

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXVI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS DECEMBER 27, 1935

NO. 7

Wishing All a Prosperous New Year

Specials Dec. 26, 1935 to Jan. 1, 1936

| | |
|--|--------|
| Sugar, 25 lb. | \$1 35 |
| Meal, Old Time 10 lb. | 29c |
| 20 lb. | 49c |
| Honey, extra good Extract, gal. | \$1.15 |
| Strained, gal. | \$1.25 |
| Spuds 10 lb. PK. | 25c |
| | 19c |
| Meat Cure, 10 lb. | 65c |
| Salt Block, plain | 45c |
| Stock, 100 lb. | 65c |
| English Peas, Concho, 2 No. 2 cans | 27c |
| Tomatoes, Concho, No. 2 can | 9c |
| Crackers, 2 lb. box | 19c |
| Flour Pride of Perryton, 24 lb. 48 lb. | \$1.95 |
| | \$1.00 |

Chunn & Boston

ANNOUNCEMENT

To All My Customers and Friends

Beginning Jan. 1st, 1936, J. W. Bozeman Garage, Service Station and Machine Shop will conduct our business on a strictly cash basis. We will meet all competition on prices less 10 per cent for cash, except on gasoline and oils. You can save by trading with us. All work guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Positively nothing charged to anyone without security. The bank has to have security; so do we. Trade with us and save the difference.

BOZEMAN GARAGE & SERVICE STATION

It Is Our Endeavor

To give you at all times the service and quality you expect to find in a high class drug store.

Give Us a Trial

See us for School Supplies

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63



The Hedley Informer

MR. AND MRS. WATT OBSERVE ANNIVERSARY

Mr and Mrs E H Watt celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their home Monday, Dec 16

E H Watt was born Sept 3rd, 1859 at Lower Bedeque, P. E. I., Canada, and moved to Navarro county in 1877 Mrs E H Watt was born near Mobile, Alabama, in 1866 and moved to Navarro county in 1889

Here was culminated the plans made by Cupid in bringing together this youth from the snowy northern dominion, and the fair young maiden from sunny Alabama, so that on Dec 16, 1885, in the presence of hosts of friends and relatives, there resulted the union which has lasted half a century

To this union were born three children. Fred G of Friona, E H Jr. deceased, and Mrs E. M. Glass of Giles They homesteaded land near where the town of Carey now stands, and lived the life of the Texas pioneer, faced by the perils of drought, sand storms, and raiding Indians, their slumbers disturbed by the howls of the coyote and the dreaded lobo wolf, but happy in the companionship of each other and their few neighbors In 1895 Mr and Mrs. Watt, with their children, moved to Giles, and here they have lived to this their golden wedding day

Jennette Clarke served punch from a crystal punch bowl flanked by lighted candles in gold holders The punch bowl centered the table, spread with a lace cloth over gold satin. Mary Bains Bridges had charge of the guest book, where 76 friends and relatives registered.

The entertainment consisted of a vocal solo, Mrs Burden; reading, Miss Webb; duet, Rev. and Mrs Wells; biography, Mrs McGants. J G McDougal in his pleasing manner presented Mr. and Mrs Watt with a radio given by their relatives and friends Several other beautiful gifts and greetings came from Montana, California, Iowa, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Oklahoma and Texas

Refreshments consisted of ice cream in gold bells and cake. Plate favors were gold hearts tied with tulle. To few couples is given the happiness of fifty years together, and their many friends wish for them many more years of happiness

We still have some special prices on mde. you can save when you buy at B. & B.

J. E. Clawson and family left Saturday for Comanche to spend Christmas with Mr. Clawson's parents

R. W. Alwine and family are enjoying a vacation trip to Dallas and other points.

HEDLEY P. T. A.

On Thursday evening, Dec 19, 1935, the Parent and Teacher Association sponsored a benefit Christmas program prepared by the grade school teachers and Miss Sewell Each class contributed a group of numbers, ranging in quality from Farmer Jones' troublesome "filver," which could not take him even to the community Christmas tree, to the impressive Nativity Scenegiven as a fitting climax to this splendid program.

No one who witnessed the performance of the children, suddenly converted into gnomes, fairies, brownies, Christmas wreaths, candles, carols, toys of all kinds, nurses, dancers, the wind, and to Santa himself could doubt the rich meaning of the season or fail to appreciate the true spirit of this happy day.

The organization expresses its gratitude to those teachers for their untiring efforts and achievements in preparing this entertainment for its gain and the community's pleasure. The door receipts were \$24.80 This money will be spent to help meet the needs of the school.

It always pays to attend P. T. A. The Publishing Committee

Among the Hedley young folks who are home for the Xmas holidays are: Maurine Geis, Opal Cooper, Zona Adamson, Hope and Ruth Wells, Lionel and Nettie Blankenship, Emma Lowell Plunk, Joyce Tinsley, Martha Sue Noel, Henry Johnston, John Mitchell, Geneva Whittington.

Born to Mr and Mrs S. G. Adamson, Dec. 14, a fine little daughter.

Mrs. Frank Simmons is spending the Xmas holidays with her daughters in California

C F Simmons is visiting in Kansas City

Rent Free—100 acres of good sandy soil free of rent. For particulars see Winfred Doherty

For Sale—34 acres land 1 mile northeast of Hedley. Good improvements Mrs N E. Youree

NO HUNTING

Any kind of hunting on my place is positively forbidden. All violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

R. H. Jones

Earn While You Learn

3 young men and 3 young women may now earn attractive part of tuition by working in College office Excellent opportunity to prepare for business career at moderate cost. More positions than we can fill First come, first served. Write for full information today. Draughton's College, Lubbock, Texas

Your Dollars Pay Dividends Here!

If your family demands high quality foods at substantial savings, visit our store.

We are prepared to fill your needs in the grocery line.

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

Christmas Greetings

To all our good friends who have helped to make this a successful year we extend our warmest greetings of the season.

We wish you a Merry Christmas with the sincere hope that a full measure of happiness and prosperity will be yours in the New Year to come.

Security State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

THE FEATHERHEADS



The Same Old Story



The Marriage Problem

By WARNER FABIAN
Unknown Author of "Flaming Youth,"
"Sailor's Wives," etc.

Marriage Going Out of Favor but Not Out of Fashion

MUCH depends upon whether this is to be prophecy or a guessing contest. If it is prophecy I should prefer that some one else should do it. I have yet to meet the married pair...

But any one may enter a guessing bee, and my best guess on the future, based upon considerations of the past and present, is that the world will be so profoundly different in 2035 A. D. that unless marriage alters to suit the new conditions it will find itself as anachronistic as a velocipede on Broadway.

Already matrimony is going out of favor. By this I do not for a moment mean that it is going out of fashion, which would be much more serious and alarming. But nobody seems to think well of it as practiced at present.

It is the most discussed topic wherever the socially elect are gathered together and wherever a topic is widely and heatedly discussed it is because people are discontented with the present status. The general opinion is that marriage is not as advertised and that something ought to be done about it. I have not yet heard what.

In seeking alleviation for an uncomfortable condition (even a hundred years hence) the essential preliminary is to find out what is wrong. As women are the factors most vitally interested, and, incidentally, doing the most objecting, it seemed reasonable to consult them. Accordingly, I put a query to three of the most intelligent ones in my acquaintance...

"Too risky," said Twenty. "Too permanent," pronounced Thirty. "Too uneven," opined Forty. That forwarded my inquiry a little, but not much. It did not seem likely that the chances of matrimony would become less hazardous, except, perhaps, as the condition itself became less permanent...

"What will it be like a hundred years from now?" I should have foreseen the answer, which was unanimous: "We'll all be dead by then." (Meaning, of course, "What does it matter, since I won't be here to see it?") Women are like that—well, some women.

"But, anyway," I insisted. "A hundred years from now there won't be any such thing as marriage," said the emergent fapper, which was interesting as coming from the youngest generation. "And I suppose there won't be any such thing as sex, either?" retorted the young married woman scornfully.

"If there is, it won't be in chains." "Or in scalding clothes, either—maybe," put in the disillusioned skeptic thoughtfully. This sounded hopeful. "Now I wonder what you mean by that?" I said. But she would not tell me.

"Anyway," offered Thirty, "it's the most stable partnership yet invented." "What do you mean, stable?" demanded Twenty.

"How many business partnerships do you suppose last?" "I dunno. Most of 'em, don't they?" "My husband says that 90 per cent of 'em flop. Well, even in our set, a good half of the marriages stick."

"They educate men for business. I wonder how it would work if they educated them for marriages as a partnership?"

It seemed that there might almost be something in that theory of educating people up to marriage. Not merely the physiological or the domestic science phases of it; those are elementary; but its underlying psychology.

In that case, might not the marriage of the future, based on an intelligent understanding, be a more promising experiment than the present haphazard and often painful affair is? At the outset I said that I was not going to prophesy. Now I must retract. I am. To this extent:

A hundred years hence marriage will be different from what it is now in one important respect, that we shall know more about it both before and after taking than we do now. We could not well know less!

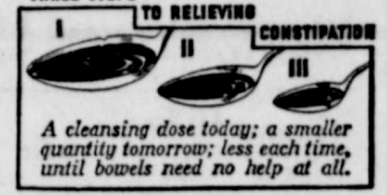
Women Beat Men in Male Roles: More Streamlining

Opera audiences this winter will see a large number of small sopranos in men's pantaloons and knee boots. A manager of opera stars says that streamline figures are enabling women to look more convincing in male roles than the men themselves when high notes are required.

