

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JULY 8, 1921

NO. 33

The Hedley Missionary Baptists will begin their protracted meeting on Saturday before the first Sunday in August. All are invited.

FOR SALE—One Go-Devil. Would trade for feed. See or phone Clyde R. Owen. Subscribe for The Informer.

## PIONEER HEDLEY CITIZEN PASSES AWAY

One of the best men and most highly esteemed citizens who ever lived in this community, a man loved by all his neighbors and friends, died at his home near Bray school house last Monday evening. The spirit of J. K. P. Kyser left its earthly tabernacle to take up its abode in the better world.

Mr. Kyser had been ill only a few days, although for some time he had not enjoyed robust health, and his constitution was not strong enough to withstand the attack which overtook him. He would have been 78 years old next October.

Funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church Tuesday afternoon at a late hour, the heavy rain having delayed the service, which was to have been held at 4 o'clock. It was thought best to postpone the burial service, and the body was taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Adamson. Wednesday morning the mortal remains of this good man were tenderly laid to rest in Rowe cemetery. These services were conducted by Brother G. O. Wood, Church of Christ minister, and attended by a large crowd, only the rain and the consequent changing of plans having prevented the entire community from attending. All the business houses in Hedley were closed at the hour set for the funeral.

James Knox Polk Kyser was born in Tennessee in October, 1843, but was only three weeks old when with his parents he arrived in Rockwall county, Texas—it was, however, Nacogdoches county at that time. He was for many years a prominent, influential citizen of that section. In early manhood he joined the Church of Christ, and has ever been a clean living man, a stalwart defender of the right, a useful and helpful citizen and friend, a faithful and devoted husband and father.

Mr. Kyser was twice married. First to Miss Penry, from Alabama, to which union were born seven children, all living, as follows: Ed Kyser, of Fort Worth; Ernest Kyser, of Forney; Mrs. Fannie Vaughn, of Chisholm; Wylie Kyser, of Hedley; Mrs. Lucy Hanby, of Rockwall; Olin and Ben Kyser, of Hedley. Some years after the death of his first wife he was again married, this time to Mrs. Fannie Shannon, and to them were born two children: a son, who died; and a daughter, Miss Emma, who lives at the family home.

Mr. Kyser moved with his family to Donley county in 1901, remaining in Clarendon a month or two, and then establishing his home at Bray, where he rounded out a long and useful life.

His life will live long in the memory of those who knew him, and his exemplification of the trait of Western hospitality and rugged honesty leaves behind him a pleasant memory. His never failing courtesy, his generosity and thoughtfulness were mute testimonials to his kind and loving heart, and we as neighbors and friends mourn with the bereft family, and trust that God in tender mercy will comfort their hearts as He alone can do.

Claude Heifer was here yesterday from Naylor.

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral        | 4,217.95  |
| Overdrafts   | 6,215.50  |
| Bonds and Stocks                                   | 1,753.33  |
| Real estate (banking house)                        | 1,041.44  |
| Furniture and Fixtures                             | 9,641.85  |
| Due from other Banks and Bankers, and Cash on hand | 2,558.75  |
| Int. in Dep. Guaranty Fund                         | 2,824.61  |
| Assess. Dep. Guaranty Fund                         | 739.00    |
| Total  | 19,047.43 |

|                                       |           |
|---------------------------------------|-----------|
| Capital Stock paid in                 | 35,000.00 |
| Surplus Fund                          | 25,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits, net                | 17,255.66 |
| Individual Deposits, subject to check | 98,479.98 |
| Time Certificates of Deposit          | 2,750.80  |
| Cashier's Checks                      | 560.99    |
| Bills Payable and Rediscounts         | 40,000.00 |
| Total                                 | 19,047.43 |

STATE OF TEXAS )  
County of Donley ) We, J. G. McDougal, President, and C. L. Johnson, Asst. Cashier, of said bank, each solemnly swear that the above is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.  
J. G. McDougal, President.  
C. L. Johnson, Asst. Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July, A. D. 1921.  
R. E. Newman, Notary Public, Donley County, Texas.  
Correct—Attest:  
W. B. Quigley }  
J. W. Noel } Director

## Revival Meeting

Rev. S. H. Holmes of the First Christian Church, Hedley, beginning Sunday 10th, 1921. Everybody cordially invited. Make your arrangements and enjoy this meeting.

## BOARD OF THANKS

We take this means of expressing our deep thanks and gratitude to the many good friends who were so helpful and sympathetic in our recent bereavement caused by the death of our dear and father, H. Wood, for the beautiful floral tributes and May God's blessings be with Mrs. H. Wood and children.

Mr. Ed Kyser of Fort Worth left yesterday for his home after having helped to nurse his father during his illness, attended his funeral and burial. Mr. Kyser has held a respectable position at Swift's Packing Plant for the past eighteen years. He paid the Informer office an appreciated visit Wednesday.

Frank Brown lost a shed a lot of feed and harness in a Tuesday night which was caused by lightning. The loss was very heavy. We didn't learn whether or not he carried any insurance.

## NOTICE

Anyone who can do sewing for the Red Cross, call at Mrs. Johnson's and get the garments already cut out. The committee needs help.

## OFFICIAL NOTICE

To All Household of Hedley: You are hereby notified to have your toilets in a sanitary condition at once, and to put them on a hinged board or boards to cover the back of same. Failure to comply with this notice will result in your toilet being declared a nuisance and penalty enforced. By order of City Council June 6th, 1921.  
W. E. Reeves, Mayor

Attest:  
U. J. Boston, Secretary.

Subscribe for The Informer.

TURKEY EGGS FOR SALE—Bourbon Red; \$2.50 per setting of 10. Mrs. J. D. McCants, Giles, Texas.

Subscribe for The Informer.

WANTED—Cattle on grass pasture. Good water. See Clarence Luttrell.

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

## A Complete Line of Hardware, Implements Standard Brands Household Furnishings

Everything for the Home  
Leather Goods  
A Complete Assortment  
Queensware  
Large and Varied Collection  
Pathe Phonographs and Records—The BEST

Moreman & Battle  
Everything in Hardware and Furniture

## Your Roosters PEN 'EM, OR SLAY 'EM!

Infertile Eggs keep much better and bring more money. In fact, it is a hard job to sell fertile eggs at any price during warm weather period. Pen the rooster

Phone 93

R. S. Smith  
The Produce Man

## EVERY DOLLAR YOU PLACE IN A BANK

is returned to you threefold in credit, strength of character, and high standing in this community

These are three of the greatest assets a man can have, and they are worthy of any effort he may make to gain them.

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.

Guaranty State Bank  
HEDLEY, TEXAS  
Member Federal Reserve System

## Groceries!

IF IT'S GOOD you'll find it here

All the Items You'll Need for your dinner table

Everything in Groceries

PAY CASH AND PAY LESS

Barnes & Hastings  
CASH GROCERY CO.

## EATING

is both a necessity and a luxury. At least, it's a luxury if you get the proper edibles. You can get them here. Make us prove it.

See Us for Anything You Need in the Grocery Line

PHONE 10

L. T. Hullum

## Do you want to Succeed?

If you want to know if you are going to be a Success or a Failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible---

## Are You Able to Save Money?

If not, drop out; you will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you.

Save and Succeed! Have a Bank Account.

## The First State Bank

HEDLEY, TEXAS  
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$50,000.00  
J. C. DONEGHY President  
P. T. BOSTON Cashier



# The Vanished Freight

By E. FLORENCE

(Copyright.)

The loose-jointed individual and the watery-eyed one met on common ground. They had both been fired from the same freight, and were drawn to each other—or, more correctly speaking, fired at each other, for they came near colliding in the process of ejection.

"Must take us for blooming cannon-balls," grunted the loose-jointed one.

"Yes; those fellows are certainly on the firing-line, all right," replied the watery-eyed one. "Reminds me of the way I've often floated through space in Kansas, riding bareback on a cyclone."

"So you've been in Kansas, too?" queried the loose-jointed one. "Now, there's a state that can boast some about nearly everything. And, talking of cyclones, did you ever hear how they are formed."

"Houses, trees and cattle are gathered in its loving embrace, and the whole blooming outfit forms a sort of relief expedition to the afflicted place. The world moves, but Kansas is a whole moving picture show."

"It may leave a path of devastation behind it, but think of what would be because of that airless void if the C. Q. D. was ignored."

"That's so," replied the watery-eyed one. "Nature has got railroads skinned alive when it comes to delivering the goods. Then, again, a cyclone is a great factor in promoting social intercourse. There are lots of people out there who would never see each other were it not for the fact that they are thrown together by the thoughtful cyclone. I know of a couple of fellows who had not seen each other for years, who met in the air, both joyriding aboard the same cyclone."

"Hallo, Bill!" shouted one; "I haven't seen you for a good while."

"No," yelled the other fellow; "I don't often get up this way."

"Speaking of railroading," said the loose-jointed individual, "I'd like to relate to you some of my experiences in the railroad business. Back in the seventies I did key-pounding down in Kansas, on the P. D. Q. road. I held down a shanty up along the line, forty miles from the nearest refectory."

"Did nothing much but give the trains clear track or hold them up to side-track so's to let another train pass. The old P. D. Q. was a single-track road, with shanties and sidings at regular intervals, at which a number of other jays like myself did the brainwork for the system."

"I was holding down this job in that Queen Anne cottage, with no great white way nearer than the milky 'aldric of the skies,' and the only stars I could flirt with were those winking at me across millions of miles of space. But I was not astronomically inclined—gastronomy has always been my long suit."

"Well, this particular incident I have in mind happened on one of those days when nature seems to be resting and getting ready for a grand-stand demonstration."

"I seemed to sense something was going to happen, and felt as fussy as a magnetized kitten. There was a south-bound train due at my villa at 7:30 p. m. I had orders to hold it on the siding until the north-bound passenger, due at 7:45, had passed."

"I set my signals and busted myself doing nothing until the south bound should arrive. I felt mighty glad of the chance for human companionship which the side-tracked freight would supply."

"The sky had assumed a dirty-gray color. I felt certain that there was a cyclone sashaying around somewhere in my vicinity."

"I was wondering if my villa was in the path of the whirling dervish, when the stillness was suddenly fractured by the shrieking of the south bound's whistle."

"I got ready to do the reception act, and wondered why Jim Bludsoe kept his whistle blowing."

"In a few seconds the big engine loomed in sight. Along she came, like a race-horse on the home-stretch, and suddenly I realized that the big galoot at the throttle was going to give us the go-by."

"I grabbed my red flag and got busy with the wigwag performance, but old iron horse swished past with his long, brown tail of empty freights strung out behind like the appendage of a comet."

"What the Sam Hill's the matter with that giddy choffer?" thinks I. Then it struck me all of a sudden that in about seven and a half minutes there was going to be trouble, likewise a lot of scrap-iron scattered over the scenery of the Sunflower state."

"The north-bound train had already entered the same block, and the two trains would meet about half-way between my hovel and the next one south, on the curve around a grove thicket. In my mind I pictured the horror of the scene."

"My mind was full of the possibilities of the situation, and I was standing there, paralyzed, as it were, when suddenly there was a roar, and the topography of Kansas began doing the Wilbur White act."

"I was picked up bodily and hurled against that chute of mine with sufficient force to knock the sense out of me. When I came to I saw a train sailing on the siding. The crew were

emptying the contents of a water-pail on me and searching my anatomy for injuries.

