

Cyclo... Way... e, 18... DO YOU... REMEM... One Year Ago... Five Years Ago... Ten Years Ago... LASSI... WANTED... For Rent... For Sale...

Way by "Cowboy" Williams

WHY, TH' HULL BUCKS IS SHOT! TEETH IN THIS R IS ALL GONE, TH' BEARIN'S ALL WORN OUT—NEEDS A HULL NEW INSIDES.

WHY, THA'S FUNNY! THAT'S ALMOST A NEW MACHINE.

THEY OUGHT TO LEARN SOMETHIN' FROM THAT, BUT THEY WONT! AN ALMOST NEW MAN DON'T LAST LONG, EITHER, IN THIS HIGH-SPEED AGE.

WHY DOES A MAN WANT TO LAST VERY LONG, WHEN HE CAN DO A LIFE'S WORK IN A YEAR, SAVE HIS MONEY AND RETIRE? ALL IN A YEAR! THINK OF IT!—YEH—THINK OF IT.

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—IF PAY DAY DOESN'T STOP

Over \$300,000—

(Continued from page 1)

Local farmers more than \$310,000. With the estimated cotton crop in Hall county this year placed at 8,000 bales, there still remains almost 4,000 bales in surplus certificates in the county, it is believed by County Agent James A. Jackson. The situation will be relieved, however, by the exchange of certificates within the county. Mr. Jackson believes. Whereas there are still lots of surplus tags in the county, a number of farmers have sold more certificates than they should have, and through the local exchange, surplus certificates may be sold or traded, he said.

Jury Out—

(Continued from Page 1)

neys and prosecutors alike. The case was developed from nearly five tons of business records, but when the jury retired to the room they sent out only three letters. Insull looked nervously about the room as the jury filed in. When the forman announced it had been found that all defendants were not guilty, a cheer went up from the crowd of spectators, only faintly quieted by the banging of the clerk's gavel.

New Methodist—Eli Couple Is Married Here

(Continued from Page 1)

Clarendon. Mrs. Rea and their son, Clarence, accompanied Rev. Rea to Memphis to make their home at the Methodist parsonage. The new pastor will meet his congregation this morning at the 11 o'clock hour.

Mrs. D. N. Marshall of Hedley received the quilt given away by the Woman's Missionary society at Newlin.

Mrs. O. A. Davidson of Estelline spent Friday here, guest in the home of Mrs. C. L. Sloan, Jr.

Too Many—

(Continued from Page 1)

ing successfully during the past week. The 19 classes in Memphis have had a total enrollment of 535 students, with a total of 2,295 student-hours during the past week, according to Cleron McMurry, city supervisor. All other supervisors report attendance equally as well for the past week.

Permanent Wave With Vita Luster Oil \$2.00

SERVICE BEAUTY SHOP
E. Side Sq. Phone 255J
Oil Manicure 35c

AN INVITATION TO DINNER ON NOVEMBER 29TH

Banish care on Thanksgiving day and dine here.

In keeping with the spirit of the day you will find all the little extras and special service and courtesy that you have come to expect here.

Special Thanksgiving Dinner. Turkey and all the trimmings from 11 a. m. till 9 p. m.

POUNDS CAFE

Mrs. Ara Matlock, Prop.

store—

filling up for the past 10 years. Deep Lake at that time was more than 200 yards across and fed another lake, known as Shallow Lake, which covered a section or more, depending on the rains, Mr. Noel said.

Useful Relief Work
J. E. (Shorty) Hughs has advanced the idea that the cleaning and dredging of Deep Lake would afford a useful project for the local relief administration to consider as a matter of public work. A plan to take at least 3,000 yards of dirt out of the lake-bed was perfected last year and a government project for the work approved, according to Mr. Butler, but because of technicalities the project fell through. The Deep Lake territory is now Good supply of tulip, daffodil, hyacinth and narcissus bulbs for fall planting.

Hightower Greenhouse
714 Bradford St. Phone 491
Member Florist Tel. Delivery

West Texas Utilities Company

Electric Servant

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AUTOMATIC TIMER sets to the minute

This COMPARTMENT stores the WRINGER

...ZEN EXTRA USES besides WASHING AND IRONING!

...IT TODAY!

...household servant like... so compact, so practical!

...day of the... on wash... tric Servant... size QUALITY... with the Super... gentle, fast... doubles the... A Lovell... out of sight... ing is done... Monel metal... and your... becomes an... ace for mix... boromix, new... vered by the... operates washer, wringer... Ironer! The automatic... stops the motor on the... ture you'll appreciate when... silk things or when Thoro... A convenience outlet lets... dio or other appliances for... Don't miss seeing the Elec... it's the hit of the World's... exhibit... brought to town!

West Texas Utilities Company

NO OFFER COULD BE GREATER THAN THIS ONE!

WE'RE GOING TO PROVE TO YOU THAT DEMOCRAT WANT ADS PAY!

FREE!

20-WORD WANT AD - 3 DAYS No Charges at All!

Bring us your classified ad of not more than 20 words. Phone it in or leave it at the office Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday. We'll run it ABSOLUTELY FREE 3 days—Thursday, Friday and Sunday. Why? To prove to you that Democrat Want Ads "get the grapes." This offer is open to everyone. If you have something to sell, something to rent, something to trade or lease, want to buy something, want to rent something, want a job, want to hire someone, want to find something, want to find the owner for something you've found—every classification is included. You may bring as many different ads as you like, but be sure none exceeds 20 words. There are no "strings" on this offer. It sounds too good to be true, but it's a fact, nevertheless, BRING IN YOUR CLASSIFIED ADS—IT'S OUR TREAT!

THERE'S NO 'CATCH' - IT'S FREE!

The Memphis Democrat

Voice of the Upper Red River Valley

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern



France, naturally, would do...
Morgan...
The day following Morden's death...
Griff learns Morden had visited the apartment of ALICE LORTON...
MRS. BLANCHE MALONE, for whom MRS. CATHAY and CARL RACINE, detective employed by her, have been searching, is located. She refuses to answer questions.
Griff and Bleeker go to the hotel where Mary Briggs, now known as Stella Mockley, is staying. They find CHARLES FISHER, Cathay's lawyer, there. Fisher questions the girl.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXVII
Fisher's voice rose belligerently. 'Go on!' he said. 'Come clean who was that friend?'

