

THE ROBERT LEE OBSERVER

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ROBERT LEE, COKE COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCT. 29, 1937.

NUMBER 17

Cupid Claims Two Senior Girls

Marriage rites for Curtis Jackson and Miss Helen Newton were held at the pastor's home, Saturday night with Rev. DeLashaw, pastor of the Robert Lee Baptist church. Both young people were reared here and attended the Robert Lee high school. Mrs. Jackson was a popular member of the senior class and had been elected as the senior candidate for the Carnival queen. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Mewton. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Jackson. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson are at home on the Jackson farm.

Miss Alleen Burgess became the bride of J. G. Snow, ceremony being performed by Justice of Peace Robertson of Bronte, Saturday night. Mrs. Snow was also one of this year's seniors. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Burgess. The young couple are now at home in Blackwell where Mr. Snow is working with oil company.

Mr. Tommy Williams and Miss Lucy Smith were married Tuesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Clift, Justice Clift officiating. The couple left Thursday for Mexia where they will reside for the present.

Many Attend Luncheon

Approximately a hundred farmers and business men attended the luncheon held in town Monday in honor of Congressman Charles L. South. A number of the men from over the county had an opportunity to contact Mr. South in a sort of question-and-answer conference.

Ladies of the Baptist church realized about \$35 from the sale of tickets to the luncheon.

Rev. and Mrs. Earl Hoggard returned this week from San Antonio where they have been in attendance at the Methodist Conference which met in that city last week. Rev. Hoggard's friends will be pleased to know that he was sent back as pastor of the Methodist church.

Tax Notice

All delinquent school tax of the Robert Lee Independent School District are due on or before November 1, 1937. If not paid by November 1, 1937, the account will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Pay your delinquent tax now and save the court cost and attorney fees. These delinquent tax must be paid.

By order of the Board of Trustees, Robert Lee Independent School District, Robert Lee, Texas.

Large Number Hear Congressman South

A large number from over the county, including 60 pupils from the Bronte high school, heard Congressman South speak Monday in interest of farm measures to be considered in the special session of Congress called for Nov. 15.

Others who spoke during the morning session were R. A. Allen of Silver, president of the Coke County Agricultural Association; County Judge McNeil Wylie, G. C. Allen, director of UGRA; H. E. Smith, Coke county agent; Nathan Johnson, superintendent, Bronte schools; J. T. Henry, vocational agriculture teacher, Bronte; D. M. West, editor of Bronte Enterprise; J. W. Golsen, mayor of Coleman and member of Texas Legislature.

Following the luncheon at noon, Congressman South met with a few business men and farmers in a special conference in the office of the county agent. In this meeting some problems peculiar to Coke county relative to the federal subsidy allotment to cotton growers, were laid before Mr. South. To cope with a hitch heretofore caused by an average of 1500 to 2000 bales of cotton ginned out of the county, the congressman proposes to adjust matters so that allotment will be based on the actual yield.

Mr. South also spoke of the gravity of a situation being brought about by large land owners who have the mistaken idea that a profitable way of curtailing the cotton production is by disposing of tenant farmers. In bringing this fallacy to light he emphasized the fact that the government cannot afford to make subsidy payments to land owners when they in turn force tenant farmers to become relief clients.

Speakers in the afternoon session were R. B. Allen, Ruel McDaniel, editor of the Farmer's Banner, official organ of Texas Agricultural Association, J. C. Jordan and H. A. Williams.

Happy-Go-Lucky Club

Mrs. T. A. Richardson entertained the Happy Go-Lucky Club at her home Wednesday afternoon with a "kid party." The guests wore little kid dresses, played kid games and were served hot chocolate, cookies and suckers. Those attending were Geraldine Sparks, Maxine Craddock, Zelma and Maxine Slaughter, Aita Bell Bibbo, Katie Sue Good, Bryce and Louise Stewart, Prudie and Madelle Creech, Nina Gramling and Faye Brown, who was a guest at the club.

Mrs. Richardson was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. H. E. Smith.

At 10:45 Saturday night the Alamo is presenting its first Halloween Midnight Show. They invite all spooks to see, "A DAY AT THE RACES".

Many Old-Time Friends Attend Funeral of J. Q. McCabe

Relatives and long-time friends who came from a distance to attend the funeral included, John Rodger Simpson, a junior in the State University; Miss Louise Chumley, a student in Texas Tech; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hall, Stanton; Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Collins, Garden City; John Scudly, Forsan; Craig Chumley, Menard; Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Sheppard, Abilene; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Spires, Maryneal; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hester, Miles.

From Bronte, Uncle Joe McCutchen, Mrs. Clint Wilkins, Sam Chumley and Miss Olive Chumley. Water Valley Harve Earnest, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Mims, Houston Ditmore and H. H. Ditmore. Sterling City, B. F. Brown, Mrs. R. B. Brown, Homer Price, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Augustine, John Copeland, Jeff Copeland and Mr. and Mrs. Swan, San Angelo, Dr. and Mrs. Chaffin, Mrs. Sim Weatherby, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown, N. M. March, John Abe March, Bob Hewitt, Steve Matiznas, Nick Matiznas and Geo. Matiznas.

Roy Taylor and Ben Tubb are engaging in the real estate business in Robert Lee. They will handle farm, ranch and city property, also livestock or anything salable.

Two representatives of the Lone Star Gas Company, Ft. Worth, were here several days ago looking over this field with the view of putting natural gas into Robert Lee. They promised to come back to give a more detailed report.

Next year is election year and you will want to keep up with your favorite candidate. So why not see when your time expires and come around and pay up for another year and keep the "old Reliable" coming? By subscribing or renewing now you may have two extra months added, 14 months instead of 12 at no increase in price.

Carnival Postponed

Because of conflicting attractions, officers of the P. T. A. in conference with Supt. Taylor, decided to postpone the carnival planned for this Friday night to a later date.

At the Baptist Church

Sunday, Oct. 31.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Preaching at 11 o'clock. Text, Sermon in Song.

Evening Service
6:30 B. T. U.
Preaching at 7:20. Text, The Kind of Church I Would Like to Pastor.

You are urged to attend.
Rev. Fred DeLashaw, Pastor.

Migratory Families From The Paducah Post

The replacement of human labor by machinery is doing something to Texas that is going to have to be remedied, and at an early date. The situation right here in Cottle county serves as a good example. Land owners now find it possible to work hundreds of acres of land with one tractor, which no longer makes it necessary for them to have tenant families on their farms. The same status exists elsewhere and as a result, these families are set adrift--homeless, with no job and forced to go from place to place where seasonal crops will offer temporary labor.

So large a number of Texas and Oklahoma families have migrated to California that the state is building sanitary camps, with organized labor, where families may remain at a cost of ten cents a day, and if they cannot pay the dime, they may work it out. The Federal Government is financing the camps through the Farm Security Administration. The camps are being built chiefly for Oklahomans and Texans because these states rank respectively first and third in the number of those crossing into California. The last available census on migrants entering California by automobile in need of manual employment during the 12 months period ending June 1936, included 13,984 Oklahomans and 6,685 Texans. These are not hobo laborers, but dispossessed families.

Families are flocking to California because of the crops that require a huge army of harvest time. Twenty acres of hops require 500 men to harvest it. Thirty men can do the regular labor in a 2 000 peach farm, but it takes 200 to 250 additional at pruning time, 100 more at thinning time and 1,000 more at picking time. This is the flame that draws the dispossessed families to California, but the state is becoming over-run and many of the families are being thrown back on their home state.

Texas is experiencing this situation now. Hundreds of foot-loose laborers have been available in South Texas the last few months because it is the cotton picking season and more laborers are needed there at that season. The situation is likely to become prevalent over the entire state where machinery is used on a large scale, resulting in the moral and physical health of the community being touched to the point that it will become necessary to set up sanitary camps as California is doing. To say the least, the state is rapidly facing the time when it will be forced to do something more than talk about the hordes of migratory farm families who are flooding the highways.

Hey Kids, don't miss your chance to win one of 25 'Three Stooge Movie Machine' given away FREE Friday & Saturday at the Alamo Theatre.

Adding New Feature

Beginning Nov. 19, The Observer will start a monthly feature section. This added feature alone is worth the subscription price of The Observer. It contains one page of comics in colors, farm news, feature stories, true pioneer stories of Indian fights, raids buffalo hunts, and hardships of Texas pioneers, and hundreds of other interesting items. This gives you a 16 page paper once a month. This does not interfere with our regular weekly run of 8 pages--we are just giving our patrons this much more reading matter at no extra cost. In fact, for the next ten days you can have two extra months added to your yearly subscription at no extra cost if you take advantage of offer which appears on another page.

