

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JANUARY 13, 1921

NO 8

## Program Fifth Sunday Meeting

ESTELLINE BAPTIST CHURCH

January 27, 28, 29, 1922

### FRIDAY

7:00 P. M. Song and Praise Service..... E. E. Walker  
7:15 P. M. Sermon..... Rev. A. W. Colthorpe

### SATURDAY

9:30 A. M. Devotional..... Rev. Cal McGahey  
9:45 A. M. Words of Inspiration and Greeting from Various Churches.  
10:15 A. M. Stewardship—  
(a) Stewardship of Time..... Rev. Y. F. Walker  
(b) Stewardship of Money..... Rev. J. A. Smith  
(c) Stewardship of Lives..... Rev. R. B. Morgan  
11:00 A. M. Sermon..... Rev. Chas. T. Whaley

1:30 P. M. Board Meeting.  
2:15 P. M. W. M. U. Work.

Leader..... Mrs. Mollie Gray  
Devotional..... Mrs. A. D. Roberts  
Report of W. M. U. Meeting..... Mrs. C. T. Whaley  
Talk on Orphans Home..... Mrs. Hattenbach  
Where We Stand in the 75 Million Campaign.  
3:45 P. M. The Importance of Sunday School and B. Y. P. U.  
Training in our Association..... Led by Rev. Chas. T. Whaley  
General Discussion.

7:00 P. M. Devotional..... Rev. T. C. Williams  
7:15 P. M. The Importance of Sunday School and B. Y. P. U.  
Work in our Association—Continued  
7:45 P. M. Sermon..... Rev. Y. F. Walker

### SUNDAY

10:00 A. M. Sunday School Mass Meeting..... Led by T. R. Garrett  
11:00 A. M. Sermon..... Rev. J. A. Smith

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President

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Cashier

## POULTRY SHOW AND SCHOOL IN HEDLEY

The Hedley Poultry Breeders will hold a Two Days Show on January 27th and 28th, in Hedley, of standard bred poultry.

Every breeder of poultry is cordially invited to bring their birds and show them with us.

Full particulars will be published in the Hedley Informer next week. L. A. Stroud, secretary of the Association, will be glad to give you any information you want.

Read our Poultry School display ad on back page.  
Hedley Poultry Breeders Assn.

WE WILL HAVE Frost Proof Cabbage and Bermuda Onion Plants from Feb. 1 to April 15. In season: Tomato, Pepper, Cabbage and Sweet Potato plants. Write for circular.

T. Jones & Co.,  
Clarendon, Texas.

## MRS. MOFFITT DIES

Mrs. W. L. Moffitt of Hedley died last Saturday evening at 6 o'clock at the home of her mother at Angus, in Navarro county. She had been seriously sick for about two months, and her death was not unexpected.

Funeral and burial services were conducted Sunday afternoon, and the body of this good woman was laid to rest near her girlhood home to await the coming of that Great Day. Her husband and all her children were present at these services, as were many relatives and a host of friends.

Mrs. Moffitt has lived in Hedley several years, and was loved by all who knew her. She was a consistent and active Christian, a good neighbor, and a loving, devoted wife and mother. Her passing has caused much sorrow in Hedley.

She is survived by her husband, W. L. Moffitt, and five children: Hobart Robert, Tom and Ruby, all of Hedley, and Mrs. T. D. Russell of Clovis, New Mexico. To them we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

FOR SALE—A mile of second hand hog wire.  
J. L. Allison.

From Principal R. L. Bush we learn that the two highest pupils in Department in the Bray school are Ethel Spier and Pearl Lowry. The five making above 90 on General Average were: Ethel Spier, Joe Davis, Pearl Lowry, Cleo Spier and Gladys Webb.

Tom Messer, the McKnight cut up, Hedleyed Monday, as did Jack McCants, the ditto of Giles.

## THE QUEEN ESTHER CLASS ENTERTAINS

One of the pleasant features of the recent holidays was a Christmas Social given by the Queen Esther Class of the First Baptist Church, in the Intermediate Sunday School rooms, assisted by their teacher, Mr. J. G. McDougal, and department secretary, Miss Lola Baker.

The rooms were beautifully adorned with decorations appropriate to the season. Cords of red and green with festoons of Christmas bells were suspended from the ceilings in each room; miniature Christmas trees stood here and there; a heavy fall of artificial snow added to the beauty of the scene, while in the dining room the soft glow of the new moon reinforced the mellow light of the candles, lending an air of Christmas cheer to the whole occasion.

The season's greetings were extended by Nellie Mae Chapman. A delightful program was given, the first number being the History of Good Saint Nick by Mae Johnson, followed with a Song of Christmas by six "little" girls, namely, Alice Johnson, Vera Brinson, Edith Heath, Ita Acord, Jewel Cloninger and Margaret Cooper. A Letter to Santa was then read by Mary Pope Walker, which concluded the evening's program. Then followed a number of games, one of which was an aeroplane trip that proved to be quite thrilling.

At this juncture the guests were invited into the dining room where delicious refreshments were served. The invited guests were The Gideon Band, Valiant Knights, and following individuals: Rev. and Mrs. Y. F. Walker, Messrs. and Mesdames F. M. Acord, W. D. Biggers, C. O. Cooper, C. L. Goin, J. G. McDougal, and L. T. Hullum; and Miss Lola Baker. Out of town guests were Miss Jessie Ingram of Clarendon and Mrs. E. Hall of San Diego, Calif.

A Guest.

## CITY TAXES DUE

City Taxes are now due. The tax books are at the First State Bank, where you can pay your taxes and get your receipt. You should pay them before February 1st, 1922, as a penalty will be added after that date.

City Council.

Miss Beulah Hampton of Wichita Falls is here on a visit to her cousin, Miss Clema Muncie.

Mrs. E. Hall, of San Diego, Calif., is making an extended visit with her brother, Rev. Y. F. Walker, and family.

FOR SALE—Sheet iron car house, not up. See L. W. Willis at Woodridge Lumber Co.

Have your tailor work done by Clarke the Tailor, who knows how. Phone 77.

A hint to the wise: The Informer man needs that \$1.50.

All kinds of FARM LOANS.  
Geo. A. Ryan, Clarendon

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Keep a bank book instead of bank notes. The bank account will give you a better business standing in the community. Cultivate the saving habit. Start an account with us.

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## Abstracts

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Clarendon, Texas



# Times Change and We With Them



IT WAS a farm house of the colonial time, built before the architects were about. It was broad at the bottom, but broader at the top, with eaves where the swallows could nest in communal force. And the eaves reached down so low to the ground that I have myself ridden off the rear slope from the big chimney and dashed into a snowdrift—and none the worse for it. There were snow piles in those days! Almost to the eaves themselves! And under those eaves—

God bless them!—there were warm hearts; and there were also doughnuts in huge piles, and pumpkin pies in rows; and there were other comforts, for no one had then discovered bacteria, and we were in no danger from eating good food. When we got cold outdoors we could go inside and be warmed internally. The house was painted red, for that was the warm color, like the fire in the chimney, and I know no other reason why all old-time farm houses were of that color. Only the front was white, and there were green blinds—I think it was the fashion, and the time never was when anyone would be out of fashion—innovators and radicals excepted. Fashion, you must know, is simply doing what others do, and not bothering your head about it, and believing what others believe, with just as little trouble to yourself. It is a beautiful way of keeping us all alike, for what might come of it if no two ever did the same thing, or believed the same thing, or wore the same coat, or for that matter, loved the same person? The old-time people had a reason for the catechism. It was a good one. It kept them all together, like a regiment. Nowadays there are some who would even throw away the dictionary and spell the Lord knows how—just as each one pleases.

Over the double door reached the big arms of a great butternut. Do you know there is no tree in all the world so homelike as a butternut? Its arms are like those of a father, and it has not a stingy trait about it. Then you should lie, as I have, in September, and hear of a night the nuts falling off, one, or two, or three at a time on the roof. Rat, tat, tat, until our dreams were full of the joys of the morning; or, for that matter, even of the puddings, which should come of it when the meats were enough to fill a big bowl. Yes, indeed! a butternut pudding, with a plenty of cider, is good even in dreamland. To the back of the house was an orchard, where Spitzenbergs and Pearmaines grew. Some of the trees leaned so that we could walk up them, and sit with the birds. I, when a boy, knew a robin so well that she built her nest within five feet of me, while I whistled and talked to her. To the side of the orchard stood a fine grove of basswood, in which were fifty hives of bees, in two long houses—two rows in each house. There is nothing so wonderful in the world as an apple orchard in blossom. It is fit for worship. The trees are friendly and hearty. Their arms come low down to the ground, as if reaching after us. What wealth of blossom! There is no suggestion of nigardliness. Ah, even now I see the old grandmother in her chair, when the petals came down in a great shower and laid lovingly on her white hair. And the blessed mother beside her also. Nature loved them. There was a sweet fitness, and when we boys came to their side and brought the ripest Pearmaines and Lady Sweets, and otherwise identified them with the fruit, it was out of our hearts. But how shall I ever get to New Year's at this rate, for I am not yet half around the house, and my soul will not let me hurry on. To see things and hear things when they happen is well enough; but, ah, to have them in one's self and be able to call them out of the memory, that is worth the while. 'Tis better than any photograph.

There was an offset in the turf, just beyond the latest pear; and this was where the little mother had her pinks, and poppies, and bachelor buttons, and cinnamon roses, and Johnnie-jump-ups. It was a place of marvelous beauty, and of marvelous work—of that I can testify. But it was delicious in the early morning, before the day was on a gridiron—and again after sundown. You should have seen the little mother and Granny Williams, or some other one, going about this treasure island in the midst of the world. "Ah, this!" and "Ah, that!" "It smells like a fresh young babe," said Granny Williams. "Indeed," said the little mother, "but I had not thought of that; but, as likely as not, for it has a soft pinkish yellow color." Then she would sniff at it, like any professing—examining a new chemical mixture.

