

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXVII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, DECEMBER 18, 1936

NO. 6

**C H U N D N**  
**B A O S T O N**

## Christmas Greetings

We take pleasure in wishing all our friends and customers much success and happiness during the Holidays and coming year.

We list our specials to continue through Xmas week.

Walnuts, No. 1, lb.	21c
Oranges Small, doz.	19c
Large, doz.	29c
National Fireworks at market price	
Candy Fancy mixed, lb.	15c
Christmas mixed, 2 lb.	25c
Cigarettes, carton	\$1.49
Christmas Trees, each	35c to 69c
Fresh Coconuts, 3 for	25c
Brazil Nuts, lb.	19c
Bar Candy per box	79c
Mincemeat, 3 boxes	25c
Shredded Coconut, lb.	19c
Cocoa, Hershey, 2 1 lb. boxes	25c
Pineapple, flats, 3 cans	25c
Dates, 1 1/2 lb. pkg.	25c
Jello, all flavors, pkg.	5c
Powdered Sugar, 2 lb.	15c

Please call for your tickets on our special premium offering

Pecans, walnuts, gum drops, pineapple, cherries, lemon, citron, orange peel and mixed fruits for cakes.

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

## John W. Bond Dies

John William Bond passed away at the family home in Canyon last Friday night, and funeral services were held at the Methodist Church at 2:00 P. M. Sunday, conducted by his pastor Rev. J. O. Quattlebaum of the Canyon Methodist Church assisted by Rev. B. J. Osborn of Hedley. Born in Missouri, he moved to Texas when a boy and grew to manhood in Wise Co. where he married, and came to Donley Co. some 80 years with his family. He lived in Hedley until some seven years ago, when he moved to Canyon, where he and his son, Sam, conducted a drug and confection business near the college.

Mr. Bond was 78 years old at the time of his passing. He leaves a wife, two daughters, Miss Ethel Bond and Mrs. Bertha Latimer, and two sons, Loren and Sam.

This family were among the charter members of the Methodist Church at this place, and a man of sterling integrity, a Christian gentleman in every sense of the word.

His Masonic brethren, among whom he had been a teacher for years, took charge of the remains at the close of the service, and he was laid to rest in the family plot in the Rowe Cemetery.

A friend

## NOTICE

It is a violation of a city ordinance to shoot fireworks within the fire limits of the city of Hedley, and all who wish to shoot fireworks are warned to do so outside the fire limits.

C. E. Johnson, Mayor

## School Program

The Primary Grades are giving a little operetta "Tales of the Toys" by Lillian Vandevare and Gladys Pitcher, Friday afternoon at one thirty o'clock. The public is invited.

Born, Friday, Dec. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Tom McDeugal, a fine baby boy.

## Social

One of the nicest affairs of the season took place when the Dorcas class of the First Baptist Church entertained the T. E. L. and Mothers classes at the home of Mrs. W. O. Bridges.

The rooms were decorated in Christmas colors, and the candles and tree made us feel like it was Santa Claus time.

A program was rendered by the Dorcas class, and all the group joined in singing Christmas carols. At the close of the program Old Santa came and gave every one who had been good a gift.

Delicious refreshments were served to over 30. We are sorry all the members were not there. We had a great time, and will be glad to have another invitation from the Dorcas class.

We are sorry to report the death of Supt. W. O. Payne's grandfather, M. S. Payne. Mr. Payne and family attended the funeral services at Waxahatchie last Wednesday.

Max Webb is in a hospital at Ft. Worth, where he is undergoing medical treatment.

J. G. McDeugal is ill in Baylor hospital at Dallas.

## Warning

Without attempting to detract from any person's enjoyment of the Xmas season, the sheriff's office wishes to call attention to the fact that driving a car while intoxicated to any degree is illegal, regardless of whether the driver is completely drunk or not, and all violators will be prosecuted. We ask the cooperation of all good citizens in eliminating this evil.

Guy S. Pierce, Sheriff

J. W. Noel was elected vice president of the Greenbelt Bankers Assn. in their quarterly meeting at Memphis last Tuesday night.

## Christmas Service

Next Sunday is Christmas Sunday. We are looking for every member of the church and all others who care to worship with us, to be present. Christmas is a great day. On Sunday, at this time of the year, we should all be in a worshipful mood, and come to the house of the Lord, and praise His name.

We shall try to have an appropriate message that will be helpful. We need the presence of all the people to inspire us in delivering the message. Please do not disappoint us.

Meet us at the Methodist Church Sunday morning, on time.

Yours for a great service,  
B. J. Osborn

## Christmas Bridge Party

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Kinslow entertained with a most enjoyable Christmas bridge party at their pretty new home Wednesday evening, Dec. 2.

A green and red color scheme was emphasized in the decorations, and flowers were used in the entertaining rooms.

A delectable turkey dinner was served to Messrs. and Mesdames Hobart Moffitt Lyman Spalding, Lake Dishman, Alva Simmons, George Thompson, Leon Reeves, Zeb Mitchell, Eb Hooker, Ted Dudley, J. W. Webb, Clifford Johnson, Mrs. Mary Dishman, Mrs. Dannie Battle and Misses Odie Watkins, Ruby Moffitt, Myrtle Reeves, Theresa Webb and Branch Watkins.

Sam M. Braswell returned to Clearendon this week as editor of the News, he having bought back the plant from Fred Williams, to whom he sold it in July 1935. For some time Mr. Braswell has been editing the Paducah Post. Donley county people are glad to have the Braswells return. Miss Jo Ella Stewart has also returned from Paducah to work on the News.

Bro. Wells, Bro. DeBord and T. F. Heath attended the Plan handle Baptist Workers Conference at Lakeview Tuesday.

Miss Nina Mae Bailey of Fort Worth is visiting here this week.

Rev. M. E. Wells preached at Groom Sunday at the morning service. Truman Caldwell filled the pulpit at the Baptist Church here.

Miss Opal Cooper was brought home from the hospital at Amarillo Monday and is doing nicely.

Earl Reeves of Hot Springs, N. Mex., is visiting relatives here.

## Cash Prices

Sugar, cane, 25 lb	\$1.38	10 lb	58c
Spuds, pk 15 lb			35c
Milk, Carnation, 6 cans			25c
Pork and Beans, 4 one pound cans			25c
Tomatoes, 3 No. 2 cans			25c
Raisins, 4 lb pkg	33c	2 lb	17c
Walnuts, lb	20c	Pecans, lb	23c

## Candy

Mixed, all kinds, lb	12 1-2c
Sugar stick, lb	13c
Bars, 3 for	10c

## Oranges and Apples

Ask for prices on sizes.

Crackers	15c
Peanut Butter, 3 1-2 lb	49c
Syrup, Diamond A, gal	55c
1-2 gal	30c
Don't forget your Sugar Cure for	49c

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

### Do Your Xmas Shopping in Hedley

This year our merchants have worked hard, they have spent a large amount of money to obtain a new and complete stock of merchandise for your approval.

Justify their faith in you by buying your Christmas gifts in Hedley.

Don't forget--nothing ever paid greater dividends or more handsome returns than loyalty to your home town.

Security State Bank  
HEDLEY, TEXAS

MEMBER  
FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

# THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

## THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



## THAT EVENING



## Order Filled



## It's Quack



## S'MATTER POP—Ambrose the Gag-Man Is In

By C. M. PAYNE



## MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

## Pa's Not Superstitious



## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

## Open Sesame



## BRONC PEELER

B. Oliver Withers Gets The Job

By FRED HARMAN



## The Curse of Progress



**Comparison**  
Fred's English cousin was curious about things American. "Is the Mississippi as large as our Thames?" he inquired. "Haw, haw!" laughed Fred. "As large? Say, your Thames wouldn't make a gargle for our Mississippi's mouth!"

**Song Birds**  
Guest—Only once in history has the personality of a great singer inspired a great chef in the naming of a masterpiece—when we got the peche Melba."

Flapper—Oh, but I'm sure you're wrong there. What about the oyster Patti?"

**The Point of View**  
Two men occupying the same seat on a bus got into a conversation. "So you are a doctor, eh?" said one. "Yes," replied the other. "Well," said one, "in a way our work is alike. I'm a window washer and work on panes, too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

1. How many times does one round a 220-yard track to make a mile?
2. Why are detectives sometimes called sleuths?
3. What three oceans form part of the boundary of Canada?
4. The son of what famous poet served many years on the United States Supreme court?
5. What is a flagpole?
6. Who were the "grand moguls"?
7. Of what South American country is Montevideo the capital?
8. What is a marten?
9. Who was Jean Ingelow?
10. What was the "Wilmot Proviso"?

Answers

1. Eight.
2. From sleuth, meaning track, as in sleuthhound.
3. Atlantic, Arctic and Pacific.
4. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
5. A flute-like musical instrument.
6. Emperors of Delhi.
7. Uruguay.
8. A fur-bearing mammal.
9. An English poet and story writer (1820-1897).
10. A proposal to bar slavery from territory obtained from Mexico.

## FOR THOSE WHO TAKE PRIDE IN THEIR BAKING

Here's a baking powder, tried, tested and used exclusively by experts.



The Art of Brevity  
Be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—Southey.

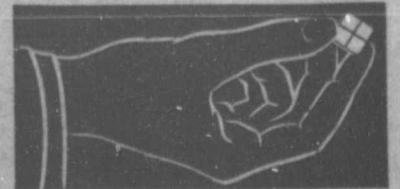
## Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Different Goals  
Ambition keeps some men going, and revenge others.



**SLEEP SOUNDLY**  
Lack of exercise and injudicious eating make stomachs acid. You must neutralize stomach acids if you would sleep soundly all night and wake up feeling refreshed and really fit.



**TAKE MILNESIAS**  
Milnesias, the original milk of magnesia in water form, neutralizes stomach acid. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. Thin, crunchy, mint-flavor, tasty. 20¢, 35¢ & 60¢ at drug stores.



# The Hoot



## THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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

Entered as second class matter  
October 28, 1910, at the postoffice  
at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of  
March 3, 1879.

NOTICE—Any erroneous reflection  
upon the character, standing or  
reputation of any person, firm or  
corporation which may appear in the  
columns of The Informer will be  
gladly corrected upon its being  
brought to the attention of the pub-  
lisher.

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

### THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of  
Donley County, Texas, Greeting:  
WHEREAS, on the 13th day of  
October A. D. 1936, The State of  
Texas, for use and benefit of Hed-  
ley Independent School District as  
plaintiff in Cause No. 1913, recovered  
a judgment in the 100th Dis-  
trict Court of Donley County  
against Mission Development Com-  
pany, a corporation as defendant in  
the sum of Three Hundred Twelve  
and 02-100 Dollars, for taxes, to-  
gether with the legal rate of in-  
terest, penalties and costs due on  
the lands, or lots, hereinafter de-  
scribed, and whereas, said judg-  
ment decree directs the foreclosure  
of the lien created, established and  
continued on and against the said  
property hereinafter described, by  
reason of the levy and assessment  
of taxes on and against the same  
and the delinquency thereof, and  
said taxes remaining unpaid and  
due to The State of Texas for use  
and benefit of Hedley Independent  
School District Donley County, and  
as the said lien now exists and at  
any time heretofore existed by  
reason of such levy, assessment  
and delinquency, and on the dates  
for the years 1930 to 1935 both in-  
clusive against the said property  
as hereinafter described, the same  
lying and being situated in the  
County of Donley and State of  
Texas, to-wit:

All lot Number ten (10) block  
Number three (3) and all lots  
numbers Twenty three and twenty  
four (23 and 24) block Thirteen  
(13) of the town of Hedley, Donley  
County, Texas, according to the  
duly recorded map and plat of  
said town.

