

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VO. XXIV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS MARCH 2, 1934

NO. 17

Listerine

Prices Lowest In History

LARGE SIZE . . . 75c
MEDIUM SIZE . . . 50c
SMALL SIZE . . . 25c

Hedley Drug Co.

THE REXALL STORE

This Store is a Pharmacy

NEW DEAL BRIDGE CLUB

The New Deal Bridge Club entertained its New Deal Bridge Club at Hedley Friday, Feb. 23. Three tables of players enjoyed the game during the afternoon, and refreshments were served to Mesdames Elyn Hoke, Mary Dishman, P. L. Dishman, Alva Simmons, R. A. M. Jones, Tom Lamberson, Ollie Johnson, L. E. Thompson, R. E. Ketchum and Misses Lucille and H. E. . . .

JUNIOR STUDY CLUB

The Junior Study Club met Feb. 21, at the home of Mrs. R. P. N. . . . The new members were . . . Mrs. John . . . and Misses Lucille and . . . The program was the study of a modern novel . . . after delicious refreshments . . . Mrs. W. Z. . . . of Port Worth, Tex. . . . visiting her son . . .

SPECIAL P. T. A. NOTICE

The P. T. A. will have its regular social meeting Thursday evening, Mar. 1st, at 7.30. The Fourth and Fifth Grades will give demonstrations. Our Founder's Day Program will also be given, at which time a free will offering will be taken. Everybody come.

LEGIION MEETING

All legionnaires are requested to be at 10:00 next regular meeting of the American Legion Post which will be held Friday night, Mar. 2. There are some important things to come up before the meeting one of which will be the celebration of the 15th birthday of the American Legion which will be March 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. . . . and children visited W. N. Bullock and family at Antelope Flat Sunday. Mr. Chunn reports Mrs. Bullock in very poor health, she having been bedfast for about three months. Her friends here desire to learn of the illness of this good woman.

Stirling Goldsby underwent a throat operation in Amarillo one day last week.

ELECTION JUDGES

The Commissioners' Court has selected the judges for holding elections in each of the election precincts of the county. The first named in each instance is the presiding judge, and the names following are the judges of the election. They are:

Gardner—H. M. Stewart and Claude Nixon.
Jericho—Berry James and J. E. Hunt.
Martin—Walter Morrow and J. D. Wood.
Wilson—P. O. Thompson and Bill Bromley.

Axtola—M. S. Swinburne and W. P. Holly.
Clarendon—Bill Patman and A. A. Myes at Courthouse, Tom Connally and W. W. Taylor at the City Hall.

Luna—Willard Knox and W. K. Morton and D. M. Cook.

Giles—A. E. Ranson and T. C. Johnson.

Hedley—P. C. Johnson, G. E. Johnson and J. P. Pool.

Bray—W. H. Clay and B. A. Kiser.

Smith—O. A. Crow and B. B. Smith.

McKnight—J. C. Hickerson and V. Alewine.

Naylor—H. W. Adams and Tom Naylor.

Rowe—A. E. Tidrow and Porter Arnold.

Whitefish—E. H. Browning and Enloe Crisp.

Watkins Oiler—Dan Robison and W. S. Swinney.

Skillet—Buck Glass and Blue Weaver.

Glenwood—Hugo Riemer and Sam Spradling—Donley County Leader.

TO MY FRIENDS & PATRONS

This is to notify you and the public that I had printed and distributed a circular good for 10% in trade at my service station. I now find this is in violation of the code for the Petroleum Industry and I cannot make them good and ask any that have them in their possession will please return them to me.

L. H. Cordray.

ATTENTION

Hedley has a Beauty Parlor with licensed operator of seven years experience; equipped with permanent machine hair dryer, etc., and the latest equipment for curlers, per \$2.00 and up. Please patronize your home Shoppe. Thank you Mrs. Leon Montgomery, Prop.

Chickens - - Turkeys

Don't wait and have Diseased Fowls from Worms and Losses from Blood-Sucking Lice, Mites, Fleas and Blue Bugs this Spring. Begin now to give STAR PARASITE REMOVER in their drinking water, for both Fowls and Baby Chicks. It will keep them free of these destructive Parasites, their system toned up, their health and Egg production good at a very small cost—or money refunded, Wilson Drug Co.

4 1/2 PER CENT MONEY

TO LOAN on Donley County Farms and Ranches
C. L. JOHNSON, Sec. Treas.
Hedley National Farm Loan Association

NOTICE

Bring your Lister Bottoms in and let us fix them up. Also Blacksmithing of all kinds.

BOZEMAN GARAGE

DRINKER IS NOW AS GUILTY AS BOOTLEGGER

A warning to alleged bootleggers and also to those who buy bootleg whiskey was issued yesterday by Sheriff Guy Pierce.

"Anyone, regardless, who is caught with any amount of bootleg liquor in their possession from a spoonful on up, without a revenue stamp on it, is subject to a five year sentence in the penitentiary," Sheriff Pierce says.

Those who wish to report any one having said bootleg liquor in their possession can write or otherwise notify J. M. Shields in care of the Department of Justice at Dallas.

"Mr. Shields told me he would send federal officers here to pick up any prisoners caught with bootleg liquor and carry them to Amarillo for trial in federal court."

On the other hand, liquor bearing the revenue stamp cannot be sold in Texas as it is against the Dean law.

"We have them two ways now and I wish to sound a personal warning to those who persist in drinking liquor that if we catch them we will deal with them accordingly," added the sheriff.

The warning about the bootleg liquor is very timely. Many persons who "take a little for the tummy's sake" will doubtless watch their step. Under the revenue act, those who buy bootleg are just as guilty as those who sell it and are subject to the same penalties.

"No matter where we find liquor, in your home or place of business, you can be turned over to the federal authorities and run the risk of spending five years in federal prison," Sheriff Pierce concluded. "We have the assurance of the fullest cooperation of the federal authorities."—Clarendon News.

The people of the First Baptist church are papering the church and giving it some much needed repairs. There will be a great improvement in the appearance of the church upon the completion of the work.

Mutton suet, salt, best ever for colds. B & R Variety Store.

FOR SALE—Team and tools. Place for rent. See 17-8 T. W. Bain.

NOTICE

Those wishing to sign Corn-Hog contracts must see us at once, as the government is now calling for the contracts, and time will be limited. Please bring evidence to complete contracts. Committee, Claude Bain, G. E. Krasow.

ALL PRODUCE PRICES ADVANCING

Come In and See Us Before You Sell

We Appreciate Your Business—Be It Large or Small

WAKEFIELD

Grocery & Produce

For 18 Years

We have served the people of Hedley.

Today we have greater values than ever before.

There must be a reason.

Try Us

Barnes & Hastings Grocery Co.

PHONE 21

GHUNN & BOSTON

Friday---SPECIALS---Saturday

FLOUR

Flour, Kansas Cream, 48 lb \$1.69

Spuds, pk. 29c

Pineapple, broken slices, 2 No. 2 cans 35c

Corn Flakes, Jersey, box 10c

Baking Powder, K. C., 50 oz. 35c

Baking Powder, K. C., 25 oz. 19c

LYE

Lye, Red Top, 3 for 23c

Lye, Rex, 3 for 25c

Beans, Pintos, 10 lb. 49c

Bologna, Two lbs, 25c

Paper Plates, doz. 9c

Table Napkins, Blu-Kross, 5 doz. 10c

Coffee, Texas Girl, 2 lb. pkg. 33c

Coffee, Admiralty, lb. 29c

Mustard, 7 oz in salt or pepper shaker 10c

Bring us your Cream, Poultry & Hides Phone 48

TEXAS INDEPENDENCE DAY

Honoring those heroes of old who declared Texas Independence from Mexico this bank will be closed all day, March 2nd.

We also honor our present heroes who are overcoming all obstacles and winning in the fight for financial independence.

SECURITY STATE BANK HEDLEY, TEXAS

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

If you need a Spring Tonic try

W. H. BULL'S

Herbs and Iron

A Stomach Tonic and Appetizer

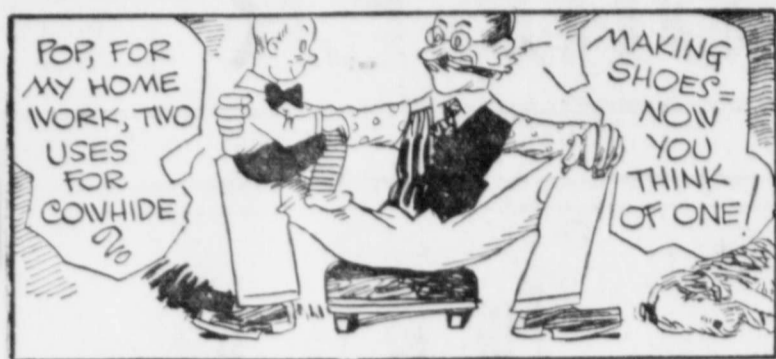
A Preparation which Stimulates the Appetite and Exerts a Stomach-chole Influence. In addition it acts upon the bowels as a mild laxative. Suitable alike for young and elderly people when an Iron Tonic of this kind is indicated.

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63

SUCH IS LIFE— To Be Sure!



Fifty Famous Frontiersmen

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

"Original Leather Stocking"

"THE author has often been asked if he had any original in his mind for the character of Leather-Stocking. In a physical sense, different individuals known to the writer in early life certainly presented themselves as models through his recollections; but in a moral sense this man of the forest is purely a creation."

Thus wrote J. Fenimore Cooper in the preface to his immortal "Leather-Stocking Tales," and that statement should pretty well dispose of various historical characters whose claims to being "the original Leather-Stocking" have been advanced from time to time. One of them is Tim Murphy, the famous Morgan Rifleman and Scout of the Schoharie.

But if you would look upon a faithful likeness of the man who probably was most in Cooper's mind as he created the character "Leather-Stocking" in "The Pioneers" (the first published of the Leather-Stocking Tales) or "Deerslayer" in the book of that name, go to the town of Caroga, N. Y., and gaze upon the heroic bronze statue of Nicholas Stoner which stands looking out over Canada lake.

The son of old Henry Stoner, a pioneer settler of Broadalbin, N. Y., young Nick became a crack shot with the long rifle almost as soon as he was big enough to carry one. At the age of fifteen he enlisted in the Continental army with his father and brother and fought at Saratoga, Orlizkany, in the Rhode Island campaign, was at Valley Forge and shared in the triumph at Yorktown.

Toward the close of the Revolution old Henry Stoner returned home only to be killed and scalped by the Indians and leave to his sons a heritage of hatred for the red men. After the war Nick Stoner became the most celebrated hunter and trapper in New York and his fame was spread by Simms in his book, "The Trappers of New York."

At the outbreak of the War of 1812 he marched away to battle again, serving for three years, most of the time as chief of scouts for General Dodge of the New York militia. When the war was over he went back to his hunting and trapping, and his friendship with Cooper during this period adds plausibility to the theory that he was the principal "original" of Cooper's famous frontier character. Although he served in many county offices until his death in 1853, the statue which stands at Caroga is the best symbol of his place in history—as a hunter, a trapper, an Indian fighter and as nearly the personification as any man ever was of the typical frontiersman created by a great American novelist—"Leather-Stocking."

