

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXIV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS AUGUST 17, 1934

NO. 41

Every Day Prices

Parke Davis Kreso Dip, gal.	\$1.50
Epsom Salts 15c 2 lb.	25c
Sulphur 15c 2 lb.	25c
Russian Type Mineral Oil, pint	39c
New Gillette Razor with 5 blades	49c
New Gem Razor with blades	25c
Syrup Pepsin, Small 50c Large	\$1.00

Hedley Drug Co.

THE RETAIL STORE

PHONE 3

This Store is a Pharmacy

HEDLEY CIRCUIT

Rev Dennis Lawson Pastor
First Sunday: Lela Lake at 11:00 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.
Second Sunday: Giles 9:30 a. m. McKnight 11:00 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.
Third Sunday: Quail 11:00 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Pleasant Hill 8:00 p. m.
Fourth Sunday: Ring 11:00 a. m. Bray 8:30 p. m.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

W. R. Pool, 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 8:15. Visitors are always welcome.
H. Y. P. U. and adult Bible Sunday at 7:00 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. C. E. Johnson, Superintendent.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
R. T. S. at 7:30 p. m.
Preaching at 8:30 p. m.
W. M. S. meets Monday at 8 p. m.; Y. W. A. at 4:00.
M. E. Wells, Pastor.

Vogue Art Beauty Shoppe

Room 3 Cooper Hotel

Special until August 25
A Guaranteed Permanent \$1.00

With marcel wave and finger ends. By a Licensed Operator with 7 years experience. The best of other beauty work for the most fastidious people at proper prices. No students—no burned hair. Mrs. R. R. Hood

THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor
Sunday School Sunday morning at 9:45. Clarence Davis, Supt. Epworth League at 8:00. Martha Sue Noel, Pres. Church service morning and evening each Sunday.

Mrs. John Stoer of St. Louis visited the W. G. Brinson family Sunday.

Mrs. Ethel McGwin and Mrs. Earnest Eids visited Mr. and Mrs. Ray Horn at South Plains the past week end.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

MRS. J. T. ADAMSON

Mrs. Sarah Bruton Adams died August 11, 1934. The funeral services were held in her home and were conducted by Rev. V. A. Hansard and Rev. A. V. Hendricks. In the presence of a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends, she was lovingly laid to rest in the Rowe cemetery. The flower girls, Jessie Mildred Culwell, Lillie Ballard and Mrs. Elsie Shaw and the pall bearers were P. L. Dishman, Branch Watkins, Bill Harris, Ray Doherty, Earl Reeves and Ike Rains.

She deceased was born June 20, 1870, near Norwood, Mo. At the age of five she came to Weston, Collin county, Texas. When she was a young girl she joined the Methodist church. Sarah E. Bruton and J. T. Adamson were united in marriage and they resided in Collin county until 1901 when they moved to Donley Co.

Mrs. Adamson leaves eight bereaved children, fifteen grandchildren, and two great grandchildren. The children are: Mrs. Maggie Gibson, Mrs. Annie Greer and T. L. Adamson of Amarillo; Mrs. Fessie Parrack of Lubbock; Mrs. Gladys Heartley of Borger; M. L. Adamson of Wichita, Kan.; S. G. and J. W. Adamson of Hedley. One sister and one brother are left to mourn her loss: Mrs. R. H. Belcher of Amarillo, and Jessie J. Bruton of Oakland, California.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

Last Friday was surprise day for Mrs. Josie Adamson, as well as her birthday, for her children and grandchildren had planned a dinner for her. They managed to get her away to see a sick lady until dinner was prepared, and when she came back home the crowd met her at the door singing "Happy birthday to you."

Two tables were set with good things to eat and in the center of the table was a lovely cake decorated beautifully. Those who prepared it were: Mesdames Ira J. Foster and Raymond Storveth of Amarillo; Mrs. Joyce Armstrong of Clarendon; Mr. and Mrs. Alton Hawkins of Memphis; Mrs. George Armstrong; Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Culwell and family and Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Malone. She received a number of nice gifts.

Then about 4:30 in came Mesdames J. B. Masterson, O. R. Hunsucker and Weidon Bennett bringing a lovely cake, baked by Mrs. Hunsucker, and some other nice gifts by the other ladies, and through the mail came a lovely picture from Mr. and Mrs. Gibson of Amarillo. In the afternoon ice cream was served and a pleasant day was spent, with a wish for many more such birthdays to Mrs. Adamson.

PRE-SCHOOL EXAM

Those who failed to get in for the last date may come next Tuesday Aug. 21, to Dr. Webb's office. Dr. Walker says he can see you any time you come.

Mother's, please come with your child as the doctor will need information the child cannot give him. If you need transportation call Mrs. Cora Luttrell, Chairman of Committee.

GRAPES FOR SALE

New ripe at W. J. Luttrell's

MRS. J. C. HANSARD

Mrs. Cordelia Hopper Hansard was born July 14, 1871, in Denton county, Texas. She departed this life at 12:25 p. m. August 9, 1934, at the home of her son, Rev. V. A. Hansard.

On May 5, 1887 she was married to J. C. Hansard at Garza, Texas. She was converted at the age of seventeen years and joined the Missionary Baptist church some forty four years ago. She was loyal to her church throughout these years.

Mrs. Hansard was the mother of nine children, three sons having preceded her in death.

Funeral services were held Friday August 10, at 8:00 p. m. at the home of Rev. V. A. Hansard, with Rev. Byron Todd conducting the services. Burial was in Memphis cemetery.

Those surviving the deceased are her husband, J. C. Hansard, four sons, Rev. V. A. Hansard, Hedley; W. V. Hansard, Grapevine; Oletis and Melbie Hansard, McLean; and two daughters, Mrs. W. S. Crawford, Wellington; and Mrs. J. R. Gilmore, Pampa.

Besides these relatives there are twenty five grandchildren and three great grandchildren and a host of friends who mourn her going.

School will soon open and we can supply all your school needs. B. & B. Variety

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rowell and children of Amarillo visited Mrs. J. W. Reeves Friday.

Mrs. E. R. Hooker has bought the stock of school supplies at the Granddaddy Nipper place, and will open this place for business about the first of September. She has bought a complete new stock of school supplies, candies, novelties and gifts to add to the old stock. Watch for her ad in next week's paper.

Harry Velau and wife and little daughter, Charlotte Ann, of Hastings, Okla., and W. L. Gibson and family of Temple, Okla., visited the Will W. Holland family Monday and Tuesday.

TO DONLEY FARMERS

A telegram has been received from the State allotment Board setting August 25th as a date limit, the time for which every person in Donley county who has a cotton crop, no matter if it be one half acre or more, must have his application for the Tax Exemption certificate in the County Agent's office. This is of utmost importance to every cotton farmer for if he fails to make his application for his exemption certificate he will, by law, be required to pay in tax 50% of the central market price of cotton.

R. C. Land, assistant in cotton adjustment

AS YOU LIKE IT

The club will meet Friday afternoon August 17, at 6 o'clock at the Tinsley home, with Misses Doris and Joyce Tinsley as hostesses.

NOTICE

Guaranteed Croquisnole permanents for \$1.00 Saturday only. Wet finger wave 15c. Bruce Bradley at D. Curd residence.

Satisfied Customers

Are Our Best Advertisement

We have lots of them who have traded here for 18 years

Why not be Satisfied?

PHONE 21

Barnes & Hastings Grocery Co.

Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

Spinach, No. 2 can
Green Beans, No. 2 can
Turnip Greens, No. 2 can
Tomatoes, No. 2 can

10c

Our Darling Corn, No. 2 can
Tripoli Corn, No. 2 can, 2 for

15c
25c

Spuds 10 lb. No. 1
Peck 35c

25c

Meal Yukon Best, 20 lb.
10 lb.

59c
32c

Corn Flakes, Miller
Certo
Pen-Jel, 2 pkgs.
Pinto Beans, 7 lb.

9c
29c
25c
50c

Sugar Pure Cane, 9 lb.
18 lb.

50c
\$1.00

A Friendly Drug Store

Solicits and will Appreciate Your Business

Try Our Fountain Drinks

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome
PHONE 63

Keep On Keepin' On

During the conditions we are passing through it seems to us that we should each conserve all our resources as much as possible. This applies more especially to what now seems to be a real shortage in feed. We should save in every way possible and in the language of James Whitcomb Riley:

If the days looks kinder gloomy and your chances kinder slim
If the situation puzzlin' and prospects awful grim
If perplexities keep pressin' till hope is nearly gone
Just bristle up and grit your teeth and keep on keepin' on

Frettin' never wins a fight and fumin' never pays
There aint no use in broodin' in these pessimistic ways
Smile kinder cheerfully though hope is nearly gone
And bristle up and grit your teeth and keep on keepin' on

Your Deposit In This Bank Is Insured Up To \$5,000

Security State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

Member F. D. I. C. A Safe Bank Made Safer

Call for Dark Accents on White

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HERE'S how to give your white costume an air of topnotch swank—touch it up with a few effective dark accents. The modes illustrated offer excellent suggestions in this direction.

What could be smarter than the white topcoat in the group here pictured with hat, scarf, gloves and bag done in bright green? Gingham accessories are good looking and chic, too, and then there are the new black velvet berets which are so fashionable worn with summer white apparel. Be sure to order a velvet neckpiece or scarf with your beret to make the picture complete.

The interesting worthwhile thing to keep in mind in regard to the coat pictured is that it is made of one of those new cotton coatings which are creating such a furore in the fabric realm not only because of their handsome appearance but particularly because of the fact that they launder as successfully as a pocket handkerchief. Then, too, these most attractive coatings tailor like quality-kind woollen.

