

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXVI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, MARCH 6, 1936

NO. 17

Chunn & Boston	Prices Good Friday and Saturday
Cocoa Hershey, lb. c. n Mother's, 2 lb.	15c 19c
Flour Perryton, 48 lb. Light Crust, 48 lb.	\$1.59 \$1.89
Candy All 5c bars, 3 for Hershey, 1/2 lb bars, 2 for	10c 25c
Compound, fresh, 8 lb. carton	\$1.05
Meal 20 lb. Cream 20 lb. Corn Dodger	45c 47c
Lye, High Test, doz.	85c
Jello, W. S., 4 pkgs. and tray	39c
Meat Dry Salt Jowls, lb. Steak, choice forequarter lb Roast, lb. Souise Loaf, lb.	15c 15c 19c 23c
Mustard, 2 q's.	21c
Veg Cabbage, lb. Spuds, No 1, pk Let uce. large head	2c 29c 6c
Brooms, good value, each.	35c

TEXAS INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION

Donley county's schools met in Clarendon on Monday in an Independence Day celebration; and those who witnessed the activities of the day pronounced the entire affair successful and very profitable.

There were three outstanding things in the minds of the administrative officers of the Hedley school. First, we were especially pleased with the response by the patrons to our appeal for means of conveying the children to Clarendon. Some thirty or forty cars were at our disposal and everyone who so desired was able to go. Secondly, our children behaved in such a way that we were proud of them. Indeed, they were perfect little ladies and gentlemen. Our children entered into the program whole heartedly and we are proud of them for that. Thirdly, our exhibits were awarded the prizes for the exhibits offered by the schools from Independent Districts.

All in all, it was a good day, and we are happy that you patrons made it possible for us to have a part.

JUNIOR PLAY

The Junior class presented their play "A Family Affair" last Friday night at the high school auditorium. The play was well presented, was a comedy in three acts, and kept the audience laughing from start to finish. We did not learn the amount of the proceeds.

1919 STUDY CLUB

The club met Feb. 26, at the home of Mrs. Burden, with Mrs. Owen as hostess. The program follows:

Drama, To the Ladies
Roll call, current play
Report of legislative chairman
A play was given in three acts by Mesdames Burden, Jones and Trostle.

Delicious refreshments were served to fifteen members and two guests.

The program for Mar. 11, is from New York to Texas
Roll call, resorts of Texas
New York City theatres, Mrs. Webb

Scenic spots along the way, Miss Hixson

My impressions of Virginia, Mrs. Spalding

Dallas home of the Centennial, Mrs. Golladay

Later, Mrs. Moffitt

Hostess, Mrs. Jones

Place, the Spalding home

WIFADADOS CLUB

On March 10 Mrs. C. A. Mann will be hostess to the Wifadados club.

Leader, Mrs. Koeninger
Roll call, a fruit that can be grown here

Variety of fruit best suited to this country, Mrs. Dickson
Candied apples, Mrs. H. Hall
Dish of fruit salad, Mrs. Marshall

On Feb. 25, Mrs. Newman was hostess to the club with a sewing lesson. 14 members were present, and spent a very pleasant hour in chatting and singing.

The wintry weather seems broken so we are expecting a good attendance at Mrs. Mann's home next Tuesday at 2:30.

CONCERT

The local singing school which has been in progress for the last two weeks, will close Saturday night with a big musical concert.

Thirty minutes of the one hour and half program will consist of local talent. An hour of variety singing by Stamps Quartet.

If you can set through program without laughing you can earn \$1.00.

A small admission will be charged to help pay expenses of singing school.

Come bring the family

AURA D. STARR

Aura D. Starr of Mountain View, Mo., the only brother of Mrs. J. H. Clawson, passed away at the family home Feb. 28th, just nineteen days after the death of his mother.

W. M. SOCIETY

Missionary society circle no. 2 met with Mrs. Robert Watkins last Monday with a very interesting lesson. Those present were Mesdames Joe Everett, Clarence Davis, Roscoe Trostle and Leon Reeves, Misses Ola and Eula Gurd, Theresa Webb and Oley Watkins.

Next Monday our lesson will be Our Attitude Toward Other Races.

Devotional, Acts 10:9-16, Mrs. Joe Everett

Current event of Mexico
Brief history of Mexico
The Mexico situation, questionnaire

Methodism in Mexico, Mrs. Trostle

General discussion, problems of Mexico

We meet with Theresa Webb at 8 o'clock, and will be glad for all members to meet with us.

HEDLEY SINGERS

Hedley singing class will meet next Sunday at 2:30. We have been having some good singings, but let's make this one better.

We are now having a good singing school, that is being taught by first class teachers, and we are having a good attendance with good interest.

Let's all be on hand for the singing next Sunday, especially those that have been attending the school. All who have one of the new books be sure to be on hand and bring your book. All are welcome, we are always glad to have you.

Wait Look Listen Hooker's are putting on another of these 9c sales. Just wonderful bargains for only 9c. Be sure to come in and look them over.

Nothing like Pine Oil for Colds; Flu; Stomach and Kidney trouble, and massage chest with Pine Oil and Pneumonia.
Zimmerman's Wonder Salve for Piles; Eczema or any sore. Sold at Wilson and Lela Lake Drug Stores and Quail Mercantile Co.

Drivers' licenses may be secured from Anne Mitchell at Hedley Drug Co.
164tc50

For Sale—5 year old cow with young calf.
163tc J. W. McPherson

For Sale—AAA Missouri bred Brown Lophorn setting eggs 10c above market price
Henry Caathan, Hedley, Rte. 1

Subscribe for the Informer.

20 Years In Hedley

This year marks the 20th anniversary of this store in Hedley. For all these years we have been helping in the upbuilding and progress of this town. We are still as eager to serve you as ever, and assure you of courteous treatment and satisfactory service. Call on us.

Sarnes & Hastings Grocery Co.

PHONE 21

Hodges FUNERAL HOME

Phone 35

Memphis, Texas

Ambulance
Service up
to 15 miles
\$3.00

Complete
Funeral
For Child
\$14.25

Complete
Funeral
For Adult
\$38.50

We have again reduced our prices and can furnish a metallic casket made of AMCO IRON which seals airtight and will keep the contents dry indefinitely and which regularly sells for \$750.00.

Our Price \$399.00

All Metal Casket in Half Couch, beautiful finish and nice design. \$298.00

Check Zinc Dipped Grave Vaults, which are nationally known and made by one of the oldest companies. \$87.50.

G. C. Heath, Hedley representative Phone 76

Satisfaction

Our store, like any successful business, is based on the idea of giving satisfaction to our customers. We pride ourselves in the fact that we have not failed to hold to this ideal during the lean years as well as the good ones.

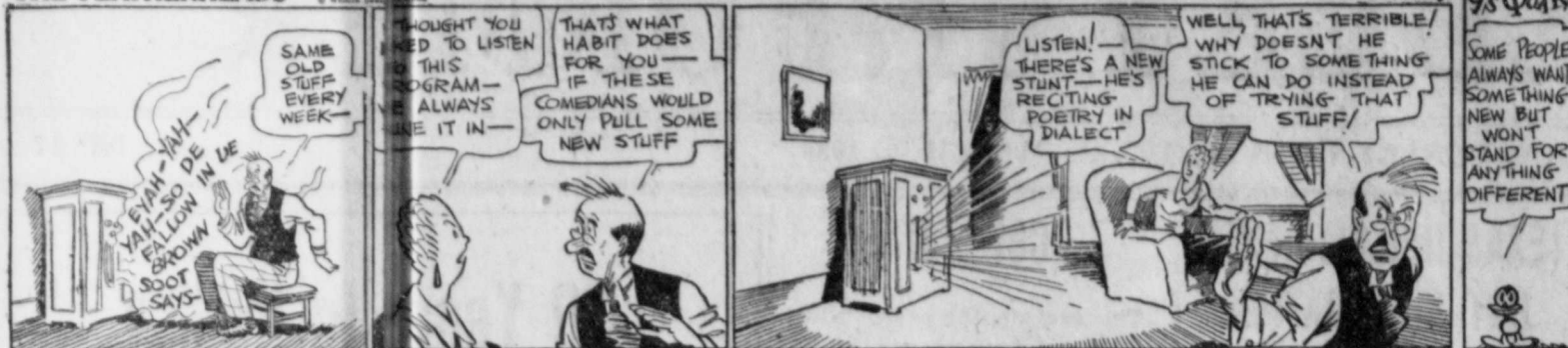
If you are not yet a patron of this store, we invite you to give us a trial and be convinced.

