

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JULY 22, 1921

NO. 35

Miss Jessie Walker, after having spent two weeks with her cousin, Miss Ruth Coffey, has returned to her home in McKinney.

**FARM WANTED**—Want to hear from owner of a farm or good land for sale for Fall delivery. L. Jones, Box 551, Olney, Illinois.

## OUR DISTRICT COURT IS NOW IN SESSION

The July term of the District Court for the 47th Judicial District convened in Clarendon last Monday morning, with Judge H. S. Bishop on the bench. The docket for the term, particularly the civil docket, is unusually heavy. Nearly all the criminal cases are ones that were continued from last term.

In quite a number of these Hedley people are interested, as litigants, witnesses or jurors, so the attendance from here is rather large.

Jet Brumley, E. H. Watt, Ed Dishman and T. N. Messer from this vicinity were called upon to do grand jury service, while the list of petit jurors for the first week contains the names of T. R. Kidd, J. P. Alexander, T. E. Bailey, J. S. Grooms, W. C. Bridges, W. C. Lyle, John A. Lemmon, Van Boone, P. T. Boston, A. B. Cloninger, and J. W. Bland.

We have not succeeded in getting a list of jurors for the second and third weeks.

## DONLEY CLUB GIRLS HOLD CLOTHING SHOW

The Girls' Home Demonstration Club of Donley County held a "clothing contest" at the Y. M. C. A. building in Clarendon last Saturday. Dresses and other articles of wearing apparel, made by the girls, were on display in this contest.

Miss Hazel Holly of Lelia Lake and Miss Nellie Mae Chapman of Hedley won the first and second prize, respectively. The young ladies will be sent to College Station, then to the Dallas Fair, to exhibit their handiwork.

## RUSSELL CRAFT DIES

After an illness of many weeks duration, Russell Craft died at the family home on South Tenth Street at a late hour Thursday night. The funeral is being held at the Baptist church this afternoon, largely attended by friends of the family. The deceased had resided in this county for a goodly number of years. He had two daughters, Mrs. Gene Herd of Hedley and Miss Lucile Craft of this city, both of whom were at his bedside. He also had a brother here from Wise county, where he was reared. The burial will be beside his wife, who died here about ten years ago. He was a member of the Woodmen, and that order will assist in the funeral. He was a good citizen and had the respect of all with whom he came in contact. His father settled many years ago where now is the town of Crafton, in Wise county, and there it was he grew up on the frontier. He was nearly 59 years of age. The Herald extends to the bereaved daughters and relatives its warmest sympathy and condolence.—Hall County Herald.

Subscribe for The Informer.

Walter Price of Goree and his relatives, O. R. Cuiwell and family, last week. He was going out on the Plains to see about getting a run for his threshing.

Mrs. W. A. Chapman has gone to Carter, Okla., to visit her brother and enjoy an outing.

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

## 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 \$60,000.00

J. C. DONEGHY  
President

P. T. BOSTON  
Cashier

## A GREAT REVIVAL

of Old-Time Religion is expected to be held under our big Gospel Tent on the Nazarene Church yard, at Hedley,

## Beginning Friday, July 22

and Continuing Until the 31st

CONDUCTED BY REV. ALLIE  
IRICK AND WIFE

These are the same workers we had last year, and I am sure they need no introduction. Be sure and hear them; you will be delighted with their Singing and Preaching. They are Evangelists of almost world-wide reputation, Brother Irick having made one trip around the world. Be sure to hear them!

Everybody Invited. Come and Enjoy this Feast of Good Things.

**S. L. WOOD, Pastor**

## 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

**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 Manufacturing of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

**Opulence.**

Parke-Well, I've just had a considerable increase in my income. Lane-Wonderful! Must be a great help.

"It is. It has extended my credit so much that my wife can run into debt twice as much as she could."—Life.

**Important to Mothers**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**Old Penalties Inadequate.**

"Why don't you Crimson gulch men hang an automobile thief the same as you used to do with a horse thief?"

"We've discussed it," said Cactus Joe; "but we came to the conclusion that hangin' is too good for him."

**COCKROACHES**

EASILY KILLED TODAY

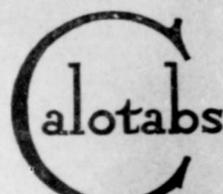


BY USING THE GENUINE **Stearns' Electric Paste**

Also SURE DEATH to Waterbugs, Ants, Rats and Mice. These pests are the greatest carriers of filth and MUST BE KILLED. They destroy both food and property.

Directions in 12 languages in every box. Ready for use—two stars 2c and 8c. U. S. Government buys it.

The next time you buy calomel ask for



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

**TOO LATE**

Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid painful consequences by taking



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—the National Remedy of Holland since 1896. Three sizes, all druggists.

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

**Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura**



**HINDERCORNS** KREMOLA

**ODD NEGLIGEES WIN MUCH FAVOR**



WHEN the quest is on for negligees, one never knows what quarter of the globe, at the next step, will call attention to its costumes. Just around the corner of the showcase in which some graceful, and perhaps daring, bit of French finery has held our attention, we are apt to come upon a dazzling creation from the Far East. It may call up pictures of old Egypt to the mind or beckon us to fair Japan, or send us an echo from the shores of China, or from countries not so remote. It is nearly always an adaptation, and not a true copy of its original, but more enticing because of this, although we are importing many kimonos—made to our order in Japan—and indulging in genuine mandarin coats respicient with the patient work of the Chinese.

The handsome boudoir costume shown here is an adaptation of the Chinese mode, made of American fabrics, in America and for Americans. It employs black satin and a rich brocade ribbon, instead of vivid em-

broderies, gives it the required high color. The ribbon provides a border for the coat, the lower part of the sleeves, and a panel down the front, finished, as everything Chinese seems to be, with a tassel. It appears on the trousers in deep and graceful cuffs. There is nothing difficult or intricate about this pretty compliment to the dress of the Chinese, and whoever aspires to doing a little masquerading, by way of variety, might make it and wear it within her own four walls.

If one lacks the inclination for oddities of dress, or has no time for indulging in them, the two most practical styles in negligees are the modified Japanese kimono and the long boudoir or breakfast coat of taffeta silk or wash satin. The kimono negligee is cut on the Japanese lines, but gathered in at the waist line, back and front, with shirtings. A ribbon sash that slips through slashes in the negligee confine it and finish it prettily with bow and sash ends tied in front.

**SUMMER FASHIONS IN COLORED VEILS**



WITH the entry of veils in many colors and color combinations among the new veiling displays, the matter of selecting the most becoming pattern and color grows more complicated. But these additional colors are very promising, for they do wonders in improving the complexion. It remains for the blonde or brunette and the bruno-blonde, of whatever type, to experiment with the new colors and find out just how much they will do to clear up or brighten or set off her skin and just how well they will harmonize with eyes and hair.

It is the short face veil that has made this excursion into the realm of color, thereby increasing its ability to flatter. They are woven with black or white or colored mesh, and many of them have all-over dots in a contrasting color. Among the colored mesh veils there are the henna shades, brown, light and deeper blues, orchid, green, tan, beige, gray, navy and black. Against these colored meshes, and white ones, small colored dots are placed, scattered more or less thickly or arranged in border designs.

One of the patterns is shown in the veil at the top of the group pictured. It is said that the henna, tangerine and certain clear, strong blues, do wonders in enhancing the whiteness of the skin.

In the floating veils, with all-over or border embroidery, like those shown above, the popular preference is for quiet colors. Black, beige, gray, navy and brown account for most of them, with black and beige the best liked; but for late summer navy blue is apt to be the favorite. There is never a summer when black and white or navy and white fail to have a following in the world of millinery; they are cool, brilliant combinations that follow colorful spring headwear as surely as night follows day, and navy veils with white or tan or beige colored hats one may choose with assurance for midsummer wear.

*Julia B. B. B.*

**HOUSING OF HOGS MOST IMPORTANT**

Sunshine and Ventilation Are Essential Considerations.

EXCELLENT DESIGN IS SHOWN

Modern Ideas in Sanitation and Saving of Labor Are Carried Out—Entire Front of This Structure Is Practically a Wall of Glass.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 187 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Sunshine is the elixir of life. Human beings, animals and plants all thrive on it. They all need it in large quantities and unless it is available, they wither and die. The building profession has taken cognizance of this important principle in the construction of modern homes, factories, office buildings and farm structures. In each of these, light and ventilation is tremendously important—in the home it acts as a stimulant, disinfectant and body builder; in the office it prevents the workers from becoming sluggish, keeps them wide awake and healthy; in the factory it increases the efficiency of the help and last but not least in the farm buildings it helps to increase food production. The cows need it to keep up a healthy milk flow.

But in this connection we should not overlook that neglected animal of the farm, the hog. Unheralded and unsung, this lowly animal contributes the bulk of the food of the nation. Formerly hogs on the farm were allowed to roam at will and were given very

connected with the raising of hogs. The feed carrier can carry the feed from the feed room to the various pens. There will be no need for the old style wheelbarrow. Instead of re-belling against this task, the farmer's son or hired help will not complain.

"A stitch in time saves nine," says the old adage and it certainly is true of the construction and equipment of farm buildings. The right building and the right equipment will save the boy for the farm later on. There will be no lure to the city if farm life is made comfortable and up-to-date. What more efficient way than building labor-saving buildings?

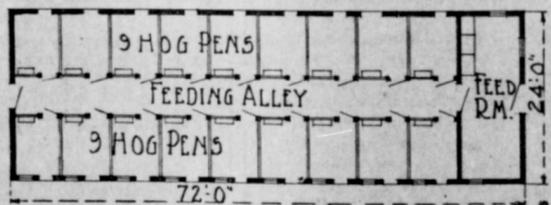
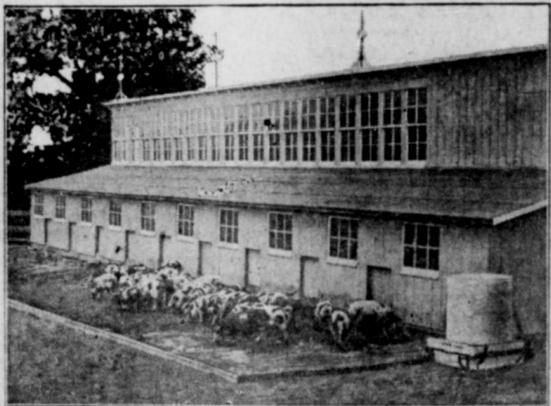
In the construction of this hog house another important condition was taken into consideration. Ninety-five per cent of the fires on farms are caused by lightning. It has been proved by government investigation that efficient lightning protection will prevent 90 per cent of these fires. This protection has been provided for this hog house in the form of lightning rods. A little expense at the start will save not only money but prevent trouble later on.