The young girl seated is also wearing an all-cotton outfit, for about the most fashionable thing one can do this summer is to wear cotton from head to foot—silk hosiery of course taken for granted. Her suit (she has thrown the jacket over the back of her chair)

is of white seersucker, which is a style note to jot down for it is a new gesture, this of tailoring one's jacket suit of ordinary crinkled seersucker. Her blouse is of a new cotton sheer (plume chiffon) which is delightfully cool and wearable in the summer time. It has a diminutive polka-dot on a dark background.

The other stylishly-clad young modern is wearing a white crepe spectator sports dress with the voguish dark note interpreted via a vestee with a wide sailor collar and matching cuffs of starched brown dotted swiss. Her footwear tunes in with the color scheme in that the "nifty" white kid spectator sport pumps which she wears have brown kid tips and heels. Her white crepe hat is banded with brown.

In this dark-with-white movement it is also good style to wear a gay plaided gingham coat with one's white frock or if preferred a coat fashioned of cotton ratine in monotone navy or brown or any desired colors.

A pleasing effect is also achieved when the belt (it should be wide) gloves and bag are dark in contrast to the white of the rest of the costume.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

COTTONS APPEAR IN MANY DESIGNS

Medium pastels and white have greater consideration in the latest print showings of cottons and linens. Dark grounds, however, are more widely represented than last year, since they afford the most effective background to the very colorful designs that have gained in popularity.

Among prints the cleverest are coin spots and multicolored. The newest stripes have taken to blazer variations, and are particularly well regarded in seersuckers and piques for shirts and shorts. Plaids are wearable in multiple line variations, and have taken very strongly to multicolor. They appear in a wide variety of cottons, including sports weaves and sheers.

Candlewick Muslin Frocks

Latest Thing in Fashions

Candlestick muslin evening frocks seem to be the last whisper in summer fashions. And for country or resort wear, they are impudently casual and completely effective.

Most of them come in the regulation unbleached muslin, with tufts of colored yarn in the good old candlewick fashion.

And to cap the climax, there's a candlewick "fur" coat-muslin with white tufting so thick that it looks at least a little like ermine, or something.

Supple Taffeta Popular in Variety of Designs

The vogue of taffeta is increasing daily. The old-fashioned stiff taffeta has disappeared, and the new fabrics are extremely supple and are used either for dresses or costumes.

Little tulle or one-piece dresses with a basque effect in front are the favorite theme for this material.

Worth sponsors taffeta costumes and ensembles not only in plain materials but in fancy designs. One of his most successful models is in black-and-white-checked taffeta with discreet gold lame threads.

Fig Leaf Is in Style

More and more are we getting back to nature in our clothes. Diamond fig leaves now trim our best coiffured hair, and carved in ivory or jade, fasten our Sunday-best pocketbook.

SMART CROCHET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here is a winner when it comes to a collar and bib effect of cotton crochet. It is the sort you will be wanting to duplicate the moment you see it. It is easy to make and it will bring your navy or black summer sheer gown up into the very foreground of fashion. Works miracles in freshening up most any dress. The collar and frilly bib pictured is made of soft mercerized yellow crochet cotton. The tiny buttons down the front are covered with cotton crochet. The gloves are good-looking, too. With all the emphasis in sports fashions laid on knitted and crochet articles, this pair of gauntlet gloves knitted of charadize yarn becomes indispensable.

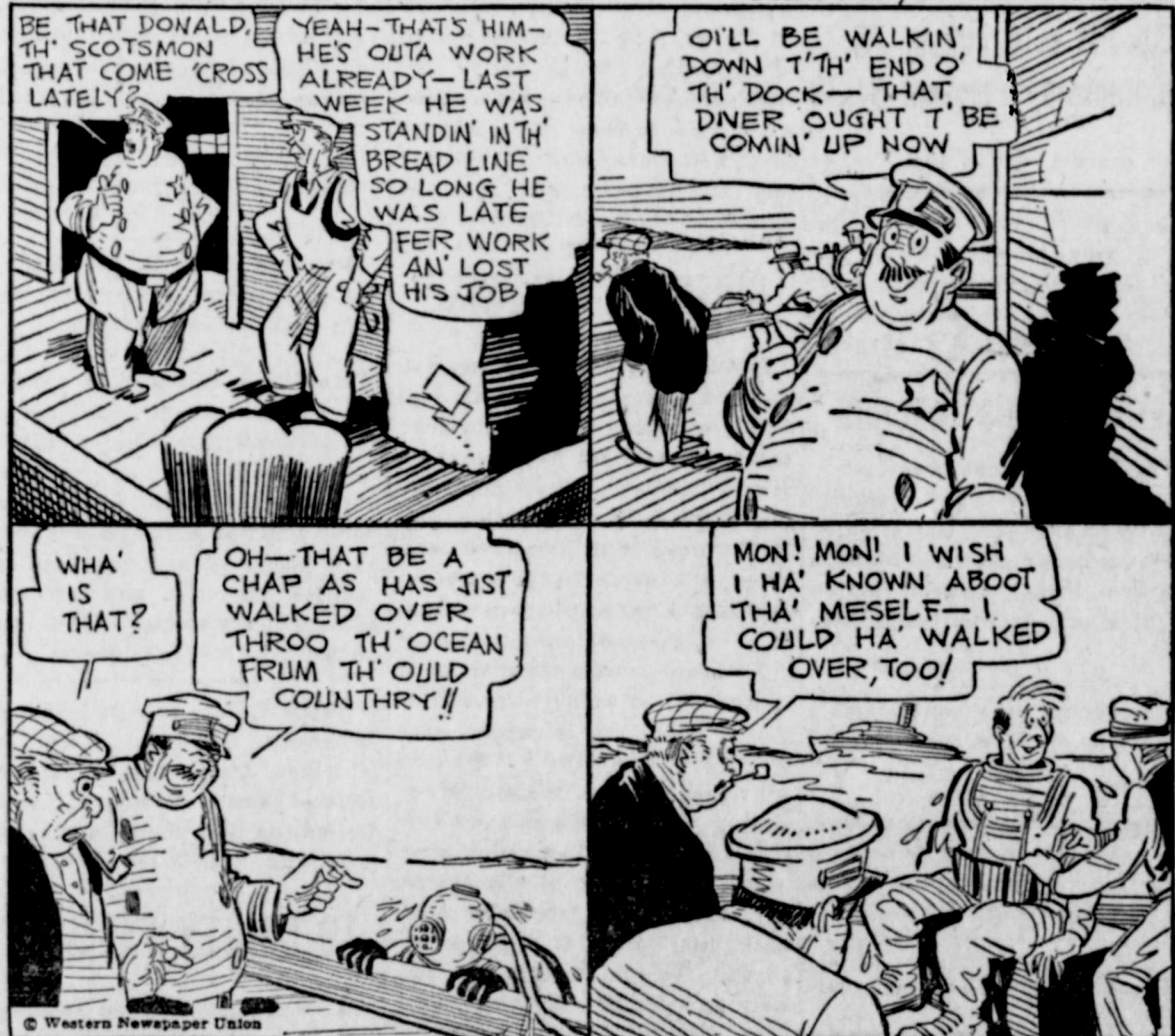
OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

And Maybe Hitch-Hiked



THE FEATHERHEADS

Underwriting



DISTINCT CHARM IN THIS DESIGN

PATTERN 9941



Yes—it really does unbutton at the neck so as to go on and off without a lot of trouble. It's a frock for anything feminine from size ten to size eighteen—and any age looks prettier when wearing it. For cottons it couldn't possibly be nicer, with its long front panel and neat little pleats which make it smart and give its wearer plenty of room to get about gracefully. The belt is separate—and if you like, it may be of a plain color to match the buttons—repeating a shade in the print, perhaps.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Pattern 9941 may be ordered only in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 16 requires 3½ yards and 36-inch fabric.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER AND SIZE.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighth Street, New York City.

SMILES

BAD GUESS

He saw her sitting in the darkened room. Noiselessly he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her. "How dare you," she screamed. "Pardon me," he bluffed readily. "but I thought you were my sister." "Ass!" she exclaimed. "I am your sister."

The Sporting Spirit

Big Game Hunter—Oh, yes, I've been nearly eaten by lions many a time, but life without its risks would be a very tame affair.

Mr. Subbubs—I agree with you there. Many a time when the weather seemed doubtful, I've gone out without my umbrella. —Montreal Star.

Being Fair

"Are you aware of the fact that you have contradicted yourself?" "Certainly," answered Senator Serghum. "I don't hesitate to contradict everybody else whenever I choose. Why should I show partiality?"



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 publisher.

All obituaries, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, advertising of church or society doings, when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

GRAPES FOR SALE

Now ripe at W. J. Luttrell's

Subscribe for the Informer.

Mrs. E. R. Hooker has bought the stock of school supplies at the Granddaddy Nipper place, and will open this place for business about the first of September. She has bought a complete stock of school supplies, candies, novelties and gifts to add to the old stock. Watch for her in next week's paper.

School will soon open and we can supply all your school needs. B. & R. Variety

Who Says That Nobody Loves a Policeman?

There is one thing sure... that isn't true so far, at least, as Officer Finney is concerned.

You know Finney—Finney of the Force—whose comical adventures are portrayed for readers of this paper by Ted O'Loughlin, brilliant young artist.

This genial copper gets a lot of fun out of the things that happen day by day as he travels his beat, and the fun is passed on to you as you read of his activities.

Have a laugh with Finney and tell your friends about him.

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each month

The Nazarene revival is still progress and some very able sermons are being preached and God's truth given out.

Mrs. Virgil Haggler of Ranger is visiting relatives here.

T. F. and G. O. Heath, D. B. Leach, M. L. Monroe and Pete Messer enjoyed a fishing trip to Cane Creek, Okla. last Thursday and Friday. They report a fine time and plenty of fish for all.

