

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXVII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS JANUARY 1, 1937

NO. 8

CHUNN and BOSTON

Friday and Saturday

Grapefruit, doz.	25c
Campbell's Tomato Soup, 3 cans	25c
Sugar, 10 lb. Cane	55c
OK Soap, 6 bars	19c
Brooms	29c
Dry Salt Jowls, lb.	15c
Compound, 8 lb. carton	\$1 09
Tomatoes, No. 2 cans, 3 for	25c
Walnuts, 2 lb.	29c
Lettuce, large heads, each	5c
Spuds, pk.	35c
Honey, 1 gal.	59c
Crackers, 2 lb.	17c
Toilet Tissue, 1000 sheets per roll	5c
Country Sausage, lb.	25c
Pinto Beans, 15 lb.	\$1.00
Black Pepper, lb.	29c
Flour Perryton, 24 lb.	95c
48 lb. \$1.65	
Steak, lb.	15c
Roast, rib, lb.	10c
Hot Barbecued Beef, lb	20c

Make it your pleasure to sell us your
produce

General Electric

Focused Tone

Radio

Revolutionizes Tuning

Automatically Assures Perfect Tone

See Us for Prices

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63

Weddings

Mrs. Dannie Mae Battle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Masterson and Mr. Winton Bernardin of Taos, N. M., were married Christmas morning at nine o'clock at the home of the bride's parents. Rev. B. J. Osborn, pastor of the Methodist Church officiated, using the ring ceremony.

The house was decorated in keeping with the holiday season.

The bride entered with her son, Jack. She wore a lovely gray traveling suit with dubonnet accessories, and wearing a corsage of tallman roses.

The bride is a graduate of Hedley High School, also attending C. I. A. at Denton.

The groom is the son of a prominent Kansas City family, and is a graduate of Yale University. For the past several months he has been located at Taos, being interested in a timber project near there.

Following the wedding, dinner was served, after which the couple left for Kansas City, Dallas, and other points. The couple will be at home at Taos, N. Mex. after the wedding trip.

Guests attending the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Ray of Clearendon, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Johnson, and sons, Billy Clifford and Charles Neal, Joan Ray Moreman, Miss Ruby Moffitt, Miss Nita Culwell, the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Masterson, and her sisters, Mesdames R. G. Strickland, and Donald Lindsey of Dallas, and Mrs. O. R. Alexander and son J. B. of Amarillo.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Mavis Whiteside and A. J. Taylor which was solemnized on Saturday evening, December 19 at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Vera Whiteside, 117 East Thirteenth Avenue. Rev. Gilbert Godwin, pastor of the Baptist Church at Vega, performed the ceremony in the presence of a few relatives and close friends of the couple.

An attractive arrangement of poinsettias and holly and other Christmas suggestions furnished a beautiful background for the ceremony.

The bride wore a becoming suit with a corsage of tallman roses and baby breath.

The couple are at home temporarily at 706 Jackson Street.

Mrs. Taylor is a graduate of Hedley High School and is now employed at J. C. Penney Co. She is a granddaughter of Mrs. Abbie Bell, 407 Carolina Street.

Mr. Taylor's parents live at Brewwood where he attended high school. He is bookkeeper at the Southwestern Public Service Co.—Amarillo News.

Mrs. Taylor lived in Hedley for a number of years, and has a wide circle of friends who extend congratulations and best wishes.

Miss Ruth Farris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Farris of Hedley, and V. Z. Sampler of Amarillo were united in marriage Dec. 19, in the parsonage of the First Christian Church at Clovis, N. Mex. Rev. Lawrence, pastor, officiating. A double wedding ring ceremony was used, also uniting Miss Jean Davison and Jimmy Little of Amarillo.

Mrs. Sampler was reared in Hedley and graduated from Hedley High School in 1932. She attended West Texas State Teachers College at Canyon, where she was classified as a Junior, and where she made many friends.

A Happy New Year

To all our friends and customers we extend our sincerest good wishes for a happy and prosperous new year --- 1937.

The Hedley Informer

FAMILY REUNION

A family reunion of the R. H. Jones family was held Sunday at the W. H. Jones home in Hedley. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. L. H. McHan and daughters, Doris, Bobbie Sue and Claribel of Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Davis and daughter, Dawn of Santa Ana, California; Mr. and Mrs. Bill Shelton and Mrs. T. P. Shelton of Fort Worth; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones and son, Ivan, of Hedley.

The children present were: Mrs. L. H. McHan, Mrs. T. P. Shelton and W. H. Jones; the grandchildren: Bill Shelton, Mrs. Dewey Davis, Doris, Bobbie Sue and Claribel McHan and Ivan Jones; one great granddaughter, Dewena Davis.

All of the family were present except one daughter, Miss Clara Jones, and one son-in-law, T. P. Shelton, both of Fort Worth.

W. W. SOCIETY

Program for Methodist missionary society to be given in the home of Mother Dishman Jan. 4, at 8 p. m.

Subject, living as Christians with other races.

Leader, Mrs. B. J. Osborn. Educating other races, Mrs. Osborn.

The church and race relations, Mrs. Kendall.

The Christ of all races, Mrs. Masterson.

Cooperative effort between races, Mrs. Webb.

Bill Johnson of Laguna Beach, Calif., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Johnson. Mrs. Johnson has been very ill, but is reported improving.

We regret to report that Miss Opal Cooper had to be carried back to an Amarillo hospital Monday. Her many friends hope she will be able to return home soon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Olawson and children, Thelma and Jack, are moving this week to Littlefield, where Mr. Olawson will farm his place near there next year. Miss Marie Olawson will remain in Hedley until after the school has its mid term examination. Hedley friends regret to see the Olawsons leave.

Special price on blankets at Hooker's.

J. G. McDougal, who is in a hospital at Dallas, is reported getting along nicely and is expected home in a few days.

Miss Jessie Mildred Outwell was brought home from an Amarillo hospital last week, and is convalescing nicely.

Mr. Sampler is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sampler of Amarillo, and is employed by the Southwestern Public Service Co. He is highly esteemed by his many friends.

They will make their home in Amarillo.

The many Hedley friends of Mrs. Sampler extend best wishes for a happy future.

Cash Prices

Sugar, cane, 25 lb	\$1.43	10 lb	60c
Spuds, pk 15 lb			35c
Milk, Carnation, 6 cans			25c
Onions, 10 lb			25c
Flour, extra high patent, 48 lb	\$ 1.58	24 lb	84c
Pork and Beans, Tomatoes, Spinach, Green Beans, Red Beans, Hominy, 3 No. 2 cans			25c
Pink Beans, 5 lb.			25c
Matches, Diamond, 6 boxes			25c
K G Baking Powder, 50 oz	37c	25 oz	19c
Glubber Girl Baking Powder, 2 lb			23c
Calumet Baking Powder, 2 1-2 lb			49c
Corn Flakes, pkg			10c
Shredded Wheat, Post Bran, Puffed Wheat, Grape Nuts Flakes, Wheaties, All Bran, Rice Crispies, per pkg			12c

All groups who want to entertain Saturday afternoon must register for the contest by 1:30 P. M. Saturday

Come in and look our prices over. Many bargains not on this list.

Barnes & Hastings

Cash Grocery

PHONE 21

SERVICE THAT MAKES FRIENDS

A New Years Greetings

As the old year draws to a close and 1937 approaches with its opportunities and responsibilities.

This Bank

wishes to renew its pledge of friendly assistance to our community and offers its facilities, its experience and its strength when they may be of service.