All the time she was gathering in her apron dropped rose leaves and poppy leaves to press between the leaves of the big Bible.

A little down the slope lay the vegetable garden of my father, full of long, narrow beds, all turned over each year by the spade and the spade. Oh, Lord! but yet I have the memory of it in my back. Why had they not thought of gardens to be furrowed by horsepower? But they had not. I think because they were yet too full of Old England, and a Yankee was, after all, the most initiative creature in the world. He shook his fist, and wagged his tongue like the great bell at Moscow at the world Englishman, but for all that he was himself English, both in his stomach and in his head. He not only spaded his gardens, but he took his snuff like an Englishman, and he built his fence after an English pattern. What else could explain why he had so many little yards about our house, and built our house close down by the road? As if we were crowded into a little island, and had not room enough to turn around in. We are more independent now, and really are getting some notions of our own. But then our house stood only a stone's throw from the highway, and there was a little box of a yard in front, and this was full of locust trees and honeysuckles, and there at night the honey moths would come and play high-spy in the blossoms. George III, our great gray cat, would sit down to look at one that came too near—for what was it?—a bird or a butterfly? And like all of us, he was a bit of a naturalist. He liked very much to classify the world, but never hesitated to put the choicest specimens in his stomach, which is, I see, the way with other scientists. They will eat a megalotherooid as quick as a pig.

But you should have seen the "sturtions," as they grew in rows all about the vegetable beds, for our father also had an eye to beauty. Did he not set hollyhocks all about his corn fields? Then, when the great stalks of crimson and gold stood up in summer, and the folk that went by to church stopped to look with admiration, he said, "Truly, one shall not live by bread alone." And he liked best those neighbors who looked the longest, as the little mother liked best those who ate most of her goodies. The saffron, and dill, and the rue and rosemary, and caraway, and fennel, and the mints, grew by the brook that ran down back of the house and garden; and, indeed, there were also more of these herbs that stood always in the place of a family doctor. Indeed, you may look; but it was not so bad an exchange. And as for the notions, they may have been no worse than the guesses of the profession nowadays.

There is no good living where there are no brooks, and this was a brook of the first water. It bubbled out of a rocky hollow, some little secret cavern, and then it laughed and tumbled for half a mile before it got over its fun. The little mother in summer would walk with us there, and she would sometimes say, "Now, let us go father over to the glen, where the bigger brook is, and the ferns, and the witchhazel and the yellow birch, and the beechdrops." Oh, it was glorious fun! But at night, after work, the dear father would come early from the field, and say, "Now, let us all go for strawberries." Then—ah, but how can I tell you such delicious joys! You know nothing of wild strawberries, much less do you know the delight of creeping about the meadows and down by the stumps in the pastures, while the bobolink whistles, and the brooks gurgle, as we gathered the long stems that lay lovingly against the grass.

Where are we? I had no business out of season and in midwinter to take you through snow banks to pick strawberries. But 'tis such tricks the memory plays. We will get at once back to the house. The front door, as you see, opens just in the middle in halves, and from that the hall runs back as straight as a Puritan's nose, right through everything, till it lands in the big kitchen. And the two halves of the door swing open separately. I know not why it was, unless it were an inheritance from pioneer days, when it was well to be able to look out and parley a little before opening the way for an Indian rush. So, at any rate, all the doors in those days were cut across the middle. In the big yard was the woodshed, and that was full of piles of wood as dry as tinder. It was the comfort of winter, and the very right arm of a successful home. From the woodshed we all went, kicking first the dirt from our boots, into the great living room, where we were all together. Over this door was twined with care a great bittersweet, and all over the stone curb of the well was a wild white-flowering clematis.

"Father," said the little priestess, "'tis as well to cultivate the beautiful and enjoy it. Why

should it all be shut up in books?" "It is so," said my father. "God made the world, and he put the flowers here as well as the potatoes. I have no patience with those who do not follow God." "To be sure," said my little mother "and the weeds are here to teach us diligence and patience." "But the quack," said my father, "that might as well be left out." "And the burdocks," said she, "are excellent for beer, and the leaves are good for draughts." "Perhaps, if we could see it," said he, "all things are good." "'Tis for us to make the best of everything," said she. And as our Jim came up, she put her hand on his arm and on mine, and then said slowly: "'Tis a world in which we can make beautiful boys and girls—if first we ourselves are right. What more could we ask?"

And the birds, ah, but you should have seen how they nested about that house. "They will eat all the cherries," said my Uncle George, and he rapped his cane lustily on the floor of the porch. But our father smiled and said, "Let us count them all into our family, and plant for them also when we plant." So he put in a few rows of peas more, and said, "They are for the orioles." And a dozen cherry trees down by the fence were for the robins, and for the cedar birds who have a cherry tooth. Then he went up to the wood's edge, nearly the big beeches, where there were wild cherries, and into these he put scions of finer sorts; "for the birds, my boys." So the robins, and the bluebirds, and the wrens, and indigo birds, and the goldfinches, and the catbirds, and all other sorts of thrushes and finches, and I can't tell you how many more, came to us; and they filled the trees with nests, and they paid for all they took in song and helpful labor. And a robin built its nest in the window seat of his bedroom and sang to him in the morning, while he lay in his bed. Ah, yes, they worked well together, my father and the birds.

The barn was not far away. "'Tis not decent," said the little mother. "There should be shade for the cows and the pigs and the hens." "You are right, little mother," said my father; and he brought a load of willow sticks; and he planted them all the way around the barn and its yard. And these grew and thrived mightily, and at last they were a great grove, that hung all over the barn and hid it. The little mother said, "Did I not tell you?"—and then she drew the breath coolly through one corner of her mouth, as she surveyed the transformation. "Indeed, you did, little mother—you said it—and no one would have done it, had you not." And the hens cackled their delight, and the cows at night lay down facing the moon, as it sifted in between the leaves, and all day they were nicely comforted from the sun. And when old Daisy went to the tub to drink she would look up between sips, as if to say, "The Lord be praised for this shady yard." A true barnyard is a delightful place, full of peace and love. Liah, the collic, comes and puts her head through the gate once an hour, and, surveying matters, says, "Yes, all is as it should be; all is correct," then she goes back to run along where Jim and I and our father are at work in the orchard. Or if it be—and it really is—or it ought to be, New Year's day, she looks in at the kitchen window, and waits till we open the door that she may curl up by the fire. But George III gets up on his hind feet to the door latch and rattles it, and then waits till we let him in. A true cat is half human. Ah, if but—if they could once get articulation, what would come of it? It is well that they cannot for they would rout out and dispossess half or more of the human sort. So with quack and thistles, and talking cats, and collic dogs, we should be made either wiser or killed off.

"Come," said my Uncle George, "let us make our New Year's call." In those days it was not yet forgotten to be neighborly, and once a year we all expected to look in on each other, and break bread, or at least cut cake. And we sat down to a bit of gossip and exchanged news; and when it was over everybody knew all about everybody else, and there was no need at all to print it. But I shall tell you nothing at all about it. It was our own business and we were simple folks, and you who live today have your big notions and your new ways and you laugh too easily. So our New Year's day went by in its own homely way, and we had our calls; and we went home at night and rubbed our hands and our stomachs and were content. Not one of us envied your telephones and telegraphs and other knick-knacks—or ever gave them a thought. Bless the Lord, enough is enough, and it is not likely you have any more idea of what will be about a hundred years from now. Indeed I think they will call you savages. Pish, but what a world of conceit it is!

## SUMPTUOUS FUR FABRICS; AMONG PRETTY FURBELOWS

THE weavers of fur fabrics, making cloths in imitation of pelts, have reached the pinnacle of success and are looking about for new worlds to conquer. They are continuing to make fur fabrics so like some natural skins that it is difficult to tell them apart, but they are also making novelties in furry materials to be used, as other cloths are, in suits. These fabrics are rich and warm, beautiful for midwinter, and above all, have the charm of novelty. It is only

and ornamental combs for the hair, shopping bags, earrings, bracelets, charms and ornaments (to be worn on ribbons and cords), fans and corsage flowers. But these are only a few of the things made to enhance the beauty or please the eyes of women who love to surround themselves with beauty. There are as many small furnishings that are ornamental as there are dress accessories.

Among bags, besides those of leath-er, there are very attractive ones of silver mesh, in several styles and



SUIT OF GLOSSY FUR FABRIC

A step in advance to use imitation fur in suits, making skirts as well as the coats of this fabric, and that step has been taken by the designer of the very handsome model illustrated here. The glossy, black fur fabric used for this chic suit is a close imitation of broadtail and it would be a case of adorning the rose to put much in the way of decoration on it. Therefore the designer has allowed only a little elaboration in the narrow silk braid that is used with small silk buttons for making the coat fastenings. The skirt is plain and narrow and the story of the coat is equally brief. It is an in-

numerable ribbon bags on metal or shell mountings, or closed and suspended by ribbons. These ribbon bags are usually made at home and are of many degrees of richness, the stores providing ribbons and mountings for making them in great variety. Among bracelets there are bright-colored, flexible novelties of bone and of mother of pearl in colors. They are made in sections linked together with gold and having gold floral designs on the sections. Braided bands of silver or strands of pearls with rhinestones clasps are among the new bracelets. Bandoaux for the hair are made of



SOME PRETTY FURBELOWS

gentous, short affair, rather snug about the hips but loose about the shoulders, and it fastens in a diagonal line from throat to hem. It is lapped over to the left at the bottom, fastening with a group of small buttons and silk cord and has a similar fastening at the top. The three-quarter-length sleeves are finished with bands of fox fur and a choker and muff to match, equal the suit in richness. Altogether this ensemble deserves to be called superb and the coat and furs may further their usefulness by being worn with other skirts of plain cloth or with one-piece frocks.

The holidays bring out numberless pretty furbelows—some of them presenting claims to usefulness, many of them frankly frivolous and merely ornamental, but all of them enchanting. These accessories are beloved of the eternal feminine, for they add the telling touch of elegance, or perhaps a hint of splendor, to apparel that might be uninteresting without them.

