



Second installment SYNOPSIS—"Prelude"—"Love Lightly" Mrs. Church warned gently, and Ellen wondered why...

GO ON WITH THE STORY "Your father was away when I made my discovery. He'd been away for several weeks on something that he called a 'big deal'..."

All at once Ellen's mother had stopped talking. Her voice had dwindled away into a funny, tragic silence. And Ellen saw her face go oddly white...

"I'm going for the doctor," she half sobbed. "Your chest. Is it your heart, darling?"

to her feet, saw her mother's head sag forward. "I'm going for the doctor," she half sobbed. "Your chest. Is it your heart, darling? Is it..."

It didn't occur to Ellen in the weeks that passed, to ask her mother for the details of what had happened to her father. In her mind she had a vivid impression of some major calamity...

Ellen watched her mother idly—so idly that at first she could scarcely believe what her eyes were seeing! For, as she stood watching, she saw her mother change completely and dreadfully...

"You're ill!" Ellen cried, as she started forward. "Was there bad news in the letter? You're upset."

"It's that indigestion, I guess," she said, gaspingly. And then—"Bring me my check book, dear."

Ellen didn't speak. She sensed a desperation in that toneless voice, a need of hurry. Turning, she ran into the house, scampered to the desk where the check book lay...

"Ellen," she said, "dear. Get your hat and take this, at once, to the post-office in the village. And send it special delivery, and register it."

Ellen, even in the face of her mother's tragic hurry, couldn't quite grasp the seriousness of the letter. Her mother's sudden illness seemed so much more important.

"Too bad I didn't ask the boy to wait," she said. "He could just as well have taken a letter back."

"I couldn't," said her mother with a great effort, "have trusted it to anyone else, this letter! You'd have had to take it anyway. And I'm glad—remember that, always, Ellen!—that it is just about all the money I have. I'm utterly grateful that there was enough. And—I don't want a doctor. I'm not ill. I'm never ill."

She rose again. She turned heavily away, toward the house. And Ellen, with no other word but clutching to the envelope, went out of the garden and started toward town. She walked so fast that she didn't have time to wonder about anything...

The way back led past the doctor's square white house. He wasn't in. But she left a message with the doctor's aged housekeeper—who eyed her with a frank curiosity—and hurried on.

"Mother'll be cross," she told herself as she scuffed her feet along in the dust of the road—"because I've asked the doctor to stop by. But she can't go on, having these funny spells! I wonder who the letter was from?"

As she tiptoed across the room, Ellen thought that her mother was really asleep. For her lips were smiling very beautifully, with their old magic; and her eyes were softly closed—it was as if, in truth, she were the sleeping beauty.

At first Ellen thought her mother was asleep. And then suddenly she knew completely and utterly, and with an overwhelming sense of aloneness, that her mother was not sleeping!

Perhaps it was something in the sweetness of her mother's smile. Perhaps it was something in the chill magic of the room. But Ellen knew surely. And yet, knowing, she did not touch that still figure, and neither did she cry out. Instead she walked very close to the bed. And as she came close, she saw that her mother's fingers held a letter, ever so slightly crumpled. It was the letter that had come only the space of a few hours ago.

Ellen scarcely knowing what she did, reached over and took the letter from her mother's hand. She smoothed out its wrinkles very methodically, and read.

And then, suddenly, she was lying on the floor, beside her mother's bed, sobbing out all of her heartache and her disillusionment and her pain.

For the letter, written with brutal frankness, in an untaught hand, was from a woman a woman who told of a man's death in a cheap lodging house, in another state. "Toward the last," wrote the woman, "he spoke of you, often. But still and all, there wasn't



The house lay in the last light of the setting sun, it was her world.

any reason why he should have seen you! He'd stopped loving you and he did love me. Maybe he thought you were well to do—and at the end, he hadn't anything. And after all, you were his wife for there was never any divorce. And now, that there's no money for funeral expenses—well, of course, if you want charity to bury him. But a grave and a marker and all the rest—here she named a sum of money, a sum that Ellen had seen her mother write upon a check.

"I don't suppose, though," the letter ended, "that it matters much, now. Only he was sort of proud, always."

