

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXIII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, OCTOBER 27, 1933

SCHOOL Supplies

A COMPLETE LINE OF THE BEST TO BE HAD.

Come to Our Store for your **FREE BOOK COVERS**

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE

LET'S PAY OUR SCHOOL TAX

Hedley Drug Co.

THE REXALL STORE

This Store is a Pharmacy

Don't Forget the Fall Opening Sale

at Mitchell's Store

Here Are Some Specials:

Mens Overalls or Work Pants	98c
Ladies Fall Suede or Velvet Shoes	\$1.19
Boys Overalls	79c
Boys Shirts	39c
Ladies Dresses, latest th'ng out,	49c to \$2.29

Many Other Bargains

Come up to our store and get your share of these Bargains and get 7 pounds of Sugar for 1 cent

This Offer is Not Good After Saturday NOW IS THE TIME TO SAVE! Buy at

Mitchell's Store

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

Hedley Schools

Our town has one of the best educational systems in the State.

Our teachers and supervisory force are the best obtainable.

Our buildings are new and up to date.

Offer courses in most any subject desired.

Colleges are close by.

There is no better town in which to educate your children than Hedley

And there is no better place to buy your School Supplies than

LET'S PAY OUR SCHOOL TAX

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63

3809 BALES COTTON GINNED IN HEDLEY

Up to yesterday morning the four local gins had turned out a total of 3809 bales of cotton. It's coming in fast.

NOTICE

Two young people, a brother and sister, wish to find a home in Hedley and attend Hedley High School. They are both good basket ball players, and both are eager for an education. They wish to work in the home for their board. They can furnish some food stuff from their farm. They will live in separate homes. If anyone in Hedley is interested in seeing or helping these young people, please get in communication with Mr. Steele.

M. C. Raney has taken over the Phillips 66 station.

He asks his friends to call on him when in need of anything in his line.

We have both new and used Hats and Suits at Kendall's, at bargain prices.

Free SEE DARING RIDE NEXT SATURDAY

Johnny Holden, motorcycle daredevil, will crash through a three-inch wooden wall at high speed next Saturday afternoon on Main Street. Holden performs this stunt with a regulation motorcycle with only a light football helmet to protect his head from the flying timbers.

THIS DEATH DEFYING STUNT IS PAID FOR BY HEDLEY MERCHANTS PATRONIZE THEM!

Keep Money at Home

Aluminum Ware at depression prices.

B. & B. Variety Store.

LIFE INSURANCE SALES—MEN desiring the best plan of protection to offer their prospects may obtain full information from 608 Republic Bank Bldg., Dallas, Texas. Call or write today.

Come to the HIWAY COFFEE SHOP

for Home Made Pastry and Good Eats. We refill your cup with coffee free of charge.

RILEY'S CAFE

NOTICE

Let us do your Welding.

If you need

Used Parts we have them

Will pay cash for your old car to wreck.

BOZEMAN GARAGE

ALL OWNERS MUST ANSWER N. R. A. QUESTIONNAIRE

Special to the Informer
Dallas, Texas, October 24— Replies to the National Recovery census, now in progress, are expected from every business establishment, including those in which there are no paid employees, according to Sherwood H. Avery, district manager of the United States Department of Commerce, who is also executive-secretary of the District Recovery Board of North Texas and the state of Oklahoma.

Returns are essential, the National Recovery Administration has stressed, from all employers and from owners of stores and other businesses in which the owner does all the work. Cases have been reported where owners have mistakenly believed that because they have no employees that they need make no return.

Churches, charitable organizations, private schools, social and fraternal groups have been requested to answer the questionnaire and return it promptly, Mr. Avery said.

Ladies Long Sleeved Dresses. Good style, good material and good price.

B. & B. Variety Store.

Insurance

If you want safe, sound and cheap insurance to protect your family, see A. S. Johnson.

A shipment of new Suede Leather Coats to arrive this week at Kendall's. Priced to sell. Don't fail to see them.

FOR SALE—Several choice milk cows. Also some yearlings and dry cows.

Claud Nash.

Subscribe for The Informer

4 1/2 PER CENT MONEY

TO LOAN on Donley County Farms and Ranches.

C. L. JOHNSON, Sec.-Treas.
Hedley National Farm Loan Association

FRESH PRODUCE

We have plenty of Apples and Onions, and lots of that good Arkansas Sorghum Syrup.

Apples, per bushel, 75c and up.

Also plenty of Spuds.

Wholesale and Retail Prices.

C. C. STANFORD

Phone 48

NEW CINDERELLA Beauty Shop

Next Door to Post Office Let us improve your appearance at these special prices

Permanent Waves \$1.75 to \$3.00

Fingerwave 15c. Dry, 25c.

Manicure, 25c.

Facial, 50c up

Hot Oil Complete, 50c

Eyelash and eyebrow dye, 50c

Operators, Bruce Bradley and Alpha Youree

Pioneer in Hedley

FRESH CAR OF Carnation Flour

Just Arrived

Watch our windows and see what you can buy for

Barnes & Hastings

PHONE 21

VALUES Friday and Saturday Flour

Kansas Cream, 8 lb

Rex Lye, 3 cans

Coffee

Texan, 3 lb cans

Chile, lb

Bologna, lb

Candy

Good Mixed, 2 lb

Cheese, lb

Cup Oats, package

Spuds, peck

We Buy CREAM and POULT

CHUNG & BOSTO.

CASH GROCERY

No Uncertainties

YOU CAN QUET ALL YOUR FEARS and uncertainties if you have a growing account at a Bank—and KNOW THAT THE BANK IS SOUND.

That is the kind of banking service we offer you a Bank conservatively managed, a financial institution that has stood the test of time. Your funds are safe here, always subject to your check. That assurance we gladly give all our depositors. Always safe. Bank here. It is no trouble to go ahead if you are sure you are RIGHT.

LET'S PAY OUR SCHOOL TAX

SECURITY STATE BANK

HEDLEY, TEXAS

"The Bank that knows you"

Ten miles
the paved
getting
orchards on
alley fruit
peaches, cher-
which he ad-
advantage over
quoting.

Bringing consumers out to farm
markets for specialized crops such as
its, eggs, meats and similar prod-
isn't so difficult. The short sea-
and the uncommonness of the
crops together with their quality and
deliciousness comprise a lure which,
if handled properly, will bring surpris-
ingly good results.

A trip to a farm market should be a
little more than just to buy something.
Mrs. Henry Loser entertains water-
melon parties, placing tables around
the lawn where the visitors can eat
melons without observing exact table
and without being too care-
ful, the rinds or seeds fall.
A little extra work as
"T" signs, but Mrs.
Loser is keeping with

farmers are more than buy-
termelon." Mrs. Loser ex-
They are friends. They



and Uniform Quality.

Several hours and enjoy
Ordinarily they buy a
to rest on the farm and
another one or two home
a. Thus the tables and
the lawn are the means of
three sales instead

North, Ill., lives off
of people pass up
signs to buy from
grower, and one
of onion sets,
to 500 White Leg-
to 10 cents above
handling the eggs
them in neat contain-
guaranteed.

aturing fresh eggs,
Schmidt offers people
farm. There are no
the supper; but
there is an oppor-
poultry yards and
ings, flock and equip-
egg sales follow, and
faze of the visitors be-
stomers.

ving through Shawnee,
not do much more than
to observe the village speed
for the Frank Payne's
fruit farm facing one of
roads, which attracts 25,000
parties each year. Two po-
are necessary to handle the
traffic.

who started growing straw-
berries when he lost his city job, tore
at his fence rows because of the
fence. Then he planted flowers
which neighbors said would not grow;
but they did and he found Kansas City
florists would pay him enough for the
flowers to cover his taxes. While ber-
ries were making a profit, he set out
apple trees, and gave more time to
flowers, making beds all over the front
yard.

Fruit customers also bought flowers
and plants, Payne having arranged his
beds with solid and mixed colors to
show people how the various color
schemes would blend in with the re-
mainder of their gardens.

Surplus cut flowers were made into
bouquets and given to visitors, even
though they brought nothing.

Broken Bow is ten miles from Tulsa,
Okla., but Smith Testerman sells, right
at his doorstep, all the eggs pro-
duced by his huge flock. Sunny Slope
farm is well known, the Tulsa Cham-
ber of Commerce having induced Test-
erman to serve Morrison, 65 miles
distant, because they wanted to have
a sure supply of fresh, quality eggs.
At the time the offer was made, fresh
eggs were very scarce around the oil
town and the city people made good
their promise of full support if Test-
erman would increase the size of his
flock.

R. B. Preston lives on a little used
road outside of Pueblo, Colo., but city
people flock to his farm. The attrac-
tion is the beauty of the place. Pres-
ton has a modern home that is deco-
rated in keeping with the rest of the
buildings and the general landscape.
He sells fresh eggs, poultry, shrubs
and flowers, the last two products be-
ing a sideline which was developed as
a result of people asking where stock
similar to that growing around the
farm, could be obtained.

OUR COMIC SECTION

THE FEATHERHEADS



Pointed Interrogation



FINNEY OF THE FORCE



Showing Discretion



NOT WANTED



SHARPS AND FLATS



OR A BUCKET



COMBINATION



STARS AND STRIPES



SUGAR-COATED



WASTED EFFORT

Tommy had been caught red-hand-
ed in the pantry.
"My son," said his father, sadly,
"you have acted very wrongly. It
may seem a small offense, but it ha-
rbor its foundations one of the prime
causes of the world's unhappiness—
disobedience. I am more than an
gry. I am deeply grieved. I want
my son to grow up a fine, honorable
man. I want him—" He paused for
breath.
Little Tommy turned and looked
up to his mother.
"Mum," he said, "isn't dad most
frightfully interesting?" — London
Answers.