Leader of the Lost Trappers

ONE of the most romantic stories of the Old West is that of Capt. Ezekiel Williams and his "Lost Trappers." The story had its beginnings in the Lewis and Clark expedition when those two famous explorers, upon their return to St. Louis, brought with them a Mandan Indian chief, named Big White. The chief was royally entertained in St. Louis but in a short time he asked to be sent home.

An escort of 20 men was enlisted for this duty and they were placed in command of Capt. Ezekiel Williams. On April 25, 1807, they set out from St. Louis and proceeded up the Missouri until Big White was once more among the Mandans. This duty done they could have returned to St. Louis. But Williams and his men had another idea and that was to "explore the country on the waters of the Missouri, to trap for beaver and even to penetrate and cross the Rocky mountains."

So on up into the Yellowstone country they went. There they were set upon by hostile Blackfeet and lost five of their number. Retreating southward, they fell in with the Crows, who killed five more of their number and took all of their horses.

The party, now reduced to ten men, hastened on foot toward the headwaters of the South Platte where they hoped to find a better pass through the mountains than Lewis and Clark had found. That winter and the next spring the remnant of the expedition spent near the sources of the Arkansas river and here they fell in with hostile Comanches who picked off their men, one by one, until at last only three of the original 20 were left. These three were Captain Williams, James Workman and Samuel Spencer.

By this time they had no idea of which direction to take to reach a settlement. Captain Williams was sure they were on the Red river but the other two were equally certain that they were not far from Santa Fe. So they decided to separate. Williams continued down the river and eventually reached Fort Cooper on the Missouri.

Workman and Spencer headed toward the Wind river mountains and in a short time were hopelessly lost in the wilderness. After many weeks of wandering they finally struck the Colorado river and fell in with a Mexican caravan which took them to Upper California. The following spring they went to Santa Fe, where they remained as traders for the next 15 years. History has forgotten them now but they should be remembered—as the first Americans to float upon the waters of the Rio Colorado and the first to cross the Rocky mountains south of Lewis and Clark's pass.

Decrease in Population in 30 Years Is Predicted

Social Code Disregarded in Face of Luxury.

Washington.—Definite prospects of a declining population in the United States are foreseen by federal economists as the result of a present-day social code in which the rearing of children has been subordinated to craving for economic luxuries.

Within the next three decades, according to Dr. O. E. Baker, senior economist of the Department of Agriculture, the population of this country probably will reach a peak of about 130,000,000 persons and begin a downward movement unless present trends are reversed.

"For twelve years," Doctor Baker declared, "the number of births in the United States has been less each year than in the year preceding, with three exceptions. In 1933 there were about 800,000 fewer children born than there were in 1921."

"In addition the flow of immigrants from Europe has been stopped; indeed, each year during the last three years more people have left the United States than have entered it. Ten to twelve years ago the yearly increase of population in the nation was about two millions. Now it is less than one million."

Blames Costs and Tastes.

Doctor Baker finds no indication that the decline in the birth rate is slowing up. Already, he says, there are not enough children being born to maintain the present population permanently. But for the next few decades the population will continue to show slight annual increases because of the large number of middle aged people now living.

The Department of Agriculture economist attributed the declining birth rate to two modern day circumstances—the high cost of rearing children in large cities and the unwillingness of parents to sacrifice in order to have children.

Doctor Baker quoted statistics com-

puted by the Metropolitan Life Insurance company showing that prior to the depression the average cost of raising a child to the age of eighteen in New York city was about \$7,500, or fully \$10,000 if 5 per cent interest on the investment be allowed.

Farming Would Help.

"Three children per mother, the number necessary to maintain population stationary," he commented, "means, therefore, an investment of \$25,000 to \$30,000. The average cost on the farms is probably only a third as large, and in the small towns and villages is intermediate."

"The decline in the birth rate would doubtless be retarded if a larger proportion of the people lived in suburbs, small cities, and villages, particularly if many engaged in part-time farming."

"The rural population," Doctor Baker continued, "is no longer able to maintain its own numbers and provide enough young people to the cities. If jobs could be found for them, to balance the urban deficit. The large cities particularly may well consider the handwriting on the wall. We may be on the verge of very great shifts in the residence of the people."

"Fully as important, I believe, as an increase in the proportion of the population living in a rural environment, is an increase in the number of parents who are willing to sacrifice for the sake of children and the preservation of the family line."

Big Nets Used to Trap French Wild Pigeons

Paris.—Trapping wild pigeons in nets is the newest thing in hunting, according to reports from the Pays Basque and Landes, where this type of sport is enjoyed.

Every year the wild pigeons start a pilgrimage south, and their route follows the Garonne valley, where they assemble for the fight across the Pyrenees. It is here that the hunters stretch great nets across the valley and attract the pigeons with various foods.

Flying low in the valley and through the trees, they do not see the net and run headlong into it. As soon as they are snared the hunters start hurling chunks of wood at their prey, so that they fall stunned to the ground. This year the catch has been especially good.

Poor Health When 80, Hale on Reaching 100

Greensburg, Ind.—Twenty years ago Thomas J. Shields, of Adams, made his own coffin of walnut, lined with satin, and fitted with silver handles, and stored it away in a condemned building. Shortly afterward the building burned, destroying all contents, including the coffin.

Shields was eighty years old at the time and was in impaired health. He recently celebrated his one hundredth birthday anniversary and is in good health. He is the oldest voter in Decatur county. He lives with his son.

Goes to Puerto Rico



Miss Rose Schneiderman, champion of the working women of this country, left her post with the national labor board in Washington to become sole labor adviser in the administration of the NRA in Puerto Rico. She will work with Max Long, NRA administrator, in framing codes and furthering the same principles in Puerto Rican industry that have been laid down in the United States mainland.

OUR NATIONAL MORALE

LEONARD BARRETT

The economic readjustment through which we have been passing has been characterized by some writers as a bloodless revolution. While the term revolution may seem a bit harsh, in the final analysis that is just exactly what has occurred. We are gradually emerging out of a revolution, which did not occur some fifty or a hundred years ago and which could easily have been accompanied with all the horrors of bloodshed. Every person, regardless of his social or economic status, has been compelled to suffer severe loss. This has not only been financial but in many cases has involved the impairment of health. The rich man of yesterday has become the poor man of today. Much of the real suffering will never be adequately apprehended for the reason that wide forbids publicity.

The astounding fact is that all this tremendous burden, the risk and strain of making readjustment, has been borne with a minimum amount of criticism. It would seem that this country is honestly and seriously endeavoring to pull itself up and is sincerely endeavoring to follow governmental leadership.

It is a clear indication of that philosophic attitude, which though restless at times, is content to toil and wait. In his recent address, President Roosevelt spoke of the recovery which means a reform of many old methods, and a permanent readjustment of many of our ways of thinking. Therefore, of many of our social and economic arrangements.

We agree with the President. It has been a hard but successful year, and as he remarked, "We have plowed the furrow and planted the good seed—the hard beginning is over—we must now cultivate the soil."

May this cultivation of the soil be accomplished with the same spirit of co-operation. If this is done throughout the country, the future is assured.

Lava Bear Captured

Klamath Falls, Ore.—A lava bear, one of the most unusual and rare species of the bear genus, was caught in a coyote trap near here recently. The bruiser weighed more than 500 pounds.

One Nickel Saved Is a Tear Earned

Holden, Okla.—Whe Lloyd Burris received a nickel for good grades in school he purchased some corn and planted it, growing several bushels. Part of the crop he traded for a pig, which ate the surplus corn and grew into a hog. The hog was traded for a calf, which was bartered for a pair of coits. Burris, now a farmer, has a dandy team of horses which cost him the nickel.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

THERE are certain ways of judging the quality of materials woven of cotton strands, and the homemaker does well to acquaint herself with them, in order to select yard goods or articles made of cotton and have them prove durable and well-suited to requirements.

When yard goods is being purchased, see the cut end. Ravel a strand from it. Run the un-

gloved fingers gently and carefully over it, first without moving the thumb and finger as the strand is very slowly drawn between them. This will show whether there are any decided unevennesses in size of the strand, which should be straight, smooth and even. It is well to do this with two or three strands, so that the judgment is not based on an exceptional one.

The next thing is to hold one end of a strand in the left hand and very slowly and carefully unwind the other end of the strand with the right hand, rolling the thread between the thumb and forefinger until the filaments uncoil. As they slightly separate, it becomes evident whether the filament is long or short. If it is long the cotton is of high grade. The length of filaments is a matter of great importance in judging cotton and other threads and weaves made from them.

Weaves.

The fineness or coarseness of the weave should be carefully considered according to the use to which the textile is to be put. Two elements come into this consideration, the size of the yarn, as the thread is termed, and the closeness of the weave, by which is meant the number of threads or warp and filling in a given square, as a square inch, which is the usual measuring area. It is evident that there will be more yarn threads in a close weave of fine yarn, than in that of coarse or heavy yarn, yet the latter can be of as high a grade of weaving as the former. Whether it is or not will also depend on the grade of yarn—that is, whether it is of long, well-twisted filaments or not.

In examining woven cotton goods try to discover if there are any tiny, almost infinitesimal fuzzy particles. These burrs indicate loining places of yarns or filaments in strands. While there would be some, they should be very few and far between in a material of high grade.

As will be seen by the above, it is knowing what to look for in yarns and weaves that provides the means of judging textiles, and some of these ways are easily comprehensible. There are intricacies for those who test

goods expertly, but some of the minor methods have been shown which anyone can grasp.

Home Decoration.

A home should be representative of the occupants, whether there be one or many in the family. It should be more than a building housing people. There should be something vital about it, something in character with the people living under its roof. To a certain extent this is true of almost every dwelling, for personalities are invading elements. What is wanted is more of the occupant's personalities distilled, and not that of dictators of styles or those who have charge of decorations. This has been too much a vogue. The idea of having a house in perfection of decoration has often been responsible for substituting the characteristics of those who were not occupants, rather than accenting those of the family. It is a wise thing to have the aid of a person who knows details of decoration as a guide to the homemaker, but it is equally important that the decorator leave the imprint of the best taste of the occupants in the house and not mere cold fashion.

It is, however, far from the fault of decorators that interiors reflect vagues rather than the owner's good taste. The homes which are solely lacking in characteristics of occupants, are those in which colors and arrangements, and even the articles of furniture and furnishings, are chosen not to coincide with the tastes of those who are to live within the four walls, but to accord with certain definite phases of decoration which are being featured.

While it is true and also laudable that furnishings should be in good style, it is possible and practical to select individual pieces which will fill the needs of the family, furnish rooms pleasantly, express individuality, and yet be articles chosen for mere style. The pieces in any one room should go well together in kind or at least in color of wood.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Boss of Phillies



Jimmy Wilson, veteran catcher, who will be manager of the Philadelphia National league baseball club during the seasons of 1934 and 1935. Wilson played with the Phillies before and was recently returned to them in a trade with the St. Louis-Cardinals.

Needs Good Time Watcher

Over a period of 24 hours, a navigator uses seven different kinds of time to determine the exact location of his ship at sea.

Latest in Hats



A pleated flange of the straw is blown forward over the right side of the face in this creation for midday.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

PROTECTING LIGHTHOUSE FROM SUN!
COVERS MUST BE PLACED ON THE LENSES OF LIGHTHOUSES, WHICH OTHERWISE FOCUS THE SUN'S RAYS AND BECOME HUGE BURNING GLASSES DURING THE DAYTIME.

GRASS PAPER.
THE ESPARTO GRASS COVERING THE HIGH PLATEAU OF ALGIERS IS BEING INCREASINGLY USED TO MAKE PAPER.

