

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXVII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS. APRIL 16, 1937

NO. 23

REAL FOOD VALUES FRIDAY & SATURDAY

Flour, Royal Arch	\$1.89
Sugar, 25 lb. cloth bag	\$1.39
Spuds, small size	35c
Coffee, W P, lb.	21c
Dry Salt Jowls, lb.	15c
Brooms	25c
Corn, Tomatoes, Hominy, Kraut or Spinach, 3 No. 2 cans	25c
Cut Beans, 2 for	19c
Gallon Fruit	
Cherries	83c
Apricots	49c
Blackberries	59c
Peaches	45c
Prunes	35c
Peaches, 2 1/2 size	15c
Pears, 2 1/2 size	18c
Market Specials	
Dressed Catfish and Trout	25c
Steak, choice cuts, lb.	25c
Forequarter Steak, lb.	15c
Roast, rib, 2 lb.	25c
Cheese, lb.	20c
Bacon, lb.	29c
All Vegetables, 3 bunches	10c
Sudan Seed, 100 lb.	\$4.00
Cane Seed, recleaned, tested	\$4.50
Kaffir Chops	\$2.25

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

Harry Burden
Grocery and Market
PHONE 15

SPECIAL

Month old Leghorn Roosters 10¢ each.

Just the thing for Quick Fryers.

Clarendon Hatchery
Clarendon, Texas

General Electric
Focused Tone

Radio

Revolutionizes Tuning

Automatically Assures Perfect Tone

See Us for Prices

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Wanda Joyce Hall was entertained with a birthday party April 9, by her aunt, Mrs. Floyd Naylor and mother Mrs. Royce Hall at Mrs. Naylor's home. As each little guest arrived they were given a balloon. After several games were played, Wanda Joyce opened the pretty gifts which were admired by all.

Refreshments were served to Sarah Ann Rains, Laura Ann and Betty Jane Thompson, Jean Beach, Bobbie Lee Hall, Corby and Mary Alice Hunsucker, Charleen Barnett, Wanda Joyce Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. Naylor and Mrs. Hall.

W. M. SOCIETY

Circle no. 2 met with Mrs. Trostle April 12 at 7:30. An interesting program was given on City Missions. Delicious refreshments were served to ten, with Johnnie Lee Stenson as visitor.

A joint meeting will be held April 19 at 8, with Mrs. Pyle and Mrs. Kendall as hostesses. A program on Spiritual Life will be given.

GIRL SCOUTS

Troop no. 1 met April 9 in the basement of the M. E. Church with 10 girls present. We have two patrols; the Oak Leaf Patrol and the Thistle Patrol. We worked on our tenderfoot tests. Betty Margaret Hooker, Scribe.

Mrs. Roy Kutch of Berger spent last week here visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Mann.

Mrs. C. L. Johnson, Mrs. Ray Moreman and Miss Otey Watkins attended the Women's Federated Club Convention at Canyon April 8 and 9.

Mrs. Carl Gerlach and daughter spent Sunday visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. C. B. Bell left Tuesday for Wichita Falls where she will join Mr. Bell and make their home. She has been with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Moreman for the past few months.

Rev. B. J. Osborn left Sunday for Ft. Worth to attend the State Wide Meeting of Methodism.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dryden of Childress spent the week end with Rev. and Mrs. B. J. Osborn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hinds and Mr. and Mrs. Buford Hinds and little daughter, Marjorie Ann of Tye spent the week end with the ladies' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kendall.

John Adamson and family of Turkey and Orby Adamson and family of Vernon visited home folks here Sunday.

Elvin Hickey and family of Clarendon visited here Sunday.

Hooker's have a new shipment of dresses, also lots of beautiful piece goods.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

M. E. Wells, Pastor
Morning Services:
Sunday School, 10:00, Edward Boliver, Supt.
Song Service and Preaching, 11:00
Evening Services:
Training Service, 6:30, Winfield Mosley, Director.
Preaching, 7:30, by the pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH

Church School, 9:45 A. M.
Preaching, 11 A. M., 7:30 P. M.
Missionary Societies
Circle 1, Monday 8 p. m. Circle 2, 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

This week we have been in attendance of the State Wide Meeting of Methodism at Ft. Worth. The Methodist Church has a great program and is endeavoring to move together and at the same time. We hope all our people will catch the step, and help to do the will of the Lord.

Next Sunday the Revival begins. We hope to have a full house to begin with. We may have something interesting to tell about the meeting in Ft. Worth. Bro. Frank Beauchamp of McAdoe, is to be with us. He will have charge of the singing, and work with the young people.

We heartily invite all people from all churches to cooperate with us in making this a real revival. Enter into all services as you would at your own church. "Come then with us, and we shall do thee good."

We hereby extend an invitation to all the pastors of the town to cooperate with us. May God bless you all.

B. J. Osborn, Pastor

For Sale—cups and saucers 69¢ per set at Hooker's

Mrs. Roy Lagow of Marshall and Mrs. Bill Ross were lunch con guests of Mrs. Ray Moreman April 1.

Mrs. Ted Dudley and Mrs. Roy Kutch shopped in Clarendon Friday.

NOTICE

All those who own cows will please remember that if they get out and are impounded it will cost \$1 for impounding fees.

NOTICE

Baby Chicks—\$6 per hundred. Will deliver in lots of 500.

E. H. Walker, Wheeler, Texas.

Dr. Webb and children, Theresa, Vernon, and Max went to Ft. Worth Saturday.

For Sale—2 good milk cows, also some cotton seed.

W. R. Bannister

Harrison Hall, Ross Adamson, and Allen Edwards attended a district meeting of Coosco agents at the Childress Hotel in Childress Monday night.

Seed corn, sure cropper, 4¢ lb. See Barnes and Hastings.

Maize heads for sale. \$30 per ton at my place.

S. G. Adamson

Plenty of cottonseed for sale. See R. E. Mann.

Notice to Chicken Owners

There is a city ordinance prohibiting chickens running at large. There have been several complaints made that the neighbor's chickens are destroying flower beds and gardens. Those who have chickens will please keep them on their own premises. By order of the City Council.

For Trade—100 baby chicks for 50 lb. of heavy hens. Will buy anything you have for sale. Darnell Produce and Feed Store.

Cash Prices

Flour, Everlife, 48 lb	\$2.10	Skylife	\$1.74
Spuds, peck 15 lb No. 1			49c
Wheaties, with china bowl, 2 for			25c
Catsup, 14 oz			12c
Marshmallows	10c	3 for	25c
Spinach or Hominy, 3 No. 2 cans			25c
Mustard, qt	12c	Potted Meat, 6 for	25c
Rice, 2 lb. White House			19c
Corn or Green Beans, No. 2 can			10c
Cocoa, 1 lb box	14c	Corn Flakes, box	10c
Pure Ribbon Cane Syrup, gal			59c
Raisins, 2 lb	18c	Del Monte Peaches, 2 1-2	20c
Pears, Apricots, Pineapple, 2 1-2 cans			24c
Magie Washer, 1 large and 1 small pkg			24c
Big 4 Soap Flakes, box			39c
Babo, one cent sale, 2 for			15c
Old Dutch, 3 for	25c	Clorox, pt	14c
Borax Compound, 3 for			10c
Oxydol, large package			24c

Come in and look our prices over. Many bargains not on this list.