Security State Bank

HEDLEY, TEXAS

MEMBER
FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

WORLD'S BEST COMICS

Lighter Side of Life as Depicted by Famous Cartoonists and Humorists

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



SMATTER POP— Therefore, Few People Play by Ear



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

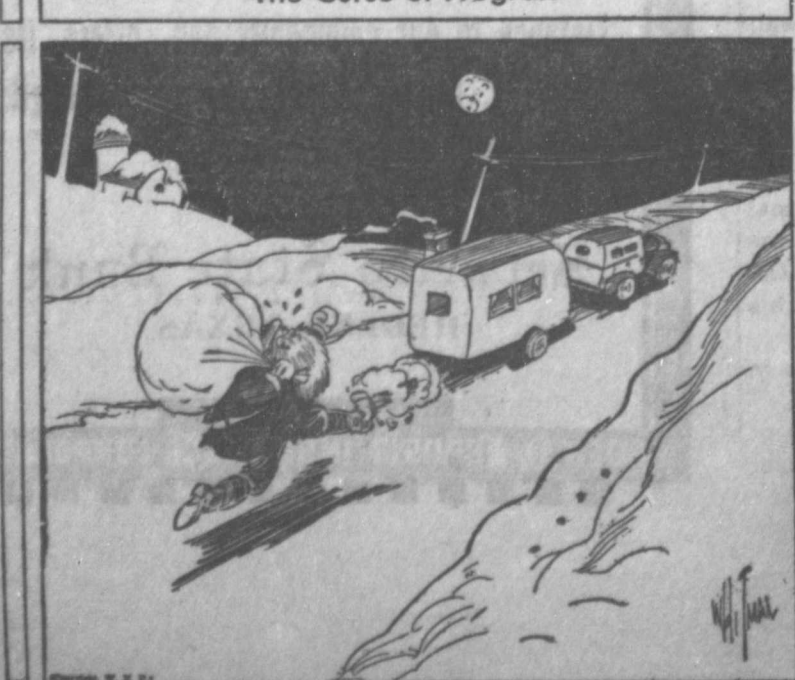
By Ted O'Loughlin



BRONC PEELER—The Leaves Taking



The Curse of Progress



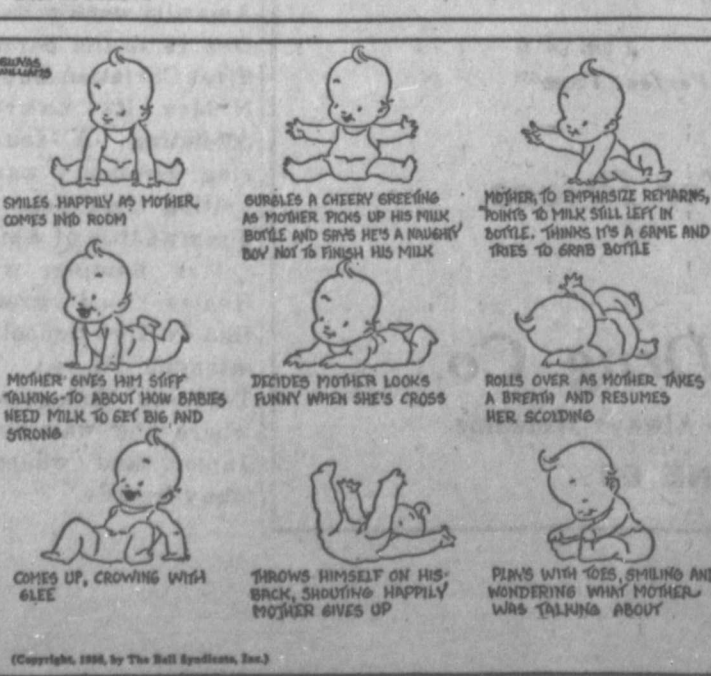
The Business Getter
Elmer's Mother — Doctor, I suppose you will be getting a good fee for attending little James Robey—the family are so rich?
Doctor—Why do you ask?
Elmer's Mother — Well, I hope when you send us your next bill you'll bear in mind that it was our Elmer what throwed the brick that hit James.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Force of Habit
Henry — What happened to you and the school teacher? You said you were going to marry her.
Charles — Well, I got to thinking what a job it would be to write "I must be home by 10 o'clock" a hundred or so times every time I came home late.

Not Homesick
Rastus was in the war. At every explosion he tried to get to the rear line.
Colonel—You shouldn't be afraid, Rastus. What if you die? Heaven is your home.
Rastus—Yes, suh, Ah knows. But Ah ain't homesick.

THE SCOLDING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Foreign Words and Phrases

A cheval. (F.) On horseback.
Cela va sans dire. (F.) That goes without saying; it is obvious.
De bon augure. (F.) Propitious.
Erinnerung. (G.) A remembrance; a souvenir.

Fortiter in re. (L.) With firmness in action.
Ignis fatuus. (L.) Will-o'-the-wisp.

Pour encourager les autres. (F.) To encourage the others; Voltaire's comment on the motives of the English in executing Admiral Byng for cowardice.

Non omnis moriar. (L.) I shall not wholly die.
Lupus in fabula. (L.) The wolf in the fable; long looked for, come at last.

Let LUDEN'S

Menthol Cough Drops

1. Clear your head
2. Soothe your throat
3. Help build up

YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE 5¢

Need for Strength
If we were not so weak we would not need to be so strong.

RELIEF FROM PAIN & COLDS

The original Cellophane wrapped genuine pure aspirin

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT

10c

St. Joseph
GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

THE OTHER WOMAN LIVES JUST AROUND THE CORNER

It may seem unreasonable, but most men cannot understand why a woman who is usually happy and loving should have recurring periods when her whole character seems changed. He cannot appreciate the distress, the discomfort that all women must endure. He does not know what it is to do housework with an aching back and failing energy. All he does know is that other women seem more cheerful by comparison.

Are you such a three-quarter wife?

Don't let the ordeals that all women face cause you avoidable discomfort or endanger your home. Do as so many wise women have—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomfort from the function disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife; take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

MANGE

Mange in dogs is a serious skin disease and calls for prompt use of

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

It relieves itching and irritation; kills the mites which cause it; cures the disease; stimulates hair growth on bare patches; destroys ticks and chiggers. Insist on GLOVER'S. At all druggists.

GLOVER'S WORM MEDICINES are safe, sure. In capsules and liquid form for Roundworms; capsules for Tapeworms and Hookworms.

FREE VETERINARY ADVICE on any animal problem. Please mention animal's age, breed and sex.

FREE GUIDE—Write for it today. Address

GLOVER'S

Dept. D-47, 462 Fourth Avenue, New York City

WNU-L 51-36

AFTER YOU EAT?

After you finish a meal can you be sure of regular, successful elimination? Get rid of waste material that causes gas, acidity, headaches. Take Milnesia Wafers for quick, pleasant elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonsful of milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores.



The Hoot



THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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

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October 28, 1910, at the postoffice
at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of
March 3, 1879.

NOTICE—Any erroneous reflec-
tion 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 res-
pect, cards of thanks, advertising of
church or society doings, when ad-
mission is charged, will be treated
as advertising and charged for ac-
cordingly.

NAZARENE CHURCH

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

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

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



VIRGINIA VALE
Whose Movie-Radio Column Ap-
pears in This Paper.

Now in this Paper

NEWS OF THE STARS of Movies and Radio Star Dust

By Virginia Vale

Twelve million Americans daily go to the movies. Uncounted
millions nightly "listen in." What is happening behind the
scenes in these flashing, intensely fascinating fields? Now you
can know.

Virginia Vale, in her column, "Star Dust," offers all the news
highlights that concern motion picture and radio favorites. Miss
Vale, after two years as associate editor of a motion picture
magazine, was called to the desk of a New York daily to handle
interviews with radio and screen luminaries. Her friendships
with headliners now extend to the great majority of the nation's
stars. This intimacy enables you of a glance into the life of
every great personality on the screen and on the air.

Read "Star Dust" Regularly in this Paper

ENTERTAINS

Mrs. Ralph Moreman enter-
tained last Friday afternoon with
a bridge party honoring her sis-
ter, Mrs. E. W. Henderson of
Jacksboro.

A Christmas tree, a snow man
and other yuletide suggestions
decorated the rooms. The many
clever little bridge prizes that
were chosen from the beautifully
decorated tree was the high
point of interest throughout the
afternoon. High score prize was
awarded to Mrs. Margaret Hol-
land and low went to Mrs. Dannie
Battie.

The hostess was assisted in
serving lovely refreshments by
the honorees. Those present
were Mesdames Mitchell, Raye
Moreman, Leggett, Adamson,
Moffitt, Simmons, Thompson,
Dishman, Johnson, Payne, Battie
and Margaret Holland. Misses
Clarke, Webb, Watkins and
Reeves.

Miss Emma Lowell Plank, who
is teaching school at Rance,
spent the holidays with home
folks.

Leslie Calhoun and family of
Memphis were guests of the In-
former family Saturday.

Rev. Rex Kendall of Luders
spent Xmas with home folks.

C. F. Stimmens spent the past
week end in Amarillo.

Delbert Olawson and Swell
Whitfield of San Antonio spent
the Christmas holidays with re-
latives here.

Miss Jean Day of Aspermont
was a guest in the Frank Kendall
home Christmas.

Ed Harris and family of Rotan
spent Xmas week in the W. E.
Reeves home.

Mr. and Mrs. Buford Hines
and little daughter of Tye visited
in the Kendall home during the
holidays.

