

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXIII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, AUGUST 4, 1933

NO. 5

This Store

IS ALWAYS

Ready to Serve You
in any of the various ways that a
Drug Store of the better class
is able to serve.

That's what we are here for.

Call on us.

Hedley Drug Co.

THE REXALL STORE

This Store is a Pharmacy

We Still Have the SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE!

Come up and see our Ladies White
Mesh and Buckskin Shoes
Special, 85c to \$1 00

Closing out Ladies Summer Dresses
regular 69c values, 45c

Ladies Hats, closing out all summer
styles, Silk Crepe, Straw, Panama
at 65c

Regular 65c Ladies Tams, 39c

Ladies House Shoes, with heels, 49c

Ladies Pique Dresses, regular
\$1.95 values, \$1.19

Mitchell's Store

Mitchell Hyamand, Prop Hedley, Texas
Next Door to M System

*You Are Always
Welcome!*

YOU ARE OUR PERSONAL GUEST
Every Time You
Enter Our Door

to be treated with every consideration

You may want only to ask a
question, use our phone, get
a stamp, leave a parcel, or
meet a friend--

Be sure you're welcome to make full
use of this store's conveniences when-
ever they can be of service.

Wilson Drug Co.
PHONE 63

KEMPSON FAMILY HAS REUNION THE PAST WEEK

Mr Ben Kempson has had a family reunion this week. All his children and grandchildren were present except one daughter and family who live in Ohio and could not be here.

All the family present drove out to their old home place Sunday to visit; also visited the cemetery where some of the relatives are buried. They and a number of friends ate dinner in the grove and enjoyed talking of "Auld Lang Syne."

There were 26 present at the home in Hedley Sunday afternoon, including Leonard Chaney, as guest from a distance, and Miss Ruth Duncan of Hedley.

Members of the family present were Mr and Mrs Ben Kempson, L B, Hazel and Berson Kempson of Hedley, Mrs Ida Jones and children of Alexander, Mrs Ora Nixon and son of Lowell, Oscar Kempson and family of Clarendon, G I Kempson and family of Levelland, Edgar Kempson of Dumas. There were 13 grandchildren in the group.

Ladies Hats at half price.
B & B Variety Store.

METHODIST REVIVAL

Bro. J. W. Watson is doing some very fine work in his lectures on Christian Education. If you have not heard him, I would be very glad for you to do so.

We have heard a great deal about why we have not been able to hold the new converts. Well, if you will come to these classes you may be able to help solve this problem. Christ said "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep." These services will continue till Sunday night.

Special services as follows:
Thursday night, young people's night. All the young people are invited. Friday night, family night. Sunday morning will be a service for men. There will be a special service Sunday at 3 p. m. for men and boys. Sunday night, "The kind of Church we would like to have."
A. V. Hendricks, Pastor.

GRAPES FOR SALE—2 1/2 miles west of Hedley, at
W. J. Luttrell's.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

Bro. G. C. Warford of Lefors will preach at the West Baptist Church Sunday morning, August 6th, at 11 o'clock.

Every one is cordially invited to come and be in this service.

HOUSE FOR RENT—Modern conveniences. Near the school building.
Bob Adamson.

Rex Kendall returned home Wednesday from Abilene, where he taught school and attended McMurry College the past year.

NOTICE

BOZEMAN GARAGE

wants to do your Black-
smithing, Welding and
Car Repair Work

We Also Have a Good Supply of
USED PARTS

Our Prices Are Right
Try Us

HEATH TAKES OVER THE HALL SERVICE STATION

G. C. Heath, who for more than two years has operated the Phillips 66 Station here, has taken charge of the Hall Service Station, corner Main Street and the Highway.

Mr. Heath will handle the Conoco products and Firestone Tires and Tubes. He has none but kind words for the Phillips people and products, but feels that he is now in better position to serve his friends and the public, and invites them to call on him for high class merchandise and service.

See our new Pepperell Prints
B. & B. Variety Store.

CECIL CLACK SIMMONS

Cecil Clack Simmons was born at Blum, Texas, January 30th, 1910; died at Hedley, Texas, July 27th 1933, at the age of twenty-three years, five months, and twenty-seven days. He came to Donley county with his parents sixteen years ago. Received his education in Hedley High School, where he was a popular student and one of the leaders in athletic activities.

But the greatest of all is that he heard the call of Jesus when he was fifteen years of age, and responded to the same with a broken heart and contrite spirit, and God saved his soul for all time and eternity.

Some few weeks ago he returned home and told his father and mother he was sick. Every possible effort was put forth in his behalf, but finally the family physician told them that Clack had typhoid fever. However, in spite of all the suffering he had a smile for those who were about his bedside.

A sad, and yet beautiful, testimonial was when he looked into his brother, Vernon's, face and told that he saw an angel. When we heard of him saying those words, we thanked God that He made it possible for him to see, and to leave us that bright ray of hope. In a short time after that his soul went out to meet the God who gave it.

He leaves to mourn his death his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Simmons, and eight brothers and sisters, as follows: Vernon, Carl, Ralph, Morine, Othel, George, Mildred, and Benny; as well as a host of other relatives and friends.

Remember the words of Jesus when His disciples wept as He told them of His going Home to God. So now to you I would say: "Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you."

Funeral services were held at the Hedley First Baptist Church Friday afternoon. A very consoling scripture was read by Rev. M. E. Wells, prayer by Rev. A. V. Hendricks, and sermon by A. J. Campbell. After which his body was taken to Rowe Cemetery, there to rest till Jesus comes.

A. J. Campbell.

Quality, Price, Service
and Satisfaction

Guaranteed at This Store

Hedley Cash Grocery

Economy and Dependability

These are the principles upon which this store was founded, and these are the principals by which we operate today.

Give Us a Trial

You'll Like Our Service

Barnes & Hastings

PHONE 21

The Semi-Weekly Farm News

Texas' Greatest Farm Paper

and

The Informer

Both One Year for

\$1.50

SEE THE INFORMER MAN

WHAT IT DID

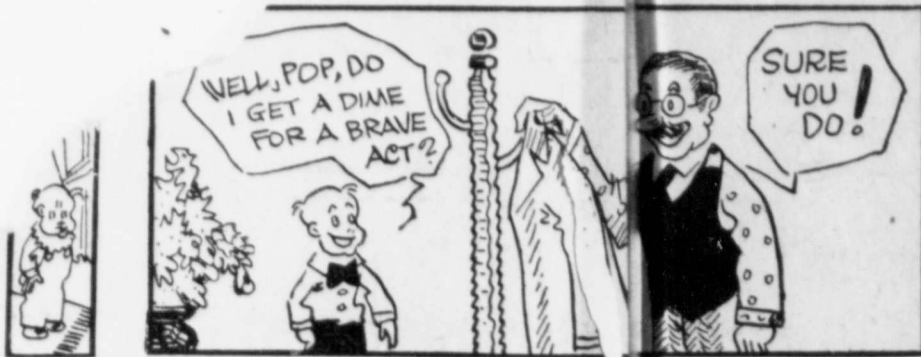
THAT OLD DEPRESSION MAY HAVE done some good after all. It taught us to draw a line under a column of mistakes we'd made in Boom times, and it taught us Humility.

It taught us that a fellow's foresight is no better than his information and that most information is the Bunk. Ain't it the truth? It taught us that business management is something more than sitting in the boss's chair. It taught us we could get along without a lot of things we had grown to consider necessary. It taught us the benefits of dealing only with a reliable bank.

SECURITY STATE BANK

HEDLEY, TEXAS

"The Bank that knows you"



Photography Is Hobby of Monarch of Siam

Operates a Movie Camera With Skill of Expert.

Washington.—Exotic, remote Bangkok, capital of Siam, where, for the second time in a year, a military coup without casualties has given the king an entirely new governmental personnel, continues its march toward westernization. One of the latest innovations is a palatial cinema hall which incorporates all the details of an up-to-date American motion-picture theater, says a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

King Prajadhipok is responsible for this new \$75,000 building in the capital city, having secured part of the inspiration for its construction during his visit to motion-picture companies when he was in the United States two years ago.

"This theater, one of the most modern in the Far East," continues the bulletin, "is a welcome improvement to Bangkok residents who are interested in celluloid drama. All of the older cinema houses have been hopelessly inadequate since the advent of sound pictures, because most of them are barn-like structures, built largely of corrugated iron and possessing exceedingly poor acoustics.

Besides directing the affairs of state in the country of nearly 12,000,000 people, the king finds time to operate several American-made amateur motion-picture cameras with almost professional skill. Even the queen, Rambalarni, as well as many other members of the royal family and per-

sons in official circles, are enthusiastic photographers in both still and motion pictures.

Filmed by Royalty.

"Every year at its exhibition of paintings and photographs, the Siam Art club, which enjoys the patronage of the king, usually has a number of entries in superb monochrome and color work produced by one of the king's half-brothers. An amateur motion-picture club, of which the king is a member, was organized about four years ago. And on several occasions the club members have been invited to the royal palace to witness the showing of 'movies' made by their majesties.

"Siam is one of the best fields in the world for persons with the hobby of making pictures. The architectural features and the wealth of color in Bangkok's several hundred temples present inexhaustible opportunities for the artist, whatever his medium of expression may be. Here, certainly, the word 'unique' has significance, for nowhere else in the world does one find such a variety of mosaics in pearl, tile, and bits of glass, multiple roofs with dragon heads terminating their corners; or such flower-decked pchedis (or votive spirals) as in Siam.

Fascinating Subjects.

"The many canals teeming with boat traffic, the fields where the country grows rice that places it third among rice-exporting nations, and the northern hills in which the valuable teak trees are cut and then hauled by elephants to streams to be floated to Bangkok, are fascinating subjects for a camera lens.

"Siam's religious ceremonies and state processions are many and varied, possessing the chromatic splendor of rich oriental costumes. Recently one of the princes gave a hiding private showing of thousands of feet of amateur natural color film that he had made of the royal barge procession of the hundreds of fantastic boats used in bearing the king and his followers on a visit to present gifts to the Buddhist temples; the state processions by palanquin; and the annual round of ancient ceremonies. Not only had the pictures been taken by the prince, but the films were processed in his own laboratory."

Owner Defeats Dogs With Vacuum Cleaner

Monroe, La.—R. D. Swayze, city commissioner, was troubled half to death with fleas—on his dog, Peggy, and her pups.

Various remedies for extermination were tried, with negative results. Then the commissioner got a brilliant idea. He got out the family vacuum cleaner, gave the dogs the once over, and in five minutes every flea had been corralled for extermination.

Swayze wants all dog owners to know of his method.

New Track Star



Here's Jesse Owens of Cleveland, Ohio, East Technical high school track star, finishing a spin in much the same manner as he finished the 220 yards in the record time of 20.7 at the recent twentieth annual University of Chicago interscholastic track and field championship meet at Soldier field, Chicago. Owens also set a new record of 24 feet 9 1/2 inches for the broad jump, and equaled the world record of 9.4 seconds in the 100-yard dash.