The part that modern buildings and equipment will play in increasing the food production of the country in years to come will be very important. Hog houses built on the sunshine plan will do their share.

**INDIAN LEGEND OF CREATION**

Nez Perces Hold Belief That All Mankind Is Descended Directly From That Tribe.

"Like nearly all people, the Nez Perces Indians have a tradition concerning the origin of the human race," writes Maj. Frank Fenn in the Idaho Statesman. "According to the Indians there was in primordial times a dragon which went about the earth destroying whatever came in its way. There was only one creature capable of evading the monster. This was the coyote. When all other living things had been made victims of the dragon it determined to establish its supremacy by killing the only surviving antagonist. After long search for the elusive coyote the dragon finally met the little animal on the north bank of the Clearwater river, at a point now marked by a conical mound of stone which, in the



little care or attention. If they had a shelter it was very poor at best and more or less slapstick in making. Their food was a matter of little importance. But with the development of modern farming methods and the increasing emphasis upon the need for better farm buildings the hog came in for a share of the attention. Today the hog house is one of the important buildings in the farm group.

In the construction of this building, sunshine is by far the most important factor. Sunshine to the hog is better than any manufactured tonic that was ever devised. He thrives on it, gains in weight, and brings home the "bacon." To get all the sunshine possible into the hog house special windows are installed. They are arranged in such a way as to permit the sun at any time of the day to penetrate to every corner of the building.

As an excellent example of how far this construction is carried into practice, consider the hog house shown here. Practically the entire front of this structure is a wall of glass. It is a saw tooth in shape and the front wall of the saw tooth addition is made up of double hung windows. Below in the main part of the hog house are smaller single windows and opening on a level with the ground is a series of doors. Through these windows and doors the house is assured of a constant and liberal supply of fresh air and an abundance of real sunshine.

In construction this hog house is frame set on a concrete foundation. It is 72 feet long and 24 feet wide and has eighteen hog pens. A feed room at the end is large enough to take care of the entire drove. The partitions between the pens are steel of the latest sanitary type. By installing a carrier track in the feeding alley which runs down the center between the two rows of pens, the farmer can eliminate much of the heavy work

course of ages, was reared by the Nez Perces in commemoration of the creation of man and as a monument to their sacred animal, the coyote. After much maneuvering the coyote finally secured a grip on the dragon just behind the left shoulder. Because of its conformation, the dragon could not turn its head to reach the coyote in this position and the little animal gnawed its way through the side of the monster and tore out its heart.

"As the blood from the dragon's heart was sprinkled on the sands of the river bar the coyote's hot breath came in contact with the blood-moistened sand and vivified a sediment mass which took form and became the race of the Nez Perces, from whom have descended the people of mankind.

Her Visit So Helpful. Martha was a pale little wife and often very tired. Her white face showed it. Her husband was worried, but knew not how to bring the bloom of health to the pale cheeks. Then Cousin Helen, from the East, came to visit. When Cousin Helen had been visiting for a week or so the husband remarked to her: "Helen, you can't imagine just how much good your visit has done Martha. Since you have been here she looks ten years younger, and has taken on such a beautiful complexion!"

"Well, I'm glad, Cousin George. If I have been any help to Martha, and if she uses the rouge I leave for her she'll always have that healthy complexion like mine."—Indianapolis News

Times Change. "We see they have operated on a Chicago boy's head to make a better boy of him."

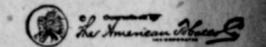
"That isn't where our dad used to operate on us to make a better boy of us."—Boston Transcript.



**Cigarette**

To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor.

**It's Toasted**



IS MONEY AND INDEPENDENCE YOUR WISH? Would you invest \$10 in Syndicate offering chance to make thousands. Particulars FREE. H. C. Hedges, Lewistown, Pa.

**English Mercy for Criminals.**

In England a sentence of life imprisonment is always reviewed at the end of 15 years, and if the prisoner's conduct has been uniformly good, he is usually released. This is particularly the case where a prisoner has been sentenced for murder, for murderers are said to be usually well-behaved prisoners.

**His Boast.**

Lady—"And you say you are an educated man?" Wearied Will—"Yes, mum, I'm a roads scholar."

A debtor pays with sleepless nights, but gets no credit for it.

**All Run Down Now Feels Fine**

**Eatonie Ended His Troubles**

"Eatonie is the only thing I have found to stop my heartburn and I think it has been a great help in nervous spells," writes G. C. Johnson.

An upset stomach may cause lots of suffering all over the body. Eatonie helps in such cases by removing the cause of the misery, because it takes up and carries out the excess acid and gases and keeps the digestive organs in natural working order. A tablet after meals is all you need. Big box costs only a trifle with druggist's guarantee.

**POISON OAK**

Insert bites, stings, etc., needn't be troublesome if Gottleb's Blue Star Remedy is promptly used. Antidote for poison; stops the itching; is soothing and healing. Harmless, pleasant color won't stain the clothes. Blue Star Remedy is also good for such troubles as burns, chafes, ringworm, etc. Made by The Star Products Co., Cameron, Texas, and sold under guarantee.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

**Furs**

Sold Stored Remodeled

We Are Experts Write for Prices

**ALASKAN FUR CO.**  
1021 Capitol Ave. Houston, Texas

**Metropolitan BUSINESS COLLEGE**

A. Haglund, President, Dallas, Texas  
"The School With a Reputation."

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

**Woodrow School of Expression and Physical Culture**

1805 1/2 Elm St., Dallas  
Mrs. O. D. Woodrow, Principal  
Normal Term Open June 6th

**"SNAP"**

the new hair tonic. Delightfully perfumed. The hair dressing supreme. Your barber sells it.

Try an application today  
**C. E. HOFFMAN CO.**  
DALLAS, Texas

**DAISY FLY KILLER**

PLACED ANYWHERE ATTRACTS AND DESTROYS ALL FLIES, house flies, stable flies, mosquitoes, and all other annoying insects. It is safe for all animals and humans. Sold by all druggists.

Prepared by  
**ROBERT MORRIS, 180 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**HAVE YOU RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Lumbago, Headache, Colds, La Grippe, Sore Throat, Tired, Indigestion, the Great Pain-remover. Postpaid, 16 cts. Sample 25 cts.**

The Unguentine Co., Pasadena, Calif.

**126 MANHATTAN JACOB**  
have a bargain for you. come early. W. L. DeLOW'S FINE BARGAIN, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

**Huffman's Barber Shop**  
W. H. Huffman, Prop.  
Expert Tonsorial Work.  
Hot and Cold Baths.  
Laundry Agency  
You Will Be Pleased With  
Our Service. Try It.  
Hedley, Texas

### Reduced Prices!

We have been favored with a Reduction of from \$2.50 to \$12.50 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.

### COAL

Grain, Feed  
and Seed

**JIM CURTIS**

At A. N. Wood old feed barn

### COFFINS AND GASKETS

UNDERTAKERS'  
SUPPLIES

**THOMPSON BROS.**

**J. W. WEBB, M. D.**

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas

Office Phone 3  
Residence Phone 29

**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

### NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS

The State of Texas,  
County of Donley.  
To those indebted to, or holding claims against the Estate of John S. and Susan E. Smith, both deceased.

The undersigned having been duly appointed administrator of the estate of John S. and Susan E. Smith, deceased, late of Donley County, Texas, by W. T. Link, Judge of the County Court of said County, on the 6th day of July, 1921, during a regular term thereof, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make settlement, and those having claims against said estate to present them to him at his residence, at Memphis, Hall County, Texas, where he receives his mail, this the 12th day of July, A. D. 1921.

T. J. Hampton,  
Administrator of the Estate of John S. and Susan E. Smith, both deceased.

Little Lucile Lane of Newlin is visiting with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Shaw, and also with her aunt, Mrs. Paul Grosier.

A. G. Culwell and family of Farmersville have returned home after a week's visit at the home of his brother, O. R. Culwell.

Bert Hilburn has gone to Tishomingo, Okla., where he has accepted a position.

Mrs. R. H. Jones returned some days ago from a pleasant visit with her daughters at Fort Worth and Dallas.

Mr. Dalbert Webb of Vernon was a guest in the home of Miss Esta Shaw first of the week.

O. R. Culwell visited a brother at Altus, Okla., last week.

### CARD OF THANKS

We desire to thank all who helped to complete our quota of Red Cross sewing.

Mrs. J. C. Coffey,  
Chairman Sewing Com.

T. R. Moreman and family left Tuesday in their car for Sulphur, Okla., on a recreation trip. They will visit Brownwood and other Texas cities before returning, and expect to be away from home four weeks or more.

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

**A. M. Sarvis, M. D.**

Physician and Surgeon  
Hedley, Texas

Phone 45

### MONEY MONEY

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

### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, through the wisdom and divine providence of an all-wise Father, Bro. S. E. Tate, who was a member of Hedley Lodge I. O. O. F. No. 806, was called from this life on June 16, 1921,

Therefore, be it resolved, That we extend to the father, brothers and sisters of deceased our sympathy in this their sad hour of bereavement, and recommend them to the care of our Heavenly Father who doeth all things well.

Be it further resolved, That in the passing of this noble Christian young man the community has lost a worthy citizen, that the lodge room has a vacant chair, and that home ties have been broken, yet may we bow submissively to Him who has said: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minute book, and also a copy be presented to the bereaved family.

Respectfully submitted.

Frank Kendall,  
T. F. Heath,  
M. L. Sims,  
Resolution Committee.

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

Miss Grace Myers left last Friday evening for Fort Worth, where she goes to take a course in the Brantley-Draughon Business College.

### 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.

Mayor Reeves is overseeing a lot of much needed street and clean up work the past two weeks, which meets with general approval.

### HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

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

Mack Shaw.

Miss Clara Shipp of Ranger, who has been visiting Miss Ruth Coffey, has returned to her home.

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

J. W. Blankenship came in from Mercedes last week for a visit with relatives and friends. He is now in Goodnight with his son, George, and family.

### 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.

Carlton Chapman arrived Wednesday from Denver, Colo., and will spend about a month at home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Chapman.

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

Mrs. Effie Dunn.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Smith made an auto trip to Waxahachie last week to see a sister who was seriously ill. We are glad to report her condition somewhat improved.

Subscribe for The Informer.

# 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

### 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

# SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

## DEPENDENT ON OTHERS.

Did you ever stop to realize how dependent you are upon the thoughts and efforts of your fellow men?

Did you ever try to imagine just what would happen to you if you were left alone on this round globe with all its wealth, all its resources and all its possibilities?

It might teach you a lesson in humility if you gave it the proper consideration.

The money would be worth nothing to you for there would be no person from whom you could buy.