Not in His Line

The company director shook his
head.
"My dear man," he said, "there
are hundreds of ways of making
money, but only one that's honest."
The company promoter looked
puzzled.
"What's that?" he asked.
"Ah," smiled the other, "I thought
you wouldn't know!"

Why Bring That Up?

Some noisy relatives were visiting
a couple, and happened to mention
their dog, a big mongrel.
"He's just like one of the family,"
said the pup's proud mistress.
"Which one?" asked the hostess.

Putting Them to Use

Rufus—You seem to make light of
your financial troubles, Goofus.
Goofus—Yes, I burn all my bills.

EVEN HONORS

Stella and Mary were boasting of
the belongings and achievements of
their fathers.
"My father is a Mason," said
Stella.
"Mine is a Moose," retorted Mary.
"Moose have horns."
"My father had a calf when he
was a little boy," boasted Stella.
"Fool! Mine had a lamb and a
pig."
"My father is rich. He has
\$1,000."
"Mine is richer. He owes \$10,000."
"Well," said Stella, to settle the
whole debate, "my father has a blue
eagle."

Insult to Injury

A motorist was helping his victim,
who happened to be extremely fat,
to rise from the ground.
"Couldn't you have gone round
me?" he growled.
"Sorry!" said the motorist, airily.
"I was not sure whether I
enough gasoline."

STILL TIME

"I say, caddy, did you ever see a
worse golf player than I?"
"No, but then, sir, I've only been
caddy five years."

Find It Yourself

"Aren't those big business mag-
nates terrible profiteers?"
"Yes, they're worse than the Forty
Thieves you read about in the Bible."
—Exchange.

The System

"You advertise that you make suits
while customers wait. Is that so?"
"Yes, you order a suit, pay a le-
posit, and go home and wait until it
is ready." —Vart Hem.

NOW IT'S UP TO YOU

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM

Only Use for It

He—I wish you would
Wife—Good! I will go to the mil-
liner's tomorrow and use
hats.—Stray Stories Magazine.

Earned What He Got

Jones—I did not marry beauty, my
boy; I did not marry weal; or posi-
tion; I married for sympathy.
Brown—Well, you have mine.—
Stray Stories.

A Quicker Way To Ease Headaches

HERE I AM... A BIG DINNER
PARTY ON HAND... AND ANOTHER
OF MY BAD HEADACHES. WHAT
CAN I DO?
EVER TRY BAYER ASPIRIN?
TAKE 2 TABLETS AND
YOUR HEADACHE
WILL BE GONE
IN A JIFFY!

2 BEFORE THE DINNER...
THAT BAYER ASPIRIN YOU
SUGGESTED IS SIMPLY WONDERFUL!
MY HEADACHE WAS ENTIRELY
GONE IN A FEW MINUTES—
I KNEW IT WOULD BE...
BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS
SO FAST!

A Discovery that's Bringing Fast Relief to Millions

Now comes amazingly quick relief
from headaches, rheumatism, neuro-
tis, neuralgia... the fastest safe relief,
it is said, yet discovered.

Those results are due to a scienti-
fic discovery by which a Bayer
Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or
disintegrate, in the amazing space of
two seconds after touching moisture.
And hence to start "taking hold" of
pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, here,
tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts
to disintegrate almost instantly you
swallow it. And thus is ready to go to
work almost instantly.

When you buy, though, see that
you get the Genuine BAYER Aspirin.
For Bayer Aspirin's quick relief
always say "BAYER Aspirin."

WHY BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop a Bayer Tablet
in a glass of water.
Note that BEFORE
it touches bottom, it
has started to dis-
integrate.
What it does in this
glass it does in your
stomach. Hence its
fast action.

Does Not Harm the Heart

It is the Dollars

... that circulate among ourselves, in our own
community, that in the end build our schools and
churches, pave our streets, lay our sidewalks, increase
our farm values, attract more people to this section.
Buying our merchandise in our local stores means
keeping our dollars at home to work for all of us.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Ed C. Boliver, Publisher

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

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

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

Dr. F. V. Walker
General Practice.
Specialty
Residence Phone 5
Office with Wilson Drug Co.
Hedley, Texas

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991
A. F. and A. M.
meets on the 2nd
Thursday night
in each month
Members are urged to attend
Visitors are welcome
W. C. Bridges, W. M.
C. E. Johnson, Sec.

O. E. Dickinson
DENTIST
HEDLEY, TEXAS
Office at Hedley Drug Co.

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

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

COFFINS, CASKETS
UNDERTAKERS'
SUPPLIES
Licensed Embalmer and Auto
Hearse at Your Service
Day phone 24
Night phone 40
MOREMAN HARDWARE

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD
Chiropractor
19th Year in Practice
11th Year in
Memphis, Texas
7th West Noel St Phone 462



47
when you know a news item.

4 1/2 PER CENT MONEY
TO LOAN on Donley County
Farms and Ranches.
C. L. JOHNSON, Sec.-Treas.
Hedley National Farm Loan
Association

We have both new and used
Coats and Suits at Kendall's, at
bargain prices.

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

**It costs no
more to be
SAFE**

**THIS
LIFE-SAVING
TIRE, ONLY
\$7.60**



**You don't pay us
a penny extra for
BLOW-OUT
PROTECTION**

THE new Goodrich Silvertown
with the Life-Saver Golden Ply,
doesn't cost you a single penny
more than any other standard
tire. Yet it protects you from
blow-outs... makes you 3 times
safer at today's high speeds. Don't
fail to see this remarkable tire.
Come in and let us show you how
you can save tire money with
safety!

**LOOK AT THESE
PRICES**
4.40-4.50x21.....**\$7.90**
4.75x19..... **8.40**
5.00x19..... **9.00**
5.25x18..... **10.00**
5.50x19..... **11.50**
Subject to change without notice
and to any state sales tax.

**Goodrich
Safety
Silvertown**
WITH LIFE SAVER GOLDEN PLY

G. C. Heath
Conoco Service 1 1/2

WOMAN'S SOCIETY
The Woman's Missionary Society met Monday, and after a short business session finished the book of I Samuel in their Bible Study Arrangements were completed for the Fifth Monday Union Meeting of the Societies of the different churches, which meets next Monday at the Methodist church.

We always have a very pleasant time socially as well as deriving profit from the discussions. If more of the women and girls would attend these meetings we would come to know each other better and could work together in greater harmony. Come to the meetings.

Boys Cotton Sweaters, Coat Style. Heavy fleeced for warmth and service.
B. & B. Variety Store.

**LEGIONNAIRES GO TO
SNYDER NOV. 4-5**

A program that includes such activities as Lieutenant Governor Edgar E. Witt, and entertainment that includes football, boxing, horse racing, dancing and fiddling, has already been arranged for the 19th District American Legion convention, which convenes in Snyder Nov. 4 and 5.

Although Snyder is the smallest city that has ever entertained the veterans of this prodigious district Commander Lee T. Johnson and other members of the local post declare that it will be one of the hottest sessions on the records. All Snyder is making plans to parade, to decorate and entertain and to perform in order that her guests might go home pleased.

Since Snyder is on the extreme southern tip of the district, many legionnaires are planning to attend the convention from adjoining districts. A number of reservations have already been made at local hotels. The housing committee reports that many homes have already been offered for use of delegates, and they are anticipating no trouble in handling the expected crowd of 700 to 1,000 visitors.

FOR SALE—Good milk cow with young calf.
C. H. Rennett.

J. C. Nanny of Fort Worth visiting relatives here.

The 1938 duck season opens at 12 o'clock on next Wednesday. A large number of tenderfoot hunters, helpless live-stock and innocent bystanders and other wild game will doubtless be slaughtered.

This winter weather may be nice for the ducks, but it's hard on our four-year-old spring suit.

The Pathfinder states that the average wealth per capita in Texas is \$1900.00. If this is correct, we'd like to know the guy that's holding out our share.

Last year tigers in India killed 1,038 men, while men over there killed 1,068 tigers. Our side is still ahead anyhow.

Mens and boys Underwear at a bargain price.
B. & B. Variety Store.

**If It Isn't a Secret
Tell the Informer**

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

PALACE THEATRE
Memphis, Texas

Thursday, Friday, 26, 27
James Cagney, Madge Evans and Frankie Darro, in
The Mayor of Hell
Comedy and News

Saturday only, Oct. 28
Ken Maynard and "Tarzan," the Wonder Horse, in
Strawberry Roan
Also serial with Buck Jones and 2-reel Comedy

Saturday Midnight,
Sunday Matinee, and Monday
Charles Ruggles, Phil Harris and Greta Nissen, in
Melody Cruise
A Musical Production
Comedy and News
Sunday show begins at 1:30

Tuesday, Wednesday, 31, 1
Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Loretta Young in
The Life of Jimmie Dolan

A story you'll never forget
Also Two Comedies

Thursday, Friday, Nov. 2, 3
June Knight, Neil Hamilton, George E. Stone, in
Ladies Must Love
Comedy and News

A shipment of new Sued Leather Coats to arrive this week at Kendall's. Priced to sell. Don't fail to see them.

NAZARENE CHURCH
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Praching service 11 a. m.
Night service at 8:15.
Rev. Nannie Carter.
Pastor.

ADULT CLASS REORGANIZED

The ladies of the Adult Sunday School Class of the Methodist church met at the home of Mrs. Noel Wednesday and re-organized. We had a large attendance. Mrs. McEwin was elected teacher. Mrs. Noel, formerly teacher of the class, was retained as assistant teacher. We regret very much that she felt that she could not continue as teacher. She is a good teacher, and we love her.

Mrs. Maness was elected president, Mrs. Howard, vice-president and Mrs. Webb, secretary-treasurer.