He added that if slender sopranos keep on counting their calories, men who can sing falsetto may have to start looking about for women's roles. "Faust," "Fidelio," "Rosenkavaller" and "Mignon" are among the operas in which women are taking men's parts.

DOCTORS KNOW

Mothers read this:



Why do people come home from a hospital with bowels working like a well-regulated watch?

The answer is simple, and it's the answer to all your bowel worries if you will only realize it: many doctors and hospitals use liquid laxatives.

If you knew what a doctor knows, you would use only the liquid form. A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. Reduced dosage is the secret of any real relief from constipation.

Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular liquid laxatives have become. They give the right kind of help, and right amount of help. The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that can form no habit, even in children. So, try Syrup Pepsin. You just take regulated doses till Nature restores regularity.

And Finally Isn't A very young man may spend a great deal of time being bored. Later he acquires sense enough to conceal it when he is bored.

Advertisement for CHAPPED SKIN and MENTHOLATUM. Text: 'To quickly relieve chapping and roughness, apply soothing, cooling Mentholum.' Includes 'GIVES COMFORT Daily' and 'Have you tried the NEW MENTHOLATUM LIQUID for head colds? Like Mentholum ointment it brings soothing comfort.'

Advertisement for Prompt Relief and Cuticura Ointment. Text: 'For sufferers from the itching, burning and irritation of eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and disfiguring blotches, may be found by anointing with Cuticura.' Includes 'Sample free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 258, Malden, Mass.'

Advertisement for LOST! Constipation! and GARFIELD TEA. Text: 'A bad case of Constipation! Feel fit! Feel like working or playing. Enjoy life! A prompt, sure, pleasant way to relieve the slow-up effects of constipation is to CLEANSE INTERNALLY—the GARFIELD TEA—cup way. Drink a cup tonight. Enjoy tomorrow! (At drug-stores) FREE SAMPLE! Write to: GARFIELD TEA CO., Inc., Dept. 65, Brooklyn, N.Y.'

Advertisement for Watch Your Kidneys! and DOANS PILLS. Text: 'Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood. YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained. Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes; feel nervous, miserable—all upset. Don't delay! Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist. DOANS PILLS'

'SMATTER POP— Just a Nasal Appraisal



By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE



Oh, Yes!



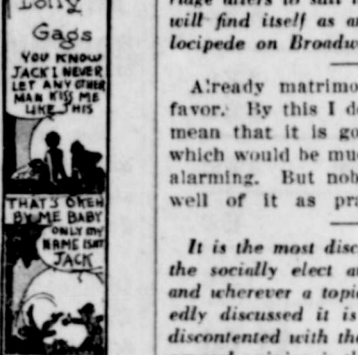
Lolly Gags



FINNEY OF THE FORCE



Demonstrations



"REG'LAR FELLERS"



Spotted



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES



By O. JACOBSSON



BRONC PEELER



By FRED HARMAN



HIGH NOTES



THE MUG OF MILK



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES



The Best Man Wins--



By O. JACOBSSON



By FRED HARMAN



IT'S NO SECRET—WRIGLEY'S IS THE STANDARD OF QUALITY



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

HIGH NOTES



"How did your daughter come to take up singing?" "She found it pleasanter work than helping mother with the dishes."

THE MUG OF MILK



FEELS HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO HANDLE HIS MUG OF MILK HIMSELF. PICKS IT UP IN BOTH HANDS AND LOGS TO SEE WHAT MOTHER THINKS ABOUT IT. IS A LITTLE SURPRISED THAT BOTH PARENTS ARE MOVING TO MAKE TO STOP HIM. RAISES MUG TO LIPS, AND LOWERS IT TO GET A BETTER GRIP. RAISES MUG AGAIN AND TAKES A SWALLOW. FEELS HE DID THAT PRETTY WELL AND LOWS TROOP TROOP-PHANTY HOLDING MUG. DADDY ONLY SOUND THE SURPRISE ANY LONGER, AND THIS TO TAKE CHARGE. IN ENJOYING STRUGGLE WHILE MUG GOES SPALLED, WHICH IS FUN.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



"They educate men for business. I wonder how it would work if they educated them for marriages as a partnership?"

Our New Canadian Trade Agreement



A momentous international event was the signing of the new trade agreement with Canada, in the office of President Roosevelt. Left to right are pictured Secretary of State Cordell Hull, Prime Minister Mackenzie King and the President, as they signed the pact, with United States cabinet members in the background.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

IN 1929 we exported to Canada goods valued at \$900,000,000. From our northern neighbor we imported \$345,000,000 worth of goods. In 1934 our Canadian exports amounted to \$300,000,000 and our Canadian imports \$233,000,000.

Was this falling off in trade a result of the depression? Or was the depression a result of the falling off in trade (with other countries as well as Canada, of course)? These questions are best answered by another one: Which came first—the chicken or the egg?

If your business is one not immediately affected by tariffs and trade agreements and such goings on, and you would answer yes to the first question, it is not likely that you approve of the new reciprocal trade agreement with Canada, which goes into effect January 1, 1936. If your business is not immediately affected, and you would answer yes to the second question, the chances are you do approve. If your business is immediately affected by the treaty, your approval or disapproval is likely to depend upon whether you stand to lose money or make money by it.

The chances are you will find the treaty a little annoying if you are a lumberman, dairyman, whisky manufacturer, cattleman or (with certain reservations) farmer. You will probably like it if you are a manufacturer of farm machinery, electrical goods, automobiles or radios; a citrus-fruit or cotton grower, or a magazine publisher.

Consumers Will Like It

You are almost sure to like it if you are "just a plain consumer" or a politician. For the consumer, it will mean some reduction in prices. The politician, if he be against the Roosevelt administration, will find certain definite disadvantages to pounce upon publicly; if he be in favor of the New Deal, he will find certain definite advantages to brag about publicly.

For the new pact signed in Washington by President Roosevelt and Mackenzie King, shortly after Canada's new premier was elected, is the very epitome of Secretary of State Cordell Hull's policy of securing reciprocal trade agreements with foreign nations on the most-favored-nation basis. It is the seventh such agreement to become effective, since we had previously signed reciprocal agreements with Belgium, Brazil, Colombia, Cuba, Haiti and Sweden. It is the first time we have used the quota system in a trade agreement.

In signing an agreement with the United States under the Hull policy, a foreign nation promises that if it gives any concessions to any other nation or nations, such concessions will automatically become effective with regard to the United States. We reciprocate by making the same promise.

By the new pact Canada gives us "most-favored-nation" rating. But in the light of the concessions the United States made on 53 different items, Canada is certainly the nation most favored by the agreement, in the opinion of some public figures, such as Former President Hoover, who said: "I mean still larger imports of foreign food. I presume it is more of the abundant—for Canadians."

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace was not long in making reply to charges of hurting the farmer: "The attempt which is now being made to arouse special groups is, in the main, being led or inspired by the same enemies of agriculture who, in the guise of helping agriculture with higher tariffs on farm products brought enactment of the Hawley-Smoot bill with its exorbitant industrial rates and its sequel of lessened farm markets.

180 Canadian Concessions.

Included in the Canadian concessions of the new treaty are special reductions or abolition of duties on 180 items which Canada imports from us. Most important among the reductions was 80 per cent on agricultural ma-

chinery; 25 to 80 per cent on other machinery; 25 to 50 per cent for meat; 50 per cent for grapefruit; 12 1/2 to 25 per cent on automobiles, and similar reductions for electric refrigerators, washing machines and radios. Canada agreed to keep on the free list oranges (during the first four months of the year), magazines, raw cotton, and certain vegetables (not staples), and to lower duties on several minor manufactured products and surgical dressings.

Canada agreed to retire a practice that has been the source of some annoyance to American merchants, especially those in cities near the border. That was the use of powers under the tariff laws to place arbitrarily high prices upon imported goods. Further, Canada will now permit her tourists to bring home \$100 worth of goods from the United States duty free, a concession which has set up a few howls from the dealers at home.

Among the important United States concessions were a reduction of one-third to one-half in the duties on the first 155,709 heavy beef cattle (about three times our import from Canada during the first nine months of 1934), 51,923 calves less than 175 pounds each (this quota is about 1 per cent of the American annual calf slaughter) and 20,000 dairy cattle imported each year; a 20 per cent to 40 per cent tariff cut on the first 750,000 bushels of seed potatoes each year; a cut of 45 per cent for the first 1,500,000 gallons of cream; a reduction of 50 per cent in the duty on whisky aged four or more years in the wood, and a 50 per cent cut on lumber (Douglas fir and western hemlock were limited to 250,000, 000 board feet annually). There were numerous additional duty reductions on comparatively unimportant products ranging from lacrosse sticks to pipe organs for churches. Certain wood products, minerals, skins and sea foods were kept on the free list.

Loudest of all the lamentations came from the lumber industries in the United States. Indeed, 50,000 union workers in the timber forests and lumber mills of the Pacific Northwest threatened to strike in protests even before the terms of the agreement became known.