STARS AND SPACE.
IN SPACE MATTER IS A BILLION TIMES SCARCER THAN IN AIR, WHILE IN STARS IT IS THOUSANDS OF TIMES DENSER THAN LEAD.

Seminoles Have a Papoose Show



Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, noted health specialist, was the chief judge at a baby show in Miami, Fla., held exclusively for the Seminole Indian papooses. The doctor is shown above examining some of the small children entered in the contest, aided by his two nurses, Mrs. H. F. Cowley and Miss Angie Estelle.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Mrs. A. C. Solter, Owner
Edward Boliver, Editor and
Manager

The Hedley Informer is published weekly on Friday mornings. It is published at the residence of the publisher, Mrs. A. C. Solter, 1217 North Main Street, Hedley, Texas. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year in advance. Single copies are sold at 10 cents. Contributions and advertisements are invited.

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

Huffman's Barber Shop
Expert Barbers and Haircutters
Shampoo, Hot and Cold Baths
You will be pleased with our service. Pay in advance.
V. H. Huffman, Prop.
J. W. Webb, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas
Office Phone 21
Residence Phone 21

O. E. Dickinson
DENTIST
HEDLEY, TEXAS
Office at Hedley, Texas
Dr. F. V. Walker
General Practice
Dental, X-Ray and Specialty
Residence Phone 5
Office with Wilson Drug Co.
Hedley, Texas

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287
AMERICAN LEGION
Meets in the B. S. Friday in each month

Hedley Lodge No. 991
A. P. and A. M.
Meets on the 2nd Thursday night in each month.
A regular program is given to attend V. L. M. M. W. M. I. O. O. F. meetings.

Phillips 66 Station
He invites his friends to call on him when in need of anything in his line.

CHURCH OF CHRIST
Brother Frank E. Ohism will preach in Hedley, at the Church of Christ, Saturday and Sunday, March 10 and 11.
Rev. Ohism is invited to come out and hear him.
Midweek Bible Study each Wednesday night.
Bible Classes every Sunday morning from 10 to 11 o'clock.
Everyone is cordially invited to attend.
Subscribe for the Informer.

FRESHMEN APPOINTMENTS

Committees for a party to be given March 17 in the parlors of the Hall of the Texas Woman's College by the freshman class were appointed this week by Miss Olivia Benom of Midlothian president. Junior class members will be honor guests.

Miss Gladie McCallister of Lampasas is the chairman of the invitation committee, assisted by Miss Dorothy Flint of Fort Worth, Margaret Beck of Pampa, Helen Meek of Quanah, and Ellen Young of Fort Worth.

The entertainment committee is headed by Miss Elsie Price of Fort Worth, with Misses Ruth Gans of Fort Worth, Jim Lora of Gifford, Mattie Beth Price of Colorado and Dorothy Maston of Waxahatchee assisting. Miss Jeannette Clark of Hedley is chairman of the decorations committee. Per assistants are Misses Ruth Gans of Panhandle, Dorothy Flint of Anson, Doris Roberts of Fort Worth and Wynona Hall of Capitan, N. M.

Refreshments for the party are in charge of Misses Cleon Poole of Dallas, chairman; Atress Randle of Lamesa, Bernice Love of Vernon, Catherine Louise McClung of Atlanta and Jamie Lee Watkins of Hale Center. Miss Mary Catherine Barlow of Chilton is chairman of the furniture committee. Her assistants are Misses Avonni Vance of Panhandle, Arletta Minton of Stanton, Edith Finch of Kopy and Avonni West of Abilene. Hedley Daily Telegram.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

For Sunday, March 4
Topic: Christ Must Rule in Our Preparation for Service.
Introduction—Group Captain.
How to let Christ control our Preparation for Service—Tromman Caldwell.
A Bible-filled Mind is Essential for Service—Nina Mae Bailey.
A Christ-controlled Personality is Necessary for Service—Nettie Blankenship.
Christ Must Govern our Habits—Joyce Tinsley.
Christ-guided Preparation Produces Skill—Loretta Moore.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

W. M. Pool, pastor
Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Morning service Feb 18 11:00
"Can a child of God apostatize so far as to be lost in Hell?"
Evening service at 7:45 "Does God chastise His Children for Disobedience?" The answers will be from the Word of God. Come and hear for yourself and let us reason together out of God's Word. B. Y. P. U. and Adult Bible Study at 6:30. Come.

NAZARENE CHURCH

Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching service 11 a. m.
Young people meet at 6:30
Night service at 7:30.
Rev. Nannie Carter, Pastor.

Men's fast color broad cloth dress shirts on-shrunk, bargain prices. B & B Variety Store.
Mrs. Ohiost and son Arlon, left Tuesday for Truro, where they will make their home. The next wishes of their many Hedley friends go with them.
Mrs. Josie Adanson visited in Amarillo Saturday and Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Williams and daughter, Miss Myrtle Mae, and Dorothy Jo Williams, of Claud, were Hedley visitors Sunday.
Mrs. W. C. Bridges and children and Mrs. L. E. Thompson and children visited in Pampa Saturday night and attended the Hedley Berger ball game.

WIMPY SUPPER AND SLUMBER PARTY

About 8:00 p. m. Tuesday a number of healthy, mischievous girls raided the home of Misses Jeanne and Nettie Blankenship. After several piano selections by Haseltine Bradley, several songs were sung by the group. Then hamburgers were served, after which Miss Nell Grant gave several readings which were greatly enjoyed by all. Sitting by the bedside wild stories were told by members of the group who felt inspired. Then games were played until the wee small hours of the night. Later candy was made and served while Nina Mae furnished the entertainment.

Then we all got our beauty-sleep amid the giggles of kiddy-headed girls. Rising at an early hour, breakfast was served to the following: Nina Mae Bailey, Jessie Evans, Nell Grant, Pauline Boliver, Edna Mae Smith, Hazel Edna Bradley, Jessie Mildred Jolwell, Emma Lowell Plunk, Joyce Tinsley, and Jeanne and Nettie Blankenship.
All reported having a very enjoyable time and voted Jeanne and Nettie dandy hostesses.

Rev. M. M. Beavers, presiding elder of the Clarendon District, will preach at the Methodist church Sunday morning and will hold the Second Quarterly Conference after preaching.

KEEP AMERICAN IDEALS OF LIBERTY ALIVE

Recent press stories record a German sales girl being sent to a Nazi prison for nine months because she remarked to a friend that she knew of abuses in a concentration camp; a peddler sentenced to eight months in jail because he saw storm troopers kill several Jews in Leipzig; an elderly woman being given six months for saying that relief given unemployed was scanty in view of the \$298,000,000 fund available; a woman jailed for fifteen months for writing a letter—opened by a censor—to a sister in New York telling about conditions under Nazi government; a situation in Russia where helpless masses now bow to a communistic despotism more relentless than that of the czar; that Fascism has given Italy material benefits, though individual liberty has been killed; that the Germans, from a liberty loving people devoted to family life, are bowing with apparent willingness to a despotism more absolute and cruel than any other the modern world has seen.

The situation is beyond understanding particularly as all these political upheavals and revolutions were to benefit the masses. But the net result, in each case, seems to have been to reduce the individual to a cipher under the domination of iron-handed officialism that lays out the course of every man, woman and child.
Is it possible that American citizens, in another ten years, will have accepted a program which makes the citizen exist as a tax-paying machine for the benefit of government, or will we get back to the fundamental doctrine of our country that government exists for the individual, and that our public officials are servants and administrative officers of the people, rather than their overlords and masters?
Will the day come when an American editor fears to criticize government, and will the day come when our government can censor the opinions that editors express to their readers, as seems to be the case in such countries as Germany, Russia and Italy?
It is high time the American people bore these dangers in mind.—Industrial News Review.

MASONS MEET AT CLARENDON

W. C. Bridges attended the George Washington celebration and banquet at Amarillo, Thursday of last week, which was sponsored by the Master Masons of the 99th Masonic District of Texas. All Master Masons of the 98 District were invited to attend.

P. C. Johnson, Lee Nowlin and W. C. Bridges attended the Washington Program at Clarendon, Friday night, Feb. 23rd. This was a joint meeting of the Hedley and Clarendon Masonic lodges. There was a nice program arranged with plenty of eats for all. The speakers of the evening were Lee Nowlin of Hedley, who spoke on the life of Sam Houston, and his Masonic affiliation; Mr. Drennon of Clarendon, spoke on the subject George Washington as a Mason; Judge J. B. Clark of Wheeler made a very interesting talk. Each of these talks were enjoyed by all present.

Bro. H. E. Nicholson, our District Deputy, was present and made a short talk which was enjoyed by everyone. There were approximately 200 Masons present. Out of town visitors were: P. C. Johnson, Lee Nowlin, W. C. Bridges, J. R. Bain, W. A. Armstrong, S. C. Harris, U. J. Boston, Hedley lodge.
J. H. Morris, Mt. Carmel, S. C. Sam Randle, Walnut lodge 957
H. E. Sherwood, H. A. Wynn, Douglas Doster, Wellington lodge
M. M. Nobles, Wichita Falls.
M. H. Rhodes, Kansas City, Mo.
M. W. Harty, Isora, Texas
Gay Andis, H. G. McClosky, Roy Rister, Groom, Texas
G. F. Reeves, Quail lodge.
M. R. Aliensworth, Chillicothe, Texas.

F. L. French, Spur lodge
J. B. Clark, Shamrock lodge
H. C. Tims, F. M. and H. M. Phillips, F. N. Carter, J. J. Ray, Goodnight lodge.
H. E. Nicholson, H. J. Garrison, Wheeler lodge.
Dr. M. L. Stricklin, Grobeck lodge.
B. F. McCracken, Medicine Lodge, Kans.
Simmons Powell, Henrietta lodge.

W. M. SOCIETY

The ladies of the Methodist church held their regular meeting Monday in the delightful home of Mrs. Dishman, lovingly called Aunt Georgia, by those who have known her longest. A very pleasant afternoon indeed. This dear mother in Israel seemed well as usual, and we were glad to meet with her and enjoy the association, the Bible lesson in 11 Kings including second chapter gave us much food for thought. Why so many fail to attend the study is quite puzzling, may be they are so well versed in the Scripture they do not need it, but some of us enjoy studying together, and always get something stimulating and instructive. Had a fairly good attendance if it was cold. Please all of you come, let's make it more interesting and worth while.
New printed broadcloth dress goods at 17c per yd.
B & B Variety Store.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor
Sunday School Sunday morning at 9:45
Clarence Davis, Supt
Epworth League at 6:30, Mildred Golliday, Pres. Mrs. W. H. Bardeen, Sponsor; Miss Alice Noel in charge of Intermediate League March Services 11 a. m. 7 p. m.
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. C. E. Johnson, Superintendent.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
B. T. S. at 6:15 p. m.
Preaching at 7:15 p. m. by the pastor.
M. E. Wells, Pastor.

SCHOOL NEWS

The Hedley Owls carried away another victory. As scheduled they went to Pampa to the tournament. Their first game was with Allison Thursday night. They didn't get warmed up, and Allison defeated them 20-28. The next game was with Shamrock; after a hard fought battle the Owls defeated them eight points. Friday night the Owls met Allison again. They were in better spirits than before. It was a rough and tumble fight from start to finish and the Owls were victorious, score 21-32. Saturday night the Owls met Berger in the final game to determine the champion of the tournament. Berger felt pretty cheesy, and at the first half they had a lead of 18-12. The Owls went back into the game with ruffled feathers and with the fighting spirit that it takes to win. The boys rallied and their score went up. Berger failed to break through the Owls defense, and only scored three points to the Owls twenty the last half. The Owls won 32-21. Evans and Shaw made the all district team.