Lionel Blankenship, who is
teaching at Elgin spent the holi-
days here.

J. W. WEBB, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas
Office Phone 8
Residence Phone 20

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287
AMERICAN LEGION
meets the first Thursday in each
month

Home Economics 1 A Girls Serve Luncheon

The first year girls have found
this problem interesting, but not
too easy. If you would like to
serve a light but wholesome
lunch, why not follow our plan?

Menu: Macaroni and cheese,
creamed peas, shredded lettuce,
salad dressing, rolls, butter,
apricots, salt wafers.

Our service worked out
smoothly too.

Macaroni cheese—in casserole
before heat who serves it on hot
plates.

Creamed peas—passed by
those at table.

Shredded lettuce—individual
servings at left of each plate.

Hot rolls—passed by those at
table.

Cocoa—poured by hostess at
table.

Clear table—remove casserole
and pad, left side, left hand.

Remove the cocoa pot and stand.

Begin with hostess and remove
plates, left hand, left side.

Change to right hand and re-
move salad plate placing on
luncheon plate in right hand.

Remove teacup, right side, left
hand. Place on serving table or
buffet. Remove cover at the
right of hostess and then carry
both covers to the kitchen. Con-
tinue clearing as before. Refill
water glasses.

Apricots and salt wafers—
served by big sister who acted
as waitress.

No, it isn't any more trouble.
It is just all in knowing how, and
it is fun to learn and fun to use.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

Freshmen Win

At nine o'clock Friday morn-
ing Dec. 18, the award was given
to the class having donated the
most books to the library. It
went to the Freshmen. Every-
one is curious to know what the
award is and the Freshmen do
not have anything to show for
winning nor anything to say.
They can only smile in a very
pleased manner. It's really un-
canny. Can you explain all the
fuss?

The library got about thirty
books besides the money that
was given by the students. Mrs.
Bridges also donated \$3.40.

METHODIST CHURCH

Church School, 9:45 A. M.
Preaching, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.
League, 6:30 P. M.

A hearty invitation is extended
to everybody who will come to
all our services. We extend a
welcome hand.

Next Sunday is "Communion
Day". We hope to observe each
first Sunday by the administra-
tion of the Sacrament of the
Lord's supper. The messages
will be appropriate for the oc-
casion.

Come and worship with us.
B. J. Osborn, Pastor.

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 413

Hedley Chapter No. 413,
O. E. S., meets the first
Friday of each month,
at 2:30 p. m.

Members are requested to attend.
Visitors welcome.
Jennette Everett, W. M.
Ella Johnson, Sec.

Scholarship Society News

The Scholarship Society of
Hedley High School met Dec. 17,
1936, for the purpose of initiating
two new members. Beatrice and
T. J. Hansard. The house was
called to order by the president
Then Beatrice and T. J. gave re-
ports on the pledges they did in
order to join the society. Stand-
ing before a desk lighted with
candles, the president read the
constitution of the society. With
upraised hands, the two new
members solemnly took the oath
of membership.

Delicious Christmas refresh-
ments were served by the spon-
sor, Mrs. Owen, to the members
and one guest, Miss Hixson. The
society presented Mrs. Owen
with a Christmas gift to show
their appreciation of her.

The society is certainly proud
of its two new members, and we
hope that there will be more new
members at the end of the ses-
sion.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

M. E. Wells, Pastor
Morning Services:
Sunday School, 10:00, Edward
Beliver, Supt.
Song Service and Preaching,
11:00
Evening Services:
Training Service, 7:00, Miss
Pauline Caldwell, Director.
Preaching, 8:00, by the pastor.

Subscribe for the Informer.

Mister X

Boy, somebody has been both-
ering Mr. Saunders by singing
Christmas carols. He surely does
know how to get rid of them.

Ask T. J. Hansard about his
interviewing Mrs. Cannon as to
her matrimonial achievements.

Ask Ralph Alewine if he likes
to play ball against Giles.

Well, old Santa did come to
see the library, didn't he?

Scoop! Christmas bells turn to
wedding bells. Watch Oneta and
this column for further develop-
ments.

If you want to know about Mr.
Harman's early courtship, ask
Beatrice.

Spot Laurence has decided
that he would kill himself for the
girl that he really loved.

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor

18th year in Memphis
PHONE 462
Lady in Office

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.
Roscoe Land, W. M.
O. E. Johnson, Sec.

She writes
for
women . . .
BUT
MEN
READ
HER!!



Kathleen Norris

NATIONALLY-FAMOUS AUTHOR . . .
NOW WRITES FOR THIS PAPER!!

Here is a logical, homely and humane treat-
ment of the everyday woman's home and heart
problems . . . written with an appeal that will
find welcome audience with men as well as
women!

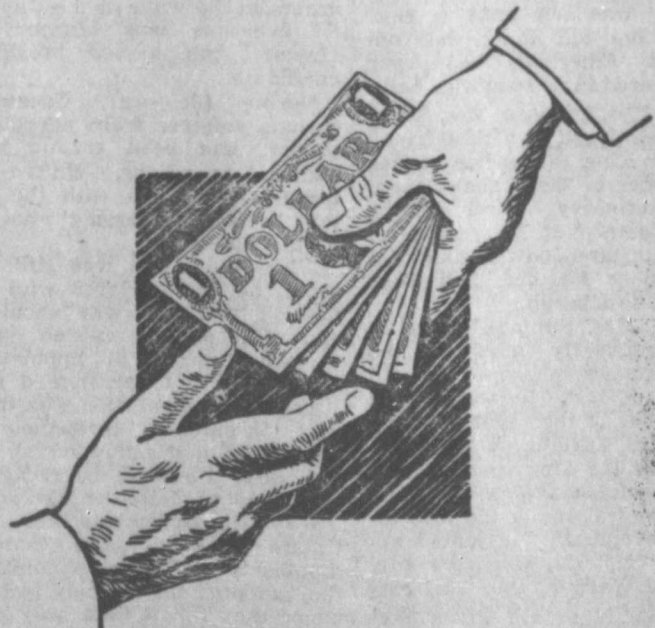
Kathleen Norris, who has thrilled countless
thousands with socially-important novels, will
air her sensible opinions on modern problems
in a series of articles written for this paper.

She tears away the curtains of sophistication,
suavity and conceit behind which so many peo-
ple are hiding. She reveals the stereotyped
personality in its true light . . . frankly and
fairly. And she draws her conclusions about
this madcap age with a determination that
comes from sincerity of purpose.

Kathleen Norris is a social reformer . . . a
campaigner for better things who now offers
you these all-important questions with her
answers and solutions . . . utterly plain, utterly
logical!

Read Kathleen Norris' Articles
Vital . . . Sincere . . . Practical
IN THIS PAPER

May we give you
six dollars?



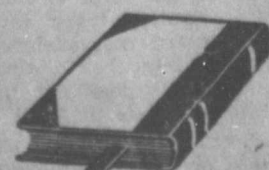
NOT in cash, of course. We're speaking of its equivalent.
But here is something for you to consider:

Every year this newspaper brings you at least three out-
standing novels in serial form. Purchased as books each
would cost not less than \$2, making a total expenditure of at
least \$6 per year.

Like yourself, we could find plenty of uses for that \$6. Some
member of the family is always in need of a new pair of shoes
or some other necessity. But at the same time your require-
ments for good reading material must be met. By accepting
these three novels each year we feel you are treating yourself
to real enjoyment, at the same time giving your purse a
substantial boost.

These novels are a source of constant pride to us. Every year
we select them from the season's most outstanding best sellers,
offered in serial form by a large newspaper syndicate organiza-
tion. We'd like to feel that you—as a subscriber—always look
forward to reading the coming installment in the next issue.
It gives us a great satisfaction to know that here is another
reason why our paper is popular in the home.

You are invited to begin reading
our novels now. These regular brief
visits to fictionland will prove a
delightful interlude from your work-
a-day activities. And it will make
us happy to know that you are
getting enjoyment from them.



WHO IS THIS MRS. SIMPSON?

She Stole King's Heart and Rocked an Empire



Pictures tell the romantic story of Mrs. Ernest Simpson's life. 1—"Wally" as a student at Arundel. 2—In her first bridal gown, as she became Mrs. Spencer. 3—During a cocktail party in Mayfair. 4—King Edward VIII of England. 5—Earle Winfield Spencer, Wally's first husband. 6—Ernest Simpson, her second husband.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

"IT'S colossal, it's the best news story anyone will ever see in our time. It's the biggest Cinderella story you could imagine. It's a double Cinderella story."