"As my gray matter resumed operations, I realized that it was the north-bound passenger train that stood upon the siding. 'How the Sam Hill did you get here?' I asked the engineer."

"'Why, came in my engine,' he replied. 'Where's No. 23—isn't she yet? I had orders to run through X, and expected to see No. 23 sidetracked here. Not seeing anything on the siding, I pulled up to investigate. What's up?'"

"'Didn't you smash into 23?' gasped."

"'Sure not,' he replied. 'What's the matter? Did you strike your head?'"

"'My head's all right,' I replied. 'Twenty-three passed her in a blaze of glory some time ago, and if you did see her, where is she?'"

"'Come, man,' coaxed the engineer word along the line and find when she is due. I don't want to here all day.'

"'But I tell you she passed her insisted, and in desperation I ran to the key and pounded off an lingo to the fellow south of me as to whether 23 had passed."

"'The reply staggered me. He answered in the negative. 'Where's that train?' I shrieked. 'It passed here at 7:30,' I persisted."

"'Just then the rear brakeman (running up the track with a can in his hand. 'Found this down the track he said. 'That's old Jim Blud cap; and if his cap is here, he's have passed here himself.'

"'That's so,' rejoined the engine. 'But what am I going to do? I hang around here any longer?'"

"'Well, I wired to the northern for instructions, and got word to the passenger along. Then the went over the line to the next station south to send out a searching party the missing train. The track betw my shanty and the next one south closed to traffic pending the arrival the searching crew. In due time pulled in on a hand-car, and reported that they had seen nothing of the missing train. I wired the information headquarters, and asked for instructions."

"'Open up the road for traffic send men on foot to make a thorough search for that train; we need it,' came the answer."

"I did as directed, and sent searching party down the track. I them to spread out on either side the track and work along until I found the wreck, for I felt sure must have run off the track somewhere."

"After they had been gone fifteen or twenty minutes, and I raked my brain for a solution of the matter, I heard a whistle away in the distance. It sounded low, appearing to come from the south. There was nothing due at the siding for an hour or so; so I thought at it was a relief party coming up to help solve the mystery, but as sound continued, and did not get louder, I concluded that, whatever it was, it was stationary."

"The sound kept up for about minutes and then stopped. I was for about half an hour, and then I one of the searching party return on the run. In the meantime headquarters had been hammering me news of the engine."

"When the special courier arrived he was winded; so I saw it was not trying to pump anything out of him till he got through with his breath exercises."

"When he got his bellows working again, I learned that they had found Jim Bludsoe and his train about five miles down the road, about a mile and a half away from the track. Several of the cars were standing on end, the engine and the balance of train were right side up, scattered over the face of the virgin prairie."

"The searchers had heard the whistle, and proceeded to investigate. They had found the wreck as reported with old Jim standing in the scared, wild-eyed and battered."

"How the heck did they get the asked the watery-eyed one."

"Well, they couldn't get any out of Jim. He seemed plumb loco. When I sent in my report over wire they sent down a lot of experts to try and salvage the train. Bludsoe was the only living critter of the crew."

"They figured that the cyclone caught up to the train on its whirl down the track, picked it bodily, like a blooming airship, carried it across the country to where it was discovered. This was verified by the crew, who came straying like lost sheep from the prairie whither they had blown."

"It was learned from them that engineer had developed a crazy state some time before passing my station and chased the fireman out of the train. That explained why they gave my pal the go-by. However, Jim Bludsoe never had to answer for his crazy for the last I heard of him he was in dippy domicile, quartered in an holstered houndir."

"And what became of the locomotive and cars?" inquired the watery-eyed one."

"Oh, they built a mile and a half of track out to the scene, and wreckers salvaged the whole of the strange part of it that was a ferocious settlement, known as Lost Freight, sprung up at Lemnans."

"That's so," replied the watery-eyed one. "You don't happen to related to Anner Nix, do you?'"

"No," replied the loose-jointed individual. "My familiars call Monk Hansen. So long, pard. This for a very entertaining afternoon."

## LIVE STOCK FACTS

PARASITES CAUSE BIG LOSS

## DAIRY HINTS

MILK RECORDS AID DAIRYMAN

Both Profitable and Practicable to Know for Certainty the Full Value of Cows.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

Reports coming to the United States Department of Agriculture often include stories of the surprises which cow owners meet with when they start keeping records of their cows' production. For instance, in a Missouri cow-testing association there was a man who, when he entered the association, did not appear to have a very good



Milk Should Be Cooled Immediately After It Is Drawn.

herd; but among his cows was a crippled, ten-year-old Jersey named Goldie. Old Goldie led the whole association, with an annual production of approximately 9,300 pounds of milk and 526 pounds of fat, and an income over cost of feed amounting to \$267. In spite of the fact that when the test started she had already gone three months since freshening. The amusing part of Goldie's record is that her owner tried to sell her just before she went on test, for \$75. Six months later he refused \$275 for her.

The whole herd of which Goldie was a part averaged over 360 pounds of fat for the year. In contrast with this was another herd of 37 cows in the same association, which had been reputed to be the best in that part of the state. Yet 14 of these were sold during the year as unprofitable, and it seemed likely that more of them would be.

Similar stories come from other states. The dairy division has been giving a great deal of time to the extension of cow-testing associations throughout the country, and there are now nearly 500 associations in various states.

The man who joins a cow-testing association never runs the risk of selling a \$200 milk producer for \$80 because her appearance is poor, nor of wasting his feedstuffs and work on a good-for-nothing cow because she looks like a good milker.

It is both profitable and practicable to know for a certainty the worth of a cow by weighing her milk. A man in a cow-testing association has the milk of every cow weighed and tested once a month, from which it is easy to calculate the total for a year. He saves the trouble of doing it himself by having the cow tester do it. The tester also weighs the feed, and figures out the cost of the milk; so that at the end of a year the owner of a herd of cows knows exactly what each one has given, what she has eaten, and how much income over cost of feed she has brought him.

### HELP DEVELOPMENT OF CALF

To Keep Them Growing Rapidly Furnish Plenty of Good Hay—It Aids Digestive System.

The important thing is to keep the calves growing as rapidly as possible and to see that they are provided with plenty of good hay. This, more than any other one feed, will help develop the calf's digestive system and should, therefore, never be overlooked. Even if the calf is on pasture it should be given a chance to eat what hay it will consume.

### SILo INSURES NEEDED FEED

Good Silage Made of Corn Crop Planted Too Late to Reach Most Desirable Maturity.

A silo is an insurance. Very often the season is so late that the corn crop cannot be planted in time to get fully matured. Corn can be planted as late as July 1 and yet make good silage.

### Feed Cows a Variety.

A dairy cow should have plenty to eat of a combination of feeds, so balanced as to meet the requirements of milk production and body maintenance.

### Balanced Ration for Cows.

It is not injurious to feed a cow a properly balanced ration in proportion to the milk she gives. Usually the results from under-feeding are a great deal worse than over-feeding.

## FORCED TO FIGHT FOR HER BREATH

Nashville Artist Tells of Terrible Suffering Experienced by His Wife.

## HUSBAND GOES DOWN HILL

Finally Both Decide to Put Taniac to Test and as a Result Have Enjoyed Best of Health for Past Three Years.

"Both my wife and myself have put Taniac to the test and we call it the greatest medicine in the world," said J. T. Montamat, 1123 Third Ave., North, Nashville, Tenn., artistic sign painter for the Cusack Company. Mr. Montamat has lived in Nashville for nearly thirty years and is highly respected by all who know him.

"Before my wife took Taniac she suffered so badly from gas on her stomach and heartburn that she often said she felt like she was smothering to death. She actually had to sit up in bed to get her breath."

"Well, in a short time after she began taking Taniac her trouble disappeared and she was like a different person. Seeing the good results in her case, I began taking the medicine myself and it soon had me feeling like a brand new man."

"Up to that time I had been troubled with indigestion. I had no appetite and the little I did eat seemed to do me about as much harm as good. I felt so tired and languid I hated to move around, and was getting in such a run-down condition that it worried me."

"Taniac acted with me just like it did with my wife, and although that was three years ago we have enjoyed the best of health all along. However, I keep a bottle of Taniac in the house all the time, and when I feel myself getting run down the medicine soon has me feeling all right again. I am convinced that Taniac is without an equal. Our friends all know how it helped us and I don't hesitate to tell anyone about it."

Taniac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

Meekness is the quiet that belongs to right.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

### Her Locks Were False.

After a siege of typhoid fever my hair all came out and in order to make it come in better I had it all cut off. Had to wear a wig. One afternoon late I went to the train to meet some friends and just as the engine whizzed by there was an unusually strong gust of wind. To my amazement and horror my hat and my hair went flying down the platform, and there I stood looking for all the world like a brand-new robin. I cried out: "Oh, there goes my hat and my hair." Of course that drew everyone's attention and it seemed years before a kind young man returned it to me. I wasn't long in getting away from the curious crowd; my sisters greeted the newly arrived friends.—Chicago Tribune.

### Only Thing He Could Do.

Binks—What are you doing for your cold?  
Jinks—Coughing.

A known enemy is better than a treacherous friend.

## WATCH THE BIG 4

Stomach-Kidneys-Heart-Liver

Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—



The National Remedy of Holland for centuries and endorsed by Queen Wilhelmina. At all druggists, three sizes.

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

## Bad Stomach Sends Her to Bed for 10 Months

Eatonie Gets Her Up!

"Over a year ago," says Mrs. Dora Williams, "I took to bed and for 10 months did not think I would live. Eatonie helped me so much I am now up and able to work. I recommend it highly for stomach trouble."

Eatonie helps people to get well by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases that put the stomach out of order. If you have indigestion, sourness, heartburn, belching, food repeating, or other stomach distress, take an Eatonie after each meal. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE FEET

Sprinkle one or two Allen's Foot-Ease powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and smarting, aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Always use it for dancing parties and to break in new shoes. Over One Million Five Hundred Thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

### Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

126 MAMMOTH JACKS  
W. L. DUDLOW'S JACK FARM  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

### FRECKLES

POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Barry's Freckle Ointment. For sale everywhere. Dr. C. W. Barry, 215 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

### SEES FRANCE KINGDOM AGAIN

Freeres Also Points Out That Present Leaders Are Reincarnation of Country's Great Men.

Considerable attention is being paid to the revelations of Marguerite Volf, who predicts that France will have a king in 15 years, and that the divinity will appear in France, observes the Living Age. M. Clemenceau is a reincarnation of Robespierre, and M. Millerand of Louis XIV. Maurice Barres was once Danton. Debussy was not only Mozart, but also Michael Angelo and Peter the Great. Paul Adam, the fine French writer who recently died, was, in former life, Socrates.

Regularly Mile. Volf summons to her the great men of history—presumably those who are not reincarnated—such as Pindar, Homer and Plutarch. She is compelled to spend 12,000 francs a year for candles and incense in order to preserve the right vibratory atmosphere which makes possible these revelations. Sans commentaire.

To be sure, the majority may be wrong, but you have to live with it, don't forget that.

It is easier for some men to make love than it is for them to make a living.

## Is Your Meal-time Drink Your Friend?



A good many people who like tea or coffee find that tea and coffee don't like them.

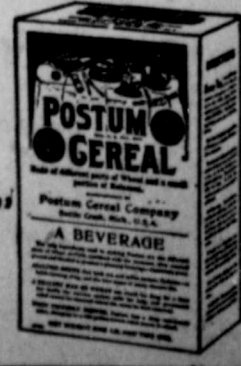
Nervousness, sleeplessness or disturbed digestion is proof.

