

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 13, 1935

NO. 44

## Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

|                 |                                |        |
|-----------------|--------------------------------|--------|
| <b>Veg.</b>     | Spuds, No. 1, pk.              | 25c    |
|                 | Tomatoes, lb.                  | 4c     |
|                 | Lettuce, head                  | 5c     |
|                 | Meal, 20 lb. cream             | 55c    |
|                 | Peanut Butter 5 lb. pail       | 79c    |
|                 | Quality Certified 16 oz. glass | 20c    |
| <b>Beans</b>    | Pintos, 7 lb.                  | 50c    |
|                 | Great Northern, 8 lb.          | 50c    |
|                 | Beans & Pork, 3 cans           | 19c    |
|                 | Candy, 3 5c bars               | 10c    |
| <b>Tomatoes</b> | 3 No. 2 cans                   | 25c    |
|                 | Soup, can                      | 5c     |
|                 | Compound, 8 lb. carton         | \$1.10 |
| <b>Coffee</b>   | Bulk, lb.                      | 15c    |
|                 | Break o' Morn. 2 lb.           | 35c    |
|                 | Brooms, each                   | 35c    |
|                 | O-Cee-It Polish, pt. bottle    | 15c    |
|                 | Scott Tissue, 3 for            | 23c    |

## FLORSHEIM SHOES WILL GIVE YOU



more-miles-per-dollar

It's not the first cost that determines the value of a pair of shoes... it's the price you have paid when you discard them... Florsheims give you those extra months of satisfactory service that positively proves their economy.

MOST STYLES \$8.75  
Some Styles \$10

**BRYAN  
Clothing Co.**

MEN'S WEAR  
Clarendon, Texas

## Come to Hedley

An excellent school, a good community and a fine teaching staff make Hedley an ideal place to attend school. You will make no mistake in coming to Hedley.

See us for School Supplies

**Wilson Drug Co.**

Where You Are Always Welcome  
PHONE 63

## NOTICE

To All Farmers of Donley Co:  
You are requested to be present at a mass meeting to be held at the courthouse in Clarendon at 2 o'clock Tuesday, Sept. 17th, for the purpose of organizing a County Agricultural Association.  
M. A. Pillers, district committeeman for this district, who has just returned from Washington with some very valuable information, will be present to explain the cotton loan situation, together with the 12c guaranteed benefit payment to cotton contractor as to how and when this will be paid. The 1936 cotton program will also be explained by Mr. Pillers.  
We want to urge all business men our county to attend this meeting.  
Donley County Cotton Committee  
E. L. Lewis, Chairman.

## ATTEND MEETING

G. L. Johnson, Sec-treas., and J. W. Bland, S. L. Dodson and A. B. Harris, directors of the Hedley National Farm Loan Association, attended the short course of the Farm Credit Administration held at West Texas State Teachers, Canyon, Sept. 6 and 7. They came back reporting a good time, and with information on the various government loans.

## HEDLEY GIRL HONORED

Miss Peggy Caldwell was honored recently when her poem, Panhandle Panoramas, was chosen winner of the Panhandle scenic contest conducted by the Dalhart Publishing Co.  
This poem will appear in "Wind in the Cottonwoods," an anthology of Panhandle poetry to be published this fall by the Dalhart Publishing Co., according to John L. McGarty, president.

We have a new supply of paints and enamels in small cans  
B & B. Variety

## NOTICE

Battery work and recharging  
Any 6 volt battery charged for 50c. Highest prices paid for junk batteries  
Thompson Auto Salvage.

For Sale—good wagon and set of leather tug harness. Will sell for cash or take good note.  
See Will W. Holland  
Hedley, Texas.

Among those from Hedley who attended the Confederate reunion in Amarillo last week were B. E. Harris, R. E. Jones and M. W. Mosley and wife.

Lionel and Miss Nettie Blankenship left Saturday for Lawton, Okla. Lionel will teach at Elgin, near Lawton, while Nettie plans to attend Cameron college.

Mrs. Clarence Davis is visiting in Erick, Okla.

Miss Nita Outwell left Thursday for Mercedes, where she will teach again this year.

Mrs. J. W. Reese visited in Amarillo several days last week.

I. E. Lovelace and family of Ft. Worth are visiting in the E. E. Plumlee home.

Miss Maurine Goin is teaching school near Canadian this year.

## HEDLEY P. T. A.

The Hedley Parent-Teacher Association has started out right this year. Fathers have decided that they too are parents and our first meeting went over with a bang. We had 52 members present with about as many men as women.

We enjoyed a miscellaneous program led by Supt. Payne. We heard everything from jokes on the different members (mostly on woman's gift of gab) to the classical music of Chopin played by Miss Sewell, our new music teacher. Several people made very short talks. Mrs. Clyde Bridges gave the state president's message and added a few words of interest with a tribute to the superintendent. I would not forget the sing song led by Mr. Thomas, for all sang and every one enjoyed it.

When the program was over, Mrs. Bridges, our president, ushered us into the dining room where we were served hot tea and cookies. The serving committee really did good work; we believe every one of those fathers will come back the next time. Every one was in such joyous mood I am sure no one felt ill effects from the food even though we were served three times around.

The teachers were all asked to tell what they wanted the association to get for them this year and most of them answered with a list. I will not take time and space to enumerate the items but I am sure that no association could meet these demands in fall; however I know ours will do as much as possible to get the most needed equipment.

The program for the next meeting, Sept. 19, is as follows:

- The Beginning of School  
Leader, Mrs. Blankenship.  
When I went to school:  
1. Mrs. G. L. Armstrong.  
2. E. H. Watt.  
3. Mrs. Lula B. Owen.  
4. Theresa Bala.  
Business

Plain and fancy sewing  
Mrs. H. B. Settle.

## JOINT W. M. S.

The Joint Missionary Society will meet the 2nd Monday, Oct. 14, at the Nazarene Church, the time being changed from the 5th Monday in September to the 2nd Monday in October. All ladies of the town and community are invited. The program will be as follows:

- Leader, Mrs. Lawson.  
Song, audience.  
Prayer, Mrs. McLaughlin.  
Scriptures, Exodus, 6th chapter, leader.  
Special song, Mrs. Burden.  
The life of Moses, Mrs. Robinson.

- Piano solo, Mrs. Robt. Watkins.  
Reading, Miss Esia Curd.  
Roll call, favorite Bible verse.  
Business.  
Benediction, Mrs. Duncan.  
Social hour.

Mary Rains Bridges is ill with pneumonia.

Hulon Bell and family, Houston Bell and wife and Miss Alpha Bell, all of McLean, visited home folks here Sunday.

Mrs. F. M. Acord visited relatives in Jackboro recently.

Mrs. A. G. Nipper has returned from Decatur, where she has been visiting relatives.

## 1916 and 1935

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

**Barnes & Hastings  
Grocery Co.**

PHONE 21

## Laws Governing Operation of SCHOOL BUSESSES

When any such "school bus" vehicle stops, every operator of a motor vehicle or motorcycle approaching the same from any direction shall bring such motor vehicle or motorcycle to a full stop before proceeding in any direction.

Any party who violates any provisions of section 1 of this act shall, upon conviction be guilty of a misdemeanor. The fine shall be not less than \$10 or more than \$500 or confinement in the county jail not to exceed ninety days.

All school bus drivers will report all violations of this law to the county superintendent and county board of Donley county.

## The Value of Credit

Just as a merchant wants to sell the merchandise on his shelves, so we like to say yes to an application for a loan. The income of a bank is largely dependent on keeping its funds working. Good credit makes a loan easy to obtain and your banker a willing assistant in your business enterprise. Guard it, cherish it as you would a most sacred obligation.

**Security State Bank**  
HEDLEY, TEXAS



Ruffling Inexpensive Touch to House Frock

PATTERN 9477



By popular demand the house frock sheds its "work-a-day" appearance and blossoms forth in a crisp, dainty (but serviceable none the less) manner to delight the wearer and eye of the beholder! Pattern 9477 is so utterly simple in design that the veriest beginner can attempt it confidently. Instead of a troublesome sleeve, an epaulet effect is achieved with one simple cut. Choose a crisp, sheer cotton, like swiss or lawn with a bright design scattered over it buy a few yards of contrasting ruffling—and presto! you've a cool house frock that does itself proud for porch or street wear, too!

Pattern 9477 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric. Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

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

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



HELP NEEDED

"George Washington Tubbs," said the judge, sternly, "you're entirely no-account and shiftless—and I'm going to send you away for a year with hard labor."

"Please, Judge," interrupted Mrs. Tubbs from the rear of the courtroom, "will yo' Honah jes kinder split dat sentence? Don't send him away from home, but let dat hard labor stand."

Overhead

"Have you a heavy overhead?"  
"Yea," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I invested heavily in office equipment and now it requires a heavy pay roll outlay to keep enough clerks to occupy the desks."

Important

New Suitor—I wish to marry your daughter.  
Father of Marie Blond—Can you divorce her in the manner in which she has been accustomed?

WNU—L

35-35

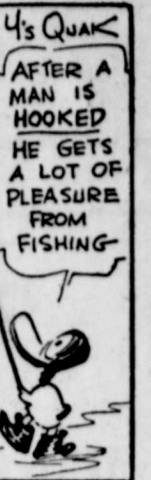


THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



All Write

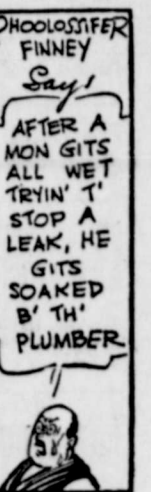


FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

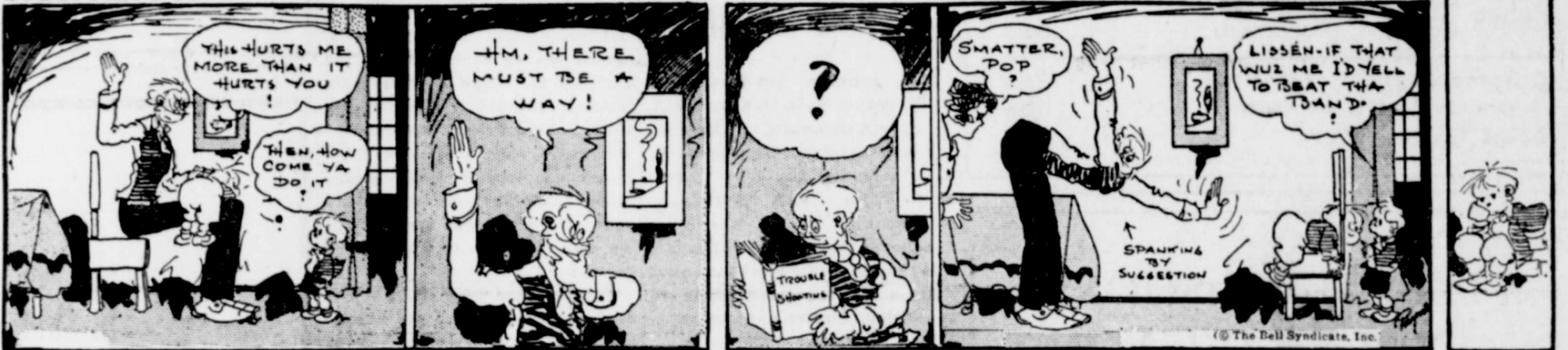


Water, Water Everywhere



SMATTER POP— Psycho—Spankology

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



And That's How Zeb Did It



"REG'LAR FELLERS"

