

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XXVIII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS AUGUST 5, 1938

EXTRA FOOD VALUES FRIDAY-SATURDAY

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Flour, Ponca Best | Canned Vegetables |
| 48 lb. \$1.39 | Eng. Peas, No. 2 11c |
| 24 lb. 73c | Corn 9c |
| Far Better \$1.09 | Tomatoes, 2 for 15c |
| Meal, 20 lb. 47c | Pork & Beans, 75c |
| 10 lb. 27c | doz. 75c |
| Coffee, Bright and | Sweet Potatoes 10c |
| Early, lb. 20c | Pumpkin 10c |
| Sugar, 25 lb. \$1.35 | Kraut, 2 1-2 can 10c |
| Lard, 8 lb. 89c | Nominy 9c |
| Dry Salt Jewels, lb. 14c | Bran \$1.10 |
| Pickles, sour, 24 | Shorts \$1.25 |
| oz. jar 15c | Threshed Maize |
| Sweet 23c | 100 lb. \$1.00 |
| Salad Dressing, qt. 23c | Growing Mash, |
| Plenty Fresh Vegetables | 100 lb. \$2.25 |

Market Specials

| | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| Cheese, lb. | 21c |
| Roast, brisket, lb. | 15c |
| Steak, forequarter, lb. | 15c |
| Pork Chops, lb. | 25c |
| Pork Sausage, lb. | 23c |
| Lunch Meats, lb. | 25c |
| Bologna, lb. | 14c |

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

Harry Burden
Help-Yourself Grocery

Let's Pay as We Go
PHONE 15

Clarendon Abstract Co.

Abstracts of title to any lands in Donley County

C. C. Powell, Owner

Clarendon, Texas

Special Offer

For a Limited Time

A \$3.00 Enlarged Technitone Hand Colored Portrait in
Leatherette Frame for only 39 cents.

The Technitone Portraits can be Reproduced from any
Photo, Clear Kodak or Penny Picture.

Come in and let us tell you how to secure one.

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome

PHONE 63

Old Settlers' Picnic

Donley County Pioneers will hold their annual picnic Aug. 19 at Tate Grove.

W. I. Rains, president of the association says plans are well under way for the best picnic we have had.

An invitation has been extended to Hon. Marvin Jones to deliver the principal address.

Every one living in Donley county 20 years or longer is urged to be present. Much reunion we have some vacant places. Old pioneers we are expecting you. All bring well filled baskets and come. Don't forget the date, Aug. 19.

Committees are as follows:
Program, H. Mulkey and Clyde Bridges. If you have a number for the program see the committee at once.

Table, Bill Jones chairman
Seats, C. A. Wood and Claud Nash

Water, Frank Jones, Ralph Davis and Clay Cavender
Tea, Red Doherty
Coffee, Walter DeBord

All committees are not yet complete but every one will be taken care of. We are expecting you, Old Timer.

W. I. Rains, pres.

Revival

Remember the meeting that has been announced from the beginning of the year, begins next Sunday Aug 7. Bro Denison and wife are to be in charge of the revival, doing the preaching, and working with the young people. Many here know these good workers, and will be interested in the services.

We have tried to make all arrangements for the meeting, and have kept the time continually before the public. Please give us a whole hearted cooperation.

Sunday being the first Sunday is the time for administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It is fitting that the revival begin with this service. Please be in your place, and enjoy this Holy Communion.

The board of stewards will meet just before the evening service. Be sure to see your steward in the mean time and let him know what to expect you to do to help them make a good report.

The year is coming near a close, and we are far behind with our finances. We are counting on each member to help make a final good report at the end of the year. It is going to mean a sacrifice for us all, but it is a privilege to make a sacrifice for the Lord's work. He made such a sacrifice for us. Oh, let us not disappoint Him. Let each of us begin now to make arrangements to meet our obligations by Conference, which meets Nov 17.

We are counting on our good people to do the sacrificial, Christian thing. Make your plans to attend all the services of the meeting, and pray for a great revival.

Yours for His cause,
B. J. Osborn

IOE PRICES

| | |
|---------|-----|
| 100 lb. | 48c |
| 50 lb. | 26c |
| 25 lb. | 13c |

Glendon Cherry

Miss Margaret Davenport, John Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Mitchell motored to Amarillo to hear Ted Weems' orchestra Monday night.

To Work on Cemetery

The Rowe cemetery is badly in need of cleaning up, and the committee has decided to set aside Wednesday, Aug. 10, as cemetery clean-up day. All interested parties are requested to bring hoes and meet at the cemetery Wednesday morning, prepared to donate a little time and effort to a good cause.

Claude Nash
J. B. Pickett,
Committee

Hooker's have a nice assortment of popular priced towels.

Shower

A shower was given in honor of Mrs. H. Hall in the home of Mrs. Chas. Rains July 28 with Mesdames H. Burden, W. Scales, L. Trimble and C. E. Johnson and Misses Loyce and Opal Wood acting as hostesses.

Mrs. C. E. Johnson presided over the bride's book.

Mrs. Scales poured punch from a lace covered table centered with sweet peas in crystal bowls.

The entertaining suite was decorated with garden flowers. A very interesting program was rendered.

Corsy Hunsucker and Sarah Ann Rains, dressed as Genoco Dealers, in a unique way announced the truck had arrived. A Genoco truck, laden with many useful gifts, was presented to the honoree.

Mrs. Hall in her charming manner expressed her appreciation and extended an invitation to each one to visit her in her new home.

Those present were Mesdames Wood, C. L. Goin, O. Saunders, E. Tollett, L. Reeves, F. Naylor, F. Watt, C. Bridges, Mitchell, Moffitt, G. Thompson, Dudley, Hunsucker, A. Spalding, Pylo, Masterson, T. Caldwell Ray and Dishman, Misses Myrtle Reeves, Jesse Davis, Lois Ruth Watt, Mary Rains Bridges, Pauline and Peggy Caldwell, Loyd Richerson, Nita Culwell and the hostesses. Quite a number unable to attend send gifts.

Oil News

Work on the Robinson Jones Kuteman No 1 test well south of town is progressing rapidly. Three shifts are being used, and the thousand foot depth was reached Wednesday morning.

Church of the Nazarene

The Church of the Nazarene extends you a special invitation to come out and hear Rev. Leona Forbes, who is delivering some fine gospel messages.

Several new pieces of prints at Hooker's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Jones and Ivan attended the pioneer reunion at Mangum, Okla., Friday.

Mrs. Douglas Tinsley and daughter stopped over in Hedley Friday en route to their home in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Smith and son Jackie of Manteca, Calif., have returned home after a visit with the W. I. Rains family.

T. F. Hefner and Fred Slinger and family of McLean visited Mr. and Mrs. Glen Bailey Sunday.

Specials for the Next Week

For CASH Only and Only CASH

| | | | |
|--|-----|------------------------|-----|
| Soap chips, 5 lb box | 37c | Cocoa, 2 lb | 19c |
| Peas, 2 No. 2 cans | 25c | Corn, No. 2 can | 8c |
| Soap, Crystal White or P & G, 6 for | 25c | | |
| Marco Bran | 10c | | |
| Salad Dressing or Spread, quart | 25c | | |
| Pickles, sweet, qt. | 19c | Sour, qt. | 15c |
| Coffee, Bright and Early, 3 lb with bowl | 64c | | |
| Kitchen Towels, 2 rolls with rack | 45c | | |
| Jello, pkg. | 5c | Powdered Sugar, 3 for | 24c |
| Raisins, 4 lb pkg. | 33c | 2 lb | 19c |
| PenJel, 2 pkg. | 25c | Ovaltine, 6 oz. | 38c |
| Water Mops, each | 23c | 0-cedar Oil Mops, each | 64c |
| Wesson Oil, can | 24c | Gelatine, pkg. | 20c |
| Taploca, pkg. | 13c | Catsup, 14 oz. | 14c |
| Starch, large pkg. | 24c | Extract, 8 oz. | 10c |
| Meal, cream, 20 lb | 44c | 10 lb | 27c |
| Laundrex-Bleach, pt. bottle | 10c | | |
| Peaches, gal. | 50c | No. 1 can | 9c |
| Apples, gal. | 49c | Pears, gal. | 55c |

Other bargains too numerous to mention

We buy cream at highest market price

B. & H. Grocery Co.

PHONE 21

800 Men and Women

Selected their bank wisely. They chose this institution because it is a safe place to keep their money, because the officers are friendly and easy to talk to, because it's a pleasant and handy place to do business.