You could not even be charitable and give it away for there would be none to accept it.

What would happen to you then happens in a lesser measure every day now.

Let us suppose you are a millionaire with plenty of money and a desire to spend it, we will say, for a beautiful home.

Suppose again that the masons and the carpenters and the plasterers and the hundred and one other artisans whose handiwork go into a fine home, refused to accept your money or do your work. How would you get your home?

You might by dint of hard work build yourself a shelter, but it would not be at all what you wanted nor in the least what you could afford.

You see, then, that although you were a millionaire, you are dependent for your home comforts upon the willing efforts of others.

Suppose, on the other hand, that you are a poor man, not poverty-stricken, but poor in the sense of modern fortunes.

You have saved a few hundred dollars, bought a bit of ground and wish to build yourself a home.

In order to do it you have to borrow money. Suppose the bank, or the building association, or whatever organization you apply to just plainly and bluntly refuses to loan you a penny.

You will find yourself in the same predicament that the millionaire was in. You cannot have the kind of home you want and can afford. You are dependent on others for that.

Every morning when you eat your breakfast you are eating, in part, the labor of hundreds of men and women. The clothes you wear, the shoes you walk in, the hat that shelters your head, all the necessities, to say nothing of the luxuries, you enjoy are the fruit of your dependence upon other people.

If you could analyze your needs for one day and count the human beings that labored to satisfy them with

## THE GIRL ON THE JOB

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

By JESSIE ROBERTS

### FARM WIFERY.

THE famous land army of women who took to agriculture under the stress of war demands is now disbanded. Some of its work was remarkably good, some of it very poor, as is the case with most mundane things. But one interesting fact is noted. This is that women seem to do better with animals than men.

Women are especially valuable with fine, high-grade, expensive stock. They are willing to mother the young, to take a world of trouble to save an alling calf or lamb or chicken or turkey, or to nurse a sick adult animal. They work with more affection for their charges than is the rule with men.

And affection appears to be an excellent commercial factor. Farm wifery pays.

Many girls are beginning to take courses in the various agricultural schools and colleges all over the country with a real ambition to take up some form of farming. Advice from responsible sources seems to indicate the advisability of their specializing on animal raising. Small sheep farms,

## Mother's Cook Book

Health is possible to almost every child, but it is within reach of children of all circumstances, only as they are aided by adults to whom they must look for responsible care and an earnest, intelligent interest in child welfare.

### THINGS TO REMEMBER.

ORANGE JUICE a teaspoonful at a time, strained free from all pulp, is a most delightful and refreshing drink for very young children. It should be given neither before nor immediately after milk.

The acids in fruit play an important role in destroying those germs which create gases and cause auto-intoxication. Fruit juices act on the kidneys and at the same time are a natural laxative.

As children suffer with their teeth,

## THE WOODS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

### THE PATH.

IT WINDS its way along the shaded hill, Disdaining distance, seeking only ease.

It turns aside to linger by a rill. It climbs a slope to rest beneath the trees Or breathes the perfume of a Summer breeze.

Here time is nothing, haste a thing unknown— The best, straight highway for the crane of speed; The path is made for them who walk alone.

Whose God is Nature, and the woods their creed, To follow blindly where the path may lead.

No stern surveyor made it thus and so, Nor north nor south nor east nor west it tends.

It dips to kiss the pool where lilies grow, It rises joyously where ivy bends its arms, And meets in fond embraces with its friends.

Through brooding branches and embroidered leaves The sunshine filters in a golden rain, Transforms the tufted weeds to shining sheaves.

The tangled grass to waving harvest grain, The marshy musk to a purple plain.

This is a path of velvet from the loom Of droning Summer. Never human hand

Wove such a pattern, bright with rose and blue, Along its border. Never artist planned This brilliant carpet flung across the land.

Now princes leave their castles, kings their thrones, And unattended walk these sylvan aisles.

They pause to muse beside this heap of stones More beautiful than all the granite piles Reared with slow labor on their ample miles.

Sweet, solemn splendor of the silent wood, More dear you are than all the haunts of bloom.

For never mortal in your presence stood And listened to the whisper of the glen But songs forgotten sang to him again.

Perhaps it is his mother's voice he hears, The faint re-echo of her cradle croon That sends him groping down the ended years.

To find some long-departed boon, To find again some long-departed June.

Then, by the magic of the shade and sun, Of tree and rose and brook and verdant sod, This world shall seem to be that other one

Where feet walk never, yet where souls have trod— And he shall hold communion with his God.

(Copyright.)

(Copyright.)

## SCHOOL DAYS



fancy poultry, blooded cattle will prove paying fields. Girls who are well-trained in such matters, and who have a liking for the work, can look forward to success.

But an important development that may be helped by judicious advertising and education is the employment of women instead of men in large establishments that are given to the raising of fine breeds on a large scale.

Once the women have proved their worth in such positions they will find it an interesting and profitable profession.

(Copyright.)

## THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"ZOUAVE."

PRIOR to the World war, one of the most dreaded branches of the French army was the Zouaves, a corps which was famous for its reckless bravery and fearless courage. It was conspicuous by reason of the bright red and very baggy trousers which it wore. The progress of military science and the great increase in the range of modern rifles rendered the red uniform a target for all sharpshooters, so the scarlet trousers had to be replaced by a less conspicuous attire.

But the Zouaves, as a corps, continued to live up to their reputation for daring—a reputation responsible for their name, a somewhat more civilized rendering of the tribe-name of the Zouanos, an extremely warlike nation in Africa. The first levy of Zouanos was raised in 1830 by General Clausel and was originally composed of native African soldiers with French officers. Gradually, the natives were displaced by adventurous Frenchmen and, in 1841, the corps consisted of three battalions—each one of which has carved a niche for itself in the Parisian hall of fame.

(Copyright.)

# DAIRY FACTS

## DISPOSING OF MILK SURPLUS

Conditions Likely to Exist in Well-Developed Dairy Districts During Summer.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

For the first time since the beginning of the World war there is developing in this country a surplus of milk, according to reports recently received by the United States Department of Agriculture. Specialists of the department state that this condition probably will be only temporary during the "flush" of the season, and that it is most apparent in well-developed dairy districts. It may continue during the summer months, but is expected to adjust itself by fall, when demand will overtake the surplus of supply. The situation is largely due to the falling off in the demand for milk in the manufacture of condensed products, milk powders, casein, and similar products, for which there was a large export outlet.

The department points out the advisability of using as much milk as possible, in fluid form and otherwise, as a human food. Within the last generation an increased knowledge of the value of milk in the diet has resulted in an almost doubled per capita consumption of milk, and consumers who purchase milk freely thereby encourage production. This is believed to be the best safeguard against a milk shortage and high prices resulting from the withdrawal of dairymen from the business during periods of large production and low farm prices for milk.

But when the limit of human utilization is reached dairy producers necessarily must decide how to dispose of the remainder. In many cases this will be a decision between selling whole milk, selling cream, or even to use a moderate quantity of whole milk for feeding, especially to young animals. In any event, a more liberal use of milk on farms should reduce the surplus, even though not solving the problem entirely.

As a guide to persons deciding to utilize surplus milk as a live stock feed, the department makes the following recommendations, which may be supplemented with literature issued by the department:

Milk from a dairy herd which is not definitely known to be free from tuberculosis should be scalded before being fed. An ordinary feed cooker is a practical means for scalding milk. This process is approximately equivalent



to pasteurization, which most large cities require as a safeguard to public health. Metal pails that can be kept clean by washing and scalding are preferable to wooden containers or others that are difficult to clean.

In calf feeding it usually pays well to feed one pound of whole milk for each ten pounds that the calf weighs, for a period of two weeks, and at the end of that time to change gradually to an equal amount of skim milk. The skim milk should be gradually increased as the calf grows until about 15 pounds per day is fed at the end of three months. Feed the milk warm and regulate the quantity according to size and vigor of the calf.

For pigs three weeks old or more, three parts of skim milk mixed with one part of shorts, is useful in keeping them growing. Skim milk may be fed with corn and other hog feeds in various practical combinations.

In poultry feeding both skim milk and buttermilk are excellent feeds, and can now also be purchased as a nonperishable commercial feed, which is sold in large barrels as semisolid buttermilk. Skim milk and buttermilk may be fed alone or mixed with other feeds, but feeders should observe their flocks carefully to avoid giving too much milk, or causing trouble may result. This is caused principally by fowls eating spoiled clabbered milk remaining from a previous feeding.

While to live stock owners unaccustomed to the use of milk as a stock feed it may appear somewhat expensive, there are advantages which milk feeders quickly recognize. In addition to utilizing the surplus milk that would otherwise be wasted, young stock generally make a very rapid growth. This means early maturity and early usefulness, compared with stock that have developed more slowly. At least as a temporary measure there is a real opportunity to improve farm live stock, in addition to relieving a local milk surplus, by using skim milk rather liberally in proper combination with other feeds.

# HOW WOMEN AVOID SURGICAL OPERATIONS

Some Are Extremely Necessary, Others May Not Be

Every Woman Should Give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a Trial First



Chicago, Ill.—"I was in bed with a female trouble and had four doctors but none of them did me any good. They all said I would have to have an operation. A druggist's wife told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took 22 bottles, never missing a dose and at the end of that time I was perfectly well. I have never had occasion to take it again as I have been so well. I have a six room flat and do all my work. My two sisters are taking the Compound upon my recommendation and you may publish my letter. It is the gospel truth and I will write to any one who wants a personal letter."—Mrs. E. H. HAYDOCK, 6824 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A Vermont woman adds her testimony to the long line of those fortunate women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after it had been decided an operation was necessary:

Burlington, Vt.—"I suffered with female trouble, and had a number of doctors who said that I would never be any better until I had an operation. I was so bad I could hardly walk across the floor and could not do a thing. My sister-in-law induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it certainly has helped me wonderfully. I keep house and do my work and have a small child. I have recommended Vegetable Compound to a number of my friends and you may publish my testimonial."—Mrs. H. R. SHARON, Apple Tree Point Farm, Burlington, Vt.

In hospitals are many women who are there for surgical operations, and there is nothing a woman dreads more than the thought of an operation, and the long weary months of recovery and restoration to strength if it is successful.

It is very true that female troubles may through neglect reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but most of the commoner ailments of women are not the surgical ones; they are not caused by serious displacements, tumors or growths, although the symptoms may appear the same. When disturbing ailments first appear take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve the present distress and prevent more serious troubles. In fact, many letters have been received from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after operations have been advised by attending physicians.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

## HAMP'S TIME SURE TO COME ROUGH, BUT EFFECTIVE CURE

Gap Johnson Has It Mapped Out, and It Will Be a Sore Day for the Bluffer.