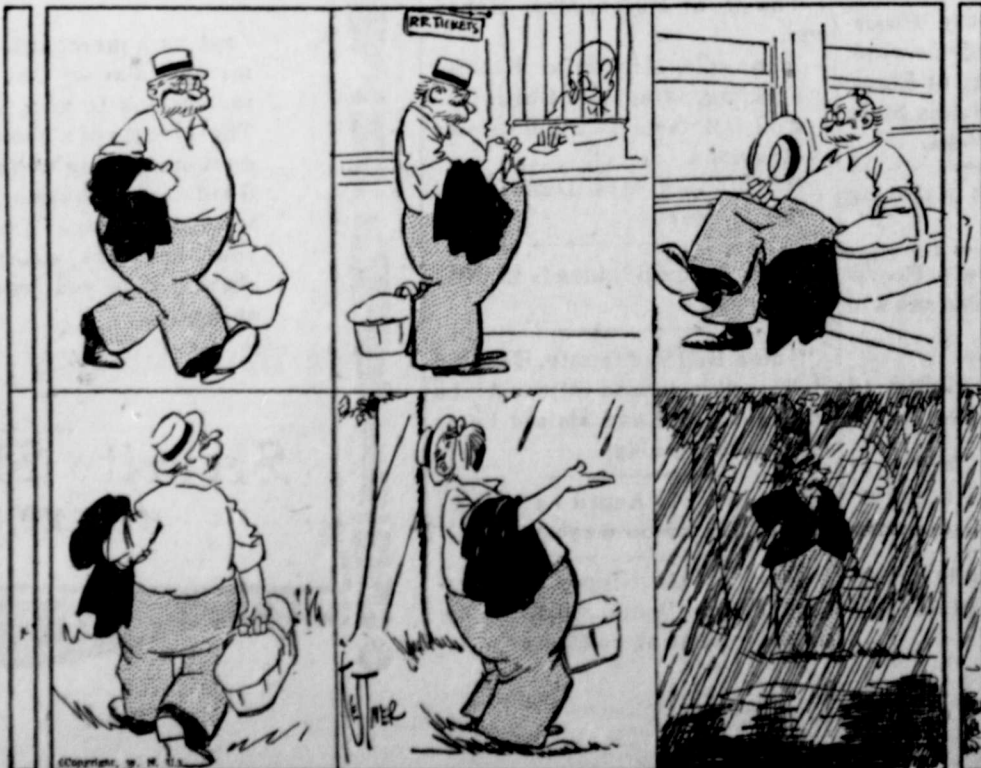


An Easy Load



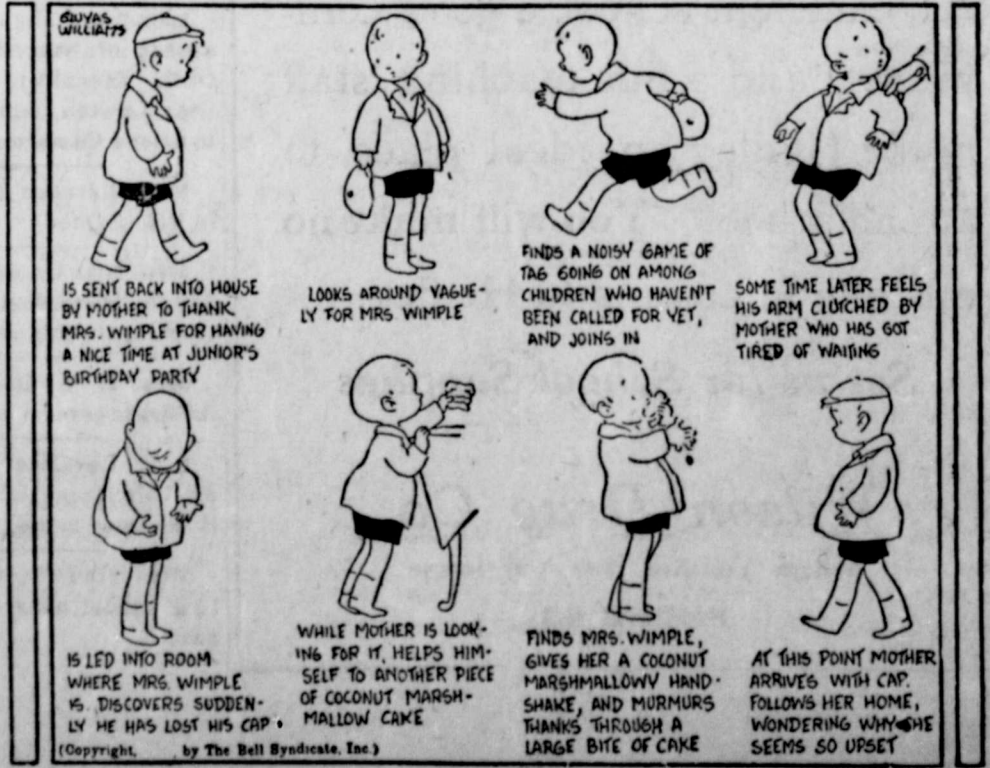
Our Pet Peeve

By M. G. KETTNER



"Thank You"

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS





## Welding

... the best way to make a perfect union of two pieces of metal is by welding them together.



... and the best way to get a more pleasing flavor and a better taste in a cigarette is by welding together the different types of tobacco ...

That is just what we do in making CHESTERFIELD Cigarettes—the three types of mild ripe home-grown tobaccos, that is tobaccos grown in this country, are welded together. Then they are welded with aromatic Turkish.

When these tobaccos are welded together you get a combined flavor which is entirely different from any one type of tobacco.

It is this welding of the right amounts of the right kind of tobaccos that makes CHESTERFIELD a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

Chesterfield... the cigarette that's **MILDER**  
Chesterfield... the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER**

© 1935, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

### CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas  
To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon Alfred Sully, Emma J. Stow, Adelaide A. Sully, Edmonia Roberts, Eugene H. Roberts, Ada C. Pettis, W. S. Pettis, and Chas. Roberts, who are non residents of this State and whose residence is unknown, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Donley County, Texas, to be held at the courthouse thereof in the town of Clarendon, on the first Monday in October, 1935, being the 7th day of October, 1935, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 29th day of August, 1935, the file number of which is 1895 in which suit Katie Chamberlain is plaintiff and Alfred Sully, Emma J. Stow, Adelaide A. Sully, Edmonia Roberts, Eugene H. Roberts, Ada C. Pettis, W. S. Pettis, and Chas. Roberts are defendants, the cause of action being alleged as follows: that the plaintiff is the owner of the fee simple title to all of Section Seventy-three (73) and the Northeast one fourth (NE 1-4) of Section Seventy-seven (77) Block # 6, Donley County, Texas; that she holds such title by duly recorded deeds; that she holds it by reason of the three, five, ten, and twenty five years Statutes of Limitation; and that there are certain vendor's lien notes paid but not released by the record holder and owner of such notes; and that the same casts a cloud upon her title, praying for the removal of such cloud in the vesting of a marketable title.

You are commanded to summon men such defendants, and to serve this citation by making publication of this citation once each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper published in the English language in Donley County, Texas.

Herein fail not, but have you before said court, on the first day of next term hereof, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness Walker Lane, clerk of the District Court of Donley County, Texas.

Given under my hand and seal of said court this, the 29th day of August, 1935.

(SEAL) Walker Lane  
Clerk of the District Court, Donley County, Texas.

Issued this 29th day of August, 1935.

(SEAL) Walker Lane  
Clerk of the District Court, Donley County, Texas.

### CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas  
To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County Texas, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded, as you have one time before been commanded, to summon Carrel Guthrie, a non resident of this State, and whose residence is unknown, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Donley County, Texas to be held at the courthouse thereof in the town of Clarendon, on the first Monday of October, 1935, being the 7th day of October, 1935, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 15th day of July, 1935, the file number of which is 1892, in which Hattie Guthrie is plaintiff and Carrel Guthrie is defendant, the cause of action being as follows: that plaintiff and defendant are husband and wife and were such on all the days alleged in the petition; that the defendant did strike and hit the plaintiff, and caused her great physical and mental suffering and pain and rendered their further living together as husband and wife in-supportable, and praying for a divorce of the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and the defendant.

You are commanded to summon men such defendant and to serve this citation by making publication of this citation once each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper published in the English language in Donley County, Texas.

Herein fail not, but have you before said court, on the first day of next term hereof, this writ, with your return thereon showing how you have executed the same.

Witness Walker Lane, clerk of the District Court of Donley County, Texas.

Given under my hand and seal of said court this, the 29th day of August, 1935.

(SEAL) Walker Lane  
Clerk of the District Court, Donley County, Texas.

Issued this the 29th day of August, 1935.

(SEAL) Walker Lane  
Clerk of the District Court, Donley County, Texas.

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas

Office Phone 3  
Residence Phone 29

## Sports Fans Follow The American Boy

Boys and young men of this city who wish to improve their tennis service, their basket-shooting eyes, their forward passing talent, or their crawl stroke, can enlist the aid of the nation's foremost coaches and players by subscribing to THE AMERICAN BOY magazine and following the sports interviews and fiction stories that appear each month.

"When I was in high school," says a famous decathlon champion, "I read a track article in THE AMERICAN BOY that gave me my first clear cut idea of the western style of high jumping. At practice I laid the open magazine on the grass and studied it as I worked out. That afternoon I increased the height of my jump three inches."

That was a long time ago, but today thousands of future champions just as eagerly follow THE AMERICAN BOY.

"This year," states Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor, "our staff writers have gone to the two greatest football teams of the country—Minnesota and Pittsburgh—for first hand tips on strategy, blocking, tackling, passing, and the fine points of play. They have interviewed Jaek Medina, the world's fastest swimmer, and his coach, Ray Daughters. Gone to Eastern High School of Washington, D. C., Eastern Interscholastic basketball champions. In the past they have followed the Grapefruit Circuit of the major leagues in Florida, sat on the bench at the Rose Bowl, sought out the famous runners, divers, All American ends, tackles and backfield men, to bring their story of how to play the game to the young men of America.

"In addition to our fiction, adventure, exploration, hobby counsel, and vocational help, we shall continue to encourage young men to improve their game in every line of sport."

Send your subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Enclose with your name and address \$1 for a year's subscription, \$2 for three years, and add 50 cents a year if you want the subscription to go to a foreign address. On newstands, 10c a copy.

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287  
AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each month

### 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.

### Dr. F. V. Walker

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

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

### 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.

### 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.

### FORRY-TWO CLUB

The 42 club met Tuesday night August 3, in the Roy Jewell home. A good time was had by all present, although we missed very keenly Fred Watt and wife, who have moved away. They were almost always present, and we enjoyed them so much.