Barnes & Hastings
Cash Grocery
PHONE 21

Successful Customers

make

A Successful Bank

Fundamentally the principles of sound banking do not change.

While the first obligation of any bank is to conserve the wealth of the community the real test of any institution is the contribution it makes toward developing the prosperity of its customers.

Security State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union



Helpful Henry

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union



QUACK



SMATTER POP—Well, Sir, We Always Had the Same Trouble!

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



In the Old Town Hall

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



Double Check

By Fred Harman



BRONC PEELER—A Temporary Truce

By Fred Harman



The Curse of Progress

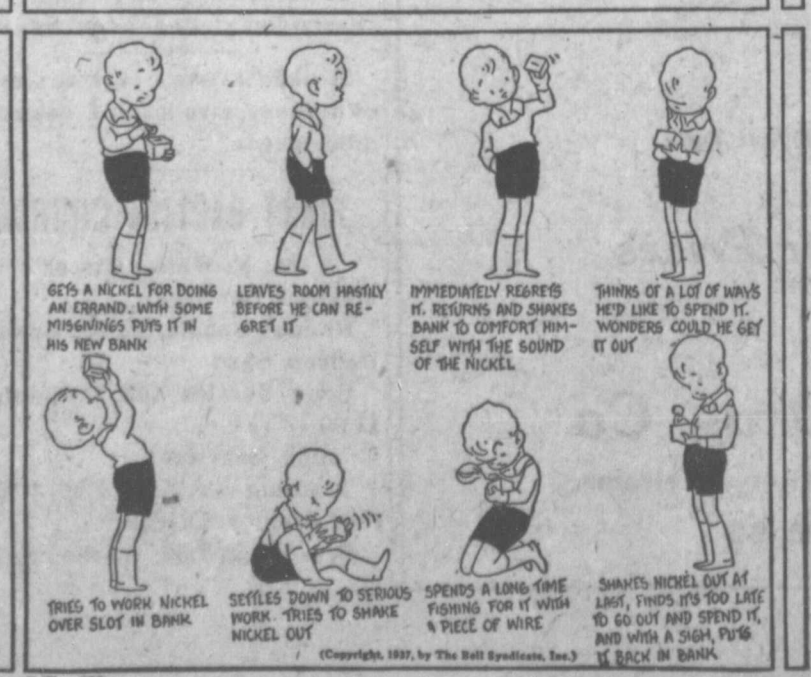
By Fred Harman



Strange to him
"And what is the child's name?" asked the minister.
"Shirley," replied the mother.
"Yes, Shirley?"
"Yes, sir. After the famous Shirley Temple."
"Yes, yes, of course," said the minister. "Let me see, who is the preacher there now?"
Methusalem?
"Papa, how old is grandpa?"
"I wouldn't know exactly, son, unless I looked it up in the family Bible."
"Gee, whiz! I thought he was old, but I didn't know he was old enough to be in the Bible!"—Washington Post.
The Winner
Old Maid (smiling)—Yes, I loved and won.
Other One — How do you make that out?
Old Maid—Oh, he jilted me and I had a lot more fun with the \$50,000 heart lalm he had to pay than I ever would have had with him.

BANKING PROBLEM

By Gluyas Williams



My Favorite Recipe

By Billie Burke
Actress

English Mock Cheese Cake
1½ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cupful boiling water
¼ cupful butter
¼ cupful sugar
½ cupful fresh-grated coconut
2 eggs
2 teaspoonfuls cream
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Make a rich pie paste of the flour, salt, three-quarters cupful of butter and the boiling water. Roll out, cut in rounds, and line muffin tins with it.

Make a filling of the quarter cupful of butter, well creamed; add the sugar and well-beaten eggs, cream and vanilla. Fold in the coconut, fill the lined tins, and bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown, and they are set. These may be topped with whipped cream when they are cool.

Copyright—WNU Service.

Fortitude Shown by Refugee Wasn't Sectional

For three years no water had flowed through the irrigation ditches of a certain rancher, and his fields lay untilled and barren. The rancher's shallow well was dry and for several months he had hauled water for his stock and for household purposes from a neighbor's well five miles distant. One day without warning a flood rushed down out of the foothills and the rancher and family fled to higher ground for safety. As they stood watching their belongings being swept away, the rancher turned to his son John and said: "Well, anyway, Johnny, come Saturday night, we can wash all over."—Kansas City Star.

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, 60 Pellets 30 cents Adv.

By Contrast
If there were no clouds we should not enjoy the sun.—Old Proverb.

for Watery HEAD COLDS
Try this 2 DROP TREATMENT
PENETRO NOSE DROPS

Knows the Value
He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.—Dante.

Miss REE LEEF says
"Capudine relieves NEURALGIC PAIN quicker because it's liquid... ALREADY DISSOLVED"

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

PLANTS
Penell Size Crystal Wax and Yellow Bermuda Onion Plants, 1,000, \$1.00; Crate of 6,000, \$3.00. Prepaid. Full count, prompt delivery. J. A. KNOLLE, Mathis, Texas.

\$ & ♥

DOLLARS & HEALTH
The successful person is a healthy person. Don't let yourself be handicapped by sick headaches, a sluggish condition, stomach "nerves" and other dangerous signs of over-acidity.

MILNESIA = 8

MILNESIA FOR HEALTH
Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acids, gives quick, pleasant elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls milk of magnesia. Tasty, too, 20c, 35c & 60c every where.

'AMERICA'S MOST-KISSED MAN' DIES

Richmond Pearson Hobson, the "Man Who Sank the Merrimac," Was Strange Paradox of Hero and Public Heckler.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

REAR ADMIRAL RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON probably was kissed by more women than any other man who ever lived, and now he is dead.

Admiral Hobson, from the time of his youth, was a paradoxical combination of Frank Merriwell and Sissy Bly. He was to one generation the perpetrator of what may be the most romantic, adventurous and heroic deed ever performed in the service of the American flag. Yet he was to be remembered by the last American generation that knew him as a blue-nosed reformer, a trite flag-waver who nursed a penchant for frightening little children with staggering accounts of foul oriental evils lurking in wait for them at every school corner.

When, in 1889, Hobson was graduated first in his class from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis he was cheered enthusiastically. He was leaving. Most of his classmates hadn't spoken to him for two years. It was one of his duties as a cadet to report the misdemeanors of other cadets; this he had done so expertly and consistently that he was easily the most unpopular cadet in the academy.

He was a crusader from the start. In his post-academy days he attempted to convince the country, through scientific journals, that there was inevitably to be a World War, but he failed to arouse America enough to begin arming for it. The outbreak of the Spanish-American war found him a naval constructor with the rank of Lieutenant, aboard Rear Admiral William Thomas Sampson's flagship, the New York.

Hobson Volunteers.