These industries, it was apparent, were expecting to be the hardest hit, and events justified their expectations. The general feeling was that lumber had been offered on the sacrificial block that conditions might be bettered for other industries. Senator McNary of Oregon left immediately for Washington, claiming that his mail was including 1,000 letters of protest a day. Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, as well as southern pine and cypress states also are affected. One manufacturer estimated that the price of Canadian lumber would be cut from \$1.25 to \$1.75 per 1,000 board feet at a time when the industry is already over-manned. Another ventured the guess that 4,000,000 man-hours of employment annually would be turned over to cheaper Canadian labor. Southern lumbermen saw price reductions which give them more competition.

Milk Industries Complain.

Officials of milk associations viewed the pact as disastrous. To them Secretary Wallace pointed out that cream imports are to be limited to 1,500,000 gallons annually, whereas, during 1925 and 1926 they were 25,000,000 gallons. Potato growers in Maine had cause for alarm, with the tariff on Canadian potatoes reduced from 60 cents a bushel to 45 cents. Likewise, New England manufacturers of maple syrup had cause for complaint. Manufacturers of farm machinery, steel, glass and petroleum were jubilant.

The opinion of 1,000 manufacturers was voiced in the words of John W. O'Leary, president of the Machinery and Allied Products Institute, who said: "The United States sold about \$15,500,000 worth of machinery to Canada in 1934, a gain of 74 per cent over

1933, as compared to a gain of only 42 per cent for Great Britain, our chief competitor. This was despite the great competitive disadvantage of the duty of 20 to 35 per cent on our machinery."

"The new duty of 20 to 25 per cent and less in cases of some special machinery reduces the competitive disadvantage and should give substantial impetus to machinery sales in Canada, making possible proportionate re-employment in our capital goods industries where, an important portion of all employment in the United States still exists."

Howls From Canada, Too.

In Canada, too, there was some opposition, although stocks in Toronto were somewhat strengthened after the announcement, indicating perhaps that some of the hue and cry in both nations was the natural reaction to be expected when any kind of important diplomatic step is undertaken by a government. Canadian conservatives were of the opinion that it gained too little for Canada and too much for the United States. Among their favorite objections were:

Its failure to secure any concessions for the cod and haddock fishing industries of the maritimes.

Its failure to secure a market for food potatoes for all the provinces of eastern Canada.

Its failure to secure concessions for the dairy industry of Ontario and Quebec—other than a quota on cream and cheese.

Its failure to do anything to assist the marketing of Canadian wheat and other grains and flour.

Sectional reception of the treaty in the United States was varied. In New England, some truck farmers were pleased over concessions given by Canada on a few vegetables, while potato growers were up in arms. Manufacturers of many factory products were elated over the new market created, and shippers were friendly toward the pact because the most-favored-nation clause allows goods bound for Canadian ports to enter North America through United States ports and cross the Canadian line without duty.

Some Sectional Opinions.

In Michigan and Wisconsin, the agricultural and lumber bodies were considerably chagrined by the treaty's terms, while automobile and furniture manufacturers were sure it would stimulate trade and create jobs.

In the corn belt, the general feeling, if there was one, was hard to define with any degree of certainty. Individual feeling depended much on what each farmer's specialty was. Range cattle interests, for instance, did not like the provision which would admit Canadian feeder cattle, but corn growers saw some advantage in it.

Seed potato growers in Minnesota were certain that the business would be seriously affected, but table potato growers in Kansas saw a better Canadian market ahead.

The Winnipeg Free Press may have struck somewhere near the truth when it said: "The effectiveness of the trade agreement can be judged by the vigor of the yells of disapproval by which it has been greeted."

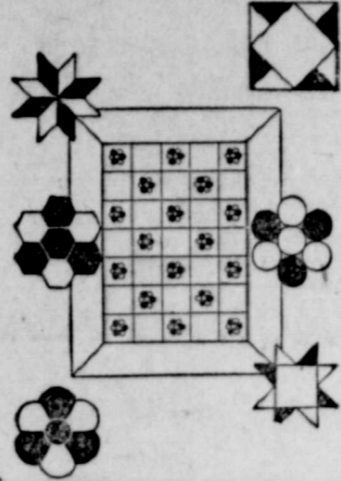
Meanwhile, Secretary Hull went right ahead with his plans for opening up United States trade, and subsequently stimulating world trade by negotiating for more treaties along the same lines. Francis B. Sayre, assistant in charge of treaties on foreign trade, estimated that there were, in all, about 29 nations with whom it was possible for the United States to reach an agreement on the most-favored-nation basis.

A note of mystery which will not be cleared up for a few weeks concerns George N. Peek, former adviser to the president on foreign trade. President Roosevelt appointed him to make a study of the new Canadian pact. After a superficial examination of it, he offered the President his resignation.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Inexpensive, Easy Patchwork Quilts

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Patchwork quilts as a rule are elaborate, cost quite a bit and represent many days of tedious work. This work and cost can be cut down to a minimum as shown in the illustration. Any of these designs can be used on eighteen nine-inch blocks and so arranged to make a full size quilt. About three ounces or one yard of prints is all that is required for the patchwork. Folder No. 536 in colors illustrates four ways to assemble these different designs, also cut out diagrams for six different patches like the picture. Information about yardage required for back, border and blocks is also given.

The folder No. 536 and folder No. 6 with other quilting information will be mailed upon receipt of 10 cents, or send us 19 cents and we will send folder and sufficient beautiful patches to make up the patchwork on one of these simple quilts.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. D, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis. Inclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Man of Tongues

The world's greatest linguist is an Englishman. He is Sir George Grierson, O. M., who is eighty-four and knows 300 languages. His chief interest lies in India, where some of the dialects of the backward communities have never been written down. Before he could study these dialects properly, Sir George had to invent an alphabet for them, and write down words which the natives had often used but never written themselves.

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Cakes and pies will not burn while baking if a sheet of asbestos is cut and fitted into gas stove oven.

If skins peeled from apples when making pies are boiled until soft, then strained into pie shell before putting in apples, the flavor of pie is improved.

In arranging the table for your bridge luncheon you can get the most distinctive effect by choosing a luncheon set of that sheer cathedral linen done in pastel-tinted embroidery. They are a change from the usual type of Italian linens.

To remove iodine that has been spilled on linen or cotton, make a paste of starch and cold water and spread over stain. Let stand until dry, then brush off.

When roasting beef have oven very hot at first to seal in juices, then reduce heat, cooking more slowly.

Always remove egg stains on table linen before sending to the laundry. Soak linen in cold water to remove stain. Hot water sets them.

Electric refrigerators should be cleaned once a month. Wash out quickly with a lukewarm solution of bicarbonate of soda or borax.

© Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.

Love Intoxication, Rules Court; Awards Damages

"Love intoxication" appeared in the lexicon of the Colorado Supreme court the other day.

The court upheld a \$2,000 damage award to a girl who said the driver of an automobile in which she was riding was kissing another girl just before the crash occurred.

"If his mental processes were blurred due to his love-making, which was probably the fact, he must be held to the same responsibility as one who voluntarily becomes intoxicated," said Justice Haslett P. Burke.

Remember and Profit

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

The Choice of Millions

KC BAKING POWDER

Double Tested — Double Action

Manufactured by baking powder specialists who make nothing but baking powder—under supervision of expert chemists.

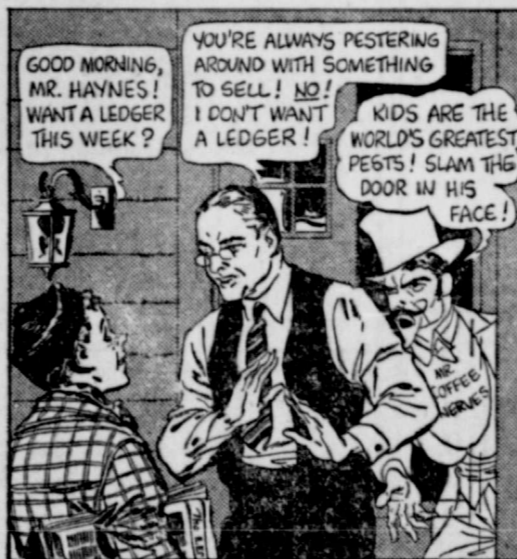
Same Price Today as 45 Years Ago
25 ounces for 25c

You can also buy
A full 10 ounce can for 10c
15 ounce can for 15c

Highest Quality — Always Dependable

MILLIONS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

LOST...ONE HEALTHY GROUCH!



"SEEMS funny that coffee was harming me! I thought it was bad only for children!"

"Oh, no... the caffeine in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too. It can upset their nerves, cause indigestion, or loss of sleep!"

If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you... try Postum for 30 days. It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It's easy to make... costs less than half a cent a cup. It's delicious, too... and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

FREE! Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Fill in completely—print name and address. If you live in Canada address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.
(This offer expires July 1, 1936)



Mobley
Tailor Shop



THOMPSON BROS. HARDWARE CO.



Beaty Gin



Westberry Gin Co.



Charm Beauty
Shop



Huffman
Barber Shop



Land Mill &
Feed Store



Will W. Holland



Wilson Drug Co.