This particular season finds emphasis on strands of beads, bandoaux

ribbon, tinsel cord, tiny flowers and rhinestone bands, and there are many combs set with white or colored crystals. But the newest things in combs are those that are covered with small, brilliant feathers, like that shown in the picture. For corsage ornaments large artificial flowers are used or grapes in gold or silver, and there are metallic and composition girdles in endless variety for wear with straight-line frocks.

The most captivating of corsage flowers are those that conceal a tiny box of compact face powder, furnished with a power puff, beneath their stamens or petals.

Julia Bottomley

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To Clean Doorstep. To make a stone doorstep or brick porch bright and clean, dissolve one tablespoon of washing soda in a pail of boiling water and scrub with a stiff broom.



# To Patrons and Friends:

We want to thank you for your patronage during the year that has just closed. We appreciate your friendship, as well as your business, and wish you Health, Happiness and Prosperity during 1922.

**HEDLEY DRUG COMP'NY**

## We Have the Following:

Oak Timber for Double Trees, Niggerhead Coal, Bois d'Arc Posts, Ford Windshields, besides full line of Lumber and Building Material.

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30x3	\$10.75	30x3½	\$11.45
32x3½	18.65	32x4	24.80
33x4	26.10		

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# Lumber & Coal

**Cicero Smith Lumber Co.**

U. J. BOSTON, Manager

### CLASS MEETING

The Gideon Band of the First Baptist Sunday School held the regular monthly business meeting Monday evening at 7 o'clock, at Mrs. Walker's. Despite the fact that a torrent of rain was falling, the boys came, and felt amply rewarded when later in the evening we were allowed to repair to the kitchen and don aprons and prove our aptness at candy making.

We urge all members of the class to be present, and bring someone with you, next Sunday morning.

Reporter.

Mrs. S. A. McCarroll returned home Sunday from Hedley where she spent the holidays with her mother.—Wellington Leader.

G. A. Wimberly of Amarillo and Pearl Boston, cashier of the First State Bank of Hedley, were visitors in this city Monday.—Wellington Leader.

Rev. Y. F. Walker has gone to Granite, Okla., to assist Rev. George Hutto in a revival. It will be remembered that Bro. Hutto assisted Bro. Walker in the splendid meeting held in Hedley last summer.

C. P. Clouinger has purchased the confectionery stock of J. Fred Smith, on the East side of Main street, and has added a stock of fresh groceries. He invites his friends and the general public to call on him. Mr. Smith, we are told, intends to locate in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cooper, of Route 1, were visitors in town Monday. They called at this office and renewed for the Informer and Dallas News. They are prompt payers and appreciated subscribers.

### J. C. Coffey, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas

Residence Phone 133  
Office Phone 3

### J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas

Office Phone 3  
Residence Phone 29

### Dr. F. N. REYNOLDS

DENTIST  
CLARENDON, TEXAS

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to loan on farms. See me.  
R. E. Newman.

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W. H. Huffman, Prop.

Expert Tonsorial Work.  
Hot and Cold Baths.  
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You Will Be Pleased With  
Our Service. Try It.

Hedley, Texas

Hail Insurance, Fire Insurance, Life Insurance—all kinds of Insurance. See Geo. A. Ryan. Clarendon, Texas.

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CLARENDON, TEXAS

### THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause to be posted for twenty days exclusive of the day of posting, before the return day hereof, in three of the most public places in your county, one of which shall be at the courthouse door and no two of which shall be in the same city or town, copies of the notice hereinafter set out, and you will also cause to be published for twenty days before the return day hereof a copy of such notice in a paper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year in Donley County, Texas, which said notice is as follows:

### THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To All Persons Interested in the Estate of J. S. Stephens, deceased:

G. T. McMurtry has filed application in the County Court of Donley County on the 9th day of January, 1922, with his final account, praying to be discharged as Administrator of the estate of J. S. Stephens, deceased, which said application and final account will be heard and passed upon at the next regular term of the County Court of Donley County, Texas, to be held in the town of Clarendon on the 20th day of February, 1922.

Herein fall not, but of this writ make due return as the law directs.

Witness my hand and seal at Clarendon, Texas, this 9th day of January, A. D. 1922.

W. E. Bray, Clerk of the County Court of Donley County, Texas.

By W. E. Nelson, Deputy.

A true copy, I certify.

J. H. Rutherford, Sheriff Donley County, Texas.

### BAKERY AND RESTAURANT

Fresh Bread and an abundance of Good Things to Eat at all times. Cold Drinks and Confections. Come to see us  
W. A. Armstrong.

# MOVED!

THE STOCK OF THE  
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It's Quicksilver, Salivates, Causes Rheumatism and Bone Decay.

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If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone for a few cents which is a harmless vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't start your liver and straighten you up better and quicker than nasty calomel and without making you sick, you just go back and get your money.

Don't take calomel! It can not be trusted any more than a leopard or a wild-cat. Take Dodson's Liver Tone which straightens you right up and makes you feel fine. No salts necessary. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and can not salivate.—Advertisement.

### COMPANION KNEW "OLD BIRD"

Inquiry Brought Instant Response Considerably Embarrassing to Youthful New Teacher.

I was just out of college and had gone for the first time to teach in a high school. I had not yet lost my college girl propensity for seeking to extract fun out of everything, whether serious or comic. A formal meeting of the faculty of the city was in progress, with the prominent school men—superintendent, commissioners, and principals—seated on the platform. Among them was a severe-looking old pedagogue with a long white, flowing beard.

Next to me sat a sedate woman whom I rashly had taken to be a new member of the faculty.

I turned to her with what I supposed to be an infectious burst of confidence and giggled: "Who's the old bird with the whiskers?"

The woman turned her face directly toward me, looked me up and down, with an expression that congealed the blood within me, and said, curtly: "My father!"—Chicago Tribune.

## MOTHER!

Clean Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"



Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, give a teaspoonful to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup. Advertisement.

### OLD SAYING PROVED UNTRUE

For Once, at Least, a Physician Was Willing to Take His Own Medicine.

"They say," remarked George L. Fallon, the noted aeronaut, on the Aquitania, "that doctors never take their own medicine, and in my youth I believed that lie."

"Once, however, I made a very stormy passage across the Atlantic, and got frightfully seasick. The ship's doctor, a genial young chap, prescribed champagne for me, a half bottle twice a day, and say, I wish you could have seen the perfect and unflinching regularity with which that young medico would drop in at the appointed hour and join me in carrying out his prescription.

**Foul Play.**  
The Scottish bowling team is accompanied by a band of pipers which plays prior to every important match. The general opinion is that this gives a very unfair advantage to the Northerners, who are used to it.—The Passing Show (London).

**Auriferous Matter.**  
"Maud's husband seems to be pretty common clay." "Well, she gets the rocks out of him all right."

## The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

### WITH THE SPOON

"Many things happen between the cup and the lip."

ARE you quite sure that you hold your spoon in the correct manner? It does seem a funny thing that so much depends on such an apparently unimportant matter. But you know yourself that if you see a person holding a spoon as you would a screwdriver or a garden spade, with the palm of the hand over the top and the thumb and fingers clasped on the reverse side, you would immediately put him down as lacking in good breeding. On the contrary, if you see a man or woman holding a spoon in an extremely mincing manner, with the little finger and ring finger held as far away from the other fingers as possible, you immediately assume that that person is trying to impress you with his extreme daintiness.

Properly, the spoon should be held between thumb and first finger, resting on the middle finger. Be careful not to hold it too far down toward the bowl.

Always raise the spoon to your mouth so that the side of the bowl touches the mouth, and not the point of the spoon. To do this one has to bring the spoon up at right angles, in a very awkward manner. Remember that you should never drink or sip from the tip of the spoon. Liquids should be taken from the side of the spoon, without slipping them and without actually putting the entire spoon into the mouth. Solids should be taken by laying the spoon between the lips and taking the contents into the mouth without the polishing process that is characteristic of children when they especially enjoy what they are eating.

Soft-boiled eggs are eaten with a spoon from the shell. It is a good idea to have bone egg spoons that do not discolor with the action of the egg, as do silver spoons.

Bouillon, when served in cups; tea, coffee and other beverages served in cups, should be taken with the spoon only enough to make sure that they are properly seasoned and that they are cool enough to drink. It is extremely bad form to consume the entire cupful with sips of the spoon.

No vegetables should be taken with a spoon that can possibly be eaten with a fork. To be sure, such things as

thin-stewed tomatoes, served in side saucers, cannot very easily be managed with a fork. Perhaps the right way to prepare them for the table is in solid enough form so that they can be managed without a spoon. Peas should not be eaten with a spoon, and for that reason it is no longer considered best to serve them cooked in milk. Many persons insist that ice cream is a fork food, and not spoon food. However, if spoons are served with this dainty, do not hesitate to use them. There is really nothing very bad about using a spoon, and a great many persons do who are beyond reproach in table manners.

(Copyright.)



PROUD

"Why don't you pay a visit to the old home town?"  
"I went away in a flivver."  
"Well?"  
"I'm waiting until I can go back in a limousine."

## "What's in a Name?"

Facts about your name: its history, meaning, whence it was derived, significance, your lucky day and lucky jewel

By MILDRED MARSHALL

### OLIVE

OLIVE, the sign of peace and joy, is one of the few feminine names which has no early Greek or Latin origin. It first appears in Italy, the land of the olive tree, whose branches have come to be the symbol of peace and harmony. Etymologists claim that, though it is closely associated with the Italian Oliviero, it would never have achieved popularity as a name but for the Teutonic Olaf (forefather's relic).

Oliviero, the paladin of Charlemagne, was most frequently in use among all those of the circle of paladins, and gave rise to the saying which

has since become a proverb, "giving a Rowland for an Oliver." English knights of high, chivalrous repute frequently bore the name of Oliver until the influence of the Protector made "Old Noll" a word of hate among the cavaliers.