Delicious punch and angel food cake were served to Messrs and Mesdames Whitfield, Sherman, Mann, Masterson Mrs Howard, Mr Wilson and the host and hostess.

We meet Tuesday, August 17, in the Mann home. We urge that all members notify the hostess or get someone to fill in if it's impossible for them to be present.  
Reporter

### JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor  
18th year in Memphis  
PHONE 462  
Lady in Office

### 4 Per Cent Money

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

### EMBALMING

Caskets & Undertaking Supplies

We Are At Your Service

THOMPSON BROS.  
Night Phone 94 or 64

### NEW DEAL BRIDGE CLUB

Miss Otey Watkins entertained with a bridge party Friday afternoon at her home when she was hostess to four tables of bridge. At the close of the games Miss Myrtle Reeves was presented the prize for holding third high score.

Delicious refreshments were served to Mesdames LeVonia Stricklin, Hobart Moffitt, Ray Moreman, George Thompson, W. C. Payne, Emer Simmons, Alva Simmons, Lave Dishman, Harrison Hall, Roy Kutch, Misses Melba Johnson, Theresa Webb Myrtle Reeves, Ila Pool and Ruby Moffitt.

The members of the New Deal Bridge club met Tuesday Sept. 10, with Mrs Lake Dishman. At the close of the games prizes were presented Mesdames Geo. Thompson and W. C. Payne for high and low cuts.

Lovely refreshments were served to Mesdames Homer Simmons, George Thompson, Hobart Moffitt, W. C. Payne, Ray Moreman, Roy Kutch, Alva Simmons, Miss Otey Watkins and hostess.

### THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor  
Sunday School Sunday morning at 9:45. Clarence Davis, Supt. Epworth League at 8:30, Sybil Holland, Pres. Church service morning and evening each Sunday.

### CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Ohlson 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.

### 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  
7:30 p. m. in Church Conference, first Wednesday in each month

M. E. Wells, Pastor.

### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Now that business is picking up, how about dropping in to settle up that dollar or two you owe on your Informer subscription. Of course, we don't really need the money, but we have a large family of creditors to support. We understand all the aforesaid creditors are in dire need, so please help them by paying us. Thanks,

The Hedley Informer



## New Autumn Woolens Are Striking

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WOOLENS to "suit" the smart woman this fall are that fascinating we are not going to be able to resist them and you wouldn't if you could after once glimpsing them. From every inch of their wool and their warp the woolens brought out this season radiate a beauty of coloring, of texture, of novelty in patterning and weave which is simply taking the world of fashion by storm.

Seeing that the American mills and the mills abroad are giving us the most amazing, the most beautiful woolens fancy can picture, it is to rejoice that the English habit of wearing sporty or tailored costumes for all daytime occasions in contrast to most resplendent and glorious formal fashions for evening has spread to America. Now that the smart thing to do this fall is to go very colorfully and handsomely tailored in the daytime, it is safe to predict that dresses, suits, swagger costumes together with three-piece ensembles made of stunning woolens will predominate by a large majority in the wardrobe of every fashion-wise woman.

One of the most dramatic gestures which has to do with this sweeping vogue for grand woolens is the costume which goes fifty-fifty gorgeous cloth and high-colored suede. That is to say, a skirt of rich woolen is topped with a jacket or sweater of suede or leather which carries the key color of the plaid or striped material. To climax the scheme of design, the newest thing is the blouse which is knitted of the identical yarn in which the wool material is woven. Thus a perfect color harmony is achieved.

Another thing likable about the new woolens is that they are so delightfully soft and caressing to the touch, and give ear to this bit of good news—they are so woven in combination of yarns, they do not wrinkle.

Just to mention a few of the smartest and newest of new woolens—there are kemp tweeds, bright nubbed tweeds of unusual treatment, sawtooth checks, broken plaids, marl tweeds, chevron stripes, ribbed diagonals, ombre plaids and others too numerous to cite.

The colorings of the versatile woolens brought out this season are a triumph both in art and of science. A complete wardrobe may be planned to include several colors, none of which conflict because the most vivid plaids and gay hues are given dusky overtones which bleed into one grand symphony via misty interweavings of grayish or brownish yarns. The attractive Seton Cotterill collection of London which was recently shown in America by the Chicago wholesale market council stressed particularly this feature of color blend in smart woolens. The trio of high-style woolen fashions here pictured were displayed in this exhibit.

See illustrated to the left in the group a perfect travel costume. The Scotch plaid in black and white, of which it is made, has a heavy nub yarn interwoven to give highlights of canary yellow.

A new chevron-stripe wool in tones of amber, rustique and brown makes the suit with tuxedo topcoat (centered in the illustration.) Note the smart cross-scarf of the jacket. Semi-fitted lines and woolen buttons give a new smart air, also the front fullness of the skirt.

The new skirts are marvelously built. They are most deceptive. They look as innocently pleated and paneled as you please, while in reality they are concealing slits which allow for perfect freedom of action. Such a skirt is the one to the right in the picture. "Swagger collegienne" describes this ombre plaid suit in rich tones of dubonnet and ivory. It has a snug collar and stock scarf and is worn with matching sweater.

© Western Newspaper Union.

### COAT OF PIGSKIN

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Have you heard about the too-chic-for-words new polo coats which are made of fine pigskin? Just study this picture and see how smart they are down to the slightest detail. You can get them either in natural or rich dark dyes. The model illustrated has all the latest "touches" such as big, roomy bellows pockets, the new sash belt which ties so casually, strap-band sleeves which are adjustable about the wrist, deep-set yoke and an intricate seaming which gives the garment exquisite finish. The hat is of pigskin to match the coat. The pearly print scarf is up to the moment in style.

### LUXURIOUS METALS TOUCH UP FABRICS

Inspired by Oriental and period influences fabric manufacturers have outdone themselves in producing beautiful and luxurious metals on every type of silk ground.

In addition to being important for afternoon and evening gowns, the new metals are widely used for millinery—nearly turbans—scarfs to be worn with wool as well as silk suits, blouses, waistcoats, lags, vanity and cigarette cases, in superb evening sandals and evening jackets that have a decidedly new look.

Metals with solid burnished faces in silver, gold—and newest of all—copper are shown in the market and considered especially good for jackets and accessories.

Silk crepes with double borders in metalized broche show distinct traces of Persian, Hindu and Japanese influence in their rich colorings and delicate patterns.

Sheer silk gauzes, completely metalized, form one of the newest and loveliest of the metals.

### Pink Rates Coolest Shade and Looks Most Expensive

Pink, fashion's favorite color this summer, is the coolest-looking and, incidentally, the most expensive appearing shade you possibly can wear. There are pink linen and shantung suits for town and country, handsome pink sweaters to wear with white skirts when you week-end out of town and glamorous evening gowns in various tones of this lovely shade. One particularly nice evening gown is fashioned from double layers of pink chiffon and is worn under a billowing wrap of matching material.

### Paris Loves Blue

Blue is a favorite color of Paris this year. Smart women seen at the races are many of them gowned in navy with white relief; also navy and white prints. Pale, misty blue crepe frocks are worn with darker blue hats, bags and shoes.

# The King of the Filibusterers

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**D**AWN OF a September morning 75 years ago. Along the beach outside the seaport of Trujillo in Honduras, straggled a file of swarthy-faced soldiers, their rifles slanting across the shoulders of their dirty-white uniforms, their bare feet kicking up little spurts of sand as they shuffled along.

In their midst was another little man, but unlike his captors he was light-haired (a "cotton-head" they called him back in his native Tennessee), freckle-faced, almost boyishly slender for all of his thirty-six years. His old flannel shirt was open at the throat, his ragged trousers were tucked into worn boots and in his hand he carried a battered, faded old black hat.

Beside him walked a tall black-robed Spanish priest who held a crucifix in front of the little blonde man's face. But it is doubtful if his cold gray eyes saw it. They were looking away across the fringe of the tropical jungle to the black and purple-shadowed mountains which the rays of the morning sun were beginning to paint with gold.

"Halt!" The line of marching men stopped, but only the little man in the center obeyed the command with true military precision. Another sharp command and the slouching rifle-bearers formed a ragged line along the beach. An officer came forward with a handkerchief in his hand, but the little man waved him aside. As he looked into the black mouths of the rifles pointed at his heart, he spoke slowly, gently:

"The war which I made upon you was wrong, and I want to avail myself of this last opportunity to beg your forgiveness. That done, I die resigned. I would like to think that my life and my death will have been for the good of society."

"Fire!" As the little man sagged down to the ground, another volley of bullets rained upon his crumpled form. Then a single soldier walked forward, placed the muzzle of his gun close to the little man's head and fired.

Thus died William Walker, "the gray-eyed man of destiny," "the nineteenth-century Cortez," "the Napoleon of Central America." He was all of these and much more, for this low-headed soldier of fortune was one of the most remarkable characters in American history. There was a time when his doings were a matter of international concern, when he was a figure in the slavery dispute which led to the Civil war and when "the occupied more columns of news and editorials in American and British journals than Presidents Pierce and Buchanan or Queen Victoria. No man ever so dazzled the American mind and heart as this quiet little man. He was the beginning of that peculiar madness which affects New York city whenever a hero visits there."

There was nothing in Walker's early career, unless it was the versatility of the man, to indicate the important role he was destined to play on the stage of world affairs. The son of a Scotch Presbyterian banker in Nashville, Tenn., Walker was a precocious child who was graduated from the University of Nashville at the age of seventeen. His father wanted him to be a minister but his inclination was to medicine. Studying for two years in the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, he then went abroad to complete his education at Edinburgh and Paris. At the age of twenty-one he was back in Nashville "the most accomplished surgeon that ever visited the city."

But he soon tired of medicine and next took up the study of law. As soon as he was ready to practice, he moved to New Orleans but because of his retiring disposition, which resulted in a lack of clients, he gave up the law for journalism. In 1848 he became one of the editors and proprietors of the Crescent which soon became an important newspaper in that city. At that time New Orleans was the outfitting place for many filibustering expeditions in Latin-American waters and countries. Considering Walker's later career it seems strange that his editorial policy concerning such expeditions was an extremely conservative one. But it was and that had something to do with the failure of his paper.

However, an unfortunate love affair was the principal reason for his leaving New Orleans and seeking his fortune in the California gold fields. He soon drifted into journalism again, this time as editor of the San Francisco Daily Herald.

At this time down in Central America Nicaragua was undergoing one of its periodical revolutions, a war in which the Democrats and Legitimists were struggling for control. Walker wrote to General Castellan, head of the Democrats, offering the service of 300 American colonists "liable to military service if they would agree to provide land for them." Castellan was delighted to have such allies and readily signed the agreement, so in May, 1855, Walker at the head of 56 adventurers sailed from San Francisco aboard the S. S. Vesta which had been secretly loaded with arms and ammunition. Arriving in Realajo, the American leader hastened to Leon, the Democrats' base, where he was warmly welcomed by Castellan, who made him a colonel and placed him in command of the "American Phalanx."