A Mountain Top Grave

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

Mount Mitchell is the highest point in North Carolina is east of the Rocky mountains. At the very top of this mountain is a grave enclosed in an iron railing. Upon the grave is a brass plate which bears the following inscription: "Here lies, in the hope of the Blessed Resurrection, the body of Reverend E. Mitchell, D. D., who, after being for 39 years a Professor in the University of North Carolina, lost his life in the scientific exploration of this mountain in the 64th year of his age, June 27th, 1857."

The consecration to service whether as minister, professor or explorer, evidently made a profound impression upon the people of his day. Dedication of self to service in a chosen field has won recognition expressed in various forms. Many institutions bear the name of Pasteur, whose cure for hydrophobia brought a great blessing to humanity. The name of Lister, an English surgeon, has been signally honored for his discovery of antiseptics in surgery. The world owes a great debt of gratitude to Wilfred T. Grenfell, the medical missionary, for his wonderful work in Labrador. The self-sacrificing service of men and women who gave their lives for a great cause is today memorialized by chairs in universities and colleges all over our land. To many others various types of memorials have been erected.

A journey to the top of Mount Mitchell convinces one of the difficult task the early explorers must have had before the trails were made which now serve as a safe guide to the interested mountain climber. It is a long journey to the top, about 18 miles from the base. Ascent is permitted only up to the noon hour and descent is allowed after 2:30 p. m. The one way road is thus kept reasonably safe for travel. From the top of the mountain one can view for miles the beauties of North Carolina. (The writer had this privilege, wearing an overcoat, while elsewhere it was the hottest days in June.)

It is said that when natives could no longer carry the body of Doctor Mitchell by wagon up the steep mountain side, they transported the body by hand to the last resting place at the mountain summit: "So when a good man dies, for years beyond his ken, The good he leaves behind him lies, Upon the paths of men."

© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

The homemaker does not have to be penurious to practice little economies which mean pennies in the purse. She merely extends her purchasing power to other fields of necessity or pleasure. To the competent housewife, the thriftiness which brings about this desirable state of affairs is, in itself, a satisfaction. One source of such saving is found in careful management of household linens.

The making of six single sheets from four large ones means a decided saving without undue work. Buy the widest sheets, and remember that the 108 inch length gives best satisfaction, as there is allowance for tucking in at the foot of the bed. Divide the width of each sheet into thirds. Tear off one-third of each sheet. On each sheet of two-thirds the original size, finish the one raw edge with a fine rolled hem. You will have four of these excellent narrow sheets.

There will remain four parts of sheets of one-third the desired width. Make a rolled hem on all raw edges. When this is done lay two strips right side together with top hems and selvages together and even. Pin the pieces together at selvages. Baste and overcast the two selvages with fine close stitches. From the four strips two sheets are thus made. If the selvages are sewed close to the edge there will be a scarcely perceptible seam, and one which will lie flat.

To make sheets which wear in the middle, continue to be usable without patching, then them through the center and take enough out to eliminate holes and places so tender that they will give out shortly. Then seam selvages as described and make rolled hems along raw edges. Or use the smallest hemmer attachment on the sewing machine and hem the raw edges. With old sheets the hemmed raw edges are satisfactory, but with new sheets the edges should have very narrow rolled edges. These are scarcely distinguished from heavy selvages after laundering.

Cleaning of Glassware. However commonplace tasks may be, there are always certain ways of doing them, which hinder or help. One of these tasks is washing glasses, especially stemware. It can be chipped and snapped so easily, yet with certain precautions this ordinary and routine bit of housework can be simplified.

It is assumed that the homemaker, however young, is aware that hot water should never be poured onto cold glassware, nor should it be plunged into hot water. The glass can be partially immersed. If correctly done. Tumblers, goblets, glass bowls, and dishes should be put into the water sides down, but not more than one-third or one-half covered. Expansion must be allowed for, and this is the way in which the heat is most evenly distributed, consequently the expansion most evenly taken care of. Stemware must be washed and dried

with the dishcloth or dish towel held lightly. There is nothing much easier than to snap the stems when the glass is held firmly and the towel, also held firmly, is twisted around top or base. Circular articles are washed and dried with a circular motion. Therefore if the article is held so firmly that there is no "give" or "play" to it when rubbed circularly, it breaks, since it is inflexible. Many a goblet, sherbet cup, and vase is broken not because of carelessness but lack of knowledge of this simple fact. There must be a certain amount of friction to wash the glass clean and wipe it dry, but this friction has to be given correctly and deftly.

When a metal drainer is used to put the articles in after washing, there is danger of chipping the edges of glass, and catching the thin circular bases between the metal bars. If a dishcloth is laid in the drainer this danger is averted.

© 1932, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

May Go to Congress



Mrs. Bolivar Edward Kemp may succeed her late husband as representative from the Sixth Louisiana district in the United States congress. She is prominent in the social life of the national capital and would be a welcome addition to the evergrowing bloc of "ladies of congress."

Up-to-Date Pied Piper

Tells of Menace of Rats

San Francisco.—The greatest wild animal menace to the human race practically is ignored because humans generally do not realize the smartness and danger of rats.

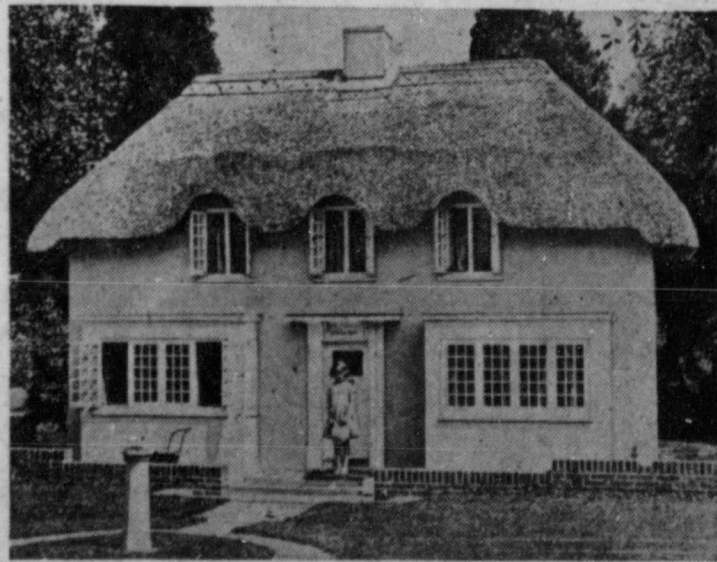
Authority for this statement is Theodore Pannier, modern "Pied Piper," who has devoted his life to exterminating the rodents, not through the use of a bagpipe, but by means of poisons developed in his laboratory.

"Pannier has plenty of opportunity to study rats, since San Francisco, like nearly all seaport towns, has an over abundance of them. He estimates there is a rat for each resident of the city. "Rats are smart," he pointed out. "It is our business to outsmart them. If a rat has made his nest in the moulding near the ceiling he will not touch poisoned food placed there. He knows food is kept on the table or floor—not on the wall or in inaccessible places."

Rode Rods 1,000 Miles

Boston.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Densmore and two small daughters, the youngest only six months old, arrived at the home of relatives here after riding more than 1,000 miles on freight cars and hitch-hiking the rest of the way from El Paso, Texas.

Welsh People Give Princess a Cottage



This is the pretty thatched cottage presented by the people of Wales to Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the duke and duchess of York and erected at Windsor, England. The little princess is standing at the door of her miniature house.

What Milady Is Wearing



Jewelry which repeats the colors of the costume is smartly exemplified in the simulated ruby and rhinestone ensemble worn with a white and red crepe evening dress.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

BORED BY WORK..
BOREDOM IS SHOWN BY RESEARCH TO CAUSE MORE LOSS OF TIME FROM WORK THAN ALL THE INDUSTRIAL DISEASES TOGETHER, DUE TO MODERN MECHANIZATION.

OIL BY AIR—
AUSTRALIA, NOW WITHOUT OIL, IS TO BE PROSPECTED FOR OIL BY AIRPLANE.

WATERMELONS LOSE WEIGHT—
WATERMELONS SHRINK IN TRANSIT, LOSING ABOUT 5% IN SEVERAL DAYS' SHIPMENT TIME.

Short Life Dwellings in Am.

The average life of dwellings in this country is forty years, according to Fernor S. Cannon, president of the Railroaders' Building and Saving Association of Indianapolis.

"For a nation priding itself on structural ability and high quality of workmanship it is a sorry tribute that its average dwelling should run to no greater life," he writes in the American Building Association News.

"In searching for the reasons for the relatively short life of the average American dwelling it is possible to locate three major factors: first, to realize that the disastrous effects of each of them, to some degree at least, can be eliminated. The reasons a house may no longer be standing or desired by responsible tenants, as an average, after forty years are, first, changed economic conditions; second, changed human desires, and third, fires and calamities.

"By changed economic conditions is meant the gradual shifting of the population of a city or town to another city or town, as has occurred frequently and undoubtedly will occur again in our general march progress; the deterioration of neighborhoods through the development of undesirable surroundings, and other very obvious causes. Changing human desires are those which make the structure soon out of date."



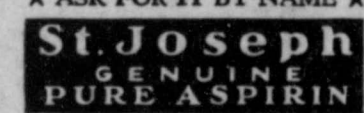
YES, Rinso saves scrubbing—saves the life of clothes—you'll save lots of money! You'll save time and work—and save your hands, too.

Cap for cup, Rinso gives rise as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soap. Makers of 40 famous washes recommend it. Great for dishes, too—and for all cleaning. Get it at your grocer's.



World's Largest Seller at 10c

★ ASK FOR IT BY NAME ★



Highest Cash Price Paid for Old Gold. Mail us your discarded jewelry, Gold Crowns and Bridges, Watches, Diamonds, Silver and Platinum. Money promptly mailed. Goods returned if offer refused. Houston Smelting Works, Houston, Tex.

Cheapest and Best

Ask your dealer for Daisy Fly Killer. Placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Heat, clean, convenient. Lasts all season. Made of metal. Can't spill or tip over. Can't soil, or injure anything. Hensley-Sowers, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

DAISY FLY KILLER



FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS MOROLINE WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY WHY PAY MORE? 10c

HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Ed C. Holtzer, 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.

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

Dr. F. V. Walker

General Practice.
Female Diseases • Specialty
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Office with Wilson Drug Co.
Hedley, Texas

O. E. Dickinson

DENTIST
HEDLEY, TEXAS
Office at Hedley Drug Co.

GILLIAM PRODUCE

We buy Chickens, Eggs
and Cream
Located on Main Street
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W. WEBB, M. D.

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Hedley, Texas
Office Phone 8
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Huffman's Barber Shop

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

COFFINS, CASKETS

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

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

MOREMAN HARDWARE

UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT MCKNIGHT

The Union Missionary Society met at McKnight Monday and put on the program as given in last week's paper. Mrs. Cole as leader read a few verses from the 3rd chapter of John and gave an inspiring talk on it, the main point being "For God so loved the world." The presentation of this lesson was well worth the time and effort of going, but was only the beginning of the good things in store for all who were privileged to be there.

