





# SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

**Y**OU DON'T need to be a prophet to know that Scurry County will be in better shape than a lot of other counties in this section when Fall comes. Let's grin!

**S**NYDER High School's Invitation Track Meet will be held tomorrow. South Side merchants join those on the other three sides in welcoming the boys and coaches.

## Manhattan

Hotel and Dining Room

Square Meals . . .  
For Square Folks!

WE WELCOME YOU TO SNYDER—AND  
THE SOUTH SIDE

"Snyder's Leading Hotel"

MORE THAN SEVEN  
YEARS . . .  
on the South Side

STOCK OF NEW HATS JUST RECEIVED

Always showing the Very Newest in Ladies'  
Ready-to-wear and Millinery

Mrs. Chas. Cooper

**COOPER'S  
Style Shoppe**

## The MERRY MONTH OF MARCH

March winds have already begun to whip around our ears and into our blood. But who cares, in the long run?

West Texas was first known for her sandstorms, and the red-blooded West Texan doesn't grumble now that the greatest section of God's earth is being bathed with sand and sunshine.

Since West Texas has become known for her agricultural and livestock products, she doesn't let a little thing like a sandstorm bother her much. Even the stranger soon comes to enjoy the pull of sand in his craw, whether he admits it or not.

Even without the sandstorms, March would be a merry month. After January moves and February slumps, spring gets into the air, and even the grouchiest farmer or merchant or housewife cracks the varnish and welcomes the brightest season of the year.

We, the merchants of the South Side, want to help you make the most of March. We are a friendly bunch. Come around and let's talk sandstorms, sunshine and cotton reduction, whether you wish to buy anything or not.

MEET YOUR FRIENDS  
AT

## DUNN'S Confectionery

Where the  
Very Best Drinks  
Are Served!

## Beauty . .

is its Own Excuse  
for Being . . .

Let the South Side Beauty Shop  
help you preserve it!

Beauty Appointments—Phone 22

## Everywoman's Beauty Shop

Mrs. Woodie Scarborough

## South Side Merchants

For Years!

Always Behind Scurry County . . .  
Always Serving Scurry County Folks!

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MASSEY-HARRIS FARM IMPLEMENTS

## HUGH TAYLOR & CO.

Phones 437-438

We Deliver

## Special---Selling at Cost

Copies from  
Original Etchings

Reduced Prices on All Other Framed Pictures in the House

## MILES STUDIO

Mrs. M. E. Miles

## Forward . . MARCH!



### MARCH 1930

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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9	10	11	12	13	14	15
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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Let's Smile and Work

## Get Your Needs Here!

Drugs - - Sundries - - Drinks  
Candies - Magazines

. . . and don't forget the South Side

## Snyder Drug Co.

Phone 56

THE CASKEYS

South Side

## We Have Been Scurry Co. Boosters

For Many Years!

You may be certain that Furniture from this store, at any time, is in line with the financial condition of our customers.

See Our New Spring Furniture

## John Keller Furniture Store

VICTOR RADIOS, COMBINATIONS AND RECORDS

## BEST SEASON OF THE WHOLE YEAR!

Men's and Boys'

## CAPS

75c values at . . . . . 49c

\$1.50 values at . . . . . 98c

\$2.00 values at . . . . . \$1.49



Economy Store

## Tennis Shoes

Priced Right—

89c - 98c - \$1.49

NOTE.—We have a limited number of booklets, "Sports," by famous athletic coaches. Free for the asking!

## ECONOMY Dry Goods CO

THE BARGAIN SPOT OF SNYDER

South Side Square N. Rosenberg, Mgr.

## Mr. and Mrs. : By Jiggs

Mr. A.—"How you ever thought, before last week's South Side Page was published in The News, that we can get just about everything we need for the whole week on one side of the square?"

Mr. A.—"I sure hadn't. From the time I got some candy for the kids at Dunn's Confectionery until I bought that Federal tire down at the Dixie Radio & Tire Shop, I just decided to investigate for myself."