That's what H. L. Mencken, the sharp-tongued Baltimore wise man, said of the romance of his Baltimore neighbor, Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, and King Edward VIII of England.

She used to be Mrs. Ernest Simpson when her name appeared in the list of guests at some social function, but now that she has crowded the war in Spain and the communist scare off the front pages, that amiable if slightly informal institution, the American press, embraces her as simply "Wally." Almost any day now you can expect it to become "Pally-Wally."

The "Wally," of course, comes from her middle name, Wallis, although her first name is actually Bessie. Wallis was the middle name of her father, Mr. Warfield, who died when she was three years old. It was the name he liked and the one by which he was known. And no wonder. His first name was Teackle.

Wally Packs a Wallop.

Wally, for a poor American lass whose Ma once ran a boarding house (although the family has never known want, this is actually true as a technicality and makes "swell copy"), is something of a double-barreled wow.

She is only five-foot-four, a slight and soft-spoken little person, but to the readers of the tabloids she is packed with dynamite.

She has won the heart of the most popular royal figure, perhaps, in history.

She and her royal sweetheart have held in their hands the destiny of nearly 500,000,000 people. For the crown is the symbol that unifies the far-flung British empire upon which the sun never sets.

Her romance has put to work goodness knows how many persons in the manufacture of hot water bottles to soothe the nerves of unstrung British cabinet members.

Effects Far-Reaching.

It has made front-page news in even the New York Journal of Commerce and its Chicago namesake.

It brings fat and venerable printers wearing green eyeshades and two coats of ink, up out of the bowels of the plant to the editorial rooms to get a peek at the latest bulletins. "That Wally!" they say, chuckling. "What's the latest dope about her and the king?" It even brings our pert little red-headed switchboard operator, whose hair is usually marcelled a la Nell Brinkley, down to the office with a new, straight-back coiffure, gathered behind, after the manner of the lady of the hour. "This Wally!" she says. "What's she got I ain't got, I'd like to know?" (Editor's Note: I'd like to know, too.)

The Simpson case undoubtedly reached its provocative peak when at the crisis of the deadlock between the king and parliament, it kept Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the husband of a newspaper columnist named Dorothy Thompson, pacing back and forth all night in his room without a wink of sleep. After many cups of black coffee, countless cigarettes and the insistence of aching arches, Mr. Lewis wrote Edward VIII a vibrant and forceful letter which started "Sir," and the message of which was neatly sum-

marized in one of its generous sentences: "David, come over here." Mr. Lewis, it will be recalled, wrote a book called "It Can't Happen Here," although this is generally regarded as merely a coincidence in the present case.

Father Bequeathed Little.

Who is Mrs. Simpson? She isn't listed in "Who's Who in Great Britain." But then neither is Gov. Alf M. Landon of Kansas.

The newest pearl in Baltimore's social oyster was born there June 19, 1896. Although, as a little, blue-eyed girl with dark hair, she could not remember her father, she was always to have his name. "I want her to, even though she is a girl," her mother had said. So the child was called Bessie Wallis Warfield.

Death prevented Wallis Warfield from seeing his daughter grow up. His marriage with her mother, the former Alice Montague of Virginia, had been a true love match. He was of fine family, but comparatively poor. He left little for the widow and her child.

To make ends meet, Mrs. Warfield ran a boarding house in Baltimore until 1908. Then she married again, her second husband dying two years later. Little Wally, however, had an uncle who was wealthy. He looked out for her, and sent her to the Arundel school, which she attended for four years.

Inherits Mother's Wit.

In appearance, Wally was all Warfield. She had the high cheekbones admired by artists. Her broad forehead was well proportioned. Her rich, medium brown hair (now raven black, incidentally) was parted in the center and drawn back in soft waves (it still is). She has blue eyes and creamy, pale tan skin, but perhaps the most attractive feature she has are her handsome teeth, of perfect whiteness.

Her native wit and gracious manner, Wallis Simpson is said to have inherited from her mother.

Wally's first love came to her in Pensacola, Fla., in 1916, in the form of one Lieut. Comdr. Earle Winfield Spencer. He was a dashing aviator and a graduate of the United States Naval academy. He conducted a whirlwind courtship, with the result that they were married in Baltimore on Nov. 18 of the same year. Eight years later Wally secured an uncontested divorce from Mr. Spencer, charging him with desertion.

Recalls Wally's Personality.

The three years following, our heroine spent traveling between Virginia and Europe. It was in London that she became acquainted with Ernest Aldrich Simpson, a British citizen of American birth. He was a graduate of Harvard university, a prosperous shipping broker and a former officer in the Coldstream guards, crack English regiment.

This courtship was likewise swift. They married July 21, 1923, and went to live in a fashionable apart-

ment in Mayfair. They were leaders in the smart society set. Mrs. Simpson, especially, was popular.

Mrs. George Mosely of Geneva, Ill., a sister of Wally's first husband, recently threw light on her personality, which gives indication of how favored Wally must have been in Mayfair society.

"She was very intelligent, smart and attractive, with a very sweet side to her nature," Mrs. Mosely said. "She was very attractive to men. She could no more keep from flirting than from breathing. She could come into a room full of women and you wouldn't pay any attention to her, but the minute a man came in, she would sparkle and turn on the charm."

It did not take long for Wally and Edward to become fast friends. It is said that she early supplanted Thelma, Lady Furness, one of the Morgan twins, as his favorite.

Name Linked With King.

It was not until August 1, 1934, however, that Mrs. Simpson was first mentioned in American newspapers as a friend of the prince, and then only her last name was given. It was not until a year later that her full name, then unknown to American newspaper men, appeared in news stories here.

On Jan. 22 of this year Mrs. Simpson was mentioned as a close friend of the new King Edward in stories about princesses the bachelor monarch might marry. Three months later the names of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson appeared on the court list of a banquet for Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh.

Steadily, Mrs. Simpson began to be more frequently linked with the king in the news columns.

On Sept. 9, last, she was named as a member of the royal yacht party in the Adriatic, then as accompanying the king in a visit to an ear specialist in Vienna. The first real indications of the love affair that eventually blossomed appeared on Sept. 28, when the king entertained Wally at Balmoral castle. While the British press kept strict silence, American newspapers began to carry series of articles on the significance of the friendship, whether or not the Simpsons were likely to be divorced, and whether she and the king would marry.

Divorce Not Yet Final.

Mr. Simpson packed up his bags and moved to the Guards club Oct. 14; Mrs. Simpson moved into a residence in Cumberland Terrace, standing on land which by mere coincidence belonged to the Crown. (As a matter of fact, much of her childhood was spent on property granted to her ancestors by the Crown.) Mrs. Simpson secretly filed suit for divorce at Ipswich.

Three days later the press reported the king to have entertained Wally at one of his estates, Fort Belvedere. In another three days the royal bodyguard was assigned to her. A week later her divorce was granted, but it does not become absolute until late in April.

It was not until Nov. 20 that the wary British press first allowed Mrs. Simpson's full name to appear—and then it was as one of the guests at a charity ball!

The rest is current history, so familiar to everyone who reads that there is no need to go into it here.

"The Man Who-o-o"

Tales and Traditions from American Political History
by FRANK E. HAGEN and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THE LADY CANDIDATE

EVER hear of Mrs. Belva Lockwood of New York? She was the woman who was twice a candidate for the presidency of the United States on the Equal Suffrage ticket. That she was defeated on both occasions is beside the point. The record shows that she was perhaps the most stalwart of the early-day advocates of "emancipation" in all its forms for the lovelier sex. And she accomplished most for them.

In 1882, two years before her likenesses were seen on presidential banners, Mrs. Lockwood obtained the admission of women to the Supreme Court of the United States. It was the culmination of a five-year battle, launched at the Suffrage convention in Lincoln hall, Washington, in 1877.

Mrs. Lockwood was a practicing attorney herself. For three years she had been empowered to appear before the Supreme Court of the District but was barred from the United States body by lack of precedent. She established the precedent. But it required a follow-up campaign of briefs, speeches and bills to obtain the desired end.

The speech of Mrs. Lockwood at the 1877 convention was convincing to her hearers. Contrary to current recollections of the masculine type of woman who first demanded political equality, she is described in a convention report as entirely feminine. As an example: Mrs. Lockwood wore a velvet dress and train.

Mrs. Lockwood was a candidate in 1888 as well as in 1884. She was active in public life almost to the day of her death in 1917, when eighty-seven years old. After women were allowed before the United States Supreme Court she championed the right of Negro lawyers to appear there. Then she shouldered legal cudgels for the Indians, went as a peace commissioner to Europe, engaged in a score of other worthwhile activities.

