

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS AUGUST 23, 1935

NO. 41

Chunn & Boston Prices Good Friday and Saturday

Veg.	Cantaloupes, each	5c
	Lettuce, head	
	Cucumbers, small green, lb.	
and	Bananas, lb.	
Fruits	Apples, doz.	25c
	Green Beans, 4 lb.	
	Apricots, dried, 2½ lb.	
	Milk, 4 small	15c
	Clorox pt. bottle	
	Mustard, qt.	
	Cherries, No. 2 can	
	Green Gage Plums, No. 2½ can	
	Lighthouse Cleanser, 4 for	
	Tea, ¼ lb. White Swan	19c
Gal. Fruit	Apples	39c
	Blackberries	
	Pears	
	Peaches	
	Flour 48 lb. Perryton	\$1.69

J. L. TIMS DIES

J. L. Tims of Clarendon, a former citizen of Hedley, passed away in Clarendon Tuesday evening when he suffered a heart attack while returning home from services at the First Baptist Church.

Joseph LaFayette Tims was born March 9 1876 in Meridian, Miss. He was married in 1897 in Houston County, Texas, to Miss Carma Lively, who passed away four years later. He was married in 1903 to Miss Oera Beckalew in Anderson county.

He moved to Donley county in 1918. He was engaged in the grocery business in Hedley for about 16 years, spent one year in Goodnight, two years in Ash- tola, and had been operating a grocery in Clarendon for over a year prior to his death.

He was a devout Christian, having united with the Baptist Church in 1896. His faithful service and many deeds of kindness will be long remembered.

The funeral services were conducted Wednesday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock at the First Baptist Church in Clarendon. Rev. J. Perry King, pastor, and Rev. M. E. Wells of the Hedley Baptist Church officiated.

Palbearers were C. E. Johnson and Robert Miller of Hedley, G. M. James of Goodnight, Melvin Cook of Clarendon and H. P. Commons of Dimmitt.

Interment was in Rowe Cemetery here. Surviving him are his wife, two sons, H. C. Tims of Goodnight and L. L. Tims of Amarillo, three grandchildren, Carmaleet and H. C. Tims Jr. of Goodnight and Buddy Lee Tims of Amarillo.

M. L. WILLIAMS

The funeral for M. L. Williams, 80 a resident of Tarrant County for 25 years, who died at his home on the Keller Road Wednesday night was held at 3:30 Thursday afternoon at Birdville Baptist Church.

Rev. C. A. Clark, Rev. P. D. Walker, Rev. E. D. Reese and Rev. A. V. Hendricks officiated, and burial was in the Birdville cemetery. Palbearers were M. H. and Cecil Williams, William and Carl Hammaek, A. V. Hendricks Jr. and Ralph Barton Jr.

Mr. Williams came to Texas from Georgia in 1896 and settled in Collin county. He moved to Tarrant county four years later.

He is survived by his widow; 6 sons, John H., W. T., Rufus, Harold and Joe Williams, Ft. Worth and Ed Williams, Keller; seven daughters, Mrs. R. L. Hammaek, Mrs. Ralph Barton, Mrs. T. E. Holland and Miss Lena Williams, Ft. Worth; Mrs. A. V. Hendricks, Hedley; Mrs. Virgil Pickert, Grand Prairie; Mrs. Hebert Smith, Wirt, Okla.; 21 grandchildren and 9 great grandchildren.

He was a member of North Ft. Worth Baptist Church for 25 years, and was also a member of the Masonic Lodge—Ft. Worth Star Telegram.

D. Curd and daughters returned Tuesday from an enjoyable two weeks visit with Mr. Curd's sisters in Denver and Idaho Springs, Colo. While there they had the pleasure of visiting Grand Lake, Mount Evans, St. Mary's Glacier and Moffatt Tunnel. They report a fine trip.

Our school supplies are here. We have a complete line. B. & B. Variety

OLD SETTLERS' PICNIC

The Donley County Pioneer Association held its 5th picnic August 16, in the Tate Grove. E. H. West chairman of the program committee, called order at 10 o'clock. The Clarendon Band under director Gus Stevenson rendered a short concert. The invocation was given by Rev. Rev. Reavis of Clarendon Judge Lowe, in his pleasing manner, made the address of welcome. He stressed the love we had as pioneer neighbors and urged each one to "Love thy Neighbor." A quartette composed of Mrs. Joe Crawford, Ralph Davis, Les Hawkins, and Bud Hefner, accompanied by Vernon Davis, rendered a selection. "America" was sung by the audience. Dr. B. L. Jenkins of Clarendon, in his gracious manner, spoke about progress in Donley County. Dr. Jenkins is one of our pioneer physicians.

President Rains took the chair and called for business. The minutes of the previous meeting were read. There being no old business, the election of officers was held as follows:

W. I. Rains, president
M. W. Mosley, vice president
Mrs. Gaiwell, secretary.

All old officers were unanimously elected. The association has all bills paid, and a small amount in the treasury. This sounds good to the pioneer, one thing he dislikes is to be in debt.

After a good band number, came the best part of the picnic, the noon hour. The old fashioned baskets were well filled. If any one went away hungry it was by choice; plenty good eats and plenty left.

In the afternoon the band rendered a 20 minute concert. Right here we want to say we are mighty proud of our County Band also appreciate what Director Stevenson and the boys have done for the old settlers.

Milt Mosley had charge of the evening entertainment, old time string music, also dancing. The register shows 207 registering who have been here from 20 to 50 years. Mesdames Inez Myers and Stocking hold the honor of the longest residence, 49 years. Mrs. Maggie Bailey was the oldest person present, 86 years young.

There was quite a number of vacant places since our organization. They have been called to the Heavenly Reunion.

REVIVAL

Rev. James A. Howard, district missionary, is delivering some fine gospel messages in the revival at the First Baptist Church. Bro. McPherson is in charge of the good song services. Come out and hear them.

FROM ALAN REED PASTOR

Alanreed Texas
We use this opportunity to express our thanks to the First Baptist Church of Hedley as you have consented so kindly for your pastor, Bro. Wells to help us in our revival meeting. Our church has been helped in a great way because of his coming with the Gospel messages, and we feel that the town and community has drawn close together. A. J. Campbell, Pastor

Major Nat S. Perrine of Washington, D. C., visited his father, J. S. Perrine, several days this week.

1916 and 1935

Since 1916 this store has helped in the growth of Hedley and Donley county. Today, as in the past, we are ready to serve you at all times.

**Barnes & Hastings
Grocery Co.**
PHONE 21

Hodges FUNERAL HOME

The selection of a funeral is usually made at a time when clear thinking is difficult—there is as much difference in funerals as in any other commodity, and what you receive depends upon the wisdom of your choice. Our complete service consists of casket, embalming, hearse and family car at one price.

G. C. Heath, Hedley representative..... Phone 76

Comparative Rates

Post Office Money Orders	Bank Drafts
From \$0.01 to \$2.50.....6c	From \$0.01 to \$5.00.....5c
2.51 to 5.00.....8c	5.01 to 40.00.....10c
5.01 to 10.00.....11c	40.01 to 80.00.....15c
10.01 to 20.00.....13c	80.01 to 99.00.....20c
20.01 to 40.00.....15c	Larger drafts 25c per \$100.00
40.01 to 60.00.....18c	
60.01 to 80.00.....20c	
80.01 to 100.00.....22c	

Security State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

NOTICE

To Car Owners

Let us wash and grease your car and clean the upholstery

We do general repairing and carry new and used parts, and tires and tubes.

Let us check your car for summer driving.

**CLIFTON'S
GARAGE**

PHONE 42-2R

NOTICE

I buy hogs every day. Will call for them when desired. I also buy cattle. Phone 4. M. W. Mosley

ENTERTAINS

One of the most delightful social affairs of the week was the week was the fried turkey and chicken dinner given by Mrs. W. M. Posey and Mrs. Mollie Mace Wednesday, August 14, at their country home.

A sumptuous dinner was served from the table. Partici- pating were Messrs. and Mesdames W. M. Mace, Elmer Kennedy, Alvin Mace, Robert M. Bryant, Mojsvo, Calif. and Os- well Jones, Lariat, Tex; Tom Honeycutt and Walter Johnston.

Old time games were played and string music was furnished by Tom Honeycutt and Walter Johnston. Late in the evening, fruit, ice cream and cake were served. Mrs. Posey was happy to have all her children and grandchildren with her. All departed at a late hour as Home, Sweet Home was played.

W. C. Bridges and family are visiting in Carlisbad, N. Mex.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

Come to Hedley

An excellent school, a good community and a fine teaching staff make Hedley an ideal place to attend school. You will make no mistake in coming to Hedley.

See us for School Supplies

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63



"I see the Water-Bills' Like the Inside of a Tea Kettle, an' the Bills' Places Kept Comin' My Way."

Albert

By James J. Montague

MR. JORGENSEN slowly reeled up his line, took from the hook at its outer end a small but demonstrative sea trout, and proceeded to cease work for the night. "It ain' no use, no more," he said. "They was a time when, by setting out here on the end of the mole for 25 minutes I could fetch more mackerel than I could carry home. But Albert was alive then. That made all the difference. People'll tell you fish is cold blooded and ain't got no friendship into 'em. But I know better. Albert he come of what is considered the meanest race of fish that swims—sharks—but once he knowed you, an' knowed your hand was't agin' him, like everybody else's is just because some of his family is man eaters, he'd do your biddin' like a setter dog, an' be proud to do it too."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that a shark can be trained, like a dog?"

"What did I say so for if I didn't mean to say it? Not all sharks, prob'ly though I suppose you could get on the good side of a lot of 'em if you know how, but some sharks anyway. Animals an' fish is pretty much like men folks. Some of them mean—gosh awful mean, an' stays that way through their lives. But others has warm hearts if their blood is cold, an' will go a long distance out of their way to return a favor. Me and Albert worked out here off the end of this pier—or him off it, an' me on it—for three years an' we come to know each other an' to have confidence in each other. Just like that Roman feller Anderson an' the lion done. You know, Anderson found the lion out in the jungle with a thorn into his foot an' picked it out, and years afterward they met in one of them Roman theaters, an' the lion, as soon as he got sight of him, stops snarl' an' begins to purr, an' practically spiled the show for the folks that had paid good money to see Anderson."

"You don't mean to tell me," I said, "that you pulled a thorn out of Albert's fin?" I asked.

"No, not a thorn, but wuss. A shark look. He was a little feller then, not mor'n five foot long. One day when I was fishin' off this very mole he comes blin' from deep water an' grabs my line an' heads out to sea with it again. Of course I knowed right away what it was, for the speed he made, so I slacked off an' slacked off till he got kind of tired, an' then sort of held back. It was heavy tackle I bent used for tuna, with a long wire bent onto the hook, so he couldn't bust it or chew it off.

"Well, me an' that fish had it hot an' heavy till way past midnight, an' then, hein' sure he couldn't swim his self loose I bent the line onto a cleat an' went him to get a little sleep. The next mornin' I was back hopin' he had played hisself out tryin' to break the line, but as soon as he found there was somethin' at the other end of the line away he scoots agin' pretty near as fresh as he was the night before. All day an' pretty near all night we had it out, but along toward twelve he gits sort of feeble, an' just made a little yank now an' then while I was pullin' him in.

"Knowin' them critters as I do I was goin' to lam him one with the mallet, but there wasn't no mallet on the dock. So, shark meet not bein' scarce around here, an' his hide, bein' scarce not worth sellin' to a dealer, I put my foot on his neck an' held him as stiddy as I could while I got the hook out of his mouth. Then I gives him a push an' back into the water he goes.

"I expected to see him turn belly up, him havin' bin so long out of the water, but instid he just rolls his eyes around, gives me a sort of a meanin' look, an' goes swimmin' off out to sea. For two weeks after that I never gives him a thought.

"But one day when the mackerel was runnin' I went out to my skiff to catch a mess of 'em with a hand line. As soon as I struck the head of the school the little devils turned in a bunch, like you see birds turn in the air sometimes, an' off they goes. No use rowin' after them. When a mackerel decides he don't want none of your company you don't get none of his, an' you might as well haul your tackle aboard an' row back home.

"That was what I was doin' when out yonder I see the water bills' like the inside of a tea kettle, an' the bills' places kept comin' my way. Pretty soon they was all around the boat, them mackerel was, an' all I had to do was to take the dip net an' ladle 'em out till the craft was pretty nigh gunnel deep with the weight of 'em.

"While I was doin' this I couldn't think of nothin' but scoopin' 'em up, an' keepin' watch to see I didn't get a bigger load than the boat could carry. But when I was sure about that an' began to row into the dock, I got to thinkin' how it all happened. Somethin' must have headed them mackerel in. It ain't mackerel nature to commit suicide. What was it that done it?" thinks I.

"Lookin' out toward the sea I see a sort of movin' around, that kept circulin' an' circulin' around me, an' pretty soon out of that wave come a fin, cuttin' the water like the stem of one of them speed boats.

"It was pretty hard to believe that that shark was doin' this for me just out of gratitude. But how else could it have happened? If the shark was just gettin' hisself a meal he would have got it in a couple of gulps and then swum off to sleep. But this one worked just like a sheep dog with a hand of sheep. An' never once did he let them fish go in any direction but mine.

"Gosh," I says to myself, "can a shark have gratit'ud into him? It certainly looks as if he can."

"I got the boat up on the beach an' hired a kid to get the load out for me an' take it up to the wholesale house in a cart. Then I pushed off agagin' to see if my old friend was still out there to work for me. He sure was. He had the school further in shore by this time so as to save me rowin' an' I made three more hauls before night, so many the whole-sale man tells me not to bring in any more for three or four days for fear of ruinin' the market.

"But I went out regular twice a week, an' every time Albert done all the work an' I got the credit an' the money, although five or six of the fellers come out to spy on me. But they never suspected Albert, though they must have saw his fin cuttin' the water plain enough.

"When the mackerel wasn't runnin' he'd go off for a spell an' head in a couple of tuna fish or a school of red snappers or a bunch of mullet or whatever he found there. An' after it was all done he'd lay lazy by the dock an' grab at chunks o' meat I'd throw down to him.

"An' then one day a big grampus come into the bay, an' was headin' for me, for some reason or other, when Albert slips in between him an' my boat, an' they was a fight like you never seen, all on my account. But the grampus was bigger, an' meaner, an' right before my very eyes I saw pore old Albert take such a lickin' as no fish ever took before an' get out of alive. An' after that he wouldn't come near me, though three or four times I could see him lookin' at me from a distance. Pore feller he was so ashamed of hisself that he just couldn't stand it to think I'd seen that fight. No I don't know where he's gone, but I certainly do miss him around here. Wouldn't you?"

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London Has Nearby Forest

London has a forest. It begins within seven miles of the heart of London and stretches for 20 and belongs to the city. Epping forest is all that is left of the ancient forest of Essex, and here, amid oaks, beeches and horn beams, gnarled by a thousand years, you can wander for hours, as William the Conqueror, Queen Elizabeth and all England's kings have before you. Its legends and traditions are most romantic and those little Essex towns in the midst of it are a wonder for a long memory.