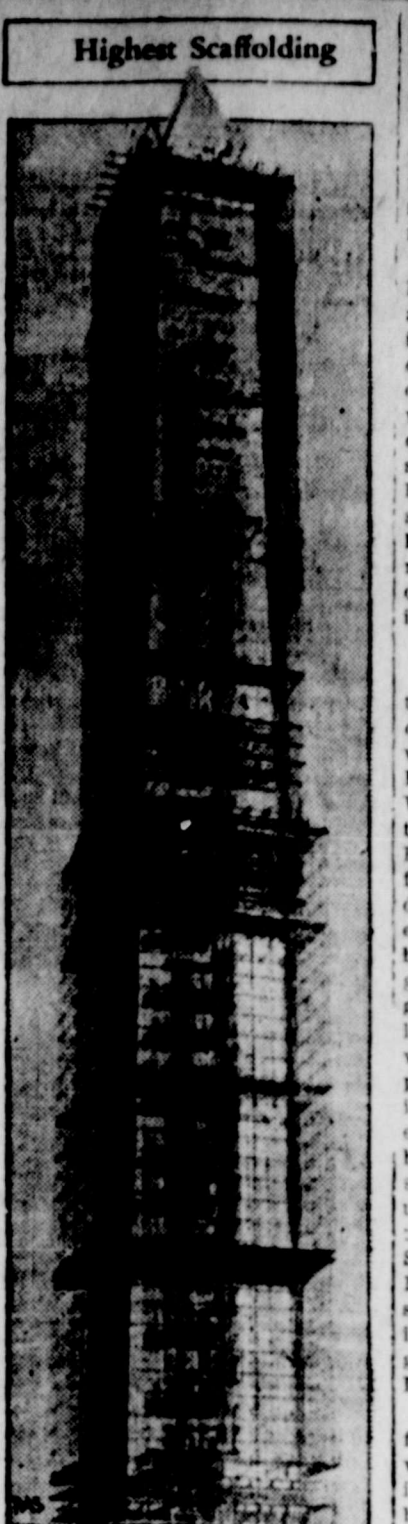
Ellen, sobbing, understood at last. But Ellen was never to know the details of her father's final degeneration, or of his death, or of his burial. All that she ever knew was that the last check her mother had written was returned, duly endorsed by some distant firm of undertakers, to the bank.

She never knew the final chapter of her mother's tragic story! But she did know, at last, why her mother had crept away from the city, from people—why she had tried to shield her only child from cities, and from people.

The darkness, creeping ghostlike into a room of sadness and death and despair, brought with it a swift memory of the garden, the garden as it had been a month before.

Through that darkness Ellen could hear the approaching rumble of the doctor's Ford. But she was aware of it subjectively. The only actual sound that she heard was the echo of her mother's voice, seeking, saying—"Love lightly. Don't get intense about love. Don't give anything. Take everything, but don't..."

Oh, it had been a magnificent lie. Ellen's hand, wet with her own tears, reached up to touch her mother's chill fingers that had been clenched upon a cruel letter. Continued Next Week.



Highest Scaffolding WASHINGTON . . . Above is pictured the highest monument scaffolding ever erected. It shows workmen nearing the 555 feet, 5 1/4 inches top of the historic Washington monument in the job of repairing and washing the great marble shaft.

the activities of the Government are now being focussed on that question. It lies at the bottom of the reorganization of the NRA. It was the keynote of the President's radio talk to the nation the other night. And nobody has come forward with an answer which satisfies everybody.

Perhaps the new NRA organization will work out a formula that will do the trick. Washington is not at all sold on the theory which is being advanced in several quarters, and which seems to be gaining ground, that in the best of times there are always three million men out of work, on any given date. The principal trouble with all the discussion of unemployment is that nobody really knows how many able-bodied, willing workers are out of work, now, or at any time in the past. There never has been—perhaps there never can be—an accurate separation of the unemployed into the two or three classes into which they naturally fall.

Classifying the Workers There are the skilled, competent workers, who give a day's work for a day's pay; the seasonal workers who prefer to loaf in off-seasons, and the unemployables, who often manage to get on payrolls in the flushes of flush times but work only when necessity drives.

There is coming to be a general agreement in Administration circles that a high proportion—some put it at 90 percent—of all the present unemployment is in the so-called "durable goods" industries. The major industry in this category is building, and that does not mean homes alone, but factories, hotels, hospitals, railroads, ships, and every other sort of construction work which produces things which are not immediately eaten up or worn out but are useful to earn money for their owners.

Financing durable goods industries requires long-time capital investments. And it is precisely there that the difficulty begins of inducing private capital to invest. Banks can't lend—ought not to lend—money on deposit subject to call, on long-term mortgage loans or bond issues. The amended Securities Act makes it somewhat easier to float bond issues for such purposes.