We have spared neither time, expense nor hard work to give you a clean readable paper, free from objectionable matter, and don't you think you should be more prompt in renewing your subscription? And if you are not on our list, now is the time to get on while you can get the extra two months. You'll have to hurry!

Birthday Picnic

A picnic was given one night last week in honor of 'birthdays'. Out of the 31 present, 12 had birthdays one day during that week. Those present include, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Escue and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bill McCutchen and family, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Service, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Service and son, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Casey, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McCutchen and children, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne McCutchen, and Jack Cowley, Linda Denman, Afton Snyder of Bronte, and Earl Adkins, Sanco.

Guests From Sterling City

Mrs. G. C. Allen had as guests Mrs. Ruth Allen and Miss Ethel Foster, both of Sterling City, when she entertained the Ariel Club at a luncheon Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. H. E. Smith, assisted by Mrs. Marvin Simpson, led the club in a study of interesting customs in Hawaii.

Mrs. G. L. Taylor, club president, was elected as delegate to the state convention of Federated Clubs which meets in Austin Nov. 8-12. Mrs. T. M. Wylie Jr., was chosen as alternate.

Other club members present were Mrs. A. F. Landers, Mrs. W. C. McDonald, Mrs. Fred McDonald, Jr., Mrs. Paul Good.

If your advertisement were in this space, as many people would read it as are reading this. But your advertisement isn't here, and people don't know or care a rap whether you are selling real estate, peanuts or popcorn.

News Review of Current Events

FAR EAST CONFERENCE

Davis Heads American Delegation to Brussels . . . Trying for Labor Peace . . . Special Session



Secretary of the Navy Swanson pinning a special congressional medal on Admiral Richard E. Byrd for the contribution he, with other members of the second Byrd antarctic expedition, which ended in 1935, made to science. The other members of the expedition received similar awards. Looking on are Admiral William Leahy, center, and William C. Haines, meteorologist.

Edward W. Pickard SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK

Davis Sent to Brussels

NORMAN H. DAVIS is on his way to Brussels, Belgium, as head of the American delegation to a conference of the signatories of the nine-power treaty which, the optimists hope, will put an end to the warfare between Japan and China. More realistic observers of the course of events have no such expectation, for the pact has no "teeth" and the conferees can do little except talk.



Norman H. Davis

Associated with Mr. Davis, the administration's roving ambassador, are Dr. Stanley K. Hornbeck and Pierrepont Moffat as advisers. Robert T. Pell is the press officer and C. E. Bohlen is secretary of the delegation.

Before sailing for Europe the delegates received instructions from President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull, but these were not revealed to the public.

The invitation to the conference was issued by the Belgian government "at the request of the British government and with the approval of the government of the United States." China and Japan are both signatories to the treaty. The former accepted the invitation to the Brussels meeting, but it was believed Japan would not be represented there.

Labor Peace Parley

LEADERS in the American Federation of Labor and the C. I. O. gathered in Washington for a conference designed to end the warfare between those divisions of organized labor in America. Some of them thought the negotiations might result in an early settlement of their disputes or at least a truce. Neither President Green nor John L. Lewis ventured any prediction as to the outcome of the deliberations. Some students of labor politics were inclined to think peace was not yet in sight and could not be brought about without the removal of Green from the A. F. of L. presidency and the elimination of Lewis from consideration for that post. Their suggestion was that peace might be negotiated eventually by replacing Green with some such labor figure as Charles P. Howard, president of the International Typographical union, or Edward F. McGrady, former assistant secretary of labor and now Radio Corporation labor relations chief, and by giving it stronger representation in shaping the federation's policies.

President Roosevelt displayed active interest in the labor controversy and received Secretary of Labor Perkins at his Hyde Park home, where for three hours they dis-

cussed the subject. The restoration of harmony in labor's ranks is considered of great importance to the administration for both economic and political reasons.

Straus Heads Housing

NATHAN STRAUS of New York city was named administrator of the \$526,000,000 federal housing program by President Roosevelt. He is the son of the late Nathan Straus, philanthropist, and has been connected with the housing work in New York. His appointment was considered a victory for Senator Wagner over Secretary Ickes who wanted Howard Gray of the PWA named.

Arkansas Picks Miller

JOE ROBINSON'S successor as senator from Arkansas will be Congressman John E. Miller, Democrat, for he defeated Gov. Carl G. Bailey in the special election by an impressive majority. The Republicans had no candidate. Miller has been a rather lukewarm supporter of the New Deal in congress.

Airliner Wrecked; 19 Dead

SMASHING against Hayden peak, in the Uinta mountains of Utah, a big transcontinental airliner of the United Air Lines was totally wrecked and its passengers and crew, numbering 19 persons, were killed. The debris was sighted by scout planes some 10,000 feet up the mountainside, but efforts of rescue parties to reach the scene were hampered by heavy snow.

Special Session Called

CONGRESS was called in extraordinary session to start November 15, and immediately afterward President Roosevelt explained in a "fireside chat" over the radio the necessity for this as he sees it. Reporting cheerfully on his western trip, he outlined the legislative program which he declared the American people need to promote prosperity. These are the five measures he said should be passed without delay:

Crop production control to "build an all-weather farm program so that in the long run prices will be more stable."

Wage and hour standards to "make millions of our lowest paid workers actual buyers of billions of dollars of industrial and farm products."

Regional planning to conserve natural resources, prevent floods and produce electric power for general use.

Stronger antitrust laws in furtherance of "a low price policy which encourages the widest possible consumption."

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Suicide for Three"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY: Ever get stuck with a rubber check? Well, sir, that is an adventure in itself—and not a very pleasant one, either. But here's a case where a bad check led from one thing to another, and finally wound up with that blood-curdling experience that H. Eugene Percifield of Sea Cliff, N. Y., had with a vicious criminal on the Halifax river at Daytona, Fla.

Gene Percifield's dad ran an automobile agency in Lake Worth, Fla., back in 1928, and it was there that the curious chain of events started that was to lead to the most terrifying ten minutes of George's life. A stranger came to the agency one day, bought a new car, and paid for it with a check.

Before the man drove away, Gene saw him transfer two pistols from his pockets to the pockets of the newly purchased car, but he thought nothing of it at the moment. It was only when the stranger's check was returned marked "No Funds" that Gene realized what sort of a man his dad had been dealing with.

The crook was gone—and so was the car. Gene's dad notified the police and let it go at that. Gene never expected to see the bird again, but a couple of days after the check was returned, he ran across him—in a manner that makes him shiver every time he thinks of it.

Gene and two other young lads his own age had gone to Jacksonville to drive three new cars down for his dad. They were on their way back, about twenty-five miles north of Daytona, when Gene spied a new sedan parked at a filling station, and saw a man standing beside it who looked like the crook who had passed the bad check on his dad.

Gene Captured the Crook.

Gene stopped the other two cars—told the lads who were driving them what he had seen. They drove their buses back to the filling station, parked them, one in back, one in front and one alongside of the crook's car, completely hemming him in.

Gene climbed out of his car and started for the crook. It was then—and only then—that he remembered THE GUNS—the two pistols the man



Through the Bridge Railing Into the River.

had been carrying when he bought the car from his dad a few days before. Gene's eye cast wildly about in search of some sort of weapon. There wasn't a thing in sight. Then, his knees shaking, his tongue dry against the roof of his mouth, he thrust his hand inside his coat, pretending he had a gun there, and faced the crook.

The crook took it quietly enough. He didn't even make any protest when Gene told him he was going to take him in to Daytona and turn him over to the police. There was a woman with the crook and Gene got in the back seat with her. The crook sat up front, driving the car according to Gene's directions.

It was about nine o'clock of a cool, balmy night. The car bowled along at a fast clip, and was rapidly nearing Daytona. The crook had taken his capture so meekly—was following so obediently that Gene was lulled into a false sense of security. He was beginning to think that things weren't going to be so bad after all. But later—just a few moments later—he was going to change his mind about that.

Drove Right Into the River.

They were coming into Daytona when things began to happen. There the crook failed for the first time to follow directions and turned onto a bridge that led over the Halifax. Gene told him to stop or he'd knock his block off, but he might as well have been talking to a post. The man stepped on the gas and drove on.

They were about the middle of the bridge now. The woman, in the back seat with Gene, began to get panicky. She called to the crook to stop or she'd jump out of the car. The crook said, "Oh, you will, eh?" AND DROVE THE CAR THROUGH THE BRIDGE RAILING INTO THE RIVER.

