel in open rebellion, and Gail not much better.

She remembered the day when Van Murchison came suddenly back into her life, and when fun, excitement, visits, and frocks had seemed within reach. Unsatisfactory, flippant, giddy as he had been, she had accepted him, she had determined indeed to marry him should the chance be offered her—marry him to escape.

Gail, dreaming of all this on her wedding eve, trembled with a sudden chill in the darkness and solitude of her own big chamber. She would have taken Van to escape—what?

Well, this. This that she had tonight. Her friends, her background, her family, Phil and Lily and the children, all the beauty and dignity of home. To escape from her work, her beloved sheets of yellow paper, her green fountain pen. To escape from Dick, and London, and all the glowing future!

Poor little Ariel had escaped—escaped from life. She had shut herself into the jail of her own dissatisfied heart, and there she would be for a long time to come, perhaps forever.

TO BE CONTINUED

Fishy Facts

Nine hundred thousand tons of coal are used to catch the 200,000 tons of fish landed at Grimsby every year, where the largest ice factory in the world turns out 1,200 tons of ice a day. Brought from the farthest parts of the North Sea, the landings begin at 5 a. m. every weekday morning on the "pontoon," which is the name for the concrete market. The fish is auctioned from north to south, cleaned and frequently filleted, boxed in ice and packed in the vans of express night trains to catch the early morning markets at Billingsgate in London and elsewhere.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Novelty's the Word for Swim Suits

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



and shakes out and dries, moisture injuring its appearance not in the least. See the velvet suit pictured in the center of the group.

JUST what, do you suppose, "are the wild waves saying" in regard to the whimsical, colorful and sometimes amusing water sports fashions which are so merrily splashing, dashing swimming, bathing, diving and floating and frolicing in ocean blue, or lake or river or new fangled swimming pool or wherever enthusiastic water fans happen to be?

Well, one thing is certain, if they are saying anything, they are undoubtedly holding an exciting conversation as to the trend to novelty which is so outstandingly characteristic of the latest in swim and beach suits. This is especially true in regard to media and materials, which are that novel they deny the theory that there is nothing new under the sun.

There's lace, for instance, which is a charming innovation, so far as bathing suits are concerned, has set the fashion world abuzz this season. Dil-kusha, a youthful French designer of renown, conceived the idea. The lace makers obligingly followed along with a fabric that could be used with assured modesty and pleasing effect. Comfortable to swim in, attractive in appearance, lace threatens to be a leader in the race for beachwear popularity. In the picture, the suit to the left is fashioned of lace of firm dependable quality. Even the bathing clogs are of lace, closely woven and snug-fitting.

Another sensation is the debut of velvet as medium for the bathing suit. Of course the velvet has been processed to resist the ravages of water. Then, too, it is crinkled instead of smooth.

The idea of the bathing suit which is knitted yet there is everything new in knitted effects as brought out this season. Their chief claim to novelty is in the daring and bizarre colorings and patterned effects instead of plain solid tones. The new print or Jacquard knits are so spectacular that they easily add as much color to the beach panorama as do the gaily striped parasols and deck chairs.

They are style tide in knitted suits is running strongly to the mailot, or skirtless swim suit, because it permits the greatest freedom of action and exposes a maximum of skin surface to healthful sun rays. Mailots are also most flattering to fine figures, which is another argument in their favor. A smart version of the mailot, in a Jacquard knit with a deep U-back, halter neck and the fitted uplift (characteristic of the majority of 1935 suits) is shown to the right in the illustration. Huge bubble dots, alternating outline and solid, contribute splashes of striking color to its patterning. Among the beguiling combinations are white dots on a skipper blue ground, sulphur yellow on brown, rouge on glory blue and white on tropic green.

Many fashionwise water-fans will do their swimming and sunsoaking in skirtless or skirted, if you so prefer, one-piece suits which have backs formed by adjustable straps drawn together at the back in a ring or some other ingenious and attractive device surrounding the waist as a self belt, carelessly tied at the front to give the smart and casual touch.