Mrs. Caughen of McKnight presided, and proved to be an efficient leader. All of the program was good. Those who had parts had their subjects well in hand and presented them in an impressive way. But we feel that special mention is due Miss Thelma Tate for her rendering of the story, "Making Ready for the Distinguished Guest"—setting the house in order, but turning the needy away, thereby missing the blessing sought. We might all benefit by this story.

Mrs. Morgan of McLean sang "Jesus Loves Even Me," which was appreciated by all.

There were about 55 present. Besides a goodly number from Hedley, there were several visitors including Mrs. Cole, wife of the pastor at Lelia Lake, Mrs. Strickland of Dallas, Mrs. Seago, Dist. Sec. W. M. A., Mrs. Morgan of McLean, Mrs. Slover and Mrs. Bales of Memphis.

We spent a most enjoyable afternoon with the good people of McKnight. After the service we had a pleasant hour of social converse, and cake and lemonade were served.

Next 5th Monday we meet in Hedley Methodist church. Answer to roll call with names of pioneer missionaries. Meet with us; you're missing something.

Our \$1.00 Desses now 79c.
B. & B. Variety Store.

Rev. V. A. Hansari returned Tuesday from Childress, where he conducted a revival meeting. He will start a revival at Quail Thursday night, August 3.

We very much regret that W. T. Hall, who has been visiting relatives in Denton county the past two weeks, will not return to Hedley. His physician has advised him to remain at a lower altitude in the interest of his health. He will be missed by a host of friends here.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

For Sunday, August 6:
Topic, "Rescue the Perishing"
Who Are the Perishing?—by
Group Captain

Why They Are Called the Perishing—Pauline Holtzer.

Why They Need to be Rescued—Nettie Blankenship.

Who Are Called to Rescue the Perishing?—Golden Holland.

How Are They to Answer the Call?—Pauline Caldwell.

Is There a Limit to What They Can Do?—Nina Mae Bailey.

The Joy of Rescuing the Perishing—Ruth Wells.

We can save you money on anything you buy from us.

B. & B. Variety Store.

ENTERTAIN S. S. CLASS

Last Monday evening Sybil Holland entertained Mrs. Armstrong's Sunday School class with a picnic. All assembled at the Holland home, and walked over to the campus.

Those present were: Doris Merle Everett, Mattie Irene Fitzgerald, Mary Lane Hendricks, Yvona Meeks, Goldie Dickson, Betty Jo Bowman, Letta Latimer, Gertrude Golliday, Marie Clawson, Gene Koeninger, Russell Guill, J. M. Dickson, Buck Everett, Mrs. Hendricks, and Mrs. Golliday.

MOONLIGHT PICNIC

Mrs. G. W. Peabody entertained her Sunday School class with a moonlight picnic Friday evening, July 28th. Many games were played with lots of pep and enthusiasm.

Lemonade, ice cream and cake was a feature of the entertainment which was enjoyed by the following: Hazel, Amlene and Geraldine Tollett, Louise and Merle Dean, Beatrice and T. J. Hansard, Merlye Wayne Peabody and Mrs. Peabody.

C. C. Stanford and Jack Marshall made a trip to Abilene the past week end, taking Esten Wise to the epileptic colony there.

Stop Chills and Fever!

Rid Your System of Malaria!

Shivering with chills one moment and burning with fever the next—that's one of the effects of Malaria. Unless checked, the disease will do serious harm to your health. Malaria, a blood infection, calls for two things. First, destroying the infection in the blood. Second, building up the blood to overcome the effects of the disease and to fortify against further attack.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic supplies both these effects. It contains tasteless quinine, which kills the infection in the blood, and iron, which enriches and builds up the blood. Chills and fever soon stop and you are restored to health and comfort. For half a century, Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic has been sure relief for Malaria. It is just as useful, too, as a general tonic for old and young. Pleasant to take and absolutely harmless. Safe to give children. Get a bottle at any store.

HOME TOWN HENRY



FRIENDS, YOU NEVER SEE ME HOLD BACK WHEN A PROJECT IS ON TO IMPROVE OUR TOWN. THE WAY I LOOK AT IT, NOTHING IS ANY TOO GOOD FOR US, AND THE BETTER A TOWN WE HAVE, THE MORE PERSONS WILL LOCATE HERE TO HELP PAY FOR OUR IMPROVEMENTS. THE MORE BUSINESS OUR MERCHANTS WILL HAVE AND THE MORE WE WILL ENJOY LIFE.

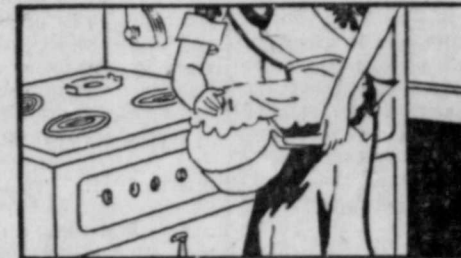
Eliminate the Drudgery of Scouring Pots and Pans...



The tedious and never-ending job of scouring pots and pans, you'll agree, is one of the most irksome of household duties. It is a messy, disagreeable job to begin with—and roughens your hands, irritates your disposition and wears out your utensils.

This drudgerous household task can be eliminated once and for all time from your daily routine... by the simple expedient of eliminating the old-fashioned cooking method that causes the grime and soot to collect.

... with a Modern Electric Range You Merely Wipe Them off!



Progressive home-managers throughout West Texas have found the superlative cleanliness of modern Electric Cookery one of its outstanding advantages. There's no flame to blacken utensils and cause you hours of disagreeable scouring work. And this same cleanliness also eliminates much of your

other kitchen cleaning. Think of the time and money this will save!

Ask about the remarkable cleanliness of the modern Electric Range. Ask also about the sixteen startling superiorities of Electric Cookery. You'll find that this modern "Electrical Servant" will do more for you than you'd imagine anything inanimate could do... and it'll do it all and save money in the bargain! Investigate present LOW PRICES and CONVENIENT TERMS... TODAY!

Call us for an individual investigation of your use of electric service to determine the cost of cooking by electricity in your home. You may be surprised to know that there are many cases where electric cookers actually decrease the total of electric and gas bills.

West Texas Utilities Company



Gulf lets you take your choice!

ANY Gulf station selling Gulf products exclusively offers you a choice of three gasolines and four motor oils—at three different prices.

And, whatever price you pay, you'll get the finest product that highly advanced refining can produce at the price. You'll get an amazing value!

So—come to Gulf and get gasoline and oil that pleases your pocketbook—and your motor.

★ THEY'RE FREE! ★

Every Gulf station gladly cleans your windshield, fills your radiator, inflates your tires and checks your oil... FREE.

© 1932, GULF REFINING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

3 GREAT GASOLINES

Gulf Traffic—A dependable, white anti-knock gas. **LOW PRICE**
That Good Gulf—The famous FRESH gas—now lubricated. No extra cost. **MEDIUM PRICE**
No-Nox Ethyl—As fine gasoline as money can buy, plus Ethyl. **PREMIUM PRICE**

AND 4 GREAT MOTOR OILS

Gulf Traffic... Safe! A dependable low-priced oil. **15¢** a quart (plus tax)
Gulf-lube... Gulf's sensational new "high-mileage" motor oil (or **Gulf Supreme**, "The 100-mile-an-hour oil.") **25¢** a quart (plus tax)
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son Hurrying Industrial Groups Into Federal Control; President Forms an Executive Council in London Economic Conference Nears Re

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

SPURRED on by President Roosevelt—though the stimulus was scarcely necessary—Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, industrial recovery administrator, let it be known that he intended to get the principal industrial groups under federal control as speedily as possible. He and the President desire that the industries come in voluntarily, but if they do not, the general is ready to hold arbitrary hearings and then fix the wage rates and working hours for the recalcitrant trades. These enforced regulations will apply until the industries present their own codes.



Hugh S. Johnson

If it is necessary to adopt arbitrary codes, these will be based on data gathered by the administration's statistical expert, Dr. Alexander Sachs, who has already prepared a setup codifying various leading industries according to a number of conditions. They have been rated according to wage scales existing in various years, chiefly the boom year of 1929, and charts have been prepared showing how far cuts in working hours must be made to restore a mass of employment equal to predepression days. With these data Doctor Sachs has shown conclusions as to how much each industry ought to pay in minimum wages, how many employees it ought to absorb from the army of idle, and how many hours those employees ought to work every week. Two important codes received were those for the lumber and steel industries. The former pegged wages so low and working hours so long that General Johnson said: "They are wholly unacceptable and will, in no case, be approved." A public hearing on this code was set for July 20. In submitting the code, John D. Tennant, representing the lumber men, declared it would result in "a substantial increase" in the number of employees, and that it would increase pay rolls by more than \$10,000,000 in the month of August alone.

The most extraordinary thing about the lumber code is that it would set up "an emergency national committee" to be appointed by the 27 associations applying for the code, which would have the strongest of autocratic power, to the point of exerting absolute control over the entire industry. The cotton textile code was approved by the President and went into effect.

INDICATIONS in London were that the economic conference might continue until the end of July and then recess until September or October. The steering committee favored this course. It also decided that the monetary subcommittee should discuss international indebtedness (our debts excluded) and that another would deal with the questions of central banking and silver. Nearly all the work is being done by subcommittees. Restricting the conference program was a complete victory for the gold bloc nations.



Neville Chamberlain

In addressing the house of commons on the government's policy, Neville Chamberlain, chancellor of the exchequer, said: "There is no doubt that the avowed policies of this country and the United States are closely parallel to one another." Thereupon the house cheered enthusiastically. Mr. Chamberlain continued: "It is the declared intention of the government to pursue by all means in their power any measures which they think will tend toward raising price levels, which we believe to be the first essential step toward recovery. I also agree that this country should not depend upon what is done in conjunction with other countries, but that we should do what we can to help ourselves. That is what we have been doing and we have met with a considerable measure of success, sterling figures of commodities having risen from the first of the year no less than 8 per cent. "We have really at last begun to see signs that show unmistakably that improvement is not a fleeting one, that it has a solid foundation and may be expected to continue."

CHICAGOANS, especially those of Italian birth or descent, were eagerly awaiting the arrival of a Century of Progress of Gen. Italo Balbo and his fleet of 24 Italian royal force seaplanes. The air armada was delayed several days at Reykjavik, Iceland, by unfavorable weather conditions, and then, despite continuing calm that made it difficult to get the huge planes in the air, it took off for Cartwright, Labrador, this being the fourth and probably most perilous stage of the 7,100 mile flight to Chicago. The route thence was laid out in advance was to Sodus, New Brunswick, 800 miles; Montreal, Quebec, 870 miles, and Chicago, 1,000 miles.



Gen. Balbo

SECREARY OF THE INTERIOR ICKES, in his capacity as public works administrator, and his assistants are mighty busy these days, for government departments, states and municipalities are scrambling for shares of the \$3,300,000,000 which is to be spent under the public works program of the administration. The proposed federal projects were given first consideration, and a long list of them was approved by Mr. Ickes. Application from states and municipalities came next, many of them having previously been approved by the Reconstruction Finance corporation and passed on to Mr. Ickes.