Supported by a force of several hundred Democrat soldiers, Walker, acting under orders from Castellan, marched to the attack of Rivas, one of the leading cities of Nicaragua, which was defended by some 600 Legitimist troops. But during the march Walker's Nicaraguan allies began deserting and by the time he reached the city they had dwindled to 100, all of whom fled at the first fire of the Legitimists. Despite this defection, Walker led his 56 Americans on to the capture of the city, losing 6 dead and 12 wounded.

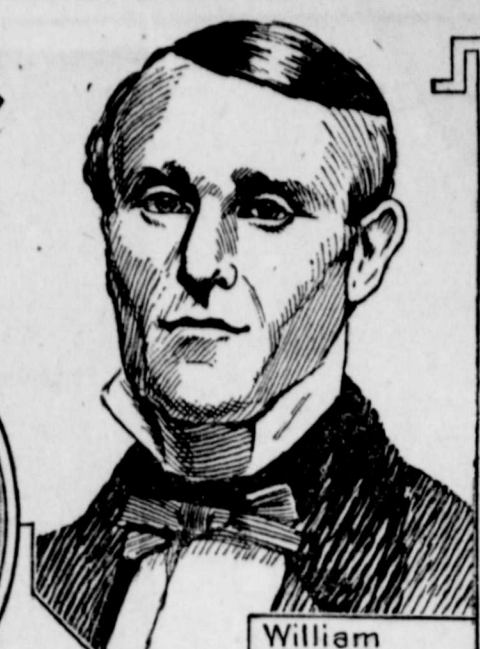
Unable to hold the city with his tiny force, Walker retreated to Leon, where he threatened to leave Castellan's service and enlist under the banner of the president of Honduras. But their difficulties were patched up and Walker went on from victory to victory, the climax coming in his capture of Granada, the principal city of Nicaragua, by a surprise attack made from a steamer on Lake Nicaragua. Soon afterwards he signed a peace agreement with General Corral, leader of the Legitimists, by which Don Patricio



Joaquin Miller



Cornelius Vanderbilt



William Walker



Walker's Flag

Rivas was appointed provisional president, Corral minister of war and Walker, generalissimo of the army.

Then Corral tried to double-cross Walker, who exposed the minister's plot and had him executed. By this time Walker was virtually dictator over Nicaragua and he ruled with an iron hand. Americans and other foreigners to the number of more than 1,200 had joined him. Some of them were desperate characters who looked forward to unlimited opportunities for free living and free looting. But they were bitterly disappointed.

While Walker was master of Nicaragua that country enjoyed a peace and contentment it had not known for years. But trouble was brewing for him on the outside. The other Central American republics, Costa Rica, Honduras, Salvador, and Guatemala, were becoming alarmed over the prospect of his forming a "United States of Central America," as he was dreaming of doing, and extending his influence over their countries.

Great Britain was also becoming concerned over his growing power. If the United States secured control of Nicaragua and dug a Nicaraguan canal, England's commercial supremacy would be threatened. If he extended his power throughout Central America, it meant a lessening of England's influence there. And France and Spain agreed with Britain that the expansion of the United States in that quarter was undesirable.

As a matter of fact their fears were groundless so far as Walker's having an official standing as an agent of American imperialism was concerned. For he was persona non grata with his own country as much as he was with the others. William L. Marcy, secretary of state, looked upon him as little more than a criminal and one whose example might stimulate filibustering and embroil the United States in endless difficulties with her southern neighbors. In the South he was something of a hero but in the North where anti-slavery sentiment was growing, his pro-slavery views were causing suspicion and alarm. But even though it is doubtful if Walker had any idea of trying to aid the extension of slavery, he made the fatal mistake of antagonizing the powerful financial interests of the North, notably the group of men headed by old Cornelius Vanderbilt who had been exploiting Nicaragua.

They were the owners of the Transit company which had a contract to dig a Nicaraguan canal and which was running a line of steamers from New York to Nicaragua on the Atlantic side and another line from that country up to San Francisco on the Pacific side. This company had agreed to pay Nicaragua \$10,000 and 10 per cent of its profits each year in return for a monopoly of the carrying trade to and from that country.

Walker, believing that the Transit company had been cheating his adopted country, started an investigation. The result was that he demanded a settlement of \$250,000 which the financiers refused. Thereupon he seized the company's property as security for the debt, revoked its charter and granted a new one to a rival company. Old Cornelius Vanderbilt was furious. He resolved to smash Walker.

Costa Rica had already started war against Nicaragua and Honduras was preparing to take up arms. Both of the hostile countries were being supplied with arms, if not financial support, by England. It is said that the necessary financial support was given by Vanderbilt and his colleagues. In a preliminary skirmish a Costa Rican force, led by the Prussian general, Von Bulow, and made up of mercenaries as well as natives of Costa Rica, defeated a force of Nicaraguans and filibusterers, led by one of Walker's subordinates, and captured Rivas.

But it was a different story when Walker rode out from Granada in April, 1856, with 500 men, four-fifths of them Americans, to give battle to the army of 3,200 Costa Ricans. Although he was driven from the battlefield, he inflicted such heavy losses on the enemy that they were glad to withdraw.

A mixed army of Leonese and Hondurans next menaced him from the north but by quick work he repulsed it, then turned his attention to internal affairs. He became a candidate for the presidency of Nicaragua and in July, 1856, won the election with the largest vote ever cast for that office. But he was not allowed to enjoy his

triumph very long. Soon his enemies were crossing the border again. There followed a series of defeats which forced him to evacuate Granada and he destroyed it to keep it from falling into the hands of the enemy. Finally with a remnant of the army which had followed him so devotedly, he was cornered in a coast town. In April, 1857, the American warship St. Mary's sailed into the harbor and Captain Davis, its commander, demanded that Walker surrender "in the name of humanity." Walker refused, but when he saw that his small force was doomed to be overwhelmed by the enemy he was willing to accept the safe conveyance which Davis offered him.

Going aboard the St. Mary's he was taken to Panama and from there made his way to New York, where he was received in triumph. Hastening on to Washington, he demanded that the United States government support him in restoring to him the presidency of Nicaragua to which he had been legally elected. But Washington turned a deaf ear to his pleas. He went on into the South where he was received with the wildest enthusiasm and the papers of that period are filled with news of his schemes for regaining the power he had once held.

In the meantime Nicaragua had elected another president but Walker was not willing to accept this evidence that the southern republic was through with its "gringo president." He organized another filibustering expedition, was arrested for doing so but, when brought to trial, was acquitted. Within two weeks he had sailed from New Orleans with a force of 150 men, landed his munitions at San Juan del Norte and captured Castile Viejo.

In December Commodore Paulding arrived in the United States frigate Wabash, landed a force of 350 men, trained his guns on Walker's camp and demanded his surrender. Walker was taken to Washington as a prisoner of war. But the federal government refused to receive him and President Buchanan even rebuked Paulding for his act and suspended him from duty. Although Walker was turned free, a public proclamation forbade his interfering with Central American affairs again.

By now the presidency of Nicaragua had become an obsession with Walker. For two years he made several attempts to lead another expedition to Nicaragua but he was too closely watched by both the American and British governments to succeed. Unable to go there direct, he decided to get into the country by way of Honduras. In August, 1860, he sailed from Mobile with 100 devoted followers. Within two weeks he had entered Nicaragua and captured the town of Trujillo.

Then a warship appeared—this time a British vessel, the Icarus, commanded by Captain Salmon. Declaring that Walker was interfering with British rights in the town, Salmon demanded the filibusterer's surrender. Walker refused but when a force of Hondurans commanded by General Alvarez began to mass to recapture the town, Walker evacuated it and with 70 men retreated down the coast. The Honduran leader and his British ally followed and cornered the filibusterers at Rio Negro.

Walker surrendered to Salmon on his promise not to turn him over to the Hondurans, a promise which the British officer broke as soon as they returned to Trujillo. Walker and his men were delivered into the hands of Alvarez. His followers were released through the intercession of the British officer but when Salmon told Walker "if you will appeal to me as an American citizen I will save you with the rest," Walker's reply was "The President of Nicaragua is a citizen of Nicaragua." Facing death, he would not give up his dream of being a ruler.

The Hondurans, who looked upon him as an alien tyrant whose ambition threatened the security of their country and all Central American republics, court martialled him and sentenced him to death. So on the morning of September 12, 1860, he walked bravely to his death in front of a firing squad.

Joaquin Miller, that queer genius who was a follower of the "king of the filibusterers" and who later became famous as the "Poet of the Sierras," sought to immortalize him in a long poem, "With Walker in Nicaragua," but it is doubtful if his poem is any better known today than is the subject of its inspiration. In his day William Walker was a "lost leader." Today he is a "forgotten man" nor has the recent talk of dictators served to revive even for a little while the memory of this ill-fated dictator over the destinies of an American republic.

© Western Newspaper Union.



# What Do We Mean by "America"?

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

YOU'RE going to hear plenty in the 1936 election campaigns about "what America wants" and "what America needs." These are phrases which roll off a political orator's tongue like peas off a boarding house knife.



It takes all kinds of people to make a nation. Left: Nearly 5,000,000 Americans are criminals, but more than 4,000,000 are at large. Center: Probably 20,000,000 are on the dole. Right: Only 46 persons have a million-dollar income.

And before you and I try to figure out which one of these spellbinders is right about "what America needs" it might be well to know just what they're talking about when they say "America." Certainly when they tell us that what will solve America's problem "from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the shores of sunny California" is a tax on mustache cups or a return to multiple petticoats, they are not talking about the land itself.

No elm tree ever started a communist meeting under its shade in the public park. No mountain ever wrote a letter to the editor which began: "Sir: I note, not without some due alarm, that things have come to a pretty pass when, etc." The land never needed anything until we started living on it.

When the stump-speakers refer to "America" they mean us—you and I and those awful Smiths or Joneses or Czerwinskis who ran that unspeakable speakeasy below the tracks. They mean society.

And what is society in America? There are some 130,000,000 of "us." To decide what 130,000,000 people need, let's find out what kind of people they are.

The contrasts between class groups is really as startling as that between individuals. To begin at the very bottom of our society, there are, according to J. Edgar Hoover and the Department of Justice, no less than 4,311,896 active criminals whose fingerprints are on file in Washington. A few thousand of these are conscienceless, bold rascals who would slit their own grandmother's throat for five bucks, but the vast majority are only petty crooks who would steal the pennies out of a blind man's cup, or put on dark glasses and pretend to be blind men themselves.

Probably 20,000,000 are on the dole—getting relief. There is undoubtedly some overlapping between this and the first group. Three-fourths of all the nation's families live on incomes of less than \$2,000 a year. And there are only 46 persons—one in every 2,826,087—whose income is \$1,000,000 a year or more.

### Many Crooks Go Free.

Roughly, and purely for the purpose of comparison, our society may be cleaved into two divisions, admittedly arbitrary. They are 75 per cent of the families on less than \$2,000 income and the other 25 per cent, some merely solvent, some "well-to-do" and some wealthy.

In the larger group are approximately 97,000,000 persons. These include all but a few of the 4,311,896 criminals, proving that crime does not pay. Only about 12,000 are regarded as "big shots," public enemies, by the Department of Justice. Yet crime is said to cost \$12,000,000,000 to \$15,000,000,000 in America.