Mrs. A.—"Why I never realized before how little it cost for beauty treatments at Everywoman's Beauty Shop. And Mrs. Cooper's dresses! I'm going to stop in at Miles Studio this week to have my picture made by home-town photographers in my new Spring dress."

Mr. A.—"But what interested me was the grocery bargains and courteous service at Hugh Taylor's and 'M' System. We saved enough on our grocery bill, I do believe, to buy that new furniture from John Keller we've been wanting for so long a time."

Mrs. A.—"If it hadn't been for the Snyder Drug ad last week, I don't believe I would ever have known how many different things a drug store handles. And another thing—I won't ever order any more clothes from mail order houses after finding such bargains at the Economy store."

Mr. A.—"I'll bet you didn't know that I slipped around to the show at the Ritz after I had fixed up that abstract with Mr. Brice. Anyway, that meal we had at the Manhattan was so good that you didn't get in a bad humor. We'll have to try those South Side merchants again next week, dear."

## "M" SYSTEM

PHONE 92

JOE TAYLOR, Owner

A Snyder Owned Institution — Boosting  
For Scurry County

LETTUCE—Extra nice, per head . . . . . 6c

FLOUR—Everlite highest grade — no  
better made—48 lb- sack . . . . . \$1.70  
Everlite Flour—24-lb. sack . . . . . 87c

COFFEE—High grade Peaberry, lb. . . . . 27c

PORK AND BEANS—Armour, reg. size . . . 8c

SUGAR—Pure cane, 25-lb. bag . . . . . \$1.43  
10-lb. bag . . . . . 58c

PEANUT BUTTER—Beachnut, 16-oz. . . . . 29c

SHORTS—Grey in white sack, 100 lbs. . . \$1.80

We have substantially reduced our overhead, and are giving our customers the benefit of this reduction in Every-Day Prices! Your business is appreciated.

# THE SNYDER NEWS

A Weekly Newspaper

Issued every Friday morning from The News Building, East Side of Square.

## Jones & Smyth, Publishers

Willard Jones, Business Manager  
C. Smyth, Editor

Entered as second class mail matter August 18, 1928, at the Post Office at Snyder, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months......75

Snyder, Texas, Friday Morning, March 7, 1930

## Political Announcements

- City Marshal of Snyder:**  
WALTER CAMP  
J. A. WOODFIN
- Mayor of City of Snyder:**  
H. G. TOWLE (Re-election)
- Secretary, City of Snyder:**  
A. C. PREUITT (Re-election)
- Tax Assessor of Scurry County:**  
GEORGE M. GARNER  
STERLIN A. TAYLOR  
W. W. (WALLACE) MERRITT
- Tax Collector of Scurry County:**  
W. W. (UNCLE BILLIE) NELSON  
A. M. McPHERSON
- County Clerk of Scurry County:**  
MABEL Y. GERMAN (Re-election)
- Sheriff of Scurry County:**  
F. M. BROWNFIELD (Re-election)
- County Attorney of Scurry County:**  
WARREN DOBSON (Re-election)
- Superintendent of Scurry County Schools:**  
A. A. BULLOCK (Re-election)
- Treasurer of Scurry County:**  
EDNA B. TINKER (Re-election)
- County Judge of Scurry County:**  
HORACE HOLLEY (Re-election)  
C. R. BUCHANAN
- Commissioner, Precinct No. 1:**  
JNO. C. (LUM) DAY (Re-election)  
FORREST JONES
- Commissioner, Precinct No. 2:**  
H. C. FLORENCOY (Re-election)
- Commissioner, Precinct No. 4:**  
J. R. COKER
- For District Clerk:**  
LOUISE E. DABBY (Re-election)
- For Representative, 118th District:**  
J. M. CLAUNCH

## The Snyder News Creed.

For the cause that needs assistance;  
For the wrongs that need resistance;  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that we can do.

## The Weekly Dozen.

It takes more than talk to reduce cotton acreage, declares Pessimism Pete.