## POSTUM CEREAL

furnishes a satisfying cup—without irritating nerves or digestion. Thousands who have made the change keep on with Postum because it's better for them.

"There's a Reason" Sold by all grocers

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.





# Green's Garage

Full line of Ford Parts.

United States and  
Racine Tires

Telephone 79

## 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

# BASEBALL!

FASTEST GAME OF THE  
SEASON

Western  
Bloomer Girls  
VS  
Hedley

Friday, July 15

AT HEDLEY BALL PARK

See the Only Lady Battery  
in the World

This will be the biggest game you've seen here this year, and there will be "something doing every few minutes."

DON'T MISS IT

No. 94

### Official Statement OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE FIRST STATE BANK

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1921, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 8th day of July, 1921.

#### RESOURCES

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Loans and Discounts, personal or Collateral.....        | \$394,217.95 |
| Loans, Real Estate.....                                 | 6,215.50     |
| Overdrafts.....   | 1,753.33     |
| Furniture and Fixtures.....                             | 1,041.44     |
| Due from other Banks and Bankers, and Cash on hand..... | 9,541.85     |
| Interest in Depositor's Guaranty Fund.....              | 2,558.75     |
| Assessment Dep. Guar. Fund.....                         | 2,824.61     |
| Other Resources:  |              |
| Entered for Collection.....                             | 739.00       |
| Total.....  | \$419,047.43 |

#### LIABILITIES

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Capital Stock paid in.....                              | 35,000.00    |
| Surplus Fund.....                                       | 25,000.00    |
| Undivided Profits, net.....                             | 17,255.66    |
| Individual Deposits, subject to check.....              | 298,479.98   |
| Time Certificates of Deposit.....                       | 2,750.80     |
| Cashier's Checks.....                                   | 560.99       |
| Certificates of Deposit, issued for money borrowed..... | 40,000.00    |
| Total.....  | \$419,047.43 |

STATE OF TEXAS) County of Donley J We, T. R. Moreman, as Vice Pres., and M. A. Wolfe as Asst. Cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

T. R. Moreman, Vice President.  
M. A. Wolfe Asst. Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1921.  
Sam M. Bond, Notary Public  
Donley County, Texas.

Correct—Attest: (Seal)  
J. R. Benson }  
P. T. Boston } Directors  
Ed Dishman }

#### OFFICERS INSTALLED

The I. O. O. F. and Rebekah Lodges held a joint meeting last Friday evening. It was intended to have a joint installation of officers, but the I. O. O. F. District Deputy failed to arrive, so their installation was postponed until next Tuesday night.

Mrs. Dallas Milner, District Deputy President for Donley county, was installing officer for the Rebekahs, and the new officers are as follows:

Mrs. L. B. Muncie, N. G.  
Miss Jessie Davis, V. G.  
Mrs. C. L. Kinsey, Sec.  
Mrs. L. T. Hullum, Treas.

Delightful refreshments were served and a very pleasant evening was spent by those present.

At the close of the exercises, Mrs. Frank Kendall, retiring Noble Grand, was presented with a beautiful cut glass vase as a token of appreciation of her services the past nine months, during which time she was absent from Lodge only three times.

O. O. Dick, driller of the Bugbee Oil well died Thursday at Clarendon from injuries received while working at the well Monday.

Mrs. Mattie Burch of Mineral Wells is here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. J. K. P. Kyser.

#### NOTICE

This is to inform the public that I am now associated with Dr. Younger of Clarendon, and that I will retain my office here and be in same Friday of each week, beginning May 6th.

Please take notice and come early.

Dr. Reynolds, Dentist.

#### Dr. C. E. Richardson

##### VETERINARIAN

Graduate Kansas City Veterinary College. Eight years practical experience. Three years Remount Service U. S. Army. Is permanently located at Lot 1 & Anderson Wagon Yard.

CLARENDON, TEXAS

Office phone 279.  
Residence phone 82.

No. 953

### Official Statement OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF The Guaranty State Bank

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1921, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 8th day of July, 1921.

#### RESOURCES

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral.....        | \$ 79,421.70 |
| Overdrafts.....   | 63.95        |
| Bonds and Stocks.....                                   | 1,375.00     |
| Real estate (banking house).....                        | 8,891.45     |
| Furniture and Fixtures.....                             | 3,746.08     |
| Due from other Banks and Bankers, and Cash on hand..... | 14,371.73    |
| Int. in Dep. Guaranty Fund.....                         | 852.46       |
| Assess. Dep. Guaranty Fund.....                         | 709.78       |
| Total.....  | \$109,432.15 |

#### LIABILITIES

|  |              |
|--|--------------|
| Capital Stock paid in.....                 | \$25,000.00  |
| Surplus Fund.....                          | 12,500.00    |
| Undivided Profits, net.....                | 1,583.76     |
| Individual Deposits, subject to check..... | 51,504.24    |
| Time Certificates of Deposit.....          | 398.60       |
| Cashier's Checks.....                      | 67.50        |
| Bills Payable and Rediscounts.....         | 18,378.05    |
| Total.....                                 | \$109,432.15 |

STATE OF TEXAS) County of Donley J We, J. G. McDougal, as president, and C. L. Johnson, as Asst. cashier of said bank, each of us do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

J. G. McDougal, President.  
C. L. Johnson, Asst. Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1921.

R. E. Newman, Notary Public  
Donley County, Texas.

Correct—Attest: (Seal)  
V. n. Boone }  
W. B. Quigley } Directors  
J. W. Noel }

#### Revival Meeting

Rev. S. H. Holmes of Vernon will conduct a revival meeting at the First Christian Church in Hedley, beginning Sunday, July 10th, 1921.

Everybody cordially invited. Make your arrangements to attend and enjoy this meeting.

#### CARD OF THANKS

We take this means of expressing our deep thanks and gratitude to the many good friends who were so helpful and sympathetic in our recent bereavement, caused by the death of our husband and father, H. Wood. Also for the beautiful floral tributes. May God's blessings be with you.  
Mrs. H. Wood and Children.

Mr. Ed Kyser of Fort Worth left yesterday for his home, after having helped to nurse his father during his illness, and attended his funeral and burial. Mr. Kyser has held a responsible position at Swift's Packing Plant for the past eighteen years. He paid the Informer office an appreciated visit Wednesday.

Frank Brown lost a shed and a lot of feed and harness in a fire Tuesday night which was caused by lightning. The loss was pretty heavy. We didn't learn whether or not he carried any insurance.

#### NOTICE

Anyone who can do sewing for the Red Cross, call at Mrs. P. C. Johnson's and get the garments already cut out. The committee needs help.

#### OFFICIAL NOTICE

To All Householdors of Hedley: You are hereby notified to put your toilets in a sanitary condition at once, and to put thereon hinged board or boards to cover the back of same. Failure to comply with this notice will result in your toilet being declared a nuisance and penalty enforced. By order of City Council this June 6th, 1921.  
W. E. Reeves, Mayor.

Attest:  
U. J. Boston, Secretary.

Subscribe for The Informer

#### FAMILY REUNION

On last Sunday morning the doors of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Watt's beautiful home were thrown open, the occasion being the "homecoming" of the sisters and other relatives of Mrs. Watt.

At an early hour the guests began to arrive, every one happy and ready to participate in the pleasures that awaited them.

When the noon hour came we were invited into the dining room; there the family table sat filled to the utmost with such a good dinner as only Mrs. Watt and Miss Ruby can prepare. The writer will say everyone did justice to the bountiful spread.

The afternoon was spent in various ways, reviewing of life's experiences and the cementing of family ties. The most enjoyable feature was singing the old familiar songs that the sisters sang in childhood such as "Lead Me, Savior" "Sweet By and By." Tears and smiles, reminiscences and pleasantries, some sadness, some joy, chased each other like the waves that roll on the beach and fall back to the great ocean from which they came.

The guests were: Mr and Mrs. W. P. McKenzie of Dumas, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Green of Amarillo, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bromley of family, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bromley and daughter of Clarendon, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Shelton and family, Mrs. Loyd Moreman and son, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Rains and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bridges, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Watt and family—the number being 31, all immediate relatives present except two.

All too soon did the pleasant day come to a close, and each one left hoping for another reunion soon, and voting the Watts charming host and hostess.

A Guest.

#### ROBBED AND MURDERED

L. A. Stroud received a telegram a few days ago from Oklahoma City, stating that his son-in-law, Gus Sadler, had been killed, but no particulars.

Later he received notice from Oklahoma City that Mr. Sadler had been shot, and that the Police Department were of the opinion that he had been robbed and then murdered. Mr. Stroud expects to get the full particulars from Oklahoma City in the next day or two.

#### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to all the friends and neighbors who so unselfishly gave their assistance in our hours of sorrow, in the sickness and death of our dear husband and father, J. K. P. Kyser; for the many floral offerings, and for the sympathy expressed in our bereavement. Be assured that we shall always hold you in grateful and affectionate remembrance.

Mrs. J. K. P. Kyser,  
Ed Kyser,  
Ernest Kyser,  
Mrs. Fannie Vaughn,  
Wylie Kyser,  
Mrs. Lucy Hanby,  
Olin Kyser,  
Bea Kyser,  
Miss Emma Kyser.

Rev. Y. F. Walker spent Tuesday in Amarillo in attendance upon the Pastors Convention of the Panhandle Baptist Association.

#### "HONOR ROLL"

The following have our thanks for money paid on subscription since last issue. We didn't have to "dun" any of them. Who'll be the next lucky one?

M. H. Bell  
E. Kyser

## THE HEDLEY INFORMER

ED C. BOLIVER  
Publisher

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

The Informer, \$1.50 a year.

Entered as second class matter October 25, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Four issues make a newspaper month. Advertising locals run and are charged for until ordered out, unless specific arrangements are made when the ad is brought in.

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

#### BAPTIST REVIVAL

The First Baptist Church will hold its Annual Protracted Meeting in August, beginning the third Sunday.

Rev. Geo. C. Hoth of Semole, Okla., will be with us for the meeting.

Y. F. Walker.

## Reduced Prices!

We have been favored with a Reduction of from \$2.50 to \$1.25 per Suit. Let us take your suit order NOW.

Best French Dry Cleaning done.  
Best Busherman Work.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

MOBLEY, O. K. TAILOR

## ICE

Hamburgers, Chili, Soda Pop, Etc.

In Johnson building, next to the Postoffice

WATSON & CHRISTIE

Sunday hours: 8 to 11:30 a. m.  
2 to 4 p. m.

## MONEY MONEY

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

## COAL Grain, Feed and Seed

JIM CURTIS

At A. N. Wood old feed barn

## COFFINS AND CASKETS

UNDERTAKERS'  
SUPPLIES

THOMPSON BROS.

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

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas

Office Phone 3  
Residence Phone 20

## R. H. BEVILLE

Attorney at Law  
General Practice

Office A. M. Beville & Sons,  
Phones 74 and 163.  
Clarendon, Texas

## GEO. A. RYAN

Real Estate, Loans  
and Insurance

You don't have to wait if you tell me your wants in these lines. Office: Connally bldg.  
CLARENDON, TEXAS



## CALOMEL DYING FAST IN SOUTH

"Dodson's Liver Tone" Is Taking the Place of Dangerous, Sickening Drug.