We invite you to join this group of friends who know and appreciate

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Mr. Dust

Men of Stars

Break for Nancy

★ Goodman's Cornetist

—By Virginia Vale

SOME day when you youngsters are grown up, and see by the papers that Ellen Powell is going places with this or that young man, you'll know how the old-timers feel when they read that Sue Vidor has been going about with Buddy Armstrong.

You'll probably say, "Why I remember when that girl was born—way back in 1938! Her mother was a well-known movie star, Joan Blondell, and her father was a movie star, too—Dick Powell, and a master of ceremonies on the radio, too. But, of course, you don't see them in pictures now."

And it seems like yesterday that Sue Vidor was playing that tiny little piano, and her handsome young parents were standing there, smiling at her. Her mother was a famed movie actress—Florence Vidor, who retired to marry Jascha Heifetz, the violinist. Sue's father is King Vidor, the director.

And, speaking of the passing of time, when she started work recently on "Three Loves Has Nancy," Janet Gaynor also started out on her twelfth year of making movies. Few others have stayed at the top for so long. Which reminds me that in "Tropic Holiday," the new Martha Raye-Bob Burns comedy, one of Bob's scenes is a Janet Gaynor burlesque of the one in "A Star Is Born" in which Fredric March swam out to sea to his death. People who liked the Gaynor-March hit picture won't care for that.



Janet Gaynor

Having fought with Columbia and had her contract bought off, Grace Moore departed for Paris, where she will start right in making pictures again. She'll do both a French and an English version of "Louise." And, as French pictures are rarely up to the United States standard, she probably won't like the result.

Nancy Kelly, aged seventeen, has been booked to play the heroine in "Splinter Fleet," and a lot of people in Hollywood are asking who she is and where she comes from and why she should be given so important a



NANCY KELLY

role in such an expensive picture. But at seventeen Nancy is a veteran who rates important assignments. She acted in the movies made in the East as a child, but gave it up 10 years ago because she had reached the awkward age, and devoted herself to radio. She was going strong a year ago when she got the role of Gertrude Lawrence's daughter in "Susan and God," a successful play that was one of the New York theaters' big hits this year. Nancy was a hit, too. Darryl Zanuck saw her performance and bought her run-of-the-play contract, so now she's back in the movies again, without making any effort to be. "Them as has, gits."

You can't tell, these days, where a swing musician will bob up. When Benny Goodman and his band were playing an engagement in Texas last year everybody for miles around who liked swing music came to dance. During the intermission a young man with a cornet in his hand came to Goodman and asked to play for him. Goodman took him into an adjoining room, Jess Stacey sat down at the piano, and the young man began to toot. "Buddy," said Goodman when he had finished. "Whatever your name is, you can join my band. By the way, where did you learn to put a horn through its paces?" "I'm a member of the Salvation Army band," replied Henry James, who's been a member of Goodman's gang ever since.

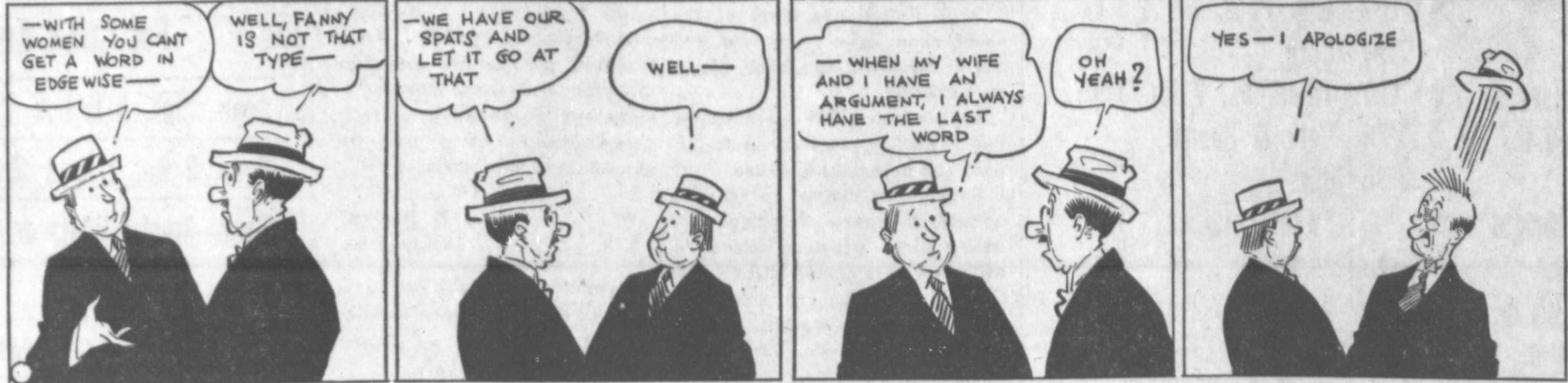
ODDS AND ENDS—Jack Oakie is taking bones on having lost a lot of weight, and George Raft is trying to reduce. . . The Chinese government has offered Ann Sheridan's husband, Edward Norris, a lot of money to fly for them. . . Fred Allen rushed off to Maine when his year's broadcasting was finished; he's eighteen miles from Portland (Maine, not Hoffa), and swears that this year the radio fans won't find him. . . They did, last summer, three weeks after his vacation started. . . Remember "Three Smart Girls," the Deanna Durbin picture? There'll be a sequel, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," with the same cast. © Western Newspaper Union.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



S'MATTER POP—A Fella Just Can't Believe It!

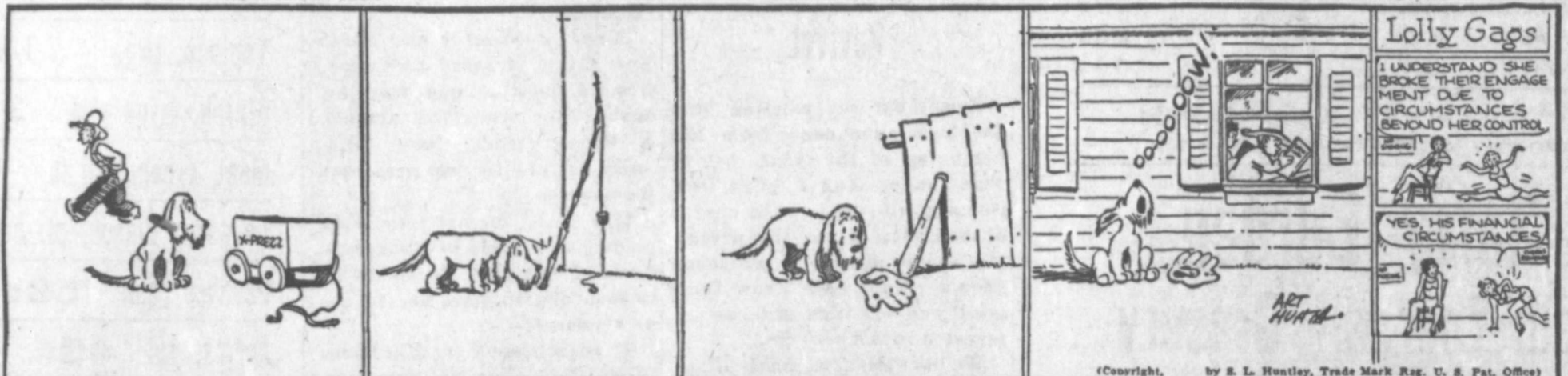
By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

.So That's Started Again—Has It?



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

No Sales Resistance.



POP—Pop Wants to Know Which to Replace

By J. MILLAR WATT



QUIET READING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



CONCESSIONS TO THE TRADE

Customer—A dollar and a half for this prescription? That's very high. Druggist—No, sir—the drugs in it are very costly. Customer—Since when? I used to be a druggist myself. Druggist—Why didn't you say so? It'll be 15 cents.—Farm Journal.

Appropriate Aviator (entering clothing store) —I'd like some flying clothes. Bright Clerk—O. K. We'll start you off with a wing collar.

Oak Joke Officer—Hey, you! What're you doing up in that tree? Tramp—Believe it or not, mister, I sat on it when it was an acorn.

