

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XXV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 20, 1935

NO. 45

Chunn & Boston

Prices Good Friday and Saturday

Fruit	Oranges, doz.	19c
	Apples, pk	30c
	Lemons, doz.	29c
	Prunes, fresh dried, 25 lb.	\$1.25

Veg.	Cabbage, lb	1c
	Tomatoes, lb.	4c
	Lettuce, head	5c
	Spuds, pk.	25c

Mince meat, W. S., pkg.	8c
Mustard, 2 qts.	25c

Candy	3 5c bars	10c
	Good mixed, lb.	15c

Tomato Juice, can	5c
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Soap	Venetian, doz. bars	49c
	and 5 lb. Flakes, Big 4	39c
	Flakes 5 lb. Flakes, White House	39c

We pay top prices for marketable produce

Flour	24 lb. Perryton	\$1.69	89c
	48 lb. Perryton		

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Now that business is picking up, how about dropping in to settle up that dollar or two you owe on your Informer subscription. Of course, we don't really need the money, but we have a large family of creditors to support. We understand all the aforesaid creditors are in dire need, so please help them by paying us. Thanks,

The Hedley Informer

Come to Hedley

An excellent school, a good community and a fine teaching staff make Hedley an ideal place to attend school. You will make no mistake in coming to Hedley.

See us for School Supplies

Wilson Drug Co.

Where You Are Always Welcome
PHONE 63

FOOTBALL

The Hedley Owls made their 1935 football debut Friday Sept. 13, against the strong Turkey Turks. While losing by a score of 29 to 0, the Owls showed real promise, and prospects look good as they are due to make great improvement as the season advances. The heavier, more experienced Turks scored three touchdowns and kicked and passed for two extra points.

In the first period, Hedley chose to kick, and held the Turks for downs, forcing them to kick. Hedley then taking the ball made a first down, but failed to make their second one, and punted. Both teams played a defensive game the remainder of the quarter, Hedley having a slight edge. Score 0 to 0.

In the 2nd quarter Turkey made their first score. Turkey punted deep into Hedley Territory; then blocked a punt and recovered on about the 12 yd. line. Stunned for a minute, the Owls weakened, and several end runs netted a touch down. The try for extra point was a pass, and failed. Hedley then received, and carried the ball back well toward Turkey's goal line. After making substantial gains through the Turkey line, a pass was attempted, but was intercepted. The score at the end of the half: Turkey 6 Hedley 0.

In the 3rd quarter Turkey again scored, obtaining possession of the ball after Hedley failed to fall on a punt that had been touched by a Hedley player. The kick for point was good. Score Turkey 13, Hedley 0.

In the last period the Turks, with a half yard to go for a first down, completed a long pass, putting the ball almost on the Hedley goal line. Altho fighting valiantly, and holding for three downs, the Owls were forced back, and Turkey made their third touchdown of the afternoon and passed for the extra point. Score Turkey 20, Hedley 0.

Altho out weighed, and out scored, the Owls were not out fought, for they were in there every minute, fighting from whistle to whistle. The light inexperienced team (Cap Richerson is the only letter man on the squad) showed that it is not the kind to quit, even against overwhelming odds. Richerson was the out-standing Owl player for day; he proved himself an able field general as well as a dangerous triple threat man. He can pass, is an excellent ball toter, and a remarkable punter. Other players also played well, the line, in spite of its lack of weight, held, and most of Turkey's gains were made around end or through the air.

Hedley's conference schedule begins Friday, Sept. 20, against Samnerwood, there. The first home game is on Friday, Sept. 27, with Alanreed. Let's all support the Owls and help them to win the Class C Championship. Starting line up.

A. V. Hendricks, L. E. Hershel Heath, L. T. Bruce Edwards, L. G. Fred Wells, C. Forest Adamsen, R. G. Jiggs Land, R. T. Ules Holland, R. E. Fann Richerson, Q. Spot Laurence, L. E. Omar Woods, F. B. Marvin Hickey, R. H.

For Sale—good mod. 1 T truck Thompson Auto Salvage

Print 13c per yd. B & B.

ATTEND MEETING

A number of Hedley citizens attended a mass meeting at the courthouse in Clarendon Tuesday afternoon, and heard a very interesting talk on the cotton loan situation by M. A. Pillers district committeeman for this district. Mr. Pillers has just returned from Washington with some valuable information on the cotton program. He explained how and when the 12c benefit payment will be made, and also outlined the 1936 cotton program.

TO ORDAIN DEACONS

The West Baptist Church will ordain a number of deacons on next Sunday, Sept. 22. The public is invited to the services.

NOTICE

Applications wanted for a substitute teacher for Hedley schools. Election Monday night. Hedley Ind. School Board.

E. R. Hooker, who has been the efficient manager of the Woolbridge Lumber Co for a number of years, has resigned his position, and plans to leave Sunday for Claude, where he will assist Mrs. Hooker in operating the Hooker Variety Store. Leon Reeves has been appointed the new manager of the Lumber Co.

ATTENTION

The World Friend club will sponsor a trip around the world next Wednesday night at the Methodist Church at 7:30.

Program:
Song
Scripture
Prayer
Welcome, Mattie Irene Mobley
Song
The traveler, Glendon Cherry.
Different countries will be represented in the church basement.

JUNIOR STUDY CLUB

A much looked forward to occasion was enjoyed on Thursday, Sept. 12, when members of the Junior Study club held their annual picnic. The members, each with a guest, gathered at the home of Mrs. Hickey, from there they motored to the state park for the outing.

After the cars were unloaded and each one was provided with a suitable stick with which to roast weiners. The social committee ask that they all go away until they were called (where they went and where they got the watermelon, we still wonder). On the return a feast of everything it takes to make a good picnic was enjoyed.

Members who attended were Mesdames Ross Adamson, John Anfill, P. L. Dishman, Harrison Hal, Joe Everett, Elvin Hickey, Ray Moreman, Leon Reeves, Robert Watkins, Geo. Thompson Misses Otey Watkins, Theresa Webb and Pauline Caldwell. Guests who attended were Mesdames J. Adamsen, Jiggs Mesley, Robert Moffitt, Chas. Everett, Royce Hall, Clayton Mann, Tom Lamberson, Charite Barnett, Lavonia Stricklin and Miss Myrtle Reeves, Joan Ray Moreman, Laura Ann Thompson, Lonetta Hickey and Welcome Adamson.

Mrs. O. R. Quisell left last Thursday for McKinney, where she will undergo medical treatment.

1916 and 1935

Since 1916 this store has helped in the growth of Hedley and Donley county. Today, as in the past, we are ready to serve you at all times.

**Barnes & Hastings
Grocery Co.**

PHONE 21

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. G. C. Heath entertained Ochanita Sept. 7, on her 5th birthday, with a party. Enjoyable games were played.

Ice cream and cake were served and little dolls were passed to the following: Marion Ruth Chunn, Eva Jean Cherry, Corby and Mary Alice Hunsucker, Mary Sue Seales, Bobbie Lee Hall, Winfred Chunn, Joy Blankenship, Dorothy Je Meeks, Joan Ray Moreman, Paul Rayne and Luma Marshall, Hilda Ruth Burden, Sarah Ann Rains, Edith Marie Conner, Bobbie Jiggs and Leonard Mesley, John Edward and Virginia Ann Powell Mesdames Chas. Rains, C. R. Hunsucker, D. G. Powell, A. R. Marshall, Jiggs Mesley and Frank Murray.

HEDLEY SINGERS

We did not meet last 2nd Sunday on account of threatening weather, but let's all be in our places next Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Let's all be on time and make this the best one yet. All are cordially invited to be with us.

Subscribe for the Informer.

COFFINS, CASKETS

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

Licensed Embalmer and Auto Hearse at Your Service
Day phone 34
Night phone 40

MOREMAN HARDWARE

NOTICE

To Car Owners

Let us wash and grease your car and clean the upholstery

We do general repairing and carry new and used parts, and tires and tubes.

Let us check your car for summer driving.

CLIFTON'S GARAGE

PHONE 42-2R

Taxes Will Be Higher

In view of the rising public debt and the tremendous burden of relief, it is only common sense to know that taxes will be higher.

And with all taxing bodies constantly looking for new sources of income, the wise business man will want an accurate record of every receipt and expenditure in order to know precisely where he stands at the end of the year. A checking account will give you this information in the exact form you desire it. Avail yourself now of our invitation to open an account in this bank.

Security State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

Several Such Dresses
Solve Sports Problem

PATTERN 2345



Having everything "under control" is the best way to put in a poised charming appearance on every occasion. That calls for a wardrobe extensive enough to fill the increased demands for which we nominate this dandy "Handy Sport" pattern. The clean-cut neckline is achieved with unique sleeve sections running right across a trimly tailored neck band. Parts over the bust lend a flattering note of softness and the pockets are a welcome change from the usual square. Shantung, sports silk, linen, pique would all be good whether you make it as is, or with contrasting yoke, sleeves, belt and pocket.