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63

THE FEATHERHEADS



SMATTER POP— Nothing to Be Seen



MESCAL IKE



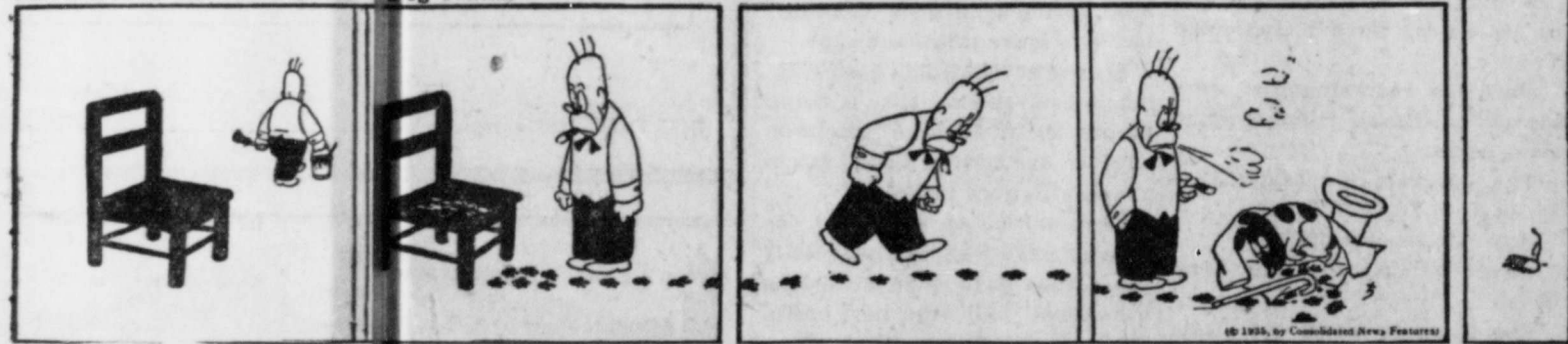
FINNEY OF THE FORCE



"REG'LAR FELLERS"



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES



BRONC PEELER A Problem for Bronc

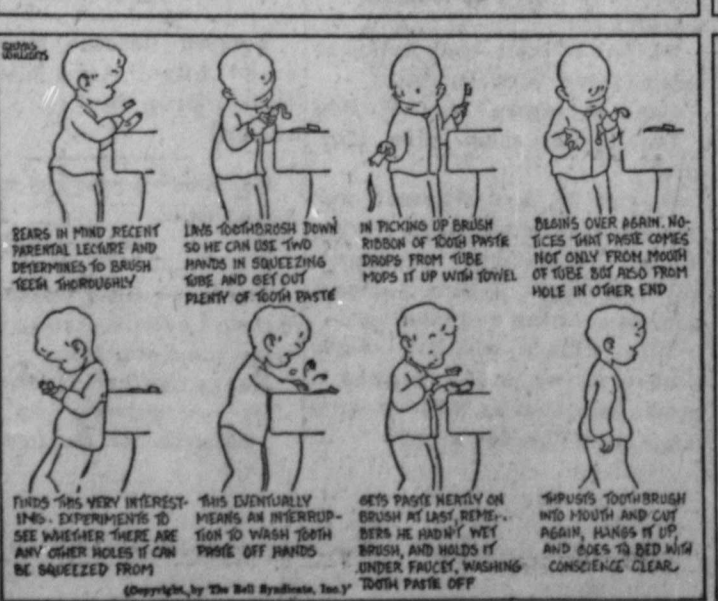


TOO STRONG



Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. It features a cartoon character holding a piece of gum and the text: 'THE FLAVOR LASTS - THAT'S WORTH REPEATING!', 'THE FLAVOR LASTS AWK!', 'WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM', and 'THE STANDARD OF QUALITY'.

TOOTH PASTE



New Ideas From Knit-Crochet Realm

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHEN is the psychological moment to "tend to your knitting"? Right now, between seasons. The peaceful aftermath of a maddening, whirling, swirling, dizzying, hectic holiday rush, the blissful, mid-season lull betwixt the lingering farewell of winter and the none-too-hurried advent of spring—"tis opportunity knocking at the door" of eager knitters and crocheters.

Yes, indeed, it's full time to begin to purr one, knit one, chain-stitch here and chain-stitch there, if you would be having in readiness a collection of pretty wearables to enhance the forthcoming spring and summer wardrobe. If you are needing fresh ideas to whet your enthusiasm, the illustration offers several of the very newest in the realm of things knitted and crocheted.

A sunning blouse! We agree with you. What with its high rolled collar which chucks under the chin with unmistakable chic, its unique yoke, its novel bib front, and its crochet-cord edged short sleeves the ever-covered "something different" is achieved with emphasis. It is knitted of a very likable knitting-and-crochet cotton which comes in heavenly colors. Yes (reading the query on the tip of your tongue) the answer is in the affirmative, it washes to perfection.

Just what you'll be wanting—a frilled jabot to go gracefully cascading down the front of your dark daytime dresses. The one pictured is easy to make, easy to wear and a gladsome sight to appreciative eyes. It should be slightly starched to give it its flare.

Hat and gloves? To be sure, and aren't they nifty? A mere matter of a few leisure half hours, a ball or so of knit-crochet cotton in the color you like best, nimble fingers and a will to dare, and these charming accessories will be your reward.

The little close-fitting hat speaks eloquently in terms of the now-so-voguish popcorn stitch. The tall peak is along lines of smartest fashion since the newest millinery gesture trends to extreme height. The beauty of the knit-crochet cotton which is used for its making is, that being strong and firm it assures a hat that will stay in shape, will not be hot and scratchy and, best of all, it will come from a tubbing looking as good as new. It is an extremely young and engaging creation.

The lacy gloves crocheted of mercerized cotton succeed in "running the gauntlet" halfway and more up to the elbow. Which means you have to keep on keeping on crocheting for quite some time in order to arrive at just the right point.

A highly interesting bit of news in regard to things crocheted comes from Paris. We refer to the fanciful little tri-cornered shawl-scarf, which being of peasant inspiration is as quaint and colorful as can be. These are proving wonderfully popular and picturesque as worn at resorts this winter. With every shawl-scarf there's a hat, either a straw capeline crowned with matching crochet or else a small beret or turban.

CHIC BIRD PRINT



The new prints are a revelation in the way of original and most out-of-the-ordinary patternings. Imagine bars of music notes printed all over your first spring silk, or a design using postage stamp motifs and there are any number of ideas that could be cited just as unique. There are the flying-bird prints as they are called, for example, such as pictured here. In the print illustrated, white love birds with bright colored heads fly across a navy blue background to form a striking design for a dinner suit of woolly textured silk. The bodice is of white silk matching the lining of the jacket.

SANDALS WITH SILK GOWNS FOR TRAVEL

Silk dresses in white, in pastels, or in gay prints are tops for luncheons, cocktails or for wear at special stop-offs on cruises—a fashion that definitely calls for sandals. Whether in white linen, white patent leather (a very smart and different note), or in white suede, the sandal shown in the photo has a place in every traveler's wardrobe. It is extremely graceful on the foot, fits beautifully and should be regarded as a "must" in cruise shoes.

For snooty shawls, where the gala dress of black or white chiffon is correct, and for the more formal cruise occasions, a smart shoe store has created the "corsage" kid sandals in delicately flowered design.

Slender Effect Achieved by Stem-Like Silhouette

A stemlike silhouette making mannequins look slim as a reed, mark the new fashions launched by Roger Worth, new president of the famous old dressmaking house of that name and great-grandson of its founder.

Both day frocks and coats are built on slender lines, their only variation being occasional big sleeves which balance the straight narrow skirt.

Black, violet, wine red and navy afternoon frocks of satin, crepe or faconne silk are generally designed with high necklines and finished with a variety of gold touches. Gold embroidery or gold tipped tassels marks belts, which are sometimes slightly lowered, while necklines are draped into gold metal loops or accented by a cluster of gold coins swinging from silk cords.

Elegant Blouse
The tea-time blouse may be made of a variety of lovely fabrics—brocade, metal cloth, chiffon or lustrous silk. It is usually designed tulle-style and may be worn with a velvet skirt or with a plain cloth suit skirt.



The Staff

Faculty Advisor..... W. C. Payne
Editor..... Verlin McPherson
Asst. Editor..... Sybil Holland
Joke Editor..... Stephen Milner
Manager..... Marvis Hickey
Reporters:
Senior..... Clyde Laurence
Junior..... Sue Beth Edwards
Sophomore..... Mamie Hunnicutt
Freshman..... Goldie Dickson

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 pub-
lisher.