THEREFORE YOU ARE  
HEREBY COMMANDED, that you  
seize, levy upon and advertise  
for sale as under execution the  
hereinabove described lands, lots,  
tract or parcels of land, subject  
to the right of the defendant or  
any person having an interest in  
said property, to redeem the same  
at any time before said lands or  
lots are sold hereunder as provided  
by law, by paying to the Tax Col-  
lector of Hedley Independent  
School District Donley County all  
the said taxes due thereon, to-  
gether with the legal rate of in-  
terest thereon, and penalty pro-  
vided for by law, and all costs author-  
ized by law; and that you sell said  
property to the highest bidder for  
cash to satisfy said judgment,  
penalties, interest and costs, as  
under execution in cases of fore-  
closure; and if there be no bidders  
for such lands or lots, the County  
Attorney of Donley County shall  
bid said property off to the Hedley  
Independent School District for the  
amount of all taxes, penalties, in-  
terest and all costs adjudged  
against said property, and in the  
absence of the County Attorney,  
the Sheriff of said Donley County  
is authorized to bid to the Hedley  
Independent School District where  
there are no bidders; but if the de-  
fendant, Mission Development  
Company, a corporation or its at-  
torney shall at any time before the  
sale file with the Sheriff or other  
officer in whose hands this order  
of sale is placed a written request  
that the property herein described  
be divided and sold in less tracts  
than the whole, together with a  
description of said divisions or  
subdivisions, then you are com-  
manded to sell the lands in such  
divisions or subdivisions as the de-

## Editor's Corner

Well maybe you think this  
hasn't been a week of doom! Ev-  
erybody is lamenting. For this  
school is no less mans piece. It's  
a conglomeration of everything  
it's a Chinese puzzle for the  
wits, and energy enough to run  
a dynamo. We've even rid the  
closets of mice this week because  
they ate up so much knowledge  
that they got choked.

According to a reserve note,  
we can make the honour roll as  
long as there is collateral in the  
brain reserve to back it up.

We wish to express our sincere  
thanks to Honorable Marvin  
Jones who was kind enough to  
donate a 5 x 7 historical and geo-  
graphical map to the school.

## Assembly Program

The third grade had a program  
for chapel Wednesday, Dec 9  
Christmas carols, group  
Christmas suggestions, group  
of boys  
Christmas in the air, rhythm  
band  
Overshoes or Bray, story, Bar-  
tie Edwards

Subscribe for the Informer.

## DIGNIFIED FUNERAL SERVICE

Licensed Embalmer and  
Licensed Funeral Director

Day phone 24  
Night phone 40

## MOREMAN HARDWARE

defendant may request, and in such  
case you shall sell only as many of  
such divisions or subdivisions, as  
near as may be, to satisfy this  
judgment, interest, penalty and  
costs, and all court costs.

That you make such sale subject  
to the rights of the owner of the  
said real estate, above described, or  
the heirs, assigns or legal repre-  
sentatives of said owner or any  
lien holder or any party interested  
therein, to redeem said real estate  
to be sold, within two years next  
succeeding and after the date of  
filing for record of the purchaser  
or purchasers deed or deeds to said  
real estate by complying with the  
laws of Texas providing for the  
redemption of lands so sold for de-  
linquent taxes due thereon; provid-  
ed, however, in the event said  
property is not redeemed as above  
provided, the purchaser at said  
foreclosure sale, his heirs and as-  
signs, shall be entitled to the pos-  
session of said property so sold for  
taxes after the expiration of two  
years from the date of filing for  
record of the purchaser or pur-  
chaser's deed or deeds; and that  
you make deed or deeds to the  
purchaser or purchasers of said  
real estate, as the occasion may  
require, subject to the rights here-  
in above set out and recited.

That you apply the proceeds of  
such sale to the payment and satis-  
faction of the judgment, interest,  
penalty and costs, and all Court  
costs; the remainder of the pur-  
chase money, if any remain, shall  
be paid to the Clerk of the District  
Court of Donley County, of  
which Court this writ issued,  
to be retained by him, subject to  
the order of said Court.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, under  
penalty of the law, and due return  
make of this writ within sixty  
days from date hereof, with your  
endorsement thereon, showing how  
you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal  
of said Court, by order of said  
Court, at office in Clarendon in  
the County of Donley, this 30th  
day of November A. D. 1936.  
Walter Lane Clerk,  
District Court,  
Donley County, Texas.

## Amateur Contest

Wednesday, Dec. 9, the Sopho-  
more class entertained the high  
school students with a Major  
Bowes amateur contest. We  
broadcasted from the stage of  
the auditorium from 3:15 to 4:45.  
Jack Battle made a good Major  
Bowes, and he began the pro-  
gram with a good musical num-  
ber. The entries, R. A. Sanders  
and Don Hickey, were from a  
small town known as Giles. They  
played the harmonica and guitar,  
and one of their numbers was  
Red Wing. The next entries  
were Goldie Dickson and Joni  
merie Pickett, who sang Hand  
Me Down My Walking Cane, ac-  
companied by Bruce Edwards  
with the guitar. Our next num-  
ber was a young lady, Geraldine  
Riley, whose ambition was to be  
come an opera singer. She start-  
ed her song Give Me Your Heart  
but did not finish because she re-  
ceived the gong. Jonnie Bell Al-  
dridge played a piano solo, and it  
was our pleasure to have Hedley's  
champion Jew's harp player, Jer-  
ry Hunt, who played two num-  
bers. Eddie McQueen also start-  
ed playing Wahoo on the piano,  
but unfortunately he received  
the gong too. We were next fa-  
vored by two comedians, Glenn  
Richardson and J. O. Hickerson,  
but both had so many "ill notes"  
that they received the gong.  
Thus they brought to a close  
the amateur contest.

Tax Collector Joe Bownds will  
be in Hedley Friday and Satur-  
day, Dec 18 and 19, to collect  
taxes.

## Methodists To Observe Orphanage Day



In Waco, Texas, the Methodist  
Home is giving these three young  
ladies another chance at life. Their  
lives might have been another  
story except for the Superintendent  
of the Home, Mr. Hubert T.  
Johnson.

The picture at the left shows the  
children as they were found sur-  
rounded by filth and squalor. The  
oldest was acting as a little moth-  
er, obtaining the meager food from  
"somewhere," preparing and cook-  
ing it for the little family. Her  
problem was a tremendous task  
for one so young, as you can imag-  
ine.

Looking at the picture you can  
realize that if these three children  
were permitted to live by them-  
selves through the winter, a thou-  
sand dangers might have swamped  
them and cost their lot among the  
hundreds who die of pneumonia  
and malnutrition every year.

The picture at the right shows  
the marvelous transformation  
which has occurred within the last  
few months. Now they are normal  
children enjoying a bed and ward-  
robe for each. Many opportunities  
will be open to them for advance-  
ment and proper education.

We are feeling more like Sen-  
iors every day, growing older  
and wiser in every way. We re-  
ceived our rings last week, and  
Tuesday we posed with a great  
deal of dignity and had our pic-  
tures made.

We had been planning this oc-  
casion for sometime, and one boy  
had to paint his mustache so that  
it would show. And believe it  
or not, some of the girls tried to  
imitate Shirley Temple as far as  
the curls were concerned.

The picture that we intend to  
leave in the study hall will be of  
the same design as our rings.  
If you want to see a real pic-  
ture, just come down and visit us  
about New Years.

## Home Economics Club

The Home Economics Club  
met December 1936 in the Home  
Economics room to elect officers.  
The following were elected:

President, Ione Wall  
Vice president, Thelma Tate  
Secretary, Dorothy Land  
Treasurer, Theresia Bain  
Reporter, Hazel Stout  
Historian, Inell Biffie  
Song leader, Saebeth Edwards  
Accompanist, Marie Clawson  
The club voted to go to the dis-  
trict meeting of the Home Eco-  
nomics Clubs which is to be held  
at Memphis Saturday. The of-  
ficers are going.

I have a truck and ready to  
haul day or nights. You will find  
my price right. Leonard Wall

## Future Homemakers Meet

The high school sent repre-  
sentatives to the district Future  
Homemakers club meeting at  
Memphis Saturday, Dec 12. On  
entering the building the girls  
registered and then went to the  
auditorium for the program.  
The meeting was in charge of  
Mrs. Jack Hubbard, teacher of  
Home Economics in the Memphis  
high school. After the welcome  
address, given by the president  
of the Memphis club, officers for  
the district club were chosen.  
Our representative is Ione Wall,  
who was elected secretary and  
treasurer of this district club.

Other schools represented  
were Childress, Dodsonville,  
Wellington, Clarendon, Memphis  
and Quail. Mobeetie's delegates  
failed to arrive.

The day was full of interest-  
ing entertainment for everyone and  
each school contributed one num-  
ber to the program. The most  
interesting numbers were the  
one act play by Clarendon, a  
whistling solo by Antidia Thomas  
of Memphis and trio by three  
members of the boys Memphis  
Glee Club. Mr. Davis, super-  
intendent of Memphis schools,  
allowed school busses to take the  
group out to Brookhollow lake.

After the meeting adjourned  
open house was held and each  
group was permitted to go  
through the Memphis Home Eco-  
nomics department. They have  
an office department consisting of  
a nurse, kitchen, dining room  
and sewing room. The tea given  
in the dining room was refresh-  
ing and enjoyable.

The Hedley chapter of the Fu-  
ture Homemakers of Texas wish  
to thank Mrs. Charles Grimsley  
for making this educational trip  
possible by giving us her time  
and the use of her car.

## METHODIST CHURCH

Church School, 9:45 A. M.  
Preaching, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.  
League, 6:30 P. M.  
Woman's Missionary Society  
Monday 2 P. M.  
Stewards meet Monday 7 P. M.  
All services to be promptly on  
time. Every member of the  
church is expected to be present  
at the services, and to extend a  
welcome to any stranger who  
may be in attendance.  
Any one else who cares to at-  
tend our services will find a  
hearty welcome. We invite you,  
and shall do our best to interest  
you. At the Methodist Church,  
on time, Sunday morning.  
B. J. Osborn, Pastor.

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

## 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.

## NAZARENE CHURCH

Sunday Bible School, 9:45 a. m.  
Preaching Services, 11:00  
N. Y. P. S., 6:30 p. m.  
Preaching Service, 7:30  
W. M. S. Wednesday, 2:30 P. m.  
Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:15  
We Welcome You.

## Basketball

The Hedley high school five  
was beaten by Quail boys 15 to 10  
in the basketball tournament  
held at Lelia Lake last Friday  
and Saturday. Hedley won a  
moral victory however. Quail  
won the tournament by downing  
Turkey 24 to 16 in the final game.

In the first game Hedley de-  
feated Dodsonville 19 to 9 and  
used the second team during the  
entire contest. But in the second  
round game Quail's height proved  
too much for the locals.

Note:  
Hedley, Clarendon and Lelia  
Lake are the interscholastic  
teams from this county.

This year each boys basketball  
team in Donley County will play  
four games to determine the  
champion and who shall repre-  
sent this county at the district  
tournament to be held in Pampa.  
Conference schedule for Hed-  
ley:

Jan 8, Hedley at Lelia Lake  
Jan 15, Hedley at Clarendon  
Jan 20, Clarendon at Hedley  
Jan 29, Lelia Lake at Hedley  
Note:  
Hedley boys and girls will play  
in the Quail basketball tourna-  
ment Friday and Saturday, Dec.  
18 and 19.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

## EMBALMING

Caskets & Undertaking  
Supplies

We Are At Your Service  
THOMPSON BROS.  
Night Phone 94 or 64

## 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.  
G. E. Johnson, Sec.

## WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

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

## FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

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

## 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  
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100,000 Miles of Fence

The longest barricade on record was the 100,000 miles of fence built in Australia about 20 years ago to protect it from a plague of rabbits, tens of millions of which overran the country and at times devastated vast areas of fertile land, not only eating all crops, grasses, roots and bushes, but even the bark of the trees.—Collier's Weekly.