MOREMAN HARDWARE



Hedley Cafe
Mr. and Mrs. Purl Hunt



Jack's Helpy-Selfy Laundry



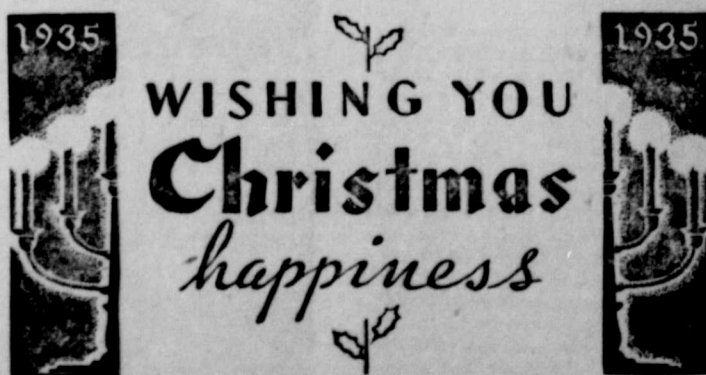
Thanks to all my Customers
Who Knows How
Clarke the Tailor



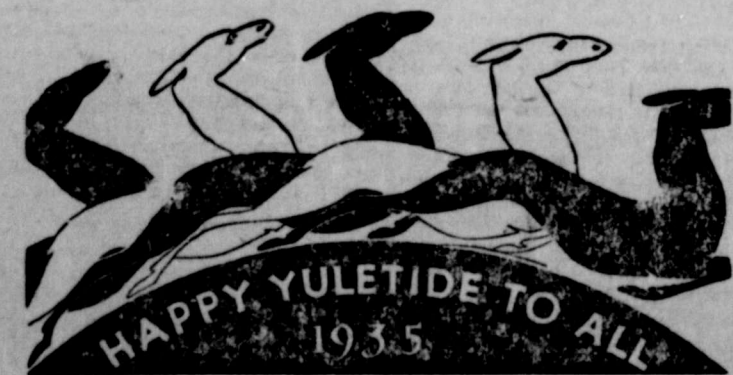
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Clifton's Garage

Golden Phantoms
FASCINATING TALES OF LOST MINES
By Edith L. Watson

DOGS OF THE MIST

SOMEWHERE in the region where the Continental Divide crosses the Mexican border, there is a wonderful lost mine. Who first discovered it, who sank the first shaft or drove the first tunnel, and brought the first gleaming gold out into the sunlight, no one knows. And no one has any idea why the mine was abandoned, since great chunks of "chispa"—high grade ore—still lie on the dump.

At least, they should be lying there. Only one man ever saw them, and he did not live to benefit from his discovery. In fact, if it were not for the piece of ore, heavy with gold, which goes to prove the story, one might wonder if this lost mine were not just another creation of legend. And as for the piece of ore—well, who can say that he has seen it? Yet there are hundreds of Mexicans in the little mining towns among those New Mexico mountains who would swear that it exists.

A strange, eerie superstition has grown up about the lost mine; on nights when the young moon makes a light only a little brighter than the stars, and there is a misty look to the hills which renders the most familiar landmarks strange, the man of the house will stroll out to the edge of town—perhaps farther—slowly and quietly. He listens intently. Then perhaps a coyote howls, or a dog barks—and he is all attention. He seems half afraid, half eager.

Usually, he finally strolls home again, looking a shade disappointed. But once in a while—ah, then! The sounds for which he is listening become clearer—they resolve into the bark of two dogs together, at some little distance from the man who waits and listens with every nerve tingling with excitement. As soon as he can locate their direction, off he goes, slipping along as silently as possible, and stopping now and then to make sure that they are still baying.

He is following "Los Perros de la Niebla"—the Dogs of the Mist. If he can keep their trail, guided only by their ghostly barking, he will come to the place where is this marvelous mine, and its riches will be his. He will know it because the skeleton of a man lies there somewhere close—the man who long ago went hunting with his two great black dogs, found the mine, and then shot himself, accidentally, in his nervous excitement. As he lay dying within reach of the glittering ore, he wrote a note in his own blood on a scrap of paper—on, as some say, on a rag torn from his clothing. He folded this about a piece of ore and tied it to the neck of one of the dogs. Then he commanded them to go for help.

Exactly what the note said, no one can tell, but apparently its few words conveyed a plea to follow the dogs back to him. The man whom the animals searched out, believing that they were mad, shot them both before he saw the message—and spent the rest of his life in a futile search for the mine.

It was a misty moonlight night when the great black, eagle dogs appeared, jumping and barking to attract attention. (One can scarcely blame the Mexican for shooting first and investigating afterward). Ever since then—and it has been many years—their ghosts return on such nights, unseen but not unheard, and try to lure someone to the place where their master lies. Sometimes an ardent believer will follow them for miles, only always to lose them at last—and it is said that one man became quite deaf from listening to their barking.

DEVIL'S HEAD STANDS GUARD

DEVIL'S Head, Colorado, is a great rough pile of rocks which forms a landmark for all the country around it. There are many stories told about the region, which is wild and little traveled except on the main roads. Even at this time desperadoes sometimes hide out in the vicinity, although a national forest fire lookout tops the Head. In early days robbers and desperate men knew that region, too, and without doubt there is treasure hidden about the Devil's Head which has never been—and perhaps never will be—found.

For instance, in the early '70s, a gang held up a government train at Big Springs and got away with \$90,000 in gold eagles. The men managed to hide in the forest near Devil's Head, but the posse hunting for them knew that country rather well themselves, and pursuit came entirely too close for safety. Accordingly the holdups buried their loot, sticking a long knife into a tree to mark the spot, and got out of the country for the time being.

In 1923 an old man appeared in the region, who seemed to be hunting for something. He searched for days, and when a forester at the lookout, who had been watching him, finally asked him what he was looking for, he told the story of the holdup that had happened so long before. He had been one of the gang, the old man said, and he hoped to find the buried loot. But he had not reckoned on forest fires—the trees he had once seen, and the knife he knew to have been left above the gold, had long ago gone up in billows of thick smoke.

Crush-Resistant Velvet Good News

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IN VIEWING the current fashion picture it appears as if velvet is about to "run away with the mode." Not that velvet is news to any of us, for women who keep pace with fashion have become so thoroughly and enthusiastically velvet-conscious by this time, they go about town, they dine, they dance, they even sleep in velvet.

However, comes some news that is new, exciting news, news that is joy-radiating. It's crush-resistant velvet, with the emphasis on crush-resistant. In the way of good news, what could be better?

Now, please do not jump at the conclusion that the new crush-resistant velvet is absolutely non-crushable. No such claim is made by members of the Velvet Guild who are sponsoring it, but they do say that its resistance far exceeds any endeavor in that direction up to date, this bespeaking a greater, more dependable serviceability for this new type of velvet. Anyway it's a comforting thought to know that there's a velvet to be had that is definitely more resistant to crushing than any velvet heretofore known.

Speaking of the overwhelming predominance of velvet in the present mode, some style leaders go so far as to declare that this is the most important season for a fashion angle that velvet has ever known. From accessories of all kinds through the entire gamut of clothes goes velvet on the fall and winter program. For daytime wear the vogue for velvet suits and coats, fur-trimmed or otherwise, is established. For afternoon, for formal as well as superb plain weaves in velvet. The heavy classic Lyon velvet is an excellent medium for gowns of like pomp and dignity. It is a staple, too, for tailored suits.

Beside the well-woven yarn-dyed cos-

tume velvets, interesting variations have been devised with mixtures of metal and cellophane threads which answer the call for glitter this season. Crinkled velvets which look as if shirred are also much in evidence. Then, too, delicately woven transparent velvets hold their own. This type shirs and pleats beautifully.

A smart new note is the use of velvet with tweeds and woolsens. Tweed skirts with velvet blouse, tweeds with velvet belts, collars, cuffs and scarfs. Tweed coats detailed with velvet are all featured fashions, as are also the new gilets, waistcoats and complete cape linings of velvet as used with colorful woolsens and tweeds. The costumes of the trio of fashionables here pictured are made of the new crush-resistant velvet. A slight touch of the military is expressed in the red tate and buttons of the black velvet street dress centered in the illustration. It is topped with a self-velvet soldiers' hat with gold cord.

To the right in the group is a black velvet dinner dress with full three-quarter sleeves of silver and multi-color embroidery in a Chinese design. The evening hat has a net crown and a velvet visor. Cross fox lavishly trims a smart suit of crush-resistant velvet as shown to the left. The jacket is belted and the skirt is the new cocktail length. The blouse is gun-metal lame. Velvet gloves, bag and beret complete the costume.

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A GLEAMING SATIN SHIRTTWAIST FROCK TO LEND VARIETY

PATTERN 2348



Just about now, when everyone is getting a wee bit tired of seeing the "usual" type of shirtwaist frock scattered all over town—and country, too!—fashion peeps us all up with delicious, cool-looking satins of every pastel hue. These satins need soft handling though. Ingenious mind and nimble fingers fashioned this one for you with soft bodice fullness, fetching puff sleeves and delightfully young collar. Long sleeves are included, for you'll want this version in your fall wardrobe, too. If you haven't succumbed to the charm of satin, choose pastel sport silk, or novelty checked cotton. Crystal or contrasting buttons and buckle.

Pattern 2348 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3 3/4 yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included. Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE. Address orders to the Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 243 West Seventeenth St., New York City.

Week's Supply of Postum Free
Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Heart Appeal

A mere backwoods farm can be made the scene of a great play if the playwright knows how to handle human emotions. Exciting "events" are not needed.