Intelligence of Girls, Boys

In a study of the intelligence and abilities of 14,149 boys and 13,463 girls Prof. Paul A. Witty of the psycho-medical clinic of Northwestern university found that girls possess genius as often as boys. Out of the students rated, Professor Witty found only 47 boys and 48 girls who could be classed as geniuses. Next came a gifted class of 250 boys and 244 girls while the rest numbered students of average ability.

"QUOTES" Glamorous Midsummer Silk Prints

COMMENTS ON CURRENT TOPICS BY NATIONAL CHARACTERS

LET'S GO HOME

By BRASWELL DRUE DEEN
U. S. Representative from Georgia.

THERE are many reasons why the house and senate should quickly adjourn this session of the Seventy-fourth congress. Chief among the reasons is the fact that more than 20 of our colleagues—to be exact, 26—are now either in hospitals or at their homes suffering from heart trouble or a nervous breakdown. This congress has worked long, and faithfully, and well, and, personally, I insist that the senate bring its business quickly to an end so that we may agree on the matters that must be agreed upon between the house and the senate, and that all future hearings on house bills, many of which I am for, be extended until a session in the fall or the next session beginning in January. This share-the-wealth, sink-the-rich and save-the-poor legislation, some of which I am in favor of, can wait six months longer, because the rich will not get too rich in a few more months, and the wealth can then be shared and the poor are being taken care of now, and I am personally appealing to the membership of the house to let us adjourn this session immediately.

THE SANE LIFE

By DR. HAROLD WILLIS DODD
President, Princeton University.

THE devastation of the World War and its catastrophic aftermath have been interpreted by some as revealing the emptiness of accepted values and the need for newly fabricated loyalties if one is to be modern and free. But every man needs something to live by and to live for, and those who have jettisoned received standards perforce turn to strange gods most astonishingly bizarre and fanciful.

In the look ahead which today I urge you to take, be sure to find a place for intellectual and cultural interests outside your daily occupation. It is necessary that you do so if this business of living is not to turn to dust and ashes in your mouth. Moreover, do not overlook the claims of religion as the explanation of an otherwise unintelligible world.

It is not the fast tempo of modern life that kills but the boredom, a lack of strong interest and failure to grow that destroy. It is the feeling that nothing is worth while that makes men ill and unhappy.

BRITISH RECOVERY

By STANLEY BALDWIN
Prime Minister, Great Britain.

WE ARE being censured for not having any considered plan. I have never been a slave of a word. If there is a word that has been ridden to death today it is the word plan. I have seen nothing of planning in any foreign country that would lead me to think it is a universal panacea. I don't exactly know what plan is. For some kinds of plans there are books and pamphlets undertaking to cure unemployment.

I have never promised to cure unemployment. I have taken risks for unemployment. I threw away an office and an election because I was convinced that among things necessary to help check growing unemployment were tariffs. I never promised to cure unemployment and I shall never stand on a platform with anybody who does promise it. I think I can say of our action during the time we have been in office that we have made a considerable contribution toward it.

AMBITIOUS NATIONS

By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
Chairman, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

IT HAS become clear that treaties count for nothing in the face of national ambition and of what the ruling statesmen regard as national security. Therefore Japan is moving steadily toward the extension of her control over a vast portion of Asia. Therefore Italy is feeling her way toward the acquisition of new territory and new economic opportunity in Africa, while Germany is, so to speak, tossing in her bed, stirred with ambition to extend her authority toward the south and the southeast.

To deal with a complicated and very real situation such as this will tax the world's wisdom and the world's statesmanship to the utmost. These conditions, serious as they are, become more so when it is realized how closely they are bound up with the various revolutionary movements now actively going forward in the fields of economics, politics and the social order.

PREPARING FOR WAR

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
Former British Prime Minister.

THE situation from the viewpoint of peace is in many respects worse than before 1914. I was in the business before 1914. Then every one as now was talking about peace, but every one just as now was preparing feverishly for war. The nations were maneuvering for war positions. Watch—for it is going on now. Each of them was as certain as now that their conduct was actuated by a sincere desire for peace and that their armaments were intended exclusively for defense.

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



MIDSUMMER prints are simply gorgeous. Adjectives, no matter how extravagant, how eloquent or picturesque, fall short of describing them. It is impossible to capture their beauty of color and design and release it via mere words. Like the full blown rose that reaches perfection of bloom in midsummer, the lovely prints now worn, especially the sumptuous evening prints, have reached to such heights of glamorous beauty one's very being thrills at the sight of them.

The enchanting gowns here pictured are self-explanatory as to why women continue to adore prints. The superlative loveliness of the stately model to the left in the group carries the message that no happier choice can be made in the way of a summery evening gown than a filmy, vaporous printed chiffon which silhouettes huge white waterlilies touched with pink and green shadows against a misty black background. The scardlike arrangement which falls across the shoulders, floating in summer airiness at every move, is typical of current styling.

Then there is a frock of perfectly beautiful flower-printed silk fantasy crepe which the lady seated is wearing. To mar the perfection of this glorified print with a superfluous trimming touch would be an unforgivable gesture. Which is why the designer fashioned this superb print along absolute simple lines. This print is vivid with splashes and dashes of warm tropical colors—as gay, as gorgeous as a bird of brilliant exotic plumage.

The lovely dress with a cape centered in the picture has a story of fascinating interest to tell. It is of violet gray mousseline de soie. Huge flower appliques, cutouts from a silk

poppy print, are festooned on the cape forming a garland about the shoulders, also spiraling around the skirt in double file. The soft sash is of chartreuse green silk taffeta.

This gown is especially significant in that it demonstrates the use of cut-out florals from printed fabric as a trimming feature. Designers are doing very clever things along this line of thought. One striking effect is the lei or garland which is worn about the shoulders like a box or necklace, or is used to finish low-cut necklines, that is made entirely of cutout flowers taken from gay printed chiffons or crepes or whatever the silken material may be. Boutonnieres made of the same print as the frocks with which they are worn are also smartly in vogue.

Perhaps one of the most unique and charming adaptations of cutout print florals is seen in sleeves which are formed of the flower motifs which are caught in the center only, the petals fluttering out as if they were real flowers. These flower sleeves contrast a monotone frock. By the way, advance news in regard to fall fashions places special emphasis on the approaching vogue of contrasting sleeves, such as lace or silk print or embroidered sleeves used with monotone silk or velvet or wool for the frock.

Again, speaking of the use of cut-out print motifs, cunning collar and cuff sets are formed in the manner described above. The theme is one that may be handsomely worked out for bridesmaids' hat and suit sets.

The flair for beautiful prints also expresses itself in that several dress-makers are making up plain chiffon over printed satin slips. The effect is entrancing. A timely hint for your next party dress.

© Western Newspaper Union.

FALL FORECAST



The dramatic sweep of ostrich feathers on fall hats forecasts the return to elegance in fashion. Ostrich feathers straight, curled, jaunty or flowing are being worn on all types of hats from sports to evening. The picturesque afternoon hat in the illustration is in bright green velour. Its crown is cut sharply in half by a beautiful black and white plume which emerges underneath the brim, curling softly down over the neck. The other hat is a type which milliners are showing for wear with dinner dresses. The body of the hat is sheersert net—serves as a foundation for the luxuriant feather which constitutes the brim and trim.

FLOWERS CURRENT THEME OF STYLISTS

"Flowers for Madame" is the current theme song of the stylists.

Fresh flowers are being used as a definite part of current costume ensembles, used in new and unusual ways.

There is, in case you didn't know it, a "tailored corsage" of orchids, for wear with tailored daytime costumes. The stems are wound with velvet ribbon, in a color to harmonize with the ensemble, and are pinned against the collar of the frock or jacket.

For evening gay young things are wearing a spray of small pink orchids across the back of the head, tiara fashion.

Flowers in the hair are all the rage just now. Reminiscent of Carmen are the sprays of red camellias worn by dashing brunets these nights on their dark curls, just behind the right ear.

Another new idea is that of attaching a single orchid to your jeweled bracelet.

New Silk Patent Leather Belts for Daytime Wear

Like soft, crushed girdles are the new silk patent leather belts for daytime dresses. They fit snugly around the waist, and are just a bit wider than the belts you've been wearing. The colors match or contrast with all your new summer dresses—bright red, dark red, pink, lilac, yellow and black. They give a smart touch that adds so much to your costume and proves that it pays to be up-to-date even in details!

Gilt Bead Jabots

Jabots are not always of organdie or lace. The silver and gilt bead variety is modernistic and combines the role of dress jewelry with that of a jabot.

Sense By John Blake

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service

If you can get a vacation, use it. Go somewhere.

Time Out

It may not be farther away than the next town, but at least that is somewhere.

If you can afford the money and the time, go to Europe, or South America or preferably across the American continent.

See people who have different manners and customs than yours.

They may be strange and surprising, but it is useful to know that there are other ways than your own, and that some of them may be very good ways.

If you can't go any long distance away, get as far from your job as you can.

Don't be like the laborer who, when given a week off with pay, stood around and watched his friends toiling at their job, and was content to think that for a time at least he didn't have to wield a pick and shovel.

Meet as many people as you can. Talk to them. Get their ideas about things.

Our bodies often need a change. So do our minds.

We get into ruts without knowing it. If we stay there they get deeper and harder to get out of.

Find out what other people think. Talk politics, if you can talk politics intelligently.

That will lead to wider knowledge of the affairs of the country you live and work in, and will make you a more discriminating voter when election day comes round.

Everybody needs a perspective on life.

It helps to meet people you have never known or seen before.

You know what it means to get muscle bound. Getting mind-bound and soul-bound is far worse.

Somebody, Pope, I think, said something to the effect that the proper study of mankind is man.

Take up that study. You will find it more interesting than many of the books you read just to while away the time.

We all need change, variety. We all need as wide an acquaintanceship as we can get.

You'll never get more than three or four real friends, the kind that will "go through."

But you can make many excellent acquaintances, who will talk and argue with you.

Step out among them. You'll be glad you did.

I am not sure that we are very deeply indebted to Columbus.

We're All Debtors

In the first place he went forth on a private venture.

In the second, the Western continent would have been discovered very soon anyway.

As the Englishman said after he had traveled across the American continent—"It wasn't so remarkable that Columbus found America. But it would have been remarkable if he had missed it."

The men to whom the world is most in debt are first the men who preserved the Bible for posterity; of second the long line of inventors who have increased happiness by promoting physical comfort and convenience.

Of these James Watt, Stephenson, Samuel F. B. Morse, Edison and Marconi are especially prominent.

None of these stumbled on their inventions. They worked them out carefully and scientifically. And they all had in mind the fact that if they succeeded they would be benefitting mankind.

I give all credit to the Wright brothers, but Professor Langley and a number of others had experimented with flight before them.

Langley had he lived a little later when light gasoline motors were in use, would have succeeded.

Indeed, the Wrights, not at all jealous of his fame, took the Langley ship, equipped it with a modern engine and made a flight with it.

You and I sit down and take all these modern conveniences, and think nothing at all about them, wondering sometimes why progress is not more rapid than it is, even if people can now travel from New York to Los Angeles on a regular liner almost between sunset and sundown.

Why don't we all do our part in progress?

Some of us are lazy, some of us know nothing of mechanics, some of us do not even think about it.

Meanwhile if you have some disease that twenty years ago would have released you from earthly troubles, you can find a surgeon who will prolong your life, while other medical men are working to prevent many illnesses that our great-grandfathers took lying down, and stayed down afterward.

This is not intended to be a sermon, but I really think that it would make us a little more kindly and a little more unselfish if we remembered all that has been done for us by devoted men and women, and remembered it without any hope of future favors from other people who may do us much for us.

All that we can do to keep our end is to be grateful and appreciative and a little more zealous in our own efforts to help our brothers and sisters.

SEES INFLATION A SLOW PROCESS

A Real Danger for the Future, Col. Ayres Tells Banking Groups.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—Present prospects do not indicate that inflation severe enough to cause further dollar devaluation will come soon in this country, but as an ultimate development it seems to be a very real danger, Leonard P. Ayres, Vice President Cleveland Trust Company, said here tonight in an address before the Graduate School of Banking. He believed this statement to be true "unless the government enters frankly upon a policy of issuing fiat money with which to meet its expenses." At present that does not seem to be in sight, he said.

The Graduate School is operated jointly by the American Institute of Banking Section of the American Bankers Association and Rutgers University to offer advanced studies for bank officers.

"We have so enormously increased the capacity of our banking system for credit expansion that it is difficult to see how we could have a vigorous business revival without having it develop into a credit inflation," Colonel Ayres declared.

Inflation a Slow Process

If inflation does come it will be a slow process, he said, pointing out that in Germany, France, Belgium and Italy it took about five years to develop from the time when the governments entered upon policies of financing large peace-time deficits by bank credit up to the time when the public generally began to spend money rapidly because of fear that it would still further depreciate in purchasing power.

"If we are to go through such a period here it would seem likely that it might last rather longer than the corresponding periods did abroad," he said. "Its beginning would date from the spring of 1933 when we left the old gold basis for our money and entered upon the policy of financing large governmental deficits by the sale of Federal securities mainly to banks rather than to private investors."

"The method that we are following is the one that proved disastrous in Europe for in all those countries including Germany, the increasing issues of money that caused the inflations were not mere printing press issues of fiat currency, but were secured by government bonds and notes discounted at the banks. Nevertheless, the process is inherently a slow one."

Among the clearest lessons taught by the European experience, Colonel Ayres asserted, is that there are no good hedges against inflation. He added:

Did Not Lighten Debt Burdens

"One of the strange facts about these inflations is that while they destroyed the values of most existing debts, they did not succeed in lightening the debt burdens of either the people as a whole, or of the corporations."

"Inflation destroys the value of bonds and mortgages and so confiscates the property of these holders of obligations and hands it over to the shareholders and the equity owners. However, it introduces so many new economic difficulties that these share and equity holders are at once forced to incur new indebtedness so that when stabilization comes the problems of debt are about as troublesome as they were before, or even more so."

The five requisites of inflation were listed by Colonel Ayres as first, a period of sustained active business, second, a rising stock market, third, real credit expansion; fourth, greater outflow of gold "than we can tolerate which would force us to cut our currency entirely free from gold"; and fifth, continued large budget deficits in government operation.

A PROPHECY

Significant economic developments to be expected in the next decade are listed by a prominent business writer as follows: (1) Higher standard of living; (2) Continued advances in technical processes of production; (3) Factory built houses, better and cheaper than hand made houses; (4) Somewhat cheaper money; (5) Faster travel; (6) News printed by radio; (7) Mechanical cotton picker, revolutionizing the South; (8) Cheaper electric power; (9) Better distribution of goods; more chain stores; (10) Another depression five or six years hence, preceded by an inflationary boom.

TWO QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Why is it that one farmer raises 100 bushels of corn to the acre, and the other one, on the other side of the fence, raises 25 bushels to the acre? Why is it that one farmer produces 100 pounds of pork on five bushels of corn, and another uses 25 bushels? Not until power machinery, scientific principles of soil fertilization and restoration, rotation of crops, diversification of crops and economical feeding are applied to the farm, will the farmers' problem be solved, says a farm authority.

BANKING READY

NEW YORK.—There is abundant evidence that banks are in an unusually favorable position to finance a period of industrial growth, says the June issue of "Banking" published by the American Bankers Association.