YOU CAN'T WIN

"But, my dear," exclaimed the peace-loving husband, "you've been talking for an hour and I haven't said a word." "No," snapped his wife. "You haven't said anything, but you've been listening in a sassy way, and I'm not going to stand for it!"

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There's a reason why Pepsodent can make your teeth glisten and gleam as they naturally should! The answer? Irium, that remarkable new cleansing agent found in Pepsodent above of ALL dentifrices! Once you've used this new-day dentifrice you'll see for yourself how much more effective it actually is! You'll see how Pepsodent—thanks to wonderful Irium—gently brushes away face-stains . . . how dazzling natural brightness works SAFELY. BLEACH, NO GRIT.



THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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

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

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

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991



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

All members are urged to attend.
Visitors are welcome.

Leon Reeves, W. M.
G. E. Johnson, Sec.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

V. A. Hansard, pastor
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching 1st, 2nd, and 4th
Sundays Morning services at
11 a. m.; evening service 7:30 p. m.
Visitors are always welcome

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.
Margaret Carter, W. M.
Tomie Masterson, Sec.

McKnight Church of Christ

Preaching services each Sun-
day at 8 p. m., except 3rd Sun-
day service at 11 a. m.

**ADAMSON-LAKE POST 287
AMERICAN LEGION**

meets the first Thursday in each
month.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

Church School, 9:45 A. M.
Preaching, 11 A. M., 8:30 P. M.
Missionary Societies
Circle 1, Monday 8 p. m. Cir-
cle 2, 8:00 p. m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday at
8:00

B. J. Osborn, Pastor

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Bible study 10 a. m. each Lord's
Day
Wednesday evening Bible study
8 p. m.

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study Bible with us.

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Political Announcements

For Representative, Dist. 122:
Eugene Worley
(Reelection)

For District Attorney:
John Deaver
(Reelection)

For District Clerk:
Walker Lane
(Reelection)

For County Tax Assessor and
Collector:
J. W. (Jess) Adamson
Joe Bownds
(Reelection)

For County Judge:
R. Y. King

For Sheriff:
Guy S. Pierce
(Reelection)

For County Clerk:
W. G. (Bill) Word
(Reelection)

For County Treasurer:
Mrs. Margaret V. Thompson
(Reelection)

For County Commissioner, Prec.
3:
Claud Nash
(Reelection)

NOTICE

For Sale—pullets, white brown
and buff Leghorns and Minorcas.
\$85 00 per hundred.
Glendon Hatchery
Clarendon, Texas

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

M. E. Wells, Pastor
Sunday School, 9:45, Charles
Rains, Supt.
Song Service and Preaching,
11:00

Evening Services:
Preaching, 8:00, by the pastor

NOTICE

The Army Recruiting Office at
Amarillo is now accepting appli-
cants for enlistment. The Am-
arillo Office has been closed for
original enlistments since Jan.
14, due to the army being full
strength.

A limited number of vacancies
now exist at Fort F. E. Warren,
Wyoming; Fort Logan, Colorado
and Fitzsimons General Hospital
Denver, Colorado.

Properly qualified applicants
will be forwarded at once, all ex-
penses paid by the government.
Young men interested should
contact Sgt. E. A. Jackson at the
Amarillo Office without delay as
it is not expected that the pres-
ent vacancies will last long.

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See R. W. Scales.

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trade. Cheap and in good con-
dition.

See D. B. Kempson

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See Don Hickey.

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reduced combination bargain price for

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WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK—Of wide public interest is the pressing problem of who's going to join or restrain Joe Louis. It has seemed that all they could do would be to match him against a threesome—possibly Farr, Pastor and Baer. But now there is actually serious consideration of launching him against the huge, bulbous two-ton Tony Galento, the Orange, N. J., pub keeper who trains on beer and hot dogs. Tony has never been knocked down, but neither has a hippopotamus or a steam shovel.

Built like a couple of hogsheads, he is a morass in which assailants get swamped, like Japan in China. He fights with his mouth open, as if he were catching flies, which is disconcerting to his opponent, as is his flailing, free-style, generally scrambled attack. His defense consists mainly in his absorbent qualities. They cut him to ribbons, but never cut him down.

He has had about 70 fights. Dumping Nathan Mann marked his heaviest scoring in the ring. He has flattened Al Etore, Leroy Haynes, Charley Massey and quite a few not altogether negligible fighters, but, as yet, no maulers of championship specifications. For some of his fights he trained on applejack, but now says he has found beer is best.

In the little family gin mill and spaghetti palace, down by the railroad tracks, he shadow boxes for the customers and yells for a match with Louis. He says he would like to have it barehanded in the cellar, with \$10,000 on the doorstep for the man who comes out. They have a two months' old baby, who, says his father, never will be a fighter or a barkeeper.

"Me—" says Tony—"they had to burn down the school to get me out of the fourth grade. I didn't know my strength and one of my spitballs knocked a teacher unconscious. I'll make this new guy behave and he'll grow up to be a professor or doctor."

Sir Patrick Hastings, counsel for Countess Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Revonten in her elaborate and complicated disagreement with her husband, is one of the most interesting front-page lawyers of London, usually a contender in any exciting international wrangle in which London's West End or New York's Park Avenue might be interested. He represented Mrs. Joan Sutherland in the slender suit which grew out of gossip about the Wallis Warfield Simpson divorce suit. It was he who got thumping big damages for Princess Youssouppoff, in the suit over the Metro-Goldwyn Rasputin picture. He won the fight for the Warner Brothers to keep Bette Davis from appearing without their consent.

In court, he has alluded to an episode when, hungry and footsore, he was turning his back on London, but was somehow flagged back again by an indulgent fate. He was trained as a mining engineer, fought in the Boer war and returned to London to precarious years in which he sparred for an opening. He was a journalist, a "leg man" around the grubbier of the police courts. In his attic lodgings, he studied law and was admitted to the bar—with nice going thereafter. He now has one of the largest professional incomes in England. He was knighted in 1923 and was attorney general in 1924.

He is widely and intimately known in social and literary circles, but draws no class lines in his professional work. One of his most spectacular cases was his defense of the Welsh miners in 1925. He moves into his middle sixties with no let-down in mind or person.

Sir Robert M. Hodgson is a shadowy but noteworthy figure in Europe's diplomatic underground, about whom a book may some day be written. He is Britain's go-between in delicate negotiations with Generalissimo Franco of Spain about the bombing of British ships. When he is on a government mission, it is an indication that some subtle business is on. He had retired in 1936, but Neville Chamberlain called him back as a diplomatic pinch-hitter in this ship-bombing embarrassment. He is the son of an arch-deacon, of somewhat clerical mien, and was in the consular and diplomatic service for many years. From 1924 to 1927, he was British charge d'affaires at Moscow. He is usually working quietly off-stage, never in the spotlight.

