

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXIII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, AUGUST 11 1933

NO. 40

## 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

## AN OPEN LETTER ON SCHOOL TAXES

To the Taxpayers of Hedley Independent School District:

Referring to the raise in valuations on property in this district this year, we wish to set forth the following causes:

This District has a bonded indebtedness of approximately \$84,000 which was voted by a majority of the taxpayers of this district. The interest on these bonds must be paid annually, or same will default. The bonding companies demand that this interest be paid, and they have the authority to appoint a receiver to collect these taxes if it becomes necessary. These bonds are a blanket mortgage against your property and mine. Only 50 per cent of our tax money can be used for the purpose of paying these bonds and the interest on same. No State money can be used for this purpose. In order to meet our bond payments we must have a valuation of at least \$1,100,000 for this district.

Last year our school board reduced our valuations below one million dollars in order to participate in State Aid. In so doing there was not enough taxes assessed to care for our bond requirements, hence we are now in default \$1000 on our bond payments. All our bond funds must come out of 50 per cent of our total taxes assessed, as we are not allowed to use any State funds whatever in caring for our bonded indebtedness. We have already been visited by representatives of these bonding companies, and they are wanting to know why sufficient valuations have not been assessed to meet bond requirements.

The school board is trying to run our school as economical as possible, but we are helpless in reducing our bond requirements as these must be met by the taxpayers of the district who voted the indebtedness on the district. Conditions have since changed, and these requirements now are a real burden to us all, but it must be met.

We ask the loyal support of every taxpayer, and ask them to investigate thoroughly the financial condition of this district before they condemn the school board, or the equalization board which is meeting now to equalize taxes. Our financial condition is no worse than other school districts in this state, but we must have the loyal, patriotic support of taxpayers and patrons of our school if we have a successful school in Hedley, and our school is our greatest asset. If we fail our whole district will be the loser, and it is now time to put your shoulder to the wheel and help, otherwise the school can not survive.

The board is doing everything in its power to maintain a nine months school in Hedley, but without your support and cooperation its efforts will be in vain.

Now, folks, we have put this before you just as it is, so fall in line and get behind the Hedley school and let's make it a success.

Respectfully,  
W I Rains.

**Quality, Price, Service  
and Satisfaction**

Guaranteed at This Store

**Hedley Cash Grocery**

## OLD SETTLERS PICNIC HERE AUGUST 18th

The Donley County Old Settlers Picnic will be held August 18th at the Tom Tate grove, near Hedley. The committee has arranged the following program:

Song, America—Audience.  
Invocation—Bro. Hendricks.  
Music by Clarendon Band.  
Welcome—Judge Lowe.  
Vocal numbers by the Killian family and others.  
Reading—Miss Theresa Webb.  
Songs—Arranged.  
Talk by Judge Fires.  
Noon.  
One hour entertainment by Old Fiddlers, arranged by Simmons, Reeves and Walling.  
Business Session.  
Old Fashion Square Dance by old timers, ages ranging from 50 to 100 years. This is strictly an old fashion dance, for the benefit of the younger generation, so they may see how the old dances were carried on.

Concert by Clarendon Band.  
All who have been in Donley county twenty years, or longer, are eligible to attend this Old Settlers Picnic, and will receive a hearty welcome.

Come and bring the whole family. And be sure to bring well filled baskets.

Our \$1.00 Dresses now 79c.

E. & B. Variety Store.

## HEDLEY SCHOOLS TO OPEN SEPTEMBER 4

The trustees of Hedley Independent School District held the regular meeting Monday afternoon at which time it was decided to start the new term on Monday, Sept. 4th.

The new Superintendent, S. R. Steele, was here for the meeting. He informed the editor that he and his family will move to Hedley next week, and says he will come determined to do his best to give us the best school we've ever had.

We all know that our schools is the best drawing card we have, as well as one of the best schools in this part of the state, and it is the duty of every citizen in the district to cooperate in every possible way in the interest of the school—even if it demands a big personal sacrifice to do so.

It has taken many years to build up the school to its present standard, and we must do whatever is necessary to maintain it.

Dr. C. C. Lomax and his wife, who is Dr. F. V. Walker's eldest daughter, from Albuquerque, N. Mex., spent the week end with Dr. and Mrs. Walker, returning to their home Monday. Dr. Lomax is connected with the Veterans Bureau in the New Mexico city.

Subscribe for The Informer

## NOTICE

**This week we will Wash  
and Grease your Car for  
50c**

We have Gas and Oil at  
the Sinclair Filling Station.  
Come to see us.

**BOZEMAN GARAGE**

## 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

## A TOUGH SCHOOL

THERE IS A BIG ATTENDANCE AT  
the "School of Hard Knocks" these days.  
We are all more or less interested in that  
educational institution.

Money can no longer be poked  
off every bush we pass. We are  
getting up against the real thing.  
It is a time when careful, conservative  
people are those who are  
keeping their feet on the ground.  
Our Bank is a conservative, reliable  
institution, amply able to  
meet changing conditions. It is  
time-tested and dependable.

**SECURITY STATE BANK**  
HEDLEY, TEXAS

"The Bank that knows you"



47

When you know a news item

**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

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

## TO CAR OWNERS

I have secured the services of  
A. I. McGowan, expert auto me-  
chanic, and we are now better  
prepared than ever to do all kinds  
of auto repairing.

"Mack" is well known to the  
people of this community, having  
formerly been with the Hedley  
Motor Co., and he invites all his  
friends and former customers to  
call on him here.

**Whiteside Garage**

Hedley people who are attend-  
ing the Baptist Encampment at  
Anvil Park, near Canadian, this  
week include Rev. M. E. Wells,  
Mrs. P. L. Dishman, Fred Wells,  
Misses Ouida Hill, Opal Heath,  
Pearl Morrison, Nettie Blanken-  
ship, Maurine Goin, Hope Wells,  
and Ruth Wells.

**Miller & Miller  
Motor Freight**

Bonded and Insured. Cheaper.  
Safe Way of Transportation.  
Pickups and Delivery Service.

**W. HARKNESS**

*You Are Always  
Welcome!*

**YOU ARE OUR PERSONAL GUEST  
Every Time You  
Enter Our Door**

to be treated with every consideration

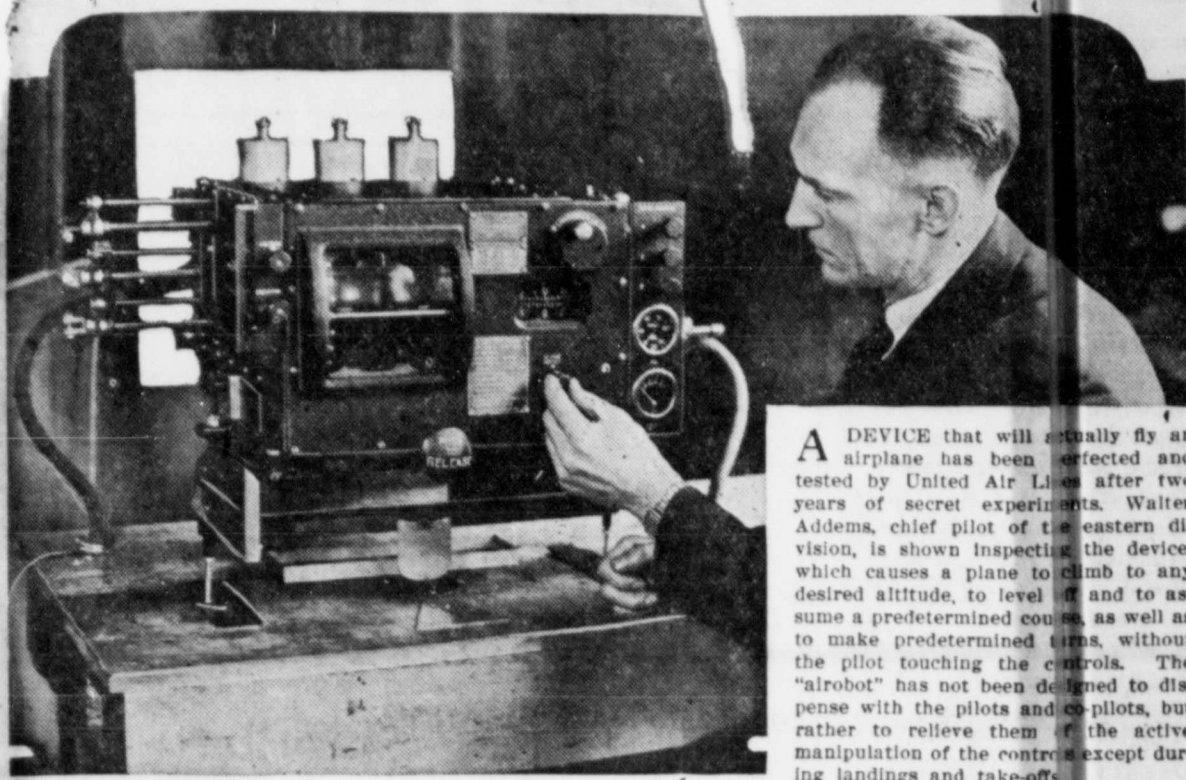
You may want only to ask a  
question, use our phone, get  
a stamp, leave a parcel, or  
meet a friend--

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



Automatic Pilot That Operates Airplanes



A DEVICE that will actually fly an airplane has been perfected and tested by United Air Lines after two years of secret experiments. Walter Addema, chief pilot of the eastern division, is shown inspecting the device, which causes a plane to climb to any desired altitude, to level off and to assume a predetermined course, as well as to make predetermined turns, without the pilot touching the controls. The "alrobot" has not been designed to dispense with the pilots and co-pilots, but rather to relieve them of the active manipulation of the controls except during landings and take-offs.

THE CHILDREN'S EVENING TALE

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

JERRY MUSKRAT DECIDES WHERE HE WILL BUILD

THE building of a house is a very serious matter for any one. You ask father if this isn't so. It is a matter for a great deal of thought and planning. The very first thing to be decided is where the house is to be, and this is most important. With the little people of the Green Forest, the Green Meadows, the Laughing Brook and the Smiling Pool the choosing of a place for a new house is even more important than the building of it itself. No matter how fine a



The Foundation Must Be in the Water. house may be built, if it is in a poor location it may be worse than no house at all.

You don't see how that can be? Supposing Welcome Robin should build a fine nest right in plain sight where Black Pussy could get to it with hardly any trouble. It would be better for Welcome Robin to have no nest at all. Supposing Johnny Chuck should dig his house right in the middle of Farmer Brown's vegetable garden. It would be better for Johnny to have no house at all. So you see the picking out of a place to build is most important.

Jerry Muskrat knows this. He always has known it, but since the washing away of his old house in the flood he has appreciated the truth of this more than ever. This is why he was taking so much time to look about before building a new house. There were several things to be looked out for. First of all, he meant to be as sure as it was possible to be that this time his house would be out of the current should the Laughing Brook become a flood again.

This would be quite a simple matter were it not for other things. The foundation must be in the water. A

Chiffon Ensemble



One of the pretty costumes this summer is this black chiffon ensemble printed in the new star design. The hat is in black silk pique with a spray of plumes.

house on dry land wouldn't do at all. It must be where from one side at least he could easily get to deep water, so that he wouldn't be frozen in the winter. This was most important. Then it should be where the digging would be fairly easy and where he could find plenty of things to build with.

So you see Jerry had much to think of in deciding just where to build that new house and he didn't intend to be hurried into making any mistakes. First he carefully examined all sides of the Smiling Pool. Then he went up the Laughing Brook a little way. Afterward he went down the Laughing Brook a little way. But neither up nor down the Laughing Brook could he find a place that suited him at all. He hadn't expected to. He had looked so as to make sure. Then once more he carefully went all around the Smiling Pool.

In some ways the place where his old house had stood was the best place of all, but Jerry had no intention of being swept away in a flood again and anyone with half an eye could see that when the water rose to a certain height that place would be right in the middle of the current. Way around on one side where the bulrushes grew thickest and tallest a little mud bar ran out into the Smiling Pool. There the water was only a few inches deep, but at the end of this little mud bank under water it sloped off sharply into deep water. Out beyond was the Big Rock. In time of flood the Big Rock would break the current, so that it never would sweep across that mud bank very hard.