BALLOTS OF HATE

THE presence this year of a nationally known newspaper publisher on the ticket of a major political party has excited interest in the part newspaper men have taken as candidates in the past.

One of them who was very active was Horace Greeley of New York Tribune fame, a candidate of the "Liberal Republicans" and endorsed by the Democrats to oppose the reelection of Grant in 1872.

Greeley was made a presidential candidate by a reform group of Republicans which had found its nucleus in Missouri with the election of one of its leaders as governor and later held a national convention at Cincinnati.

The Cincinnati convention expected its candidate and platform to be accepted by the Democratic organization, sadly broken up by the disenfranchisement of southerners in the wake of the Civil war. So everyone was amazed when Greeley was named presidential candidate.

During the war, Greeley, a chronic sufferer from nervous disorders, had been erratic in his editorial positions, shifted them frequently—always with the belief that he was expressing what most people wanted.

While the South was still under arms, he had declared with great passion that the war should not end while slavery existed, yet petitioned Lincoln to appoint him commissioner to arrange a peace.

The result of all this was that he was threatened throughout the South and thoroughly hated there. Yet after the war he signed the bail bond of Jefferson Davis.

When the Democrats met at Baltimore a little more than two months after Greeley's nomination they adopted the Greeley ticket because they felt it their only means of opposing Grant.

A small group, it is true, broke away from the main body of Democrats, held a second convention in September at Louisville and placed a third ticket in the field.

Grant didn't fuss around with the election. He won overwhelmingly. It was the first time since the Civil war that all the states voted and Grant carried all but six of them, getting 272 electoral votes.

The states Grant didn't win—Missouri, Maryland, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas, were fairly representative of the territory which hated Greeley. But Greeley died before the results were known. These states would have given him 66 votes had he lived.

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Explains Lightning

Why certain trees are more apt to be struck by lightning is explained by Dr. W. J. Humphreys in the Kansas City Star. "In general, the trees most likely to be struck are those that have either an extensive root system like the locust, or deep tap-roots like the pine, and this for the very obvious reason that they are the best grounded and therefore, on the whole, offer the least electrical resistance."

DO SMALL TOWN GIRLS FIND HAPPINESS IN CITIES?



she has nothing but her graying hair, her fifty-two years, her eager following up of any new friend—any new enthusiast of the "Village," who may afford her an opening to sell a play or story.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THE problem of the girl just out of college reduces itself, very often, to one simple situation. She wants to get away from home, she wants to go anywhere and do anything that has nothing to do with home and home duties, and she knows her people don't want her to go.

Life seems dull at home in the tiresome familiar small town, and few girls are wise enough to realize that to the dull all things are dull, and that to the finely tempered spirit all life is thrilling.

They break with home if they possibly can, and if the family can afford it, and often years later they see that that young, impatient decision was an expensive one; that none of the new experiences, none of the new ties compare with the old ones.

As a matter of fact one is always meeting dissatisfied women, who once belonged in comfortable country homes, with neighbors and a library and a mother and a dad and a garden, but who now belong nowhere. They are professional stragglers and hangers-on, eternally hopeful of a success, eternally embarrassed for funds, eternally changing about. Perhaps they have tried marriage once or twice without finding any happiness in it; perhaps there is a child who is kept in boarding-school nine months a year, and parked with some amiable aunt or grandparent for the long vacation. Such women talk a great deal, and are volubly confident that they have something important to give the world; but they rarely give it for the simple reason that they haven't got it to give.

Molly Kent is such a woman. She is essentially small-town in type, as indeed most of us—perhaps all of us, are. That is, she likes a circle of intimate and admiring friends, likes an occasional party, likes good meals and sunshine and holidays at the lake or shore, and would like a good husband. She has none of these things. They all existed in her home town when she left it thirty years ago; they're all there still, with considerable augmentations in the way of electric stoves, movies, motor-cars, radios, circulating libraries and so on. But Molly isn't there to enjoy them.

She graduated with considerable dash, and almost immediately had the flattering opportunity to refuse in marriage one of the town's richest young men. Molly hadn't a penny, herself, so we were all impressed with the fact that she was unusual.

Her father was a minister whose parishioners were presently convinced, by Molly herself, for she never lacked self-confidence, that Littletown was much too small for her. They collected a purse of three hundred dollars and Molly bought a thirty-dollar tourist ticket and was off for New York. For a year or two she occasionally wrote them; she never came back.

She was an only child, and they were a gentle, affectionate couple, the minister and his wife. It would seem that they might have had some of the joy and pride of parenthood, after her eighteenth year. But they both died without ever seeing Molly again.

Three years later Molly came up to me in a little restaurant called the "Dutch Kitchen," in New York's Bohemian quarter. She was coarsened and hardened outside, but underneath she was the same small-town Molly, giggling and breathless over the great folk she was meeting, the geniuses who let her lend them small sums of money. She had a job in a department store; a job over which she made merry because it was so ridiculously practical, but a job which fed her and her friends nevertheless. She lived with a Russian girl named Tora, who often had men in the cluttered, uncomfortable bedroom in the afternoons; Molly would come home exhausted on bargain nights to find a cocktail party in progress, a gas-collector waiting at the door.

For twenty-five years Molly has been dashing around the same dingy streets of the same city. Her room is deep between the great shafts of enormous buildings and gets no sun. It is bitterly cold from November to March, and infernal in July and August. Molly sleeps in winter with an old fur coat wrapped about her, and in

summer, she tells me, goes down with the crowd to Coney and sits on the beach talking all night.

She has tried marriage twice, failed twice. One good look at each husband explains the failures, by the way. She had a little girl about whom she said she was crazy, and I believe it was as deep a love as her strange, restless heart ever was to know, but Joan died. Now she has nothing but her graying hair, her fifty-two years, her eager following up of any new friend—any new enthusiast of the "Village," who may afford her an opening to sell a play or story.

Well, at twenty it is rather fun to get in with the circus people and ride on the elephants. Years ago it was quite the smart and rakish thing to do and society went in for it; one wonders now exactly why. I remember one clean and sweet and beautiful woman who suffered bitter pangs of humiliation and wept long and loud because after she had gotten herself into the hot smelly lined and interlined costume of the Queen of Sheba the circus manager decided that the big elephant was too much excited that night and that one of the men should ride him.

That a woman of fifty, who has known disillusionment in marriage and the heartbreak of losing a child, who can remember half a century of living, suffering, working, still feels that this is a great lark is only to prove once again that Molly's mind and spirit never have been keyed to big things—that she never belonged anywhere but at home, in the cottage with the yellow banksia and the Dorothy Perkins foaming over it like a tide of color over spring, with the cool green ocean only a few miles away, and with Jim Bates mad to marry her.

And the moral of all this, as the Duchess would say, is that while it is right and natural for children to want to break free and try their own wings, and right and generous for parents to make it possible for them to do so, the girl who is not smart enough to learn within six months, or a year at least, that she doesn't belong in the wider environment, that she is going to be a fifty-rate hanger-on all her days, ends by belonging nowhere.

As the wife of one of the town's fine men, as the proud mother of a line of children, as her own mother's good daughter, an influence in the club, in the charitable organizations of her church, Molly Kent might have had her occasional moments of unrest, it is true. She might have wondered if her life was going to be nothing but cribs and bottles, having the piano tuned and sending home strawberries for dinner. Women usually find this home program pretty filling, but she might have been the exception—the woman whose thoughts do occasionally stray to a more exciting sphere. But even so the hours of happiness and content would outweigh the other hours by hundreds.

A few months ago I went back for another visit to Littletown. It was very sweet in spring beauty of hawthorns and iris and roses; even the shabbiest houses were wreathed in glory. The old Bates house, balcony and bay-windowed, has undergone some changes. Lucia Bates—she was Jim's father's secretary for six drab years—has six almost-grown children. There's a swimming pool now beside the tennis court, and several sleeping porches. Lucia is a quiet woman, but she is no fool. She went to Washington last year to represent a hospital organization; she is local head of the Girl Scouts. She takes long-legged boys and red-headed girls off for weeks at beaches; she goes down to San Francisco for opera week; she belongs to a reading club.

Nothing sensational. But in all truth she gets more real living, real feeling and serving and loving out of one day than Molly Kent gets out of a year.

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GUNLOCK RANCH

by
FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Why, yes, Gus," admitted Bull, haltingly but good-naturedly. "I believe you did."

"You believe I did?" echoed Van Tumbel, enraged. "How did she get a horse out of my corral?"