How of the ten Murder

She raised her eyes to his, said...
"Never mind that," Fisher said. "What is it you're going to tell me?"
"I can tell you," she said, that Frank lived in Riverview. "That he lived in Riverview?"
"Yes."
"How do you know?"
"Because of the telephone calls." "A telephone call that the man put through from my room here in the hotel."
"When did he put it through?"
"Just last night."
"And he called this person in Riverview?"
"Yes."
"Do you know the number?"
"Yes, she said in a voice that was almost inaudible."
"What was the number?"
"The number," she said, "was the number of Mr. Cathay's residence. I took occasion to look it up in the book. Then after I found it out I got frightened. I thought that perhaps it was something that was a lot more serious than I had at first thought. I didn't know what to do. I was commencing to get suspicious of this man."
"He didn't continue to go under the name of Cathay after you found out about the impersonation?" Fisher asked.
"No," she said in a weak voice. "What was his name?"
"Malone," she said. "His first name?"
"Pete."
"Who else did he call besides Frank? Did he seem to have any other person in the city that he was reporting to?"
"Yes."
"Who was it?"
"A woman."
"Who was the woman?"
"I think," she said, "it was his wife."
"What was her first name?"
"Her first name was Blanche."
She gave a sigh, dropped forward in the chair and put her hands to her face.
The lawyer continued his aggressive cross-examination.
"Where did this woman live?" he asked.
"I don't know," she said.
"None of that," he told her, "or it's going to be just too bad."
She dropped her hands from her face, jumped to her feet, screamed at him, "I don't know! I don't know! I tell you I don't know! Don't you stand there and tell me I lie!"
Fisher stepped forward, put a heavy hand on her shoulder, pushed her back into the chair.
"Sit down," he said, "and tell me where this woman lives."
The girl pressed her lips together in stony silence.
"Go on," the lawyer said. "I'm waiting."
"I told you I don't know," she said doggedly.
"You're either going to tell us where that woman lived," said Fisher, "or you're going to go to jail."
"I think," Bleeker interrupted, "we may be able to..."
Griff whirled and clamped his

hand on the publisher's arm. "Keep out of it," he said. "Go on," Fisher said, staring steadily at Stella Mockley. "You've got your chance—either take it or leave it." "I've already told you," she said, "I don't know."
Fisher strode across the room to the telephone, jerked the receiver off the hook with an air of brisk finality.
"I want," he said "to talk with police headquarters."
The girl gave a half scream, stared at him with eyes that were wide and round.
"Out on Elm street," she said, "922 East Elm street."
The attorney spoke suavely into the telephone.
"Never mind," he said. "I wanted to try and find out about a parking tag I received, but I guess I had better call in person."
He dropped the receiver back on its hook and turned to the girl.
"That's better," he said. "Now I want you to understand one thing. If you hold out on me on anything—I don't care how little it is or how trivial it is—you're going to go right to jail. Do you understand that?"
"Yes," she said, "I do now."
"I want to know," he told her, "who this Peter Malone talked with in the Cathay residence."
"With Frank Bliss, the chauffeur," she said.
"Was there any conversation about medicine or sickness or poison?"
"No," she said. "They talked about things that you couldn't understand. Pete would say, 'Did you do what I suggested, Frank?' and then Frank would evidently say 'yes' or 'no' and Pete would say 'Where's the party we were talking about yesterday?' and Frank would make some reply, and then Pete would say 'Do you think that any suspicion has been aroused?' or something like that. The conversations were just like that. I'm not trying to tell you exactly what they were because I can't remember, but it was something like that—things that no one could understand that had been listening in."
Fisher scowled at her moodily. "I'm wondering if you're telling me the truth about that," he said.
"Yes," she said in a tone of voice that indicated all of the resistance had left her. "I'm telling you the truth about everything now. It doesn't stand to reason that they'd let me in on their secrets. If they had I'd probably have been killed by this time."
"And what happened to Pete?" the attorney asked.
"He left. There were some

telephone calls that came in late last night and one early this morning, and Pete called Frank at the Cathay residence and said, 'I've done my part of it. Now it's up to you to do yours, or something like that and then he packed his suitcase.'
"Now, did these telephone calls take place from your room here?" Fisher asked.
"Some of them did."
"How about the others?"
"They were from other places. Pete didn't seem to want to call from any one telephone too much. We'd be out to dinner in restaurants and he'd put in calls from the restaurants. Or sometime he'd stop in drug stores and put through the calls."
"Are you holding out anything on us?" asked Fisher. "Is there anything else that you know that you haven't told us?"
"I've told you every single thing," she said, raising her eyes mournfully, "and when Pete finds it out he's going to kill me."
"Evidently," Fisher said, "you think that this man, Pete, wouldn't stop at murder?"
"He wouldn't stop at anything," she said.
"Why did you keep on with him?"
"I don't know," she said. "There was some fascination that he had for me. I don't know what it was. Something that pulled me to him. It was an attraction at first and after that it was fear."
(To Be Continued)
A \$50 check takes on sudden importance in the murder mystery in the next installment.

1 Killed, 2 Hurt As Train Hits Car
By Associated Press
HOUSTON, Nov. 24.—Mrs. Florence Curtisinger, 34, of Freeport, was killed and Alma Hegar and Gladys Stampely, both of Tomball, were injured today when a train struck their automobile at a street crossing.
Approximately 99 per cent of America's sulphur is supplied by Texas.

All gold... can be exported... individuals... government...
PHOTO... Daily... W. B. STUDIO... Tulliet... 713-16 Main...

SAVE MORE AT MEACHAM'S
We Will Not Knowingly Be Undercut

Fortune Alarm Clock, special	\$1.29
\$1.50 Pinkham's Vegetable Com.	\$1.15
Creomulsion	98c
\$1.20 Sal Hepatica	98c
60c Djer Kiss Face Powder	35c
Close out Perfume, your favorite Odor 1-2 oz.	25c
Flaconette	25c
Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 25c size, 6 for	49c

CUTEX AT MEACHAM'S
\$1.00 Cutex Set, special
Cutex Travel Special
\$4.00 Cutex Special
35c Cutex Cream Soap
35c Cutex Remover
35c Cutex Polish, 8 Small Special

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Here You Are! The Season's First Gift Ideas

VANNETTE HOSE
Beautifully sheer Vannette hose. What woman has ever had fine hose? Truly, an ideal gift.

98c

Ladies' Lovely Underthings
SILK SLIPS
Four-gored skirt of all silk crepe. Lace trimmed; extra long lengths.
\$1.98

RAYON PAJAMAS
Tailored or lace trimmed. A fine selection in both one and two-piece garments.
\$1.98

RAYON STEP-INS
Beautifully designed rayons. A new assortment, and priced so reasonably at only
25c and 49c

PIGSKIN JACKETS
Beautifully tailored, genuine pigskin — the style leaders this year. In cream and brown.
\$5.98

NEW HANDBAGS
Large new shipment of latest designs in black, brown and navy. A real value at
98c

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DR. H. E. HOWARD
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Announces the opening of his office in the former location of Dr. T. L. Lewis.
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Join the World and See the Navy!
JAMES CAGNEY — PAT O'BRIEN in
"Here Comes the Navy"
Also News and Comedy

RITZ 10-25c
MIGHTIEST SPECTACLE-DRAMA
THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!
"CLEOPATRA"
WITH LOVELY CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Warren William—Henry Wilcoxon
THRILL! . Gorgeous girls in rose-scented baths!
GASP! Brutal charge of the fearful Juggernaut!

DANCE
THANKSGIVING
Thurs. Night, Nov. 29
Attend the holiday dance at the downtown Texas Dance Palace—Memphis' newest place of entertainment.
NEW HARDWOOD FLOOR
★ 5-PIECE ORCHESTRA
★ Best of Order
★ A Good Time For All ADMISSION 55c
A couple, including Federal Tax
TEXAS
DANCE PALACE
Next Door To Texas Theatre

The Memphis Democrat

Your Home Paper

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1934.