Nobody loves a liar; except, it seems, the ordinary small-town correspondent for daily newspapers.

The flappers should stay away from the track meet Saturday, for it will be just one run after another.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Spring another one, won't you? "Love is blind." It must be the sand—or longer dresses.

They're putting hog bristles in golf balls now. Some fellow ought to make a fortune by shearing all the road dogs and selling their bristles to the golf ball manufacturers.

Doctors are saying that times are too hard for folks to get sick very much. Wonder if the same philosophy would apply to the abbreviated lists of marriage licenses and birth records.

Thought while reading Monday's Star-Telegram: If all the statements about West Texas progress were true, the world would move out where the sand blows and the rain usually doesn't.

Newspapers and dollar bills change hands just as the birds of the air change nests. Except, of course, that newspaper men don't often earn enough dollar bills to feather their own nests.

An ardent sandstorm fan has written of the crow-feeding delights of West Texas' chief spring-time pastime—sand fighting. She neglected to say that it takes more than a sandstorm to make the cotton and maize to grow.

Ignorant Ike, noticing that Snyder is to have an invitation track meet, wanted to know what the track was going to meet; and why. The soles of boys, fond air, the soles of boys; and not to save them, either.

Judge Stinson, at the Chamber of Commerce banquet, stated that he was leading a movement to make all men's shirts pocket-ful. While he is in a charitable mood, we wish he would sponsor an up-to-the-neck revolution for women's dresses.

"More than 250 plates are being provided for the annual Scurry County Chamber of Commerce banquet that will be held Thursday evening," according to the Abilene Reporter early last week. We'll bet our \$1 ticket to the banquet that the Presbyterian ladies and Secretary Watt Scott would be more than glad to collect for that many plates.

## Crazed Criminals.

Day after day the minds of men, according to all statistics, are becoming more alert and more thought-filled. Thousands of new inventions have made the past decade the greatest period in the world's history.

But inventions have not created a better criminal code for the most powerful nation on earth. Recent court annals can show few men or women of power and wealth who have not been proven crazy when their lives, as murderers, were at stake. Crazy? Yes, crazy just as you and I would be crazy—crazy because they don't want to die for a heinous crime. An outstanding jurist, a leading farmer, a prominent Chicagoan's son, when the choice between life and death comes, can easily become as crazy as bedbugs—so say criminologists and easily influenced juries.

Down in Mexico, bandits who kill and plunder innocent persons are often shot without being given time to go crazy. Poor, revolution-torn Mexicans. Come to the United States, where you may become crazy overnight and get your name in all the headlines.

## Independence Day.

Snyder is several hundred miles from Austin, the seat of Texas government. She is several hundred miles from the scene of practically all the conflicts that determined whether the empire state was to be free or a part of Mexico.

Yet, Independence Day means as much to Snyder and Scurry County people as it does to those who live within a stone's throw of the Alamo, Goliad, and the other historic spots.

In truth, we do small honor to the heroes who made Texas independence possible. We knew, most of us, that there was an Independence Day because the banks closed Monday, the day following March 2.

It will ever be so, for all of us are prone to forget the glorious deeds of yesterday in the glamour of today's events. But if a testing time came, and come it will, Texans everywhere will be ready to show the world that Independence Day is more than a memory to them.

It strikes us that the most worth while independence would be independence from the load of farm debts that hover over the entire state. It will take courage equally as great to wage that fight to the finish as it did for our forefathers to win their independence from Mexico.

## Prejudiced—And Proud of It.

Some of our good friends say that we are prejudiced on this liquor question. We admit it. We have already judged the liquor traffic and have found it guilty on every count. It has never done one good thing for humanity. It ruins homes, it wrecks characters, it blights hope, it defiles virtue, it drags strong men down to crime and death, it lays its slimy hands upon the youth and lures him on to ruin, it smites the roses from the maiden's cheeks and writes disgrace across her name, it necks at mother love and flings defiance at the laws of God and man.