Why Alice Golightly No Longer Bore People With Long Recital of Her Physical Ailments.

"Hamp Slaughter has an interesting sort of fad," related Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "About once in so often he gets a few drams of bone-dry hickory and a high fever, and shows up in the middle of the big road out yur. He flings his hat down in the dust and stomps on it, and yells that he's a man eater, and such as that, and can whip a certain black-hearted son-of-a-bitch-and-tuther living not more than a mile from yur. When I go out to inquire which special black-hearted thus-and-so he means he says Zach Flatt, three-quarters of a mile up the road. So there ain't much to do but to excuse him. Then he goes fric-freeling off to Zach's place and repeats the performance. When Zach wants to know who he is referring to he says it's me. After that he rambles around strutting that he's got us both bluffed. "One of these days he's going to ketch me and Zach together, and find out his—yaw-w-w-w-n!—mistake."—Kansas City Star.

Pollie Dear and Mollie Love met out shopping one morning and immediately forgot all about shopping, time, hungry husbands at home, etc., in a "few minutes" chat.

Just then Alice Golightly passed by. Each smiled sweetly at the other, and murmured:

"Good morning."

As soon as Alice had passed on, Pollie turned to Mollie and said:

"I notice Alice doesn't go round boring other people with her ailments as she used to."

"No," smiled Mollie; "she met a man who cured her completely."

"Oooh!" purred Pollie. "Who was he? Was he a doctor?"

"Oh, no!" answered Mollie. "She was telling this man some of her symptoms, when he remarked, 'It's nothing that he's got us both bluffed.'"

"One of these days he's going to ketch me and Zach together, and find out his—yaw-w-w-w-n!—mistake."—Kansas City Star.

Cheerfulness is a song whose echoes take life in the heart of others.

It's surprising what a lot of noise masquerades as music.

# You Will Like INSTANT POSTUM And It Will Like You

People who say, "I like coffee, but it doesn't like me," will find Instant Postum much more considerate of their health.

This pure cereal drink combines wholesome quality with rich coffee-like flavor.

Instant Postum is made instantly in the cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum At all grocers

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc. Battle Creek, Michigan.



# EVERYBODY SEES A CHANGE IN FATHER

### Grateful Son Says His Father Looks Like Different Man Since Taking Tanlac.

"My father has suffered from chronic stomach trouble for over twenty years and has paid out thousands of dollars for medicines and doctors," said G. W. Slayton, a well-known Cobb County farmer, living a short distance out of Atlanta, Ga.

"We tried nearly everything trying to cure him and he went off to the Springs, thinking maybe the water might help him, but it just looked like nothing would reach his trouble. Then he tried dieting and lived on liquid food until he almost starved, but even that failed to do him any good and he just kept going from bad to worse.

"I don't guess there ever was a case as stubborn as his, and if there ever was a confirmed dyspeptic he was one of them, and I guess he would have been one yet if it hadn't been for this Tanlac.

"The first we heard of this medicine was when my father saw an advertisement in the papers from parties he knew in Tennessee, who were friends of his and he knew what they said about it was the truth, so he got it right away and began taking it. Well, sir, it acted just like magic—everybody notices the change in father. Why, he is just like a different man now, sits down to the table and eats like a farmhand. Only yesterday he ate pork and turnips for his dinner and ate so much we were actually afraid he was going to overdo the thing, but he laughed and said nothing hurt him now and that he was hungry and expected to eat and make up for lost time.

"Now, when a medicine will do things like that I think people ought to know about it, and I want to say right now that I would not give one bottle of Tanlac for all the other medicines and health resorts in the country put together."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

#### Another Excuse.

Hub—That button is still off.  
Wife—Yes, dear, I am economizing on thread.

### If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by parcels post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

#### Off.

Marcel—"I heard that you were engaged to a shimmy dancer." Montague—"I was, but she shook me."

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

#### More to See.

Bill—We certainly see more bow legs now than we used to.  
Phil—Well, we see more straight ones too, as far as that goes.—New York Sun.

**SAVE SHOES AND STOCKINGS**  
They will last twice as long if you shake into your shoes ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the powder for the feet. It takes the friction from the shoe and gives quick relief to Corns, Bunions, Callouses, sore, aching, swollen, tender feet. Shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes and enjoy the bliss of rest without an ache.

If Knighthood Were in Flower. The Maiden—In God's name, hasten Sir Knight! Save me!  
Sir Launcelot—Not so fast, my good girl. The reporters have not yet arrived; besides, there are the serial rights and the motion picture royalties to be considered.—From Life.

**IF YOUR CORNS PAIN YOU**  
Apply Vacher-Balm. It relieves at once. Keep it handy for any other pain. Buy it locally. E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans.

Paying His Way.  
Biz—"Do you still walk in your sleep?"  
Dix—"No, I take care to bed with me now."

## Just Plain Martha

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

Copyright, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"You must go now?"  
"Yes."  
"But—I shall see you again!" It was the sound in his voice—the sound of the pursuing male—that made Martha shake her head.

She looked very charming so; she had looked very charming all evening. In that quaint masquerade costume of a flower girl, short silken flower-laden hat with long streamers that fell across her shoulders, and the willow basket on her arm, she was graceful, alluring, dainty.

The black mask covered all but her mouth, dimpling and red, and the man in the costume of a Spanish cavalier watched it now as she spoke.

"We're going to say good-by here," she insisted.

"But why? I am just getting to know you; why break up the beginning of a pleasant friendship—you know more about me than though we'd met all winter in a casual way? I want to see you again."

She hesitated and was on the verge of temptation, when she felt his fingers on her mask and heard him plead, "Take it off, please!"

Martha stiffened and drew back. "I will meet you then tomorrow at four," she said breathlessly, "at the white gate of the far meadow."

He blew her a kiss from his finger tips and took off his plumed hat and



Took Off His Plumed Hat.

made a sweeping bow. But Martha hadley, hurrying down the Grangers' stairs, was only anxious to go. She wondered why she had done that last foolish thing, given him permission to see her again.

She knew why. Ever since she had danced with him first and felt the strong guidance of his arm and had stepped into the glassed inclosure the Grangers called their conservatory, she had been a different Martha. His voice, deep and vibrant, had twined itself about her heart.

He had said she was pretty. He had said she wore the most charming costume there, and that her voice was sweet. He begged her to tell her name. But Martha had held him back at each step; she couldn't tell him her name was—Martha—when she had at ways longed to be Rosamond or Paula.

As she ran down the walk and out past the flanked motorcars, Martha looked back at the lighted windows of the Granger house. It was the time to unmask now, but Martha had chosen to steal away instead—to run back home through the dewy grass, drinking in deep breaths of the soft air, looking up at the white stars so far away.

What a wonderful night it had been! She had put aside the other Martha—the Martha who washed dishes in the white house down the lane, and had been for just this once the girl she had always longed to be. The sunshine next afternoon was too golden to be an excuse for the weather to keep her home.

"I won't go, though!" Martha said, "I never meant to go."

But at half-past three she was taking down her hair for the third time with cold, trembling fingers and wishing that her blue and white-checked gingham was not so plain.

"Perhaps he'll be cross-eyed," she thought desperately, "or else he'll be so ugly that I can't bear to look at him."

She almost hoped he would be, as she went slowly through the meadow to the white gate. But when she saw him far off, his tall figure, her heart began to beat madly, and she knew it wouldn't make any difference if he was not good to look at. He was the man with the beautiful voice and the easy, masterful way and the charm that she felt even when he did not speak.

The man had hurried on to meet

her, and now, nearly, she saw he was not as she had thought him, but nicer, much nicer, a hundred times nicer! Her heart sank lower.

"Aren't you going to speak to me?" he begged.

Martha lifted her face to him. The afternoon sun struck a glint of gold across her mousey hair and showed the fluctuating color; first she was red, then she was white, around her clear honest eyes that she lifted to his.

"Do you know, you're lovelier than even the girl I had imagined!" he said as he took her icy little hand.

"Oh, don't!" Martha begged, she could not believe that he was not making fun of her.

"Do you know, I've found out who you are and where you live? The Grangers told me that you teach the district school down the road, and that you live with your aunt in the white house in Chestnut lane."

"But I don't know who you are!" Martha said.

"Jimmie Gorton, lawyer, age twenty-seven, utterly cynical and disillusioned—until last night!"

Martha looked up at him and her eyes fell beneath the look in his. Could he mean—

Jimmie Gorton, looking down at her, at the tiny curls that nestled at the white nape of her neck, and the smooth mouse-colored hair and the white, clear skin, thought she was lovely as some wild flower that hid in the woods.

"But—but—" she faltered.

"I know it isn't done, but I'm going to do it," Jimmie Gorton went on. "I was tired and bored when I came to the Grangers for the week-end. I thought every one was as tired and bored as I—until I met you. You had the sweetest laugh and the softest voice and the shyest way in the world. But I was afraid, oh, if you knew how afraid I was, that you were like all the rest—just a pretty painted doll, when your masquerade was off—and today I find you like this!"

"Like what?" Martha asked.

He broke a tiny spray from the pear tree, and Martha saw a white, half-opened blossom.

"Like this!" he held it to her. She looked up into the blue eyes looking down into hers; into the plain, candid face that was so serious now, and then she said softly, "I think I'll go back now."

"Do you think I could come around and see—meet Aunt Emma?" the young man asked.

"Perhaps," she said.

"Do you think we can be friends?" he said when they had come to her own doorstep.

She looked down again from the step above him, into those blue magnetic eyes, and she knew he was asking more than friendship.

"Perhaps."

She watched him as he went striding down the lane, and her eyes were misted with happiness.

"He didn't mind my being plain at all," Martha said. "I don't think he even knew it!" She hugged her arms ecstatically.

### INTENDED TO DESTROY PEST

English Sparrow Was Imported to End Plague of Devastating Caterpillars, but Alas!

The house-sparrow or English sparrow is perhaps the most familiar of the seed-eating birds known to the whole civilized world. It is indigenous to Europe and Asia where it is only partly migratory. It was not known south of the Sahara, nor in Austral-Asia, until the European colonization of those regions caused its introduction there. The house-sparrows were first brought to this country from England in 1850 by Nicholas Pike and other directors of the Brooklyn institute, when eight pairs were liberated in Brooklyn, N. Y., but a second importation in 1853 was needed to establish the race. Sparrows were brought in and colonized elsewhere during the next twenty years, in various parts of the country, including California, the city government of Philadelphia, Pa., importing and letting loose more than 1,000 pairs in 1830.