Dr. F. V. Walker

General Practice.
Female Diseases - Specialty
Residence Phone 5
Office with Wilson Drug Co.
Hedley, Texas

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor

13th year in Memphis
PHONE 462
Lady in Office

COFFINS, CASKETS

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

Licensed Embalmer and Auto
Hearse at Your Service
Day phone 24
Night phone 40

MOREMAN HARDWARE

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Chism will preach in Hedley, at the Church of Christ, Saturday and Sunday, July 7 and 8.

Everybody is invited to come out and hear him.

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

NAZARENE CHURCH

Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching service 11 a. m.
Young people meet at 7:30
Night service at 8:15.
Rev. Nannie Carter,
Pastor.

Subscribe for the Informer.

ENCAMPMENT NOTES By The Observer

The entire camp was surprised by the extreme interest Fred Wells and Willie Adamson took in two Pampa girls but they took joking in a fine way. Nina Mae Bailey and Joyce Tinsley were always together and seemed to have a good time over the fact that Nina Mae had a threat of being kidnapped. Stephen Milner was the 'camp baby' but he was an interesting companion, took an interest in most everything and furnished plenty of amusement. Ruth McQueen hatched the idea that we should have a 'chose girl,' we wonder why. Chester Hill probably had a good reason for telling a 'romance' that a certain girl was his own, therefore being his wife. What time Hazel Stewart was not helping with a cot she was securing an autograph, taking a photograph. Lucky guy what gets a Nettie Blankenship, we think. That girl can plan and work out a menu like nobody's business. Glenn Milner and Winifred McPherson were hardly ever at the girls' camp on a visit near mealtime. These two boys were certainly good help. Ila Mae Kyser and Delma Hill proved the best sleepers, as on several occasions we heard something of a snoring which seemed to come from their direction. Virgil McPherson appeared to have a good time but you should have seen the new light in his eyes when time to start home came. We think we understand the boy's reason. Edna Mae Smith ran a good race with others to see who could eat the most and still be in a good humor. Edna Mae was one of the 'live wires' of the camp week. Mrs. Tinsley and Miss Anderson did their bit by preparing some well eats for the boys and girls. They looked after the camp in a splendid manner. The entire camp reported having a good time in spite of mosquito bites, sun burn and other ailments, and are making plans to attend next year.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor
Sunday School Sunday morning at 9:45. Clarence Davis, Sept. Epworth League at 8:00. Martha Sue Noel, Pres. Church service morning and evening each Sunday.

Political Announcements

For Representative
122nd District
JOHN PURYEAR
Re-election
EUGENE WORLEY

For District Attorney:
JOHN M. DEEVER
Re-election

For District Clerk:
WALKER LANE
Re-election

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

For County Attorney:
R. Y. KING
Re-election

For County Treasurer:
MRS. R. WILKERSON
Re-election

For County Clerk:
W. G. WORD
Re-election

For Sheriff:
GUY S. PIERCE
Re-election

For Tax Assessor and Collector:
JOE BOWDENS

For County Commissioner,
Precinct No. 8.
G. L. ARMSTRONG
J. LES HAWKINS
Re-election

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas

Office Phone 8
Residence Phone 20

CARDS OF THANKS

We take this method of thanking our many friends for the assistance they gave us in the sickness and death of our beloved wife and mother.

N. C. Duggins and family

With appreciative hearts we extend our sincere gratitude to the dear, faithful relatives and friends who gave their loving service and tender sympathy in the prolonged illness and the death of our beloved mother.

Mrs. Maggie Gibson

Mrs. Annie Greer

Mrs. Feebee Parrock

Mrs. Gladys Hartley

T. L., M. L., S. G., and J. W. Adamson.

We wish to express our heart felt thanks and appreciation to the good people who were so kind and loyal to us during the illness and death of our loved one—wife, mother and grandmother. The floral offering was beautiful; words cannot express just how much we thank you. We pray God's richest blessings upon you, and may health and happiness be yours.

J. C. Hansard

Rev. V. A. Hansard and family
Mrs. W. S. Crawford and family.

Mrs. J. R. Gilmore and family.
Cletis Hansard and family.
Melbie Hansard and family.

Born, Sunday, Aug. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Huff a fine 7 lb boy baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dewese of Tulsa are visiting here this week.

Earnest Eads and family and Mrs. Ethel McEwin are visiting in Paris.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. M. L. Whitfield entertained her son, Clifford, with a birthday party last Saturday, August 11. The honoree received a number of nice gifts.

Those present were: Billy Hart, Alvin Cooper, Billy Jack Land and the honoree.

Born, Sunday, Aug. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Thompson a fine boy baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Cab Huffmaster of Goodnight spent Sunday with the lady's mother, Mrs. J. L. Lamberson.

Miss Elisabeth Jo Hill of Honolulu visited her aunt, Mrs. Frank Simmons, last week. Miss Hill has been a teacher in the Honolulu High School for the past six years. She has just returned from a two months tour of Europe. She spent most of the time in London, Paris, Berlin and Italy. She will teach in Honolulu again next year.

W. A. Pierce of Canyon was a Hedley visitor last Friday.

Mrs. W. L. Carter, Hollis, Okla. Cecil Butcher, Dodsonville, and J. W. Cotes of Fort Worth are visiting Rev. Nannie Carner and husband.

Bert Hilban and family of Dallas were recent guests of his mother, Grandma Hilban.

Huffman's Barber Shop

Expert Tonsorial Work. Shine Chair. Hot and Cold Baths. You will be pleased with our service. Try it.
W. H. Huffman, Prop.

Special Contests, Exhibits Feature Fair Farm Week



Henry Ford's Industrialized Barn, shown here, a new exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair this year, demonstrates how farmers can effect their own relief by raising and processing

soy beans. Left inset: John C. Dameron, Weston, Ill., whose hog-calling championship will be a mark for farmers to shoot at during Farm Week at the Fair, Aug. 11 to 16. Right inset:

Mrs. Nick Owenga, Blue Island, Ill., last year's husband-calling champion, whose title is also at stake. The milkmaid's championship and other similar titles will also be contested.

THE SMALL CITY... A Pacemaker of Progress

More and more the signs point to the greater importance of the small and medium-sized community.

We are proud of the part electric power is playing in laying the groundwork for this greater progress and prosperity.

Gone is the day when the larger metropolitan centers had a monopoly of power supply, the first essential of industrial growth and development.

Widespread networks of transmission lines have given the smaller communities the same high-grade electric service as the larger cities have.

On this firm basis, industries are increasingly recognizing the advantages of location in small communities.

This trend will react most favorably to West Texas, the "Land of Opportunity"—efficiently, dependably and inexpensively served by the West Texas Utilities Company.

Do you know that your increased use of Electric Service is billed on a surprisingly low rate schedule... and adds only a small amount to your total bill?

West Texas Utilities Company

SUCH IS LIFE



Charles Isle Home of Strange Exiles

Story of Their Lives Is Almost Unbelievable.

Kansas City.—On a burned and blackened volcanic island that rises precipitously from the sea nearly 600 miles west of the South American republic of Ecuador is gathered an astonishing assortment of queer human beings, says the Kansas City Times. An account of the lives of these persons on lonely Charles island furnishes an incredible, almost unbelievable story.

Weird stories of strange happenings on the bleak, lava-strewn bit of land that once was a convict settlement have been filtering into civilized haunts of man. Captains and crews of small trading vessels which put in at the island have told outlandish yarns of the inhabitants and their modes of living. So disturbing were the accounts that the government of Ecuador sent officials to the isolated point of land to investigate. The inhabitants of the island were questioned and their methods of living were inquired into. Then an official report of the investigation was filed with the Ecuadorian government and authentic information about the island was made available. And, surprising thing, the report substantiates the fantastic accounts that have been coming from the island!

Cast of Characters.

This barren, jagged, rocky island whose shores are washed by the equatorial waters of the Pacific has nine inhabitants. The cast of characters: Frederick Ritter, of Berlin, eminent

German physician, dentist and philosopher, who left a brilliant career in Germany to seek a modern Eden on the Pacific island.

His mate, Frau Dore Strauch Koerwein, who went to the island with him from her German home. She and Ritter forsook civilization to live a life of peace, which, they charged, modern civilization denied them.

Baroness Housquet de Wagner, of Vienna, who went to the island after Ritter and his helpmate. Soon after her arrival she set herself up as "empress" of the island and governs her "kingdom" clad usually only in abbreviated pink silk panties and armed with a .22-caliber pistol.

Phillipson, Alonzo and Arends, men companions of the "empress" who came to the island with her.

A German couple, names unknown, and their infant child, born soon after their arrival on the desert island.

Ritter and Frau Koerwein were the first inhabitants of the island. They landed there with a pick and shovel and a bag of seeds and perhaps a score of books, among them a volume of Lao-tse, the ancient Chinese mystic. Ritter refused an offer of a professorship at Freiburg, and left behind a brilliant career as an experimenter in nutrition when he left Germany seeking a lonely spot to "live his own life." He and his woman companion landed on the island in 1929 and have lived there since.

Will Not Touch Meat.

They are vegetarians and will not touch the fish, turtle eggs, wild pig, birds, wild goats, or other meat which is abundant on the island.

Fruits, vegetables, nuts and occasionally a little chicken forms their only food. Everything they partake is mashed into a pulp before it enters their mouths. A dentist, Ritter, has extracted all his teeth and those of Frau Koerwein. It is one of the theories that teeth are a cause of shortened lives. With their teeth out, he believes he and his companion may attain ages of at least one hundred and eighty years. However, to assist them in their mastication, he has made sets of rubber teeth which they slip into their mouths at meal times.