MEMPHIS, TEXAS

PRICE 5c

THE PANHANDLE'S BIGGEST AND BEST COMIC SECTION

8 PAGES

--OF--
AMERICA'S
GREATEST
COMICS

5 Cents

OUT OUR WAY

The Willets

By Williams

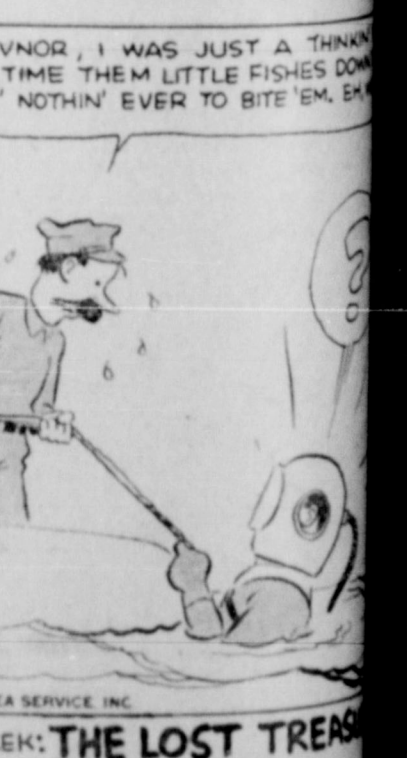
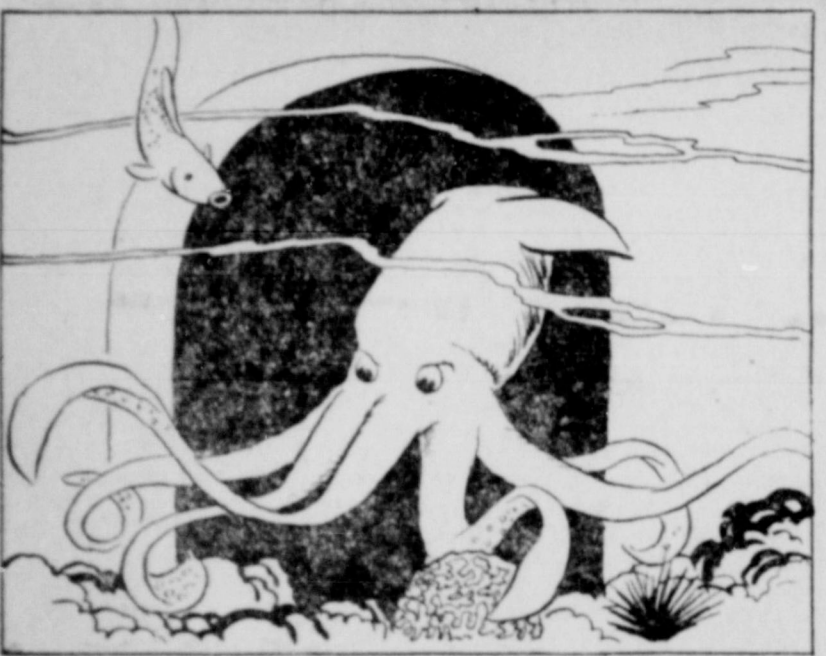
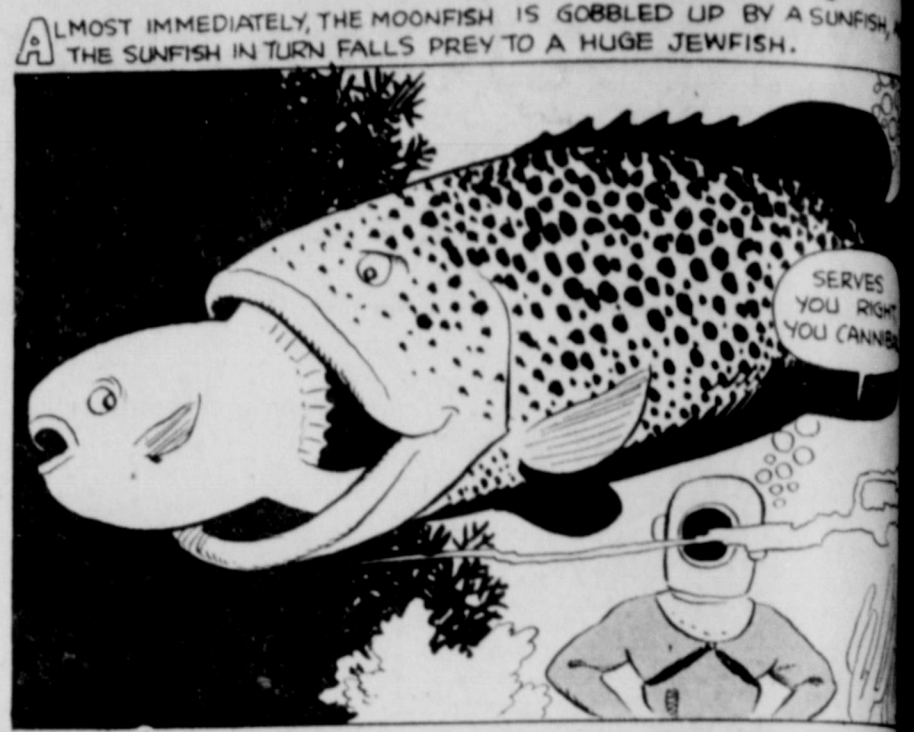
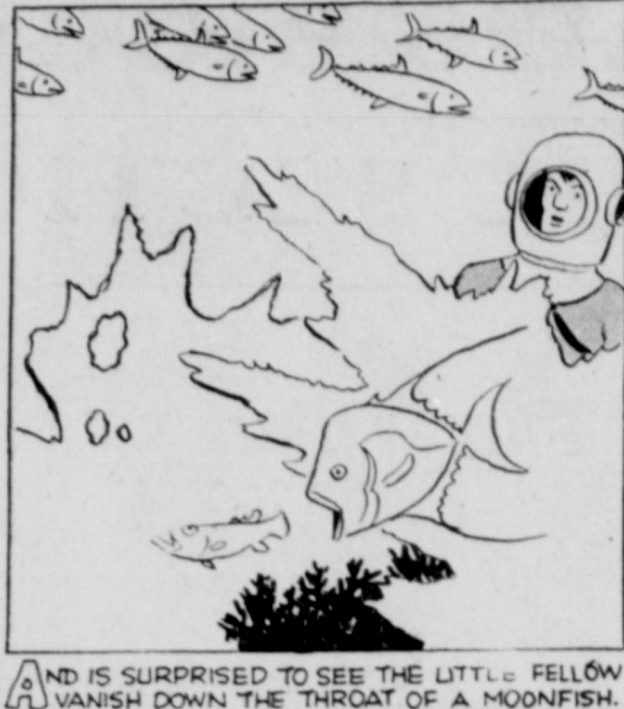