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE RESTORED BY BANKS

American Bankers Association Describes Its Activities to Create Better Understanding Regarding Banks

NEW YORK.—Eight different lines of activity through which the American Bankers Association is constantly aiming to promote better understanding and opinion in regard to banking and the attitude of bankers toward legislation are described in detail in a statement made public here by R. S. Hecht, president of the association.

The aim, he says, is "to strengthen the real basis for good opinion in regard to the banks," through fostering informative bank advertising in the newspapers and in other ways. The statement was issued in reply to suggestions received urging a nationwide public educational program in regard to "the business of banking and its place in the life of our country."

Mr. Hecht declares that "we have tried very hard to convince the public that the banking fraternity has truly profited by the lessons of the past, is determined to approach all questions of banking policy from the broad viewpoint of public welfare and is prepared to carry its full share of the burden in connection with all efforts to restore sound prosperity in this country."

The Means Employed

In describing the various measures of the association "to exert a beneficial influence on public opinion regarding the functions, methods and operations of banks," Mr. Hecht enumerated the following activities:

1. The Public Education Commission, which prepares plain language talks about banking for use of bankers and others before schools, civic clubs and over the radio.

2. The Constructive Customer Relations program, installed in many banks to help quality bank employees to promote a better informed and more sympathetic attitude among their customers regarding banking.

3. The Publicity Department, supplying city and country daily and weekly newspapers with articles regarding banking and allied subjects and furnishing the general press with news and information regarding the activities of the association.

4. The Advertising Department, supplying members of the association with a series of informative newspaper advertisements setting forth in brief, popular language the methods and policies under which banks operate, their effective practices for protecting depositors' funds, the services they render and the various ways in which they cooperate with business in their own communities in fostering sound recovery and progress.

5. The Executive Officers and the Committee on Banking Studies, who are active, particularly at Washington, in consulting with Administration and Congressional leaders in formulating proposals for banking reform based on broad lines of public welfare.

6. The Agricultural Commission, promoting among bankers in the farm districts the practice of aiding their farm customers in installing on their farms better financial and operating methods.

7. The American Institute of Banking, having plans to do with the technical education of the younger banker, but also directing attention to the public relations and the ethical aspects of practical banking.

8. The publication of "Banking," the official organ of the association, circulating among bankers, bank directors, business executives, economists, law firms, government departments, libraries, colleges, public schools and other public places, pressive articles regarding banking and banking viewpoints.

The Objective Sought

In commenting on the foregoing program, Mr. Hecht says that it is not "the primary objective to attract attention particularly to the American Bankers Association as such, but rather to focus attention on and give impetus to those ideas which he believes are beneficial in promoting understanding and solidarity among banking, business and the public." He adds:

"Our program for the development of satisfactory public relations for banking does not consist merely of newspaper publicity. It is calculated to produce a continuous and cumulative effect by varied efforts which are aimed to work day in and day out to strengthen the real basis for good opinion in regard to the banks."

"To have favorable things said about the banking business in the newspapers and over the radio is the association recognizes, very helpful toward creating a sound public opinion regarding banking. But the association believes that the most important thing ultimately is to foster throughout the banking profession the doing sincerely of those things that reflect favorably the sound, helpful practices of the business of banking, and that then the true news of its constructive activities will constitute the best answers to misrepresentations aimed at banks and bankers."

BANKERS HELP

"Save the Land and You Save the Man" is the essence of a suggested agricultural program recommended by the Arkansas Bankers Agricultural Committee. "Beware of impoverished soil it leads to impoverished homes," says a statement sent to the banks to be distributed to their farmer customers. "To help nature save the land, build up the soil, by:

- Stopping soil erosion.
- Planting legumes.
- Raising livestock.
- Developing pastures.

"Look ahead with confidence—know what you are doing, therefore:

- Draw up a farm inventory.
- Keep a record, daily or weekly.
- Budget expense, and keep within it."

I'm for the ONE that's Milder...
And tastes better

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BANKS AND COLLEGE LAUNCH NEW SCHOOL

Aims to Offer Studies in Advanced Banking Subjects to Bank Executives—Public Duties of Banks Stressed

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—The Graduate School of Banking, an unprecedented educational project, operated under the joint auspices of the American Institute of Banking Section of the American Bankers Association and Rutgers University, with 225 enrolled students from 35 states and the District of Columbia, inaugurated here in June its first residential session.

The states represented and the number of registrants from each were as follows: Alabama, 2; Arkansas, 2; California, 2; Connecticut, 9; Delaware, 3; District of Columbia, 6; Florida, 2; Georgia, 3; Idaho, 1; Illinois, 8; Indiana, 2; Iowa, 1; Kansas, 1; Kentucky, 2; Louisiana, 3; Maryland, 1; Massachusetts, 9; Michigan, 5; Minnesota, 1; Missouri, 5; Nebraska, 1; New Jersey, 21; New York, 50; North Carolina, 8; North Dakota, 1; Ohio, 7; Oklahoma, 1; Oregon, 2; Pennsylvania, 32; Rhode Island, 1; Texas, 5; Virginia, 6; Washington, 1; West Virginia, 1; Wisconsin, 4; Wyoming, 1.

The annual resident sessions of the graduate school will be supplemented between periods by continued extension work for the students at their homes. The purpose of the school is described as being to offer in a three year course a comprehensive approach to an advanced study of the various administrative problems in banking and trust institutions. The teaching procedure is a combination of the case system and the lecture discussion method.

The Curriculum

The curriculum embraces banking administrative problems and policies, bank investment problems, legal and managerial aspects of trust business, legal phases of bank administration and economic problems in the field of money and credit. The public relations and responsibilities of banks and methods for meeting these obligations are emphasized in the courses.

It is planned to set up similar schools in cooperation with other universities in various parts of the country. The school will add 200 registrants each year for two years until 600 are enrolled.

The trustees of the Educational Foundation of the American Bankers Association have set aside funds from the foundation to grant 100 loan scholarships of \$150 each to qualified applicants for attendance at the school.

WHAT HAPPENS

When a gangster's platinum blonde finds love in the Dakota fields

?

Read Martha Ostenso's heart-throbbing story of Silver Grenoble and her adventures with slick guys and strong men, with life and love.

Read every installment of There's Always Another Year By MARTHA OSTENSO as it appears serially in this newspaper!

Parts 1 and 2 this week

THE FARM BUDGET

By DAN H. OTIS, Agricultural Director, American Bankers Association

Inventories aid in the formation of a farm budget. Some banks, as well as the Farm Credit Administration, recommend outlining in advance the method of using production loans. Under this plan provision is made for monthly expenditures and funds are granted to the borrower in accordance with the budget plan. The budget helps to show how loans can be repaid.

With the accumulated data from previous inventories and budgets, budget making becomes easier and more accurate and valuable. As one branch of the farming plant requires more expenditure, such as for new machinery, fencing, livestock, etc., it may be necessary to limit other branches in order to meet these pressing requirements.

The budget helps to formulate a financial program. It is of special importance in arranging to meet special or large expenditures. If the income and expenditures are carefully budgeted it prevents the spending of money needed for interest and taxes before the time of their payment arrives. It helps to provide a reserve.

The Agricultural Commission of the American Bankers Association feels that this type of work is so important that special emphasis has been placed upon the field of farm inventories, budgets and credit statements as one of its national projects for farm aid.

National Bank Notes

Changes in our money on the scale of about \$500,000,000 are now going on through the retirement of national bank notes. This is reflected in increasing deposits in the Treasury of lawful money to replace bonds held against outstanding notes which will require some time for withdrawal from circulation.

The change in the currency will require a considerable shift of bank funds in many cases, but it is doubtful if a large volume of currency has ever been retired and replaced in any country with so little disturbance.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Olson will preach in Hedley, at the Church of Christ, the second Sunday of each month

Everybody is invited to come out and hear him. Bible Classes every Sunday morning from 10 to 11 o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

Byron P. Todd, pastor. Sunday School Sunday morning at 9:45. Care on Davis, Sept. Edworth League at 6:30. Sybil Holland, Pres. Church service morning and evening each Sunday

H. Y. P. U. and adult Bible Sunday at 7:00 P. M.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. He drinks, pastor. Sunday School Sunday morning at 9:45. Care on Davis, Sept. Edworth League at 6:30. Sybil Holland, Pres. Church service morning and evening each Sunday

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each month

Subscribe for the Informer.

WFOLEY LODGE NO. 991

A. F. and A. M. meets on the 2nd Thursday night in each month.

All members are urged to attend. Visitors are welcome. T. W. Rain, W. M. C. E. Johnson, Sec.

There's Always Another Year

MARTHA OSTENSO

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER I

Ordinarily, when the Heron River band—an eight-man institution which included a twelve-year-old snare-drummer and a bass-drummer of sixty-played, of a summer night, "Hail, Hall, The Gang's All Here," and proceeded with proper solemnity into "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," old Shad Finney looked at old Nils Ulevik and said, "Wa-al, she's finished, mate. We better get along." And Nils, sucking on his pipe, would nod his head in grave accord.

But this was no ordinary band-concert-night in July. The telegraph operator, Albert Symes, had let fall the information that the express was going to stop at the Heron River depot this evening. It was not only going to slow down as was its wont to drop off the incoming mail and to snatch up the outgoing, but it was going to come to a definite standstill. To let off a passenger. And who hadn't read in today's Maynard Times about the shooting, over a gambling table in Chicago, of Gentleman Jim Grenoble—Gentleman Jim who still owned half of the Grenoble farm, fancily called Ydrasil by a fancy wife now long dead; and who had a daughter who must now be nineteen or twenty? Albert Symes, being a man of honor in his profession, hadn't said that there had been a wire to Sophronia Willard, Jim's married sister, about Jim's daughter, stating that she would arrive on the evening train. But Tillie Fink, of the telephone office, had conscientiously listened in while Albert had conveyed the message to Phronie Willard at eight o'clock that morning. So that it had been unnecessary for Albert Symes to betray his trust.

Another interesting angle in the situation was that Roddy Willard, stepson of Sophronia, had mysteriously disappeared in his car yesterday. "Just a little trip," Roddy had said. In view of the fact that Elisabeth Fink, the postmistress and sister of Tillie, knew that four letters had been placed in Roddy's rural mail box during the past ten days, all in the same feminine handwriting, the circumstances were intriguing indeed.

All in all, conditions certainly warranted a change of procedure on the part of those two old cronies, Shad Finney and Nils Ulevik. They stamped heartily enough upon the advent of "Hail, Hall," but after that they glanced at their watches. And immediately those others who possessed watches drew them out from snug pockets, looked at them, gave a thoughtful wind to the stems and replaced them.

There was a general movement toward the depot, a block away, across from the lumber yard. Eighteen or twenty grown persons and a scattering of children.

"D'you s'pose Phronie'll be here?" Shad whispered to Nils. "Taint likely she'll send Jason to meet her. The looks o' him's enough to scare the old Nick himself."

Nils shrugged. "She could do worse," he remarked. "Yase just so good so his brother Roderick."

Shad spied Duke Melbank standing amid four or five men on the depot platform. Duke—whose real name was Earl—was bareheaded as usual, and his flaming red hair, shaven close about the ears and neck, could have been seen a quarter mile away.

Duke was tall, narrow-shouldered, tubular. His body suggested a length of sponge. His hands, even in summer, were always pale, were covered with red freckles and were clammy to the touch. He had a loud, almost incessant laugh which was peculiarly devoid of mirth and meaning. He was an only son, and lived with his mother on a shambles of a farm fringing Heron River. Since farming had become unprofitable, Jess Melbank and her son supplied homebrew to the neighborhood and to the campers on the lakes to the north, at twenty-five cents a quart. Jess, in coloring, appeared to have been the inspiration of Duke. She was as broad, however, as she was long, and no one had ever seen her in anything but a black steen wrapper held together by a man's

leather belt with a huge silver buckle in front.

Soon after Shad Finney and Nils Ulevik had gained the steps of the platform, Jess Melbank could be seen waddling forward from the shadowed extreme end of it. The evening being oppressive, Jess carried a huge palm fan, which she waved dexterously across the vast and flabby expanse of her. She sank with audible relief down upon a bench against the depot wall, still some distance from the group of idlers who surrounded her son Duke. Shad and Nils with a certain feeling of distaste, it must be admitted, edged nearer the group.

The two old men may not have been listening to the utterances of Duke Melbank—those utterances so punctuated by his own snickers and guffaws that it took an alert ear to gather their meaning. They may not have been listening, exactly—because they were nice old men, not given to a busy interest in scandal. But they could, nevertheless, not help overhearing.

Some weeks ago, Duke Melbank, on his thirty-fourth birthday, had discovered Chicago. And Chicago, Ned Burgess, editor of the Heron River Sentinel, had estimated, would never be the same again. Duke had read the news item at first with a slightly sour look, because Ned considered himself above everybody in the county except the Willards. But whatever Ned's intent had been, it was something to have your name in the paper, and at length the clipping nestled in Duke's vest pocket, along with certain photographs he had got from a traveling man who had been in France.

Everybody in Heron River knew, by now, what had happened on Duke's visit to Chicago, but tonight was an occasion which called for the retelling of the event.

"You was in the Grenobles' suit wasn't you, Duke?" somebody prompted. "They don't call it a 'suit,'" Duke disclosed loftily. "They call it an 'apartment.' You bet your punkins I was in it. I wouldn't 'a' got in, neither, except I met ol' Jim hisself in a speak-easy, and I come right home with him, bein' from his home town. He was worried like, and he didn't seem to know I was along. There was a gang to his place, all right, all right! Say, boy! Maybe I didn't smile like a wooden fox after seven or eight o' them drinks they give me! And then—"

Duke drew himself up and hooked his thumbs into his green-and-orange striped suspenders—"In she comes! Silver pajamas, by hickory! They was all playin' roulette—you know, like they play over to Gale's Point." He paused and flicked his cigarette into the outer air. He knew roulette. These hicks who hadn't even been at Gale's Point probably thought it was dominoes. "Up gets this guy from the table and she goes with him into another room and shuts the door! She never even seen me. Wouldn't 'a' know me, anyhow. Somebody says it's her, so I know. I get up pretty soon and goes and opens the door, easy like. And there she is with her back to me and this guy bendin' over her like he's gonna kiss her!" Duke croaked joyously, his head thrown back with the relish of reminiscence.

Somebody prodded him. "Here comes Phronie Willard, Duke! Shut up!" Nils Ulevik and Shad Finney glanced anxiously at Sophronia as she passed them. They hoped she had not overheard any of Duke's talk, for they were law-abiding citizens, and had a distaste for public violence.

But Sophronia Willard, straight and strong as a pine, and as awe-inspiring as one, ignored Duke Melbank's little group just as such a majestic tree might ignore the whisperings of scrub growth in a forest.

Sophronia had had since eight o'clock this morning to prepare for her meeting with her brother's daughter, Anna—"Silver," her mother had frivolously called her, because of the pallor of her hair and skin. Sophronia was washing the separator in the milk house when Jason had shouted to her that she was wanted on the telephone.