"QUOTES"

COMMENTS ON CURRENT TOPICS BY NATIONAL CHARACTERS

Opinions expressed in the paragraphs below are not necessarily concurred in by the editor of this newspaper.

HITLER AND MUSSOLINI
By DR. EMIL LUDWIG

TWO powers are a menace to peace, Germany and Italy. But while the Italian war in Africa is not necessarily a world danger, Germany and the German people's character, which I have studied for the past 20 years, are. There is a difference between Mussolini, who does not believe everything he says, and Hitler, who does.

Italy will soon come to terms with England, and Mussolini will get his share in Africa. The intervention of the white race in Africa may or may not be humanitarian. But Mussolini makes a mistake by thinking that he will be able to civilize that country within 20 years. Within that time the general situation will not have changed, either in Italy or in Ethiopia. Mussolini really does not dream of a Roman empire. It is just a gesture of his and a tremendous bluff.

FEDERAL RELIEF EXTENSION
By MAYOR LA GUARDIA

I STATE from my experience and from contacts with many mayors that any idea that the federal relief program can stop abruptly on July 1 of next year is simply unthinkable and impossible. We have to speak out. The responsibility is ours.

If anyone expects a return to the old normal he simply does not know conditions or refuses to inform himself.

With technological displacement, with labor-saving devices in agriculture as well as in industry, we must be prepared to meet this new normal, which means that with a complete recovery of business and industry we will still have several million employable men and women unable to find gainful, permanent employment. There is no question about that.

REVIVING NRA
By GEORGE L. BERRY
Co-ordinator of Industrial Co-operation

I AM in no way and no form whatsoever attempting to revive the NRA. In the letters I have received from thousands of substantial business men and labor leaders, I find a fairly general agreement that no further "emergency" legislation is desired.

I do find, however, a widespread belief that the fundamental policies of maintaining fair competitive and labor standards are sound and desirable. Responses concurring in this view have come from heads of great corporations with far-flung interests and little business men who operate single factories and other enterprises in small towns from which the trend of opinion of the masses may be discerned.

An Inspiration

Watching a steam shovel, you readily see it is not afraid of anything.

Child Will Read Story That He Thinks Is Good

"Who shall define interest for another person, compounded as it is of the raw material of which personality is made?" queries a writer in the Parents' Magazine, declaring that there is apt to be one of two reasons why a child does not like to read. Either he has not mastered the technique of reading to an extent where no voluntary effort must be exerted or else he has not had access in sufficient numbers to books which correspond to his idea of a good story.

"Your child will read if he but discovers the books particularly right for his interests and tastes," declares the writer whose experiences with children and books has convinced her that there does not live the youngster who will not listen to a good story, and since reading is only a method of listening to a good story, will not read if the book is about something in which he is either actually or potentially interested; is written in words and style suitable to his reading ability; has the degree of advancement suitable to both his emotional and intellectual age levels. Those two developments, by the way, are at entirely different rates of speed. As the writer adroitly puts it: "Children do the strangest juggling and somersaulting as regards these ages, going into a hand-spring a poised adolescent, coming up at the end, an emotional eight-year-old."

Hawaii Discovery Made Possibly by Franklin

To Benjamin Franklin is due "safeguarding" that enabled the discovery of Hawaii, today one of the most powerful units of America's national defense in the west.

In the Archives of Hawaii, on the grounds of the former royal palace in Honolulu, reposes a photostatic copy of a letter written from France in 1779 by Franklin, who was then minister plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of France. The document is addressed to "all captains and commanders of armed ships acting by commission from the congress of the United States of America now in war with Great Britain," and explains that as Captain Cook's expedition had been fitted out before America and Great Britain were at war, the great navigator and explorer should be given a safe conduct and not considered as an enemy.

Involved

He does not dislike scandal who listens to it.

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Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c and 1.00 at Druggists, Illinois Chem. Wks., Patagonia, N. Y.

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• Oldest and most complete line of OIL BURNERS offered for all makes: Cook Ranges, Heaters, Circulators, Tank Heaters, Boilers, Furnaces, Hotel Ranges, etc. Priced as low as \$10.50 each. No generating. Will not clog or burn out. Burn Kerosene, Gasoline or Cheap Fuel Oil. All burners guaranteed. (Established 18 years.) Dealers and Agents wanted. Make \$100 to \$250 a day, all of spare time. Write TODAY. Address: P. O. BOX 770 - MUNCIE, INDIANA.

IN HIGH STYLE
By CHERIE NICHOLAS



In this charming two-piece afternoon dress we see fashion at its smartest. Antique gold is the color of the silk lame overblouse. One of the gestures of fashion this season is to make up rich materials as simply as possible so as to throw the emphasis on the elegance of the fabric. The skirt is of plum color silk crepe. One of fashion's whims this season is for young girls to wear the very deep plum purple color which used to be considered "oldish."

PARIS HATS SHAPED LIKE BASE OF IRON

High hats for sports, but flat for dress. The latest and flattest hat shown in Paris is shaped exactly like the base of a large flatiron, with the felt doubled and squared to make an inch-thick plank. It is worn well forward on the head, over a black bandeau, and has two hat-pins, one red and one black, as trim.

Nearly all of the newest hats have a forward plunge. Velvet toques are draped so that one part falls over the forehead and the other is cut in a narrow, rounded back line to keep the hat on the head. Fur hats, or those fur-trimmed, also dip forward.

Off-the-Face Tendency in Hats Is Stronger Than Ever

There is a sudden and definite backward movement in the early fall hats. The off-the-face tendency is stronger than ever, and the new hats seem to have added height as well, conveying the idea of a sort of combination halo and bonnet.

The combination of felt and velvet promises to be smart for fall, as will the combination of velvet and gingham. The new halo hats consist of a tight-fitting little skull cap usually of velvet, with an upturned felt brim which is wider in front than in back.

Short Veils, Long Trains
The bride who marches to an altar bedecked with chrysanthemums and gladioli will wear white satin, velvet or moire. Her train will be long, her veil quite short and her bouquet decorations will furnish the color for the scene. It is possible, of course, to order, exquisite bridal dresses in any shade under the sun from the deep Renaissance blues to rich marigold yellows. But the discriminating bride doesn't. She sticks to white for herself and puts rich-toned fabrics on her maids.

Cheers for Calumet's New 10¢ Can—and perfect, never-fail baking!

"It's real quality at a saving!" says Mrs. K. J. Tobin, of Beverly Hills, Ill. "I've never had a baking failure with Calumet."

Why does Calumet give such "luck"? Why is it different from other baking powders?

Calumet combines two distinct leavening actions. A quick one for the mixing bowl—a slower one for the oven. This Double-Action is so perfectly balanced and controlled that it produces perfect leavening. Calumet is a product of General Foods.

All Calumet prices are lower! Calumet is now selling at the lowest prices in its history... The regular price of the Full-Pound Can is now only 25¢! And ask to see the new, big 10¢ can—a lot of good baking for a dime—with Calumet, the Double-Acting Baking Powder.

A SIMPLE TWIST... and the Easy-Opening Top lifts off. No delay, no spillage, no broken finger-nails!

MAIDEN VOYAGE

KATHLEEN NORRIS

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WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Antoinette Taft, twenty-three, attractive and ambitious but unable to hold a job, lives in a drab San Francisco flat with her sister Brenda and brother Cliff, who are older, her seventeen-year-old brother Bruce, and their Aunt Meg. In her job hunting rounds she interviews Lawrence Bellamy, editor of the Journal of Commerce, but finds he has no place for a woman writer. She likes him very much, as she tells Brenda later. Dumbert Barney Kerr drops in. Barney has his eye on Tony, but she despises him. Tony gets a telephone call from Mr. Greenwood, city editor of the Call, offering her a job as society reporter. Cliff, returning just then, accompanies Tony to the newspaper office. The first night she goes with Cliff and Joe Burke of the sports department to a restaurant and sees Bellamy at another table. She thrills when he nods to her. She is thoroughly happy in the hustle and bustle of the newspaper office. She solves the problem of getting photos. The only other woman on the staff is Miss Cutter, who does a column and is very friendly with Fitch, general manager. Bess comes to depend on Tony. Bess invites Tony to dine with her at her apartment with Fitch and then go to the theater. Barney proposes to Tony and is rejected. Tony attends the Cutter affair and is displeased. She is assigned to cover the mid-winter carnival at Piedmont. She meets elderly Mrs. Patterson and her daughter Ruth, wife of Larry Bellamy. Bellamy appears in carnival costume and recognizes Tony. Mrs. Bellamy becomes very fond of Tony and has her with her frequently. Tony is in love with Larry. She tells Greenwood that Larry is in a deal with the Examiner to take over the Journal.

CHAPTER X—Continued

The lights of Market street were caught in the long lines of the softly falling rain; the pavements glittered black; the air was deliciously fresh to Tony's lungs. She and Van had their oysters; Van talked about a girl named Frances. She was a swell girl, but her family was terrible. She had a mother that could talk the roof off the Russ building. Tony absorbed the hot, heartening food and thought her own thoughts. Barney Kerr wanted her to go to dinner with his family in Piedmont on Sunday; she did not want to go. On the boat trip home, he would ask her again to marry him; he was constantly asking her, now, or rather he was giving her those strong hints that mean that a man is anxious to put the direct question to the test again. None of it seemed significant any more, or even interesting. Tony couldn't take it seriously; she couldn't take seriously anything that wasn't the newspaper office and the old type-writers, lounging or excited men, the atmosphere of blue smoke and ink and pencil dust. And tonight she had to keep coming back to the warm little secret memory of that moment with Larry in the hall.