The more Jerry looked at this place the better it suited him. Finally he made up his mind. "This is the place," said he to himself. "I'm going to build right here."

© 1933, by T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

DADA KNOWS—



"Pop, what are ancestors?"  
"Source of pride to many living dead."  
© 1933, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Mother's Cook Book

FRUIT DESSERTS

DURING the summer we begin with the luscious strawberry and serve it fresh with sugar and cream, over angel cake with cream, crushed over ice cream, and everyone likes the old-fashioned rich biscuit mixture for strawberry shortcake. The currant and cherry follow with raspberries and blackberries, so that one need not wait for fruit desserts from early in the spring until the later fruits of autumn are ripe.

Blackberry Roll.

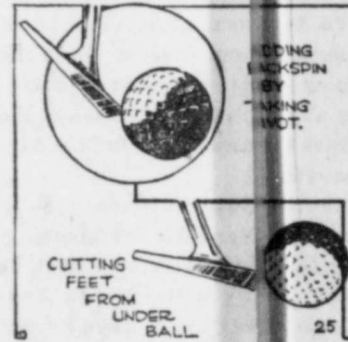
Roll a rich biscuit dough one-fourth of an inch in thickness. Spread with fresh raspberry jam. Roll like a jelly roll, moisten the edges and press them together as securely as possible. Dip a cloth into boiling water, wring out in another cloth, dredge the hot cloth with flour and tie up the roll in the cloth, allowing room for rising. Cover with boiling water and cook two hours, or place in a steamer and steam one hour. Cover closely while cooking. Remove from the cloth to a hot

platter and serve with cream and sugar or a foamy sauce.

**Raspberry Charlotte Russe.**  
Soak two tablespoons of gelatin in one-third of a cupful of cold water, dissolve over hot water, cool slightly and add to one and one-half cupfuls of strained raspberry pulp and the juice. two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of orange extract. Set the dish in a bowl of chopped ice and stir constantly until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one and one-half cupfuls of heavy cream whipped until stiff. Turn into individual molds lined with thin slices of sponge cake. Chill and serve.

**Blueberry Betty.**  
Mix two cupfuls of soft bread crumbs (packed solidly) with one-half cupful of melted butter. Arrange in a buttered baking dish in alternate layers with two cupfuls of blueberries sprinkle with two table-spoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt and a little lemon juice. Cover the top with crumbs and bake 20 minutes. Remove the cover and continue baking until the crumbs are brown. Serve with hot sweetened cream.  
© 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

GRAPHIC GOLF



ADDING BACKSPIN

TO THE novice backspin shots seem more or less the heritage of the expert. The beginner is content to hit the ball without going into the intricacies of adding stop spin. With a little play, however, backspin ceases to be a mystery. There are two ways of obtaining it. Perhaps the most prevalent and publicized method is that of hitting the ball or the downswing, the clubhead coming through and taking a divot afterward. The trajectory of the ball is generally low with a considerable amount of spin. The other way, "knocking the feet from under the ball," seems to be less widely known. Here the mangle comes onto the ball nearly parallel with the ground with the clubhead laid well back. The ball is thus forced into a reverse spin as the impact is made. A rather high trajectory results which makes the shot useful under certain conditions.  
© 1933, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Dogs and Relatives Are Barred



RETIRING to his estate at Atherton, Calif., Rudolph E. Jacobsen, San Francisco stock broker, has warned dogs and relatives away. The only entrance to the estate has been padlocked and a sign placed beside it saying "no dogs or relatives allowed." Jacobsen said he didn't wish to be bothered with either of them any more.

THE CHANGE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

DAWN comes at last, and yet the skies  
Have not so changed—it is our gaze.  
The sun went west, the night increased,  
And yet the sun, when daylight dies,  
The farther west the nearer east.

Dawn comes at last, and yet its rays  
Have not so changed—it is our gaze.  
The sun went west, the darkness grew,  
And yet the sun, that went its ways,  
Was nearer, farther from the view.

Dawn comes at last, and yet its light  
Has not so changed—it is our sight.  
The sun went west; we might have learned  
That time would set the old world right;  
Suns longer gone more soon returned.

Dawn comes at last, and yet God's scheme  
Has not so changed as it may seem.  
The sun went west, the west grew dim,  
And yet the soul, when dies a dream,  
Farther from earth is nearer Him.

© 1933, Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

DON'T LAUGH

CHILDREN take themselves and their ways seriously. A lot of thought and effort go into their work and play. The results of their efforts look good to them. The lopsided box, the crooked sheet of paper, the primitive sketches are perfect in their eyes. When you point to them with the finger of scorn, when you laugh at them, you hurt the creator of these works to the heart. He put all he had into them and you poke fun at it.

All artists, all craftsmen, work to their vision. Before ever a tool touches the material the idea is complete. The worker sees only that vision. Not until his hands are lifted and the work set apart does he realize the span that lies between his vision and his work. Gradually as his fervor cools the realization of imperfection dawns upon him. Another vision is born and another work is started. It will be started if his spirit is not crushed. It will not be started if ridicule kills the creative spirit.

Teachers and parents often fail to get this point of view which is the child's very own. To the teacher every error stands out like a sore thumb.

Parents feel the efforts of their children keenly. They struggle along and suffer with them. It is to hide their anxiety and their pain that they so often belittle a child's effort.

Don't do that. Appreciate the work of the child's mind and hand. Go behind the clumsy effort to the vision the child cherished. So long as his work is sincere it is good. You can say so safely. So long as the child cherishes his vision and struggles to attain it he can be encouraged and praised. Screen his unseasoned spirit from biting sarcasm and the bitterness of ridicule. It is cruel to wound a child through his work.

This is true of very little children as well as older ones. When a child tries to tell a story and falters, using the wrong words, failing to catch his own idea firmly enough to express it clearly, it isn't funny. It is as great a disappointment to him as a bad investment is for you and you know how you welcome the sarcasms of your friends on that point.

Unless you can stand beside the child, unless you can see what he sees and feel as he feels, unless you can understand his impulse and appreciate his effort to create and to express, you cannot help him. Then at least you need not hurt him. Laughter can be as cruel as a blow and as kind as a caress.

"THEY MADE ME"

IF THERE is any one thing more than another that makes me long to be Merlin and have the power to change children into other forms and persons, it is the cry, "He made me do it." The instant a child says that, he betrays his weakness, that pitiful weakness that makes him a tool for all who care to use him.

It is useless to scold and fume about it. He says that because he is that kind of a child. We have to seek for some magic that will turn him into the other sort of child; the one who says, "Not me. You can't fool me. Go chase yourself."

I am always heartened when a child's mischief or mistakes are positive. When he says, "I did that. I wanted to see what Old Man Willis would say if I put a brick through his garage window. Anyway, he's too gay. Calling us names and telling our fathers on us all the time."

I don't feel discouraged even when the offense is worse than that. When Roland ran away and hitch hiked for a week and then wired home, "Send me ticket. I'm tired hiking. I got a sore foot." He got the ticket and a calm reception. His "Aw, I was tired of hearing her telling me I was left back because I didn't know this or I didn't know that. Sure I remembered my mother, but I was coming back. I knew I had no right to use the money for the groceries for myself, but I needed some, and so I just took it along."

I can manage all that because it is direct and positive. There was some thought behind it. But when he says, "I was coming home and I met him and he says to me, 'You gotta come along. I'm going to beat it on the freight tonight.' I said I didn't want to go—but he made me." I feel sick. I know I have to get out the magic wand and the incantations and the blue powder and make a magic that will change this child into a real one with a mind and a purpose and a will.

First, I call in the child specialist, and I give him a list of things which he is to investigate thoroughly. This child must have in him somewhere something of strength on which we can build.

Then I want to feed him right. I want something of the quality of the mothering earth to go from them to him.

Next, I want him to live with people who are close to what I want him to be. Goodness is catching. Manners and morals are infectious. You can do a lot to change the negative child into a positive one if you work hard at the job and have a lot of faith in him and in yourself. Faith goes before work always.  
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Silk Stockings Ruined by Careless Washing

If you get "runs" in your stockings, look to the way you wash them, for authorities tell us that silk stockings may be ruined by even one careless washing. Here is the method they suggest:

Wash stockings after each wearing, with mild soap, preferably in flake form. Turn the stockings wrong side out. This prevents fuzzy-looking stockings. Make rich suds by dissolving a few mild soap flakes in lukewarm water. Always have suds lukewarm or cool. Put in the stockings and wash by squeezing the suds through and through the material, especially in soiled spots. Never rub stockings, as with bar soap, this tends to fade colors and destroys the life and springiness of the silk.

Thoroughly rinse stockings in lukewarm or cool water. Now a hint about quick drying. Roll the stockings in a dry turkish towel, knead for a moment, then remove, ease into shape, and hang up to dry indoors, away from excessive heat, as from a radiator.

Soviet Cruelty

The most extravagant eulogist of the Russian experiment will be put to his trumps by the action of Moscow in exiling 45,000 Cossacks from the temperate regions of the lower Volga to the frigid wastes of Arctic Siberia. Because a limited number of Cossacks had failed or refused to support the agricultural program of the Soviets, the innocent along with the guilty are forcibly deported to the frigid zone. Many thousands of women and children, whose only offense is the possession of Cossack blood, are driven into one of the dreariest regions on earth to spend the remainder of their unhappy lives.—Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman.

WHITER? YOU BET!  
IT WASHES CLOTHES  
4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER  
WITHOUT SCRUBBING



Now my clothes last 2 or 3 times longer

"SINCE I stopped abusing my clothes every week—since I began soaking out the dirt instead of scrubbing it out against a metal washboard—I must have saved at least \$100. For clothes washed the safe 'scrubless' Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. And they come shades whiter, too—even without boiling!"

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Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. Great in washers, too—and simply grand for dishes! Get the BIG package.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Prompt Pain Relief

— BECAUSE —  
ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN IS ALWAYS FRESH AND FULLY EFFECTIVE. WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10c.

WRAPPED IN moisture-proof CELLOPHANE

★ ASK FOR IT BY NAME ★



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WINTERSMITH'S TONIC Will rid you of MALARIA

and build you up. Used for 65 years for Chills, Fever, Malaria and A General Tonic

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WNU—L

30-33



**EDLEY INFORMER**

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY  
Ed C. Boliver, Publisher  
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NOTICE—Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Informer will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

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

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Hedley, Texas

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DENTIST  
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Office at Hedley Drug Co.

**GILLIAM PRODUCE**  
We buy Chickens Eggs and Cream  
Located on Main Street  
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Hedley, Texas  
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**Underweight Children**  
Need More Iron in Their Blood!

Children who are thin and pale and who lack appetite are usually suffering from a deficiency of iron. When the blood lacks iron it becomes thin and poor and fails to nourish. Then a child loses appetite and becomes still thinner and weaker—and easy prey to disease! To build up your child, give him Grove's Tasteless-Chill Tonic. It contains iron which makes for rich, red blood. It also contains tasteless quinine, which tends to purify the blood. These two effects make it an exceptional medicine for young and old. A few days on Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic will work wonders in your child. It will sharpen his appetite, improve his color and build up his pep and energy and increase his resistance to disease. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is pleasant to take. Children like it and it's absolutely safe for them. Contains nothing harmful. All stores sell Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. Get a bottle today and see how your child will benefit from it.

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Chiropractor  
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11th Year in  
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UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES  
Licensed Embalmer and Auto Bearers at Your Service  
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**MOREMAN HARDWARE**

**Y. G. D. CLUB**

The Y G D Club met with Jo Wells. We all had a very nice time, piecing quilts.

Grape juice was served to the following: Hazel Slaughter, Jean Whiteside, Dorothy Land, Sybil Holland, Katy Gordon, Marie Stanford, Nann Jean Cotton of Quanah, and Jo Wells hostess.

The Club meets with Dorothy Land Tuesday, the 15th. All members be present.

We can save you money on any thing you buy from us.

B. & B. Variety Store.

Mr and Mrs L. A. Snodden and little son, Mrs W. P. Ritchey and Mrs T. B. Bentley, all of Paris visited in the home of Ernest Eads last week.

