

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS AUGUST 30, 1935

NO. 42

## Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

Fruits and Veg.	Grapes, 2 lb.	25c
	Oranges, nice size, doz.	25c
	Raisins, 2 lb pkg.	19c
	Spuds, 10 lb No. 1	19c
	Lettuce, head	6c
Flour	48 lb. Perryton	\$1.69
Cereals	Bran Flakes, R & W, 2 for	19c
	Corn Flakes, Jersey, 2 for	19c
	Quaker Puffed Wheat, pkg.	10c
	Rippled Wheat, pkg.	10c
Royal Gelatin Dessert, 3 pkgs.		19c
Coffee	Good Bulk, 2 lb.	35c
	Amiration, lb.	27c
	W. P. lb.	20c
Paper cups, plates, spoons, forks, 2 doz		15c
Canned Goods	Tomato Juice, can	5c
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	Kraut 3 No. 2 cans	25c
	Peaches, 2 tall cans	25c

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## MISS BILDERBACK DIES SCHOOL OPENS MONDAY

Miss Thelma Bilderback of this city passed away early last Friday morning, Aug. 28, in the home of her brother, A. F. Bilderback, with whom she had made her home for the past nine or ten years. Funeral services were conducted Friday afternoon at 2:30 at the home, with Rev. A. V. Hendricks, pastor of the Methodist Church, officiating. Interment was made in the Rowe Cemetery.

Miss Bilderback was born in Seiler county, Ill., May 2, 1861, being 74 years of age at the time of her death. She came to Col. in county, Texas, more than fifty years ago. At the age of 20 she was converted and joined the Methodist Church. A few days ago she said she was "ready to go."

She is survived by three brothers and two sisters, A. F. Bilderback of Hedley; O. M. of Celina, Texas; Charley of Celina; Mrs. C. A. Callahan of Celina and Mrs. Bell Johnson of Maple, Texas.

### 'THE VACANT CHAIR'

We shall meet her,  
But we shall miss her,  
There will be one vacant chair;  
We shall linger to caress her,  
When we meet in Heaven fair.  
When a year ago we gathered,  
Joy was in her mild blue eye,  
But a golden cord is severed,  
And our hopes in ruin lie.  
At our fireside sad and lonely,  
Often will our bosom swell  
At remembrance of the story  
How her noble soul fell.  
How she strove to bear her  
banner  
Through the thickest of the  
fight,  
And up held her country's  
honor  
In the strength of woman  
hood's might.  
Sleep today, O early fallen,  
In thy green and narrow bed,  
Dirges from the pine and  
cypress  
Mingle with the tears we shed  
A Friend

### NOTICE

Pursuant to the ruling of the Attorney General, the Dean law is still in effect, and Donley county will remain dry until an act of the legislature changes its status. The law will positively continue to be enforced.  
Guy S. Pierce, Sheriff

Mrs. H. B. Settle and H. B. Jr. visited Gene Youree and wife in Denver, Colo., several days this week.

Three sheats for sale. See Mrs. Claude Hill

Miss Edith Bell of Amarillo was the guest of Misses Oia and Eula Curd the past week end.

Miss Lorena Collins of Childress is spending this week in the A. W. Dean and L. J. Crawford homes.

Hal Richardson and family of DeKalb, Texas, visited J. H. Cooper and family and A. A. Cooper and wife first of the week.

Bill Haskin and wife of Morton, Texas, visited in the W. B. Morgan home last week. Wilson and Miss Jewell Morgan returned home with them for a visit.

Miss Catherine Dean returned home Sunday from a visit in Colo.

The Hedley schools will open Monday morning Sept. 2. The opening program will be very informal; but it is hoped that as many patrons as possible will attend.

The busses will make their regular routes in time to arrive at school by nine o'clock, at which time the opening program is scheduled to begin. After the program the issuance of books will begin and it is hoped that children who ride the busses will have their books in time for them to leave by 11:30 a. m. Therefore it will not be necessary that rural children bring lunch.

Children who do not have clear book records should realize that these must be cleared before they are eligible to receive more books.

Patrons of children who do not reside in this district and who are not transferred should inquire concerning a ruling made by the school board.

### HOME BOYS MAKING GOOD

Out of the sixteen graduates to receive their Bachelor of Divinity degrees the past week from Southern Methodist University, Dallas, were two of our own boys, Andrew Reavis of Clarendon and Rex Kendall of Hedley. We have a just right to be proud of these boys, who for the past six years have been students at McMurry College at Abilene and S. M. U. Dallas. They have fought their way through in spite of the depression, and have both been outstanding students all through their college work. Andrew Reavis has already joined the Central Texas Conference and been assigned work. Rex Kendall has been assistant pastor at the Oak Lawn Methodist Church, Dallas, this summer and expects to join the Northwest Texas Conference at Plainview in November, when he will be assigned regular work.

### REVIVAL

Rev. James A. Howard, district missionary, is delivering some fine gospel messages in the revival at the First Baptist Church. Bro. McPherson is in charge of the good song services.

You are missing a blessing if you are not attending these soul-stirring services.

Come out and hear them.

### FRANK V. WILES

The Land family was called to Lawton, Okla., Sunday night on account of the death of Frank V. Wiles, who died of typhoid fever after a three weeks illness. Mrs. Wiles will be remembered here as Miss Hazel Land.

Our school supplies are here. We have a complete line.

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I will teach private lessons in Expression at my home in east Hedley.

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Come to us for your school supplies, school lunches, candy, pop, etc. Biffie school store.

Ozell Cooper and Rob Simmons visited in Memphis Tuesday.

Miss Wilma Tarver of Hotel line is visiting in the W. B. Morgan home.

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NO ADDITIONAL charge for hearse or embalming.

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

## Labor Day, Sept. 2nd

The nation takes this day to pay tribute to labor, the foundation of every American home, business and industry.

And our bank wishes to pay its respects to those people who through years of hard work and thrift have succeeded in making their future secure.

As is our custom, this bank will be closed all day, Sept. 2nd.

Security State Bank  
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 Make it in percale for a morning frock! Make it in novelty cotton, shantung or pique for a sports frock! And then make it again in silk crepe for an afternoon frock! This pattern will make a charming frock for nearly any summer day-time occasion. Its lines are particularly good—for the "not-too-slim" figure. Moreover, it can be run up before the clock moves round. Note both versions of the flattering collar. Pleated sleeves, a kick pleat, and cleverly placed fullness all contribute to the charm. Two or three frocks of this pattern will prove classics in your wardrobe.

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Cousin Emily—Mrs. Springs went to Eleanor's the other night and found a famous airman there. So for her next evening she got an even more famous man. Isn't that like Mrs. Springs?

Cousin Kate—Exactly! Always wanting to trump her partner's ace.—Sydney Bulletin.

**Looking to Future**  
 "No, Henry, I don't think a man-curious should marry a dentist."  
 "And why not?"  
 "If we fought it would be tooth and nail."

**The Dear Children**  
 "So you like having children about the house, uncle?"  
 "Yes. I always think they make the place so nice and peaceful when they've gone to bed."—London Tit-Bits.

**Arguing On Any Side**  
 "Is he a constitutional lawyer?" asked one attorney.

"I shouldn't say precisely that he is a constitutional lawyer. I should say rather that he is a habitual lawyer."

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

ELIX AND ANNY AND FRIENDS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO SEAFARM CREST FOR THEIR VACATION. THEY HAVE STOPPED THEIR MOTOR TRIP FOR LUNCH EN ROUTE.