Federal and state prisons and reformatories in 1932 were entertaining only 64,447 "guests." The number of persons in city and county jails is believed to fluctuate around 300,000. These totals leave more than 4,000,000 criminals actually practicing their art.

Living conditions of the great mass of 20,000,000 on relief are certainly much below standard, but these conditions vary greatly with the geography of the country. To people on relief in Mississippi or Arkansas, the living standards of relief families in Chicago, New York or one of the other larger cities would look pretty good. The whole group is equal in the condition that it has been paraded from all valuable possessions.

Research conducted by the PWA reveals that 36 per cent of all the housing in the United States is "definitely substandard." In some southern states, where the share cropper and his ill lot are a familiar figure, there are many cases of 10 or 12 persons living in shacks of one or two rooms.

### Relief Standards Are Poor.

In 1930 any apartment in Chicago which rented for less than \$30 a month was likely to be far below standard,

with such a thing as a bath tub regarded as a luxury, and with rooms having no outside window a commonplace. Yet at that time nearly one-fourth of all housing in Chicago rented for less than \$20 a month and nearly one-tenth for less than \$20.

Not all relief families live by such standards, of course, but those who don't are the exception—rehabilitated farm families, for example. But it may be said that at best all relief living is subsistence living or less, and that malnutrition is common and starvation sometimes existent.

A large portion of the farm families of course fall into the class which have a yearly income of less than \$2,000. Since the farmer is able to raise much of what he and his family eat, this income would be proportionately greater than the same income for a city family.

Yet that would be speaking of the average in the class. It must be remembered that individuals in each one of these class groups vary with amazing difference. In the southern Appalachians, even in the golden year 1929, there were 52 counties where the annual income per farm person was less than \$100—and even this is an average! These people, too, must be considered when we speak of "what America needs"—yet they, with their primitive methods and manners, belong to the Eighteenth century more than to the Twentieth.

More than 10,000,000 of the 49,000,000 gainfully employed persons in 1930 were employed in agriculture. Most of these fall below the \$2,000 line. In fact in only a few farm counties was income equal to that in industrial areas.

### Thirty Million on Farms.

Some light may be thrown on the living status of the farmer today when it is cited that even in Iowa 62 per cent of all the farmers are tenants. The tenant-farmer situation in the South, with its desperate plight of the share-cropper, who lives at the very lowest ebb of subsistence standards, has been widely publicized of late.

When the political orator says "we, the people," he includes, whether he knows it or not, 30,000,000 persons who are dependent upon farming for a living. How do these people live? The facts may surprise you.

If the figures compounded by Morris L. Cooke, head of the Rural Electrification administration are correct, 25,000,000 of these people have derived little benefit from the inventions and the advances of science which are said to have so much bettered our living standards in recent years.

Here is what he claims to have found out: That 93 per cent of all persons who make their living from the soil have neither bath tub nor shower. That 76 per cent are still lighting their homes with either gasoline or kerosene or less efficient means; that 10 per cent of this figure either use candles or go without artificial light. That 73 per cent have to carry water from wells or other sources of supply. That 33 per cent use fireplaces in heating their homes.

These estimates seem to have been substantiated by another government bureau, the PWA, whose research men say that between 75 and 80 per cent of all farm homes have no modern conveniences whatever. It is safe to say that all of such homes fall below the \$2,000 income.

### Six Kinds of Workers.

The census bureau divides all workers into six classes—professional persons, proprietors and managers, clerks, skilled workers and foremen, semi-skilled workers, and unskilled workers. At least the unskilled and semi-skilled workers come into the class of less than \$2,000 income. There were nearly 3,000,000 semi-skilled workers listed in the 1930 census, but this figure has

probably shrunk considerably since then because of the increase in unemployment.

Among the "clerks and kindred workers" in 1930 there were 4,877,235 men and 3,072,220 women, most of whom were office workers and hovered just a little below the \$2,000 mark. Most of them live in houses or flats of three to five rooms, and some have a small car. You don't really begin to get into the \$2,000 mark until you get into the "skilled workers and foremen," and even then it is difficult to tell just how many are above. The group which the depression has injured least is that labeled "proprietors and managers." Unskilled workers, of course, have suffered most, although not much more than the "professional persons."

The great bulk of the 3,339,002 persons whose income in 1933 was between \$2,500 and \$5,000 comprises "proprietors and managers." These folks, on the whole, live comfortably in the better suburbs in houses that cost \$12,500 up and were all built several years ago. They have economized largely by limiting themselves to only one car, cutting down on the number of servants and sending their children to the state universities instead of the more expensive private schools.

They and their families are the great "middle class." Figuring four to a family, this class totals about 13,350,000 persons. Of all the Americans filing income tax returns on incomes of more than \$2,500, 91 per cent were in the \$2,500 to \$5,000 class. There were only 318,456 persons, or about 1,273,824 families with incomes between \$5,000 and \$10,000. Certainly this would indicate that the top class, in regard to income, the class making more than \$10,000 a year, constitutes a very small slice of the nation's population.

Another group severely hit by the depression has been the "professional" class—doctors, lawyers, artists, actors, reporters and the like. Many of these in the past two or three years have dropped into the division below \$2,000 and many more are even worse off. Relief rolls include plenty of dentists, doctors and artists.

### Teachers Have Suffered.

There are of course a few at the peak of each profession who have large incomes. But the majority of artists, authors, actors and reporters have not. A recent survey, which was concerned principally with metropolitan newspapers, where the wage-scale is higher than it is on small town papers, placed the average reporter's salary at a little more than \$38 a week. Teachers, who include 202,337 men and 860,278 women, have had their pay checks badly cut—when they get pay checks at all.

According to Prof. Walter Rautenstrauch of Columbia university, the income of persons engaged in production has diminished far more rapidly than that of persons in service and distributive industries, which latter he refers to as "overhead." He says that the cost of overhead, increasing quickly in the last 15 years, has been further speeded upward by the depression. Service and distributive workers increased their income as a group 189 per cent from 1917 to 1932.

In 1917 actual producers numbered 24,677,000; in 1932 they had slipped to only 17,279,000. Whether employed or not, their average yearly income was only \$638; for those employed, it was \$875, neither of which figures, says Dr. Rautenstrauch, is sufficient to support an average family "decently."

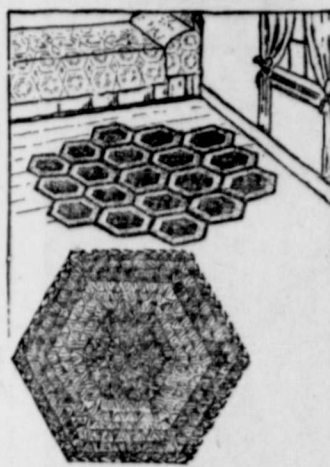
At the end of our study of the population are the 46 persons whose incomes are more than \$1,000,000 a year. They are, to most of us who read newspapers, not a class but a group of individuals whose names are more or less familiar in headlines.

This, then, is "America." We have to remember the problems of all these vastly different classes when we ponder with the orator over "what America needs."

© Western Newspaper Union.

## Different Ways of Making Rugs

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



The making of rug rugs has interested needleworkers for hundreds of years. One very good reason for this is that rugs are practical and wanted in every home. The larger the rug the harder the work; the weight increases as the work progresses. Making a rug of motifs and then assembling takes the hard labor out of rug making and the work becomes interesting. Work these motifs in spare time at home or elsewhere and, when all are finished, assemble.

Folder No. 532 contains a lot of information about making the hexagon motif in various sizes in hexagon shaped rugs and in various color combinations. Hexagon motifs are crocheted in any size and color scheme according to your own idea. Amount of material and all the stitches are given and other hints of value to rug makers. A new kind of chart for selecting your colors gives you an opportunity to see what your rug looks like before you go ahead with the work. You can get some wonderful ideas from this folder on "Different Ways to Make Rugs." It will be mailed to you upon receipt of 10 cents.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. C, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Inclose stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

### Sea Returns Land

Where a fishing village near Tell chery, India, was abandoned by the sea nearly 40 years ago, a great stretch of land has reappeared with the coming of this year's monsoon.

## HATS IN ELEVATORS

Men of Sydney, Australia, are nothing, if not polite. They, for instance never fail to remove their hats in an elevator, when ladies are present.

That is why a storm of controversy has been aroused by neat little notices just pasted in the elevators of the Bank of New South Wales, asking men to keep their hats on.

Bank officials say the removal of hats congests business. Men hold them carefully against their manly chests, or lower down to protect them from being crushed. The result is that in an elevator built to carry 20 people, only 16 can get in. Most of the obviously married men customers of the bank are now keeping their hats on, but the younger men lift theirs.

## Whitens, Clears The Skin Quickest Way

No matter how dull and dark your complexion; no matter how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind, NADINOLA Cream will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty, quickest, easiest way. Just apply at bedtime; NADINOLA, tested and trusted for over a generation, begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for; creamy white, silken-smooth, lovely. No disappointments, no long waiting for results. Money-back guarantee. At all toilet counters, only 50c. Or write NADINOLA, Box 42, Paris, Tenn.

Score One for Daddy Nurse—"It's a boy!" Confirmed Golfer—"Hurray! A caddy!"

**alotabs**  
BILIOUSNESS

**BOILS** Instantly Eased Quickly Healed  
CARBOIL eases throbbing pain; allays inflammation; reduces swelling; lessens tension; quickly heals. Easily applied. Inexpensive. Results guaranteed. Also use for fester, rashes, cuts, burns, and bites. At your druggist, or Spurlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

**44 AWARDS AT One STATE FAIR!**  
CLABBER GIRL BAKING POWDER  
Mrs. M. E. Ryerson, whose cakes, etc. baked with CLABBER GIRL, won 44 awards at the 1934 Indiana State Fair.

**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**

**A Sure Index of Value**  
... is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.  
**Buy ADVERTISED GOODS**

## DIZZY DEAN pulls a fast one!

**BASEBALL TODAY**  
GOSH, JOE WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE OF BEATING DE KALB! NOT WITH THEM RINGING IN THAT STAR PITCHER FROM CHICAGO ON US!  
AND WHAT A SMART MANAGER I AM—LETTING THEM PUT ONE OVER ON ME!  
HEY, HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE SERVICE?  
SO THEY PULLED A FAST ONE ON YOU, DID THEY? HOW ABOUT LETTING ME DITCH FOR YOUR TEAM?  
DIZZY DEAN! WOULD YOU DITCH FOR US? THEY'D NEVER KNOW YOU IN THEM SMOKED GLASSES!  
GEE WHIZ, JOE IT'S DIZZY DEAN!  
YOU BETTER START DUCKIN' NOW, 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR HEAD KNOCKED OFF IF YOU DON'T  
YOU HIT 'EM AND I'LL DUCK 'EM  
INNINGS DE KALB BATAVIA  
WHAT A PITCHER!  
HE MADE MONKEYS OF 'EM!  
NOT A HIT OFF HIM!  
BATAVIA WINS! 2 TO 0 OH BOY!!  
WHERE'D JOE GET HIM?  
YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO BE PITCHING FOR THIS BATAVIA BUNCH. IF YOU WANT A REAL JOB, LOOK ME UP  
THANKS, PAL, BUT I'VE GOT A JOB NOW—DOWN IN ST. LOUIS  
GEE DIZZY I WONDER IF I'LL EVER MAKE THE BIG LEAGUE?  
WELL, YOU'RE HEADED THAT WAY—WITH YOUR ABILITY, WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO NOW IS BUILD UP YOUR ENERGY, AND I'LL TELL YOU ONE SWELL WAY TO DO IT. EAT GRAPE-NUTS LIKE I DO. IT'S ACES FOR MAKING ENERGY!