G. A. Anderson and A. N. Wood of Clarendon were in Hedley one day this week.

**HANSARD-MARSHALL**

Mr Wayne Hansard and Miss Eva Marshall were united in marriage Tuesday evening of last week at the home of Mr and Mrs J. L. Hawkins, Rev. V. A. Hansard officiating.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs E. F. Marshall and has lived here the past several years. With her brother she is conducting the Highway Sandwich Shop.

The groom is the son of Rev and Mrs V. A. Hansard, long time Hedley residents. Both young people are very popular among their associates.

We join their friends in good wishes to them.

Tax Collector Milt Mosley was here Monday from Clarendon. He was accompanied by his brother in law Homer Craddock, a former Hedley resident now living at Borger, where he has been a foreman for the Phillips Co. the past four years.

**EPWORTH LEAGUE**

The young people of the Methodist Church invite you to meet with us in the Epworth League. Great interest is being taken by all, and we expect to do better work in the future, by following the new program outlined by Bro Watson. If you are not attending some young people's union, we urge you to be present next Sunday night at 8:00 o'clock, in the church basement.

Helen McEwin, Publicity Agent.

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

Mr and Mrs Will Moore and daughter and Prof and Mrs Holley and daughter of Cleburne visited the Rev. M. E. Wells family the past week, en route to New Mexico on an outing. They are old time friends. Bro. Wells having been pastor down there some four years. The visitors accompanied the Wells family to the revival at Bray last Friday night.

**S. S. CLASS PICNIC**

Mrs. J. H. Clawson took her Sunday School class to Naylor Springs Tuesday afternoon for a picnic. The evening was spent wading and playing games, and all seemed to have a jolly good time.

Ice cream, cookies and watermelons were served to the following: Jo Anne Shaw, Aletha Dean, Mary Frances Meeks, Thelma Clawson, Joyce and Gloria Webb, Geneva Leach, Jackie and J. H. Clawson.

Bert Mayfield was here from Clarendon Monday, buying hogs.

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**CLIP THIS Coupon To Day!**

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Bring or mail this Coupon to our office today—NOW

**CHOIR PRACTICE**

The young people of the Methodist Church will have charge of the song service each Sunday night. Choir practice will be held every Thursday night. All young people of the town are invited to cooperate.

Helen McEwin, Publicity Agent.

Dick Bain and Harold White were visitors here from Clarendon last Friday.

**THE METHODIST CHURCH**

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor  
Sunday School next Sunday at 9:45. Mrs. W. H. Jones, Supt. Preaching at 11 a. m. Senior and Hi Leagues at 6:30. Preaching at 7:30 by pastor.

Slean Baker, County School Superintendent, was an appreciated caller at the Informer office last Thursday.

Ernest Eads made a business trip to Amarillo last Thursday.

**Firestone**  
Gum-Dipped  
High Stretch Cords

**WITHSTAND Road Shocks 58% LONGER**

Every Fiber—Every Cord—Every Ply In Every Firestone Tire Is **BLOWOUT PROTECTED** BY Gum-Dipping

PERFORMANCE COUNTS! Firestone High-Speed Gum-Dipped Tires hold all world records on road and track for Safety, Speed, Mileage and Endurance. They are first choice of race drivers—men who will not take chances or risk their lives on any other tire.

Firestone Tires are the only tires made with high stretch cords and the Extra Process of GUM-DIPPING which gives 58% longer flexing life—GREATER SAFETY AND MORE BLOWOUT PROTECTION.

We Give a Liberal Allowance for Your Worn Tires To Apply on New Firestone High Speed Tires

Protect your Safety by equipping your car TODAY—Tire prices are still too low—Buy now before they advance again.

**Firestone HIGH SPEED TYPE**

4.75-18	\$8.40
5.25-18	10.00
5.50-17	10.95
5.50-19	11.50
6.00-17	12.45
6.00-18	12.70
6.00-18 I.D.	15.10
6.00-19 I.D.	15.60
6.50-18 I.D.	17.40
6.50-19 I.D.	17.90
7.00-19 I.D.	20.80
7.50-18 I.D.	29.90

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

**THE NEW Firestone SUPER OLDFIELD TYPE**

Equal to All First Line, Standard Brand Tires in Quality, Construction and Appearance, Yet Sold at a Price That Affords You Real Savings

Ford Chevrolet 4.50-21	\$7.10
Ford Chevrolet Plymo 'th 4.75-19	7.55
Nash Essex 5.00-20	8.35
Studebaker Auburn 5.50-18	10.15

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

**3 LINES of TIRES** with Firestone NAME and GUARANTEE

**SUPERIOR IN QUALITY** Yet Priced as LOW as Special Brands and Mail Order Tires

Firestone OLDFIELD TYPE	Firestone SENTINEL TYPE	Firestone COURIER TYPE
Ford Chevrolet 4.50-21 \$6.30	Ford Chevrolet 4.50-21 \$5.65	Ford 30x3 1/2 \$3.45
Ford Chevrolet Plymo 'th 4.75-19 6.70	Ford Chevrolet Plymo 'th 4.75-19 6.05	Ford Chevrolet 4.40-21 3.60
Nash Essex 5.00-20 7.45	Nash Essex 5.00-20 6.70	Ford Chevrolet 4.50-21 4.25
Buick Chevrolet 5.50-18 8.10	Buick Chevrolet 5.50-18 7.30	Ford Chevrolet Plymo 'th 4.75-19 4.65
Auburn Studebaker 5.50-18 9.00		

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

**Firestone Spark Plugs Save Gasoline 58c** Each in Sets  
We will test your Spark Plugs Free

**Dependable Firestone Batteries \$5** and over old battery FREE  
We will test any make of Battery FREE

See Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires made in the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at "A Century of Progress" Chicago.

**Hall Service Station**  
Hedley, Texas



**Electric Cookery Gives You Freedom from Tiresome Kitchen Duties**

Are you tired of being tied to your kitchen stove? Do you long for enjoyable hours of freedom from the drudgery of kitchen duties? Does the thought of spending more futile hours in "peeking and testing" cooking foods weaken you? Wouldn't you like to delegate the routine part of your kitchen obligations to some one else?

If—like thousands of progressive West Texas home-managers—your answer to these questions is an emphatic "Yes!"—then you NEED a modern Electric Range.

Ask one of our Trained Representatives to tell you the interesting story of modern Electric Cookery. He will explain in detail how this modern "Electrical Servant" gives you a clean, cool kitchen . . . better and more healthful meals . . . substantial savings in food and fuel . . . surprising economy of operation. Then he'll tell you about new LOW PRICES . . . and the

**Convenient Terms** that make the purchase of this modern, automatic "Electrical Cook" fit into your household budget right now. Don't wait . . . ask for a complete demonstration . . . 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 cookery actually decreases the total of electric and gas bills.

**West Texas Utilities Company**



# New Review of Current Events the World Over

## Budget Director Douglas Passing on Public Works Projects; Industrial Codes, More Jobs and Higher Wages; Prohibition Repeal Wins Again.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR ICKES, in his capacity as public works administrator, has been so beset by the demands of bureaus and politicians for big slices of the \$3,300,000,000 at his disposal that he was constrained to issue a warning that the program with its huge fund was not a grab bag. Then, after consultation with his advisory board, he decided that all projects must be sent to the budget bureau for radical paring down.



Lewis W. Douglas

Thus Lewis W. Douglas, director of the budget, emerged as the man relied on to cut out the unwise, unessential and graft-tainted schemes and to submit for board action only the worthy projects. Politicians had been slipping into the lists proposals for construction of post offices, but Secretary Ickes had forbidden their inclusion and in this was supported by President Roosevelt. Ickes insists that each project provide a maximum of work, that it perform a necessary social service, and that it not be a recurring item belonging properly in an annual appropriation bill.

FIVE MILLION business men of the United States are asked by President Roosevelt to accept voluntarily what is called the "President's Re-employment Agreement" which is designed to restore employment and increase purchasing power through increased wages. Every business and trade and every conceivable type of worker are included in this pact, which is the master code that Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, national recovery administrator, and his aids worked out.

The employers are asked to adopt for five months, beginning August 1, minimum wage and maximum hour scales for their workers. To agree not to levy "profiteering prices," to abolish child labor, and to obey various other regulations.

The hours of work fixed are 40 per week for the so-called white collar employees and 35 hours for industrial workers.

The wages proposed are 40 cents an hour for industrial workers, or \$14 per week, except in cases where employees in the same class of work were paid less than that rate on July 15, 1929, and then the 1929 rate is to be applied, but in no case shall it be less than 30 cents an hour.

For the white collar workers, the wage scales are fixed according to populations of the cities in which they work. In cities of more than 500,000 population, the minimum rate is set at \$15 per week; in cities between 250,000 and 500,000, the rate is \$14.50; between 25,000 and 250,000 at \$14. In towns of less than 25,000 population, all wages shall be increased by 20 per cent, except that the maximum required shall not be more than \$12 per week.

If regular industry codes are signed before or during the five month period, they will supersede the emergency ones. Employers are given until September 1 to come under the plan, and if they have not signed at that date, the President made known that he will exert the powers he possesses under the national industrial recovery act and compel industries to accept codes which he will lay down arbitrarily.

ADMINISTRATOR JOHNSON, according to Washington correspondents, is constructing a big propaganda agency on behalf of the industrial control administration. He has called on such veterans in the game as Charles Michelson, publicity man for the Democratic national committee; Frank R. Wilson, Charles F. Horner and others who were leaders in the Liberty loan drives; Bruce Blannhorn, and various other skilled publicity men. Primarily, it was indicated, the new organization is intended to win favor for the proposed "master" code mentioned above.

DEPARTMENT OF Labor surveys, reported by Secretary Frances Perkins, show that during June 400,000 workers returned to jobs in factories of the United States, and 100,000 others found work in nonmanufacturing industries and in agriculture. Railroads and other industries not included in the surveys, said Secretary Perkins, showed a "significant increase" in employment.

Gains of 7 per cent in factory employment and 10.8 per cent in factory pay rolls made June the third consecutive month in which both employment and earnings have increased. Secretary Perkins accompanied the report, however, with a warning against overoptimism and speculative production. A gain in a month normally marked by a seasonal decline was "heartening," she declared, but she pointed to the long climb still ahead before the country can regain the 1926 level taken as the base by

the bureau in figuring its employment and pay roll indices.

SENSATIONAL breaks in the prices of all grains, accompanied by similar swift declines in the prices of stocks, led to action by the big grain exchanges. The Chicago Board of Trade stopped future trading for at least a day and issued this rule:

"Effective until further notice, there shall be no trading during any day at prices more than 8 cents above or below the average closing price of the preceding business day in wheat or rye, or 5 cents in corn, or 4 cents in oats."

Like action was taken by other boards of trade, all of them curbing trading in privileges.

TWO states, in the past regarded as being dry as the proverbial bone, and the first in the "solid south" to vote on the question of ratifying the prohibition repeal amendment, were won quite easily by the wets. Alabama voted on record as favoring repeal by a vote of nearly two to one, and Arkansas voted about three to one for repeal. Then came Tennessee, and though returns from the mountain regions were slow, the repealists were assured of another victory. Oregon followed, and her vote, in support of repeal, meant that twenty states were in that column, with none yet opposing.

Postmaster General Farley, who was interesting himself especially in the votes in southern states, said he was convinced that the Eighteenth amendment would be out of the Constitution before Christmas, and from the way things are going he may well be right. Although only thirty-five states have either voted or arranged to vote on repeal by November 7, action is pending in several others which may bring the total number voting to more than the required thirty-six.

GREAT interest was shown throughout the country in the marital affairs of Elliott Roosevelt, second son of the President. The young man's wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Donner Roosevelt, obtained a divorce from him at Minden, Nev., on a cross bill charging mental cruelty which was uncontested, and he immediately took an airplane to Chicago where he met Miss Ruth Gogins of Fort Worth, Texas, and her mother. Rumors that Elliott and Ruth were soon to be married were only halfheartedly denied. To the Chicago reporters Mr. Roosevelt said he was there to meet his sister, Mrs. Curtis Dall, and to visit the Century of Progress exposition.

"I'm not going to spend any time answering anything personal," he warned. "If I'm asked, 'Is it so?' I'll say nothing until I get ready to announce it. I'll certainly let all of you know if I ever decide to marry again."