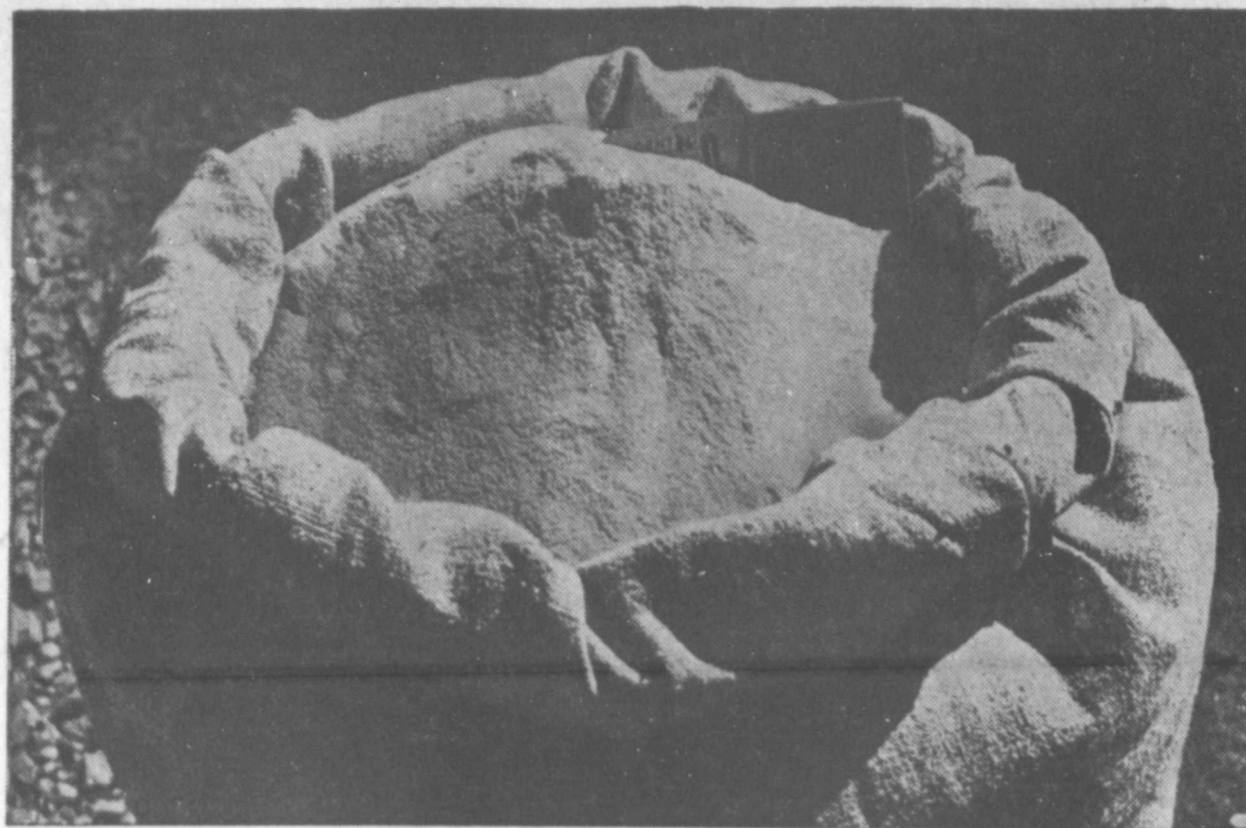
Cagey Job Handed Sir Robert

France's diplomatic underground, about whom a book may some day be written. He is Britain's go-between in delicate negotiations with Generalissimo Franco of Spain about the bombing of British ships. When he is on a government mission, it is an indication that some subtle business is on. He had retired in 1936, but Neville Chamberlain called him back as a diplomatic pinch-hitter in this ship-bombing embarrassment. He is the son of an arch-deacon, of somewhat clerical mien, and was in the consular and diplomatic service for many years. From 1924 to 1927, he was British charge d'affaires at Moscow. He is usually working quietly off-stage, never in the spotlight.

Good to the Last Drop.

The modern dairyman wastes very little from each gallon of milk his farmers deliver to the door. At the Italian wool plant, for example, milk is separated from the butter fat, so butter is one of the by-products of wool manufacture. Why is another by-product; its acidity is neutralized and it is fed to pigs. Each 25 gallons of milk produces about 10 pounds of butter and 7½ pounds of dry casein. In wool manufacture, dry casein produces approximately its own weight

AMAZING CASEIN



By JOSEPH W. LABINE

When you pick up that fountain pen to write a letter tonight, you'll probably touch casein. If you're a billiards enthusiast, the little ball you play with is probably casein. Moreover, casein is responsible for the slick finish of the paper in your favorite magazine.

Amazing casein really isn't an amazing thing. To the rank and file American it's simply milk curd, a by-product of milk which men have often discarded as valueless. But a few years ago smart scientists began seeking commercial applications for it; their accomplishments to date make an amazing story.

If you look up casein in the dictionary it will probably tell you it's an organic compound allied to albumin, found in milks of all kinds. The proportion is 3 per cent and it separates from the milk as curd, which is usually used for making cheese. And cheese made from skimmed milk, well pressed, is nearly pure coagulated casein.

It's hard to believe that man can make cheese and fountain pen barrels out of the same product.

But that's only part of the story. Imagine making wool cloth out of it, too!!!

This latest conquest in the commercial application of casein hails from Italy, where the production of artificial wool from cow's milk has gone far beyond the experimental stage; so far, in fact, that the great Snia Viscosa rayon plant at Milan is building a huge addition to its factory for the production of this new artificial fabric on a commercial scale.

Man Copies Nature.

It's incredible that artificial wool—and a very fine grade of wool, at that—can be made from milk. But we have only to reflect that the newly born lamb that depends for sustenance entirely upon its mother ewe, is constantly producing the wool upon its little body from its mother's milk.

So the scientists who perfected this process have only been attempting to simulate a process which nature has been carrying on for millions of years. They've found that cow's milk, goat's milk, sheep's milk, and no doubt other milks, are satisfactory for making wool fabrics. And the process has been perfected to such an extent that the finished product gives a result very close to the actual natural wool, chemically and to the touch.

This development is remarkably interesting, but it need not cause American sheep raisers to quake in their boots. Although science has found a way to speed up the wool growing process, the method will always be complicated. Yet its success may equal that of rayon, an artificial fabric which has assumed an important position during the past 10 years.

The new wool cloth made from milk casein comes in all colors and patterns, in different weights, and is much less expensive than ordinary wool. It has an advantage over natural wool in that it does not shrink and for this reason Italy is making it into soldier's uniforms, underwear and hosiery.

Fashion models in Italy show the very latest styles in this new cloth. To see a shop window filled with models clad in gay outing sweaters and sport suits, all made from cow's milk, is to be convinced against one's own convictions that such a thing is possible.

Good to the Last Drop.

The modern dairyman wastes very little from each gallon of milk his farmers deliver to the door. At the Italian wool plant, for example, milk is separated from the butter fat, so butter is one of the by-products of wool manufacture. Why is another by-product; its acidity is neutralized and it is fed to pigs. Each 25 gallons of milk produces about 10 pounds of butter and 7½ pounds of dry casein. In wool manufacture, dry casein produces approximately its own weight

in artificial wool, with little waste.

American milk is not used so thoroughly, yet few nations can boast higher milk production than the United States. Thus the possibilities for American adoption of the artificial wool process are tremendous. Recent department of agriculture figures show that milk surpluses this year hit a new June 1 high, causing dairy prices to drop to the lowest level in four years.

Resulted From Necessity.

The discovery of milk wool is only two years old. Inventions which had not passed beyond the laboratory stage had been made before that time, but the object had been to produce artificially a product replacing silk, the most highly considered fabric of animal origin. Experience has shown, however, that artificial silk is best produced of cellulose, a material of plant origin.

The process itself takes place in a plant closely resembling a creamery. Milk is weighed and passed through a heater into a skimming machine. Here the cream is separated from the milk and by means of a sterilizing and refrigerating apparatus is immersed in an acidification vat, after which it is put into a mixing churn and moulded into pats of butter.

The skimmed milk then passes into a curdling boiler where it is treated by special chemical products so that there is a coagulation of the casein which is found in suspension in the milk. The casein thus collected is sent into the press filter where the whey is eliminated.

The masses of casein are sent to the curdling boiler to be washed. The product is then dried and



A few days ago the above frock looked very much like 63 quarts of cow's milk; in fact, it was just that. Today it's a complete knitted wool dress in plain brown color. Very chic, what?

ground. In the mixer the casein undergoes a dissolving process with chemical reagents and is sent on to the maturing and filtering tanks. Through the spinning machine the casein now takes on the consistency of filaments which are first cut, then washed, then dried. The raw material is then finished and ready for that first transformation which is common to all fibers.

© Western Newspaper Union.



Ton after ton of cow's milk is needed daily to keep the great Snia-Viscosa plant running at full capacity to turn out 10 tons of artificial wool. Today, more than ever before, the lowly cow assumes an important rank in the world's economic picture as provider of both health and warmth: milk and clothing.

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL
By Carter Field
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



WASHINGTON. — Cordell Hull, President Roosevelt's secretary of state, stands in the position of being the most acceptable compromise candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, assuming there is any compromise candidate. This is a strange bit of politics. It is an entirely new twist on the political history of the United States. For the fact stands out that it has been held, up until now, an unbreakable political law that whoever monkeys with the tariff structure courts trouble.

One does not have to go way back for examples. Most of Herbert Hoover's troubles dated from the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, rushed through in his administration. As so often happens to a President, he was "shown up" in the fight around that bill. He had announced from Miami Beach, just before his inauguration, that he would permit only certain small revisions, to cover changes, in the then tariff law. Actually congress rode over him, passing a bill which was sharply up all the way down the line.

Democratic spokesmen made much of this. They played hard the argument that because of this bill, with its high rates, various foreign countries shut out American products. In fact, time and again Democratic spokesmen have insisted that the world depression that began in 1929 grew out of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill.