Aboard the New York, young Hobson was crusading for the construction of five unsinkable vessels, and told Admiral Sampson they could be used to sweep the mines from the entrance to Havana harbor. When Sampson told him that he was far more interested in sinking one American ship than building five unsinkable ones, the lieutenant was astounded but offered to do the job anyway. It was in the line of duty.

Sampson had ordered Admiral Schley, who was off Santiago de Cuba, to sink a collier in the narrow channel at the harbor entrance and thus bottle up the Spanish fleet inside. Schley, not believing in the wisdom of the act, ignored the order. Sampson still favored the idea and, on their way to Santiago, he and Hobson discussed plans for sinking the collier Merrimac on a night in early June when there would be sufficient moonlight for the navigator to place the ship in position, yet there would be an hour or so of darkness between moonset and daybreak. Torpedoes abreast the bulkheads and cargo hatches were to be fired by an electric primer to sink the craft.

The entire American fleet received the call for volunteers to accompany Hobson. This was no child's play. With the exception of Admiral Sampson, there was hardly a soul aboard the New York who believed the emergency crew would return alive. Yet hundreds offered to go. Seven were taken: George Charrette, Daniel Montague, Francis Kelly, Randolph Clausen, Osborn W. Deignan, J. E. Murphy and George F. Phillips. Hobson also took along an American flag, to be unfurled at the proper moment, just as the Merrimac was starting her dive toward Davy Jones' locker.

A Motley Crew.

The flag was never unfurled, for just about come time for the unfurling, there were shot and shell popping all around our hero's ears and there was little room for tradition. Even at the outset, the odds were perhaps against the Merrimac's ever getting to the narrow part of the channel. She had to steam right under the nose of the Morro Castle fortification and the great battery behind it. The Spanish gunners' aim was notoriously rotten, but at such close range!

Their lifeboat had been shattered, so they swam to the catamaran, hanging on with only their heads above water so they were less likely to be spotted. But they were, after an hour and a half in the cold water, found by a launch containing no less a person than Admiral Cervera of the Spanish fleet.

They were treated gently. Cervera himself helped Hobson aboard. The latter and his men were given hot coffee and dry clothes. Hobson was even then melodramatic in speech. "Oh, God," he exclaimed, perhaps twirling his mustaches which curled romantically two inches from either side of his lip, "has life ever gone through such a fire and never a man lost!"

The Spaniards, hearing that not a man was lost, and having rescued only eight, were dumfounded and were doubly dumfounded when Hobson told them that he had been trying harder than they had to sink the Merrimac. Hobson and his men became heroes, even to the Spaniards, and were treated with every courtesy, although they were imprisoned in Morro Castle. When Cervera visited him in his cell, decked out in an admiral's full dress splendor, Hobson struck an attitude and declared, "All chivalry is not yet dead!"

After a few weeks Hobson and all of his men were traded back to the American navy for the release of an equal number of Spanish prisoners. Their welcome was one which befitted them as heroes, and from that moment until his death, Richmond Pearson Hobson was to bask in the reflected glory of his adventure with the Merrimac. His seven aides were soon given the congressional medal of honor, but Hobson, being an officer, could not receive

ly without the Spaniards' notice, to 300 yards from the channel, when a Spanish picket boat began firing at its rudder without success. Then at the first of the land batteries opened and as the collier neared its objective more batteries joined the firing.

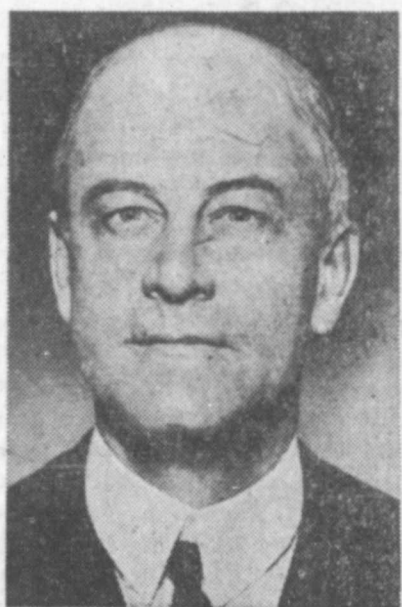
Aid from the Enemy.

One projectile tore the pilothouse completely off the Merrimac. By some miracle, no one was injured, although Hobson and Deignan were inside it at the time. But the steering gear was gone and they could no longer control the ship. Exploding shells destroyed the connections with the torpedoes and they were unable to sink it where they wanted to.

They began to realize that the Spanish gunners might accomplish their purpose for them, and sure enough, after a few direct hits and after striking a few mines, the Merrimac began to settle to the bottom. But it was not sinking fast enough to go down before it had drifted past the narrow channel where it would have trapped the Spanish fleet.

Unable to pursue his plans for the flag, young Hobson decided to amuse himself by feeling his pulse, and despite the shot and shell he found it normal. "If anything, more phlegmatic than usual," he later wrote.

In another few minutes the Spanish cruiser Reina Mercedes and the destroyer Pluton let fly with



Admiral Hobson Shortly Before His Death.

two torpedoes at such close range that even Spaniards couldn't miss, and down went the Merrimac to a hero's watery grave. The eight men, two of them wounded, went down, too—and came right back up again.

Rescued by Spanish Admiral.

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Hobson as a Young Officer.

it. He was finally presented with it by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933.

Arriving back in New York, Hobson was mobbed by hero-worshippers. Wherever he went, they sang after him:

"Mr. Hobson, Mr. Hobson, You're a dandy, you're a peach, And the brightest blooming pebble That is shining on the beach."

One woman threw her arms about him and kissed him. This started a craze which greeted him wherever he went, for he was a handsome devil and a hero. One newspaper reported that in Kansas City alone 417 women kissed him at the railroad station. At Topeka it was reported that at least 200 women kissed him, indicating that perhaps the prairies are not so dry, after all. He didn't object much.

Hobson Becomes Reformer.

But women soon began forgetting to kiss him, and the newspapers began to forget he existed. After rising rapidly in the ranks of the navy, his eyes went bad while he was serving in China. He applied for retirement on a pension, but did not get it, so resigned from the service.

Here began the second phase of his life. He became a crusader in earnest, first to make America mistress of the seas by getting congress to appropriate funds for a navy equal to the combined total of all the other navies in the world. He used as his principal excuse the charge that Japan was preparing to attack us, and was one of the first to bring up the Japanese war scare, trying to get both political parties to acknowledge it in their platforms in 1912. He was exquisitely vague in the evidence he presented, and prone to exaggeration as he was in later campaigns against the demon rum and the drug evil. He made over 1,000 speeches in behalf of his naval building program.

He was continually worrying congress for legislation prohibiting the sale of alcohol, and as a representative from Alabama, he was the first to introduce a prohibition amendment into congress. He soon became the most prominent figure in the prohibition drive. He told congress, "I cannot look upon the saloon otherwise than as an assassin" and "the result of all averages and estimates known showed it (alcohol) to be the greatest single cause of death."

Congress Turns Him Down.