All obituaries, resolutions of respect,
cards of thanks, advertising of
church or society doings, when ad-
mission is charged, will be treated
as advertising and charged for ac-
cordingly.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Worship
Each Sunday
10:00 a. m. in Teaching Service
11:00 a. m. in Prayer Song and
Sermon
6:45 p. m. in Training Service
7:45 p. m. in Prayer, Song and
Service
Each Monday
8:00 p. m. W. M. S.
Each Wednesday
7:00 a. m. in Prayer Meeting
7:00 a. m. in Church Confer-
ence, first Wednesday in each
month
Each Friday
6:30 p. m. Y. W. A.
M. E. Wells, Pastor.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

Byron F. Todd, pastor
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching every 2nd and 4th
Sundays and on Saturday before
the 2nd Sunday Morning ser-
vice 11:00 a. m. Evening service
8:00. Visitors are always wel-
come.
B. Y. P. U. and adult Bible
Sunday at 7:00 P. M.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

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

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor

18th year in Memphis
PHONE 482
Lady in Office

SHERIFF'S NOTICE OF SALE

The State of Texas:
County of Donley:

By virtue of an order of sale is-
sued out of the District court of
Dallas County, Texas, 68th Ju-
dicial District of Texas, on a judg-
ment rendered in said court Jan-
uary 14th 1936, in favor of North-
western National Life Insurance
Company, a corporation, and
against J. T. Bain, Mary Alice
Bain, J. R. Bain, Nola Bain, and
Hambie Pipe Line Company a
corporation in the cause of North-
western National Life Insurance
Company, a corporation plaintiff
and against said J. T. Bain, Mary
Alice Bain, J. R. Bain, Nola Bain,
and Hambie Pipe Line Company,
a corporation, Number 16,528 G,
I did on the 19th day of Feb-
ruary, A. D. 1936, at 8 o'clock P.
M. levy upon the following de-
scribed tract of land situated in
Donley county, Texas, as the
property of said defendants, to-
wit: All of section Number twenty
nine (29) in block C 7 certifi-
cate Number 4 668, issued to the
G C & S F Ry Co patented to Al-
fred Rowe, containing 640 acres
of land, and being the same land
described in a deed executed by
W. J. Lewis to J. T. Bain dated
July 1st 1921 recorded in volume
45 page 609 deed records Donley
county, Texas, being located in
the eastern part of Donley
county about one mile south of
Salt Fork of Red River and ap-
proximately 2 miles North and 12
to 13 miles east of the town of
Clarendon, Texas, and on the
first Tuesday in April, 1936,
being the 7th day of April, 1936,
between the hours of 10 o'clock
A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. on said
day at the court house door of
Donley county, Texas, I will offer
for sale and sell at public
auction all the right, title and in-
terest of all said defendants in
said land

Witness my hand this Febru-
ary 19th 1936 at Clarendon, Texas
Gay Pierce, Sheriff
Donley County, Texas.

- Chicks - - Chicks -

Day Old
Reds 7c - Leghorns 6 1/2c

Week Old
Reds 8c - Leghorns 7 1/2c

Hatching 2c per Egg

WALKER HATCHERY



National directors of the Wood-
men Circle have approved pre-
liminary plans for the new unit
of the home for orphans and aged
members maintained by the so-
ciety near Sherman, Texas
Left to right in the pictures
above are National President,

ASSEMBLY

We list a schedule of our as-
semblies and invite the patrons to
attend as often as they can.
General assembly at 9 o'clock
each fourth Monday
Grade school assembly at 10:45
Wednesdays (except 4th week)
High school assembly at 12:45
Mondays (except 4th week)

Order of Sale and Execution

The State of Texas:
County of Donley: By virtue of
an order of sale and execution is-
sued out of the county court of
Donley county, Texas, on a judg-
ment rendered in said court Jan-
uary 22nd 1936 in favor of C. D.
Shamburger Lumber Company Inc,
a corporation, and against
F. P. Dunkle and M. W. Mosley,
in the case of C. D. Shamburger
Lumber Company Inc against
said F. P. Dunkle and M. W. Mosley,
Number 817, in such
court, I did on the 14th day of
February, 1936, at 12 o'clock M.,
levy upon the following described
tract of land as the property of
said defendant, F. P. Dunkle, to-
wit: all section Number 70 block
C 6, certificate Number 4 696, is-
sued to the G C & S F Ry Co,
situated in Donley county, Tex-
as and about one and one half
miles west from the town of Lella
Lake, Texas, the west line of
said section being about two
miles west from the west line of
the town of Lella Lake, Texas
and the east line being about one
mile west from the west line of
said town of Lella Lake, and on
the first Tuesday in April, 1936,
being the 7th day of April, 1936,
between the hours of ten o'clock
A. M. and four o'clock P. M. on
said day at the court house door
of said county I will offer for sale
and sell at public auction, for
cash, all the right, title and inter-
est of the said F. P. Dunkle in
said land.

Witness my hand at Clarendon,
Texas, this February 14th 1936.
Gay Pierce Sheriff,
Donley county, Texas.

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.

Just a Few of the Kicks

Getting out this paper is no
picnic
If we print jokes, people say
we are silly
If we don't they say we are too
serious
If we clip things from other
papers we are too lazy to write
them ourselves
If we don't we are stuck on
our own stuff
If we stick close to the job all
day we ought to be out hunting
news
If we do get out and try to hua-
tle we ought to be on the job in
the office
If we don't print contributions
we don't appreciate true genius;
and if we do print them the pa-
per is filled with junk
If we make a change in the
other fellow's write up we are
too critical
If we don't we are asleep
Now like as not, some guy will
say that we swiped this from
some other paper
We did



Mrs. Laura E. Krebs, Austin,
newly appointed Woodmen Circle
state manager of central and
northwest Texas

Favors Townsend Plan

We talk about hard times. If I
had plenty of money, why should
I want to borrow more. What is
money? Is it the material its-
elf? No, it is the honesty and in-
tegrity of the American people.
Why harp about the metal it is
made of. If the Townsend plan
were in operation, within 30 days
we would have the best times we
ever had. Wall Street would be
out of the money loaning game
and down would go taxes. If the
Townsend plan were put in oper-
ation, the unemployed could find
work at good wages. "God says
the land is mine and shall not be
sold for ever." You are strangers
and farmers with me. Let the
Government give us all homes
and we will be happy.
W. B. Mergan, Hedley, Rt. 1

NOTICE

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

Ask Your Grocer
for
Roaster Fresh
Golden Light
Coffee

SCHOOL SONG

On for H-d-iev, On for Hedley,
lift your banner high
Fight for right in everything
resolved to do or die
Chorus
Do for Hedley, what's best for
Hedley
Upholding her good name
Fight fellows fight! fight! fight!
We'll win this game
On field or court, in work or
sport
Fighting Owls fight
Do your best both day and
night
We'll win by skill and might
Chorus

Political Announcements

For Representative, 12th Dist.
Eugene Worley of Shamrock
(Re election)

For District Judge:
A. S. Moss of Memphis
A. J. Fires of Childress
Re election

For District Attorney:
John D-avar of Memphis
Re election

For District Clerk:
Walker Lane
Re election

For County Superintendent:
G. W. Kavanaugh
Sloan Baker
Re election

For County Judge:
S. W. Lowe
Re-election

For Treasurer:
Mrs. Curtis E. Thompson
Leon O. Lewis

For Tax Assessor and Collector:
Joe Bownds
(Re election)

For Sheriff:
Guy S. Pierce
(Re election)
O. Hoffman

For County Clerk:
W. G. (Bill) Word
Re election

For Commissioner, Prec. 3:
Claud Nash

For Sale—Good well matured
maize Winfred Dehert

Wanted—Practical nursing
Mrs. W. E. Grimsley

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.

JOKES

Ivan Jones bought a new shirt
and on a piece of paper pinned to
the inside found the name and
address of a girl with the words,
"Please write and send photo"
Seeing a romance, he wrote to
the girl and sent his photo
In due course he received a
reply. It was only a note "My
chum and I had a bet on," it
read, "as to what sort of a fellow
would wear a shirt like that, and
my chum said a dude, and I said
a shrimp, and I'm glad to say I
won.

Mr. Bell. This soup seems
very thin, what did you use for
stock?

Imogene. Why you see, Miss
Hixson said to use the water food
has been boiled in, so I used the
broth from the boiled eggs

Mr. Lovell. Do you know where
little boys go to that smoke?

Dalton. Yes sir, up the alley.
Sybil. Say Theresa, you are
so dumb you think a football
coach is something the players
ride in

Theresa. Well, you are so cross
eyed if you were to cry the tears
would run down the back of your
neck

Fred. I wonder why Winfred
can jump higher than Olon and
Olon is the tallest

Ules. I guess he has grass-
hopper blood in his legs

At the present rate auto tires
are wearing out, in five years the
highways will have a 5 in. coat of
rubber on them. Then we can
make tires from concrete

NAZARENE CHURCH

H. E. McClain, 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.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

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

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 413

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

Members are requested to attend.
Visitors welcome.
Mary Newman, W. M.
Katie Mae Moreman, Sec. Pro Tem

Try Jack's Helpy Selfy. Your
clothes boil while they wash.
Just one block east of Main St

Subscribe for the Informer.