An additional \$26,276,400 of the \$400,000,000 allocated for public road grants to the states was approved when the allotments for Ohio, Massachusetts, and Utah received the final endorsements of Secretary Ickes and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. With the \$22,330,101 already assigned to New York state, this action means a total of \$48,606,501 already donated as an outright grant from the federal treasury for road building. Under the allotments Massachusetts gets \$6,507,100, Ohio \$15,484,500 and Utah \$4,194,708.

FINDING of Jimmy Mattern, American aviator, alive but injured in Siberia, was cause for rejoicing. For sixteen days after he crashed in the northern wilds he was barely able to keep alive, and then he was picked up by Eskimos and taken to the village of Anadyr. The Soviet government was active in the efforts to rescue the flyer, and reports from Khabarovsk said a Russian aviator expected to take him from Anadyr to Nome.

THAT Col. Charles A. Lindbergh is still one of the country's most popular figures is made evident by the general interest taken in the route-mapping flight he is making over the northern air course to Europe. Mrs. Lindbergh, her husband's rival in popularity, is with him not as a passenger but as a radio operator and assistant pilot of their big monoplane. Their plans were to fly across Labrador, Greenland and Iceland, and perhaps on to Denmark. They had no fixed route or stopping places and did not know when they would return.

The Lindberghs' trip started from New York and the first stop was near Rockland, Me., where they were forced down by fog. When the air cleared they went on to Halifax, and after an overnight stop, proceeded northward on the way to Greenland, stopping en route at St. Johns, New Brunswick. The plane was provided with new pontoons and instruments and the motor had been speeded up considerably.

SECRETARY SWANSON is determined to build the navy up to treaty limits, and his department has been allotted \$238,000,000 of the public works money. The navy's construction program, it is estimated, will create more than 2,430,000 "man weeks" of work, and will result in the modernization of the fleet. Bids on seventeen of the authorized vessels will be opened in a few days. The remaining fifteen vessels will be constructed speedily in government navy yards.

DURING the fiscal year 1933, ending July 1, the people of the United States paid an additional \$62,000,000 in federal taxes, this being because the new levies more than offset the decline in wealth due to the depression. Internal revenue collections for the year were about \$1,616,000,000. The yield increased in 31 states and dropped in the other 19.

Most of the drop in income taxes had been in corporation returns which showed a decline of 35 per cent last year. Corporations' income yielded only \$395,000,000 of federal taxes last year, compared with \$630,000,000 the year before. Returns from individuals, where the rate increases were heaviest, dropped from \$427,000,000 a year ago to \$351,000,000 last year.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has granted a full pardon to Francis H. Shoemaker, congressman from Minnesota, who served a year in Leavenworth penitentiary before his election to congress. He was convicted in 1930 of sending libelous and defamatory matter through the mails, to a political enemy. The President also pardoned Owen Lamb, whom Shoemaker met in prison and took to Washington as his secretary. Lamb was convicted of abstracting money from a national bank.

LEADERS of the Republican party, determined that the G. O. P. shall not die or even sleep, are actively planning for the elections of 1934 and profess the belief that they can regain much of the ground lost in 1932. Under the personal direction of Everett Sanders, chairman of the national committee, a series of regional meetings is being held, the latest being in Chicago where national committeemen and a few others from eight central states gathered. Their proceedings were not made public, but it was learned that they are banking on the "mistakes" made by the Democratic administration and are expecting more of them to be made in the future. Later there will be similar meetings in western cities.



Everett Sanders

Mr. Sanders said in Chicago that three conferences in the East had given assurance of better times ahead for the party, provided enough hard work was done. He said the attitude of national headquarters is one of looking forward and not backward. Nonpartisan observers are inclined to think that at present no headway can be made on the basis of opposition to the Roosevelt policies—at least not before they have been given a fair chance to succeed or fail.

ONE THOUSAND veterans of the Rainbow division celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the battle of Champagne-sur-Mer with a three-days reunion in Chicago including a fete at a Century of Progress exposition. In the list of those who addressed the former soldiers were Maj. Gen. Douglas McArthur, chief of staff of the United States army; Gen. Charles P. Summerall, former chief of staff; Maj. Gen. George E. Leach, former mayor of Minneapolis; Col. William P. Screws of Alabama; Maj. Gen. Matthew A. Tinley of Iowa, and Col. William J. Donovan of New York.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington.—One of the most depressing factors in the three-year-old economic crisis has been and still is the discouragement experienced by vast numbers of solid, substantial citizens as a result of inability to continue payments on their farms or homes in towns and cities. They have struggled, worked and saved to apply the sums so accumulated on a home or farm that they can call their own. In the last three years, thousands upon thousands of them have seen these savings swept away, the homes or farms taken by the holders of mortgages.

It has taken an extraordinarily long time, observers here are agreed, for mortgage holders to learn the lesson that they gain very little by the shlock practice of exacting the pound of flesh in the shape of foreclosure of the mortgage. A good many mortgage holders, such as life insurance companies, began more than two years ago to "go easy" in foreclosing on property, but unfortunately the number who pursued that policy were entirely too few for the good of the country or the good of the mortgage holders as a class, according to the consensus I gather around the National Capital.

The result of the failure, or refusal, of mortgage holders to realize the conditions confronting them—I speak of them as a class—is such legislation as the home loan act. One of these laws was passed at the request of President Hoover, but that was revamped and a new set-up made at the request of President Roosevelt. If the present law works, as it appears it may, without too much of an expense upon the federal government, lenders of money on farm mortgages and on homes in towns and cities will find themselves paying something of a penalty in the end.

In any analysis of the mortgage situation one cannot overlook the dangers inherent in any governmentally managed institution that functions in a half-way private fashion. The home loan act and its purposes are subject to entirely the same influences and face the same possibilities as the farm loan act that was initiated by the late President Wilson. That enactment has cost the government (which means the taxpayers) many millions of dollars, yet it has done some good. Of that there is no doubt. But it never does any good to deny weaknesses. The results will be revealed eventually, and they will be disclosed in the home loan act just as they have been shown in the farm loan law.

But the point of this consideration is that extraordinary measures have been and are necessary. One of the things that must be accomplished is a revival of confidence. It is agreed among students of the situation that if the home loan act and the revamped farm loan structure develop any appreciable amount of new confidence or restore old confidence, it will have been worth the price. If the combined help extended by those two laws can enable individual owners of property to have a feeling of self-reliance, a feeling of security and independence, they will have done much to lead the country out onto solid ground of economic prosperity again.

The home loan administration is exceedingly slow in getting into motion. Admitting that time always is required in the development of any organization that is predicated on a new law, it does appear that the home loan board has been guilty of too much delay. It may be said to the board's credit, however, that it is trying to encourage holders of mortgages to postpone mortgage foreclosures and to await the time when the new structure has been completely formed. The argument being used is to the effect that if mortgage holders forego their rights, as denominated in their mortgages, for a short while, they have a chance to emerge from the situation with new bonds on which the government guarantees the interest payments.

Let us examine that privilege and see how mortgage owners as well as home owners may benefit. This must necessarily be considered in conjunction with what the law offers to the home owner, and which will lead him to utilize its privileges. The mortgage holder may surrender his existing mortgage to the home owners loan corporation, the official name of the agency which will handle the funds under the supervision of the home loan board. He will get in exchange new bonds, bearing 4 per cent interest. The payment of the interest is guaranteed by the government, but the principal of those bonds remains in the same category as does the principal of the existing mortgage. The bonds are exempt from all taxation and I think it is generally agreed they will constitute a high-class investment.

It is to be remembered that the law limits the amount of the mortgage that may be issued against any property to \$14,000. The total loan may not be more than 80 per cent of the appraised value of the home, so that it may be said the security behind

the bonds is somewhat better than average when it is remembered the interest will be paid by the government if not otherwise. The mortgage holder obtains a long term bond, he is freed from the necessity of making advances to keep the property in shape or pay taxes, etc., and he takes only the usual chance on the principal.

Now, from the standpoint of the home owner, there is the probability that the home owners' loan corporation will be more lenient in the matter of enforcing the terms of its mortgage by foreclosure, which it would have the right to do. That ought to make home owners feel more secure. The mortgage holder has another alternative. He may borrow up to 40 per cent of the value of the property and give the home owners' loan corporation his mortgage as security.

When the home owner seeks to use the home loan act privileges, he gets a benefit in the shape of a postponement of the maturity date of his debt.

That is, there is a new mortgage written and it may run as long as fifteen years. In addition, if the home owners' loan corporation agrees, the home owner may be allowed what amounts to a moratorium in the payment of either the interest or any installment on the principal. That gives the home owner a breathing spell so that if, for example, he is out of a job but his reputation for paying his debts is good, it is not necessary for him to lose his home.

Then, the home owner can obtain funds from the corporation without the necessity of paying a commission to anybody, and say what you will, these commissions for obtaining a loan are a burden. The law makes sure there will be no commissions charged by making such an act a crime.

Another available benefit is provided for the home owner in the provision allowing him to pay off a part or all of his mortgage with bonds of the home owners' loan corporation. It may be readily seen that if by any chance the bonds of the corporation should sell below par, a borrower might be able to buy the bonds, say, at 85 per cent of their value and turn them in at 100 per cent. Of course, everybody here connected with administration of the act insists that the bond price will never fall below par, yet there are some who think that condition may eventuate.

I hope in a few weeks to be able to discuss the set-up arranged by the home owners' loan corporation by which home owners can take advantage of the legislation's terms. The machinery is being created slowly and it is obvious why that is so because there will be two agents of the home loan board in virtually every county of the nation. They will be the point of contact for the individual home owner and it will be from those agents that all necessary details can be ascertained and with them that individual problems may be solved.

The farm loan structure is somewhat further advanced. There was some machinery already in existence for use under the terms of that law and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., the farm credit administrator, is getting things in shape so that his organization soon will be making loans on farm lands.

We have just witnessed the United States treasury adopt a new system of reporting its condition. It is required by the Constitution and by law to make public a statement of its receipts and expenditures, and a daily statement of these items has been issued consistently for many years. Now, however, the statement has appeared in a new suit of clothes, and an explanation of why this has been done appears to be important.

For the first time in the history of this government the treasury actually is running a double budget system. That is, it is segregating in one set of accounts all of the regular expenditures such as salaries and ordinary running expenses. In another set of accounts, it is listing the so-called extraordinary expenditures. In these items are the long list of relief payments, the emergency construction expenditures, the payments to farmers for crops destroyed, and other outgo of a similar character. I have heard both criticism and commendation of the new policy, President Roosevelt has maintained that the emergency expenditures should not be included in the regular budget because they are extraordinary in character and will not recur, or at least none of us hopes they will recur. The emergency expenditures are being financed through borrowings by the government and will be repaid later so that the President says they should not be considered when plans are being worked out for balancing the regular budget.