You're bilious, sluggish, constipated and believe you need vile, dangerous calomel to start your liver and clean your bowels.

Here's Dodson's guarantee! Ask your druggist for a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone and take a spoonful tonight. If it doesn't start your liver and straighten you right up better than calomel and without griping or making you sick I want you to go back to the store and get your money.

Take calomel today and tomorrow you will feel weak and sick and nauseated. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of harmless, vegetable Dodson's Liver Tone tonight and wake up feeling great. It's perfectly harmless, so give it to your children any time. It can't salfate so let them eat anything afterwards.—Adv.

**As She Saw the Elephant.**  
Little Catherine, aged four, saw an elephant at a circus for the first time. Looking at it, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, look at the fat horse with a tail near his eyes."

It takes well-developed pride to boast of humility.

## ANOTHER WOMAN ESCAPES

Mrs. McCumber Avoided a Serious Operation by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Time

Georgetown, Ill.—"After my first baby was born I suffered so with my own work and it is left side that I could not walk across the floor unless I was all humped over, holding to my side. I doctored with several doctors but found no relief and they said I would have to have an operation. My mother insisted on my taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I soon found relief. Now I can do all my own work and it is the Vegetable Compound that has saved me from an operation. I cannot praise your medicine too highly and I tell all of my friends and neighbors what the Compound did for me." — Mrs. MARGARET MCCUMBER, 27 S. Frazier St., Georgetown, Illinois.

Mrs. McCumber is one of the unnumbered thousands of housewives who struggle to keep about their daily tasks, while suffering from ailments peculiar to women with backache, sideaches, headaches, bearing-down pains and nervousness, — and if every such woman should profit by her experience and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial they would get well.

**HOW TO GET RID OF CONSTIPATION**

It's needless and dangerous to suffer from a clogged up system because it often lays the foundation for a lifetime of misery and ill-health.

**DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS** taken one or two at bedtime, — quickly eliminates all poisonous waste matter from the system and strengthens the bowels.

**Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills**

*In a new size package*

**LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE**

Ten for 10 cents. Handy size. Dealers carry both. 10 for 10c; 20 for 20c. It's toasted.

**Cuticura Soap**  
— The Healthy —  
**Shaving Soap**

Cuticura Soap shaves without soap. Shaver's Best.

## SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

### PASS IT ALONG

"HEARD a good story the other day," he said, and then he recited a clean, wholesome anecdote, which is said to have originated with the late Champ Clark.

He was passing along a little of the joy of life. He was distributing smiles.

There is a manufacturing establishment up in New England, not a big enterprise. It is a sort of family affair in which all the workmen and their wives and sweethearts have a more than wage-envelope interest.

The principal reason is that the man who started it decided that he was going to pass along the joy of the success, if it was a success, and he has continued to do so from the day the little factory opened.

If a particularly big order comes in he writes a little bulletin about it and gives it to the superintendent, and at the bottom of the slip of paper are always the words "Pass It Along."

That means that everybody in the factory knows the good news almost as soon as the owner does.

And one year when the profits showed larger than usual he had the bookkeeper draw up a little statement of the year's surplus.

When it was in his hands he took his pen and dividing the total by two he drew a ring around the quotient and a line from the ring led to the words "Pass It Along," which meant that half of all the profits was divided among the workmen.

The game of "Pass It Along" is a great game. So many can play at it. It needn't take any money to start

### THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

### EQUAL PAY

THERE is one big issue to settle in the world of business and labor, the issue of equal pay for equal work.

Evidences of injustice are found everywhere. One woman held a position in a college for which she was paid \$1,800 a year. She resigned because she needed a higher salary; a man took the position. He gets a salary of \$5,000. The United States government also pays women less than men in many positions.

There are several reasons for this state of affairs. The fact that women were not voters is one of them. That will now cease to be a deterrent.

Then, women do not insist on being justly remunerated. Women are still new in business. It is something of a wonder to them that they are considered worth a salary at all. They accept what is offered, and make no kick when it is less than their brother gets for a similar position.

Then, unfortunately, women often do not give as good an account of themselves as men. Many women do as well as men, a few do better, but many do not do as well. It is these who make it possible to exploit the rest.

It lies with women, finally, as to whether or not they shall receive equal pay. It should be demanded by every woman. Also, the timing of women for earning a living must be improved, and the standards of her work bettered.

### THE WOODS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

#### JUNE.

I KNEW you were coming, June, I knew that you were coming! Among the alders by the stream I heard a partridge drumming; I heard a partridge drumming, June, a welcome with his wings, And felt a softness in the air half Summer's and half Spring's.

I knew that you were nearing, June, I knew that you were nearing— I saw it in the bursting buds of roses in the clearing; The roses in the clearing, June, were blushing pink and red. For they had heard upon the hills the echo of your tread.

I knew that you were coming, June, I knew that you were coming, For every warbler in the woods a song of joy was humming, I know that you are here, June, I know that you are here— The fairy month, the merry month, the laughter of the year.

Many Do. One way to "relieve congestion in the post office" is to let your correspondents' letters answer themselves — a method which has much to recommend it.

it and none to keep it going. All it requires is a desire to make people happy and a determination to make the desire a working reality.

It is a strange thing that we seem more willing always to spread the unpleasant news than the pleasant.

The rumor that Jack has lost his job gets twice as prompt circulation as the fact that Jill has received a promotion. I wonder why?

We can pass along so many helpful things. Encouragement. Enthusiasm. Appreciation. Sympathy. Everyone of them without a penny of cost, but so full of the profit of satisfaction, if we do it with a generous spirit.

The parable of the two debtors has always seemed to me one of the most vivid of the illustrations by which Jesus taught his great truths. You will find the story in the latter part of the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew.

The trouble with the servant of the king was that he did not pass along to the man who owed him the charitable treatment which his master had shown in forgiving him the debt he owed.

If you have something good, something helpful, something that will make another happier pass it along. It is a profitable proceeding.

## SCHOOL DAYS



## Mother's Cook Book

There is only one type of artist whose achievements make every type of society from the earliest to the latest; and that creator is Motherhood.—W. Shaw Sparrow.

### A FEW SALADS.

A SALAD is a part of the menu, which, if well prepared, is the chief attraction. A well made salad should be an ornament as well as a food. The following are unusual but good:

#### Russian Salad.

Cut crisp, tender celery into bits, add a small can of Russian caviar, and the same quantity of anchovies as caviare. Add as much tomato pulp as celery and mix with mayonnaise. Serve in tomato cups.

#### Spanish Salad.

Cut into dice three slices of stale bread. Add an equal quantity of cold cooked potatoes, three tomatoes sliced and one onion chopped fine. Rub the salad bowl with the cut side of a clove of garlic, put in the salad and pour over plenty of French dressing.

#### Onion Salad.

Slice a large Spanish onion and let stand in water for two hours; drain, put into a chopping bowl and chop; arrange in a nest of lettuce with minced parsley and put over a highly seasoned French dressing.

#### Strawberry Salad.

Arrange tender white lettuce in a salad bowl in cup shapes or as individual salads on plates. Fill each lettuce cup with fine ripe strawberries; put a tablespoonful of seasoned mayonnaise in each cup.

#### Pea and Walnut Salad.

Take equal quantities of cooked peas and English walnuts broken in bits. Sprinkle with French dressing, let stand half an hour and mix with mayonnaise dressing. Serve in lemon cups or on lettuce.

#### Shad Roe Salad.

Cook the roe in salted acidulated water with a slice of onion for twenty

## THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"ASSASSIN."

IN 1090 there was founded in

Asia a secret society known as the "Fedavis" or "Devoted Ones," the members of which were pledged to implicit blind obedience to the orders of their superiors, no matter what direction these orders might take. Hassan ben Sabbah, the Persian, who founded the dreaded order, was extremely explicit in the rules he laid down for the government of the organization, which was partly religious and partly secular in nature. The members of the lower sections of the society were kept in total ignorance of the teachings and aims of the body to which they belonged, and it was impressed upon them that unflinching obedience was their only key to success in this life and happiness in the next.

In order to give them a foretaste of the joys which were in store for them, provided they followed instructions, Hassan ben Sabbah directed that they be given a specified ration of hashish, or hemp—a narcotic which produced effects analogous to those resulting from the use of opium—and from this practice the members of the society became known as hashishin or hemp-eaters. Europeans slightly altered the word to "assassin" and applied it to anyone guilty of murder, this crime being a favorite among the Fedavis.

(Copyright.)

# WRIGLEY'S

"After Every Meal"

Get thrice-daily benefit from this low-cost aid to appetite and digestion

It keeps teeth white  
breath sweet  
and throat  
clear

Makes your  
smokes  
taste  
better

Still  
5c



The Flavor Lasts

## What to Take for Disordered Stomach

Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills — then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. You will relish your meals without fear of trouble to follow. Millions of all ages take them for Biliousness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimple, Blotchy Skin. They end the misery of Constipation.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

Small Pill; Small Dose; Small Price

**The Real Sport.** The father who doesn't take his small boy to a baseball game now and then is missing a world of pleasure, and at the same time losing one of life's real opportunities to become acquainted with his son.

**Good News for Sons of Rest.** The fellow who knows where the fish are biting can always borrow a quarter.—Albany Herald.

**The Beau Brummel of the Plains.** Big Bear, the head of the Sioux tribe, is said to be the best dressed Indian in America. He recently paid a visit in full regalia to some of the larger cities in the Middle West.

**Salt Water Destroys Propeller.** The great bronze propeller screws first fitted to the steamship Mauretania wore out through the action of salt water in three months.

Large Can, 12 Ounces

**25¢**

Made and Guaranteed by Royal Baking Powder Co.

Contains no Alum

Use it — and Save!

Write for New Dr. Price Cook Book—It's free  
Price Baking Powder Factory  
1003 Independence Blvd., Chicago, Ill.



# THE WRECKERS

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

## THE BOSS IS BACK ON THE JOB.

Synopsis.—Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmy Dodds are marooned at Sand Creek siding with a young lady, Sheila Macrae, and her small cousin, Maise Ann. Unseen, they witness a peculiar train hold-up, in which a special car is carried off. Norcross recognizes the car as that of John Chadwick, financial magnate, whom he was to meet at Portal City. He and Dodds rescue Chadwick. The latter offers Norcross the management of the Pioneer Short Line, which is in the hands of eastern speculators, headed by Breckinridge Dunton, president of the line. Norcross, learning that Sheila Macrae is stopping at Portal City, accepts. Dodds overhears conversation between Rufus Hatch and Gustave Henckel, Portal City financiers, in which they admit complicity in Chadwick's kidnapping, their object being to keep Chadwick from attending a meeting of directors to reorganize the Pioneer Short Line, which would jeopardize their interests. To curb the monopoly controlled by Hatch and Henckel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms the Citizens' Storage and Warehouse company. He begins to manifest a deep interest in Sheila Macrae. Dodds learns that Sheila is married, but living apart from her husband. Norcross does not know this. The boss disappears; report has it that he has resigned and gone east.

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

I told her about the wreck, and said I was afraid he hadn't got back yet. I heard something that sounded like a muffled and half-impatient, "Oh, dear!" and then she went on. "I have just had a phone message from Mr. Cantrell, the editor of the Mountaineer. He called the house to try to find Major Kendrick. He has heard something which may explain about Mr. Norcross. He said he didn't want to put it on the wire."