Out of Order

By Quak

A HUSBAND'S GASTRONOMIC PREFERENCES SHOULD BE FOOD FOR THOUGHT FOR HIS WIFE



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By Ted O'Loughlin



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MESCAL IKE

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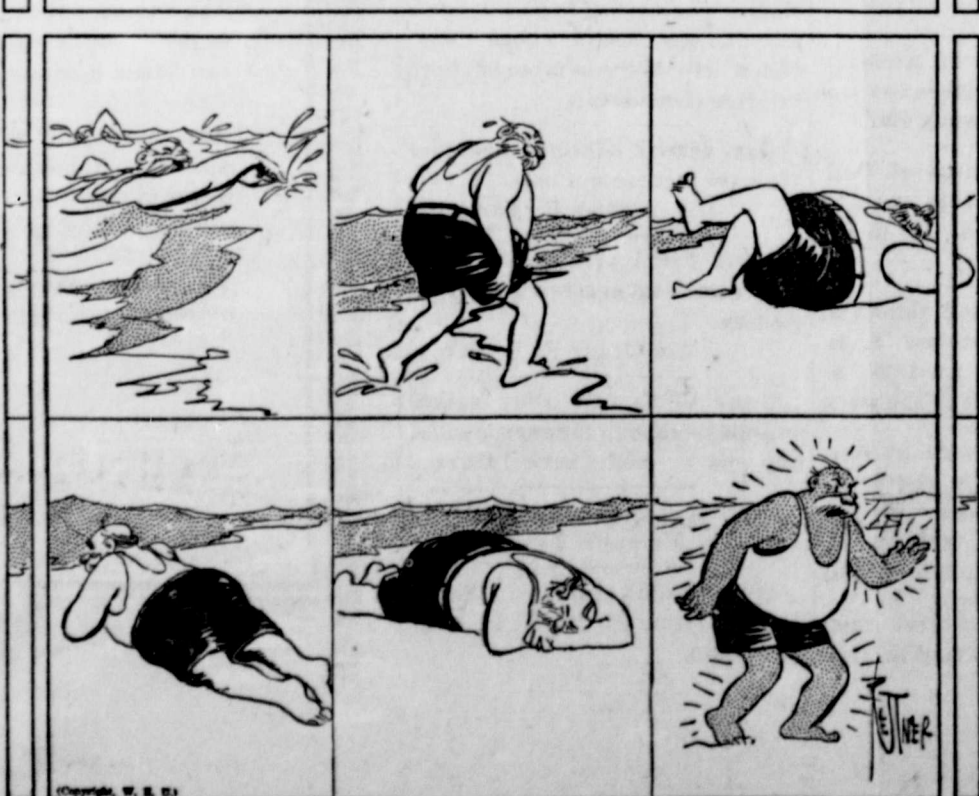


That Was Before Pa Piffle's Time



Our Pet Peeve

By M. G. KETTNER



Difficult Decisions

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN EDDIE SELZER, WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HOME PRACTICING, SAW HIS FATHER RETURNING EARLIER THAN EXPECTED, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO FINISH OUT HIS HOME RUN WHICH WOULD WIN THE GAME, OR KEEP ON ACROSS THE OUTFIELD AND BEAT HIS FATHER TO THE HOUSE

## THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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

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

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

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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E F Robinson, pastor  
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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.

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Byron F. Todd, pastor  
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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 Conference,  
first Wednesday in each  
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M E Wells, Pastor.

## CHURCH OF CHRIST

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

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Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas  
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Residence Phone 29

## B. W. M. U.

The missionary society of the  
First Baptist Church met in the  
C R Hunsucker home at 4:30  
Monday afternoon, Aug 19 for a  
missionary program from Royal  
Service Mesdames Hunsucker  
and McPherson were joint hostesses.

Mrs Alva Simmens was leader  
for the afternoon

Topic: Lifting the banner in  
the Land of the Rising Sun.

Bible study. According to the  
Scriptures, I Cor 15:18

Those serving on the program  
were Mesdames Simmens, Al  
wine, Johnson, Wells and Cooper

A social hour was enjoyed and  
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cream were served to eight  
active members and three guests.

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A. F. and A. M.  
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All members are urged to attend  
Visitors are welcome.

T. W. Bain, W. M.  
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## ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each  
month

## 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  
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Mrs George Thompson was a  
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a bridge party Four tables were  
arranged for bridge At the  
close of the games the high score  
prize was presented Mrs. Ray  
Moreman for members, Mrs.  
Leon Reeves, guest, and Miss  
Margaret Spier, honoree

Delicious refreshments were  
served to Misses Jennette Clark,  
Anne Mitchell, Roberta Mann  
Oley Watkins, Myrtle Reeves,  
Margaret Spier, Mesdames Zeb  
Mitchell, Lake Dishman, W. C.  
Payne, Ray Moreman, Alva Sim  
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Sid Thomas and Leon Reeves

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Hoffman, famous explorer and  
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Square Jaw Davis, engineer;  
Slide rack the red and gold col  
lie; Connie Morgan, and Douglas  
Renfrew.

There'll be vocational stories  
that will help the reader select  
his life work advice on hobbies,  
sports tips from famous coaches  
and players, money earning sug  
gestions' vacation hints, and  
worthwhile contests

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And the more electricity you  
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Electric Service is Cheap! Use more of it

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Company**

Please  
Bring In Your  
News Items  
Early

# "Gorgeous Georgios" May Reign Again



Government troops assemble for action before ruins of Temple of Zeus in Athens. Inset, left: King George II. Inset, right: Ex-Premier Venizelos.

**BY WILLIAM C. UTLEY**

TO BE or not to be a monarchy—that is the question which, unless some alteration arises in present plans, will be put to a vote of the people of Greece during the last days of this coming September. From the indications of recent political activity under the shadow of the Acropolis, it seems not at all impossible that the nation whose tongue gave us the very word "democracy" will return its young Danish king, now deposed these twelve years, to his traditionally shaky throne.

Premier Panayotis Tsaldaris, the royalist head of Greece's republican government, may effect a postponement of the plebiscite if he thinks that the sedative effect upon the unrest of the people following the disturbances of recent months.

While the rebels who kicked up such a fuss in the eleven days' civil war this spring have been restrained from actually taking up arms for a while, their numbers make up a large minority bloc, and with the antagonism of defeat still rankling in their breasts, they might hardly be expected to approach the polls with open and unbiased mind. However, a postponement of the plebiscite, which was provided for by a law passed by the Greek assembly in July, if it should occur, would be only a short one.

So drastic a change in the government as the replacement of the king should not be decided by a mere majority vote, even the royalists agree. Unless political conditions improve within the next few weeks, an overwhelming majority in favor of the monarchy seems hardly probable. Even King George II, whose good looks and sportsman nature have earned the nickname of "Gorgeous Georgios," has been quoted as saying that he does not desire to resume his throne as a result of any trick move on the part of the royalist faction.

"Gorgeous Georgios" may be presumed a little, even at that, for there are not uncommon rumors that if Greece once more welcomes a king it will not be he, but King George V of England's youngest son, the duke of Kent, who married Georgios' cousin Marina. Scandal is the reason. Georgios' wife, the ex-queen Elizabeth, in early July was granted a divorce by the Rumanian Appeals court at Bucharest. She charged the king with being unfaithful. Greeks want a king who has a kind and loving wife, such as Marina. Marina is the most popular at home of all the members of the Greek royal family.

**Greece Gains Freedom.**

Throwing over the republic in favor of a monarchy would be a move of novelty in the course of the world's events, but one consistent with the turbulent trend of modern Greek history. One of its outstanding characteristics is that it will be the first such move in many years to be effected without the dynamic character of one Eleutherios Venizelos storming about on one side or the other.