On the other hand, it is contended that this is a dishonest budget, that it does not properly represent the financial standing of our government.

How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By COLLEEN MOORE

I WAS born with the ambition to become a motion picture actress. Since earliest childhood days in Tampa, Fla., when with brother Cleve, I put on "kid" shows for the youngsters of the neighborhood, I have had a desire to act.

My first chance to realize these hopes, came while visiting my uncle, Walter D. Howey, then managing editor of the Chicago American. I played several "small girl" parts at the old Essanay studio in Chicago, but they were few and far apart.

But things started coming my way when uncle introduced me to D. W. Griffith. Mr. Griffith looked me over and agreed to give me a six months' trial at his studio in California.

My next step, and a rather difficult one, was to induce my parents, who lived in Detroit, to grant me permission to go to the coast. After much debating I finally went out, under condition, that were I unsuccessful at the end of the trial, I must return home and resume my studies at the Detroit Conservatory of Music.

So, all arrangements made, and full of pep and ambition, I embarked for movieland under the careful chaperage of my dear grandmother, Mary Kelly.

On the train, many thoughts through my mind. What was before me? Would I be successful, or would I at the end of the trial be forced to



Colleen Moore.

go home and admit defeat? I hoped for the best.

Hollywood at last. Just as I had pictured it, only better. At the studio I met Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Alma Rubens, Bessie Love, Mildred Harris, Carmel Myers, and many other girls who were already in pictures. They were awfully nice to me, and the future looked rosy indeed.

The end of my six months' trial came all too soon. I anxiously awaited Mr. Griffith's decision. A note from him came at last. I could have cried with happiness. My contract was renewed and my salary raised to the tremendous sum of fifty dollars a week. I felt that I had "arrived," for my first role under this contract was the heroine in "The Bad Boy."

Then the studio closed for lack of funds, and I was out of a job. What was I to do? Why get another job, of course. This was easier to say than to do. But finally I landed the title role in "Little Orphan Annie" at the Selig studio. Lucky, don't you think?

This helped a lot, and then I appeared in two pictures, "The Busher" and the "Egg Crate Wallop," with Charles Ray. Later I played the lead in "Dinty" under the direction of Marshall Neilan.

Producers seemed convinced that I should stick to flapper roles, but they did give me one picture of more serious nature, "So Big," which I liked immensely. Following these I starred in "Sally," "Trene," "Naughty But Nice," "Lilac Time," "Synthetic Sin" and "Why Be Good." My first all talking picture was "Smiling Irish Eyes." I've enjoyed making them all. Picture work just kind of gets you. There's nothing like it.

Of course, it isn't all peaches and cream. I remember, and very distinctly, too, that while working on the "Desert Flower," I fell backward off a handcar and cracked a vertebrae in my neck. The pain was something awful, and most of all I couldn't work for two months.

Another time, in "Twinkletoes," I worked fourteen days and nights, with practically no sleep at all.

But still, I like it, and that's that.

WNU Service

Musical Comedy Star
Esther Howard, musical comedy and legitimate star, made her picture debut with Marilyn Miller several years ago. Since then she has appeared in such productions as "The Woman Tamer," "Vice Squad," "Yellow Ticket," "Wicked" and "Ladies of the Big House."

Modest Raquel
Raquel Torres is so modest she resorts to dark glasses, so as not to be recognized on the street? She is seldom seen without them, except at the studio or at home.

OUR COMIC SECTION

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

A Long Title



THE FEATHERHEADS

Strikes a Responsive Chord



HOW ABOUT GAS?



Salesman—And sir, this car is free wheeling.
Prospect—In that case I'll take it, sounds cheap to me.

ENOUGH



What's all that cheering in the next room for?
That's the sign that somebody has just finished his after dinner speech.

THE SPICE



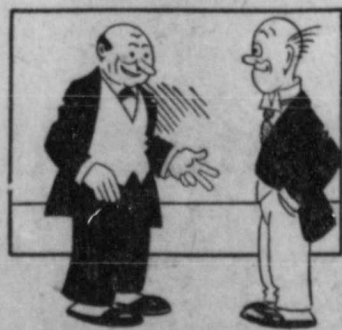
Jack—I'm a very different man since I became engaged to you.
Jill—it's the same as being engaged to a different man, that's what I like—a change now and then.

AND THE PUBLIC?



It must be a terrible thing for an opera singer to realize he is losing his voice.
It is more terrible when he doesn't realize it.

WATCHES HIS STEP



Crook is a criminal lawyer, isn't he?
He's a lawyer, but as to his being criminal, I think he's too careful to quite overstep the line.

AFTERTHOUGHT



What kind of a husband did your sister get?
A lemon. He makes her economize on clothes to make her pay for the candy and flowers he sent her before they were married.

Current Wit and Humor



A MEATY MEAL

He was a thin, ragged urchin and he had crawled up under the circus tent. The manager nabbed him. "Do you know what we do with boys like you?" he thundered. "We make meat of them for the lions. Here, Carl, throw him into the lions cage."
The youngster looked up at him and said, "Oh, mister, let me see the show for nothing and I'll have the fattest boys in the place crawling under the tent tomorrow."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Right and Wrong

"Now Arthur," said the primary teacher, "if I put 11 plums in your hand and you eat four, how many will you have?"
"Eleven," said Arthur.
"But can that be true if you've eaten four? Think again."
"I'd have 11," said the boy, "four inside and seven outside."

Equal to Emergency

Captain—Now, suppose you are on duty one dark night. Suddenly a person appears from behind and wraps two arms round you so that you can't use your rifle. What would you say?
Cadet—Let go, honey.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Bid Below Value

Young Man—Tommy, tell me what your sister thinks of me and I'll give you a nickel.
Tommy—Aint a good laugh worth more than that?—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

It Didn't Work

Family Paper—If not convenient to move household furniture outdoors to clean, place a damp cloth over the piece of furniture and then beat it.
We tried his and the wife made us come back.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Cool

"My dear, he's not the only pebble on the beach."
"But the rest of the beach is stony."—Smith's Weekly.

The lecturer
up to his subject.
"And, friends,"
ly, "I tell you one
never did anyone
"That's not true,"
from the back of the
"Not true?" echoed
"What do you mean?"
"Medicine did my
good," went on the
"But, my friend,"
"you have no way
statement."
"Oh, yes, I have,"
"my father owns a
drug store."

Practically Ended

"Daughter," said her mother, "has that young man you are going with ever mentioned the subject of marriage?"
"Oh, yes!" yawned daughter, "but I told him dad was so hard up he even couldn't afford time for the car, let alone a husband for me."

STYLE SUPERLATIVE



"That author has a most convincing style of diction."
"Yes. But you ought to have heard the agent who sold me the set."

Fatal Fall

"Your fiancé is not with you today?"
"No, he tripped over a stone."
"Is it very bad?"
"Yes, it was the stone I wanted him to buy me."—Starbuck Illustrations.

Just as Good

Judge—Do you wish to have a defending counsel?
Accused—No, sir, but I should be obliged to you if you could get me two reliable witnesses.—Berlin Die Grune Post.

An Expert Tool

"Well, son-in-law, the boy talks very well already."
"Yes, say 'Good-by, Grandma, Tommy'!"—Olfen Woche Illustrations.

Public Institution

"Walter, bring me a bathpick."
"Sorry, sir, it is in use at the moment."—Barcelona Alge.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
		11							
12	13	14				15			
17	18		19	20		21		22	
23		24					25		
26		27							
29		30							32
33	34						35	36	
37			38				39	40	
41		42					43	44	
	46			47		48		49	
50							51		

Horizontal.

- Vast plains of S. A.
- In a vessel
- Original manuscript
- A measure of weight (abbr.)
- Negative
- Exist
- Title for adult male (abbr.)
- Evergreen tree
- Coin
- Tool for cutting weeds
- Entrust
- Capsules of legumes
- Prefix meaning away
- Makes holy
- Prefix meaning out
- A king of Bashan
- Severe toll
- Prefix meaning from
- Small dogs
- Speak
- A leguminous plant
- Bluish-green gem
- Mental obscurity
- Alternative conjunction
- Preposition
- Like
- Back, a prefix
- Elevation
- A weasel-like animal
- Commands

Vertical.

- Coral animals
- Mother
- Verbal quibble
- Minute particle
- Thus
- Measure of area
- Infant
- To open
- Expressing surprise
- Hardship
- Besiege
- One who restrains
- Personal pronoun
- Work
- Rapture
- A command to halt
- Encourages
- Sacred song
- Contradict
- Produce
- Southern state (abbr.)
- A preposition
- Gift
- Bed of a wild beast
- Prefix meaning three
- Turf
- Afternoon (abbr.)
- Personal pronoun
- Preposition
- Point of compass

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N-251

TOO EN UNW ID

Just a Little Smile

POP'S BLOOD PRESSURE UP

"I never saw my husband so crazy mad as he was last night, or this morning, rather," said his wife.
"What was the matter," the neighbor asked.
"Well," she replied, "that boy friend daughter went out with last night is one of his pet peevs, and about three o'clock this morning daughter phoned they were fifteen miles out in the country, the gas tank was empty, boy friend had no money, and would dad please come out and tow them in."

CRUEL SLASH



The Tall One—My face is my fortune.
The Short One—You'll have no income tax to pay, my dear.

Kindly Inquiries

"Dad," said little Bobby one night after school, "my school teacher takes a very great interest in you."
Father pricked up his ears.
"Eh? What?" he asked.
"Today she told me six times to sit down in class and behave," went on the boy. "Afterwards, she said she wondered what kind of a father I had."—Answers Magazine.

Making Both Ends Meet

Report-card day called forth the usual protest from dad. He concluded, "Next report-card day I should like to see you as near the head of your class as you are now near the foot."
Junior responded impatiently, "Aw, what difference does it make, dad? They teach the same thing there."—Parents' Magazine.

Weather Forecast

Judge (in traffic court)—I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another day I'll send you to jail.
Driver—Sort of a weather forecast, eh, Judge?
Judge—What do you mean?
Driver—Fine today—cooler tomorrow.

Out of the Way

Clairvoyant—Beware of a tall, dark man who will shortly cross your path.
Client—Hadn't you better warn him to beware of me? I'm a chauffeur.—Berliner Illustrierte

And Before That?

Marie—How long have you been working in this office?
Joe—Ever since they threatened to fire me.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

CHASES THEM



Bill—It is said that my music carries people away.
Bess—Yes; I noticed that you gradually emptied the room.

The Scene Changes

"You know Bill Thompson? Well, his wife Sarah jumped off the bridge into the canal and—"
"Poor Sarah!"
"And a fellow passing by jumped in and saved her life."
"Poor Bill."—Tid-Bits Magazine.

Fee to Match Piz

Customer—Your prices are excessive. Why, your charge for face lifting is frightful.
Beautician—Possibly so but you must remember so was your face.

Civilizing the Natives

Explorer has discovered an African tribe of men who beat the ground with sticks as a sign of anger.—News Item.
Well, well! Fancy golf spreading to equatorial Africa!—Smith's Weekly (Sydney) Australia.