There will be a class meeting held each month. The first one will be at the home of Mrs. Maness. All those who should be in this class are invited to meet with us.

Ladies Long Sleeved Dresses. Good style, good material and good price.
B. & B. Variety Store.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. C. E. Johnson, Superintendent.
Praching at 11 a. m.
B. T. S. at 6:30 p. m.
Praching at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor.
M. E. Wells, Pastor.

CHURCH OF CHRIST
Brother Frank E. Chism will preach in Hedley, at the Church of Christ, Saturday and Sunday, November 4 and 5.
Everybody is invited to come out and hear him.
Bible Classes every Sunday morning from 10 to 11 o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

The 19th...
be 11 a...
West...
her...
Spain...
an inter...
Mrs. Bur...
in th...
Spanish...
Sean Tod...
anner...
Jamesan...

Social Customs—Mrs. C. Johnson.

Architecture—Mrs. West.

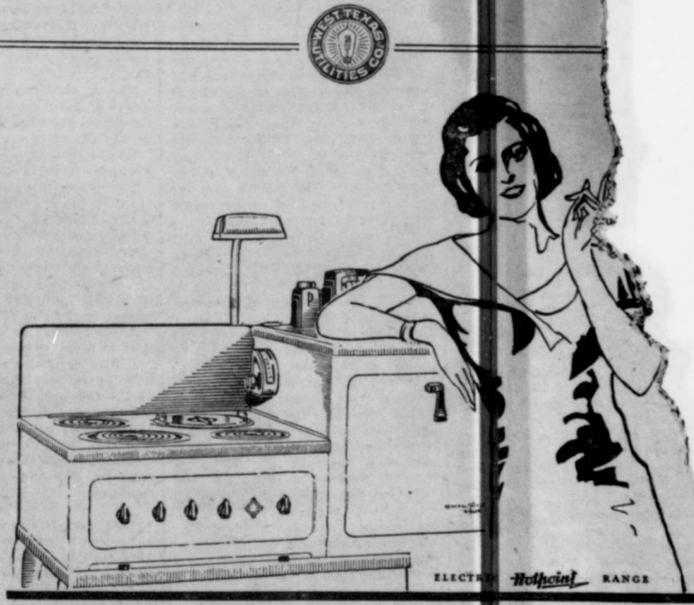
Class Distinction—Mrs. M. E. Wells.

Traditional Position of Women—Mrs. W. H. Jones.

Following the program delicious refreshments were served to the following members: Mrs. C. E. Johnson, Puffer, P. V. Dishmorn, Hooker, Cliff Job, Noel, Watt, Spaulding, Webb, Guests, Mrs. Nowlin, Elvin, Dishman, Roy More, Barnett and Zeb Mite.

M. Mulkey of Clarendon, Hedley visitor Monday.

THE METHODIST CHURCH
A. V. Hendricks, Pastor.
Sunday School next Sunday 9:45. Mrs. W. H. Jones, preaching at 11 a. m.
Young people's meeting, J. D. Shaw, Miss Alice N. Mrs. Verda Gilliam in the respective groups. A class for all ages invited to attend.
Praching at 8 o'clock. Choir practice each night at 8.



A Modern Home-Manager Advises an Investment in Electric Cookery

"We modern Home-managers are on the lookout for wise investments nowadays... investments that bring returns of full value.
"That's why we're so enthusiastic about the automatic Electric Range... the last word in modern cookery! It offers dividends of happiness, convenience and leisure. It brings a new tastiness to every meal... its economy has helped balance many a hard-pressed family budget.
"... And modern Electric Cookery is so clean, so cool, so easy and so consistently productive of perfect results... Is it any wonder that we consider it one of the wisest investments we can make?"

Styled for the modern home... built to serve for years... up-to-the-minute in every appointment... priced in accordance with the modern need... and available on a surprisingly easy payment plan... the Electric Range affords a tremendous return in satisfaction for only a few cents worth of electricity a day. Ask for startling facts and figures about modern Electric Cookery. A trained representative will be happy to arrange an interesting demonstration for you.

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**

View of Current Events

Addresses American Legion Convention—Direct Federal Aid for the Needy Is Planned.

EDWARD W. PICKARD

ROOSEVELT made a hurried trip to Chicago and delivered a stirring address at the opening session of the American Legion convention, which opened yesterday in the city.

President sped to the Stadium and before 30,000 veterans made his appeal for support of his efforts to bring about national recovery, and to insure national safety and credit. Mr. Roosevelt said in part:

"The President asserted that while farmers' buying power has increased to an encouraging degree, agricultural prices still remain substantially below the level needed to hasten the country on the road to economic recovery.

"The new effort worked out by Mr. Hopkins and Secretary Wallace to make maximum use of surpluses that have been burdening the commodity markets, is part of intensified plans to raise farm prices to economic levels. The agricultural administration's efforts to control production of surpluses too great to be used are to be continued.

"The corporation will have powers to purchase directly from farmers, whenever desirable, in such a way as to carry out the purposes of the agricultural adjustment act."

CHICAGO was in the possession of the American Legion and the veterans had a joyous time in their convention and all its associated doings and especially at the World's fair. The Forty and Eight, fun-making organization of the Legion, held its torchlight parade the opening night, and the following day the Legion staged one of the greatest parades ever seen in this country.

For many hours the "boys" marched, down Michigan avenue, through Soldier field and back through Grant park to the disbanding point. In the line were about six hundred musical organizations and drill teams.

Count Adalbert de Chambrun, a general in the French army, brought the greetings of his country and 4,000,000 French veterans to the Legion convention, and Italy was represented by Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy.

In its serious sessions the Legion convention elected Edward A. Hayes of Decatur, Ill., national commander, and adopted various resolutions that supported the policies of the Roosevelt administration. Mr. Hayes, a past commander of the Illinois department, had a great deal to do with the formulation of the "four-point" program designed to conciliate differences between the Legion and the national administration concerning expenditures for veterans' relief.

ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS, chancellor of Austria, barely escaped death at the hands of an assassin in Vienna. One Rudolf Dertil, a recent arrival from Styria, fired twice at the little statesman, one bullet hitting him in the arm and the other glancing from a coat button. Naturally the authorities immediately declared this was part of a Nazi plot, but they were unable to show that Dertil was a Nazi. Anyhow, the attempt on his life strengthened the chancellor's position and made him a hero in the eyes of the public.

Dollfuss plans the establishment of a state that is a compromise between Fascism and democracy, and this does not suit many of his friends, notably Prince Starhemberg, leader of the Heimwehr. The prince wants Italian Fascism for Austria, but he was forced to postpone action until the chancellor should recover from his wound.

GRIFFITH park forest preserve at Los Angeles was the scene of a terrible holocaust in which at least 27 men met death—and the victims may have numbered fifty or more. The men, relief roll workers, had been ordered to put out a small brush fire and in their ignorance of proper methods started a back fire that trapped many of them in a ravine. At least that was one explanation. Another theory was that the fatal conflagration was started by a carelessly thrown cigarette. The flames swept through the woods, dried out by a long spell of hot weather, and the panic-stricken men lost all sense of direction in the dense smoke. Two hundred or more were taken to hospitals badly burned or suffering from suffocation.

DEATH took two well-known figures in the world of sports. W. L. ("Young") Stribling, Georgia boxer who had been a contender for the heavyweight title, was fatally injured in an automobile accident, falling to recover after the amputation of one leg. William L. Veck, president of the Chicago National League Baseball club, died of leucocythaemia.

Howl Bronx The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

BY MONTE BLUE

I NEVER thought I'd break into the movies until actually I was in them!

That's a funny statement to make, but it's so. More or less imbued with wonderlust, I shipped from a north-west camp on a lumber ship and arrived at San Francisco with \$15 in my pocket.

I wanted a good job, and I wanted to make a good impression on the men I talked to. I could not do it in overalls, so I went into one of those stores where you "walk upstairs and save ten" and bought a suit.

I was caught in the rain about half an hour later and when I dried out I had to cut the suit off. So I jumped back into overalls and started for Los Angeles.

I landed a job there "bucking lumber," but I was used to heavy work. One day some one told me to try the movies. I forgot all about it until I was laid off a few weeks later during a slack period. I remembered I'd played the part of one of the bears in "Goldilocks" in an amateur performance, so I walked up to the Griffiths studio in Hollywood and joined a crowd of actors.

Pretty soon a man came to the door and said: "I want a man." All the actors jumped forward. But he said: "I want a man to work," and all the actors jumped right back leaving me standing there wondering what it was all about.

When I learned that it was a pick and a shovel job I took it just the same—it meant food. For two months

I chopped down fig trees and used a pick and shovel in digging the base for a new stage.

One day, during lunch hour, the men decided to strike, and asked me what I thought of it. I got up on the speaker's box and told 'em I thought we ought to stick on the job. I must have said something that impressed them, for we stayed. I had an insatiable appetite.

The next day the foreman called me out of the pit and told me Mr. Griffith wanted to see me. I thought it was a joke, but I went. He said: "Young man, are you an actor?" he asked.

"No sir," I answered. "Thank the Lord I've found an honest man," he laughed.

He used me in "The Absentee" in a small part, doing just what I'd done the day before—talking to a mob preparing to strike. And he liked the work, so he built up the part to give me a chance.

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I worked with Miss Pickford and Tom Meighan in "M'liss" and with Miss Pickford in "Johanna Enlists," after which I went to work with Cecil B. DeMille, playing a bit. Mr. DeMille changed my whole career when he said:

"Blue, you're too sympathetic a personality to be playing heavies. Try and do male leads."

Finally, through the help of Ethel Clayton, I played a part in "Private Pettigrew's Girl." She realized that the part was just suited to me, and let me have full rein. I was a success. I am, and always will be deeply grateful to her for her efforts to aid me.