The liquor traffic is utterly wicked and lawless. We hate it. Knowing this monster as we do, we are against every politician that would give it new power, a new lease on life. We are not going to fight on their side. We are not going to hold their garments while they stone prohibition to death. We don't care whether these friends of the liquor devil parade in Democratic cloaks or wear the livery of the Republican party, we are against them. This may be fanaticism; but we are persuaded that this liquor serpent will never be destroyed until good men and women everywhere make unrelenting war upon it. You can't kill a rattlesnake by tossing paper wads at him occasionally.—Lynn County News.

## Chance for a Thrill.

The editor of the Sterling City News-Record, says the Big Spring Weekly Herald, has found a new play or sport for the young fellow who is looking for a thrill. He suggests rattlesnake drives in the hills and caverns. Here's his rules for the game:

It will soon be time for the rattlesnake hunters to get busy. Rattlesnakes den up in caves in the rocks on the hillsides during the fall of the year to sleep during the cold weather. They coil around each other in these dens to keep from freezing. We have seen over a hundred of these reptiles in one big coil resembling a coil of rope. When the sun gets warm in February and March, these snakes crawl out of the den and lie around the mouth to bask in the warm sunshine. When they do this, it is an easy matter to shoot them, because they are sluggish and can't get back to safety very quickly. A 22-caliber rifle of 40-gauge shotgun are the ideal guns for this sport. All ranchmen are interested in having the rattlesnakes destroyed because they inflict a grievous loss every year on their stock. They should encourage the hunters by unlocking their gates to them and letting them know that they are welcome. In May, the snakes scatter over the prairie, where they are a deadly menace to man and beast, so while they are rounded up is the time to destroy them.

Throwing one well aimed brick would seem an easy method of obtaining a winter's keep. And so it seemed for Tom McGee of Atlanta, who heaved a brick through a store window in the hope of being sent to jail where he would have free food and shelter. A judge kindly arranged that his hope might be realized.

It seems that boys still delight in the story of William Tell and the apple. Two of them tried to re-enact the Swiss legend in Lynn, Mass., when Alfred Howard, eight, playing Tell, shot Joe Murphy, seven, representing Tell's son, in the chin instead of hitting the apple on the latter's head.

Wife-beating is ordinarily considered a reprehensible habit, but there may be extenuating circumstances. So thought a judge in Exanston, Ill., who dismissed W. H. King, whose uncontrollable urge to "swing on" Mrs. King when she dyed her hair green was considered justified.

Marrying seems to have become a confirmed habit with Mr. and Mrs. Albert McKiernan of Peoria, Ill. Although each is only 26 years old, they have been married to each other three times. Obviously, they have been divorced twice.

Nothing would appear more unseemly than raising high jinks in a graveyard. So thought police at Peabody, Mass., who raided a cemetery chapel where they found a night club in full swing. Much beer was confiscated and 36 persons were taken to jail.

## No Occupation.

The editor of the Brady Standard wanted to write an editorial on "Farm Relief," and after wrestling with his typewriter for an hour gave it up and reprinted the following poem instead:

The farmer's wife at early dawn  
Gets up and calls the men;  
She puts the children's lunches on  
And goes and gets a hen.  
She milks a half dozen cows  
And helps to cut the spuds;  
She does the washing, cooks the foods  
And sews the family's duds.  
She plants the garden pulls the weeds  
Attends to ducks and geese;  
She makes the butter, sells the eggs;  
In winter fries out grease.  
She goes to town on Saturday,  
Her only recreation,  
She's written in assessor's books,  
"Housewife—no occupation."

## The Ideal Republic.

I can conceive of a national destiny surpassing the glories of the present and the past—a destiny which meets the responsibilities of today and measures up to the possibilities of the future.

Behold a republic, resting securely upon the foundation stones quarried by revolutionary patriots from the mountain of eternal truth—a republic applying in practice and proclaiming to the world the self-evident proposition that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with inalienable rights; that governments are instituted among men to secure these rights; that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Behold a republic in which civil and religious liberty stimulate all to earnest endeavor, and in which the law restrains every hand uplifted for a neighbor's injury—a republic in which every citizen is a sovereign, but in which no one cares to wear a crown.