The two food enthusiasts live either in a one-room shack built of rough timber or in a faded tent near a spring. Their homes are remote and accessible only by climbing a stony path which winds up a steep, mountainous way. At the foot of the path is a bell with a sign instructing chance visitors to ring it before they approach "The Hermitage," which is the title they have given their home. The signal is to warn the two exiles, as, when they are alone they wear no clothing. It is only when visitors appear—which happens on the average of from six to eighteen months—that they don a bit of covering.

Inexpensive Rug

Strips of matting bound with color make inexpensive rugs for summer use to replace orientals and room-size carpets. They're especially effective in bedrooms.

"Taking the Profits Out of War"

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

Numerous suggestions have been made for the abolition of war. Some of these have been tried but not with success. Public opinion is at present aroused with an enthusiasm which argues that if we would end all war, we must strike at the direct benefits which result from it. One of these is profits. "Take profits out of all war," seems to be the slogan.



With this sentiment dominating the public mind we are not surprised to read press dispatches as follows: "One of the surest ways of preventing war would be to give the government the power to draft, not only men but wealth, industry, agriculture, and make them work without profit." The American Legion is quoted as having declared that when men are drafted, all machinery, even to the plow and tractor, and all farm implements everywhere in the country should be drafted also.

Prettiest Angler



Miss Helene Gould of Forest Hills, Long Island, was voted the prettiest woman angler in the summer colony in the Adirondacks near Stamford, N. Y. She not only wears this picturesque costume, but she gets the fish.

Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, whose judgment is respected by many persons, in a recent address, remarked: "Recapture all profits made by all industries engaged in war supplies above a small and reasonable return on the monies invested, and that all profits which are an incentive to war must be absolutely destroyed."

When we remember the fabulous fortunes which have been made out of the manufacture of war materials as well as the profits created by the sale of food stuffs and other necessities incident to war, we are inclined to believe that "taking the profits out of war" would help to remove one of the incentives to warfare. We have tried other schemes, why not try this one?

It should be remembered, however, that a disease is not cured permanently until the cause has been removed. The cause for war lies much deeper than just money profits. That profit is a large factor goes without question, but nations do not go to war just for the purpose of increasing their national treasuries. It seems to be a serious question if war can ever be abolished through the application of a rule of practice which is wholly negative. Many suggestions have been of this character. Do not do this or that, remove this cause or that cause. Very good so far as they go, but negations never get beyond a certain point in the development of any great object. Some commanding suggestion of a positive character seems to be needed. If the cause of war is "Greed," why not advocate the infusion of Christianity which has never yet been honestly tried.

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The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

ONE of the most difficult things to teach some children is responsibility while others have a natural sense of it. It is true that every normal person has to take to himself the responsibility for his or her actions in mature years, in fact, in all years except young childhood, when the responsibility for actions reverts to parents who are held accountable. When a person is irresponsible, he is not normal and must be treated as such. Parents who will pardon their children on flimsy excuses would resent being told their offspring was irresponsible. It is for them to help their youngsters to realize their responsibilities, and thus strengthen their characters.

This is no plea for severe punishment of children. This does not always, by any means, help them to feel responsibility. But it is written with the hope that there may be an awakening of this sense, for thereby law and order will be fostered. There is always a margin permissible for accidents which are not due to deliberate carelessness and foolishness. Recklessness is a form of irresponsibility either towards one's self or towards others, or both.

Courage is a totally different thing, for it is always used to avert calamity, while recklessness is taking a chance with the balance favorable to disaster. Courage is one of the traits of greatness, recklessness of little nature, chiefly, although it may permeate fine ones. It is sometimes the outstanding fault in what would be greatness without it.

Lack of responsibility is found in children who take no precautions to prevent a ball from smashing a window. Parents can stimulate responsibility by making the child earn the money to pay for the replacement of the glass. A first offense can be made easy to settle through letting the child be paid for running errands, etc., whereby he can earn the small sum needed. But repeated carelessness should not be allowed to pass so lightly.

Inculcating Responsibility. Crime in children would be distinctly lessened if parents would help their children from a very early age to feel responsibility, not by thrusting responsibility on them, but by seeing that they take what falls naturally to little ones. Caring for pets stimulates responsibility. The knowledge that their cats or dogs, birds or rabbits, are dependent upon them for food and water and shelter, that without such care the pets would suffer, serves the double purpose of inculcating responsibility and helping the children to love dumb animals.

A large number of auto accidents are the direct results of lack of responsibility. Take a chance and it may come out all right, and when it doesn't and terrible suffering and deaths result, penalties must be paid, but life cannot be restored.

Anticipate Pleasures. There are few people who do not

enjoy looking beyond today in the prospect of good things that it is hoped will come; to the fulfillment of dreams; to a happy future, and a successful one. This can be a fine thing, since the person who cares to live without any forward glance is not a person of vision. Those who watch the trend in world affairs and have minds that comprehend clearly will see in the future many good things which have not culminated yet. Those who watch over a family of children, and who look ahead at their futures, will expect much that is good, but realize that, as parents, they have the present in which to prepare their little ones for such futures as they envision.

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Jacket Ensemble



For hot weather days in town, travel, commuting, this fine quality cotton voile is the perfect summer sheer. The jacket ensemble is of plume chiffon.

Michigan Naval Reserve Using Old Insull Boat

Detroit.—Sturdy naval reserve men now hustle about the decks of the training ship, the *Truant*, once the yacht of Samuel Insull, former Chicago utilities magnate.

The *Truant* was loaned to the Michigan Naval Reserve corps by the Illinois Naval militia which bought her from Insull ten years ago. Insull had loaned it to the Illinois organization two years before the militia purchased it. The ship has the speedy lines that appeal to the sportsman, being 130 feet long, with a narrow beam of only 18 feet.

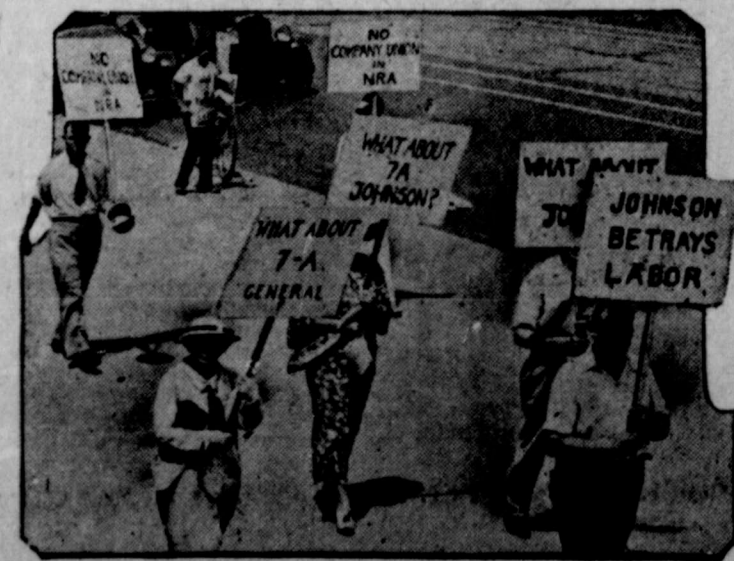
Mamma Coyote Knows How to Handle Young

Stevensville, Mont. — Anxious mothers can learn how to make children behave by watching a coyote on Carney Phelps' ranch.

Phelps said a mother coyote had five pups of belligerent nature. To keep them from fighting, she moved into an old badger hole with five tunnels leading from the main shaft.

By keeping one pup in each tunnel, "Ma" coyote kept them apart, except at meal times, when she and "Pa" saw to it that peace was preserved.

Workers Picketing the NRA



Administrator Johnson of the NRA has been having his own troubles as an employer. The NRA workers in Washington have their union, and when General Johnson dismissed the president of the union his offices in the Department of Commerce building were picketed, as shown in this illustration. The general did not give in.

Good Taste Today

BY EMILY POST

Author of

"ETIQUETTE," "THE BLUE BOOK OF SOCIAL USAGE," ETC.

IN THE DINING ROOM.

DEAR Mrs. Post: Is it important enough to matter in which direction the cutting edge of the dinner knife should be laid—toward the plate or away from it?

Answer: Toward it, because when picked up it comes more easily to hand. All details of table setting are important because lack of precision spoils the effect of perfection exactly as even a few errors mar the whole page of a letter.

My dear Mrs. Post: I had dinner the other night in the house of a hostess who placed napkins on the right side of the plate instead of on the left side. This is the first time I have encountered the reversed practice. Is it a new idea? If so, is it correct according to etiquette?

Answer: There is no rule as to whether the napkin is put left, right, or crossways above the plate. All these positions are permissible only in houses of limited service in which it is necessary that food be put at the places. In houses with plenty of servants, no food is put at the places before people are seated, and the napkin is put in its correct position on the service plate.

Dear Mrs. Post: A friend tells me that according to latest modern fashion your column was behind the times in saying that deputy hostesses serve the tea and chocolate at a formal tea introducing a debutante. I am told all serving is done by servants.

Answer: I have no idea whose column your friend is quoting, but it was not mine. Never in any times have deputy hostesses poured either at a formal tea or at a wedding collation. To quote my own book in the edition published in 1922: "At the most formal type of tea, the tea table is exactly like that at a wedding reception, in that it is a large table set as a buffet, and is always in charge of the caterer's men, or the hostess' own butler or waitress and assistants. It is never presided over by deputy hostesses."

Dear Mrs. Post: Is it necessary to use individual butter knives when bread and butter plates are not used? Answer: Of course not. There would be nowhere to put them.

WE WOULD LIKE TO CELEBRATE

DEAR Mrs. Post: I have two sons coming home from abroad with their wives, whom I have never met. I would like to entertain rather informally when they are here so that many people will be able to meet them. What kind of party would you suggest that I give, and tell me how to write the invitations?