Then Famous Players took me to New York where I worked with Mae Murray in "Peacock Alley" and "Broadway Rose." Following this, I played the part of D'Anton in "Orphans of the Storm" for Mr. Griffith and later I lost the part of the lead in "The Covered Wagon" because I was in Porto Rico on an eight weeks' engagement. More recently talking pictures have helped, especially "Waltz Shadows of the South Seas."

I have a library at home made up of books about Abraham Lincoln. He's my ideal.

His precepts are: Modesty—Humbleness and belief in the right. To read these books and to think of the precepts is an inspiration.

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Hollywood Party

An event where, if the host is a sunder, the guests do all their long distance telephoning on his private wire.

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National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart

Washington.—The President lately has been stressing the necessity of providing credit loans of money to those who want to do business but who haven't the resources after four years of the depression to get going again.

Jesse Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance corporation, has made several speeches urging that the banks make loans freely to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker. From elsewhere in the government, there is the cry that more credit shall be provided, credit here, credit there, and credit otherwise. All of which has moved observers here to inquire, "whither goest thou, Uncle Sam?"

Students of finance and economics who are regarded as knowing their oats tell me that there must be liberal use of credit at any time in this country. It seems to be the system we have built up. Now, more than ever, I am told, is there a necessity for liberal terms to borrowers. They predicate their views on that which is the fact, namely, that in every community there are businesses that would like to get going again on something like a normal basis if they had the resources. These resources, however, have been depleted by four extremely difficult years, and consequently the business men have to proceed slowly.

But the continued shouting that there must be credit has more to it than just the fact that money ought to be loaned. The economists admit frankly that other factors must be considered. In the first instance, when the banker of your community makes a loan, he loans your money that has been entrusted to his care in the form of deposits in his bank. In the second place, the business man who borrows is taking a risk, for he has to put up collateral security with his note to the bank, and needless to say that collateral is always sufficient to insure the bank against loss. So, if the borrower falls to make a profit on the money he borrows, or if he makes a bad guess on the investment of that money, and loses, he not only loses the amount borrowed but his collateral as well. So, even if he has the resources to put up the required collateral, he is going to think twice before he borrows.

Summed up, therefore, the question of private credit or private loans on liberal terms is not limited to the banks by any means. In other words, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. In this case, sometimes there is no horse to lead to water and sometimes there is no water when the horse gets there.

But let us turn to a consideration of government credit. The government is putting out money in a dozen different ways and it is using the semi-government agency, the federal reserve system, to put out other money. Yet the same factors are influencing that situation as those that are at work in the field of private finance.

When the federal reserve system was created during the administration of President Wilson, one of the dreams of its sponsors was that it would make credit easy, that it would provide money when business needed it. This has been found to be true. Banks that are members of the federal reserve system have the privilege of discounting notes they have taken from their business-house customers, with the federal reserve banks. What they do actually is sell that note to the reserve bank and get cash for it, but they agree to take it up in a specified time. It is almost like borrowing from a local bank, except that the transaction is between two banks instead of between an individual or a corporation and the local bank.

The federal reserve banks are operating now on what is known as an easy money policy. They are loaning money to the member banks on discount at a very low rate of interest. In addition, the reserve banks are engaged in open market operations under which they are buying United States bonds and treasury notes at the rates of about fifty million dollars' worth a week. The theory of this is that the reserve banks, having an elastic stock of money, will put out cash every time they buy one of those government bonds which are acquired wherever they can be bought. That has put out cash, but from what the financiers tell me the release of that currency has not resulted in banks loaning additional funds to their customers for the reasons outlined above. Since there has been no swarm of borrowers at the bank windows, the cash that has been put out by the reserve banks simply has found its way back into the banks as deposits. What then? The banks have taken that cash to pay off whatever debts they have at the reserve banks and have taken their customers' notes back to hold them until they mature. Which is perfectly natural, because the banks can earn a profit only from the interest they receive on loans, and if the customer paid 6 per cent and the bank discounted that note with a reserve bank, it would have to pay a part of that 6 per cent as interest on its borrowings from the reserve banks.

Hence, with the note back in its possession, the bank gets all of the interest.

Now, as to the loans that are being made by the Reconstruction Finance corporation, the Department of Agriculture, the Farm Credit administration, the Federal Home Owners' Loan corporation, and whatever other agency there may be, it is the same old story. None of them can loan unless the security is ample. That is, a farmer cannot borrow unless a farm which he can mortgage, growing crop or some work which the city man cannot borrow unless he has a house which he can mortgage. It was not that way, the government would be putting out money with chance of getting repaid unless borrower wanted to do it. It is no fortune teller or soothsayer to foresee where that would lead and what it would amount to in the end. It would simply be taking money paid into the federal treasury by taxpayers and virtually giving it away. Obviously, soon the taxpayers would quit paying it in.

And having mentioned the taxpayers, I gather from conversations with unbiased observers here that the taxpayers are due for a tremendous shock anyway before this recovery plan is completed. The expenditures are so vast and in so many ways that it is difficult, if not impossible, to tell how much the thing is costing. Of course, as I see it, if recovery takes place and there is prosperity abroad in the land, nobody is going to object so much. On the other hand, if the methods employed by the Roosevelt administration fall to bring complete recovery and the country has to worry along for awhile in the same condition it now is, then it appears quite obvious that the taxpayers are going to raise enough to come to the rescue of the public officials out of their jobs.

Secretary Wallace's plan to buy up about six million pigs weighing less than 100 pounds and

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about a means of cutting down the hog surplus and forcing prices higher appears to have been only about half successful. Or, to say it another way, the program failed. Department experts won't say why it failed, but there has been a good deal of discussion in the Capital that the secretary's plan missed fire because it did not take into consideration the practical, the human side, of the equation. It was a beautiful theory. I think the secretary ought not to be charged wholly with it, however, because it had its inception in the minds of certain men who claim to be leaders in agricultural thought who put their heads together with some of the professors who are so numerous around Washington. Of course, the program became the Wallace plan as soon as he approved it.

From divers sources, I get the information that farmers in many sections of the country held off marketing their pigs and their sows, even with the premium the Department of Agriculture was paying, because they wanted to wait for those higher prices that the Department of Agriculture said would come. Quite obviously, they expected the little pigs to grow up, and when they became bigger pigs and prices were higher, there would be bigger amounts of money.

The net result of the whole show was that the Department of Agriculture put out only about \$22,000,000 in its pig program, whereas it had estimated that there would be approximately \$50,000,000 expended. A part of the total paid out went to the processors, such as the meat packers and butchers, as compensation for the work they did. The country's hog population was reduced by the extent of about four million pigs, while instead of one million sows being bought and killed, there were not more than one hundred thousand.

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Go Out and Get It

By LUCILLE BARNES

JOAN VERNE closed her shorthand note book and looked across the smooth expanse of the glass-top desk at the harassed middle-aged executive at the other side.

"Business seems to be picking up, Mr. Walker. How about a raise?"

Mr. Walker said the usual thing. Profits were increasing; so were expenses. No chance of real improvement without continued economy. Besides, she wasn't worth a cent more than she got.

Joan looked bored, thought a moment, and then asked him if it would be putting him in a jam if she left that afternoon.

"Why, you couldn't possibly do it," he said. "You're the only person beside myself who knows about deal in Pittsburgh. You must be a fortune. I'd be out hundreds of dollars if you should leave me now. There's a law against such a thing."

"Maybe so," she said, "but there's nothing to stop me from having a nervous breakdown or something, and never coming back. Except, possibly, seven dollars more a week."

"Make it four," he said.

"Split the difference, and make it five-fifty."

"Oh, all right."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Walker," she said in her most business-like manner.

At ten minutes after five Joan was on her way to her favorite beauty parlor.

Joan was a favorite at the beauty parlor, not because of her docile approval of everything that Maggie and Maurice and Olga did, but because of her insistence on perfect work. Today she had been even more exacting than usual. But her look of real, genuine approval at her reflection in the mirror as she went out was worth a great deal more to them than her none-too-lavish tip.

"You are the loveliest woman in the world," Stanley Jones told her when she met him in the lobby of the Smith-Bradley. "Absolutely, you are the loveliest woman in the world," he told her again as they sat down at their table in the roof garden dining room. "Don't you know that you are gorgeous?"

Joan looked across the table, avoiding his direct glance by a tantalizing fraction of an inch.

"But I'm just a very ordinary sort of person," she said. "Just like thousands of other stenographers working to make an honest living in a big city."

"But you could do a great deal better than that if you only knew it. With your wonderful personality and intelligence. You don't half appreciate yourself. I don't believe you get a cent more than my own stenographer. And you're worth infinitely more to any man. You wouldn't even ask for a raise, I suppose, you shy little girl. With your personality and intelligence and charm, there would be no limit to what you could do. But the trouble is other people take advantage of you. What you should do is make up your mind what you want and then go out and get it, the same way other people do without half your ability."

"I don't like to be scolded," Joan told him. "I wish you'd say something nice."

"But, Joan, I've told you how—how adorable you are. I've said all the nice things I dare. You're the most wonderful woman I ever knew. You're positively glamorous."

"But I'm really not a bit glamorous," she said. "And the only time I ever pretend I am is when I'm with you. I never attract attention."

"But you could if you wanted to," he said. "If you wanted to doll up and use make-up and spend money on beauty parlors as other girls do. You know I've often wondered why you never used rouge or any of the other kinds of war paint."

"Oh, you're scolding me again," Joan told him. "First, because I didn't ask for a raise, and second because I don't go to beauty parlors."

"It's all part of the same scold," Stanley said. "It's a fault that makes me love you all the more."

"But you just said you wanted me to doll up and go to beauty parlors."