Miss Gogins first met the President's son at Fort Worth in March while he was a guest of the Southwestern exposition.

GEN. ITALO BALBO and his 95 companions on the mass flight from Italy to Chicago left the World's fair city after several days of continuous entertainment that was limited only by the endurance of the aviators. They flew directly to New York and after a rest were conveyed in army planes to Washington to pay their respects to President Roosevelt. Balbo's plans called for return to Italy by way of Newfoundland, going to either Ireland or the Azores, depending on the weather.

Italy and Premier Mussolini may well be proud of this exploit of their flyers, and all must be highly gratified by the honors heaped on Balbo.

THERE was mourning in America and Lithuania when it was learned that Capt. Stephen Darius and Stanley Girenas of Chicago had crashed and perished in eastern Germany on their flight to Kaunas, the Lithuanian capital. The bodies were found in a forest and were taken to Kaunas, where the government gave them a state burial.

AS THE rather futile world economic conference in London drew toward its close it was announced that a subcommittee had adopted part of Senator Key Pittman's resolution for the rehabilitation of silver, agreeing upon increased use of the metal in subsidiary coinage. The questions of regulating the world output of silver and of its use as a part of the central bank's metal coverage were postponed. Senator Pittman said he was quite satisfied.

"What it means," he said, "is this: All governments agree to cease debasement or melting of silver coins, except India and Spain, and they agree to limit the amount they will sell. We shall get back to where silver was before the World war."

REPRESENTATIVES of about thirty of the principal countries met in Amsterdam, Holland, at the call of Samuel Untermyer, New York attorney, for the purpose of extending the boycott against German goods and of appealing to the League of Nations against the alleged anti-Jewish atrocities perpetrated by the Nazis in Germany.



Samuel Untermyer

Explaining the conference and its purposes, Mr. Untermyer said that a boycott already was started in many countries but that its effects had been cushioned by a decision to keep German stocks already on hand. With exhaustion of these stocks, he said, German manufacturers will begin to feel the full force of worldwide sentiment against repression of the Jews.

The appeal to the League of Nations probably will be based on two counts—violation of the labor clauses of the treaty of Versailles in excluding Jews from German labor unions and persecution of the Jews as a minority people.

Untermyer said he was working in close collaboration with the British Jewish committee headed by Lord Metchett.

CHANCELLOR HITLER in his efforts to speed up industrial recovery in Germany has created an organization known as the general council for industry, which is to assist the government with its advice and practical experience in solving the unemployment problem. Among the industrial leaders who consented to serve on this council are: Dr. Otto Fischer, president of the Central Association of German Bankers; Dr. Albert Voegler, director general of the United Steel Trust; Dr. Fritz Thyssen, Rhineland coal and iron producer; Karl Friedrich von Siemens, head of the electrical company which bears his name; Baron Kurt von Schroeder, president of the German Chamber of Commerce and a noted banker of Cologne; Vincius Krogmann, mayor of Hamburg and one of the German delegates to the economic conference at London; Dr. Knapp von Bohlen und Halbach, head of the Krupp firm, and Dr. Robert Ley, the problem for the Germans is acute, for the unemployed there number about five million men, and German exports for the first six months of the year showed an alarming decrease. The government is promulgating new laws designed to help business men who give increased employment. Citizens who give contracts for repairs and improvements to their buildings will be entitled to a 10 per cent reduction in their income and corporation taxes if the increased bill for wages equals the cost of the materials. Newly-formed business undertakings will go tax-free if they deal in new manufacturing original products, provided that no competition is given to existing firms.

MEMBERS of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, meeting in convention in Milwaukee, received a message of good will from President Roosevelt, and elected Walter F. Meier of Seattle their grand exalted ruler. Mr. Meier is a graduate of Nebraska, a former member of the corporation counsel of Seattle, and is the author of a book called "The Heart of Elksdom." Gov. David S. Reardon of Florida put him in nomination, and was himself elected.

Grand esteemed leading knight, Judge James Fitzgerald of Omaha was chosen grand esteemed loyal knight; Leland O'Callaghan of Louisville, grand tiler, and E. L. Safford of Santa Fe, grand inner guard.

In the last act of his regime, befittingly yielding place to the new grand exalted ruler, Floyd E. Thompson of Maine, Ill., named Circuit Judge Clayton F. Van Pelt of Fond du Lac, Wis., to a five year term in the grand forum of the national lodge, the supreme court of the order.

GILBERT N. HAUGEN, who represented Iowa in congress continuously for 34 years and was retired by the Democratic landslide last fall, died at his home in Northwood after an illness of several months. He was a son of Norwegian parentage in Wisconsin 74 years ago. Always prominent as an advocate of the farmer, Mr. Haugen in late years was chairman of the house committee on agriculture and had much to do with formulating all farm legislation up to the advent of the Roosevelt administration.

THE orders of the Third International are obeyed there will be a bit of "red" disturbance on August 1, which Moscow will celebrate as a regular day. Communist agitators recently arrested in Riga, Tallin and Helsinki possessed copies of a general letter of instructions addressed to Communist parties abroad from the executive committee of the comintern. The letter ordered a one day strike, street demonstrations and general disorders on the day named. Large numbers of Reds serving time in Baltic prisons have been ordered to go on a hunger strike on August 1 and to present demands for prison reforms, one of which is for permission to have radios enabling them to listen to Moscow broadcasts.

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# Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted  
by William Bruckart

Washington.—Cotton farmers of the United States, or a sufficient number of them in sixteen states, have just given on a demonstration of what can be done by unified action. We have just seen them sign contracts voluntarily under which they have agreed with their government to destroy certain portions of their growing cotton crop as a concerted effort to force prices higher than their industry may live.

## Effect of United Action

As a result of this action, more than 9,000,000 acres of growing cotton will be plowed under. That means approximately 3,500,000 bales from the potential crop will never be allowed to attain maturity. It will never be on the market; it will never be used for clothing or other fabrication; it is out of the economic life. Whether such a course is good or whether it is contrary to the laws which all humans must respond, is another question. The fact is that we who live have seen a government and a people take a step that history must record as epochal.

The farmers are going to be paid for that portion of the crop which they destroy. I have the exclusive information that the average amount to be paid them will be close to \$150. A great many will receive more because they are larger producers and some will get less, but there are thousands of them who will receive around that sum in cash. All will receive the additional benefit of a higher price for that portion of the crop which grows on to harvest.

I am told privately, and I think it is an interesting fact, that the bulk of the contracts offered to the secretary of agriculture under the cotton plan carried estimates by the farmers that are proving to be conservative.

The government, through the Department of Agriculture, is arranging the scale of payments so that it will figure out from \$7 to \$20 per acre. If a farmer's land is producing this year an estimated 100 pounds of cotton and not more than 124 pounds, he will receive \$7 for each acre plowed under. From that basis of production, the payments range upward to \$20 an acre where the production is calculated at 275 pounds to the acre or more.

In addition to the plan of payment I have been describing, there is an option plan under which the farmer is given an option on cotton which the government heretofore has acquired in the various farm relief programs. The purpose of the present plan, of course, is to force the price higher. The cotton which the government holds, therefore, can and will be sold sometime for more money than it was worth when the government bought it. An option is given the farmer by which he can become the titular owner of this government cotton in an amount equal to the amount he agrees to destroy out of this year's crop. He can get this profit instead of the cash payment available otherwise.

The option plan is based upon payments ranging from \$6 to \$12 per crop acre, and the government makes no payment on destroyed crops where the estimate showed a potential production of less than 100 pounds to the acre. That is true regarding payments under the cash plan. Which brings to the fore the real reason there is payment at all. The government considers that the farmer is entitled to a return on his land and the payments, whether in cash or optional holding of old cotton, and gets what amounts to a rental to let it lie idle insofar as the cotton crop is concerned. He can use it for potatoes or something else, just so it is not cotton.

But from whence is the money coming to make these payments and how is the government going to stand such a tremendous drain in order to make good on its promises to the cotton farmer and to the wheat farmer who likewise is soon to sign agreements not to plant so much acreage this fall or next spring?

The processing tax is the answer. The government will collect from the miller 42 cents in a tax on every pound of cotton that goes into mills for manufacture into the thousands of uses for which cotton is available. It will collect 30 cents a bushel on every bushel of wheat that enters a mill from which to obtain funds for paying the wheat farmers ground rental if they withhold a certain portion of their acreage from planting in the next crop year.

It seems intricate to most of us, but the Department of Agriculture experts say it is simple, this method of calculating what the farmer is to receive, whether cotton or wheat. They explained it to me thus: a cotton farmer has been growing an average of 150 pounds of cotton to the acre during the last five years and he estimates that his prospective crop this year will be just about the same. His payment is figured on that basis. The wheat farmer has been producing a stated amount each year and he contemplates the same acreage next year. His crop over a period of years can be averaged up and he gets paid

accordingly. The total reduction of acreage in whatever crop is figured out here on reports from farm agents in the various counties and the total cost to the government is arrived at. The total average sales over many years is a matter of record. That is, the records show how much the millers of wheat have handled and how much has been exported and the cotton producers' records also are available. The processing tax then becomes a matter of a percentage. It is simplified to the point where the calculation must be made on the difference in the total average value of the crops from 1924 to 1926 and the current prices.

M. L. Wilson, the man who is managing the wheat program for the Department of Agriculture is just as optimistic about the wheat plan for forcing prices higher as Secretary Wallace and George N. Peek, farm adjustment administrator, are about the cotton plan which now has been effectuated. Mr. Wilson told me after a recent tour of three weeks through the 800-odd wheat counties of the nation that 90 to 95 per cent of the wheat farmers are going with the government on the plan. That means signed contracts just as the cotton farmers signed contracts agreeing to stand together in unified action that reasonable profits may be realized from farming operations.

There is going to be a shorter crop of wheat this year than is usual.

## Short Wheat Crop

The Department of Agriculture estimates it will be around 496,000,000 bushels, whereas, it usually runs around 650,000,000 to 700,000,000. According to Mr. Wilson, the wheat farmers recognize that this year's short crop and higher prices will be followed by larger acreage in the plantings of winter wheat this fall and the spring wheat next spring. On the basis of acreage now growing, fall and spring wheat together, the next year's crop easily could go as high as 800,000,000 bushels. Just figure what that would mean on the basis of what consumption of around 650,000,000 a year. The carry over would break the price down to the level where it stood before and it would be disastrous. So Mr. Wilson says the wheat farmers are coming through in good shape as fast as they can be told what the plan means to them.

There are two other phases of the crop program that must be remembered, according to the authorities. One of them is the necessity for patience, particularly as regards the working out of the wheat programs. It will be slower than that affecting cotton. The other matter is less general but more pointed: the matter of attempts at self-policing the industry involved. I mean to call attention to the age-old practice of "taking the law into our own hands." That is not going to be countenanced by the government in any way, shape or form, for a law violator is a law violator, says the Department of Justice, and his punishment will not be made easier simply because he thinks he is enforcing a farm law and he happens to be a farmer.

In this matter of patience, I believe I state the view of the Washington observers as a whole that the various farm plans, as well as the plans affecting industry otherwise, should have a chance to show their worth. It is patent that nothing will help unless the programs designed to extend such aid are given time to mature. Unless they mature, the results are worth nothing to anybody. Hence, the belief of most of us that the nation must be patient.

## Where Money Comes From

As regards the self-policing problem. The Department of Agriculture received information the other day that a self-appointed crew of individuals was going about certain sections of North Carolina telling some of the farmers that either they would sign up contracts to reduce their cotton acreage or "we will pull it up by the roots." The threat to pull up the crop was accompanied by another kind of a threat. Agriculture Department folks do not want that kind of help in putting over the program. They want it to be voluntary co-operation, a sincere and serious effort to accomplish something by united action.

On the other hand, I am told, the agents in the various counties are accessible to nearly every farmer, and the department is willing to know of any unfair practices. That is part of the idea of co-operation. If a farmer signs a contract and fails to live up to his agreement, obviously he is hurting his own community and to that extent damaging the chances of success for the whole program.