Answer: An afternoon tea is the simplest party to give and very suitable to such an occasion. Write across your visiting card:

To meet Mrs. John Jones and Mrs. Henry Jones Sat., Sept. 23, Tea at 5 o'clock.

On the day of the tea your daughters-in-law would receive with you. Have the table set in your dining room. Serve tea and either fruit punch or coffee or chocolate, as well as sandwiches and cake, but nothing else. Or, if you prefer an evening hour, then write on your double visiting card:

To meet Mr. and Mrs. John Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones Sat. Eve., Sept. 23, at 9 o'clock.

Serve sandwiches, salad, ice cream, cake, fruit punch and coffee. Otherwise, details the same as for a tea.

My dear Mrs. Post: Mother and father will have their silver wedding anniversary late this month. They are not planning to entertain, but I would like to have something for them, because I am very proud that at the end of twenty-five years together they are still ideally happy. What could I do? Perhaps I ought to tell you that I am single and live with them, but we belong to a country club where I could entertain without having them know beforehand.

Answer: You might give a dinner and invite the few people they like best. Or, if you want to ask many people, you might have a tea for them, or an informal evening reception, which would be exactly the same excepting that you will have to have a little more to eat. You should ask people verbally and tell them it is to be a surprise party. A wedding cake with white icing, but decorated with silver—if this appeals to you—and as much silver decoration as you can think of would be suitable.

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The Natchez Trace

Jack in pioneer days when the first boatmen made their way with their crude produce-laden craft down the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans the Natchez Trace played a large part, says *Literary Digest*. This was an overland route of about 650 miles, the merest trace through woods and swamps from Nashville to Natchez. It ran through country that is now Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



WNU Service.

LIBERTY SONG

By THAYER WALDO

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THE man in the officer's chair lit a fresh cigar and angrily flung the match aside.

"Cockeyed, idiotic business!" he snarled.

"A whole production tied up while we sit here waiting for some wop bum to be dragged in off the streets. It's the damndest thing I ever heard of!"

Stuart Booth eyed him contemptuously and said nothing.

Fiberg made a gesture of conciliation.

"Now listen, Nick," he begged; "be reasonable a little, couldn't you? Ain't the only chance we got worth anyhow a try?"

"Yes; I should think, Hornell," Booth put in coldly, "that after all the fuming you've done over this part, you might see how my suggestion works out before you start crabbing."

The director twisted swiftly around in the chair to face him, snapping:

"Look here, Stuart; I never agreed to this wild notion of yours, and I won't pretend to now. Here we have a scene that needs an operatic star, and you talk 'em into going after a dago banana peddler you've heard yodeling behind his pushcart. If I'm expected to enthuse over that—well, it's a laugh, that's all."

"All right; now we'll just add the rest of it: you want an Italian tenor, yet you can't afford anyone big for such a small role. There's no foreign language singer available on the lot, so where are you? Stuck. And then when I offer the one idea that may solve your problem, you beef?"

"Well," Hornell grumbled, "it simply doesn't sound sensible. If he's going into a chorus. . . . But the man's got to do a solo, and—"

"Hey, look!" Fiberg had turned toward the sound stage entrance.

"Is that him?"

The others swung around.

Just inside the door stood a little round man in baggy trousers and a gray lavender shirt.

His great mop of black curls was uncovered and the olive moon face beneath showed gentle perplexity.

Stuart Booth went forward, calling:

"Hello, Pietro! Come right over here."

The Latin's teeth gleamed in a wide slow smile.

"Ah, Signor Booth! You send for me, si? Dey no tell me—Joost say, 'You Pietro Pasquale? Come to da studio.' I don't know what ees, but here I am."

Hornell had approached and was staring critically at the Italian.

Before Booth could speak again, he said curtly:

"All right, Tony—let's hear you sing."

The small dark man gazed up with polite incomprehension and replied:

"Excuse, please; da name she's Pietro, an' I don't know joost what you talk. Maybe you joke, si?"

"Keep still a minute," Booth said sharply to the director; "give me a chance to explain to him."

Listen, old timer; we're in a fix here; you can help us out and, incidentally, make yourself fifty dollars for a couple of hours' work—just singing."

The fellow made a quick little bow and said:

"Sure, sure; she's made me very happy to do somecents for you."

The set across the stage, however, had caught his eye and he started to wander off toward it.

The actor grasped his arm as Hornell let out a snort of exasperation and demanded:

"Well, are we going through with the farce, or is this gentleman just a sightseer?"

"That's what I'm saying," Fiberg agreed.

"He acts like he was doing us a favor. What's the big idea?"

Pietro met the producer's scowl with grave dignity.

"Excuse, please," he corrected; "she's only for Signor Booth! I do eat."

Fiberg gaped incredulously a moment; then:

"Say, what's the matter from you?" he yelled.

"Nobody's asking you should do anything gratis. Fifty smackers you get for just one song—even if you don't sing very good, maybe!"

Again that broad calm smile spread over the swart features.

"That ees all right, signor. I'm love to seeng, anyhowa."

Once more he commenced to stroll away. Stuart Booth cried:

"But, Pietro! It has to be done this afternoon—right now!"

The Italian halted at once, a mildly shocked surprise entering his expression.

"Oh—si? Excuse, please; I'm not understand."

A savage groan from Hornell.

"Listen, Booth," he bawled; "either you get that spaghetti gobbler warbling in the next two minutes, or I quit. Savvy?"

The actor glared sourly at him and turned again to Pietro, explaining:

"You see, there's an Italian sequence in the picture we're making. Several of us are traveling along a mountain road and we come to a small inn. The proprietor's sitting on the piazza, carrying wood and singing some air from an opera. Now that's what we want you for! Can you do it?"

Pietro laughed—a full and carefree sound with no hint of scorn in it.

"Why, sure!" he exclaimed buoyantly.

"You mean like dees?"

Back went his head, a breath was taken, and suddenly there poured forth a rich torrent of golden melody as he began an aria from "I Pagliacci."

It rose and swelled and filled the great room with glorious music.

In a moment people from all over the stage had gathered round.

Not a note in all that song was less than perfection.

Long before he had finished, Fiberg and the director were huddled together, whispering excitedly.

Even Stuart Booth was astonished.

At last it ended and the little Italian gazed about him, a trifle startled.

Then Hornell and the producer were rushing forward in a dual fever of gratification.

"Say, that's the finest thing I ever gave a listen to!" Fiberg chattered.

And the director:

"Marvelous! Where have you been hiding all these years?"

In a quick aside to Booth, he breathed: "My G—d, man—why didn't you tell me about this sooner? He's the greatest find I've ever run across!"

Fiberg, an arm about the singer's shoulders, was talking rapidly:

"Now, Mr. Pasquale, here's the way I'm figuring it. You'll want to do a couple of small parts and then we star you. How about a six months' contract with options, at—well, say two hundred and fifty a week?"

The three studio men waited, their eyes upon the Latin's face.

For an instant bewilderment was there; then slowly he looked from one to the other with something very like disbelief.

"Joost a meenute," he said finally; "Maybe I'm don't understand again. You want that I come here every day and seeng for da peectures, si?"

They nodded.

Pietro Pasquale made a queer small noise in his throat and stepped back, shaking free of the producer's embrace.

"Excuse, please!" He spoke with a ringing firmness. "She's very kind of you—but, no!"

"You—you mean you're refusing the contract?"

"Si, signor."

Palpably he was in dead earnest.

"Listen, please: When I am a boy een Milano, always I seeng, joost for happiness. Den one day somebody she's hear me an' say, 'You mus' study for da career! I am young fool, so I do eet. Five, six year I keep on, at las' get een La Scala opera an' pret' soon have da name een li.hta. Bravo, bravo! But all da joy she's gone when each night I have to seeng so much, so long. So now I have geeve all dat up an' come here where I can poosh da cart to make enough for Rosita an' da bambinos an' me. Seeng? Signor, I do eet for gladness, but she's not enough money een all da world to buy from Pietro a song ever again!"

Nevada Marsh Yields Rich Sodium Sulphate

Sodium sulphate, once a plentiful by-product of nitric and hydrochloric acid manufacture, has become relatively scarce in this country because of recent changes in the manufacturing processes of those acids, writes P. C. Rich in Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering. Just when it began to appear that the United States would have to depend on imports for its sodium sulphate, an isolated desert marsh began to yield this chemical in practically pure form. This strange deposit, where sodium sulphate, or a "glaubers salt" can be scooped up by steam shovel is known as Rhodes Marsh, and is located in Mineral county, Nevada.

A few years ago, P. S. Williams, a chemical engineer at one time associated with a concern producing sodium sulphate from Carrizo lake, California, came across an old report of Prof. Joseph LeConte, geology professor at the University of California, in which mention was made of an enormous deposit of glaubers salt at Rhodes. In 1928 he was able to interest a group of San Francisco men who spent considerable time prospecting the deposit, surveying the markets, and investigating processes for recovery of the sulphate. The first plant was erected in 1930. With the experience thus gained as a basis, a program of improvement was initiated late in 1932.

Rhodes Marsh is roughly circular in shape. The mineralized section is about 200 acres in area and covered with 6 inches to 2 feet of silt. On the south half of the deposit, a 15-foot layer of glaubers salt is found immediately under the overburden; in places it has been found to be present at a depth of 80 feet.

Mother at Seven

A case of a child born to a seven-year-old girl, reported by Dr. Hilda Keane, of Victoria Zenana hospital, Delhi, is mentioned in the British Medical Journal. An unmarried Mohammedan girl was admitted to hospital on March 18, 1932, says Doctor Keane. Her age, as given by her father, was seven. Her general development was good, and she had fair intelligence. Her height was only 3 feet 11 inches, and her weight only 48 pounds. She still had her milk teeth. A living female child was born weighing 4 pounds 3 ounces. Beyond suffering from fright for the first three days, the mother made a perfect recovery and was able to nurse her child for nine months.