"Why, she come down here to get her pony up herself—so I helped her a little."

The veins in Van Tumbel's huge neck swelled. Grabbing Bull with his powerful hands, he fastened his iron fingers on the old man's throat and choked him pitilessly, pouring on him as he did so a torrent of curses heard by Quong, who ran to the kitchen door to listen.

Only by struggling for his very life was Bull able to wriggle free from the deadly grip. In doing so, he fell backward to the ground, scrambled to his feet, and ran into the barn.

It was inside the barn that Bull's voice was heard by the China boy begging for mercy. "Why, Gus," he urged, "Jane's a nice girl. Don't take it so hard. I've worked for you a good many years, off an' on. You always found me honest, didn't you?"

Van Tumbel uttered no word. He had pursued Bull to the farthest corner of an empty stall and, filled with silent, murderous rage, caught up a broken wagon stake and swung it over his head. "Don't hit me with that, Gus," cried the frightened man. A low, fearful impression from Van Tumbel answered him.

"Now I'll give you what's comin' to you!"

"Why, Gus, you ain't a-goin' to kill me!"

Grunting and mad for blood, Van Tumbel struck at the cowboy and rained blow after blow on him till he sank to the floor. Then, suddenly, he dropped the stake and, bespattered with blood, staggered out of the barn and over to the house. Quong, watching stealthily, fled in terror for town.

In the cubbyhole office of McAlpin's livery barn in Sleepy Cat, Sawdy, Bob Scott, and McAlpin sat on three stools, silent and absorbed in a three-cornered bout at poker. The frightened Quong, trotting and walking from Gunlock and crossing the bridge, reached McAlpin's in pitiable condition. Throwing his hands against the glass-panel office door, he burst in and fell sprawling almost on top of the intent players.

The gamblers jumped to their feet. McAlpin broke into angry exclamation: "What the devil! Can't we have a friendly game in my own quarters without a drunken bum chargin' in on us head first?"

Sawdy, less intent on saving his money and chips, had turned Quong partly over. "It's a chink, boys. There must be a tong war on."

Bob Scott, coolest of the trio, bent to scan the intruder's features.

"Who is it, Bob?" exclaimed McAlpin.

"It's Quong, the cook out at Gunlock, boys. I'm not mistaken—'an' from his breathin', I guess he's run all the way in. Must be somethin' doin' up at Gunlock."

Laid out on the hostler's little bunk, Quong's eyes opened and closed.

"What is it, Quong? What's wrong?" asked Scott.

With his eyes popping from his head, Quong managed to form a word: "Bull!" he exclaimed, hoarse and panting. "Bull Page!"

"What, Quong?"

"Bull Page!"

"He says Bull Page," explained Scott. "What's a matter with Bull, Quong?"

Quong's eyes rolled in terror. "Gus."

"Who?"

"Gus."

"Yes, Gus—what about Gus?"

"He kill him."

"What do you mean? Bull killed Gus? No!"

"Gus kill Bull."

"Who told you that, Quong?"

"I see ownself, Gus kill Bull."

"Well, I'll be damned," exclaimed Sawdy. "It looks like a straight story, boys. That why you run into town, Quong?"

The China boy nodded.

The trio consulted together. A team was hitched to a three-seated democrat wagon, Quong was helped into it, and with McAlpin driving, the four set out for the jail to pick up Bill Pardaloe. Pardaloe was in bed. They routed him out and drove over to the hotel to pick up Doctor Carpy.

Two hours later the party halted before the dark, silent ranch house at Gunlock.

In the stall farthest from the door they found Van Tumbel's victim. Incredible as the possibility seemed to Carpy, poor Bull, left alone, had dragged himself out of the stall and lay on his back.

Carpy held a lantern over him. His face and head had been battered almost beyond recognition.

"He's close to dead, boys," exclaimed Carpy, low-voiced, to his companions. "Get him to the kitchen. While I'm working with him, look for Van Tumbel."

They carried Bull to the kitchen door. Scott entered carefully and, groping in the dark, struck a match and lighted the lamp. Bull, breathing stertorously, was laid on the table.

Pardaloe tried the door leading to the dining room. It was locked. He rapped on it. He rapped again loudly, but the summons brought no reply.

"Stand to one side, Bob," murmured Pardaloe. "I'm goin' to bust it."

He threw his shoulder against the door. As it crashed open, Pardaloe, followed by Scott, walked into the dining room. The door to the living room stood open. This room, inspected, revealed no sign of disturbance.

Of the two bedroom doors opening off this room, the door, one leading to Van Tumbel's bedroom, was closed. Setting the lamp on the table in the middle of the room, Pardaloe knocked on Van Tumbel's door and, getting no reply, tried it. The door was locked.

Pardaloe called out, "If you're in there, Gus, unlock your door. I'm here to talk with you." Pardaloe awaited in silence a response from within; there was none.

Pardaloe threw himself into the door. It gave so easily that he stumbled across the threshold.

The bedroom was dark. Scott relighted the lamp. Pardaloe held it above his head and, followed by Scott, walked into the bedroom.

They saw the huge figure of a man lying across the bed. Pardaloe, passing the lamp to his companion, put his hand on the man's shoulder, saw that he was unconscious, and peering closer, turned the face toward him. It was Van Tumbel.

"Call Carpy, quick, Bob," muttered Pardaloe. "He's unconscious."

When Carpy stalked into the room, Sawdy with him, the doctor, aided by



"Doctor!" She Exclaimed Faintly, "He's Dead!"

his companion, turned the body partly over and examined it.

"How is he, Doc?" whispered Pardaloe.

"Dead."

Already seized by the excruciating pain that cost him his life, Van Tumbel had left his victim and staggered in his distress to the house.

"It was a quick call, boys," said Carpy to those around him.

Transfixed by agony, the cruel features could not be softened.

"Nothing more to be done here," said Carpy in the living room. "Take Bull over to the bunkhouse now and lay him on his bed."

The clatter of hoofs was heard in the yard. "It's the boys back from town," said Sawdy, looking through the window. Carpy turned to Pardaloe. "Go out and tell them what's happened, and not to touch a thing until after the coroner comes out."

Doctor Carpy came into breakfast late next morning. Jane, who had finished her breakfast, rallied him, as she rose.

"I am late," he admitted.

"Night work?"

He nodded.

Standing beside the table, she was looking over the newspaper. He put his arm around her.

"Sit down a minute, Jane. I've something to say to you. News for you."

She blanched a bit. "About Bill, Doctor?" she asked anxiously.

"Not a thing in the world about Bill. It's—about your father."

"Oh, I know he's terribly angry!"

Carpy shook his head. "Not now, Jane. He's not angry with anybody now."

"Doctor! What do you mean? Have you seen him?"

He nodded. "Yes, last night. You know how sick a man he's been—"

"Doctor!" she exclaimed faintly. "He's dead!"

"He died last night."

She hid her face in his arm and broke into tears.

"Jane, your father had lived his life—there was nothing for him to look ahead to."

"This makes a great change in your life, girl. I guess I'll take you up to the hospital. Bill must know this. Now I've got good news for you and no fooling. You have a big surprise and a happy one coming at the hospital. I took the bandages off Bill's eyes yesterday to examine them—and his eyes are much better. If we can only hold it now!"

CHAPTER XIII

Bull Page was only a broken cowboy, but Bull was loved in Sleepy Cat. Yet even resentment at the name of Van Tumbel in Sleepy Cat was softened somewhat when men heard of Jane's unrelenting attention at Bull's side in the hospital. Van Tumbel was buried. McCrossen took charge.

To Jane's infinite relief, Bull recovered and went back to Gunlock.

At the ranch there was an air of cheer when Jane was installed; everybody on tiptoe to render service. McCrossen was especially eager to please.

"Well, Jane, I guess you know whatever I can do to take care of things is goin' to be done, twenty-four hours a day if need be," he said. "All you have to do is to leave it to me."

"I shall depend on you for everything," she returned.

"Everything, Jane?" he echoed, smiling as if to invite a confidence.

Jane was not caught. "Everything connected with running the ranch," she said evenly.

But it became increasingly evident as the days went by that the energetic foreman still regarded himself as a sutor.

For a fortnight nothing further occurred to break the routine of ranch work, and McCrossen said no more. The general impression in town was that Denison, as far as Jane was concerned, was out of the running. Jane, it was argued, would never marry a blind man, and the consensus of gossip was that Bill's sight was gone.