The motive in most cases was to free the shade trees of devastating caterpillars, which at that time were especially numerous and annoying throughout the eastern states. A few far-seeing persons protested, but were not listened to. Only a few years elapsed, however, before a mass of evidence was presented that the sparrows were of no practical service as insect destroyers, and were an increasing nuisance and menace. The outcome of much discussion and writing was an exhaustive inquiry by the United States Department of Agriculture, the results of which were unfavorable to the bird.

**Story of a Snowflake.**  
A snowflake should be built upon a particle of dust. Then, if it has the good fortune to begin its career at the top of a cloud many miles above the earth, and to pass through many atmospheric strata, differing in their temperature and the amount of moisture they contain, the snowflake is very likely to become a notable individual among its kind. In a stratum of warmer air the flake catches moisture on its tiny spicules, and when it enters a colder stratum below the moisture is frozen, and so the flake grows. In a thawing air many flakes sometimes cohere, forming disks from an inch to two or three inches across.

150,000 Species of Beetle.  
One hundred and fifty thousand species of beetle are represented in the British museum.

# FARM STOCK

## TREATING HOGS FOR CHOLERA

Losses Are Inevitable Unless Early Action Is Taken and Proper Remedies Applied.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)  
Unless early action is taken to diagnose the cases and apply proper treatment when disease appears in your swine herds, losses are inevitable. The chances are many that the trouble is cholera, and under such circumstances delay is dangerous, for when that disease has spread and progressed in the herd the loss of many hogs may be expected.

Early attention in an outbreak of hog cholera is essential for the successful treatment of the herd. It has been told repeatedly that anti-hog-cholera serum is not a cure; its use is primarily intended as a preventive agent against cholera, and as such it is universally recognized as the only reliable treatment. While the serum seemingly has had some favorable effect when administered to sick hogs in the very early stage of the disease, swine owners should not depend upon the product to save any number of animals after they have developed visible symptoms of hog cholera.

In Farmers' Bulletin 834 (revised) attention is called to the fact that the serum is most efficacious when administered as a preventive. "While the serum is regarded as most efficacious when administered as a preventive," the bulletin points out, "it seems to have some curative value, provided it is administered when hogs are in the very early stages of the disease. But very little benefit can be expected from the treatment of hogs that are visibly sick."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

In a bulletin issued recently by Dr. R. C. Reed, chief of animal industry,

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

"Serum should be used with the understanding that it is a preventive rather than a curative agent." "It has been stated that serum alone has some value in treating sick hogs. This is true within a certain limitation. Ordinarily it is efficacious only in the very early stage of the disease, before the hogs show visible signs of sickness."

# DODSON WARNS CALOMEL USERS

You Cannot Grip, Sicken, or Salivate Yourself If You Take "Dodson's Liver Tone" Instead

Calomel salivates! It's mercury. Calomel acts like dynamite on a sluggish liver. When calomel comes into contact with sour bile it crashes into it, causing cramping and nausea.

If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone for a few cents, which is harmless vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't start your

liver and straighten you up better and quicker than nasty calomel and without making you sick, you just go back and get your money.

If you take calomel today you'll be sick and nauseated tomorrow; besides, it may salivate you, while if you take Dodson's Liver Tone you will wake up feeling great, full of ambition, and ready for work or play. It's harmless, pleasant and safe to give to children; they like it.

## "My Husband Found Relief in Ware's Red Powder"

This Famous Remedy Helped More Than Foreign Hospitals and Specialists.

Mrs. H. C. Woods of Chicago is most emphatic about Ware's Red Powder. In a letter to the Ware Chemical Company, she writes: "Enclosed find a check for six dollars (\$6), for which kindly send me another large bottle of your Red Powder."

"My husband finds, after being in hospitals here and abroad, and visiting specialists in both places, that Ware's Red Powder has helped him more than anything, so he can not recommend them too highly."

Note: Ware's Red Powder is recommended very highly for chronic diarrhoea of the watery type. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail—60c. \$1.50 and \$6 the package.

THE WARE CHEMICAL CO., Dallas, Texas

## Many Prefer Ware's Black Powder in Tablet Form

Same Chemicals as Used in Ware's Black Powder But More Convenient to Take and Carry.

To fill a growing demand from all sections of the country for Ware's Black Powder in convenient tablet form, we are increasing every day our output of this member of Dr. Ware's famous family of remedies—Ware's Black Powder Tablets. They are easy to take and convenient to carry around in purse or pocket.

Ware's Black Powder and Ware's Black Powder Tablets, for stomach and bowel disorders, and Ware's Red Powder, which is highly recommended for watery and chronic diarrhoea, are sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail to any point in the United States, Mexico or Canada. Three sizes—60c. \$1.50 and \$6.00 the package.

THE WARE CHEMICAL CO., Dallas, Texas

## Pleasant To Give — Pleasant To Take

Thoughtful parents are having most gratifying and astonishing results by using this safe, agreeable preparation which quickly stimulates baby's digestion and regulates bowel movements. It is a fact that babies and children like to take

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

A few drops, depending on age, added to each feeding keeps baby's bowels regular. This finest combination of vegetable ingredients promptly overcomes diarrhoea, relieves wind colic, flatulency, constipation and other disorders—especially good at teething time.

The open published formula appears on every label—always know what you give your baby. Mrs. Winslow's Syrup costs more to make—yet costs you no more than ordinary baby laxatives. At All Druggists

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 215-217 Fulton St., New York  
General Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York—London—Toronto

## Not Only For Chills and Fever But a Fine General Tonic

Ward Off Malaria and Restores Strength. Try It

## HER LOVE DREAM SHATTERED

Naughty George's Late Hours Responsible for the Ache in Heart of Young Wife.

The mother of the young husband went to the bridal nest, and found her daughter-in-law in tears.

"My child," she gasped, "what is the matter? Has anything happened to George?"

"No," sobbed the young wife; "but my heart is b-breaking. He's taken to stopping out late at night!"

"What, already?" said his mother, in consternation. "It doesn't seem possible. How late does he stop out, dear—very late?"

"Well," said the bride, "you know he usually leaves his office at half-past five. The night before last he didn't get home till half-past six, and last night," she sobbed bitterly, "last night it was a quarter to seven! What shall I do?"

And many a man's bravery is due to his knowledge of the fact that the other fellow is a coward.

Unless a man is willing to do something he will amount to nothing.

Probably Lester Could Have Determined Without the Appeal to His Physical Feelings.

Two men passed away. One had been born, and in due course admitted to the bar, soon ran for office, was elected a continuous Hon. until at last he went to his reward, such as it was. And the local paper gave him an obituary as long as your arm.

The other man followed in the footsteps of his brashly sire, and became a maker of barrows. He was industrious and honest, and for years the Hillgrove barrows which he whacked out by hand were known nearly all over the country as reliable utensils.

By-and-by he, too, passed on. The paper announced his demise in a few lines and spelled his name wrong.

Now, tell me, Lester, which of these men would you rather have been? Do not say the former, or I'll slap your jaws for you and not let you go to the picture show, either.—Kansas City Star.

Power for Dad.

Stodious Youngster—Pa, how many times what makes eleven?

## You Always Get full food value for your money when you eat Grape-Nuts

Each golden granule of this attractive wheat and malted barley food is rich in nutriment for body and brain. Serve Grape-Nuts direct from the airtight packet for breakfast or lunch.

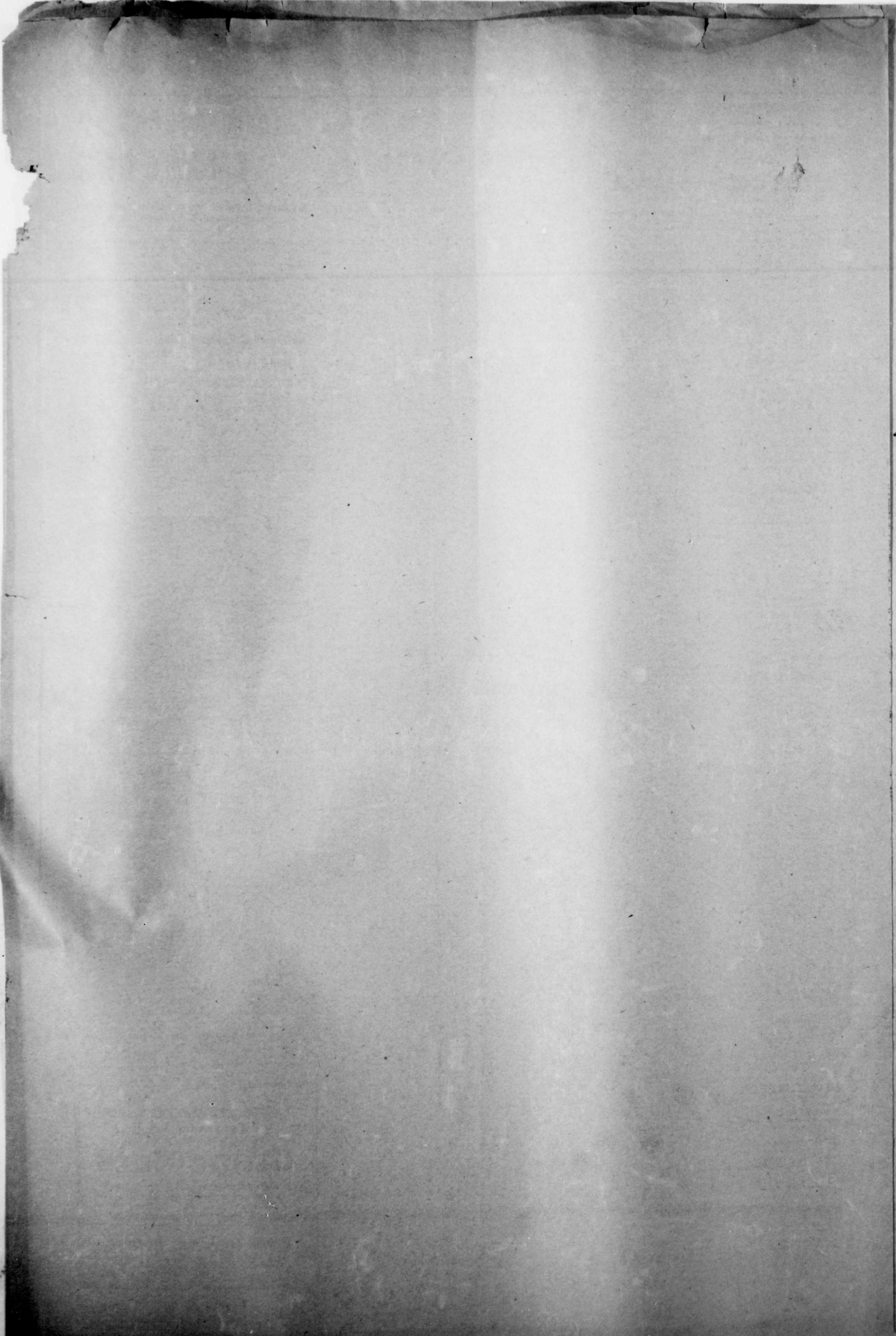
## Crisp-Delicious-No Waste

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

## FIRST BROOD SOW ESSENTIAL

Animal Should Be Given Enough of Right Sort of Feed to Nurse Little Porkers.