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For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional 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."

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These Advertisements Give You Values

WHY DO WE LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT?



I can imagine the boy swaggering about with a bitter smile on his young face as his awed mates praise him for his courage in saying what he believes.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS COLLEGE boy of twenty had an article published in a magazine the other day. Probably a good many of his elders read it with concern; troubled, helpless before its youthful bitterness, as middle-age so often is before the challenges of youth. The article caused no especial sensation, because it only said what we all know that the rising generation is saying, or rather shouting and babbling and screaming at us all the time. Reading it, I wondered if the old days of flogging youngsters had been wholly mistaken, after all. Not that there is any answer in a flogging. Martyrs have been flogged, and their causes have lived on. But these boys and girls of ours who chatter so glibly of communism and socialism, who are so sure that every other country in the world is smarter than their own, who attack their Constitution, their national ideals, their parents and society in general so mercilessly, have no cause. They are simply undisciplined children who weren't properly trained in their nursery days, who weren't told to keep their young mouths shut, and mind their manners, and obey their elders, and do their duty.

Life has been made too smooth for them; learning has been substituted for character development; their absurdities have been permitted to develop until their most ridiculous opinion is received with respect.

No magazine ought ever to have published this article. The magazine, to be sure, explains that this is to show us elders what the youngsters are thinking. But as a matter of fact the youngsters aren't thinking that way at all, or any way at all. They are restless adolescents, as we were thirty years ago; they love the sound of their own voices, and it excites them to find fault with their world.

"We of my age were born in the darkest hour of so-called civilization," says the boy who wrote the article, sternly and darkly. "We have been cheated of the birthright of intelligent human beings and we know it. From those who went before us from the stupid, time-serving, fanatic flag-wavers whose hallucinations formed our first ideas, we will some day take our bitter toll. Graft, corruption, greed, cupidity, the glorification of might and the repression of man's rights, these are all we see about us. We are given no standards, no clues in the darkness of the world's decay."

There is a great deal of it; five printed pages. And I can imagine the boy, for I know such boys, swaggering about with a bitter smile on his young face as his awed mates praise him for his courage in saying what he believes.

His mother, alarmed but admiring, sent me the article, with a despairing letter. She and I used to be schoolmates years ago, and I know something of her prosperous life in an eastern city, and of the boy's background.

"How have we failed the children?" she writes, on her handsome monogrammed paper with its ultra-smart address. "For the awful part of this is that boys and girls seem to be feeling it everywhere! And one feels that they must be right."

Well, DOES one feel that they must be right? I, for one, not only feel that they must be and are entirely wrong, but I feel that we, their elders, are somehow entirely wrong, too, in letting them get so far as to express this sort of adolescent folly.

Three years of intensive study of America, with travel trips and films and radio programs and books and poems and programs to illustrate the glorious, the unique, the significant history of this country. Then two years of study of other countries, and especially of the corresponding years to their own in other countries. Two years in which they might see just what the problems of youth are in some of the revolutionary centers they so fondly—and yet so abstractly—admire, would be my Five Year Plan for America's youth.

The boy who wrote the article, for example. His grandfather was a master plumber, the ambitious

oldest son of a laborer. He got into the beginning of the motor car industry about thirty-five years ago, and presently established a little factory for the making of one small detail among the many that go to the completion of cars. He prospered, and his son, this boy's father, inherited the factory, and is rich. The boy has had country summers, medical care, has had his teeth straightened, was sent to fine schools, finally found himself at this fine college. His people, note, were typical American people up to this point. His mother's father was a country doctor; her grandfather, an auctioneer. They all loved the flag under which they had lived happy and protected lives; the men fighting dully in 1775 and 1855, 1898 and 1917 to protect that flag; the women protesting, swearing that there should not be more wars, falling in line to help when the hungry and the wounded needed them.

Where did the boy get the half-cooked poisonous virus that has saturated his poor little half-cooked mind now? Who TOLD him that Russia had a better theory of social and political action than he could have under that unparalleled, that astounding and revolutionary and magnificent document we call our Declaration of Independence? Where does he see youth happier, freer, more favored than his own youth? What boys have more privilege than he? Don't the words political, social, religious freedom, freedom of speech, freedom of movement and thought, mean ANYTHING to him? Does he, for all his enthusiasms, know so little of Russia, of communism and socialist organization in general, as to suppose he will find greater liberty anywhere on the earth?

Human rule is faulty rule. Great governments make great mistakes. Corruption WILL creep in, no matter how honest a great proportion of our public servants. America and her mother country, England, are freer from it than any of the other great powers, and yet their records show that even the greatest of their rulers had their weaknesses, fell into serious errors. That doesn't dim the glory. That doesn't mean that ANY name in all the list of great names of all time has yet come even within the shadow of our great names; Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln.

Do we live up to their ideals, are we worthy of them? We do not, we are not. We don't live up to our personal ideals, much less our national ones. We've NEVER called ourselves a Christian civilization, for one single day remembered the simple commands of the Sermon on the Mount. No country, as a country, has ever forgiven its enemies, or attempted to do good to them that hated it, or to love them that despitely used it. Never, not even in the comparatively simple medieval days, did any great Christian ruler say: "Let us forgive them. Let us give them twice the domains they demand of us. Let us remind them of the one divine rule; that it is by brotherly love we are to be known as His disciples."

Never! The whole history of the world would be changed if they had. They fought, tortured, imprisoned, hated; they burned cities and murdered babies. It is only by slow and painful degrees that the world grows kinder, begins to see that that Law is policy as well as goodness. The boy who wrote the essay apparently feels sure that if other men, with other ideas, were to be violently put into power, all our ills would be cured. What makes him think that they would be different from all the men who have ever held reins, all the men who have ever abused authority, enriched themselves, substituted new abuses for old?

If our boy would resolve to be silent for a year, and in that year to consider the tremendous opportunities given him under his own Constitution, if he would turn to the service, rather than the abuse of his country, if he would fit himself for honest public service, in politics or social work, it would be the beginning of a new America, as wonderful as was that other beginning under our first great American.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Household Questions

A little salt added to pumpkin sauce will greatly improve the flavor.

To clean fireplace bricks, cover them with a paste made of powdered pumice and household am-

monia. Let it dry for an hour, then scrub with warm soapy water.

To prevent that hard crust forming on left-over cooked cereal pour a cup of cold water over it before placing in the refrigerator.

Cooked prunes stuffed with celery and nuts make a tempting salad. Stuffed prunes can also be used as a garnish for chops, roasts or steaks.

Left-Handers

Dr. H. H. Newman of Chicago university, biologist, studied the hands of 100 students—50 of each sex—and found first that there are all grades of left-handedness; and second that left-handers not only can use their right hand better than right-handers can use their left, but that the palm and finger prints on left-handers are more like their right than the left of right-handers is like their right.



REMEMBER? THE WONDERFUL SOUPS WE HAD IN THE SOUTH. THIS SOUP TASTES JUST LIKE THEM!

THIS IS SOUTHERN COOKING YOU'RE PRAISING.. PHILLIPS DELICIOUS SOUPS—FROM THE HEART OF MARYLAND.

Women from Coast-to-Coast Prefer Phillips Delicious Southern Soups... and yet They Sell for One-fourth Less!

Yes, women the country over are choosing PHILLIPS DELICIOUS now when they buy soups. The word has spread—"these Southern soups are different... better!" And no wonder! You can taste the garden-fresh vegetables in them—vegetables ripened to rich flavor under Maryland's favoring sun. You can taste the just-right seasoning that Southern cooks know how to give. Yet they sell for one-fourth less.

Spotless kitchens... highest standard for all ingredients... rigid inspection of the whole cooking process... are matters of pride with Phillips. And PHILLIPS DELICIOUS Soups are sold from Maine to California—from Chicago to New Orleans—at neighborly prices which will surprise you when you buy them and still more when you taste them. You, too, will say they are "AMERICA'S GREATEST FOOD VALUES!"

16 LUNCH AND DINNER FAVORITES

- |                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| TOMATO         | VEGETABLE BEEF |
| PEA            | CLAM CHOWDER   |
| BEAN           | SCOTCH BROTH   |
| CELERY         | PEPPER POT     |
| VEGETABLE      | CHICKEN        |
| ONION          | CHICKEN GUMBO  |
| ASPARAGUS      |                |
| CHICKEN-NOODLE |                |
| MULLIGATAWNY   |                |
| MUSHROOM       |                |



the Soups from Down-in-Dixie

PHILLIPS Delicious Southern SOUPS

JOHN BECOMES A FIRST CLASS SCOUT!



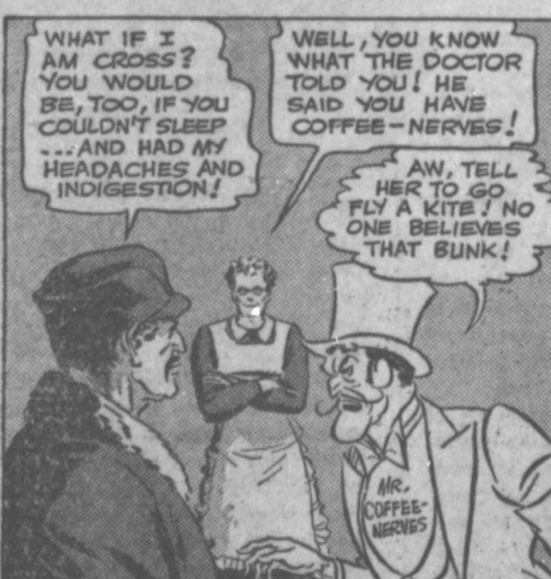
WHAT? YOUR BOY SCOUTS USE MY POND FOR THEIR SKATING RACES? I SHOULD SAY NOT! AND THAT'S FINAL!

SAY... THAT SCOUTMASTER'S GOT A NERVE! HANG UPON HIM! GO ON... BANG UP THE RECEIVER!



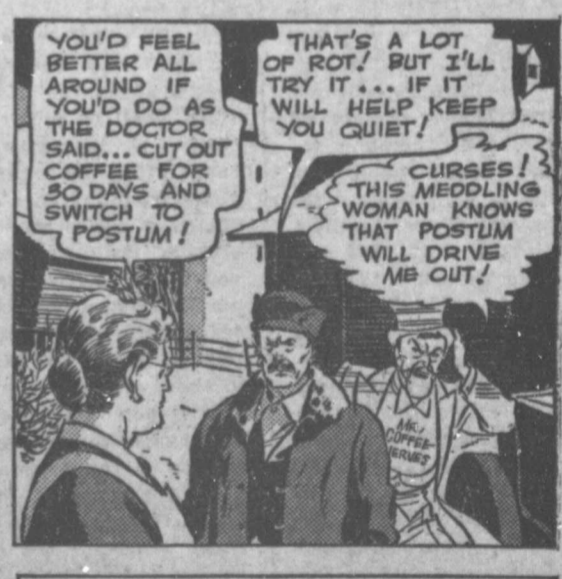
WHY, JOHN... I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU ACT SO CROSS! YOU DIDN'T NEED TO TAKE THE POOR MAN'S HEAD OFF!