Pattern 2345 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 2 1/4 yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address, and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address all orders to the Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.



REVENGE

"I don't care," said the little girl who had not been invited to the party. "I'll be even with them."

"What will you do?" asked her mother.

"When I grow up I'll give a great big party and I won't invite anyone."

Thoughtful

John came to his mother the other day, crying and complaining that his sister had been teasing him.

"Mamma," he said, between sobs, "I wish you would punish Elizabeth."

"Now, John," his mother replied, "you would not want to see your little sister punished, would you?"

"No, ma'am! But you can take her upstairs where I can't see you."

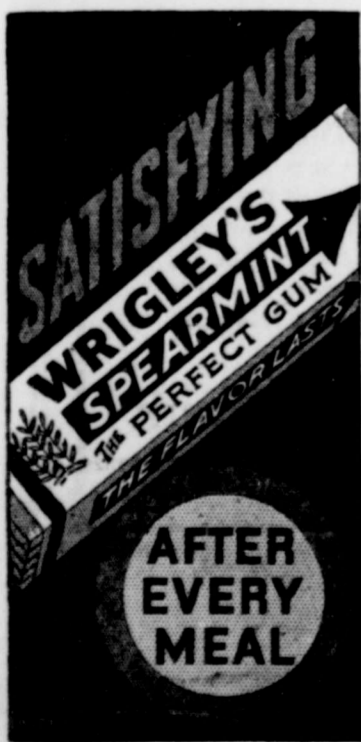
You Gluttons!

"What was your plum crop like?"

"Well, a heavy storm blew down 50 per cent of it, and we'd hardly gathered that when another wind blew down the rest."

"Bad luck! Could you do anything with them?"

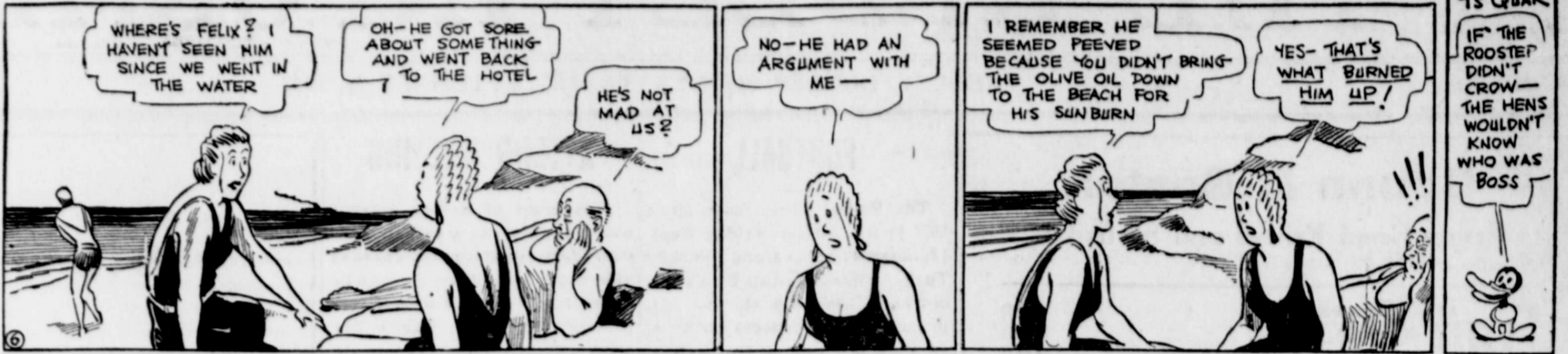
"Well, my wife ate one and I ate the other."—Answers Magazine.



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

In the Sun



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

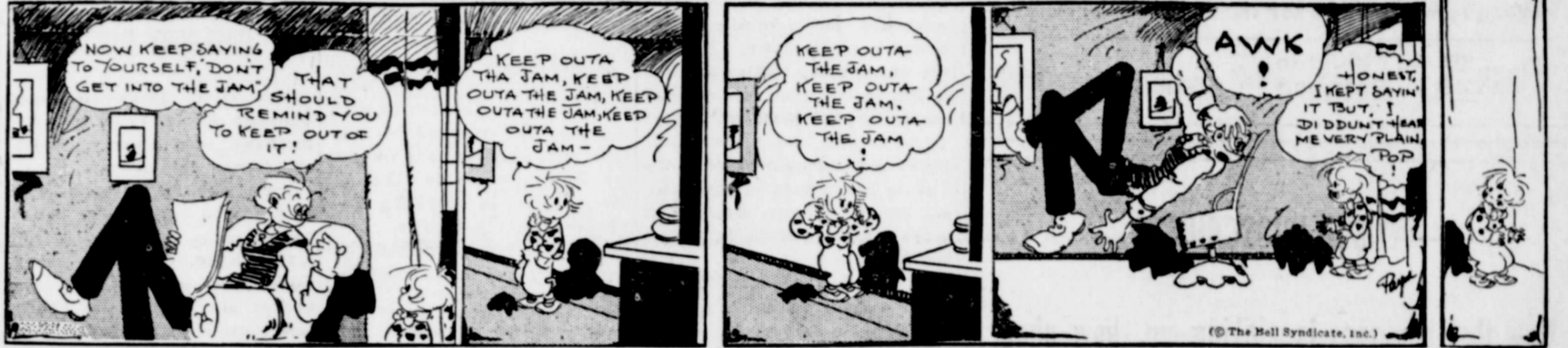
By Ted O'Loughlin

No Stopping Him



S'MATTER POP— Must Have Jammed His Hearing

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

Singing In The Bathub



"REG'LAR FELLERS"

A Bull's-Eye



Our Pet Peeve

By M. G. KETTNER

One Armful

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Everybody knows the words...
they
Satisfy



They're a cheerful little earful
You'll hear where'er you go
For smokers say "They Satisfy"
And smokers ought to know



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THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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Mrs. Ed C. Boliver, Owner
Edward Boliver, Editor and
Publisher

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at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of
March 3, 1879.

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

All obituaries, resolutions of res-
pect, cards of thanks, advertising of
church or society doings, when ad-
mission is charged, will be treated
as advertising and charged for ac-
cordingly.

WEDLEY LODGE NO. 413

Hedley Chapter No. 413,
O. E. S., meets the first
Monday of each month,
at 7:00 p. m.

Members are requested to attend.
Visitors welcome.
Mary Newman, W. M.
Byrds Watt, Sec.

WEST BAPTIST CHURCH

Hyron F. Todd, pastor
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching every 2nd and 4th
Sundays and on Saturday before
the 2nd Sunday Morning ser-
vice 11:00 a. m. Evening service
8:00. Visitors are always wel-
come.

R. Y. P. D. and adult Bible
Sunday at 7:00 P. M.

WIFADADOS CLUB

The Wifadados club met with
Mrs. Maness Sept 10, with nine
members present, it not being
generally understood where it
meet, place of meeting having
been changed twice, which so
causes for so few. We hope for
better understanding and atten-
dants in future.

The club will meet in the base-
ment of the Methodist Church
Sept 24, with a sing song pro-
gram at 2:30 p. m., since days
are shorter and school going on
Mrs. Maranall, leader. This
being a central place we hope to
have all that possibly can come.

We miss you when you are
absent.

ADAMSON-LANE POST 287 AMERICAN LEGION

meets on the first Friday in each
month

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas

Office Phone 3
Residence Phone 29

Dr. F. V. Walker

General Practice.
Female Diseases a Specialty
Residence Phone 5
Office with Wilson Drug Co.
Hedley, Texas

JUNIOR STUDY CLUB

The members of the Junior
Study club were delightfully
entertained on Sept 4, by Mrs.
Robert Watkins. After a busi-
ness session the following pro-
gram was given:

Invocation, Mrs. L. B. Chann
Texas, My Texas, club
Past Mrs. Leon Reeves
Present, Theresa Webb
Future, Pauline Caldwell
Leader, Mrs. Ross Adamson
Delicious refreshments of an-
gel cake and coffee were served
to the following members: Mes-
sames Ross Adamson, Harrison
Hall, L. B. Chann, Joe Everett,
Elvin Hickey, Ray Moreman,
Ralph Moreman, Leon Reeves,
Homer Simmons, Robert Wat-
kins and Misses Theresa Webb,
Pauline Caldwell and Oley Wat-
kins

4 Per Cent Money

TO LOAN on Donley County
Farms and Ranches
C. L. JOHNSON, Sec. Treas.
Hedley National Farm Loan
Association

NAZARENE CHURCH

E. F. Robinson, pastor
Sunday Bible School, 9:45 a. m.
Preaching Service, 11:00
N. Y. P. S. 6:30 p. m.
Preaching Service, 7:30
W. M. S. Wednesday, 2:30 P. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:15
We Welcome You.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas,
To the Sheriff or Any Constable
of Donley County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to
summon Alfred Sully, Emma J.
Stow, Adelaide A. Sully Edmonia
Roberts, Eugene H. Roberts, Ada
C. Pettis, W. S. Pettis, and Chas.
Roberts, who are non residents
of this State and whose residence
is unknown, to appear at the
next regular term of the District
Court of Donley County, Texas,
to be held at the courthouse
thereof in the town of Clarendon,
on the first Monday in October,
1935, being the 7th day of Octo-
ber, 1935, then and there to an-
swer a petition filed in said court
on the 29th day of August, 1935,
the file number of which is 1885
to which suit Katie Chamberlain
is plaintiff and Alfred Sully, Em-
ma J. Stow, Adelaide A. Sully,
Edmonia Roberts, Eugene H.
Roberts, Ada C. Pettis, W. S.
Pettis, and Chas. Roberts are de-
fendants, the cause of action being
alleged as follows: that the plaintiff
is the owner of the fee simple title
to all of Section Seventy three (73)
and the Northeast one fourth (NE 1/4)
of Section Seventy seven (77) Block 6,
Donley County, Texas; that she
holds such title by duly recorded
deeds; that she holds it by rea-
son of the three, five, ten, and
twenty five years Statutes of
Limitation; and that there are
certain vendor's lien notes paid
but not released by the record
holder and owner of such notes;
and that the same casts a cloud
upon her title, praying for the
removal of such cloud in the ves-
ting of a marketable title.