You take
a chance



WHEN YOU BUY THE unknown

Why risk your money on known razor
blades? Here's a "sure thing," Probak Jr.—
product of the world's largest man-
ufacturer of quality razor blades. This dou-
ble-edge blade "stands up" for many smooth, safe
shaves—sells at 10¢ for 4 blades! Buy pack-
age today and enjoy a tip-top shave tomorrow.

PROBAK JUNIOR



HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON
Talks About

Opinions on Dinitrophenol
DURING the war many cases of dinitrophenol poisoning occurred among French munition workers. The poisoning which was often severe and sometimes fatal was of such common occurrence that a special investigation was undertaken by three French research workers. These workers found that dinitrophenol increased the amount of oxygen needed by the individual to ten times the usual amount, that heat was increased inside the body so that sugar was taken in great quantities from the liver and muscles. In 1933 Drs. V. C. Cutting, H. G. Mehrtens, and M. L. Tainter stated in the Journal of the American Medical Association that they had found that in addition to the burning of sugar from the liver and muscles, fat in the body was burned also.

As the drug thus burned up surplus tissue a number of experiments were made in reducing weight by the use of dinitrophenol. The dose was given according to the weight of the individual, and the rate at which the body processes work was increased from 20 to 30 per cent the first hour. After 24 hours the rate at which the body processes work began to decrease again and was down to the normal rate by the third day. No ill effects were found in the eight patients even after giving dinitrophenol for two months.

Results of Experiments.
The drug was then given to nine other patients for prolonged periods, all of whom lost weight without cutting down on the amount of food usually eaten. In these nine cases no ill effects were noted.

These research physicians thus concluded that dinitrophenol would be useful in the treatment of obesity or overweight.

However, because of the possible dangers of the use of the drug in patients, they suggested that the drug be used only under controlled conditions. Warning was also issued by the Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association, and by editorials in the Journal of the American Medical Association, against the uncontrolled (not under medical supervision) use of the drug.

Despite these warnings dinitrophenol has been used extensively in the treatment of overweight and not always with the necessary precautions. It is estimated that 4,500 patients in California alone were treated in one year and that probably 100,000 persons have used the drug in North America.

Big Demand for Drug.
Naturally there has been a big demand for a drug that will reduce weight without cutting down on the food intake and with no need for exercise.

However, the other side of the picture shows that many individuals are "sensitive" to the drug and are afflicted with skin eruptions more or less severe. And unfortunately there does not seem to be any means of knowing beforehand if the drug will cause trouble because skin tests are of no use. Other disturbances due to the drug were itching, swelling of the lining of mouth, nose and throat, loss of smell and taste.

"Up to the present time six deaths from dinitrophenol have been reported. In two of these cases especially large doses were taken, but in two others the amounts used were not larger than those recommended by Doctor Tainter and his co-workers."

When Death Occurred.
"In most of the cases death occurred within 24 hours of the onset of the symptoms of poisoning which are dizziness, breathlessness, fatigue, fever, and excessive perspiration."

It is therefore strongly advised by research workers that the use of the drug be limited to carefully selected cases. Patients with diabetes, inflammation of the kidneys, and diseases of the liver and heart, should not be given the drug.

In Germany an official warning regarding the danger of dinitrophenol has been issued. In Canada obesity or overweight has been included in the list of conditions for which remedies cannot be sold.

The thought then is that this drug does help to reduce weight in certain cases, but as it causes skin eruptions in some cases in others, and should not be used in patients with diabetes, kidney, liver and heart ailments, it can only safely be taken under the supervision of a physician.

High Blood Pressure
In a study of 182 high blood pressure cases Dr. D. Ayman found an increase in both physical and mental activity. They are dynamic overactive persons with a large and steady output of energy. They are sensitive and quick-tempered and that would appear to have been born in them.

The point then is that high blood pressure, while more frequent in overweight, is quite common in those of normal weight who are overactive, sensitive, high-strung, nervous. The treatment of course is to try to acquire a "calmness of spirit" by developing a philosophy of life by means of religion or by other methods.

—WNU Service.

He Invented the Gun That Helped Tame the Frontier

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

NINE hundred years ago this month—on February 25, 1836, to be exact—there was issued in Washington, D. C., a patent for an invention which probably attracted little attention at the time but which was destined to be a maker of American history. During the next three quarters of a century it would not only become a common name (analogous in usage to Pullman for a sleeping car and Ford for an automobile) but it would also be an important factor in taming the American frontier and "revolutionize military tactics."

That last is a quotation from the recent biography of the man to whom the patent was issued—"Yankee Arms Maker—the Incredible Career of Samuel Colt," written by Jack Rohan and published by Harper and Brothers. For the invention which was patented just a century ago was the revolver, the first successful firearm of its kind in history.

Connected with Samuel Colt's revolver are two interesting paradoxes. One of them is that this weapon, which would become so much a symbol of the "Wild West," was produced by a native of one of the oldest settled parts of the East. The other is that it, an instrument in the conquest of a wild land, had its real genesis at sea.

Samuel Colt was born in Hartford, Conn., July 19, 1814, the third son of Christopher and Sarah (Caldwell) Colt. His mother was a daughter of Maj. John Caldwell, a veteran of the Revolution. The fact that she was the daughter of a soldier and therefore had no prejudices against firearms probably had much to do with her son's early interest in guns. At the age of eleven Sam Colt was indentured to a farmer near Glastonbury and during his sojourn there two factors had a decided influence in shaping his future career.

The only books in this farm home were the Bible, the almanac and a volume known as the "Compendium of Knowledge." Young Colt spent most of his spare time reading the latter. In it he found considerable scientific information—an extended account of the work of Robert Fulton, "inventor" of the steamboat, an article describing the galvanic battery and a formula for making gunpowder.

Even more important, however, was the time he spent during his errands to the village store where, according to his biographer, "cracker-barrel philosophers weighed the destiny of the republic. The outstanding doings of the Revolution were still being discussed. From men who had the story from their fathers when it was fresh; from the recollections of old men who had been on the ground, Sam heard the legends of the shooting of General Fraser, at Saratoga, by Tim Murphy, and of other marvelous deeds Murphy had performed with his double-barreled rifle. Wide-eyed with intelligent interest, the lad often listened to speculation as to the casualties that might have been inflicted had the whole Continental army been armed with like weapons. If some nation could invent a gun that would shoot five or six times without reloading, that nation would rule the world, in the opinion of the Glastonbury military observers. But of course the thing was impossible. Sam, listening mouse-like as he waited for the storekeeper to put up his order, missed nothing of what was said.

"Analyzing the discussions at his leisure, he discovered that Robert Fulton and several other inventors had accomplished things deemed impossible—until they were done. He concluded that the local forum's opinion on repeating firearms might not, after all, be infallible. He decided he would be an inventor and create the 'impossible' gun."

It was the germ of the idea planted in the Yankee boy's mind. It developed a little farther a year later when he went to work in his father's textile plant at Ware, Mass. There he had access to various chemicals and the opportunity to borrow tools of all kinds from the millwrights. Expanding upon the idea of Tim Murphy's double-barreled gun, he bound four barrels together and tried to make them revolve so that each, in turn, would come under the lock and fire. But more often than not all four fired at once so he had to give it up as a bad job.

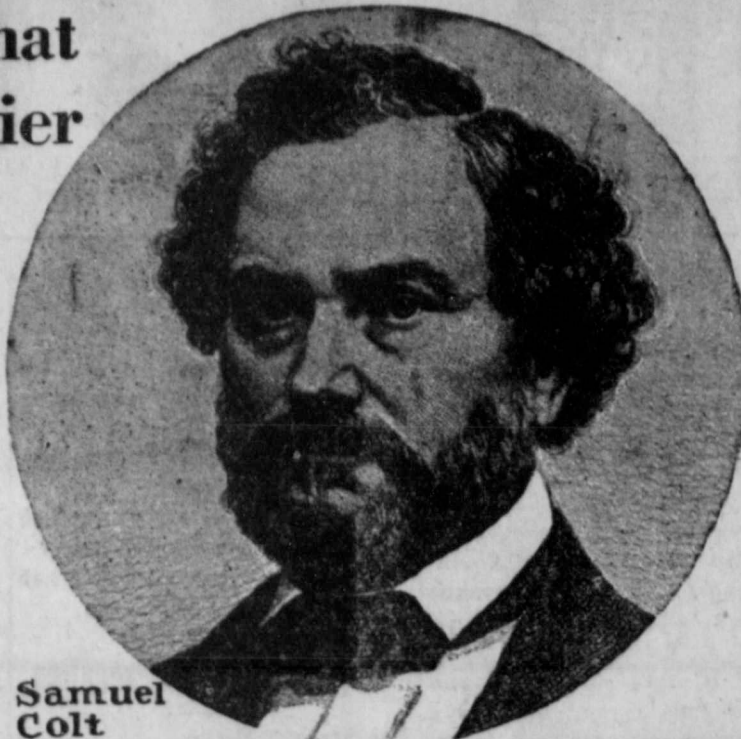
Next he was apprenticed to a Captain Spaulding of the brig "Corso" which was sailing from Boston on a voyage to Calcutta, India. Young Sam wasn't especially thrilled over life as a sailor, but he did enjoy watching some of the old salts carve odd little knick-knacks out of wood. While he had been employed in the textile factory at Ware, he had made the acquaintance of a young mechanic named Elisha K. Root who had explained to him the value of making working drawings and then wooden models of some of the things he was trying to invent.