© Western Newspaper Union

BEACH TOWEL WRAP

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Immense bath towels with fantastic designs, fish, lobsters, and palm trees being their decorative motifs done in eye-appealing colors are being used at leading summer resorts as rugs and beach wraps. The picture shows how smartly and artfully they wrap themselves about scanty bathing suits. Measuring 38 by 72 inches as they do, these enormous bath-and-beach towels serve as ample rugs on sandy shores, lending color and tone to the scene.

NEWEST STYLES IN OUTFITS FOR BEACH

From tailored severity to lacy laziness, the newest beach clothes range, with in-between numbers of quaint pastoral quality and daring modern themes.

There's a gay nineties air about a swim suit of polka-dotted red latex woolen with white ruffles around the top and bottom, and forming the shoulder straps, which cross in the back.

Then there is the English schoolboy outfit, so popular with beach lollers this season, which usually consists of tailor shorts and shirt of navy or polka-dotted twill, a matching ascot and a tailored white plique or linen jacket.

The Bavarian note is with us, too, in pastoral beach frocks of flowered glazed chintz, with lace bodices and sometimes even milkmaid aprons.

There is the Tyrolean trend, in gay chintz shirts and skirt-length slacks, with suspenders and gay belts. You wear these with a plumed Alpine hat.

Summer Prints Are Using

Flowers as Big as Plates
Prints splashed with the biggest figures Paris has ever used—flowers the size of a large dinner plate—are next of the summer style scene.

Black or white crepes printed with huge plate-sized yellow and green sunflowers fashion slender gowns whose hemlines and trains are encircled by diagonal ruffles. Their tops are sometimes without shoulder straps, leaving shoulders and back bare, the décolleté often rimmed by a big ruche of the flowers cut from the material and strung with loops of horsehair ribbon. More prints, this time patterned in saucer-sized tulips, fashion other gowns cut along similar lines.

Gaudy Ornaments

Ornaments for afternoon and evening wear are gaudy and often introduced a contrasting color. Quaint jeweled belts are daring and sometimes have bracelets or other ornaments to match.

PRECIOUS CHRISTIAN RELIC

The cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York recently received a gift from Archbishop Chrysostomos, head of the Greek church in Athens—a piece of stone cut from the Arospagus, the rock on which St. Paul stood to preach to the Athenians.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

Danger Signal

Sure sign that should convince a young man that an older one thinks he is foolish is that the older refrains from talking to him.

SAMPLE MANTLE OFFER!

GET A PAIR OF Coleman Mantles

• LAST LONGER

• MADE STRONGER

• GIVE MORE LIGHT

SEND for 2 genuine High Power Coleman Mantles. Use them on your gasoline pressure lamp or lantern. Let them prove that they are made stronger, last longer, give more light. Lowest cost to use. Just the right size, shape and weave for longer and better lighting service.

Coleman Mantles are always fresh; guaranteed quality. Dealers everywhere recommend them. The name "Coleman" stamped on the mantle protects you against substitutes. Send 10¢ in stamps or note to cover postage and handling. You'll get your two sample Coleman mantles promptly. Send today.

THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO. Factory & Home Office, WICHITA, KAN., Dept. WU18

Always a Risk

Whether air travel is safe or not what travel is?



Man's Inhumanity

Chief menace to man on earth is still man.—Exchange.



HELP KIDNEYS

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer backache, dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, feel upset and miserable . . . use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended by users the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS



SICK HEADACHES Indicate Acid Condition

Chew one or more Milnesia Wafers and obtain relief

You can obtain a full size 20c package of Milnesia Wafers containing twelve full adult doses by furnishing us with the name of your local druggist if he does not happen to carry Milnesia Wafers in stock, by enclosing 10c in coin or postage stamps. Address

SELECT PRODUCTS, INC., 6402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

My Name is _____

Street Address _____

Town & State _____

My Druggist's Name is _____

Street Address _____

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No-Scru
 No Loose Screws — and each lens has a shock absorber. You never again need be annoyed by loose screws and wobbly lenses. Let us fit you with the New Lectro-Ne-Screws-Ful-Vue Glasses. Eliminates Wobble — each lens held by an inner fit in a rubber glass.