Once the prohibition amendment was passed, Admiral Hobson took up "dope"—that is, he took up the fight against the drug evil. He asserted that there were a million addicts, many of them children. He tried to have congress print and distribute 50,000,000 copies of a pamphlet warning children of the untreatable tortures that might await them if ever they took the invitation of a stranger to "eat, drink or sniff" anything. A federal expert, called in, testified that there were at the very most, 150,000 addicts in the country. Practically none of them children. He testified:

"I think the direct effect of the article would be to create a certain number of cases of severe neurosis and insanity and a certain number of cases of addiction by reason of the psychopath will want this new sensation. . . . Some of the statements about the number of addicts are simply absurd; the opium does not exist to supply them."

Congress refused to print the pamphlet. But Admiral Hobson continued his crusading, and at the time of his death from a heart attack on March 16, 1937, at the age of sixty-six, he was still starting associations to prohibit something or other, or to secure some sort of legislation. Among them were the International Narcotic Education association, the World Conference on Narcotic Education, the World Narcotic Defense association, the Public Welfare association (and Americanism Clearing House), and if that one doesn't stop you, the Constitutional Democracy association.

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MYSTERIES THE WORLD HAS NEVER SOLVED

The Tampering of LINCOLN'S TOMB

By MADOC OWENS

IN THE winter of 1876 the chief of police of Springfield, Ill., was told by a woman that she had overheard certain criminal plots to open the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, steal his coffin, sink it in the Sangamon river and offer its return for \$200,000 ransom.

Additional guards were immediately placed around the mausoleum of the martyr-President and the plot was thus frustrated for the time being.

Eight months later Patrick D. Tyrrell, of the United States secret service, learned of a similar plot from Lewis C. Swegles, then being used by the government detectives as a "stoolpigeon" or "roper." The ransom, according to Swegles, was to be the same as before, \$200,000. Certain St. Louis men, whose real names could not be determined, were said to be parties to the plot.

Selected as Accomplice.

Swegles, detailed to keep in touch with the conspirators, later reported that he had been chosen to help carry out the ghoulish work. In fact, he stated that the details had been entrusted to him—that he had been instructed to obtain a wagon, in which the leaden casket was to be smuggled out of Springfield by relays of horses to the sand dunes of northern Indiana. Here the martyr-President's remains were to be buried that the shifting sands might at once obliterate the wagon tracks and other surface indications of the crime.

Swegles reported that the ghouls planned to take careful measurements of the distance between the place of burial and the nearest tree, in order that there should be no difficulty in disinterment after the ransom should be paid.

Date of Crime Chosen.

Continuous reports from Swegles indicated that he was in close confidence with the conspirators. Early in November he warned the secret service men that the night of Tuesday, November 7, 1876, had been chosen for the crime, this date being that of the Hayes-Tilden election. That particular time was selected because it was believed that the excitement incident to the receiving of election returns would shield the ghouls from any possible attention. The secret service men planned to hide in the tomb and allow the ghouls to actually steal the body before pouncing upon them; but the dead President's son, Robert T. Lincoln, who had been taken into the confidence of the detectives, protested against their allowing the plot to proceed to the point where profane hands might actually be laid upon his father's coffin. So it was agreed that the criminals should be caught in the tomb while endeavoring to open the grave.

The detectives' accomplice, Swegles, reported that he and two of the conspirators would leave Chicago, and Tyrrell, the secret service operative, who had unearthed the case, saw his "stoolpigeon" with two determined-looking men jump aboard the Alton train, leaving Chicago at 9 p. m. With two detectives Tyrrell boarded the same express and the six men at opposite ends of the train arrived at Springfield that night.

Election day that year was dark and gloomy, and by 6 o'clock the blackness of night had fallen over the cemetery. The sarcophagus containing the body of the President lay in a catacomb at the north end of a monumental structure, at whose southern extremity, 175 feet distant, lay Memorial hall. The detectives selected the hall as their hiding place. They had the promise of Swegles that at the proper psychological moment he was to leave the catacomb, presumably to fetch the horse and wagon, but on his way around the base of the hall was to come to the door of Memorial hall and give the detectives a counter-signal.

Ghouls Examine Hall.

After hiding in Memorial hall for two hours the detectives saw the flare of a bull's-eye lantern flash through the grating of the iron door leading into the outer world. The ghouls were making an examination of the interior of the hall, but, satisfied with their superficial examination, did not attempt to enter. The next moment they hurried around the base of the monument to the catacomb and again the detectives were left in darkness.

After what seemed an interminable wait, the counter-signal was whistled through the bars. The detectives opened the gated door and went cautiously around the hall, drawing their revolvers as they advanced. Going to the door of the catacomb they found that the staple containing the lock had been

fled off and that the iron door stood ajar.

Tyrrell, leading the detectives, called on whomever was within to surrender, but there was no answer. Finally Tyrrell led the way into the tomb. Groping about he found no one. Lighting a match, he saw the sarcophagus battered to pieces and the leaden casket all ready for removal. Tools were scattered over the floor, but the ghouls had fled.

Identifies Two Men.

Swegles had reported that the two men who had accompanied him to the tomb were counterfeiters, known as Hughes and Mullen. After ten days Tyrrell ran these men down and had them sent to the penitentiary for a year on the charge of robbery and larceny. Their counsel charged that the secret service men had "framed-up a job" on them in order to break up a counterfeiting conspiracy in which they were implicated.

The whole affair was fraught with mysteries which no one to this day has been able to solve.

The Strange Case of BARBARA FRIETCHIE

"Up rose old Barbara Frietchie, then, Bowed with her four-score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town, She took up the flag the man hauled down."

SO RUNS Whittier's ballad, according to whose lines this ancient dame of Frederick, Md., set the Union flag in her window sill in defiance of the army of Stonewall Jackson, who, after having it shot down, threatened with a dog's death any one of his soldiers who would dare to touch a hair of the loyal old lady's "gray head."

Although every American school-boy of a generation ago believed in Barbara Frietchie as implicitly as he believed in George Washington, several authorities now aver that while such a person did really exist at Frederick town during the Civil war, tradition gave to her—as it did to Betsy Ross—honor and glory that she did not deserve. And as a result of this challenge a spirited controversy was waged by the press.

Barbara's Identity.

Perhaps the most prolific fiction writer of the last century was Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, whose picturesque Georgetown cottage overlooking the north bank of the Potomac. Having, 'tis said, heard of Dame Barbara's exploits from a relative of the latter, Mrs. Southworth's vivid imagination saw in it probabilities of a thrilling story and she passed it along to Whittier in a letter.

Research proves that one Barbara Hauer, daughter of a German immigrant to Pennsylvania, was born in Lancaster, Pa., December 3, 1766, and later moved, with her family, to Frederick. On May 6, 1866, when nearly forty years of age, she married John Caspar Frietchie, fourteen years her junior, the son of a Tory who had, by the laws of Maryland, been "hung, drawn and quartered."

Barbara Frietchie, not having any children of her own, reared her brother-in-law and sister-in-law. Her husband, after serving as a prosperous glovemaking, died November 10, 1849, when he was in his seventieth year, and his widow, in her eighty-fourth year. She survived him 13 years, dying on December 13, 1862, aged ninety-six. The alleged flag episode had occurred only three months previous.

Occurrence Doubtful.