The last tariff bill before that was the Fordney-McCumber bill. It was passed in the early days of the Harding administration. It brought nothing but grief to all who had to do with it. Senator Porter J. McCumber was beaten in the next election, and Representative Joseph W. Fordney never figured again.

War Saved Wilson

The one before that was the Underwood-Simmons bill, at the outset of Woodrow Wilson's administration. It is generally admitted by observers that this bill would have defeated Wilson for re-election had it not been for the outbreak of war in Europe so speedily after its passage, resulting in such demand for American goods, especially food and war supplies, that no tariff law would have made any difference. Examination of business conditions during the months after the passage of the act and before the outbreak of the war, however, shows very clearly that this tariff changing would have spelled disaster, first economically and then politically, had not the war changed the picture.

Yet Cordell Hull has been tinkering with the tariff for five years now, and he is the one man whose name can be mentioned in any gathering of Democrats without provoking violent denunciations. He is loved and admired by every one of the conservative southern senators, most of whom, if not all, Roosevelt would like to see retired to private life.

He has thrown man after man out of public office, starting off with Ray Moley and including George Peek. He has been ruthless when opposed, yet there is no important opposition to him. Constantly his policies are peppered by representatives or senators whose districts and states are hurt by his tariff changes, effected through his reciprocal trade treaties.

Hull's Strength

The extraordinary strength of Cordell Hull among such widely opposed and bitterly hating groups of the Democratic party is difficult to explain. His successful tinkering with the tariff without disaster to his political standing is already a matter of wonder among observers and historians. No one ever did it before.

Perhaps the real explanation lies in the old friendship between Hull and the President. Hull was an outstanding tariff expert, so bitter against high schedules that he was regarded as a free trading fanatic, in the eight years that Roosevelt spent in Washington as assistant secretary of the navy during the Wilson administration. The President is noted for his loyalty to old friends. Despite what critics may say of him, he changes very little. If he disliked a man 10 years ago that man is still in disfavor. If he liked a man 10 years ago, and especially 20 years ago, that man would have to do something really dreadful in the Roosevelt eyes, to get relegated to outer darkness today.

Witness his secretariat! Marvin McIntyre and Steve Early became his fast friends in the years between 1913 and 1917, when they were newspaper men covering the navy department.

Cordell Hull captured Roosevelt's imagination back in those same years. Roosevelt watched his rise later with interest and pleasure. Hull came to the senate. Naturally, being a tariff expert, he did some of the most effective pounding on Hoover's tariff bill while Roosevelt was governor of New York.

Roosevelt knew the feeling was reciprocated. He knew, long be-

fore the convention of 1932, that Hull was ardently for his nomination, and was pulling Tennessee along with him.

Banked on Hull

But it came as a tremendous surprise to Jim Farley, Arthur Mullen, the late Thomas Walsh, senator from Montana, and other Roosevelt leaders when they got the last word from Hyde Park just before the convention opened. That word, in effect, was this: If any emergency should arise at the convention, which required action before Roosevelt himself could be consulted, the judgment of Cordell Hull should be followed!

Which may explain—what some people have never understood—why Ray Moley and George Peek and certain other important gentry hit such a stone wall when they attempted to do battle with the secretary of state.

Roosevelt doesn't change very easily.

Meanwhile, Hull has had little to do with most of the pullings and haulings within the New Deal. It is taken for granted that he approves what the administration does on matters outside his own province. That is taken for granted by New Dealers. Hull's conservative friends on Capitol Hill take it for granted that he does not!

In one way Hull has been particularly fortunate. With this tariff specialty so developed, and so generally recognized, plus the additional fact that there is never a week in which he is not facing a stiff fight with foreign interests over some phase of some new treaty under negotiation, no one tries to drag him into any other controversies.

Chandler Irked

Southern employers of labor, from big magnates down to share croppers, are going to find a changed situation when it comes to employing workers from now on, as a result of the big increase for the southern states just put into effect by Harry L. Hopkins' Works Progress administration.

It may be fly-specking, critics admit, but Governor Albert B. Chandler's rage at the method of "breaking" the story is something to talk about. It seems that the WPA gave Senator Alben W. Barkley, who is fighting Governor Chandler for re-nomination, a "scoop" on the story. So Senator Barkley announced the pay raise for "Kentucky WPA workers" for Sunday morning's newspapers, while the general story, applying to the whole South, was given out for publication in Monday morning's newspapers.

The natural result, in all the Kentucky papers, was that the "breaking" story was big local news on Sunday morning, and the general raise of WPA rates all over the South was a comparatively unimportant general news story the next day. So that Barkley naturally got all the credit for the boost for Kentucky workers.

But the effects of this raise are going to be interesting. An immediate effect of the increase in WPA wages in the 13 southern states is to establish hourly rates for common labor higher in all counties with more than 25,000 population than the statutory minimum of 25 cents prescribed by the wages and hours regulation law.

No Politics in It

Denying there was any politics in the raises, Deputy WPA Administrator Aubrey Williams insisted the adjustments were made to bring levels more nearly into line with schedules of other states.

The new monthly wages, on WPA's 140-hour basis, are equivalent to hourly rates of 25.7 cents in counties with 25,000 to 50,000 population, to 27.1 cents an hour in counties from 50,000 to 100,000 population, and 28.5 cents an hour in counties of more than 100,000 population.

Heretofore WPA's wages reached an hourly rate of 25 cents only in those counties which had a population of more than 100,000. New hourly rates in rural areas in the South still fall short of 25 cents, figuring 18.5 cents an hour in counties under 5,000 and 21.4 cents an hour in counties from 5,000 to 25,000, as compared with 15 cents and 17.1 cents an hour in the past.

Differentials between North and South—the bone of contention in the wages and hours regulation fight on Capitol Hill—are narrowed for unskilled labor by the boost in the South to a point where the highest rate in the South converges with the lowest rate in the North at 28.5 cents an hour. The increases in the South have reduced the spread in rates between the North and the South from 14.2 cents an hour to 10.7 cents an hour in counties with more than 100,000 population; from 13.6 cents to 10 cents an hour in counties from 50,000 to 100,000 population; from 13.5 cents to 8.5 cents an hour in counties from 25,000 to 50,000 population; from 14.3 cents to 10 cents an hour in counties from 5,000 to 25,000 population; and from 15 cents to 10 cents in counties with less than 5,000 population.

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WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"There's only one thing to do with us," Ruth said. "You can take us to Tall Holt and leave us at Ma Presnell's. We'll be safe there. You'll have us under your eye all the time."

"All right," Lee assented. "I'll take you with me—both of you. I wouldn't if I could help it, but there's nothing else to do, as you say. You and Nelly fix up your war-bags. We may be there three days. While we're at Tall Holt you'll stay right in the house every minute. Understand?"

Ruth said she understood.

They took the road two hours after midnight. Steadily they rode, through a lovely night of stars that softened the harsh and desiccated face of Arizona to a strange, ghostly loveliness. Even the sahuaros, with their intimation of age-old decay, were like magnificent candelabra waiting to be lit. Peace reigned over the land.

Jeff Gray was a light sleeper. Awakened by the furious barking of the blacksmith's dog, almost instantly he was out of the bunk and at the window. Silhouetted in the moonlight on the brow of the little hill in front of the cabin were a number of men. They were moving toward the cabin. The marshal counted eight of them.

He called to his companion: "Wake up, Hank, and come here." Ransom struggled to consciousness. "Lord love ye, man, what are ye doing at the window?" he asked.

The dog was still barking savagely at the intrusion of so many night visitors.

"They've found out where I am and are coming to get me," Gray replied.

The blacksmith joined him. "The scallawags are scattering to cover more ground." He lifted his Winchester from the wall.

"Any chance for me to slip out of the back door down to the rocks in the creek?" Jeff inquired.

"Not a chance," Ransom said grimly.

"Then I'll have to surrender. They'll only hold me prisoner, if Sherm Howard is running the show. His son is out at the L. C. I'll step out with my hands up."

"Wait a minute," the old Indian fighter objected. "I'll go out and make a bargain with them. Better tie them up to an agreement. If there weren't so many, I'd say for us to stand 'em off, but I don't reckon we can do that."

A gun cracked. The dog no longer barked.

The leathery face of the blacksmith twitched. "Some damned scoundrel has killed Laddie," he said.