Hard to Please

"Billy, are you making your little brother cry?"
"No, ma'am. He's dug a hole and he's crying because he can't bring it into the house."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



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SYNOPSIS

With his yacht, the Intrepid, abandoned by its crew, Felix Horton, millionaire, with his mother, his daughter Nan, and Roy Stuart, puts into Squaw Harbor, Alaska, to recruit. He engages a bunch of nondescript stragglers. A gigantic Pole, Sandomar, is their leader. Captain Waymire, the Intrepid's skipper, is an old friend of Eric Ericsson, unemployed sailor, and Eric engages to sail as chief officer. Nan and Eric indulge in a moonlight flirtation. The Intrepid is wrecked, Eric leaving her in a small boat, with Horton and his party. Unable to help, they watch Sandomar kill Captain Waymire and leave the ship to his crew. On landing, they learn there is no communication with the world. Fireheart, priestess of the island, descended from a white man in the remote past, knowing English, welcomes the castaways. Sandomar declares there shall be no law on the island, but Eric, having the only gun, crows him for the time, declaring he is the law. He lays out work for all. Eric's love for Nan swells, and he tells her he means to win her for his mate. She is not unwilling. Fireheart claims Eric, and realizing the importance of her friendship he is forced to temporize. Defending himself from attack, Eric's revolver apparently misfires, but his assailants flee. Eric finds the revolver, which had been Waymire's, is in-fire, while five of its six cartridges are center-fire. Eric has one effective cartridge, "Swede," makes an attempt on his life. He uses his one cartridge, killing "Swede," but is left defenseless, though master of the situation, since he alone knows his gun is useless. Fireheart's threats culminate in an attempt on Nan's life. Eric saves her, but Fireheart refuses proffered forgiveness and friendship.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

For Nan, this was the beginning of revelation. She was swept into a primal drama that rent her heart. In the gloom of the turf-house, Chigum kept her rendezvous with the Eternal. Save for a crippled ancient, Chigum's father, the two women were alone. The daylight began to fall. The old Aleut lighted the stone lamps, but he knew no way to help, and he did not understand Nan's frantic pleas to summon Mother Horton. Apparently the two women must fight it through unaided—and when Nan tried to break free and seek aid, the cold hand locked fast on her own. Presently the door flew open, someone crouched to enter, and a tall figure took the lamplight. A dry choking cry broke from her tense throat. Perhaps this was just thankfulness that help had come; but she was swept by some stranger, deeper emotion—a kind of exultation, a sure sense of fulfillment—when she saw Eric's face in the gleam. . . . Sane, cool-headed Marie would be useful here—wise Mother Horton a tower of strength—but Eric was best of all. Victory was certain, now. Chigum would come up from the valley. Eric and Nan would be doctor and nurse. What temptations they were, comrades in arms! Eric took in the situation with one sweep of his resolute eyes. Wheeling to the old native, he gave an order in sign language and a few words of Aleut. The old man hobbled out; Eric bent over the squaw. "She's all right, I think," he said. "If she can just last out a few minutes more—" He spoke to her in kindly, encouraging tones. There was not the least horror for him or for Nan, nor the slightest shame. It was Mother Earth who gave according to her ancient wisdom, teaching a lesson almost too poignant for mortal flesh. While Eric was tossing the little brown newcomer in the air, Mother Horton hurred in with dim eyes glittering. But the fight was won. The mother lay gasping, well out of the shadow, and with fair luck and a few hours' rest could return to the drying racks. And the first sound to meet Mother Horton's eager old ears was a thin wail in the silence. When three of the older squaws trooped over to help with the nurse, Eric noticed a strange thing. When they even looked at the infant, Chigum's eyes grew wide with dread; and when they bent to take the baby from her arms, she snatched it close with a moan. "What's frightened her so?" Nan demanded. "She's like a wild animal—" "I don't know, but I can guess," Eric answered. He listened breathily to what seemed a pitiful plea huddled up from Chigum's trembling lips, then sent for his interpreter. When Chigum came, he soon made the situation clear. "Chigum, she afraid squaws will take baby out on beach, give him to wind," he explained casually. "Too many people on island. Too many mouths, not enough meat. Squaws do this long time when too many babies born." Nan went white with indignation. "Chechaquo, tell those women that if they touch one hair of that baby's head, Eric will kill them." Her eyes fairly blazed. "If he doesn't, I will

Explain to him, Eric," she begged. "You won't let them carry out that horrible custom!" "No, but you mustn't blame them too much. It's the only way they know to keep down the island population—not uncommon in the North. After the first day, the baby would be perfectly safe. They'd starve themselves to keep it fat, make any sacrifice for it short of defying some of their heathen gods and taboos. You know how kind they are to children." "You say—no let baby die?" Chechaquo asked. "Tell them that the baby must live. There will be plenty of meat for all. If anyone harms the baby, he'll be harmed the same." Chechaquo translated the command amid a poignant silence. The squaws nodded, glad to be spared the grim office, but the old Aleut rose from his corner, hobbled into the lamplight, and spoke in tremulous, excited tones. "He say, if baby live, whole tribe have bad luck," Chechaquo interpreted. "When one too many born, one have to die. Old gods say so, long time ago; if people no obey, old gods get mighty mad, raise h—l, birds no fly, fish no run."

"Tell him that the old gods are dead," Eric answered gravely. "I will take all the bad luck on my head. Tell him straight that the baby is not to be harmed. It is the New Law. And not to be afraid—the God of Ikon and the candlestick rules the island now, and forbids the killing of children."

When the patriarch heard, he nodded and returned to his corner. Nan thought she saw a dull glow steal into his deep-set eyes. After their belated supper by the beach-fire, Eric and Nan turned again toward Chigum's turf-hut. "I don't en-



"I Am Not Asleep—I Am Not Dead—I Am Alive."

tirely trust those squaws and maybe not the old man, either," Nan said. "Anyway, I want to see if she's comfortable." They walked leisurely at first, but before they reached the door they were almost running. But the scene by the flickering oil lamp soon relieved their fears. Chigum lay with her baby at her breast, her broad face radiant, her long eyes darkly lustrous, her coarse lips curled in a wistful half-smile. Eric bent over her a full minute before he chanced to see that the old Aleut was no longer in his corner. "Where is Anulga (Cormorant)?" Chigum shook her head with a fateful air. Her eyes moved furtively in their almond slits. Suddenly Eric and Nan found themselves erect, each reading the truth in the other's blanching face.

"You don't think—" Nan began. "I know it. Life must pay for life. Those were his last words. Who can understand these people! I'll get Chechaquo—we might save him yet." Eric sprinted from the room, and Nan heard him shout as he ran up the village row. Chechaquo, jerked out of his fur-bed, was at first evasive, and only when Eric clutched his shoulder with iron fingers, did he stammer out the truth. The old gods must be propitiated. It was the ancient law of the island, laid down by Tanaga, the first man who came from heaven, that life must pay for life. White Chief did not permit Chigum's baby to be given to the winds, so Anulga took its place. Otherwise birds would not fly, nor salmon run.

"Chechaquo not know. He gone. He leave but while you eat meat, say goodby to old men, go away to big cliff across island. You no catch him. He make medicine to gods, jump in sea by now." "He couldn't have reached there already. Put on your mukluks and come with me. We may catch him yet." But Chechaquo's jaw set, and he stood like a stone. "I no go. White Chief beat me—kill me—I no go! Heap bad luck." There was no time to waste, so Eric sped back to Chigum's hut. "I'm going to try to catch him," he told Nan. "It's a long, dark trek, and you'd better stay here."

"I'm going too. I won't slow you up—and I'm afraid to stay alone." A moment later they were striding across the moors. Nan seemed fired by the flint of his will; nothing mattered in the world but to arrive in time. Her little feet flew, Pitfall and stony mantrap in the grass stroaked impotently behind. With Eric she felt a kinship, a kind of unity of soul, that was at once solemn and exultant. At last they saw the cliff in grim silhouette against the moonlit sea. On its crest was a minute black form—it might be no more than an odd-shaped stone. As they hurried nigh it

grasped incredibly in stature. It was as if, rising from his knees to lift both arms in supplication to the gods of the winds. Between the gusts, they heard him chanting in a thin, wavering voice.

There was no hope of seizing him unawares. He stood on the very summit, an immense granite crag whose hoary brow overhung the sea. It seemed best to advance silently until they could speak to him in quiet tones, then somehow distract his attention from his sacrificial rite until they could steal nearer and take his hand. "I am not asleep—I am not dead—I am alive," he heard him chant. Then there followed an earnest invocation Eric could not translate; no doubt an entreaty to the old gods of the wind and sea, the spirits that made the birds fly and the salmon run, to take this humble falling life of his in the stead of the new-given life denied them today.

The two intruders had now crept to the base of the rock on which the patriarch stood. "Anulga," Eric called quietly. His chanting stopped in the middle of a note. He grunted an inquiry. Eric thanked his stars for his few Aleut words and idioms. "Stay where you are. We would make parley." The reply was an excited outburst at the top of the thin voice. There was a kind of tragic dignity in his sweeping gestures and erect white head; the moonlight showed his eyesockets like black fissures in his drawn face.

"Go on up slowly," Eric muttered to Nan. "It's our only hope now. Maybe I can keep him talking till we get our hands on him."

But Anulga's spirit was already running to meet his gods. Stronger hands than Eric's seemed to clasp his own. As the two palefaces peered over the rim, he backed toward the void. Nan's heart was suffocating, so she clung to the ledge, but Eric sprang for the crest. She saw him risk his own neck as he wrenched over the rim, his hand snatching for Anulga's parka.

He was too late. "Kou-yudam Agouzon!" the old man wailed, invoking his heathen gods. "Aehlan Agouzon!" Then, with a triumphant shout that echoed and trembled among the crags, he sprang into the sea.

Dark water leaped high and drifted down in a nebulous cloud. Eric stood peering over the brink; everything went black before Nan's eyes as she expected him to attempt a rescue. But it would only be suicide—and the old island gods had their due already. "Poor old chap," he murmured. Then he turned back, and reaching a hand to Nan, drew her up beside him.

Long moments passed before they remembered words. They listened to the sullen roar of the surf, the long splashes of the waves against the rock; they watched the shimmering path of the moon across the sea. . . . They were infinitely alone. It was as though they were the only living things on a far planet, the first of mankind to draw breath in some forlorn, lost universe, God-forgotten through the eons. "I'm almost glad we didn't win," Eric whispered at last.

The hushed sound did not break the solitude, but harmonized with the swish of the surf and the wind's breath. "I thought you'd come to that, before long," Nan answered. "You saw it from the first, didn't you? Your sensibilities are far finer than mine—I could see only my own side. Anulga's life was almost un- any way. Next winter would probably finish him, slow decay, at last a rattle in his throat, and his old bones thrust in the snowdrifts. As it is, he went with Agouzon's hand on his shoulder, and the flush of glory on his face."