For Twentieth century Greek history is largely the personal history of Venizelos, the "father of the Greek republic." Glimpsed in his seat of exile in Paris, the seventy-one-year-old ex-premier might well be mistaken for George Bernard Shaw. He has the same bald head, the same pointed white beard and the same twinkle in his eye.

Until 1821 Greece was a province in the Ottoman empire. In that year there was a revolt which even the terrible Turks failed to crush, and in the following year a Greek national assembly was formed and a Constitution drafted. In 1825 the Turks massacred enough Greeks to bring doom to the new republic and would have quashed it. However, mightier than the Turkish sword was the pen of Lord Byron, and as a result the sympathy of other European powers was aroused in favor of the trampled

Greeks. With the aid of England, France and Russia, the Turks were driven out and Greece was declared an independent kingdom, with Otho of Bavaria as its monarch.

Otho was not very sympathetic with his Greek subjects and the Greeks didn't care a lot about Otho, so in 1832 they revolted and deposed him. As his successor they named the second son of the king of Denmark, who became George I of Greece.

Boundary settlements had left the island of Crete a part of the Turkish empire, and in 1897 the Greeks opened warfare with their former rulers across the Aegean sea and tried to get Crete back. They were unsuccessful. In 1908 Cretans themselves revolted and declared themselves a part of the Grecian kingdom. They were led by Venizelos, who by that time had become the island's political boss and a real force in Greece.

**Cretan Springs Coup.**

When Crete declared its union with Greece, Athens sent an incompetent prince as minister to the islands. Venizelos sent him scurrying back home. Venizelos would have no prince who regarded Cretans as his subjects. Venizelos was a republican.

He decided that all Greece should be a republic, went to Athens and gained control of the government. He created a national assembly which revised the constitution and named him premier. In the first Balkan war with Turkey Venizelos took what is now some of the most productive and valuable territory in all Greece—Macedonia and the Aegean islands. He also doubled the Grecian population.

When the World war came on, the king, Constantine I, who was a Dane, naturally was in sympathy with the Germans. Venizelos wanted to maintain a neutrality favorable to the allies.

Despite being held up as a traitor by the Greek church, which invoked all manner of curses upon him, the Cretan and his followers seceded from the kingdom and caused the abdication of the king.

Meanwhile the Turks had become annoying again and Venizelos was forced to leave Athens to straighten out that little matter. Upon his return to Greece the people repudiated him and returned Constantine to the throne. The latter's son, George II, followed him. Another revolution and the Venizelists knocked "Gorgeous Georgios" out from under his crown. Venizelos was premier again.

**Rebels Steal Navy.**

Despite the gaining strength of the royalists, Venizelos was elected premier for another term in 1928. It was the eighth term.

His successor was the incumbent Tsaldaris, royalist and bitter Venizelian political enemy. The stormy genius of Crete decided last March that Tsaldaris, who was believed to have tried to restore the king in 1933, was getting ready for another monarchist attempt. It was the signal for another revolution.

Venizelos almost got away with it again. A handful of rebels seized the two most important and potent warships in the Greek navy, loaded them with ammunition and set out to bombard royalism from the sea.

At the same time another force of Venizelian converts in Macedonia and Thrace, from which come the crack Greek troops, the killed Evzones, began to march upon Athens from the north. They were met by government soldiers under the command of Gen. George Kondylis, minister of war, who had had himself appointed field marshal.

Short of ammunition and not sufficiently protected against the cold weather, the Macedonians and Thracians were stopped by the heavy artillery and machine guns of General Kondylis along the banks of the Struma river. When the revolution was only eleven days old they were completely routed and their officers left in flight, for the larger part on foot, across the borders to Bulgaria.

"Curtains" for Venizelos.

At sea, the Venizelists lost because the government had airplanes and they

had none. Bombs brought about the surrender of the Averoff and Helle, the two warships which the revolutionists had confiscated.

Venizelos himself had planned the revolution as a bloodless one, hoping to take the government by bluff, surprise and confusing speed of action. He did not want civil war. With all of the shells that were fired and the bombs dropped, only 100 lives were lost. In fatalities it was just another banana war.

In Greek political history it was highly important. It marked the end of Venizelos' real power. He has had to flee from his country, where a reward of \$9,500 awaits any man who will assassinate him. He went first to the Italian island of Kasos, then to Rhodes, later to Paris. "Greece will never see me again," he declared.

Most of Venizelos' financial aid came from the \$15,000,000 fortune of his second wife. Now the Greek government has seized seven of their houses, one of which is in Athens and is reported to have a library worth \$5,000,000, preparatory to confiscation.

Political factions in Greece are at present trying to estimate the comparative strengths of the republicans and monarchists at the polls. In an election last June, Tsaldaris retained his office and his ticket won 287 out of a possible 300 seats in the chamber of deputies, which is the only legislative body in Greece now, the senate created by Venizelos having been abolished some time ago.

**Royalist Strength Hidden.**

While the Tsaldaris ticket is claimed to be neutral it is known that the premier is a mild royalist, and the contention is that the 685,673 votes which it pulled from the 1,074,422 cast in June were in large part those of royalists who were banking upon the government's promise to conduct the plebiscite in a fair and orderly fashion in September.

A rather liberal estimate claims that 170,000 Greeks, mostly Venizelist supporters, stayed away from the polls and that this bloc will be enough to beat the monarchy. An interesting sidelight on the election was the fact that there were 94,140 votes cast for the Communist party, more than ever before.

So strong at least is the republican faction that if a king returns to the Grecian throne he is not likely to be much more secure than he was twelve years ago. Alexander Papanastasiou, republican leader, has declared that if the king is returned the republicans will eject him the moment they regain power in the government. A quick review of modern Greek history is all that is necessary to reveal that anything might happen in that politically erratic nation.

Premier Tsaldaris has been reported to be backing a new Greek constitution, patterned after the Weimar constitution rejected by Germany. If adopted, this will be the fifth Greek constitution in less than a century. Not counting a temporary constitution which was in effect during the War of Independence, the other four were adopted in 1844, 1864, 1911 and 1927, respectively.

Tsaldaris recommends the drafting of a new document that will not be so uncompromising that it has to be thrown aside by revolutionary methods every few years. It seeks a better balance between legislative and executive power. None of the commission for revision favors an absolute dictatorship as a method of relieving the chief executive from the hamstringing of the chamber of deputies, but all of them believe he should be given stronger veto power and the power to set aside certain provisions of the constitution during times of extreme emergency.

The United States has what is generally called a "presidential republic." France has a "parliamentary republic." What Greece wants is a sort of happy medium between the two.

Greek presidents today have virtually no power at all. The present one's name is Alexander Zaimis. You've probably never heard of him.

# "QUOTES"

COMMENTS ON CURRENT TOPICS BY NATIONAL CHARACTERS

### NOTE OF DISSENT

**By ARTHUR A. BALLANTINE**  
Asst. Secretary of the Treasury.

WITH a limit set by the Supreme court on government experimentation with industry by regimentation, the President has made a sudden turn to experimentation through taxation. The Supreme court early declared that the constitutional power to tax is power to destroy, and the President now advocates use of this drastic power for purposes very different from that of raising revenue.

If such experiments are made, their effects on industry will be costly, not merely to those immediately affected but to the average man and woman concerned with employment and production. It seems inconceivable that such a program should be railroaded through without real discussion, as seems to be proposed.