Behold a republic standing erect, while empires all around are bowed

beneath the weight of their own armaments—a republic whose flag is loved, while other flags are only feared.

Behold a republic increasing in population, in wealth, in strength and in influence, solving the problems of civilization and hastening the coming of universal brotherhood—a republic which shakes thrones and dissolves aristocracies by its silent example, and gives light and protection to those who sit in darkness.

Behold a republic gradually but surely becoming the supreme moral factor in the world's progress and the accepted arbiter of the world's disputes—a republic whose history, like the path of the just, is "as shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—William Jennings Bryan.

"You must find living in the city dreadful, after spending your life up to now so pleasantly in the country. What do you miss most?"  
"My pocketbook and my watch."

"Darling, in the moonlight your teeth are like pearls."

"Oh, indeed! And when were you in the moonlight with Pearl?"

## Measure of a Man.

Not, "How did he die?"  
But, "How did he live?"  
Not, "What did he gain?"  
But, "What did he give?"  
These are the units  
To measure the worth  
Of a man as a man,  
Regardless of birth.  
Not, "What was his station?"  
But, "Had he a heart?" And  
"How did he play  
His God-given part?"  
Was he ever ready  
With a word of good cheer,  
To bring back a smile,  
To banish a tear?  
Not, "What was his church?"  
Nor, "What was his creed?"  
But, "Had he befriended  
Those really in need?"  
Not, "What did the sketch  
In the newspaper say?"  
But, "How many were sorry  
When he passed away?"—Selected.

Judge—"Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."

Prisoner—"That's all right, judge. I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."

"Listen, operator, you've already given me three wrong numbers; please remember that I'm telephoning, not broadcasting."



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And Economy  
Specify  
WET WASH

—This is our fastest and most economical laundry service and is especially recommended for households with a very large quantity of work to be done.

—Orders called for and delivered . . . spotless, clean and sweet, at a fraction of the cost of a complete job.

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LAUNDRY

You can **DO MORE**  
in **Less Time**  
with **Less Effort**



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Any kind of Electrical Appliance will be found in our complete stock. Here are a few items suggested from our line of standard makes of appliances:

- TOASTERS
- WAFFLE IRONS
- COFFEE PERCOLATORS
- HOTPOINT IRONS
- WARMING PADS
- COFFEE URNS AND SETS
- VACUUM CLEANERS
- WASHING MACHINES
- ELECTRIC RANGES
- CURLING IRONS
- GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

And many other devices that will save your health, time and money. . . . Are you taking full advantage of your electric service? Visit our store!

**Texas Electric Service Company**  
"Your Electric Servant"

# THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY

by KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN



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## The Story.

Chapter I.—Sam Stanley, wealthy owner of the Desert Moon Ranch, informs his housekeeper, Mary Magin, who tells the story, that his former wife's twin daughters, Danielle and Gabrielle, are coming to the ranch to live, their mother being dead and their father, Daniel Canneziano, who had been the cause of Sam's divorcing his wife, in the penitentiary. Sara has adopted a boy, John, now grown to manhood, and a girl, Martha, 21, physically healthy, but weak-minded. Mrs. Ollie Ricker, Martha's nurse, lives with them.

Chapter II.—Hubert Hand, a wanderer, and Chadwick Caulfield, John's wartime buddy, who is an expert ventriloquist, are the other members of the household. The girls arrive.

Chapter III.—Mrs. Magin has an uneasy feeling that there is a sinister motive in the twins' presence at the ranch, and her suspicions are strengthened by the girls' mysterious prowling around the place. John becomes engaged to Danielle. Caulfield shows a pronounced liking for Gabrielle.

Chapter IV.—Gabrielle's actions when she receives a letter from France arouse and mystify Mrs. Magin.