Watching the sailors carve, Sam remembered Root's advice about models and set about learning to carve. "He acquired considerable proficiency, but when the voyage was half over he was without any idea on which to construct a model," says Rohan. But one day in the Indian ocean a great inspiration came to him.

"Standing idly watching the steersman, he noticed that, regardless of which way the wheel was spun, each spoke always came directly in line with a clutch that could be set to hold it. He watched for a long time and finally caught himself envisioning holes in the rim—holes which successively came in alignment with a stationary aperture—which the young inventor's imagination identified as the bore of a pistol. The revolver was conceived! Sam had found use for his lessons. With the jackknife that cost less than a dollar, he started to whittle out the foundation of a fortune which was to run into millions."

By the time the voyage was over he had a working model of his revolver, complete in every detail and satisfactory in performance. Upon his return home he showed his invention to his father, who caught his son's enthusiasm, promised to finance the making of two revolvers and to pay for obtaining the patents if they worked as successfully as Sam said they would.

However, the gunsmiths whom Christopher Colt engaged to make the revolvers looked upon the idea as "boyish nonsense and thoroughly unworkable." Also, they wanted to charge so much for their work that the elder Colt's enthusiasm cooled and he decided not to waste much money on the guns. So he engaged an ordinary mechanic to do the work. He turned out a crude piece of workmanship which was far from being a faithful reproduction of young Sam's idea. The result was that one of the revolvers wouldn't fire at all and the other burst at the first shot.



Samuel Colt



The Cavalry Charge

All pictures shown above, from Rohan's "Yankee Arms Maker—the Incredible Career of Samuel Colt," courtesy, Harper and Brothers, publishers.



mechanic, to set up a gunshop in Baltimore and begin making samples of his revolvers.

He also interested his father in the project again and the result was a trip to Europe where he secured patents on his weapon in England, Prussia and France. Returning to America he borrowed \$800 from his father and went to Washington where on February 25, 1836, his historic patent was granted. Then he set about organizing a corporation to manufacture and market his weapon and on March 5, 1836, the New Jersey legislature chartered the "Patent Arms Manufacturing Company" of Paterson.

But despite this triumphal culmination of the young Yankee's efforts to create the "impossible gun," his future path to success was a rocky one. There were quarrels with his relatives over the management of the company in which they had invested their money, there were all sorts of financial troubles, struggles with competitors, lawsuits over patent infringements and other difficulties to this pioneer industrial enterprise.

To the student of the history of American business and industry this new biography of Samuel Colt is interesting because it shows that he "was the first of the great American industrialists. Colt, not the modern motor car manufacturer, conceived and first utilized standardized machine production, division of labor and the 'assembly line.'"

"He was one of the first, if not the first, large-scale employer to assume responsibility for the well-being of his employees. Colt showed the way to the modern promoters of wars... he was the precursor of the modern munitions kings—a pioneer in the art of playing one nation against another to increase his sales."

Equally interesting is the part which his company played in the military history of this country and more particularly in the history of the frontier. Unable to convince "nose-backed brass hats" in the War department that his revolver and his revolving musket and single-shot horse pistol to which they were devoted, he next tried to get the Navy department to adopt them. But again he was unsuccessful. Then the panic year of 1837 almost wiped out his business.

As a result Colt was able to sell a considerable number of his guns to Jessup and Harney and their success in the Seminole war proved con-

clusively to the War department their value as weapons for our soldiers. Another significant event at about this time was Colt's meeting with Capt. Sam H. Walker, a famous Texas Ranger leader, who had come to Washington with a delegation of frontiersmen to urge the admission of the new Republic of Texas as a state in the federal Union.

Up to this time Colt had been making a .34 caliber revolver but out of his conference in New York with Walker came the .44 caliber Walker-Colt which soon became a favorite weapon on the southwest frontier. A few years later this gun became even more significant in that part of the country.

By the time Texas was admitted to the Union in 1845 war between Mexico and the United States was inevitable. President Polk sent a force under Gen. Zachary Taylor to the Rio Grande to "protect" the new state against its former rulers, the Mexicans. When a detachment of American cavalry was ambushed by a Mexican patrol, its commander, a Captain Thornton, was the only man who escaped and he had shot his way to freedom with a brace of Colt revolvers.

General Taylor was impressed by this fact and asked for more information about these weapons. Capt. Sam Walker of the Rangers, who was guarding Taylor's lines of communications, told the general that the only thing wrong with the revolvers was that there were not enough of them. Thereupon Taylor sent Walker to Washington to make known this need to the President and the result was an order on Colt for 1,000 of his revolvers, which he at once supplied. More than that he put over as clever a publicity campaign as any modern press agent ever thought of doing.

"It was not the sales of his revolvers to the army that made Sam Colt," says Rohan. "It was the manner in which he capitalized the victories of the Americans over numerically superior forces. The revolvers in use at Rosaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista were few and far between. But those few, when Sam Colt got to spreading the story around the world, accounted for the defeat of the Mexicans. And the latter, glad of any excuse for their humiliation, cheerfully corroborated his claim!"

If the Mexican war gave Sam Colt his first real start, the War Between the States sent his enterprise booming toward the pinnacle of success. The extent of that conflict soon called for production of the new weapon on a bigger scale than ever before. In 1861 the Colt factories turned out nearly 70,000 revolvers. The next year production jumped to more than 110,000. But the inventor did not live to see the amazing success of the thing which he had whittled out of wood on the brig "Corso." He died January 10, 1862, but others carried on his work.

When the war ended and Americans set about to conquer the last frontier, Colt's invention became increasingly important in that conquest. It hung at the hip of virtually every horseman of the plains, whether Texas Ranger, trooper in the United States army, cowboy, frontier marshal or outlaw. It backed in cavalry charges against the wild tribesmen of the Comanche, the Sioux and the Cheyenne; its roar was heard in many a frontier dance hall and saloon in the cow towns on the Texas cattle trails. It became not only a synonym for a certain type of firearm and a common name, but it also became a symbol of the reign of law in a lawless land. "Judge Colt" was judge, jury and executioner and a man's life depended upon the quickness of the "draw."

That era ended just 30 years after Sam Colt died. One event was significant of its close. Into the little town of Coffeyville, Kan., one day in 1892, rode the Daltons. When one of the hottest street battles ever fought in the West was over, the Daltons, last of the old-time bandit gangs, had been wiped out. The "Wild West" was no more. Incidentally, among the weapons found in the streets of Coffeyville that day was the Colt "frontier six-shooter" which is pictured above and which hangs on the wall of the room in which this article is being written.

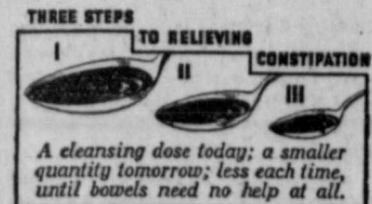
© Western Newspaper Union.

Valor Is Stability of One's Courage and of the Heart

The estimate and valor of a man consists in the heart and in the will; there his true honor lies. Valor is stability, not of arms and legs, but of courage and the soul; it does not lie in the valor of our horse, nor of our arms, but in ourselves. He that falls obstinate in his courage, if his legs fall him, fights upon his knees.—Montaigne.

NO UPSETS

The proper treatment for a bilious child



A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time until bowels need no help at all.

ANY mother knows the reason why when her child stops playing, eats little, is hard to manage, Constipation. But what a pity so few know the sensible way to set things right!

The ordinary laxatives, of even ordinary strength, must be carefully regulated as to dosage. A liquid laxative is the answer, mothers. The answer to all your worries over constipation. A liquid can be measured. The dose can be exactly suited to any age or need. Just reduce the dose each time, until the bowels are moving of their own accord and need no help.

This treatment will succeed with any child and with any adult. The doctors use liquid laxatives. Hospitals use the liquid form. It is best for their use, it is best for home use. The liquid laxative most families use is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Any druggist has it.

We Benefit
It is not by special acts directed to the welfare of others that we benefit the most, but by the tone and direction of our habitual activities.