### CRY FOR PEACE

**By HAILE SELASSIE**  
Emperor of Ethiopia.

ETHIOPIA wants peace. She needs it for completion of the work of modernization which has been going on for several years and which a war would destroy. We want to spread education throughout the whole empire, to build roads for commerce and to develop that commerce so as to give work to the liberated slaves, whose interest are our own.

We are building radio stations so that Ethiopia can participate in the intellectual life of the rest of the world. Any threat of war from Italy would interfere with this work, on which we wish to spend our whole time and energy. Ethiopia wants to go freely and peacefully forward on her way of progress.

### STABILIZING INFLUENCE

**By HARRY HINES WOODRING**  
Asst. Secretary of War.

THE army is no longer the stranger to the average American that it was in the decades immediately preceding the World war. Today we find elements of our land forces, either of the regular or civilian components, in almost every community. Truly, the army has become an intimate part of the American people whom it serves in peace and war. I say without fear of contradiction that our armed forces constitute the greatest stabilizing influence in our country today. Although small in numbers and having been considerably handicapped by the lack of sufficient modern equipment, our army personnel, through an extensive educational system, has become without doubt as efficient as any military personnel in the world.

### WORLD ON MEND

**By SIR ROBERT BORDEN**  
Former Premier of Canada.

NO ONE can deny that conditions of no less and very difficult conditions confront the nations today, but even at my advanced age I am still a confirmed optimist, and I not only trust but believe that all will yet be well with the world. This is quite consistent with my belief that certain anomalies in our social order ought to be and will be corrected.

The conditions today call for active participation in public affairs by the best elements of our people. This is a principle that I have maintained throughout my public career, and 30 years ago I declared I would rather see a young man actively engaged in opposition to my party than remain inactive as a drone without interest in the public affairs of our country.

### JAPAN'S WAR SPIRIT

**By KANJU KATO**  
Representing Japan's Trade Unions.

THE danger of war in China is spreading. The war spirit has been inspired by imperialists and is being carefully nourished by them.

The ambition for territorial expansion in Japan belongs to the Japanese capitalists. They are pushing war preparation in spite of all we can do.

The imperialistic policy of the United States and the Far Eastern policy of Japan cannot be reconciled. They meet in direct conflict in China. England is gradually fading into the background, so that the chief conflict of interests is developing between the United States and Japan.

### KEEP UP WAGES

**By HENRY FORD**  
Automobile Manufacturer

BUSINESS must keep up wages. If that isn't done, some business men will find that they are out of business. Our system is dependent upon paying wages so the working people can buy.

### WAGE FIXING

**By WILLIAM E. BORAH**  
U. S. Senator from Idaho.

IF THE government can fix the wages of a man on works-relief projects at \$19 a month and monopoly can fix the price of what the worker must buy in order to live, you have pretty nearly squeezed out of existence the manhood of the American citizen. You have made a nation.



I Took One of Them Under Each Arm and Carried Them to Their Resting Places.

## The Grandchildren

By James J. Montague

MY WIFE and I always said that grandchildren would be wonderful to have around the house. They don't come for a visit, unless they are perfectly well, which insures you against worry about them. They go home before bedtime, so you don't have to think up animal stories to put them to sleep, although, come to think of it, I never knew a kid who would shut an eye while an animal story was being told. They are at their best when they are away from home, because they are a little afraid of elderly relations, such as grandparents, and are more likely to be on their good behavior. And you can feed them candy and things they like with impunity, because the doctor hasn't given you any dietary for them, and they won't get the stomach ache till after they get back to their fathers and mothers, anyway.

"That was what my wife and I always said. But we don't say it any more. Sunday our daughter telephoned that she and her husband had a chance to run down to Atlantic City for the week-end, and wondered if we could look after the two kids. We were delighted. Of course we could, we said, bring them right over. It would be bully to have them. Just send along a list of what they were allowed to eat, and leave the rest of it to us.

"The youngsters, aged three and one and a half, arrived under escort the following afternoon. It was thought best not to tell them that their mother was going away, so while the boy, Cubby, was amusing himself by chasing the cat, she slipped off. Hardly had she gone before Sister, the girl, asserted a joint claim on the cat, and attempted to enforce it by laying a firm hold on its tail and wrenching it away from her brother. A crisis occurred instantly. Distrustful of a person who would attack him in the rear the creature clung to Cubby, sinking her claws into the sleeves of his little jacket, through which they protruded just far enough to bring a terrific howl from him.

The indine that we applied to the scratch brought forth another and a louder howl, but several selections from a box of candy I had brought home was balm for the hurt wound. Meanwhile Sister concealed herself under a reading table, from which she presently emerged with an angelic smile and headed for the dining room, where she began investigating a bowl of gold fish. I arrived just in time to rescue these creatures from being dumped ruthlessly on the floor.

By this time I was beginning to wonder if it had been the best of judgment to entertain these young people. It also occurred to me that the idea that you could take young children or leave them alone wasn't so good. Of course we had gone through the same kind of an experience with our own offspring, but that was, so to speak, under compulsion.

The afternoon was difficult. For a time the angels would be playing in perfect harmony, and agreeing like birds in their little nests. Then Cubby would fix for no fathomable reason tweak his sister's ears, and she, though only a year and a half, would retaliate with any missile that came to her hand, such as a wooden horse or a toy umbrella. We began to look forward to nightfall. But that blessed relief still lay beyond a sea of troubles.

Callers came. Childless callers. They arrived in the midst of a disagreement over the possession of a banana which Cubby had discovered in a foraging expedition to the kitchen. In his view finders were keepers. But his sister dissented. She had few words, but she used these with eloquence. One of them was "No No!" which she screamed at the top of her voice every time Cubby standing aloof on a chair sought to take a bite out of his prize. The other was "Bas Bas" which we learned afterwards was not an attempt to imitate a sheep, but which was to be translated as "Bad! Bad!" The callers affected to be amused, but one of them suddenly remembered that she must catch a train in fifteen minutes. So they departed, smiling—as far as the front porch.

Time for supper arrived. Cubby insisted that he was to eat everything that we did, and that his parents allowed him to have pie. While, when the pie was refused to him, he devoted

a little time to tears, his sister drove a tablespoon which she had found somewhere into the center of the pie and disposed of a large bite of it before anybody had the presence of mind to stop her.

A further argument about bedtime ensued. "We go to bed when we want to at our house," said Cubby. "Sometimes we sit up, oh! terrible late."

I pictured another hour of responsibility for what might happen if these children stayed awake any longer.

"Here," I said, "you go to bed right after supper—why, where is Sister?"

"She always hides at bedtime," said Cubby—"the little bum."

"You mustn't speak that way of your sister," I said.

"That's what mamma says," replied Cubby. "But then she tells me to tell the truth, and she is a little bum. Ain't you a little bum, you little bum?" This to Sister.

There was no response, and turning to look at the accused I discovered why. She had slipped from her chair. And the pie had disappeared with her. How she managed to remove it from the table without observation is still a mystery which is beyond my power to fathom. It was merely the wreck of a pie when it was retrieved, and I had visions of an extremely ill child later on. But nothing like that happened, and I began to wonder if perhaps we had not been too careful in laying down the dietary of the mother of these astonishing infants.

A howl of rage arose when, immediately after dinner I suggested a bedtime story, and a nice long sleep. "My father says," said Cubby, "that you can go to bed when there's no place else to go."

"Don't you have any regular bed time?"

"Sister does, but I stay up till half past eight."

I looked around. "Where is Sister?" "Oh, she's hiding out, I guess. She always hides out when it's bedtime. Sometimes it takes all the evening to find her."

In this case it took only a half an hour. Sister had returned under the table again. We got her out in time for her to join her tears with those of her brother when I took one of them under each arm and carried them to their resting places.