"Better than that. He died for his tribe—a hero's death. It was an illusion, of course, but a fool's faith is better than no faith at all. . . . I didn't use to understand that, but I do now." Eric gazed far off. "And a fool's love's better than no love at all, isn't it?"

Something in his tone made her throat catch. In the weird moonbeams, his eyes shone like glass. He reached for her hand. His touch seemed to complete an electric circuit. His head bent, and she saw his hair blowing in the wind as he slowly, gently kissed her fingers.

It was a token of surrender, his second tonight. A few minutes before he had bowed down to the stern destiny that exacted an old man's life in payment for a moment's exultation of his soul. Now he bent his head again—to his own hard-bargaining fate as it moved through Nan. He would no longer baffle over the price. He would risk all, give all, for one doer's breath of mountain air, one rocket rush to the stars. Once he had said that he was afraid to sail the strait, but that fear had passed. If his shin struck the rocks and went down, at least he held the distant gleam of the harbor lights. "I've tried to deny it until now," he said gravely. "I was afraid I could never win you, so I didn't dare love you. I knew how it would be with me—you did too. If it once took hold of me, it would never let me go. It would follow me always."

Nan smiled dimly. This was so. Steadfastness, loyalty, unflinching idealism were the watch-words of this strong man's life; racially and individually they were his backbone. His mother was the old sea, his father the new North. To one woman only could he surrender, and to her he must give everything. "Now I've got to love you, whether I win you or not," he went on. "You've made me, with your beauty—and your bravery—and just you."

FABLE OF BEING CORRECT AND PROPER

By GEORGE ADE

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ONCE there was a Man named Alonzo Frothingham whose wife used to bawl him out something scandalous on account of his crude Manner of Speech and his Penchant for using all of the Smart Aleck Slang he could pick up. Even when Company was present he made no apparent Effort to recognize the Presence of the Domine or the College Profs, but seemed to take a loathsome Delight in saying, right out in front of them, "Not on your Whiskers!" or "How do you get that Way?" or, possibly "I'll tell the cock-eyed World." He sure was an Injun.

The wife, whose front name was Mehitabel, often told him that one Reason why she let out such a Yelp about his Coarse Language was that he had no Excuse for pulling the Fleck Stuff. He had been incubated in an Atmosphere of Culture, and, later, attended the State University. He had read all the Works of Sir Walter Scott and Robert W. Chambers. He had delivered Orations which were Scholarly and full of hang-up Words, such as "Vouchsafe," "Eilemosynary," and "Peradventure," so what was the Large Idea of trying to make folks think he was a Longshoreman?

No matter how thoroughly a Lady is On to her Permanent Affliction and however low may be her Estimate of his Moral Grandeur and Intellectual Process, she always tries to be loyal to His Nobs and spread the Impression among the Neighbors that he is a Combination of Elihu Root, Herbert Hoover, the Pope, Dr. Butler and Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale. He may be a Mutt at Home but when he gets to the Bench Show he is a World's Champion with a Ribbon around his Neck.

Now there was simply no Let-Up to Mehitabel razing Alonzo on account of his Predilection for the low-brow Vernacular. She said that no refined Gentleman would ever speak about busting the Slats of an Enemy or designate the Family Doctor as a Slice of Herkimer or refer to a Young Lady Calles as a Pip.

She told Lon that their Social Ambitions would never be realized and they would not receive the Sacred Pink Tickets admitting them to the most inner and refrigerated Circles of Polite Society until he put the Soft Pedal on his Roughneck Conversation and learned to apply Salve Instead of Red Pepper.

She dined at him so long that finally he made what is known as The Married Man's Compromise, i. e., he decided to let her have her own way in Everything. He said he would Chop on the Chuck Connors Dialect and make Lindley Murray sound like a Vulgarian. He would convert his most trivial Talk into a Well of purest English undefiled, so that all who heard him would be prone to emit Exclamations of Wonder and Admiration. Yes, indeed!

At that, the Good Wife was not prepared for the Verbal Confectionery which he began to lavish upon her. For Instance, they were seated at the Dinner Table and she wanted to know if he had put in a pleasant and profitable Day, whereupon he replied: "On the Contrary, I have been subjected to a Series of rather harrowing Experiences, all tending to disturb my Calm and ruffle what is, under all but abnormal Circumstances, a truly Angelic Temper."

"Have you gone off your Nut?" asked Mehitabel. "No ma'am, I am trying to let you know that Everything went Punk with me today, but I am endeavoring to convey the Information in Language so chaste and dignified that even my best Pal and severest Critic cannot find Fault with her little Alonzo."

"You can lay off of the cheap and rowdy Expressions without trying to make a Fool of the Dictionary," suggested friend Wife. "Unfortunately I cannot do so," he replied. "There doesn't seem to be any happy Compromise between Slang and Jaw-breakers. When one decides to correct his manner of Speech by refraining from the current Catch-Phrases of the Street, the homely Colloquialisms and all of the barbarous Americanisms which are so repulsive to High School Superintendents, he finds himself at once imbedded in a Bog of polysyllabic Circumlocutions."

"Slip me that Last One again," said Mehitabel. "I muffed it." "I was endeavoring," said Alonzo, "to suggest that when One starts in on a painful and determined Effort to make all of his Oral Efforts comport with the inflexible Rules of the Lexicographers and Purists, he will find himself up against it unless—I beg pardon—he will find himself confronting a Dilemma, in that he will be compelled to use only those Words and Phrases which have not been vulgarized by Common Usage. He will have to can the Anglo-Saxon and cotton to those long double-jointed Derivations from the Latin and the Result will be, as I remarked a Moment ago, a Series of Polysyllabic Circumlocutions."

"I am glad that you remember some of the Long Words you heard in College," said she, "but don't think you are going to jar any Laugh out of me by springing that line of Low Comedy. One can be Civilized without trying to talk like an Editorial."

"Whatever else they may hang on to you, you will always go Free when accused of being Funny," said Mehitabel, giving him the Fishy Eye. "I am trying to get you Parlor-Broke and teach you to eat with a Fork and you, with your Usual Deficiency in ordinary Bovine Intelligence and appalling Absence of Good Taste, are trying to kid my noble Efforts, gum up the whole Program and make me look like a desiccated Wham. Many a Woman has beat it to Reno and I have put up with."

Sweet and S—tary. "You wrong me, Mehitabel," insisted Alonzo. "I am trying with all of my Boyish Strength and with my Fingers crossed, to make m— Talk sweet and purty and sanitary. For nearly One Hundred Years, as nearly as I can estimate the Time, you have been throwing the Harpoon at me because I talk like George M. Cohan instead of George the Fifth. Up to the time that our Honeymoon evaporated and you began to give me a Line on my spectacular Inferiority, I labored under the pleasant Delusion that I was one of Nature's Noblemen. And now because I use the only kind of Talk which can be understood by the Dubs with whom I am compelled to associate, you are trying to make it out that I am a flat-headed Moron. I don't know just what a Moron is but whatever it is, that's me. Now that I have got rid of my Burglar Tools and am trying to go Straight and want to keep away from the Old Life, why does the dear little Helpmate refuse to lend a Helping Hand? Remember, that no matter how long a man may have been talking Loose Talk, he may be down but he's never out."

"At this juncture, when you should be singing 'Rescue the Perishing,' and getting ready to heave me the Life Line you are sitting there with a Dirty Look in your Eye, regarding me as if I were a loathsome Reptile instead of a dandy little Fellow with a Heart of Gold." "I don't remember the exact Wording of our Nuptial Agreement," said Mrs. Frothingham, "but I am sure there is nothing in the Contract to the Effect that I would be expected to live in a Nut College. When you are at your Top Form, Alonzo, you are no Leon Errol and just at present you are as excruciating as a Hearse with Plumes on it. The only way I can fit into the Picture with you is to wear Black the Year round. When it comes to assassinating Mirth you have certainly got many a Notch on your Gun."

Alonzo began to suspect that his attempt to duplicate the banner performances of Thomas Babington Macaulay, Joseph Addison and Walter Pater had gone blooze and Blah. He had started out to qualify for the Intelligentsia and had landed back in the Ash-Heap.

It became evident that he was not a Rhetorician, but a Rube. So he gave Notice that in the Future he would confine himself to Words of One Syllable.

"Make them as Few as possible," said Mehitabel, "unless you want to break your Plate and get the Air." MORAL: There never was a House big enough for two High-Brows.

River Rhone May Give Up Old Art Treasures

The success which has attended the recovery of ancient treasure from the ocean's bottom at several different points, has been the means of stimulating interest in other projects of the same character. Preparations are being made for two boats loaded with valuable Roman treasures which were sunk in 1572 in the Rhone river. It was the ill-fated year of the St. Bartholomew massacre when thousands of Protestants were killed in France by order of King Charles IX. Queen Catherine de Medic, the king's mother, ordered several artistic treasures of Aries to be transferred to Paris. Eight columns hewn in porphyre and several sarcophagi and bas-reliefs were loaded on two barges in the Rhone. But as soon as the barges left the Aries harbor, the current of the river toppled them over and they went to the bottom with their precious load. Divers are now at work and it is hoped soon the Aries museum again will count among its riches the objects carried away 350 years ago.

Favors Round Houses

"People who live in round houses will never be ill." So declared Miss Grace Cope, a woman architect, in London. Among her reasons are: "It is a recognized fact that the eye responds much more readily to a curved line than to a straight one. Wastage of health, both mental and physical, is practically nil in a circular house. If we could get curves standardized in the architecture of our homes we should have a much stronger nation." If, in addition, Miss Cope added, we have "more psychology in the kitchen," the perfect house is complete.

His Own Latin

The medieval cobbler who used to attend the public disputations held at the academy, in Latin, was once asked if he understood Latin. "No," replied the cobbler, "but I know who is wrong in the argument." "How?" he was asked. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

The Bahama Islands

In 1492 when Christopher Columbus landed in the Bahama islands he had journeyed in a sailing vessel for 35 days. These isles may be reached in a few days by steamers from many ports or by air from Canada or the United States.

Our C— How I—

By William Brucka

THE PRESIDENT'S JO—

IT IS quite apparent to anyone that the job of being President of the United States carries with it something more than the honor that attaches to that great office. Those who have observed the performances of even two or three individuals in their service as President arrive, I believe, at two irrefutable conclusions respecting President. One of them presents a problem for which I can offer no solution. The other constitutes a fact that is a glorification of a nation producing such men.

These convictions are, first, that the office of President of our nation is a burden too great for any one human being to bear and, second, that no person ever has served in the office without yielding to the guidance of some compelling religious philosophy, regardless of the state of mind he had when he assumed the duties. It was only a comparatively few years ago when it was a common sight in Washington to see the President strolling about the city unattended, meeting and greeting people. The tasks were not so onerous in those days. But the duties of the President in later years have become so complex, the responsibilities so great, that his work actually never is done. And add to this the necessity of office, this fact: he is never free from criticism, some of which is sincere and much of which is purely for political purposes.