No excitement occurred in Sleepy Cat until one day John Lefever was reported arrived at Thief River with a herd of cattle for the reservation. Sawdy, who had gone to work at Gunlock when Lefever left for Texas, rode down to Thief River to help Lefever check the herd in at Gunlock Agency and to give him the big Sleepy Cat news.

But Lefever, too, brought news. The two cronies sat down to compare notes and celebrate the end of a long drive.

"I want to tell you somethin' I ran into nearin' Thief River," said Lefever. "There's a little slaughterin' ranch a mile south of town run by our old friend, Clubfoot, the butcher—remember how he skinned us on the horse race? While our herd was headin' for the river, I stopped for a few minutes where a couple of his boys were loadin' a wagon with hides for shipping. I happened to know one of the boys. He wrangled for us, comin' up once. And I noticed all the hides I saw him tyin' up had a Gunlock brand."

"How's this?" I says. "Does Van Tumbel peddle his steers down this way?" He winked at me 'an' laughed. "This bunch," says he, "was poker steers."

"It looks like McCrossen is runnin' on Gunlock cattle to pay his poker debts," said Sawdy.

When Lefever had made his delivery, he marched with Sawdy up to the hospital to call on their disabled side partner, Denison.

Bill had been promoted from a dark room to a shaded one.

"If I knew I was going to lose my eyes, boys," said he, "that would be one thing. I could end it all or settle down to making baskets for a living. But Doc keeps telling me he's going to save my eyes; and that keeps me hopin'—so the days and weeks hang on. All the same, it's tough, when you never were laid up before in your life. What's the news with you fellows?"

The visitors talked about the discovery Lefever had made of the hides at Thief River.

The half-blind ranchman listened intently, not with any noticeable excitement. But Sawdy imagined he could see Denison lighting up.

"Seem' you're not fixed up just right yet, is there anything you'd like us to do about it?" Sawdy asked.

"Why, yes, there is—just do one thing."

"What's that?"

"Keep your mouths shut till I get out of here. I guess you both know I've got a long score to settle with that bird. He was mixed up in burning up my ranch house and burning me up. I'll attend to McCrossen myself some day," he repeated slowly, "in my own way."

The two men left the hospital somewhat uneasy. They laid their story before Carpy.

The doctor heard it unmoved. "Well," he commented, "that's not the first bunch of steers McCrossen has stolen—and it won't be the last."

"Not the first," interjected Lefever. "But it's the closest anybody ever came to nallin' it on him."

"Anyway, I don't think he should be left there to rob the girl right along," added Carpy.

"Are you goin' to tell her?" asked Lefever.

"I am; today. She's coming to town and will be in to see me."

They told him of their talk with Denison. "It left us leery, Doc," said Sawdy. "If Bill gets worked up too strong over McCrossen, he's liable to bust out on McCrossen before his eyes are in shape to give him an even break."

Doctor Carpy waved his hand. "Keep your worry for something else, Sawdy. His eyes got scorched; but when I let go of the boy, keep away from the small end of his gun."

"Jane, you'll think I don't bring you anything but troublesome news," the doctor began. "But this isn't really news. I've known for months—two or three years, in fact—that McCrossen was stealing Gunlock steers. But this is what John Lefever brought up from Thief River today. . . ."

"Now, there's nothing to get excited about," observed Carpy, after he had finished the story, "for it's nothing new. But if I were you I would get rid of McCrossen."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

ONE of the best of the many special Christmas broadcasts this year will be one that brought pleasure to thousands last year—Lionel Barrymore's appearance on the airwaves on Christmas evening with a dramatic version of Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

The part of "Scrooge" has always been one of his favorites. And his performance last year was received so enthusiastically everywhere that CBS signed him to a five-year contract. Whether he likes it or not, he's become a tradition!

There's one man in Hollywood whom all the male stars go out of their way to be friendly with—and all because they don't know when he may take a shot at them. Not a shot with a camera, either—a shot with a gun. His name is Sid Jordan, and you've seen the effect of his work in a lot of pictures. In "The Prisoner of Shark Island" he

nicked fragments from the stone walls of Fort Jefferson just over Warner Baxter's head. In "Lloyds of London" he shot bits out of the decks of Nelson's flagship. And when you see "Banjo on My Knee," you'll see Joel McCrea swimming the Mississippi with shots hitting the water near his head—shots fired by Sid Jordan.

After Fred Allen appeared in "Thanks a Million" he declared that he was through with acting in the movies. Radio was enough for him (it should be, since he writes his programs as well as acts in them). So he turned down a contract to make more pictures and retreated to New York in good order, with "Town Hall Tonight" his main activity.

Now he's been talked into changing his mind. He's signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, and so has his wife, Portland Hoffa.

The Spanish revolution has seriously affected the lives of Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera. They had planned to adopt Mr. Parera's four-year-old niece, who lived near Madrid, but for some time now they have had no word of the child, or of Mr. Parera's mother, brother and two sisters.

It seems pretty funny, but it's true. When Anna May Wong arrived in Shanghai six months ago for a visit she could not speak a word of Chinese. Now that she's off for London she speaks it very well indeed—but in England she's not likely to need it.

There's still a lot of argument going on about Leslie Howard's performance in "Hamlet" on the New York stage. Hollywood stars arriving in New York make a bee line for the theater; whether it's good or bad, they want to see it for themselves. The general public seems to feel the same way.

The dramatic critics, with a few exceptions, have taken their axes to the Howard "Hamlet." They feel that it's pretty bad, and have not hesitated to say so. Mr. Howard has been moved to defend himself in certain speeches. This "Hamlet" production has been dear to his heart for a long, long time, you know. Apparently he was not prepared for the roasting the critics gave him. But anyway the box office receipts are good.

Screen idols, undaunted by what happened to them the last time they spent a vacation in New York, plan other ones there in the immediate future. Their principal hazard is autograph hunters. It's a curious thing about autograph hunters; they seem to have a sixth sense that tells them when a celebrity is in the vicinity. It's hard on the celebrities, of course, but take it from me it's harder on the friends or relatives of the famous ones, who have to stand by and wait while the signing goes on. The fans just elbow them out of the way. The expression on Mrs. Gary Cooper's face while her husband obliges the fans is something to remember!

Odds and Ends . . . Homer Rhodover, who lost that Wednesday night Community Sing on the air, commutes from Indiana to New York to do it. . . . Slim Summerville has a new five-year contract. . . . You'll like Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Love on the Run" . . . John Boles, Texas born, has been made a member of the staff of the Governor of Texas. . . . When Zasu Pitts sailed for England she wore that gorgeous mink coat of hers—one of the most beautiful in the world—which she really bought so that later she could give it to her daughter!

© Western Newspaper Union.

It's Princess Lines Again



A GAIN princess lines are riding the crest of the fashion wave. Good news for members of The Sewing Circle, for princess lines have always been favored by those who sew at home. And for morning wear, the timeless shirtmaker, a perennial choice for busy housewives. Check your wardrobe. It's time to start sewing again, and here are three top-notch selections.

The smart shirtwaister (Pattern 1976) is a utility frock distinguished for its trim lines and as easy to make as it is to wear. Suitable in any of a wide range of fabrics for a wide variety of needs from sun-up to sun-down, this extremely wearable number is available in a wide range of sizes. The notched collar is pert and youthful, there is fullness at the yoke, and the set-in sleeves fit well and wear forever. Send for Pattern 1976 in size 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 3 1/2 inch gingham or percale or shantung.

The slick little princess model (Pattern 1828) needs little comment for the picture tells the story. An utterly simple little affair which buttons all the way down the front, it will make an instant hit with your growing daughter and you can slide it through your machine with the greatest of ease. Just seven pieces to the pattern, including the collar and sleeve band, it is available in sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.

Don't miss these grand numbers. A detailed sewing chart accompanies each pattern to guide you every step of the way. Send for the Barbara Ball Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

able in sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 inch fabric plus 1/4 yard contrast.

The lovely daytime princess frock (Pattern 1983) is a model which can be made and worn successfully by 36's as well as 50's. There is a choice of long or short sleeves and there is just enough contrast in the graceful collar to give the frock a smart touch of distinction. Likewise simple—just eight pieces including the collar and cuff—this pattern is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50. Make it in satin, silk, crepe, sheer wool, broadcloth, challis, or linen. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch or 3 3/4 yards of 54 inch fabric. Less with short sleeves.

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© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Check it before it gets you down. Check it before others, maybe the children, catch it. Check it with FOLLY'S HONEY & TAIL. This double-acting compound gives quick relief and speeds recovery. Soots away, irritates, soothes; quickly always holding, soothing, spoonful on retiring makes for a cough-free sleep. No habit-forming, stomach-upsetting drugs. Ideal for children, too. Don't let that cough due to a cold hang on! For quick relief and speedy recovery, look for FOLLY'S HONEY & TAIL.