"Not for my sake," he said. "Only for your own sake, to give you more confidence, and to make you seem as utterly lovely to yourself as you always do to me—so that other people would realize, and you'd know they realized, how charming you are."

"Perhaps I will sometime," said Joan. "Only men are likely to misunderstand a girl's motives."

"And that," said Stanley, "was precisely the sort of thing you would say. But don't you see, if you dolled up, they couldn't. Because with your exquisite taste, it wouldn't be obvious. They'd never even suspect it. Will you do it sometime for my sake?"

"Sometime," she said.

Stanley, utterly oblivious of the waiter, put his hand over Joan's.

"The sometime will be when you have consented to be my wife," he said.

"And you won't ever tell me that I ought to make up my mind what I want and then go out and get it—as you told me I ought to ask for a raise?"

"No, Joan," he said. "Because if you'd ever gone out after things there would never have been a chance of persuading you to marry me."

Fashion Era of Forty Years Ago

Adult and School Styles Differed From Those in Vogue Today.

In 1893, when Chicago was having a world's fair, and the eyes of the world were focused on southern Kansas where thousands awaited the signal that would admit them to the Cherokee strip in Oklahoma, the dress of both men and women varied greatly. If one must insist that the dress only play a nominal part in tracing the growth of a city, one must at the same time remember the figures in those days as compiled by fashion designers and fashion writers.

It is apparent to one looking back on those days that there was a physical difference, or handicap, rather than a mental one. Then there was a question of what to wear rather than a problem of what not to wear as today. A child in 1893 was swaddled from ankle to chin, while today there is more laxity in dress. Exactly 40 years ago a fashion writer wrote in the Times:

"Let us hope," she said, "that style will confine itself to soft rich velvets, which are always in good taste, while plush, no matter how fine or costly, is hopelessly vulgar and suggests the lavish tendencies of the lumber camp cook who has risen to the position of mistress in a million-dollar mansion."

While the high school lass was advised to stick to velvets in lieu of the outlaw plushes, the grade-school girl was given a tip on school dress. For a gown on cool days she was told that "brown serge, of such a golden hue as to bespeak the harvest season, is in good taste. Tailor-made, the skirt should rustle in a manner aggravating to the ears of those whose fall dresses are still unmade. Bodice in back plain . . . fastened to skirt beneath belt . . . front opens in Eton jacket fashion over full vest of creamy silk . . . and brown straw hat that bristles with brown bows . . . brown felt fastens with gold buckle . . . gold hat-pin secures hat . . . irreproachable brown gloves and shoes complete outfit."

Hat manufacturers in 1893 must have been rolling in wealth. Every body wore hats, girls, boys, men and women. The high school girls in 1893 wore turkey feathers, either a single martial one at the rear of their jaunty hats or two in front like a double-ribbed shoe. An assembly of young women just have resembled "big talk" sessions in an Indian camp.

Of course, young men could not escape the dictum of the fashion writer in 1893, any more than he can today. She advised trousers that fitted snugly at the ankles and flared widely at the hips. A frock coat, trim and tight at the waist, with very long skirts and worn unbuttoned. To top it off, a moderately high collar with the ends slightly bent, was advocated. The tie was of rich colored silk, small knot and wide ends. A hat with a rolled brim completed the outfit. And the "umbrella should be rolled very small and light and the handle should be of natural wood . . . ivory, gold, or silver-handled umbrellas and walking sticks are not worn by the man who dresses at all well."

Among those who remember the school days of 1893 vividly is Mrs. Ada G. MacLaughlin. As she recalls them, the fashions in that day were not so uncomfortable as they were awkward-appearing compared to 1933 styles.

"We always wore light-weight clothing the first few weeks of school as they do today," she recalled. "But the boys and young men never took off a coat in the presence of girls or young ladies. It was not a 'woman's' age, mind you, but a 'lady's' age. There is a difference.

the boys and young men 20 without coats. It is much more sensible. The girls never learn. Their skirts are just as close-fitting as they were 40 years ago; they still like to squeeze into them as they did then.

"Bangs were quite a rage in 1893. Curled, straight, or naphazard. Hair might be parted in the middle at the beginning of a school year, and on either side by spring. We practiced all styles in hair modes.

"We all sang in high school then. We all used the gymnasium. There were no exemptions. As for cooking and sewing, those things we were taught at home.

"I suppose I was what they call a tomboy. I played all the boys' games in the neighborhood, although threatened with punishment by my mother for doing so. I can remember many times when I hid my knuckles at the dinner table because they were so skinned after playing 'game of forbidden shinnay' with my brother and the boys.

"Yes, girls rode bicycles then, but the rest of us who were brought up 'right' didn't consider it very ladylike. Of course, today the bicycle craze seems all right. It's derived from the European countries, and I've been around the world since my high school days."

The able fashion writer in 1893 included all types in her reading public. If they had to be bicycle riders, then here was what she advised them to wear:

"Cheviot cloth, short bell-shaped skirt with seams mounted on the flat in front and with gathers behind. Two pocket flaps garnish the front. House bodice mounted on a yoke adorned with English point lace. Thin puff bodice is made in the same style. Sleeve close fitting on fore arm and puffy above, the tight fitting part being trimmed in the same style as the yoke. Cap of dark blue cloth. High boots and trousers of the same cloth as the skirt, puffy and buckled below the knee."—Kansas City Times.

French Human Flies Profit From Tradition

American "human flies" who today find it hard to make money out of their exploits may borrow an idea from the French. The weathercock topping the cathedral of Senlis, France, which maintained its perch despite eight German projectiles hitting the spire in 1914, was recently brought down to fill the pockets of the men who climbed to it, writes Samuel Chamberlain in American Architect.

Four stone masons who were repairing the tower remembered the tradition that whenever the peak of the cathedral had been reached by a steeplejack, the cock (La Coq Gaulois) could be brought down and passed from door to door as a means of exacting tips from homeowners, and they did it. As this is the bird's first descent in 120 years, the custom has not been overdone.

Twice in recent history an audacious alpinist has succeeded in climbing up the spiny surface of the spire as far as the rooster, without the aid of ropes or scaffolding. In June, 1731, an innocent-looking young man obtained permission to climb to the bell tower. He dashed upward and passed through an opening on the highest platform before the startled sexton could catch his breath. ("Climbing like an ape from crocket to crocket, he finally reached the huge ball of copper which caps the spire. By a heroic and almost suicidal effort, the climber got over this ball.

Once on top of the ball the rest was easy. He performed a few gymnastics to the awestruck witnesses below, and then boldly unfastened the weathercock, strapped it on his back and crawled down to face the irate sexton. By this time all the population of Senlis was a gaping, horror-struck gallery including, unfortunately for the intrepid climber, the bailiff, who promptly clapped him in jail.

MOUNT VERNON ON THE MARKET!

Possibility in Modern Craze for Moving Shrines.

The boyhood home of Captain Cook, the navigator, at Great Ayton in England, has been sold and is to be taken down, brick by brick, and shipped to Australia, there to be erected in a place of honor for next year's centennial celebration of the founding of the commonwealth of Victoria. When the owners disposed of the house they "expressed a wish that it remain where it had stood, as a monument to the great and noble man, but subsequently agreed to a modified stipulation that it should not be moved outside of the British empire."

It is difficult to see how any genuine sentiment of patriotism or veneration can prompt this tearing down and setting up again in new locations of these ancient landmarks of his torical or heroic importance.

Taking away the brick and mortar sunders most of the associations with which the shrine has always been identified. The ground about it is hallowed—the familiarity of the nearer scene; the distant view. The very character of the people of the place imparts a friendly homeliness to it which is utterly lost once it is transplanted to a strange situation among a people who, having no traditions or heroes of their own, must fain buy or borrow them from the old home. Let us hope that no vicissitudes of fortune will ever bring Mount Vernon on the market to see it perhaps carried away piecemeal to the Panama Canal Zone or to the Philippines to gratify a misguided sense of self-aggrandizement on the part of colonial officialdom.—Boston Transcript.

Read the "A" but don't ignore medical

if you want to
 —keep bowels regular and
 —make constipated spells
 —avoid danger of bowel str

A doctor will tell you that the careless choice of laxatives is a common cause of chronic constipation. Any hospital offers evidence of the harm done by harsh laxatives that drain the system, weaken the bowel muscles, and even affect the liver and kidneys.

Fortunately, the public is fast returning to laxatives in liquid form.

Can Constipation be Corrected?

"Yes!" say medical men. "Yes!" say thousands who have followed this sensible medical advice: 1. Select a good liquid laxative. 2. Take the dose that you find suited to your system. 3. Gradually reduce the dose until bowels are moving regularly without assistance.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has the average person's bowels as regular as clockwork in a few weeks' time. Why not try it? Some pill or tablet may be more convenient to carry. But there is no "convenience" in any cathartic that's taken so frequently, you must carry it wherever you go!

What is the "Right" Laxative?

In buying any laxative, read the label. Not the claims, but the contents. If it contains one doubtful drug, don't take it. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a prescriptional

preparation in which there are no mineral drugs. By using it, you avoid danger of strain. You can keep the bowels regular, and comfortable. You can make those constipated spells as rare as colds.

How many dimes and quarters are spent on "popular" laxatives! How quickly they count up, as you use more and more of these habit-forming helps! A bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin would save you money—and bring you real relief.

Why Doctors give a liquid laxative

The habitual use of irritant salts, or powerful drugs, the highly concentrated pills and tablets is rare.

The properly prepared liquid laxative will bring a perfect movement without discomfort or injury. You need not take a "double dose" a day or two later.

The public can always get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at any drugstore.