But the point of distinction is that, if there are unfair acts on the part of individuals or groups, the government can and will correct them. It is not up to the self-appointed police, say the authorities in the Department of Justice.

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# How I Broke The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By HOOT GIBSON

I AM sorry that I cannot relate a tale of hardships and privation, but my entry into motion pictures was accomplished with comparative ease, after I decided to work in them.

I can't exactly say that I broke into the movies. It all seemed to happen systematically. The movies seemed like an opportunity, and when they opened their doors to me, I rode in.

I'm a native of Nebraska, was born in the small but ambitious town of Tekamah, which was smaller then than it is now, but it was large enough to please me when I started life under the less fantastic name of Edward—and it gave me my education. My education completed, I began to wander, and inasmuch as the only thing I knew anything about was ranch work, I wandered to different ranches.

I have been riding horses as far back as I can remember and I was as much at home in the saddle as on the ground. Being an adventurous youth I began to try various difficult and daring feats of horsemanship, and after plenty of hard work and bumps I got so I could handle a horse well enough to get a job wrangling cattle which I did for several years.

I found the task of pursuing cattle over large and dusty prairies quite unexciting employment. So when I met up with a traveling Wild West show I was overjoyed at the opportunity of joining it as one of the trick and stunt riders. It was known then as Dick Stanley's Congress of Rough Riders.

In 1912, I entered the annual Pendleton (Ore.) round-up as one of the



Hoot Gibson

175 contesting riders. When the dust had settled on the rodeo I found myself holding the all-around cowboy championship.

It was a tough job, and I worked hard to get it, but I kept right on riding, for I left with the American delegation of cow-punchers for Australia where I rode in the foreign meets for seven months.

About this time motion pictures were just beginning to show some signs of development and after reaching this country again I found myself talking with motion picture producers. They happened to have a field for western pictures so I started directing "program" or short length westerns.

I might have continued on this unpretentious status for the rest of my career but seeing the opportunities in the acting end of the game, I decided to get into the grease paint and see what would develop. I had directed about 40 pictures and had a fair knowledge of what the industry wanted in the line of western productions.

I have always had what some people call a sense of humor and I wanted to use it to advantage if possible. I saw tremendous possibilities in making westerns that went off the beaten path of melodramatic action pictures. I wanted to intersperse the exaggerated action of my pictures with comedy and human touches. I found a director and together we conspired to do comedy and human touches. The result was a better and more popular brand of pictures.

I know of no other business where merit is rewarded as it is in the movies—but merit must be aided by labor, and plenty of it.

WNU Service

## Joan Needs No Glycerine Drops to Simulate Tears

In the sad business of weeping before the camera Joan Blondell has it all over her more sober sisters of the cinema. They resort to glycerine drops, stinging lotions for the eyes and even, at times, to the lowly onion to generate their screen tears. All except Miss Blondell.

Joan will use none of these subtleties. When the time comes for her to cry in a picture she just cries, and the glycerine bottle, the camphor spray and the restaurant onion are never called upon to double for real emotion.

## An Immediate Success

Miss Fay Wray started her film career in 1925. She sprang into immediate prominence with her first appearance and counts among her many other successful vehicles, "Finger Points," "Not Exactly Gentlemen," "Conquering Horde," "Captain Thunder," "Lawyer's Secrets," "Unholy Garden," "The Vampire Bat" and "King Kong."

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# ROADSIDE MARKETING

By T. J. Delohery

## SOLD UNDER YOUR GATE

THERE is an old story about a man wandering the world over in search of the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow, who, upon returning home tired, weary and discouraged, found the gold under his doorstep.

This fable applies in fact to thousands of farmers, farm women and children who have taken far shots at unseemly markets away over the hills, and upon failing to get profitable prices, discovered even better markets at their door or within easy distance.

Good roads, the automobile, parcel post, express, city markets and the desire of the consumer for fresh, quality food have not only shortened the route to market for thousands of tons of products of the farm, home and garden, but have brought millions of extra dollars to thousands of farms.

Approximately a million farm people sell \$200,000,000 worth of produce of the farm, home, garden, forests and wild rural districts direct to the consumer. In some cases this market provides the entire farm income. In others it greatly supplements the money brought in by the major farming activity, even though in no way related.

There seems to be no end to what farmers will buy from farmers. And the same token there are very few farms on which something to sell cannot be raised.

Roadside marketing is the largest of the direct selling outlets. Stands located on main traveled highways do not have to hunt up customers. Hundreds and thousands pass daily; but it is up to the farmer to make them stop. It is being done by thousands of farm folks in all parts of the country.

In Michigan, on a 16-mile section of highway, more than half the 39 farms on the road sold direct to the consumer. These producers, according to a comparison of returns when produce is sold direct and marketed through regular channels, got 60 cents of the consumer's dollar. The farmers who sold on the terminal outlets received but 19.4 cents. The difference, despite a higher labor charge for roadside markets, came in the elimination of transportation and other charges for getting food from the farm to consumer.

Figures show the cost of distributing food at the end of 1932 was 47 per cent higher than before the war while the farm price of food was 43 per cent lower than the same period.

Surveys of roadside marketing have been made in many states for the information of farm folks who want to market all or part of their produce in this way. In Ohio, for instance, 1,700 odd markets were located on 2,800 miles of state road. The average business of each stand was slightly over \$1,700, ranging from several hundred dollars to many thousand, depending upon products handled and length of the selling season.

In addition to roadside markets, another profitable local outlet is the town retailers. The consumer demand for home-grown products is good, so surveys have indicated. And this is not patriotism entirely. City people realize that the nearer the source of supply, the fresher the food.

Mrs. R. L. Simerson, living several miles outside of the village of Linwood, North Carolina, supplies retail stores in six cities with fruit, vegetables, chickens, eggs, milk and buttermilk to the tune of \$2,500 a year. All of this food is produced in her garden and home without any extra help.

When a Waterloo (Iowa) grocer asked W. S. Brown to bring in more of the kind of eggs he had been delivering, he said they had made a decided hit with his customers and that he could use many more than Brown was supplying. So Brown called together 30 of his neighbors who were working with the extension specialist in poultry, and they formed an association.

Each farmer graded and packed his own eggs in cartons which bore the association name. On the bottom of each box a number was stamped as a means of identification in event of complaints. None were made because of the good handling and frequent deliveries of the eggs which brought a premium of 5 cents a dozen to the farmers.

J. P. Nelson of Stillwater, Minn., is a dairyman who likes to play golf. Dairying is a job which allows little or no time for play; but Nelson, thanks to a change in marketing, not only plays golf when he wants to but increased his milk income by 25 per cent. Whipping cream, sold to local retailers, is the answer.

Elmer L. Rhodes of Abilene, Kan., finds selling to retailers permits a better distribution of labor in the production of crops he sells over his roadside market and in growing other things for sale later in the year. Early crops, too small for roadside marketing and ready before customers start coming to the roadside market, find good prices in town. Stores pay him twice as much for early asparagus as he can command when the roadside stands are open and production is general. Sweet corn and tomatoes, too, are sold to stores in large amounts so as to give Rhodes time to cultivate other crops which need intensive attention at that time. Later, when the roadside season is open, the same retailers buy potatoes and horse-radish put up in half-pint bottles.

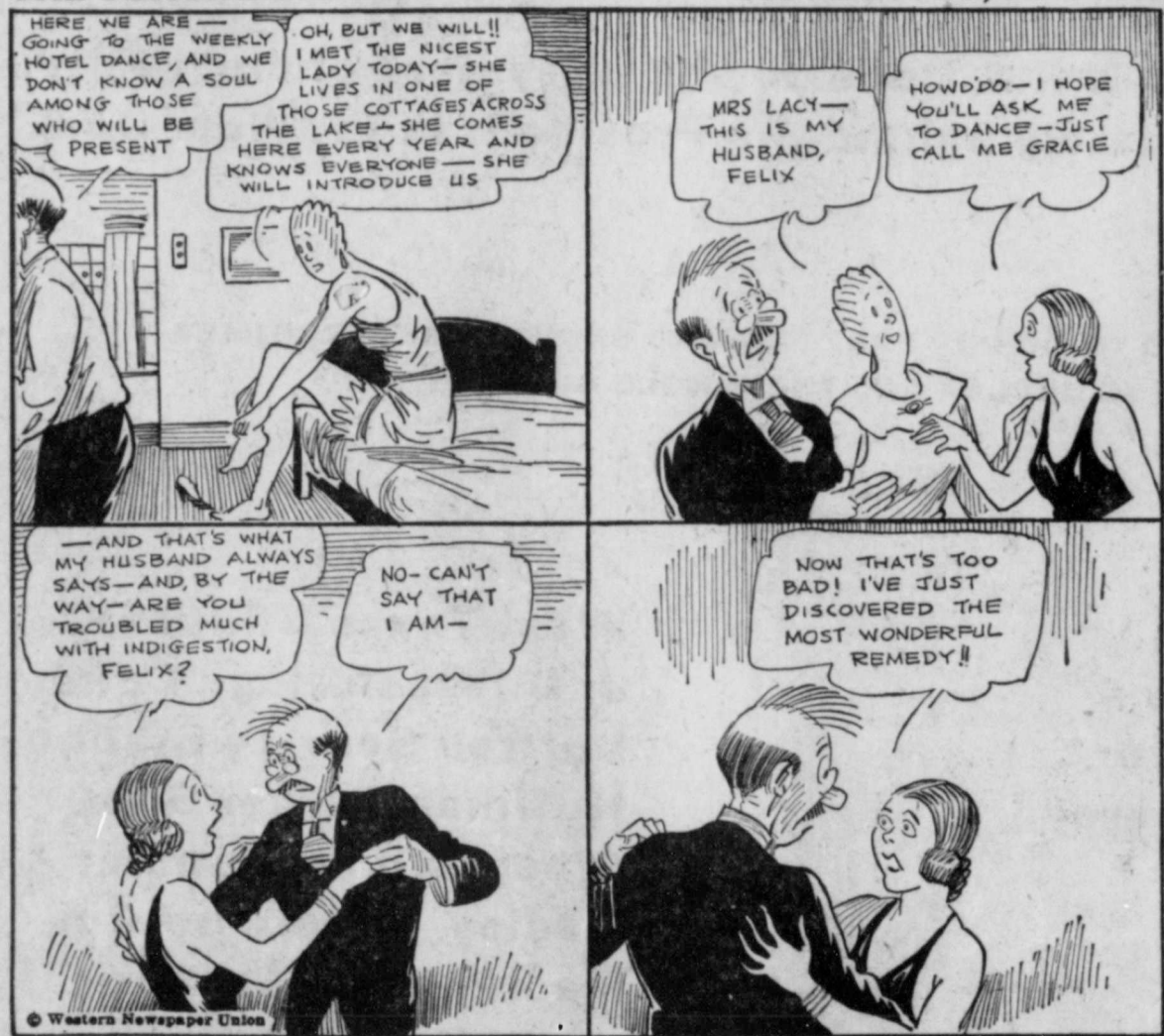
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# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Events in the Lives of Little Men



### THE FEATHERHEADS



### Too Much Talk, No Doubt



### OBEDIENT

The doctor smilingly entered the room where his female patient was reclining in a chair.

"Ah," he murmured, "I see you are looking very much better today."

"Yes, doctor," the patient said, "I have very carefully followed the instructions on that bottle of medicine you gave me."

"Let me see, now," said the doctor thoughtfully. "What were they?"

"Keep the bottle well corked," came the reply.—Somerset (Eng.) Standard.

### Curious

"What would happen if this elevator should drop to the bottom?" asked the nervous passenger as they drew near the top of the skyscraper.

"Gosh," exclaimed the elevator girl, turning pale at the very idea. "I'd lose my job!"

### Gone!

Tourist (having looked over historic castle, to butler)—We've made a stupid mistake. I tipped his lordship instead of you.

Butler—That's awkward. I'll never get it now.—Wall Street Journal.

### Can't Expect Much

Passenger—Is this train ever on time?

"Sir," replied the guard, "we never worry about her being on time. We're satisfied if she's always on the rail."—Edmonton Bulletin.

### Soaked Him

"I suppose at the efficiency expert's wedding you didn't do anything so wasteful as throwing rice."