THERE SHE GOES... NAGGING AGAIN! SHE KNOWS YOU SCARCELY SLEPT A WINK LAST NIGHT... BUT SHE DOESN'T CARE!



WHAT IF I AM CROSS? YOU WOULD BE, TOO, IF YOU COULDN'T SLEEP... AND HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION!

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU! HE SAID YOU HAD COFFEE-NERVES!



YOU'D FEEL BETTER ALL AROUND IF YOU'D DO AS THE DOCTOR SAID... CUT OUT COFFEE FOR 30 DAYS AND SWITCH TO POSTUM!

THAT'S A LOT OF ROT! I'LL TRY IT... IF IT WILL HELP KEEP YOU QUIET!



30 DAYS LATER YOUR HUSBAND IS CERTAINLY A JOLLY SOUL! HE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE!

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? SINCE HE SWITCHED TO POSTUM HE'S BEEN A DIFFERENT PERSON!

Of course, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you have headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly... try Postum. It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened.

You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. Postum comes in two forms—Postum Cereal, the kind you boil, and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup. Either way it is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

FREE—Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. W.D. 11-21-31 Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of  Instant Postum  Postum Cereal (check kind you prefer).

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Fill in completely, print name and address. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires July 3, 1937.)



**The Guilty Gift**  
By Martha B. Thomas

SAM LINCOLN walked slowly along the street gazing into store windows. An icy wind caught him at the corners but he hurried across to the next curb intent on his mental shopping.

He was thinking hard of Cora, too. Though not a word had been spoken between them on the subject, it was quite understood that he should buy her warm gloves, a warm sweater and stockings for Christmas. He'd saved a fair amount for this very purpose. When you gave up your city living for the country, you thought in terms of wool. Cora needed all these things. Her gloves were worn down to thin spots. Her sweater had been mended a good many times and her stockings—well, Cora just laughed about them. Cora would. She had made fun of every hard thing about changing their home, from the dreadful wheezy pump in the kitchen, to the way the floors slanted in the bedrooms, so that no pencil would stay on a table, and books continually slid off on the floor. Cora was a thoroughbred and a good sport.

Sam looked at a green sweater. That would be becoming to Cora's light curls. Or that cheerful red one. Nice on snowy winter mornings. The very chickadees would sing with pleasure at sight of her in that sweater. He took a few steps toward the shop door when his eye fell on a black-and-yellow silk kimono.

Of course he would not get it; just inquire the price so that he might look at it.

The moment Sam touched a reverent hand to the exquisite silk he was lost. Thrifty, hard-working Sam! How could he have done such a thing? And so calmly, too. "Please wrap it up," he had said. The price had been reduced in order to sell quickly. He walked out of the shop with the light bundle under his arm, and slunk by windows filled with warm woolen clothes. . . . the kind Cora so sorely needed.

All the way home on the train his heart sank lower and lower. He



**You're So Lovely I Want to Kiss You Very Hard.**

felt so chilled and miserable at the thought of his weak behavior, that Cora rushed at him as he opened the door, exclaiming, "My dear, what dreadful thing has happened to you?"

They had an excellent if frugal dinner. Cora chatted happily of this and that, looking unusually pretty and gay. Sam tried to meet her laughter, but actually shivered along his spine. Fool! Wretched unspeakable lunatic that he was! Would a yellow-and-black Chinese kimono keep Cora warm? It would not.

Justice demanded that he confess. Cora would be kind, and that would hurt more than anything. Cora would be kind. . . . and keep right on feeling cold on the crisp mornings after Christmas. But he must do it. . . . muddle through it somehow.

After dinner he came close to Cora muttering something about a gift, and how darned sorry he was. . . . and please, please not to look at him so sweetly.

Cora unwrapped the bundle. Sam waited. The lovely shining thing fell to the floor with the lights gleaming on it.

"Oh. . . . I never in all my life saw anything so magnificent! For me? Surely, surely not for me, Sam? But how I'd adore it! I'm sure I wouldn't mind anything if I knew such a gorgeous garment were hanging in my closet. But of course you're teasing me. . . ."

"No," said Sam heavily. "It's your Christmas present. I feel like a cad. I know you need the warm things. . . . don't be so darned sweet about it!" he commanded crossly.

Cora flung on the robe, and threw her arms around Sam's neck. "I don't know why you're acting this silly way. . . . but if you're so dead set on warm things. . . . a whole box came this afternoon from Uncle Horace."

Sam sank weakly into a chair. "You're so lovely I want to kiss you very hard!"

"Why not?" inquired Cora, re-entrant in the yellow-and-black kimono. "This is simply the most wonderful thing you ever did for me."

© Western Newspaper Union.

# GUNLOCK RANCH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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## CHAPTER X—Continued

"I wouldn't want to impose like that on a decent father-in-law, Henry; it'll be bad enough for any man to have you hitched into his family. Lift him out of here, boys—give me a hand. We've got to get him up to the office. What's that noise out in the corral?"

"Nothin' at all," blustered McAlpin, struggling along the gangway with Sawdy's feet. "Just a few bucks from the Reservation, Initiatin' Barney Rebstock into the tribe. Henry, you're heavier than a ton of bricks. I can't hold on much longer."

Not until the doctor had nearly finished dressing the cowman's leg did the wounded man begin to tell the story. And he had hardly been made ready to send to the hospital when John Lefever and Bob Scott appeared at the box office door with Barney Rebstock, white and seared.

"What's a matter with the rest of you?" exclaimed Carpy testily, as he eyed the three.

"Why, Barney," explained Lefever blandly, "fell off his horse a few minutes ago and broke his wrist. Fix him up, will you, doc?"

"What the devil's this cutting and squawking all about?" asked Carpy of Lefever later that night.

The two were seated in the doctor's office about midnight. "Doc," explained Lefever, "the boys are pretty sore about Bill Denison's ranch house gettin' burned down. The day after the fire Barney Rebstock left two hundred with Harry Boland. Where'd he get it? The boys made up their minds to find out. Sawdy got him down to McAlpin's barn, but when he began to pump Barney the cuss showed fight. You know Henry. He'd never used a gun on a shrimp with a knife. So the rest of us, waitin' in the corral, carried Barney out of the barn, showed him a rope by the light of the lantern, and asked him how about that fire."

Carpy shook his head. "Dangerous business, John. Did you string him up?"

"Hell, no. I hadn't no more'n adjusted the noose and asked him was it comfortable under his ear, when he told the whole story. McCrossen hired him to do it for Van Tammel."

Carpy muttered an angry epithet. "—gave him two hundred and promised two more when the job was done. What do you think of that, Doc?"

Carpy was silent a moment. "Rotten business. But what's the good of stringing Barney up? He'll deny everything. That ain't the only thing John. The old devil couldn't be convicted. But it would make a nasty mess to try Van Tammel for hiring Rebstock—and where would the shame land? On Jane Van Tammel. And she head over heels in love with Bill Denison, and he with her—what can be done?"

"You fellows ought've asked me that afore you began stringing Barney up," added Carpy, after a moment's thought, "there's only one thing I know of you can do now. Bill Denison is the man most interested in the situation the way it stands."

"I guess we can't get away from that," admitted Lefever.

"Lay the whole mess before Bill and ask him what's to be done."

Lefever was doubtful. "I don't know what the boy will say, doc."

"And I don't care a hang," retorted Carpy. "That's all they'll get from me."

Next morning Carpy was making his rounds at the hospital. In the corridor he encountered Lefever. John took off his hat and scratched his head. "Well, doc!" he exclaimed.

"Well," echoed Carpy, "what you doing up here?"

"We talked it over."

"Who's we?"

"Why, Sawdy, McAlpin, Bob Scott, Ben Page, 'n' me. We talked it over 'n' concluded to follow your talk—put it up to Bill."

"Sit down there in the office till I see him myself."

"O. K., Doc. I'll go in and set with Sawdy."

Dr. Carpy opened the door of Denison's room. Close to Denison, who sat with bandaged eyes, in an armchair, stood Jane, arranging some briar roses in a vase.

Denison was fingering a rather nervously, his eye bandage.

Jane turned. "Oh, here's Dr. Carpy, Bill. Good-morning, doctor!"

"Any morning's a good morning when a man can set eyes on an up-an'-coming girl like you," said Carpy. "Bill," he continued brusquely, "you're too slow. If I had as good a sight for sore eyes as she is, right close to me, I'd take a peek at her if I had to go blind the rest of my life."

Jane turned away with a protesting smile. Denison looked confused. "Say!" exclaimed Carpy suspiciously, "what's been going on here? What have you two been up to? Bill," he said sudden-

ly, "you've been moving that bandage!"

"Why, I did lift the bandage for a few seconds," confessed Denison.

"What for?"

"To look at the roses."

"Bill, you're a blamed liar. You lifted it to look at this girl—didn't he, Jane?" Carpy thundered the question in his most aggressive manner.

"How do I know, doctor?" asked Jane demurely.

"Bill," he said, sitting down by his patient, "tell me just what and how much did you see when you lifted that bandage."

"Doc, I'll confess, I couldn't see much—just a blur."

"And your eyes ache and sting now, don't they?"

"They burn a little, Doc."

"I'll say they burn a little! How many mornings has this been going on?"

Denison was silent. "Only yesterday and today, doctor," confessed Jane, hesitatingly.

"Well, don't try it any more," said Carpy to Denison. "If you do, I'll put you back in a dark room. I only let you out here on the theory you'd behave yourself."

Carpy picked up his bag. He was part way down the corridor when he was waylaid by Lefever.

## CHAPTER XI

"Come into Sawdy's room a minute, Doc," pleaded Lefever. "He'd like to talk this thing over with you."

Sawdy, propped up in bed, led the talk. But the talk was not to Dr. Carpy's liking. "Yes," he muttered scornfully, "I expected that's the way it would work out. If there's a mean job to be done in this town, put it on me."

But the pair now working on the doctor's sympathies knew their victim pretty well and, having once brought him to refuse their request, needed only to persevere in order to make him grant it. This brought Carpy back that afternoon to Denison, alone.

"Doctor," said the injured man, "I couldn't be sure this morning when Jane was here whether you were talking to encourage her and me, or whether you really think you can save my sight."

"Bill, I was honest in what I said," returned Carpy. "I believe and hope I can save your eyes. But it's not all in my hands; I told you that, too. If Nature's willing, we're going to get through all right—does that satisfy you?"

"That's all I can ask, Doc."

"Bill," said the doctor suddenly, "Sawdy and Lefever have found out who burned the ranch house—and why it was set afire."

"Who was it?" asked Denison violently.

"Keep cool, Bill; keep cool. It's a mean mess."

Denison was on fire. "Why don't you tell the story?" he demanded angrily. "What did they do?"

"First," responded Carpy, determined not to be rushed, "they found that Barney Rebstock had a pocketful of money since the fire. They lured him down to McAlpin's barn. When Sawdy began to question him, he showed fight. The upshot of it was, the two went at it hammer and tongs in a box stall."

"Things were at this pass when one day Van Tammel told his daughter he must go to Medicine Bend on some bank business. Jane knew that he was not able to make the trip—Carpy had told her more than once that the old man's life hung by a thread. She pleaded with her father, found out what the business was, and offered to go in his stead."

She took the morning train for Medicine Bend, secured the further time on his notes at the bank, spent the night at the Mountain House, and took the afternoon train west for Sleepy Cat.

The Pullman cars were crowded. Jane was forced to find a seat in a day coach. Here she placed her hand bag in the seat beside her, bought a magazine, and resigned herself to a long afternoon and evening.

Two men had taken the seat directly behind her. Jane resumed her reading until in the conversation between the two men her attention was attracted by catching the name of Bill Denison.