The President and Congress The President was reassuring in his radio talk. He came out pretty squarely for the "driving power of individual initiative and the incentive of fair private profit." There persists a fear, however, that the next Congress may not see eye to eye with either the President or with private capital. That there will be more radicals in the next Congress than in the last one is the prevailing belief here. More of them will be labelled "Republican" in all probability; but party labels mean nothing to business men when their

money is at stake. Until the temper of the new Congress has been demonstrated, which will not be until some time after it convenes in January, there may not be any material increase of the willingness of private capital to finance many projects.

The progress made under the Federal Housing Act is regarded as highly encouraging. It is bringing money out for "modernization" of homes at the rate of hundreds of millions, and if the reports which reach Jim Moffett's headquarters are to be relied on, some time next month will start a big movement of new home construction. This may run to a billion dollars or more of investment, with a corresponding increase in employment in the building trades.

Richberg and Williams

As to the reorganized NRA, certain facts and personalities stand out. Personalities first. Two men will run the whole show. They are Donald R. Richberg and S. Clay Williams. They are the only full-time executives provided for. Mr. Richberg was for years counsel for the railroad brotherhoods. He does not believe strongly in government dictation to business, but he doesn't think business can organize effectively and stick together unless the Government lends a hand. Clay Williams, as was pointed out in this correspondence some weeks ago, is held in high esteem by industrial leaders, who have been "promoting" him for General Johnson's job for some months. He is a tobacco manufacturer from North Carolina. A third personality of importance is Sidney Hillman. Mr. Hillman is a lawyer and is the dominating spirit of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the largest labor organization outside of the A. F. of L.

With Richberg's Brotherhood affiliations and Hillman's connection with the Amalgamated, it looks as if the Federation's strength in labor affairs was on the decline. Both Richberg and Hillman favor "vertical" unions, as opposed to the Federation's "craft" unions.

The New NRA Set-up

The new set-up consists of the Industrial Emergency Committee, to shape policies, consisting of Secretaries Ickes and Perkins, Administrator Davis of AAA and Relief Administrator Hopkins, together with Richberg and Williams. Administration will be by a new alphabetical bureau, NIRB—National Industrial Recovery Board—headed by Clay Williams and including Sidney Hillman, Leon C. Marshall, Walton H. Hamilton and Arthur D. Whiteside.

Policies of the new Recovery Administration will lean, it is believed, strongly toward more price-fixing, strongly toward more competition in business. Codes will be simplified and made more workable.

UP and DOWN —BUT STILL YOU ARE THE WINNER! Prices on all commodities have within the recent few months been up and down. Prices on things farmers have to sell have been gradually increasing, and give promise of getting back to a fair level. Lumber prices remain at economical levels, for the time being, and by acting at once you can profit by buying lumber and building materials at reduced prices. Take Advantage of the NATIONAL HOUSING PLAN Higginbotham Bros. & Co. HICO, TEXAS M. E. Bell, Local Manager

The New Brims Just received a big shipment of New Hats for Ladies, including brims and tricornes. Black, navy and brown. Be sure and see these Saturday. Special Prices Throughout Our Millinery and Ready-to-Wear Department. G. M. Carlton Bros. & Co.

"EXIT BOOTLEGGER!" SAY SINCLAIR DEALERS Have you seen the new Tamper-Proof motor oil cans at Sinclair service stations? Sinclair dealers are using these cans to fight oil bootleggers. The cans are filled (and sealed) at Sinclair refineries with clean, pure Sinclair Opaline or Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. The Sinclair dealer opens them before your eyes. You know you got the oil you pay for! No extra charge for Sinclair canned motor oils.

THIS WEEK IN WASHINGTON Unemployment the Problem Washington, Oct. 16.—The big worry of the Administration is still the matter of unemployment. How are workers going to be put back to work? Four-fifths of all



TAXES

time to halt I don't know of any community, county or state in which taxes have not gone up in the past two or three years.

of insurance and other items he can't "work out," so it's about as broad as it is long.

REALITIES are few Most of us live in a dream world, in which we think that there is some magic process, if only we could find it, which would make us happy and prosperous.



Our youngest guests sleep just as deeply as the more mature ones in the quiet comfort of Hotel Adolphus.

Hotel ADOLPHUS DALLAS OTIS M. HARRISON, Manager

"Boy! I can breathe now!" VICKS VAPORUBIN QUICK RELIEF for stuffy head HELPS PREVENT many colds

STAMPS for all taxes I don't know how many kinds of Internal Revenue stamps there are, but it strikes me that the easiest and most painless way for any government to collect taxes is by making it illegal to sell anything that doesn't bear a Government stamp.