The car turned turtle as it hit the river, and sank in five feet of water. Gene landed in a stooped position, his feet on the inverted top of the car. The water rose to his knees—his chest—HIS NECK. And still it was coming up. He cursed—prayed—tried to break a window. Then he took one last deep breath as the water covered him over.

A seat cushion was on his back, pushing him down. He thrust it aside and managed to get his nose above water in a narrow space between the water and the up-ended floor of the car. Then he felt something kick him under water—the woman—struggling in her death throes at the bottom of the car.

Gene grabbed her and tried to pull her head up into that narrow pocket of air at the top of the car. She slipped out of his arms and sank down again. Gene went down after her and found—an opening—a broken window beneath the surface of the water. He dived—felt someone grab him from outside, and was pulled out, a piece of broken glass cutting a deep gash in his back as he went.

As he came up, he saw a straw hat floating on the surface of the water. A crowd of people lined the bridge rail. Two men who were fishing nearby had jumped in to help the occupants of the wrecked car. They pulled out the woman—extricated the crook, who was standing on his head in the water, trying to drown himself. They turned him over to police on the bridge, and Gene went back to find his two pals and the three cars they were driving down from Jacksonville.

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Unleavened Bread Old

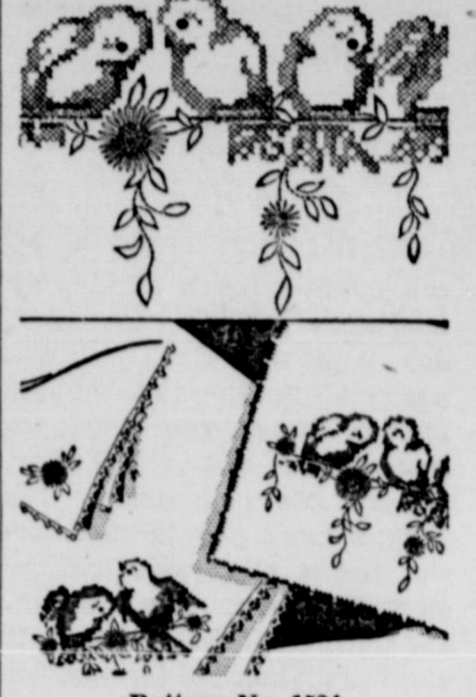
Egyptians and the ancient Chinese centuries ago made the unleavened loaf of the flour of grain. Through most literature there have been allusions to bread, Athenaeus mentioning 62 varieties. The unleavened form of bread has been used ever since man learned to use grain for food.

Flag Swinging

Flag swinging consists of a swinging routine with flags four feet square, climaxed by tossing the flags into the air with a dextrous twist that keeps the cloth spread taut. The sport is a favorite Swiss pastime, and is a relic of the days when the Swiss used flags to signal across Alpine passes.

A Happy Family of Bluebirds for Linens

Take the Bluebird family "under your wing" and embroider their five plump images on whatever household linens you'd like to make really colorful. Simple, and just the thing for sheets, pillow-case, towels, refreshment cloth or scarf. They're in 8 to the inch cross stitch, enhanced with a



Pattern No. 1524

bit of lazy-daisy and outline stitch. Pattern 1524 contains a transfer pattern of two motifs 6 3/4 by 1 1/4 inches; four motifs 6 by 7 inches; and six motifs 2 1/4 by 2 1/4 inches; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to the Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Advertisement for Penetro Nose Drops. Text includes: 'FOR HEAD COLD Relief', 'TRY THIS 2 DROP TREATMENT', 'PENETRO NOSE DROPS', '25c, 50c, \$1 a bottle'.

To Its Capacity A mouse can drink no more than its fill from a river.—Chinese proverb.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

WNU-L 43-37

Of Greater Value Good instruction is better than riches.—William Penn.

HOW LONG CAN A THREE-QUARTER WIFE HOLD HER HUSBAND?

YOU have to work at marriage to make a success of it. Men may be selfish, unsympathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it. When your back aches and your nerves scream, don't take it out on your husband. He can't possibly know how you feel.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

UNDER PRESSURE

© George Agnew Chamberlain

By George Agnew Chamberlain

WNU Service

CHAPTER I
—1—

Joyce sat on a leather puff beside her small-paned window looking out and down at the turning maple leaves. She was nineteen—tomorrow she would be twenty. Nobody living knew it but herself—nobody. She had lied about her true birthday since she was eight and owing to a single overwhelming catastrophe it had been easy enough to confuse her father. Twelve years—twelve years in Elsinboro, six of them without him, terribly alone with her stepmother. Yes, you could be alone with somebody else—far lonelier than if you were by yourself. She was alive—tremendously alive inside. That was the trouble; it had to stay inside. She palpitated with dreams of what might be—the secret dreams of a young girl who longs to believe in life as something warm, something you can hold in your arms. But when she looked outside herself she stared at a wall.

Elsinboro has its counterpart in Olean or Elmira but not in Wilkes-Barre, Scranton or Pottsville. Forty thousand strong, it has known no overpowering foreign infiltration and presents a cross-section of the American scene, old style, from a miniature Tammany to an elite who read French, talk liberalism and discriminate between one dollar and another. There are plenty of dollars, gathered by adventurous sons from the four corners of the earth, but there were no fabulous fortunes until Bolivar Smith got an idea 15 years ago. Six roughnecks believed in it and became multi-millionaires almost overnight. They took over the section now known as Platinum Hill and built their incongruous chateaux in a huge circle.

But Joyce Sewell was not of them; in fact she had no part or parcel of Elsinboro, new or old. She was pure North Shore, descended from generations of the Sewells who chafed more clipper ships when the American merchant marine overtopped the fleets of the world than any other tribe. Her presence in the town was an accident—one of those tragic accidents that leave their mark for the whole of life. The scene—so far away, so long ago—lived in her eyes, shut or open. She would listen too, her ears trembling lest they hear. But memory is silent, part of its terror lies in silence.

No crash of guns reached her now, only the remembered flash. No thud of bullets on stone, wood and flesh, no choking scream—only the indelible, the unforgettable scene. Her mother unspeakably murdered. A pause—the eternal pause that had lasted but a second. Her father snatching her up under one arm, a petaca under the other, to rush along interminable corridors, followed by shots and the derisive jeers of the marauders who believed he could not possibly escape. Stairs—wooden stairs, stone steps, the secret door and the garden, black beneath towering cypress and spreading ash. Hurry! Hurry! The postern, unlocked, then locked. The starlit open night, immersion in the icy lake, a dugout and finally refuge in a humble peon hut. No—not finally. Followed days in a pannier on the back of a mule, hours in a crowded train, a week on a refugee ship bound for New Orleans and on that ship Mrs. Irma Thorne, of Elsinboro, New York.

Irma Thorne, then three years a widow, believed it was her mission to do people good whether they liked it or not. She was not a refugee but a returning traveler with a well-filled pocketbook. She had soft tobacco-colored eyes, but there the softness ended; though the truth would have surprised and wounded her, her chin, her stocky body, her will and her conscience were as tough as rawhide. The mere sight of Cutler Sewell's lackluster eyes, gone dead in his head, staring at his little daughter but eternally seeing something else, was a supreme challenge to her peculiar aptitude for service and abnegation. She took her. She gave Joyce her best, ten days and made her a prodigy of her own best skirt. She gave her father and daughter to her home in Elsinboro. She was undoubtedly a good woman and by every right in the world she should have loved her. Gently admonished by her father she tried pitifully to do so and failed. It was no use. She was too young to think things out; all she knew was that a

barrier of ice stood between her heart and her benefactress.

"Daddy, let's go away."
"We can't, Joyce; not just now. At present I haven't a cent."
"Please, papacito. I don't like her."

"You mustn't say that. She's a good woman—a very good woman."
"I know," quavered Joyce, bewildered by her own detestation but face to face with a fact. "Oh, please, papacito, please!"

He compromised, yielding to the endearing pet diminutive that had never yet failed her. On the excuse she ought to keep up her Spanish as a possible asset for the future he took her into his study for an hour every afternoon. That hour had been sacred, proof against any form of interruption from the day



"What's the Matter With Joyce?"

when a knock on the door had thrown Joyce into a paroxysm of screams followed by prolonged sobbing. Yet she was no cry-baby; that one convulsive protest was her last, but it had been enough. She and her father talked Spanish in peace, not always for the full hour. Sometimes, quite content to be at his side, she watched him write letters—long painstaking letters—always to one of two addresses.

