

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, AUGUST 12, 1921

NO. 33

Mrs. R. S. Smith has returned home from Ellis county. We are glad to learn that her sister, who has been very seriously ill, is improving.

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

ADVERTISING IN COUNTRY PAPERS

Small town merchants sometimes get the idea that the public knows pretty well what lines they carry, and they do not need to tell the people about what they have. "They all know we're here," said such a merchant the other day, "and if they want anything we've got, they'll come around for it."

But that is just what a lot of them won't do. The big sales of the mail order houses show that a lot of people have become interested by the advertising of the big city department stores, and they are sending off their money by every mail for goods that are kept right at home here in Hedley. After they have settled their express or postal charges, they have commonly paid more than they would pay the home merchant. In addition, they had to take the goods on faith, with no chance to examine them. But a lot of the folks keep doing it.

The only way to compete with advertising, is by advertising. And the country merchant can advertise with much less waste than the big business can. The big concern sends out many catalogs that are thrown away and never produce an order. But the country merchant can feel pretty sure that his hometown newspaper is read through from the first column on page one to the last column on the back page.

If he puts in some new information about his goods, it will be seen and read all over his territory. People have long since become accustomed to reading newspapers—advertisements, as well as news matter—and are always anxious for information about local conditions and local business.

Any merchant who has a live line of goods can sell them in that way, because whatever he says will be read and thoughtfully considered. He will seem ten times more wide awake if his notice appears every week in his home paper. And he will not merely draw in trade that has been going to mail order houses, but he will get a lot that has been traveling to other towns.

When your old Hat gets dirty, see Clarke, the Tailor, about it Hedley Tailor Shop, Phone 77.

ASHER WILL NOT APPEAL

J. H. Asher, former Amarillo policeman and Texas ranger, will not appeal the five year sentence he received in the Donley county term of district court last week, said B. G. Puntney, one of the attorneys who defended Asher. It was previously announced that an appeal would be taken. Because of the technical work being done by Asher in behalf of the state at the time of the shooting, it is said that strenuous efforts will be made to secure a pardon from Governor Neff. Friends of Asher say that Adjutant General Barton has been asked to present the case to the Governor.—Amarillo Daily News.

NOTICE

I am taking a vacation for two weeks. Will reopen about Aug 20th. Frank Kendall, the Saddle and Harness man. Subscribe for The Informer

QUAIL ORGANIZES A PHONE COMPANY

Progressive farmers of Quail community met at Wellington last Saturday and organized a company with a capital stock of \$2500 to promote a telephone exchange at Quail with a direct line extending from Wellington to Hedley, via Quail. The stock was fully subscribed and work will begin at once.

The following officers were elected: W. F. Haynie, president; F. C. Murray, vice president; John Davidson, secretary; James Piggram and K. A. Wood, directors.

The officers announced that they expected to have the company doing business by the first of September.

MRS. MYERS' FATHER DEAD

Capt. Robt. D. Barker, father of Mrs. Sharrette D. Myers of this city, died August 4th, at the age of 79 years, at his daughter's residence in Dayton, Ohio.

Many Hedley people will remember Capt. Barker and his wife, they having spent a year and a half here with Mrs. Myers. All of these friends will join us in extending sincere sympathy to Mrs. Myers and the other bereaved ones in their great loss.

GRAND JURY WANTS AUDIT

The grand jury for the July term of the Donley county District Court adjourned Thursday afternoon of last week. It found eight indictments, seven felonies and one misdemeanor.

The grand jury recommended that the Commissioners Court have an audit of the county finances, not because of any suspected irregularities, but simply that the taxpayers may know the exact condition of the county's affairs.

N. M. Hornsby attended to business in Clarendon Monday.

HOGS --- THE FARMER'S OPPORTUNITY

What one thing has made the farmer more money during the last six months than hogs?

What one thing has ever made the farmer more money—has paid off more mortgages—than hogs?

At this moment with an abundance of feed in the country (the corn crop last year was the greatest ever grown), what affords a greater opportunity for the farmer than hogs? Uncle Sam's census reports show 14 million less hogs than the government had estimated, and the estimates showed a decrease by several million head. With plenty of feed and a shortage of hogs there is just one real thing for the farmer to consider, and that is the quality of hogs that he will raise.

In these days of high priced help, and when the farmer takes pride in what he does—what he produces—there is only one answer to that question, and that is THE BIG BONE POLAND CHINA HOG.