Her curiosity once aroused, it was easy to follow the drift of their talk. Presently she heard mention of her father's name. Aroused now to keen interest, Jane was torn between the feeling that she ought not to listen and the impulse that she must.

"Of course, nobody can prove it," were the words she heard. "I didn't say they could. That old bird knows too well how to cover his tracks. But everybody knows how he deceived Denison's brother when he lived there—tried to buy him out, then scare him out, and then smoke him out. The old devil has been crazy ever since he owned Gunlock to get hold of that little Spring Ranch. Why? Account of the water. It's the biggest spring in the hills. Now that he's back from the hospital, the first thing he thinks of is to get hold of that spring."

Jane listened with bated breath.

"Why, it's common talk in Sleepy Cat," the narrator went on, "that he paid Barney Rebstock to set Bill's ranch house afire and came damned near burning Bill up in it."

Her heart stopped beating as she heard the dreadful recital, delivered as calmly as the merest bit of current gossip would be discussed on a street corner.

"According to what I hear," continued the narrator, "Sawdy and some of Bill's friends choked the story out of Barney. Sawdy got up in the fracas with him—Sawdy was laid up in the hospital for a month. Barney's a mean devil with a knife."

The train was pulling into Sleepy Cat. Jane, rousing herself from a stupor, her breath choking her, her heart ready to burst with every beat, staggered to her feet, dazed, and supporting herself along the aisle with her hands alternately on the backs of the seats, stepped blindly down to the platform.

Bill Page, who was in with the team and backboard to take her home, reached for her handbag. "No, Bill," Jane said quietly. "I'm not going out tonight."

"Who," asked Denison, with a fell epithet, "paid him to burn me up?"

"As Barney tells it," continued Carpy deliberately, "it was between McCrossen and Gus Van Tammel."

Denison sprang from his chair. He tore the bandage from his sightless eyes. From his disfigured lips there poured a stream of bitter words.

"Not too fast, Bill—not too fast. Remember there'll be another to suffer like hell if this thing ever gets out."

"Oh, I know I must never get out. But that man! Doc, he ought to be roped and dragged to death by a wild

horse. If ever a robber and a thief and a murderer deserved stringing up, that man does. He's killed, or had killed, every man that ever stood in his way of stealing land or cattle, or anything a man had that he wanted."

"Cool off, Bill, cool off."

Denison sat down with his hands over his face. It wrung Carpy's heart to see him suffer. "I can't Doc. I can't!"

"Yes, you can, damn you, and you will. Let me put that bandage back where it belongs—and you keep it there. Don't talk about eyesight unless you want it back. Where the hell do I come in? What am I getting out of this?" It was a battle between two strong wills, and it was long in the waging. But when Carpy, wiping the sweat from his forehead and, himself almost unstrung, left Denison's side, his patient had ridden out the storm and had promised quiet till the two could think of what might be done, pledging in the interval mutual and absolute secrecy.

Secrecy, however well pledged, grows more difficult to control in proportion to the number of persons pledged.

Carpy swore Sawdy and Lefever to it very easily. McAlpin and Ben Page were warned that if the story leaked out, it might become unpleasant for both. As for Bob Scott, no one was ever known to worm a secret out of him; Barney, of course, dared not talk.

Yet it will easily be understood that too many people had the story; and only the continual efforts of Dr. Carpy in silencing, through threats of what might happen to them, one or another of the conspirators kept it under cover.

Jane, after the usual storm with her father, who knew what she was doing, rode next morning into town to make her visit to the hospital.

Denison was a poor actor. In his endeavor to make Jane feel there had been nothing to upset him, he was over solicitous. Carpy did better; but he was compelled to admit that Denison had not been doing quite so well—since Jane could see that for herself.

Her father continued taciturn and aloof. Jane knew she was defying him by continuing to visit Denison, yet being of much the same tenacious will as her father himself, she reckoned little of it.

But her visits and ministrations to the injured neighbor of Gunlock Ranch became so frequent, and she herself was so wholly indifferent to comment, that the situation became food for local gossip. Here was Van Tammel a deadly enemy of Denison's, with his daughter openly showing a very special interest in Denison's condition at the hospital—carrying to him delicacies and spending with him half her time in town.

Things were at this pass when one day Van Tammel told his daughter he must go to Medicine Bend on some bank business. Jane knew that he was not able to make the trip—Carpy had told her more than once that the old man's life hung by a thread. She pleaded with her father, found out what the business was, and offered to go in his stead."

She took the morning train for Medicine Bend, secured the further time on his notes at the bank, spent the night at the Mountain House, and took the afternoon train west for Sleepy Cat.

The Pullman cars were crowded. Jane was forced to find a seat in a day coach. Here she placed her hand bag in the seat beside her, bought a magazine, and resigned herself to a long afternoon and evening.

Two men had taken the seat directly behind her. Jane resumed her reading until in the conversation between the two men her attention was attracted by catching the name of Bill Denison.

Her curiosity once aroused, it was easy to follow the drift of their talk. Presently she heard mention of her father's name. Aroused now to keen interest, Jane was torn between the feeling that she ought not to listen and the impulse that she must.

"Of course, nobody can prove it," were the words she heard. "I didn't say they could. That old bird knows too well how to cover his tracks. But everybody knows how he deceived Denison's brother when he lived there—tried to buy him out, then scare him out, and then smoke him out. The old devil has been crazy ever since he owned Gunlock to get hold of that little Spring Ranch. Why? Account of the water. It's the biggest spring in the hills. Now that he's back from the hospital, the first thing he thinks of is to get hold of that spring."

Jane listened with bated breath.

"Why, it's common talk in Sleepy Cat," the narrator went on, "that he paid Barney Rebstock to set Bill's ranch house afire and came damned near burning Bill up in it."

Her heart stopped beating as she heard the dreadful recital, delivered as calmly as the merest bit of current gossip would be discussed on a street corner.

"According to what I hear," continued the narrator, "Sawdy and some of Bill's friends choked the story out of Barney. Sawdy got up in the fracas with him—Sawdy was laid up in the hospital for a month. Barney's a mean devil with a knife."

The train was pulling into Sleepy Cat. Jane, rousing herself from a stupor, her breath choking her, her heart ready to burst with every beat, staggered to her feet, dazed, and supporting herself along the aisle with her hands alternately on the backs of the seats, stepped blindly down to the platform.

Bill Page, who was in with the team and backboard to take her home, reached for her handbag. "No, Bill," Jane said quietly. "I'm not going out tonight."

"Who," asked Denison, with a fell epithet, "paid him to burn me up?"

"As Barney tells it," continued Carpy deliberately, "it was between McCrossen and Gus Van Tammel."

Denison sprang from his chair. He tore the bandage from his sightless eyes. From his disfigured lips there poured a stream of bitter words.

"Not too fast, Bill—not too fast. Remember there'll be another to suffer like hell if this thing ever gets out."

"Oh, I know I must never get out. But that man! Doc, he ought to be roped and dragged to death by a wild

horse. If ever a robber and a thief and a murderer deserved stringing up, that man does. He's killed, or had killed, every man that ever stood in his way of stealing land or cattle, or anything a man had that he wanted."

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**The Man Who O-O**  
Tales and Traditions from American Political History  
by FRANK E. HAGEN and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

## DEMONSTRATIONS

CONVENTION "demonstrations"—those amazing exhibitions of hysterical enthusiasm, usually manufactured rather than spontaneous—had their origin in the Republican convention of 1860 in Chicago.

The two leading candidates were William H. Seward of New York and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. The New York delegation brought along a prize fighter named Tom Hyer and a band which marched about the streets playing martial music.

To match these noise-makers, supporters of "Old Abe" hired a Chicagoan "whose shout could be heard above the most violent tempest on Lake Michigan" and a leather-lunged Dr. Ames, who, though a Democrat, also consented to whoop it up for Lincoln. But the real "blow-off" came when Lincoln was nominated on the fourth ballot. An eye-witness has described the scene as follows:

"The immense multitude rose, and gave round after round of applause; ten thousand voices swelled into a roar so deafening that, for several minutes, every attempt to restore order was hopelessly vain.

A man appeared in the hall bringing a large painting of Mr. Lincoln. The cannon sent forth roar after roar in quick succession. Delegates tore up the sticks and boards bearing the names of several states, and waved them aloft over their heads, and the vast multitude before the platform were waving hats and handkerchiefs."

Another chapter in convention "demonstrations" was added by the Republican convention, also in Chicago, in 1880. Roscoe Conkling of New York led the forces that had determined to nominate Grant for a third term. At the first mention of Grant's name, a demonstration began which lasted nearly half an hour. Conkling, noted for his "aristocratic coldness," unbent enough to stimulate enthusiasm in the galleries and among the delegates by waving his handkerchief. Then Robert G. Ingersoll started wave after wave of frantic cheering when he grabbed a woman's red shawl and waved it aloft.

Men tore off their coats and used them for flags. Then the Grant delegates seized the standards of their states and started a parade around the hall—thus starting a custom which has been perpetuated to this day.

100,000 Miles of Fence

The longest barricade on record was the 100,000 miles of fence built in Australia about 20 years ago to protect it from a plague of rabbits, tens of millions of which overran the country and at times devastated vast areas of fertile land, not only eating all crops, grasses, roots and bushes, but even the bark of the trees.—Collier's Weekly.

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NEW husbands can understand why a wife should turn from a pleasant companion into a shrew for one whole week in every month. You can say "I'm sorry" and kiss and make up easier before marriage than after. If you're wise and if you want to hold your husband, you won't be a three-quarter wife.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional 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."

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WHY DO WE LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT?



I can imagine the boy swaggering about with a bitter smile on his young face as his awed mates praise him for his courage in saying what he believes.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS COLLEGE boy of twenty had an article published in a magazine the other day. Probably a good many of his elders read it with concern; troubled, helpless before its youthful bitterness, as middle-age so often is before the challenges of youth. The article caused no especial sensation, because it only said what we all know that the rising generation is saying, or rather shouting and babbling and screaming at us all the time.

Reading it, I wondered if the old days of flogging youngsters had been wholly mistaken, after all. Not that there is any answer in a flogging. Martyrs have been flogged, and their causes have lived on. But these boys and girls of ours who chatter so glibly of communism and socialism, who are so sure that every other country in the world is smarter than their own, who attack their Constitution, their national ideals, their parents and so on, have no cause. They are simply undisciplined children who weren't properly trained in their nursery days, who weren't told to keep their young mouths shut, and mind their manners, and obey their elders, and do their duty.

Life has been made too smooth for them; learning has been substituted for character development; their absurdities have been permitted to develop until their most ridiculous opinion is received with respect. No magazine ought ever to have published this article. The magazine, to be sure, explains that this is to show us elders what the youngsters are thinking. But as a matter of fact the youngsters aren't thinking that way at all, or any way at all. They are restless adolescents, as we were thirty years ago; they love the sound of their own voices, and it excites them to find fault with their world.

"We of my age were born in the darkest hour of so-called civilization," says the boy who wrote the article, sternly and darkly. "We have been cheated of the birthright of intelligent human beings and we know it. From those who went before us from the stupid, time-serving, fanatic flag-wavers whose hallucinations formed our first ideas, we will some day take our bitter toll. Graft, corruption, greed, cupidity, the glorification of might and the repression of man's rights, these are all we see about us. We are given no standards, no clues in the darkness of the world's decay." We... we... we...

There is a great deal of it; five printed pages. And I can imagine the boy, for I know such boys, swaggering about with a bitter smile on his young face as his awed mates praise him for his courage in saying what he believes. His mother, alarmed but admiring, sent me the article, with a despairing letter. She and I used to be schoolmates years ago, and I know something of her prosperous life in an eastern city, and of the boy's background.