**Boys! Girls! ... Get Valuable Prizes Free!**  
Join Dizzy Dean Winners ... get Dizzy Dean Winners Ring  
Just send the top from one full-sized, yellow-and-blue package of Grape-Nuts, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin and copy of the club manual, containing list of 37 nifty free prizes. And to have loads of energy, start eating Grape-Nuts right away. It has a winning flavor all its own—crisp, nutlike, delicious. Economical, too, for two tablespoons, with whole milk or cream, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1935. Good only in U. S. A.)



## SEVENTH GRADE

The Seventh Grade organized last Thursday, Sept. 5. The following officers were elected: President, Ralph Alewine. Vice pres. Doris Sherman. Secretary, Yvonna Meeks. Reporters Foster Pickett and Doris Merle Everett.

The members of the class are laying great plans for their activities this year, and are expecting to do many interesting things in their school work. We have already experienced a very splendid week for the beginning of school. We have enrolled 31 and have had 100 per cent attendance this week. Mr. Trostle has given us some very worthwhile mottoes and principles of life in our opening exercises every morning.

We are enjoying our music, which is taught by Miss Sewell. We are in hopes that some of us will be great musicians some day. We have both boys and girls playground ball teams organized and have been playing some thrilling games. Mr. Trostle makes an excellent umpire and pigtail.

## 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

## The Heavy Burden of Bureaucracy

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman  
Sentinels of the Republic

"... has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people and eat out their substance."

Is that protest familiar to you? It should be. You've read it in the Declaration of Independence, among the array of grievances that drove the American colonies to the desperate lengths of the Revolution.

Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the famous document, and George Washington, who gave it reality, called that sort of thing Tyranny. Today it bears a softer name. We call it Bureaucracy. And we suffer it to a degree that would probably have aroused the colonists to a white heat of indignation.

For Bureaucracy is the enemy of that democracy for which the colonists fought. It is built up of bureaus, commissions and boards that usurp the power which, under the Constitution, is vested in the people. It is growing in scope and in influence. It has become one of the heaviest loads on the back of the American worker and earner. Why?

Because Bureaucracy has increased the horde of minor officials and federal jobholders who now ferret into our personal affairs and consume so large a share of our taxes.

Because it is Bureaucracy that functions in the scores of alphabetic commissions which usurp Congressional and other authority and add so greatly to the complexities and burdens of government.

Because it is Bureaucracy that tries to tell you how many potatoes you can raise, and for what you must sell them.

Because it is Bureaucracy that boosts the cost of living—by loading on you not only the expense of its great army of jobholders, but also the waste involved in experimental juggling of prices and production and basic principles of government.

Remember, under our Constitution, the American people never agreed to surrender such powers to appointed officials in whose selection they had no voice. They retained that authority for themselves and their elected public servants.

Bureaucracy, therefore, represents an invasion of the people's rights—a departure from the form of government under which America achieved a growth in area, in population and in resources unrivaled among nations. That's why Bureaucracy remains the foe not only of democracy, but of every citizen who retains the American spirit of self-reliant patriotism.



RAYMOND PITCAIRN

## 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.

## JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor

18th year in Memphis

PHONE 462

Lady in Office

## Remember Trades Day Sept. 14

### ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each month

### Dr. F. V. Walker

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

### J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas

Office Phone 3  
Residence Phone 26

### 4 Per Cent Money

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



Please

Bring In Your

News Items

Each Week By

Tuesday Noon

The same friction by which the Indian created a flame caused the easy ignition of the first Friction Match made by the Frenchman, Dr. Chas. Sauria, in 1831. . . . This was a basic discovery that we still use today. But how obsolete a smudging flame now seems in contrast with the convenience, safety and cleanliness of Electric Heat.

Mankind has an innate sense of cleanliness in relation to his food. Hence, the ever-increasing demand for such Electric Appliances as the Range, Electric Water Heater and the Electric Refrigerator.

These modern electric appliances can be had on convenient terms, and you will be surprised at the moderate cost of such added superior service.

West Texas Utilities  
Company



# There's Always Another Year

MARTHA OSTENSO

Copyright Martha Ostensio WNU Service.

## 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 elaps 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. She meets Roddy, by chance, that night. Silver tells Sophronia ("Phronie," by request) something—but by no means all—of her relations with Gerald Lucas, gambler friend of her father. Roddy marries Corinne, and brings her home.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued

Paula entered the living room, and while Corinne, playfully demure, introduced her to Silver and Jason, Silver found her interest quickened by the German girl's appearance. She was Junoesque in build, with vast thighs and breasts and shoulders. Her legs and arms were almost breath-taking when she walked. Silver thought she had never seen anything more beautiful than her corn-silk hair, which was plaited in a coronet across her head. Her face was round, rosy and placid, but far from vacant.

"Please-meet you," said Paula to Silver, as she made a prodigious curtsey.

But it was Jason's eyes, fastened on Paula, that really started Silver. Corinne, however, was taking no note of his reactions. She was glancing about at the walls of the living room in an appraising way.

"Funny," she said with a deprecating little laugh. "I feel as though I am in a different house from the one I remember. I love these etchings, Roddy dear."

Sophronia vanished suddenly into the dining room.

"I thought they were good," Roddy told Corinne modestly. "But if Jason wasn't so bashful about hanging his work—"

"There's a tankful of hot water, Corinne," Jason broke in. "We thought you might want a bath."

Corinne blinked at him in a bewildered way, and Silver had the distinct feeling that she was not really looking at him.

When they were alone together in their room, Corinne, halfway through the hundred brush strokes she was giving her hair, looked at Roddy with shrinking eyes.

"Do you mean," she asked breathlessly, "that Jason is going to stay—with us?"

A painful flush mounted to Roddy's temples.

"Why, of course, darling," he stammered. "Lord—you don't mean—you don't dislike him, do you?"

Her small hands gathered over the brush on her knees.

"No," she said softly. "No—of course not."

Roddy got up impulsively, knelt beside her and drew her toward him.

"Corrie!" he pleaded. "I can see how you feel about him. But I tell you, darling, he's the finest soul in the world. And he's an artist, Corrie. He really is. You ought to see his work. If we only had enough money, I'd send him out to study. He has his studio all fixed up in the attic. It would be impossible for me to suggest that he should move. My G—d, Corrie—I couldn't! Please, sweetheart, try to like him!"

A trembling little smile passed over her lips. Closing her eyes, she leaned her head back against Roddy's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Roddy," she murmured. "Of course I'll like him."

In anguish, Roddy kissed her. Then he kissed her again, and she drew a lock of her scented hair across his lowered eyes.

## CHAPTER V

Old Roderick pointed with his pipe up at the big house, where young Roddy lived with his wife Corinne.

"You know," he said whimsically, "maybe I'm gettin' on, but I swear that house ain't sitting right on the ground. It's up in the air a little more every night I look at it—and farther east, too."

Silver laughed with Jason and Steve. "It ain't likely to go much higher with that big hired girl they have in it," Steve, the hired man, observed drily.

Jason cleared his throat. "Oh, I don't know that she's so big," he said. "She has better ankles and feet than most girls in Heron River."

Silver stretched out full length on the high bench, a cushion beneath her

head. She felt tired after the long day's work in the garden with Sophronia. Her feet ached with a kindly, pleasant sort of ache.

Phronie opened the door and called out to them. "I wish one of you youngsters would run up and borrow some cinnamon for me. I've started to make cookies—"

"Can't you ever rest, Ma?" Jason said, getting to his feet.

"I'll go, Jase," Silver said quickly. "You stay here and play."

While she went lightly up the slope, she thought again, as she had countless times during the past weeks, of Corinne's baffling attitude toward Roddy's brother. She appeared to be cordially itself toward him; was, in fact, almost glib with sisterly solicitude. Perhaps that was the trouble, Silver reflected. For through it all Silver had had the distinct feeling that Corinne was deliberately shutting poor Jason out of her consciousness. She feared, too, that Jason sensed this, and often wondered how long his pride or perverse humor would sustain him under the same roof with his brother's wife.

Then there was Paula. But Jason was too diffident and Paula too shy for the development, as yet, of any friendship between them which might be embarrassing to Corinne. Only yesterday, however, Corinne had called Paula sharply away from the yard where she was watching Jason repair a corn-crib, and had set her to some trivial and unnecessary task.

When Silver entered Roddy's house, she found Corinne writing letters in the living room. Roddy, at the dining room table, was at work over his ledger.

"Phronie wants to borrow some cinnamon, Corinne," Silver explained when Roddy's wife inquiringly turned her head. "I can find it myself in the kitchen."

"Oh," Corinne said inattentively. "Paula will be down in a minute. She's upstairs—tidying her hair, I suppose. She'll find the cinnamon for you. I'm sure I don't know where she keeps it. Sit down, Silver. I must get these letters finished."

Silver picked up a copy of Vanity Fair and seated herself in the dining room. Roddy gave her an odd, vaguely troubled look, then dropped his eyes again to his ledger.

But immediately there was the sound of a car entering the driveway, and Corinne went to answer the doorbell. "I'd better go home," Silver said quickly to Roddy.

A gleam of anger lit Roddy's eyes. "You stay where you are," he commanded. "Didn't you tell me people round here had to get used to you?"

Silver had no time to make a reply. A tall, granite-faced woman with a mottled red nose and a hat that bore a stiff little feather, entered the living room. In her wake, not unlike the trailing ruffle of a great ship, came a simpering miss of seventeen or eighteen, much befrilled, and wearing a flowered leghorn hat.

It was Mrs. Leander Folds, the school-superintendent's wife of Heron River, and her daughter Ethelwyn.

"My dear," Mrs. Folds was saying loquaciously, "I suppose I should have telephoned. But I am a woman of impulse, you know! We just got back yesterday from our holiday in the Black Hills, and heard about Roddy's marriage. We were out driving, and I thought this would be a good time to catch you in. We must—we just must have you in our reading club. Ethelwyn here is secretary of it, and it's so instructive for the young people—"

Mrs. Folds had advanced farther into the room, and now her eye fell upon Silver. A curious, tight look appeared on her face as though she were holding her breath. Silver stood up.

"Have you met Silver Grenoble, Mrs. Folds?" Corinne asked hastily. "My husband's cousin."

"How do you do?" Silver said, but made no move toward the two visitors.