Cardui During Middle Life

Women who are entering middle life will be interested in the experience of Mrs. L. C. McDonald, of Paragould, Ark., who writes: "I took Cardui during change of life. I was so weak, so nervous, I could hardly go. I just dragged around. I had fainting spells and would just give down. My back and head hurt. I read of Cardui. I took about seven bottles. It gave me relief and strength. I am now 60 years past, and can do a pretty good day's work in the house and garden." Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

ROUGH SKIN

Don't be discouraged! Make up your mind to try and have the clear, fresh skin you admire in others! Thousands have found the secret in Cuticura treatment. So simple, so effective, so soothing and cleanses the skin, relieves and helps to heal. You'll marvel at the difference Cuticura makes. Buy Cuticura at your druggist's. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c. FREE sample of each on request. Write "Cuticura," Dept. 9, Malden, Mass.

5¢ WHY PAY MORE? THE 10-Size CONTAINS 3 1/2 TIMES AS MUCH AS THE 5-Size / MOROLINE SNOW WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

Break up that COLD

Perhaps the surest way to prevent a cold from "catching hold" and getting worse is with FREE GARFIELD TEA. Do it the pleasant tea-cup way. Flush the system with a hot cup of Garfield Tea—the mild, easy-to-take liquid laxative. At drug stores.

GARFIELD TEA

WNU—L 8—36

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination? Backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

MAIDEN VOYAGE

KATHLEEN NORRIS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued

After a while he was gone, and in a dream she was mingling with the Christmas party again; presently it was time to go home, sticky, tired, flushed, still laughing and talking. Brenda had carried her baby off early; she had made her staying at the Palace Hotel tonight with Alvin's queer old father a little important. "Alvin, we mustn't disappoint your father," she had said more than once. The others went together; Cliff and Mary Rose were staying with her family tonight, but Cliff took Tony and Bruce and Aunt Meg and an odd uncle home; everyone agreed that there never had been a nicer Christmas party. Their "Merry Christmas" rang over and over again in the cold night.

"I have to go down to the office about one," Tony said. "I'll fill my column with this party." But when they had left the uncle at a modest address in Larkin street she told them all her news.

"Cliff, Aunt Meg—Doctor Vandermall just came up to tell me that Ruth Bellamy was killed in Nice yesterday."

"What?" Aunt Meg whispered sharply.

"It's true."

"My gosh, what a break!" Cliff said slowly, simply. Tony laughed nervously, briefly. When they got to the apartment house he came upstairs to talk about it, although it was nearly eleven o'clock and he was supposedly returning at once to Mary Rose.

They sat about in the Taft sitting room, that same shabby room to which Tony had returned despairing after her first interview with Larry Bellamy, more than four years ago, and threshed the whole thing out, family fashion.

"Give me the low-down, Tony, what do you think will happen? Will he come straight home?"

"How could I possibly tell, Cliff? I'm so dazed by the whole thing it doesn't seem true, yet. Ruth killed, Ruth killed. I keep saying it over and over."

"Brenda know?"

"No. I didn't dare tell. I thought it might upset the party. I told Alvin, and told him to tell her in the morning."

"Gosh, what a break!" Cliff said again.

"Sad, sad, sad!" Aunt Meg said, her chin in her hand.

"Yes, it is sad," Tony agreed soberly. "She was always kind to me."

"Shall you cable, Tony?" This was Cliff.

"No, I think not," Tony fell silent, thinking.

But to Cliff, when she was saying good-night at the door, and to Brenda the next day she added: "I'm not going to write him. I'm not even going to think about it. When he comes back—as of course he will — then'll be time enough. I shouldn't care if it was a year from now. Any time!"

"Oh, Tony," said Brenda, "it's terribly sad. But it means your happily

laughed ruefully, without turning from her scrutiny of the street.

"Have you heard from him at all, Tony?"

"Oh, yes. At first he wrote. Ten letters—twelve. I destroyed them. One or two, at first, I read. But the rest I didn't."

"I think that was heroic."

"It was," Tony agreed, with a dry little laugh.

"And do you feel the same as you did?" the elder sister asked a little timidly.

"Oh, yes."

"And will you be terribly happy?—of course you will be, when he gets here."

"Ah, my dear, if you knew," Tony said, under her breath.

"If—what?" Brenda said, pausing in the always fascinating business of putting on Anthony's hat and coat.

"I'm married! I know it all! If—what?"

"If—nothing!" Tony said over her shoulder, laughing.

"You finished your bottle, and you were a good, good boy," Brenda said in an undertone to the baby. "Don't pull on Mother's hair; no, no, baby."

Tony helped them both get away, went down to the office in a dream. Anything might happen now; any moment might be her moment. She had only to go her way quietly and to wait.

The city room was languid on Christmas Day. Downtown streets were deserted, streams of churchgoers gathered wherever there was a church door, coming out after the noonday services. She had gone herself with Aunt Meg to church this morning; she had prayed, hardly knowing what she hoped or feared. It was too soon to think of hopes or fears.

Pictures of the scenes that were taking place in the far-away French seaside town drifted through her mind. Ruth lying still, her eyes closed, her waxen square little hands—Tony could see them in her mind, as she had so often seen them!—resting with locked fingers over her quiet heart. White satin and lace, and the scent of flowers—violets and lilies of the valley.

She imagined Larry, tall and grown and frowning and worried, seeing to all the details, talking things over with Caroline. And all the time the old mother would be placid and comfortable in her sunny room upstairs, looking wonderingly at the faces of her nurses; smiling eagerly when they brought her her lunch tray and began to feed her.

Mrs. Patterson had had a slight stroke. Tony wrinkled her brows trying to remember how long ago. They had gone to China, and after leisurely visits to Hongkong, Kobe, Peking, had gone on through the Suez canal to Marseilles. That had been late summer time. It was more than a year ago. Then in October, idling at Nice, Larry had been seriously ill, and afterward Mrs. Patterson had been stricken down.

Immediately Ruth, always the devoted daughter, had rented a villa, had established the whole family comfortably within. Her mother had been allotted two great sunny rooms with a water view; two good nurses had been found somehow, an American girl and a German woman, and presently they had all settled down to the new environment and the new way of life.

Larry was writing letters for some syndicate; was writing a book. He had been badly pulled down by his illness; it had been some low troublesome form of typhoid, and it had left him weak and lazy. Caroline wrote Joe amusing accounts of his willingness to be managed, to be idle.

Tony had never seen Nice; she visualized it at best she could. A scimitar-sweep of Mediterranean shore; big hotels close to the water; villas set up on the steep bare hills. Ruth's villa was the "Casa Santa Teresa"; it had once belonged to the duke of—something, Abruzzi—di Borgin?—one of those familiar Italian names.

Now they would give up the villa—or could they, with Ruth's old mother installed there, perhaps not well enough to move? Tony would have a letter some day; any day, there was no hurry, and then she would know all about everything.

Meanwhile, there was the office. There were dull days and exciting days; there was always much gossip and rumor to consider, and the Fitch-Muzzy affair to watch. Mae Eihy was wearing white fur now, and had moved from the family domicile in Ingleside Terrace to a small apartment downtown. "It seemed better for me to be nearer my work," said Mae Eihy. Flo Danielson was gone, and the Oisens, of the big eastern newspaper chain, had an interest in the paper; Tony knew Larry was holding but a passive position among the stockholders; now and then they wired him for an opinion, that was all.

For the rest, there was the home apartment, comfortable enough with its books and lamps, with Asterbel doing almost all the work nowadays, and there were Bruce's interests to follow; Bruce was a sophomore at the state university and came home only for week-ends. There were Aunt Meg, affectionate and amusing and loyal,

and occasional encounters with magnificent Aunt Sally, and happy visits with Brenda. Brenda's second boy, George Alvin Atwater, junior, was only a few weeks older than Cliff's baby daughter; Cliff and Mary Rose came down to Pacific Grove for Cliff's vacation, and the sisters and brother and the small cousins had happy hours together. Alvin had been put on the hospital staff and was building up a good practice; Brenda was assisted at home by a dark-faced, heavy little Mexican maid named Rita, who chopped up and stewed everything upon which she could lay her hands, whether it were the carefully prepared salad or the strawberries Tony brought down for a special treat. Fortune had smiled at last on the Tafts.

CHAPTER XXIV

Tony's happiest times in this strange interval were spent with Joe. In his isolated farm house on the cliffs. From this base he made many of his investigations among the pools and rocks of the shore, but he had had time to beautify the place too, and most of the changes were made at Tony's suggestion.

Together they had designed the great fireplace at the end of the sitting room, and together had shared the first successful fire therein. A gracious wild terrace, fargoes in terracotta red, had been opened at the south side of the house; the sitting room and dining room lost something of their boxlike stiffness through the line of French floor windows, and the gay striped awning over the terrace sent a mellow light through them both.

Tony knew the little domain thoroughly now. She knew where the salt box stood in the kitchen, and how quickest to set the table with the blue cups and dragon plates that had come from San Francisco's chinatown. She and Joe had many busy hours together. After Ruth's death it was the only place she wanted to go.