TIMES ARE GETTING BETTER NO MORE FUSS AND FRET



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In a boiling solution Baking Soda cleans milk cans and garbage pails . . . with warm water, it's a soothing foot bath . . . used when shampooing it safely cleanses the scalp . . . sprinkled on a damp cloth it cleans woodwork . . . also washstands and all porcelain fixtures . . . it is a first aid for scalds and burns . . . and relieves sun-burn . . . keep two packages . . . one in the kitchen . . . one in the medicine chest . . . grocers have it . . . in sealed containers . . . for just a few cents



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ANGLED WIVES

by Peggy Shane

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

A girl finds herself in a taxicab in New York with a strange man who says "an awful shock." He leaves her a moment, and she drives on. She fears him. She stops at the home, wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. She has a wedding ring. At the hotel a young woman announces with the girl's \$900. An elderly woman, Mrs. Oscar Du Val, cordially greets the nameless girl, addressing her as "Doris," wife of Mrs. Val's son, Rocky. Rocky is abroad. Doris is taken to the home of Du Val and her sculptor husband. Doris falls in love with Rocky's nephew, but cannot remember having tried him. Visiting a store, a woman insists she hide from observation. Rocky returns. He demands to know she is and why his wife is home. She cannot tell. He agrees, for the sake of his pretend they are husband and wife. Rocky takes Doris to his apartment to confront his wife. She finds the flat empty. Doris finds her photograph and a letter as her as the girl who stole Doris finally tells Rocky she is her memory.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

one looked up at him smiling. "Perhaps they know me!"
"No—they didn't act like that. More as if they were pointing out a celebrity."
"Where are they?"
"They wait a minute, here's our cab, young lady," he scolded. "Hop in and don't jump away like that again. I'm a nervous fellow."
"But those women—"
"Hop in." He lifted her gently off her feet and set her in the cab. A minute later he was beside her, having told the driver to go to a certain speakeasy.
"But Rocky—if those people were pointing me out it must have been for some reason."
Rocky settled himself beside her and drew out a cigarette. "Well can't you see, Baby, I didn't like their looks. If they were friends of yours, you're better off without them, and while I don't want to be melodramatic—"
In the gayety of the evening she had forgotten her old conviction that something terrible lay in her past from which memory had mercifully shut her out.
Rocky laid his hand over hers. "Forgive me," he said, "I was foolish not to go up to those people, but I had a hunch—a feeling—not to do it."
The cab had stopped at a red light. A small boy was darting between the lined-up cars holding out papers.
"Oh, Rocky, we forgot about the tabloids. Let's look in."
"O. K.," said Rocky, feeling in his pockets. "I've been away so long I don't know what the latest scandals are myself." Theurchin jumped on the running board and sold his papers. Doris' eyes dropped to the headlines:
KILLER BRIDE'S GUN FOUND
Diane Merrell's Father Identifies Gun Discovered on Ferry Boat.
The papers slid to the floor. For a moment she remembered. She knew everything, then she collapsed. She crumbled into a heap on the taxicab floor, moaning and clutching Rocky's knees.
When she came to her senses she was lying across the bed in Rocky's apartment while he leaned over her with anxious, fear-stricken eyes.
"You fainted."
"Yes—it was. It was something—she could not go on. She could not remember what it was."
She closed her eyes, sighed. "How did I get here?"
He flushed. "I carried you. You were unconscious."
"You were kind." She was too exhausted to say more. Nor could she bring herself to mention the papers. Just as she had forgotten the words over the radio, she had again forgotten the headlines in the paper. Her mind seemed to refuse to go back toward them. She knew that something too horrible for contemplation had been revealed to her. She didn't have the strength to think about it.
Then she saw that he was very excited. He walked around the room picking up things, throwing them down. He seemed beside himself with some new strange emotion.
"What's wrong?"
He sat down in a chair, biting his lips. He hardly noticed her question. She repeated: "What's the matter?"
He rose and came to the bedside. Sealing himself beside her he took her hand. But there was something odd and unconscious in the gesture. "Tell me everything again. Every single thing you remember."
She fixed her dark eyes on his, and something in his earnest seriousness made her begin again. She rehearsed the whole story: the man in the cab, her hatred, her insane desire to get away from him.
"The man in the cab! The man in the cab!" Rocky was pacing the floor again. "What did he look like? I'm sure he's a dark horse."
Wonderingly Doris described him. "Are you positive you can't remember a thing about your real husband?" His eyes looked earnest and anxious. Her face reflected his troubled state. "No. Not a thing."
He shook his head. "It's very terrible."
"I don't know what to do. I know I ought to—" he paused, resumed his restless pacing.

"What ought you to do?"
He turned on her grimly. "Well, something I'm not going to do."
She could stand no more. "Rocky, have you found out who I am?"
"Supposing I have found out?"
She was silent. "It must be something pretty awful," she said after a pause.
"I don't know what to do."
She pulled a cushion from behind her shoulders wearily. "You'd better tell me."
Still he walked up and down. "You've got to trust me."
He had reached that far in his reasoning; that he could not tell her what he knew, and that she would have to do what he thought was best for her. She sighed. It had been such a long hard day, taxing mentally and physically. She could not rouse herself to greater effort. She dozed, slept a little and woke to find him standing with all his luggage in the middle of the floor, a paint brush in his hand.
She watched him take a knife and begin to whittle her bag, on which were the initials D. V.
She spoke sharply. "What are you doing?"
He kept on working at it. "Better go back to sleep, Baby. You're going to need all the rest you can get."
"Rocky, what are you doing?"
"Wantonly wrecking your property."
"I see that. But why?"
"I'm going to paint everything black. Now look here, Baby, there are a lot of things you don't understand. And this is one of them. Turn over, close your pretty eyes and go back to sleep."
Doris swung her feet over the side of the bed. "You're crazy if you think I'm going to let you spoil my bags like that."
"You spoke just too late, lady."
He began to apply black enamel over the outside. "Baby?"
"What?"
"If you're rested you'd better go in the next room and look over the clothes that Doris left here. Pack up in my brown suit case. You'll find it lying on the bed."
"This is the queerest thing that's happened to me yet. I must be dreaming." She put her finger out and touched the wet black paint. "What are you doing this for?"
"Just a precaution. I ought to destroy it, but I'm not ingenious enough to think of a way at the moment. I want to get started in about an hour. Get well out of New York before dawn. I forgot to mention that I'm taking you on a motor trip to Canada. So pack up what you need from Doris' things. You're not to be allowed anything of your own."
She looked at him speechlessly.
He put down his brush. "You are going to let me take care of you?"
She said nothing. "Aren't you?"
"Yes."
"Well, then—"
"I can't know anything!"
He stood close to her looking down. "Only that I'm doing it all for your welfare."
The silence between them was sweet. They did not look at each other, but it was as if he had offered her something precious and she had accepted when she said, "All right."
"Good girl. Now listen: pack up everything you need with what you can find of Doris' things. Take nothing of your own."
"Rocky?"
"What, Nutsance?"
"I can't help feeling you're being rather sweet."
He opened her bags and began smearing paint over the dainty brushes and mirrors inside. "Control your feelings then, darling, and get to work."
"But Rocky, why must you—if you're going to leave it here anyway?"
"Doris might come back. There'd be a— to pay if anyone found this luggage. Look here, how long do you intend to stand there and argue with me? You go pack. I've sent for a basket of food and the minute it comes—we beat it."
She was bewildered. Either she must trust him completely—or—and he was being so nice, doing it all for her. She turned finally and went to look over Doris' things.
She sat on the bed for a minute, her elbows on knees, fists jabbed into her cheeks. What could this mean? There must have been something more in the papers. Rocky didn't want her to know. It was too sweet of him. He thought she was too ill. She got up suddenly and began to pack, wondering in a mist of romantic thoughts if she'd ever be able to stop thinking about him, now that she had begun to see what he was really like.
There was a rap on the door. It was a boy with the lunch basket.
Rocky came in, ready to start.
"Rocky!" she started, but there was earnestness and gravity in his face. He held something in his hand.
"Can you be ready in a few minutes?" he asked, his lips white.
She rose rather shakily. "I guess so." She would have to go with him.
"But why?" she insisted. "You said you'd take care of me and I—"
"H—l, Doris," he said, exasperated. "can't you trust me? You've got to trust me. This is all for your good. I'm no slicker any more than you are. Let's give each other a break."
"Did you save those newspapers?" she asked suddenly.
He shook his head.
"But I'm well enough to read them now," she said urgently. "I know you've been afraid they'd shock me—but I'm all over that silly fairness now. Won't you get another for me?"

ain. "Not now."
Doris looked at him ruefully. "Why won't you let me see a paper?"
"Doris, snap out of it. You are going. I've made all arrangements. It's the only way out. You'll see what I mean, later. Come on, get your things!" He stood up with a bright forced smile.
Doris too rose. She looked up at him, a steady glow in her eyes.
"Rocky, you haven't given me any reason why I should go. You won't even answer my question about a paper. Is there something that I ought not to see?"
He didn't answer.
"Because if you think there's something there that will shock me, that's just what I need. If I can be shocked hard enough, I'll remember everything. Don't you understand?" She saw that he didn't, and put her hot palms lightly to her temples. "Please Rocky, get me a paper."
He looked down at her with a conviction that was beyond stubbornness. "It's no use for you to keep repeating that request," he said. "It's utterly impossible." He took out his watch. "You have five minutes in which to dress for the street. And oh yes, I nearly forgot," he held out a pair of dark horn-rimmed spectacles. "I found these for you."
Doris stared at them. "What for?" she asked.
"For you to wear—if you like," he said.
"But I don't like." Doris was definite.
Rocky smiled pleasantly. "Take them anyway. We might be doing some fast driving—they'll protect you from the wind."
Doris tossed them onto a chair. She was perfectly sure that Rocky would pick them up again, and force her to take them, even wear them, if he chose. He was getting his way about a lot of things.