When she reached home she told Brenda that she was not going to the Kerrs on Sunday.

CHAPTER XI

It was good to awaken in the silent spring morning, rested and content, with everything well in the best of all worlds. The clock's hands stood at nine when Tony opened her eyes; Brenda, dressed except for her jacket and hat, was packing a suitcase that lay open on the other bed.

"Santa Cruz today!" Brenda chanted. "My vacation was to begin two weeks from tomorrow, but the publishers' convention comes in there, and so they telephoned to ask me if I'll take it this week instead. And—and—" the older sister went on, folding pajamas, wrapping soap in tissue paper, dragging out her words into a singsong for the pleasure of saying them, "and so—Cliff has to drive down to Santa Cruz today, and—so—he's taking Margaret and Mary Rose and me, and we are going to have fun!"

"Oh, Bendy, how delicious, in this hot weather, before the fogs begin! And to drive down! Did they get the Ferguson cottage?"

"Oh, yes, right near the shore. Oh, my camera—"

She went off to get it, and Tony leaped from bed, snatched from a lower bureau drawer her fresh linen tennis frock and the lavender dotted swiss, tucked them hurriedly under the clothing Brenda had already packed in the bag, and slipped in two pairs of stockings and a white duck hat. She was back in bed again, the picture of innocence, when Brenda returned.

"Get up, lazy," said Brenda. "I haven't had my breakfast yet."

"See the paper?"

"Oh, yes, and I meant to tell you! Your engagement's signed, on the front page."

"Oh, Bendy," Tony said, actually pale. "On the front page, — and signed!"

She went out to the kitchen, where on the table, cleared from the three earlier breakfasts, were the cream and sugar, the empty clean cups, the tumbled newspaper.

Tony seized upon it, whirled pages. Ah-h! there it was, on the front page, with photographs. Miss Patricia Page Porte, a debutante of the season before last, and Mr. Lee Carolan Scott, both members of the most exclusive Hillsborough set, were about to announce to their friends one of

the year's most interesting engagements. Tony felt a delicious thrill of pride, presently tinged, but only pleasantly, with fear. Suppose they got mad and denied it? But no, said her common sense, they couldn't do that. They would just be angry for a while at the premature announcement, as many another person had been, and then accept the situation with whatever philosophy they might.

Tony had propped up the paper where she could feast her eyes on it. She drank her orange juice slowly.

"Is Antoinette Taft, the great newspaper woman, within?" said Clifford, at the door. "Hello, Antoinette!" he said, coming in.

"Cliff—you saw it. And it's a scoop, too!"

"The other papers haven't got it?"

"Absolutely not."

"Well, congratulations," Cliff said, smiling. He joined his sisters in a second breakfast; the kitchen was full of pleasantness and youth and excitement this morning, and for Tony at least the day had the thrilling taste of success.

She and Brenda expertly disposed of the kitchen disorder, and Brenda went back with Tony to the bedroom, putting on her hat, taking her shabby old topcoat on her arm; her gloves, her bag, her suitcase. Meanwhile Tony started bath water running, and wandered about, assisting her sister with small last gifts and advice.

"Good-bye, darling, be a good girl, and leave the marines alone. I'll take care of Bruce and write you every other day."

Going back into the apartment, Tony remembered suddenly that she had promised to telephone Ruth Bellamy.

She dialed the familiar number a moment later, humming as she did so.

"Hello, Minni. Is Mrs. Bellamy there? It's Miss Taft."

"Just a moment, Miss Taft." Minni's slow feet retreating; and then a subdued, distant, "Is that you, Tony?"

"Is that you, Ruth?" Tony echoed in turn, her voice surprised and uneasy. For Ruth's tone bespoke calamity of some sort. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Only I feel rather sick over the whole affair," Ruth said.

"What affair? What's happened?"

"Oh, that Journal and Examiner thing getting out, Tony. It's just—well, Larry's frantic. He knows—we both know," Ruth said hastily, "that it wasn't you. Don't worry about that. But he feels terribly. He had a telegram from the chief early this morning; that's the way we knew. They were all wild, of course. It had been absolutely confidential! Now the whole thing may be off. Larry says he'll have to take any terms they offer. He's gone—he flew to Los Angeles about an hour ago. And here's something he very much wanted you to do for him, Tony. He wants to know how that thing leaked out. He says you can find out in the office; he can't. It's on the front page of the paper. You've seen the paper?"

Tony had listened so far in a state of stupefied horror. Her wits were in complete confusion; what had she done, how on earth had she come to do it, and what was best to do now? They didn't suspect her; they were too generous, they were too honorable themselves to do that. Wouldn't it be decenter not to undeceive them, not to let them know—?

"I wish you could have seen the telegram from the chief."

"What'd it say?"

"I'll read it to you. No, I can't; he took it. It said something about very much regretting that he had felt it necessary to discuss the proposed changes with persons he couldn't trust, and to see it as a front-page Call story, and that this—this must be considered as changing the entire basis of the negotiations. Something like that. Poor Larry!" Ruth said, "it was just pitiful to see how it upset him. But will you do that, Tony? I mean find out who gave it to the Call. Larry says he told absolutely no one. But now, listen, she broke off to repeat impressively, "we know that you didn't. Larry's going to tell the chief that the only person to whom he talked at all was a friend who is like a member of his own family; he's not going to mention that you were a newspaper woman."

"Oh, I feel terribly about it," Tony said slowly, as the other woman paused. "I feel terribly."

"It seems such a pity! It's just made me feel sick!" Ruth lamented.

"When'll Larry be back?" Tony was trying to get her thoughts in order, trying to think what she could do.

"Tonight, late. And he's got to be in the office late. Tomorrow's Saturday. They go to press tonight."

Tony sat silent, thinking.

"Tony, are you there? Come up and have tea with me at five?"

"Unless they send me to the Federated Clubs across the bay. And I'm doing a lecture tonight."

Tony replaced the telephone on its stand; sat on in the little hallway, staring. Presently it would be half-past eleven, and Miss Betsy Ann Frillinghysen would be arrayed in her

bridal white, and going to the Cathedral to be married to Johnnie Wood. And after that Tony must somehow go down to the office, somehow force herself to enter, somehow face Greeny. She had been betrayed—

And there was nothing to do, nothing to do, nothing to do! She had been feeling it a great joke to steal news, during these exciting months; now she knew how it felt to have it stolen.

She picked up the paper; forced her eyes to read the hateful headlines. The story was placed right next to the engagement story. "News of Newspaper Merger. Journal and Examiner Surprise Friends." In her excitement over her scoop she had not seen it.

Tony put it down; it made her feel actually sick. She went out into the hot spring streets. At the newsstand there were other headlines; the afternoon papers had quoted the story. She walked up the street, turned east, and came out on the big avenue opposite the cathedral. The cars were already stopping there in a long file, and the wedding guests trooping up the great banked steps under an awning. Tony went with them.

"You would scoop the Porter girl, Tony," said Kate Oliver, from the Chronicle.

"How'd you do it?" Ann Wilde, of the Examiner, whispered.

"I'll probably go to jail for it," Tony whispered back.

"I've got the whole thing in our first edition," said Elise Mooney of the afternoon paper. "Everyone knows it,

monosyllables. She was very busy, very oblivious of Greeny's neighborhood. Her heart was heavy; she could not rise to their kindly overtures.

Presently Greenwood came over to her.

"Well," he began sourly, "you've certainly let us into a lot of trouble on that Porter engagement!"

"Oh, how?" Tony asked, startled.

"They talked to the old man."

"Fitch?"

"Nope, Arnoldson."

"Oh, they didn't?"

"They did. They wanted to know how you got it."

"The Bulletin had it tonight."

"Yes, but the Bulletin was careful to say that they were quoting from the Call."

"It's true," Tony said stubbornly.

"They say it isn't true. At least, we sent Bob Whiteley up to see this Mrs. Scott, and she pretty near took his head off."

"Much ado about nothing," Tony said scornfully, returning to her work. The city editor lingered.

"I'm awfully sorry if I let you in for something with that Journal thing," he said awkwardly. "How'd I know it was a secret?"

"It doesn't matter," Tony said wearily, soberly. "Only the Bellamys happen to be my best friends."

"Well, listen, if Danielson sends for you—"

"Danielson!" Her heavy eyes lighted with horror. Flo Danielson was the assistant manager; nervous, critical, was the most disliked man on the staff.

"Oh, about this accused Scott thing?" Greeny said, walking away. Tony sat on at her desk in a state of complete terror.

Old Mrs. Magius, with another of the "Betsy Ross" sentimentalities, wandered in. Everyone liked her, and made much of her; she called Mr. Arnoldson "Willie," and Mrs. Danielson's aunt. Usually she bored Tony into evading her, but Tony was in no mood to decline any friendly overtures tonight and smiled at her encouragingly. For once, however, old "Betsy Ross" was not responsive, and left the office after a short conversation with Greeny.