Chapter V.—Sam learns Canneziano is soon to be released from the penitentiary and he looks for him to come to the ranch. The household, with the exception of John, in town for the mail, and the twins, together upstairs, are in the living room when Gabrielle comes down and, with Caulfield, goes into the garden. Danielle, from upstairs, calls to her sister. Caulfield comes back alone. In a few minutes Danielle comes into the living room.

Chapter VI.—Mrs. Magin finds Gabrielle, choked to death, with tobacco ashes beside her. Despite her terror at the discovery of the body, she realizes that the ashes must be from Sam's pipe, he being the only pipe smoker, and conceals them before calling the household. Caulfield commits suicide.

Chapter VII.—The coroner's verdict is murder and suicide. Sam finds a note left by Caulfield confessing he killed Gabrielle, but the rancher proves he could not have done it.

Chapter VIII.—Danielle shows Mrs. Magin the letter Gabrielle had received from France. It is in code, type-written.

Chapter IX.—At a conference of all the members of the household it is revealed that the girls came to the ranch hoping to find the proceeds of a train robbery in which their father had participated and which Lewis Bauerment, his partner in crime, had told them was hidden there. Danielle tells them she found tobacco ashes on Gabrielle's bag, beside the body, and practically accuses Sam of the murder.

Chapter X.—After heated recriminations, the conference finds Martha, who had seemed to be asleep, is dead. Mrs. Ricker asserts Martha killed Gabrielle and Sam knew it and shielded the girl. Sam hotly denies it.

Chapter XI.—Sam tells them he has hired a San Francisco detective, Lynn MacDonald, to try to clear up the mystery. Canneziano comes to the ranch. He knows of Lynn MacDonald, who he says is a woman and an expert "crime analyst."

Chapter XII.—Lynn MacDonald arrives, having traveled with Danielle, who has been in San Francisco arranging for her sister's cremation. Danielle is manifestly uneasy over the presence of her father at the ranch.

Chapter XIII.—Miss MacDonald apparently makes little headway in her investigation. Attempted comparison of the handwriting of the twins, on which she seems to set importance, gets nowhere.

Chapter XIV.—The detective decipheres the code letter received by Gabrielle. It is from a former lover of the girl, taunting her with the ease with which he had got rid of her with a lie about the train robbery lot, to find which the girls had come to the ranch. The writer of the letter, Danielle tells the detective and Mrs. Magin, is Lewis Bauerment.

Chapter XV.—Canneziano is found dead in his bed, strangled as Gabrielle had been. It is revealed that Martha's death was due to poison.

Chapter XVI.—Miss MacDonald and Mrs. Magin, comparing notes, arrive at the same conclusion and set a trap for the person they believe to be the triple murderer. It apparently fails.

## CHAPTER XVII

### The End.

I suppose it takes more than a minute for one's wits, particularly if they happen to be thick wits, to drain entirely away.

Before mine had completely left me, I had attempted to telephone to Sam, down in the outfit's quarters, and had failed to get a reply to my call. I had told Mrs. Ricker and Zinnia, trying with all my might to hide my fear, to run out and find Sam, or Miss MacDonald, or Hubert Hand, or John—I had forgotten that

together, on the afternoon of the fourth of July, they must have gone to effect the transformation. Perhaps, then, for a brief minute or two, the thing did seem amusing to Danny; for I know that I heard the girls laughing together, as I have mentioned, when I was on my errand upstairs.

We do not know, when the disguise had been completed, by what pretext Gabrielle lured Danny into the attic. There could be a dozen simple reasons why Danny might consent to go up there with her. Coming on downstairs again, Gabrielle caught her by the throat and strangled her, instantly, by means of the deadly jin-jitsu hold, which she had learned from her "stranger" lover. It is a hold that requires little strength—though Gabrielle's trained fingers were strong enough—but much scientific skill.

She took the earrings from Danny's ears—or, perhaps, Danny had



Gabrielle Caught Her by the Throat and Strangled Her.

not yet put them on—went to her own room, arranged her make-up got into the wrap, which completely covered Danny's clothes that she was wearing, pulled the hat down over her eyes to conceal the change in hair-dressing, and walked through the living room, for us all to see her, at four o'clock.