You are commanded to summon
such defendants, and to serve
this citation by making pub-
lication of this citation once
each week for four consecutive
weeks previous to the return day
hereof, in the Hedley Informer,
a newspaper published in the
English language in Donley
County, Texas.

Herein fail not, but have you
before said court, on the first
day of next term hereof, this
writ, with your return thereon,
showing how you have executed
the same.

(SEAL) Witness Walker
Lane, clerk of the District Court
of Donley County, Texas.

Given under my hand and seal
of said court this, the 29th day
of August, 1935.

(SEAL) Walker Lane
Clerk of the District Court, Don-
ley County, Texas.

Issued this 29th day of Aug-
ust, 1935.

(SEAL) Walker Lane
Clerk of the District Court, Don-
ley County, Texas.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Brother Frank E. Chism will
preach in Hedley, at the Church
of Christ, the second Sunday of
each month.

Everybody is invited to come
out and hear him.

Bible Classes every Sunday
morning from 10 to 11 o'clock.
Everyone is cordially invited to
attend.

We have a new supply of
paints and enamels in small cans
B & R Variety

EMBALMING

Caskets & Undertaking
Supplies

We Are At Your Service

THOMPSON BROS.
Night Phone 94 or 64

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas,
To the Sheriff or Any Constable
of Donley County Texas, Greet-
ing:

You are hereby commanded,
as you have one time before been
commanded, to summon Carrel
Guthrie, a non resident of this
State, and whose residence is un-
known, to appear at the next
regular term of the District
Court of Donley County, Texas,
to be held at the courthouse
thereof in the town of Clarendon,
on the first Monday of October,
1935, being the 7th day of Octo-
ber, 1935, then and there to an-
swer a petition filed in said
Court on the 15th day of July,
1935, the file number of which is
1883, in which Hattie Guthrie is
plaintiff and Carrel Guthrie is de-
fendant, the cause of action being
as follows: that plaintiff and de-
fendant are husband and wife
and were such on all the days
alleged in the petition; that the
defendant did strike and hit the
plaintiff, and caused her great
physical and mental suffering
and pain and rendered their fur-
ther living together as husband
and wife in-sportable, and
praying for a divorce of the be-
nonds of matrimony existing be-
tween the plaintiff and the de-
fendant.

You are commanded to summon
such defendant and to serve
this citation by making pub-
lication of this citation once each
week for four consecutive weeks
previous to the return day here-
of, in the Hedley Informer, a
newspaper published in the Eng-
lish language in Donley County,
Texas.

Herein fail not, but have you
before said court, on the first
day of next term hereof, this
writ, with your return thereon,
showing how you have executed
the same.

(SEAL) Witness Walker
Lane, clerk of the District Court
of Donley County, Texas.

Given under my hand and seal
of said court this, the 29th day
of August, 1935.

(SEAL) Walker Lane
Clerk of the District Court, Don-
ley County, Texas.

Issued this the 29th day of
August, 1935.

(SEAL) Walker Lane
Clerk of the District Court, Don-
ley County, Texas.

HEDLEY LODGE NO. 991

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

All members are urged to attend
Visitors are welcome.

T. W. Bain, W. M.
C. E. Johnson, Sec.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

A. V. Hendricks, Pastor
Sunday School Sunday morn-
ing at 9:45. Clarence Davis, Supt.
Epworth League at 6:30, Sybil
Holland, Pres. Church service
morning and evening each Sun-
day



RAYMOND PITCAIRN

INDUSTRIAL LAB

Industrial Laboratory is a new
course in high school which can
be adapted to suit the most im-
mediate needs of the student. It
is a subject that gives the pupil
a chance to study the things
which he feels will be most bene-
ficial to him in the future. It is
not a course which trains the
student primarily for college; it
gives him training he will need if
he does or does not get to attend
college.

In this course we plan to study
the art of masonry, carpentering
mechanics, tin smith work, black
smithing, and any other art
which the students and parents
think will be beneficial to the
class. This is a class in which
the students and parents plan
the work to be done by the class.
At the present time the class is
engaged in the construction of a
rock garden on the high school
campus. In this project we plan
to learn the following things;
masonry in the laying of rocks,
agriculture in the preparing of
the grounds and planting shrubs
and flowers, and biology in keep-
ing animals and plants. A ques-
tionaire will be sent out to the
parents of all the students with
the hope of getting their support
in planning our projects in the
future, and in giving their opin-
ions of the things they would
like for their son to study.

This is a course which can be
adapted to benefit the student,
school, and community. Projects
can be worked out which will
help the school and community,
and at the same time give the
student training in the field
which he most desires.

A student may not leave this
class as an expert in any one
trade but he will have some idea
of what he likes and can do best.

The success of this class de-
pends largely on the parents and
people of this community. We
ask your loyal support and co-
operation in helping plan for our
class. Without your support we
can do nothing; with it we can
make this the most beneficial
course in high school.

The Supreme Court— Our National Umpire

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman
Continues of last week's article

Picture a sand-lot baseball diamond
with the outskirt of any American
town. The home team is at bat—and go-
ing strong! An exciting play comes
in an effort to stretch a three-run-
ner into a home run, a player runs wild
of the line.
"You're out," cries the umpire.
There is a moment of stunned
silence. Then the home-team player
breaks into loud recrimination.
"Throw out the umpire," they
shout.

But the spectators—a typical
American crowd—boo the disgruntled
players down. Out of the clamor
arises a clear voice.
"The umpire," it announces, "is
here to see that the game is played
according to the rules that have made
it a success. If he didn't perform
that duty, the game couldn't last. If
he interpreted the rules to meet every
player's whim, baseball would no
longer be the orderly American game
that we love. It would degenerate
into a disorganized and un-Ameri-
can free-for-all. So let's keep the umpire
and play the game according to the
rules that have demonstrated their
value and utility."

Broaden that picture a bit, and you
get a rough analogy to something
that's happening in the American
political scene today.

Certain lawmakers and their fol-
lowers are annoyed because the Su-
preme Court has pointed out that
some of their impractical measures
violate the body of rules under which
our government operates—the United
States Constitution. They fear that
still other measures will suffer the
same fate. So they want to weaken
the authority of the Court as our
official interpreter of the rules.

They are shouting, "Throw out the
umpire!"

Will they succeed? That's up to
the people. No change so drastic in
effect could be consummated without
the consent of the voters. Fortu-
nately, a nation-wide reaction has
shown the popular attitude.

The people are determined to re-
tain a National Umpire who will
hold lawmakers to the rules which
made us a great, successful nation
offering liberty and opportunity to all.

Let Our Motto Be
GOOD HEALTH
BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive
Medicine, University of Illinois,
College of Medicine.

KEEPING WELL BETWEEN
45 AND 65

This age group is usually not bothered much with contagious diseases. If we except tuberculosis, in Illinois in 1929 there were 23,800 deaths in this age group from all causes. Of these more than half were caused by degenerative diseases, which is another term for diseases that result from the wearing out of some vital organ.

Chronic kidney diseases headed the list with 2,684 deaths; chronic heart disease came next with 2,425 deaths; accidents, third, with 2,332 deaths; cancer of the digestive tract, fourth, with 1,519 deaths. Cerebral hemorrhage or apoplexy ranged fifth with 1,090 fatalities; endocarditis, or inflammation of the lining of the heart, came sixth with 1,131 deaths, and tuberculosis was seventh with 1,052 deaths.

Old age, you see, is operating within this forty-five to sixty-five age group, with diseases of the kidney and of the heart and blood vessels causing most deaths.