Albert Symes, the telegraph operator, had read the telegram to her. He had said first, clearing his throat: "I have bad news for you, Mrs. Willard." Phronie had said, "Go on, go on, man! Read it." Then Albert had proceeded with the message: "As attorney to your brother James Grenoble I assume the painful duty of informing you that

your brother was shot fatally early this morning by one Lewis Rawson. Rawson was killed by police as he was trying to make his escape. Your niece Silver Grenoble will arrive Heron River tonight's train. Take care of her, Benjamin Hubbard."

Sophronia had made no outcry. She had given Albert Symes a curt "Thank you." Then she had seated herself on the chair beside the telephone and had looked up at it, there on the wall, for a long time. Jason had stood near by, fumbling with a piece of harness, or something—she forgot just what. Her eyes had moved to him slowly, and it seemed to her suddenly that this stepson of hers was more hunchbacked than usual. She could see that pitiful excrescence of bone and flesh mounting from behind the line of his shoulder. She saw his mournful, deep eyes—like the eyes of a dog that had been run over and begged to be removed from its pain.

"Jim is dead," she told him, as she might tell him that the clock needed winding.

Jason turned the bit of leather about in his powerful hands—hands that could bend a horseshoe inside out without trouble.

"How?" he asked. His voice was husky and soft as wind moving over tall grass. "How did he die?"

"He was shot."

"It would be a gambler shot him," Jason said, and his glance fell. "I guess," Phronie said. "His daughter is coming on tonight's train. It was Jim's lawyer telegraphed."

"Too bad Roddy isn't here," Jason said laboriously. "He could meet her, Phronie."

The angry red sprang into Sophronia's cheeks. "You're good enough to meet her, Jason," she said sharply. "You're good enough to meet anybody, and don't you think different!"

Jason smiled with great gentleness, as though it were Phronie who was ill-formed. "You know I ain't," he said. "You've got to drive in."

"All right, Jase," she replied, to have it done with. "Now I've got to finish the separator."

The shining metal of the separator made whirling disks before her eyes. Jim—Gentleman Jim! Her only brother, younger than herself—handsome and wild as their grandfather had been. Not made for this land their grandfather had homesteaded on, though. Going off the deep end when his wife, Anna Egstrom, that lovely Swede, had died without asking your leave! Jim had gone away then, leaving her, Sophronia, in possession of half this farm that had belonged to their father and their grandfather—leaving her with the responsibility of the entire farm, his own half as well as hers! Going off after his wife's death, with his seven-year-old daughter, as though the earth had swallowed them up. What had there been for Sophronia to do but to marry Roderick Willard, the widower on a farm in the next county? She had deeded her share of the land to him because he had had the money to work it—and he had built this new house on the ridge not more than a stone's throw above the little old place in which the Grenobles had lived for three generations, in which Silver Grenoble had been born and Anna Egstrom had died.

Roderick Willard had been kind. Sophronia had loved him, she supposed, so far as she knew anything of love. And his two sons, in their early teens then, had responded to her mothering, had affectionately accepted her. But Roderick, who had sold his own farm before his marriage to Sophronia, had wanted to secure complete possession of the Grenoble farm. Jim Grenoble, for some romantic reason, had refused to sell his section, and although Roderick and his sons had worked it through all the years, it had never become Willard land, and Roderick, aging now, had passed his resentment on to his son, young Roddy.

Two years after her marriage to Roderick Willard, when her stepsons were in high school at Heron River, Sophronia had had her first news of Jim. He and Silver were in Alaska. Jim did not say what he was doing, but Silver was being looked after in a convent school.

Next year Jim was in Nevada. And later in Mexico. Mining, he said. His daughter was also in Mexico, in the care of nuns, and was learning Spanish and German and French. Sophronia, remembering the fair child of seven, who was so much like that dreamy, foreign mother of hers, wondered. Foregnia wrote Jim then that her husband, Roderick Willard, wanted to

buy him out. But Jim had some sentimental attachment for the place, because of his wife Anna, who had called it Ydrasil. That word, in Norse mythology, Anna had said, meant the Tree of Life. There was a huge oak in front of the old Grenoble house.

They couldn't budge Jim. He refused to sell. Why did he want to hang on to a farm that he never meant to visit again? He was gambling for a living. Sophronia would have guessed that, even though Newt Fisher, who had brought the news back. But his wife Anna had curiously loved her Ydrasil—silly name, silly woman! Sophronia always grew uncomfortable when she thought of Anna. Well, who hadn't loved her? She was gentle as spring rain.

And what would this daughter of hers be like? Sophronia wondered with misgiving. Product of convents (of all things—and Jim raised a Presbyterian) and boarding schools—from Nome to Nicaragua—daughter of a fairy mother who had died at twenty-eight, and a father madder than his own grandfather, who would lay bets with the moon as to the color of its back-hair—what would the daughter be like? She had been born on this farm. It was true, but would she remember anything of it that was sane and sound?

Phronie had gone on washing the separator. She struggled to thrust back her memories of Jim, to recall his unfairness, his selfishness. But it was no good. D—n him! D—n him! Why couldn't he have come back, just once? She had wheeled him through the potato patch in his go-cart when he was a year old, and had been spanked for it afterwards. She, five years his senior, had taught him to play rummy-peg and to skin slippery elm. And he hadn't come back.

Now this young Anna Grenoble—Silver, Phronie emended with a sniff—would probably sell her share of the land immediately to one of those concerns in the city that was buying up sections around here for a pittance, against the time when the land would be worth something again. Silver Grenoble would have no use for a dreary existence on a northern farm, where taxes were a nightmare that continued through the day, through every hour of merciless toil. No doubt Jim had left her well provided for, and it would mean only the turn of a wrist, pen in hand, for her to dispose of a negligible property.

To young Roddy, twenty-seven now, with agricultural college behind him, it would be a staggering blow. He had never given up hope of one day owning the entire farm.

It was like Roddy that yesterday he should have gone off to Ballantyne in his car, saying only that he had to go.



Then She Had Seated Herself on the Chair Beside the Telephone.

Sophronia had her own ideas as to why he had gone, but she did not press his confidence. She thought uneasily of the letters that had come to him from Ballantyne in the past week or so, and of his niggardly disclosure of their contents. It was no secret to anyone that the Ballantyne bank had failed that summer, but that Corinne Mender, the president's daughter, should be writing so persistently to Roddy Willard was a curious thing.

A few summers ago, when the girl was a house guest at a cottage on Twin Deer lake, to the north, she had driven over and spent the afternoon at the farm, and Sophronia had learned then who it was that had become Roddy's ideal at college. She was a vivacious creature, Phronie recalled, very smartly dressed, with curly brown hair and brown eyes that had a way of widening innocently up at Roddy—a way that had made Phronie grimly sick while she stalked through the barnyard showing the young thing from the city how old "Stumpy," the hen with one foot, was rearing a brood of turkey chicks. Corinne had pouted prettily over her own ignorance concerning all farm lore, and Roddy, tickled, indulgent, had laughed. Sophronia would never forget her own effort to serve the girl iced tea in the sitting room. She would never forget how Corinne's eyes had roamed over the place, scanning the floors, the walls, the furniture. And Roddy had sat there holding a glass and struggling to make his hands look small.

The neighbors did not know where Roddy had gone. It was just as well they talked too much anyhow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"QUOTES"

COMMENTS ON CURRENT TOPICS BY NATIONAL CHARACTERS

PREVENTION OF WAR

By SIR NORMAN ANGELL, English Publicist and Author.

THE public mind can easily be persuaded to adopt policies which mean war. The pre-war method of defense is a fruitful cause of conflict. The method consists in each state attempting to be stronger than any other state challenging its interests. It is rooted in the denial of right to the weaker.

The only way out is for the community of states to create common protection. The public thinks falsely that armies and navies have the same function as police, whereas their purpose really is to permit the imposition of certain views upon any challenger.

Defense of the individual, whether a person or a state, must be the affair of the community. This principle gains force from the fact that the defense of wealth in the modern world does not mean the defense of goods, as goods must change hands to create wealth.

CONSTITUTION MAN-MADE

By R. WALTON MOORE, Assistant Secretary of State.

WHAT, if anything, is to transpire in the way of constitutional modification is unpredictable. I do not understand that the President himself has made any general or specific recommendations on that subject.

It is not practicable to maintain for all time any provisions of a Constitution that may disable representative democratic government from functioning so as to take care of new and growing popular needs and demands.

Washington clearly indicated in his farewell address that he looked on the Constitution as an experiment, and added that if, in the opinion of the people, the distribution of constitutional power should be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by amendment in the way in which the Constitution designates.

RADIO TALKS

By JOSIAH O. WALCOTT, Chancellor, State of Delaware.

THE grimmest irony in all the radio programs that come over the air is found in that type of program where two college professors, who are not really in disagreement, debate with each other according to a prepared manuscript the merits of a certain theory of money or the wisdom and workability of some far-reaching scheme of social reform—all to the end that the people, the butchers, the bakers and the candlestick makers, may be equipped to form an intelligent judgment on the intricate subject and thereafter compel their representatives to act accordingly, when as a matter of fact two other professors of equal standing and worth could be picked up from almost any institution of learning to demonstrate with a positiveness equally pontifical that the first two are entirely wrong.

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION

By OWEN D. YOUNG, Chairman General Electric Company.

THE public service companies have extended their lines far into rural areas, as far as it was economically justifiable to go. I welcome the activities of the government in extending rural service into unproductive fields if the social advantages of doing so justify the government entering into such fields at all.

Now that housing is a new art, as new and different from the old as the motor car may now devote themselves to the home and by its ratio of improvement bring it in step with the vast advances we have made in other fields.

RAILWAY IMPROVEMENT

By COL. WILLIAM J. WILGUS, Engineer and Author.

THERE are several things the railways must do. Deadwood must be cleared away in a ruthless manner. Unnecessary sidelines and superfluous mainlines must be cleared away.

The railways must abandon obsolete things to which they have been accustomed for 100 years. They must ruthlessly cut away outmoded railway equipment.

They must amalgamate their terminals to cut expenses. There must be groupings of railways and combinations of railways instead of fighting. They must develop a service for the collection of parcels and packages now collected by motor transports.

ANGLO-AMERICAN AMITY

By ANTHONY EDEN, Lord Privy Seal of Britain.

FRIENDSHIP with the United States is the first importance. It exists today, and it will grow; and everything that we can do to promote that friendship will be readily and eagerly done.

There is nothing incompatible between friendship with the United States and membership in the League of Nations. It is not we or the League of Nations or any government that has tied us up with Europe. Geography has done that.

Housewife's Idea Box



For Your Playing Cards
Playing cards of all kinds become sticky after long use in damp weather. You can easily correct this condition: Spread your cards out flat on a piece of paper. Sprinkle them lightly with talcum powder or cornstarch. Thoroughly rub it into the cards. They will feel as good as new.

THE HOUSEWIFE

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WNU Service.

Fatal Omission

The warning spread by an anthropologist, that the American blond is passing, is no help. He doesn't say which way she went.—Atlanta Constitution.

Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust —
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

In Permanent Discard Remember, people do not change seats in a canoe. It simply isn't done.

alotabs
BILIOUSNESS

KILL ALL FLIES
DAISY FLY KILLER

Quick, Pleasant Successful Elimination

Let's be frank—there's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste material that causes acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts. Your intestines must function and the way to make them move quickly, pleasantly, successfully, without griping or harsh irritants is to chew a Miliesia Wafer thoroughly. In accordance with directions on the bottle or tin, then swallow.

BOILS Cuts Boils and Abscesses
throbbing pain; allays inflammation; reduces swelling; lessens tenderness; quickly heals. Relieve these painful, unsightly conditions with powerfully medicated CARBOL. Results guaranteed. At your druggist, or write Spertack-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

ECZEMA...
To quickly relieve the itching and burning, and help nature restore skin comfort, freely apply
Resinol

Wintersmith's Tonic
Not only the old reliable remedy for
MALARIA
in all of its forms, but
A Good General Tonic
which stimulates the appetite and helps restore the strength.
USED FOR 65 YEARS

WNU-L 31-35
When in NEW YORK Live at...
HOTEL EDISON
NEAREST MOST MODERN HOTEL IN THE HEART OF EVERYTHING
All Outside Rooms—BALDWIN—TUB—SHOWERS—Ice Water in each room—Restaurants—Famous Green Room—Bar and Caf.—
48 to 47 St. West of Broadway

Did you ever meet a gangster's moll?

You never met one like Silver. Daughter of a gambler, she gave her heart—and more—to the big shot of a Chicago "mob." Yet, something new, more exciting and more important, she discovered in the wind-swept beauty of the Dakota prairies.

But—
"To think," she cried, "to think that when the real thing came, it had to be wrong, too!"

THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR

by Martha Ostensio

This is the first installment. BEGIN NOW!

*In memory of the old
settlers of the Donley
County Association
who have 'passed on'*

Mrs. Ben Davis
Judge Alexander
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Adamson
Clack Simmons
Mrs. Georgia O'Neil
Mrs. H. W. Taylor
Mrs. Hal Riley
S. A. Killian
Claude Hill
W. S. Swaney
Ed C. Boliver
J. M. Shannon
Miss Fay Dickson
J. C. Latimer
O. C. Hill
T. M. Cantrell

BIRTHDAY PARTY

A birthday party was given by Mrs. John Auffill, assisted by Mrs. H. E. Hall at the Hall home Aug 12 honoring Jack La Verie Auffill on his first birthday.

Sometime was spent in taking pictures, etc. The shower was introduced when Sarah Ann Rains and Mary Alice Hunsucker entered the yard with a wagon laden with gifts when the little tots happily took part in unwrapping the gifts.

Favors were balloons, Cookies and punch were served to: Loomis Jester Marshall, Wanda Joyce Hall, Bill Payne, Jr., Charline Barnett, Leonard Mosley, Sarah Ann Rains, Tommy Irene McDougal, Caroline Ruth Reeves, Don Monroe, Clarence Malone, Lara Ann and Betty Jane Thompson, Jean Ray and Jack Arnold Moreman, Corky and Mary Alice Hunsucker, Doris and Gilbert Sherman, John Edward Powell, Ann Marie Raney, Brownie Nan Lamb Jane Ruth and Bobbie Lee Hall, Jerry Hunt, W. A. Nipper, Mesdames Jack Marshall, W. C. Payne, Chas. Barnett, R. H. Mosley, Royce Hall, Charles Rains, Tom McDougal, M. L. Monroe, Dalton Malone, Leon Reeves, George Thompson, Ray Moreman, H. H. Hall and A. A. Nipper.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Bobby Jiggs Mosley celebrated his fifth birthday Friday, August 15, at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Mosley.

Various games were played. The most fun was pinning the tail on the donkey. Adell Meyers won first prize and Billie Biffie won the booble prize.

The cake, decorated with "Happy Birthday" and candles, was served, together with ice cream. Then the presents were opened and admired. Those present were: Billy Biffie, Jean Ray Moreman, Adell and Teddie Jo Meyers, Kathryn Mosley, Ochnita Heath, Billy Milton and Mary Ann Bromley, Brownie Nan Lamb, Margie Luttrell, June Kirkpatrick, Sarah Ann Rains, Paul Rainey Marshall, Leonard Mosley and the honoree, Bobbie Jiggs, Mesdames Charles Rains, M. W. Mosley and R. H. Mosley.