When the answers came he filed them away, ever more and more sadly, in the petaca. It was a funny little trunk covered with rawhide stretched on the frame while still wet. The hair was mostly worn off but there were still arabesques of brass-headed tacks to which he had added a card bearing the following signed inscription: "Upon my death this box and contents become the property of Joyce Sewell, my daughter and sole heir." With each addition to the dossier he weakened, became less the man of property and more the chastened sacrificial goat. The day came when Irma Thorne married what was left of him for appearances' sake and for his and for Joyce's—not for her own. Perhaps he knew the surren-

der would kill him, but at least his orphaned child would have a roof over her head. She was sixteen when he died.

Helm Blackadder was a rock of a man, forty-nine and virile, with bushy brows, steely eyes and crisp gray hair. He was a native son, a product of Elsinboro so interwoven in the town's pattern it had never occurred to him to consider any other place as a base. Yet in his capacity as an excellent engineer and a daring promoter he had burrowed in South Africa, combed Korea and lived in Chile with varying degrees of profit. In the intervals he had known Irma Bostwick, Irma Thorne and finally Irma Sewell. Part of him frankly admired part of her; she had a bulldog quality and so had he. Now she had sent for him and as he entered her very comfortable living room he wondered why.

"Well, Irma, what's on your mind?"

"It's Joyce, Helm; but do sit down. Take that big chair. It looks as if it had been made for you."

"What's the matter with Joyce?" Mrs. Sewell frowned and then substituted a look of patient resignation. "You know all I've done for her. Don't think I mean I begrudge it since it was my duty and there's no greater satisfaction in life than seeing one's duty and doing it. But can you believe in spite of everything she actually dislikes me? She does, though; I think she always has." She waited, but since Blackadder refrained from comment she continued. "But that's not the worst of it; she's harming herself, deliberately destroying her great chance."

"How?" he asked bluntly.

"Oh, all this extra-curriculum studying she's been doing. She's kept up her Spanish so you'd think she could teach it anywhere but now she wants to take a business course."

"Secretarial?"

"No; she doesn't give it any fancy name—just plain stenography and typing."
"What's wrong with that?" demanded Blackadder. "It's the way several of the highest paid women in the world got their start and I can name half a dozen cases where it's been a royal road to marriage. So I don't see how it could hurt Joyce."

"You don't?" said Mrs. Sewell. She edged forward on her chair. "Listen, Helm; I wouldn't tell this to anybody but you. Howard Sempter, Emil Schaaf and Michael Kirkpatrick, have all proposed to her over and over again."

"Half of Platinum Hill!" said Blackadder, scowling. "Well, she's no business woman and never will be."

"Why? Why do you say that?"

"Because if she were she'd marry them all, one after the other, and retire."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Sewell, truly shocked.

"Which one of the three do you think she'd find it easiest to fall for and to handle?"

"That's what I wanted to ask you. It's got to be one pretty soon or none."

"Why? What's the hurry?"

"Can't you think it out for your-

self? If Platinum Hill goes after a girl with no money it's largely because she isn't a stenographer."

Blackadder's scowl deepened. "I hate to agree with you but I guess you're right. It's a shame one town should be saddled with three of that brand of snob, but if she's so attractive, what about a boy or two of the good old stock? Aren't any of them hanging around?"

"They would if they could afford it, but they know they can't. The nice boys she knows are all in college with years to go before they'll begin looking for a job. They're too young. I have enough income to manage on and wait, but I know Joyce—she won't stay with me much longer and she hasn't a penny."

"What about her father? I remember hearing he owned one of the show places in Mexico. Do you know what that means? A hacienda that doesn't run over 20,000 acres would be at the foot of the class."

"He lost it—everything he had. He wasn't even compensated for the murder of his wife though his lawyer assured him he would be. Cutler used to speak of it as blood money and wouldn't have thought of taking it except for Joyce. And it's she that matters now. She's got to be saved from herself and you must help."

"I? Why me?"

"Because you're real, Helm, and the only man I know well enough to turn to. There's something in her frightens me. Sometimes she's a burning bush and the next instant she's quicksilver. Please, Helm. This child was put in my charge by a direct act of God. Whether she loves me or not it's my duty to guide her life along the lines of common sense. Which do you want her to do—go around looking for a job at \$15 a week or be the first to bring a little culture to Platinum Hill? Which gives her the best chance for a full life?"

"A missionary, eh?" said Blackadder, his lips quirked oddly. He lifted his heavy shoulders and let them fall. "Well, Mike oughtn't to be so bad. I remember his father as a ditch-gang foreman with a laugh and plenty of punch besides."

Mrs. Sewell sighed resignedly. "I would have chosen Howard Sempter, but trust a man to pick a man is a good rule though we women seldom follow it. So it's to be Mrs. Michael—not Mike—Kirkpatrick. Anyway it sounds a lot better than Mrs. Schaaf." At that moment there was a sound of somebody entering the hall. "Joyce, is that you?"

"Yes, ma'am."
"She's never once called me mother," whispered Mrs. Sewell to Blackadder, a hurt and bewildered look in her liquid brown eyes. Then she raised her voice. "Come here, dear; we want to talk to you."

Blackadder disliked being rushed and felt he was being drafted without his consent, but immediately Joyce entered he was conscious of an odd reaction as though all his gears had gone suddenly into reverse.

She nodded to him and turned to her stepmother. "Well?"

"Oh, do sit down, Joyce. Can't you sit down and talk reasonably for once in your life?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

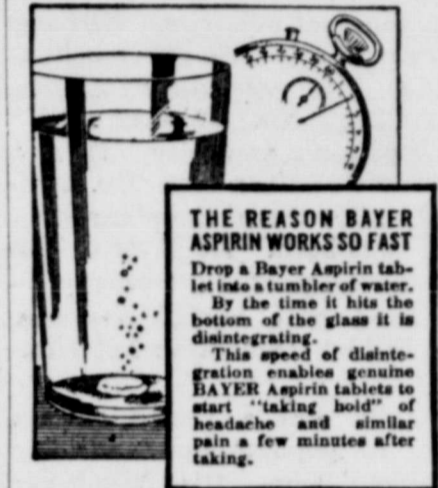
River of Life

LOVE is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill, the first small fountain.

Not until you have gone through the rock gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths—not until then can you know what love is.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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All people who suffer occasionally from headaches ought to know this way to quick relief.

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There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Franklin.

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The man that makes a character makes foes.—Young.



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Pressure" . . . and read the following chapters of George Agnew Chamberlain's gay new serial!

The Robert Lee Observer

Entered the postoffice at Robert Lee, Coke County, Texas, as second class mail matter, under an act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Editors and Publishers
MRS. A. W. PUETT, Owner

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
\$1.00 a year in Coke County only. \$1.50 a year elsewhere.

Success Out of Failure

Well worth clipping out and pasting in a scrapbook is this tribute to Jesus of Nazareth, quoted from some unknown writer in Dr. John W. Holland's sermon in The Progressive Farmer:

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Here is a Man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty, and then for three years was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. Save Jerusalem. He never put His feet within a great city. He never traveled more than two hundred miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that are usually associated with human greatness. He had no credentials but Himself.

While still a young man the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nail-

ed to a cross between two thieves. His Roman executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth, and that was His coat. When He was dead, He was taken down and laid in borrowed tomb through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the Leader of the columns of progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, all the navies that ever were built, all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned put together have not affected the life of man upon this earth as that One Lone Solitary Life.

You Can't Do It

No matter what you may have to say in praise of the radio as compared with the newspaper, there are a lot of things you can't do. For instance, you can't put a radio broadcast in your pocket and read it at your leisure. You can't save a clipping from a broadcast. You can't stop listening to answer a knock at the front door without missing something. You

Court a Success

The civics class had charge of all city affairs here last Saturday and showed the public that although they were "kids" that we would have "law" in the future. The class turned the funds over to the pep squad for the purpose of purchasing more uniforms. Since they did not arrest the business men, we wonder if they would volunteer to donate a small sum and leave their donations with any of the pep leaders.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Batten of Wyoming are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Tubb this week. They say conditions are excellent in Wyoming. Range is fine and cattle are fat.

can't get a line on market prices when have but a few minutes to spare but the program that is being broadcast has another half-hour to run. You can't find out what your own neighbors are doing, for you can listen to the radio forever and you will never hear about the deaths and accidents, the marriages and the births, the fires and the festivals in your own community. You can't mark something of interest and send it to a distant relative by mail. And no housewife in all the world can use a radio broadcast for nice, clean pantry shelf covering. It's a wonderful thing, this thing we know as radio. But it hasn't taken the place of the home-town paper. And it never will.

Selected as Carnival Queen

The senior class has elected Katherine Scoggins as their candidate for the honor of Carnival Queen to take the place of Helen Newton who chose to become the queen of a home.