The feminine form, Olive, which was invented in Italy, was brought to England by the influx of Italian literature in the Tudor reign. Its form was then Olivia, and as such it still has great vogue, especially in literature and poetry. Goldsmith calls the unfortunate daughter of his illustrious "Vicar of Wakefield" Olivia, and many other heroines of that literary period bore the same name.

It is only of recent years that Olive gained preference over Olivia. The change came about in England, but was not long in reaching this country, and now Olive is a popular and fashionable name here.

The fire opal is the gem assigned to her. Its glowing, ever-changing heart promises good fortune to her for whom it is intended as an ornament and a talisman. The chrysanthemum is her flower. Wednesday is her lucky day and three her lucky number.

(Copyright.)

### THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"ACADEMY"

IN THE days when Athens was regarded as the seat of learning for the entire world, the suburb, Akademia—so-called because it was supposed originally to have belonged to the Attic hero, Akademos—was used by the citizens as a gymnasium and conference ground. It was here that Plato purchased a small garden, in which he opened his school and taught his philosophy for more than 50 years, his scholars receiving the name of "Academics." Because of this, other public places designed for the gathering of the learned and the teaching of the young have been known as academies.

Cicero also had a villa or country-seat near Puteoli, which he called Akademia, in memory of the suburb of Athens, and it was this name which inspired him to name his famous work, "Questiones Academicæ." Possibly because of this fact Italy has had the honor of founding more academies of world-wide renown than any other nation, though the Academie Française, founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635, stands at the top of the list today.

(Copyright.)

forgot to play dead. He just stood still and stared, but in a jiffy down he tumbled on the floor.

"We were in Mr. Coon's house when they opened the bag, but he did not stop. Out of the door he flew, and when I stopped laughing, Mr. Possum was gone also. But I don't care; it was the funniest sight I ever saw, and it was well paid. And any time you want any help, Mr. Bear, I shall be glad to oblige you."

Mr. Bear thanked him, and when he went to sleep that night he said to himself: "I guess Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum have had a lesson that will last them awhile and a fellow can sleep in peace, even if he has a pantry filled with preserves." (Copyright.)

### Billie Dove



The charming Billie Dove, popular musical show girl, has made her screen debut in a big motion picture. The winsome little dancer has a reputation of being a tireless worker. Very few actresses can appear on the legitimate stage at night and then work before the camera during the day. Miss Dove was an artist's model before going on the stage.

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One trial will prove it and show you in results why millions of shrewd, thrifty housewives prefer Calumet to all other brands.

The unflinching strength of Calumet guarantees perfect results. Not only saves flour—sugar—eggs, etc.—but saves Baking Powder. You use only a teaspoonful—you use two teaspoonfuls or more of many other brands.

Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been approved officially by the U. S. Food Authorities.



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### HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS?

A pound can of Calumet contains full 16 oz. Some baking powders come in 12 oz cans instead of 16 oz. cans. Be sure you get a pound when you want it.

Proof.

"Are you a good cook?"  
"Yes, ma'am. I go to church every Sunday."—Tit-Bits.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 52-1921.

The man who snores in a sleeping car is apt to wake and find himself famous.

Many a man earns his bread by the sweat of his hired man's brow.

Some people make the best of every thing and others take it.

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The Shield That Protects You



# SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By  
CAMILLA KENYON

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(CHAPTER XIV—Continued.)

Mr. Shaw now spoke for the first time.

"Miss Browne, I do not recognize the justice of your standpoint in this matter. I have done and am still prepared to do my best in the business of the treasure. If Mr. Tubbs will not give his information except for a bribe, I say—let him keep it. I shall continue the search for the treasure on the same lines as at present."

"One moment," said Miss Browne haughtily. She had never spoken otherwise than haughtily to Mr. Shaw since the episode of the Wise Woman of Dumbleykes. "One moment, Jane—and you, Mr. Tubbs—"

She drew them aside, and they moved off out of earshot, where they stood with their backs to us and their heads together.

It was my opportunity. Violet herself had proposed that the original agreement—the agreement which bound me to ask for no share of the treasure—should be canceled. Nothing now was necessary to the ripening of my hopes but to induce Dugald Shaw to immolate himself. Would he do so—on my bare word? There was no time to explain anything—he must trust me.

I sprang up and dashed over to the pair who stood looking gloomily out to sea. "Mr. Shaw," I whispered quickly, "you must do as Miss Browne wishes." In my earnestness I laid a hand upon his arm. He regarded me bewilderedly.

"You must—you must!" I urged. "You'll spoil everything if you refuse!"

The surprise in his face yielded to a look composed of many elements, but which was mainly hard and bitter.

"And still I shall refuse," he said earnestly.

"Oh, no, no," I implored, "you don't understand!—oh, if you would only believe that I am your friend!"

His face changed subtly. It was still questioning and guarded, but with a softening in it, too.

"Why don't you believe it?" I whispered unsteadily. "Do you forget that I owe you my life?"

And at the recollection of that day in the sea-cave the scarlet burned in my cheeks and my head drooped. But I saw how the lines about his mouth relaxed. "Surely you must know that I would repay you if I could!" I hurried on. "And not by—treachery."

He laughed suddenly. "Treachery? No! I think you would always be an open foe."

"Indeed I would!" I answered with a flash of wrath. Then, as I remembered the need of haste, I spoke in an

he held out his hand. I laid mine in it—we stood hand in hand, comrades at last. Without more words he turned away and strode over to the council of three.

The group dissolved and moved rapidly toward us. Miss Browne, exultant, beaming, was in the van. She set her substantial feet down like a charger pawing the earth. You might almost have said that Violet pranced. Aunt Jane was round-eyed and twittering. Mr. Tubbs wore a look of suppressed astonishment, almost of perturbation. "What's his game?" was the question in the sophisticated eye of Mr. Tubbs. But the Scotchman had, when he chose, a perfect poker face. The great game of bluff would have suited him to a nicety.

Miss Browne advanced on Cuthbert Vane and seized both his hands in an ardent clasp.

"Mr. Vane," she said with solemnity, "I thank you—in the name of this expedition I thank you—for the influence you have exerted upon your friends."

And this seemed to be to the noble youth the most stunning of all the shocks of that eventful morning.

Now came the matter of drawing up the new agreement. It was a canny Scot indeed, who, acting on the hint I had just given him, finally settled its terms. In the first place, the previous agreement was declared null and void. In the second, Mr. Tubbs was to have his fourth only if the treasure were discovered through his direct agency. And it was under this condition and no other that Dugald Shaw bound himself to relinquish his original claim. Virginia Harding signed a new renunciatory clause, but it bore only on treasure discovered by Mr. Tubbs. Indeed, the entire contract was of force only if Mr. Tubbs fulfilled his part of it, and fell to pieces if he did not. Which was exactly what I wanted.

No difficulty was made of the absence of Captain Magnus, as his interests were unaffected by the change. Space was left for his signature. Mine came last of all, as that of a mere interloper and hanger-on.

My demonstrations of joy at this happy issue of my hopes had to be confined to a smile—in which for a startled instant Violet had seemed to sense the triumph. It was still on my lips as with a general movement we rose from the table about which we had been grouped during the absorbing business of drawing up the contract. Cookie had been clamoring for us to leave, that he might spread the table for lunch. I had opened my mouth to call him, "All right, Cookie!" when a shrill volley of barks from Crusoe shattered the stillness of the drowsy air. In the same instant the voice of Cookie, raised to a sharp note of alarm, rang through the camp:

"My Gawd, what all dis yere mean?"

I turned, to look into the muzzle of a rifle.

## CHAPTER XV.

### Like a Chapter From the Past.

Five men had emerged from the woods behind the clearing, so quietly that they were in the center of the camp before Crusoe's shrill bark, or the outcry of the cook, warned us of their presence. By that time they had us covered. Three of them carried rifles, the other two revolvers. One of these was Captain Magnus.

Advancing a step or two before the others, he ordered us to throw up our hands. Perhaps he meant only the men—but my hands and Aunt Jane's and Miss Higglesby-Browne's also went up with celerity. He grinned into our astounded faces with a wolfish baring of his yellow teeth.

"Never guessed I wasn't here jest to do the shovel work, but might have my own little side-show to bring off, hey?" he inquired of no one in particular. "Here, Slinker, help me truss 'em up."

The man addressed thrust his pistol in his belt and came forward, and with his help the hands of the Scotchman, Cuthbert Vane and Mr. Tubbs were securely tied. They were searched for arms, and the sheath-knives which Mr. Shaw and Cuthbert carried at their belts were taken away. The three prisoners were then ordered to seat themselves in a row on the trunk of a prostrate palm.

The whole thing had happened in the strangest silence. Except for a feeble moaning from Aunt Jane, like the bleating of a sheep, which broke forth at intervals, nobody spoke or made a sound. The three riflemen in the background, standing like images with their weapons raised, looked like a well-trained chorus in an opera.

And indeed it was all extraordinarily like something on a stage. Slinker, for instance, he had a prowling, sidelong fashion of moving about, and enormous yellow mustaches like a Viking. And the burly fellow in the background, with the black whiskers—too had he'd forgotten his earrings.

But I awoke to the horrid reality of it all as Captain Magnus, smiling his wolfish smile, turned and approached me.

"Well, boys," he remarked to his followers, who had lowered their weapons and were standing about at ease, "here's the little pippin I was tellin' of. 'Fraid he give her a little scare bustin' in so sudden, so she ain't quite so bright and smilin' as I like to see. It's all right, girlie; you'll soon cheer up when you find out you're goin' to be the little queen of 'is camp. Things will be all your own way now—so long as you treat me right." And the abominable creature thrust forth a hairy paw and deliberately chucked me under the chin.