Mrs. P. V. Dishman of Wichita Falls visited here several days this week.

4 Per Cent Money

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

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Worship

Each Sunday

9:45 a. m. in Teaching Service

10:45 a. m. in Prayer, Song and Sermon

7:00 p. m. in Training Service

8:00 p. m. in Prayer, Song and Service

Each Monday

2:30 p. m. W. M. S.

4:00 p. m. Y. W. A.

Each Wednesday

7:00 p. m. in Prayer Meeting

7:00 p. m. in Church Conference, first Wednesday in each month

M. E. Wells, Pastor.

JOHN W. FITZJARRALD

Chiropractor

18th year in Memphis

PHONE 462

Lady in Office

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Ghism will preach in Hedley, at the Church of Christ, the second Sunday of each month.

Everybody is invited to come out and hear him.

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



Reading
writing
'n
'rithmetic

Demand GOOD LIGHTING

NOT THIS WAY



Inadequate and improper lighting conditions cause near-sightedness and eyestrain in children.

BUT THIS WAY



The STUDY LAMP provides light of the right quality and quantity for reading or studying.

More than half the boys and girls who fail in their studies have defective vision!

That puts it squarely up to parents to provide proper lighting conditions for study and reading. For poor lighting is the chief cause of eye strain and near-sightedness, in children.

If your child holds his book abnormally close to his eyes when reading, or if he squints, or complains of headaches . . . beware!

To make sure that your child will have proper lighting when the duties of the new school year arrive, let one of our representatives make a free survey of your home. The sightmeter will tell you the results. Your local office will be glad to tell you when our lighting representative is available.

**West Texas Utilities
Company**

SLIMNESS ALONG WITH SIMPLICITY

Pattern 9350



9350

Every line in this dress is cleverly contrived to "lie" about your weight. The unbroken line from shoulder to hip adds to your height, the diagonal closing "slims" you down and the panel skirt gives you a trim hip line. Why it makes you "feel" slimmer, just to look at this frock. Notice how cleverly it avoids waistline emphasis, but adds four buttons for smart accents. About the house, you'll appreciate the unhampered freedom of the easy fitting sleeve and bodice. Run up several in printed cottons for about-the-house and make a dark printed foulard for smart town wear.

Pattern 9350 may be ordered only in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric.

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

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

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



HAD ONLY ONE

"Ah," said the vicar, genially, "how pleasant to see you again! And is this your most charming wife?"

"This," said his former curate, reprovingly, "is my only wife."—Stray Stories.

And No Heat

"You wouldn't even make a good furnace," groaned the wife, as her husband announced he'd lost another job.

"Yeah?" he yawned. "Why not?" "Because a furnace is no good if it has to be fired constantly," she snapped.

That's Too Vague

Heard in the Tube—How old should you say she is? "Oh somewhere in the middle fifties!"—London Everybody's Weekly

One Good Point

Accepted Swain—I know I'm not much to look at. The Girl—Still, you'll be at work all day.



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



S'MATTER POP—

O. K. by the Ink

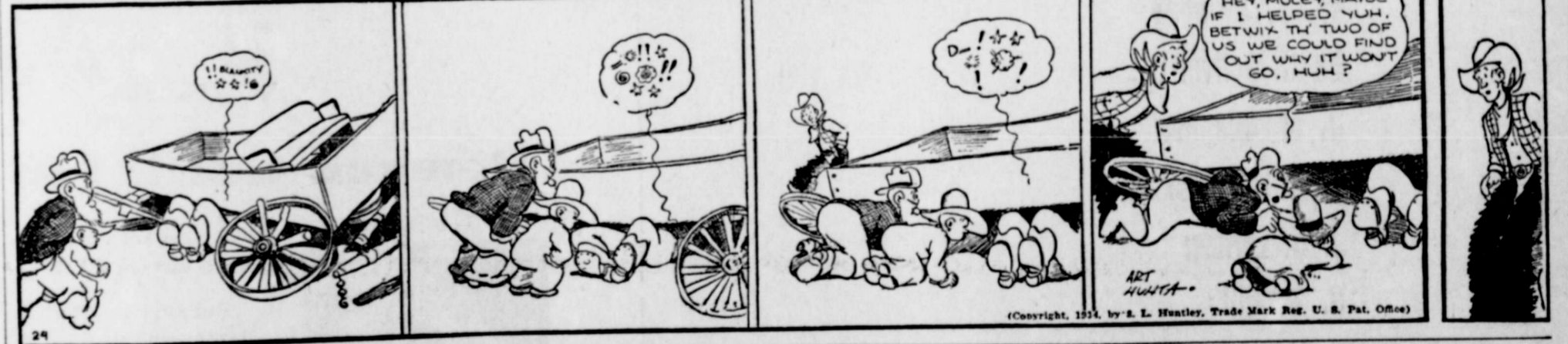


"REG'LAR FELLERS"



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



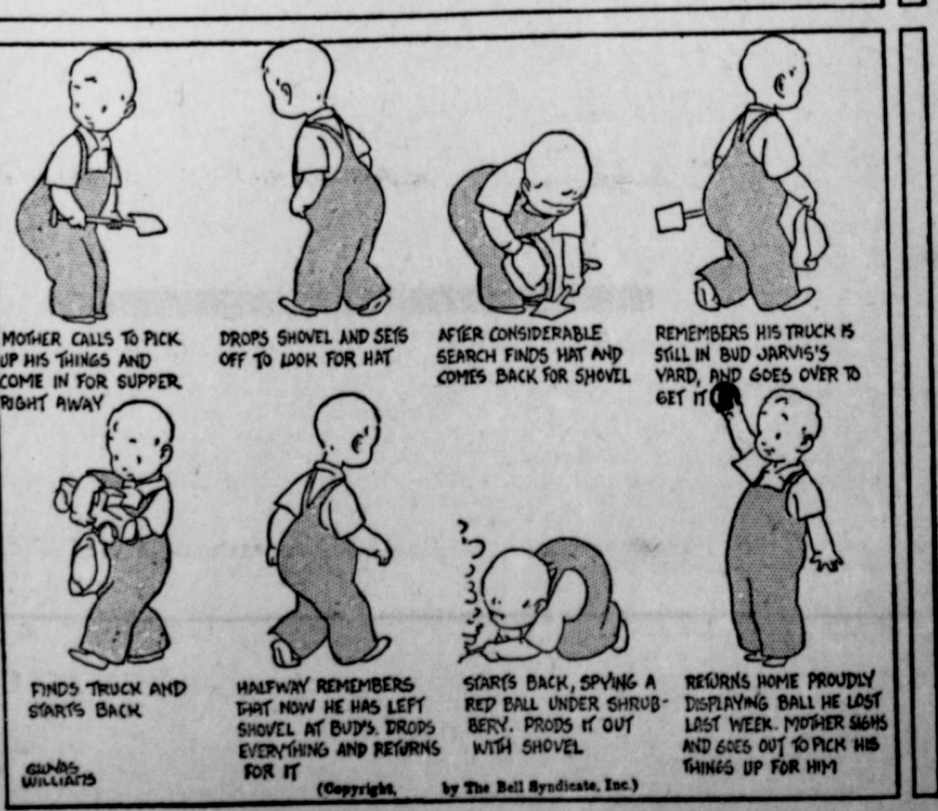
Our Pet Peeve

By M. G. KETTNER



PICKING UP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



There's Always Another Year

MARTHA OSTENSO

Copyright Martha Ostensio
WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

To the little town of Heron River comes Anna ("Silver") Grenoble, daughter of "Gentleman Jim," formerly of the community, known as a gambler, news of whose murder in Chicago has reached the town. Sophronia Willard, Jim Grenoble's sister, is at the depot to meet Silver. Her household consists of her husband, and stepsons, Roderick and Jason. The Willards own only half of the farm, the other half being Anna Grenoble's.

CHAPTER I—Continued

But had he been here now he might have prepared himself for Silver's arrival. It would go hard with Roddy if she meant to sell her land for cash. But if she could be persuaded to accept a fair rental . . . Sophronia resolved to take the bull by the horns and suggest it to her before Roddy got home.

The train came to a stop in Heron River. People crowded forward, looking eagerly along the line of coaches. Perhaps for the most part they did not know just what they expected to see when Silver Grenoble stepped down upon the platform.

What they did see was a tallish, thin girl in a tailored suit of dove-gray silk and a felt hat of the same color—a hat that showed beneath it a white, immobile face and enormous dark eyes, and plainly dressed hair that seemed colorless. For a moment she stood looking uncertainly about, and then Sophronia Willard advanced upon her with her black-gloved hand outstretched.

Shad Finney, craning a little, saw an unmistakable tear glide down the older woman's weathered cheek.

A porter had deposited on the platform two traveling bags of fine black leather, a name stamped on each in silver. Two little boys scampered up to the cases and read the name loudly enough for all to hear.

A murmur moved about the platform. "She goes by the name of Silver, eh? Kind o' funny."

Shad Finney and Nils Ulevik stood at a decent distance, their watery old eyes taking in the scene. They saw the girl seize one of the traveling bags, Sophronia the other. A baggage man spoke to them about a trunk that had been taken off the train, and after a word of instruction, Sophronia moved away with Silver to the steps at the head of the platform.

Jess Melbank had risen from her bench and had ambled forward, to stand surveying the strange girl up and down as she advanced. Sophronia ignored her, and one might have thought that Silver Grenoble did not see either her or anyone else in that gathering.

But just as the two women reached the platform steps, Duke Melbank cleared his throat with a long, profound rumble, and then coughed lightly behind his hand. A titter arose, Sophronia, setting down the suitcase she carried, swung about.

"That was you, wasn't it, Duke?" she said in her explosive voice.

"Me what?" Duke asked innocently. "It was him," a small boy piped, and darted behind his mother's skirts.

"You know what I mean," Sophronia said loudly. "It was you that coughed."

"Can't a guy cough?" Duke demanded with an injured air.

Sophronia Willard was not one to mince matters. Her long arm shot forward, and her large, bony fist came accurately home just beneath the soft cleft of Duke Melbank's chin. A gasp rose from the crowd. Duke reeled backward, struck his shoulder blade against the depot wall and uttered a sound half way between a grunt and a whine.

Phronie stood back from him, her face alight with satisfaction. She was about to turn away when Jess Melbank, with amazing alacrity for one of her weight, suddenly stepped between Phronie and Duke.

Jess screamed maledictions. She shook her fist in Sophronia's face. Her language was of the cellar of cellars. She knew—everybody else in Heron River knew—that the daughter of Jim Grenoble was what! Small boys stood rooted, little girls sped back in terror. Women turned pale and men's mouths twisted. But Jess Melbank did not strike Phronie Willard. And Phronie remained motionless as granite.

While Jess was drawing breath to begin anew, Phronie turned haughtily away, swept up the suitcase and led Silver down the steps. The two old men saw the women get into the old Willard car and vanish down the street.

There had been a moment of dead silence. But now there was the unpleasant babble of human voices. Shad hooked his arm in Nils Ulevik's, and the two made off, sickened a little, wondering much.

CHAPTER II

On that night in July, a night that was moonless but whitely lambent with stars, a southwest wind moved in sultry indolence up across the stupendous void of Dakota, and thence across the state line and over farm lands suddenly lush with yield. It lightly touched Roddy Willard's cheek and stirred his dark, uncovered hair as he drove his car toward Heron River. His thoughts were so intense that every now and then the motor came almost to a halt on the narrow, winding road. At such times he would im-

patiently apply his foot to the accelerator and continue for a while at a reckless speed.

He did not see the road before him. He saw rather the monotonous panorama of his own life, unrolling backward to the years of his adolescence, when his father had sold the farm in the adjoining county, married Sophronia Grenoble, and moved to the Grenoble place, half of which had become his property. "Gentleman Jim" Grenoble, when he had begun his life of vagabondage, had refused to relinquish his section. But now in the foreground of that panorama, bright and excitingly strange, was the face of Corinne Meader.

In one week Corinne would be his wife.

He saw her face as he had seen it that first day, in an ice cream parlor, an hour after he had registered at the State Agricultural college, seven years ago. He had been twenty, older than most of the entrants, and Corinne was seventeen, a freshman in arts at the university. Harry Richter had introduced them, and even now, after everything that had happened, Roddy's heart beat oppressively again as he recalled the widening of Corinne's brown eyes and her slow, thorough survey of him. She had hesitated for a moment and then glancing with a curious smile at his hand, she had extended her own and in his huge, hard grasp it had been swallowed completely. He had kept his eyes fastened dumbly upon her face and had seen her lips drop in a way that could have been nothing but deliberate coquetry. Roddy had blushed furiously as he heard Harry Richter's amused laugh.

She was the daughter of the banker in Ballantyne. It was something of a wonder that he, Roddy Willard, should have taken her to the movies and to dances a number of times during their college career, a little bewildered, a little uncertain, and very much flattered by the occasional, capricious preference she showed him over all the other admirers who flocked about her.

One summer vacation she had driven over from a house party on Twin Deer lake and had found Roddy on the Willard farm, anxiously ministering to a sick horse in the pasture. Later, Corinne had sat in Sophronia's parlor and had glanced about at the walls a few days later he had substituted some other things and water-colors for his stepmother's horrible objets d'art. But Corinne had never come again, and afterwards Roddy had been a little ashamed of his snobbery in removing Phronie's treasures, even though, truth to tell, the walls were more pleasing without the burnt leather image of Pocahontas with the calendar beneath it.

Roddy wondered now why it was that he had never kissed Corinne during those years while he was seeing her frequently. Perhaps it was his own humility. Perhaps it was because he suspected that it was his physical self alone that appealed to her, and that beyond the satisfaction of an established conquest she would have no use for him. He was in earnest where Corinne was concerned, and he had been afraid of discovering that she was not in earnest about him.

But he knew now that she had been in earnest. A month ago, the local papers had made much of the failure of the bank in Ballantyne, though all had absolved from blame old Edwin Meader, Corinne's father. Roddy had had a number of letters from Corinne after that, and their tone had become increasingly despondent. What was she to do? Her father was completely broken. Her mother had fifty dollars a month of her own to live on. Corinne, who had been one of the Ballantyne smart set, had made efforts to get a position at teaching, even in a country school, but the school boards were flooded with applications. Her last letter had been one of complete despair.

When, early this morning, Roddy had set out for Ballantyne in his car he had had the curious feeling that the sun was a little too bright, that he could not see as clearly as he had been used to do, over undulating prairies that he knew as well as he knew his own face. But there had been a tense excitement about that journey and when he had come to its end he had seen Corinne, small and beautifully made, and Corinne's brown eyes with their look of helpless appeal—and within an hour, beneath the grasp of the Meader place, he had asked her to marry him. He had told her that he hoped to get the Grenoble land, a richer tract than his own, and that after a while life on a farm would not be as harsh as it was being painted just now.

Corinne had seemed frightened and abashed and timid and thrilled. Then she had thrown her arms about his neck and sobbed that she had always loved him and that she would marry him as soon as he wished.

Her mother, a plump, pink little woman, with soft hands and a disposition to ignore the catastrophe that had befallen the Meaders, gave them her blessing with a bright gaiety that admitted not the least suspicion of any incongruity in the match. Corinne, of course, must have a proper wedding, even if things were bad. "A quiet little wedding here at home," Mrs. Meader said briskly. "The Congregational church is too big and cold."