Candidates of the other classes are, juniors, Zelma Slaughter; sophomores, Katie Sue Good; freshmen, Christine Newton; seventh grade, Ila Jean Ott.

The queen will be elected by penny votes and the losing candidates will be attendants at the coronation ceremony.

H. C. Allen is confined to his room this week suffering with sciatic rheumatism.

The teachers and members of the Green Mountain P-T. A. will sponsor a Halloween social at the school house Friday night. In addition to the informal social get-together, an amateur program will be presented.

Mrs. G. L. Taylor and Mrs. Roy Brey attended a board of managers session of the Texas Congress of Parents and Teachers which convened in the Virginian Room of the St. Angeles at San Angelo last Saturday.

Sheep killing dogs recently caused considerable loss to sheepmen on the Divide. One man reported having picked up twenty five dead lambs one day last week. He managed to kill one of the dogs "caught in the act" and was laying for the others.

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News of
the week

Editor, Sports & Joke Writer
Bobby Lee Davis

Campus Chatter, by Snooper.
Pep writer, Katherine Scoggins
Senior Reporter, Bob L. Davis,
Junior Rep., Gail McCatchen
Soph. Rep., Prudie Creech
Freshmen Rep., Geraldine Davis

Steers Win 38-0 over San Angelo Jr. High

The Steers journeyed over to the fair city of San Angelo for the purpose none other than trouncing the Crimson Tide into the soft mass of grass they had made for their burial ground.

When the "country boys" arrived in the "city", they were amazed at the beauty and grandeur of a "real city", but nevertheless, they didn't forget what they had gone over there for, and only left a few burning embers in remembrance of Jr. High, and brought a 38-0 victory home for the Robert Lee High.

Steers and Miles Bulldogs boys win their third conference Play Here Tomorrow

The Steers tangle with the Miles Bulldogs here tomorrow at 3 p.m. This is a conference game and everyone should be out to see the game, for these boys are "not what they used to be" and are going to win another game Saturday, so lets all be there to see the Steers down the Bulldogs.

Pep Squad News

Are we proud of (the boys for winning another conference game already this year! The score over Jr. High at San Angelo was 38-0. Our sponsor, Mrs. Wylie, was unable to be with us Friday, but Mr. Taylor went as an overseer. The civics class last week donated to the pep squad funds the returns of the "law in Robert Lee" Saturday. We are certainly thankful for this co-operation of the class.

Everybody come out with us Saturday at 3 and watch the

Snooper's Column

While the pep squad was in San Angelo Friday at the game, they yelled better than usual. Was it because the boys played so well.

The seniors are diminishing very rapidly at present, and if it continues there will not be any of them left at the end of the year. Who's next to "go"?

Who are you voting for? The queen of the carnival is the object of interest now. Personally I think the senior queen should win. This is her last chance.

It is "rumored that there were some picnics Friday night. Did anyone go to any of them?

Where did the word "meow" originate?

We wonder if "Pat, Joyce and Ee" enjoyed the "picnics" Friday night.

Senior News

At last! Yes, the man appeared. What man? Why the man from whom the Seniors have purchased their rings, and are they beauties? Just wait until you see the "girls" wearing them around. Nevertheless, the "boys" showed good sportsmanship.

Someone said the Juniors and Seniors had a picnic. Did we? Well, I wouldn't know, for the only one reported was attend by Lorene Fikes, Grace Robertson, Edna Walker, Gene Roberts, Buford Peays and the reporter.

Junior News

Last week the Juniors met and elected Zelma Slaughter as our candidate for the queen at the Halloween carnival. In this carnival we are sponsoring the midgets. Everyone is urged by us to come and see this show featuring tiny grown-ups.

The girls of the junior class have decided to get necklaces this year instead of the customary wristlets. We have found them to be more to our liking, as a whole, than anything else we have seen.

Sophomore News

Most of the blonde-headed boys have become brunettes during the past week, and more are getting curly headed. I think we girls will have to start getting our hair cut like the boys are supposed to.

The Sophs are planning to get their class pins right away. So if you happen to see some of them with their shoulders back and their heads held high, you'll know that we've got them.

Freshmen News

The Freshmen class met last Wednesday and elected their queen for the carnival. Nomination were Dollie Mae Webb, Doris Snead, and Christine Newton. Christine was elected queen; Troy Daffern, escort; and Otto Havins, Bus. Mgr.

NOTICE

NO TRESPASSING.
WATER HAULING.
WOOD HAULING,
OR HUNTING.
On my Farms or Ranch.

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Wanted, names, MEN under 26 who are willing to work for \$75.00 a month while training to become aviators or ground mechanics. One year training given by U. S. Air Corps. Costs absolutely nothing. Flying Intelligence Service, Box 522, Milwaukee, Wis.

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What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Relief for Aliens.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—If an American were dependent on public charity in any continental country, he'd be out of luck and out of that country, too, as quickly as they could him out.

If, in addition, he openly attacked the government of that country, he'd still be out of luck because he'd be in jail.

Hundreds of thousands of aliens are on relief here. Many of them slipped across the borders through leaks in our immigration laws—and brought their folks with them, also to be cared for at the taxpayers' expense. Some are avowed enemies of our form of government.

Steps to oust such parasites are balked on the ground that to do so would work hardships on their families.

We're starting to register these non-residents. But it's to be a "voluntary" registration, not compulsory. Any person in the audience, besides Madame Perkins, who believes the undesirables will come a-running to list themselves, and risk deportation thereby, kindly raise the right hand.

Champion Crooks.

TRUST California to turn up with a world's champion of something. They arrested a man on suspicion of burglary and forgery and organizing a training school for juvenile criminals and first one little thing and then another.

Surely that would seem to be career enough, but this party had additional claims to recognition. He admitted he had been sentenced to forty-nine terms in various jails and penitentiaries, which in itself would seem to constitute an international record, and said that in forty-three of these cases he had been paroled. He didn't explain how the big hearted parole boards failed to turn him loose before he finished those remaining six sentences.

It must be profound regret to the boys in Alcatraz and other bide-a-wee homes conducted by the federal government that, owing to the cruel refusal of Uncle Sam to go into the paroling business on a wholesale basis, none of them, however ambitious, has a chance to equal this splendid showing.

Nazi Influence.

I'VE been talking with a friend just back from Germany. In old days, I liked Germany as a land flowing with genuetlich and good beer and a superior line of liverwurst. I wonder whether I'd like it so well now.

Because this fellow says every minute everybody must give the Nazi salute and say, "Heil, Hitler!" If a citizen wants his eggs fried, he says first to the wuiter, "Heil, Hitler!" If he wants 'em turned over, he says it twice—once for each egg.

There's a swastika flag flying over practically every house. Absence of a swastika flag signifies that the folks who used to live there are now in the hoosegow for failing to fly same.

My friend may have exaggerated somewhat, but, I think, not much, because while talking we came abreast of a Leidekrantz cheese in a delicatessen store window and involuntarily he said, "Heil, Hitler!"

Nominating Barkley.

CANVASSES show Senate Leader Alben Barkley gaining as a possible Democratic nominee in 1940.

It's high time we had somebody from Paducah for President. For a hundred and fifty-odd years this republic has fooled along without one of our local boys sitting up there in the White House, writing messages to congress condemning the use of sugar in cornbread and proclaiming that, if any traitor dares to pull down fried catfish, shoot him on the spot.

With Alben on the job, we'll not only have homegrown statesmanship in job lots, but silver-throated oratory, which, by comparison, would make Patrick Henry seem like a tongue-tied man suffering from chapped lips. For Al can talk an hour and never use the same word twice or the letter "r" once.

IRVIN S. COBB.
—WNU Service.



Irvin S. Cobb

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington.—There is much talk among the Republicans, both for and against, concerning the proposal to hold a general party conference early next year. The plan projected would bring together delegates from every state just the same as the convention that is held every four years for nominating the presidential and vice presidential candidates and formulation of party policies through adoption of a campaign platform.

The question has many angles and in consequence many pros and cons already have been advanced. In natural consequence also, some very well-known Republicans have taken definite decisions, either for or against the plan which has the approval of men like John Hamilton, chairman of the Republican national committee, and former President Herbert Hoover. Some very splendid men find themselves honestly in opposition and have said so in unequivocal terms.

The issue will be fought out at a meeting of the national committee early in November and probably there will be such a convention early in 1938.

As I have said, there is argument on both sides but after discussing the situation with many Republicans, it appears to me that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. I say this from the standpoint of the country at large.