The first essential for the brood sow is enough of the right sort of feed to enable her to lay on a little flesh against the drain of suckling a litter and also build up the litter which she is carrying.



...ml  
...me  
...Du  
...son  
...sto  
...Ce  
...ing  
...for  
...fri  
...the  
...hri  
...oc  
...too  
...cha  
...acc  
...M  
...unt  
...Sri  
...er.  
...M  
...tion  
...nee  
...he  
...tha  
...Nu  
...Tan  
...nig  
...is  
...it's  
...bec  
...all  
...den  
...kin  
...win  
...had  
...yea  
...had  
...you  
...don  
...Thi  
...are.  
...T  
...Pet  
...up.  
...mor  
...But  
...Sho  
...Kir  
...shov  
...over  
...blue  
...prov  
...a ro  
...and  
...for  
...of l  
...loose  
...Ev  
...the  
...Mar  
...and  
...with  
...Kirg  
...dham  
...B  
...worr  
...ing  
...M  
...It's  
...Seve  
...nine  
...been  
...Mr.  
...ould  
...It  
...need  
...tonic  
...ing l  
...with  
...Kirg  
...aske  
...fello  
...chan  
...ter s  
...cause  
...ropes  
...some  
...didn't  
...seem  
...sle  
...Me  
...again  
...the j  
...he w  
...to th  
...hair  
...to se  
...shoot  
...cold.  
...He  
...Dante  
...and l  
...to R.  
...wick  
...Mr. l

# The Wreckers

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

## "YOU'D BETTER NOTIFY THE UNDERTAKERS."

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, Maisie 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 Breckenridge 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 kidnaping, 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. Jimmy turns sleuth, suspects he has been kidnaped and effects his rescue. Norcross resumes control of the Pioneer Short Line, refusing to give place to Dismuke, whom Dunton has sent to take charge as general manager. Jimmie follows an emissary of the Red Tower people, spying on Norcross, to a coal yard, where he overhears a plot to arrest the Boss on a murder charge. He frustrates it and thereby drives his enemies to more desperate measures. At the home of Sheila Macrae Dodds is witness of strange actions of a man whom he later recognizes as Howard Collingwood, nephew of President Dunton. A series of wrecks, impossible to explain, cause alarm to the Boss.

## CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the little millionaire; "you don't have to tell me that! If we can't stop 'em, Uncle Dunton will have plenty of good reasons for cleaning us all out, lock, stock, and barrel! I was talking with Carter, in the claim office, this morning. Our loss and damage account for the past month is something frightful!"

"It is," said the boss gravely. And then: "Upton, we're not altogether as bright as we might be. Has it never occurred to you that we are having too much bad luck to warrant us in charging it all up to the chapter of accidents?"

Mr. Van Britt blew his cheeks out until the stubby, cropped mustache bristled like porcupine quills.

"So you've been getting your pointer, too, have you?" he threw in.

Mr. Norcross didn't answer the question directly.

"Put Tarbell on the job, and if he needs help, let him pick his own men," he directed. "We want to know why that boulder tumbled down ahead of Number Seventeen, and I want to see Tarbell's report on it. Keep at it night and day, Upton. The infection is getting into the rank and file and it's spreading like a sickness. If it becomes psychological, we shall have all the trouble we need."

"I know," nodded the superintendent. "I went through a siege of that kind on the Great Southwestern, one winter. It was horrible. Men who had been running trains year in and year out, and never knowing that they had any nerves, went to pieces if you'd snap your fingers at them."

"That's it," said the boss. "We don't want to fall into that ditch. Things are quite bad enough, as they are."

This ended it for the time. The Petrolite Canyon wreck was picked up, the track was cleared, and once more our trains were moving on time. But anybody could see that the entire Short Line had a case of "nerves."

Kirgan, Kirgan, the cold-blooded, showed it one afternoon when I went over to his office to return a bunch of blue-prints sent in for the boss's approval. The big master-mechanic had a round-house foreman "on the carpet" and was harrying him like the dickens for letting an engine go out with one of her truck safety chains hanging loose.

Ever since we had gone together on the rescue run to Timber Mountain, Mart and I had been sort of chummy, and after the foreman had gone away with his foot in his hand, I joshed Kirgan a little about the way he had hammered the round-house man.

"Bad medicine," I told him. "It's worrying the bosses, too. What's doing it, Mart?"

"Maybe you can tell," he growled. "It's a hoodoo—that's what it is. Seven engines in the shops in the last nine days, and three more that haven't been flaked out the ditch yet. I wish Mr. Van Britt 'd fire the whole jumpy outfit!"

It didn't seem as though firing was needed so much as a dose of nerve tonic of some sort. Tarbell was working hard on the problem, quietly, and without making any talk about it, and Kirgan was giving him all the men he asked for from the shops; quick-witted fellows who were up in all the mechanical details, and who made better spotters than outsiders would be because they knew the road and the ropes. But it was no use. I saw some of Tarbell's reports, and they didn't show any crookedness. It seemed to be just bad luck—one landslide after another of it.

Meanwhile, New York had waked up again. President Dunton had been off the job somewhere, I guess, but now he was back, and the things he wired to the boss were enough to make your hair stand on end. I looked every day to see Mr. Norcross pitch the whole shooting-match into the fire and quit, cold.

He'd never taken anything like Mr. Dunton's abuse from anybody before, and he couldn't seem to get hardened to it. But he was loyal to Mr. Chadwick; and, of course, he knew that Mr. Dunton's but wires were meant

to nag him into resigning. Then there was Mrs. Sheila. I sort of suspected she was holding him up to the rack, every day and every minute of the day.

It was one evening after he had been out to the major's for just a little while, and had come back to the office, that he sent for Mr. Van Britt, who was also working late. There was blood on the moon, and I saw it in the way the boss' jaw was working.

"Upton," he began, as short as piecrust, "have you thought of any way to break this wreck hoodoo yet?"

Mr. Van Britt sat down and crossed his solid little legs.

"If I had, I shouldn't be losing sleep at the rate of five or six hours a night," he rasped.

"There's one thing that we haven't tried," the boss shot back. "We've been advertising it as bad luck, keeping our own suspicions to ourselves and letting the men believe what they pleased. We'll change all that. I want you to call your trainmen in as fast as you can get at them. Tell them—from me, if you want to—that there isn't any bad luck about it; that the enemies of this management are making an organized raid on the property itself for the purpose of putting us out of the fight. Tell them the whole story, if you want to; how we're trying our best to make a spoon out of a spoiled horn, and how there is an army of grafters and wreckers in this state which is doing its worst to knock us out of the box."

"If you give the force something tangible to lay hold of, it will work the needed miracle. It is only the mysterious that terrifies. Railroad employees, as a whole, are perfectly intelligent human beings, open to conviction. The management which doesn't profit by that fact is lame. If you do this and appeal to the loyalty of the men, you will make a private detective out of every man in the train service, and every one of them keen to be the first to catch the wreckers. You can add a bit of a reward for that, if you like, and I'll pay it out of my own bank account."

For a full minute our captive millionaire didn't say a word. Then he grinned like a good-natured little Chinese god.

"Who gave you this idea of taking the pay-roll into your confidence, Graham?" he asked softly.

For the first time in all the weeks and months I'd been knowing him, the boss dodged; dodged just like any of us might.

"I've been talking to Major Kendrick," he said. "He is a wise old man, Upton, and he hears a good many things that don't get printed in the newspapers."

I could see that this excuse didn't fool Mr. Van Britt for a single instant, and there was a look in his eye that I couldn't quite understand. Neither could I make much out of what he said.

"We'll go into that a little deeper some day, Graham—after this epileptic attack has been fought off. This idea—which you confess isn't your own—is a pretty shrewd one, and I shouldn't wonder if it would work, if we can get it in motion before the hoodoo breaks us wide open. And, as you say, an accusation is justifiable, even if it can't prove up against the Hatch outfit. That turned-over rail in Petrolite Canyon, for example, might have been helped along by—"

It was Kelson, Mr. Van Britt's stenographer, smashed in with the interruption. He was in his shirt-sleeves, as if he'd just got up from his typewriter, and he rushed in with his mouth open and his eyes like saucers.

"They—they want you in the dispatcher's office!" he panted, jerking the words out at Mr. Van Britt. "Durgin has let Number Five get by for a head-ender with the 'Flyer,' and he's gone crazy!"

## CHAPTER XII

### The Helpless Wires

When Bobby Kelson shot his news at us we all made a quick break for the dispatcher's office, the boss in the lead. Durgin, the night dispatcher, had been alone on the train desk, and the only other operators on duty were

the car-record man and the young fellow who acted as a relief on the commercial wire. When we got there, we found that Tarbell had happened to be in the office when Durgin blew up. He was sitting in at the train key, trying to get Crow Gulch, the one intermediate wire station between the two trains that had failed to get their "meet" orders, and this was the first I knew that he really was the expert telegraph operator that his pay-roll description said he was.

Durgin looked like a tortured ghost. He was a thin, dark man with a sort of scattering beard and limp black hair; one of the clearest-headed dispatchers in the bunch, and the very last man, you'd say, to get rattled in a tangle-up. Yet here he was, hunched in a chair at the car-record table in big drops on his forehead and his hands shaking as if he had the palsy.

Morris, the relief man, gave us the particulars, such as they were, speaking in a hushed voice as if he was afraid of breaking in on Tarbell's steady rattling of the key in the Crow Gulch station call.

"Number Four"—Four was the east-bound "Flyer"—"is five hours off her time," he explained. "As near as I can get it, Durgin was going to make her 'meet' with Number Five at the blind siding at Sand Creek tank. She ought to have had her orders somewhere west of Bauxite Junction, and Five ought to have got hers at Banta. Durgin says he simply forgot that the 'Flyer' was running late; that she was still out and had a 'meet' to make somewhere with Five."

Brief as Morris' explanation was, it was clear enough for anybody who knew the road and the schedules. The regular meeting-point for the two passenger trains was at a point well east of Portal City, instead of west, and so, of course, would not concern the Desert Division crew of either train, since all crews were changed at Portal City.

From Banta to Bauxite Junction, some thirty-odd miles, there was only one telegraph station, namely, that at the Crow Gulch lumber camp, seven miles beyond the Timber Mountain "Y" and the gravel pit where the stoken 2016 had been abandoned.