"Can it!" said Cubby briefly, when I began an animal story. "It's old stuff. Tell me about the movie picture you saw last, that's what my father does."

Peremptorily I declined. The only movies I had seen recently were not for the young, and I could remember none that were.

The next morning I sent for a trained nurse and delivered my grand-offspring into her hands. I am immoderately fond of them when their parents are by to direct their activities. But I have definitely and for all time given up the idea that grandchildren would be wonderful to have around the house because they would be so little care and worry.

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### Presidents Who Left Country

Woodrow Wilson was not the first President to pass beyond the legal boundaries of the country while in office. Grover Cleveland was the first. He exceeded the three-mile limit once while fishing off the Atlantic coast. Theodore Roosevelt, during his administration, went to the Panama Canal Zone in 1906, and while there visited the city of Panama. William H. Taft as Chief Executive went once to Mexico and three times to Europe. Woodrow Wilson went twice to Europe. Harding passed through British Columbia, Canada, on his way to Alaska, in 1923. In 1928, Coolidge went to Havana, Cuba, to open the Pan-American congress. On March 25, 1931, President Hoover visited in Puerto Rico, and on that same trip spent a few hours at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

### Hearing Sounds

Sound is a sensation which occurs when sound waves produced by a vibrating body fall upon the ear. Vibrations as low as 16 per second are detected as sound and most people can distinguish sound produced by 20,000 vibrations per second. Harmony in pitch relations and in the periodic movement of sound waves results in even and regular vibrations as in music. Discordant vibrations produce noise.

# There's Always Another Year

SYNOPSIS

To the little town of Heron River comes Anna ("Silver") Grenoble, daughter of "Gentleman Jim," formerly of the community, known as a gambler, news of whose murder in Chicago has reached the town. Sophronia Willard, Jim Grenoble's sister, is at the depot to meet Silver. Her household consists of her husband, and stepsons, Roderick and Jason. The Willards own only half of the farm, the other half being Anna Grenoble's. On Silver's arrival Duke Melbank, shiftless youth, makes himself obnoxious. Sophronia slaps him. Roderick is on the eve of marriage to Corinne Meader, daughter of a failed banker. Silver declares her eagerness to live with her aunt, on the farm, and will not sell her portion.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

She saw the unobtrusive, faded tan of the wall paper, with the silver stripe in it. That was not in bad taste, she thought stoutly. The curtains were of ecru net, with side strips and valance of plain blue rep; that had been Roddy's idea. She saw the upright piano of black walnut, the keys yellowing, and recalled that until Roddy had removed it there had been a handsome green velvet scarf on its top hand-painted in pink roses. Sophronia looked at the walls and thought how much cosier they had been with the pictures and mottoes on them, and the burnt leather panel with the head of Pochontas and the little calendar below. Now, on the wall opposite her, were three small etchings, placed step-ladder fashion. Black and white—no color or life to them! One was only land and sky, the second the same with a windmill stuck in it, and the third was an old horse plodding across a frozen pond dragging a two-wheeled cart.

"And is this lawyer—this Benjamin Hubbard you speak of—" old Roderick was saying—"is he looking after all the—arrangements?"

"Yes," Silver replied softly but very clearly. "Ben is looking after everything. It was dad's wish that his body should be cremated and his ashes sent here—to be near mother's grave."

"And did he live long enough to tell you that?" Phronie asked, clearing her throat.

"Oh—he spoke of that some months ago," Silver said, "right after he had his first heart attack. But he mentioned it again—before he died."

"I see," Phronie winked rapidly several times.

The men shifted their feet in awkward silence.

Sophronia kept her eyes on Silver as the girl continued speaking in the same subdued tone. Almost as though she had been there, Sophronia experienced in Silver's telling, the events of the summer. She saw the scorching day in June when Jim Grenoble had crumpled forward on the street and the doctor had warned him. She saw Jim's eyes as he had looked then—levelly into the face of doom. She heard the doctor's voice telling Jim that one of these days his heart would snap like a rubber band that had been stretched too far. She heard Jim asking his daughter Silver to see to it—if anything happened—that his ashes should rest in the country cemetery at Heron River. Sophronia could hear Silver promising—and pleading desperately with him then to go away with her to some quiet place, away from the tension and fever of the life they



"Yes," Silver Replied Softly but Very Clearly.

were living. And she could see him patting his daughter's hand gently and telling her that they would go soon—just as soon as they had enough money put by.

Presently when Silver fell silent and sat looking intently at her clasped hands, old Roderick went to her and said his hand gently on her shoulder, patted it without a word, and then moved into the kitchen, where he lifted the stove lid and knocked out the ashes from his pipe. Jason followed immediately and went out of doors.

Phronie said, "Did Jim never mention wanting to come back—I mean—before he knew he was dyin'?" Silver raised her eyes, and for a moment Sophronia thought she saw in them something secret and fearful in their expression, something startling. The girl parted her lips and then

## MARTHA OSTENSO

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looked fixedly at the wall opposite her. Phronie had the feeling that Silver had been about to impart some difficult information, and then had changed her mind.

"Yes—he was coming back," she said slowly. "He and I were all ready to come. We had planned to take this morning's train—the one I took alone."

Sophronia started. Her handkerchief dropped limply into her lap. Then, without warning, two large tears rolled from her lids and down her long brown cheeks.

"Please don't," Silver breathed. "I'm sorry—I shouldn't have—"

"Never mind me!" Sophronia exclaimed in a tremendous voice. "I'm an old fool. I thought we wouldn't talk about it tonight. But—well, it's time we were all turnin' in." She got to her feet. "Looks as if Roddy won't be comin' home tonight. Jase!" Her younger stepson had entered the room again. "Light the upstairs lamps!"

More than darkness, more than starlight and an indolent wind flowed into Silver's room through the dormer windows. Silver had been gazing at them for over an hour, and the company that entered there was palpable as her heart-beat, undeniable as a truth individualized in loneliness. The company was composed of Jim Grenoble's love for her mother, Anna; of his tragic loss; his subsequent folly. But it had other members as well: the murmur of trees Jim had planted in his boyhood, the ripe fragrance of fields he had tilled, the faint, gliding chuckle of the creek under the willows, in the ravine below.

She reached for the flashlight she had left on the small table beside the bed. She sat for a moment holding it and listening to the dense silence of the house, separating that silence from the winged presences of her own room. The others would be asleep now. Barefooted, her high-heeled mules in her hand, and a quilted robe about her, Silver stole downstairs, using the flashlight to guide her through the dark. Once outside the house, it was a simple matter to follow the gentle slope down to the old stone building. Presently she knew she had come to the dooryard of the old house, for the air about her had subtly changed, as though time itself had gathered there. Ydrasil—her father had not permitted her memory of it to die. Anna Grenoble had named it so. Silver had told Sister Anastasia, in one of the numerous confessions of her girlhood, about Ydrasil, and the nun had said, "Your mother must have been a poet, Silver."

Silver felt her way in her insecure slippers across the ground to the left, the direction from which came the sound of the creek. She seated herself and presently, overcome with weariness, sank down with her head on her arms. It was only twenty-four hours now since Jim Grenoble had died. Just twenty-four hours since this spell of unreality had come upon her. She had not been able to cry, because crying was something real.

Dad Jim had gambled from the first—even in Cheyenne, where he had gone into business with a horse-trader, immediately after they had begun their roaming. She had been a little too young then to fear for Dad Jim.