She knew what he felt for her, but he never made her uncomfortably conscious of it. They were merely the best of companions, during these days. Joe always had another house guest or two; a fellow scientist, spectacled and garrulous; a musical couple who kept the old piano going; a pair of wandering boys who were working their way around the world during the holidays.

To entertain all of these Tony was at her happiest and brightest. She and Joe planned meals, fussed together in the kitchen, compounded pot roasts and salads. Her beauty was in its glory; she was twenty-seven, now; a newspaper woman of some years' standing; confident and superb in her role of friend and companion to an interesting man.

In her heart she felt that the last touch of romance was added to the situation after Ruth's death. Somewhere in the world was the brilliant man this brilliant and lovely woman loved. He was coming for her; she would presently have her marvelous hour. Under the surface of the spring Sundays when she and Joe—and sometimes Brenda and Alvin and the boys, and sometimes Cliff and Mary Rose—were moving through the familiar hours, the thrilling consciousness that Larry was somewhere in the world, alive, thinking of her, flowed like a shining current, sounded like a vibrant organ tone.

It had become almost routine for her to go to Brenda on Saturday. Sometimes Aunt Meg went too, for Brenda was in more spacious quarters. Sometimes Aunt Meg stayed with Bruce or went to Aunt Sally; often one of the newspaper men was going down that way, and Tony had a lift.

She would arrive in her city clothes at about four, get into comfortable cottons, sit with Brenda in the sunny back yard, with Anthony tottering about on the new grass, and George asleep in his shabby coach beside them.

At noon Sundays Joe's car always twinkled up; sometimes they were all invited to lunch; usually he and Tony went off contentedly together. "The marriedest people that ever weren't married!" Brenda commented, in irritation. "What she's thinking of, not to take Joe!"

Before Ruth's death, when she had put this question directly to Tony, Tony had answered, "I don't know, Brenda, I'm crazy, I guess. Joe's ten thousand times too good for me or any woman. He hasn't a fault, that I can see. He's always good-natured, always intelligent, always cheerful and hospitable and affectionate and interested."

After Ruth's death she no longer said this, or said much at all. There was a far-away light in her eyes; she went into moments of dreaming, giving no explanation for her abstraction, perhaps unconscious of it. Joe was only one detail in the vague, thrilling background of the thoughts that glowed and shone like hidden treasure in her soul.

How would Larry return to her? Where would she first see him, the tall figure with the little stoop to the squared shoulders, the brown face with its high-bridged nose and glasses over keen gray eyes? Would he telephone very casually: "Tony! This is

Larry. I got in this morning. Will you come to lunch with me at Jules'?" Or would he be standing by her desk in the city office some afternoon? "Come and have dinner with me, Tony. I've got to see Arnoldson now; I'll be upstairs until six. I'll get you then."

And then after that, what? But Tony's breath would fall her as she thought of the details; the happy crowding details that included wedding plans and home-finding, that included the new frocks and the ordering of the new cards of Mrs. Lawrence Hillyard Bellamy, that included trips in Larry's car—the historic car of their two roadside accidents—trips to the beach for lunch, and down to Monterey to see Betsy, and over to Carmel to cook dinner for Joe.

He wouldn't make much fuss about it all; Larry never did. There would be no open exultation, no compliments



He and She Had Built Up the Fire.

or protestations. But she would have a sense of his complete possession, his quiet domination of her and everything that touched her. Just the way Larry watched one—just the half smile in his quizzical eyes—was enough to give any woman a feeling of being completely, adequately adored.

"Have you heard anything from Larry?" Joe asked one Sunday, when he and she happened to be alone, and over the young birches and poplars, and lashing against a lashing sea. Everything out of doors was splashing and dripping, and smoking with blown mist. Joe had called for Tony at eleven, and torn her away from a happy bathing scene in Brenda's nursery. He had explained that friends were coming down from town, and that he must have a special lunch. These were important persons; Professor Unger was—as Tony explained it to Brenda—"the most distinguished something of something at Johns Hopkins," and Tony must come over to make the salad and amuse the company on this rainy day.

The babies being comfortably asleep by this time, and Brenda not too protestant, Tony had bundled herself up for the ten-mile drive, and had thrown herself wholeheartedly, upon arriving, into preparations for Joe's guests. He and she had built up the fire, had swept and straightened, had fried the fat little chickens and rubbed garlic in the salad bowl of gay painted Russian wood. And then the telephone had brought the expected message: the Unger party would not come down in this pouring rain, but if it cleared they would arrive immediately after lunch.

"And clear it will," said Tony. "This is a clearing shower. Look, it's hail! So we'll simply hold this meal over until night. The chickens will be even better, the asparagus we haven't done, the rolls I'll put right in the icebox and bake them tonight!"

Rain beating furiously down outside its windows, the kitchen seemed comfortably warm and bright on the wild spring morning. Tony had put her gown and her velvet slippers into Joe's spare room; she wore old white shoes and a crisp checked gray apron with a frivolous ruffle of white about the throat that made her blue eyes and dark hair look babyish. Her cheeks were flushed with heat, laughter, excitement; it was always like playing house at Joe's, and it made her feel like a happy little girl again.

"What a nice little wife you would make for me, Tony," Joe had said.

"And what a heaven this place would be for me," the girl had answered, serious for the moment. "There's no place in the world to me like this one. When you bring me here to our garden, and our Scotty and our sea, some sort of mood comes over me—simple and happy and—and good. Joe, did you ever do anything rotten or mean or small in your whole life?"

"I've done plenty, my girl."

"I imagine. It's so extraordinary, being twenty-eight, and loving you so

Scrubbing new potatoes at the sink, she had turned at these words to look at him over her shoulder. Joe, seated at the table busily stemming strawberries, had looked up with his round face completely devoid of expression.

"Yes, I know just how you love me. But then everyone wants you, Tony; I don't blame you for taking your time."

"Everyone doesn't want me, Joe. And it isn't that. You know," Tony had said, her cheeks suddenly scarlet, "you know that it isn't that."

And it was then, after a long pause, that he said: "Have you heard from Larry?"

"No," the girl said, rubbing the little pink and brown potatoes in a towel.

"What do you expect, Tony?"

"Well, nothing and everything—I suppose!" Tony answered, laughing confusedly, after a moment. She came over to the table and sat down, her brown hands busy as his were with the big firm berries. "Him, for one thing," she said ingenuously, with a smile.

"Him, of course. My grandmother may go off in her sleep any night."

"Any time now. At least, from what Caroline wrote. They all reached Baltimore 10 days ago, you said?"

"That was the last I heard. Caroline's wire said that Gran had not minded the trip at all, and was comfortable, and that the end might be 'at any time.' But there's poor Aunt Ruth's estate to settle, you know. It was a remarkable will. She left more than a dozen legacies."

"A beautiful thing to do," Tony said. "Ruth had some—some quality; I don't know what to call it. Dignity, highness; one didn't see it in the little things. But in big things—" She looked at a ring on her brown finger; two great pearls flanking a deep green emerald. "To send me that—" she said slowly.

"That was my grandmother's. So, if you ever liked me, Tony, it could be handed on to our little Bertha Beatrice."

"Her name wouldn't be Bertha Beatrice?"

"Her name would be Antoinette."

Tony, looking at him, bit into a great berry. She said nothing.

"Suppose Larry was out of it, would I have a chance?"

"Joe, dear, even with Larry in it, you'd always have a chance! I tell you, one of the finest men I ever knew; you're the sweetest-tempered. I didn't know there was such a thing as a sweet-tempered man until I knew you. My father was very excitable and exacting, sometimes, and so's Cliff. And Larry's—well, he's not even-tempered."

"But still it's no one but Larry?"

"No one but Larry."

He was silent for a while. Presently he said:

"Well, you've never fooled me. You've never let me think there was any chance."

"I'm going to put all these papers into the box; they'll have read the papers!" Tony called, from the adjoining sitting room. "What did you say, Joe? I didn't hear you."

"Nothing," he said, opening the kitchen door to take great drafts of the delicious wet air and watch the little trees swaying in the rain.

They had scrambled eggs, Irish bacon, jelly, and toast for lunch, and then Tony belted herself into an old coat of Joe's and pulled a knitted cap tightly down over her dark hair, and they went down to the beach.