CHAPTER VII

As they got into the street Doris noticed that Rocky's manner was very strange. He pushed her into the doorway, and looked cautiously up and down the dark street.
"Come on," he whispered.
"What is this?" said Doris pettishly.
"Hurry up."
Rocky had adjusted the top on his roadster. Doris climbed into what was now a glass-enclosed coupe.
"Aren't we going to be rather hot?"
"Can't have the top down. Not until we get away from New York anyway."
The engine was purring. Once more Doris fancied that Rocky looked about fearfully. "You're acting like the girl in Tange's. What is all the excitement?"
"What did you say about a girl in Tange's?"
Doris told the story of the odd, frightened girl who pushed her into a closet.
"She recognized you."
"Do you think she did?"
"Oh yes. Yes, of course. And she was a good sport. I'd like to meet that girl and give her a party. She probably saved your life!"
"Rocky, this is ridiculous. You can't be mysterious like this. Do you mean to tell me you know what made that girl act that way?"
"Certainly I do."
"Then don't be so aggravating. Tell me."
They had skirted Central park and were going up Lenox avenue. Rocky pausing at a red light smiled down on her.
"I'm arm enough?"
"Oh, yes."
"Light me a cigarette, will you?"
She gave him the lighted cigarette.
"Quite the little domestic wife, aren't you?"
"Somehow the sting had gone out of all his jokes. She could no longer feel any antagonism toward him. His mockery seemed to contain a secret tenderness.
Dawn broke as they left New York. Doris sniffed the iridescent mists that rose from the fields.
"Oh Rocky, look, clams!"
A truck was driving up to a garish roadside resort. Men were unloading clams fresh from the sea.
"Can't stop."
"Oh, Rocky, please, they look so delicious."
Rocky slowed the car. "If you'll promise to stay in the car and let me bring you some—" he began.
"Why are you such a tyrant? I think you're just showing off."
"Want some clams?"
"Of course I do."
"Under those conditions."
"Oh I suppose so."
"Atta girl!"
He got out of the car and slammed the door decisively. "Look here, you better put on those dark glasses."
He strode over to the stand. Doris put on the glasses. She knew they made her look hideous. But the morning air, the feel of the fresh new world all about her, and above all the sense of companionship with Rocky made her light-hearted. Whatever there was to worry about was unknown to her.
Rocky came back with a large clam loaded down with horse-radish. "It's still alive."
"Oh, dear, I wish you hadn't said that."
"Nonsense. They like being eaten." He went back for another one.
Doris smiled. The hot sauces burned her throat pleasantly. She felt as if she could eat a dozen clams.
A car was coming toward her—a pale blue closed Victoria, garishly trimmed. It seemed crowded. As it neared her, she heard a snatch of song. Doubtless a party of all night revelers.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHIRLEY CHOOSES

By Polly Johnson

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WNU Service

SPRING, tapping on the office window-panes with the quick, nervous fingers of an April breeze. Within the office, nervously tapping out her transcription of the morning's dictation, Shirley Davis, young and lovely—a personification of spring and eternal youth.
As restless and sweet as the April breeze, with hair gleaming like golden daffodils and eyes like violets.
Thus thought Harold Watson, her employer, as he gazed at her from the doorway.
"With I could ask her to marry me," he thought, and he said, "Back at two, Miss Davis. I'm off for lunch."
Shirley looked up, nodded and smiled, and Harold Watson left her. He loved her, and that was that.
He was engaged to Catherine Phillips, and that was that.
Catherine was a great girl. The match was thoroughly suitable from every angle. Both she and he had wealth and social position. They had many tastes in common.
The families had been friends for generations. Worst of all, he loved Catherine—or had been sure he did, until a few days ago. And Catherine had said she loved him.
Fifteen minutes later Shirley perched herself on a high chair in front of her favorite lunch counter.
She watched the clean, bony, red hands of the young man behind the counter making sandwiches. Then she raised her eyes to his pale, serious face. She smiled—as sweetly, as radiantly, as she had smiled fifteen minutes before at Harold Watson.
"Hello," she said. "Making sandwiches?"
He grinned.
"Morning," he answered. "No, I'm driving out to the country club for a game of golf."
Shirley's cheeks flushed rose color.
Shirley was in love with nobody. Not with the grave young man who worked so hard behind the lunch counter. Not with her rich, discontented young employer. At least, Shirley assured herself that she was quite heartless. Yet she was sensitively conscious about them both. She knew they were both interested in her, perhaps.

She stood there pale and nervous. "Miss Davis," he said—"I'm sorry about last night. I mean—"
"I know," said Shirley. "You shouldn't have. You can't afford to do foolish things, Mr. Watson."
"That's not it," said Harold. "I mean, I'm not worried about myself. I'm thinking about you. I mean, I asked you to go to dinner with me last night just as I might have asked any girl—"
He struggled painfully with embarrassment.
Shirley helped him out.
"You mean just as you might have asked any girl of your own social set, don't you? All right—apologies accepted."
Her pulse was racing, but she tried to be nonchalant.
Harold flushed.
"Well, that's putting it rather crudely, but you're good to help me out. Will you marry me, Shirley? You're too good for me—and I love you. I know you may think I'm not worth much. But I could give you everything. You'd never have to raise your finger again—and I'd spend my life trying to give you what you want."
It was hard for Shirley. He was a charming young man. Any woman would like him. And Shirley liked him a lot. But she knew it was the thought of wealth and freedom from work that almost lured her into accepting him.
A penthouse in town, an estate in Virginia, a camp in the Adirondacks, travel, clothes, automobiles—all hers, if she would utter one word. But Shirley refused Harold Watson.
As she watched his slender white fingers gripped on the edge of her desk, she saw, taking their place, two bony, red hands, deftly, busily, making sandwiches. And Shirley said no.
At seven o'clock she and Michael Ryan sat over the end of their dinner in a none-too-good, cheap neighborhood restaurant.
"And so," Michael said, "that's how it stands. It would be hard sledding at first. But I think times are on the up-and-up. And if I put my savings into a lunchroom of my own—and there's that place around a Twelfth street I can get—and work like the devil for a few years, I'll make good. I know I will. And I thought—maybe you'd marry me. I love you."
Shirley looked down at the coarse tablecloth.
Automobiles and country estates, furs and soft silks, a pension and trips to Europe, jumbled themselves with a vision of a clean, tempting, lunch counter, such as Michael had been discussing with her in his ideal.
His voice came again, full, wistful.
"I don't know, though. I don't want to urge you. I care too much for that. Ever since that first day, I made a sandwich for you. I'd want you to remember—it'd be work—and work—for both of us for a few years. Hard work for you, when I'd do so much to offer you the money and comfort you deserve."
Suddenly the jumble of automobiles and ermine cleared away from Shirley's vision.
All indecision went with it.
"Hard work?" She spoke softly, vibrantly, to the boy across the table.
"Why, Michael Ryan, think what I want—hard work, together with the man I love."

With one exception hardly ever comes in genuine conception, of course is an American order.
Cream, lemon, butterscotch and sturdy qualities of somehow when a pie, but pun apples and caramel or even pared to it?
This lowly vegetable, prominently along the holly hock of the flower gardens, the ugly duckling of the flocks. It is all the fairy stories which illustrate the hidden virtues of common things. It is the lesson all the old Alger hocks incarnate. It is the American philosophy of rags to riches on pure merit.
Pumpkin pie is one of the things that make life worth living and autumn worth being. The season for it only comes once a year, and a fellow is warranted in giving up backwear cakes, apple dumplings, fresh sausage and home-mashed potatoes to save a place for a man-sized slab of it at any meal.—Columbus Dispatch

Tired.. Ner

W. Winsor Pepl
HER face was so tired. She banished that "dead tired" feeling. Won new youthful color—restful nights, active days—all because she rid her system of bowel-clogging wastes that were sapping her vitality. MR. Pepl's (Nature's Remedy)—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative—worked the transformation. Try it for constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizziness, colds. See how refreshed you feel. At all drug stores. N.T.O-NIGHT
TUMS Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach.

Watch your Kidneys

Don't Neglect Kidney Bladder Irregularities, getting promptly at nagging backache. They are of some disordered kidney function. Don't expect Doan's Pills. Successful years. Used the world over. Doan's today. At all drug stores.

Martyrs Who Died for Their Christian Faith

St. Barbara lived in the Third century. She embraced Christianity, and was delivered up by her father, who, after she had been tortured, himself beheaded her, and was immediately struck by lightning. She considered the patron saint of artillerymen. St. Cecilia (died 230), the patron saint of music, belonged to a noble Roman family, and being converted to Christianity, refused to sacrifice to idols. One legend is that she was thrown into a cauldron of boiling water, where she remained unhurt, and was then condemned to be beheaded, but the executioner found it impossible to obey his orders. Cecilia, however, saved further trouble by dying naturally three days afterwards. She is regarded as the special patron of the organ.

Three Distinct Types of Dirigible Airships

Dirigibles are of three types, the rigid, so-called because the form of the airship is maintained by a rigid structure or skeleton within the outer covering, or envelope, the rigid, or blimp, in which the form is maintained by the gas within the envelope. The pressure of the gas and a rigid or jointed keel maintain the form of the third type, the semirigid airship. The blimp is driven by an engine in an airplane fuselage slung beneath the gas bag.
The term dirigible is taken from the expression dirigible balloon, applied to those lighter-than-air craft which can be steered. Free balloons, such as those used in the Bennett trophy race, depend upon the whim of the wind for direction.

Very Low Birth Rate

England and Wales for 1931 had the lowest birth rate, with an exception, of any country in the world. It was 15.8 per thousand, and showed a decrease of 16,730 births as a total of 632,081.
"Silent Majority"
Ralph—Poor David; he has just joined the "silent majority."
Peter—What do you mean? He has not died, has he?
Ralph—No, but he's just got married.—Chelsea Record.