"How have we failed the children?" she writes, on her handsome monogrammed paper with its ultra-smart address. "For the awful part of this is that boys and girls seem to be feeling it everywhere! And one feels that they must be right."

Well, DOES one feel that they must be right? I, for one, not only feel that they must be and are entirely wrong, but I feel that we, their elders, are somehow entirely wrong, too, in letting them get so far as to express this sort of adolescent folly. Three years of intensive study of America, with travel trips and films and radio programs and books and poems and programs to illustrate the glorious, the unique, the significant history of this country. Then two years of study of other countries, and especially of the corresponding years to their own in other countries. Two years in which they might see just what the problems of youth are in some of the revolutionary centers they so fondly—and yet so abstractly—admire, would be my Five Year Plan for America's youth.

The boy who wrote the article, for example. His grandfather was a master plumber, the ambitious

oldest son of a laborer. He got into the beginning of the motor car industry about thirty-five years ago, and presently established a little factory for the making of one small detail among the many that go to the completion of cars. He prospered, and his son, this boy's father, inherited the factory, and is rich. The boy has had country summers, medical care, has had his teeth straightened, was sent to fine schools, finally found himself at this fine college. His people, note, were typical American people up to this point. His mother's father was a country doctor; her grandfather, an auctioneer. They all loved the flag under which they had lived happy and protected lives; the men fighting duly in 1775 and 1885, 1898 and 1917 to protect that flag; the women protesting, swearing that there should not be more wars, falling in line to help when the hungry and the wounded needed them.

Where did the boy get the half-cooked poisonous virus that has saturated his poor little half-cooked mind now? Who TOLD him that Russia had a better theory of social and political action than he could have under that unparalleled, that astounding and revolutionary and magnificent document we call our Declaration of Independence? Where does he see youth happier, freer, more favored than his own youth? What boys have more privilege than he? Don't the words political, social, religious freedom, freedom of speech, freedom of movement and thought, mean ANYTHING to him? Does he, for all his enthusiasms, know so little of Russia, of communist and socialist organization in general, as to suppose he will find greater liberty anywhere on the earth?

Human rule is faulty rule. Great governments make great mistakes. Corruption WILL creep in, no matter how honest a great proportion of our public servants. America and her mother country, England, are freer from it than any of the other great powers, and yet their records show that even the greatest of their rulers had their weaknesses, fell into serious errors. That doesn't dim the glory.

That doesn't mean that ANY name in all the list of great names of all time has yet come even within the shadow of our great names; Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln. Do we live up to their ideals, are we worthy of them? We do not, we are not. We don't live up to our personal ideals, much less our national ones. We're NEVER, calling ourselves a Christian civilization, for one single day remembered the simple commands of the Sermon on the Mount. No country, as a country, has ever forgiven its enemies, or attempted to do good to them that hated it, or to love them that despitely used it. Never, not even in the comparatively simple medieval days, did any great Christian ruler say: "Let us forgive them. Let us give them twice the domains they demand of us. Let us remind them of the one divine rule; that it is by brotherly love we are to be known as His disciples."

Never! The whole history of the world would be changed if they had. They fought, tortured, imprisoned, hated; they burned cities and murdered babies. It is only by slow and painful degrees that the world grows kinder, begins to see that that Law is policy as well as goodness. The boy who wrote the essay apparently feels sure that if other men, with other ideas, were to be violently put into power, all our ills would be cured. What makes him think that they would be different from all the men who have ever held reins, all the men who have ever abused authority, enriched themselves, substituted new abuses for old?

If our boy would resolve to be silent for a year, and in that year to consider the tremendous opportunities given him under his own Constitution, if he would turn to the service, rather than the abuse of his country, if he would fit himself for honest public service, in politics or social work, it would be the beginning of a new America, as wonderful as was that other beginning under our first great American.

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Household Questions

A little salt added to pumpkin sauce will greatly improve the flavor.

To clean fireplace bricks, cover them with a paste made of powdered pumice and household am-

monia. Let it dry for an hour, then scrub with warm soapy water.

To prevent that hard crust forming on left-over cooked cereal pour a cup of cold water over it before placing in the refrigerator.

Cooked prunes stuffed with celery and nuts make a tempting salad. Stuffed prunes can also be used as a garnish for chops, roasts or steaks.

Left-Handers

Dr. H. H. Newman of Chicago university, biologist, studied the hands of 100 students—50 of each sex—and found first that there are all grades of left-handedness; and second that left-handers not only can use their right hand better than right-handers can use their left, but that the palm and finger prints on left-handers are more like their right than the left of right-handers is like their right.



REMEMBER? THE WONDERFUL SOUPS WE HAD IN THE SOUTH. THIS SOUP TASTES JUST LIKE THEM!

THIS IS SOUTHERN COOKING YOU'RE PRAISING... PHILLIPS DELICIOUS SOUPS—FROM THE HEART OF MARYLAND.

Women from Coast-to-Coast Prefer Phillips Delicious Southern Soups... and yet They Sell for One-fourth Less!

Yes, women the country over are choosing PHILLIPS DELICIOUS now when they buy soups. The word has spread—"these Southern soups are different... better!" And no wonder! You can taste the garden-fresh vegetables in them—vegetables ripened to rich flavor under Maryland's favoring sun. You can taste the just-right seasoning that Southern cooks know how to give. Yet they sell for one-fourth less.

Spotless kitchens... highest standard for all ingredients... rigid inspection of the whole cooking process... are matters of pride with Phillips. And PHILLIPS DELICIOUS Soups are sold from Maine to California—from Chicago to New Orleans—at neighborhood prices which will surprise you when you buy them and still more when you taste them. You, too, will say they are "AMERICA'S GREATEST FOOD VALUES!"

- 16 LUNCH AND DINNER FAVORITES
- |                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| TOMATO         | VEGETABLE BEEF |
| PEA            | CLAM CHOWDER   |
| BEAN           | SCOTCH BROTH   |
| CELERY         | PEPPER POT     |
| VEGETABLE      | CHICKEN        |
| ONION          | CHICKEN GUMBO  |
| ASPARAGUS      |                |
| CHICKEN-NOODLE |                |
| MULLIGATAWNY   |                |
| MUSHROOM       |                |



the Soups from Down-in-Dixie

PHILLIPS Delicious SOUPS

JOHN BECOMES A FIRST CLASS SCOUT!

WHAT? YOUR BOY SCOUTS USE MY POND FOR THEIR SKATING RACES? I SHOULD SAY NOT! AND THAT'S FINAL!

SAY... THAT SCOUTMASTER'S GOT A NERVE! HANG UP ON HIM! GO ON... BANG UP THE RECEIVER!

WHY, JOHN... I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU ACT SO CROSS! YOU DIDN'T NEED TO TAKE THE POOR MAN'S HEAD OFF!

THERE SHE GOES... NAGGING AGAIN! SHE KNOWS YOU SCARCELY SLEPT A WINK LAST NIGHT... BUT SHE DOESN'T CARE!

WHAT IF I AM CROSS? YOU WOULD BE, TOO, IF YOU COULDN'T SLEEP... AND HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION!

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU! HE SAID YOU HAD COFFEE-NERVES!

AW, TELL HER TO GO FLY A KITE! NO ONE BELIEVES THAT BUNK!

YOU'D FEEL BETTER ALL AROUND IF YOU'D DO AS THE DOCTOR SAID... CUT OUT COFFEE FOR 30 DAYS AND SWITCH TO POSTUM!

THAT'S A LOT OF ROT! BUT I'LL TRY IT... IF IT WILL HELP KEEP YOU QUIET!

CURSES! THIS MEDDLING WOMAN KNOWS THAT POSTUM WILL DRIVE ME OUT!

30 DAYS LATER

YOUR HUSBAND IS CERTAINLY A JOPLY SOUL! HE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE!

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? SINCE HE SWITCHED TO POSTUM HE'S BEEN A DIFFERENT PERSON!

Of course, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you have headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly... try Postum. It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. Postum comes in two forms—Postum Cereal, the kind you boil, and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup. Either way it is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

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Fill in completely, print name and address. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires July 1, 1937.)



**The Guilty Gift**  
 SAM LINCOLN walked slowly along the street gazing into store windows. An icy wind caught him at the corners but he hurried across to the next curb intent on his mental shopping.

He was thinking hard of Cora, too. Though not a word had been spoken between them on the subject, it was quite understood that he should buy her warm gloves, a warm sweater and stockings for Christmas. He'd saved a fair amount for this very purpose. When you gave up your city living for the country, you thought in terms of wool. Cora needed all these things. Her gloves were worn down to thin spots. Her sweater had been mended a good many times and her stockings—well, Cora just laughed about them. Cora would. She had made fun of every hard thing about changing their home, from the dreadful wheezy pump in the kitchen, to the way the floors slanted in the bedrooms, so that no pencil would stay or a table, and books continually slid off on the floor. Cora was a thoroughbred and a good sport.

Sam looked at a green sweater. That would be becoming to Cora's light curls. Or that cheerful red one. Nice on snowy winter mornings. The very chickadees would sing with pleasure at sight of her in that sweater. He took a few steps toward the shop door when his eye fell on a black-and-yellow silk kimono.

Of course he would not get it; just inquire the price so that he might look at it.

The moment Sam touched a reverent hand to the exquisite silk he was lost. Thrifty, hard-working Sam! How could he have done such a thing? And so calmly, too. "Please wrap it up," he had said. The price had been reduced in order to sell quickly. He walked out of the shop with the light bundle under his arm, and slunk by windows filled with warm woolen clothes . . . the kind Cora so sorely needed.

All the way home on the train his heart sank lower and lower. He



**You're So Lovely I Want to Kiss You Very Hard**

felt so chilled and miserable at the thought of his weak behavior, that Cora rushed at him as he opened the door, exclaiming, "My dear, what dreadful thing has happened to you?"

They had an excellent if frugal dinner. Cora chatted happily of this and that, looking unusually pretty and gay. Sam tried to meet her laughter, but actually shivered along his spine. Idiot! Fool! Wretched unspeakable lunatic that he was! Would a yellow-and-black Chinese kimono keep Cora warm? It would not.

Justice demanded that he confess. Cora would be kind, and that would hurt more than anything. Cora would be kind . . . and keep right on feeling cold on the crisp mornings after Christmas. But he must do it . . . muddle through it somehow.

After dinner he came close to Cora muttering something about a gift, and how darned sorry he was . . . and please, please not to look at him so sweetly.

Cora unwrapped the bundle. Sam waited. The lovely shining thing fell to the floor with the lights gleaming on it.

"Oh . . . oh . . . I never in all my life saw anything so magnificent! For me? Surely, surely not for me, Sam? But how I'd adore it! I'm sure I wouldn't mind anything if I knew such a gorgeous garment were hanging in my closet. But of course you're teasing me . . ."

"No," said Sam heavily. "It's your Christmas present. I feel like a cad. I know you need the warm things . . . don't be so darned sweet about it!" he commanded crossly.

Cora flung on the robe, and threw her arms around Sam's neck. "I don't know why you're acting this silly way . . . but if you're so dead set on warm things . . . a whole box came this afternoon from Uncle Horace."

Sam sank weakly into a chair. "You're so lovely I want to kiss you very hard!"

"Why not?" inquired Cora, resentful in the yellow-and-black kimono. "This is simply the most wonderful thing you ever did for me."