"Oh, yes we did; but as a concession to his teaching we had the rice done up in cotton bags, each missile weighing two pounds."

### Foxy

Hank—If your watch don't go why do you carry it?

Bill—Whist! Nobody knows it but myself.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

It was, of course, for the inter-... to hoo and hiss. But... one man who clapped his hands vigorously.

"I say," said the man next to him, "you've got a nerve to applaud this shocking play. What can you see in it?"

The man smiled. "It's not the play I'm applauding," he replied heartily, "it's the hissing."—London Answers.

### Worldly Advice

Sorority Frosh—He is all the world to me. What would you advise me to do?

Been There—See a little more of the world, my dear.—Montreal Gazette.

### Would Prove Heredity

Wife—That mean thing called mother a cat. I'd like to scratch her eyes out.

Hub—Don't try it, my dear; she'd have too good a comeback.—Boston Evening Transcript.

### THAT'S THE "IF"

"Could you fall in love with a poor man?"

"I could if I didn't know he was poor."

### No Sordid Limitations

"Rafferty," exclaimed Mr. Dolan, "your boy threw a lump of coal at my boy!"

"That's a Rafferty for you! When he feels there's a principle at stake, he doesn't think of expense."—Toronto Globe.

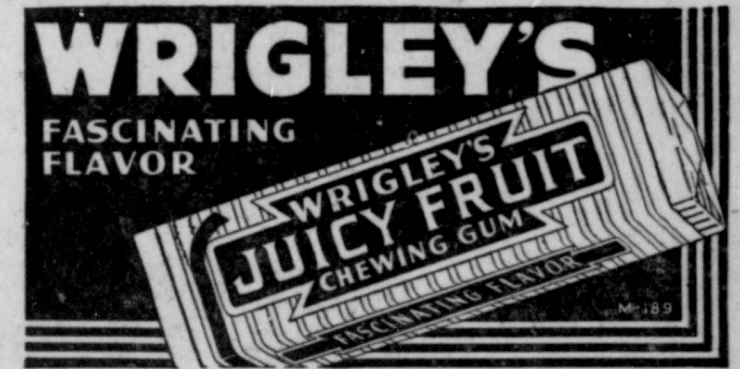
### Maybe on WLS

A board was testing the mentality of a negro.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the sound comes from?"

"Yessuh," answered the negro. "And when does this occur?"

"Over the radio."



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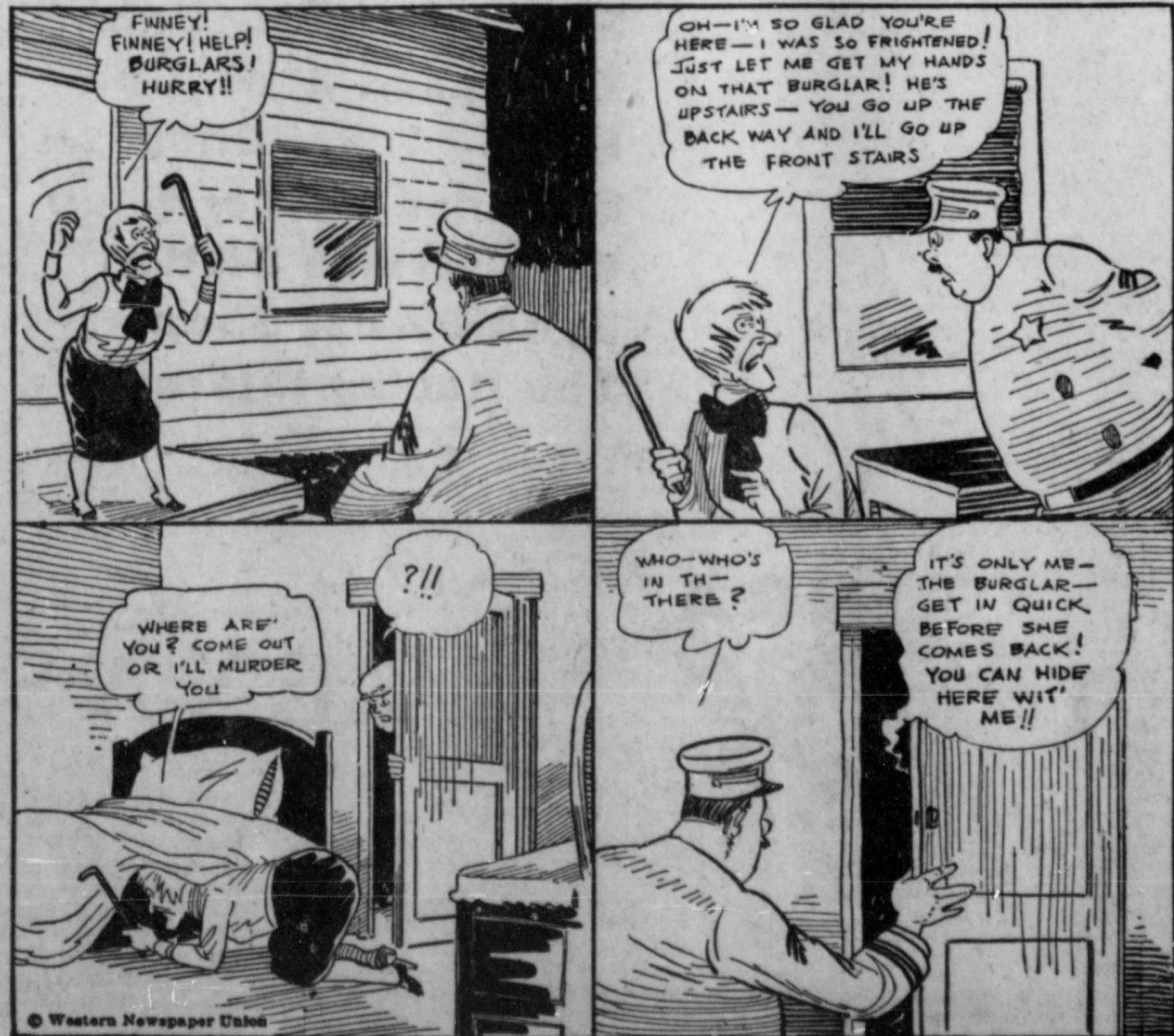


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**TEXAS**



# FORLORN ISLAND

Edison Marshall

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WNU Service

## SYNOPSIS

With his yacht, the Intrepid, abandoned by its crew, Felix Horton, millionaire, with his mother, his daughter, Nan, and Roy Stuart, puts out to sea from Harbor, Alaska, to recruit a crew. He engages a bunch of nondescript men there. A gigantic Pole, Sander, is his leader. Captain Wayne, the Intrepid's skipper, is an old friend of Eric Ericsson, unemployed. Eric and Eric engage to sail as deck officer. Nan and Eric indulge in 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 Wayne and leave the ship on her own. On landing, they learn there is no communication with the outside 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 law on the island, but Eric, being the only gun, coveys him for the law, declaring he is the law. He takes her for all. Eric's love for Nan, his, and he tells her he means to win her for his mate. She is not willing. Fireheart claims Eric, and the importance of her friendship is forced to temporize. Desperately, Eric makes an attempt to "swede," but he is left defenseless. Eric has one effective "swede," but he is left defenseless. Eric has one effective "swede," but he is left defenseless. Eric has one effective "swede," but he is left defenseless.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

Nan's hand clutched his. "Are you Eric?"  
He smiled dimly. "Do you think I could be mistaken—now?"  
"I want to hear you say it in plain words. Maybe then I'll know my own heart."  
He drew both her hands against his waist. "I love you, Nan," he told her softly. "I will always love you."  
She looked long into his eyes. At last she shook her head, baffled. "It isn't come to me. It's all so strange here—the moon—the old man's body rolling in the water—and I standing here, mud to our knees—our hands grimy—wearing parkas of seal-hide. . . . It's glorious and terrible and impossible, all at once. It can't be. I've got to go back!"  
He saw her lids spring wide open and her eyes stare unseeing. "You mean—go back again to your own world?"  
"It's certain in the end. This is all just a dream that we'll wake up from sometime, on the deck of another yacht—or an ocean liner. Then we'll have to part. You wouldn't share my life, would you? I wouldn't want you to, I'd feel that I was keeping a polar bear in a fountain. You've got to stay in your element—the sea—the snow."  
"Yes, but you could share my life. You could come with me."  
He shook her head doubtfully. "I'm afraid I couldn't. I don't think I've got it in me, the fighting heart. I don't think I have the will power to take a rough road, just for the sake of the thrill, when there's a smooth one open. I'm a great hand for synthetic thrills. Her tone grew bitter. "The real thing scares me out."  
"Is this the real thing?" His arm stole about her shoulders, pressed her close, and his lips mastered hers.  
The sea seemed to rise over the crags and sweep her gently away, but it was warm as blood, and the swing of its wave was ecstasy. Her arms began to steal about him, her lips clung, then, with a spasm in her breast, she wrenched free.  
"It was too real," she told him, gasping. "And I'm more afraid than ever."  
"You must never be afraid of life, sweetheart. Or of love."  
She moved a long time, then shook her head.  
"I won't be afraid of love—when it comes," she said staunchly. "But it hasn't come to me yet, and I don't think it ever will come, on this island."  
"Weren't you near it—just now?"  
"It all came from your heart, not mine. Perhaps I'm too fond of Roy. And Eric—I'm afraid I'll never know for certain until we're back in civilization."  
"It's now or never for me." He drew a deep breath, and his voice resounded like a low gong among the crags. "Well, I'll keep on trying."  
Her eyes lighted, her lips curled dimly. "After all I've said?"  
"What you've said only makes me spread a little more canvas." He caught both her hands in a strong grip. "Nan, do you think I'm going to take down my flag and run back to port? I'm sailing on! I'm going 'round the horn! I'll not stop till I'm sunk! And by G—d, if in the breeze holds, I'm going to win through!"

## CHAPTER VIII

It was September and still summer on Forlorn Island. But the Aleuts were not cheered; fearfully they knelt before the ikon and the candlestick, praying against the wrath to come. The days marked up one by one on Eric's ridge-pole were far too fine to last, clear skies, warm winds far-blown from the palm groves of Hawaii,