According to one Engelbrecht, a Unionist, who became mayor of Frederick, the incident described by the Quaker poet never took place. He lived directly across the street from the Frietchie cottage and from his window saw Jackson's army pass. There is also a published denial of the story by Samuel Tyler, a lawyer, who wrote the biography of Justice Taney. Various other authors have published denials based upon information alleged to have been obtained from Barbara Frietchie's family and neighbors.

An unnamed member of Jackson's staff, residing at Hagerstown; has been quoted as repudiating the alleged circumstance.

According to one participant in the controversy, the real heroine of Frederick's flag incident was a Mrs. Quantrell, who later lived in Washington. The widow of "Stonewall" Jackson, in her memoirs of the general, denies that there was any foundation for the ballad.

Before his death Whittier, referring to the controversy that his poem had caused, stated that he much regretted having written it.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Absque hoc. (L.) Without this. Non compos mentis. (L.) Not of sound mind.

Ex parte. (L.) Of or from one side only. Non est inventus. (L.) He has not been found.

Pax vobiscum! (L.) Peace be with you! Statu quo ante bellum. (L.) As it was before the war.

Sur le tapis. (F.) On the carpet; under consideration. Vinculum matrimonii. (L.) The bond of matrimony.

Tabula rasa. (L.) A blank tablet. Ad hominem. (L.) To the (individual) man.

In extenso. (L.) Fully; at length; unabridged. Mare clausum. (L.) A closed sea.

Sine qua non. (L.) Without which not; an indispensable condition.

Don't Sleep When Gas Presses Heart

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and is due to old poisonous matter in the constipated bowels that are loaded with ill-causing bacteria.

If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable. You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grouchy, wretched unhappy person. YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED.

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Perfect Quartet Industry, economy, honesty and kindness form a quartet of virtues that will never be improved upon.—Oliver.

for WOMEN only CARDUI is a special medicine for the relief of some of the suffering which results from a woman's weakened condition. It has been found to make monthly periods less disagreeable, and when its use has been kept up awhile, has helped many poorly nourished women to get more strength from their food. This medicine (pronounced "Card-i-um") has been used and recommended by women for many, many years. Find out whether it will help you by giving it a fair trial. Of course, if not benefited, consult a physician.

Idler a Rogue Rich or poor, powerful or weak, every citizen idle is a rogue.—Rousseau.

Look FOR ST. JOSEPH'S PROTECTED PACKAGE WRAPPED IN CELLOPHANE St. Joseph Aspirin World's Largest Seller at 10.

WNU—L 13-37

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The GARDEN MURDER CASE

by C. C. VAN DINE

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"By George! I did hear something, now that you put it that way. I thought nothing of it at the time, since Woody was already dead. But just as I re-entered the stairway there was an explosion of some kind outside. I thought it was a car back-firing down in the street, and paid no attention to it."

"That's very interesting. . . . Vance's eyes drifted off into space. "I wonder. . . . But to continue your tale. You say you left the roof immediately and came downstairs. But there were at least ten minutes from the time you left the garden to the time I encountered you entering the apartment at the front door. How and where did you spend these ten intervening minutes?"

"I stayed on the landing of the stairs and smoked a couple of cigarettes. I was trying to pull myself together."

Heath stood up quickly, one hand in his outside coat pocket, and thrust out his jaw belligerently toward the agitated Kroon.

"What kind of cigarettes do you smoke?" he barked.

The man looked at the Sergeant in bewilderment, and then said: "I smoke gold-tipped Turkish cigarettes. What about it?"

Heath drew his hand from his pocket and looked at something which he held on his palm.

"All right," he muttered. Then he addressed Vance. "I got the stubs here. Picked 'em up on the landing when I came up from the dame's apartment."

"Well, well," sneered Kroon. "So the police actually found something! . . . What more do you want?" he demanded of Vance.

"Nothing for the moment, thank you," Vance returned with exaggerated courtesy. "You have done very well by yourself this afternoon, Mr. Kroon. We won't need you any more."

Kroon went to the door without a word.

"A good story," Markham commented dryly when Kroon had gone.

"Yes, yes. Good. But reluctant," Vance appeared disturbed. "Do you believe it?"

"My dear Markham, I keep an open mind, neither believin' nor disbelievin' . . . Prayin' for facts. But no facts yet. Drama everywhere, but no substance."

There was a rustle in the passageway, and Madge Weatherby came rushing into the study, with Heath following and protesting vigorously. It was obvious that Miss Weatherby had dashed up the stairs before anyone could interfere with her.

"What's the meaning of this?" she demanded imperiously. "You're letting Cecil Kroon go, after what I've told you? And I"—she indicated herself with a dramatic gesture—"I am being held here, a prisoner."

"The fact is, Miss Weatherby," said Vance, returning to his chair. "Mr. Kroon explained his brief absence this afternoon lucidly and with impelling logic. It seems that he was doing nothing more reprehensible than conferring with Miss Stella Frumson and a brace of attorneys."

"Ah! The woman's eyes glared with venom.

"Quite so. He was breaking off with the lady for ever and ever."

"Is that the truth?" Miss Weatherby straightened in her chair.

"Yes, yes. No subterfuge. Kroon said you were jealous of Stella. Thought I'd relieve your mind."

"Why didn't he tell me, then?"

"There's always the possibility you didn't give him a chance."

The woman nodded vigorously.

"Yes, that's right. I wouldn't speak to him when he returned here this afternoon."

"Care to revamp your original theory?" asked Vance. "Or do you still think that Kroon is the culprit?"

"I—I really don't know now," the woman answered hesitantly. "When I last spoke to you I was terribly upset. . . . Maybe it was all my imagination."

Vance looked at the woman quizzically. "Since you're not so sure that Kroon did the deed, have you any other suggestions?"

There was a tense silence. Miss Weatherby's face seemed to contract. She drew in her lips.

"Yes!" she exploded, leaping toward Vance with a new enthusiasm. "It was Zalia Graem who killed Woody! She had the motive, as you call it. She's capable of such things, too. There was something between her and Woody. Then she snatched him over. He didn't have enough money to suit her. You saw the way they acted toward each other today."

"Have you any idea as to how she managed the crime?" Vance asked quietly.

"She was out of the drawing-room long enough, wasn't she?"

"Poignant question. Situation very mysterious," Vance rose slowly and bowed to the woman. "Thanks awfully—we're most grateful. And we shall not hold you prisoner any longer."

When she had gone Markham grinned sourly.

"The lady is well equipped with suspects. What do you make of this new accusation?"

Vance was frowning.

"Animosity shunted from Monsieur Kroon to La Graem. Yes. Queer situation. Logically speakin', this new accusation is more reasonable than her first. It has its points. . . . If only I could get that disconnected buzzer out of my mind. It must fit somewhere. . . . And that second shot—the one we all heard."

Vance again moved to the buzzer and inspected it with care. "No indications of a mechanism."

"It could have been removed before the repair man arrived," theorized Markham without enthusiasm.

"Yes, another possibility. I had thought of that too. But the opportunity was lacking. I came in here immediately after I had found the johnnie shot. . . . He took the cigarette from his lips and straightened up. "By Jove! Someone might have slipped in here when we all dashed upstairs after the shot. Remote chance, though."