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**GUNLOCK RANCH**

by **FRANK H. SPEARMAN**

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**CHAPTER X—Continued**

"I wouldn't want to impose like that on a decent father-in-law, Henry; it'll be bad enough for any man to have you hitched into his family. Lift him out of here, boys—give me a hand. We've got to get him up to the office. What's that noise out in the corral?"

"Nothin' at all," blustered McAlpin, struggling along the gangway with Sawdy's feet. "Just a few bucks from the Reservation, initiatin' Barney Rebstock into the tribe. Henry, you're heavier than a ton of bricks. I can't hold on much longer."

Not until the doctor had nearly finished dressing the cowman's leg did the wounded man begin to tell the story. And he had hardly been made ready to send to the hospital when John Lefever and Bob Scott appeared at the box office door with Barney Rebstock, white and seared.

"What's a-matter with the rest of you?" exclaimed Carpy testily, as he eyed the three.

"Why, Barney," explained Lefever blandly, "fell off his horse a few minutes ago and broke his wrist. Fix him up, will you, doc?"

"What the devil's this cutting and squawking all about?" asked Carpy of Lefever later that night.

The two were seated in the doctor's office about midnight. "Doc," explained Lefever, "the boys are pretty sore about Bill Denison's ranch house gettin' burned down. The day after the fire Barney Rebstock left two hundred with Harry Boland. Where'd he get it? The boys made up their minds to find out. Sawdy got him down to McAlpin's barn, but when he began to pump Barney the cuss showed fight. You know Henry. He'd never used a gun on a shrimp with a knife. So the rest of us, waitin' in the corral, carried Barney out of the barn, showed him a rope by the light of the lantern, and asked him how about that fire."

Carpy shook his head. "Dangerous business, John. Did you string him up?"

"Hell, no. I hadn't no more'n adjusted the noose and asked him was it comfortable under his ear, when he told the whole story. McCrossen hired him to do it for Van Tassel."

Carpy muttered an angry epithet.

"—gave him two hundred and promised two more when the job was done. What do you think of that, Doc?"

Carpy was silent a moment. "Rotten business. But what's the good of stringing Barney up? He'll deny everything. That ain't the only thing, John. The old devil couldn't be convicted. But it would make a nasty mess to try Van Tassel for hiring Rebstock—and where would the shame land? On Jane Van Tassel. And she head over heels in love with Bill Denison, and he with her—what can be done?"

"You fellows ought've asked me that afore you began stringing Barney up," added Carpy, after a moment's thought. "There's only one thing I know of you can do now. Bill Denison is the man most interested in the situation the way it stands."

"I guess we can't get away from that," admitted Lefever.

"Lay the whole mess before Bill and ask him what's to be done."

Lefever was doubtful. "I don't know what the boy will say, doc."

"And I don't care a hang," retorted Carpy. "That's all they'll get from me."

Next morning Carpy was making his rounds at the hospital. In the corridor he encountered Lefever. John took off his hat and scratched his head.

"Well, doc!" he exclaimed.

"Well," echoed Carpy, "what you doing up here?"

"We talked it over."

"Who's we?"

"Why, Sawdy, McAlpin, Bob Scott, Ben Page, 'n' me. We talked it over 'n' concluded to follow your talk—put it up to Bill."

"Sit down there in the office till I see him myself."

"O. K., Doc. I'll go in and set with Sawdy."

Dr. Carpy opened the door of Denison's room. Close to Denison, who sat with bandaged eyes, in an armchair, stood Jane, arranging some briar roses in a vase.

Denison was fingering, rather nervously, his eye bandage.

Jane turned. "Oh, here's Dr. Carpy, Bill. Good-morning, doctor!"

"Any morning's a good morning when a man can set eyes on an up-an'-coming girl like you," said Carpy. "Bill," he continued brusquely, "you're too slow. If I had as good a sight for sore eyes as she is, right close to me, I'd take a peck at her if I had to go blind the rest of my life."

Jane turned away with a protesting smile. Denison looked confused. "Say!" exclaimed Carpy spitefully, "what's been going on here? What have you two been up to? Bill," he said sudden-

ly, "you've been moving that bandage!"

"Why, I did lift the bandage for a few seconds," confessed Denison.

"What for?"

"To look at the roses."

"Bill, you're a blamed liar. You lifted it to look at this girl—didn't he, Jane?" Carpy thundered the question in his most aggressive manner.

"How do I know, doctor?" asked Jane demurely.

"Bill," he said, sitting down by his patient, "tell me just what and how much did you see when you lifted that bandage."

"Doc, I'll confess, I couldn't see much—just a blur."

"And your eyes ache and sting now, don't they?"

"They burn a little, Doc."

"I'll say they burn a little! How many mornings has this been going on?"

Denison was silent. "Only yesterday and today, doctor," confessed Jane, hesitatingly.

"Well, don't try it any more," said Carpy to Denison. "If you do, I'll put you back in a dark room. I only let you out here on the theory you'd behave yourself."

Carpy picked up his bag. He was part way down the corridor when he was waylaid by Lefever.

**CHAPTER XI**

"Come into Sawdy's room a minute, Doc," pleaded Lefever. "He'd like to talk this thing over with you."

Sawdy, propped up in bed, led the talk. But the talk was not to Dr. Carpy's liking. "Yes," he muttered scornfully, "I expected that the way it would work out. If there's a mean job to be done in this town, put it on me."

But the pair now working on the doctor's sympathies knew their victim pretty well and, having once brought him to refuse their request, needed only to persevere in order to make him grant it. This brought Carpy back that afternoon to Denison, alone.

"Doctor," said the injured man, "I couldn't be sure this morning when Jane was here whether you were talking to encourage her and me, or whether you really think you can save my sight."

"Bill, I was honest in what I said," returned Carpy. "I believe and hope I can save your eyes. But it's not all in my hands; I told you that, too. If Nature's willing, we're going to get through all right—does that satisfy you?"

"That's all I can ask, Doc."

"Bill," said the doctor suddenly. "Sawdy and Lefever have found out who burned the ranch house—and why it was set afire."

"Who was it?" asked Denison violently.

"Keep cool, Bill; keep cool. It's a mean mess."

Denison was on fire. "Why don't you tell the story?" he demanded angrily. "What did they do?"

"First," responded Carpy, determined not to be rushed, "they found that Barney Rebstock had a pocketful of money since the fire. They lured him down to McAlpin's barn. When Sawdy began to question him, he showed fight. The upshot of it was, the two went at it hammer and tongs in a box stall."

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"Keep cool, Bill; keep cool. It's a mean mess."

horse. If ever a robber and a thief and a murderer deserved stringing up, that man does. He's killed, or had killed, every man that ever stood in his way of stealing land or cattle, or anything a man had that he wanted."

"Cool off, Bill, cool off."

Denison sat down with his hands over his face. It wrung Carpy's heart to see him suffer. "I can't, Doc. I can't!"

"Yes, you can, damn you, and you will. Let me put that bandage back where it belongs—and you keep it there. Don't talk about eyesight unless you want it back. Where the hell do I come in? What am I getting out of this?" It was a battle between two strong wills, and it was long in the waging. But when Carpy, wiping the sweat from his forehead and, himself almost unstrung, left Denison's side, his patient had ridden out the storm and had promised quiet till the two could think of what might be done, pledging in the interval mutual and absolute secrecy.

Secrecy, however well pledged, grows more difficult to control in proportion to the number of persons pledged.

Carpy swore Sawdy and Lefever to it very easily. McAlpin and Ben Page were warned that if the story leaked out, it might become unpleasant for both. As for Bob Scott, no one was ever known to worm a secret out of him; Barney, of course, dared not talk.

Yet it will easily be understood that too many people had the story; and only the continual efforts of Dr. Carpy in silencing, through threats of what might happen to them, one or another of the conspirators kept it under cover.

Jane, after the usual storm with her father, who knew what she was doing, rode next morning into town to make her visit to the hospital.

Denison was a poor actor. In his endeavor to make Jane feel there had been nothing to upset him, he was over solicitous. Carpy did better; but he was compelled to admit that Denison had not been doing quite so well—since Jane could see that for herself.

Her father continued taciturn and aloof. Jane knew she was defying him by continuing to visit Denison, yet being of much the same tenacious will as her father himself, she reckoned little of it.

But her visits and ministrations to the injured neighbor of Gunlock Ranch became so frequent, and she herself was so wholly indifferent to comment, that the situation became food for local gossip. Here was Van Tassel a deadly enemy of Denison's, with his daughter openly showing a very special interest in Denison's condition at the hospital—carrying to him delicacies and spending with him half her time in town.

Things were at this pass when one day Van Tassel told his daughter he must go to Medicine Bend on some bank business. Jane knew that he was not able to make the trip—Carpy had told her more than once that the old man's life hung by a thread. She pleaded with her father, found out what the business was, and offered to go in his stead.

She took the morning train for Medicine Bend, secured the further time on his notes at the bank, spent the night at the Mountain House, and took the afternoon train west for Sleepy Cat.

The Pullman cars were crowded. Jane was forced to find a seat in a day coach. Here she placed her hand bag in the seat beside her, bought a magazine, and resigned herself to a long afternoon and evening.

Two men had taken the seat directly behind her. Jane resumed her reading until in the conversation between the two men her attention was attracted by catching the name of Bill Denison.

Her curiosity once aroused, it was easy to follow the drift of their talk. Presently she heard mention of her father's name. Aroused now to keen interest, Jane was torn between the feeling that she ought not to listen and the impulse that she must.

"Of course, nobody can prove it," were the words she heard. "I didn't say they could. That old bird knows too well how to cover his tracks. But everybody knows how he deviled Denison's brother when he lived there—tried to buy him out, then scare him out, and then smoke him out. The old devil has been crazy ever since he owned Gunlock to get hold of that lit lit Spring Ranch. Why? Account of the water. It's the biggest spring in the hills. Now that he's back from the hospital, the first thing he thinks of is to get hold of that spring."

Jane listened with bated breath.

"Why, it's common talk in Sleepy Cat," the narrator went on, "that he paid Barney Rebstock to set Bill's ranch house afire and came damned near burning Bill up in it."

Her heart stopped beating as she heard the dreadful recital, delivered as calmly as the merest bit of current gossip would be discussed on a street corner.

"According to what I hear," continued the narrator, "Sawdy and some of Bill's friends choked the story out of Barney. Sawdy got cut up in the fracas with him—Sawdy was laid up in the hospital for a month. Barney's a mean devil with a knife."

The train was pulling into Sleepy Cat. Jane, rousing herself from a stupor, her breath choking her, her heart ready to burst with every beat, staggered to her feet, dazed, and supporting herself along the aisle with her hands alternately on the backs of the seats, stepped blindly down to the platform.

Bull Page, who was in with the team and buckboard to take her home, reached for her handbag. "No, Bull," Jane said quietly. "I'm not going out tonight."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



**The Man Who O-O**  
 Tales and Traditions from American Political History  
 by FRANK E. HAGEN and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**DEMONSTRATIONS**  
 CONVENTION "demonstrations"—those amazing exhibitions of hysterical enthusiasm, usually manufactured rather than spontaneous—had their origin in the Republican convention of 1860 in Chicago.

The two leading candidates were William H. Seward of New York and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. The New York delegation brought along a prize fighter named Tom Hyer and a band which marched about the streets playing martial music.

To match these noise-makers, supporters of "Old Abe" hired a Chicagoan "who shout could be heard above the most violent tempest on Lake Michigan" and a leather-lunged Dr. Ames, who, though a Democrat, also consented to whoop it up for Lincoln. But the real "blow-off" came when Lincoln was nominated on the fourth ballot. An eye-witness has described the scene as follows:

"The immense multitude rose, and gave round after round of applause; ten thousand voices swelled into a roar so deafening that, for several minutes, every attempt to restore order was hopelessly vain . . . A man appeared in the hall bringing a large painting of Mr. Lincoln. The cannon sent forth roar after roar in quick succession. Delegates tore up the sticks and boards bearing the names of several states, and waved them aloft over their heads, and the vast multitude before the platform were waving hats and handkerchiefs."