"Yes," Gray was thinking that a man who could shoot down a faithful dog was a villain and not to be trusted. "I'm going to wave the white flag and make terms, Hank. You're not in this. I'm the man they want. First thing is to get you out of this."

He sat down on the bed, pulled on his boots, and buckled round his waist the gun-belt lying on a chair.

"I'm not in this, ain't I?" the blacksmith blazed. "After they've killed my Laddie!"

The marshal returned to the window. The men outside were about sixty yards from the house. Jeff put a hand on the shoulder of his friend. "We've got to play our cards the way they are dealt us, old-timer. I'm going out with my hands up. You stay under cover. After they have me they won't bother you."

Gray unbolted the door and whipped it open. He stepped into the moonlight and lifted a hand, palm out.

There was a yell of rage. A bullet knocked a dirt chip from the adobe wall back of the officer. Another dusted his hat. The roar of a rifle deafened him. From just back of him Ransom had fired.

Lead splattered against the building. Hank lurched against his shoulder and fell.

"I'm hit!" he cried, and caught at his right leg.

Jeff snatched the rifle from him. "Crawl back into the house," he ordered.

"Come on, boys, we've got him!" a voice shouted.

The line of attackers moved forward. The marshal fired and missed—fired again and hit. A running man cried out and stopped abruptly. The others faltered. Their guns barked angrily.

Gray stepped back into the house and slammed the door.

"Get any of 'em?" his companion asked.

"One." The officer was at the window.

"For right now they've had enough and are hunting cover. I've got 'em in a fine jam, Hank."

Clouds were scudding across the sky. Jeff lay behind a woodpile, eyes and ears alert. Someone must have been sent to make sure the

trapped men did not escape by the back door. The man was probably crouched back of a rock some distance from the cabin. He might or might not have seen the door open, since the sky was now overcast. Gray wished he knew whether he had been observed. If he moved from the shelter of the woodpile, he was likely to find out.

He crept up the hill, taking advantage of every rock and bit of cactus that would give him cover. From the front of the house came the occasional crack of a gun. This was good news, since it told him the attackers were not rushing the house yet, but were waiting for the rock-rolling brigade to drive out the doomed men.

He was close to the top when a sound brought him to rigid stillness. A man was standing on the crest just above him. He was striking a match to light a cigarette. For a moment the flare of light showed Jeff a face he did not recognize, yet one that seemed oddly familiar. In an instant the man would look down and see him. The marshal did not wait for discovery.

"Gimme a hand, pardner," he drawled.

The match went out. "Who in hades are you?" a heavy voice rasped.

"Bud Taylor," Jeff said evenly. "Sherm sent me with a message. The man above lent a hand to pull the climber over the edge. Looking at the iron-gray hair, the scarred cheek, the shifty eyes, Jeff remembered where he had seen that face before. It had been in a sheriff's office in Texas, on a photograph beneath which had been written the caption, "Clint Duke, Wanted for the robbery of the Texas and Southern Flyer."

A fraction of a second later the light of recognition began to dawn on the hairy face of the outlaw. He had seen this man once in San Antonio, had had him pointed out as the famous man-hunter, Jefferson Gray.

Duke opened his mouth to let out a cry. Already Gray's fist was traveling in a powerful short-arm jolt toward the drooping chin. The jolt materialized as a strangled groan, and the outlaw pitched down as if he had been hit with the back of an axe.

Jeff did not dare to leave him to recover in a minute or two. He pistol-whipped the fallen man across the temple. His gun he kept for immediate use.

Someone called, "Come here, Clint."

Jeff stepped behind a boulder. He could see three men grouped together against the skyline. With Duke's gun he fired three times rapidly above their heads.

One of the men gave a yell of consternation. He started to run. Another fired in the direction of the marshal. Jeff pumped lead at him.

"Let's get out, Mile High," the third man shouted shrilly. "We're being bushwhacked."

It might be true. Mile High did not wait to find out. In another moment it might be too late to escape. He flung one last defiant shot and followed his companions into the darkness.

Jeff started to descend the rimrock. It was time for him to get back to Ransom. As soon as Morg Norris learned of the fiasco above, he would rush the cabin. At the foot of the rimrock Jeff broke into a jog-trot, reckless of being seen by the watcher at the back.

Abruptly he stopped. Four or five figures came into the open, as if from the creek bed, and ran toward the cabin. He heard shouting, but could not make out the words. There was the crack of a gun. The figures vanished into the

lightly. "They're beginning to close in on us. I better discourage that." He took aim at a dodging figure and fired.

"Get him!" asked Ransom, scraping the dirt out of the hole he had dug.

"No. Some of them are moving up the hill. Going to take us in the rear, I reckon."

The rifle of the blacksmith boomed. Hank gave a yell. "One of 'em won't take us in front or rear. He's down."

A bullet tore through the window and the plank with which Jeff had shuttered it. It broke a glass in the cupboard. The defenders could hear others showering dirt from the adobe wall.

Ransom dragged his wounded leg across the room to his loophole in the rear.

"Where did those fellows go?" he asked after a time. "No sign of them back here."

"That's funny. They headed toward the rimrock. Four or five of them. Must be figuring to work back of us, don't you reckon?"

"Love of Moses!" the old soldier cried. "They're going to crash boulders down on us."

The marshal knew at once that Ransom was right. The cabin lay in the path of an old slide. At the edge of the rimrock, a hundred feet above them, lay hundreds of loose boulders large and small. A half ton of rock, hurtling down that precipitous slope, would crash through the soft adobe wall as if it were paper.

"I've got to stop that, Hank," the younger man said. "The firing down here is a bluff to keep our minds busy. They won't charge the cabin till those above have smashed it. I'm going up to stop their game if you don't mind sticking it out here alone."

"They'll pick you off before you've gone a dozen yards, boy," the blacksmith told him.

"Maybe not. The moon is under a cloud now. For one thing they won't be expecting me up there."

"They must have someone watching the back door."

"Not near enough to see in this darkness. See you later, old-timer." Jeff tore down the plank with which he had reinforced the back door.

Ransom said "Sure," and did not believe that either of them would be alive an hour from then.

"Bolt the door after me. I may come back on the jump. Be ready to let me in pronto!" The marshal opened the door and slipped out.

Clouds were scudding across the sky. Jeff lay behind a woodpile, eyes and ears alert. Someone must have been sent to make sure the



"Gimme a hand, pardner!" he drawled.

house. From inside it came the crash of revolvers.

Jeff Gray's heart died within him. He knew that Ransom had been killed. The old soldier had come to his death after he had apparently deserted him. If he had stayed in the cabin, they might have driven back the attack. In any case he could have gone down fighting with his friend.

Sick with despair, Jeff turned to the left, reached the foot of the slope, and dropped down into the creek. He could neither see nor hear anybody. Through the brush he made a circuit and reached the cottonwood grove. Occasionally he could hear the spitting of guns.

The best thing he could do was to get down to the Alamo corral and force Reynolds at the point of a gun to lend him a horse. If possible, he must ride back to the L. C. and get the reinforcements Lee Chiswick had promised. He knew that Lee could stir up some of the other cattlemen and that a large fighting force could be organized.

That excitement in the village had reached a high point he could see. Many men were in the street, most of them farther uptown in the little business center. He had to wait for a chance to get across the road unobserved. More than once someone appeared just as he was about to start.

He took the street at a run, and swarmed over the same wall he had gone over on the night of his adventure with Frank Chiswick. He passed the blackened site of the stable that had been burned, crossed the creek, and moved down along its bank.

Another burst of gunfire filled the night. Jeff could not understand this, unless the victors were setting off fireworks in celebration of their victory. The officer's jaw set grimly. They had better wait until they had finished the job. He intended to make them pay for what they had done to Hank Ransom, if they did not get him before he could slip out of town.

There were too many people about. As he made a circle round the Presnell boarding-house, three men carrying rifles walked toward him. He did the only thing possible, dodged into the same door he had entered some hours earlier when he had been looking for Curly.

The men stopped to talk for a moment at the door. One of them was coming into the house, Jeff gathered from what he said. Gray went gingerly up the stairs. He heard a crisp "See you later," and knew that the man was coming upstairs too.

Jeff had no time to pick and choose. He whipped open the first door he saw, walked into a room, and closed the door behind him.