CAPTAIN EASY

ROY CRANE

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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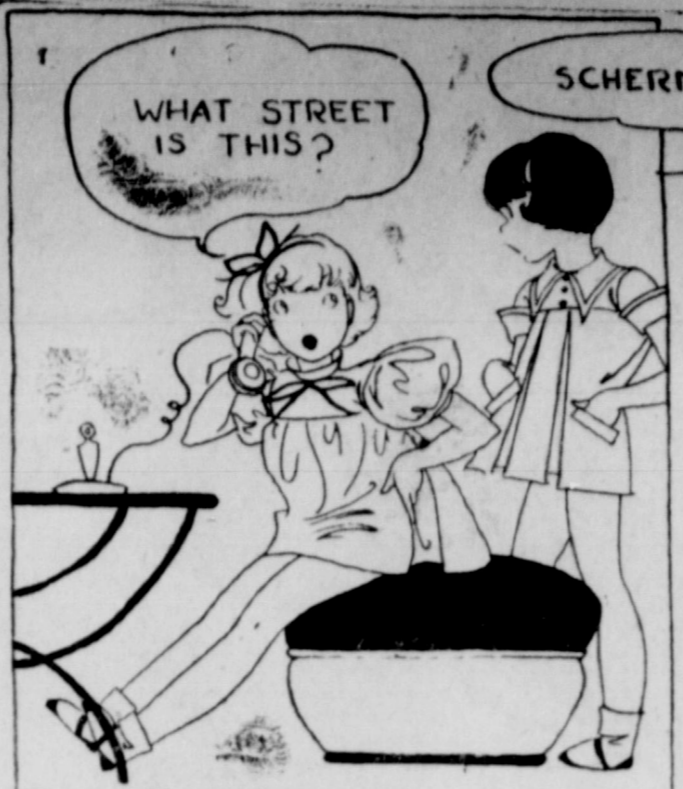
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GLADYS
PARKER



HELLO - MAMMY?
I'M AT NANCY'S HOUSE -
WILL YOU COME GET
ME?



WHAT STREET
IS THIS?

SCHERMERHORN

SHER-
SHER-
HOW DO
YOU
SPELL IT?

I DON'T
KNOW -



HANG UP THE
PHONE, MAMMY - I'LL
CALL YOU BACK IN
A MINUTE



OKAY, MAMMY -
COME GET ME AT MARY'S
HOUSE - IT'S 200 MAIN
STREET!

© 1934 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. 11-25

SALESMAN SAM

There's More Than One Way of Doing It!

By Small



DUZZ, WHILE VER
S UPSTAIRS, SHOWIN'
Y TH' NEW FUR COAT
AT SHE CHISELED
OF YA, WHAT SAY WE
OUT FER A NICE,
ONG WALK.

OKE, SAM!
ANYTHING
TO JOG
DOWN THE
BIG TURKEY
DINNER I
JEST HAD!



MAIN
ST.

I WANNA HIT FER THE
OPEN SPACES, SAM!
OUT IN TH' COUNTRY,
FER MINE! LET'S GO!

JESSA
MINUTE!
C'MON WITH
ME, OVER
THERE!



THE
PLANK
LUMBER
YARD
OFFICE

HERE'S HANK PLANK'S
NEW LUMBER YARD HE
JEST OPENED UP - YOU
SHOULD'A SEEN HIS FACE
WHEN HE SOLD
HIS FIRST JOIST!

WHY, YOU
DUMMY!
IS THAT
ALL YOU
DRAGGED
ME OVER
HERE FER?

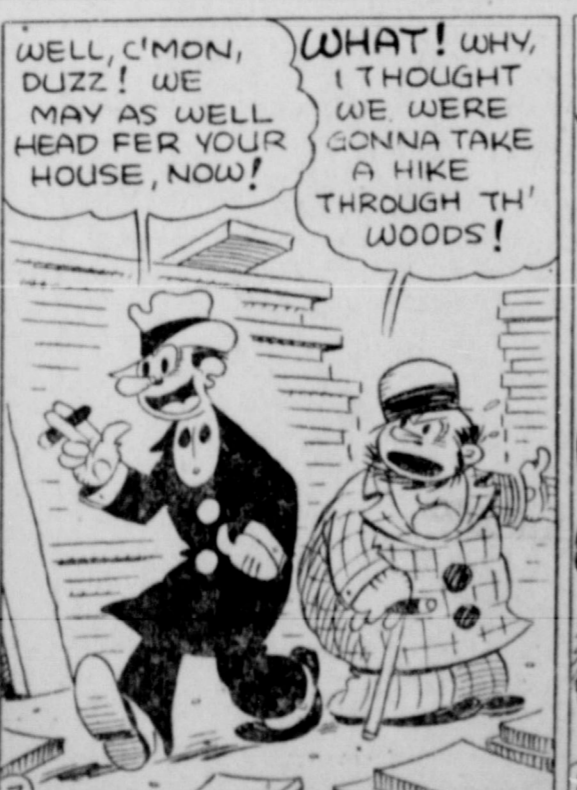


NOPE! WHILE WE'RE HERE, WE MAY
AS WELL INSPECT HANK'S LUMBER
YARD - NICE PILE OF GEORGIA PINE,
THERE!

GOLLY, AN' THAT'S ABOUT TH' BEST
CYPRESS AN' HEMLOCK I'VE LAID
MY EYES ON IN A LONG TIME!



WHEN VER WIFE WANTS
ORDER THAT NEW BED-ROOM
E, SHE KIN GET HER WOOD
Y HANK - THIS IS MAHOGANY!
DOWN THERE IS MAPLE,
NUT, SPRUCE, AN' SO ON!



WELL, C'MON,
DUZZ! WE
MAY AS WELL
HEAD FER YOUR
HOUSE, NOW!

WHAT! WHY,
I THOUGHT
WE WERE
GONNA TAKE
A HIKE
THROUGH TH'
WOODS!



WELL, DIDN'T WE?



PENCIL PHUN

GR-RR!

HEY! HURRY AND FILL IN SAM'S
BODY, SO HE CAN SCRAM.

LAST WEEK'S
SKETCH
COMPLETED.



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

by **LARRY FERGUSON**



THERE ARE ONLY TWO AQUATIC RABBITS IN THE WORLD... THE MARSH RABBIT AND THE SWAMP RABBIT... BOTH RESIDENTS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.



JACK RABBIT'S FOOT ON LEFT... SNOWSHOE RABBIT'S FOOT ON RIGHT.

SNOWSHOE RABBITS WEAR "SNOWSHOES" IN WINTER, SO THAT THEY WILL NOT SINK DOWN IN SNOW. THE SHOES ARE MADE OF LONG HAIR WHICH GROWS ON AT THE APPROACH OF THE SNOWY SEASON.

HARES AND RABBITS

THESE ANIMALS ARE FOUND IN BOTH THE NEW AND OLD WORLDS. THE HARES ARE CHARACTERIZED BY THE GREAT DEVELOPMENT OF THEIR HIND LEGS.



JACK RABBITS ARE HARES... BEING CLOSE RELATIVES OF EUROPEAN HARES, THE NAME "RABBIT" WAS MISAPPLIED TO THEM BY EARLY SETTLERS.

MEN IN THE NORTH WOODS ARE DEPENDENT ON RABBITS FOR FOOD. RABBITS ALSO FURNISH FOOD FOR THE FUR ANIMALS OF THAT COUNTRY.