When Chad went to the porch with her (this John found out by insistent questioning) she told him that Danny had left the house, earlier, by the back way. That she and Danny had arranged a joke on the rest of us, to culminate the dull afternoon, and asked him to help with it by calling, in Danny's voice to her, when he came back into the house. Chad did it. That was why, since he was standing down by the front doors, the voice supposed to come from the upper hall, had a strained and unnatural sound. Gabrielle had reckoned that Chad, in spite of her request, would be too stupid to discover the facts. Probably she thought that, at any rate, she would be able to impose silence upon him. It was one of her many mistakes.

We think that he must have known for the remainder of the afternoon that Gabrielle was masquerading as Danny. His happy mood was caused by the fact that Gabrielle had given him a confidence and had allowed him to perform a small service for her. When he saw what had happened, and when he realized that the girl whom he had worshipped was a murderer, he killed himself. Strange, that in spite of everything, he still loved her enough to leave the confidential note to shield her. The men think that he left the note to shield the rest of us, rather than to shield her. I do not believe it.

She had planned to go straight around the house and re-enter it through the back door. Martha's being by the rabbit hutch was something she had not counted on. It was necessary to distract Martha's attention, and to get her to come at once into the house. She gave her the monkey bracelet. As she did so, probably because of the act of kindness, Martha made one of her frequent mistakes and called Gabrielle "Danny." Gabrielle told John (concerning Martha, John also questioned her insistently) that she then showed Martha the poison in the charm, and told her that it was a love potion that would make Chad love her, "like a lady," if she would swallow it, and never tell anyone anything about it.

Martha out of the way, Gaby must have run quickly around to the back of the house and up the back stairway. To toss the hat and wrap on the body, replace the earrings, scatter the pipe ashes over the beaded bag (I declare to goodness, I can more easily think of her lying there in her white silk dressing gown, than I can think of her brushing those pipe ashes up, from somewhere, in order to save them for that purpose), and drop the tatting shuttle there, required not more than one or two minutes of time. Another two or three minutes to wash her face thoroughly and to douse on some of Danny's perfume, and she was coming downstairs again, with the headache that necessitated the drawing of the curtains—to make her safety a bit safer, just at first.

She told John that those few minutes when she had to walk through the room, make the trip around the house, and get upstairs again, were the only moments of fright that she had had, from the first to the last. Once safely established in the role of Danny, she said, she knew that she had nothing to fear.

I think, however, that there were other times when she was afraid. I am certain that real fear was there in her room, that day, when the engagement ring dropped from her finger. Though I believe that her fear, then, was caused wholly from superstition, and not from any dread that the slight difference between her hands and Danny's might be noticed.

I am sure that her fear of John, on the fourth of July, was real enough. She knew that each minute he was away, longer than the time necessary for the trip, was a minute lost from the perfect alibi she had so mistakenly tried to arrange for him by sending him away from the ranch. She had not known that Danny's fingers had closed on the stair's tread. When John came in the back way she was afraid that it would be remembered later—as it was—and that some one would suspect—as Hubert Hand did suspect—that John had carried the body in at that time.

She had counted on her note to Danny, and on the fact that, as Danny, she was downstairs within ten or twelve minutes after the time we had seen Gaby walking down the path and had heard Danny's voice calling after her, to prove her own innocence. They, and the gentleness of Danny's disposition, did this to perfection.

Her original plan had been to prove that Sam was the murderer. With Sam out of the way, and with John in possession of his fortune, she had thought, I suppose, that she would have no trouble in persuading John to leave the Desert Moon. But she was afraid of the idea. Knowing John's devotion to Sam, she could not reckon, with any sureness, how disgrace and sorrow might affect John. It was too big a risk to take, unreservedly. So, though she picked the quarrel with Sam, screwed the pipe ashes on the rag, put the key in the fireplace, wrote on the photograph, she left loopholes in the shape of the many other false clues. It is only my own notion that if she had not thought the definite accusation of Sam, which she made during the session on the fifth of July, was necessary to protect John, she would have backed out, by that time, and not have made it.