GOLDSTON BROS.

JEWELERS and OPTOMETRIST
 Clarendon, Texas

FORTY-TWO CLUB

The 42 club met July 30th with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Watt. An enjoyable evening was spent playing 42. Delicious ice cream and wafers were served to Messrs and Mesdames Howard, Mann Sherman, Jewell, Masterson, Misses Geraldine Howard, Lela Ruth and Virginia Watt and Freddie Watt.

The club will meet August 6th on the Masterson lawn, with Mr. Gilliam and Mrs. Webb host and hostess. All members please notify the hostess if you cannot be present. Reporter

Jar tops, rings and other canning needs at B. & B.

Taken up at my place a Hampshire sow. Owner may claim same by paying feed bill and paying for this ad

M. W. Mesley

MILITARY APPOINTMENTS

The Eighteenth District of Texas will have for appointment to the Military Academy, for entrance in 1936, two cadets, and to the Naval Academy two midshipmen.

In order to afford equal opportunity to all young men in the district who are interested in entering these institutions, appointments for the Eighteenth District will be made on the basis of a preliminary competitive examination which will be held under the direction of the War and Navy Departments on October 28, 1935.

For each vacancy which exists at the Military Academy there will be appointed one principal and two alternates; and at the Naval Academy one principal and three alternates. These appointments will be made strictly

in accordance with the rating made by the applicants on the examination.

It must be understood that this preliminary examination is simply for the purpose of determining to whom the appointments will be given, and that nominees must then meet the entrance requirements of the Academies. This is done by taking the regular entrance examination for the Military Academy in March, 1936, or for the Naval Academy in February, 1936; or, in lieu thereof, submitting educational certificates with or without validating examinations in English and Mathematics, according to the character of certificate submitted. In addition to mental examination each candidate is required to pass a rigid physical examination.

Candidates for the Military Academy must be between the ages of 17 and 22 at the time of entrance, which will be the first week day in July, 1936. Candidates for the Naval Academy must be not less than 16 nor more than 20 years of age on April 1, 1936. This has been construed to mean that the candidate must not yet have reached the age of 20 on that date.

The preliminary examination as well as the entrance examination is a difficult one and announcement of these vacancies is being made at this time in order that any prospective candidates may have an opportunity to prepare themselves for the preliminary examination during the coming months.—Congressman Marvin Jones

There will be no service at the First Baptist Church Sunday night on account of the revival.

PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas

Friday Aug 2nd
Charley Chan in Egypt
 With Warner Oland and Pat Patter-son. A mystery drama. Ad-ventures of the famous Chinese de-tective, also news, comedy 10 25c

Saturday 3
Home on the Range
 Randolph Scott, Jackie Coogan Jackie Coogan comes back to the screen as a grown up fighting man in Zane Greys Home on the Range, also Strikes and Spares matinee 10c to ad. night 10 25c

Sun Mon 4 5
Lives of a Bengal Lancer
 Gary Cooper and Françoise Tone Action and excitement as the Forty First Bengal Lancers fight for their country and and each Hal LeRoy comedy 10 25c

Tuesday 6
Silk Hat Kid
 Lew Ayers and Mae Clark Ri-valry between a cafe owner and his bodyguard for the love of the former's girl friend, and our Bank Nite. Don't forget to at-tend the matinee, also "Tale of Vienna Woods" in technicolor 10 25c

Wed Thurs 7 8
Doubting Thomas
 Will Rogers, Allison Sappworth Farce comedy There's no doubt about it Will Rogers de-clares a laugh holiday in Doubt-ing Thomas, also comedy "Pro Football" and "The old Pioneer" 10 25c

Coming attractions, Shirley Tem-ple in "Now and Forever" and Bette Davis in "Girl from 10th Ave."