THE COTTONTAIL AND A FEW SIMILAR SPECIES ARE THE ONLY TRUE RABBITS IN AMERICA. NO OTHER ANIMAL ENJOYS THE POPULARITY THAT THE RABBIT DOES AT EASTER TIME.



A RABBIT'S HIND FEET LAND AHEAD OF THE FORE FEET AS HE RUNS. THE TRACKS SHOWN ABOVE WOULD BE THOSE OF A RABBIT TRAVELING TO THE RIGHT.



ERECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Bloss

YOU WANT A JOB OSCAR? I'VE GOT ONE FOR YOU... I WANT YOU TO CARRY A SANDWICH SIGN!

SWELL, MISTER SWINK!!

TRY OUR GOULASH

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CHAIRS

NOW, HERE'S THE IDEA! TAG CAN FOLLOW YOU WITH CHALK, AND WRITE THINGS ON THE BLACKBOARD... SUCH AS, HAM AND EGGS... TOMATO SALAD, AND SO ON!

...THEN, YOU WALK AROUND TOWN, AND KEEP CHANGING THE SIGNS... AND I'LL GIVE EACH OF YOU TWO BITS!

OKAY!

GEE, WE'RE IN A TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD, TAG! MAYBE WE BETTER GO BACK!

WE MUSTN'T BE WHERE MR SWINK'S BUSINESS COMES FROM!

NOW WHEN THEY GET CLOSE ENOUGH, LET 'EM HAVE IT!!

RUN FOR IT, TAG... RUN!

THEY THREW EGGS, CABBAGES, TOMATOES, POTATOES AND EVERYTHING!!

AW, YOU BOYS ARE BABIES! I THOUGHT YOU'D DO THE JOB RIGHT... I'M PAYING YOU TO ADVERTISE MY MEALS!

WELL, WE'LL DO IT! BUT FIRST, GIMME A PIECE OF CARDBOARD, SOME BLACK PAINT AND A STICK... I'LL SHOW THOSE GUYS!!

BUT THIS BLACKBOARD HASN'T ANYTHING ON IT! HOW YA GONNA ADVERTISE THAT WAY?

LEAVE IT TO ME! WHEN THOSE GUYS START THROWING YOU GET UNDER HERE WITH ME! THEY DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THEY'RE GONNA HELP US!!

SO THEY'RE COMIN' BACK FOR MORE, ARE THEY! WELL, LET 'EM HAVE IT AGAIN, GANG!!

I THINK THEY'VE THROWN EVERYTHING, TAG! WE CAN CRAWL OUT, NOW!

A SWINK'S CAFE SERVES EVERYTHING YOU SEE ON THIS BLACKBOARD!



ALLEY OOP

by V. T. Hamlin



DINNY'S FAMILY ALBUM MONSTERS OF THE PREHISTORIC PAST

PLATYBELODON
(PLAITY-BELL-O-DON)
SHOVEL-TUSKER

THIS FORERUNNER OF OUR MODERN ELEPHANT WAS AN ANIMATED DREDGE - SECURING MOST OF HIS FOOD BY SCOOPING UP ROOTS AND PLANTS FROM THE BOTTOMS OF SHALLOW SWAMPS AND LAKES, WITH HIS SHOVEL-LIKE LOWER JAW TUSKS.

HE STOOD ABOUT TEN FEET HIGH AT THE SHOULDERS



NEXT WEEK'S
SCRAP BOOK
ENTRY WILL BE A
GLYPTODON

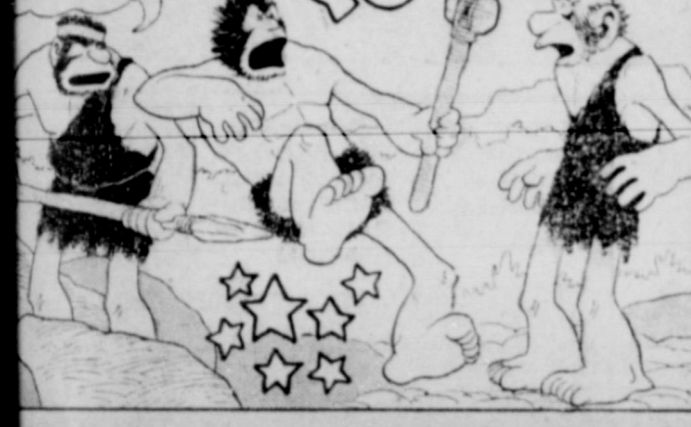
LO, FOOZY, OL' PAL! GLAD T' SEE
SAY, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D
TANGLED WITH A CERATOSARUS!
WHAT HAPPENED?

OH, I MADE A DEAL WITH A LOVE-
SICK GUY - BUT SUMPIN WENT
WRONG AN' HE BLACKED
MY EYE!



HT, MUG - BACK
K - WHADDYA
THIS IS, A
DANUT-
STIVAL?

YOW!



OH, ALLEY, I SAY!
LOOK BEHIND YUH -
HEY!



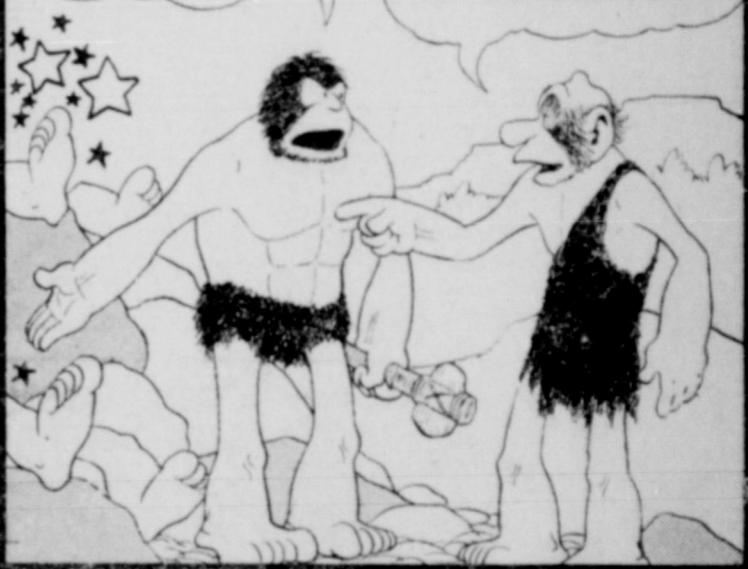
NOW, WHAT WAS YOU
SAYIN' WHEN WE
WERE INTERRUPTED?

I WAS GONNA HAVE
YA WHISPER IN MY
EAR - HOW LONG A
TIME ARE THEY KEEPIN'
YOU HERE?



AW - THEY WON'T TURN
ME LOOSE UNTIL THIS
PILE OF ROCKS IS
ALL BUSTED UP!

WHEN TH' ROCKS ARE
ALL BUSTED, THEN
YOU CAN GO FREE?
SAY, I'VE AN IDEA!
JES LISSEN TO ME!