Many times in these columns, I have expressed the conviction that a strong minority party, whether that party be Republican or Democratic, is a very healthy condition for the country as a whole. A political party with too great a majority is likely to run away with itself and do many unsound things. We have had proof of this during the Roosevelt administration and we had proof of it during the administrations of the late President Harding and President Coolidge when Republicans had too many members of the house and the senate and the Democratic minority was impotent.

A strong and vocal minority will insure the retention of rights and powers in the hands of the people where they belong and at the same time it will compel Democrats to stick together in carrying out sound policies proposed by the President.

That latter statement may sound paradoxical. I think it is not. I make the statement because I know how many times the gigantic Democratic majority in congress has fought over trivialities and because I know how many times sincere opposition to unsound policies has met with defeat without the country knowing the reasons for that opposition.

Taken all in all, therefore, I believe it is an obligation upon me as an observer of national affairs to declare in favor of a movement by the minority party that will result in a concentration of its power for the good of the nation.

And what, one may ask, should be the creed of the minority party next year?

Well, as I see the picture, the Republican party must be the conservative party in the United States.

What of the Creed? President Roosevelt and his New Dealers cannot avoid being the radical party. I have said this many times in these columns and it is more evident now even than when I reported upon the situation earlier. The conservatives can and should have a voice in their government even if it is only an opposition voice that constitutes a balance-wheel.

Proceeding from that premise, therefore, there can be little argument that the principles which the Republicans advocate should be drawn from principles of governmental policies that have proved sound. That is to say, the Republicans cannot afford to attack Mr. Roosevelt on everything he has done, but they can tear him politically limb from limb with constructive proposals to take the place of those things he has done which represent discouragement, deceit and disaster to the country's economic life.

There will be no gain for the Republicans in 1938 elections if they attempt to ride two or three different horses as they did in 1936. For example, they cannot do as Candidate Landon did, to wit, call for a balanced budget in one speech and advocate being Santa Claus in another; they cannot blow hot and cold, and, therefore, they must be either conservative or radical.

It seems to me the Republicans can probably plan for an immediate balancing of the national budget. In that connection, they can with justification demand curtailment, if not entire elimination, of many governmental functions inaugurated under the New Deal. They can offer constructively a proposal to legislate out of existence some 20 or 30 federal agencies for which there never has been and is not now any excuse for their existence.

Another question that is crying for attention is the huge national debt, now at \$37,000,000,000, the highest in history. That debt must be reorganized and placed on a basis that will permit gradual liquidation of it. The Roosevelt administration has done nothing regarding the debt except to build it higher and higher.

If the Republican party wants to do a constructive job it ought to set to work to examine all of the statutes enacted by congress in the last ten or twelve years and especially those enacted in the haste of the emergency with a view to repealing of many of them. Some can and should be rewritten to make them workable. Those statutes placed on the books by the Roosevelt administration constitute outstanding evidence of the lack of opposition. We all know many of those bills were written in executive departments and sent to congress with instructions to pass them unchanged. Bad legislation has resulted many times and a checkup surely is indicated.

As regards legislation now on the statute books, it seems to me we will never have sound prosperity until certain laws that increase production costs are eliminated. I mean by this that there are numerous laws which have the effect of widening the spread between the price of the raw materials and the price of the manufactured products. Legislation of this kind is bound to force down the prices paid to the producers and, in my opinion, the results are beginning to be reflected on products of the farm.

Probably the most delicate question with which the Republicans are confronted relates to wages and hours of labor. Business interests have been shortsighted. Too many times employers have overworked their employees and have shown but little consideration for the rights of labor. The result is that labor is demanding consideration in the shape of protection at the hands of its national government and the Republicans, whether they desire to or not, must take a stand.

Among other principles upon which I think the Republicans as the conservative party surely can agree is that there is too much government in business. The government itself is engaged in many lines of commerce and industry and it is breaking down private enterprises in countless ways. I regard the function of government as a thing to be confined to matters and enterprises which individuals cannot do as individuals. We might use the postal service as an example. No one would be so silly as to say that the postal service could be operated satisfactorily in any other way than as an agency of the federal government. In contradistinction to the postal service, however, we can point to such things as the building of model homes for private citizens. I think the government has no business at all in that field. This is so, first, because of the tremendous waste accompanying any governmental operation and, second, for the reason that private persons who are holders of funds whether the amount is great or small recognize real estate mortgages as sound investments. I need not mention the red tape or the politics that can choke up any such thing as a government housing development.

I could go on and mention numerous other general principles upon which there can be honest differences of opinion. It is upon these questions where differences are honest and not created for political reasons that the Republican party should express itself. It ought to do this if it is going to be representative of opposition sentiment.

National Debt

On Our Dollar Bills
The Latin motto "Annuit Coepit" on the most recent issue of our dollar bills is rendered as "He (God) favored our undertakings." "Novus Ordo Seclorum" is translated as "A new order of the ages."
The design on the back of the current one-dollar silver certificate presents for the first time on any money issued by the United States a representation of both the obverse and reverse of the Great Seal of the United States.

A Trio of Triumphs



THE way to day-in, day-out chic for the woman who sews is shown in today's attractive new three-way plan. It goes deeper than the surface, you see, in the presentation of a sleek new slip. Ah, and it gives great thought to the surface, as you can't help but note in the two wing-side models.

Spicy New Model.
As shipshape as a Parisian streamline fashion and, in its own role, as important—that's the little number at the left above. It does wonders to give one that up and doing feeling that's handy to have around the house in the morning. Make this frock in gay cotton: shantung, print, gingham, or crash.

A Congenial Slip.
Beneath a well-groomed surface hangs a perfect fitting slip! That's an old and honest notion and one Sew-Your-Own abides by religiously. Today's five piece version is as easy to put together as it is congenial to your comfort and outward superbness. Make two while you're about it: one with a plain top for everyday, the other with a bit of frou-frou for dress-up occasions.

Deft Design.
The "girl in the little green hat" wears a dress with many tucks in this her latest picture. It is the dress for you, Milady, to star in at familiar Fall festivities. Deftly but definitely it gives you emphasis where you want it; soft pedals worry-areas. No more willing and able frock than this was ever designed and it can be yours so easily. Thin wool is a smart material and it fits this frock's personality to a T. Let's sew and be seen places this Fall. Okay?

The Patterns.
Pattern 1389 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4 3/4 yards of 35-inch material, or 4 1/2 yards, with long sleeves. Pattern 1988 is designed in sizes

34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1 yard of ribbon for shoulder straps, and 1 1/2 yards of edging for finishing upper edge.

Pattern 1392 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch fabric.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

New Pattern Book.
Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Make the Name
"St. Joseph"
Your "Buy-word" When You Want
GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN
World's Largest Seller at 10¢

Today's Happenings
Not what has happened to myself today, but what has happened to others through me—should be my thought.—F. D. Blake.

GOOD RELIEF
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
purely vegetable laxative

Words of Counsel
To youth I have but three words of counsel!—work, work, work.—Bismarck.

checks
666 MALARIA
in three days
COLDS
first day
LIQUID, TABLETS
SALVE, NOSE DROPS
Headache, 30 minutes.
Try "Rub-My-Tiss"—World's Best Linctant

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

"FIVE Minus TWO Leaves FOUR"

WRONG? Well, yes—and no. The arithmetic of your school days taught that "If Mary had five dollars and spent two . . . three dollars remained. But that is mathematics—not shopping! In managing a home . . . guarding a limited family income . . . we've simply got to do better than Mary did. We must sharpen our buying wits . . . ascertain where the dollars of extra value lurk . . . take five dollars to town and get much more for the money spent. Fortunately, there are ever-willing guides right at hand—the advertisements in this newspaper. Advertised merchandise is often exceptional value merchandise. It makes dollars S-T-R-E-T-C-H.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Wise and Otherwise
 They call it horse-sense because it's knowing when to say "nay."
 Up to thirty a girl wants a man with a future. Over forty, she wants a future with a man.
 Have you heard about the gold prospector who couldn't sleep nights? It seems he had a lode on his mine.
 Holiday cruelty: Man takes his wife into cave with an echo so that she can't hear the last word.
 A physical culture expert recommends wrestling as an aid to health.
 "A grapple a day means no doctor to pay."
 Cautionary tale: There was a girl who finished up as an old maid because she wouldn't stop talking long enough to let anyone propose to her.

What Two Things Happen When You Are Constipated?

When you are constipated two things happen. **FIRST:** Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. **SECOND:** Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.
 Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grossly and miserable.
 To get the complete relief you seek you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.
 There is only one product on the market that gives you the double action you need. It is ADLERIKA. This efficient cathartic relieves that awful GAS at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and both bowels. Ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowel only. Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. No griping, no after effects. Just QUICK results. Try Adlerika today. You'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.