As the nation has pushed forward and its government has expanded, more and more responsibility rests with its Chief Executive. It has resulted in a condition wherein the Presidency carries with it entirely too much work. The post long has been recognized, but the solution is not apparent. A President has Constitutional obligations, but there is no way by which he can be relieved of them.

It is obvious to all that the President cannot personally be in touch with every activity of the far-flung governmental machinery, yet he is held to account for them. He must leave them to others. He has to be content with attempts to co-ordinate the whole and determine general policies. In an organization of some 700,000 persons, it is not difficult to see how unwise decisions may be reached by various subordinates, and in our two-party system of government, the "outs" overlook no opportunity to capitalize the mistakes of the "ins." And so it goes. An error or an unwise decision or a piece of malfeasance becomes as a snowball and grows as it rolls.

The President, therefore, has to be concerned with all the thousands of activities, and assume responsibility for results without being able at the same time to supervise them except indirectly. Nor is there ever any shortage of critics and agitators to call attention to the vulnerable spots.

There are close advisers to the President, of course. He has his cabinet, but loyal as are the cabinet members and wise and useful as they may be, the head of the nation still must lead. He must frame the policies relating to international affairs; he must think clearly regarding the nation's economic needs, and he cannot escape the thought that for every word or deed of his flows consequences so far-reaching that our nation may be plunged into war or its whole people may suffer the pangs of "hard times." Even further, from the things he says or does may come blasted reputations or unnumbered riches.

Perhaps it is the constant thought of this great responsibility that makes men consult the oracles of the souls for the guidance of their needs. It is a fact, nevertheless, that whatever they have done or have been prior to becoming President of the United States, their private thoughts during their terms of office have shown their regard for the truth as it is imparted in one or another of the religious teachings.

Things of this sort about the President seldom reach the people. It is one of the numerous things which cannot become known. The President is entitled to some privacy, though he gets very little despite all of the effort to provide it. My thought always has been that the President ought to have a lot of sympathy. Everybody is so anxious to get a grip on his or to talk with him that he is not given the time to have a good hard-boiled grouch, however much he may feel like it.

It might be just as well, therefore, that the fond mother who looks upon her first-born as the President-to-be might change her mind. If she seeks happiness for him, it may come through the honor that attaches to the Presidency. But patriotism does not prescribe that there shall be a continual rending of heart strings and a searing of souls for all who serve their country.

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Tested Time

"Is there any way in which one can decide whether the standards of conduct set up by society are true or false?" has been asked. If they have been wrought for, and suffered for, by players of the game, those of value will stand. What makes for happiness, order and final peace is the test.—London Bits.

as returned Colorado, where working.

Warren, Clarendon insurance, was a business visitor here one day the past week.

N. Wood of Clarendon was a visitor last Friday.

We can save you money on anything you buy from us.

B. & B. Variety Store.

If It Isn't a Secret Tell the Informer

We want to print all the news that ought to be printed. Don't "hold out on us." Send in your news items, not later than noon Wednesday; earlier if possible.

The Informer

REVIVAL MEETING AT CHURCH OF CHRIST

The summer revival meeting at the Church of Christ in Hedley is to begin Thursday night, August 10, with Bro. Frank E. Chisum doing the preaching.

You are cordially invited. Everybody come.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis LaPrade of Pampa and Mr. Virgil Robison of Holdenville, Okla., visited in the E. D. Whiteside home last Sunday. Mr. LaPrade is a brother of Mrs. Whiteside.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Fitzgerald and daughters Letha and Lavois visited the Will W. Holland family last week.

J. H. Holland of Lockney is visiting his son Will W. Holland.

FORMER PRIZE FIGHTER HOLDING MEETING HERE



Rev. J. C. Tryon, who has been battling Kid Devil since 1918, was once a top notcher in the prize ring. Rev. Tryon is holding evangelistic services at the Hedley Church of the Nazarene.

Before his conversion in 1918, Mr. Tryon was widely known as Jess "Wildcat Kid" Ferns, one of the most promising bantam-weight punch exchangers in the country. Almost ten years in the ring carried the little battler far, but today he carries no visible mark of his many encounters and would lead one to believe that he was seldom seriously on the receiving end, but rather that he was a constant aggressor—and the record of his battles would tend to bear this out.

Monday night at the Church of the Nazarene the Rev. "Wildcat Kid" begins telling the story of his life. You will not want to miss hearing him.

You are cordially invited to attend all of these services.

MRS. THOMPSON'S FATHER DIED AT HILLSBORO

Mrs. L. E. Thompson received a message last Friday stating that her father, Mr. Neal, was in a very critical condition at the home of his daughter in Hillsboro, where he was visiting. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson left at once for his bedside, but he passed away before they reached Hillsboro.

We understand that he was buried in the Aurora cemetery, near Rhome.

The Informer has not been able to get data for a more extended article in this week's paper.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank those who were so helpful and labored so faithfully with us in the sickness and loss of our dear son and brother. We are thankful for each kind deed and word.

May God's blessings be with every one and His sustaining grace comfort you, should it be your lot to face such, is our prayer.

Respectfully,
John A. Simmons and Family.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

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

W. L. Gibson and family and Guy Tucker, of Temple, Okla., spent Monday night in the Will W. Holland home, en route to Hollene, N. M. Golden Holland accompanied them.

Misses Edith and Jack Bell of Amarillo are visiting friends and relatives here.

County Judge S. W. Lowe and County Attorney R. Y. King were in Hedley last Friday on business connected with Highway 5 right of way.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. Brown Lamb, assisted by Nell Grant, Mavis Whiteside and Mrs. John Aufill, delightfully entertained the friends of her little daughter, Brownie Nan with a party on her sixth birthday, July 29.

Soon after the guests arrived pictures were made of the entire group, and of little Miss Lamb holding the birthday cake. The cake, a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Ed Duncan of Clarendon, was artistically decorated with lovebirds and rosebuds, the rosebuds forming holders for the six candles. After a number of games were played, several of the children entertained the group with readings and songs as follows:

"Six Years Old"—A. Troublesome Caller—Brownie Nan Lamb.

"The Party"—Dorothy Dishman.

"Three Little Chicks"—Lonita Hickey.

"Little Boy's Prayer for His Pup"—Billie Clifford Johnson.

"Whoa, Jack"—Paul Dishman.

"I'm Going to Write Daddy"—Boaz Stotts.

"Tongue Tied"—by Roberta Whiteside.

"I Know a Secret"—Gloria Webb.

"Little Girl, Little Girl," Joyce Webb.

"The Quarrel"—Marjorie Luttrell.

"The Fight"—J. W. Luttrell.

"Pete"—Abbigene Whiteside.

"Playing Store"—Chauncey Ruth Key.

"The Kitty Cat"—June Kirkpatrick.

After the program ice cream, cake and chewing gum were served. The honoree opened the lovely gifts, and had the guests register in her autograph book.

Those attending were: Lonita Hickey, Dorothy Dishman, Jean Marie Boone, Marjorie Luttrell, Abbigene Whiteside, Roberta Whiteside, Chauncey Ruth Key, Dorothy Jean Richardson, Ella May Reed, Joyce Webb, Gloria Webb, Boaz Stotts, Jack Gordon, Paul Dishman, Billy Clifford Johnson, Charles Neal Johnson, J. W. Luttrell, Donald Bailey, Travis Bailey, Jane Ruth Hall, June Kirkpatrick, the honoree, Nell Grant, Mavis Whiteside, Mrs. John Aufill, and Mr. and Mrs. Lamb.

Harrison Hall left Monday for Memphis, where he will take charge of the wholesale business of the Conoco products. His family will join him there as soon as he can secure a house for them to occupy. We regret exceedingly to lose these good people from our town, but many Hedley friends will join us in wishing them much success in their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Johnson and sons and Misses Juanita Ivie and Anne Ruth Mitchell left the past week for a visit at Snyder, Okla. Mr. Johnson will also visit relatives in Arkansas.

Mrs. E. W. Butler and son left this morning for Clinton, Mo., for a visit with her sisters and brother. They will also go to Topeka, Kansas, where Mrs. Butler will undergo treatment in Topeka Hospital.

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Why not an Educational Policy on that boy or girl?

No Better Protection Investigate my Easy Terms

H. B. Settle, Agent Hedley, Texas

Every Day Specials

Fresh Green Beans, lb 3c

Pineapple, Crushed, gallon 50c

Cherries, Pitted, gallon 55c

Peaches, gallon 37c

Bran Flakes, 2 for 15c

Fresh English Peas, lb 5c

Rice, 5 lb Blue Rose 25c

Ponca's Best Flour, 48 lb \$1.35

3 lb Maxwell House Coffee 82c

Plenty of Cane Seed, lb 3c

Eads Produce Co.

WE DELIVER THE GOODS

PHONE 23

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dewese of Tulsa visited in the W. G. Brinson home Monday and Tuesday. They were en route to Colorado for a vacation trip. Mr. Brinson accompanied them on their trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Henderson and children and Mrs. J. R. Adamson and daughter, all of Turkey, attended the funeral of Clack Simmons here Friday.

Miss Edith Plunk, who has a position in Dalhart, visited home folks in Hedley the past week.

R. W. Alewine and Ed Z. Gordon attended the Rural Mail Carrier's Convention at Mineral Wells last week.

W. G. Brinson and L. A. Hart made a business trip to Gainesville the past week end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Alexander have returned from an extended visit with relatives at Burkbarnett.

R. W. Alewine and family left last Thursday to visit relatives at Boswell and Durant, Okla.

Mrs. J. B. Masterson and Mrs. Dannie Battle returned Friday from Taos, New Mexico. They were accompanied home by Mrs. R. C. Strickland, who is remaining for a visit.

Don Alexander and family of Amarillo visited in the J. P. Alexander home Sunday.

Mrs. Spencer Sibley and children of Amarillo visited relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Newman and Joe Bob returned Thursday from a visit with relatives at Denton.

Joe Everett and Miss Jewell made a trip to Durant, Okla., the past week end. Joe returned Sunday, Miss Jewell remaining for a longer visit.

Mrs. Joe Everett and little daughter are visiting relatives in Abilene.

T. M. Little Sr. was a visitor here from Clarendon Tuesday.

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Everything for the FARM and HOME

We are always at your service

Thompson Bros.

Hardware -- Furniture

The Most for the Money

Specials

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Beans

Pintos, 17 lb \$1.00

Grape Nut Flakes 10c
CEREAL SPOON FREE

Lemons, dozen 23c

Oranges, 176 size, doz 33

Spuds

Peck 23c

Tomatoes, No. 2, 3 for 25c

Coffee, we grind it, 2 lb 25c

Toilet Tissue, Fort Howard, 3 for 25c

Pickles, Sour 18c

Syrup

Pure Sorghum, gallon 49c

Vinegar, gallon 23c
BRING YOUR JUG

Lard

Fresh, 8 lb 68c

Powdered Sugar, 2 for 15c

Vanilla Extract, 8 oz 19c

Baking Powder, two lb 25c
HALF POUND FREE

Weenies, two lb 25c

Rib Roast, 3 lb 25c

M System