I heard a roar from the log—and coincidentally from Captain Magnus. For with the instant response of an automaton—consciously I had nothing at all to do with it—I had reached up

and briskly boxed the captain's ears. Furiously he caught my wrist. "Ah, you red-headed little devil, you'll pay for this! I ain't pretty, oh, no! I ain't a handsome mooncalf like the Honorable; I ain't got a title, nor girly pink cheeks, nor fine gentlemanly ways. No walks with the likes of me, no fately-tates in the woods—oh, no! Well, it's goin' to be another story now, girlie. I guess you can learn to like my looks, with a little help from my fist now and then, jest as well as you done the Honorable's. I guess it won't be long before I have you crawlin' on your knees to me for a word of kindness. I guess—"

"Aw, stow that soft stuff, Magnus," advised Slinker. "You can do your spoonin' with the gal later on. We're here to get that gold, and don't you forget it. Plenty of time afterward to spark the wimmen."

"That's the talk," chimed in Blackbeard. "Don't run us on a lee shore for the sake of a skirt. Skirts is thicker'n herring in every port, ain't they?"

"I got a score to settle with this one," growled Magnus sullenly, but his grasp loosened on my arm, and I



Furiously He Caught My Wrist.

slipped from him and fled to Aunt Jane—yes, to Aunt Jane—and clung to her convulsively. Miss Higglesby-Browne seemed to have petrified. Her skin had a withered look, and a fine network of lines showed on it, suddenly clear, like a tracery on parchment. Beyond her I saw the face of Dugald Shaw, gray with a steely wrath. A gun had been trained anew on him and Cuthbert, and the bearer thereof was arguing with them profanely. I suppose the prisoners had threatened outbreak at the spectacle of the chin-chucking.

No one had bothered to secure Cookie, and he knelt among the pots and pans of his open-air kitchen, pouring forth petitions in a steady stream. Blackbeard, who seemed a jovial brute, burst into a loud guffaw.

"Ha, ha! Look at old Soot-and-Chinders gittin' himself ready for glory!" He approached the negro and aimed at him a kick which Cookie, arising with unexpected nimbleness, contrived to dodge. "Looky here, dinky, git busy dishin' up the grub, will you? I could stand one good feed after the forecastle slops we been livin' on."

Blackbeard, whom his companions addressed indiscriminately as "Captain," or "Tony," seemed to exercise a certain authority. He went over to the prisoners on the log and inspected their bonds.

"You'll do; can't git loose now," he announced. Then, with a savage frown, "But no monkey business. First o' that I see, it's a dose o' cold lead for youse, savvy?"

He turned to us women.

"Well, chifkabiddies, you ain't treated you harsh, I hope? Now I don't care about tyn' youse up, in case we can help it, so jest be good girls, and I'll let youse run around loose for a while."

But Magnus struck in with an oath. "Loose? You're turnin' soft, I say. The future Mrs. M. there—which I mean to make her if she behaves right—she's a handful, she is. There ain't no low trick she won't play on us if she gets the chance. Better tie her up, I say."

"Magnus," responded Tony with severity, "I'd make a person think to hear you talk that you wasn't no gentleman. If you can't keep little Reddy in order without you tie her, why, then hand her over to a guy what can. I bet I wouldn't have a speck o' trouble with her—her and me would git along as sweet as two turtle-doves."

"You dry up, Tony," said Magnus, lowering. "I'll look after my own affairs of the heart. Anyway, here's them two old hens what have been makin' me sick with their jabber and nonsense all these weeks. Ain't I goin' to have a chance to get square?"

"Here, youse!" struck in Slinker "quit your jawin'! Here's a feed we ain't seen the like of in weeks."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Energy Needs in Calories.

According to the United States Department of Agriculture, a family consisting of a father, mother and three children requires approximately 12,000 calories a day. The diet is best balanced by considering 120 units of 100 calories each. On this basis, fruits and vegetables should supply 24 units; milk, eggs and meat, 34; cereals and legumes, 30; sugar and starch foods, 12; and fats and fatty foods, 14.

## A Ghost and a Pink Slipper

By ROSE MEREDITH

© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Dick Carson knocked at the basement door behind which lurked his landlady, and when her long, pallid countenance peered out suspiciously, he removed his straw hat.

"Mrs. Beggs, you didn't tell me that your house was haunted," he accused.

"Is it?" she demanded.

"Ghost in my room last night—"

"I never had a ghost here in my life—you must have brought it with you," she said mechanically.

Dick laughed. "This is a fine old house—it must have been a beautiful mansion once upon a time, and there might be a ghost of the past haunting it. You told me that I was the only roomer here and that you and your husband lived alone, yet—"

He replaced his hat, picked up his painting kit and strolled down the road toward the beech woods where he was going to finish a picture of the brown brook.

As he went he thought of the strange old house where he had found a room wherein he might sleep quietly at night, though he obtained his meals at the village inn. He thought of the big clean room, filled with ancient furniture, and the silent untenanted other rooms—and he suddenly pulled from his coat pocket a little pink satin slipper.

He had found it in front of his bedroom door a short hour ago.

A small pink satin Turkish slipper well worn, with a cheerful little puff of golden threads on the turned-up toe.

Where had it come from? Certainly Mrs. Beggs was not addicted to such frivolities—he was glad that he had not told her about the slipper.



"I Never Had a Ghost Here in My Life."

She would have bundled him out of the house at once and he rather liked the forsaken old tomb.

He was tired that night when he came back to the gloomy house. Through the thick shrubbery that surrounded it he saw the pin point of red light that indicated the hall lamp. He was not allowed to have a key, so he pulled the knob and heard the jangling bell far below. Up from the bowels of the earth came Mrs. Beggs tramping like a grenadier.

She smiled wanly at him. "I hope you ain't told anybody there's ghosts in my house," she whispered anxiously.

"Not a word—and never will—only—" he hesitated. Should he tell?

"Only what?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Beggs, thank you," and he went upstairs in an absent-minded way.

When he was inside of the room, with the door closed, he suddenly put down his burden and leaned against the panels; he was not alone.

Somewhere in that dim chamber was another living, breathing form. He heard a little rustling sound from the corner and knew that the intruder was hiding in the shadow of the great four-poster bed. He had heard a light step and he knew that a woman was there.

He took out his pocket flashlight and suddenly swung it around the room. The dim depths of the ancient mirror held a picture that startled him.

Pressed against the curtains of the bed, stood the slim form of a girl dressed in white. He saw a lovely heart-shaped face and wide-startled dark eyes. Because of the shame and fear in her face, he turned away as if he had seen nothing, snapped off the light, and strolled to the window, looking out at the starry sky.

He heard her slipping past him in the dark room and he longed to stop her, then from the door, a soft, breaking voice challenged him.

"I beg—beg your pardon—I know you saw me—but I was lonesome—and I've been reading your books—don't blame Mrs. Beggs."

The door opened and closed softly and she was gone from the room, but not from his dreams.

The next morning, Mrs. Beggs was waiting for him at the foot of the stairs. "Did you hear any ghosts last night, Mr. Carson?" she asked.

"Nothing unpleasant, save the wind in the treetops," he answered, when a sweet voice floated down the stairs. "Explain it to him, Sarah, please."

"Yes, Miss Mona," and Mrs. Beggs explained that Miss Mona was one of the heirs to the old house and sometimes she stayed there unknown to anybody while she wrote stories and poems. "Please keep it a secret until the estate is settled—then Miss Mona will come here to live."

"I'll promise silence, if the ghost will promise to walk in the garden sometimes," declared Dick, looking up the wide stairway.

He saw a white hand over the upper banister, then the other pink satin slipper came flying down and landed on the floor. Dick looked at the slipper and put it in his pocket. Mrs. Beggs saw nothing as she plodded away, nor did she hear the soft laughter that floated down the stairs, the sweet prelude to a wonderful love story.

## MAN'S MIND WORKS QUICKLY

Psychologists Have Given Us Interesting Instances of the Rapidity of Thought.

"Quick as thought!" is an expression often used. But how quick is thought? Modern psychology has furnished some valuable statistics on this point, declares a writer in the London News, citing several examples of how quickly the mind works in conveying certain thoughts. He says:

"It takes about two-fifths of a second to call to mind the country in which a well-known town is situated, viz: Paris in France; or the language in which a familiar author wrote, as Dante in Italian.

"To add numbers containing one figure it takes, on an average, about one-third of a second; while half a second is occupied in multiplying them.

"Next note the time demanded to perceive and to choose a motion. Suppose, for instance, a person, not knowing which of two colored lights is to be presented to him, has to lift his right hand for red and his left for blue; it takes only about one-thirteenth of a second to begin the correct motion. "To call up the name belonging to a printed word needs about one-ninth of a second; to a letter, one-sixth, while to a picture or color it takes one-quarter and one-third of a second respectively."

## Peddling Masterpieces.

The Seventeenth or Eighteenth century author traded rather on the trustfulness of the public than does the new school, for he peddled his book before it was written, and sometimes spent the proceeds before he had completed half a dozen chapters. The only difference is that his peddling was particular rather than general; he went round the houses of the great and wealthy with his "plan," and the great and wealthy, generally in sufficient numbers, got rid of him by agreeing to have their names put down for a subscription. If they were very great or very wealthy they might expect a dedication thrown in, as it were, in which respect the modern peddler has an advantage, for no obligation is implied in the purchase of a copy of the book.—Manchester Guardian.

## About Shellfish.

Shellfish are older than man. They lived upon the earth many years, perhaps thousands of years and perhaps thousands of centuries, before the first man or the first ape that looked like a man came to live upon our sphere. Nobody knows the time when the shellfish came or when man came, but the shells of shellfish and the impression of their bodies are found in older strata of the earth than any strata which give evidence of the existence of man. The United States geological survey has said so. It has said that the mollusca, one of the great divisions of the animal kingdom, "have existed since the earliest recognized advent of life upon the globe, many millions of years before the first man inhabited it."