"The Best is none too good" The opportunity will be yours NEXT THURSDAY, Aug 18 Think! Think!! Think!!! It is high time.

SILVER CREST FARM

Frank M. Clark, Hedley, Texas.

Mr. Joe Merritt and family, of Snyder, Okla., visited the past week at the home of his cousin, W. E. Luttrell.

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

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

Subscribe for The Informer.

YOU ARE ASSURED OF SATISFACTION

in every way, when buying goods from us. We appreciate your Grocery trade. Quality, service and moderate prices.

PAY CASH AND PAY LESS

Barnes & Hastings
CASH GROCERY CO.

FOR BREAKFAST!

FORTIFYING, CLARIFYING SATISFYING

...because its unvarying goodness always goes to the right spot.

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee and Tea

L. T. HULLUM
AGENT

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 Complete Line of Hardware, Implements Standard Brands

Household Furnishings
Everything for the Home

Leather Goods
A Complete Assortment

Queensware
Large and Varied Collection

Pathe Phonographs
and Records—The BEST

Moreman & Battle
Everything in Hardware and Furniture

Your Roosters PEN 'EM, OR SLAY 'EM!

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

Phone 93

R. S. Smith
The Produce Man

EVERY DOLLAR YOU PLACE IN A BANK

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

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

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

Guaranty State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

Member Federal Reserve System

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

MEN'S WEDDING RINGS.

THE Brooklyn Eagle, which reports most things accurately and well, published the news that in its city the use of wedding rings for men is gaining rapidly in popularity.

This is interesting and important if it means that men are coming to take the marriage ceremony and its vows more seriously and that the divorce rate is as a consequence to cease in its upward trend.

The wedding ring is a relic of savagery. It is probably a descendant of the metal bracelet and chain by which the earlier tribes of men assured themselves that their spouses would not wander away from the house domicile while the master of the house was away hunting.

Some more engaging wife, having convinced her husband of unquestionable fidelity, was rewarded by having the bracelet replaced by the ring and the chain done away with altogether.

The ring by itself showed that she was married. The absence of the chain said, "Here is an exceptionally fine wife." That flattered and pleased both parties.

But if the modern woman is expected to wear a wedding ring and advise her married position, what good reason is there why the husband should not be marked in an equally prominent manner and his limitations of freedom equally advertised?

An old custom of the marriage ceremony consisted of putting the wedding ring first on the thumb, then on the first finger, then on the second, speaking the names of the Trinity as the ceremony proceeded, and, finally, when it rested on the third finger, it was supposed to signify that next to her duties to God the wife recognized her duties to her husband.

Of course, it ought not to require a ring or any other form of emblem to make a man or a woman hold sacred the vows of the altar. If a thin band of gold or platinum is all that restrains either one of them from wandering, then the divorce court is not very far away.

To most women the wedding ring is a very sacred thing. It is the last thing that goes to the pawnshop when adversity demands its toll. Just how much it means to the men, who in accordance with the new custom will wear it, is a question that only a test will settle.

The question of divorce in this country is fast getting to be of such dimensions as to demand serious corrective attention.

In twenty years the number of divorces granted annually has increased from about 60,000 to 133,000 with a total in the twenty years of nearly two millions.

In Nevada there are almost as many divorces as there are marriages, but, since Nevada has been the resort of many citizens from other states seeking freedom from marital ties, it may be fairer to point to Oregon which

has only two and a half times as many marriages as divorces.

In six counties in four states the record shows 50 per cent more divorces than marriages.

The innocent parties to these disagreements are the children and in the past 20 years more than 1,300,000 sons and daughters of disagreeing parents have been involved in the court proceedings which followed the desire for separation.

In many states it has come to be easier to get divorced than it is to get married. Scarcely two states have divorce laws alike, and what is illegal in one state becomes perfectly all right so far as the statutes go the minute the imaginary line between it and another commonwealth is crossed.

Perhaps the custom of wedding rings for men will have a good effect on the bad record recited above.

Perhaps, on the other hand, the men will wear their badges of matrimony in their vest pockets whenever they think a more conspicuous display will interfere with an evening's little game than they would have at home.

But whatever means is necessary for the correction of present conditions should be determined and put into force.

Marriage should be made less of a farce and divorce less of a joke than present records show both to be.