Doan's Pills

ORIGINAL PURITY AND FULL STRENGTH SEALED IN BY MOISTURE-PROOF CELLOPHANE. World's Largest Seller at 10c
★ ASK FOR IT BY NAME ★
St. Joseph's GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

St. Joseph's Pure Aspirin

I MAIL A LETTER THAT BRINGS ME 30c profit, you can use it, send stamp. WALTER REAGAN
415 W. Lubbok St., San Antonio, Texas.
Piano Jazz Ten Lesson Course, including 34 months' personal instruction, complete \$4. Successful unique method. Limited offer. Order now. Carlsons, Box 1062, Yakima, Wash.
SOUVENIR FOLDER OF 15 PHOTOS of Chicago World's Fair 1954-cash, 3 for 11. H. J. REIMANN
2117 So. St. Louis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FARM, HEART OF THE BEAN COUNTRY

A MIRACLE INVENTION
The Everlasting match replaces million matches. An absolute guaranteed product. Never fails. Sells on sight so man and woman. Don't delay. Order today. Samples to agents. THE WOODBURN MATCH CO., 200 N. WENDELL AVE., VILLA PARK, ILLINOIS.
54 EASY WAYS TO MAKE MONEY
10c each. C. J. SHIPLEY, 1199 Vine St., Wheeling, West Virginia.
★ ASK FOR IT BY NAME
MOROLINE
WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY
WNU-L 41-33

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former
ters, Coa
He. u for warmth
service.
B. & B. Variety Store.
Rev C. B. Ingram of Claron-
is agent for Roberts Marble
Granite Monuments—"Good
for all time"—a product that you
can buy with full confidence in
its beauty and value. He will be
pleased to serve you.
Subscribe for The Informer

SENIOR B. Y. T. U.
For Sunday, October 29:
Topic, "Victories for Christ in
South America."
Scripture Reading—Virgil Mc-
Pherson.
Introduction—Group Captain
Victories for Christ in Person-
al Evangelism—Truman Caldwell.
Victories for Christ in Relig-
ious Freedom—Doris Tinsley.
Victories for Christ in the
Spread of the Word—Nettie
Blankenship.
Victories for Christ in Trained
Leadership—Golden Holland.
Victories for Christ in Spirit-
filled Churches—Nina Mae
Bailey.
Ladies Long Sleeved Dresses.
Good style, good material and
good price.
B. & B. Variety Store.

PASTIME THEATRE
Clarendon, Texas
Friday, 27th, One day only
Warner Oland and
Heather Angel, in
**Charlie Chan's Greatest
Case**
A Baffling Mystery
Also Aesop's Fables
Saturday, 28
George O'Brien and
Maureen O'Sullivan, in
Robber's Roost
A western full of thrills
Also Cartoon
Matinee, 10c to all
Saturday Midnight,
Bebé Daniels, in
Cocktail Hour
Babbling Tunes, Plenty of Pep
Begins at 11 o'clock Sharp
Monday, Tuesday, 30, 31
W. C. Fields, Baby Leroy and
Alison Skipworth in
Tillie and Gus
Splendid entertainment
for the whole family
Also Extra Good Shorts.
Wednesday, Thursday, 1, 2
Robert Armstrong, Helen Mack
and Roland Young, in
Wild Adventure
The craziest, most hair-raising
mix-up you ever heard of
Also News and Novelty
Coming: Lillian Harvey in MY
WEAKNESS.

FOR SALE
Good used Dodge coupe for
sale.
Alva Simmons.

This winter weather may be
nice for the ducks, but it's hard
on our four-year-old spring
suit.

The Pathfinder states that
the average wealth per capita in
Texas is \$1906.00. If this is cor-
rect, we'd like to know the guy
that's holding out our share.

Last year tigers in India killed
1,088 men, while men over there
killed 1,068 tigers. Our side is
still ahead, anyhow.

FOR SALE—Good milk cow
with young calf.
C. H. Bennett.

W. T. Hall was here Monday
from Memphis.

RITZ THEATRE
Memphis, Texas
Thursday, Friday, 26, 27
Wheeler and Woolsey
in their best comedy
So This is Africa
and Comedies
10c and 15c
Saturday only, Oct 28
Tim McCoy, in
Rusty Rides Alone
Cartoon and Serial
10c to all
Saturday Midnight,
Sunday Matinee, and Monday
Walter Huston, Madge Evans,
Robert Montgomery, in
Hell Below
Also Two Shorts
10c and 15c
Tuesday, Wednesday, 31, 1
Clive Brook, George Raft,
Alison Skipworth, in
The Midnight Club
Also News and Shorts
10c and 15c

Aluminum Ware at depression
prices.
B. & B. Variety Store.

M. C. Raney has taken over the
Phillips 66
station.

He asks his friends to call on
him when in need of anything
in his line.

The Ex Senior play, "The
Mystery of the Third Gable,"
was presented last Friday night
at the High School auditorium.
All the parts were well rendered.
A good crowd was present, but
we were unable to learn the
amount of the proceeds.

Editor Boliver has returned
from the Memphis Hospital. He
is getting along nicely but is
still confined to his bed.

Subscribe for the Informer.

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

BURIAL EXPENSES
WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST

Through the association of a membership, burial ex-
penses are made possible at any time, thus lessening
the grief and worry when the sad hour comes to you,
if you are a member of the

Donley County Burial Club

that protects you from infants up to seventy-five and
is operated by your neighbors—men whom you know
and upon whom you can depend.

See A. N. Wood or J. D. Woodburn for
information as to the low cost of burial
insurance at their office in Buntin build-
ing next to R. L. Bigger office

The officers and directors are: President, J. T. Pat-
man; Directors, H. Mulkey, W. A. Armstrong, Tom
F. Connally, J. H. Headrick.

LIVE SOLICITORS WANTED

Every Day Specials

Ponca Flour, 48 lb \$1.80

Ponca Best Cream Meal, 20 lb 40c

Pure Lard, 8 lb 63c

Spuds, peck 25c

Apples, pk 30c; bu \$1.00

Sweet Potatoes, pk 20c

Bologna and Minced Ham, lb 12 1-2c

Chili, 1 lb block 15c

Corn Flakes, 13 oz pkg, 10c

Pinto Beans, 24 lb \$1.00

Vinegar, bring your jug, gal 22c

We are giving away \$20.00 in cash
soon. Watch for the date.

We have what you want to buy—
we buy what you want to sell.

EADS & CO.

WE DELIVER THE GOODS

PHONE 23

NOTICE

Two young people, a brother
and sister, wish to find a home
in Hedley and attend Hedley
High School. They are both
good basket-ball players, and
both are eager for an education.
They wish to work in the home
for their board. They can fur-
nish some food stuff from their
farm. They will live in separate
homes. If anyone in Hedley is
interested in seeing or helping
these young people, please get
in communication with Mr.
Steele.

The 1933 duck season opens at
12 o'clock noon next Wednesday.
A large number of tenderfoot
hunters, helpless livestock and
innocent bystanders and other
wild game will doubtless be
slaughtered.

We have both new and used
Coats and Suits at Kendall's, at
bargain prices.

LIFE INSURANCE SALES-
MEN desiring the best plan of
protection to offer their pros-
pects may obtain full information
from 808 Republic Bank Bldg
Dallas, Texas. Call or write to-
day.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Chism will
preach in Hedley, at the Church
of Christ, Saturday and Sunday,
November 11 and 12.

Everybody is invited to come
out and hear him.

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



47

when you know a news item

Here at Last! An Amazing **NU-TYPE**
Aladdin
KEROSENE (CAMP-ON) MANTLE
LAMP
for Only \$4.75
NO need now for any
home to be without plenty
of modern white light of the highest
quality, when this astonishing new
Aladdin in clear sparkling crystal
can be secured for only \$4.75, with a
beautiful glass or Whip-o-lite shade
and tripod for but slightly more. If
you prefer color, choose an Aladdin in
colored crystal for an even \$5.00, choice
of two colors, green or amber.
Why struggle along in the semi-darkness of the old style kerosene
lamp, when this Aladdin will fill it with radiance and cheer, save at
least one-half on oil, in fact it actually pays for itself in a short time.
Simple, safe, sanitary—spotless, oilless and troubleless. Get
yours now at the lowest of all low prices.
BIG PRICE REDUCTIONS
Substantial savings now on all Aladdins—metal table, bracket, hang-
ing, and floor lamps and on new color glass lamp bases. Beautiful new
Whip-o-lite shades also at reduced prices.
Come in and see an Aladdin in operation—it will amaze you!

Thompson Bros.
Hardware and Furniture

Specials

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Flour

48 lb	\$1.59
Meal, Large sack	39c
Sugar, 25 lb	\$1.35
Map, Big Ben, 7 for	25c
Map, Tub or Lighthouse bar,	2c
Map, No. 1 peck	25c
No. 2, 3 for	25c
Maples, No. 2, 3 for	25c
Syrup, gal	43c
Maple, East Tex. gal	55c
Maple, ce	6c

Coffee

Maximiration, 3 lb	79c
Maximiration, 1 lb	29c
Bulk Coffee, that good kind, 2 lb	25c

Shortening

Armour Pure Vegetable 2 lb	17c
Cheese, lb	18c
Sliced Bacon, 6 lb box	58c
Salt Pork, No. 1, side or half side, lb	9c
Bacon, Sugar cured, side or half side, lb	13c
Roast, Rib, 3 lb	25c
Steak, Nice, fat and juicy, lb	15c
Stew Meat, lb	7c
Chili Meat, lb	7c
Hamburger Meat, lb	7c

M System