The kidneys can be thought of as two organs, each about the size of a doubled-up fist, that are shaped like a kidney bean. In fact, it is because of this resemblance that the vegetable kidney bean gets its name. These organs are specialized glands for the excretion of water and dissolved substances from the body. It is just as important for the kidney to excrete water as it is for it to excrete the dissolved salts, urea and other substances which are poisonous to the body when allowed to concentrate in the blood stream. The kidney represents the dam that allows the constant flow of the end products of metabolism from the body.

The secreting units of the kidney are specialized small twists of capillaries that are like a small ball of yarn, and are located in the outer portion of the organ. There are several million of these small secretory units, whose job it is to secrete urine every minute of the time, day and night. Nature is prodigal with the number of these secreting units, for there are many more than are needed for daily use. She has provided for a reserve supply in each kidney, so that in case of emergency, these can come to the rescue.

Now during childhood or adolescence, a person may have had an infectious disease common to young people, such as measles, diphtheria or scarlet fever. Although apparently recovered, there may have been some damage to one or both of the kidneys, which was not sufficient, however, to cause acute kidney disease, and the reserve secreting units were able to carry on the normal function of the kidneys. And for the next 20 or 30 years the individual was left happily in ignorance that the kidneys had been damaged, for there were no extra demands placed upon them, and they seemed to be functioning as they should.

Then when this individual reaches an age past forty, and the aging processes of the body begin to take place in him, he suddenly finds himself with a bankrupt excreting system, for his kidneys have no further reserve secreting units to draw upon. Such an individual then has chronic nephritis. And finds it very difficult to rest the kidneys, since they must secrete day and night, every minute, to prevent accumulations of waste products in the blood stream. This individual must place himself at once under the care of a physician.

Vaccinations against diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles were not available forty years ago, and so heart and kidney disease patients in the over forty age group can hardly blame any one if the damage to their heart or kidneys occurred from an infection due to one of their childhood diseases. But the child today can be spared this danger. We have the vaccines now; we know that these childhood diseases need not be "inevitable" accompaniments of young years; we could stamp them out if the community so willed. Certainly every older adult who is paying the penalty for childhood infections now with a heart or kidney ailment, should see to it that every child under his guardianship is protected against these avoidable childhood diseases.

Science has not yet been able to vaccinate against the kidney or heart wearing out! The chances are it never will. The way to keep these organs functioning without impairment of reserve power is to keep in constant germ diseases out of the body. Then scar tissue will not be formed as the result of a secondary infection, or inflammation, on either of these organs. Scar tissue on a kidney impedes the functioning power of that kidney just as much as the loss of one of our hands would impede the working ability of our arm.

But the person with an impaired heart or kidney will add years to his life, if he will learn how to live with this impaired heart or kidney. He must let them now be the masters of his activities. If he does that sensibly he will often be able to live many years without invalidism in his life, for short complete rest periods.

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Oriental Drape and Classic Pleat

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SEEKING a new fashion thrill? Here it is and a rather startling one when it comes to "something different." It's the draped silhouette either of Hindu or classic Greek influence. Look for it this fall, for draped fulness is on the way. As a matter of fact it has already arrived.

For quite some time Paris designers have been giving these draped effects a good try-out in evening wraps and gowns. When Schiaparelli and Aline and others first displayed gowns that either were draped or were daintily draped a la Hindustan and when artful pleatings went classic Greek and the sari and the bhram headscarf made their dramatic appearance, they created no end of excitement in fashion's domain. The venture went over with such overwhelming success style creators were led to adopt the idea of drapes and pleats as a workable formula in the designing of the new fall and winter modes.

The oriental influence which is being so dramatically exploited this season is shown in the costume to the right in the picture. The front fulness which is a characteristic feature of the newer fashions is achieved through both shirring and draping. As the season progresses the importance of front fulness will become increasingly apparent. The new softly styled frocks, the new separate skirts and the new coats all emphasize this trend. In harmony with this idea of front fulness comes the vogue of draped bodices. The most important feature of these smartly draped bodices is that their technique involves the use of gathers and fulness that seems to radiate from the shoulder line.

It is also significant that this stunning gown is made of chiffon, for the formal afternoon gown of filmy black is proving a favorite among best dressed women. The square rhine

stone buttons add sparkle to the costume. The hat of quilted silk is very unusual—suggests Egyptian inspiration.

The other gown is likewise made of black silk chiffon. The waist-depth jacket is done in all-over exquisitely fine accordion pleating. The blouse and the softly tied and pleated sash are of bright vermillion silk chiffon. The classic arrangement of this sash obviously suggests Grecian influence. The Greek trends are reflected in every realm of fashion, ranging from evening gowns to beach costumes. Beach wraps are so designed as to fall over the shoulder in classic cascade pleats. Then there are the lovely white chiffon evening gowns that are all-over pleated and go trailing in grace with pleated capelike scarfs which fall over the shoulder in most picturesque fashion.

One outcome of Greek influence is the vogue which calls for flat-heeled Grecian sandals. The smartest Parisiennes are wearing them fashioned of gilt leather. Picture a gown of Greek inspiration made of white crepe. The sculptured classic look is accented with a handsome gold cord with tassels about the waist. Gilt leather Greek sandals add the final touch.

The Hindu turban which the lady to the left in the illustration is wearing is noteworthy in that advance millinery showings are placing particular stress on the importance of Hindu-draped turbans for immediate wear with one's midsummer frocks. These charming turbans and berets are made either of black or white crepe or chiffon. As you see in the picture the thin fabric is twisted and shirred in interesting fashion. A new look is achieved this season for berets and turbans of Oriental inspiration in that they are worn, in some instances, back off the forehead.

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MIDSEASON COAT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A swaggar coat of uncompromising simplicity is your favorite pastel shade is the thing to wear right now over that summer frock you love best. The model pictured is developed in a new novelty woolen that combines the appearance of chinilla with the softness of polo cloth.

Sea-Shell for Hat Clips

The latest clips for hats and dresses are painted sea-shells.

MODERN VOGUE IN SCENT APPLICATION

A delightful new vogue in scent application—one particularly effective and appropriate with sleeveless and backless summer frocks and beach wear—is the one sponsored by a famous old French perfume house. Perfume, according to them, should not be applied to the clothing or handkerchief, or in little dabs behind the ears (as most American women apply it), but should be applied directly to the skin, spread over it in lavish quantities. Applied in this way, scent becomes an intrinsic part of the personality, being modified differently by the different texture of each skin, and so acquiring a warmer and richer, as well as an individual, fragrance.

A lovely and refreshing preparation known as "skin perfume," which should serve a double purpose in the sticky summer months (since it is cooling and stimulating as well as fragrant) is produced by this French house. The skin perfume comes, incidentally, in the fresh and delicate scent of lilac, unprecedentedly popular this year both as spring and summer shade and as floral perfume.

Another new note in scent fashion widely advocated this summer is the combination of perfume and dusting powder in the same scent to give one a single, individual fragrance. These combined perfume and dusting powder packages are ideal for summer use, from the viewpoint of comfort as well as charm.

Beauty Hint

An astringent lotion with a powder base makes an excellent foundation for make-up during warm weather. It may also be used to cleanse the face several times during the day before applying powder.

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake

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Guessing is so general among human beings that the meaning of the word has been changed.

Don't Guess When a man says today: "I guess," he means, "I think or I believe."

Sometimes, if he comes from the West or the South he says "I reckon" but that form is not used much north and east of the Mississippi river. I shall now turn to the word as a bad habit.

For guessing is a bad habit. It means half baked information, a lazy mind.

If you don't know, don't guess. Frankly admit that you don't know, and let it go at that.

Pretending that you know something that you don't know is proof of an idle mind.

I do not admit that one guess is as good as another.

No guess is any good. If you haven't got the information you want, hunt for it.

Don't be content with guess work. Supporting the captain of a transatlantic liner, being too lazy to use his navigating instruments, guessed in which direction to steer his ship.

The passengers would be in for a disagreeable surprise before very long. It is so easy to guess, and so difficult to know that people acquire very foolish notions about matters on which they should be well informed.

A guess is a leap in the dark. It is a venture. And people who do things on ventures are not to be trusted.

If you are embarking on any enterprise, large or small, be sure where you are going, how long it will take you to get there, and what the difficulties in the way may be.

Even the Indians, who had no astronomical apparatus beside the sun, used that to make sure that they were on the right road. They didn't guess.

When you guess, you are merely mentally groping.

Begin early to get exact information. To know that you know. Don't shoot an arrow in the air to fall to earth you know not where.

Put your mind on where you are going, and stick to the direction in which you started.

Perhaps no information one can acquire can be absolutely exact.

But if you eliminate the element of guesswork you will be far more likely to succeed in any undertaking on which you may embark than you would otherwise.

If guessing were absolutely impossible it would be better for all of us.

The title of this article is, I know, current slang.

Be Yourself It is used by young women to their two affectionate swains as a remonstrance.

But before it sank to this level it was a pretty fair watch-word.

For so many people are rarely themselves, but are always trying to act like others that presently they become practically nobody at all.

You are you. You can improve yourself, but will still have your own personality.