It is again only my notion that the request, which she put in her note to Danny, to have Danny take her body to San Francisco for cremation, was made because she thought that it would be desirable for her to be able to leave the ranch at once—perhaps for several weeks. Mrs. Ricker's expressed suspicion probably made her realize the wisdom of returning as rapidly as possible to the Desert Moon.

Gabrielle Canneziano was a born criminal. Almost all of her life had been spent among criminals. She knew their ways, and she knew the ways of honest people toward them. Consequently, she was too clever to drop her disguise, even for a minute, in San Francisco. When, on the afternoon of the fourth of July, she had come downstairs as Danny, she had come resolved from that time forth to be Danny, in thought and in deed, up to level best of her ability. That she never doubted her ability, to turn from black to white within the space of an hour is a splendid example of Miss MacDonald's contention concerning the egotism of criminals.

Miss MacDonald says that her first real clue was the one I gave to her when I said that no one, except Gaby herself, who would do such a wicked thing, had ever been on the ranch. If she had been on the ranch, she might have committed the murder.

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She had all three of the primary motives for the murder: love, revenge and greed. The unique feature in this case—Miss MacDonald says that each case has its unique feature—was that the murdered girl had been a duplicate twin.

The hazy, incomplete notion, Miss MacDonald says, had just come into her mind; she had not begun to accept it, she was only allowing it, dimly, to take form, when I returned to the room that day with my hand full of letters written by Danny. Handwriting, as surely as fingerprints, Miss MacDonald says, proves identity.

She asked me, straight, whether I had seen Danny writing the checks and addressing the envelopes. I answered, straight and positively, that I had. And Miss MacDonald had warned me that people often thought that they saw things they did not see).

I had not. I had seen the person whom I supposed was Danny writing checks and addressing envelopes. I had turned my back to her, and had walked to the door, when she called after me and gave me the envelopes containing the checks.

Danny herself had written those checks and had addressed those envelopes on the third of July. Owing to all the furor that had been going on in the house that day, she had left her desk before she had torn the checks from her checkbook, and had never gone back to it to finish her task. It is possible that Gabrielle had deliberately arranged that, also; but I think not. At any rate, she had waited for a date that had a three, or an eight in it, to produce them. Circumstances and I played well into her hands that day; she had only to insert a one in front of the three to make me her fool.

Miss MacDonald, as you have seen, blames herself and not me for the mistake. She says that she should have known better than to believe me; or, to quote her exactly, she should have "doubted your accuracy of observation." But, not until the morning that we found Danielle Canneziano murdered did it occur to her to doubt it.

She says that it was not clairvoyance, not intuition, not even common sense, that it was nothing but a memory that took her, that morning, straight back to the idea that Gabrielle Canneziano could be the guilty person. Oddly, the conviction had

come to her before we found Canneziano's body.

Sitting across the table from Gabrielle, posing as Danny, that morning at breakfast, she had thought, dimly, of the breakfast, that she and Danny had had together in the dining room. She had taken her chair, that morning, just as Danny had handed the order slip for her breakfast to the waiter. Too vaguely to be certain that it was really a memory, she seemed to see that slip of paper covered with writing. Just then, with the aroma of coffee in her nostrils, and with her food grapefruit and rolls in front of her, she remembered that it was the same breakfast both she and Danny had

had that morning. Would such a small order cover an order slip with handwriting? Not, it was certain, with the neat handwriting that had made out those checks and addressed those envelopes. Right then she resolved to lose no more time; to get, as soon as possible, a sample of the handwriting of the girl who was sitting across the table from her.

Canneziano's murder, discovered in the next half hour, strengthened her vague suspicion into as much of a certainty as she ever allowed herself before she had positive evidence.

As I have written, she spent the following week in efforts to get that

(Continued on next page)



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