At the window a woman stood, clean-limbed and slender. She turned toward him a haggard face, eyes shadowed and fear-filled. For an instant she looked at him incredulously. Her amazement was no greater than his own. The woman was Ruth Chiswick.

A dressing-gown, open at the throat, was wrapped tightly around her lithe long body. Beneath the edge of it here bare feet peeped out. Jeff was aware, without giving the matter any weight, that Nelly lay asleep in the bed.

"You!" she cried. "I thought—I was afraid—"

Her tremulous voice broke, quivering with emotion.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I made Father bring me. He came to help you—after Lou Howard got away."

"Got away?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

First Prize Winner. The first prize of \$25.00 went to Mrs. D. F. Kelly, 1004 Charles St., Whitewater, Wis.

Second Prize Winners. The five second prizes were awarded to Mrs. H. Harshbarger of 2427 Fifth Ave., Altoona, Pa.; R. A. Williams, 12075 Rosemary Ave., Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. A. Burns, Box 788, Oakland, Miss.; Miss Sadie Cunningham, Avonmore, Pa.; and Mrs. Laura Meyer, 107 Pleasant St., Plymouth, Wis.

Third Prize Winners. Mrs. T. H. Fjone, Flaxville, Mont.; Mrs. Lester Ralston, 127

around the house

Handy Stool.—A folding camp stool makes an excellent luggage rack for tourist homes and saves bedsprads and upholstered chairs from dusty bags.

Dry Vegetables.—Vegetables used in salads should be dried before combining them with the salad dressing; otherwise the salad is likely to become watery.

Sweetening Vegetables.—A teaspoon of sugar to each three cups of water used in cooking peas, carrots, cabbage, turnips or onions will improve the flavor.

Help Children Help Selves.—Buttons on small children's clothing should be from 3/4 to 1 1/4 inches in diameter so that the child can easily button his own clothes.

Dut-Bottomed Pans.—Save heat and money by using pots and pans with black or satin-finished bottoms, which absorb heat more evenly and rapidly than those with shiny bottoms.

Costa Rica Most Flowery Plants of the little country with more varied vegetation than any area of its size in America—a country with about 6,000 varieties of flowering shrubs and trees, including more than 1,000 different kinds of orchids—are described in "Flora of Costa Rica," published by Field Museum Press. No other area of its size in North or Central America has a flora so rich and varied as Costa Rica. In area, the country is about the size of West Virginia, but its flowers and plants are about three times as numerous as those of that state. Few tropical countries anywhere in the world can rival Costa Rica in the variety of its orchids and ferns.

A drought producing the same results as the modern dust bowl of the Middle West may have driven a cultured race of Indians from the region of northern Arizona more than 300 years ago, according to Dr. Ralph L. Beals, instructor of anthropology at the University of California at Los Angeles, says the Los Angeles Times.

The cliff dweller ancestors of the Hopi and Zuni Indian tribes began building their huge communal homes around the year 1250. A southern exposure was apparently as desirable for the home at that time as it is at present, since only huge cliff caves opening to the south were used for building. The cliff home was used only during the winter time, the tribe moving to the valleys for summer.

Suddenly, around the year 1300 the dwellings were abandoned, probably all at the same time, according to Doctor Beals. The time of the evacuation was established by rings on timber used in repairing the buildings.

A drought of about 25 years laid waste the land. Like the present situation in the Midwest, water was

Frosting a Cake for Judges to See



A professional cake baker, frosting one of the hundreds of cakes which were made up in the Experimental Kitchen Laboratory, maintained by C. Houston Goudiss in New York City, in the course of selecting the winners in his recent Cake Recipe Contest.

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

NATURALLY, I am accustomed to seeing exhibits of delicious and interesting foods in the Experimental Kitchen Laboratory that I maintain in New York City. But in all the years of its existence, it has never been a busier nor a more inviting place than during the last few weeks when the home economists on my staff have been busily testing and judging the many fine cake recipes submitted by readers of this paper in our recent Cake Recipe Contest.

Imagine, if you can, a big cheerful and colorful kitchen filled with long tables upon which row after row of handsome cakes were arranged—proudly testifying to the skill of the homemakers who cherish the recipes from which they were made.

Every Type of Cake Entered. A whole tableful of white cakes, with and without icing. Chocolate and cocoa cakes of every possible type. All manner of cakes, fragrant and delicious—spice, ice cream, honey, caramel, maple syrup, nut, date, pineapple, orange, lemon, butterscotch, jam, banana, raisin, oatmeal, coconut and marble cakes. Cakes baked in long sheets, square cakes, round cakes, layer cakes. Old-fashioned cakes from grandmothers' recipe books. Very modern and up-to-date cakes. And even one that was said to have been a favorite with General Robert E. Lee. I've never seen anything to compare with the collection, even at the biggest State Fair!

Do you wonder that the home economists on my staff required several weeks to pick the winners? For with such a wealth of exceptional cakes from which to choose, selecting those for top honors, was indeed difficult.

The cake bakers were trained for their work. They followed the recipes precisely. They measured accurately. They checked oven temperatures.

The scoring system was highly scientific. And we can say with conviction that no matter how close the race, the winners definitely outpointed even their closest rivals.

First Prize Winner. The first prize of \$25.00 went to Mrs. D. F. Kelly, 1004 Charles St., Whitewater, Wis.

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Third Prize Winners. Mrs. T. H. Fjone, Flaxville, Mont.; Mrs. Lester Ralston, 127

South Judd St., Sioux City, Iowa; Mrs. Harry A. Kramer, 16 Marin Road, Manor, Calif.; Mrs. F. D. McDonald, Route 1, Amherst, Texas; Vera Tygar, Commodore, Pa.; Mrs. George Ahlborn, R. D. No. 1, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.; Mrs. B. A. Robinson, Box 378, Emmett, Idaho; Jean Guthrie, 4712 Campbell St., Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Walter Richter, Bonduel, Wis.; Mrs. P. C. Blakely, Alden, Mich.

Honorable Mention. Emogene Williams, Damon, Texas; Mrs. Simon Moen, Norma, N. D.; Mrs. Dick Collins, Masonville, Iowa; Mrs. B. F. Herman, Box 1118, Crosby, Miss.; Mrs. Paul Lorenz, P. O. Box 225, Strathmore, Calif.; Mrs. S. S. Arntz, Simpson, Nev.; Mrs. Vida Hilger, Box 257, Rockland, Mich.; Mrs. Grace H. Peterson, Box 335, Amherst, Wis.; Mrs. Cecil Skinner, Bedford, Wyo.; Mrs. Joe Furnace, 317 West Twentieth St., South Sioux City, Neb.

My thanks and my compliments to every homemaker who submitted a recipe. I only regret that everyone who submitted a recipe could not win a prize.

For Warm Weather Comfort

REDUCE

By This Easy, Comfortable Method

Send for the Free Bulletin Offered by C. Houston Goudiss

When the temperature mounts, fat is burned best. The body temperature of the overweight individual is more likely to rise than that of the thin person, and he is therefore more liable to heat prostration.

For greater comfort, better appearance and for improved health, the man or woman who is overweight should send for the reducing bulletin offered free by C. Houston Goudiss, and reduce by the safe and sane method of counting calories.

The bulletin is complete with a chart, showing the caloric value of all the commonly used foods and it contains sample menus that you can use as a guide to scientific weight reduction.

Just send a postcard to C. Houston Goudiss, c/o Box 1790, New York City, asking for his reducing bulletin.

COOLING REFRESHING SUMMER DRINK!

FLAVOR-AID

MADE AT HOME

10 GLASSES 5¢ or 20 SUCKERS

Power of a Word

A word or nod from a good man is worth more than a thousand arguments from others.—Plutarch.

weak eyes

are made strong by Leonard's Eye Lotion. Inflammation is cured without pain in one day. No other eye remedy so pure and healing. Keeps the eyes in working trim.

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HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Specials for Friday and Saturday

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Flour, Packard's Best, guaranteed 48 lb \$1.32 | 24 lb. 70c |
| Seafoam guaranteed Flour, 48 lb. 24 lb. | \$1.15 62c |
| Fresh Coconut, cellophane bag | 23c |
| Red & White Corn Flakes | 10c |
| Brimfull Popped Wheat | 9c |
| Grape Juice, pt. 19c | Cheese, lb. 20c |
| K. B. Shortening, 8 lb. 89c | 4 lb. 45c |
| Spaghetti and Barbecued Beef, can | 14c |
| Salami Sausage, lb. | 22c |

Everett Food Store

We buy your cream, poultry and eggs

Church of the Nazarene

The Church of the Nazarene extends you a special invitation to come out and hear Rev. Leona Forbes, who is delivering some fine gospel messages.