Stand by that. Don't be always aping other people. Make up your mind that you have a personality, which you can improve but cannot alter very much.

You may sometimes so greatly admire some other person that you fall into the habit of aping his clothes and his traits and even his speech.

But don't do it. You must stand or fall by what you are, not by what somebody you admire may be.

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Can Years of Happy Married Companionship Wipe Out the Memory of Early Love "Slip"?

"When I was away visiting my sister-in-law in another city recently I had occasion to see a rather unusual little play that opened there. It was called 'The Perfect Marriage,' and showed two people who had been married fifty years who were beloved by everybody and really believed themselves to be an example of a perfect marriage.

"Lovers over seventy, they were. And in reviewing the years they had spent together theirs seemed really to be an example of what all who start out on a honeymoon hope their marriage will be.

"And then, by one of those quirks of circumstances that take place in plays like the one pulled stitch that starts to unravel a whole job of knitting, there is unraveled the story of an extra-marital 'affair' on the part of both. Both the husband and the wife of this perfect marriage once had a lover. Neither find out until now, after fifty years of 'ideal' marriage. When they do the revelation nearly upsets their sturdy little etagel of love—but not quite. With the philosophy of their years they forgive each other, and—live happily ever afterward.

"Now we hear a good deal in real life, too, of forgiveness of infidelity, and at a more hot-blooded age than that of the golden-wedding couple. Can you understand it? I pride myself on being modern, and all that, but I think this is a question of human values that does not change with the age. What do you say?"

Broadminded, and with the understanding of human nature that is her marked characteristic, the famous writer to whom this query was addressed thus answers it:

"I say this—the old saying: 'You can forgive—but not forget.' Though marriage may, indeed many marriages have survived discovery of infidelity on one or both sides, in my opinion there is always something killed. The fabric of marriage may be patched up, but the warp and woof and soul of the thing must surely carry the mark.

"On the other hand, to my mind, it is not at all beyond understanding, as my correspondent suggests, how such a couple, or either one, can be willing to 'take back' the unfaithful one, or make the effort to forgive.

"While I certainly do not minimize the hurt, the wrench, the impulse to the contrary that would naturally be involved in continuing to live with a husband or wife who has been discovered unfaithful, the richer and the happier the marriage has been the more possible it is to understand such a forgiveness. For a really true marriage is a house of many mansions. Beside the physical love there is the understanding, the companionship, with which, as I like to say, one never walks alone. In that companionship there is mutual suffering, mutual struggle, mutual joy—mutual understanding. With people of quality—the human, not the social kind—those are things to

Crows Foresee Crash

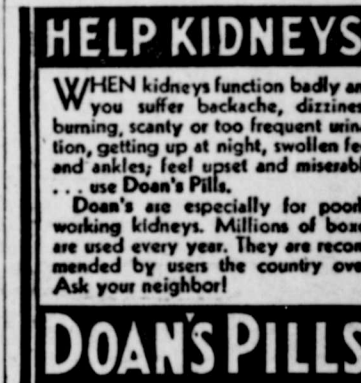
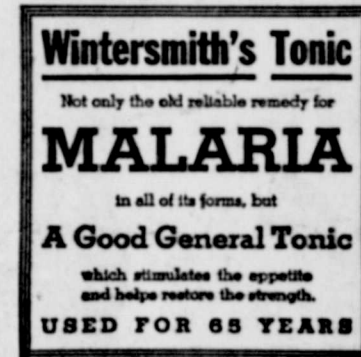
That crows have a foreboding of disaster was shown recently in Ogmore Vale, Wales. For 90 years crows have built their nests in the branches of a lofty oak 200 years old. Without warning they all moved to another tree. A week later their old home tottered in a breeze and fell. After the crash the crows cawed triumphantly.

make life rich indeed. With such people, you may say, infidelity does not happen. And yet, it has been known to. And in such a case forgiveness, while a bitter enough cup—and while the drink can never be the same as when it was taken at the spring of untainted belief—is, nevertheless, understandable."

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Both Inspirative
A mother's high regard for her son's abilities is an inspiration to him, as well as his wife's.



Smokers!

Try one!
It makes the next smoke taste better

CONSTANT SMOKER

Most men that smoke a lot have what we call "fuzzy tongues" and don't know it! Smoking stops the flow of saliva in the mouth and you get too much acid in your system. Makes you feel sluggish and lousy. The best way to lick the acids and still keep smoking is by taking Milnesia wafers twice a day. Your mouth will always feel clean and fresh and you always have your usual pep.

MILNESIA Wafers neutralize the excess acids that cause indigestion, heartburn and sick headaches. Each Wafer is a full adult dose, children—one quarter to one-half. Pleasant to take. Recommended by thousands of physicians.—At All Good Druggists.

Economical, too! Each Milnesia package contains more Magnesium Hydroxide than all other liquid forms.

The Original MILNESIA WAFERS

MILK OF MAGNESIA WAFERS

There's Always Another Year

MARTHA OSTENSO

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SYNOPSIS

To the little town of Heron River comes Anna ("Silver") Grenoble, daughter of "Gentleman Jim," formerly of the community, known as a gambler, news of whose murder in Chicago has reached the town. Sophronia Willard, Jim Grenoble's sister, is at the depot to meet Silver. Her household consists of her husband, and stepsons, Roderick and Jason. The Willards own only half of the farm, the other half being Anna Grenoble's. On Silver's arrival Duke Melbank, shiftless youth, makes himself obnoxious. Roderick is on the eve of marriage to Corinne Meader. Silver declares her eagerness to live with her aunt, on the farm, and will not sell her portion. She meets Roddy, by chance, that night. Silver tells Sophronia ("Phronie," by request) something—but by no means all—of her relations with Gerald Lucas, gambler friend of her father. Roddy marries Corinne, and brings her home. Corinne has a maid, Paula, who seems to attract Jason. Silver again meets Gerald Lucas, who has established a gambling resort near the town. She is compelled to introduce him to Corinne Willard much against her will.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Corinne Willard?" Gerald repeated. "And where have you been all my life?"

"Where nice girls always are," Corinne replied archly. "Living at home with mother."

"Just a nice, old-fashioned girl," Gerald bantered amiably. "Well, come along out to Emerald bay some night when mother isn't around. Bring her out with you, Silver."

Silver stepped to the side of the car.

"Gerald," she said, "you're going to be late for your appointment. And besides—"

"Right-o, Silver!" Gerald put in immediately. "I was forgetting. See you both later."

The car shot into the road and vanished beyond the thicket where the highway turned to the south.

"Well—I must say—you have a way of dismissing people—" Corinne observed.

"I just happen to know Gerald," Silver said quietly.

"So I have heard," Corinne remarked. "He's not at all what I imagined him. And he is awfully good-looking, isn't he?"

Silver was thoughtful for a moment.

"Corinne," she said at last, "I don't want Gerald around here at all."

"Well, it's no affair of mine, my dear," Corinne said lazily, and began calling to her dog, who was exploring the underbrush on the hill.

Something deep within Silver trembled. She saw Corinne turn away and go toward the house. From among the shadows under the great oak came the sound of Jason playing a quaint old lullaby. The music, mingling with the unbroken churring of the frogs, seemed to come from far away, from a past of half-remembered, half-forgotten things.

CHAPTER VI

Just before sundown, Silver rode out to bring the cattle in from the pasture. On the way home she paused beside a stripped field of barley where the men were at work. A couple of them waved to her. Jason stood on one stack, pitching the sheaves to the man who fed the machine. Roddy stood beside the separator, attending to the bagging of the grain as it flowed from the spout. He waved to her and Silver, waving back, remembered irrevocably that Corinne had not been present at the midday meal. She had gone to luncheon at the Richters' in their cottage on Twin Deer lake.

Silver shook her bridle rein and was about to turn away when she heard a scream from the field. She swung around quickly and saw Roddy jump toward a tow-headed youth who was standing near him. The engine stopped instantly and the men hurried to where Roddy was leaning over the boy. Silver slipped down from her horse and in a moment had crept under the fence and was beside Roddy. The boy had stumbled and caught two fingers of one hand in a cog-wheel of the thrasher. The fingers were two bloody tatters hanging from the hand. The boy was lying on the ground now, his face a deathlike pallor under the sunburn, his lips writhing back from his clenched teeth.

"Where's the first-aid kit?" Roddy shouted to the men who were crowding about him.

Jason had already gone in search of it. "D—n it, we've forgotten it!" he called as he came running back.

Roddy looked up. "Has anyone a clean handkerchief?"

Nobody responded. Silver had knelt beside Roddy, who was keeping a vise-like grip on the bleeding hand.

"Use this, Roddy," she said quickly, and whipped off her clean white linen blouse. With her shoulders bared to the rosy light of the low sun, she tore the material into strips and gave them to Roddy while he made a bandage and a tourniquet for the boy's mangled hand.

"All right, Jimmie!" Roddy said at last, and lifted the boy gently to his feet. "Start the truck, Jason. You'd better go down to Maynard and let Doc Woodward attend to it."