Economy

Son—You sure are a lucky man, father.

Dad—Why so?

Son—Because you won't have to buy me any school books next year. I didn't pass.

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By the same token, it seems, Dr. David M. Trout told parents at the annual child welfare conference at Iowa City, Iowa, to encourage the "lies" told by small children. "Before the fifth year," he said, "the child is unable to imagine time, or distance, accurately, and, for that reason, the tall tales he tells are not lies, but products of an awkward imagination. Parents should treat this story-telling as a game, and help the child play it."

All children, of course, live in a dream world, in which miracles are the law of nature. Some parents, then, may have difficulty in understanding why Doctor Trout also advised that it is unwise to require a child to say prayers, or to try to give him some concept of God.—Literary Digest.

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CHILDISH IMAGINATION

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Claims to Have Solved Determination of Sex

Sex determination, breeding male or female animals as desired, has been accomplished.

Baby rabbits, 150 out of 200 having the sex that was planned for them, so far constitute living proof of the success of the method. Several hundred births among Russian cattle and swine this summer will show whether the method has practical value for cattle breeding, as is expected by Prof. N. K. Koltzoff, the biologist who devised it.

The technique will be successful in bringing human children of the desired sex also, Professor Koltzoff claims. But the human application is minor and chiefly sentimental in his opinion. Parents should be happy whether their baby is a boy or a girl, says the professor, who himself is childless.

His chief interest is in its application to cattle breeding. In nature the sexes of animals are about equally divided. To eliminate almost half that are useless for increase—the males—and to supplant them with progeny-bearing stock spells an annual profit or growth dividend of 50 to 80 per cent.

Professor Koltzoff's method is

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according to which electrically separated group of elements he used to impregnate the rabbit mothers.—Science Service, New York World Telegram.

Books for Varied Readers

Books in 26 languages were sent last year to the Shakespeare Memorial library in Birmingham, England, by British embassies and legations in all parts of the world.

THE EASY WAY TO IRON!

KEEP COOL SAVE TIME SAVE WORK SAVE MONEY

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Coleman Self-Heating Iron

THIS Coleman Self-Heating Iron will save you more time and work than a \$100.00 washing machine! It will save your strength... help you do better ironing easier and quicker at less cost.

Instant Lighting... no heating with matches or torch... no waiting. The evenly-heated double pointed base hose garments with fewer strokes. Large glass-smooth base slides easier. Ironing time is reduced one-third. Hears itself... use it anywhere. Economical, too... costs only 1/2¢ an hour to operate. See your hardware or housefurnishing dealer. If local dealer doesn't handle, write us.

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Where Living is an Inexpensive Luxury

Here are all the comforts of the fine hotel... wonderful food in the Coffee Shop and Walnut Room, garage opposite entrance.

PERCY TYRELL

JUST OUT OF THE HOUSE

BALTIMORE AT 14th STREET

KANSAS CITY

MISSOURI

Remember The Old Settlers Picnic August 24

The pioneer spirit still exists among the settlers of Donley county. Due to the fact that the Rodeo is at Clarendon on Aug. 17th, the date for the picnic, and wishing to co-operate with our county seat and help to make it an old fashioned one, we have changed the date to Aug. 24th.

Bring the family to the Rodeo the 17th at Clarendon, then on the next Friday, the 24th, bring well filled baskets and wash tubs to the Donley County Old Settlers' Picnic at the Tate grove east of Hedley. Everyone tell some old settler to be sure to come.

W. I. Rains, President.

M. W. Mosley, Vice Pres.

Don't Miss It!

Flame of the Border

SYNOPSIS

Seeking death by throwing herself from Lone Mesa, to escape dishonor at the hands of a drunken desperado, Sonya Savarin allows herself to be rescued by her suddenly repentant attacker. The girl is a self-appointed physician to the Navajo Indians, living on an Arizona sheep ranch with her brother Serge, his wife, Lila, and their small daughter, Babs. She is engaged to Rodney Blake, wealthy New Yorker, but her heart is with the friendless Navajos and she evades a wedding. Sonya pulls Little Moon, wife of Two Fingers, a Navajo, through the crisis of an illness. Two Fingers is deeply grateful. Sonya again meets the man whose advances she had repulsed on Lone Mesa. He tells her he bitterly regrets his action. Sonya is affected, but unforgiving. She hears rumors of a border bandit "El Capitan Diablo," and vaguely connects him with her attacker. On Lone Mesa she again comes upon the strange young man, but she no longer fears him. When he reiterates his sorrow over his misconduct, she indicates forgiveness and urges him to abandon his life of lawlessness. From concealment, Sonya witnesses the transference of objects from an airship to her attacker. At a dance she demands that he tell her his name. He tells her he is Starr Stone, that his mother believes him dead, and that he goes by a different name in this region.

CHAPTER V—Continued

He was a Mexican, and a bad one, if ever one of that brand lived. He spoke, and the man before him stood rooted to the spot, his arm still around the girl.

"Hombre," he said, in Spanish, "you disobey! Let's go."

And, turning, he walked swiftly to the door. The arm slid from Sonya's shoulders, and without a backward look the Man of Lone Mesa followed. Alone, her feet like lead, her head whirling with a strange dizziness, her throat aching, Sonya crossed the almost empty floor and picked up her coat from where Lila was waking Babs.

Serge joined them, and they went out into the night among the roaring ears of the departing crowd.

Just as they passed out of the circle of light from the open doors a fantastic figure loomed for a moment beside them, its shabby garments and long white hair dim in the blending shadows.

"Beelzebub," said the soft voice of the Servant, "leaves hell to work evil hereabouts. Beware, innocent one."

"What in thunder—" said Serge.

"Who was that?"

"Only a strange old man I met at Myra's. You know—the old mad preacher who rides the Reservation on his donkeys. You've heard of him."

"Oh, the Servant of the Lord? Yes, I have. Never saw him before, though. Well, let's get going, girls. Babs, lazybones, sit up while daddy fixes the robe for you. That's the girl."

CHAPTER VI

Shadows of Death.

If Sonya Savarin had been troubled before, had searched her soul with fearful and bewildered eyes, that summer night plunged her into chaos. Shame was in her, and a breathless flame of ecstasy, and a fear that mounted hourly.

And knowledge.

Knowledge, terrible, complete, devastating.

Destiny had reached and taken her, body and soul.

All that her life had meant was gone—her plans, her future, everything. Rod Blake, New York, safety and assurance, the sane and ordered things of everyday, they were all swept into the discard like so much trash.

And in their place stood Starr Stone—her blood leaped at her first conscious use of his name—renegade, mystery, what she did not know—and with him danger, wrong, disaster. A man with blue eyes had passed, and trouble followed in his wake, as the Servant had whispered. It was true, all of it. He had touched her with his mysterious power, and she had turned and followed him. In her soul she had turned and followed. Like a bird charmed to its death, she had bent her eyes on his, and she was lost.

There was nothing in this world but Starr Stone's face, the blue light of his eyes, the curve of his lips, the grace of his lean body.

She had seen no man, ever in her life before, with conscious eyes. She had not seen life. She had been asleep, a walker in dreams.

Rod Blake was a dream, a fantasy. His face was a stranger's face, his voice a far-off echo. There was nothing real about him, had never been to her, she knew now. There was nothing real but this man, this renegade, this outlaw who followed where a master led, and left behind him a great flare of light that glowed with shadows in her heart.

Fire and flame and darkness, joy and ecstasy and sorrow, fear and a vast strength: these were her portion, new given to her.

Presently she pushed her hair back from her forehead, went to the pool in the dark corner and, kneeling, washed her face with her hands. It was a strange baptism of abnegation, of acceptance. Whatever was to happen in the new future she was committed to it, body and soul. Whatever happened to Starr Stone would happen to her: that she knew beyond all questioning.

And so she slept, still in her pretty dress, and did not awake until the day was far gone toward evening and Lila came knocking at her door.

She went out and met Lila with a

By VINGIE E. ROE

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WNU Service

grave face, and the smart little woman looked at her and set down the cup she held.

"You may as well come clean, Sonya darling," she said gently. "Not to, will only prolong the agony."

"I know," Sonya said soberly. "Come out in the patio. There's still time before we have to begin supper."

And there, with the sun going down the western sky and the shadows lengthening about them Sonya told the story of the Man of Lone Mesa, and Lila listened with inhaled breath.

At its close they looked silently at each other.

"You will understand, but Serge never will," said Sonya, "so we'll not tell him until we have to."

Lila laid her hand on Sonya's arm. "Rod!" she said. "We have forgotten him!"

"No," said the other, "not I. Rod will be one of the things I'll have to face—one of the dangers. I shall write to him tonight and tell him."

"What?" The word was in Italian.

"Oh, not about Starr Stone or any of the tragic things I've told you. Only that I cannot marry him."

"And you'll have him here as quick as the air lines can bring him," said Lila quietly.

"You're right," said Sonya after a moment's thought. "I'll not tell him yet."

So these two women, grave of face, caught in the maelstrom of life's



Sonya Told the Story of the Man of Lone Mesa, and Lila Listened With Inheld Breath.

romance, its stern portents and shadows, re-entered the low adobe house and went about their evening's work in silence.

Serge came home from his day's riding dusty and tired, weary for sleep. As he was washing at the bench beyond the door he called in to them.

"Sis," he said, "I think there's going to be work for you ahead. I saw old Hosteen T'so today from Long Ruins way, and he told me there are two sick Indians over there."

"Did he say just where they were?"

"Yes. In a hogan by Blue Water hole. Said there was a rug for you if you'd come. The medicine men's been making sings for them, but they're no better."

"H'm. Darn these medicine men!" said the girl, her brows drawing together. "They kill more patients than I can ever save. I'll start early in the morning."