a golden haze on the northern sea. Under the horizon, the purple banners of autumn gales were already waving. The humid breath from the South would soon turn and whistle over the moors like the Frozen Dog-Whip of Agouou, god of the Under World. Beyond the aureate haze the cohorts of the North rode fast, armed with fine-shot of sleet and bayonets of cold.  
The fur seals of Komondorski Island had finished their rut and hauled back to the deep; the hunters speared an occasional straggler as the herd wheeled southward. The sea-birds circled endlessly over the cliffs, uttering troubled cries. Roy's deep mind conceived how to make practical use of their swift wings. By careful work with the traps and nets, some twenty birds of different species were taken alive, unhurt. For each Eric provided a water-tight tube of quill, to be fast to the flyer's leg. And now, at last, Horton's checkbook and fountain pen might come into their own.  
The ink in the pen had dried, but by adding water, he achieved a pale, legible script. On the backs of twenty checks, he wrote finely:  
"Survivors of the Intrepid are making a landing on Forlorn Island. There is a pass from the North. Notify authorities."  
"Felix Horton."  
A nervous light flowed into the millionaire's dazed eyes. "I'm going to write something on the face of the checks, too," he said.  
His daughter smiled kindly. "You'd better save your ink."  
"We'll eke it out with berry juice. I'm going to fill in every one for a hundred dollars, payable to the bearer." His voice lost its dull sound, and regained some of its old power. "At least the man who finds it won't throw it away, and when he takes it to a bank, and it's paid, as it will be paid, it'll attract attention."  
It seemed a fantastic idea—here on this lost reef so far from the marts—yet when they looked deeper, they found it shrewd and sound. Seated on a rude stool of driftwood, his little leather book open before him on a stone, Horton prepared the checks and carefully tore them out, one by one. His face glowed. It was the happiest hour of his exile, and as Nan watched him, she did not know why her tincts smarted and burned. He was like a child playing with toys.  
Finally he had only three checks left. He counted and fingered them, then returned the book to his pocket. He could not part with these. They were the symbol of his lost eminence. "I may need these, to buy our way out of here," he said, huskily.  
His friends nodded, but made no comment.  
Each message was sealed in its tube, tied with whale-bone fishline to the carrier's leg, and the bird freed. From now on, the venture lay with the gods. Of the twenty messengers, some would never live to reach the mainland. Storms would sweep them from their lanes and cast them down exhausted, hawks would catch them on wing, shadow-foet on shore and yawning jaws at sea would take their toll. Others would perish in lonely salt-marshes under a tropic sun; a few would return next year to Forlorn Island with their packets intact. But the chance remained that at least one of the missives would go home. Perhaps a child, playing on the beach at a fashionable resort, would pick up the body of a dead shore-bird and make a startling discovery; possibly a fisherman off Tillamook would stalk and kill a goose for his meal, and as he stripped off its feathers, stop and stare.  
"At best, we can't expect to hear from it till next spring," Roy said. "Even if one of the messages could be found next month, there'd be long delays before our friends could be convinced that it wasn't a hoax, and a rescue expedition organized. There'd be handwriting experts, legal difficulties, and then the long search for the pass."  
"So we may as well resign ourselves to a winter on Forlorn Island," Nan said quietly.  
"There's no help for that now," Eric told her.  
The girl's look grew dreamy as she glanced from Eric to Roy, and back again.  
Beyond the northern horizon there were wars and rumors of wars, but Forlorn Island could expect peace until the end of September. The smoke from the cooking fire made a straight, round pillar to the blue. Even the sea-birds darted and screamed no more, but flew in slow circles, like vultures, high over the cliffs.  
"I don't like it, and I don't know why," Eric told her, as they stood on the silent beach. "The Old North hasn't quit us, you can bet on that, and I believe she has something up her sleeve."  
Nan pointed to the billowing edge of a green cloud just emerging above the northern sky line. "Is that the sign?"  
"Almost before Eric could turn his head, the cloud was noticeably larger. It seemed to grow and swell with magic swiftness. As they watched, it darkened from greenish-yellow to deep olive and there was a queer writhing at its edges. The cloud not only rose to hide the sun but seemed to expand downward, filling all the space between earth and sky, until Eric believed that the mast of a tall ship would pierce it and free the writhing demon in its folds.  
There was not yet a breath of air, yet

the dark sea was wrinkled all over like an old Aleut's face. The air began to crackle.  
"The boogza," Eric told her. He did not know why he used the mystical native word—implying not merely a wind approaching hurricane force, but an evil god riding its wings.  
A second later the gale struck. As though on their own volition, the waves leaped to meet it. Instantly all Nan's and Eric's world passed away in a roaring chaos of blown sand, spindrift, and foam.  
Eric took Nan's hand, and bending low, plowed through the wall of wind to the village row. By a common impulse, the whole populace of the island began to assemble before the kasha.  
Eric found Chechaquo, and spoke in his ear, "All here?"  
Chechaquo glanced from face to face. "Think so, No can tell."  
"No men out fishing?"  
"Men here. Squaws here too. No can count children."  
"Tell families to get together, take count."  
Chechaquo moved from man to man, shouting Eric's order, but they only stared in dull terror. Bludgeoned and buffeted by the wind, dazed by the hoarse roar that seemed to shake the island, they could scarcely remember their own names, let alone the names of their little ones. Yet the command sunk in at last; the squaws began to mill through the crowd, yelling, zesticulating, and collecting their own.  
Eric's fears had begun to pass when an inert figure at the outskirts suddenly came to life with a guttural, agonized cry. It was a squaw named Chugalim (Good Fur) mother of a considerable brood.  
Eric sped toward her, but at first she was incoherent with terror. He could catch only one word—"Chikak." This was the name of Chugalim's ten-year-old daughter.  
Chechaquo listened to the woman's cries with a look of doom. "Chikak—she gone," he interpreted dully.  
"Where?" Eric demanded, almost shaking the man.  
"Know little islet off West cape?"  
Eric knew it well. It was little more than a big sand spit, partly grown to sea level. "Good G—d, man! Not there!"  
"She take little kayak, paddle out in bay, around cape, did clams in sand. No come back."  
This was just the kind of accident Eric had feared. The Aleut children were always playing in the little one-hatch canoes, on calm days exploring the rocks and sand-islets, on both sides of the harbor. He turned and glanced once at the darkling sea.  
". . . Must have gone . . . low tide . . . turning now." He was addressing Nan, but she caught only broken phrases. ". . . Not breaking over . . . already. . . Hope . . . G—d . . . not tried . . . start back . . ."  
He raised his arm in a sweeping gesture, and with the whole populace at his heels, sped down the high narrow headland. In a moment he stood where the waves pounced roaring, and drew back, gazing with narrowed, strained eyes into the storm.  
At first he could see no more than the gray shadow of the islet, dimmed by blowing spindrift. But presently the air cleared for a few brief seconds, the curtain of mist fluttered to one side, revealing in stark detail a strange scene.  
The low sandy ridge still stood well out of the waves. Occasionally billows broke over it, but they had already spent their power on the shelving sands, and only white foam leaped across. On the highest point stood a small, dark figure, bracing against the wind. It was Chikak, her arms crossed before her face to shut out the sight of her approaching doom.  
There was a strange travail in Eric's breast. Nan's eyes were on his face, and she saw it go white as the foam at his feet. Yet it was not the pallor of terror; it seemed to be the clear radiance of some grim, almost terrible exultation. She had thought she knew him, after these long months; suddenly she realized that his sea-soul had depths she had never fathomed. And he had cheated her, too. He had not given her all his love and worship, but had held back a share for his pagan gods. His mother, the old Ocean, claimed him yet, and he would cast off Nan's own arms to answer his mother's call.  
He turned to Chechaquo and his voice cut through the wave-crash like a seal-spear hurled from the throwing stick. "Take all the hunters and sprint to the landing," he ordered. "Get a two—no, a three-hatch kayak. Make them carry it on their shoulders straight across the headland. You carry the paddles, and crack their heads if they don't run!"  
Chechaquo rallied the hunters; in a moment they had vanished in the murk.  
"What are you going to do?" Roy demanded.  
"We're going after the child."  
"Don't you know it's suicide? No boat can live ten seconds in that sea!"  
"We'll try it, anyway. Kayaks go good in a gale, if they don't cave in. The kid won't last long—she's a game little scout, or she'd blown off before now." Then, when the curtain blew aside again: "Look at her kneel down and brace against the wind!"  
"An Aleut child?" Roy said. "Will her own people go after her?"  
"Not them! Her own father wouldn't take that trip."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)  
But Maybe They Do  
Nice little boys learn so much playing with bad little boys, and strangely, the bad little boys don't learn a thing.

# TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane

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WNU Service

## CHAPTER I

The world was black. Then red circles poured in. They were swallowed by purple rings. She was lost. Vast hallways opened. She was going into a strange world. She was riding. She was going somewhere.  
"You fainted, dearest. It's been too much for you."  
She was burning hot. She was full of something like fear, but it was worse than fear. It flamed and crackled up as if she stood in the midst of a fire. She gasped as if smoke choked her.  
"Poor darling."  
She kept her eyes closed. She felt a motion of something under her, carrying her.  
"Open your eyes, dear."  
But she did not. She did not want to see the person who spoke to her. She knew she was in a vehicle of some kind, going somewhere.  
Cautiously, she clutched at the seat beneath her, running her fingers over cool leather. She half opened her eyes. A taxicab. She was riding in a taxicab. She shivered and closed her eyes again.  
"You're all right, sweet."  
It was a man's voice. She hated it. She turned her head away from its presence. Beneath lifted lids she saw the streets of New York. A large firm hand closed over hers.  
"I'm afraid it's been a shock."  
She kept her head averted.  
"Poor sweet."  
"I don't—"  
"Don't talk, darling."  
She turned and looked at the man beside her. Dark earnest eyes plumed hers anxiously.  
His strained face was flushed. His brow was damp.  
"You don't what, sweet?"  
His thin mouth was twitching. She stared at it blankly.  
"You don't what?"  
"I don't know." She gave a long sigh and closed her eyes. Waves swept over her. She was losing something, or was it already lost? Her familiar self was fleeing. She opened her eyes. She straightened her hat.  
"Feeling better?"  
She searched his face. Every curve was strange. Who was he? He spoke as if he knew her well. Yet she could not remember him.  
"All right now?"  
Who was he? His smile was terrifying. She could not remember him. How had she got there? Where had she been before? Who was he? Who was anybody? She did not even remember her own name.  
She sat straight and tense, her eyes wide open and frightened. The loss of her identity did not matter. If only she could get away from this horrible man.  
His fingers were on hers again. Her eyes took him in furtively. He was young, yes, young, well-dressed and in a way good looking.  
"You need something to drink."  
"No, no. I'm all right."  
"I'm going to get you a bromide."  
"I'll take nothing."  
He set his jaw. There was a drug store in the next block.  
She thought: I must get away from him. She thought it so strongly, there was no room for her to wonder even about the loss of memory.  
He was rapping on the glass window of the cab. "You'll feel better as soon as you've swallowed something soothing."  
"Please don't bother."  
The driver turned a roughly shaved face toward them.  
"Stop at that drug store ahead."  
She shook her head. "I won't take anything."  
The cab was slowing down.  
"Yes you will." His smile was wan and anxious. "I'll get them to mix something to make you feel better. It's the h—l of a jam. No wonder you fainted."  
She did not ask what the jam was. She was filled with dread. But her eyes were determined. She would take nothing from him. The cab was stopped. The driver leaned toward them.  
"Can't get right up in front of the place."  
"This will do." The young man's hand was already on the latch. "Come on. But no, you better wait here. I'll bring it out to you." He was forcing a smile. He was suffering. She saw that. But she did not pity him. He went down the street, turned into the drug store. As she saw the light of him through the swinging doors, she was flooded with relief. She sat paralyzed. He was gone. She leaned forward, steadying herself against the glass behind the driver. "Drive on," she said. "Drive on."  
The man turned his head slowly, looked at her stupidly.  
"Drive on," she repeated. "Go on."  
His heavy jaw dropped. "You want me to drive on?"  
"Yes. Go on."  
He bent to his gears. "Where to?"  
"Straight ahead."  
She relaxed, trembling. With a screeching of the gears, the car crawled into traffic. She watched the door of the drug store with terror. They passed it safely. He might come out at any moment. He might run after the cab, waving and shouting.  
"Turn at the next corner. Turn left."  
"No left turn, Miss."  
"Then turn right. Only, turn. And

then go on and tell you when to stop."  
Her fear was receding. She was weak with relief and a curious sense of triumph. The cab had turned.  
She drew a long breath. The air was soft and fragrant. The avenue was full of brightly painted new cars. She was feeling better. A clock in the street told her that it was half-past four. Her own watch verified the hour.  
"Through the park, Miss?"  
"Yes."  
Where was she going? Where was her home? Perhaps in a few minutes it would all come back to her. She composed herself, sat tensely in the cab, trying to be calm, trying to be rational, trying to remember. Who was her mother? Who was her father? "Look here," she whispered, "you must know somebody, even if you're an orphan. Just think of some one person that you know. Anybody at all will do. Picture somebody's face."  
Thus commanded, across her vision floated the picture of the taxi driver. Then the face of the man she had left in the drug store emerged clearly in her mind's eye. And that was all.  
She began straining her eyes at every one in the streets. Surely someone or something would give her a clue as to who she was, where she ought to go. She seemed to know New York, she thought with a feeling of gratitude. She could go to a hotel at least.  
"Around the park again?" The cabman questioned.  
"No. Take me to the Biltmore."  
She spoke with decision. She did not know why she said the Biltmore. But she was glad that her wits seemed to be returning. But what she would do after she got to the hotel she could not say. It dawned on her then that the young man she had left in the drug store was her single link with her past.  
She drew her fox neckpiece closely about her chin. Where had she got the fur? Her clothes were very new. She racked her brains in order to think where she had put them on. She could not remember where she had dressed that morning. "I wonder what my face is like," she thought suddenly, "perhaps I'm an old woman!"  
With anxious fingers she opened her bag and found a little mirror. Her eyes, young and frightened, looked