"She's mad because her daughter left for China today and we didn't give it any space," Arch Slosser told Tony. Tony made a despairing exclamation; she had meant to play it up prominently, to please the all-powerful "Betsy Ross," and she had completely forgotten it!

A few moments later the dreaded call came; a frowzy boy went by her desk saying casually: "Mr. Danielson's office, please, Miss Taft."

The eyes of all the office sympathetically upon her, she went slowly to the hallway and dragged her way downstairs to the manager's office, telling herself darkly that she was probably fired.

It was not so bad as that, but it was bad enough. Mr. Danielson was disagreeable; he was always disagreeable. He said that he disliked the sensational manner of getting social notes that Miss Taft had recently been employing; it was not the policy of the paper to make powerful enemies, and his own theory had always been to get what people were willing to give and nothing else.

"These are the nicest people in the city," he reminded her, "and usually our social reporter is—ahem! one of themselves, someone who understands how persons of that class feel—"

"I hope you break out with typhoid," Tony thought, her cheeks very red, her eyes bright, as she respectfully watched him. She was of a class that couldn't understand society folk, was she? After a while he said, "That was all, I think, and she could get up and go, feeling whipped and brooked. Not one of them had really stood by her; not Greeny, who had been so pleased with the scoop, nor Fitch, whose love affairs she had countenanced against her own better judgment, nor Danielson, who used to come out periodically and bore the whole office with accounts of his own adventures in bagging important scoops."

She went back to her desk. Nobody looked up when she came in, but she knew that everybody saw her.

"Aren't you going to get any dinner, Tony?" Greeny called. "You're covering that Federated Clubs thing, aren't you?"

"That isn't until nine," she began to say thickly, and putting her head down on the desk she burst into tears. Nobody said anything; she knew that they were all transfixed between natural distaste for the weakness of women, and sympathy for her in a day whose dismal emotions they all had experienced in their turn.

After a dreadful moment or two Tony regained command of herself, stood up, and, gathering her notes, took them to the city editor's desk. "I'm going out to dinner," she said, almost inaudibly.

The street was almost deserted. Tony walked blindly along, sniffling. Now and then, when the burden of her thoughts became insufferable, she stopped short, writhing with anguish. That vile Porter engagement—



"Oh, What Did They Say?" Tony murmured With a Sick Heart.

anyway," Tony could draw a great breath of relief on that score, at least; they might be mad—the Scotts and the Porters—but at least they weren't going to deny it and make a fuss.

"Maybe you think there isn't hell popping over our way on that Journal story," Ann said. "Nobody knew it; they say Pixiey himself didn't know it."

"Oh, what did they say?" Tony murmured, with a sick heart.

"They said everything — and then some! Listen, Tony," Ann whispered, under cover of the first glorious strains of the wedding march, "who did spill it? Pixiey's wild to know."

Tony could only acknowledge this with a wretched smile.

"The chief telephoned Moran," Ann whispered on, "and said that it was someone on Bellamy's side of it that spilled it. I hear Bellamy went down this morning—flew."

Tony felt a sensation of actual hate for Greeny.

CHAPTER XII

After the wedding Tony walked downtown slowly, languidly; the day was uncomfortably warm, and the noontime streets looked cheap and woody to her eyes. Greeny was in the office when Tony went in, but she took her place at her own desk without glancing his way. Presently Joe Burke came over to sit on the edge of her desk.

"That was a nice engagement you landed. See how we played it up! The other boys are wild."

"The other boys," always meant the editors and reporters of the rival papers. Tony raised somber eyes.

"That Journal story has just about ruined the finest friendship I have!" she said, breathing deep. She saw from Joe's expression that he knew how the land lay.

"Aw, well, Greeny had to use it!"

"He did not have to use it," Tony said warmly. "He knew very well he wasn't supposed to use it. If he'd thought I wanted him to use it he'd have asked me to write it."

Joe, looking intensely troubled, went away. In their turn Van and Spike and Buck Moore—Buck, who was next to Greeny in importance—came over shyly to present Greeny's case. Tony took refuge in smouldering

English Mayor's Cottage

English Mayor's Cottage is Relic of Mighty Past. If cottages could talk, what tales the Lord Mayor's cottage, at Barton Mills, England, would have to tell. Notes a writer in the Washington Post.

There would be stories of Viking raids in Anglo Saxon days, of the invasion of William the Conqueror, the signing of the Magna Carta and the pomp and pageantry of Medieval England. Its history is British history.

The date of the cottage is not known. But certain it is that the Vikings figured in its construction. The lower beams are fashioned of chestnut, which was used in the Tenth century before oak became popular. The upper beams came from Viking ships, wrecked in the wash of the sea nearby. The shape of the gondoia-like vessels can still be seen in the barge beams.

It antedates arrival of the Normans in 1066. It got its name from Sir Henry de Barton, who lived at Barton Mills and was Lord Mayor of London in the Fifteenth century.

There are eight rooms in the ancient cottage. In the hall may be seen the trunk of a small tree. The anonymous builders didn't take time to cut it down, but merely included it in the structure.

Ab, yes, but then there was the Journal affair, too. That was more serious. Just this time last night everything had been so serene and so happy, and now her whole life was a wreck. Ruth had loved her, Larry had trusted her, and she had betrayed their trust!

Tired, blue, hungry, miserably undecided, as she halted in the dark street, her eyes fell upon a bent metal shield in a doorway: "The San Francisco Journal of Commerce and Business; Third Floor." For a moment she stood looking at it apathetically; then suddenly her heart began to beat hard and fast. She went in.

She stopped, halfway up the second flight, and stood listening. Someone was talking at a telephone, upstairs, in the Journal office; she knew that voice: Larry's voice.

The door of the outer office, where she had waited so patiently a year ago, was open. The inner door was ajar, too. Tony pushed it further open and saw Larry's office for the second time.

He looked up, and she stood there looking at him without smiling, her face pale and streaked with tears.

"Tony, what is it?" he said, after a minute. He got up and came around the flat-topped big desk. "What's the matter?"

She had stretched out her hands; his met them, and as she felt their heartening grip and saw the concern and kindness in his eyes her tears began again.

"Oh, Larry, I've been so sorry!" she faltered, clinging to him.

"Sorry? For what?"

"Oh, for what I let you in for! I'd no idea it mattered so! You know," Tony said, close against him, locking up into his face with the lashes of her blue eyes pointed with tears, "you know I told them, Larry. I told Greeny! This morning, when Ruth spoke about it, I didn't want her to know. She said you wouldn't believe I had! But I did."

There was a pause.

"I knew you did," he said.

"Oh, Larry, I've been feeling so horribly! I'm so sorry!"

"Look here," he interrupted, "have you been worrying about this Journal thing?"

"I've been sick!" she whispered.

"Sit down, you poor bird!" Larry said. He wheeled a revolving chair to the nearer side of the desk, went about to his own side of the desk, and sat down, smiling at her. "Listen," he said, "what's all this about?"

"I told Greeny; I had no idea he'd use it," Tony poured out her confession in a great rush. "I never realized until I telephoned Ruth this morning what a horrible thing I'd done!" she said.

Larry listened to her at first with bewilderment. "Why, good heavens, it wasn't up to you!"

"To whom, then?" Tony asked bewilderedly. Had someone else—had, by blessed accident—someone else—?

"To me, of course. I had no business to talk about it. It made me feel like a fool, because I'd said to the chief that I wouldn't mention it. But if there's any blame it's up to me."

"Oh, no, it's not," she said, laughing. "What'd you do? Go down to Los Angeles?"

"Flew down. I just got back an hour ago. He sent me up in one of his planes."

"Then he's peaceable?" Tony asked.

"Oh, fine. I think it will all straighten itself out. He's trying to bluff me now, but he won't. I told him that I'd talked about it like a fool, and he's trying to make me believe it makes some difference. But it doesn't a bit."

Tony suddenly began to tell him the whole story about the Porter engagement, and the signed article, and the excitement in the office last night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Luxury of Free Speech as She Spoke in London.

SPeaking of unrestrained gab in England and the tendency of my countrymen to drift of a Sunday into Hyde Park, there to absorb the rhetorical outpourings of sensitive souls yearning to be heard above the clamor of diplomats who babble one to the other in peace palaces, let me say that the Hyde Park wind bags run second money with the lads who unlimber wagging tongues in the shadow of Henry Irving's stately bronze statue, situated behind the National Gallery, hard by Charing Cross.

Strolling of an evening in this entrancing environment, I came upon a mild-mannered gent who had mounted his portable rostrum, for what purpose it was not revealed beyond a brief introduction touching on the collection of voluntary subscriptions to alleviate the suffering of somebody or something. In a wandering preamble he set forth the fact that he was "ere to arouse sympathy in human breasts for a cause that cried aloud for recognition."

"Arf a mo there, you," interrupted a bystander, stabbing his soiled finger at the speaker, "wot are you doin' in London wif yer sellin' talk? Bleedin' free British subjects of their shillin's? Arskin' 'elp in th name of mercy? Yus, that's it. I'll lay a quid you won't answer a question I am abah to arsk, 'ere and nah."

Heckler to the Front.

A tremor of expectation swept through the little group that had moved in like black sand to a magnet. Forward stepped the heckler with blood in his eye.