That was enough for me. "I'll go right over to the Mountaineer office," I told her; and in just about two shakes of a dead lamb's tail, I was standing at Mr. Cantrell's elbow in



"There was a Plot of Some Kind."

His little den on the third floor of the newspaper building across the avenue. "Mrs. Macrae telephoned you?" he asked, pushing his bunch of copy paper aside.

"Yes; just a minute ago." "I'll give you what I have, and you may do what you please with it. One of our young men—Branderby—has discovered—in some way that he didn't care to explain over the phone—that there was a plot of some kind connected in the back room of a dive on lower Nevada avenue on the night Mr. Norcross disappeared. From what Branderby says, I take it that the plot was overheard, in part, at least, by some habitue of the place who was too drunk to get it entirely straight and intelligible. The plotters were four of Clananan's men, and, as Branderby got it, they were planning to steal a locomotive. Do you know anything about that?"

"I do. The engine was stolen all right, that very night. Kirgan, our master-mechanic, has known it was gone, but he has been keeping quiet in hopes he'd be able to find the engine without making any public stir about it."

"The story, as it has been handed on to Branderby, is pretty badly muddled," the editor went on. "There was something in it about an attempt to wreck and rob the Fast Mail, and something else about sending a note to somebody at the Bullard—a note that 'would do the business,' was the way it was put."

"That note was sent to Mr. Norcross!" I broke in excitedly, taking a running jump at the guess.

"If you will wait until Branderby comes in, he may be able to give you more of the particulars," Cantrell was beginning to say; but good good!—I couldn't wait. I was gashed stiff for fear I shouldn't be able to get back to the round-house before Kirgan started out on that engine-rescuing trip.

"That's enough," I gasped; "I'm gone!" and I tumbled down the two flights of stairs and sprinted for the railroad yard, reaching the round-house not one half-second too soon. Kirgan was there, with Gorcher and two firemen. They had a light engine out on the tank track and were filling her with water.

"They took Mr. Norcross with them on the Ten-Sixteen!" was all I could say and then I guess my late electric knock-out got in its work to pay for the quick sprint down from the newspaper office for I keeled over into

Kirgan's arms and sort of half fainted, it seemed.

Because, when I came to, right good again, Kirgan had me up on the fireman's box, with an arm around me to hold me there; Billy Gorcher was on the other side of the cab, niggling at the throttle; and the light engine was clicking it off about fifty miles an hour on the straight piece of track between Portal City and Arroyo.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A Close Call

At the "Y" siding we stopped—without going on to the gravel track where Gorcher had seen the lost 1016—and Kirgan and I got off with a lantern. This was because, on the way down, I had managed to tell the big master-mechanic about the Cantrell talk, though I hadn't succeeded in making him believe that it accounted for Mr. Norcross's drop-out. Just the same he humored me by having Billy Gorcher stop, and now he was trying to make me take it sort of slow and easy as we stumbled out toward the stem of the "Y." That was Kirgan's way. He was as hard as nails with a gang of men, but he could be as soft-hearted as any woman when a fellow was all in. And he knew I wasn't half "at myself" yet, physically.

"Don't get too much hope up, Jimmie," he was saying, as we humped along around the crooking track of the "Y." "We ain't goin' to find anything out yonder but a rusty loggin' track and that broken rail connection. You see, I've been here before, and I know."

He was as right as could be. When we reached the end of the "Y" there was the broken connection, just as he'd said. The old saw-mill track was still there, leading off in the dark up the gulch, but the two switch rails had been taken out and the switch itself was as rusty as if it hadn't been used in years.

"What you heard from Mr. Cantrell may have been all true enough," Kirgan said, while I stood swallowing hard and staring down at the broken rail connection, "only it didn't have anything to do with the big boss. Them thugs was probably plannin' to wreck the Mail, all right, and they came down here to do it. The Lord only knows why they didn't do it; p'raps there wasn't time enough, after they'd got the 'Sixteen in on the gravel track."

I only just about half heard what he was saying. He had the lantern, and its light fell squarely upon a cross-tie a foot or two beyond where we were standing. It was the last tie in the empty string from which the two rails had been taken up to break the connection with the lighter saw-mill track steel, and what I was looking at was a fresh spike hole; fresh beyond all question of doubt because there was a clean new splinter of the wood sticking up beside it—a splinter that had been broken out when the spike was pulled.

I took the lantern from Kirgan in my one good hand, and he stood there waiting for me while I walked on out to the chopped-off end of the saw-mill track, examining the loose ties as I went along. There were fresh spike holes in some of the others; just one here and there. But that was enough. After I had knelt to hold the lantern close to the rails of the rusty timber track I knew my hunch was all right.

"Come here, Mart!" I called, and when he came, I showed him the new holes and new wheel-marks on the old rusty rails of the timber track that proved as clear as daylight that an engine or a train had been over them away this side of the rains and the snows that had rusted them.

Kirgan didn't say a word—not to me. He just took one look at the rubbed rails and then yelled back to Gorcher to run out on the "Y." What followed went like clockwork. There were tools, a spike-puller and a driving-maul, on the light engine's tender, and while the two firemen were throwing them off, Kirgan made a couple of swift measurements with his pocket tape.

"These two, right here, boys," he ordered, indicating a pair of rails in the other leg of the "Y," and in less than no time the two rails were up and relaid to bridge the gap of the broken connection.

I suppose he poked along into the black heart of the Timber range for as much as five or six miles before

the engine headlight showed us the remains of the old saw-mill camp lying in a little pocket-like valley from the sides of which all the mill timber had been cut. The camp had been long deserted. There were perhaps a dozen shacks of all sizes and shapes, and with a single exception they were all dilapidated and dismantled, some with the roofs falling in.

The one exception was the stout log building which had probably served as the mill-gang commissary and store. The ties at this end of the line were so rotten with age that our engine was grinding a good half of them to powder as she edged up, and a little below the switch that had formerly led in to the mill, Kirgan gave Gorcher the stop signal.

After we had piled off, there wasn't any question raised as to what we should do. Kirgan had taken a hammer from Gorcher's tool-box, and he was the one who led the way straight across the little creek and up the hill to the commissary.

When we reached the building we found the windows all boarded up and the door fastened with a strong hasp and a bright new brass padlock—the only new thing in sight. Kirgan swung his hammer just once and the lock went spinning off down the slope and fell with a splash into the creek. Then he pushed the door open with his foot, and shoved in; and for just one half-second I was afraid to follow—afraid of what we might find in that gloomy-looking log warehouse, with its blinded windows and locked door.

While I was nerving myself and stumbling over the threshold behind Kirgan with the lantern, I heard the boss's voice, and it wasn't the voice of any dead man, got by a long shot! From what he said, and the way he was trimming it up with hot ones, it was evident that he took us for some other crowd that he'd been cussing out before.

The light of the lantern showed us a long room, bare of furnishings, and dark and musty from having been shut up so tight. In the far end there were a couple of bunks built against the log wall. On what had once been the counter of the commissary there was a lot of canned stuff and a box of crackers that had been broken open, and on a bench by the door there was a bucket of water and a tin cup.

The boss was sitting up in one of the bunks, and he was still tearing off language in strips at us when we closed on him. He recognized Kirgan first, and then Gorcher. I guess he couldn't see me very well because I was holding the lantern. When he found out who we were, he stopped swearing and got up out of the bunk to put his hand on Mart Kirgan's shoulder. That was the only break he made to show that he was a man, like the rest of us. The next minute he was the big boss again, rapping out his orders as if he had just pushed his desk button to call us in.

"You've got an engine here, I suppose?" he snapped, at Kirgan. "Then we'll get out of this quick. What day of the week is it?"

I told him it was Friday, and by his asking that, I knew he must have



It Wasn't the Voice of Any Dead Man.

been so roughly handled that he had lost count of time. The next order was shot at the two firemen.

"You boys kick that packing-box to pieces and then pull the straw out of that bunk and touch a match to it. We'll make sure that they'll never lock anybody else up in this d—d dog-hole."

The two young huskies obeyed the order promptly. In half a minute the dry slab stuff that the bunks were built of was ablaze and the boss herded us to the door, and a minute or so later we were all climbing into the cab of the waiting engine.

We had to run so slowly down the old track to the "Y" that there was plenty of chance for the boss to talk, if he had wanted to. But apparently

he didn't want to. He sat on the fireman's seat, with an arm back of me to hold me on, just as Kirgan had sat on the way up, and never opened his head except once to ask me what was the matter with my wrapped-up hand. When I told him, he made no comment, and didn't speak again until we had stopped on the leg of the "Y" to let Kirgan and his three helpers put the borrowed rails back into place. "You say it's Friday," he began abruptly. "What's been going on since Monday night, Jimmie?"

I belted it down for him into just as few words as possible; about the letter he had left for Mr. Van Brit, how everybody thought he had resigned, how Mrs. Sheila and the major were two of the few who weren't willing to believe it, how Mr. Chadwick had been out of reach, how the railroad outfit was flopping around like a chicken with its head chopped off, how President Dunton had appointed a new general manager who was expected now on any train, how Gorcher had discovered the lost 1016 on the old disused gravel-pit track a mile below us, and, to wind up with, I slipped him Mr. Chadwick's telegram which had come just as I was finishing my supper in the Bullard grill-room, and those two others that had come on the knock-out night, and which had been in my pocket ever since.

He heard me through without saying a word, and when I gave him the telegrams he read them by the light of the gauge lamp—also without saying anything. But when he had read the "Y" rails replaced he took hold of things again with a jerk.

"Kirgan, you'll want to see to getting that dead engine out of the gravel pit yourself. Take one of the firemen and go to it. It's a short mile and you can walk in. Jimmie and I want to get back to Portal City in a hurry, and Gorcher will take us." And then to Gorcher: "We'll run to Banta ahead of Number Eighteen and get orders there. Move lively, Billy; time's precious."

We made Banta at a record clip. While he was in the Banta wire office, getting orders for Portal City, Mr. Norcross took the time-card out of its cage in the cab and fell to studying it by the light of the gauge lamp. Gorcher came back pretty soon with his clearance, which gave him the right to run to Arroyo as first section of Number Eighteen.

The boss blew up like a Roman candle when he saw that train order. It meant that we were to take the siding at Arroyo with the freight that was just behind us, and wait there for the westbound "Flyer," the "Flyer" being due in Portal City from the east at 9:15, and due to leave there, coming west, at 9:20. I didn't realize at the moment why the boss was so sizzling anxious to cut out the delay which would be imposed on us by the wait at Arroyo, but the anxiety was there, all right.

"Billy, it's eighteen miles to Portal, and you've got twenty minutes to make it against the 'Flyer's' leaving time," he ripped out. "Can you do it?"

Gorcher said he could, if he didn't have to lose any more time getting his order changed.

"Let her go!" snapped the boss. "I'm taking all the responsibility."

That was enough for Gorcher, and the way we hustled out of the Banta yard was a caution. In exactly eight minutes out of Banta we tore over the switches at Arroyo. That left us ten miles to go, and twelve minutes in which to make them. It was easy. A yardman let us in on the spur at the end of the headquarters building, and the boss was off in half a jiffy. "Come along with me, Jimmie," he commanded quickly, and I couldn't imagine why he was in such a tearing hurry. Pushing through the platform crowd, made up of people who were getting off the "Flyer" and those who were waiting to get on, he led the way straight upstairs to our offices.