"If you take my advice you'd better keep a sharp eye out for that very thing—the medicine man."

"Don't worry. I know that old chap. Saw him at Two Fingers' hogan once. He'd take my head off, if he could."

"Well, don't eat anything around where he is, and watch your trails for traps."

"I will," said Sonya.

True to her plan, the girl was out on the desert next day before the sun was up. The thoughts which had moiled in her mind for hours now beset her again. Where was this man who was her man? Where did he follow that monstrous master and why? What was the power which had turned him from her without a backward look? Was it fear, or some strange loyalty beyond the comprehension of a normal mind? What did it portend? And who was the master? Who but that one from across the Border whom the mad Servant called Beelzebub? The terrible prince of bandits who crucified those who double-crossed him. Sonya shivered in the coming day. What had he said to Starr Stone?

"Hombre, you disobey! Let's go."

Where had they gone? What would he do to him? And why had he disobeyed, in what? With deep intuition she knew the disobedience had to do with her, with his arm about her in the public place.

It was a small thing. Not a double-cross. Yet the very thought of the sinister words chilled her to the bone.

"Come," she told herself, "snap out of it. There is something dark and terrible here, but Starr Stone—again she thrilled at the mental sound of his name—"will take care of himself. He'll come back to talk again."

At Blue Water she found what she had expected, and a grave deal more.

Two Navajos, an old man and a young one, lay in the hogan hot with fever. Three women stood silently around watching her magic with the thermometer and medicines. From the shelter of a skeleton brush canopy over an outdoor cooking fire Yellow Buck, the medicine man whom she had seen at Two Fingers' watched her with flaming eyes in his wrinkled face.

Critically the girl studied the two sick men. With stethoscope on the hot brown breasts she knew her course.

The old man was beyond help, his lungs already stiff with congestion, sunk in coma. The young one not so bad.

"Bad business," she told herself. "Spanish flu—summer flu—or I'm very much mistaken. This one," she said to the women, pointing to the thin old sire, "is about to go on the Long Journey. I come too late. This one we'll try to hold. Get me hot water in the cooking baskets and cold water from the hole. Also a warm stone wrapped in cloth."

And once more she rolled back the sleeves of her riding shirt and prepared to meet Death on the common field of poor humanity.

In two hours the ancient one was gone on that long Journey and she helped the women carry him out and lay him decently under some blankets in the canopy's shade. Back to the hogan again she heard Yellow Buck's "Hii-yah! Hii-yah!" the slow stamp of moccasined feet as he danced grotesquely in the sun beyond. What he was doing, what sinister incantations he was making against her, she did not know or care. She had a man to save, if possible, and had no time to spare for the silly old dancer.

All day she worked in almost utter silence. The sick man could still speak, and once he asked after Two Fingers' wife, and again directed the women to cook and feed the Blue South Woman.

Here it was again, her sweet and mysterious name among them.

And presently they brought her mutton ribs baked in the ashes wrapped in corn husks, and corn meal mush in a pottery bowl.

The day wore on, and night came cool and sweet, and still she stayed by the bed on the sand floor, making her mustard compresses for the laboring chest, using hot water and cold alternately, giving her drops to reduce the ghastly fever, and at two of the night by the watch on her wrist the sick man sighed and went to sleep, his temperature down to a hundred.

"Glory!" said Sonya to herself. "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

She slept a bit herself, and dawn found things better in the hogan.

Noon found them better still, and late in the afternoon she went away, leaving strict instructions to her patient to stay in bed until she came again. If he got up he would die, she told them all flatly, and that was that.

At home she told Lila and Serge of what she'd found and disinfected herself from head to heel before stretching her tired body for sleep.

"I told you there'd be work for you," Serge told her soberly. "I heard of another case today."

"My heaven!" said the girl, sitting up suddenly on her bed in the room beyond. "Where? Is it going to be epidemic?"

"Up in Bad canyon."

"That's a long ride. I'll need the car for it. Well, heaven help them, I've got to sleep now, or I'll be no good later."

With the visit to Bad canyon next morning Sonya Savarin knew she faced the coming of ordeal. Not one but three cases met her there, and she heard of five more in a nameless wash beyond.

The days that followed began to take on the semblance of a nightmare. The sickness which had descended on the Reservation grew and spread like some noxious growth. The girl traveled night and day, bumping on long drives in the ancient car, threading the inaccessible canyons on Darkness, stooping in the dark hogans to alleviate suffering, covering dead faces, trying to reason the living out of their superstitious custom of abandoning their dwellings where death had entered.

Sonya sighed, and her heart ached more than usual.

It ached all the time, these days, anyway. She tried to think it was for all the fear and suffering she encountered among her lowly people, but she knew better. The deepest ache of all, the deepest fear, lying far down under all the rest, had to do with the memory of a man's haggard face above her head, the clasp of an arm that shook, and a harsh voice saying, "Hombre, you disobey! Let's go."

Weeks had passed since the dance at the Neidlingers' ranch, and she had had no breath of news about Starr Stone and the sinister figure which he had followed from the floor. The Servant of the Lord, whom she had come to draw toward as one who could tell her things, seemed to have vanished from the country.

She had forgotten Rod entirely. She had even forgotten the menace of his threat to let no people—no land—no man take her from him, ever in this world. Had she stopped to remember, she would have written him dutifully, as a shield between herself and his presence. But she did not remember, and in New York Rodney Blake was sending her a wire that very day. Serge, going into the little town for supplies, brought it out the next afternoon.

Simple Christian Names for Children of Today

Curious changes in the fashions of bestowing Christian names are brought to light in a compilation made from the records of English public schools—schools, that is, corresponding to our Groton and St. Paul's and Exeter. There is apparently a going back to the old, simple names. There is a great predominance of the name John. Seventy years ago it occupied only fifth place in the lists; now it is almost double that of its nearest competitor, which is Peter. Peter, it seems, was not represented in any of the lists of 30 years ago. During that period Robert and Richard have more than doubled in popularity, and Michael and Anthony have risen from no place at all to the twentieth. One name that is steadily but not spectacularly popular is William, and we imagine that that might be found to be true in this country as well—at any rate among those who are British in their origin.

The English are not so inclined as Americans to name their children after heroes and heroines. We hear of no Horatio Nelson Smiths, no Arthur Wellesley Browns. The Williams are just plain Williams. William Ewart Gladstone Joneses are so scarce as to leave not a trace; so are the Benjamin Disraeli Thompsons. Among girls of the same classes there are few Victorias. There are, of course, thousands of Georges and Marys, but no George Windsor So-and-So, no Mary Windsor So-and-So. It seems to savor of presumption to name a young Britisher after one of the great or near great. It is only in those rare periods when the lion and the unicorn are fighting for the crown that Englishmen name their children to show their political partisanship. In the early days of the Georges, when the banished Stuarts had enough followers to make an effort twice, in 1715 and again in 1745, to wrest the crown away from the Hanoverians, any little James or Charles in the families of the nobility meant just as surely that his father was a Jacobin as every little George meant that his father was a Hanoverian whig.

It is perhaps as well that English children are not so generally named for heroes as ours are. One of these days Vice Admiral, the Hon. Reginald Aymer Ranfurly Ernle-Erle-Drax-

Plunkett, now chief in command of his majesty's fleet in North American and West Indian waters, may win a famous victory.—Boston Transcript.

Storms Brought About by Conditions of Air

Some thunderstorms are wind hatched; others are calm brooded. Humidity of the air decreases during storms of the first type and increases during those of the second type, according to a recent study by Dr. W. J. Humphreys of the United States weather bureau.

Wind-hatched storms, also known as "cold front" and "squall line" thunderstorms, are caused by cooling from above, usually the result of the importation of cold air. Wind is necessary for the creation of such storms.

Calm-brooded, or heat, thunderstorms are caused by warming below from exposure to the sun. These storms grow from small to large circular flows of warm air straight up from the earth's surface. These chimney-like storms arise only when there is no wind.

As the absolute humidity of the air on all sides of a heat thunderstorm is about the same, the evaporation of the falling rain increases the density of the atmospheric vapor, making the humidity greater than it was before the storm.

The distribution of the absolute humidity about the cold-front storm, however, is unequal. It is much greater in the warm air in front of the storm than it is in the cold air to the rear. The absolute humidity, therefore, decreases as the storm passes over.

Face "Broken Out?"

First wash with pure Resinol Soap. Then relieve and improve sore simply spots with soothing

Resinol

HOTEL ELMS 52nd St. and Cornell Ave., Chicago. The World's Fair Hotel. Near Fair entrance. Clean, quiet, comfortable. Rates from \$1. Write for circular.

Going to the World's Fair? Stop at Hotel Maywood, Maywood, Ill. New, modern, free parking. Chicago elevated, steam, surface, bus lines to Fair. \$1 up. Why pay more?

SENSITIVE PEARLS

In the settling of an estate which had a Brockton inception there was a division of personal jewels between two of the heirs. One took a string of pearls that had originally been valued at around \$10,000. A Boston firm dealing in gems pronounced the once flawless pearls as salable at not more than \$900. The wearer of the gems had been a sufferer from a malady for which she had taken a comparative modern remedy, and that remedy, the jewel experts said, had acted upon the pearls through the skin they touched and had robbed them of their luster. A pearl is singularly sensitive to conditions in the body of the wearer.—Brockton Enterprise.

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SPARK PLUGS CLEANED by the AC METHOD, only 5¢ each

Removal of oxide coating, soot, and carbon with the AC Spark Plug Cleaner snaps up the speed, economy and performance of any car. Registered dealers, garages and service stations have the AC Cleaner now. Why not have your plugs cleaned? Replace badly worn plugs with new ACs.

Time in: RAYMOND KNIGHT and the CUCKOOS—Saturdays, 10 p.m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.