If Only She Could Get Away From This Horrible Man

back at her. There was not a wrinkle to be seen in the soft contours of her white face. She was glad she was still young. She hadn't felt old.  
She could not tell much about her face though she spent some time inspecting it. Then she turned her attention to her hand bag. She drew out a handkerchief. It was of sheer white linen with the initial D embroidered in one corner. "D," she thought, "stands for Dorothy—or Daisy. I wonder if one of those names could be mine? Or Della? Or Drusilla?"  
It was bewildering to be able to think of so many names. It was exasperating. She did not believe that any of those names belonged to her.  
She returned to the exploration of her bag, and drew out a back-enameled compact. This seemed to have her monogram on it in raised gold letters, but so elaborate was the design that she could not puzzle out what the letters were. The D was clear enough but whether the other two letters were N and M, or V and W she could not decide.  
There was no card; nothing else but a bill-fold and a coin purse. She saw with relief that she had plenty of money with her. "At least," she thought, "I won't starve until I find out who I am and where I'm supposed to go."  
On her hands were some chamol's skin gloves. Now she stripped them off and looked down at her slim fingers.  
On the third finger of her left hand was a platinum band set with tiny diamonds. "I'm married." This was unreal. It was unexpected as a blow between the eyes. She stared at the ring wonderingly and whispered to herself unbelievably. "I'm married!"  
The cab stopped with a jerk. She looked up. She was at the Vanderbilt

entrance, formed a door.  
She took hold of the door and prepared to get out.  
"How much?"  
"Dollar-sixty. Don't forget bags."  
Her bags! She was startled. The driver indicated the seat beside herself. It was loaded down with smart-looking luggage.  
"Wouldn't do to go off and these," commented the doorman, naturally.  
"No—of course not." She was confused by the sense of many people, the sounds of cabs honking. The cabman waiting for his money, and the helpful attendant both bothered her, because she wanted to look at her bags, take them somewhere and examine them carefully. Surely when she read her own initials they would remind her of her name, and her past.  
She pulled out two bills, and handed them to the driver. As he let his car move into the traffic she turned and looked at the bags piled on the sidewalk beside her.  
They bore two large, prominent letters: D. V.  
At last she had some definite clue that would lead her back to herself or the person she had been. A bellboy popped out of the quietly pretentious doorway, and seized them eagerly. She tipped the doorman generously, and followed the bellboy.  
As she mounted the stairs she felt sure that she would remember everything in a moment. Her name was D. V. Miss Drusilla Vance, or—Miss Dorothy Vane say—or—Miss Deborah Valentine.  
It was absurd and annoying that just the right name didn't come. She drew on her glove, half nervously, and her finger struck against her wedding ring. Instantly all her bravery fled. Miss Drusilla Vance! Miss Dorothy Vane! Why, she was married. She was Mrs. Somebody. Mrs. D. V. And then her imagination traveled straight back to the man she had left in the drug store.  
Sweet, he had called her, and Darling!  
So that was her husband.  
Her husband was a man she feared and hated.  
She shivered. "No wonder I lost my mind," she said to herself half-cheerfully. "Perhaps he's saved the mortgage on my dear old home, and I've had to marry him out of gratitude and on account of my conscience I've been living with him; so now some kind fate has made me lose my mem-

ory, so I won't have any recollection about leaving him."  
Then, "Perhaps, after all, he is my husband."  
The slow minor strains of the string orchestra came from the tea room. Something gripped her heart. Perhaps she was going to remember. She knew the song. The words said themselves to her in a long, sinister drawl.  
Oh give me something  
To remember you by!  
When you are far away from me  
She was walking slowly in rhythm to its tedious beat as she repeated the words. But they brought no further recollections. Strange that a song should remain when nothing else of any of those names belonged to her.  
She moved along obscurely, but with an inner defiance. She was not a phantom and the silly dream would have to end. Hadn't she showed that she was no phantom by leaving her husband? Some girls wouldn't have been as daring. She hoped she would meet him.  
"Register?" asked the clerk. The bellboy carrying her luggage had led her to the desk.  
She flushed. What should she do? Mrs. Drusilla Vance?  
But she couldn't. She hesitated. "Not—not yet." She turned to the bellboy. "Take care of my bags for few moments," she said, handing him a dollar. "It'll be right back."  
She had thought of the long mirror in the ladies' room. Surely one good look at her face and figure would bring back something important.  
She walked rapidly now, feeling more hopeful. Wasn't there something unconsciously directing her? Even if she had no positive recollections, wasn't she coming here at the bidding of some hidden memory? She fervently hoped so.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



### M. U. MEETING AT CLARENDON

A meeting will be held at the Panhandle Association in the First Church at Clarendon Tuesday, August 15. An excellent program has been arranged, beginning at 10 a. m. The subject of the meeting will be "Stewardship" by W. D. Howell, State Record Secretary, and one by Rev. B. N. Shepherd, Clarendon pastor, on "Women's Part in the Dry Campaign in Texas."

Mrs. R. E. Newman is visiting relatives at Estelline.

Mrs. R. C. Strickland has returned to her home in Dallas after a visit here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Masterson.

### REVIVAL MEETING CHURCH OF CHRIST

The summer revival meeting at the Church of Christ in Hedley is to begin Thursday night, August 10, with Brother E. Chisum doing the preaching. You have a cordial invitation. Everybody come.

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

Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Hensley were visitors in Hedley Monday from Leila Lake.

Golden and Vinoka Hollander are visiting relatives at Hastings, Oklahoma.

Mrs. W. G. Brinson and her mother, Mrs. Jean Hart are visiting relatives at Tulsa and Amarillo.

### FATHER OF HEDLEY WOMEN DIED WEDNESDAY MORNING

A message came early Wednesday morning bringing the sad news that J. F. Johnson, father of Mrs. Dallas Milner and Mrs. E. H. Walker of this city, had just died at his home at Buffalo Gap. He was stricken last Saturday and died of neuralgia of the heart.

Mr. Johnson was nearly eighty years old. His wife has been bedridden several weeks, being partially paralyzed as the result of a fall. Mrs. Milner and two sons have been down there for some time. Mrs. Johnson's condition remains critical.

Their many friends sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family.

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

### THE NAZARENE REVIVAL

The Nazarene revival is progressing nicely with large attendance and the best of attention. Sister Morgan, singing, and Miss Reeves are enjoyed and appreciated by all.

The Gospel is being presented in a forcible way by Bro. Tryon. People of all denominations have expressed their appreciation for the truth. Don't miss this opportunity to hear the Gospel in sermon and song.

### HEDLEY RURAL CLUB

The Hedley Rural Club enjoyed Tuesday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Rains. After a short business session a very interesting program was given, the subject being "Home."

Delicious refreshments were served to Mrs. Blanks, Finch, Masterson, Grimsley, Bridges, Mann, Acord, Gordon, Sherman, Leach, Hunsucker, Everett, Hall, Howard, Jewell, and the hostess, Mrs. Rains.

Guests for the afternoon included Mrs. Weldon Bennett, Miss Sherman, Mrs. Chas. Rains and Mrs. Dollie Rains.

Mrs. A. V. Hendricks and children, Sarah, A. V. and Mary Lane, are visiting relatives in Ft. Worth.

Miss Floy V. Stogner, who has been visiting friends and relatives here the past week, returned Tuesday to her home near Melrose, N. Mex. Misses Della and Marguerite Hansard accompanied her home, where they will spend a vacation of several weeks.

Harold Hodges and family of Wichita Falls were visitors in Hedley the first of the week. They are former residents here, Mr. Hodges having been manager of the M System store for some time.

### CHURCH OF CHRIST

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

Mrs. Ethel McEwin, Mrs. T. B. Bentley, Mrs. W. P. Riehey and Miss Helen McEwin visited in Shamrock a few days last week.

### Modern Life Insurance

Ages 1 Day to 90 Years  
Why not an Educational Policy on that boy or girl?

No Better Protection  
Investigate my Easy Terms  
H. B. Settle, Agent  
Hedley, Texas

### BAPTIST REVIVAL STARTS THURSDAY

The regular August revival will be held this year at the First Baptist Church in Hedley, beginning Thursday night of next week, August 17.

Rev. Eulen Coffman of Grand Prairie, former State Evangelist, is to be with us and do the preaching. You will not want to miss hearing him.

The entire community is cordially invited to attend and take part in this meeting which we hope will be helpful to us all.

### COMMISSIONERS COURT TO ADOPT A COUNTY BUDGET

Notice is hereby given that on August 14, 1933, at 2 o'clock p. m. the Commissioners Court of Donley County, Texas, will meet in regular session to pass upon the budget for Donley County for the year 1934, at which meeting all property tax payers and citizens who are interested in the matter are requested to be present where they will be heard.

S. W. Lowe, County Judge,  
Donley County, Texas.

FOR RENT—One 6 room and one 8 room house in east Hedley. See W. J. Luttrell.

Friends of M. T. Howard will be glad to know that he is now improving after a two weeks illness in Clarendon. His son, Floyd Howard, and wife of Tulsa and the latter's father, Mr. Smith of Oklahoma City, are visiting him at present.

### GARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this means of thanking our many friends for their kindness and help during the illness of our son, Ray George.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. McLaughlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burden and Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Snodden of Paris enjoyed an outing at the Masterson camp near Taos, N. M. Mexico, last week.

J. W. Swinney and family have returned from a visit to Mrs. J. T. Gunn and Elma Gunn up at Spearman. John says they had a good rain last week, but the wheat crop in that territory was almost a total failure.

The Riney Westberry family have returned after an absence of several weeks, during which they visited various points in Texas, took in the World's Fair in Chicago, and made a trip into Old Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peace of Oklahoma City visited in the Ernest Eads home Monday and Tuesday. Mrs. Peace and Mrs. Eads were childhood playmates. Mr. Peace is with the Dr. Pepper Co.

J. B. Masterson is in the Eastern markets, buying new fall goods for his M. & M. Store.

Truman Caldwell visited relatives in Amarillo the past week.

S. G. Adamson has our thanks for a fine watermelon, donated last Saturday.

Miss Josie Mae Davis, Miss Laree Burson, Miss Louise Adamson and Arthur Davis, all of Clarendon, visited Miss Helen McEwin last Saturday.

Miss Pauline Slover of Paducah visited friends here last week.

Miss Cloetzel Moreman is visiting relatives in Ft. Worth.

## Every Day Specials

FREE!

WE ARE GOING TO GIVE AWAY

## A \$25.00 Majestic Bicycle

to Some Boy or Girl

SEE US FOR PARTICULARS

5 lb Big 4 Soap Flakes 33c

Apricots, 2 1/2 size can 15c

Peaches, 2 1/2 size 14c

## Good Eating Apples, pk 40c

Prunes, 3 lb 27c

Dried Peaches, 2 lb 25c

Dill Pickles, quart 18c

Syrup, Steamboat, gallon 55c

## Eads Produce Co.

WE DELIVER THE GOODS

PHONE 23

Brent McLaughlin made a trip to Clarendon yesterday to see his son who is in the hospital. The young man is doing fine, and is expected to be able to come home about Sunday.

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

## Tangled Wives

By Peggy Shane

... relates the misadventures of a lovely young lady who finds herself in a cab with a strange man, a wedding ring on her finger, and no idea of who she is or where she is going. She escapes, is mistaken for another young wife by a mother-in-law who has never seen her, and things begin furiously to happen. From the moment that she is accused of murder, to the moment that a bishop is roused from his quiet meditations, there isn't a calm, dull moment in the book.



If you want to read a love story full of action and excitement—this is it, and you can read it serially in these columns.

### YOU TELL 'EM



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## The Most for the Money

## Specials FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

### Grapes

Concord, basket 15c

Lemons, dozen 23c

Oranges, nice size, doz 29c

Tomatoes, No. 2, 3 for 25c

### Syrup

Pure Sorghum, gallon 49c

Coffee, bulk, 2 lb 25c

### Coffee

Maxwell House, 3 lb 81c

Dexter Sliced Bacon, lb 19c

Bacon Squares, Sugar Cured, lb 12c

### Peanut Butter

Two pound glass 25c

Five pound bucket 55c

Powdered Sugar, 2 for 15c

Vanilla Extract, 8 oz 19c

### Lard

Fresh, 8 lb 68c

Beef Roast, 3 lb 25c

Brooms 23c

## M System