Duties and Virtue
 The truly virtuous man fulfills his duties in their order, and makes the small give way to the great duties.—Joubert.

TO KILL Screw Worms
 Your money back if you don't like Cannon's Liniment. It kills screw worms, heals the wound and keeps flies away. Ask your dealer. (Adv.)

Place of Peace
 Whatever brows disturb the street, there should be peace at home.—Isaac Watts.

MOROLINE FOR BURNS
 SNOW WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY
 LARGE JARS 5¢ AND 10¢

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

PLENTY OF DATES NOW... DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL

Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

Watch your complexion take on new beauty Even the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesia make a remarkable difference. With the Denton Magic Mirror you can actually see the texture of your skin become smoother day by day. Imperfections are washed clean. Wrinkles gradually disappear. Before you know it Denton's has brought you entirely new skin loveliness.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER —Saves You Money
 You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made—good for a few weeks only. We will send you a full 12 oz. bottle (retail price \$1) plus a regular sized box of famous Milnesta Waters (known throughout the country as the original Milk of Magnesia tablets), plus the Denton Magic Mirror (shows you what your skin specialist sees) . . . all for only \$1! Don't miss out on this remarkable offer. Write today.

DENTON'S Facial Magnesia

SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc.
 4422 - 23rd St.
 Long Island City, N.Y.
 Enclosed find \$1 (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

COUPON NOW

Name.....
 Street Address.....
 City..... State.....

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for October 31 THE MORAL ISSUE IN THE DRINK PROBLEM

LESSON TEXT—Romans 13:12-14; I Corinthians 6:9-11; Galatians 5:16-24.
GOLDEN TEXT—Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.—Galatians 5:16.
PRIMARY TOPIC—My Neighbors.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Greatest Law.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why Is It Wrong to Drink Alcoholic Beverages?
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Moral Issue in the Drink Problem.

The title for our lesson is well-chosen—"The Moral Issue in the Drink Problem."
 First, let it be clear that there is an issue. Those who have business, social, or political connections with the liquor traffic would like to have us believe that the repeal of prohibition settled the matter once for all. But let us be sure of this fact—the liquor problem is at our very door, and it must be met.

In the second place, many would have us think that the matter of drunkenness is a social, political, or even a physical problem, without any moral implications whatever. But those who are informed know that even the supposedly innocent beer is inextricably tied up with vice and crime. A prisoner in a federal penitentiary writing before prohibition was repealed said, "Criminals hail with delight . . . the return of liquor via the beer route and the greater license that the return of the saloon will inevitably bring. With the return of beer will come open prostitution and gambling." His words were true.

I. Drunkenness Is a Work of Darkness (Rom. 13:12-14).

Just as there are darkness and daylight in the physical universe, so there are two contrasting spiritual realms, of darkness and light.

Men "loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil," according to the Lord Jesus. (See John 3:19.) This spiritual realm of darkness is directed by "rulers of the darkness of this world" (Eph. 6:12), and their purpose is "spiritual wickedness." With the "works of darkness" the believer is to "have no fellowship" (Eph. 5:11), but is to "reprove them" and bring them into the light where their true nature is made manifest (Eph. 5:13). "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all," and those who have fellowship with him "walk in the light." (See I John 1:5-7.)

Drunkenness is a work of darkness. It separates man from God and makes him fear the glorious light of his countenance. The solution for that awful condition is revealed in v. 14. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

II. Drunkenness Is a Work of Unrighteousness (I Cor. 6:9-11).

No drunkard "shall inherit the kingdom of God" (v. 10), and the man who takes his first drink has put his foot on the path that leads to the drunkard's grave. Of course no man plans to go that far, but the fact is that such is the tragic conclusion for hundreds of thousands of men and women—damned for time and eternity by drink.

Again in this passage we have the answer to our problem. Not reformation, not education, not culture (desirable and useful though we recognize these things to be), but being "washed," "sanctified," and "justified" in "the name of the Lord Jesus and in the Spirit of God." Try that on your town drunkard. Thank God, it works!

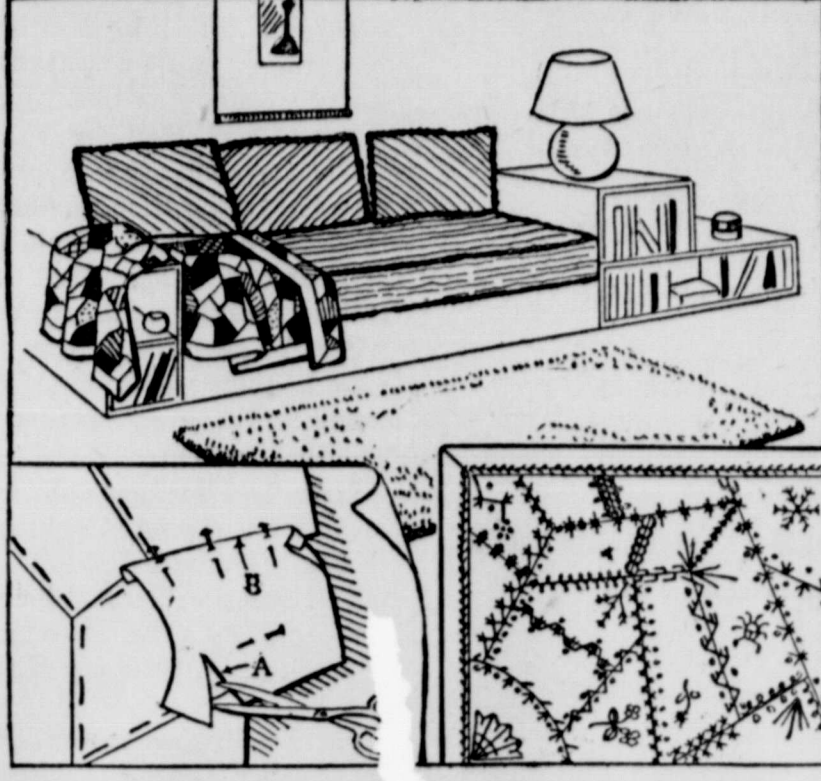
III. Drunkenness Is a Work of the Flesh (Gal. 5:16-24).

The flesh—that is our bodies ruled over by self-will as opposed to God's will—is revealed in the Scriptures to be thoroughly bad, and in opposition to God. Consider the appalling list of the works of the flesh in verses 19 and 20. And note that in the midst of them stands drunkenness.

It is the lowest in man that responds to intoxicants. Little wonder that the Brewers' Journal came out right after the election of 1932 with the statement that "not one tenth of one-per cent of American youths know the taste of real beer. We must educate them." In other words the normal taste of an intelligent person would revolt at the stuff, but once give it a chance to stir the lusts of "the flesh" and the victim is caught.

Once again, note the antidote—live in the power of the Holy Spirit, and the flesh with its lusts is crucified (v. 24). How shall we have the Holy Spirit and His power in our lives? By taking the Lord Jesus Christ as personal Saviour.

HOW TO SEW
 by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Crazy Patch Work at Home in a Modern Setting.

THE crazy patch is the oldest of quilt patterns, yet there is something amazingly modern in its angular lines. So whether your living room is traditional in style or newer than tomorrow you will be interested in the revival of crazy patch work for what grandmothers and great-grandmothers called a "slum throw."
 A corner of one of these old crazy quilts is shown here at the lower right. The pieces are small—many not more than 1 1/2 inches wide or long. A variety of embroidery stitches joins the pieces. Both plain and figured silks were used, the plain patches often being embroidered with flowers, fans and other amusing motifs—note the beetle embroidered on one patch. Several colors

of silk embroidery thread were generally used but in the most artistic of these quilts one color predominated in the embroidery. Larger patches with simple feather stitch and herring-bone stitch at the joinings also give a good effect. The pieces are sewed to a foundation of some firm soft material. Outing flannel or an old wool blanket are good. Pin a piece in place over the space to be filled, trim the edges to the right shape, as at A, allowing enough to turn under, as at B, where the patch laps over the one next to it. Baste the turned edges down as shown. When a number of patches have been basted in place, sew them down to the foundation with the embroidery stitches and then remove the basting. The backing is tied to the

Spending Our Days
 Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Therefore live every day as if it would be the last. Those that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal, those that dare misspend it are desperate.—Bishop Hall.

front with silk embroidery thread as comforters are tied. Little or no padding may be used and a plain band around the edge is effective.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, **SEWING**. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables; restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplaines St., Chicago, Illinois.