"Does the buzzer connect with any other room besides the den?" asked Markham.

Vance shook his head.

"No. That's the only connection."

"Didn't you say there was someone in the den at the time you heard this shot?"

Vance's gaze swept past Markham.

"Yes. Zalia Graem was there. Ostensibly telephoning." His voice, it thought, was a little bitter.

"We might get more information from the young woman herself," Markham put in sarcastically.

"Oh, yes. Quite. Obvious procedure. But I have a few queries to put to Garden first. Pavin' the

"Only that Miss Graem had a grudge of some kind against Swift and detested him thoroughly, and that, at the supposed time of his demise, Miss Graem was absent from the drawing-room. Doubts that she was in the den phoning all the time. Thinks she was up here, busily engaged in murder."

Garden drew rapidly on his pipe and seemed to be thinking.

"Do you yourself regard Miss Graem as capable of a cold-blooded, skillfully planned murder?"

Garden pursed his lips and frowned.

"Damn it, Vance! I can't answer that question. Frankly, I don't know who is and who isn't capable of murder. The younger set today are all bored to death, intolerant of every restraint, living beyond their means, digging up scandal, seeking sensations of every type. Zalia is little different from the rest, as far as I can see. She always seems to be stepping on the gas and exceeding the speed limits. How far she would actually go, I'm not prepared to say. Who is, for that matter? It may be merely a big circus parade with her, or it may be fundamental—a violent reaction from respectability."

"A vivid, though not a sweet, character sketch," murmured Vance. "One might say offhand that you are rather fond of her but don't approve."

Garden laughed awkwardly.

"I can't say that I dislike Zalia. Most men do like her—though I don't think any of them understand her. I know I don't. There's some impenetrable wall around her. She's either damned superficial or deep as hell—I can't make up my mind which. As to her status in this present situation. . . . well, I don't know. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if Madge was right about her. Zalia has staggered me a couple of times—can't exactly explain it. You remember, when you asked me about father's revolver, I told you Zalia had discovered it in that desk and staged a scene with it in this very room. Well, Vance, my blood went cold at the time. There was something in the way she did it, and in the tone of her voice, that made me actually fear that she was fully capable of shooting up the party. I was relieved when she put the gun back and shut the drawer. . . . All I can say," he added, "is that I don't wholly understand her."

"No. Of course not. No one can wholly understand another person. If anyone could he'd understand everything. Not a comfortin' thought. . . . Thanks awfully for the recital of your fears and impressions. You'll look after matters downstairs for a while, won't you?"

Garden seemed to breathe more freely on being dismissed, and with a mumbled acquiescence, moved toward the door.

"Oh, by the by," Vance called after him. "One other little point I wish to ask you about."

Garden waited politely.

"Why," asked Vance, blowing a ribbon of smoke toward the ceiling, "didn't you place Swift's bet on Equanimity?"

CHAPTER IX

The man gave a start, and his jaw dropped. He barely rescued his pipe from falling to the floor.

"You didn't place it, don't you know," Vance went on dulcetly. "Rather interestin' point, in view of the fact that your cousin was not destined to live long enough to collect the wager, even if Equanimity had won. And in the circumstances, had you placed it, you would now be saddled with a \$10,000 debt—since Swift is no longer able to settle."

"God Almighty, stop it, Vance!" Garden exploded. He sank limply into a chair. "How do you know I didn't place Woodie's bet?"

Vance regarded the man with searching eyes.

"No bookie would take a bet of that size five minutes before post time. He couldn't absorb it."

"But Hannix—"

"Don't make a Wall-Street financier of Hannix for my benefit," Vance admonished quietly. "And another thing: I happened to be sitting in a strategic position near your table when you pretended to place Swift's bet. You very deftly pulled the cord taut over the plunger of the telephone when you picked up the receiver. You were talking in to a dead phone."

Garden capitulated.

"All right, Vance," he said. "I didn't place the bet. But if you think, for one moment, that I had any suspicion that Woody was going to be shot this afternoon, you're wrong."

"My dear fellow!" Vance sighed with annoyance. "I'm not thinkin'. Higher intelligence not at work at the moment. Mind a blank. Only tryin' to add up a few figures. Ten thousand dollars is a big item. It changes our total—eh, what? . . . But you haven't told me why you didn't place the bet."

Garden rose angrily.

"I didn't want him to lose the money," he asserted aggressively. "I knew what it would mean to him."

"Yes, yes. The Good Samaritan. Very touchin'. But suppose Equanimity had won, and your cousin had survived—what about the payoff?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



He Sank Limply Into a Chair.

way, as it were. I say, Sergeant, collect Floyd Garden and bring him here."

Garden came into the room uneasily and looking slightly haggard.

"What a mess!" he sighed, sinking dismally into a chair. "Any light on the case?"

"A few faint illuminations," Vance told him. "By the by, it seems that your guests walk in and out the front door without the formality of ringing or being announced."

"Oh, yes. But only when we're playing the races. Much more convenient. Saves annoyance and interruptions."

"And another thing: when Miss Graem was phoning in the den and you suggested that she tell the gentleman to call back later, did you actually know that it was a man she was talking to?"

Garden opened his eyes in mild surprise.

"Why, no. I was merely ragging her. Hadn't the faintest idea. But, if it makes any difference, I'm sure Sneed could give you the information, if Miss Graem won't. Sneed answered the phone, you know."

"It's of no importance," Vance brushed the matter aside. "It might interest you to know, however, that the buzzer in this room failed to function because someone had carefully disconnected the wires."

"The devil you say!"

"Oh, yes. Quite." Vance fixed Garden with a significant look. "This buzzer, if I understand it correctly, is operated only from the den, and when we heard the shot, Miss Graem was in the den. Incidentally, the shot we all heard was not the shot that killed Swift. The fatal shot had been fired, at least five minutes before that. Swift never even knew whether he had won or lost his bet."

Garden's gaze was focused on Vance with wide-eyed awe.

"God God, man!" He shook his head despondently. "This thing is getting hellish."

"By the by," said Vance, "Miss Weatherby tried to convince us that Miss Graem shot Swift."

"Has she any grounds for such an accusation?"

Contagious Smiles

The clouds can hide the sun, but all the clouds in the world can't hide a smile; nor can the doctors invent a medicine that will keep smiles from being contagious.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

JUST as motion picture theater managers all over the country are planning to abandon Bank night and lamenting that the custom ever was started, a radio sponsor is said to be figuring on a way to adopt it. Certain legal, or rather illegal, aspects of the case have to be ironed out before it can be definitely announced, but present plans call for the weekly award of one thousand dollars to some listener holding the lucky number. Numbers will be printed on the package containing the sponsor's product, purchasers will mail them to the broadcast studio, and there the drawing will be held which selects the winner.

Hollywood studios have always flattered themselves that they paid their performers the highest salaries in the world, but now it appears that Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, and Greta Garbo are just poor working girls in comparison to Gracie Fields, who is England's favorite star. Twentieth Century-Fox could not let the British studios get away with a monopoly on the best of anything, so they have put Miss Fields under contract to make four pictures in Hollywood. None of the pictures she has made in England have been shown here, because in them Miss Fields spoke the Lancashire dialect which might as well be Czech-Slovakian for all Americans can make of it. Over here she will deliver her lines and songs in plain English.