The Owlets played Goodnight Thursday. They were determined to beat them and went into the game with that as their aim. At the half the Owlets had an 18 point lead. They held their own, and the game ended 18-36. Saturday the Owlets played Goodnight there. Something was missing but the Owlets put up a good fight. The first quarter ended with Goodnight seven points in the lead. The Owlets fought desperately and at the half the score stood 10-11. During the last half the Owlets tied the score at 16-16 but Goodnight won, however, 24-20.

The Owlets will play Wellington here Saturday night at 7:30. Come and back your team.
The Home Ec Club met Friday and had an interesting program. They also learned some new club songs. We plan to have a social event at our next meeting. We urge all members to come to club meetings. Everyone who has had Home Ec or taking it can be come a member.

TO PAYERS OF INCOME TAX

"For the convenience of those persons who are required by law to file Federal Income Tax returns a deputy collector will be at the Post Office in Clarendon, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. on March 15th 1934, to assist taxpayers in filing their returns. No charge will be made for this service. The matter of filing income tax returns should be given immediate attention by all taxpayers who are due to file returns in order to avoid penalty and interest. Calendar year 1933 returns shall be filed not later than March 15, 1934, with the collector of internal revenue for the district in which the taxpayer resides or has his principal place of business." W. A. Thomas, Collector.
By Ralph Kenniston, Deputy.

EPWORTH LEAGUE PROGRAM

Sunday night March 4th.
Subject: When You're a Boss
Scripture: John 15: 9-17, Col 3: 22.
Leader: Jewell Everett.
Getting along with the workers—J. D. Shaw.
The Responsibilities of the Boss to the employee—Ura Holand.
The Responsibilities of the Worker to the Boss—Mildred Golliday.
The Employer-Employee Relations as Christ would see them—Verda Gilliam.
You're the Boss when you buy—Golden Holland.
Subscribe for the Informer.

MISSIONARY PROGRAM

The W. M. S. of the First Baptist church will observe its season of Prayer for Home Missions in an all day meeting March 5, at the home of Mrs. L. E. Thompson, the following program will be rendered.

Morning Program:
The Need of the Message
Lord's Prayer in Unison.
Hymn—Holy, Holy, Holy
Devotional; Call to Prayer
Petition, Ourselves; Isa 65: 24,
Psa 80: 3-19.
Intercession, Others; II Thess. 3: 1, I Tim. 2: 8.
Answered, Acts 10: 30, 31.
Season of Prayer
Through the Storm in Cuba—Mrs. Wells.
Hymn, Bringing in the Sheaves
Fields Calling—Mrs. Sherman
Devotional; Call to Prayer
Is Anybody Coming?—Mrs. Johnson.

Afternoon Program
Our Task, Sending Messengers
Hymn, Sweet Hour of Prayer
Devotional, Call to Prayer
Petition Ourselves, Psa 50: 15,
Rom. 10: 12
Intercession, Others, II Chron. 6: 29, John 17: 9-20
Answered, II Chron. 7: 12-15
Season of Prayer,
A Living Sacrifice—Mrs. Thompson.
Revised Hymn—Mrs. Alewine
Hymn, Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone
The Story of the Song—Mrs. Simmons.
Shall Home Missions Go On?—Mrs. Blankenship.
Season of Prayer
Offering for missions.

Mrs. Rainey Westberry and Miss Lovena Williamson returned Sunday from an extended visit to Itasca.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

A "minute man" program for mobilizing the entire motor vehicle industry against traffic accidents has been announced by Registrar Morgan T. Ryan of the Massachusetts Motor Vehicle Department, and Chairman of the Safety Committee of the Eastern Conference of Motor Vehicle Administrators. Brief messages on safe driving will be broadcast through newspapers, magazines, radios and other agencies.

SAFETY

The program has been endorsed by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. The motor and allied industries have pledged their support. They can help make safety a household word—better, a behind-the-wheel word—into millions of automobile drivers.
Stock casualty insurance companies have also supported the proposed program through the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, which for many years has been prominent in traffic safety work. This organization has appointed John J. Hall, nationally known safety authority, to work with the Eastern Conference of Motor Vehicle Administrators in developing the technical and organization details of the campaign.
The motor men can be appealed to on a business as well as a humanitarian basis. The heavy annual toll of life, limb and property resulting from automobile accidents, cuts off income, builds up sales resistance, increases taxes and insurance rates and makes many persons hesitate before buying a new car.
Plans are afoot to launch the campaign before May 1. The motor vehicle industry has always believed in the old slogan, "It pays to advertise." Now it seems inclined to include "safety" in sales messages.—Industrial News Review.
Subscribe for the Informer.

DISAPPOINTMENT

By R. H. WILKINSON

ALYSE knew she shouldn't have come. She was at once glad and afraid. It seemed somehow like a dream; incredible. Something she had longed for all her life, yet never believed would happen. Ross Carthage sat at her elbow. His arm touched hers. Yet it was the proximity of him, the power of his personality, rather than the physical contact that electrified her. He was a glamorous figure, glamorous and romantic. In this she had not been disappointed. Long, long ago—it seemed like ages, though was in reality a mere ten months—she had sat in an audience in a great auditorium and heard him play. And today more than ever a sensation. He was young and handsome and tall and slim. He had poise and personality and charming manners. In fact the man possessed everything that you would expect to find in a brilliant young artist—everything that a girl like Alyse, who was younger still and demurely beautiful, longed to find. Their meeting had been quite by chance. Alyse, herself a student of piano, had been invited to attend an informal gathering at the apartment of Monty Blair. Monty knew everyone, and he never threw a party without inviting and introducing some great celebrity, which feature of his affairs was always a delight to the regular guests. And on this night the guest of honor had been Ross Carthage. Alyse had danced with the great artist, and later she had spent an hour in a secluded corner talking with him, or rather she had sat there with an enraptured look on her face while Carthage talked. And now, only a week later, she was going with him to his apartment. There would be no one else there. They would be alone; Ross had promised to play for her. It was an old trick. Alyse knew it was an old trick. The famous artist inveigling the demure and pretty young girl to his apartment on the pretext of displaying his talents for her special benefit. Alyse shuddered slightly at the thought. She was afraid, yet she was glad she had agreed to come. It was a brand new experience, the sort of experience that every girl ought to have in order to get along in the world. She wasn't fool enough to let herself believe that Ross Carthage was interested in her alone, that there hadn't been other girls. She knew his game, understood his purpose. Whatever happened was the result of her own doing. The limousine drew to a stop before an apartment house. A footman opened the door. Ross Carthage, smiling that whimsical smile of his that had been the means of bringing hundreds of women to his feet, helped her to the street. They entered the elevator and were whisked to an upper floor. Ross led the way to a door in the main corridor, unlocked it, stepped aside and allowed her to enter. Alyse's little gasp of delight was genuine. She hadn't believed that apartments like this existed outside of books. If, in a moment of day dreaming, she had ever allowed her imagination to conjure up a picture of an idealistic abode, the result would not have equaled this reality. Nothing was overdone; nowhere was there an addition of gaudiness or incongruity. The appointments and arrangements of rooms were, in the finest sense of the word, the work of an artist. Alyse turned at last and saw Ross standing there at her elbow, looking down at her, smiling. She remembered then where she was and what was before her. For one fleeting instant she fought a desire to turn and leave the place, ashamed of her own audacity. But the impulse passed. She surrendered her wrap and, striving mightily to present a casual attitude made herself comfortable on the long divan before the open grate. Carthage went to a cabinet and produced bottles and glasses. He mixed drinks and talked to her of commonplace things. And then at last they had drunk their toast and looked into each other's eyes, and the evening had begun. "Shall I play now?" Alyse nodded, feeling the warm glow of the liquor in her veins. He strode over to the piano, ran his fingers over the keys, swung into a dreamy lullaby. Alyse closed her eyes, lay back her head. The music poured into her soul, soothing, comforting, delightful.

She floated away; her imagination no longer checked, no longer hampered by consciousness of the reality of the world in which she lived and breathed. . . . The man played on and the girl reclined in luxuriant ecstasy on the divan, listening and dreaming. The fire in the grate died to glowing embers. Things that were material no longer existed. This was a land of dreams and romance, of peace and deep contentment. Alyse lay with her eyes closed for minutes after he had stopped playing. And when at last she opened them he was sitting on the divan close beside her, looking into her face. Involuntarily she started, it was over. The dream had ended. This was reality. She steeled herself for what was to come, regretful now that the beauty of the moment had passed that she, like dozens of others, had succumbed to this man's charms. Looking at him it was not difficult to understand the reason. He was truly a romantic figure; handsome, glamorous, possessed of all those artistic qualities that women seek in their men. It was a pity, thought Alyse, that he lacked in those fundamentals which are, after all, the requisites of things that are worth striving for—love and happiness and a home. He lived only for the hour, only for the thrill and sweet bliss of the momentary worship and surrender of beautiful women. "Did you enjoy my playing?" "Yes, it was gorgeous." "I'm glad. You have a real appreciation of beauty." Preliminaries! Flattery! Trickery! Alyse's heart began to pound. She was afraid and regretful. She prayed for the strength to resist him. "It is a pity," Carthage was saying in his deep rich voice, "that the hour is late. That I can't play for you longer. I'd like nothing better. "It is a long time since I have found a person with so deep a sense of understanding." He stood up, glancing at his watch. "Come. Shall we go?" Alyse stared. She wondered if it were not still a dream, if the thing could possibly be true. Yes, there he was, standing at the foot of the divan, her wrap draped over his arm. She stood up, allowed him to place the wrap about her shoulders, dazed, incredulous, conscious of a strange new emotion. An emotion that defied explanation. He led her to the door. They descended to the street and stepped into the car that waited there. They drove back through the city to Alyse's home. Sitting there, Alyse was still unbelieving. Beside her Ross Carthage chatted amiably and wondered at her muteness. Presently he suspected she had been disappointed in his playing, sensed that he had not pleased her. The thought sobered him and he too fell silent. There was a brief moment before Alyse's door. She tried to thank him, struggled for words to express her gratitude, knowing only that she was making a mess of the thing, realizing that he didn't understand. And when at last he had gone, she turned away, entered the dim hallway of her own apartment and sat down on a settee there for a moment or two to think. She was striving to analyze the strange emotion that had gripped her the moment Ross Carthage had led her from his apartment. And at length the answer came. The emotion was that of disappointment. Disappointment not in his playing, but because the thing she had feared and dreaded, the thing for which she had scored and condemned this man, yet which she had expected and prepared for, had not happened.

Predicts Human Beings Will Stop Family Life

I see, says a writer in the American Magazine, that the head of the psychological laboratory of a famous eastern university has issued a statement in which he predicts that in a reasonable length of time the human being will be all through with family life. He won't need it any more, because he will not be an emotional creature. His intellectual processes will be all that is left of him and, being a creature purely intellectual, he won't love and marry and establish homes. He'll be dependent on the comforts and kindnesses of home life. He will mate scientifically and the state will raise his children. A lot of work will have to be done on old Adam, and his girl friend, Eve, before mankind will ever reach such a state. In fact, he won't be Adam any more, and it won't be the human race.