Roddy had seen through Mrs. Meader's little pretext. But Corinne had looked across at him with widening amusement in her eyes, and he had bravely suppressed a grin.

He had spent the day with the Meaders, although he was uncomfortable with pity for old Edwin, who sat

oblivious of all that went on about him, in a chair in his study.

Thus it had happened. Roddy pulled himself erect in his car as he came to the turn in the road that led westward past Twin Deer lake. Over there, a mile or so across brush and prairie, blinked the dozen street lights of Heron River. By this time, he reflected, the usual crowd would have left the village and gone their ways. He turned his car away from the highway and headed for the village.

People seated on their screened verandas in the town of Ballantyne observed that a faint breeze had sprung up from the southwest, and although it was pleasant after the heat of the day, it might mean rain for the morrow. With harvest so near at hand . . .

But Corinne Meader, undressing in her mauve and white bedroom, was grateful for the breeze that caressed her hot throat and temples from the open window. She brushed her hair with hurried strokes. But her own beauty—which had availed her nothing—stared back at her from her mirror, and presently she leaned forward on her palms and gazed long and intently at her own image.

"And so—you are going to marry a farmer, my dear!" her lips said softly.

Mrs. Meader opened the door, closed



A Little Bewildered, a Little Uncertain, and Very Much Flattered.

it behind her, and stole into a chair beside Corinne's dressing table as though some conspiracy were afoot.

"Darling," the mother breathed, "you won't mind my sitting for a minute while you get ready for bed? I'm—I'm just as excited as though it were I who was getting married! It's all so unexpected—I had no idea! But Roddy is a dear, Corinne—a perfect dear!"

"He's awfully good-looking," Corinne said with forbearance, and continued to wing out her hair with her brush.

"And he has quite a large farm, too, hasn't he?" Mrs. Meader was saying. "And quite near Maynard. It isn't as though you were going to be marooned on some backwoods homestead for the rest of your days. You can drive over to see us often, too, after you're married."

"I suppose so," Corinne conceded. "Oh, dear—it's going to be terrible giving up this house, darling—if it comes to that. After all these years! But I mustn't talk about such things now—and you so happy."

"You won't have to give up the house, now that I'm provided for," Corinne reminded her cynically.

Mrs. Meader chose to let that pass. "Of course," she observed, "if you had married Sylvester Edgett when he asked you—"

"Mother!" Corinne squealed. "His plumpies!"

Mrs. Meader gave a deprecating little laugh. "I didn't mean that seriously, darling, you know that. And anyhow, he's only a bookkeeper."

Corinne, although she was still addressing herself, spoke aloud. "Yes, I could have married Sylvester. Or I could go now and clerk at eleven dollars a week in Ellingboe's dry goods store. And all the girls in town could come in and ask for samples of white satin, and giggle, and tell me it's for their wedding dresses! No, thanks, I'd rather die than do that."

Mrs. Meader put a plump arm about Corinne's shoulders, and a round, bright tear trembled on her pink cheek.

"My baby!" she quavered. "To think I am going to lose you—and so soon! And to think that the bank had to—fall before you got settled in your own home. It's just too—cruel!"

"Now, mother," Corinne said with supreme patience, "don't do that!"

"All right, I'm sorry, darling," her mother whimpered, and dabbed her nose with a bit of lace and chiffon. "But I can't help thinking of all the chances you've had to marry well—of course they weren't good enough! But if Harry Richter's father hadn't been so against Harry's marrying just now—"

Corinne stood up, sighed. "Please, mother! You're talking as though I were being sold in a slave market. Harry knows what he wants. It's his father's business he wants—and his father's money—not me. Anyhow, I'm not in love with Harry. It's just that you've been expecting great things of me—and the miracle didn't come off! Now, he's a good girl and go to bed. I'm tired."

She kissed her mother, and with her arms about her propelled her gently toward the door. Mrs. Meader murmured a reluctant and tender good

night and Corinne was alone.

She went back to the oval glass of her ivory dressing-table. When she glanced at her reflection, it was with a small, curled smile of satisfaction, in contemplating the fine tapering of her eyebrows, the back-sweep of glossy waves, patrician-wise, from her forehead, and the natural, provocative pout of her red lips.

Finally, she lit a cigarette, got into bed, and switched off the light. She stretched out sinuously, enjoying the smoke and the smooth coolness of the fine linen sheets, and thinking luxuriously, with frank, rather delicious excitement, of Roddy Willard.

CHAPTER III

Sophronia Willard had driven a half mile from the limits of Heron River before she spoke to the girl who sat beside her, straight and white as an icicle.

Then Phronie said, between her long white teeth, "D—n them! The ignoramus. Don't you mind 'em, child! You've done nothin' wrong. Don't you let 'em scare you!"

The girl laughed softly. Sophronia glanced at her in surprise, and thought suddenly that she looked in some way much more than nineteen.

"I'm not a child, Aunt Sophronia," she said. Her voice was low and oddly measured, as though she herself were listening to it. "They didn't frighten me. I am only sorry they upset you on my account."

Phronie was discomfited and a bit irritated. "They get away with too much, those gals!" she said loudly. "A stranger can't come here that they don't act up like a pack o' hoodlums!"

Silver did not reply. Her aunt ventured a glance at her as she jerked the old car around a corner. The girl's face, with its rather small features, was like marble, no life in anything but her eyes, and they stared straight ahead of her as though she saw something nameless beyond the dark of the windshield. Qualms were unusual with Phronie, but she experienced them now.

"But we won't do any talking to-night, Silver," she said presently. "You must get a good rest. I am sorry Roddy—he's my eldest stepson—I'm sorry he's away in the good car. This is an awful rattle-trap for you to be comin' home in!"

Silver seemed to have been thinking her own thoughts. "Your stepson—Roddy," she ventured, "will he mind very much—my coming?"

"He won't mind anything, unless you sell your land to a cash buyer," Sophronia said grimly, and then could have bitten her tongue out. She had just said that tonight they wouldn't do any talking!

"I don't think I shall want to sell the land, Aunt Sophronia," Silver said monotonously. "If you will just let me stay with you, I'll be ever so grateful."

Sophronia's heart leaped. Well, if it was going to be as simple as that!

"Stay!" she exclaimed. "Isn't this your rightful home? And ain't I your closest kin? I'd be a fine one I would, if I didn't insist on your living with me."

"Thank you, Aunt Sophronia," Silver said. "I can't say any more."

"You don't need to," Sophronia remarked tersely. "And don't call me 'Sophronia'! It's too much like me. I get 'Phronie' from them that likes me. You can cut out the 'aunt,' too. It makes me feel old."

"Phronie," Silver repeated thoughtfully. "Dad called you that, but I wasn't sure—"

Phronie was not particularly intuitive, but she sensed that the girl Silver had drawn back into that curious immobility of hers.

Out of the sultry darkness, old Roderick came toward them from the big house, where one light was burning in the living room. Sophronia saw his arms outstretched toward Jim's daughter, and heard the booming greeting of his voice, and was suddenly afraid. But Jim's daughter did not break down. There was something uncanny about the girl, Sophronia thought in confusion.

In the house, Phronie relieved Silver Grenoble of her wraps and the men took her luggage upstairs. With the firm belief in the efficacy of food to dull the sharp edge of grief, Phronie then busied herself preparing a plate of sandwiches. Jason went to the cooler in the vegetable cellar outside, and brought in a stone jug of ginger beer, while old Roderick kept Silver company in the living room.

When Sophronia returned with the sandwiches, she saw a bit of color on Silver's cheeks, and although her eyes were darting about the room like dark flames, they were no longer the eyes of some stricken animal.

Sophronia placed the sandwiches and glasses on the table with its crocheted dolly, and Jason poured ginger beer into the glasses.

"Now, Silver," she said stoutly, "you must have a bite. That darned old car must have played you out—it sure did me."

The men helped themselves, reaching out to the decked table in painful fastidiousness with their large brown hands.

Sophronia took in Silver's appearance in detail. The girl was slender, but not as frail as Phronie had at first supposed. Her eyes were probably a very dark blue, although by the light of the acetylene lamp they seemed almost black. Her hair was what would be called ash-blond, she decided, and it waved slightly and was dressed in a plain fashion low upon her neck.

Then Sophronia looked about the room and saw it, in a twinkling, as she had not seen it in years. She saw it now because she was wondering what Jim's daughter was thinking about?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Let Our Motto Be
GOOD HEALTH
BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive
Medicine, University of Illinois,
College of Medicine.

SUMMER TIME IS HEALTHY TIME

Fifty years ago people looked forward with apprehension to the approach of the hot weather season. They knew that the summer months were the most sickly months. More people died during the summer than at any other time of the year. Cholera, typhoid fever and diarrhea were the dreaded diseases. These began during the late



spring and spread like forest fire until the onset of cold weather in the late fall downed them. Every family had one or more members ill each summer with some type of diarrheal disease. Flux, they called it. And if a family escaped a long spell of fever, they considered themselves fortunate. Colic and diarrhea were the general rule for infants. A baby's first summer was a hazardous time; babies were expected to have diarrhea while teething, and they were not expected to show much gain in weight during hot weather.

My great-grandfather died of cholera in the southern part of Illinois in 1855. He was buried on an isolated plot of wooded ground on a high bluff overlooking a running stream; his body was carried across fields during the night so as to avoid people traveling the roads. Many cholera victims were buried in this summer, and many of the small isolated cemeteries we now see were started with one of these cholera graves.

It is hard for us to comprehend the fear and dread of illness suffered by our grandparents during the hot months of the year.

I can remember very well my grandfather telling me how the early settlers moved from place to place in their covered wagons, driving what live stock they possessed, seeking high ground to keep away from "chills and ague." This of course was malaria. They did not know then that mosquitoes carried malaria; they thought malaria was in the night air of low places.

Now we look forward to the summer months with pleasant anticipation. We expect to be at our best until the fall colds, grippe and influenza strike us. We take it for granted that we are to spend our leisure time out-of-doors, free from all illness and in a state of well-being, mentally as well as physically. This change from fear, depression, worry, anxiety and sickness to one of pleasant outlook, has been brought about in an orderly and scientific manner. Medical and sanitary science has closed up the avenues and highways by which the germs causing summer diseases travel from the sick to the healthy.

Germs cannot fly, walk or crawl. They must be carried in some vehicle. The first vehicle in importance is water; the second is milk. Germs in water do not grow and multiply, but are passively carried from one place to another. Germs in milk, however, do grow and multiply; hence milk is doubly dangerous, being both a vehicle of travel and a good culture medium.

Purification of the drinking water and proper disposal of sewage have been responsible for the reduction in water-borne diseases. Pasteurization of milk has destroyed the disease-producing bacteria in our milk supply and given us a safe, wholesome milk for human consumption. The pasteurization process consists in heating the milk to a temperature that will destroy all disease-producing germs; it does not change the physical or nutritive properties of the milk. Pasteurization of milk has made us milk conscious in every way. The producers of milk have found it profitable to keep the milk clean from the time it leaves the cow until it is delivered to the consumer. This is as important as pasteurization.

Typhoid fever was everywhere fifty years ago. When the largest cities began to purify their water and to dispose of their sewage properly, typhoid was pushed back to the small cities. Then as these communities did the same, typhoid was pushed still farther back to the smaller towns and villages, where it now has its chief hang-out. Typhoid fever is spread through the excreta of man coming in contact with water, milk or food. The fewer people sick the fewer germs are scattered about. Two out of each hundred recovered typhoid cases, however, continue to excrete the typhoid germs in their stools. These persons are called chronic carriers, and are now the principal reservoirs of typhoid germs. The department of public health in Illinois, in conjunction with the University of Illinois, has recently developed a method of X-ray treatment that will cure many of these chronic carriers. So these germs get another knockout blow.

Infantile paralysis and sleeping sickness are the two summer diseases we now dread. They are much more difficult to control than the diarrheal diseases, for they are diseases of the nervous system and are caused by germs too small to be seen with the microscope.

Science will eventually win over them very soon, we hope. But even in epidemic form, their fatalities will not begin to approach the magnitude of the diarrheal fatalities of fifty years ago.

© Western Newspaper Union.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

The Real Point

A Soviet scientist aims at prolonging the human life-span to 150 years. An admirable objective, but more important is that of making life, to the average human being, worth living that long.—Buffalo Courier-Express.

END FRECKLES AND BLACKHEADS, QUICK



No matter how dull and dark your complexion; no matter how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind, Nadinola Cream, tested and trusted for over a generation, will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty quicker, easiest way. Just apply tonight; no massaging, no rubbing; Nadinola begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for; creamy white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; no long waiting; money back guarantee. Get a large box of NADINOLA Cream at your favorite toilet counter or by mail, postpaid, only 50c. NADINOLA, Box 38, Paris, Tenn.

KILL BLACK WIDOW

The deadly Black Widow spider's bite is decidedly dangerous to people.

Kill All Spiders... Watch for them in garages, corners of porches, etc. The minute you see them spray THOROUGHLY with FLY-TOX. It also kills FLIES, MOSQUITOES and other insects.

Be sure you get
FLY-TOX

Rash on Baby Caused Constant Irritation

Relieved by Cuticura

"About three months after my baby was born, eczema broke out all over her body. It came out in a rash and was very red. It caused constant irritation and loss of sleep so that I had to put gloves on her hands to prevent scratching. I could not bathe her.

"For nearly two years this eruption lasted. Then I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and sent for a free sample. I bought more, and after using two boxes of Ointment with the Soap she was relieved completely of the itching." (Signed) Mrs. Raymond Parks, 1409 Massachusetts Ave., North Adams, Mass.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.—Adv.

Quick, Pleasant Successful Elimination

Let's be frank—there's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste material that causes acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts. Your intestines must function and the way to make them move quickly, pleasantly, successfully, without gripping or harsh irritants is to chew a Milnesia Wafer thoroughly. In accordance with directions on the bottle or tin, then swallow.

Milnesia Wafers, pure milk of magnesia in tablet form, each equivalent to a tablespoon of liquid milk of magnesia, correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source, and enable you to have the quick, pleasant, successful elimination so necessary to abundant health. Milnesia Wafers come in bottles at 35c and 60c or in convenient tins at 20c. Recommended by thousands of physicians. All good druggists carry them. Start using these pleasant tasting effective wafers today.

WNU-L 32-35

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, swollen feet and ankles? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly, for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Mrs. Ed C. Boliver, Owner
Edward Boliver, Editor and
Publisher

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

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

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

4 Per Cent Money

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

Dr. F. V. Walker

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

NAZARENE CHURCH

E. F. Robinson, pastor
Sunday Bible School, 9:45 a. m.
Preaching Service, 11:00
N. Y. P. S., 6:30 p. m.
Preaching Service, 7:30
W. M. S. Wednesday, 2:30 P. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:15
We Welcome You.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Ohlson will
preach in Hedley, at the Church
of Christ, the second Sunday of
each month

Everybody is invited to come
out and hear him.