Unluckily, Crow Gulch was only a day station, the day wires being handled by a young man who was half in the pay of the railroad and half in that of the saw-mill company. This young man slept at the mill camp, which was a mile back in the gulch. There was only one chance in a thousand that he would be down at the railroad station at ten o'clock at night, and it was on that thousandth chance that Tarbell was rattling the Crow Gulch call. If Five were making her card time, she was now about half-way between Timber Mountain "Y" and Crow Gulch. And Four, the "Flyer," had just left Bauxite—with no orders whatever. Which meant that the two trains would come together somewhere near Sand Creek.

Mr. Van Britt was as good a wire man as anybody on the line, but it was the boss who took things in hand.

"There is a long-distance telephone to the Crow Gulch saw-mill; have you tried that?" he barked at Tarbell.

The big young fellow who looked like a cow-boy—and had really been

to Bauxite Junction by the pusher engine which had gone out to try to overtake the "Flyer." But even in that case it might be an agonizing hour or more before we could hear anything.

In a little while Dismuke had clicked in his call to Kirgan, and when the undertaker's wagon came to gather up what was left of the dead dispatcher, the car-record man was hurriedly writing off his list of doctors, and Mr. Van Britt had gone down to superintend the making up of the relief train. True to his theory, which, among other things, laid down the broad principle that the public had a right to be given all the facts in a railroad disaster, Mr. Norcross was still telling me to call up the Mountaineer office, when Tarbell, calmly linking time reports upon the train sheet, flung down his pen and snatched at his key to "break" the chattering sounder.

Mr. Van Britt had come up-stairs again, and he and the boss were both standing over Tarbell when the "G-S" break cleared the wire. Instantly there came a quick call, "G-S" "G-S" followed by the signature, "B-J" for Bauxite Junction. Tarbell answered, and then we all heard what Bauxite had to say:

"Pusher overtook Number Four three miles west of Sand Creek and has brought her back here. What orders for her?"

Somebody groaned, "Oh, thank God!" and Mr. Van Britt dropped into a chair as if he had been hit by a cannon ball. Only the boss kept his head, calling out sharply to Dismuke to break off on the doctors' list and to hurry and stop Kirgan from getting away with the wrecking train.

When it was all over, and Tarbell had been given charge of the dispatching while a hurry call was sent out for the night relief man, Donohue, to come down and take the train desk, there was a little committee meeting in the general manager's office, with the boss in the chair, and Mr. Van Britt sitting in for the other member.

"Of course, you've drawn your own conclusions, Upton," the boss began, when he had asked me to shut the door.

"I guess so," was the grave rejoinder. "I'm afraid it is only too plain that Durgin was hired to do it. What became of the money?"

"I have it here," said the boss, and he took the blood-money bank-roll from his pocket and removed the rubber band. "Count it, Jimmie," he ordered, passing it to me.

I ran through the bunch. It was in twenties and fifties, and there was an even thousand dollars.

"That is the price of a man's life," said Mr. Van Britt, soberly, and then Mr. Norcross said, "Who knows any-

to look, the mischief was gone. Durgin had crumpled down into a misshapen heap on the floor and the sight we saw was enough to make your blood run cold.

You see, he had put the muzzle of the pistol into his mouth, and—but it's no use; I can't tell about it, and the very thought of that thing that had just a minute before been a man, lying there on the floor makes me see black and want to keel over. What he had said about sending for an extra undertaker was right as right. With the top of his head blown off, the poor devil didn't need anything more in this world except the burying.

Somebody has said, mighty truthfully, that even a death in the family doesn't stop the common routine; that the things that have to be done will go grinding on, just the same, whether alive, or some of us die. Dismuke jumped from the telephone booth of Durgin's shot, and for a moment or so we all stood around the dispatcher, nobody making a sound.

Mr. Norcross came alive with a jump, calling out the wreck wagons, relief train, and directing so to go to another phone in undertaker to come and get the body. Tarbell turned the train desk to keep things from getting into a worse tangle than they were in, and to wait for the news, and the boss stood

and wait promised to be the end of it. The collision was due to happen miles from the nearest wire station; the news, when we should get it, would probably be carried back

and the waiting was savage. Tarbell had a nerve of iron, but I could see his hand shake as it lay on the glass-topped table. The boss was cool enough outwardly, but I knew that in his brain there was a heart-breaking picture of those two fast passenger trains rushing together in the night among the hills with no hint of warning to help them save themselves. Mr. Van Britt couldn't keep still. He had his hands jammed in the side pockets of his coat and was pacing back and forth in the little space between the train desk and the counter railing.

At the different tables in the room the sounders were clicking away as if nothing were happening or due to happen, and above the spattering din and clatter you could hear the escapee of the big standard-time clock on the wall, hammering out the seconds that might mean life or death to two or three hundred innocent people.

In horrible suspense the six minutes pulled themselves out to an eternity for that little bunch of us in the dispatcher's office who could do nothing but wait. On the stroke of ten-eigh-teen, the time when Five was due at Crow Gulch on her schedule, Tarbell tuned his relay to catch the first faint tapping from the distant day-station. Another sounder was silent. There was hope in the delay, and Morris

voiced it.

"He's there, and he's too busy to talk to us," he suggested, in a hushed voice; and Dismuke, the car-record man, added: "That's it; it'd take a minute or two to get them in on the siding."

The second minute passed, and then a third, and yet there was no word from Bertram. "Call him," snapped the boss to Tarbell, but before the ex-cow-boy's hand could reach the key, the sounder began to rattle out a string of dots and dashes; ragged Morse it was, but we could all read it only too plainly.

"Too late—mule threw me and I had to crawl and drag a game leg—Five passed full speed at ten-nineteen—I couldn't make it."

I saw the boss' hands shut up into the shape of the "finger nails would cut into the palms."

"That ends it," he said, with a sort of swearing groan in his voice; and then to Tarbell: "You may as well call Kirgan and tell him to order out the wrecking train. Then have Perkins make up a relief train while you're calling the doctors. Van Britt, you go and notify the hospital over your own office wire. Have my private car put into the relief, and see to it that it has all the necessary supplies. And you'd better notify the undertakers, too."

Great Josiah! but it was horrible—for us to be hustling around and making arrangements for the funeral while the people who were to be gathered up and buried were still swinging along live and well half of them in the crookings among the Timber Mountain foot-hills and the other half somewhere in the desert stretches below Sand Creek!

Tarbell had sent Dismuke to the phone to call Kirgan, and Mr. Van Britt was turning away to go to his own office, when the chair in the corner by the car-record table fell over backwards with a crash and Durgin came staggering across the room. He was staring straight ahead of him as if he had gone blind, and the sweat was running down his face to lose itself in the straggling beard.

When he spoke his voice seemed to come from away off somewhere, and he was still staring at the blank wall beyond the counter-railing.

"Did I—did I hear somebody say you're sending for the undertakers?" he choked, with a dry rattle in his throat; and then, without waiting for an answer: "While you're at it, you'd better get one for me. . . . there's the money to pay him," and he tossed a thick roll of bank bills, wrapped around with a rubber band, over to Tarbell at the train desk.

Naturally, the little grand-stand play with the bank roll made a diversion, and that is why the muffled crash of a pistol shot came with a startling check to everybody. When we turned

to look, the mischief was gone. Durgin had crumpled down into a misshapen heap on the floor and the sight we saw was enough to make your blood run cold.

You see, he had put the muzzle of the pistol into his mouth, and—but it's no use; I can't tell about it, and the very thought of that thing that had just a minute before been a man, lying there on the floor makes me see black and want to keel over. What he had said about sending for an extra undertaker was right as right. With the top of his head blown off, the poor devil didn't need anything more in this world except the burying.

Somebody has said, mighty truthfully, that even a death in the family doesn't stop the common routine; that the things that have to be done will go grinding on, just the same, whether alive, or some of us die. Dismuke jumped from the telephone booth of Durgin's shot, and for a moment or so we all stood around the dispatcher, nobody making a sound.

Mr. Norcross came alive with a jump, calling out the wreck wagons, relief train, and directing so to go to another phone in undertaker to come and get the body. Tarbell turned the train desk to keep things from getting into a worse tangle than they were in, and to wait for the news, and the boss stood

and wait promised to be the end of it. The collision was due to happen miles from the nearest wire station; the news, when we should get it, would probably be carried back

and the waiting was savage. Tarbell had a nerve of iron, but I could see his hand shake as it lay on the glass-topped table. The boss was cool enough outwardly, but I knew that in his brain there was a heart-breaking picture of those two fast passenger trains rushing together in the night among the hills with no hint of warning to help them save themselves. Mr. Van Britt couldn't keep still. He had his hands jammed in the side pockets of his coat and was pacing back and forth in the little space between the train desk and the counter railing.

At the different tables in the room the sounders were clicking away as if nothing were happening or due to happen, and above the spattering din and clatter you could hear the escapee of the big standard-time clock on the wall, hammering out the seconds that might mean life or death to two or three hundred innocent people.

In horrible suspense the six minutes pulled themselves out to an eternity for that little bunch of us in the dispatcher's office who could do nothing but wait. On the stroke of ten-eigh-teen, the time when Five was due at Crow Gulch on her schedule, Tarbell tuned his relay to catch the first faint tapping from the distant day-station. Another sounder was silent. There was hope in the delay, and Morris

voiced it.

"He's there, and he's too busy to talk to us," he suggested, in a hushed voice; and Dismuke, the car-record man, added: "That's it; it'd take a minute or two to get them in on the siding."

The second minute passed, and then a third, and yet there was no word from Bertram. "Call him," snapped the boss to Tarbell, but before the ex-cow-boy's hand could reach the key, the sounder began to rattle out a string of dots and dashes; ragged Morse it was, but we could all read it only too plainly.

"Too late—mule threw me and I had to crawl and drag a game leg—Five passed full speed at ten-nineteen—I couldn't make it."

I saw the boss' hands shut up into the shape of the "finger nails would cut into the palms."

"That ends it," he said, with a sort of swearing groan in his voice; and then to Tarbell: "You may as well call Kirgan and tell him to order out the wrecking train. Then have Perkins make up a relief train while you're calling the doctors. Van Britt, you go and notify the hospital over your own office wire. Have my private car put into the relief, and see to it that it has all the necessary supplies. And you'd better notify the undertakers, too."

Great Josiah! but it was horrible—for us to be hustling around and making arrangements for the funeral while the people who were to be gathered up and buried were still swinging along live and well half of them in the crookings among the Timber Mountain foot-hills and the other half somewhere in the desert stretches below Sand Creek!