Portugal in the War

Germany declared war on Portugal March 9, 1916, following the seizure of German and Austrian ships in Portuguese ports, and other acts which Germany considered hostile. The Portuguese contribution to the war was chiefly in the assistance it gave in the conquest of German East Africa, adjacent to the Portuguese colony of Mozambique. Some 60,000 Portuguese troops, however, served in France.

OUR COMIC SECTION

THE FEATHERHEADS



A Material Hint



FINNEY OF THE FORCE



A Super-Superstition



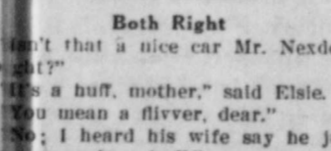
Mr. Pester—Well, I have entered the two hundred mile automobile race for novices. Mrs. Pester—All right, if you want to risk your life, go ahead. But if you get killed, don't come whining to me for sympathy and say I didn't warn you.



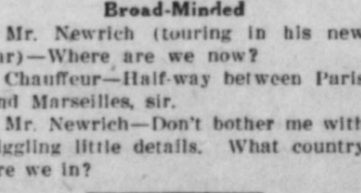
Mr. Newrich—Where are we now? Chauffeur—Half way between Paris and Marseilles, sir. Mr. Newrich—Don't bother me with giggling little details. What country are we in?



Friend—Has your wife lost much weight? Mr. Stocksanbonds—She has fallen off about three points but conditions are favorable for a sharp recovery.



Isn't that a nice car Mr. Nextdoor bought? "It's a huff, mother," said Elsie. "You mean a fluffer, dear." "No; I heard his wife say he just went away in a huff."



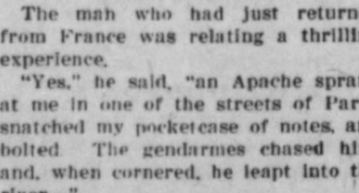
Mr. Newrich (touring in his new car)—Where are we now? Chauffeur—Half way between Paris and Marseilles, sir. Mr. Newrich—Don't bother me with giggling little details. What country are we in?



I wonder why we always feel more cheerful as winter draws near. "I don't know, unless it's because by that time we are looking forward to buying cigars and our Christmas neckties."



"Isn't Jac' ever going to propose?" "I guess not, he's like an hour-glass." "How's that?" "The more time he gets the less sand he has."



The man who had just returned from France was relating a thrilling experience. "Yes," he said, "an Apache sprang at me in one of the streets of Paris, snatched my pocketcase of notes, and bolted. The gendarmes chased him, and, when cornered, he leapt into the river."



"Jones seems to be the big man of the town." "Does he come of good stock?" "No; but he owns a good pile of it."

CAP AND BELLS

They were discussing a mutual friend. "Brown is a good fellow, really," said Jones, "but he treats his poor wife miserably." This seemed to surprise Grey. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Does he beat her?" "No, no!" said Jones. "He just refuses to argue with her."

Hither and Yon

Husband (during quarrel)—Now, I know why women are called birds. His Wife—Oh, and why is that? Husband—Because you are always chirping. His Wife—I understand it was on account of the worms we pick up.—Border Cities Star.



"There seems to be a coolness between them." "Yes, the trouble is they're both too hot tempered."

Portfolios

"So foreign cabinets change the holders of portfolios rather frequently?" "Yes," said Senator Sorghum. "Sometimes they don't look as much like portfolios to me as they do overnight suitcases."

Disappointed in Mother

"Mummy, you can't be nearly so pretty as nurse." "Don't you think so, dear?" "No. We've been in the park for an hour and not a single soldier has tried to kiss you."—London Humorist.

Should Carry a Rabbit's Foot Mrs. X (arriving home)—I've been making a round of calls, and I've been so unfortunate. Mr. X—What, everybody out? Mrs. X—No, everybody in.—London Opinion.

Ferry's Seeds are sold only in fresh dated packages. When you buy Ferry's Seeds you are sure of the finest quality available. Adv.

One Better

Plaintiff (in a county court)—I have witnesses to prove it. Defendant—I have witnesses to prove that there were no witnesses present.—London Answers.

Jud Tankins says the world is still a pleasant place to live, only you've got to read the big hotel advertisements to be reminded of the fact.—Washington Star.

No Cause for Rejoicing

"Senator, I see you helped celebrate Washington's triumph at Yorktown." "Yes, I have nothing of my own to celebrate."

Needed Three

Plump One—In the bus this morning three men jumped up and offered me their seats. Slim One—Did you take them, dear?—Stray Stories.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM. A FAMOUS FLAVOR. 5¢ EVERYWHERE.

The WEDDING MARCH MURDER

by MONTE BARRETT

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SYNOPSIS

Waiting in the minister's study, Jim Franklin, about to be married to Doris Carmody, is stabbed to death. Peter Cardigan, novelist and amateur detective of some note, with Sergeant Kilday, begin the official investigation. Franklin, while waiting, had visitors among them his mistress, "Choo Choo" Train; his intended wife's father, Ambrose Carmody; her brother, Rylie; Daniel Bullis, politician, and a woman in a blue frock, who had quarreled openly with Franklin. Rylie Carmody admits trying to stop the wedding after being informed by Webster Spears that Franklin was still friendly with Choo Choo, despite his approaching marriage. Kilday secures the dead man's keys, Callis Shipley, one of the bridesmaids, is contradictory in her answers to questions, but the investigators learn nothing of importance. An interview with Bullis is also fruitless. Webster Spears admits informing Rylie Carmody of Franklin's relations with Choo Choo, for Doris Carmody's sake, in the hope of preventing the wedding. Fletcher, Franklin's manservant, is reticent. An interview with Mile Dunbar, Franklin's law partner, reveals nothing of importance.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Jim wasn't much of a hand to keep such things," said Dunbar. "But we'll see."

"It turned out that the attorney was right. Nowhere in his office were they able to find papers of a personal nature that even hinted at helplessness. His business correspondence was all filed, with scrupulous neatness, in cabinets in the anteroom adjoining his office. The private office contained only a desk, several chairs, a telephone stand and an elaborately carved cellophane, convenient to the desk.

A careful search of the desk yielded nothing. Peter turned his attention to the cellophane. It was not locked, but beyond an elaborate array of liquors and necessary tumblers, revealing Franklin's tastes in intoxicants, it was devoid of clues.

"It looked like a stalemate. 'Where else could he file papers of a personal nature here?' the sergeant asked vexedly.

"I'm afraid we've looked about everywhere," Dunbar glanced searchingly about the room.

"How about the safe?" suggested the novelist. "Could it be there?" "We only file papers of rather unusual importance in the safe," Dunbar demurred. "I don't think it likely that we'd find what you are looking for, there."

"But didn't he have a private compartment, anywhere in the safe?" Peter was reluctant to admit defeat.

"Yes," said the lawyer. "We each had a compartment in the safe for our own use. He had a key for his, and I had one for mine. Wait and I'll show you."

Dunbar searched through the middle drawer of his partner's desk. "I thought I saw Jim's keys here," he began doubtfully. Then he found it. "Ah! This looks like it."

Kilday and Cardigan followed him into the corridor, which separated the partners' offices, to a large wall safe. The attorney twisted the combination knob, and presently the heavy door swung back slowly. He indicated a smaller door to the novelist.

"That's Jim's compartment. Here, you open it." He pressed the key into Kilday's hand.

The sergeant was elated. For in a subsection of the compartment, he found evidence that Franklin had used this as his personal file. There were letters there, signed "Choo Choo" in a round immature scrawl. But there was no hint here of any other woman, nothing that would help in the identification of Franklin's mysterious visitor in the study that afternoon. Both Peter and the detective were disappointed.

"I'm sorry," declared Dunbar. "I hoped that I might be of some help."

"It isn't your fault you weren't," declared the sergeant ruefully. "Franklin was just too methodical. We found the right place, but he had destroyed the evidence, before we got here."

They were successful, however, in identifying three more of the keys here. With the two identified by Fletcher, this made five—one to the apartment building—one for the apartment itself—a third to the office of Dunbar and Franklin—a fourth to the slain man's private office. One of the smaller keys was found to fit his desk, which had, however, been unlocked.

For a moment, Kilday thought he had identified the other small key. It was very similar to the one, found in the desk, which opened Franklin's private compartment in the safe. It seemed to fit, when inserted in the lock, but it failed to turn the bolt.

"That would have been too much luck, I guess," the detective grumbled, pocketing the keys.

Only two of the seven now remained to be identified, however, one large, like a door key, in addition to the one he had just failed to identify.

Peter suggested a call on Choo Choo Train after they left Dunbar; but it was late, and a telephone call to her apartment elicited no response.

"That'll have to wait till morning, I guess," Kilday complained. "There are lots of times on this job when I wish I was twins, so I could get around faster. If you aren't tired, though, drop by the office. Something new may have turned up. And," he added, "I'm going to have those license plates

checked tonight, to find out who was calling on Webster Spears."

On their way, they reviewed the evidence as it had developed thus far. Of the eight people who had seen Jim Franklin at the church, at or near the time of his death, most could be proved to have had a motive for the crime; Ambrose Carmody to prevent his marriage to his daughter, after discovering Franklin's relationship with Choo Choo Train; Rylie Carmody for the same reason; Choo Choo Train because of jealousy; Daniel Bullis because of the investigation Franklin had been conducting into the political scandal and which was proving menacing to him. The motive for the woman in the blue seemed to have been jealousy, but all efforts to identify her so far had met with failure. There seemed to be no motive, as far as Nick Royce was concerned, but the investigation had brought out the fact that Royce was aware of the situation existing between Bullis and Franklin. Fletcher had revealed that, Nor was it logical to believe that Doctor Abernathy could have had a motive for the murder. At most, he might have refused to identify Callis Shipley as the woman in the blue dress. Neither of the men was able to identify this girl's place in the drama which had resulted in Franklin's murder. Admittedly, she had been in the sacristy once. Had she been there twice? She had worn blue. Was she the woman in blue whom the rector had seen? She had apparently known of the murder at a time when it seemed impossible to have possessed this information with-



"I'm Just the Woman in the Case."

out having had some guilty knowledge of the crime. She had admitted lying to them, when they first questioned her. In view of this admission, how much of her later testimony could they believe?

In addition, they had questioned Fletcher, who seemed reluctant to talk concerning his master's affairs; Milo Dunbar, the slain man's partner, and Webster Spears. The latter, also, might be shown to have had a motive for the crime if he still loved Doris Carmody. Certainly he had attempted to halt the wedding. Of course, he denied having been the author of the anonymous telephone call informing Ambrose Carmody concerning Choo Choo Train. Yet neither of the men was sure he had told the truth. He denied, too, the story told by Callis Shipley concerning his remark that Rylie would have stopped the wedding, had he been present. How to weigh his evidence remained a puzzle.

"The trouble," complained Kilday, "is too much evidence. Usually we're groping around in the dark for it. This time we've got too much."

At headquarters, there was one important bit of evidence. Examination of the revolver found in the rectory garden had revealed a thumb-print on the barrel.

"Good," grunted the sergeant. "Now look up these license numbers right away. I think perhaps the owners of these cars had something to do with it."

It did not take long. An assistant returned with the information in a very few minutes.

One car was registered under Webster Spears' name. The other belonged to Callis Shipley.