NOT TH' GUARDS ALL SCARED OF YOU,
S TH' THING FOR YOU T'DO -
SE MUGS UPON THEIR FEET,
E THEM ON THIS ROCK PILE BEAT!
ME AT ALL, THEY'LL
EM UP SMALL,
CAN GO FREE,
B COMPLETE!

WHY -
I NEVER THOUGHT
OF THAT!
HOYKAWOW!
THAT'S JES WHAT
I'LL DO!



C'MON, YOU HAIRY-HEADED GALOOTS!
SWING THEM AXES - I AINT GOT ALL
DAY THANG AROUND HERE!

ATTA BOY,
OOP! MAKE 'EM
WORK! BELABOR
'EM PLENTY, IF
THEY TEND
TO SHIRK -

WE GOTTA JOB
T'GIT DONE!



I SURE GOTTA HAND
IT T'YOU, FOOZY OL'
BOY! YA SURE SAVED
ME A LOTTA
WORK!

WELL, AS I'VE SAID
BEFORE, AN' I REPEAT,
BRAINS IS SUMPIN
THAT CANT
BE BEAT!



V.T. Hamlin
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BOOTS

By EDGAR MARTIN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



JUMP!

SEEING THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE ANY SPEED, WITH HER TWO EXTRA PASSENGERS, BOOTS DIVED STRAIGHT DOWNWARD, IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO SHAKE OFF HER PURSUERS—ONLY TO RUN SMACK INTO AN IMPENETRABLE FOG! ON ONE HAND, IT WAS A BLESSING, BUT ON THE OTHER, IT WAS TRAGIC—AT ANY RATE, BOOTS DECIDED TO RISK A LANDING.....



BOOTS...

HERE I AM—IS EVERYONE OKAY?

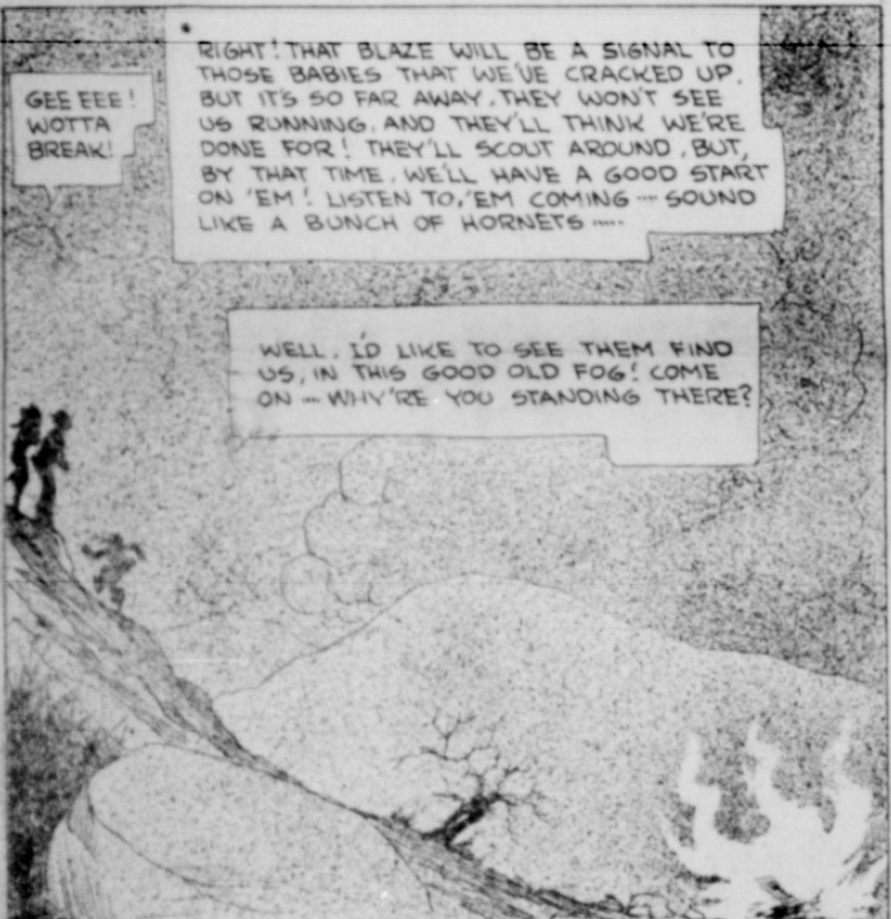
SISTER—YOU'RE A FOOL FOR LUCK!



OH—THANK HEAVEN, WE BAILED OUT IN TIME

FIRE! SAY, WHAT DID WE HIT?

A LOAD OF HAY—LOOK! IT'S ROLLING—WE MUST BE ON A HILL.....



GEE FEE! WOTTA BREAK!

RIGHT! THAT BLAZE WILL BE A SIGNAL TO THOSE BABIES THAT WE'VE CRACKED UP, BUT IT'S SO FAR AWAY, THEY WON'T SEE US RUNNING, AND THEY'LL THINK WE'RE DONE FOR! THEY'LL SCOUT AROUND, BUT, BY THAT TIME, WE'LL HAVE A GOOD START ON 'EM! LISTEN TO 'EM COMING—SOUND LIKE A BUNCH OF HORNETS.....

WELL, I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM FIND US, IN THIS GOOD OLD FOG! COME ON—WHY'RE YOU STANDING THERE?



MILE AFTER MILE, IT SEEMED TO BOOTS, SHE AND HER TWO COMPANIONS FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH WOODS, RAVINES, BRIARIS AND WHAT NOT.....



I CAN'T GO ANOTHER STEP—HONEST! PHEEW

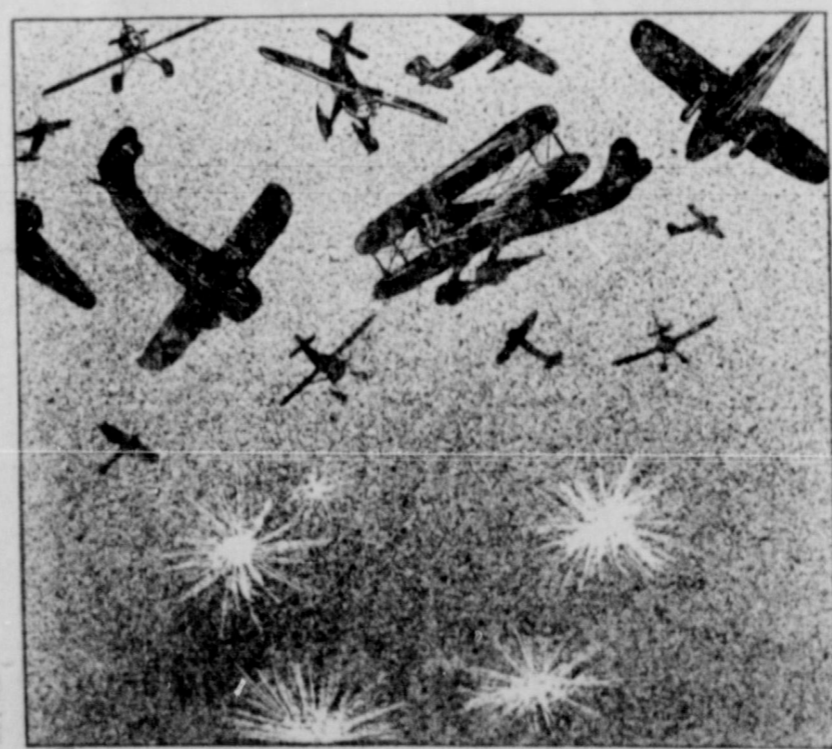
H'LO—WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE AN OLD BACK-WOODS RAILROAD STATION



IT'S A TRAIN! FLAG IT

OH—IF IT'LL ONLY STOP, WE'LL BE SAFE

HEY! LOOK UP THERE!