Of course, there was nobody there at that time of night, and the place was all dark until we switched the electrics on. There was a little lavatory off the third room of the suite, and Mr. Norcross went in and washed his face and hands. In a minute or two he came out, put on his office coat, opened up his desk, lighted a cigar and sat down at the desk as though he had just come in from a late dinner at the club. And still he had me guessing.

The guess didn't have to wait long. While I was making a bluff at uncovering my typewriter and getting ready for business there was a heavy step in the hall, and a red-faced, portly gentleman with fat eyes and little-close-cropped English side-whiskers came bulging in. He had a light topcoat on his arm, and his tan gloves were an exact match for his spats. "Good evening," he said, nodding sort of brusquely at the boss. "I'm looking for the general manager's office."

"You've found it," said the boss, crisply.

The tan-gloved gentleman looked first at me and then at Mr. Norcross. "You are the chief clerk, perhaps?" he suggested, pitching the query in the general direction of the big desk.

"Hardly," was the curt rejoinder. "My name is Norcross. What can I do for you?"

If I didn't hate slang so bad, I should say that the portly man looked as if he were going to throw a fit.

"Not—not Graham Norcross?" he stammered.

"Well, yes; I am 'Graham'—to my friends. Anything else?"

The portly gentleman subsided into a chair.

"There is some misunderstanding about this," he said, his voice thickening a little—with anger, I thought. "My name is Dismuke, and I am the general manager of this railroad."

"I wouldn't dispute the name, but your title is away off," said Mr. Norcross, as cool as a handful of dry snow. "Who appointed you, if I may ask?"

"President Dunton and the board of directors, of course."

"The same authority appointed me, something like three months ago," was the calm reply. "So far as I know, I am still at the head of the company's staff in Portal City."

The gentleman who had named himself Dismuke puffed out his cheeks and looked as if he were about to explode.

"This is a devil of a mess!" he rapped out. "I understood—we all understood in New York—that you had resigned!"

"Well, I haven't," retorted the boss shortly. And then he struck the knife in good and deep and twisted it around. "There is a commercial telegraph wire in the Hotel Bullard, where I suppose you will put up, Mr. Dismuke, and I'm sure you will find it entirely at your service. If you have anything further to say to me I hope it will keep until after this office opens in the morning. I am very busy, just now."

I mightily nearly gasped. This Dismuke was the new general manager, appointed, doubtless in all good faith, by the president and sent out to take charge of things. And here was the boss practically ordering him out of the office—telling him that his room was better than his company!

The portly man got out of his chair, puffing like a steam-engine. "We'll see about this!" he threatened. "You've been here three months and you haven't done anything but muddle things until the stock of the company isn't worth much more than the paper it's printed on! If I can get a clear wire to New York, you'll have word from President Dunton tomorrow morning telling you where you get off!"

To this Mr. Norcross made no reply whatever, and the heavy-footed gentleman stumped out, saying things to himself that wouldn't look very well in print. When the hall door below gave a big slam to let us know that he was still going, the boss looked across at me with a sour grin wrinkling around his eyes.

"Now you know why I made Gorcher break all the rules of the service getting here, Jimmie," he said. "Possession is nine points of the law, and in this case it was rather important that Mr. Dismuke shouldn't find the outfit without a head and these offices of ours uncoupled." He rose, stretched his arms over his head like a tired boy, and reached for the golf cap he kept to wear when he went out to knock around in the shops and yard. "Let's go up to the hotel and see if we can break into the cafe, Jimmie," he finished up. "Later on, we'll wire Mr. Chadwick; but that can wait. I haven't had a square meal in four days."

With everybody supposing he had resigned and left the country, I guess there were all kinds of nine-minutes' wonder in Portal City, and all along the Short Line, when the word went out that Mr. Norcross was back on the job and running it pretty much the same as if nothing had happened.

After supper, on the night of his return from the hide-out, he had sent a long code message to Mr. Chadwick, and a short one to President Dunton; and though I didn't see the reply to either, I guess Mr. Chadwick's answer, at least, was the right kind, because our track renewing campaign went into commission again with a slam, and all the reform policies took a sure-enough fresh start and began to hump themselves, with Juneman working the newspapers to a finish.

We heard nothing further from Mr. Dismuke, the portly gentleman in the tan spats, though he still stayed on at the Bullard. We saw him occasionally at meal times, and twice he was eating at the same table with Hatch and Henckel. That placed him all right for us, though I guess he didn't need much placin'.

I wondered a little at first that Mr. Norcross didn't take the cue that Branderby, the Mountaineer reporter, had given us and tear loose on the gang that had trapped him. He didn't; or didn't seem to. From the first hour of the first day he was up to his neck pushing things for the new company formed for the purpose of putting Red Tower out of business, and he wouldn't take a minute's time for anything else. Or course, it says itself that Hatch never made any more proposals about

setting the Red Tower plants to an Citizens' Storage & Warehouse people after the boss got back. That move went into the discard in a hurry, and the Consolidation outfit was busy getting into its fighting clothes, and trying to chock the wheels of the C. S. & W. with all sorts of legal obstacles.

Franchise contracts with the railroad were flashed up, and injunctions were prayed for. Ripley waded in, and what little sleep he got for a week or two was in Pullman cars, snatched while he was rushing around and trying to keep his new clients, the C. S. & W. folks, out of jail for contempt of court. He did it. Little and quiet and smooth-spoken, he could put the legal leather into the biggest bullies the other side could hire. Luckily, we were an interstate corporation, and when the local courts proved crooked, Ripley would find some way to jerk the case out of them and put it up to some Federal Judge.

Around home in Portal City things were just simmering. Between two days, as you might say, and right soon after Mr. Norcross got back, we acquired a new chum on the head-



"Your Title is Away Off," Said Mr. Norcross.

quarters force. He was a young fellow named Tarbell, who looked and talked and acted like a cow-punch just in from riding line. He was carried on Mr. Van Brit's payroll as an "extra" or "relief" telegraph operator; though we never heard of his being sent out to relieve anybody.

I sized this new young man up, right away, for a "special" of some sort, and the proof that I was right came one afternoon when Ripley dropped in and fell into a chair to fan himself with his straw hat like a man who had just put down a load that he had been carrying about a mile and a half farther than he had bargained to. "Thank the Lord, the last of those injunction suits is off the docket," he said, drawing a long breath and waging his neat little head at the boss. "I'll say one thing for the Hatch people, Norcross; they're stubborn fighters."

"We'll beat 'em," predicted the boss. "They've got to let go. How about our C. S. & W. friends? Are they still game?"

"Fine!" asserted the lawyer. "The stock is over-subscribed everywhere, now, and C. S. & W. is a going concern. The building boom is on. I venture to say there are over two thousand mechanics at work at the different centers, rushing up the buildings for the new plants, at this moment. You ought to have a monument, Norcross. It's the most original scheme for breaking a monopoly that was ever devised."

The boss was looking out of the window sort of absently, chewing off his cigar, which had gone out.

"Ripley, I wonder what you'd say if I should tell you that the idea is not mine?" he said, after a little pause.

"Not yours?"

"No; it, or at least the germ of it, was given to me by a woman; a woman who knows no more about business details than you do about driving white elephants."

"I'd like to be made acquainted with the lady," said Ripley, with a tired little smile. "Such gems are too valuable to be wasted on mere lumber yards and fruit packeries and grain elevators and the like."

"You'll meet her some day," laughed the boss, with a sort of happy lilt to his voice that fairly made me sick—knowing what I did; and knowing that he didn't know it. Then he switched the subject abruptly: "About the other matter, Ripley: I know you've been pretty busy, but you've had Tarbell nearly a week. What have you found out?"

Ripley briefed the general situation as it stood on the night of the engine theft in a few terse sentences. Aside from the fight on Red Tower Consolidated, the new railroad policies were threatening to upset all the time-honored political traditions of the machine-governed state. An election was approaching, and the railroad vote and influence must be whipped into line. As the grafters viewed it, the threatened revolution was a man government, and if that man could be removed the danger would vanish.

"For God's sake, be careful!"





# SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSE PAINT SWP

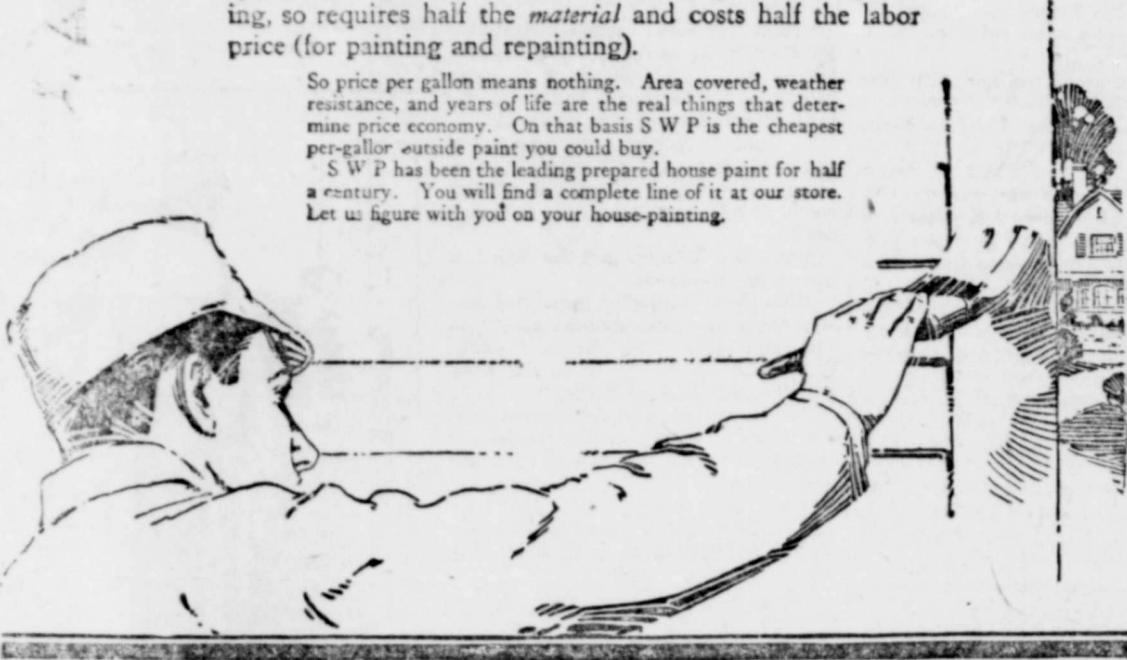
How SWP cuts painting cost

The only way to buy paint economically is to forget gallon price and figure costs by area covered and years of life.

SWP covers one-third more area than paints which are cheaper per gallon. It lasts twice as long without repainting, so requires half the material and costs half the labor price (for painting and repainting).

So price per gallon means nothing. Area covered, weather resistance, and years of life are the real things that determine price economy. On that basis SWP is the cheapest per-gallon outside paint you could buy.

SWP has been the leading prepared house paint for half a century. You will find a complete line of it at our store. Let us figure with you on your house-painting.



## THOMPSON BROS., HARDWARE

### TEXAS SHERIFFS TO MEET

The Annual Convention of the Texas Sheriffs Association will be held in Amarillo July 12, 13 and 14. An interesting and instructive program is being arranged for. At the present time there are 492 members of this Association, and arrangements are being made for special rates to be granted, and it is hoped that the sheriffs of all Texas will be present, and also those sheriffs residing in Oklahoma and New Mexico, in order that a closer understanding may be reached and plans devised and worked out whereby the interests of the States will be better protected through this department of justice. Each individual member is urged to lend his support, and be present to take part in the proceedings of the convention.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICES paid for Fat Hogs and Cattle at all times. Phone 116.