CHAPTER V

Choo Choo Train

With the exception of the mysterious woman in blue, whom they had been unable to identify, Cardigan and Kilday had questioned every one known to be connected with Jim Franklin's murder, except Choo Choo Train.

Her apartment was their destination the following morning. The actress was having breakfast in bed and, upon learning their errand, had the maid usher them in without formality.

Before her, on the coverlet, was a confusion of newspapers. She brushed them to the floor, and leaned forward, her chin cupped in a slender hand. "I was reading about Jim," she said. "Tell me what happened."

Kilday sat uncomfortably on the edge of his chair. "I guess you know as much as I do, if you've read all those papers."

The actress shrugged impatiently. "If I believed them," her tone was contemptuous, "I'd believe he was mur-

dered by a dozen people, including myself. I see I'm supposed to be the woman in the case."

"You've been reading Topics," declared Kilday.

"Half a million other people have, too," Choo Choo clenched the coverlet. "My press agent thinks it's a great stunt. He woke me up this morning, to gloat over the front-page publicity. He'd been reading Topics."

"And what do you think?" Peter inquired gravely.

The woman shrugged. "I guess I'm not supposed to think," she said slowly, with no attempt to disguise her bitterness. "Me, I'm just a showgirl. A dead lover isn't supposed to mean a thing in the world to me but front-page publicity and more customers at the box office."

"I'm just the woman in the case," she repeated, with an ache in her voice.

Both men were silent. Kilday, sitting very erect, was looking out the window, plainly reluctant to gaze upon the woman's pain. Peter was uncomfortably aware that he had not expected anything like this. The Choo Choo Train he had pictured as Jim Franklin's mistress—the woman who had quarreled with her lover in Doctor Abernathy's study—had been very different in his imagination.

The clink of china, as the maid brought additional cups and another pot of coffee, was a welcome interruption. Peter, who had already breakfasted, accepted the cup gratefully.

"Good girl, Marie," their hostess praised the maid. "You made that entrance just in time. I was about to emote." She held out her cup for more coffee with a hand that did not tremble.

"And now," she continued, after the maid had left, "let's have it. What did you want to see me about, Sergeant Kilday?"

It was Peter who took up the questioning. "You went to the church to see Franklin yesterday," he said gravely. "Why? We need to know that, first."

Choo Choo shrugged. "I wanted to see the wedding," she replied simply. "If you were a woman, you might understand. I'd never been to a wedding like that. And then, you see, Jim Franklin was my man. That made a big difference, too."

"Oh, of course," she hurried on to say, "I could have stood out in front with the crowd. But I wanted to see the whole thing—wanted a grandstand seat. After all, that wasn't such a lot to ask."

"I see," Peter thought he did see. "And Franklin didn't want you to be there. Was that it?"

The woman nodded her head. "Then how did you happen to go? You must have discussed this with Franklin, before the wedding, didn't you?"

"Yes, we had talked about it, of course. As a matter of fact, we had a couple of pretty stormy scenes over it. Jim couldn't understand why I should want to go, unless it was just to humiliate him. There were a lot of things he couldn't understand about me, I guess."

"But just the same you went, yesterday."

"Yes, I went. But he asked me to, or at least, I thought he did. Yesterday afternoon, Fletcher—that's Jim's man-servant—phoned to say that Jim had changed his mind, and I went."

"But when you arrived," Peter continued, remembering the story that Nick Royce had told, "Franklin was angry. Evidently he was not expecting you. Is that correct?"

The actress nodded reluctantly. "I went to the side entrance, just like Fletcher told me to. Jim was standing just inside. Nick Royce was there, too."

"What are you doing here, Choo Choo? Jim said, 'I thought I told you to stay away from here.'"

"Yes, but I got your message, I told him."

"What message? Jim demanded. It was easy to see how angry he was. And then of course I told him about Fletcher's telephone message, and he was angrier than ever. He told me I was lying. After that, I lost my temper, too, I guess. We were talking pretty loud, both of us, because Nick stopped us. He said he was afraid they could hear us inside the church. 'What do you want to do, stop the wedding?' Nick said."

"That's exactly what she'd like to do," Jim said. But he knew better than that. I wasn't trying to stop the wedding."

"But after that you went into the study, didn't you?" Peter made no attempt to disguise his interest.

"We went into the room behind the one we were in," replied the actress guardedly. "I'm not sure whether it was the study or not."

"What happened then?"

"Nothing. Jim swore that he hadn't told Fletcher to telephone me. He said somebody was just trying to play him a dirty trick. By that time, I guess I had cooled off a little, too, because I finally promised to come on home, and I left. That's the last I saw of Jim."

"How did you leave? The way you came?"

"No, I went out a door at the back."

"Why?" This time it was Kilday who asked.

"Because Jim asked me to. He was afraid I might be seen if I left by way of the side door."

The detective pulled the key-ring from his pocket, bouncing it in his palm, where the actress might see it. "These were Franklin's," he said. "Does one of them fit the apartment?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Love and New

By WINSLOW ROBERTS

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FOR just two years Betty and Tony had been engaged. Force of circumstances in the shape of an invalid and absolutely dependent brother had made it impossible for Tony to lay aside enough to justify the assumption of new burdens.

At first they had made plans for a somewhat indefinite future, but of late they had grown—Betty especially—to seize the present and let the days to come take care of themselves.

And then one sunny afternoon when an advance spring breeze perfumed the air they had quarreled.

"Yes, I like you, Tony," said Betty finally, "only—only I think I am tired of being engaged. Yes, it's dreadful to say, but how much better to find out before we are m-married. So here's your r-ring!"

Stupidly, Tony held out his hand for the shining bit of jewelry. "Of course, dear," he said soberly, "it's worlds better. I'll—I'll try to take it sensibly. Now, let's go home."

If, after Tony had left Betty, he wondered if any other man had been the cause of her defection, he tried to stifle the suspicion.

To be sure, any girl would have grown weary long ago of this monotonous waiting.

Well, his sole duty now lay with his brother.

As far as Betty was concerned no other man than Tony had ever claimed even one tiny thought.

Yet there was another man in the offing—a tall, sleek, not unattractive youth, who had many times eyed Betty admiringly as they ascended together in the elevator to their respective pieces of employment. And that man, Bill Evans, was determined to meet Betty. Six days after Betty's engagement to Tony was broken he accomplished his wish through the agency of a fellow stenographer of Betty's.

And on the day after he met her, Bill drove her in his small but miledevouring roadster far up along the Hudson.

There was nothing slow about Bill. Betty, left at loose ends of her own making, found life far more exciting now than it had been with Tony. Tony's money had been limited. Bill's appeared to be ample.

Seats at the latest comedy; supper at the most exclusive little restaurants; hamper picnics on distant beaches; midnight dances at softly lighted, glassy floored dance halls—Betty went the pace and didn't stop to wonder when—or where—it would all end.

Then came the night of the infantry ball, the one annual extravaganza she and Tony had permitted themselves.

Bill tossed tickets for it into her lap as they sat together on a grassy bluff overlooking the Sandy Hook panorama.

"Not crazy about it," said Bill in his blasé way, "but we might as well take it in."

Other years Betty had not fussed unduly about her clothes. Poor old Tony had thought that whatever she wore outshone the costumes of all the others. Bill, she realized, was considerably more critical. Therefore she drew on her rainy day balance and splurged.

Bill's flowers were lavish and showy, and Betty couldn't help but think, not nearly as fragrant as the modest bunch of violets which had always come from Tony. Pinning them on, she sighed as she gave a final survey in the mirror. Would Tony ever have recognized, in the sophisticated image which met his gaze, his little Betty?

For some reason or other, nothing went just right. Bill could not dance—at least, not in that sturdy, swinging way she had learned to love in Tony. Also, she didn't care for the silly compliments Bill whispered in her ear as he held her rather too closely. Tony never would talk as she danced.

"Odd, after all," thought Betty to herself, "to be dancing with the man who was giving you the time of your young life, and recalling the man you had grown tired of."

The crisis came at intermission. Half concealed by a screen of palms, Bill threw his arm around Betty's shoulder. That instant, Betty knew. Knew that it was Tony and not Bill who could bring happiness.

"Take me home at once, Bill," she insisted coldly. And Bill, inwardly sneering at the girl who wouldn't "warm up" as he called it, was forced to acquiesce.

Although the hour was late when Betty found herself at home and alone, it was not too late, she told herself nervously, to find out if Tony was still free—free to become bound again. Quivering, she stood at the telephone.

"Yes—yes—it's Betty. Oh, Tony, could you come over for five minutes? Something to tell you."

Fifteen minutes later Tony stood in the doorway, and straightway forgot that a waiting taxi outside was running up a steep record.

All he realized was that Betty was holding out both arms.

"Do you mean you aren't tired of me, after all, dear?" Tony wanted to be sure.

"Well," and Betty dimpled, "I'd rather be tired of you than of anything else! Oh, Tony!"

Same Effect

"Isn't Mrs. May's husband a gentle, patient man?" "Maybe; but sometimes I think he's just scared."—Stray Stories Magazine.

If Past 45 and "Low" and Upset Look for Acid Stomach

HERE ARE THE SIGNS: Nervousness, Frequent Headaches, Neuralgia, Feeling of Weakness, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Mouth Acidity, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Auto-intoxication

WHAT TO DO FOR IT:

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful 30 minutes after eating. And repeat before you go to bed. OR—Take the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets—one tablet for each teaspoonful as directed above.

If you have Acid Stomach, don't worry about it. Follow the simple directions given above. This small dosage of PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia acts at once to neutralize the acids that cause headache, stomach pains and other distress. Try it. You'll feel like a new person. But—be careful you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy—genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "PHILLIPS" is on the label.

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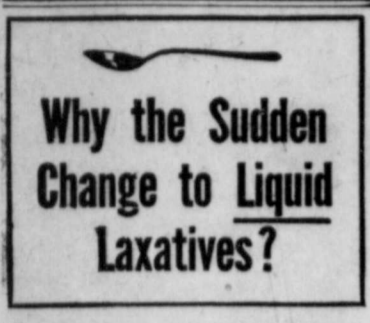
9AM and tired already. Get it out of your system—the effect in one cup that saps your energy. GARFIELD TEA. A cup each night, helps clear out accumulated constipation. Get it out of your system—the effect in one cup that saps your energy. GARFIELD TEA. A cup each night, helps clear out accumulated constipation. Get it out of your system—the effect in one cup that saps your energy. GARFIELD TEA. A cup each night, helps clear out accumulated constipation.

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An active imagination is worth having, but it inflicts worry on you.

Your local dealer carries Ferry's Pure Bred Vegetable Seeds. Now only 5 cents a package. Adv.

Or They Wouldn't. People who perpetrate platitudes don't know it.



Doctors have always recognized the value of the laxative whose dose can be measured, and whose action can be thus regulated to suit individual need.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

The dose of a liquid laxative can be varied to suit the needs of the individual. The action can thus be regulated. It forms no habit; you need not take a "double dose" a day or two later. Nor will a mild liquid laxative irritate the kidneys.

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SEED FREE FOR TRIAL. To introduce we will mail 100 seeds, Giant Elmira, 25 germination. Enclose 2c for postage. New Seed Stock. BULL'S SEED HOUSE, Box A, ROSE HILL, N.Y.