Check that cough before it gets worse.

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Hatching Eggs Wanted

We are in the market for heavy breed hatching eggs from pure blood stock. If you care to sell us hatching eggs for the next five months, we will contract for all you have for sale, and will blood test your flock free of charge. We will call for your eggs at Burden's Store. Get in touch with us immediately if you care to sell us.

Clarendon Hatchery

Clarendon, Texas

Bill Haskins and family and Willie Gray Tins and family of Morton and J. T. T. of Estel-line visited in the W. B. Morgan home Xmas day, which was also Mrs. Morgan's birthday. Mr. Morgan states that they enjoyed a big dinner, and that he got more socks for Xmas than ever before.

Ed Dishman and wife and Mrs. Mary Dishman of Clarendon and Gene Dishman of McLean came over Christmas and spent the day with Mrs. E. G. Dishman, bringing a sumptuous Christmas dinner with them, which everyone enjoyed.

Found—boy's brown glove. Owner may obtain same by calling at Informer office and paying for this ad.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bridges have as their guests during the holidays Mrs. Emma Burnett Ardmore, Okla., Mrs. Sam Robinson and baby, Jo Ellen, and Dick Shelton, Denver, Colo. Messrs and Mesdames Dayton and Loyd Shelton, Ashtola, Mrs. E. W. Bromley and son, Jack, Clarendon and Mrs. Loyd Moreman, Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Franklin returned Monday from Saint Jo where they spent the Christmas holidays with their parents Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bellah, and Mrs. Fannie Franklin.

Mrs. A. B. Edwards of Albuquerque, N. Mex., and Mrs. Solon Foreman of Wellington, Kan. are visiting in the P. C. Johnson home.

W. M. SOCIETY

W. M. Society circle no 2 met with Mrs. Alice Reeves Dec. 28. The following program was rendered:

Song
Scripture lesson
Getting acquainted with our work, Theresa Webb
A letter from Searritt College, Ola Card
Intercession period
Prayer
Delicious refreshments were served to ten present, including two visitors, Martha Sue Noel and Mrs. Hinds.

The society will meet with Ola and Eula Card Jan. 4, at 7 p. m. The following program will be rendered:

Leader, Ola Card
Prayer
Hymn, Dear Lord and Father
Silent prayer
Scripture, Mrs. Trebble
Meditation: the New Testament
A Missionary Book, Mrs. Mobley
Song, I Would Be True
Current event, from World Outlook
Missionary topic

The Young People of the Church of the Nazarene have organized a N. Y. P. S. If you like lots of good singing and music as well as a good program you'll really enjoy being with us. If you have an instrument that you play or want to learn how to play bring it up and join us. We meet each Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock.

Reporter

Houston Bell and family of Panhandle and Helen Bell and family of McLean visited in the S. C. Bell home Xmas.

PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas

Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1 & 2.
Jane Withers in

Pepper

Also Betty Boop Cartoon.
10 25c

Sat. Midnite Show only Jan. 2
Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero in

15 Maiden Lane

Also Paramount Variety
10 25c

Sunday and Monday Jan. 3 & 4
Jack Benny, Burns and Allen in

College Holiday

Also musical comedy
10 25c

Tuesday only Jan. 5

Bank Night

Henry Hunter and Ann Preston in

Parole

Also Screen Snapshot
10 25c

Wed and Thurs Jan. 6 & 7

Loretta Young and Don Ameche in

Ramona

Also "The Public Pays"
10 25c

Giving Attractions

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Love on the Run"

Matinees each day at 2 p. m.
Saturday matinees 1:15
Evening shows at 7:00
Selected short subjects

COZY THEATRE

Saturday only Jan. 3

Bob Steele in

Last of the Warrens

Also last chapter Flash Gordon
10 15c

Mesdames R. E. Mobley, Jewell McCaskill and little son of Hamlin and Bill Mobley and family of Amarillo, visited in Hedley during the holidays and enjoyed a big Christmas dinner at the H. Mobley home.

Miss Edith Plunk of Dalhart spent Christmas Day with home folks.

O. C. Luttrell and family of Berger visited Mrs. Luttrell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Anderson Friday night and Saturday.

Miss Rita Culwell, teacher in the Mercedes schools spent the holidays here.

Sid Thomas and family of Tip-ton, Okla. visited in the W. C. Payne home this week.

W. M. Biffle and family spent the Christmas holidays in Okla.

Men's winter underwear at reduced prices at Hooker's.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Goin, Thursday, Dec. 24, a fine 12 lb. baby boy. He has been named Larkin Aquila.

Mrs. C. L. Goin is improving after her illness.

Harry Burden and family visited in Paris during the Xmas holidays.

Mrs. P. T. Boston of Shamrock visited Mrs. C. L. Goin Monday.

Food Specials

These prices are for Cash Only. If your account is past due please don't ask us to charge it.

Meal, 20 lb. cream	68c
Spuds, pk.	35c
Coffee, Maxwell House, 3 lb.	79c
Beans, pink, they cook good, 5 lb.	25c
Crackers, 2 lb. box	17c
Stock salt, 100 lb.	75c
Good Brooms	29c
Pickles, sour, 26 oz jar	15c
Mustard, 2 qt.	25c

Fruit

Bananas, large, doz.	20c
Apples, large delicious, doz.	28c
Oranges, nice size, doz.	15c
Grapefruit, doz.	25c
Lemons, doz.	25c

Fresh Vegetables of all kinds

Market Specials

Pork Sausage, like dad makes, lb.	23c
Fresh Side Bacon, lb.	20c
Pork Chops, lb.	23c
Pork Ham, lb.	25c
Good Steak, lb.	15c
Steak, choice cuts, lb.	23c

Highest prices paid for cream, poultry and eggs. I will buy your cattle, hogs, feed and seed.

Harry Burden Grocery and Market

PHONE 15

Food Specials

Saturday night we will close for one week for inventory and repairs. We will reopen Saturday the 9th under a new system, Strictly Cash.

Cocoanuts, fresh, each	7c
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Grapefruit, doz.	25c	Grapefruit, No. 1, bu.	\$1.19
Brazil Nuts, lb.	18c	Walnuts, lb.	18c
Pecans, large, lb.	23c	Syrup, ribbon cane, gal.	59c
Oranges, doz.	15c	Sorghum, gal.	59c
Mixed Candy, 2 lb.	23c	Brer Rabbit, gal.	59c

Lemons, doz.	25c
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Campbell Tomato Juice, 3 for	25c	Prince Albert, per can	11c
Campbell Tomato Soup, 3 for	25c	Steak, fat and tender, lb.	15c
Hominy, No. 2 1-2 can	10c	Roast, 2 lb.	25c
Black Pepper, lb. can	29c	Cheese, cream, lb.	25c
1-2 lb. can	15c	Mackerel, 3 cans	25c

Salmon, can	11c
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Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

'M' SYSTEM

CHURCH OF CHRIST

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

Everybody is invited to come out and hear him.

Bible Classes every Sunday morning from 10 to 11 o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

NAZARENE CHURCH

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

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets the first Thursday in each month

METHODIST CHURCH

Church School, 9:45 A. M.
Preaching, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.
League, 6:30 P. M.

A hearty invitation is extended to everybody who will come to all our services. We extend a welcome hand.

Next Sunday is "Communion Day". We hope to observe each first Sunday by the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's supper. The messages will be appropriate for the occasion.

Come and worship with us.
B. J. Osborn, Pastor.

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.
Roscoe Land, W. M.
C. E. Johnson, Sec.

Mr. and Mrs. Flathers of Per-ryton spent Xmas in the Chas. Rains home.

Mrs. Mary Reast spent the Xmas holidays with her daughter at Harlingen, Texas.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

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

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

M. E. Wells, Pastor
Morning Services:
Sunday School, 10:00, Edward Boliver, Supt.
Song Service and Preaching, 11:00
Evening Services:
Training Service, 7:00, Miss Pauline Caldwell, Director.
Preaching, 8:00, by the pastor.

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 413

Hedley Chapter No. 413, O. E. S., meets the first Friday of each month, at 2:30 p. m.

Members are requested to attend. Visitors welcome.
Jennette Everett, W. M.
Ella Johnson, Sec.

J. W. WEBB, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas
Office Phone 8
Residence Phone 28

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD
Chiropractor
15th year in Memphis
PHONE 462
Lady in Office