NOTICE

For Sale—pullets, white brown and buff Leghorns and Minorcas, \$85.00 per hundred.

Clarendon Hatchery
Clarendon, Texas

WEDLEY 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.
Margaret Carter, W. M.
Teenie Masterson, Sec.

McKnight Church of Christ

Preaching services each Sunday at 8 p. m., except 3rd Sunday service at 11 a. m.

Duplicate Numbers

Workers who lose their social security account number cards should not apply for a new number. They should request a duplicate card, bearing the same number as the lost card, which is obtained from the Social Security Board, 1012 Oliver Eakle Building, Amarillo.

Mrs. Joyce Armstrong and daughter have returned to their home at Ft. Worth after a visit with relatives here.

Tom Lamberson and family have moved back from Grand Prairie, where Tom farmed last year.

Buster Selwell and Miss Mary Leckenby of Amarillo visited here Saturday.

Max Webb of Arlington is visiting here.

Mr and Mrs John Deaver of Memphis, P. L. Dishman and family and Lester Ellis are vacationing in Colorado.

Hall Co. Baseball League

Results last week:
Hedley 9, Memphis 10
No other games played
Games this week:
Hedley at Crossroads
Salisbury at Childress
Memphis at Parnell

GOOD WILL CLUB

The Good Will Club met with Mrs. Lee Ray Tuesday, July 26. The afternoon was spent playing 42. Lovely refreshments were served to Mesdames R. E. Crooks, Jake Masterson, Earl Tollett, C. Hunsucker, Paul Pyle, Dick Valance, Ray Alexander, and E. R. Hooker. Miss Hall, two new members, Mesdames Opal Murray and Carl Abernathy, one visitor, Miss Evadna Helley of Wellington and the hostess.

The Club all went to Memphis Wednesday and spent the day. The Club meets next Aug. 9 with Mrs. Hunsucker.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Kinslow of Amarillo announce the arrival on Saturday, July 28, of a fine boy baby. He has been named Jimmy Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard James and children of Richmond, Va., Mrs. W. D. Van Eaton of Clarendon and Lou Naylor of Amarillo were Hedley visitors Monday.

Mrs. W. M. Biffle, Miss Jo Wells, Ralph Alewine, Fred Wells, Jerry Hunt, Billy Mc Biffle and Billy Johnson attended the Baptist encampment at Miami this week.

Misses Mary Frances and Martha Fisher of Texarkana are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Simmons.

E. L. Hunter and wife of Amarillo and E. M. Hunter and wife of Claude visited Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Coffey Tuesday.

Mrs. G. A. Gein and son of Goodnight visited Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Jamar Wednesday.

Mrs. T. A. Parsons of Benjamin visited in the Dr. J. C. Coffey home Friday.

Mr and Mrs J. P. Peole and Miss Ina spent last week end at Athens.

Robert Delbert Jones

Houston, July 28—Robert Delbert Jones of 8116 Rice Boulevard Houston, died today in Baltimore Maryland. Mr Jones a well known attorney, was Counsel for The Federal Land Bank of Houston. Prior to coming to Houston he had been a practicing attorney in Dallas. Born in 1886 in Garland, Texas, he was educated in the public schools of Elm Grove and Valley View, Texas, graduated from Southwestern University at Georgetown and received his legal training at the Law School of the University of Texas. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Aggie Jones, and a daughter, Miss Joanne Jones of Houston, his mother, Mrs. Dosis Jones of Amarillo, and by several sisters and brothers, including Congressman Marvin Jones of Amarillo. Funeral services will be held at three o'clock Saturday afternoon at the Brewer Funeral Home in Dallas.

WIFADASOS CLUB

To members of the Wifadasos Club. Meet at the home of Mrs. Duncan next Tuesday, Aug. 9 at 2:30. We are hoping every member can be present. On account of many things hindering, we have not had a full attendance for some time, so every one who possibly can do so meet with us.

Lump-Sum Payments

The Social Security Board is now making lump sum payments to wage earners in covered employments who have reached age 65, or to the estates or relatives of such workers who died before that age. The amount in each case represents 8 1/2 per cent of total wages, as defined in the Social Security Act, received by such a worker after 1936, and before he reaches the age 65 or dies. Applications for these lump sums should be directed to the Social Security Board, 1012 Oliver Eakle Building, Amarillo.

Miss Margaret Davenport of Childress is visiting her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wiggins.

Ladies get your sun hat at Hooker's

PASTIME THEATRE

Clarendon, Texas

Last times Friday Aug. 5

Humphrey Bogart, Weaver Bros. and Elviry in
Swing Your Lady

Also Fox News
10 25c

Saturday only Aug 6

Hopalong Cassidy in
Cassidy of Bar 20

Also Musical Comedy

Admission

Matinee 10c to all
Night 10-15c

Sat midnight show only Aug 6

Melvyn Douglas in
Fast Company

Also Paramount Variety
10 25c

Sun Mon Tues Aug 7 8 9

Luise Rainer in
The Toy Wife

Also Popeye cartoon, Fox News
10 25c

Wed Thurs Fri Aug 10 11 12

Dick Powell in
Hollywood Hotel

Also Musical Comedy
10 25c

Coming Attractions

Wallace Beery in "Port of Seven Seas"

Mickey Rooney in "Love Finds Andy Hardy"

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

COZY THEATRE

Saturday only Aug 6

Bob Steele in
Colorado Kid

Also Chapter 11 of "The Painted Stallion" with Hoot Gibson

Admission

Matinee 10c to all
Nights 10 15c

IOE PRICES

| | |
|---------|-----|
| 100 lb. | 48c |
| 50 lb. | 25c |
| 25 lb. | 18c |

Glendon Cherry

Several new pieces of prints at Hooker's

Jack Battle has returned from a visit to Dawson, N. Mex.

Mr and Mrs. J. E. Blanken ship visited in Phillips Friday.

W. C. Payne and family are visiting in Tipton, Okla.

Miss Inell Biffle is visiting in Willow, Okla.

Mr and Mrs. Harrison Hall left Tuesday for a trip to Colorado.

Mr and Mrs. Ross Adams returned Saturday from a vacation in Colorado.

Mrs. J. W. Webb and daughters, Glora and Joyce, of Arlington spent the past week end here.

Miss Mrs. Belle Watkins of Amarillo visited here Tuesday.

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287
AMERICAN LEGION

meets the first Thursday in each month

Political Announcements

For Representative, Dist. 122:
Eugene Worley
(Re-election)

For District Attorney:
John Deaver
(Re-election)

For District Clerk:
Walker Lane
(Re-election)

For County Tax Assessor and Collector:
J. W. (Jess) Adamson
Joe Bownds
(Re-election)

For County Judge:
R. Y. King

For Sheriff:
Guy S. Pierce
(Re-election)

For County Clerk:
W. G. (Bill) Word
(Re-election)

For County Treasurer:
Mrs. Margaret V. Thompson
(Re-election)

For County Commissioner, Pres. S:
Claud Nash
(Re-election)

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Bible study 10 a. m. each Lord's Day
Wednesday evening Bible study 8 p. m.
We cordially invite you to come study Bible with us.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

V. A. Hansard, pastor
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching 1st, 2nd, and 4th Sundays. Morning services at 11 a. m.; evening service 7:30 p. m.
Visitors are always welcome.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

M. E. Wells, Pastor
Sunday School, 9:45, Charles Reins, Supt.
Song Service and Preaching, 11:00
Evening Services:
Preaching, 8:00, by the pastor.

DIGNIFIED FUNERAL SERVICE

Licensed Embalmer and
Licensed Funeral Director

Day phone 24
Night phone 48

Moreman --- Buntin

DR. J. C. COFFEY

Physician

Offices at Wilson Drug Co.

Business Phone 63

Residence Phone 28



PHONE 29 when you know a N

EVEN the folks who travel by thumb can't get around so much cheaper than you can. Just drive in to Your Mileage Merchant's

and get all the low-cost mileage of his

genuine Conoco Bronz-z-z

Gasoline.



Hall Service Station