## Life Not Easy for All.

Life is easy only to those—whether they be rich or poor—who fail to comprehend its meaning, who refuse or are unable to see that duties are immensely more important than rights, who are wholly without a sense of responsibility, and who think of temptation as an indifferent thing to which men may yield or not just as they choose—the yielding rather being taken as a proof of broad-mindedness. Life is easy to those who take the easy way and to no others—not even always to them, since slackness is always likely to bring its penalty. The mere business of living is, therefore, itself a very good substitute for war.—Exchange.

## Cuckoo's Secret Discovered.

The cuckoo has always been a subject of heated discussion, even among those who think that they know the bird and its ways. Some enthusiastic observers now imagine that they have solved all the riddles of avian parasitism by calling in the aid of the cinema. They assert that the cuckoo takes out one egg of the foster parent and substitutes one of her own, that she deposits the egg by sitting in or on the nest, and that "previous naturalists who have seen her carrying an egg have always supposed it was her own."—Manchester Guardian.



Force brings new energy, increased strength, and greater endurance to the weak, weary and worn-out. All reliable druggists have it—Get a bottle today.

# Force Tonic

The Master Rebuilder

Leggett's Kings  
**KING PIN PLUG TOBACCO**  
Known as "that good kind"  
Try it—and you will know why

**ITCH!**  
Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk. Sold by all reliable druggists. A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Also, cures Itching Scalp. H. C. Parker, New York

**HINDERCOX'S** Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort for the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists. Hindercox Chemical Works, Palestine, N. Y.

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura  
Cuticura Soap is the favorite for factory workers shaving.

## DON'T DESPAIR

If you are troubled with pains or aches; feel tired; have headache, indigestion, insomnia; painful passage of urine, you will find relief in

**GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES**

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and a national remedy of Holland since 1696. Three sizes, all druggists.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

**"SNAP"**  
The new hair tonic. Delightfully perfumed. The hair dressing supreme. Your barber sells it.  
Try one bottle today  
**C. E. HOFFMAN CO.**  
DALLAS, TEXAS

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right  
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infant and children's remedy.  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP**  
brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at teaching time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.  
At All Druggists

Page Mr. Edison.  
"I've heard that the new talking machines have an automatic self-stopping device."  
"Huh! Then my wife must be an old model."

**FOR COLDS, COUGHS AND PAINS.**  
Use Vacher-Balm; it relieves at once. AVOID IMITATIONS.  
If we have no agent where you live, write for a free sample to E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans, La.—Advertisement.

Give Him a Chance.  
Queen Gabby—You keep me awake all night talking in your sleep.  
King—Well, you had better give me a chance to talk a little during the day.

When some people talk we are reminded of a dictionary with the definitions left out.

Use **MURINE** Night Morning  
**Keep Your Eyes**  
Clear—Clear and Healthy  
Write for Free Eye Chart. Murine Eye Co., Chicago, Ill.



"You Must Do as Miss Browne Wishes."

Intense quick whisper. "Listen—I can't explain, there isn't time. I can only ask you to trust me—to agree to what Miss Browne wishes. Everything—you don't dream how much—depends on it!" For I felt that I would let the treasure lie hidden in the Island Queen forever rather than that Mr. Tubbs should, under the original contract, claim a share of it.

The doubt had quite left his face.

"I do trust you, little Virginia," he said gently. "Yes, I trust in your honesty, heaven knows, child. But permit me to question your wisdom in desiring to enrich our friend Tubbs."

"Enrich him—enrich him! The best I wish him is unlimited grief in an almshouse somewhere. No! What I want is to get that wretched paper of Miss Browne's nullified. Afterward we can divide things up as we like—"

Bewilderment, shot with a gleam of incredulous understanding, seemed to transfuse him. We stood a long moment, our eyes challenging each other, exchanging their countersign of faith and steadfastness. Then slowly



Thompson Bros. Co.

Everything in  
HARDWARE and  
FURNITURE

Thompson Bros. Co.

**NOW THAT COLD WEATHER IS HERE**

You should have your crank case drained and filled with new oil. Run your car around and we will give you free service, and fill your car with that Supreme Oil. We also have the only burning in stand for Ford motors. Let us overhaul your Ford motor, and guarantee all work.

Big reduction in Fisk Tires. 30x3 plain for \$9.00. 30x3 non-skid \$10.50. Just ask those that have used them.

Give us a chance and let us prove to you that we want to give you a Square Deal.

**The Square Deal Garage**

ROY SWAFFORD, Prop. PHONE 162

**NAZARENE CHURCH**

Rev. C. C. Montandon of Wichita Falls has arrived to help us push the battle against sin.

The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

Services each week day at 2 p. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday services: Sunday School at 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Come thou with us and we will do thee good.

I. L. Campbell, Pastor.

**MISS LANE FOR CLERK**

The Informer is authorized to announce the candidacy of Miss Lottie E. Lane of Clarendon, for the office of District and County Clerk, subject to the action of the July primary.

Miss Lane has a thorough business education, is an expert stenographer and bookkeeper, and her law office work has given her a knowledge of the law surpassed by few attorneys in this section. She was for eight years in the office of the late H. B. White, Clarendon attorney; two years with Turner & Doolley, Amarillo, and last year was office manager for Keeler Bros., a large corporation in Denver, Colorado.

Miss Lane is fully capable of discharging satisfactorily the duties attached to this office, and promises, if elected, to give her close personal attention to every detail of the work.

Mayor W. E. Reeves returned this week from a stay of several weeks at Tucuman, N. M., visiting the family of his son, Atlee, and looking after his property interests.

Miss Laura Brinson has returned after an extended absence and is much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Rozzell, of Clovis, N. M., are the proud parents of a fine boy baby, born Jan. 16th. Mrs. Rozzell was formerly Miss Maggie Moffitt of this city.

**EPWORTH LEAGUE**

For Sunday, January 15.

Subject: Thy Will Be Done

With Our Plans

Silent prayer Music.

Song, Jesus Calls Me.

Three minute discussions:

A Needy World, Matt 9:35-38,

Velma Newman

A Divine Commission, Acts 20

28-35, Leland Pickett

A Divine Preparation, Jer. 1

6-10, 17-19, Gertrude Noel

My Response, Isa 68, Con-

dron Hicks.

Scripture lesson, Matt 6:7-15,

Acts 16:6-10, Nina Thomas.

Talk by Leader.

Prayer, Bro Fuller. Song.

Deciding One's Life Work,

Dannie Battle.

The Next Step, Miss Anderson

Song. Benediction

**BRUMLEY FOR SHERIFF**

In our announcement column this week may be seen the name of H. C. Brumley as a candidate for Sheriff and Tax Collector of Dowsley County, subject to the action of the July primary.

Harry Brumley is too well known throughout the county to need any introduction we might attempt. He has lived here for many years, and in all his public and private dealings has acquitted himself in a just and honorable manner. He made the race for this office four years ago and was second man in a field of five or six.

Mr. Brumley is well fitted for this office, and if elected will discharge his duties honestly—and to all alike. Consider his claims when voting time comes.

A. L. Simmons and family moved to Clarendon last week. We were not informed of any such intention on A. L.'s part, or we would have advised against it—thus saving expenses there and return. Good luck, folks, and hurry back.

Subscribe for The Informer.

**LOOK AND LISTEN!**

We have some Special Holiday Bargains in Automobile Accessories to offer you for the next 30 days. You can now get a 30x3 tire for \$9.70. A 30x3 1-2 Federal Cord guaranteed for 10,000 miles, at \$18.60. And all other sizes at substantial reductions.

If you are thinking of overhauling your old Ford, let us furnish you with the parts. Nothing but genuine Ford parts used.

Come in and get our prices on what you need when in town.

**HEDLEY GARAGE**

PHONE 123

C. A. WOOD, Prop.

**THANK YOU**

Come again! We will have a Special Sale on some article every Saturday.

Yours to Serve,

**Hedley Equity Union**

John Allison was down from Clarendon Monday, attending to business matters.

A. L. Allen, who has been reading and paying for this paper ever since we came to town, handed in his renewal the past week. Thanks.

J. D. Shaw is another good former friend to boost his subscription figures 'way ahead this week.

H. A. Bridges, our genial mail carrier on Route 2, makes his regular donation to our subscription fund this week.

**THE INFORMER--\$1.50 a Year**

**HALF PRICE SALE!**

Our entire stock of Ladies Silk and Wool Dresses, all Spring and Winter Suits, all Ladies, Misses and Childrens Winter Coats are being offered at **EXACTLY ONE-HAFL PRICE**

These prices are based on our very reasonable price during the fall season. We do this simply in order to clean our ready-to-wear department at the end of the season. At the reduced prices we offer

Good Suits at from **\$14.50 to \$30.**

Good Coats for ladies at **\$7.50 to \$25.**

Coats for children at from **\$2.75 to \$8.**

Ladies Dresses at from **\$7.50 to \$25.**

**LESS THAN HALF PRICE**

We offer a lot of Ladies Skirts, all wool, that sold at \$6 to \$15; blacks and navies; they're not bad styles, but we've had them on hand two seasons and are tired looking at 'em. Your choice **\$1.95.**

Quite a lot of Childrens and Misses good quality Gingham Dresses, that sold at from \$2.95 to \$9, on sale at **95c and \$1.95.**

We are offering big reductions also on Mens Suits, Overcoats, Boys Suits and Overcoats, and on all heavy winter work clothing for men

**GREENE DRY GOODS CO.**

MEMPHIS

THE BIG DAYLIGHT STORE

TEXAS



### A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Only on "Appro."

In one of our ancient towns which has recently been the scene of a pageant, a party of Americans was being conducted over the admirable abbey.

The age of this part and that were pointed out by a learned attendant, and, at length: "That arch," said he, "may possibly go back to Alfreda and Edward."

"Don't you like it?" said a guest promptly.

The attendant explained that he did not understand.

"Why are you sending it back, anyway? Doesn't it suit you?"

Cuticura for Pimples.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum. Advertisement.

Pulled Through.

"Your son has settled down to hard work."