From New York to Hollywood Gloria Swanson's loyal friends gave parties celebrating the end of her too-long retirement from the screen, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced recently that she was to star in "Maisie Kenyon." Now it appears that the celebrating was a little premature, because neither Gloria nor the studio is satisfied with the story, and her plans are all up in the air again.

The most exciting and beautiful picture ever made in Technicolor comes from England and will soon be seen in theaters throughout the country. It is "Wings of the Morning," a United Artists picture. Harold Shuster went over from Hollywood to direct it, our own Henry Fonda plays the lead, and John McCormack, the Irish tenor who is adored wherever there is a phonograph, radio, or concert hall sings in it. As if that weren't enough, they have tossed in for good measure authentic views of the running of the English Derby.

Sylvia Sidney gets the week's award for being the best talent scout. Some time ago Marc Connelley told her about a play he was going to produce in New York and she said that she knew just the girl to play the lead in it. She had seen a girl named Katherine Locke in a very small part in a play and she was sure Miss Locke would be wonderful if given a real chance. Sylvia didn't wait for Mr. Connelley to send for Miss Locke. She located her and she got the part.

Eleanor Powell would like to form an alumni association of her old dancing school, but all the people who are eligible for membership in Hollywood are much too busy making pictures to be bothered with attending meetings. There is Ginger Rogers, Buddy Ebsen, Ruby Keeler, and Miriam Hopkins — and they are among the busiest people out here.

Eleanor herself has a little time on her hands only because she turned her ankle and has to stay at home for a few days to rest before she can go into a strenuous number for "Broadway Melody."

ODDS AND ENDS—Marlene Dietrich thinks that she and Carole Lombard look alike and both girls are delighted with "Miriam Hopkins has bought the late John Gilbert's house and is redecorating it in lovely pastel colors that best set off her blond beauty. . . . Paul Muni has no lurking ambition to cut in on Jack Benny's comic honors, but he did play "The Bee" on the violin for a few friends. . . . About half of the beautiful girls in Hollywood tried out for the part of Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Madeline Carroll got it. . . . Bert Wheeler is so unwilling to leave the sunshine and swank of Palm Springs that he is commuting to Hollywood by airplane. . . .

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Harmonizing With Spring



THIS week's crop of fashions seem fully as sweet and gay and long-awaited as lovely Spring—with which they're meant to harmonize.

Mary, Sue and Emily, three charming standees, know how to have day in day out chic without forfeiting that pretty silver lining in their new Spring purses.

Hints From Mary's Boudoir.

"I'm especially fussy about the slip I wear, perhaps, that's why I always sew-my-own! I never miss the few hours it takes, and I can spend the difference for a finer, better-wearing fabric. A slip that's well-behaved is a joy to yourself—others as well—and just as easy to have. So take a tip from one who knows: choose this model and a good fabric and you'll have no further slip troubles."

A Lift for M'Lady.

"A new frock means more to me than a new fabric and a change of color—it means a lift, a new lease on life!" So says Miss Sue, a snappy sophomore who sews. "I decided 1252 had the kind of newness I want: the clever cut of the waistcoat bodice first caught my fancy and the saucy swing skirt made me sign on the dotted line. I go for simple necklines, and I like lots of buttons too. You should see my version in royal blue silk crepe—really, it's something to be proud of."

Designers Win Praise.

"Smart Matron your granny," retorts Emily to an intended bit of flattery regarding her new welcome-to-spring frock. "If I look as young as I feel I'll be mistaken for a Laf-a-Lot! But honestly, this new dress gives me a more dressed-up feeling than any I can remember in Springs gone by. I think Sew-Your-Own designers are smart to give us '40's some of that swing the youngsters rave about. Do you suppose they sympathize with the poor young men who are urged nowadays to 'Swing, Swing, dear Mother-in-law'?"

Pattern 1909 is for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1252 is for sizes 12 to 20 (32 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 3 1/2 yards.



Smiles

Battle Royal

"What are you doing in the pantry, Ronnie?"

"Fighting temptation, mother."

That Iron Touch

"I understand you are looking for a new maid."

"Yes, our last one handled china like Japan." — Florida Times-Union.

Nowadays when two young people kiss and make-up, she gets the kiss and he gets the make-up.

Awful Jawfall

The sweet young thing almost sneered. "Get this, Mr. Montgomery Flutbury Frogbottom," she said, "I wouldn't mention you and my boy friend in the same breath!"

"And why not, pray?"

"Because his name is Athelstane Chillingworth Hawkesberry, III!"

In a Big Way

City boy looking at his first windmill:

"Gee, Uncle Tom, that's some electric fan out there cooling the cows."

yards of 39 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1233 is for sizes 34 to 52. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting.

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Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Interesting and exclusive fashions for little children and the difficult junior age; slenderizing, well-cut patterns for the mature figure; afternoon dresses for the most particular young women and matrons and other patterns for special occasions are all to be found in the Barbara Bell Pattern Book. Send 15 cents today for your copy.

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15c FOR 12 FULL DOZEN

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Self-knowledge is the property of that man whose passions have their full play, but who ponders over their results.—Disraeli.

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of constipation by a GOOD LAXATIVE

Many folks get such refreshing relief by taking Black-Draught for constipation that they prefer it to other laxatives and urge their friends to try it. Black-Draught is made of the leaves and roots of plants. It does not disturb digestion but stimulates the lower bowel so that constipation is relieved.

BLACK-DRAUGHT

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A Trying Person

He surely is in want of another's patience who has none of his own.—Lavater.

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The very best "personality" is to be sincere.

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 Sunday Bible School, 10:00 a. m.
 Preaching Service, 11:00
 N. Y. P. S. 7:00 p. m.
 Preaching Service, 7:30

Warning

Some complaints have been
 made about stock running loose
 in Rowe cemetery. It is a vio-
 lation of the herd law for stock
 to run loose in any public place
 and all violators will be prosecuted
 to the full extent of the law
 Guy Pierce, Sheriff

List of Jury Commission

The following is the list of the
 jury commission for the grand
 and petit jury for the next term
 of court: S. C. Bell, O. L. Jacobs,
 G. R. Grant, Ed. Hodges and Van
 Kennedy. They were to meet
 in Clarendon Wednesday.