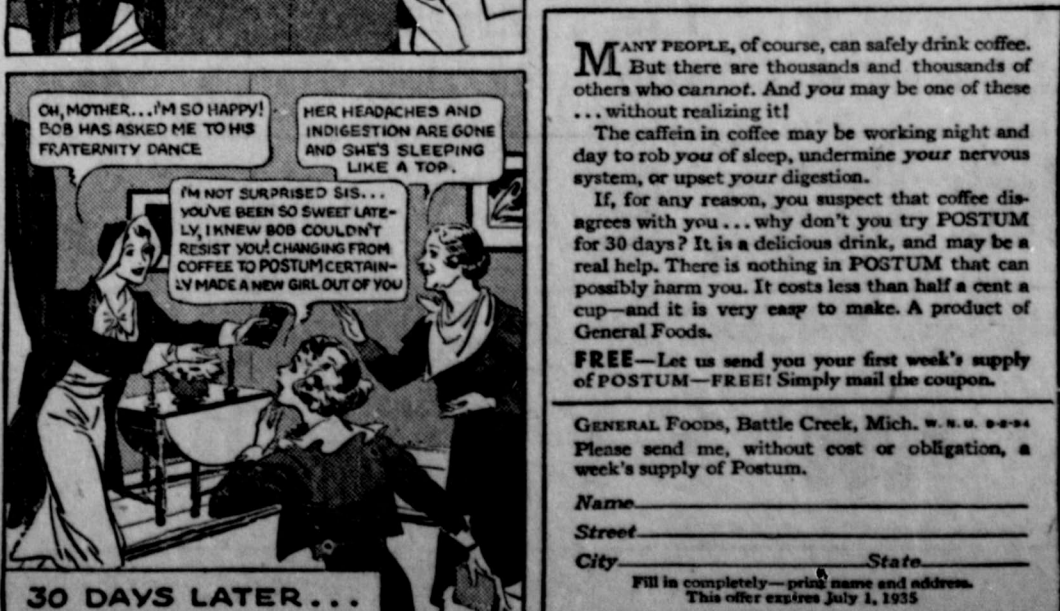
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Mr. COFFEE—NERVES . . . the doctor blocks his plans



MANY PEOPLE, of course, can safely drink coffee. But there are thousands and thousands of others who cannot. And you may be one of these . . . without realizing it!

The caffeine in coffee may be working night and day to rob you of sleep, undermine your nervous system, or upset your digestion.

If, for any reason, you suspect that coffee disagrees with you . . . why don't you try POSTUM for 30 days? It is a delicious drink, and may be a real help. There is nothing in POSTUM that can possibly harm you. It costs less than half a cent a cup—and it is very easy to make. A product of General Foods.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

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BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. H. L. Whitfield and Mrs. Dell Cooper were hostesses to Melba Cooper and Sidney Rhea Beach at a birthday party Aug. 3, the occasion being their 12th and 6th birthdays, respectively. The honorees received many nice gifts. Those attending the party were: Evelyn and Elsa Jean Reed, Kenneth Wayne and Johnnie Maurine Smith, Eddie Mae Land, Virginia Watt, Mary Jo and Norma Jean Hart, Geraldine Land, Janette Cooper, Kenneth Reed, Loretta Irene and Charolotta Joyce Evans, Melba, Mary Jean, Alvin, Arliss and Wanda Lee Cooper, Sidney Rhea Beach, Hazel, Clifford, Betty Nell and Ora Lee Whitfield, Mesdames Richard Bowlin, K. C. Reed, A. T. Smith, Lois Evans, Dell Cooper and H. L. Whitfield.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hooker and daughter, Bettye, are visiting relatives and friends in Canadian, Wheeler, Pampa and Amarillo.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

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.

L. Spalding, W. M.
C. E. Johnson, Sec.

Mrs. T. D. Moss of Canadian and Mrs. Earl Noel and daughter, Shirley Basel, of Pampa, visited their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hooker last week. Little Mary Ellen Moss returned home with them after a three weeks visit with Bettye Hooker.

New fall print just in. Come in and get those school dresses. B. & B. Variety

Mrs. W. A. Pierce of Canyon is visiting relatives and friends here.

Mrs. J. W. Reese spent last week in Memphis with her sister.

Mrs. Berlie Moreman and children of Brice are spending this week with home folks here.

Who Says That Nobody Loves a Policeman?

There is one thing sure... that isn't true so far, at least, as Officer Finney is concerned.

You know Finney—Finney of the Force—whose comical adventures are portrayed for readers of this paper by Ted O'Loughlin, brilliant young artist.

This genial copper gets a lot of fun out of the things that happen day by day as he travels his beat, and the fun is passed on to you as you read of his activities.

Have a laugh with Finney and tell your friends about him.



TED O'LOUGHLIN

PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas

Thurs. Fri. Aug. 16-17th
Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie in
Shoot The Works

This picture was billed for Monday and Tuesday, but was substituted with **The Great Flirtation**, will have it Thursday and Friday sure, and it will be a dandy. (Nights only)
Friday 17, Matinee only beginning at 10:00 a. m. a real western play.

South Of Santa Fe
Plenty of thrills. Also comedy 10c to all

Sat. 18th Rob Steel in
Rangers Code

Another western that you will enjoy. Also good comedy. Matinee 10 to all, night 10 15c

Mon. Tues. 20-21 Elissa Landi and Frank Morgan in
Sisters Under The Skin
One love, one man, made two women sisters under the skin. A glamorous romance. Also Fox News and comedy 10 25c

Wed. 22, Helen Twelvetrees, and Ralph Morgan in

She Was A Lady

Human interest motivated this story. A western ranch, a small time traveling circus, go to make up this picture. Also good comedy, and our third Bank Night. You must be here 10 25c

Thurs. Fri. 23-24th Janet Gardner, Charles Farrell, James Dunn and Ginger Rogers in

Change Of Hearts

See the worlds lovers together again. Four big stars in one of the big pictures of the year. Also Paramount news and comedy 10 25c

Coming, Will Rogers in **Handy Andy**. Watch for dates.

HOG AND CORN CONTROL ASSOCIATION

The most important adjustments as to the reduction have been completed. This precinct, No. 8 has a total of 8940 head of hogs. The reduction on hogs was around 19% of this precinct total, which totaled around 748 head. The corn acreage reduction was around 87 acres for this precinct. The corn in bushels had to be reduced around 1650 bu. Taking everything into consideration, the county committee has done some fine work, getting close to the county and district allotment. Hogs asked for were 57 hogs per litter. The county allotment was 56 hogs per litter. Corn for county ten year average government statistics is 14.5 bu. Corn asked for by the contractors was 17.4 bu. Corn allotted county on contracts was 17 bu.

The State Board of Review made allowance between the ten year average, which was 14.5 bu and the contracts, stating that probably this was due to farmers who grew corn for the purpose of producing hogs, giving some of their best land and attention to these two products. Delay in contracts is due to two causes, one being unavoidable on our part as committee. There were 29 counties in this district, and all had to make complete reports at College Station before we could get our allotment. The other cause was that inexperience took up unnecessary time. Original contracts are being typed as fast as possible. Please get in readiness to sign as soon as notice is served. Probably Friday and Saturday will be sign up days.

G. W. Bain, Pres. Chairman

J. W. Vallance of Memphis was in Hedley Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Reins and Reel Curtis made a business trip to Childress Saturday.

Every Day Specials

MEAT			
MEAT, DRY SALT SQUARES, LB.			8c
Lard, 8 lb. carton			69c
Spuds, No. 1, 10 lb.	24c	pk.	35c
Mackerel, can	9c	3 cans	25c
Fruit Jars, qt.			79c
Bran Flakes, White Swan, 3 boxes			23c
Whole Wheat Flakes, 3 boxes			25c
Oatmeal, 55 oz. box			15c
Cherries, No. 2 can, 2 for			25c
Blackberries, 2 for			25c
Pork and Beans, 4 cans			27c
Cabbage, lb.			4c
We will have plenty of Fresh Vegetables			

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PHONE 23



No Loose Screws
—and each lens has a shock absorber.

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You never again need be annoyed by loose screws and wobbly lenses. Let us fit you with the New Electro-No-Scru-Ful-Yee Glasses.

Eliminates Wobble
—each lens held by an iron bit in a select glass.

GOLDSTON BROS.

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Clarendon, Texas

Model A Specials

Fan Belt	\$0.35
Distributor Body	.40
Cylinder Head Water Outlet Connection	.75
Wiring Harness	1.00
Switch and Cable	1.50
Piston Rings, any size	1.00

Also Many Chevrolet Parts Bargains

Tires For Your Ford

4.40 x 21	\$4.45
Wash and Grease any car	1.00

Clarendon Motor Co.

Clarendon, Texas

FOOD SPECIALS

Watch our Window for Vegetable Specials

Tea, Bright & Early, 1-4 lb. 13c

Fruit Jars, qts., doz.	80c	Lettuce, fresh, head	7c
Lemons, large Sunkist, doz.	30c	Sugar, 25 lb. Can	\$1.39
Salmon, tall can, 2 for	25c	Grapes, fresh, 2 lb.	25c
Laundry Soap, 10 bars	21c	Onions, Spanish sweet, lb.	4c
Tomatoes, fresh, lb.	8c	Milk, small, 6 cans	21c
Meat, dry salt, side or half, lb	10c	Milk, large, 3 cans	25c

Cabbage, fresh Colorado, lb. 4c

Specials In Our Market

Bacon, sliced lb.	25c	Sausage, 2 lb.	25c
Steak, choice cuts, lb.	15c	Plate Ribs, lb.	7c
Steak, forequarter, lb.	10c	Lunch Meat, all kinds, lb.	25c

Bulk Coffee, lb. 15c

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

'M' SYSTEM