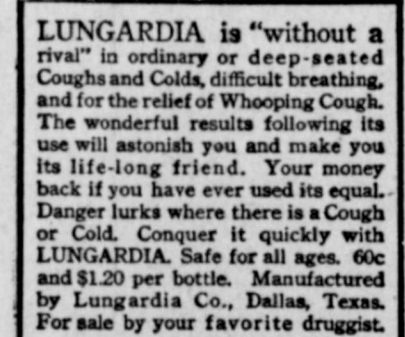
"Yes," said the proud father. "I'm glad now that I had confidence in the boy. When he took to playing the ukulele and 'stepped on the gas' when he wasn't dancing, I got a bit discouraged, but I kept telling mother not to worry, that he'd make a man out of himself yet."

Revelation.

"Jack says that I'm one girl in a hundred." "Yes, dear—one in a hundred he's made love to."

A rare painting is always supposed to be well done.

### Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



**BELLANS**  
INDIGESTION  
25 CENTS

6 BELLANS  
Hot water  
Sure Relief

**BELLANS**  
25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

LUNGARDIA is "without a rival" in ordinary or deep-seated Coughs and Colds, difficult breathing, and for the relief of Whooping Cough.

The wonderful results following its use will astonish you and make you its life-long friend. Your money back if you have ever used its equal.

Danger lurks where there is a Cough or Cold. Conquer it quickly with LUNGARDIA. Safe for all ages. 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Manufactured by Lungardia Co., Dallas, Texas. For sale by your favorite druggist.

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS

### WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

NOT ONLY FOR CHILLS AND FEVER BUT A FINE GENERAL TONIC.

### Metropolitan BUSINESS COLLEGE

A. H. B. Co., President, Dallas, Texas  
"The School With a Reputation."

The Metropolitan has made good for thirty-three years—it stands first in Texas as a thorough and reliable Commercial School. Write for full information.

### EYES HURT?

Don't ignore the danger signs of itching eyes, red eyes, bloodshot eyeballs. Mitchell Eye Salve removes irritation, reduces inflammation, soothes pain.

HALL & BUCKLE  
147 Waverly Pl., New York

### DROPSY TREATED ONE WEEK FREE

Short breathing relieved in a few hours swelling reduced in a few days; regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart; purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment.

COLLIER DROPSY REMEDY CO., Dept. B. O., ATLANTA, GA.

RADIUM helps others get rid of their ailments. TRY RADIO HEALTH PADS and get well. \$1 each, prepaid. RADIO LABORATORY, TOLAN, TEXAS.



### Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

TWO HOLLY TREES

"Two boys standing here a long time," said the first Holly Tree.

"So have I," said the second Holly Tree. "I am sure I cannot remember how long but I do know that it has been for a long, long time."

"We belong to a very famous place," the second Holly Tree continued.

"Ah yes," said the first Holly Tree, "I know. We're a part of the grounds of Mount Vernon where George Washington used to live."

"A little girl came to see Mount Vernon not long ago and she said, 'To think of holly trees being here!'"

"She hadn't expected to see us, it seems, because she thought of us only in connection with Christmas time, and Christmas decorations."

"But she was much pleased to see two real holly trees growing just as any other trees would grow, or standing and blooming just as any other trees would do, though I suppose I should say that we bloom and wear our green leaves just as any other holly tree would do. That would be more correct."

"For of course holly trees haven't the same ways as other trees."

"But I got thinking about Christmas and how fine it is to be a Holly Tree."

"It is almost Christmas now, isn't it?" asked the second Holly Tree.

"Almost Christmas," said the first Holly Tree. "You know of course we



"A Most Important Part."

have lived here for so long a time. We were talking of 'hat only a few minutes ago."

"And we belong to this most historical and interesting place."

"There are few, if any, places in the country which are as interesting as this one is. And we belong to it, and people come here to admire the place and the beauty and they like to see us too."

"We're very gay and pretty, we holly trees, blooming as we do so gaily! Our berries are so pretty and bright and festive and gay."

"But not only do we belong to this historical place, but we are famous too. Because, you know, we have, as a family always been used for Christmas decorations."

"Oh yes, holly is a most important part of the Christmastime, and I love to think of how many of our relatives have helped to make Christmas day brighter than ever."

"It makes me feel quite excited as Christmas time comes near and as I hear the visitors talk about Christmas as well as about the beauties of this place!"

"It makes me feel so pleased too, because I can think to myself, as I stand here and look out over the river below and the beautiful white house just above, that our family have done their part in the world too to add to the pleasure and gaiety of people."

"I suppose it makes one feel that way when one is a part of a place like this. To belong to the grounds of Mount Vernon, and to stand so near the house where General Washington once lived, makes one want to be proud of something in the family."

"Yes, it makes one want to be proud of something well done."

"And so I am glad that we have given of our beauty and our brightness as a family to the Christmas-time decorations. I'm mighty glad of that."

"Indeed, and so am I," said the second Holly Tree. "But hush! I hear some one speaking."

The Holly Trees both listened and some one said:

"What lovely Holly Trees. They add to all this beauty, don't they? And it isn't often that I've seen Holly Trees; it's really a treat to see them!"

Good Copy.

Young William received a new diary for a present and was encouraged by his mother to set down each day's doings.

The first day he wrote: "Got up at seven," and then continued to record incidents of the day.

On his mother's advice he took it to his teacher for approval.

She criticized his first phrase, "Don't say 'got up,' William," she said. "The sun doesn't get up; it rises."

Upon retiring that night William remembered his teacher's instructions and wrote with much care in his diary: "Set at nine."

High Building Gets More Daylight.

The sun rises about half an hour earlier and sets about half an hour later on an average for the year at the top of the Woolworth building in New York than at street level.

## DAIRY

### COOLING MILK REDUCES LOSS

Natural Ice Can Be Harvested on Majority of Farms and is Most Profitable Crop.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Customer—This milk is sour.

Milk Inspector—Your bacteria count is too high.

Cheesemaker—I can't make good cheese out of this milk.

Buttermaker—We can't use this cream.

Hurts, doesn't it? Yet that is what happens regularly every year when can after can of milk arrives at the milk plant or creamery sour. One creamery returned over \$2,000 worth of milk and cream in one year to farmers. A milk plant received nearly 50,000 gallons of sour milk in one year.

Why? Because the milk was held and shipped at too high a temperature and the bacteria in it multiplied so rapidly that the milk soured before it arrived.

Cooling milk on the farm will reduce this loss. All that is required is a supply of ice and a little care. Natural ice can be harvested on farms where 85 per cent of our milk is produced, and it is one of the real paying crops of the farm. Few tools are required; and for the average farm two saws, two pair of tongs, two ice hooks, one pointed bar, and one straight board for marking should be sufficient.

The first thing to do is to provide a place to store the ice. If ice is scarce and hard to put up, it would probably be well to build an ice house, plans for which may be obtained from the dairy division, United States Department of Agriculture. When ice is abundant and easily harvested, it may be cheaper to disregard the shrinkage factor and store it in a pit, cellar, shed, or other place, and insulate it with sawdust or shavings. If this is done, 20 to 50 per cent additional ice should be provided to allow for shrinkage.

Where cream only is to be cooled, allow at least one-half ton of ice per cow. For cooling milk, allow 1½ tons per cow. These quantities should be enough to leave a margin for household use; but it is better to have too much than too little. Whenever practicable, build the ice house in the form of a cube, allowing 45 cubic feet of space for each ton of ice.

The pond or stream selected for cutting ice should of course be free from dirt or contamination from barnyards, privies, or refuse heaps. The ice

should be kept clear of snow, as snow retards freezing. When it has frozen to a sufficient depth, mark off the surface into cakes of the desired size, making sure that the lines form rectangles. Cut out a strip of ice (with the saw) the width of the cake desired, and force this strip under the ice, thus forming a channel to the landing and loading place. Large strips may then be sawed off and floated to the landing, where they may be cut up into cakes. These cakes are then hauled to the storage place and packed in as close together as possible, and all cracks and air spaces filled in with sawdust. Cakes that are cut square and are uniform in size and shape pack together with less air space and are convenient to handle.

The cost of ice is small, and the work generally comes during a slack season. There is little reason, therefore, why every farmer in the natural-ice section should not have ice with which to cool his dairy products, and to make such delicacies as ice cream, iced tea, iced buttermilk, iced fruit and vegetables, etc., possible on the farm.

Detailed information on harvesting and storing ice will be found in Farmers' Bulletin 1078, "Harvesting and Storing Ice on the Farm," which may be obtained on request from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.



Cutting ice for cooling dairy products in summer.

### SALT IS REQUIRED BY COWS

Best Place to Place It in Boxes in Yard Where Animal Can Lick It at Will.

Salt is required by all animals. The dairy cow requires an ounce or more a day and while she should be given all she needs, she should not be forced to take more than she wants. It is best, therefore, to give only a small quantity on the feed, and to place rock salt in boxes in the yard where she can lick it at will.

## LIVE STOCK

### CONTROL OF UNRULY HORSES

As Balkiness is Largely a Nervous Disorder, Quietness and Kindness Are Essential.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Some work horses, although a little cold shouldered, will pull when once started. As balkiness seems to be largely a nervous trouble, quietness and kindness must be used at all times, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Before any persuasive treatment is tried the bearing of the harness should be examined to determine if it is hurting the horse and thus causing the balkiness. If nothing is wrong, place a rope or strap around the knees of the horse and pull straight to the front, which will generally induce him to move a step at a time, and thus gradually resume his work. Where it is repeated several times this persuasive treatment is usually sufficient to get the horse to pull.

In case the horse is a confirmed balkier, throws himself, and refuses to get up, something out of the ordinary must be done to attract the animal's attention. The horse should be hitched with a good pulling animal and when down should be held in that position by having two men sit on his head and neck. Then take a bucket of water and pour a very small stream on the animal's nose, occasionally allowing a little to fall into the upturned nostril. The animal will struggle to rise, but he should be held down for about two minutes, with the water trickling on the muzzle all the time. The horse then should be permitted to get on his feet, and if he goes down a second time the treatment should be repeated. It is only rarely that a balky horse of this character will throw himself a third time where this treatment is followed.