John Mitchell left last week
 for Los Angeles, Calif. where
 he will be employed

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Her name is Patsy Lawson,
 She runs a neat hotel;
 She has a lot of boarders,
 And feeds them very well.
 They come from town and country,
 They come from far away;
 They come for health and pleasure,
 And tarry many a day.
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 Tell all your friends to come that way,
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 The Cowboy Star**
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 Also last chapter of "The Roar-
 ing West"
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Sat. Prevue Sun. and Mon. April
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 Also Paramount Variety
 10 25c

Tuesday Only April 20
 Bank Night
**Joseph Calleia in
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 Also 2 Variety Shorts
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Wed. Thurs. Fri April 21 22 23
**Humphrey Bogart in
 The Black Legion**
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 Annabell and Henry Fonda in
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 Barbara Stanwyck in "Banjo On
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 Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson
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 Matinees each day at 2 p. m.
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 Selected short subjects

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 hibiting chickens running at
 large. There have been several
 complaints made that the neigh-
 bor's chickens are destroying
 flower beds and gardens. Those
 who have chickens will please
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 W. R. Bannister

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 Mrs. Ed C. Boliver, Owner
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Hedleyan's Nephew Dies

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 Mrs. E. S. Curtis of Texico, N
 Mex., passed away at Plainview
 Monday. Funeral services were
 held Tuesday at the Memorial
 Auditorium in Amarillo, and in-
 terment was made in the Ama-
 rillo cemetery.

He was a nephew of W. C. Brid-
 ges of this city. Mr. Bridges,
 and family and Mrs. W. I. Rains
 attended the funeral services.

R. W. Culwell and wife and
 Mrs. Ray Williams and daughter
 of Altus passed through Hedley
 enroute to Amarillo, and spent a
 short while at the home of the
 former's brother, O. R. Culwell,
 who went with them.

Dalton Malone and Wyverne
 Holland went to Amarillo Sunday.

Mrs. T. R. Moreman has re-
 turned home after a visit with
 her daughter who has been in a
 hospital in Quanah. Mrs. O. B.
 Stanley returned with her.

Mrs. D. L. Hickey visited Sun-
 day in the home of Mr. and Mrs.
 Walter DeBord.

Cecil Cooper and family left
 Tuesday for their new home at
 Sunset.

Mrs. E. B. Weber and son and
 E. G. Adamson of Denver visited
 in Hedley Wednesday of last
 week taking Mrs. S. L. Adam-
 son and Teddie Adamson back
 with them Thursday.

Miss Mary Harris left Tues-
 day last week for Hot Springs
 Arkansas.

The W. F. M. S. of the Naza-
 rene Church met in an all day
 meeting Monday, each one taking
 a covered dish and quilting.

Mrs. T. E. McKinley and chil-
 dren of Terrell, Okla. and Mrs.
 Gail Phillips of Nocona are visit-
 ing in the W. C. Bridges home.

**No. 953
 Official Statement**

**OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF
 SECURITY STATE BANK**

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close
 of business on the 31st day of Mar. 1937,
 published in the Hedley Informer, a
 newspaper printed and published at
 Hedley, State of Texas, on the 16th
 day of April, 1937.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts, on personal or collateral security	\$ 78,640.92
Loans secured by real estate	10,410.34
Overdrafts	203.12
Securities of U. S., any State, or political subdivision thereof	32,013.70
Other Bonds & Stocks owned	2,000.00
Banking House	3,250.00
Furniture & Fixtures	2,950.00
Real Estate owned, other than banking house	5,500.00
Cash and due from approved reserve agents	48,715.95
Other Resources:	
Suspended Credits	2,008.55
Livestock A/c	378.20
Total	\$186,070.78

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$ 35,000.00
Capital Debentures Sold	25,000.00
Undivided Profits, net	6,116.74
Debt, Retirement Fund	2,143.87
Individual Deposits, subject to check, including time deposits due in 30 days	116,510.17
Cashiers Checks Outstanding	1,300.00
Total	\$186,070.78

STATE OF TEXAS)
 County of Donley) We, J. W. Noel,
 as Vice President, and C. L. Johnson
 as Cashier of said bank, each of us, do
 solemnly swear that the above statement
 is true to the best of our knowledge and
 belief.
 J. W. Noel, Vice President
 C. L. Johnson, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this
 14th day of April, A. D. 1937.
 C. E. Johnson, Notary Public,
 Donley County, Texas.
 Correct—Attest:
 T. M. Potts }
 T. R. Moreman } Directors
 M. C. Allen }

Opens Monument Works

W. C. Hodges has opened a
 monument works at Memphis
 and is prepared to serve the peo-
 ple of this section in that line.
 He is handling monuments of
 red, black and gray granite.

NOTICE

We are mailing notices to all
 who owe on lots in the Rowe
 Cemetery. After 80 days, all un-
 used lots which remain unpaid
 for will be taken over and used.
 R. H. Jones,
 J. B. Pickett,
 Trustees

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 413

Hedley Chapter No. 413,
 O. E. S., meets the first
 Friday of each month,
 at 2:30 p. m.
 Members are requested to attend.
 Visitors welcome.
 Jennette Everett, W. M.
 Ella Johnson, Sec.

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
 Hedley, Texas
 Office Phone 8
 Residence Phone 20

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Chism 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.

NOTICE

All those who own cows will
 please remember that if they get
 out and are impounded it will
 cost \$1 for impounding fees.

NOTICE

Baby Chicks—\$6 per hundred.
 Will deliver in lots of 500
 E. H. Walker, Wheeler, Texas.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

M. E. Wells, Pastor
 Morning Services:
 Sunday School, 10:00, Edward
 Boliver, Supt.
 Song Service and Preaching,
 11:00
 Evening Services:
 Training Service, 6:30, Win-
 field Mosley, Director.
 Preaching, 7:30, by the pastor.

For Trade—100 baby chicks
 for 50 lb of heavy hens. Will buy
 anything you have for sale
 Darnell Produce and Feed Store.

Seed corn, sure cropper, 4c lb.
 See Barnes and Hastings.

Maize heads for sale. \$80 per
 ton at my place
 S. G. Adamson

Plenty of cottonseed for sale.
 See R. E. Mann



PHONE 29 when you
 know a News Item

Clarendon Abstract Co.
 Abstracts of title to any lands in Donley County
 C. C. Powell, Owner
 Clarendon, Texas

A Telephone
 Is no longer a luxury - - - it is a necessity. For
 calling your grocer, butcher or doctor it is indis-
 pensible. And remember, one minute's emergency
 might pay a year's telephone bill.
 Hedley Telephone Co.

Food Specials
 We Welcome All to Shop With Us for the Lowest Possible Prices

Bananas	All Bunch Vegetables, 3 for	10c	
2 doz.	Fresh Green Beans, lb.	10c	
25c	Tomatoes, 3 No. 2 cans	25c	
Sugar	Salmon, pink, 2 cans	25c	
25 lb. bag	Potato Chips, 3 1-4 oz. pkg.	10c	
\$1.37	Yes, we have Fish, lb.	15c	
Corn, 3 No. 2 cans	25c	Spuds, pk.	33c
Prunes, gal.	31c	Milk, small can	4c
Hominy, No. 2 1-2 can	10c	Lemons, doz.	29c
White Swan Salad Dressing, qt.	33c	pt.	21c
Seed Popcorn, yellow, lb.	14c	Apples, doz.	9c
White Swan Tea, 1-4 lb. pkg. with glass	25c		
Del Monte Peaches, No. 2 1-2 can	20c		
Campbell Tomato Juice, 3 cans	25c		

We have a new shipment of Shorts and Bran

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

Market Specials	'M' SYSTEM	Market Specials
Steak, lb. 15c		Lunch Meat
Sausage 20c		lb. 22c