In a minute the truck had rattled away. It had all happened so quickly, so seemed to Silver that she had scarce-

ly drawn a breath. Roddy was coming back to her from the wagon that stood off a short distance from the thrashing machine. He was carrying his own grimy jacket. She permitted him to button it up to her breast, while she thrust her hands down into the pockets in an effort to control their trembling.

"That wasn't very pleasant, was it?" he said with a grim smile. "But those things happen now and then." When she did not reply, he laid his hand on her shoulder. "You were a brick, Silver—to do what you did. But you're pretty unstrung. Perhaps you'd better ride home in the wagon with me. Rusty will find his way back alone."

In another moment, she knew, she would burst into nervous tears. Without looking at him she said hurriedly, "No, thanks, Roddy. I'm—all right."

She turned away abruptly and rushed back to the fence, crawled under it and called to the horse, who had wandered off a short distance.

All the way home, beneath Silver's shuddering memory of the ragged clots of the boy's fingers, dwelt the thought of Roddy's dark face and his kindling, changed eyes.

While Roddy was washing in the tin basin on the bench outside the house—placed there for the use of the crew—Phronie came out of the kitchen.

"What's this I hear about the Healy boy?" she asked. "What happened?"

Roddy told her.

"Well, I declare it just seems something has to happen every year," Phronie said. "And he's such a nice boy, too. Well hurry up and get washed. Supper is ready."

"Is Corinne home yet?" Roddy asked.

"She's upstairs changing her clothes. Have you seen Silver anywhere? She went to fetch the cows, but I haven't seen her since."

Roddy told her then of the part Silver had played in getting the boy ready to go to Maynard with Jason.

"Well—that girl beats me!" Phronie declared. "But then—she's just like her mother. I remember—"

"You'd better go in and look after things, ma," Roddy interrupted.

Roddy hastened upstairs to put on clean clothing before he sat down to supper. On the landing he met Corinne. She was dressed in a clinging green chiffon gown that came almost to her beautifully shod feet.

"Hello, lovely!" he greeted her in a low voice.

She laughed and ruffled his hair. "There's a corn roast and a dance over at the lake tonight, darling," she told him. "I thought I might as well dress now. Aren't you going to kiss me?"

Roddy grinned, then drew her to him and kissed her throat.

"You've washed already?" she asked, surprised. "Don't tell me you washed in that tin basin outside."

"Certainly. Why not? I've done it for years."

"You have a bathroom upstairs, haven't you?"

"Listen, kid," he protested. "You don't know it, but the men are funny about such things. I don't want them to feel—well, you know what I mean."

"I don't know at all," she objected. "I should think—"

He swung her to him and held her close for a moment. "You're much too pretty to talk to me in that tone," he remonstrated. "Go on down—I'll be with you in a jiffy."

But as soon as he had left her, his mood grew sober again. He could not forget young Jim Healy and his poor crushed hand. Then, curiously, with an obscure lightening of his spirit, there came to him the vision of Silver Grenoble, in her riding breeches, kneeling there on the field in the sunset, her shoulders bare above a plain silk bodice. Perhaps he had been all wrong about her. Perhaps she belonged here as essentially as he did himself.

Roddy entered the dining room. Before he took his place at the table, he glanced over at Corinne, daintily presiding at its head and smiling graciously upon her overladen and plaid-shirted guests. Phronie and Paula stood, one on either side of the table, serving the men when necessary, or replenishing some dish or other from the kitchen. Silver had remained at the stone house, to make supper for old Roderick, who had not been feeling well for the past week.

It was Corinne's first appearance at table with the thrashing crew. Roddy winced, in spite of himself, as he saw her draw back quickly when a brawny arm reached across her bosom in a lunge toward the butter dish. Finally someone made a too graphic comment on the day's accident, and Corinne covered her eyes. It was the last time she sat at the table with the men.

An evening or two later, Roddy returned from visiting the Healy boy to find Corinne impatiently awaiting him. "I thought you'd never get back," she complained as soon as he entered the house.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"The Richters called up this afternoon and I promised we'd be over tonight. It's their last party before they go back to town."

"Corrie," Roddy said in a voice that was slow with weariness, "I've been out to parties till I'm ready to drop. I'm fed up with it. How do you expect a man to do his work and go out to some d—n fool party four of five times a week?"

For a moment there was silence. Then Corinne said, "But I promised them we'd be there."

"I can't help it," Roddy protested. "If you want to go, take the car and

run over for an hour or so. I'm so doggone tired I could—"

"Harry and his sister will come for me—if you won't take me," Corinne replied distantly.

"Corrie!" Her name, as he uttered it, was a vehement plea. But she did not answer. She had already left the room and gone into the hall to telephone.

Roddy sat for a minute where he was and listened to Corinne's voice as she talked to Harry Richter and made her own elaborate excuses for her husband. Then he got up and went to the kitchen.

He was sitting there a half hour later when Corinne came and stood in the kitchen doorway. She was dressed for the party. Roddy looked up.

"Give my regards to Harry," he said, "and tell him to bring you home early."

Corinne frowned. "I didn't think you could be so stubborn."

Roddy got up and put his arm about her. "It isn't stubbornness, dear," he said quietly. "Lord, can't you tell when a man is dog-tired?"

"You're not too tired to go, if you really wanted to," she persisted. "It's just that you don't like the people who are going to be there."

"Well—they're not my idea of a steady diet, exactly," he admitted. She drew her lips tight as she returned his look. "You are very funny sometimes," she said coldly. "I simply can't understand you."

"Don't try, kid," he said and patted her on the shoulder. "Go ahead and



"I Don't Know at All," She Objected. "I Should Think—"

have a good time. I'll put in a couple of hours checking up on that new corn."

"You're not too tired for that," she retorted.

"But that has to be done," he told her. "There's Harry now."

There was the sound of a car coming to a stop before the door. Corinne turned away immediately and was gone. Roddy went to the window and watched until the car was out of sight.

Silver gathered her tweed jacket about her and seated herself beside a clump of Juneberry bushes on the hill. It was quite late, but she had been unable to go to bed on such a night as this.

It did not seem possible that Gerald Lucas could be only a few miles away. She found herself wondering, idly, what he would do to amuse himself presently with the leisure his new enterprise would give him. His effort to restore their relationship would not be repeated, she knew. He had not made any attempt to communicate with her during the past several days, and so far as Silver knew, Corinne had not met him again. But that moment in the sultry moon-rise, when Corinne and Gerald had looked at each other for the first time, remained in her mind still, haunting and ominous.

There was a sound of someone moving out of the brush to the left. Silver glanced up and saw Roddy standing a few feet away, looking down at her.

"Why Roddy?" she exclaimed. "I thought you and Corinne had gone to the party."

For a moment he hesitated. "Corinne went," he told her. "The Richters came for her." He sat down near by. "I took a night off and spent it bringing some of my records up to date."

"I wish," said Silver wistfully, "that I had studied plant pathology and those things instead of languages. Every time I go into your laboratory I feel so darned inferior!"

He laughed indulgently.

"Well, you're certainly young enough to learn," he remarked, "if you're still bent on being a farmer. And it's beginning to look as though you are." He got his pipe from his overall pocket, packed and lighted it. "Except that you ought to be in bed at this hour. You worked pretty hard today, Phronie told me."

"This is lots better than sleeping," Silver said, and waved her hand toward the clouds of mist that were drifting low under such a waste of time.

"And not such a waste of time," he declared. "When I saw you walking up here I was leaving the shop—I thought I'd sneak along and get an eyeful of it for myself."

They sat in silence watching the thin wreaths blending, parting, blending in the hollows below.

"You were over to see the Healy boy

today, weren't you?" Silver asked finally. "I was thinking about him today. Couldn't we give a barn dance or something and collect enough money to pay Doctor Woodward? The Micheners told me the Healys haven't a dollar to spare for anything like this."

"That's an idea, Silver," Roddy exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I've been wondering what we could do to help out. Old Doc Woodward won't be so hard to satisfy. I can probably fix that myself. But the family is un-against it, and without the boy's wages, they'll be in a bad way. I'll speak to Corrie about it. I'm sure she'll take to the idea."

"It would be fun," Silver said. And perhaps wretched for herself, she thought with a pang. Except for the south and the Micheners, frugal but free-spirited Germans up near the lake, she had so far made friends of none of the people in and around Heron River.

Roddy turned and looked at her suddenly. "You know—that's the kind of thing that makes you likeable, Silver."

"What kind of thing?"

"You're always thinking about somebody else. The other day in the field, when you tore off your blouse—"

She was smiling at him. "I shall probably grow up to be a nice old maid—loved for my good deeds."

Roddy laughed and put his arm about her shoulder.

"You're a great little kid!" he exclaimed. "After old lady Folds, and then—this bird Lucas cropping up—or I should say flying in—"

"Now, Roddy, please don't start ap-pling me, or I may cry. Besides—I'll be twenty in November, so I haven't much credit coming to me."