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HER raw nerves were soothed. She banished that "dead tired" feeling. Won new youthfulness by using the new young-making vegetable laxative—workes, the transformation. Try it for constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizzy spells.

colored—restful nights, active days—all because she rid her system of bowel-clogging wastes that were sapping her vitality. NER Talsins (Nature's Remedy)—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative—workes, the transformation. Try it for constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizzy spells.

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this is to let you know that for a few days

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POULTRY

EXPERTS AT ODDS
ON PULLETS, HENS

Tests Show Older Birds Are the Best Breeders.

There is a vast variety of difference of opinion as to the use of the more mature pullets as breeders or the use of hens for this purpose.

Ohio's experiment station seems to have found a difference in the mortality of pullets from pullet matings and pullets from hen matings greatly in favor of the latter. These Ohio findings of excessive mortality, running as high as 60 per cent with pullets from pullets, pullet breeders not selected or culled, a promiscuous breeding flock, would not, in the majority of cases, agree with the practices of poultrymen in general.

However, this test did not attempt to prove that there are not flocks throughout the country which have and will produce layers from pullet-bred pullets which layers in the first year will show a much lower mortality and will produce eggs in profitable quantities.

Many poultrymen hold to the belief that pullets, in perfect health and full egg-lay are far more desirable as breeders than hens that are run down from heavy yields and, therefore, more susceptible to disease. On the other hand some poultrymen believe that hens that have successfully passed a year of heavy yielding are more desirable for reproduction purposes.

Breeding pens will soon be arranged for spring reproduction purposes and some of these pens will become the tests for proof of success or failure both as to the use of young or old birds.

Depreciation, Labor and Mortality, Cost of Eggs

The three big items in the cost of producing the \$12,000,000 worth or more of eggs that Illinois farmers sell every year are feed, depreciation, which includes mortality, and labor, according to records which twenty poultrymen kept during the past year in co-operation with the extension service of the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois.

Any flock owner who cuts down on these items therefore will be going a long way toward getting a wider margin of net return out of the cash that he receives for his eggs. It is pointed out by H. H. Alp, poultry extension specialist of the college.

"Probably the best opportunity to reduce feed cost is to improve the average egg production of each hen in the flock, as the good layers eat but little more feed than the mediocre layers. Too many flocks carry about 20 per cent defaulters—hens that start laying and then quit—and it is this class of birds which runs up the feed cost of a dozen eggs."

Fresh Eggs Are Best

Needless to say, eggs intended for hatching should be set as soon as possible after they are laid. Not alone because the new-laid egg hatches earlier than the egg which is kept a couple of weeks, but because the longer an egg is held the more evaporation takes place, which subtracts its vitality. Furthermore, in holding eggs there is always the danger of unfavorable influences. For instance, if the eggs are stored in too low a temperature the chilling is likely to injure them. If they are stored where it is too warm, the development of the germ is apt to start and later die. A temperature of from 50 to 55 degrees has been found to be the best. Eggs should not be held over two weeks.

Moisture in Henhouse

Moisture in the henhouse is not in itself a bad thing, for it appears that poultry can be as comfortable in a damp as in a dry atmosphere, provided the temperature is uniform and comfortable for the birds. Nevertheless, no one likes a damp poultry house, because the temperature, under practical conditions, usually varies considerably, and a low temperature with a damp atmosphere is a poor combination.—Wallace's Farmer.

Moist Mash Treat for Hens

Hens appreciate an occasional treat in the form of moist mash and it is probable that the judicious use of a moist crumbly mash once a day will result in a slightly higher egg yield than can be obtained by an entirely dry mash system of feeding. The best practice in the use of the regular dry-mash mixture with water or milk, giving about what the hens will clean up in 20 minutes. Soaked or germinated oats may be included with this.

Half-Pound Feed Per Egg

A hen requires about one-half pound of feed to produce an egg, according to New York State college poultrymen. They found that hens of six breeds in an egg-laying contest produced an average of 190.4 eggs and used 84.4 pounds of feed. The rations fed the hens consisted of corn meal, wheat middlings, bran, oats, alfalfa meal, dried milk, meat scraps, and a small amount of cod liver oil and salt. When wet mash was fed it consisted of one part of water and fed on dry mash.

Chasing the Rainbow Gold

The Only Thing Likely to Be Got Out of a Hunt for Hidden Treasure Is Romance; and the Only Money in It, What You Spend.

Writing in London Answers, T. C. Bridges, author of "The Romance of Buried Treasure," has the following: At least half a million has been spent in efforts to recover the pirate treasure of Cocos island, and at the present moment there is talk of a new expedition to look for it. Yet, as one of the former treasure seekers said to the writer: "The only way of making any money out of Cocos island would be to start a hotel for the treasure seekers."

You cannot get away from the fact that treasure was buried on Cocos. This lonely little island, which lies in the Pacific, some 500 miles from the nearest land, was a haunt of pirates for nearly 300 years, and the stories of treasure buried there are numerous and fairly well authenticated. The last in particular.

In 1821, when the Spanish empire in South America was tottering to its fall, there was sudden panic in Lima, owing to the approach of a rebel fleet.

A number of the wealthiest inhabitants hurried aboard an English brig called the Mary Dier, which lay in the harbor, and begged her skipper, Captain Thompson, to carry them to safety. He agreed to take them and their treasure, and it is said that the value of the gold and jewels brought aboard exceeded £2,500,000.

Once at sea, Thompson turned pirate, and his wretched passengers were forced to walk the plank.

Later Thompson was captured by a British frigate, but managed to escape and reach Newfoundland, where he died. Before his death he confided his story to a man called Keating, told him the treasure was buried on Cocos, and gave him certain clues.

The first search began so long ago as 1845, but was not successful. There was another in 1870, a third in 1894, and since then few years have passed without at least one party of treasure seekers landing on Cocos and digging for the Lima treasure.

In stating that half a million has been spent in the search we are probably far below the real sum. It is a costly business to fit out a ship for so long a voyage, and some of the vessels employed have been large.

The Melmore expedition, which sailed from Barry, in Wales, in 1913, was estimated to have cost £100,000. Another attempt by Earl Fitzwilliam and Mr. Harold Gray cost a deal of money, while a Canadian vessel which recently visited the island, carried no fewer than forty picked lumbermen engaged specially for their powers of work and paid at a high rate of wages.

There have certainly been no fewer than 26 separate searches, and if you average these at only £20,000 apiece, you have a sum in excess of half a million.

Why, you will ask, if the treasure is there, has it not been found? After all, the island is small, being only about five miles long.

The reason is simple. Cocos lies in the tropics. It has a very hot climate with an enormous rainfall. One result is that the shore line is continuously changing. Thousands of tons of earth and rock dislodged by

floods from the precipitous cliffs constantly destroy landmarks and have probably buried the treasure cave or caves deep beyond finding.

Added to this, the whole island is covered with brush and jungle, which grows almost as fast as it can be cleared. To make any real search you would need not 40 men, but 400. It is safe to prophesy that Cocos will hold its golden secrets till the crack of doom.

The most mysterious of all the world's many treasure islands is Oak Island, a little spot of land lying off the coast of Nova Scotia. Here, so the story goes, lies buried a vast treasure of gold and gems. The site of the cache has been fixed at the foot of an ancient oak tree not far from the shore, and here digging began nearly a hundred years ago.

Ten feet below the surface the diggers came upon oak timbers. Ten feet lower they struck a framework of oak. There seemed no doubt but that they were excavating an old shaft. Down they went, and at a depth of 90 feet unearthed a flat stone 3 feet long and 16 inches wide. On this these words were cut: "TEN FEET BELOW TEN MILLION POUNDS ARE BURIED."

Night was closing down when this discovery was made. The diggers returned to their tents, crazy with excitement. At dawn next morning they were back at the pit, to find it full nearly to the brim with salt water. The sea had broken in.

A new company was formed, pumps were obtained, but no pump could cope with the Atlantic ocean. More and more money was poured out by the shareholders, a great coffer dam was erected, and a considerable force of men was employed on the work of recovering the treasure.

Right up to 1914 there were a number of men with modern machinery and steam pumps at work, yet, for all the treasure that was recovered the money might as well have been flung into the sea.

There, however, was the stone with its inscription. Can anyone imagine a pirate digging a hole 90 feet deep simply for the purpose of playing a practical joke on posterity?

One day in the autumn of the year 1588 there sailed into Tobermory bay the stately if somewhat battered Spanish galleon Florencia. Hard blows had failed to teach her braggart captain manners, and he sent a boat ashore, demanding provisions.

We have no space here to tell the whole story of the Spaniards' quarrel with "Big Lachlan" and his hard-bitten followers, but in the end the Spanish vessel was blown up and sank at her moorings, carrying down treasure of a value estimated at a million of modern money.

Efforts to recover that treasure began in the Seventeenth century and have continued ever since. While it is impossible to form any accurate estimate of the amount spent on the search we should probably be well within the mark if we said £100,000.

So far, all that has been found is a bronze cannon, some vessels of

pewter and silver, two golden goblets, and a few coins. Today the wreck is sunk so deep in the mud that all trace of it has vanished.

To most of us treasure hunting is pure romance, and it is very difficult to realize the number of those who take it seriously. Yet at this minute, while you read these lines, there are hundreds of persons actively engaged in treasure seeking. They are searching the sandy cays of the Caribbean, hunting for lost mines in the western states and Mexico, digging among the "Tapudas," the ancient tombs of Chile and Peru, while the search for gold among the ruined cities of Africa and Asia is never ending.

From the lone prospector with his pick and shovel to the well-equipped steam yacht with the newest inventions for metal detection, all these people spend their lives and fortunes in chasing the will o' the wisp of treasure.

TOTEM POLE NOT ALWAYS OBJECT OF REVERENCE

The path of glory, so far as the Indians of Alaska are concerned, leads to the erection of a totem pole.

There is, however, a wide significance in where the pole is placed and by whom it is erected. If by the family of the deceased, then the totem pole is a symbol of deep reverence and tribute, but often an enemy erects a pole near his own home to ridicule. In such instances lavish ceremonies are held when the pole is displayed and the meanings of carvings are explained. Those who attend are expected to remember what each design and figure symbolizes. Often to ridicule a rival or discredit an insolvent debtor the head on the pole is inverted during a feast.

Unlike the Far East, where Moslem temples and images are constructed to be idolized, the Indians of the North never have considered their totem poles as idols or deities. They are never worshipped.

Many of these long shafts, with queer dabs of paint and monstrous figures, serve, more or less, as pictorial records of history and mythology in the Indian world. Some represent the raven, the eagle, the wolf, bear, sea lion, frog or beaver, and others are crests of various clans, which serve as does the coat-of-arms in England. Battles and other events are commemorated by them.

Arriving at Juneau, the lavish display of totems silently tells you this must be an original Indian country, but of Indians who are different from other North American tribes. They really are reminiscent of Asiatic races, for it is said that many of the early natives arrived by way of the Strait of Bering after crossing the sea. Heavy war paint and feathers never constituted one of their chief characteristics, as in the case of the American Indians who sold Manhattan Island for a song.—New York World-Telegram.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Crawling Submarine
Sea-bed exploration should be simplified by the use of a new type of submarine, recently tested in New York. This small craft can crawl about the ocean bed, and has a hatch through which a diver can leave or enter it.

Make this lip test



LOOK at them... and your cheeks, too, without make-up. Do they possess the natural glow of health, which comes from a sufficiency of rich, red blood? If they do, make-up is simple... if they don't read on... you may find one of the reasons why your skin is not clear and rosy.