CLIP THIS AD! Worth \$7.50

Take it to any radio dealer! See the new 1938 farm radios. Choose the radio you like best, and ask your dealer how you can save \$7.50 on the purchase of a new battery radio equipped with a genuine Wincharger.

Wincharger turns FREE WIND POWER into electricity, brings "big-city" reception to farm homes. Eliminates "B" batteries. Ends expensive recharging. Provides plenty of free electricity to run your radio as much as you want for less than 50¢ a year power operating cost.

See Any Radio Dealer!

WINCHARGER CORPORATION
 Sioux City, Iowa

ANNOUNCING a double-barreled tobacco value BIG BEN

2 oz. of choice burley and a valuable coupon in every tin

Pipe-smokers—here's a tobacco that not only gives you pleasure but nifty premiums as well! First—you get two full ounces of the sweetest and mildest burleys that grow in the Blue Grass country—crimp-cut to burn slow and cool—and kept fresh and fragrant by an air-tight moisture-proof Cellophane seal. Second—there's a free coupon in every tin, good in U. S. A. only for valuable gift premiums . . . your choice of two fine pipes, playing cards, a watch, jackknife or flashlight. Don't miss Big Ben! Look for the big red tin with the thoroughbred horse on it. Swell tobacco and swell premiums—it pays to smoke Big Ben!

UNION MADE

plus HANDSOME PREMIUMS

Sir Robert pipe of genuine imported briar. 50 Big Ben coupons.
 Super-service, long-wearing Ingersoll pocket watch. 75 Big Ben coupons.
 Remington jackknife. Tempered steel blades. 25 Big Ben coupons.
 Eveready focusing flashlight. Two batteries, bulb. 85 Big Ben coupons.

ALAMO THEATRE
ROBERT LEE, TEXAS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29 & 30,
Rochell Hudson - Brian Donelvy in
"BORN RECKLESS"
with Robert Kent, Harry Carey, Pauline Moore
Also Three Stooges in "Three Dumb Clucks"
Hey kids, your chance to win a Three Stooges
Moving Picture Machine FREE!

SAT. 10:45 Midnight Show, & SUNDAY & MONDAY,
Marx Brothers in
"A DAY AT THE RACES"
with Allan Jones - Maureen O'Sullivan
Also Comedy and News.

WEDNESDAY ONLY, NOVEMBER 3, (60 Thrills FREE)
Patsy Kelly - Jack Haley - Mlscha Auer in
"PICK A STAR"
with Laurel and Hardy - Rosina Lawrence
Also Comedy.

TEXAS THEATRE
BRONTE, TEXAS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29 & 30
Jack Holt in "ROARING TIMBER"

MONDAY & TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1 & 2,
"IT CAN'T LAST FOREVER"

THURSDAY ONLY, NOVEMBER 4, (?)
Mr. and Mrs. Martha Johnson's Jungle Adventure "BORNEO"

Specials For Friday & Saturday
OCTOBER 29th & 30th



The RED & WHITE Store
CALL FOR YOUR H & E PROFIT SHARING STAMPS.

Washington Delicious APPLES, 163 size, per doz	19c
Tokay GRAPES, per lb	5c
PORK & BEANS, FLAV-R-JEL, no 1 TOMATOES,	5c
	4 1/2c
	5c
TOMATO JUICE, 2 - 13 oz cans	15c
Mayflower CORN, no 2 can	10c
Standard TOMATOES, 3 no 2 cans	25c
R & W PIEAPPLE JUICE, 3 - 12 oz cans	28c
R & W Sifted PEAS, 2 No 2 cans	35c
Standard SPINACH, 3 no 2 cans	25c
R & W Country Gent. CORN, No 2 can 2 for	29c
B & W PEAS, 2 no 2 cans	29c
R & W MARSHMALLOWS, 1 lb cello	17c
R & W COFFEE, 1 lb vacuum can	29c
New Crop WALNUTS, no 1 Emerald, per lb.	20c
R & W OATS, Quick or Regular, large pkg.	19c
DelDixi PICKLES, sour or dill, 26 oz jar	15c
R & W MINCE MEAT, 9 oz pkg for	9c
R & W POP CORN, 10 oz cello bag	10c
APPLE BUTTER, 38 oz jar	23c
White House APPLE JELLY, quart jar	23c
Sweet POTATOES, Gulf Grown, 2 no 2 cans	23c
Salad Waffers, Supreme Baker's, 16 oz box	15c

Remember to call for Green Stamps

W. J. Cumbie

Shower Given Mrs. Elmer Modgling

(Crowded out last week)

Mrs. B. F. Bridges, Mrs. Lennie Perciful, Mrs. Carroll Robbins and Mrs. Floyd Modgling entertained with a Halloween party Wednesday Oct. 20, at the home of Mrs. Bridges.

On arriving, the guests were directed to the dining room where they were served black coffee and orange cake. Mrs. Carroll Robbins presided at the coffee urn. After being served the guests took their seats in the living room where they worked a cat guessing contest.

Mrs. Geo. Thomas gave a reading "Nine Little Goblins," by James Whitcomb Riley.

The guests then had their fortunes told by a "witch--that was a witch" (Miss Fay Kirkpatrick.)

After telling the fortunes of the other other guests the witch asked for the lady in the grey suit--who was Mrs. Elmer Modgling. Mrs. Modgling was told many nice things and was given the witch's pot which was full of gifts.

The bride, who was completely surprised, received more than fifty lovely gifts.

Miss Annie Louise McCleskey presided at the Brides Book which was presented to her with the gifts.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express gratitude to our friends for the help and sympathy extended in our deep sorrow, and also for the floral tributes.

Mrs. John McCabe and family.

FOR SALE--200 acres land, 114 acres in farm, rest pasture land, good 5-room house, good barn, good well of water with windmill, also underground cistern, irrigated garden, \$30 per acre. Will consider trade. See Claude Landers.

Dr. J. K. Griffith, after giving a physical examination to the first grade pupils and a number of pre-school age children, stated that he found the children, as a group, in surprisingly good condition. With the assistance of several ladies, Dr. Griffith gave diphtheria and typhoid serums to pre-school age and first grade children and to a number in the more advanced grades.

For Sale or Trade--One 4 wheel trailer; one 2-wheel trailer, new radio and wind-charger. See P. L. Sneed.

Mrs. Nancy Kitchen of Ranger and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kitchen and children of San Angelo, visited with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Harmon, Sunday.

For Sale--12 inch Gang plow PNO Brand, see A. V. Hughes.

Mrs. J. S. Craddock, Mrs. W. F. Fikes, Mrs. Daisy McCutchen and Mrs. Tom Peay attended Parents' Day at Texas Tech in Lubbock Saturday, returning Sunday. Miss Louise Chumley of Bronco, who was called home to attend the funeral of her grandfather, Mr. McCabe, returned to Lubbock with the party to resume her school duties at Tech.

A crew of workmen are at work lowering the oil pipe line between here and the mountain. This was necessary on account of the highway.

"M" SYSTEM

GROCERY & MARKET

The Store That Saves You Money

At all times we have a complete line of fresh Fruits and Vegetables. Plenty of Texas Grapefruit and Oranges, and Washington Fancy Apples.

Apples, Big Bend Reds, PER BU. 75c

TURNIPS & Tops, 2 bunches 5c

Tokay GRAPES, 3 lbs 17c

CARROTS, 2 bunches 5c

LETTUCE, 3 firm heads 10c

Hershey's COCOA, pound can 12c

CORN, 3 no 2 cans 25c

Mission Sugar PEAS, 2 no 2 cans 25c

Red & Gold COFFEE, ground fresh lb 19c

2 pounds White House RICE, 15c

KRAUT, no 1 can, 2 for 15c
no 2 1/2 can, ea. 10c

K. B. Rolled Oats, lge. pkg. 15c

Yukon's Best Fully Guaranteed Flour, 48 lb 1.69
24 lb 93c
12 lb 53c
6 lb 29c

Heinz or DelMonte TOMATO JUICE, 4 Tall Cans 25c

King Solomon SARDINES, 3 tall cans 25c

Message SALMON, 2 tall cans 25c

P&G SOAP, 5 giant bars 19c

Pure Maid PEAS, tall can 5c

Pure Maid TAMALES, 2 tall cans 25c

Pure Maid Mexican Style BEANS, 3 cans 25c

Market Specials

PORK SAUSAGE,	lb	23c
SLICED BACON,	lb	35c
BEEF ROAST,	lb	15c
T-BONE STEAK,	lb	23c
PORK CHOPS,	lb	28c
SALT PORK	lb	21c