BOOTS CUT-OUTS! WHILE WE'RE WAITING TO SEE HOW COMES OUT, LET'S DROP IN ON THE BACK HOME FOR A MINUTE.....



OH—I'M WORRIED ABOUT BOOTS

IT LOOKS AS IF BOOTS' TROUBLES AREN'T OVER, YET. A SWARM OF PLANES, CIRCLING OVERHEAD, HAVE SPOTTED THE TRAIN, AND ARE DROPPING FLARES TO LIGHT UP THE GROUND AROUND THE STATION.....

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The Democrat's Daily Page of All Star Comics

SALESMAN SAM

TWENTY TUBES OF SHAVIN' SOAP TO ONE CUSTOMER, HUH? WELL, WHAT DID I TELL YA OUR ONE-CENT SALE WOULD DO? LETTIN' PEOPLE BUY AN ARTICLE FER ITS REGULAR PRICE, AN' THEN ANOTHER FER ONE CENT MORE, ALWAYS BRINGS IN TRADE!

YEAH, AN' THAT GUY WAS SMART! HE BOUGHT ONLY TH' ONES WE SELL FER A CENT!

WELL, WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?

HAW HAW HAW

WHY, YA BIG DUMMY, I WAS THE ONE WHO SHOULD'A TAKEN THAT FLOP!

ONE CENT SALE

ONE CENT SALE

ONE CENT SALE

DUZZ ZEM

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WASH TUBBS

WAITING AT LILYPAD TO WELCOME THE ROYAL GUEST, ARE KANDELABRA'S BIG SHOTS AND THE LOVELY PRINCESS.

CHEERING THOUSANDS FOLLOW THE GALA PARADE TO LILYPAD CASTLE, WHERE HE IS TO BE A GUEST.

LONG LIFF DER PRINCE. HOCH! HUZZAH!

SELDOM, THESE DAYS, IS ROYALTY ACCORDED SUCH A RECEPTION, AS THAT GIVEN HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE PHILBERT OF BULGRAVIA, ON HIS ARRIVAL TO COURT PRINCESS JADA OF KANDELABRA.

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BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, SIG?

OAH - I HAVE OODLES ON MY NOODLE! LIGGEN -

DO YUH STILL HAVE YOUR HUNTING LOOGE IN TH' CATSKILLS?

YEP! WHY?

OH, I WAS JUS' THINKIN' IT'D BE FUN IF WE WENT UP THERE FOR A VISIT, MEBBE

WELL - I SUPPOSE I COULD GET AWAY ALL RIGHT

WE COULD TAKE MONA AN' SOME OF HER FRIENDS, N' MAKE A PARTY OF IT

SAY, BY GOLLY! THAT'S AN IDEA

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By I. ARTIN

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

LOOK, FRECKLES! PROFESSOR BENSON, WITH A SPEED COP ON A MOTORCYCLE... AND THEY CAME RIGHT THROUGH THE GATE!

WONDER WHAT THEY WANT?

DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS... NOT TIME FOR IT, NOW! BUT, FRECKLES, MFGOOSEY HAS BEEN SADLY MISJUDGED! HE'S REALLY ELIGIBLE FOR FOOTBALL!!

PROFESSOR, THE SCORE IS 7 TO 3 AGAINST US, WITH FIVE MINUTES LEFT TO PLAY... YOU WOULDN'T FOOL ME, WOULD YOU? THIS IS NO TIME FOR KIDDING, YOU KNOW!

GET THE BOY... DON'T ASK FOOLISH QUESTIONS! FIND HIM AND PUT HIM IN THE GAME... AND HURRY!

I KNOW WHERE HIS SEATS WERE, COACH! I'LL GET HIM!

OKAY... BUT HURRY!

SECONDS LATER

SORRY, COACH, BUT HE WASN'T THERE! HE MUSTA CHANGED SEATS!

ASK THE ANNOUNCER AT THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM TO HAVE FRECKLES PAGED... AND DON'T STAND THERE AS IF YOU WERE PLANTED! GET GOING!!

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By BLOSSER

ALLEY OOP

YOUR MAJESTY, KING GUZZLE - WE ALLEY OOP FOOZY AND I, TH' GRAND WIZER, HAVE FOUND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO TH' PRINCESS -

OH, YA HAVE HAVE YA! ALL RIGHT, LES HEAR IT - BUT IT BETTER BE GOOD - ER ELSE!

AFTER SUMMING UP ALL TH' EVIDENCE, WE FIND SHE WAS ABDUCTED BY ONE DOOTSY BOBO, AN A ROVING BAND OF KING TUNK'S LEMIAN!

KING TUNK'S LEMIAN? OH, HO! NOW I SEE IT ALL!

YOU DIZZY PUNKS HAVE STUMBLER ON TH' RIGHT TRAIL - BUTCHA DIDN'T GO FAR ENOUGH! DOOTSY BOBO AN' HIS MOB UNDOUBTEDLY DID TH' JOB - BUT THEY NEVER HATCHED TH' IDEA - BUT I KNOW WHO DID!

- IT WAS THAT SLAB-SIDED, BAT-EARED, SON OF A SPIKE-BACKED KING TUNK!

WHY - YER MAJESTY - THIS MEANS WAR!

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By HAMLEN

THE NEWFANGLES (Mom'n Pop)

FEELING SUDE THAT NICK AND HIS YEGGS ROBBED DAN LONG LIL HAS GONE TO THEIR HIDE-OUT AND DEMANDED DAN'S \$300,000

YOU CAN'T SCARE ME, NICK! DO YOU THINK THAT I WAS SAP ENOUGH TO COME HERE, WITHOUT COVERING MYSELF? HA!

IF I DON'T SHOW UP WITHIN A CERTAIN TIME, A LETTER WILL BE OPENED, THAT WILL TELL WHERE I AM AND THAT YOU AND YOUR MOB ROBBED DAN!

GET THE CAR, WEASEL!

YOU MEAN THAT DAME DUCKED OUT! WHY DIDN'T YOU NOTIFY US?

SHE'S GOING TO CHASE DOWN THOSE CROOKS! SHE LEFT THIS LETTER TO BE OPENED IF SHE DOESN'T RETURN WITHIN FOUR DAYS

LET'S SEE!

HEY! DON'T READ THAT, SHERIFF - I PROMISED HER NOT TO OPEN IT

LOOK! LISTEN TO THIS!!

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By COWAN

Impressive Roman held in Chicago silver jubilee of bishop of George Stein was celebratory of the all parts of the cardinal is only Name cathedra service.