You cannot have red lips, rosy cheeks, energy and cheerfulness if your blood is in a run-down condition. Lack of hemo-glo-bin, the red coloring of the blood, may also indicate a weakened condition of the body... loss of strength... poor appetite.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in restoring a low hemo-glo-bin content. If your condition suggests a blood tonic of this kind, try S.S.S. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite... your color and skin should improve with increased strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes... the larger is more economical. © The S.S.S. Co.

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The counterfeiting group is the largest in the United States prisons.

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GENUINE
ASPIRIN



Of Bayer
Manufacture

When you go to buy aspirin, just remember this: Every tablet of real aspirin of Bayer manufacture is stamped with this cross. No tablet without this cross is GENUINE Bayer Aspirin.

Remember this for your own protection. Tell your friends about it for their protection. Demand and get Genuine Bayer Aspirin.



Genuine Bayer Aspirin Does Not Harm the Heart

Naturally
Many a man has something worth being concealed about—and he is.

Precious Volume
A cook book contains the un-battered records of endless delight.

Whose Fault?



When a Child Won't Study

"Kept after school!" And it isn't the child's fault, or the teacher's. His mother is to blame. How can a boy get his lessons when his senses are dulled day after day by dosing with sickening purgatives? When a child's bowels are stagnant they are drugged, of course. But not some drastic drug to upset the stomach, perhaps weaken the entire system; or form the laxative habit. On the right, parents will find a happy solution of this problem:

Here's a boy who gets good marks, has time and energy for play. He is never ill, hardly ever has so much as a cold. When he does show any symptoms of being sluggish, his mother knows just what to do. She gives him a little California Syrup of Figs—and that is all it is! A natural, fruity laxative that is agreeable to take, and its gentle laxative action comes from senna. Parents are urged to use just pure California Syrup of Figs. Be sure bottle says "California."

FOR BETTER GARDENS

In fresh dated packets at your local store

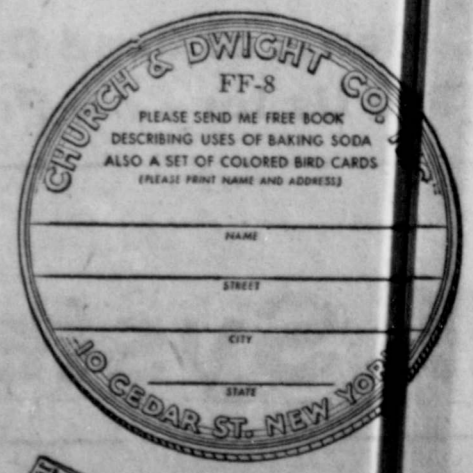
FERRY'S PUREBRED VEGETABLE SEEDS 5¢ NOW

ARM & HAMMER AND COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA U.S.P. STANDARD

With sour milk Baking Soda forms the perfect leavening for waffles... and griddle cakes... it gives best results when baking biscuits and helps you turn out tasty muffins... expert cooks recommend it for doughnuts... with it you can make marvelous chocolate cake... and delicious cookies.

Sold in sealed packages... for a few cents... at any grocery to get the latest recipes... mail the coupon... for free copy of our cook book

Arm & Hammer and Cow Brand Baking Soda, preferred by expert cooks for three generations, also serve many helpful purposes outside the kitchen. Either may be used with confidence whenever Sodium Bicarbonate is required. Send the Economy Coupon for Free Book and Colored Bird Cards.



Business established in the year 1846

UP TO \$25.00 EACH paid for Indian Head cents; half cents \$125; large copper cents \$100, etc. Send dime for list. ROMANO - SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, SINUS Redwood Inhalant. \$1 sample bottle absolutely proves its amazing merits. We pay postage. Redwood Chemical Co., Enoreks, Ark.

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS. Make them think you are in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Stamped letters mailed from here 10c. Myrtle Graff, 216 2nd St. S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

(Try This Plan You Will Never Regret It). Receive 25 to 100 letters per day each containing a (Quarter). 25c for instructions. W. G. Gleason, 1042 Corwin Ave., Akron, O.

SOUVENIR FREE—That every woman and girl needs. A postal will bring it to you. Geo. C. Williams, Gatesville, Texas.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Have you anything around the house you would like to trade or sell? Try a classified ad. The cost is only a few cents and there are probably a lot of folks looking for just what you have. Results you no longer have us of.

WNU—L

Subscribe for the
INFORMER

\$1.00 per year in Donley county

\$1.50 per year outside of Donley county.

Specials
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Flour, White Eagle, Kansas guar. 48lb	1.59
Lettuce nice firm head	5c
Celery, large stalk	10c
Carrots, bunch,	5c
Bananas, doz.	19c
Oranges, large, doz.	33c
Spuds, peck	33c
Coffee, Admiration, 3 lb.	79c
Coffee, bulk, lb.	15c
Lemons, nice size, doz.	23c
Sugar, Pure Grne, 100 lb.	\$4.73
Sugar, Pure Cane, 25 lb.	\$1.23
Meal, Yukon, large sack	43c
Grapefruit, nice size, 6 for	25c
Cabbage, nice, fresh, lb	2c
Crackers, 2 lb. box	23c
Pecans, fresh halves, lb	39c
Oats, White Swan, pkg.	15c
Sweet Potatoes pk.	29c

Market Specials

Brick Chili, 2 lb.	25c
Cheese, Longhorn, 2 lb.	35c
Sausage, Pure Pork, 3 lb.	25c
Roast, Rib, nice and fat, 3 lb.	25c
Steak, Fat & Tender, lb.	12c
Salt Pork, lb.	6c

Plenty of Seed Oats
See Us for Low Prices

M System

PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas
Friday, Mar 2.
Lillian Gish, Roland Young and Montague Love in
His Double Life

Story based on Arnold Bennett's novel, "Buried Alive," Lillian Gish's triumphant return to the screen. He attended his own funeral, and his crying and objections were unheeded. What would you do in a case like this? Also Comedy.

Sat. Mar 3, Randolph Scott, Judith Allen, Buster Crabbe in
Zane Grey's
The Thundering Herd

This will thrill America, fearless frontiersman fighting for fortune hunting for wild buffalo, hunted by savage Indians, among them one who rode into the badlands—and rode out with a girl; also cartoon comedy
Matinee, 10c to all

Our Midnight Show, Tim McCoy Shirley Grey in
Hold the Press

Walked at every turn by political gangsters, he smashed them at last in the greatest newspaper scoop of the decade. Scenops all thrill pictures, also comedy reel. Beginning at 11:00. Be on time.

Monday, Tuesday, Mar 5 & 6
May Robson, Warren Williams, Glenda Ferrell, Guy Kibbee in
A Lady For A Day

One of the best pictures Columbia has ever made. And all critics say it is one of the best in this year's line up, so does old Tack. A story of a girl apple peddler; but she started things that will start a stitch in your side. May Robson in a role that will live forever in the hearts of comedy fans, also Fox News and comedy

Wed Thurs. Mar 7 & 8.
Katharine Hepburn, Colin Clive, Billie Burke in
Christopher Strong

She tried to satisfy desire with speed and thrill and danger, while savage fires within her demanded love. She drove to beat the devil but he won. Also Paramount News and comedy. Coming: Coming Out Party and Design for Living

CITY CASH MARKET

Saturday Specials

Country Sausage, lb.	12c
Country Sausage, 2 lb.	20c
Steak, 2 lbs.	25c
Beef Roast, 3 lb.	25c
Pork Roast, 3 lb.	25c
Pork Chops, 3 lbs.	25c
Pork Ribs, lb.	8c

Also Cured Meats
L. W. Montgomery, Prop.

Watch our Windows for
Specials

Come in and Price Our Goods
FOR BARGAINS

HOUSTON CASH GROCERY AND PRODUCE
Phone 43

We buy Poultry, Cream, Eggs and Hides

Political Announcements

For District Attorney:
JOHN M. DEEVER
Re election

For District Clerk:
WALKER LANE
Re election

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

For County Treasurer:
MRS R. WILKERSON
Re-election

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

For Sheriff:
M. W. MOSLEY
C. HUFFMAN
GUY S. PIERCE
Re-election

For Tax Assessor and Collector:
MARVIN SMITH
JOE BOWDENS
W. C. (BILL) McDONALD

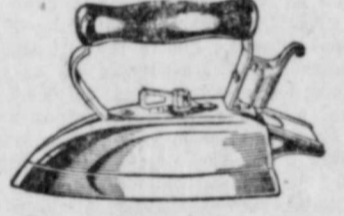
For County Commissioner, Precinct No. 3

G. L. ARMSTRONG
T. N. MESSER
J. W. DEBORD
J. LES HAWKINS
Re election
L. J. CRAWFORD
RAY DOHERTY



COLEMAN

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC IRON



Finest, most economical electric iron made. No overheating... no waste of electricity. Heat adjustable and automatically maintained for either light or heavy ironing.

Handsome, super-chromium finish. Glass-smooth sole plate slides easier. Tapered ironing edge makes it easy to iron around buttons, under pleats, etc. Produces better ironing results... saves you time and money because it has...

Sturdy, Accurate Long-Lasting Thermostat
Dependable Long-Life Heating Element

Thompson Bros.

Every Day Specials

Flour, Plains Delight, 48lb. \$1.58

Meal, 20 lb.	43c
Coffee, Bulk, lb.	13c
Spuds, pk.	30c
Syrup, E. Tex. Sorghum, gal.	50c
Honey, strained, gal.	98c

Oranges, nice size, doz 19c

Apples, Delicious, doz.	25c
Sweet Potatoes, pk.	25c
Seed Irish Potatoes, pk.	50c
Bermuda Onion Sets, Two bunches	25c

We have moved just across the street to the Kendall building

We buy what you want to sell;
we sell what you want to buy.

EADS & CO.

WE DELIVER THE GOODS
PHONE 23

EADS & CO. MOVE

Fads & Co. have moved just across the street to the Kendall building. They have more room here and enlarged their stock of groceries, and invite the public to call on them at their new location.

CUSTOM HATCHING

Baby Chicks. We buy Poultry and Cream.
Walker Hatchery & Produce.

NOTICE

When in need of radio or electrical work or plumbing. Call Walker's Hatchery or phone 81. All work guaranteed.

Quilt bundles nice - 12 - piece and fast colors, 2 lbs.
B & R Variety Store.

Miss Mary Harris left Tuesday of last week for an extended visit in Los Angeles, Calif.

THE FAULT FINDER

When you hear a man finding fault with his local newspaper, say an exchange investigation. Then you will find that he hasn't an advertisement in his file to be never given the job of printing; three to one that he is a subscriber he is delinquent; even odds he never does anything to help the publisher run a good paper, and forty to one he is the most eager to see the newspaper when it comes out, and borrows it from his neighbor before he gets time to read it.

On top of that we would like to give these old subscribers that he grows at any public improvement; 75 to one he never makes a job any evidence of the for the betterment of his own municipality, and 100 to 1 he will be always found nosing around in someone else's affairs - Gen. Rose. He punter.

Mrs. O. R. ... is an admirer of this work.

NOTICE

To Subscribers

We appreciate your taking the Informer, and hope you will continue to take it, but it takes money to publish the paper. If there is a date written on your paper, that will notify you that your subscription has expired, and we would appreciate it very much if you would come in and see us about it.

The Informer