Another chapter in convention "demonstrations" was added by the Republican convention, also in Chicago, in 1880. Roscoe Conkling of New York led the forces that had determined to nominate Grant for a third term. At the first mention of Grant's name, a demonstration began which lasted nearly half an hour. Conkling, noted for his "aristocratic coldness," unbent enough to stimulate enthusiasm in the galleries and among the delegates by waving his handkerchief. Then Robert G. Ingersoll started waving after waves of frantic cheering when he grabbed a woman's red shawl and waved it aloft.

Men tore off their coats and used them for flags. Then the Grant delegates seized the standards of their states and started a parade around the hall—thus starting a custom which has been perpetuated to this day.

**KEYNOTERS**

HOW many of us recall the keynote speech of Senator Steiwer at the Republican national convention in Cleveland this year? Or that of Senator Barkley at the Philadelphia gathering of Democrats?

The answers to that one fortify the fact that keynote speeches fade rapidly, then die as completely as an ancient mackerel. The only one which persevered through a campaign was delivered at the Democratic convention of 1916 and later events made a farce out of it.

That keynote was delivered in favor of Woodrow Wilson; the man who voiced it was Martin H. Glynn of New York.

Like the "Three Long Years" which Republicans emphasized in 1936, Glynn's keynote beat the tom-toms for Wilson's achievements in avoiding war in 1914, 1915 and 1916, ending each recital with the assertion: "But we didn't go to war."

Seizing upon the then catchy phrase, which set convention delegates on their ears, the Democratic national committee, made the race on the slogan of: "He kept us out of war." It barely lasted to re-elect Wilson, for two months after beginning his second term the United States was in the war.

Success of a keynote in this particular instance was made at least partially possible by the pussyfooting tactics of the rival party. They didn't want to discuss the war. But the American voters were talking about nothing else!

One other keynote has found a place in our permanent political history. It was delivered by imposing Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana at the Bull Moose convention of 1912 which brought Theodore Roosevelt back into the spotlight.

Said Beveridge: "The people's government has been usurped by the invisible government, and the people's government must be given back to the people again."

Even today, with history recording a Bull Moose defeat, there is something about this well-turned phrase which accounts for the perpetuity which has fallen to it.

© Western Newspaper Union.

**Destroyed Indian Population**  
 The prehistoric Indian population of northern Arizona was destroyed by "tenement" conditions nearly 1,000 years ago. Tracing the habits of the Indian population, an authority said that from the time they moved from single-family pit houses to multi-family apartment houses, or pueblos, similar to modern tenements, the population of these tribes dropped from 23,000 to 3,000.



**My Favorite Recipe**  
 by Sally Eilers

**Appetizer**  
 (Miss Eilers serves a fascinating appetizer before dinner which is her own idea.)

Take large mushrooms and remove stems. Wash and fill cups of mushrooms with sausage meat. Put under broiler and cook until meat is done, and serve hot on small pieces of toast.

These may be served as a luncheon dish on toast, with a rich cream sauce.

Copyright—WNU Service.

**DON'T WAIT FOR A COLD**

1. Keep your head clear
2. Protect your throat
3. Help build up

**YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE**  
**LUDEX'S DO ALL THREE!**

**Our Need**

What this country needs is dirtier fingernails and cleaner minds. —Will Rogers.

**PAIN IN BACK**

**NEARLY DROVE HER CRAZY Got Quick Relief By Rubbing**



Muscles were so sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamlin's Wizard Oil and found wonderful relief. Just rubbed it on and rubbed it in. Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil works wonders for stiff, aching muscles. Why suffer? Get a bottle for speedy comfort. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

**HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL**  
 For MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA—LUMBAGO—CHEST COLDS

**Useful Knowledge**

Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.—Whately.

**FINE FOR DRESSING CUTS**

Soothe and protect cuts by dressing them with gauze and a little Moroline. It's pure, snow-white. The 10c size contains 3 1/2 times as much as the 5c size. Demand Moroline.

**MOROLINE**  
 SNOW WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

**Wisdom of Age**

Most of the "wisdom of age" is caution.

**DARLING, WILL YOU PLEASE BE HINNY? I GUARANTEE TO TEND YOU FIRST! FOR INSTANCES, LOVE, IF HEARTBURN COMES . . . I'LL OFFER YOU MY BOLL OF TUMS!**



**YOU'LL LOVE THIS FAST RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION**

**WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums . . . like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting . . . only 10c . . . yet they give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contains no harsh alkalies . . . cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Just enough pepsin compound to correct your stomach**

### 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

We have a brand new line of

### WALL PAPER

At Very Reasonable Prices

**J. C. Wooldridge  
Lumber Co.**

### Resolution of Respect

Whereas our brother, J. W. Bond, a Master Mason of Hedley Lodge A. F. & A. M. No. 991 of Hedley, Texas was on the eleventh day of December 1936 called from his duties on earth to join that innumerable caravan from whence no traveler returns

Bro. Bond was a devout member of the Methodist Church, a charter member of the Masonic Lodge. He had been Worshipful Master of the lodge several years and had been Honorary member since 1935

Whereas, he was an upright citizen a worthy brother, a faithful husband and father.

Be it resolved, that we the Hedley Lodge A. F. & A. M. No. 991 hold brother Bond's life a worthy example of the generosity and uprightness of manhood and Masonry.

Be it further resolved, that the brethren of Hedley Lodge have suffered a great loss in the summons of our brother from the walks of life.

We extend to the family our heart felt sympathy in this sad hour as they mourn the loss of their loved one.

Be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family of our deceased brother, and one sent to the Hedley Informer for publication and one spread on the minutes of the Lodge.

W. C. Payne  
Ralph Moreman  
Leon Reeves  
Committee

W. C. Bridges is working in the County Agent's office at Clarendon.

### PASTIME THEATRE Clarendon, Texas

Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19

**George O'Brien in  
The Border Patrolman**

Also Peppy Cartoon.

10 25c

Sat. Midnite Show only Dec. 19

**Marsha Hunt and John  
Howard in**

**Easy to Take**

Also Paramount Variety

10 25c

Sunday and Monday Dec. 20-21

**Simone Simon, Herbert  
Marshall, in**

**Girls Dormitory**

Also 2 variety short subjects

10 25c

Tuesday only Dec. 22

Bank Night

**Stan Laurel and Oliver**

**Hardy in**

**Our Relations**

Also Wender spots of America

10 25c

Wednesday only Dec. 23

**Anne Shirley, John Beal  
in**

**M'Liss**

Also Swing Banditry

10 25c

Thursday and Friday Dec. 24-25.

**Ginger Rogers and Fred  
Astaire in**

**Swing Time**

Also cartoon, Neptune Nonsense  
10 25c

Shirley Temple doll given away  
Free Thursday afternoon.

Matinees each day at 2 p. m.

Saturday matinees 1:15

Evening shows at 7:00

Selected short subjects

### COZY THEATRE

Saturday only Dec. 19

**Chas. Starrett in**

**Gallant Defender**

Also serial "Flash Gordon" and  
cartoon

10 15c

### Christmas Bridge Party

A most enjoyable evening was spent in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bridges Friday, Dec. 11, by a large number of their friends. The home was most attractive with its Christmas decorations. This motif was also carried out at the bridge tables.

Eight tables enjoyed bridge during the evening, and the traveling prizes were given in a very witty manner, the ladies going to Mrs. Zeb Mitchell, and the men to Charles Rains.

At the conclusion of the games delicious refreshments, which were also suggestive of the Yuletide season, were served to the following: Messrs. and Mesdames Mitchell, Harmon, Glass, Moffitt, C. L. Johnson, Charles Rains, Hooker, Simmons, Ross Adamson, Spaulding, Kinslow, Thompson, Leon Reeves and Clarke. Mrs. Owen, Mianca Hixson and Clarke and the host and hostess.

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287  
AMERICAN LEGION

meets the first Thursday in each month

### Notice to our Friends and Customers

Beginning Jan. 1st we will sell for cash only. If you pay your bills promptly we will continue to extend you 15 or 30 days as we consider 30 days cash. It has been my aim to give everyone value received both in groceries and in buying what you have to sell, but we are going to give you the very best prices possible during 1937

### CHRISTMAS SPECIALS FOR THE WEEK

#### Candy and Fruit

Xmas mixed, 2 lb 25c  
Chocolate covered Cherries, lb. box 25c  
Oranges, doz. 15c up to 40c  
Apples, large delicious, doz. 29c  
Walnuts, lb. 20c

#### Fireworks of all kinds

Rice, White House, box 18c  
Corn Flakes, box 10c  
Tomatoes, 3 for 25c  
Pork and Beans, 4 for 25c  
Hominy, 3 for 15c  
Tomato Juice, 2 for 27c  
Fruit Juice, 3 for 27c

#### Market Specials

Pure Pork Sausage, 2 lb. 45c  
Pork Ham, lb. 25c  
Steak, choice cuts, lb. 23c  
Roast, lb. 12c  
Hot Bar B Q, lb. 20c

**Harry Burden  
Grocery and Market**

PHONE 15

## Food Specials

It's time to prepare the menu for the meal of the year . . . Christmas Dinner  
These Prices Good All Christmas Week

**Cocoanuts, fresh, two for 15c**

Grapefruit, doz.	25c	Pineapple, 3 No. 1 cans	25c
Bananas, doz.	15c	Stick Candy, lb.	15c
Delicious Apples, doz.	29c	Xmas Candy, lb.	10c
Oranges, doz.	15c	Cocoa, 2 lb.	15c
Granberries, qt.	21c	Mincemeat, pkg.	10c

**Lemons, doz. 25c**

Almonds, lb.	33c	Prince Albert, per can	11c
Brazil Nuts, lb.	20c	Steak, fat and tender, lb.	15c
Pecans, large, lb.	25c	Roast, 2 lb.	25c
Marshmallows	15c	Chili, lb.	19c
Sugar, 25 lb.	\$1.32	Cheese, cream, lb.	25c

**Sausage, country sacked, lb. 23c**

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

**'M' SYSTEM**

### BRIDGE CLUB

Members of the Contract Bridge club were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Ted Dudley at her home Thursday afternoon. Colorful chrysanthemums and yuletide decorations were attractively arranged in the rooms. High score prize was won by Mrs. Leon Reeves, traveling prize by Mrs. Alva Simmons, and consolation went to Mrs. Clifford Johnson. A lovely plate luncheon was served to the following guests and members: Mesdames Mitchell, Leggett, Spaulding, Thompson, Simmons Reeves, Moffitt, Johnson, Dishman, Moreman, Adamson, and Miss Reeves.

### NOTICE

I have ten head of good young work stock for sale cheap, also two listers, two cultivators, two godevils, one 2 row godevil, at a bargain, at the old P. C. Johnson place, Giles, Texas  
See me. A. L. Wall

Miss Jessie Mildred Caldwell underwent an operation at North West Texas Hospital at Amarillo Saturday.

### 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  
We Welcome You.

### EMBALMING

Caskets & Undertaking  
Supplies

We Are At Your Service  
**THOMPSON BROS.**  
Night Phone 94 or 64

### JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

#### Chiropractor

15th year in Memphis  
PHONE 462  
Lady in Office

### NEDLEY 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.

### 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.

### CHURCH OF CHRIST

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