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

EMBALMING

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We Are At Your Service

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LEGAL NOTICE

State of Texas
County of Donley
Know All Men by These Pre-
sents:

That I, Ira G. Merchant, guar-
dian of the person and estate of
of August 1935 make application
to the County Judge of Donley
County, Texas to permit me as
such guardian to make an oil and
gas lease to the Cabott Carbon
Company on all of the South one
half (S $\frac{1}{2}$) of Section Thirty two
(32), all of section Thirty-four (34)
and all of section Thirty nine (39)
block Forty seven (47) H & T. C.
Ry. Co Survey, Hutchinson
County, Texas, belonging to Cal
and Anna Merchant, and that
hearing will be had upon such
application at the County Judge's
office in Clarendon, Donley
County, Texas at 10:00 a. m.,
August 31st, 1935, at which time
and place all persons interested
may appear and be heard on
such matter.

Ira G. Merchant
guardian of the person and es-
tate of Cal Merchant

Mrs. Eb Hecker and daughter
Bettye of Claude were week end
visitors here

T. E. L. CLASS

The T. E. L. class met in the
home of Mrs. Ed McQueen last
Thursday 12 class members
present and 8 visitors had a very
spiritual meeting and an interest-
ing program as follows:

Scripture reading, Mrs. Mc-
Queen

Song by class, What a Friend
We Have in Jesus

Such help is sure to please
Jesus, Mrs. Hannicutt.

Christ identifies himself, Mrs.
Mosley.

Helping others, Mrs. Plumlee.

Such help always wins, Mrs.
Smith.

This help brings highest good
to men, Mrs. Heath.

Love of humanity, Mrs. Mc-
Queen

Song by class

Dismissed with prayer, by
Mrs. Holland.

Delicious refreshments of ice
cream and cake were served. We
invite each member of the class
to meet with us in the home of
Mrs. McPherson on Friday,

Sept. 13. God's will be done,
not ours.

R. E. Curd and wife of Texico,
N. Mex. are visiting in the D
Curd home

Reporter

Subscribe for the Informer.

GOOD WILL CLUB

The Good Will club met Tues-
day, August 18, with Mrs. J. B.
Masterson. During the business
hour we elected a committee to
begin work on our year books
for 1936. We wish each member
to keep this in mind for next
meeting day as the committee
has asked for new suggestions
for the programs for the new
books. This meeting will be at
the home of Mrs. T. J. Wiggins
August 27

After the business hour we
spent a pleasant social hour dur-
ing which our hostess served
delicious refreshments of brule
and cookies to Mesdames Hicks,
Mama, Hunsucker, Howard,
Grimsley, Wiggins, Jewell, Jones,
Simmons, Blanks and the host-
ess.

Mr and Mrs W. D. Franklin
returned Monday from Saint Jo
where they have been visiting
their parents Mr and Mrs. W.
E. Bellah and Mrs. Fannie
Franklin

Miss Joyce Franklin is visiting
in Denton

CONTROL OF CREDIT A BASIC QUESTION

Economist Describes Conflict Be-
tween Opposing Social View-
points on Government Bank.

Agitation for government banking is
a phase of the conflict between our
present "personal competitive enter-
prise system" in America and the "com-
pulsory state collective security sys-
tem" of several European States, Virgil
Jordan, President National Industrial
Conference Board, says in an article
in a recent issue of "Banking" pub-
lished by the American Bankers As-
sociation.

"They involve irreconcilable prin-
ciples of human conduct and philoso-
phy of life and the conflict between
them is the key to the economic, social
and political struggles of today," Mr.
Jordan says.

The enterprise system of which "the
development of the United States has
been the unparalleled example, de-
pends for its motive power of progress
upon the inexhaustible reservoir of
energy in individual desire for personal
advancement in prosperity, but it guar-
antees nothing to the individual save
freedom of opportunity," the article
says in part.

The collectivist security system, he
says, "places all emphasis upon the
maintenance of a minimum standard
of living for the mass without regard
to the creative power of the individual,
quite simply the security system in-
volves the modern form of the philo-
sophy of the slave society." He con-
tinues:

A Sign of the Times
"The many-sided movement toward
governmental banking, deposit insur-
ance and currency management is the
most direct and decisive expression of
the universal instinctive search for
security which is the sign of the times.
In America our so-called social security
legislation is an important indication
of the drift away from the enterprise
system toward a collectivist security
system with concentration of author-
ity in a central Federal government."

"The nationalization of credit is
crucial and indispensable for complete
state control of the complex industrial
and business structure of this coun-
try. The drive toward government
banking and monetary control is most
determined because the relation of the
state to credit goes to the root of the
enterprise system. A collective secu-
rity system is inconceivable without
nationalization of credit. An enterprise
system is inconceivable with it."

Under a collective security system,
based on government banking the con-
trols "lie solely in the hands of a few
persons and depend upon their judg-
ment, will or caprice," Mr. Jordan says,
adding that it is they who must de-
termine "upon the basis of some pre-
determined plan or upon pure political
expediency of the moment, what lines
of industry and even what individual
enterprises shall have access to the
credit reservoir." The state, he says,
has the power of "life and death over
all enterprise that utilizes credit."

"Every government is an organ of
party power and must respond to the
will of the party that put it in power,"
the Jordan article says. "Under un-
checked government operation it is an
inescapable tendency of every cur-
rency to depreciate and for credit to
expand. However much it may be in
the interest of the nation, deflation is
too dangerous politically for any gov-
ernment to undertake it deliberately."

"In the end government banking and
currency management resolve them-
selves simply into the use of credit as
a political instrument of power, and
this instrument tends to be used in
the long run for expropriation of the
savings of the community."

WIFADADOS CLUB

The Wifadados club met with
Mrs. Cora Luttrell Aug 18. Had
the demonstration of rice dish,
salad and cole slaw that was
carried over from previous meet-
ing, also the jolly making of the
present one, all of which were
great, and enjoyed by 18 mem-
bers and one visitor, one junior
and two mascots

Next Tuesday, Aug 27, we
will have our annual picnic.
Place, the park on the new high-
way near Giles. All the club
members and their families are
to enjoy this event, and we hope
each family will be able to avail
themselves of this occasion to en-
joy a social together. All who
can, bring cars, as some have
none. We meet at the Methodist
Church at 3 p. m. sharp so we
can get out there, have a pleasant
hour or so visiting, etc. Supper
about six, to get back in time for
church. We are looking forward
to a pleasant white together, and
hope every one will go.

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 413

Hedley Chapter No. 413,
O. E. S., meets the first
Monday of each month,
at 7:00 p. m.

Members are requested to attend.
Visitors welcome.
Mary Newman, W. M.
Byrda Watt, Sec.

Huffman's Barber Shop

Expert Tonsorial Work Shine
Chair. Hot and Cold Baths
You will be pleased with our
service. Try it.

W. H. Huffman, Prop.

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Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas

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Residence Phone 20

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

Byron F. Todd, pastor
Sunday School at 10:30 a. m.
Preaching every 2nd and 4th
Sundays and on Saturday before
the 2nd Sunday Morning ser-
vice 11:00 a. m. Evening service
8:00. Visitors are always wel-
come.

R. Y. P. U. and adult Bible
Sunday at 7:00 P. M.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor
Sunday School Sunday morn-
ing at 9:45 Clarence Davis, Sent
Epworth League at 6:30, Sybil
Holland, Pres. Church service
morning and evening each Sun-
day

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each
month

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991

A. F. and A. M.
meets on the 2nd
Thursday night
in each month.

All members are urged to attend.
Visitors are welcome.

T. W. Bain, W. M.
O. E. Johnson, Sec.

When the sun is blazing hot, your motor heat goes up, too!

To protect your motor, use Germ Processed Oil,
which has 2 to 4 times greater film strength
and is less affected by extreme motor heat!

YOUR MOTOR runs lots hotter in Sum-
mer. That's why you must have oil that
maintains *high film strength* under extreme tem-
peratures to get safe lubrication. Otherwise,
the lubricating film ruptures and the bearings
and cylinders suffer damaging wear.

Plain mineral oils have little film strength
and oils over-refined by new cleansing meth-
ods have even less. As motor heat goes up,
these oils rapidly lose film strength.

You'll get better motor protection with
Conoco Germ Processed Motor Oil. Timken
machine tests *prove* that it has *2 to 4 times
greater film strength* than any plain mineral

oil and that heat above 225° does not lessen
this advantage.

More proof—supervised road tests were
made in identical cars fitted with the
new alloy metal bearings used in many
1935 cars. The bearings lubricated with
a high-quality plain mineral oil showed
45% *more wear* than those lubricated
with Conoco Germ Processed, the first
alloyed oil.

You'll be *certain* your motor is safely lubri-
cated even at high temperatures if you say
"O. K.—Drain" and fill with Conoco Germ
Processed Motor Oil—the oil with the "Hid-
den Quart" that stays up in your motor and
never drains away.

Say
OK-Drain
— FILL WITH —
CONOCO
GERM PROCESSED
MOTOR OIL



1875

CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY'S
60TH ANNIVERSARY

1935

Movies in Color at Last Perfected



Scene from "Becky Sharp," the first full-length, all-color moving picture, with Miriam Hopkins as Becky. Inset, left: Robert Edmond Jones, color director for the film. Inset, right: Walt Disney, daddy of Mickey Mouse, and first producer to employ the new color process.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY
HOLLYWOOD, which of late years has probably contributed as much as literature to the shaping of American tastes and habits, is now going to work on our color sense. Producers of moving pictures in the next year are going to spend \$150,000,000 in Hollywood, more than they ever spent before in any one year, and a considerable part of this vast sum will go into the making of pictures which not only move and talk, but will appear on the screen in all of the natural colors of their scenes and characters.

It is not rash to predict that whole new schemes of decoration, new styles in dress, new fads in make-up for women will be the result. If you don't believe this is possible, think back for a minute.

Mae West says, "Come up and see me some time," and soon it is a catch phrase that sweeps over the nation. Delores Del Rio dances a number called the Caricoa, and before long we see thousands of couples doing the Caricoa on New York's St. Regis roof. In Los Angeles' Cocoanut grove and in the Crystal Palace ball-room at Paw Paw lake, Michigan. A popular movie, "It Happened One Night," shows long sequences with Clark Gable riding in a cross-country bus; a few weeks later a Florida bus line reports that its women passengers have increased some 25 per cent.

In 1927 Al Jolson sang a song called "Sonny Boy" in a picture entitled "The Jazz Singer." It was the first time the shadowy figures of the screen had ever been endowed with the power of speech. The picture revolutionized the entire industry and lifted it from a doubtful and often slapstick quantity to one of the most important influences in American life. The picture grossed \$3,500,000.

Now after many years of effort, moving pictures have been given another dimension, so to speak. We are allowed to see them in their true colors. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" has been made into a movie called "Becky Sharp," in which the old varying shades of gray are banished in favor of full reproduction in natural color, bringing to life the polychrome resplendency of Becky's colorful time and sphere in every hue on the spectrum.

Another Step Forward.
 Color, say the producers and most of the critics, may be just as much a revolution as was sound eight years ago. It will not come so swiftly, however, for color is expensive, delicate to administer. Mistakes will undoubtedly be made, for color in the hands of a master can make the motion picture a thing of incomparable art, but a bungler could make it as frightful as a Christmas neck-tie. There will be both masters and bunglers. There always has been in Hollywood.

Color in motion pictures is really almost as old as the cinema itself. Only nature, color is new.

The first colored movie, like so many other "firsts," was produced by Thomas Alva Edison in 1894. It was "Anna Belle, the Dancer." Every separate panel of film was tinted by hand, like we sometimes tint photographs today. All the colors were there, but not as you would see them if you looked at them in the flesh. The tinting artist was a sort of artistic embalmer. You looked at Anna Belle and said, "My, don't she look natural; they sure did a good job on her." Yet so eager was the film audience for color, many films, some even 1,000 feet in length, were colored by this long and laborious process.

Since Edison's attempt more than 250 methods of making colored films have made an appearance. These are basically split into four different groups as to process: hand tinted, prismatic, thio-indoxyl and tone films. The last named is bracketed into two divisions known as additive and subtractive color processes.

Back in 1928 and 1929, fresh from sweeping triumphs in movies with sound, Warner Brothers decided to go the whole hog and make them

in color, too. "On with the Show" and "Gold Diggers of Broadway" led the rush to color. But at that time only part of the spectrum could be reproduced and outlines were blurred. To make matters worse, the boom in color caused overproduction and forced the Technicolor Motion Picture corporation to turn out an inferior product. The resultant flops have kept most producers shy of color ever since. The one saving grace was that the boom gave Technicolor funds to carry on its experimenting.

Responsible for Progress.
 Although there are other companies—41 of them—in the field, who may later produce better color films, it is Technicolor which is responsible for the present state of perfection. It was named for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the alma mater of Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus, who began experimenting with color cinematography (which is the elegant word for "shooting" movies) upon his graduation in 1914.

Meriam C. Cooper in the fall of 1925 returned from tropical jungles with a film called "Chang." Not even the success of this film could placate Cooper for the loss of exquisite jungle beauty when it was reproduced in varying shades of gray, rather than in all its primitive, colored splendor. Cooper determined to create color movies and associated himself with Dr. Kalmus.

Their work progressed slowly, but in 1921 they were able to make "Toll of the Sea," with Anna May Wong, a color picture. It caused no furies of excitement. Then in 1928 the boom came—and went.

Two years later Dr. Kalmus improved his process so that a full and faithful range of colors could be shown and images could be given definite outline. By this time nobody in Hollywood could be interested—except young Walt Disney, best known as the father of "Mickey Mouse."

Disney had never allowed precedent to interfere with his art. He believed in Technicolor and backed his belief with a "Silly Symphony," called "Flowers and Trees," produced by the new process. It was artistically successful. It was followed by "Three Little Pigs," which certainly needs no introduction anywhere in the world where there is a motion picture house and which has often been said (seriously) to have done more than any other one thing to take the mind of the world off the gloom of depression.

Whitneys Take It Up.
 Certainly Mr. Disney's porkers ended the depression for Technicolor, for they it was who interested John Hay ("Jock") Whitney and his cousin, Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney in color movies. The Whitney millions bought 15 per cent of the shares of Technicolor Motion Picture corporation and organized Pioneer Pictures, Inc., to produce pictures by that process.

One of the first steps of the Whitneys was a wise one. From the New York stage they brought Robert Edmond Jones, whose design work for "Rebound," "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Ah, Wilderness!" and other plays had established him as the leader in his field.

With Jones as the minister of the palette, Pioneer produced an experimental two-reeler, which proved definitely that natural colors had arrived on the screen. The picture, "La Cucaracha," grossed \$250,000, more than any short in black and white had ever drawn.

"Becky Sharp" followed. It cost approximately \$1,000,000. Whether or not it shows a profit does not concern the Whitneys much. To them, the important thing is that, artistically, it has been hailed by most critics as a success, as the final "arrival" of natural color to the screen. Some critics were cold to it, but they felt that way not because of imperfections in color reproduction, but because of the tremendous possibility that abuse may, and in their opinion, will, destroy color films. As the reviewer of the sophisticated and wary New Yorker said: "What someone else, someone other

than Mr. Jones, someone, say, with a weakness for pretty postcards, may do with the marvels of the new scientific advance I shudder to think I may some day know."

More of Them Planned.
 Pioneer Pictures has on its schedule eight more color movies. It has been reported that the next one will contain songs and dances.