Chapel We had our regular weekly meeting in chapel Monday morning. After three songs were led by Lorene Pitts, with Miss Caraway at the piano, all recited the Lord's Prayer, led by Mr. Miller.

Chapel (continued) Then reports came in from both basket ball teams, followed by an excellent talk by our superintendent concerning what our school has been, what it is now, and what it shall be.

Chapel (continued) We should not forget to show our gratitude for this building to those who have made it possible, by taking the very best care of the property and doing our best in our work.

Chapel (continued) On Friday, the 19th, the Tigers and Tigresses went to Pottsville to play basket ball. The girls lost by a score of 40 to 14, but they fought to the last minute.

Chapel (continued) The boys had an interesting game but they also were defeated by a score of 16 to 13. The score was in favor of the Tigers until the last quarter.

Chapel (continued) The Tigers came fighting about sundown and defeated Beattie 20 to 18, playing an extra quarter. Pee Wee Allison was high point man for Fairy, with ten points to his credit.

Chapel (continued) All of the Tigers fought hard and were greatly rewarded as the boys were 19 to 13 in their favor. Davis did some excellent playing

Chapel (continued) The new school building is almost completed. This building is for the first four grades, but the faculty and all the students are looking forward to celebrating the opening of this new structure.

"THE FAIRYS" Written Weekly by Students of Fairy High School

Editor Louise Seago Asst. Editor Ray Miller Sport Editor W. F. Clayton Faculty Sponsor Birdie Stewart

Staff Elected The high school met Monday morning and elected the staff for "The Fairies" to appear in the Hico News Review weekly during the school term.

Keep Up the "Sweat" When we left the school building Friday afternoon, how many of us realized that a month of school was already gone? What have we accomplished?

We must not depend on our teachers to do the work for us, or to tell us what to say, but we must master the difficult studies for ourselves.

Why W. F. is so bitterly opposed to the Pottsville boys' team. Why Wendell Wolfe is so crazy over the blond-headed women. Why Ray has been almost sick all the week.

Members of the Junior class met Monday and elected the following officers: President, Ovie Parks. Vice-President, Eursie Hackett. Sec.-Treas., Evadean Gardner.

Members of the Sophomore Class met and organized the following officers recently: President, Lorene Pitts. Vice-President, Dalton Driver. Sec.-Treas., Donnie Wolfe.

The following class officers have been elected: President, Braxton Edington. Vice-President, Lorraine Blackley. Sec. Treasurer, Ruth Trantham.

as jump center and Elton Freeman at guard is worthy of mention. We don't mean to overlook any, for all played well and we are proud of you Clayton guard, was high point man, with seven points.

The Fifth Bus. Bus No. 3 was too crowded, so an extra bus was put on. This bus which is No. 5, is driven by Wally Edward.

P. T. A. Meets Friday Night. The P. T. A. will meet Friday night, Oct. 26. Everyone is invited. We have a good program scheduled.

Play Last Friday Night "Miss Adventure" sponsored by Miss Christeson, was presented at the High School Auditorium Friday night, Oct. 20th.

Seniors. The Senior Class met three weeks ago and elected the following officers: President, Margaret Blacklock. Vice-President, Dalton Akin. Secretary-Treasurer, Louise Seago.

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IREDELL ITEMS

By MISS STELLA JONES, Local Correspondent

LOCAL STUFF

Miscellaneous Shower A miscellaneous shower was given to Mr. and Mrs. Foster Plummer by Mrs. J. W. Clanton in the beautiful home of Mrs. Homer Woody on Thursday afternoon, October 18th.

Surprise Birthday Party. Mrs. Strong honored Mr. A. H. Barsh with a 6 o'clock dinner on October 19th, which was a complete surprise to him.

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SCHOOL NEWS

Will Present Play Members of the Senior Class are rehearsing a one-act play, "The Rector" under the direction of their sponsor, Miss Johns, and the assistant director, Warren Alexander.

Basket Ball The Iredell Basket Ball Club had their first game Friday night in their new gymnasium with Cranfills Gap girls, or better known as 1933-34 champions of Rosque County.

Football The Iredell Dragons took the little end of a 32-6 score from Hico on Friday, October 19th. There seemed to be too much "Smitty" the Hico boys outweighed the Iredell boys, and seemed to be a lot more experienced.

H. E. Club Organized After the reading and expansion of the H. E. Club constitution, the following officers were elected: Irene Hucksby, president; Nova Koonsman, vice-president; Naomi Jackson, treasurer; Marie Potts, secretary; Jo Heyroth, historian; Myrtle McDowell, song leader; and Helen Harris, pianist.