Nonstop Hop

Pal Vanished

The farm girl... Mercer, Pa... Pennsylvania... Brunner... Kalletta... Pittsburgh driver.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern



The Clew of the Forgotten Murder

CARLETON KENDRAKE

BEGIN HERE TODAY
When CHARLES MORDEN, reporter for The Blade, is found dead DAN BLEEKER, publisher, employs Sidney Griff, famous criminologist, to solve the murder. Morden had been investigating the affair of FRANK B. CATHAY, wealthy and prominent, following the arrest of an impostor claiming to be Cathay and accompanied by a girl called MARY BRIGGS.
The day following Morden's death Cathay dies of poisoning. Griff learns Morden had visited the apartment of ALICE LORTON, pretty and unemployed. He confronts Alice with KENNETH BOONE, accuses the pair of killing Morden, and they are arrested.
MRS. BLANCHE MALONE, for whom MRS. CATHAY and CARL RACINE, detective employed by her, have been searching, is located. She refuses to answer questions.
Griff and Bleeker go to the hotel where Mary Briggs, now known as Stella Mockley, is staying. They find CHARLES FISHER, Cathay's lawyer, there. Fisher questions the girl.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXVII
Fisher's voice rose belligerently. "Go on!" he said. "Come clean—who was that friend?"
"All I know," the girl said, "is that it was someone who was called Frank."
"You're lying," Fisher told her. "You know more than that. Who was that friend?"
"Just Frank."
Her eyes refused to meet those of the attorney.
"Who was that friend?" Fisher said with slow insistence.

She raised her eyes to his, said desperately, "I can tell you this much, but he told me that he'd find me and kill me if I ever told anyone."
"Never mind that," Fisher said. "What is it you're going to tell me?"
"I can tell you," she said, "that Frank lived at Riverview."
"That he lived in Riverview?"
"Yes."
"How do you know?"
"Because of the telephone calls."
"A telephone call that the man put through from my room here in the hotel."
"When did he put it through?"
"Just last night."
"And he called this person in Riverview?"
"Yes."
"Do you know the number?"
"Yes, she said in a voice that was almost inaudible.
"What was the number?"
"The number," she said, "was the number of Mr. Cathay's residence. I took occasion to look it up in the book. Then after I found it out I got frightened. I thought that perhaps it was something that was a lot more serious than I had at first thought. I didn't know what to do. I was commencing to get suspicious of this man."
"He didn't continue to go under the name of Cathay after you found out about the impersonation?" Fisher asked.
"No," she said in a weak voice. "What was his name?"
"Malone," she said.
"His first name?"
"Pete."
"Who else did he call besides Frank? Did he seem to have any other person in the city that he was reporting to?"
"Yes."
"Who was it?"
"A woman."
"Who was the woman?"
"I think," she said, "it was his wife."
"What was her first name?"
"Her first name was Blanche."
She gave a sigh, dropped forward in the chair and put her hands to her face.
The lawyer continued his aggressive cross-examination.
"Where did this woman live?" he asked.
"I don't know," she said.
"None of that," he told her, "or it's going to be just too bad."
She dropped her hands from her face, jumped to her feet, screamed at him, "I don't know! I don't know! I tell you I don't know! Don't you stand there and tell me I lie!"
Fisher stepped forward, put a heavy hand on her shoulder, pushed her back into the chair.
"Sit down," he said, "and tell me where this woman lives."
The girl pressed her lips together in stony silence.
"Go on," the lawyer said. "I'm waiting."
"I told you I don't know," she said doggedly.
"You're either going to tell us where that woman lived," said Fisher, "or you're going to go to jail."
"I think," Bleeker interrupted, "we may be able to..."
Griff whirled and clamped his

hand on the publisher's arm.
"Keep out of it," he said.
"Go on," Fisher said, staring steadily at Stella Mockley. "You've got your chance—either take it or leave it."
"I've already told you," she said, "I don't know."
Fisher strode across the room to the telephone, jerked the receiver off the hook with an air of brisk finality.
"I want," he said "to talk with police headquarters."
The girl gave a half scream, stared at him with eyes that were wide and round.
"Out on Elm street," she said.
"922 East Elm street."
The attorney spoke suavely into the telephone.
"Never mind," he said. "I wanted to try and find out about a parking tag I received, but I guess I had better call in person."
He dropped the receiver back on its hook and turned to the girl.
"That's better," he said. "Now I want you to understand one thing. If you hold out on me on anything—I don't care how little it is or how trivial it is—you're going to go right to jail. Do you understand that?"
"Yes," she said, "I do now."
"I want to know," he told her, "who this Peter Malone talked with in the Cathay residence."
"With Frank Bliss, the chauffeur," she said.
"Was there any conversation about medicine or sickness or poison?"
"No," she said. "They talked about things that you couldn't understand. Pete would say, 'Did you do what I suggested, Frank?' and then Frank would evidently say 'yes' or 'no' and Pete would say 'Where's the party we were talking about yesterday?' and Frank would make some reply, and then Pete would say 'Do you think that any suspicion has been aroused?' or something like that. The conversations were just like that. I'm not trying to tell you exactly what they were because I can't remember, but it was something like that—things that no one could understand that had been listening in."
Fisher scowled at her moodily.
"I'm wondering if you're telling me the truth about that," he said.
"Yes," she said in a tone of voice that indicated all of the resistance had left her. "I'm telling you the truth about everything now. It doesn't stand to reason that they'd let me in on their secrets. If they had I'd probably have been killed by this time."
"And what happened to Pete?" the attorney asked.
"He left. There were some

telephone calls that came in late last night and one early this morning, and Pete called Frank at the Cathay residence and said, 'I've done my part of it. Now it's up to you to do yours, or something like that and then he packed his suitcase.'
"Now, did these telephone calls take place from your room here?" Fisher asked.
"Some of them did."
"How about the others?"
"They were from other places. Pete didn't seem to want to call from any one telephone too much, we'd be out to dinner in restaurants and he'd put in calls from the restaurants. Or sometime he'd stop in drug stores and put through the calls."
"Are you holding out anything on us?" asked Fisher. "Is there anything else that you know that you haven't told us?"
"I've told you every single thing," she said, raising her eyes mournfully, "and when Pete finds it out he's going to kill me."
"Evidently," Fisher said, "you think that this man, Pete, wouldn't stop at murder?"
"He wouldn't stop at anything," she said.
"Why did you keep on with him?"
"I don't know," she said. "There was some fascination that he had for me. I don't know what it was. Something that pulled me to him. It was an attraction at first and after that it was fear."
(To Be Continued)
A \$50 check takes on sudden importance in the murder mystery in the next installment.

1 Killed, 2 Hurt As Train Hits Car
By Associated Press
HOUSTON, Nov. 24.—Mrs. Florence Curtinger, 35, of Freeport, was killed and Alma Hegar and Gladys Stampley, both of Tomball, were injured today when a train struck their automobile at a street crossing.

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Clock, special
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60c Djer Kiss Face
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Odor 1-2 oz. 25c
Flaconette 25c
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Soap, 25c size, 49c
6 for

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