"Oh—" Mrs. Folds surveyed her thoroughly. "How do you do? Roddy's cousin by—by marriage? Of course. Yes, yes. And how do you do, Roddy? Oh, dear, I just thought of something." She turned abruptly and patted Ethelwyn's arm. "Run and see if I brought that book I wanted Mrs. Willard to read. It ought to be in the car. If it isn't, wait for me there, my dear."

Ethelwyn vanished docilely, although her eyes a moment before had been frankly devouring Silver. Silver could feel the hot blood pounding in her throat, her temples. Mrs. Folds' strategy had been so brutally obvious. Yet she was powerless to move.

"Now," said Mrs. Folds, "I can't stay a minute—but you must promise to come to our meeting on Tuesday, Mrs. Willard. We are studying Hardy at the moment—with one of the moderns thrown in, just for relief, so to speak." She smiled apologetically.

Roddy gave a sardonic bark of a laugh. "Hardy? You don't consider him a modern, eh?"

Mrs. Folds looked bewildered, Corinne agitatedly stepped closer to her and said, "Thank you so much, Mrs. Folds. I shall be glad to come, indeed."

"I'm sure you will find our little group very stimulating. Some of them are very young, but then you're young yourself. Remember—we live right next to the schoolhouse. Now I must run. You have a charming wife, Roddy. You lucky boy!" Mrs. Folds shook a roguish finger at him. "Take good care of her!"

"By the way, Mrs. Folds," Roddy said coldly, his face curiously white beneath his tan, his eyes two gray burning slits, "has this club of yours a limited membership?"

Mrs. Folds reddened unbecomingly.

"Er—yes, it has," she plunged. "You see—our house is small—"

Silver stood with her hands clenched about the table's edge, back of her.

"That's fortunate," Roddy interrupted Mrs. Folds, and laughed aloud. With that he slammed shut the covers of the ledger, flung it with a sharp report down upon the table and strode toward the dining room into the kitchen.

Mrs. Folds smiled feebly and extended two fingers to Corinne. As though across waves of heat, Silver saw Mrs. Folds sail out of the house, Corinne accompanying her.

Paula had come down the back stairs. She entered the dining room and handed Silver the can of cinnamon. Silver was suddenly aware of Roddy standing before her with crossed arms.

"You'll find this place isn't worth the trouble, kid," he said somberly. "The women will knit you—every chance they get."

She gave him a steady look. "Mrs. Folds can't hurt me—really," she said with a proud lift of her head.

Roddy's lips moved in a hard way. "That isn't all of it," he continued. "I meant to tell you when you first came in, but I didn't get a chance. That man Gerald Lucas was inquiring about you today in Heron River."

For a moment Silver leaned heavily against the table. Her eyes were fixed wide upon Roddy's face as though she expected to hear him repeat his words.

Corinne came blithely in through the front of the house.

"What an eye of a woman!" she cried, laughing. "I'm glad you snubbed her, Roddy. I couldn't very well, because I thought she meant to invite—" "Phronie" is waiting for the cinnamon, Corinne," Silver said dully. "I must go."

But it was Jason who took the spice into the house to Sophronia. Silver felt that she could not, right now, bear the interior of the stone house, even for a moment.

"I'm going for a walk," she told Jason.

"A walk?" he asked, and frowned. But Silver broke away and started for the road. She thrust her hands



The Man Was Gerald Lucas.

into the pockets of her sweater and walked blindly into the last sinking glow of the sunset.

Presently a long, graceful roadster turned the corner and came toward her. As it slowed down and stopped beside her, the man at the wheel laughed with pleased surprise and leaned over the door. Silver glanced up at him.

The man was Gerald Lucas.

For an instant, as Gerald climbed down from his car and stepped toward her, Silver contemplated flight. Instead, when the impulse had passed, she thrust her hands into her pockets and looked coolly up at him.

Gerald seized her hands. "Silver—what's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Get in and we'll take a drive and talk things over."

"No," Silver said firmly. "I don't want to go driving—and I have nothing to talk over, Gerald."

He put his hand lightly on her arm and drew her toward the car. "Listen to me, Silver," he urged. "What's got into you? I didn't come out here to kidnap you, though I'd like to. You've grown even more luscious—if that's possible. Sit in the car and let's talk."

For a moment she hesitated, then with a shrug she got into the car. She surveyed him with detachment, and wondered what had happened to her since she had last seen him. He was as rakishly good-looking as ever, his eyes as full of confidence and meaningful laughter as ever. But it was as though she looked at him now through an obscuring film.

Gerald looked critically down at her. "You should have known better than to try running away from me, sweetheart. You didn't even give me a chance to tell you how sorry I was—about your father."

"I'm trying to forget that," Silver said briefly. "How did you find out where I had gone?"

He plucked her chin lightly and smiled. "Little Gerald finds out just about everything he wants to know. Old Ben Hubbard is a friend of mine. So I came out here and snooped before I looked you up. And lo and behold! I've got the very thing I've wanted for some time. A resort on Emerald bay, my love! You see, I had a few grand sailed away—"

"You had to get out of Chicago,

didn't you, Gerald?" Silver asked, and looked at him levelly.

The faintest glimmer of annoyance passed over his face. But, at that, it was annoyance tinged with amusement.

"Well, now, my dear," he protested, "do we have to go into that? I'll admit—things were getting warmish. But this—or these—are the wide open spaces. And here I am with a pench of a lay-out on that lake. It's right on the highway so I can keep it open for the winter trade. All I need now is a kiss from you, Silver."

She drew back deliberately. "No," he looked at her narrowly, then leaned toward her with a darkened face. "I don't quite follow you, Silver. I thought it was all fixed between us. I've been on the level with you, haven't I? We've been everything to each other, haven't we? Now, what's it all about? I thought you ran away because of your father's death. I couldn't believe it was because of me, Silver. Honestly, I thought you expected me to follow you. Well—I think you ought to do some of the talking."

She had been staring vacantly past him at the darkening west. Some of the old fire was stirring within her at the sound of his voice and the nearness of him. But it was, she told herself with the deeper part of her consciousness, only the quick and vanishing fire of a will-o'-the-wisp. In some way she had changed. She was no longer swayed completely by Gerald Lucas.

"Yes I ought to talk, Gerald. I know that," she said. "But I don't know how to tell you. She brought her eyes even with his own. "It's just that—I've got over all the—"

"Are you trying to tell me that you don't love me any more?" he prompted.

"Oh, Gerald!" she cried in desperation. "Do you believe I ever loved you? Could you call that love—in that feverish atmosphere? Yes—you appealed to me in a certain way, that's all. I know that now, Gerald. I don't want to go back to what I left behind me. I don't want that kind of life—yours and—and Dad's."

He looked at her hard, and she saw an almost wistful disappointment enter his eyes.

"Well—of course—that lets me out," he said slowly. "But you happen to be the only girl I've ever wanted to marry, Silver. And I'm thirty-two now. He was thoughtful for a moment. "Are you sure you won't want to go back, after you've had a taste of this life?"

Her restless hands came tightly together in her lap.

"Oh," she shrugged. "This evening a woman called on the wife of my aunt's stepson—I know you'll laugh at that, Gerald—anyhow, she looked down on me, because I'm me. But the people here aren't all like her."

Before he replied he looked at her seriously for a long moment. "Perhaps they aren't," he said finally. "But I can't see Silver Grenoble living in a place like this. It's all right for you to like it—but the place has to like you, remember, or it's going to raise h—l with you. Did you ever see a prize pup trying to make up to a pack of mongrels? It's a lot of fun—if you don't happen to care for the prize pup."

"I'm taking that chance," she retorted. "Anyhow—I don't consider myself a prize pup. I have a good deal to live down, Gerald."

He patted her interlocked fingers. "I'm sorry you feel that way about it, darling," he said softly. "Guess I'm to blame."

Silver's free laugh rang out. "I should say you were not!" If I do anything, it's because I want to, whether it's right or wrong!"

Gerald gave a low whistle. "There speaks Jim Grenoble!" he said soberly. "But I'll believe you, Silver. And I wish you luck. If it doesn't work out, I won't be far away. At least not for a while. Do you want me to drive you up to the house? I'll promise not to set foot on one little bit of your sacred—"

"Gerald!" Silver interrupted sharply. She thought quickly for a moment. "All right—drive me up."

Quite abruptly and mysteriously, the relationship with Gerald Lucas had changed—had changed so that it seemed it had never existed. Less than a month ago, his very presence would have thrown her into a panic of wild emotion. Was it her father's death that had made of her a different person, or was it this uncompromising landscape, in which Gerald and his kind seemed a little absurd? But his perhaps. But there was something else, too—something which she could not pull up to the light of analysis.

Gerald was turning the car in at the Willard gate. And there, between the poplar trees that were defined vaguely against a moon that was like a risning red world, stood Corinne in her white dress.

Silver got out of the car. Gerald swung it about to leave immediately but Corinne came toward it and stood for a moment in the glare of the lights. Silver looked at Corinne and then at Gerald. Suddenly, as she saw Gerald's eyes dwelling upon that white figure standing in the light, there came an instant conviction, lucid and electrifying, that nothing would ever be the same again. Corinne stepped around to the side of the car.

"This is Gerald Lucas," Silver said quickly, and hesitated.

Gerald smiled and put forth a hand. "And what's the other half of it?" he asked.

"I'm Corinne Willard," Corinne replied as she took Gerald's hand.

He gave her the half-amused, searching look that Silver understood only too well.

"TO BE CONTINUED"

# Uncommon Sense

By John Blake

From the time of your early childhood you are always engaged in some kind of a competition.

Competition If you have brothers and sisters, you learn early to compete with them for things that you want.

As you grow older, you begin to compete for a job in life. After that, if it is a good job, you have to compete with others in order to hold it.

Now if you are going to get what you want out of existence you have got to work against others.

Many of these "others" are people you never have seen, and never will see.

But they are trying to do what you want to do, which is to gain some of the prizes of existence.

Thomas A. Edison was not the only man who was thinking about the new unseen magic fluid called electricity after men found out that there was such a thing.

But he was the first man to realize its future possibilities, and to experiment with them.

The Wright brothers were not the first people to believe that flight was possible.

Many men had done that. Professor Langley built a plane long before they did. He would have flown it if the gasoline engine had been perfected in his day.

To show how right he was in his belief, after his death other aeronauts took his plane, equipped it with a gasoline motor and flew it.

Today men in America, in England, in France and many other countries are all working to develop machinery of all sorts, and from time to time the announcement comes through the newspapers that one of them has succeeded.

Remember as you work at your job that while you are doing it, other people whom you have never known, and whose existence you never have suspected are doing much the same thing, and are matching their wits against yours.

If life were not organized in that way there would be very little progress.

It is likely that you would be still rolling around in ox carts, or sailing in junks as many of the Chinese do still.

It is this battle, this competition that puts men on their metal and enables them eventually to do things of the greatest importance.

A nation of back slappers belonging to a mutual admiration society would not be of any value to the world.

I know it is fashionable to sneer at the "speakers."

But, since there is no way to put an end to them—and oughtn't to be—why not make the most of them?

It is true that some of them are cheap melodrama.

But even in these, people who would otherwise lead very drab lives, find real enjoyment.