Every motion picture studio in southern California is already beginning to experiment once more with the colored cinema, or is actually planning the production of a film in natural colors.

It costs about 30 per cent more to make a picture in colors than to make it in black and white, not counting additional staging extravaganzas. It has been conservatively estimated that there will be at least 10 full-length color features made during 1936, that in three years half the films will be in color and that by the end of five years at least 90 per cent of all the films made in Hollywood, at least, will be in color.

One of the most ambitious of the new color movies will be the one now in production at the Disney studios. It will be the first full-length animated cartoon ever made, and will be called "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," based, of course, upon the fairy tale of the same name. What a stupendous undertaking this is may be understood from the fact that somewhere between 80,000 and 100,000 separate drawings and exposures will be necessary to a cartoon of this length. It has already been in the making a year and a half and Disney estimates that it will take another year and a half to complete it. The cost will approximate \$350,000.

Only this fall will you begin to see animated cartoons other than the Disney product on the screen in all of the primary colors. That is because Disney, with his customary foresight, acquired a year's exclusive contract on the use of full Technicolor for animated cartoons. That contract expires some time this month. The other cartoons you have seen in colors of late were made by the old two-color process.

Technicolor is made in the subtractive color process which has been mentioned. There are three separate magazines of film which run through the camera. Each of them photographs one of the primary colors from which all colors are compounded. From each of the negatives a matrix (which may be loosely termed as similar to an engraved plate such as is used in printing) is made.

How It's Done.
 A properly prepared film holds the master black. Color impressions are transferred from the matrices to this master film by the use of what are called subtractive primary dyes. In a process of imbibition. The dyes used are cyan (minus red), magenta (minus green) and yellow (minus blue). All colors must be transferred to the master black film before the color print is ready.

Such an explanation is, of course, vague at best, but is about all that can be accomplished within the limits of a short article.

The process is foolproof. In that it is impossible to alter the colors. The camera registers the colors exactly as it sees them. The only human errors possible are lack of taste in preparing the settings and lack of precision in printing the film.

Certainly it will be no eye-strain to enjoy your favorite star's complete beauty, color of hair, lips, eyes and all. Or will it? For instance you will perhaps be surprised to learn that Myrna Loy has green eyes—but don't fear, for they're beautiful, just the same.

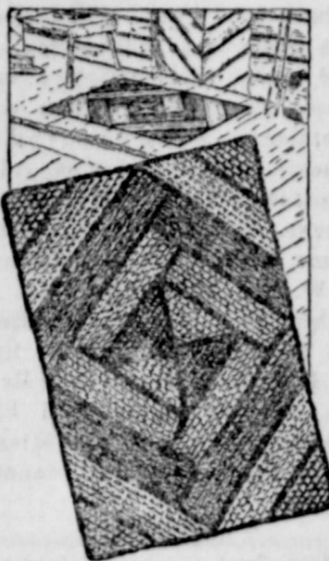
Colorists are predicting that there will be a new vogue for blondes because of color pictures, for the best type for such films is the true blonde with cleanly chiseled features.

And for you girls who would like to get into pictures, here's good news! You won't have to diet so strenuously. Color pictures make you look slimmer!

© Winters Newspaper Union

Log Cabin Effect in Crocheted Rug

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Log cabins are always picturesque and the many antiques usually found about the place add much to complete the picture.

We can't all live in cabins, but we can satisfy our antique cravings by giving these ideas some space in our homes.

This "Log Cabin" crocheted rug was developed from the old "Log Cabin" quilt which is known to many of our readers. This model measures 23x42 inches and requires about 4 pounds of rag rug material.

The inner square of 4 triangles is made first. Four elongated pieces of same size form the first row around center, two short and two long pieces form the next or second row. Four pieces of same size from the third row. Four same size triangles fit in corners. Slip-stitch sections together in black and single crochet all around in black. Color scheme may be all brown in light and dark shades or mixed colors. Alternate panels in light and dark shades to give contrast to rows. Measure each section as the work progresses and fit sections into spaces. Rag rug material may vary in weights.

Grandmother Clark's Rug Book No. 24 contains full directions for making this rug, and many others that will interest you. All illustrations in colors. Postpaid, 15c. Address—HOME CRAFT COMPANY, DEPARTMENT C, Nine

teenth and St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply, when writing for any information.

Eskimos Unworried by

Little Matter of Heat

Constable McGinnis, in charge of Royal Canadian Mounted Police Arctic detail at Pangnirtung, is seriously considering shipping Eskimos from his district to the South for work in tropical spots too hot for the natives to stand, says a newspaper dispatch from Toronto, Canada.

McGinnis was entertaining a group of a dozen or more Eskimos in his quarters last winter. He fed them on biscuits and tea and, after the customary talk, waited for them to leave. They didn't.

Not wanting to hurt their feelings, the constable commenced hinting for them to return to their igloos. They paid no attention to him, but, seated in a circle around the stove, continued to puff away stolidly on their pipes.

Finally the constable was seized with an inspiration. If they would not go voluntarily he would make it so uncomfortable for them that they would have to leave.

He went to the shed and returned with a big load of fuel which he piled into the stove. He then opened the drafts, closed all the doors and left the room. He waited 15 minutes for signs of the natives' departure, but in vain. He re-entered. The Eskimos had not stirred from their places despite the fact that the stove was red hot and perspiration ran in streams down their faces.

McGinnis thought of another plan to get rid of his unwelcome guests. Walking to a corner of the room, he picked up a can, took a handful of the contents and cannily spread it on the stove. It was red pepper. The constable fled outside fully expecting the Eskimos to follow. They didn't, and the next morning when he returned to the post after spending the night in other quarters, found the guests snoring contentedly on the floor, unaffected by heat or pepper.

10c 25c

Calotabs
BILEOUSNESS

GOLD NOT IN FIRST PLACE

For all the fame of Colorado gold mines, the state's coal production up to 1933 totaled a higher value than the gold.

Use only one level teaspoonful to a cup of flour for most recipes.

Efficient and Economical

KC BAKING POWDER

Same price today as 44 years ago
 25 ounces for 25c

Manufactured by Baking Powder Specialists who make nothing but Baking Powder.

MILLIONS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
 Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Use and El. at Druggists
 (Hudson, Conn., W. Va., Philadelphia, N. Y.)

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists, Hiacox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

WE PAY CASH BEESWAX market price for market price for St. Louis Candle & Wax Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Wintersmith's Tonic
 Not only the old reliable remedy for **MALARIA** in all its forms, but **A Good General Tonic** which stimulates the appetite and helps restore the strength. **USED FOR 65 YEARS**

DIZZY DEAN spears a hot one!

HERE YOU ARE, JOE AND ALL YOU GOTTA DO, JOE, IS TO THROW IT WHEN THE GOVERNOR GETS IN THE REVIEWING STAND

LOOKOUT! A BOMB!

I GOT IT!

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, I'D BE BLOWN TO BITS!

SHUCKS! ANY BUSHY COULD HAVE SPEARED THE FUSE

GOSH—IT'S DIZZY DEAN!

THAT WAS SURE A GREAT CATCH, DIZZY! AND FAST THINKING, TOO!

YOU GOT TO HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY

WELL, SON, TO THINK FAST YOU GOT TO BE WIDE-AWAKE, AND TO BE WIDE-AWAKE HOW CAN I HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY?

I'LL TELL YOU ONE SWELL WAY—EAT GRAPE-NUTS. IT TOPS THE BATTING ORDER FOR MAKING ENERGY. I KNOW—I EAT IT MYSELF

Boys! Girls!... Get Valuable Prizes Free!

Join Dizzy Dean Winners—carry Dizzy's Lucky Piece!

Send the top from one yellow-and-blue Grape-Nuts package, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin and copy of club manual, containing list of 37 fifty free prizes. And to have loads of energy, start eating Grape-Nuts right away. It has a winning flavor all its own—crisp, nut-like, delicious. Economical to serve, too, for two tablespoons, with whole milk or cream, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1935. Good only in U.S.A.)

GRAPE-NUTS
 A Product of General Foods

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991



A. F. and A. M. meets on the 2nd Thursday night in each month. All members are urged to attend. Visitors are welcome. T. W. Bain, W. M. C. E. Johnson, Sec.

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each month

Subscribe for the Informer.



New Strength in Rimless Glasses
FUL-VUE NO-SCRU

First, there are no screws through the lenses. Electrically soldered pins hold the lenses tightly and permanently in place. Second, there are tiny springs cushioning the lenses against breakage.

GOLDSTON BROS.
Jewelers and Optometrist
Clarendon, Texas

HEDLEY SINGERS

Hedley singing class meets at 8:00 p. m. next Sunday, Aug 25. Everyone is cordially invited to attend, and we especially invite those from adjoining communities. Lets all be on time and bring some one with us.

H. H. Horschler and family visited in Pampa the past week end.

Our school supplies are here. We have a complete line. B. & B Variety

Left Over from Last Week

Joe Mefner of McLean visited in the Olen Bailey home last week.

Bill Thompson and family of Silverten visited Mrs. Bill Moore Sunday.

L. A. Hart and wife visited in Wellington Monday.

J. W. McPherson and family returned last week from a visit to Arkansas.

Roy Meeks and family of Wauka, Okla., and W. L. Gibson and family of Temple, Okla., visited in the Will W. Holland home first of the week. J. C. Gibson, who has been visiting in the Holland home, returned home with them.

Rev. Wells is holding a revival at Alarreed.

Mrs. Olen Bailey and sons are visiting in McLean.

PARTY

A number of friends enjoyed a lawn party at the W. C. Bridges home last Wednesday. 42 and bridge were enjoyed until a late hour. Watermelon and cantaloupe were served to Messrs. and Mesdames Alva Simmons, Ed Kinslow, J. M. Clarke, Harrison Hall, Chas. Rains, Roy Jewell, Zeb Mitchell, J. W. Noel, Ray Moreman, J. W. Webb, W. C. Payne, B. L. Howard, G. Z. Sherman, Elvin Hickley, J. B. Mastron, Clyde Bridges, Messrs. Estes and Ike Rains, Mrs. Thomas and Misses Ruth Grimsley and Jennette Clarke.

Miss Opal Cooper visited relatives at Sunset last week end.

Mrs. Mittie Dyer of Wichita Falls spent the week with her niece, Mrs. Herman Horschler.

Joe Nipper and wife of Turkey spent the past week end here.

Wren Vineyard of Quitaque visited here last week.

George Goin and family spent Sunday in the Buck Roberts home at Lelia Lake.

Royce Hall and family are visiting in Erick, Okla. and other points.

Mens and boys straw hats and white caps at half price. B. & B Variety

Edwin Fulton of Amarillo is visiting in the W. D. Franklin home this week.

PASTIME THEATRE
Clarendon, Texas

Friday August 23
Going Hibrow
Guy Kibbee and Zasu Pitts. A Kansas farmer makes a fortune in stock and his wife gets social ambitions. Also Fox news and comedy. 10 25c

Saturday 24
Wagon Trail
With Harry Cary and Gertrude Messinger. A devoted father risks life and honor to save the son he loves from a shameful death. Also Zion City of colour in technicolor. matinee 10c to all, night 10 15c

Sun. Mon 25 26
Go in to Town
Mae West and Paul Cavanaugh Comedy drama. West goes west and how she whoops it up. Hitch up the old grey mare and start goin to town. Also Springtime in Holland 10 25c

Tuesday 27
Anne of Green Gables
Anne Shirley and Tom Brown. One of the worlds greatest classics brought to the screen. Anne of Green Gables will live in your hearts for ever, and our Bank Nite. Don't fail to attend matinee. Also Toyland Broadcast in color. 10 25c

Wed. Thurs 28 29
Break of Hearts
Katherine Hepburn and Charles Boyer. Drama. A melody of love and hate. Dynamic drama with dynamic Hepburn and Boyer in a modern love story, also Our Gang in Spruce Up 10 25c

Coming soon, "Ruggles of Red Gap" with Charles Ruggles and Zasu Pitts and "Here Is My Heart" with Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle

Matinees each day at 2 p. m. Evening shows at 8:00

Knock your hay fever, asthma or catarrh inhaling Pine Oil. Zimmerman's Salve gets piles, eczema, and heals any sore. Sold at Wilson and Lelia Lake Drug Stores.

SCHOOL TO OPEN SEPT. 2nd

Hedley schools will open this year on Monday, Sept 2, according to Supt. W. C. Payne. All patrons are urged to visit the school on the opening day, to plan with the teachers for a good school this year.

The opening day program will be announced later.

Lost—A Remington three bladed knife, brown colored unbreakable handles; large blade been repointed. Lost between Moreman Hardware and Huffman Barber Shop. Will pay small reward. Notify in office.

Closing out prices on all summer goods. It will pay you to look them over. B. & B.



Superior construction assures you greater power and longer life when you buy a **DEMPSTER** NO. 12. BACK GEARED Iron-Oiled WINDMILL. Tapered Bearings, Machine Cut Gears, Positive Brakes and Oil-It-Once-a-Year feature make the Dempster No. 12 outstanding. Drop around and let our competent windmill and pump men show you a sample.

Thompson Bros.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY SPECIALS

FREE

With each 3 lb. of Dal-Tex Coffee we will give a tea pitcher free.

Spuds, pk.	25c
Beans, Northern, 7 lb.	50c
Lard, 8 lb. carton	\$1.10
Tomatoes, 3 cans	25c
Hominy, 2 1/2 size	10c
Kraut, 3 No. 2 cans	25c

Syrup, Steambeat, gal.	49c
Prunes, gal.	35c
Blackberries, gal.	40c
Peaches, gal.	40c
Pickles, gal.	48c
Mustard, qt.	15c
Salad Dressing, W P, pt.	23c

For the Laundry

Soap, 10 bars Luna	25c
Lye, Red Top, 14 cans	\$1.00
Washing Powder, Borax, 7 boxes	25c
Lighthouse Cleanser, box	4c

Market Specials

Steak, choice cuts, lb.	25c
Steak, forequarter, lb.	15c
Bologna, lb.	15c
Hot Barbecue	

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

Harry Burden
Grocery and Market

PHONE 15

Food Specials

Yes, we have low prices, but service and quality too-- That's why it pays to trade with us

Steak, the best, lb. 23c

Bananas, doz.	15c	Yellow Wax Beans, 2 lb.	15c
Oranges, medium, doz.	15c	Lemons, large Sunkist	33c
Grapes, Calif., lb.	12c	Lard, 8 lb. carton	\$1.09
Fresh Tomatoes, lb.	7c	Coffee, bulk, lb.	15c
Carrots, bunch	5c	Cabbage, lb.	19c

Lettuce, head 5c

Coffee, Admiration, lb	26c	Vanilla Wafers, 2 lb.	25c
Coffee, White Swan, 3 lb.	89c	Cheese, lb.	18c
Milk, 6 small cans	19c	Barbecue, fresh, hot, lb.	25c
Oats, 3 minute with plate	25c	Pork Sausage, lb.	25c
Fig Bars, 2 lb.	25c	Roast, 2 lb.	25c

Spuds, pk. 27c

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

'M' SYSTEM

Please

Bring In Your

News Items

Early

Remember Trades Day Aug. 24