The rain curled her hair, and the wind drove a bright color into her cheeks. Tony shouted like a child to be heard above the waves that came in on a shallow level rush, tumbled into foam on the rocks, slid away again. Joe steadied her. She laughed as she stumbled helplessly against him, or when a pursuing wave drove them into a wild huddle of escape together; the wet brown strands of her hair almost touched his face; the youth and sweetness and vitality of her were almost in his arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Laws Long Outgrown

Many strange and useless state laws are still in force. For instance, Virginia has one designating any citizen who misses church three Sundays in a row is "a public enemy" and as such may be put to death. In North Carolina it is illegal for anyone at a religious service to sing out of tune and he may be fined for this offense. Minnesota has a statute which requires the driver of a motor car to stop if a person driving or leading a horse on the highway raises his hand as a signal if the horse is skittish about cars. In Michigan, no husband may legally kiss his wife nor a wife her husband on the Sabbath day. In West Virginia it is still a misdemeanor for anyone to sneeze in a church service. Maine once had a law making it an offense to whistle on Sunday. In Arkansas it is unlawful to play cards or fly kites on the Sabbath.—Capper's Weekly.

Limestone for Agricultural Use

Limestone is prepared for direct agricultural use by grinding or pulverizing and is then marketed as ground or pulverized limestone. It varies in its content of carbonate of lime from 95 per cent or more to less than 80 per cent, and occasionally as low as 60 per cent.

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Lovely, lacy richness lies in this choice peacock filet crochet chair back set that anyone can make—both easily and inexpensively—of durable string. The peacock, that most gorgeous of all birds, will add a decorative note to your home as well as protect your furniture. You'll find the large filet mesh goes very quickly. And you can also use the design for scarf ends.

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Pride and Obstinacy Are Hard Masters to Set Aside

It is precisely the proudest and most obstinate men who are the most liable to shift their position and contradict themselves; everything is easier to them than to face the simple fact that they have been thoroughly defeated, and must begin life anew.—George Elliot.

Don't Guess But Know

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use is SAFE?

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

THE person to ask whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches is SAFE to use regularly is your family doctor. Ask him particularly about Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN.

He will tell you that before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin most "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as bad for the stomach and, often, for the heart. Which is food for thought if you seek quick, safe relief.

Scientists rate Bayer Aspirin among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and the pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia. And the experience of millions of users has proved it safe for the average person to use regularly. In your own interest remember this:

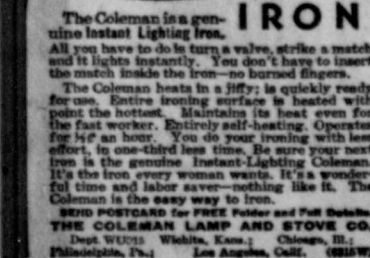
You can get Genuine Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by asking for it by its full name, BAYER ASPIRIN. Make it a point to do this—see that you get what you want.

Bayer Aspirin



The Right Way is Not To Every game of chance is a sure thing, but a man usually bets the wrong way.

Iron the Easy Way



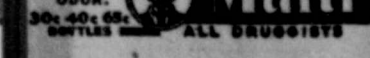
The Coleman is a genuine instant lighting iron. All you have to do is turn a valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. You don't have to insert the match inside the iron—no burned fingers.

The Coleman heats in a jiffy; is quickly ready for use. Entire ironing surface is heated with just the bottom. Maintains its heat even for the fast worker. Entirely self-heating. Operates for 1 1/2 an hour. You do your ironing with less effort, in one-third less time. Be sure your next iron is the genuine Instant-Lighting Coleman. It's the iron every woman wants. It's a wonderful time and labor saver—nothing like it. The Coleman is the easy way to iron.

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"Oh, Tony," said Brenda, "it's terribly sad."

ness coming along. Nothing can stop it now!"

Tony was standing at the window of Brenda's apartment at the Palace. Anthony was wallowing rapturously on the bed with his bottle; in a few minutes the Atwaters would be on their way back to Monterey in the doctor's shabby little car. Tony had come down in the morning to discuss the great change with Brenda.

"I suppose not," she said slowly, looking down into busy Market street. "But I won't think of it. I'm going to keep busy and not think. I'm working hard. Time—only time can tell what's going to happen."

"Tony, have you thought that it was lucky—no, that's not the word—have you thought that it was—strange that Larry was in Paris?"

"Yes, I did think of that." Tony

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The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

NEW AMBULANCE

Wesley O. Hodges of the Hedley family Home of Memphis went to Oklahoma City last week and there purchased a new Studebaker combination ambulance and garage. However, Mr. Hodges was the first to ride in his new ambulance, as he broke his ankle in a fall during the Oklahoma City trip.

A licensed embalmer has been placed in charge of the funeral home while Mr. Hodges is incapacitated.

Elvis Hickey and family moved to Whittenburg first of the week where Mr. Hickey will operate a tailor shop. Best wishes of Hedley friends go with them.

Get our share of the bargains for 9c at Hooker's 9c sale, from Saturday 14th to Saturday 21st.

Delbert Clawson left Monday for San Antonio, where he will work this spring.

HARGROVE-GRIMSLEY

Miss Ora Lee Grimsley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Grimsley, and J. W. Hargrove were united in marriage Friday, Feb. 28, at Muleshoe.

The bride lived here for a number of years, and attended the Hedley schools. The groom also is a former Hedley resident, having lived here for a time last year.

They will make their home near Littlefield, where the groom is engaged in farming.

Hedley friends wish for them a happy and successful future.

ON HONOR LIST

Denton, March 2.—On the basis of outstanding work in scholarship, Miss Martha Sue Noel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Noel of Hedley, has been awarded honors for the first semester at Texas State College for women (TSCA) by Dean E. V. White. Miss Noel is a freshman majoring in journalism.

W. M. SOCIETY

The W. M. Auxiliary met Monday March 2. We had a very interesting Bible lesson at the home of Mrs. E. G. Dishman. There were three members and three visitors present besides the hostess.

Monday March 9, we meet at the church with a program from The World Outlook.

Mrs. Carl Dodson and children of Farwell are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Morgan.

**PASTIME THEATRE
Clarendon, Texas**

Fri Sat 67

Riff-Raff

Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney. She was the Belle of the cannery, the boys wanted her but she married a fisherman and hooked him for keeps. 10 15c

Midnight show

Navy Wife

Claire Trevor and Ralph Bellamy Drama. Orders must be obeyed even though a woman's heart is broken. 10 25c

Sun Mon 8 9

I Dream Too Much

Lily Pons, Henry Fonda. The glorious star of operatic fame. Beautiful, lovable and glorious. Also Amateurs of the air. 10 25c

Tues. 10

Another Face

Wallace Ford in a romantic comedy, and our special attraction night. Don't forget you may attend matinee. 10 25c

Wed Thur 11 12

Give Us This Night

Jan Kiepura, Giedys Swarthout, in a delightful operetta. PLUS the newest screen sensation, 'Audioscopiks,' the thrill of the decade. You can't afford to miss the biggest novelty sensation of the year.

Matinees each day at 2 p. m. Evening shows at 7:15. Selected short subjects.

COZY THEATRE

Fri Sat 67

Ivory Handled Guns

Buck Jones and Silver in a rough riding romance of the old west. Also Chap. 6 Phantom Empire. 10 15c

FRIDAY & SATURDAY SPECIALS

Come and get that Hill Billy Flour

Bran Flakes, box	10c
Corn Flakes, 2 for	19c
Grape Nut Flakes, 2 for	23c
Oatmeal, Mother's, box	28c
Rice, Blue Rose, 4 lb.	25c

CANNED GOODS

Gerber's Baby Food, can	5c
Tomato Juice, can	9c
Tomatoes, 3 for	25c
Corn, 3 for	25c
Spinach, can	9c
Hominy, 2 No. 2 cans	15c
Coffee, bulk, 2 lb.	25c
Lard, 8 lb carton	\$1.05
Lard, 4 lb. carton	55c
Sugar, 10 lb. cloth bag	57c

Market Specials

We carry at all times plenty of good fresh and cured meats, also lunch meats of all kinds.

We have what you want to buy; we buy what you have to sell.

**Harry Burden
Grocery and Market**
PHONE 15

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Seed Irish Potatoes, pk.	35c	Soap, Big Ben or P&G, 6 for	25c
Onion Plants, bunch	5c	Apple Jelly, qt. jar	25c
Oranges, doz.	18c	Soap Flakes, 5 lb. box	38c
Lemons, doz.	25c	Salad Dressing, qt.	35c

Lettuce, head 5c

Rippled Wheat, 3 for	25c	Lard, 8 lb. carton	\$1.03
Spuds, No. 1, 100 lb.	\$1.65	Eggs, doz.	17c
Pinto Beans, 20 lb.	\$	Country Butter	30c
Mustard, qt.	12c	Country Sausage, lb.	23c
Pickles, sour, qt.	16c	Chili, lb.	18c

Spuds, pk. 25c

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Hedley Drug Co.

Watch for Hooker's 9c sale Saturday March 14th to 21st

Harrison Hall attended a meeting of Conoco dealers in this district Thursday night at Childress

J. H. Clawson returned home Saturday after an absence of six weeks. Mr. Clawson was away building a new house on his farm near Sudan.

- Chicks - - Chicks -

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Reds 8c - Leghorns 7c

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