It was inevitable that he should die as he had died. There was a relentless rightness in his going the way he had gone. At a hacienda near Mexico City, a peon in the employ of Carlos Salamanca had darted out from behind a pomegranate tree one moonlight night after Jim had taken four thousand dollars from his master, but Jim had broken the wrist of the hand that held the knife and had kept the knife as a souvenir of a close call.

She sat up and clasped her arms about her knees and gazed with burning, dry eyes down at the dark flow of the creek. What would that strange aunt of hers, Dad Jim's sister, have thought if she had told her that there had been another reason, besides his failing heart, for Jim Grenoble's sudden decision to return? Perhaps some day she would tell Sophronia about Gerald Lucas. Some day, when his cool power over her and her capitulation to him was only an evil dream, she might tell Sophronia that it was really from Gerald Lucas that she had fled; that Jim, knowing Gerald for what he was, had been overcome by the knowledge that Silver was in love with him, and had blamed himself for exposing her to the corruption of his own life.

Silver Grenoble, as she lay under the willow tree, was conscious of a great weariness, she knew deeply that a change was coming, pervasive and calm, into her being.

Roddy Willard brought his car to the curb in front of Torson's place, turned off the lights and stepped down. Someone hailed him from across the street, but he hesitated only a moment and waved his hand.

At the end of the lunch counter, Duke Melbank lounged, rolling a cigarette in his pale, freckled hands. His red hair flamed.

"A cup of coffee, Lena," Roddy said to the elder Torson girl as she greeted him with a smile.

Then he turned to speak to Duke. "Time you were in bed, Duke," he remarked pleasantly. This tall, soft bulk of a fellow was beneath contempt, beneath anger, even for Sophronia's sake, although he had been spreading gossip about Phronie's niece

ever since his famous visit to Chicago earlier in the summer.

"You been away," Duke said as he slumped down upon a stool. "Duke checks up on us, Lena," Roddy smiled. "We've got to watch our step."

"No," Duke objected. "I was just thinkin' you ain't heard, maybe, about old Jim Grenoble."

"Gentleman Jim?"

"Sure. Him I seen when I was to the Chi last month. I could 'a' told then he wouldn't come to no good end."

"Anything happened?" Roddy asked. There was a certain leering knowledge about Duke that flitted him, as always, with distaste.

"Plenty! He got himself shot last night."

"My G—d!" Roddy exclaimed. "Who shot him?"

"Fella named Rawson, it was. The police got him. Killed him when he was tryin' to make his getaway. Some o' them guys can shoot, no foolin'!"

"Poor old Jim!" Roddy said to himself. "Sophronia will take that pretty hard, I'm afraid."

Duke laughed mirthlessly. "Not so's you'd notice it."

"You've seen her?"

"I seen her, all right, all right. And how! She was down to meet the train tonight."

"You mean—they sent the body—?"

Duke's hands played together. "Not exactly. The one that came in tonight wasn't what you'd call a dead one, eh, Lena? I'll tell the world! It was Jim's daughter. Her I seen that night in Chi with a big shot by the name o' Lucas."

"Is she here?"

"She's out to the farm, if that's what you mean. But that oughtn't to worry you none. She won't be stayin' long in these parts, if I know anything. Her kind don't belong round here."

He chuckled. "I've got her number, all right, all right!"

But Roddy did not hear the innuendo. Duke's disclosure had flashed like lightning across his mind. He tossed a coin on the counter, seized his hat and made for the door.

Driving home, he realized that he was as near to panic as he had ever been in his life. What would this girl's coming mean? She would undoubtedly sell her land for cash. It was not likely that a couple of hundred a year rental would interest her. He had been sending that amount to Jim Grenoble, after the deduction of taxes, and Jim had promptly sent it back each time to his sister Sophronia. Five years ago, the land might have come into the possession of the Willards, had it not been for Jim Grenoble's obstinacy. Instead, the money that might have bought it had gone into bad investments. How, if they lost the Grenoble section, were all the Willards going to live on the meager income from their own land, which was, by some trick of nature, not half so rich? And in a week he, Roddy, would have a wife to support as well.

Rapidly he took stock of himself. It was three years now since he had been graduated from college, and although he still clung jealously to what he had learned there, the soil had taken him back to itself again. He had worked the Grenoble land since he was fifteen, and had vowed that some day it would be his own in fact. And now—

Roddy brought his car to a stop in the little garage beside the barn, and climbed out of it. He walked slowly through the starlit darkness up the path to the house.

He let himself in through the back door and struck a match, found the lamp and lit it. Odd, he thought, but he could have sworn he had heard a footstep in the front hall. He moved through the house and saw a white-faced girl standing in the hall with one foot on the first step of the stairway. She had a flowered, thick robe wrapped tightly about her, and she carried a flashlight and a pair of slippers. Her hair hung to her shoulders and was soft and pale and wavy, and her eyes were, in that startling moment, enormous.

Silver was the first to speak. "I suppose you are Roddy Willard," she said, almost breathlessly.

"Yes," he said, and came forward with his hand outstretched. "And you are Anna Grenoble, of course." He tried to relax his mouth into a smile, to check his agitation.

Her hand lay for an instant in his, while they surveyed each other with cool appraisal.

"Yes," she said, smiling faintly. "I only just heard—in Heron River—about what happened to your father," he said haltingly. "I'm terribly sorry."

Silver stood with one hand on the balustrade and gave him a shadowy look. "Thank you. I— Her voice trailed away. "I couldn't sleep—so I went for a walk—down to the old house. I—I didn't expect to be caught prowling. She gave him an odd look, half apology, half defiance. "Good night," she said.

"Good night."

Sleep was out of the question. Roddy went back to the kitchen, turned the lamp low and stepped out the back door. The delicate bitterness of coming harvest filled his nostrils when he drew a deep breath. In a few days he would be a married man—and Corinne Meader established in the house of a farmer who looked into the future with blind eyes.

He found it difficult to believe that Jim Grenoble's death had coincided so nearly with his asking Corinne to marry him. It was almost like rust coming on the eve of reaping.

## CHAPTER IV

Toward noon of the next day, Sophronia and Silver stood together on a crest of the gentle ridge which supported the new farmstead. The girl had her hands in the pockets of her white linen dress, and her eyes, which Phronie had ascertained were a very dark blue, were fixed upon the old house down below. Phronie followed her glance, and saw that old Roderick had placed a ladder against the north wall, and with an armful of shingles and tools had begun the ascent of the roof.

"Tell me, Phronie," Silver asked suddenly, "are you moving into the old house because Roddy is getting married, or because I am here?"

"Because you are here?" Phronie was indignant. "I never heard the like! Roderick and I always said that as soon as either of the boys gets



"Two Months Ago—I Thought I Wanted to Marry Him."

married, back we go to the old place. Young people have a right to start out by themselves, I always hold."

Silver was silent for a moment as she thought over what her aunt had said. "I'm glad," she murmured at last. "I was afraid—perhaps—"

"Afraid of what?"

"I thought maybe Roddy's wife might not approve of me—because of dad."

The angry red sprang into Sophronia's cheeks. "She won't approve of me, neither, then—I'm Jim's sister. Corinne Meader ought to be glad she's got a home to come to, if I know anything. And I don't think she'll be fool enough to listen to every Tom-Dick-and-Harry's yarns. And if she does—let her! Jason'll stay with them in the new house, 'cause he fixed up his own room in the attic there just the way he likes it—with a skylight an' all for his funny old paintin'. Jason's a queer one—but he won't bother Corinne, unless she can't stand him and his mouth organ."

"You said something about 'yarns, Phronie," Silver said. "Do you mean things that fellow at the station last night has said about me?"