"You will? Well, well! And I suppose Phil Michener thinks you're just about the right age to settle down, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," Silver replied loftily. "I like his sister, and I like him. They are real people, Roddy. They more than make up for—women like Mrs. Folds."

"And men like Gerald Lucas?" There was a curious note in Roddy's voice, half gentle, half embarrassed, the banter gone out of it.

Silver clasped her hands together before her. "Yes," she said. "Al-though Gerald isn't an evil as Mrs. Folds is, Roddy. He is an evil for me, that's all. Or he was, I should say. But you know by this time that I don't run away from—from that sort of thing—any more."

Roddy cleared his throat. "You were in love with him, weren't you?" he asked abruptly.

For fully a half minute, Silver gazed down upon the wavering shelves of mist.

"I went and stayed at his apartment," she said tonelessly. "For a week or so—while dad was away. Perhaps I was in love with him. I don't know. But now that I am here I know that it wasn't the right kind of love. I must have known that even then, because I wouldn't marry him. Gerald wanted to marry me. He was more decent than I was. He still is, in a way. He fascinated me, but I knew, all the time, underneath, that his life could never be mine. That's all there is to it, Roddy."

At first, Roddy continued to turn the bowl of his pipe about in his hand. Then, slowly, his eyes moved toward the girl beside him.

"Does Phronie know this?" he asked quietly.

"No. I have never told anyone but you. I—I didn't even tell dad the whole truth. I don't know why I've told you this," she went on broodingly. "But it seems to me the land has something to do with it. It has been like telling it to the land—starting over again, honestly. It's hard to explain—"

"I've hardly deserved your confidence," Roddy broke in with a short and ironic laugh. "My feelings toward you have been anything but generous, Silver."

"I think I've understood them, though," she replied thoughtfully.

"When you've worked a piece of land until you have your roots in it—"

He stopped suddenly, and bent toward her with his hand outstretched. "This is just my clumsy way of apologizing to you for being a fool, Silver."

She laid her hand in his and he drew her to her feet. Silver, meeting his eyes, experienced a frightening contraction of her throat. Roddy pressed his lips together and drew a deep breath, as though some profound un- case had settled within him.

"Together they walked down into the yard, and their simple good night was taken coolly into the silence."

Harry Richter and his sister Evelyn, Corinne reflected with a secret filip of contempt, were still—and perhaps always would be, in spite of their advantages of money and travel—just a pair of noisy and slightly vulgar cubs. But of course their father owned most of the town of Maynard, and the family mansion there was the pride of the district. Harry and Evelyn cheerily preferred this "little place on the lake" and even in winter frequently gave week-end parties here.

Corinne sat in a deep chair in the shadowed corner of the sprawling room, and as she gave a sidelong glance at the amused profile of Gerald Lucas, who stood beside her in an indolent, provocative attitude, smoking a cigarette, it seemed to her that Harry's friends were a little pathetic, even rustic. Corinne was coolly excited by the realization that never before in her life had she met anyone so polished, so cynically debonair as Gerald Lucas. She felt, with merely the least thrill of danger, their mutual understanding.

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake
© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

When I was a youngster in a little town I rarely saw men play in the day time.

True, the well-to-do men of the village owned horses and carriages, but if one of them had been seen driving such a rig around town on a week day, people either would have thought he had suddenly come into a fortune or else that he had gone crazy.

Most of these men knew little about the town they lived in beyond the streets that took them to and from their stores or offices.

Thirty years after I left the town I went back to look it over.

I found that most of the fairly prosperous men of the town had motor cars, and used them.

They would knock off work Saturday afternoon, drive one or two hundred miles to and from some other town, or take their wives and children out for a drive around the near-by countryside.

They did not neglect their business, but they had learned how to use their idle time, and that was a fine thing.

More and more the people of this country are learning to do that.

In England, Germany, France and Italy—I have not visited any other European countries—I saw crowds of people whose day's work was done, sitting around in cafes and sipping light wine or beer, talking and getting real fun out of life.

There was none of the rush and the hurry that you see in many of the cities in this country.

But we are learning, over here.

Men knock off work over week ends and play golf or take their wives and children out to see what the adjoining country looks like.

They are learning that out doors is a fine place, and that you will not catch your death of cold if you go out in it.

They are learning about their neighbors—and their neighbors now, since the automobile is in use, may dwell 10, 20 or 30 miles away and still be within easy reach.

Today the well-to-do man who used to be contented with going to a big city once in five years, makes trips to many big cities, and makes them three or four times a year—just for fun.

Life was meant to be enjoyed. For a long time this never occurred to the man of moderate means.

But he has discovered that he feels better and works better and understands life better if he takes it easy now and then, and gets a look beyond the range of the windows of his home.

A little while ago a few persons won considerable sums of money on a horse race on the other side of the ocean.

It is possible, now and then, to get rich without effort.

It is possible to do this about once in 10,000 times.

To me it seems too bad that the newspapers did not have white paper enough and the interest in losers was not general enough so that the names of every man and woman who bought tickets for this lottery could have been printed right after the drawings.

By and by, if you follow the lives of the people who won the big prizes you will find that the money they won has done them no or little good.

Gambling in the market, or on races, or on anything else is a proof that one is either lazy or weak minded.

I can understand why a person who isn't "getting along" can be tempted to take a flier on this or that gambling device.

It is not pleasant to lack money when others around you have it.

It is easy to dream of big winnings, made without effort.

But if everybody indulged in that kind of dreams there would be no work done, no progress, and honest effort would be regarded as rank foolishness.

Bear in mind that for every man or woman who "is in the money" when lottery results are declared, there are thousands of others who get nothing.

"By the sweat of your face shall ye eat bread."

The men who made this country were not gamblers.

Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Lee, had no desire to get rich quick.

Their chief interest was in doing all they could for their fellow human beings.

There have been gamblers in war—Napoleon for example. But you know what happened to them.

The happiest man is the man who can look back through the years satisfied that he has made his own way, that he has never thrust any one down to climb to wealth or success over him, that he always has played fair with his fellow human beings.

And after all it is happiness that we all desire.

When age encroaches we like to feel that we have never cheated, that we never have tried to pull anybody down, that we have abided by the rules of life.

That insures a clear conscience, untroubled sleep at night. More than that it earns the esteem and the good will of the people around us.

We cannot all be great or famous. But we can all be honest, unceasing and willing to work, and to work hard for what we get.

Housewife's Idea Box



Excellent for Kneading Bread

The marble top from an old-fashioned bureau will find a handy place in your kitchen. You will find it excellent for kneading bread, also for beating candy. It is fine, too, for rolling out pastries. It is usually cold to the touch, and for that reason is well adapted for these purposes.

THE HOUSEWIFE.
© Public Ledger, Inc.—WNU Service.

Telephone English

Recently, when I was trying to get a telephone call through, writes an Englishman, my listening for the familiar buzzing was suddenly interrupted by an operator's: "What number are you, darling?" "Darling!" Could it be—a telephone operator?

"Beg pardon," I gasped timidly. "What number are you, darling?" came the question once more. I struggled back a desire to banter small talk. There was something hard and commanding in that voice that I could not reconcile with such inviting words.

Bravely I ventured again. "I—er—what did you say?"

A definite snort of exasperation traveled over the wires, followed by a slightly accented: "What number are you, darling?" "Darling!" There must be some mistake. Oh, "darling." Of course! Of course! —From the Manchester Guardian.

State Identifies Fish

Because so many California fish are known by several names, and because the same names are applied to different fish, state officials have published a booklet which housewives may carry to market for use in identifying the kind of fish they want.

FLY-TOX
Kills
MOSQUITOES
FLIES-AND-SPIDERS
and
OTHER INSECTS

BEST BY 10,000 TESTS REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Use for the Gore

Some unbreakable buttons are made from blood.

10¢ 25¢

alotabs

BILIOUSNESS

Good Law

Currency smugglers in China will hereafter face a death sentence.

Try **CARDUI** For Functional Monthly Pains

Women from the 'teen age to the change of life have found Cardui genuinely helpful for the relief of functional monthly pains due to lack of just the right strength from the food they eat. Mrs. Crit Haynes, of Essex, Mo., writes: "I used Cardui when a girl for cramps and found it very beneficial. I have recently taken Cardui during the change of life. I was very nervous, had head and back pains and was in a generally run-down condition. Cardui has helped me greatly."

Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

Tortured with Itching of Pimples

Relieved After Using **Cuticura**

"My face was a mass of pimples due to some external irritation, and I was in agony for three months. The pimples were hard, red and large and were scattered all over my face. I was tortured with the itching and it kept me awake."

"I used many remedies, but to no avail. A friend asked me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment, so I did. Soon an improvement could be seen, and after using for two and a half months my complexion was clear." (Signed) Joseph Paradis, 1075 S. Blvd., New York City, May 2, 1935.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sports Fans Follow The American Boy

Boys and young men of this city who wish to improve their tennis service, their basket-shooting eyes, their forward passing talent, or their crawl stroke, can enlist the aid of the nation's foremost coaches and players by subscribing to THE AMERICAN BOY magazine and following the sports interviews and fiction stories that appear each month.