And to the thousands of people who live in little country towns, where the chief occupation used to be to go down to the depot and see the train come in, they have been a positive blessing.

The people of a back woods town no longer gape at high buildings when they come to a city. They have seen them in the "speakers."

They have seen important men and women from many parts of the world, and moreover they have heard them talk.

They have had an opportunity to see the world's best plays, which are often staged with an elaborateness and a fidelity to truth that would not be possible in the ordinary three or four-act drama.

The kind of person called "hick" has ceased to exist since the films were made to talk.

I admit that some of the films are stupid and some of them are bad, but just the same they are, next to the newspapers, a fine means of promoting general knowledge, not only of one's own country but of practically all the countries in the world.

I, who in the course of my life had only seen one iceberg, saw at least a hundred of them on the screen.

I have seen European capitals and "Africa's Burning Sands" and the Russian steppes and the pyramids in Egypt.

I have seen the Amazon and the Volga, and the Tower of London, and the Place de Bastille in Paris. With the exception of the two latter I would have had no idea of the appearance of any of these.

For the people who live in the lonely forests and on the wide plains the "speakers" are a blessing.

Some of the melodrama in them might be easily eliminated.

Some of the sexy ones could be cleaned up without doing any harm.

But as a whole they have been a great benefit, and will become more useful and more valuable to the people of the world as time takes its way.

As for a dangerous effect upon children, forget it.

Children are children, and the influence of anything does not materially change their lives.

## Housewife's Idea Box



### Disinfect Your Drains

You can easily disinfect your drains and prevent odors in your bathroom. At regular intervals, as often as you think necessary, use the following solution: Dissolve two ounces of chloride of lime in one gallon of water. Pour this down the drains allow it to remain for a couple of minutes, and then flush.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

Public Ledger, Inc.—WNU Service.

### Paper Clothes Propheesied as 1980 Mode by Designer

What will women wear in 1980? Miss Elizabeth Hawes, dress designer, recently traced the current revolution in style trend, which began during the World War, and made the following predictions:

Paper underclothing and paper sports costumes for men and women will have been generally accepted by that time.

Mass production of clothes will have been developed to such an extent every woman can be sure of finding a perfect fit in any dress she chooses.

The public will have become clothes conscious to the extent it, rather than the manufacturers, will dictate fashions and materials.

Miss Hawes also pointed out that important transitions in style take place at intervals of approximately every seven years. She mentioned that corsets were worn in 1914, were out of use in 1921, and came back in to style in 1928 when a definite trend to feminine creations was under way.

"The chic figure of 1925 required dieting," she said, "but the figure of 1933 requires only a proper amount of exercise."

### 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.

### No Place to Go

A man wants to live on and on whether he has any other object in view or not.



### The Simple Life

"All is not lost" on the farm when you can sit down to a table heaped with agreeable food.



### ITCHING...

anywhere on the body—also burning irritated skin—soothed and helped by Resinol

### Quick, Pleasant Successful Elimination

Let's be frank—there's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste material that causes acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Your intestines must function and the way to make them move quickly, pleasantly, successfully, without griping or harsh irritants is to chew a Milsesia Wafer thoroughly, in accordance with directions on the bottle or tin, then swallow.

Milsesia Wafers, pure milk of magnesia in tablet form, each equivalent to a



### WEDLEY 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.

We have a full supply of school supplies B & B Variety

P A Caldwell and wife of Ohildress visited in the J. K. Caldwell home first of the week.

### 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.

### 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

### FORMER HEDLEYAN DIES

Friends here are sorry to learn of the death of Mrs. Pete Cunningham, formerly Miss Bruce Bradley, who passed away at her home in Hollis, Okla., Monday. Funeral services were held in that city Tuesday afternoon. She was formerly a resident of Hedley, having operated a beauty shop here for some time.

Besides the husband, she is survived by her mother and brother of Dalhart, and a sister, Mrs. Homer Lee of Hedley.

### GOOD WILL CLUB

Met Tuesday, Aug. 10, with Mrs. Sherman. After the business session a good program was rendered.

The club was glad to have 3 new members present. Mesdames Banister, Jiggs Mosley and Powell. Tuesday, 24, the club will entertain the school faculty and their husbands on the beautiful Hunsucker lawn.

After the club adjourned, delicious refreshments were served to Mesdames Mosley, Banister, Howard, Mann, Finch, Powell, Hunsucker Masterson and hostesses.

Reporter

### COFFINS, CASKETS

#### UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

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

### MOREMAN HARDWARE

### Y. L. M. S.

A number of the young ladies met Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Methodist Church to organize a Young Ladies Missionary Society.

The election of officers was postponed until a later date. All young ladies of the Methodist Church are invited to come every Monday afternoon at 4 to the church.

The program for Sept. 16:  
Opening song, The Kingdom is Coming.  
Scripture Reading, Mrs. Weldon Bennett  
Prayer, Mrs. Masterson.  
Song, We've a Story to Tell to the Nations  
Reading, Mrs. Trostle.  
Piano solo, Mrs. Watkins.  
Reading, Theresa Webb.

### ENTERTAINS

Miss Irene Anderson was the honoree at a miscellaneous show given recently by the W. M. U. ladies of the First Baptist Church at the home of Mrs. M. E. Wells.

Miss Anderson left last week for Ft. Worth to enter Southwestern Theological Seminary.

The following program was rendered:

Leader, Mrs. Wells.  
Devotional, Mrs. Alewine.  
Prayer, Mrs. Simmons.  
Solo, Mrs. Wells.  
Reading, Mrs. Howard.  
The many useful gifts were presented to the honoree in a very clever manner by the Y. W. A. girls. Iced tea and cookies were served to twenty one guests.

Subscribe for the Informer.

### PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas

Friday Sept. 13

#### Mad Love

Peter Lorre, Francis Drake and Colla Clive. Horror drama, different, daring, hands of the dead strangle the living. A mad doctor in love killed by his own madness, also Fox news 10 25c

Saturday 14

#### Now or Never

Dick Talmadge and Janet Chandler. A man is mistaken for a diamond crook whom he closely resembles and finds himself involved in the gangster activities also comedy matinee 1:30; 10 15c

Sunday Monday 15 16

**The Farmer takes a Wife**  
Janet Gaynor in a delightful comedy drama. Thrilling romance also comedy, 10 25c

Tuesday 17

**Murder on a Honeymoon**  
James Gleason, Edna Mae Oliver. A female sleuth and a thrilling, baffling murder mystery, and our Bank Night. Don't fail to attend the matinee. Also comedy in color, 10 25c

Wed Thurs

#### Calm Yourself

With Madge Evans and Robert Young. Taking care of other people's troubles got him in plenty of his own. Also Laurel and Hardy in 'Thicker than Water' 10 25c

Coming soon: Oil for the Lamps of China, with Pat O'Brien and Murder Man with Spencer Tracy. Matinees each day at 2 p. m. Evening shows at 7:45

### BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. A. R. Marshall entertained Paul Rayne with a nice birthday party on his 4th birthday, Aug. 31. Several interesting games were played, such as dropping the handkerchief, little white house over the hill, and going to school. Several of the children said a real cute verse, especially Bobby Jiggs Mosley:

My daddy is a Irishman,  
And he drinks beer  
Until his "tummy"  
Sticks away out here.

After school was out, refreshments were served to 19 guests: Corky and Mary Alice Hunsucker, Harold and Melba Jean Clifton, Glenn and Eva Jean Cherry, Billie and Bobbie Kidd, Bobbie Jiggs Mosley, Boas Stotta, James and Sarah Garlin, Patey Sue, Billy and Joe Vieda, Whittington, Margie Luttrell and Lo's Morgan of Amarillo, Marie Stanford and Mamie Hunnicutt acted as assistant hostesses.



New Strength in Rimless Glasses  
**FUL-VUE NO-SCRU**

First, there are no screws through the lenses. Electrically soldered pins hold the lenses tightly and permanently in place. Second, there are tiny springs cushioning the lenses against breakage.

**GOLDSTON BROS.**  
Jewelers and Optometrist  
Clarendon, Texas

### FRIDAY & SATURDAY SPECIALS

|                            |     |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Lettuce, head              | 6c  |
| Turnips & tops, 2 for      | 15c |
| Green Beans, lb.           | 7c  |
| Fresh Tomatoes, lb.        | 7c  |
| Grapes, lb.                | 10c |
| Oatmeal, White Swan, 3 lb. | 21c |
| Rice, Blue Rose, 7 lb.     | 50c |
| Dried Apricots, 3 lb.      | 25c |
| Peaches, 2 lb.             | 25c |
| Raisins, 4 lb.             | 32c |
| Spuds, pk.                 | 27c |
| Beans, pintos, 6 lb.       | 50c |
| Corn Flakes, 2 boxes       | 19c |
| Cocoa, 2 lb. box           | 21c |
| Syrup, Steamboat, gal.     | 49c |
| Cabbage, 10 lb.            | 19c |

#### Market Specials

|                           |     |
|---------------------------|-----|
| Steak, choice cuts, 2 lb. | 45c |
| Roast, rib, 2 lb.         | 25c |
| Hot Barbecue, lb.         | 25c |
| Lunch meats of all kinds  |     |

Bring us your Cream, Eggs and Poultry

## Harry Burden Grocery and Market

PHONE 15

## Food Specials

The drouth and hot weather are over, but  
Our Prices Are Still Hot

**Cabbage, lb. 1c**

|                          |        |                              |     |
|--------------------------|--------|------------------------------|-----|
| Spuds, 100 lb.           | \$1.30 | Sorghum, East Texas, gal.    | 59c |
| Apples, pk.              | 29c    | Sweet Potatoes, pk.          | 29c |
| Pears for preserves, pk. | 30c    | Fresh Tomatoes, lb.          | 6c  |
| Grapes, Tokays, 3 lb.    | 25c    | Pickles, sour, qt.           | 17c |
| Grapes, Concord, basket  | 17c    | Bairy Maid Bak. Powd., 2 lb. | 19c |

**Lettuce, head 5c**

|                        |     |                         |     |
|------------------------|-----|-------------------------|-----|
| Mustard, qt.           | 15c | Roast, beef, 3 lb.      | 35c |
| Ketchup, 14 oz. bottle | 15c | Chili Meat, 2 lb.       | 25c |
| Weiners, 2 lb.         | 35c | Hamburger Meat, 2 lb.   | 25c |
| Bologna, 2 lb.         | 35c | Barbecue, hot, fat, lb. | 23c |
| Steak, the best, lb.   | 18c | Pure Pork Sausage, lb.  | 23c |

**Spuds, No. 1 red, pk. 23c**

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

## 'M' SYSTEM

For Better Cooking and Canning



SEE the NEW

### National Pressure Cooker

Save Time and Money and Preserve the Healthful Vitamins in your Food

Pressure Cooking Saves 50% to 70% Cooking Time

Thompson Bros.  
Hedley, Texas

### NOTICE

I buy hogs every Saturday. Will call for them if desired.

M. W. Mosley

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

### Huffman's Barber Shop

Expert Tonsorial Work. Shine Chair. Hot and Cold Baths. You will be pleased with our service. Try it.

W. H. Huffman, Prop.