"Wot abah the truss'n' people you done in at Brighton last week?" continued the inquisitor, who had begun to sweat around the collar band. "Yus, that's it. Come now, me bucko, wot 'ave you to show on yer books? No think; not a farthin' of w'at yer got wif yer bulgin' jaw, I arsk yer."

"Lydies and gentlemen," replied the accused, wetting his lips, "this man is a strynger to me. 'E is intoxicated. This interruption is a disgrace, in a manner of speakin'."

"Not me, intoxicated," retorted the interrupter; "not a whiff of drink on me break, nor a bitter in me belly. Sober, so 'elp me, but rugin' to tell wot I know abah yer trimmin' tactics wif other people's money. Books is what I arsk yer to show. Yer dar'n turn up again in Brighton. A bally lot of bilkers and layin' thieves wif 'ands on the people's purse; tappin' the well springs of beatin' 'earts for the great cause. Where is yer books? That's it. Come, now, speak up; I arsk you, welcher, liar, thief—"

And Now the Law.

Through the crowd, now multiplying like flies, loomed a policeman, leisurely, but with obvious purpose, and made his way to the heckler. At the approach of the law the speaker brightened. "Officer, arrest this man," he said. "E's makin' a disturbance."

"That's it," chirped in the gentleman from Brighton, "I'm tellin' what I knows and 'ere's my card. Listen, awficer, I'm offerin' his case a quid—two quid—I'll make it five quid," he shouted, slapping his pockets in search of loose change, "if he'll allow me to get up on the box and speak me mind abah him and 'is gang. There you are. That's it. Where's 'is books? Dahn in Brighton 'e is wanted. . . ."

"Would you care to lay a charge?" asked the hobby, producing a note book.

"Aren't I statin' the case? Wot more do yer want to do. 'Ee am I offerin' what I knows. Lemme 'op up on the soap box and tell. . . ."

"That is not sufficient," said the officer. "If you wish to proceed against this man, there must be a definite complaint. So far as I am concerned he is a British subject addressing the people and is not to be interfered with except for cause."

"On With the Show."

Murmurs of impatience arose from the gathering throng. "Let him speak." "Wot's he got to say, anyhow?" "Speech." "Speech." "Come on. 'Arry like the platform."

"That's it," said the Brighton man waving his way forward. "The time 'as come."

The soft but restraining hand of the law fell upon the sleeves of the speech laden volunteer. "Not here," said the cop, "not until the other gent man is through. One at a time. N hurry. Your audience will remain. With gestures of an Indian clubswinger the hobble waived the interrupter speaker to go on with his remarks and the interrupter to go off on the side lines and await his turn.

For some reason or other the cove who had the floor didn't seem to be in good form. The very presence of the man from Brighton got on his nerves; temperament, no doubt. Eventually, after floundering in a morass of words, he stepped down from the shadow of Henry Irving's heroic effigy, as it were, whereupon Brighton's champion wind jammer, steaming with emotion, again offered various sums ranging from five to ten pounds British real money for a "peek at the bally books."

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Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Order of Sale

By Virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Potter County Texas, 108th Judicial District, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 6th day of November, 1935, in favor of Foxworth Galbraith Lumber Company, Plaintiff, and against June W Taylor, Defendant, in the case of Foxworth Galbraith Lumber Company vs June W Taylor, et ux, No. 12,142 in said court, I did, on the 2nd day of December 1935, at 9 o'clock A. M. levy upon the following described tract and parcel of land, situated in the County of Donley, State of Texas, as the property of said defendants, to wit: The East One Hundred Twenty Acres of the South One half (S½) of Section One Hundred Twenty eight (128), Block C. 6, Certificate No. 1169 issued to G. C. & S. F. Ry Company, containing 320 acres of land more or less, in Donley County, Texas. And on the 7th day of January, 1936, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. on said day, at the Courthouse door of Donley County, Texas, in Clarendon, Texas, I will offer for sale at public auction for cash, all of the right, title and interest of said defendants in and to said property.

Dated at Clarendon, Texas, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1935.

Guy Pierce, Sheriff of Donley County, Texas.

Our Xmas stock is complete Do your shopping early B. & B Variety

NOTICE

Positively no hunting allowed on Noel and Kinard property. All violators will be prosecuted, as the said property is posted according to law.

NOTICE

Positively no hunting allowed on my place. Bill Jones

Few drops Pine Oil knocks Colds and Coughs; eases chest pains and Pneumonia when rubbed on. Sold at Wilson and Lelia Lak Drug Stores.

Brachs fresh candies for Xmas B & B Variety

For Sale or Trade—Good R C A 5 tube cabinet style radio 48¢ W. R. Banister

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 winter driving.

Prestone Anti Freeze

CLIFTON'S GARAGE

PHONE 42--2R



One Gift
THAT SAYS SO MUCH a GRUEN

Every day through the years it will faithfully tell the time. But more than that—it will be a constant reminder, not alone of your good taste and judgment, but of the sentiment that prompted its selection. Choose a Gruen—the watch the whole world admires. Prices from \$24.75.



ELAINE . . . Tailored chic . . . utmost accuracy in this GRUEN wristlet, yellow gold filled. . . \$32.50

GOLDSTON BROS.
Jewelers and Optometrist
Clarendon, Texas

Mens and boys work clothes gift goods and notions B & B.

MEN WANTED for Rawleigh Routes of 800 families in Hall and Childress counties. Reliable hustler should start earning \$25 weekly and increase rapidly. Write today. Rawleigh, Dept. TXL-34 3-S, Memphis, Tenn.

PASTIME THEATRE Clarendon, Texas

Friday 27
\$1000 A Minute
Roger Pryor and Leila Hyams in a farce comedy. News 10 15c

Saturday only
Sagebrush Troubadour
A western musical with Gene Astry. 10 15c
Midnight show

The Perfect Gentleman
Frank Morgan and Heather Angel. 10 25c

Sun Mon 29 30
Harmony Lane

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Wed. Thurs. Jan. 1 2
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A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

Harry Burden Grocery and Market

PHONE 15

We will have a car of good lump coal on the track Friday and Saturday

Food Specials

Buy More and Save At These Prices
Friday and Saturday

Flour, Yukon Best \$2.10

| | | | |
|-----------------------|--------|-----------------------|--------|
| Cane Sugar, 25 lb. | \$1.39 | Onions, 5 lb. | 19c |
| Pinto Beans, 20 lb. | 85c | No. 2 Tomatoes, 2 for | 15c |
| Soap, Big Ben, 6 bars | 25c | Shorts, 100 lb. | \$1.35 |
| Spuds, pk. | 25c | Bran, 100 lb. | \$1.15 |
| Yams, pk. | 19c | Pecans, shelled, lb. | 35c |

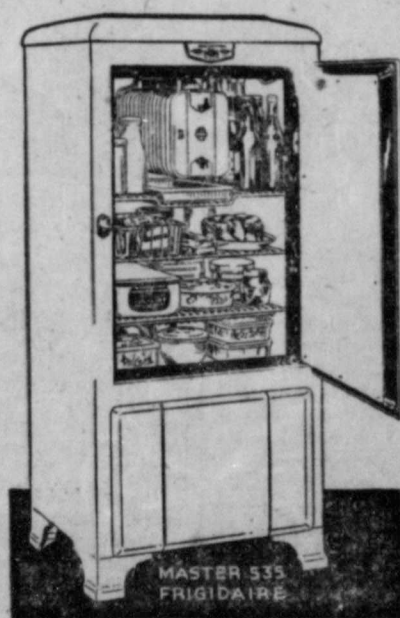
Lard, 8 lb. carton \$1.05

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-----|-------------------------------|-----|
| Cocoanut, 1 lb. pkg. | 19c | Celery, stalk | 10c |
| Dates, 1 lb. pkg. | 15c | Cranberries, qt. | 25c |
| Bananas, doz. | 15c | Lemons, doz. | 25c |
| Cocoanuts, fresh, 2 for | 15c | Grapefruit, seedless, doz. | 35c |
| Lettuce, head | 3c | See our holiday meat specials | |

Meal, large sack 49c

We have plenty of candy, fruit and nuts at prices you can afford

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- Temperature under 50°.
- Temperature Meeting Government Specification.
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ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION at last gives to the householder such qualities of refrigeration that he can feel that his food is as well taken care of as if he had at his disposal the facilities of our greatest cold storage plants.

Do you know that your increased use of Electric Service is billed on a surprisingly low rate schedule . . . and adds only a small amount to your total bill?

West Texas Utilities Company

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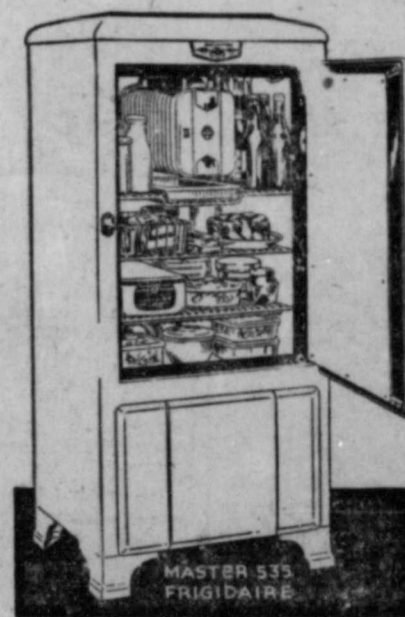
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