"When I was in high school," says a famous decathlon champion, "I read a track article in THE AMERICAN BOY that gave me my first clear cut idea of the western style of high jumping. At practice I laid the open magazine on the grass and studied it as I worked out. That afternoon I increased the height of my jump three inches."

That was a long time ago, but today thousands of future champions just as eagerly follow THE AMERICAN BOY.

"This year," states Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor, "our staff writers have gone to the two greatest football teams of the country—Minnesota and Pittsburgh—for first hand tips on strategy, blocking, tackling, passing, and the fine points of play. They have interviewed Jack Medina, the world's fastest swimmer, and his coach, Ray Daughters. Gone to Eastern High School of Washington, D. C., Eastern Interscholastic basketball champions. In the past they have followed the Grapefruit Circuit of the major leagues in Florida, sat on the bench at the Rose Bowl, sought out the famous runners, divers, All American ends, ta-

NOTICE

For Sale—good wagon and set of leather tug harness. Will sell for cash or take good note. See Will W. Helland Hedley, Texas.

We have a full supply of school supplies B. & B. Variety

Rev. and Mrs. Wells, Truman Caldwell and Mesdames F. M. Acord and P. C. Johnson attended the Baptist district conference held at Turkey last Tuesday and Wednesday.

R. W. Alewine and family visited in Childress Saturday.

Misses Hepe Wells, Opal Cooper and Zona Adamson left Monday for Canyon, where they will attend W. T. S. T. C.

Misses Martha Sue Noel and Joyce Tinsley left Sunday for Denton, where they will enroll as students in C. I. A.

H. M. Horschler and wife spent Sunday in Amarillo and Pampa.

kies and backfield men, to bring their story of how to play the game to the young men of America.

"In addition to our fiction, adventure, exploration, hobby counsel, and vocational help, we shall continue to encourage young men to improve their game in every line of sport."

Send your subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, 7480 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Enclose with your name and address \$1 for a year's subscription, \$2 for three years, and add 50 cents a year if you want the subscription to go to a foreign address. On newstands, 10c a copy

YOUNG DEMOCRATS

The Donley County Young Democrats club will discuss the government soil erosion project at their regular meeting Monday night, Sept. 23. All young Democrats are invited to attend.

John Mitchell is attending J. T. A. C. at Stephenville.

J. W. Sanford and family of Covington, Texas visited in the Roy Blanks home Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Elvia Davenport, who is teaching in the Childress schools again this year, spent last week end with home folks here.

T. J. Wiggins is convalescing after a siege of pneumonia.

B. E. "Uncle Ben" Harris celebrated his 89th birthday Tuesday and received several gifts from neighbors and friends.

FELT HATS

Cleaned and Blocked

Renew process insures you well dressed at cheap cost

BAILEY
The Hatter

Jack Youree, Hedley Agent.

PASTIME THEATRE Clarendon, Texas

Friday Sept. 20

Without Regret

Elissa Landi and Kent Taylor in a daring drama of four lives intertwined by fate. Fox news and comedy 10:25c

Saturday 21

Westward Ho

With John Wayne. Sheila Manners Action drama. Singing riders ride for vengeance thru a lifetime of adventure in a thrilling story of the old west also comedy. matinee 1:30; 10:15c

Sunday Monday 22 23

Oil for Lamps of China

Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson Alice Tisdale Hobart's book comes to the screen with all its Oriental power. Comedy, Billy Hill and orchestra. 10:25c

Tuesday 24

Redheads on Parade

John Boles and Dixie Lee, in a musical comedy. 48 adorable redheads—one from each state, at home with youth and joy. Also our Bank Night. Don't fail to attend the matinee. Also comedy 10:25c

Wed Thurs

Murder Man

With Spenser Tracy and Virginia Bruce. A mysterious murder. Rips away the veil of secrecy which surrounds big town police methods. Also our Gang comedy, 'Lucky Beginners' 10:25c. Coming soon: 'Imitation of Life' with Claudette Colbert; 'Keeper of the Bees' with Neil Hamilton and Betty Furness.

Matinees each day at 2 p. m. Evening shows at 7:45

New oil cloth, Fine patterns, good quality. B. & B. Variety

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

The assembly program for the grade school Wednesday, Sept. 18, was as follows:

Song, seventh grade quartette
Reading, Mr. Trostle
Piano solo, Doris Sherman
Play, "Constitution Day," sixth grade

Among some of the mottoes Mr. Trostle has given the seventh grade we like the following:

W
O
R
K
is our watchword,
isidom our aim,
nward and upward,
n toward fame,
est we must never,
eady each hour,
now ye the secret
nowledge is power.

The Elementary grades had their assembly Wednesday morning, Sept. 11. The following program was rendered:

Songs, "America the Beautiful," "Sweet and Low," "America"

Prayer
Scripture
Songs, Fifth Grade, "The Barber," "The News Boy," "The Busy Postman"

Poem, Now, Yvonna Meeks
String and harmonica music by Jet Hogwart and J. M. Dixon of the sixth grade, Don Watson of the fifth grade, Bartie Lee Edwards of the second grade and Clayton Simmons of the fourth grade.

The following fire chiefs were selected:

First grade, Emory Stone
Second grade, Max Webb
Third grade, J. D. Meek
Fourth grade, Paul Dishman
Fifth grade, Willis Long
Sixth grade, G. W. Morrison
Seventh grade, Foster Pickett
Tuesday afternoon Sept. 10, the seventh grade girls and boys played the high school boys and girls. The score for the girls was 7 to 10 in favor of the seventh grade. The seventh grade boys were defeated by ten scores.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY SPECIALS

Cabbage, lb.	1c
Spuds, No. 1, pk.	23c
Apples, pk.	29c
Sweet Potatoes, pk.	25c
Meal, 20 lb.	53c
Coffee, good bulk, 2 lb.	33c
Lettuce, head	6c
Tomatoes, No. 2 can	9c
Corn	10c
Hominy, 2 No. 2 cans	15c
Pork & Beans, doz.	69c
Pickles, sour, qt.	17c
Mackerel, 3 cans	25c
Dried Fruit	
Prunes, 10 lb. box	65c
Peaches, choice fruit, 2 lb.	25c
Raisins, 4 lb.	32c
Apples, 2 lb.	25c

Market Specials

Steak, lb.	15c
Roast, rib, lb.	10c
Bologna, 2 lb.	35c
Weenies, 2 lb.	35c

Plenty of Fresh Vegetables

Harry Burden Grocery and Market

PHONE 15

Food Specials

The drouth and hot weather are over, but
Our Prices Are Still Hot

Cabbage, 10 lb. 15c

Cabbage, 100 lb.	\$1.00	Grapes, Concord, basket	17c
Peaches, fancy, doz.	15c	Grapes, Tokays, 3 lb.	25c
Peaches, pk.	49c	Peppers, lb.	10c
Peaches, bushel	\$1.79	Fresh Tomatoes, lb.	5c
Pears, bushel	90c	Tomatoes, 2 No. 2 cans	15c

Lettuce, head 5c

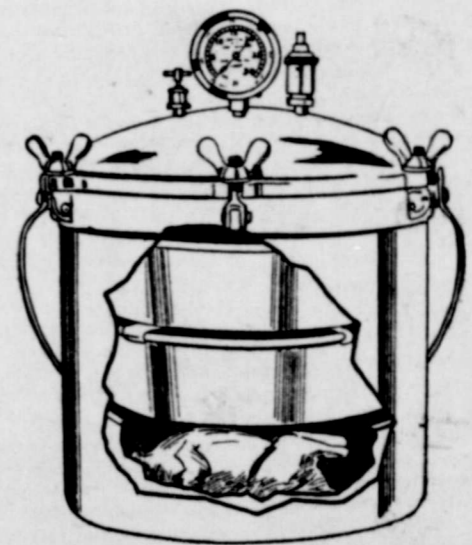
Sweet Potatoes, pk.	29c	Butter, fresh, lb.	27c
Honey, strained, 1-2 gal.	55c	Bologna, lb.	15c
Honey, strained, gal.	99c	Steak, the best, lb.	23c
Flour, Yukon Western	\$1.69	Roast, beef, 3 lb.	35c
Lard, 8 lb. carton	\$1.08	Barbecue, hot, fat, lb.	23c

Spuds, No. 1 red, pk. 23c

Highest Prices Paid for Cream and Eggs

'M' SYSTEM

For Better Cooking and Canning



SEE the NEW

National Pressure Cooker

Save Time and Money and Preserve
the Healthful Vitamins in your Food

Pressure Cooking Saves 50% to 70% Cooking Time

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NOTICE

I buy hogs every Saturday.
Will call for them if desired.
M. W. Mosley

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Expert Tonsorial Work. Shine
Chair. Hot and Cold Baths
You will be pleased with our
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