Sophronia hesitated for a moment. "Well, there's no use tryin' to hide from you what you'll find out for yourself anyhow, sooner or later. You know what people are, just as well as I do. When they've got nothing to do, they'll talk. Did you see that Duke Melbank when he was in Chicago this summer?"

"Dad said he came into our place one night, but I don't remember seeing him. So many people used to come and go."

"Well, he ain't worth rememberin'. But he has been talkin' since he came back."

Silver laughed ruefully. "Was he talking about dad?"

"Well—mostly about you."

Color rushed into Silver's cheeks. "About me? What does that creature know about me?"

Sophronia smiled reassuringly. "Some people talk most when they know least. As far as I can make out—the boys have been tellin' me—Duke don't say so much, but he hints plenty. There was a friend of Jim's, wasn't there? A fellow by the name of Lucas, I think."

"Gerald Lucas," Silver said, with her eyes fixed upon the downward slope of the hill. "I met him six months ago—two months ago—I thought I wanted to marry him."

"What manner of fellow was he?" Phronie asked, conversationally.

"Gerald used to practice law out West, but he got into some sort of trouble and was disbanded. Now he's against the world—and the world is against him."

Sophronia nodded sagely. "I guess I understand. Them outcasts appeal to women. I'm glad you got away from him without anything worse happenin'."

Silver's eyes darted to her aunt's face. Her heart sank. Sophronia was of another world, a good woman, placidly taking it for granted that her niece was still virtuous. Over the bleak loneliness that welled up within her, Silver resolved that it was better not to disillusion Phronie. After all she need never know.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Constituents of Wood (42 to 65 per cent), lignin (24 to 30 per cent) and gums. Paper, rayon, cellophane and artificial leathers are made out of cellulose. No important use for lignin has thus far been discovered.

**Golden Phantoms**  
FASCINATING TALES OF LOST MINES  
By Editha L. Watson

## SPANISH BULLION

ONCE upon a time there were two young prospectors. They had been tramping the New Mexico mountains for some time, and as winter was drawing near they were short-cutting across the ranges toward home. They were somewhere in the rough country which comprises the southwestern corner of the state.

Late one afternoon, snow began to fall. "We'll have to hole up for the night, George," said one of the men to the other. "First likely-looking cave we come to, we'll call it a day."

"Looks like one ahead, there," said the other, and they quickened their steps. The cave proved to be a fair-sized cavern, but they built a fire near its mouth to keep warmth in and wild animals out, and soon they were comfortably frying bacon and boiling coffee.

After supper, relaxed before the fire, they looked about them. At the far end of the cave a second, smaller hole appeared, some 10 feet up the rocky wall. The snow had stopped falling, and everything was peaceful.

"Well, we didn't find any hidden treasure this trip," said the man called George.

"No, and we never will. There isn't any, that's why."

"Oh, I don't know. I've heard—listen, Bill, did anyone ever tell you about the lost treasure of the Golden Giant?"

"Nope; sounds like a fairy tale. I suppose the giant ate up all the—"

"No, this Golden Giant is a mine at Pinos Altos, south of here. It has been gophered just under the surface, and from the extent of the workings I'd say that a lot of ore was taken out of that mine, one time and another. It's supposed to have been worked by the Spaniards who lived at Santa Rita. The local legend says that the Spaniards got out a fabulous fortune, whatever that means, and the next thing to do was to take it over to Santa Rita, where the fort was. So they loaded it on burros and set out."

"Santa Rita is about 25 miles southeast of Pinos Altos as the crow flies—but burros don't fly, and they had to go around. The got up above where Hurley now stands, and I suppose they were congratulating themselves that they were on the last lap, when—"

"When the Golden Giant woke up and came after them?" politely inquired Bill.

"No, you dummy! Nothing like that. It was Indians that showed up about then, good old hostile Apaches. The priest in charge of the pack-train just had time to get them up on the mesa and hastily bury the gold. Then the Apaches got too near for comfort, and although the Spaniards put up a brave fight, they were all killed."

"I'll bet that right in these very mountains there's treasure cached away. If a person could know where to look—"

"That's a big 'if,'" moralized Bill. "What do you say we get some sleep?"

The next morning Bill, looking about him with a practiced eye for traces of ore, noticed again the small cave in the rear of their lodging. It was an ordinary-looking hole, but for some undefined reason he felt a lively interest in it.

"I'm going to look and see what's in that little cave," he told his partner, who was ready to start on.

"Now who's got funny ideas about hidden treasure?" jeered George. "Come on; no use climbing up in that hole."

"I'm going to look, anyway," replied Bill. "Here goes!"

He managed to scramble up the rocky wall, and landed safely in the darkness of the little cave. It was hard to see anything; he lit a match . . . another . . . "Hey, George!" he called, urgently.

George, who had started on, heard the summons and came back. "What do you want?" he demanded, rather crossly.

"Give me a flashlight, and hurry up!"

"What's the matter now?" He unpacked the flashlight and handed it up to Bill, whose hand trembled a little. "What have you got?"

For answer Bill threw down a dusty, heavy, small oblong that fell with a thud on the floor of the cave. George bent over to pick it up, but he straightened up again and looked at Bill as if he were seeing a ghost.

"G-gold!" he stammered, weakly. "G-gold b-bars!"

"You will talk about Golden Giants, will you?" roared Bill. "Well, here's hidden treasure for you—more than you and I can carry!" He jumped down, went over to the door of the cave and looked out. Then he turned back.

"Or am I going crazy?" he mumbled. No, he was not crazy, though the two behaved like idiots for a while in the exuberance of their emotions. Finally they calmed down long enough to plan that they would take the gold home, then return in the spring and hunt for the mine from which it came.

And here "Bill" and "George" pass into the valhalla of legendary heroes. No one knows anything further about them. And whether they ever returned and found the mine remains a secret. Not even a legend remains to explain the source of that hidden treasure.

## PREHISTORIC "FACTORY"

A site where prehistoric man played on the beach perhaps 100,000 years or more ago has been discovered by C. van Riet Lowe, the South African archeologist. Between great clumps of rock, which were evidently washed by the sea countless years ago, although now they stand half a mile inland, is a vast sand dune which has hardened with the passing of time. This dune has been scoured by rain water running down the hillside and is crumbling away, exposing valuable evidence of how man lived in the Stone Age days. Mr. Van Riet Lowe picked up dozens of unfinished stone axes. He believes this was a factory site of prehistoric man. Here, apparently, he came to the beach for his waterworn stones, knocked them into some semblance of the shape he desired and discarded those which chipped badly. The site was littered with imperfect specimens of the stones.

## Hard Names, Probably

When folks had neuritis 75 years ago what did they call it?

## FAMOUS TONIC CREAM QUICKLY TRANSFORMS DEAD SKIN

3 minutes a day ends freckles, blackheads, too!

Famous NADINOLA Cream actually smooths away the dull, dead cuticle that hides your natural beauty. 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) Wash daily improvement—usually in 5 to 10 days you will see a marvelous transformation. Freckles, blackheads disappear; dull, coarse skin becomes creamy-white, satin-smooth, lovely! Fine results positively guaranteed with NADINOLA—tested and trusted for nearly two generations. At all toilet counters only \$2.00. Write NADINOLA, Box 40, Paris, Tenn.



Train the Memory  
The secret of popularity is always to remember what to forget.

## 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 for stamps or coin 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, KANS., Dept. WUBS

There's the Rub  
Trouble with an income is to get it to come in.—Florida Times-Union.

## Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES  
Pleasant Thought  
Good food gives one something to look forward to every day.

## alotabs BILIOUSNESS

Those Golden Dreams!  
Air cures may be cheap or they may cost a fortune.