Mack Shaw.

### DESTROY THE INSECT PESTS

Don't allow the insect pests to destroy your garden and field crops. The county owns a large spray suitable for field purposes which you can obtain by seeing the County Agent.

If you do not know what kind of insecticide to use, Roy W. Hendrix, County Agent, will take particular interest in rendering you any assistance possible in your combat with these crop enemies. If we all get together and eradicate those on our own property, it makes it much easier for our neighbor to make an effective fight against those on his side of the fence.

Very sincerely,  
Roy W. Hendrix,  
County Agent.

Bring your old clothes to Clarke the Tailor, who knows how to fix them. Phone 77.

### "LET US BE YOUR WASHER-WOMAN"

We will do your family wearing apparel, rough dry, at 40c per dozen. That's cheaper than doing it yourself. Guarantee satisfaction. Call at

Huffman's Barber Shop

### JUST RECEIVED A NEW CAR of FRESH

WHITE CREST FLOUR AT BARNES & HASTINGS

### NOTICE

Mrs. Chitwood, the county demonstrator, and her assistant, Miss Hayes, will give a short course in canning here on Tuesday, July 12. She will also wind up the required sewing of the year. Every mother and club member is urged to be present, bringing if possible vegetables and fruit of any variety to can.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Kinslow returned last Thursday evening from their honeymoon trip to points in Colorado, and are now at home in the best little town in the country.

For the rest of the year, Hem stitching on cotton material will be 10 cents per yard.

Mrs. Effie Dunn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Masterson returned last Thursday from a visit to points in Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas. Miss Lois remained for a longer visit with relatives in Fort Worth and Dallas. Mr. Masterson has not been enjoying robust health of late, and expects to leave this week for Colorado, to breathe the rarified air of that higher country.

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

W. D. Harris of Dallas is here on a visit to his brother, B. E. Harris. This is the first meeting between the brothers in ten or twelve years, and of course they are enjoying it.

### HAIL HAIL

If it's Hail Insurance you want see me. I have something good in that line to offer you. I will take your note on Fall time, and my rates are the lowest.

Judge Hoggard.

### 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.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Thompson and little daughter have gone to Los Angeles, California, for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Thompson, and to enjoy the ocean breezes for a few weeks.

LOST—Keys, ring and hook. About 10 keys. Finder call A. B. Bynum, Lelia Lake. Reward.

### BUSINESS CHANGE

A deal was closed the past week between Sam J. Ayer and John Crow, whereby Mr. Ayer becomes owner of the filling station heretofore conducted by Mr. Crow, at the corner of Main street and the Highway.

Mr. Ayer is also adding a full line of accessories to the station, and respectfully invites the patronage of his friends and the public generally.

Pay him a visit.

Geo. M. Thompson, of the firm of Thompson Bros., was a visitor in Hedley last week, leaving here Wednesday for his home in Los Angeles, Calif.

Miss Jessie Ingram of Clarendon was here last Saturday to teach her class in Expression. She was accompanied home that evening by Miss Nellie Mae Chapman, who remained over for the Fourth of July festivities.

Miss Geneva Bynum, of Lelia Lake, one of the teachers in the Hedley public schools last year, was a visitor in Hedley last Saturday.

### METHODIST CHURCH

The Revival Services will begin at the Methodist Church August 3rd. Further notice will be given in regard to these services.

L. B. Hankins.

Subscribe for The Informer.

### A. M. Sarvis, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas

Phone 45

# DRY GOODS Clothing, Etc.

LOW PRICES AND HIGH QUALITY

DON'T GET THE IDEA THAT we never have any bargains to offer you only when we "put on a special sale." That's a big mistake. You can get real bargains every day in the week---every week. Come in and make us prove it.

HIGH QUALITY AND LOW PRICES

## Forbis & Stone

HEDLEY, TEXAS



### NECKWEAR

--- the newest styles and the best materials. Moderate prices. Nowhere in this section will you find a stock of Men's and Boys' Furnishings that will equal ours. Come and see

## HAYTER BROS.

The Home of Good Clothes for Men and Boys  
CLARENDON, TEXAS



**Help That Aching Back!**



Is your back giving out? Are you tired, miserable, all run down; tortured with nagging backache, lameness and sudden, stabbing pains? If so, look to your kidneys. Overwork, hurry and worry tend to weaken the kidneys. Backache and an all worn out feeling is often the first warning. Get back your health while you can. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy thousands recommend. Ask your neighbor!

**A Texas Case**  
B. R. Chiles, carpenter, 503 S. 13th St., Corsicana, Tex., says: "I had a severe backache. I had to get up a great many times at night to pass the kidney secretions, which were highly colored and burning. These spasms got to coming so often I looked for help, and when I was told about Doan's Kidney Pills I commenced to use them. It wasn't long before I was entirely cured."

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
40c a Box at All Stores  
Foster-McIlwain Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

As a rule, a man's credit is all right at the wrong time.

If You Have a Pain try Vacher-Balm. Keep it handy, and avoid imitations.—Adv.

Preventive Measures.  
"Why are you so anxious to play bridge?" "Somebody will play the piano if we don't."

**Sure Relief**



**BELL'S HOT WATER SURE RELIEF**  
FOR INDIGESTION  
Mother Says Ware's Baby Powder Saved Her Four Children

Has used this Remedy 14 years and believes it "best on earth" for stomach and bowel trouble.

When a mother writes that not one child, but FOUR, were saved from death by a simple, harmless stomach and bowel remedy, further evidence of its great power is unnecessary. This mother, Mrs. R. G. Ayres of Texas, says: "I have five children, and believe if it were not for Ware's Baby Powder four of them would have died. I have used it for fourteen years, and found it one of the best remedies on earth for stomach and bowel trouble."

Ware's Baby Powder is given to babies in liquid form, mixed with sugar and water, and they love it. Absolutely harmless. 60c and \$1.20 the package at all druggists. Send for Dr. Ware's booklet on the treatment of the stomach and bowels—free.

THE WARE CHEMICAL CO., Dallas.

The next time you buy calomel ask for



The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure. Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

**Keep Stomach and Bowels Right**  
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP**  
brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at feeding time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.

At All Druggists

**SORE FEET**

Raw places, itching, watery blisters between the toes. No one suffering from these troubles, get a tin of **BLAZE STAR REMEDY** and relieve them. Soothing, healing, will not stain shoes. Mfg. by The Star Products Co., Canton, Texas; sold under guarantee.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 23-1921.

**SUMMER IS GAY WITH ORGANDY**



When the blithe shopper, seeking midsummer frocks, brings up at the organdie display, she is in a fair way to grow reckless. The daintiness of this fabric and the lovely colors shown in it, have resulted in a tremendous vogue for organdie dresses; besides it is easy to make up and comparatively inexpensive. It is used for hats and bonnets, for trimmings and flowers and combined with other materials in numberless adorably pretty and simple gowns. Sometimes it finds itself in the company of gingham and sometimes with silk, fitting in with one as well as with the other. But often two colors in organdie are made up together.

The frock at the right of the two pictured here, is an example of the two-color combination in which a light

amethyst color is set off by pipings and vestee in pale yellow. The dress has a plain underskirt and long tunic, the tunic having side panels of four tiers set together with pipings. In this dress as in nearly all others of organdie, there is a sash of the material. The hat is also made to match.

The dress at the left is a pretty combination of red swiss, dotted with white, and white organdie. The underskirt, sash, collar and sleeve ruffles, are of the organdie, and it is used as a piping to outline the tunic which is cut in four deep petals.

Ginghams in checks showing a color and white, as brown and white, blue and white and so on, are made up with plain organdies chosen to match the colored check, the organdie serving for tunics and over-blouses.

**When in Quest of Hats**



In selecting headwear becomingness is, above all things, the most essential factor to be considered. It is the intangible thing that makes the simplest hat a success, and without it the most elaborate and exquisite is a failure. There are as many types of hats as there are of women, so that we may go forth confidently, and painstakingly, to be rewarded by millinery that flatters, and sometimes almost transforms us.

The becoming midsummer dress hat is not hard to find, as a rule, because it is made in such great variety. A little study of the group of model hats shown above reveals them suited to wearers that differ greatly in expression and personality, and who might differ much in age, except that nearly all hats are posed on young women. The dignified and pensive-looking maid at the left and top of the group, wears a hat with flower crown and droopy

brim, that has a long scarf or sash trailing from it.

Nearly all of the younger women find the wide-brimmed hat with ribbon drapery, like that at the right, a good choice, hence its re-appearance, with little modifications each season. Below it, a sprightly hat with braid crown and transparent petal brim, shows off a piquant face with sparkling eyes. At the lower left a small hat becomes the background for a handsome veil, both suited to the distinction of matrons and finally, at the right, a poke-bonnet shape, covered with a millinery fabric, reaffirms its charm when worn by the demure type of woman.

Julia Bottomley

Copyright by Western Newspaper Union

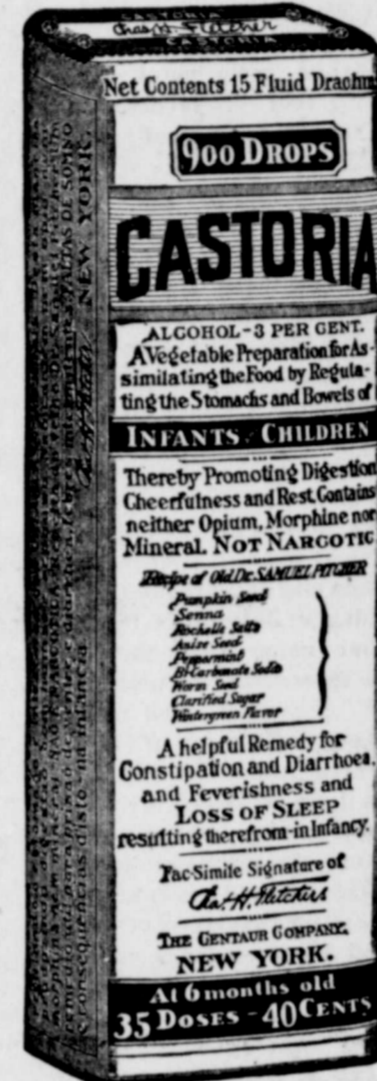
**Baby Specialists.**

THAT there are Physicians who specialize on Infant ailments you know. All Physicians understand Infant troubles: all Physicians treat them. It is his profession, his duty, to know human ills from the Stork to the Great Beyond.

But in serious cases he calls in the Specialist. Why? He knows as every Mother knows, or ought to know, that Baby is just a baby, needing special treatment, special remedies.

Can a Mother be less thoughtful? Can a Mother try to relieve Baby with a remedy that she would use for herself? Ask yourself; and answer honestly!

Always remember that Baby is just a baby. And remembering this you will remember that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for Infants and Children.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

**Children Cry For**



The False and the True.

Advertising by the use of large space, the expenditure of huge sums of money have placed on the market, have put in your home, perhaps, many articles that today have been discarded, as you will readily admit. Do you recall anything that has more modestly appealed to the public than has Fletcher's Castoria: modest in all its claims, pleading at all times—and truthfully—for our babies?

The big splurge, the misleading claims may win for a time, but the honest truth-telling advertiser is like the old story of the tortoise that beat the hare.