Breaks Leg At School Little Miss Wilma Ray Burns broke her leg Monday afternoon while at school. She was playing on the see-saw. The break is above the ankle. Her parents took her to Cleburne. The local doctor gave her rest medicine and she was resting well when they left.

When anyone is "out of sorts" the doctor's first question is about the bowels. And the second, what is being taken to help them. Doctors use laxatives, and expect you to use them. But they prefer a liquid laxative. Do you know why?

Doctors and hospitals use liquid laxatives because they've seen the damage sometimes done by highly concentrated drugs in the form of pills or tablets! They know that a properly made liquid laxative containing senna (a natural laxative) does not do this harm.

What to Use There is a preparation of fine herbs, pure pepsin, cascara, and senna which does away with all need of harsh cathartics. The active ingredient is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

IREDELL ITEMS (continued)

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THE SECOND QUESTION A DOCTOR ASKS



My husband, who is a druggist, first recommended Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin to me. It has always helped me and made me feel better. I have used it as a laxative for this entire family for 22 years.

doesn't eat, doesn't gain, gets upset and bilious no matter how careful you are about the diet—don't resort to strong cathartics which may only make matters worse.

County Line
By DOROTHY COLE

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. J. Kidd, Mrs. Otha Pingleton, Dorothy and Judson Cole spent Tuesday in Waco shopping.

Flag Branch
By HAZEL COOPER

J. L. Flanary of Underwood visited his father, Will Flanary, last Monday.

Dry Fork
By OPAL DRIVER

Bro. John L. Wilson of Hico preached here Sunday.

Millerville
By CHAS. W. GIESECKE

C. D. Cunningham of the Duffau community was in our midst this week buying cattle.

Salem
By MRS. W. C. ROGERS

The drouth is still lasting. The farmers are about to finish their harvesting of the Fall crops which was no great task this year.

Gordon
By MRS. G. W. CHAFFIN

Mrs. Miller of near Iredell is visiting her son and family, Joe Miller. She has been sick this week. We hope she will be well soon.

spent a few hours Sunday night with Wence Perkins and family. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Smith and son, John D., were visitors Monday night of Bud Smith and family of Black Stump.

Honey Grove
By MRS. J. P. CLEPPER

Mrs. W. S. Roberts has been quite sick.

Greyville
By PAULINE PARRISH

Everyone was sorry to hear of Mr. Frank Johnson's death. He is widely known and had many friends. We extend our sympathy to his family.

Mt. Zion
By MRS. ALLIE ADKISON

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Polnack and children visited in the A. F. Polnack home Sunday.

Carlton
By CORRESPONDENT

Mrs. Tom Cook of Dallas is spending the week in Carlton visiting friends and relatives, also attending to business.

Mt. Pleasant
By S. N. AKIN

(Intended for last week) Dry weather still prevails in this part of the world. Grain sowing is the order of the day.

Camp Branch
By MRS. RUSSELL COLLIER

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Perry and family and Mr. and Mrs. Clayburn Perry and son spent awhile Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Pitchford Perry.

It's Time

To think of distinctive gifts for those close to you. There is nothing so personal as your Photograph.

THE WISEMAN STUDIO
Hico, Texas

Let's Make BREAKFAST a Song!

Breakfast is a simple matter—and a good deal more pleasant when you can prepare it at the table. And that's exactly what you can do with the proper equipment.

You can now enjoy a 1935 Aladdin Lamp, re. retail value \$4.95 for only \$3.25 when your purchases at this store amounts to \$10.00

C. L. Lynch Hdwe.

ONLY 15c NOW FOR GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN! BOXES OF 12. Prices Dramatically Reduced on Quick-Acting Bayer Tablets. POCKET TINS OF 12 NOW 15c. ON SALE AT NEW LOW PRICES AT ALL DRUG STORES.

NOW—Pay Less and Get Real BAYER Aspirin! Every day now is "Bargain Day" on real Bayer Aspirin. So there is no point in accepting other aspirin tablets, in place of the genuine, Fast-Acting BAYER article.

It Won't Be Long Now!

Do you realize that it is only about two weeks till you will start selling your turkeys? The Thanksgiving market will open about that time and many of you hope to have yours ready for the market at that time.

We Are Now Buying a Few Young TURKEYS Texas Produce Co. A. I. PIRTLE, Manager Phone 209

FEEL TIRED, ACHY—"ALL WORN OUT?" Get Rid of Poisons That Make You Ill. IS a constant backache keeping you miserable? Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination, attacks of dizziness, rheumatic pains, swollen feet and ankles? Do you feel tired, nervous—all unstrung?