## CARBOIL BOILS

Eases throbbing pain; allays inflammation; reduces swelling; lessens tension; quickly heals. Easily applied. Inexpensive. Results guaranteed. Also use for festering, itching, cuts, burns, and bites. At your druggist or write Sprick-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

## Does Your Mirror Reflect Rough, Pimply Skin? Use CUTICURA

Soothe the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off after a short time with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for several minutes. Pimples, rashes and other distressing eruptions are quickly soothed and a condition established which conduces to healing.

Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c.

### ENTERTAINS

Short Sanders and family returned Monday afternoon from a trip to Mexico. They brought home one hundred pounds of fish, and on Wednesday entertained a large number of friends with a fish fry and picnic. About 110 were present. In the afternoon all enjoyed good string music, and both religious and popular songs were sung. Some \$5 or 40 remained for the evening and made ice cream.

All reported a nice time, plenty of fish and many other good things to eat.

### JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor

18th year in Memphis

PHONE 462

Lady in Office

### RAIN!

Hedley and vicinity received a fine 1 1/2 inch rain Wednesday night, which was of much benefit both to crops and to the spirits of the citizens. The rain is reported as being general over the entire Panhandle. Crop prospects are much improved, and the entire community is glad to see the much needed moisture arriving at last.

T. O. McLaughlin and family returned Monday from a visit at Springlake.

Charlie Mendenhall of Wichita Falls was a Hedley visitor this week.

D. G. Powell and family spent last week end in Childress.

Mrs. I. B. Green and children of Bray are spending this week in the D. Curd home.

### YOUNG DEMOCRATS MEET

A number of Donley county citizens met in Clarendon last Saturday night and organized the Donley County Young Democrats Club. Interesting talks were made by J. R. Porter, Jim Morris, Hollis Leathers and a number of others.

The state charter for the club will arrive in a few days.

The next meeting will be Monday night, Sept. 23. The club plans to meet on the 4th Monday night of each month.

Officers were elected as follows:

President, C. H. Bairfield  
Vice Pres., Kenny Lane  
Secretary, Hollis Leathers  
Treasurer, Glenn Allison  
Sergeant at Arms, Frank Har-  
din

Parliamentarian, R. E. Dren-  
nan

Executive Board:  
Chairman, Jim Morris  
Pres. 1, to be appointed  
Pres. 2, Guy Kerbow  
Pres. 3, Edward Boliver  
Pres. 4, Will Chamberlin

Messrs. and Mesdames J. P. Alexander and Alva Alexander and daughter of McLean visited here Monday.

Mrs. Ed Golladay and daughter, Gertrude, returned Friday from a visit to Sioux City, Iowa, Omaha, Neb., and other points in Kansas.

Mrs. O. H. Tinsley returned Sunday from Denton, where she has been attending North Texas State Teachers College.

Mrs. F. M. Acord has returned from an extended visit with her daughter in Oklahoma City.

### PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas

Friday Aug 30

#### Orchids to You

John Boles and Jean Muir Romantic comedy. Romance of a girl who said it with flowers and of a man who learned that daisies won't tell. Also Fox news and comedy. 10 25c

Saturday 31

#### Texas Jack

Jack Perrin and Jayne Regan Western Jack plays a foul game fair and gets the winning hand against white slave outlaws on the Mexican border. Also comedy, matinee 10c, night 10 15c

Sun Mon Sept 12

#### Ruggles Of Red Gap

Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland and Zasu Pitts Yippee its Ruggles night to howl, you'll howl too when you meet the first citizens of Red Gap Harry Leon Wilsons grand human characters brought to you with a grand cast Comedy, Cure it with music, 10 25c

Tuesday 3

#### Limehouse Blues

George Raft, Jean Parker, Anna Mae Wong Life is cheap and love is dangerous where every crooked street leads to exciting adventure in the shadowy heart of Londons halfworld, and our Bank Night Also Ireland the Emerald Isle Don't forget to attend matinee 10 25c

Wed Thurs 4 5

#### Here is my Heart

Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle Reunited to give you the see picture of the year. A laugh crowded excursion into the hearts of two young people hopelessly in love. Three song hits Charley Chase comedy. 10 25c

Coming attractions, Every Night at Eight, with George Raft, Alice Faye, Patsy Kelly and Francis Fangford, Escapade, with William Powell, Louise Rainer and Virginia Bruce.

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

### CARD OF THANKS

We take this means to express our thanks and appreciation to our neighbors and friends for their many kind deeds shown us during the sickness and death of our beloved sister and aunt May God bless each of you and give you friends to stand by you in a time like this. Especially do we thank Mesdames McDaniel, Kempson, Black and Wiggins A. F. Bilderback and family E. F. Fortenberry and family W. W. Holland and family E. H. Watson and family Emmett Sherrill and family

D. R. Erakine of Dallas is visiting relatives here this week

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

### 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

PHONE 42-2R

## FRIDAY & SATURDAY SPECIALS

### FLOUR

Ponca Best, 48 lb.	\$1.79
Sugar, 25 lb.	\$1.40
Meal, 20 lb.	59c
Spuds, pk.	25c
Coffee, bulk, lb.	15c

### FREE

With each 3 lb. of Dal-Tex Coffee we will give a tea pitcher free.

Cut Beans, No. 2 can	10c
Tomatoes, No. 2 can	9c
Spinach, No. 2 can	9c
Hominy, No. 2 can	9c
Corn, No. 2 can	9c

Oats, 5 lb. bag	29c
Powdered Sugar, 2 boxes	15c
Jello Ice Cream Powder, 3 for	25c
Jello, 2 for	15c
Vanilla Extract, 8 oz.	17c
Marshmallows, lb. box	18c

### Market Specials

Steak, choice cuts, lb.	23c
Steak, forequarter, lb.	15c
Roast, rib, 2 lb.	25c
Hot Barbecue	

Bring us your Cream, Eggs and Poultry

## 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

**Steak, the best, lb. 23c**

Bananas, doz.	15c	Fresh Tomatoes, 2 lb.	15c
Oranges, medium, doz.	19c	Tomatoes, 3 No. 2 cans	25c
Grapes, Calif., lb.	10c	Milk, 3 small cans	10c
Sweet Potatoes, pk.	33c	Pork & Beans, 4 cans	24c
Cabbage, 10 lb.	19c	Coffee, Bright & Early, lb.	19c

**Lettuce, head 5c**

Corn Flakes, Miller	9c	Flour, Yukon Western	\$1.69
Mackerel, 3 cans	25c	Shorts, 100 lb.	\$1.45
Salmon, 2 cans	25c	Bran, 100 lb.	\$1.15
Pineapple, 3 No. 1 cans	25c	Pork Sausage, lb.	23c
Flour, Yukon Best	\$1.89	Cheese, lb.	19c

**Spuds, pk. 23c**

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

## 'M' SYSTEM

### 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 Conference, first Wednesday in each month  
M. E. Wells, Pastor.

### 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.

### 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.  
G. E. Johnson, Sec.

### 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



Hold your Man.

Let Florence do your Cooking

Whether "your man" means a husky growing son or his father, all will praise the results you'll get with this wonderful new Florence Oil Range. Its powerful wickless "focused heat" is clean, fast, steady, and easily controlled. The extra-large built-in oven is fully insulated with rock wool and has an amazing new Fingertip Heat Control. You get good results every time. Come in and let us show you this beautiful new model in green and ivory porcelain -- the greatest value ever offered.

## Thompson Bros.

### 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

Our school supplies are here. We have a complete line.  
B & B Variety

Remember Trades Day Aug. 31