Mothers everywhere, and their daughters, now mothers, speak frankly, glowingly, enthusiastically in praise of Fletcher's Castoria. Speak of it lovingly as a friend that has brought comfort, cheer and smiles to their little one.

To them: to these true mothers no argument can induce them to set aside their bottle of Castoria, their old friend, that they might try even another and unknown remedy for babies. Then, would YOU think of going to YOUR OWN medicine chest to find relief for Baby's troubles? Can you not separate the false from the true?

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher.*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Prepared.  
"Ole," said the preacher to the Swedish bridegroom-to-be, "do you take Hilda Sorgeson for your lawful wedded wife, for better or for worse?" "Oh, well," replied Ole gloomily, "Aye s'pose Aye get little of each."—The American Legion Weekly.

**ASPIRIN**

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Beware! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago, and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Similar Experiences.  
Mabel—"The doctor says he has saved her life nine times." Eva—"I always did think she was a cat."

**WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT**

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions. Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test 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.—Adv.

Tennis balls for shipment overseas are sealed in cans to prevent them from going dead.

Love never recognizes hardships in its way.

Encouraging.  
Kathryn—I intend to marry Billy Bullion in spite of all opposition.  
Kytte—If Billy sees you're real determined, I don't think he'll oppose you so very long.

Congratulations too seldom have the ring of sincerity.

**KILL RATS TODAY**



**STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE**

The guaranteed "killer" for Rats, Mice, Cockroaches, Ants and Waterbugs—the greatest known carriers of disease. They destroy both food and property. Stearns' Electric Paste forces these pests to run from the building for water and fresh air. **READY FOR USE—BETTER THAN TRAPS** Directions in 15 languages in every box. Two sizes, 5c and 15c. Enough to kill 50 to 60 rats. U. S. Government buys it.

Anatomically Speaking.  
Polly—Bustles are coming back again.  
Dolly—Well, that's where they ought to come, isn't it?—Judge.

A chilly reception doesn't cool one off on a hot day.

**Accordion Pleating**  
of the Finest Workmanship  
Homeitching, Buttonholes, Embroidery, Etc.  
Work Promptly Done and Mail Orders Solicited  
Houston Pleating & Button Co.  
201 Klein Bldg., Houston, Tex.

**Oriet Pomade Grows Hair**

When you have tried all others—don't get discouraged—give a THOUGHT to ORIENT POMADE. It GROWS Hair—stops falling hair in a few applications. 12 per bottle. To prove my statement you may have a trial size to last a month for 25 cents. Ask Arthur Lincoln, 38 West 23rd Street, New York. He was bald over 30 years. Oriet is growing his hair. Order NOW. F. L. Diver, a Washington Place, New York, N. Y.

**WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC**  
Not Spring Fever But Malaria CAUSES THAT LAZY TIRED FEELING.  
WARDS OFF MALARIA AND RESTORES STRENGTH. TRY IT.  
If not sold by your druggist, write Arthur Peter & Co., Louisville, Ky.

Yes, it is Maxwell House

**MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE**

Also Maxwell House Green-Neal Coffee



## No One is Perfect



Ever have the idea you are not good enough to join church? Forget it! No one is perfect, but every Christian is striving toward the perfection set by Jesus Christ. Take one step at a time.

Attend church services regularly. Study the Bible at home and in Sunday school. Perhaps you attended Sunday school years ago. You still need the same old Bible. It has a message for you and your children. Come to Sunday school and church.

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.

### HOW PRINTERS GROW

The kind of a boy who makes a good printer is the sort who begins to loaf around the print shop on press days as he starts to school. He is the boy who feels honored when he is told to bring in a fresh bucket of water, and he would trade his jackknife and a tin whistle any day for the privilege of "kicking off" a hundred doggers on the old foot job press. By and by, refusing to be chased off and stay chased, he is sweeping the floors mornings and running errands, such as going to the store after a left handed monkey wrench, or to the furniture store to ask for the return of the paper stretchers. Later he learns to recognize type lice and wash the rollers, sort p's and q's out of the hell box, and so progress to where he is on the pay roll to the amount of \$1.00 every Saturday afternoon and says "our paper" when speaking of the "Weekly Gimlet." Such a

boy is the only kind that grows up to be a real printer.

### JUNIOR B. Y. P. U.

Subject: Israel's Fight Under the Banner of the Lord Leader, Walker Chapman. Roll call. Memory verse, Bill Johnson. Song. Scripture reading - Juanita Culwell. Our Colors So True - Nellie Mae Chapman. The Enemy - Melba Johnson. The Attack - Charley Farris. The Battle - Raymond Dunn. Our Banner - Glenn Acord. The Banner of Israel - Alice Johnson. Sword drill; all bring Bibles. Song. Closing prayer.

Mrs. H. E. Berry arrived in Hedley this week to join her husband, who is in charge of the J. C. Wooldridge Lumber Co's business.

### TO THE PUBLIC

and Members in particular: The Hedley Equity Union is selling Groceries, and would appreciate a call from you. See

**A. N. Wood.**

### CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Donley County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded that by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the county of Donley for four weeks previous to the return day hereof you summon J. W. Davis, John W. Davis, Mrs. S. F. Johnson and her husband, — — Johnson, and the unknown heirs of each of them, whose residence is unknown to plaintiff, and the Interstate Savings and Investment Company, a corporation, and its successors and assigns, whose principal office and place of business is Denver, Colorado, to be and appear before the District Court to be holden in and for the County of Donley at the court house thereof in the city of Clarendon on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1921, file number being 1155, then and there to answer the petition of W. W. Crawford, filed in said court on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1921, against the said J. W. Davis, John W. Davis, Mrs. S. F. Johnson and her husband, — — Johnson, the unknown heirs of each of them, and the Interstate Savings and Investment Company and its successors and assigns, and each of them, defendants, alleging in substance as follows: That on or about the first day of May, 1920, plaintiff was lawfully seized and possessed of the following described land and premises situated in Clarendon, Donley County, Texas, holding and claiming the same in fee simple to wit: Lots five and six in Block 86, according to the map of said city recorded in the deed records of said county and state; that on the day and year aforesaid the defendants unlawfully entered upon said premises and ejected plaintiff therefrom and unlawfully withheld from him the possession thereof to his damage \$2250.00. Plaintiff further alleges that on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1900, Wm. Hildebrand and his wife, Kate Hildebrand, who were on said date the owners of said land and premises, executed and delivered to E. E. Solomon, Trustee, for the defendant, Interstate Savings and Investment Co., a deed of trust on said land to secure the payment of one principal note for \$300.00 and one interest note for \$158.40 payable in sixty six monthly installments, said principal note to become due in sixty-six months after date; that said notes have been fully paid but no release of same is shown to have been made. Plaintiff further alleges that he and those under whom he claims title to and possession of said land and premises have been in peaceable, adverse, open and continuous possession of same for more than ten years prior to the first day of May, A. D. 1920, using, enjoying and paying taxes on same. Plaintiff prays judgment of the Court, that defendants be cited to appear and answer this petition, that he have judgment for the cancellation of said deed of trust and the lien securing the payment of said notes in favor of the defendant, Interstate Investment and Savings Co., that he have judgment for the title and possession of said land, that writ of restitution issue for his damages, costs of suit and for

relief special and general, etc. Herein fail not, but have you then and there before said Court this writ with your return there on showing how you have executed the same.

Witness W. E. Bray, Clerk of the District Court of Donley County. Given under my hand and seal of said Court this the 4th day of June, A. D. 1921.

W. E. Bray, Clerk District Court, Donley County, Tex By S. Hightower, Deputy.

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

Tom Hedley and family of Eastland were in our city yesterday, enroute to Colorado. Tom formerly lived here, being a son of J. E. M. Hedley, for whom the town was named. The family left here about ten years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Boston and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dishman leave next week for a month's outing in cool Colorado.

### RED CROSS HEALTH CENTER

The pre school clinic meets in the rear of Parmley's store from 3 to 5 o'clock Saturday, July 9, 1921. Come early. Miss Yeager has other engagements; don't detain her. Twenty eight children were examined last meeting.

### First Baptist Church Directory

Preaching each Sunday. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening service at 8:15. Sunday School session. Each Sunday morning 9:45 o'clock; F. M. Acord, Supt. C. O. Cooper, Secretary. Jr. B. Y. P. U. Each Sunday afternoon 3:30 o'clock. Mrs. L. T. Hullum, Leader. Womans Missionary Society. Each Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock. Mrs. F. M. Acord, President. Prayer Meeting. Each Wednesday evening; Leader appointed. Choir Practice. Each Saturday evening at 8:15. C. A. Hicks, Choir Director. Regular Church Conference. Wednesday evening before 2nd Sunday in each month. C. E. Johnson, Church Clerk. You are cordially invited to attend all of the services of the church. Y. F. WALKER, Pastor.



### LINCOLN FLOOR PAINT

will form a smooth, non absorbent, wear resisting coating that will make cleaning so much easier—save hours of back breaking scrubbing. Grime and dirt are quickly removed from the hard tile-like surfaces. Very durable. Attractive colors. Call and see us about it.

**J. C. Wooldridge Lbr. Co.**

Many Informer subscriptions are due. If yours is, pay us.

## PASTIME THEATRE

H. Mulkey, Prop.

Clarendon, Texas

### Program for Current Week

MONDAY, July 4th—Big Special for the day only: "UP IN MARY'S ATTIC," a breezy Comedy in 6 reels. Plenty of Bathing Beauties, and a story worth while. No advance in price.

TUESDAY, 5th—A Paramount Picture: BRYANT WASHBURN, in "MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM." Another good Comedy Drama, full of pep, and selected for this occasion.

WEDNESDAY, 6th—First National Attraction: MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN, in "HABIT." She is one of the sweetest little players on the screen. See her.

THURSDAY, 7th—Realart Picture: BEBE DANIELS, in "SHE COULDN'T HELP IT." You can't help coming to see her, either. Also TOPICS OF THE DAY.

FRIDAY, 8th—Our Serial Night: 5th number of "FANTOMAS," the world's greatest crook. Also Two Reel Comedy and Pathe News.

SATURDAY, 9th—Fox Picture: Oh, Boy! Here is BUCK JONES in "GET YOUR MAN," a Western play. Also One Reel Comedy.

Cut This Out for Future Reference

Matinee Every Day, 2 o'clock

## The Store of Better Values

IF YOU DON'T TRADE WITH US, you will find it to your advantage to talk with those who do. It means a saving to your pocketbooks. See us for

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES

## Tims & Culwell

## Come to us for

## Lumber & Coal

## Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

U. J. BOSTON, Manager

## The Square Deal Garage

OPEN ALL NIGHT

New and complete line of Genuine Ford Parts, Gas, Oil and Fisk Tires. One Price and a Square Deal to all. Phones 6 and 162.

**ROY SWAFFORD, Prop.**



25lb. Pail.

### Stock and Poultry Foods

We keep on hand a supply of the best to be had. If you stock is run down, or your hens don't lay as they should, you can get the remedy they need right here.

## HEDLEY DRUG CO.

## HEDLEY GARAGE

Have added a complete stock of the famous GOODYEAR TIRES--- you know what they are. Can make you attractive reduction prices on Oldfield and Goodrich Tires, and give you an unconditional guarantee on the Ray Storage Battery for 2 years.

**C. A. WOOD, Prop.**

PHONE 123