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

FRIDAY & SATURDAY SPECIALS

FLOUR

48 lb guaranteed	\$1.65
Meal, 20 lb. cream	59c
Spuds, pk.	25c
Coffee, bulk, lb.	17c
Syrup, Steamboat, gal.	55c
Oatmeal, 3 lb. box	23c

FRUIT

Dried Peaches, 2 lb.	25c
Dried Prunes, 3 lb.	27c
Apricots, dark, lb.	10c
Raisins, 4 lb.	32c
Cherries, No. 2 can	15c

Fresh Vegetables

Tomatoes, lb.	5c
Green Peas, lb.	5c
Fresh Okra, 2 lb.	15c
Green beans, lb.	7c
Lettuce, head	6c
Cabbage, lb.	3c

Market Specials

Bologna, lb.	15c
Lunch Meat, lb.	20c
Roast, rib, 2 lb.	25c
Steak, forequarter, lb.	18c
Steak as good as you ever ate, lb.	25c
Hot Barbecue, plenty gravy, lb.	25c

We pay cash for Poultry, Cream & Eggs

Harry Burden
Grocery and Market

PHONE 15

Food Specials

Yes, we have low prices, but service and quality too--
 That's why it pays to trade with us

Flour, Yukon \$1.85

Onions, 10 lb.	19c	Fresh Tomatoes, 3 lb.	15c
Cabbage, 10 lb.	25c	Beans, 2 lb.	15c
Lemons, large, doz.	27c	Peppers, green, lb.	10c
Bananas, doz.	15c	Bran, 100 lb.	\$1.10
Cantaloupes, 3 for	10c	Watermelons, each	29c

Lettuce, head 6c

Lard, 8 lb. carton	\$1.10	Steak, round or T-bone, lb.	25c
Blackberries, No. 2 can	10c	Steak, forequarter, lb	15c
Coffee, good bulk, 2 lb.	35c	Roast, lb.	15c
Black-eyed Peas, 4 lb	15c	Barbecue, fresh, hot, lb.	25c
Bologna, lb.	15c	Cheese, full cream, lb.	18c

Spuds, pk. 29c

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

'M' SYSTEM

Fast color print, beautiful pat-terns for school dresses
 B & B Variety

PRETTY AS HER HEROINES—THAT'S MARTHA OSTENSO

Her Newest Story Now Ap-ears Serially in This Newspaper.



MARTHA OSTENSO

Meeting Martha Ostensio would not be unlike meeting Silver Grenoble, the pretty blonde girl whose problems form the basis of "There's Always Another Year," Miss Ostensio's latest novel, which this newspaper now brings to you in serial form. Although she is only in her early thirties, she has already written eight successful novels, the first of which won her the Dodd, Mead first novel prize.

The author was born in Ostensio township on the Hardangerfjord in Norway, and came to America at the age of two. She learned to speak English in South Dakota, and when the family moved to Canada she began to earn money by writing it for the Manitoba Free Press. Like many reporters she succumbed to the call of New York where she did newspaper work and social service.

"Wild Geese," her first novel, was already framed in her mind, and it was not long before she got it on paper and with it won world-wide recognition. "The Dark Dawn," "The Mad Carew," "Prologue to Love" and others followed it. "There's Always Another Year" has been called a climax of her brilliant career. Read every installment as this story unfolds serially in these pages.



THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR

MARTHA OSTENSO

W.N.U. SERVICE

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SILVER'S father was a gambler. She "be-longed" to a Chicago gangster. But she found life at its fullest in the Dakota prairies!

Read every installment of this great story as it appears serially in this newspaper!