If the animal still refuses to move forward, however, a loop should be dropped under the tail as a crupper, extending forward through the halter ring, and fastened to a good pulling horse. As the word is given, the horse should be started, the wagon being pulled by the mate of the balky horse and the balky horse being pulled by the horse at the end of the rope. As soon as the balky animal shows an

inclination to move by himself, the tension of the rope should be released and should be tightened again only when the balkier hesitates or stops. This treatment is generally effective in curing a balky horse and should never be attended by punishment with the whip.



Scotland, an excellent specimen of the Morgan breed.

### GRAIN FEED NOT ESSENTIAL

Sheep Will Do Well Where Leguminous Roughage and Corn Silage Are Available.

Grain feeding of sheep during the early winter months is not absolutely essential where a leguminous roughage and good corn silage or roots are available; but the best results are obtained when a small amount of grain is fed regularly throughout the winter and increased just previous to lambing. Two parts whole oats and one part wheat bran, by measure, make a good mixture. If some grain is fed during the winter, less will be required near lambing time. Old ewes, especially, need plenty of good feed to bring about maximum results.

### HOG SHOULD BE PROTECTED

Too Many Farmers Have Idea That "Any Place is Good Enough" for the Animals.

Most farmers have the idea that any place is good enough for a hog. This is a mistake, for the hog is more susceptible to cold than a horse, a cow, or a steer, because he is not so well protected as are the larger animals. The minute a hog is put into a house where drafts blow on him he is almost sure to contract pneumonia or some other similar trouble. If he is kept in a dry, well-ventilated place, where he can stay in comfort, he is not apt to become diseased.

### WAY TO PREVENT PNEUMONIA

Fens Should Be Warm, With Dry Floors and Beds Free From Dust and All Moisture.

Warm houses with dry floors and beds free from dust and moisture are necessary to prevent pneumonia among pigs. Ventilation must be provided so the house will not steam up, but the pigs should not be forced to sleep in a cold draught.

THIN, FLAT HAIR  
GROWS LONG, THICK  
AND ABUNDANT

"Danderine" costs only 25 cents a bottle. One application ends all dandruff, stops itching and falling hair, and, in a few moments, you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will appear a mass, so soft, lustrous, and easy to do up. But what will please you most will be after a few weeks use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. "Danderine" is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. This delightful, stimulating tonic helps thin, lifeless, faded hair to grow long, thick, heavy and luxuriant.—Advertisement.

Called to Order.

Father (sternly, at breakfast the next morning):

"You are not under the impression that you are living in Norway, sir?"

His Son and Heir—Er—no. W—what makes you ask me?

Father—Nothing; only from the time you got in last night I concluded you thought this was the land of the midnight sun. See that you are not out later than ten tonight, or you will hear from me.

### Upset Stomach, Gas, Indigestion

"Pape's Diapepsin" gives Relief in Five Minutes

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, gases, flatulence, heartburn, sourness, fermentation or stomach distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief and shortly the stomach is corrected so you can eat favorite foods without fear. Large case costs only few cents at drug store. Millions helped annually.—Advertisement.

Blessings of Obscurity.

"Doesn't it make you discontented to read about movie stars getting \$2,000 a week?"

"Sometimes it does," said the citizen whose income is \$3,000 a year, "but, on the other hand, it is a lot of satisfaction for me to know that I don't have to tell an inquisitive public what I eat, what I wear, how I amuse myself in my leisure moments and the exact state of my affections from day to day."

Slumped.

Madge—He used to tell her that the world was his if she'd only love him.

Marjorie—Now they're married he can't even get an apartment.—New York Sun.

Football makes demons of some young men and angels of others.



**BAYER**

**ASPIRIN**

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

- Colds
- Toothache
- Earache
- Headache
- Neuralgia
- Lumbago
- Rheumatism
- Neuritis
- Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacoville-All of Salicylic Acid

No Interference.

"Didn't you see Jimmy?" demanded Mrs. Jones.

"I did," said Mr. Jones. "He was playing ball, and when I saw him he was on second base."

"Well, why didn't you bring him home?"

"My dear, I wasn't in the game. It was up to the batter to bring him home."—Chicago Herald.

Conserving Her Energy.

Mr. Constant Knagg—You don't mean to tell me your wife allows you to interrupt her lectures?

Mr. Henry N. Peck—Along toward the finish she gives me a slight chance while she gathers her breath for the last word.

Laziness is the decayed fruit of philosophy.

## CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels—Bilious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative to physic your bowels when you have

Headache  
Colds  
Dizziness

Biliousness  
Indigestion  
Sour Stomach

tonight will empty your bowels completely by morning and you will feel splendid. "They work while you sleep." Cascarets never stir you up or gripe like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil, and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

Surely the Proper Thing.

They were thrown into each other's society in a country house, without common interest or the least attraction for each other.

Finally, after casting about for a fertile subject of conversation, only to fail in every attempt, he said despondently: "Will you marry me?"

She considered long and deeply.

"I think I'll say yes," she replied at last. "It will give us so much more to talk about while we're here."

Colorful.

"Your narrative is too highly colored," remarked the editor, returning the bulky manuscript.

"In what way?" inquired the disappointed author.

"Why," replied the editor "in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain turn blue with cold."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Not Normal.

Bernard—Been fishing?

Peters—Yes.

"Caught anything?"

"No; even the fish refuse to return to their prewar bait."—London Adversers.

## COLDS

"Pape's Cold Compound" is Quickest Relief Known

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing nose running; relieves headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine. Insist upon Pape's



# Big One-Day Poultry School at Hedley, on Saturday, January 28th

Instruction by Poultry Experts from A. & M. College, who will tell you how to select your best layers. They will have Incubators and Brooders in operation, also will have models of Poultry Houses, Coops, etc., and several pens of Standard Bred Poultry of different breeds on exhibition in their car.

This will be a great opportunity for all Poultry breeders to get valuable information free, and learn to get more profit from your poultry. This School of Instruction is FREE TO ALL. Everybody cordially invited to be with us on that day.

HEDLEY POULTRY BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

## MOVED!

OUR STOCK OF FRESH  
GROCERIES  
HAS BEEN MOVED

to the Johnson building, corner of Main  
Street and the Highway. Call on us  
when you need anything in our line

R. M. BELL

### "RED GOOSE" SHOES

Are Half the Fun of Having Feet

You never need to worry about the condition of the children's feet if they wear "Red Goose" shoes.

Through their play and little daily errands their feet stay warm and dry—correctly fitted—for "Red Goose" shoes are built to meet the needs of growing feet.



Sold by **TIMS & CULWELL**

PLUMBING, HEATING, WINDMILLS,  
SHEET METAL WORK

Repairs for all mills used here. Our prices are right, and we will appreciate your trade.

**STEWART & ANTHONY**

CLARENDON, TEXAS

PHONE 10

### Political Announcements

Subject to the will of the Voters at the July Primary

For District and County Clerk:  
MISS LOTTIE LANE

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:  
H C (Harry) BRUMLEY

### ANNOUNCEMENT

I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Donley County, subject to the action of the July primary

I have resided in Donley county more than eight years. Your vote and influence will be appreciated.

W. L. Crane.

J. C. Doneghy of St. Louis and J. R. Benson of Wellington, president and active vice president respectively of the First State Bank of Hedley, were business visitors here first of the week. Mr. Doneghy says he enjoys his visits to this section in winter, as the weather is more pleasant here than in St. Louis.

W. A. Kinslow, another of our good-paying "stand bys," had his subscription figures run up a year recently.

Miss Rose Couch, a teacher last year in the Hedley schools, was over from Wellington for a holiday visit at the R. H. Jones home.

D. B. Perdue, good farmer and prompt paying subscriber of the Windy Valley community, boosted his subscription figures last Saturday.

Our good friend, Mr. J. N. Benson, has the thanks of the Informer family for the donation of a choice assortment of spare ribs personally conducted into our sanctum last Saturday afternoon. Our appreciation is equaled only by the speed with which said donation was dispatched—which was some speed!

Mrs. L. H. McFann and little daughter, of Dallas, were here during the Christmas holidays to visit the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jones.

J. T. Bain and family are again residents of Hedley territory, having moved from Clarendon to their farm on this side of Naylor community.

An appreciated letter, with a subscription check enclosed, has reached us from J. S. Smith, a former Hedleyan now residing at Brownfield, down on the South Plains. Thanks, Jess.

### TAILOR SHOP

Casey Jones takes the Beautiful Doll Down By the Old Mill Stream, while the Alexander Rag Time Band plays Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland. You should take your Mysterious Rags to J. M. Clarke and have them cleaned and pressed, for Everybody's Doing It.

CLARKE, THE TAILOR  
Phone 77. Who Knows How.

J. D. Tamlinson, chief of the prescription department at the Hedley Drug Co., has our thanks for subscription favors, sending the paper to a relative "down in Texas."

Mrs. J. B. Masterson and two daughters have returned from a holiday visit to relatives in Ardmore, Okla., and Dallas.

Ed Kinslow, of the Hedley Drug Co., is wrestling with a bad cold this week.

### Our Motto:

HONESTY, SATISFACTION AND SERVICE.

Suits made to your measure. Sanitary Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing and Alteration.

No job too large or too small. Try us. Phone 121.

MOBLEY, O. K. TAILOR

## COAL Grain, Feed and Seed

**JIM CURTIS**

At A. N. Wood old feed barn

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Night Phone 04

**THOMPSON BROS.**

## Forbis & Stone

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**We Are Always Glad to  
Have You Call**

at our store and inspect our goods... whether you are ready to buy, or not. We handle the quality of merchandise that makes friends whenever seen, and we are on the job six days every week

**No Trouble to Show You.  
Come In Today**

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HEDLEY, TEXAS