Tarbell had sent Dismuke to the phone to call Kirgan, and Mr. Van Britt was turning away to go to his own office, when the chair in the corner by the car-record table fell over backwards with a crash and Durgin came staggering across the room. He was staring straight ahead of him as if he had gone blind, and the sweat was running down his face to lose itself in the straggling beard.

When he spoke his voice seemed to come from away off somewhere, and he was still staring at the blank wall beyond the counter-railing.

"Did I—did I hear somebody say you're sending for the undertakers?" he choked, with a dry rattle in his throat; and then, without waiting for an answer: "While you're at it, you'd better get one for me. . . . there's the money to pay him," and he tossed a thick roll of bank bills, wrapped around with a rubber band, over to Tarbell at the train desk.

Naturally, the little grand-stand play with the bank roll made a diversion, and that is why the muffled crash of a pistol shot came with a startling check to everybody. When we turned

to look, the mischief was gone. Durgin had crumpled down into a misshapen heap on the floor and the sight we saw was enough to make your blood run cold.

You see, he had put the muzzle of the pistol into his mouth, and—but it's no use; I can't tell about it, and the very thought of that thing that had just a minute before been a man, lying there on the floor makes me see black and want to keel over. What he had said about sending for an extra undertaker was right as right. With the top of his head blown off, the poor devil didn't need anything more in this world except the burying.

Somebody has said, mighty truthfully, that even a death in the family doesn't stop the common routine; that the things that have to be done will go grinding on, just the same, whether alive, or some of us die. Dismuke jumped from the telephone booth of Durgin's shot, and for a moment or so we all stood around the dispatcher, nobody making a sound.

Mr. Norcross came alive with a jump, calling out the wreck wagons, relief train, and directing so to go to another phone in undertaker to come and get the body. Tarbell turned the train desk to keep things from getting into a worse tangle than they were in, and to wait for the news, and the boss stood

and wait promised to be the end of it. The collision was due to happen miles from the nearest wire station; the news, when we should get it, would probably be carried back

and the waiting was savage. Tarbell had a nerve of iron, but I could see his hand shake as it lay on the glass-topped table. The boss was cool enough outwardly, but I knew that in his brain there was a heart-breaking picture of those two fast passenger trains rushing together in the night among the hills with no hint of warning to help them save themselves. Mr. Van Britt couldn't keep still. He had his hands jammed in the side pockets of his coat and was pacing back and forth in the little space between the train desk and the counter railing.

At the different tables in the room the sounders were clicking away as if nothing were happening or due to happen, and above the spattering din and clatter you could hear the escapee of the big standard-time clock on the wall, hammering out the seconds that might mean life or death to two or three hundred innocent people.

In horrible suspense the six minutes pulled themselves out to an eternity for that little bunch of us in the dispatcher's office who could do nothing but wait. On the stroke of ten-eigh-teen, the time when Five was due at Crow Gulch on her schedule, Tarbell tuned his relay to catch the first faint tapping from the distant day-station. Another sounder was silent. There was hope in the delay, and Morris

voiced it.

"He's there, and he's too busy to talk to us," he suggested, in a hushed voice; and Dismuke, the car-record man, added: "That's it; it'd take a minute or two to get them in on the siding."

The second minute passed, and then a third, and yet there was no word from Bertram. "Call him," snapped the boss to Tarbell, but before the ex-cow-boy's hand could reach the key, the sounder began to rattle out a string of dots and dashes; ragged Morse it was, but we could all read it only too plainly.

"Too late—mule threw me and I had to crawl and drag a game leg—Five passed full speed at ten-nineteen—I couldn't make it."

I saw the boss' hands shut up into the shape of the "finger nails would cut into the palms."

"That ends it," he said, with a sort of swearing groan in his voice; and then to Tarbell: "You may as well call Kirgan and tell him to order out the wrecking train. Then have Perkins make up a relief train while you're calling the doctors. Van Britt, you go and notify the hospital over your own office wire. Have my private car put into the relief, and see to it that it has all the necessary supplies. And you'd better notify the undertakers, too."

Great Josiah! but it was horrible—for us to be hustling around and making arrangements for the funeral while the people who were to be gathered up and buried were still swinging along live and well half of them in the crookings among the Timber Mountain foot-hills and the other half somewhere in the desert stretches below Sand Creek!

Tarbell had sent Dismuke to the phone to call Kirgan, and Mr. Van Britt was turning away to go to his own office, when the chair in the corner by the car-record table fell over backwards with a crash and Durgin came staggering across the room. He was staring straight ahead of him as if he had gone blind, and the sweat was running down his face to lose itself in the straggling beard.

When he spoke his voice seemed to come from away off somewhere, and he was still staring at the blank wall beyond the counter-railing.

"Did I—did I hear somebody say you're sending for the undertakers?" he choked, with a dry rattle in his throat; and then, without waiting for an answer: "While you're at it, you'd better get one for me. . . . there's the money to pay him," and he tossed a thick roll of bank bills, wrapped around with a rubber band, over to Tarbell at the train desk.

Naturally, the little grand-stand play with the bank roll made a diversion, and that is why the muffled crash of a pistol shot came with a startling check to everybody. When we turned



There Was an Even Thousand Dollars.



"I Couldn't Get Rid of the Idea That He Was Listening."

"Mrs. McCrae isn't a widow at all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had About Given Up Hope. A certain Dormont mother had occasion to scold her five-year-old son, the lad taking the call-down very much to heart. After the operation was completed, son disappeared. His failure to reappear caused the mother to worry and she began looking about to locate the culprit. In the bathroom she found him. There he was, with the door closed, talking to himself.

"Johnny," the mother heard him say, "you are a bad boy. You are a very, very bad boy. You are too bad for this family and ought to be taken away. You are a disgrace; you are a son-of-a-gun."

That was enough for the mother. Soon there was a bugging match, and soon she was assured that he was none of the things he had been calling himself. Still, it took some time to convince him.—Although Buppah.

Much weed cutting has been, and is being done, in town of late. It is needed in a number of other places, but we will not say much on the subject just yet, as the Informer premises is one of the places. As soon as we "rest up from our vacation" we expect to get busy.

Construction of the J. R. Kirkpatrick residence, to replace the one recently destroyed by fire, is going forward rapidly. It is going to be a very handsome home.

J. S. Beach has returned from a two weeks stay at Wichita Falls and other points down in Texas.

W. A. Armstrong has made extensive improvements in his bakery and restaurant the past week. He has made the place sanitary and clean, and brightened it up considerably. For which he is to be commended.

J. T. Alley of Giles is in the Adair Hospital at Clarendon, receiving treatment for a fractured hip which he sustained recently when he fell off of a haystack.

Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Hornaby have returned from a stay of several months in Crystal City. We are glad to have them back with us.



### Paint your house with

THE above picture shows that one gallon of SWP house paint covers 360 square feet of surface, two coats. Ordinary paint covers from 200 to 250 square feet. That is the first saving. SWP, though heavy-bodied, flows easily and evenly, thus cutting down the time required to apply it. That is the second saving. SWP outlasts two or three paintings with ordinary paint, saving the cost of materials for repainting and also saving the labor cost which is about 75 per cent of the total expense.

**SWP**

In buying paint it's the area a gallon covers, not the cost per gallon, that determines its economy. We carry a complete line of SWP. If you plan to paint your house, let us help you.

**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS**

**Thompson Bros. Co.**  
HARDWARE AND FURNITURE



25th. Pat.

### Stock and Poultry Foods

We keep on hand a supply of the best to be had. If your 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

### 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.**

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

Jacob Rockwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rockwell, of Amarillo, is spending the week with J. N. and Rex Kendall.

Miss Billy Easley, from Seymour, is here visiting Misses Vada Hicks and Myrtle Reeves.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hodge of Childress visited the O. A. Hicks family the past week. These two families are old time Comanche county friends.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lovelace died the past week and was buried in Rowe cemetery. We extend to them our sincere sympathy.

The Hedley Baseball Team defeated the fast Lakeview club in a good game here last Saturday, 7 to 0. The boys are now at Quannah for three games with that club. Van Boone, Lester Muncie and Penn Dishman took the boys down there, and will put in their spare time fishing at Damsite.

Miss Rose Couch, the popular Primary teacher here last year, visited at the R. H. Jones home from Friday to Sunday. She will teach the coming school term at Wellington.

O. D. Dyer, of the firm of W. B. Dyer & Sons, Boot and Shoe makers, Memphis, was a pleasant visitor at the Informer office this morning. Their ad will appear in this paper next week. They are good people and real experts in their line of work.

W. H. Moreman of this city has purchased Parsons' Meat market at Clarendon, and J. R. Cox, formerly of Hedley, has bought the Watts Furniture Store in that city.

Rev. J. R. Henson, presiding elder of the Clarendon District, M. E. Church South, held his third quarterly meeting in Hedley last Sunday, preaching at both morning and evening services.

Miss Grace Kendall of Clarendon spent last week with her aunt, Mrs. Frank Kendall, returning home Tuesday of this week. Miss Frances Kendall accompanied her home for a few days visit.

Mrs. W. T. White visited at Wellington the past week with her daughter, Mrs. S. A. McCarroll.

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

### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, a divine and all wise Providence has called from our midst on the 5th day of July, 1921, Bro J. K. P. Kyser, who for the past eight years has been a member of Hedley Lodge I O O. F. No. 800, and transplanted him to the realms beyond,

Therefore, be it resolved, That in the passing of Bro Kyser this Lodge has lost a true and loyal friend, that the community is bereft of an honorable Christian citizen, that his family ties have been broken and his friendly admonitions ceased,

Therefore, be it resolved, That we submissively bow to the will of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well, and shall ever strive like our deceased Brother Kyser to be ready when our summons shall come

Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minute book, and also a copy be presented to the bereaved family.

Respectfully submitted,  
Frank Kendall,  
T. F. Heath,  
M. L. Sims,  
Resolution Committee.

Members of the Adamson Lane Post American Legion entertained their wives and young lady friends last Friday with an outing on the McDougal place, south of town. Amusements of various sorts were enjoyed, and there was plenty of ice cream, lemonade and good things to eat. Everybody had a very fine time, a young lady guest informed the Informer.

C. O. Cooper had a letter from John Blankenship a day or two ago containing the good news that all the injured ones in the recent collision accident were able to be up and walk around except Mrs. Smith. We hope she, too, will be up soon. We learn that their doctor and hospital bill up to this time amounts to \$8,500. It was worth the money, all right, but that's a terrific doctor bill.

Mrs. J. W. Bond and Mrs. Clark Latimer were visitors in Memphis Tuesday.



### 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 surface. Very durable. Attractive colors. Call and see us about it.

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

## Curry Green Garage

Full line of Ford Parts.

United States and  
Racine Tires

Telephone 79

## 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.**