The marriage relation is an important part of our civilization. It merits more attention and more perfection than it is at present receiving.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"POLTROON."

AT THE time of the drafts during the Civil war and the World war there were a few men who attempted to avoid compulsory military service by cutting off their trigger or first finger, arguing that this would prevent their being mustered into the army. On no less an authority than Archbishop Trench, a deep student of English, we find that a similar practice was responsible for the introduction into the language of the word "poltroon" as a synonym for arrogant coward.

"In olden times," states the archbishop, "a self-mutilation of this description was not infrequent on the part of some cowardly shirking fellow who wished to escape his share in the defense of his country. He would cut off his right thumb, become incapable of drawing a bow and thus useless for the wars. It was not to be wondered at that Englishmen should have looked with extreme disdain upon one who had so basely exempted himself from service nor that the Latin phrase 'pollice truncus'—'one deprived of his thumb'—later shortened to the two-syllabled 'poltroon,' should afterward have become a name of scorn affixed to every base and cowardly evader of the duties and dangers of life."

(Copyright.)

Action and Words.

"What we want is action instead of words."

"Not always," replied the umpire; "I much prefer a man who yells at me to one who throws a pop bottle."

SUMMER CAPES IN TWO ROLES



TWO summer wraps, with entirely different destinies to fulfill, bear one another company in the picture shown above. One of them is a necessity in the wardrobe, made of a soft wool material and designed to make itself generally useful. It is equal to many demands and much wear, and in addition to these sturdy qualities, it has graceful lines and elegance to recommend it. Like nearly all this season's wraps, it bears a strong resemblance to a cape—in fact, is a cape, having capelike sleeves set on, extended into points at the back that merge into the body of the garment. The collar is really another small cape. The collar and sleeves are decorated with embroidered motifs and the wrap is rich enough in appearance to hold its own in the company of such delectable comrades as the one pictured with it.

Paris presents the lovely wrap for evening wear which appears at the right of the two pictured. It is made of taffeta silk in vivid orange color and trimmed with ostrich tips in a deeper orange. The frock worn with it is of white taffeta, with a wide scalloped hem and it proclaims its kinship to the brilliant wrap by wearing its color in a sash of orange velvet of the same shade as the ostrich feather trimming.

Evening dresses of chiffon taffeta with capes to match are among the alluring new arrivals. They are the last word in beautiful colors, with bouffant skirts in the new length and voluminous capes that nearly cover them. The capes are lined with chiffon, usually in a contrasting color, and there is a gleam of this color through the thin silk, as in a cape of light blue with pale orange for the lining. Very fine platings of the silk are used in bands for trimming and in collars that have the appearance of a full ruche about the throat. These gay trappings are worn with hose and slippers to match them in color. They have no responsibilities other than to clothe beauty most beautifully.

For Daylight or Lamplight



SHIMMERING taffetas will rustle their way through this summer, in the broad light of day and under the evening lamps. Nothing in fabrics, however, triumphant in the world of fashion, outrivals this old-time favorite in silks which finds itself more alluring than ever in the colors, and tones of colors peculiar to the present season. For generations it has been a medium in which color—of whatever kind—has found its best expression, from the richest and glossiest blacks to the palest tints, and we are inclined to believe that it has reached the zenith of its beauty in this particular summer. Quite likely our grandmothers were convinced of the same thing.

In the two frocks for afternoon wear, pictured above, taffeta silk makes its oft-repeated appearance in deep, clear, glossy black, in the dress at the left. This blackest of blacks is accentuated by decorations of white ribbon and white stitching that stimulate beads, in the always-adapted brilliant black and white dress for midsummer. The narrow bands of

white ribbon down the front and on top of the sleeves are novel and are cleverly managed, slipping through slashes made in the silk. The same ribbon makes a border about the skirt at the head of a wide hem adorned with an embroidered design. White beads might be used instead of white silk for the decoration. The girle is made of a length of taffeta silk.

At the right a light blue and rose changeable taffeta, is made with a long tunic shirred to a plain bodice and worn over a narrow underskirt. Lace, dyed the same shade of blue as that in the silk, forms a border about the tunic with a narrow tuck at each side of it. A band of lace is set in the straight, three-quarter length sleeve also. The bodice reaches the nape of the neck in the back and opens in a short "V" at the front.

Jules Bottomley

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FROM REMOTEST PARTS OF GLOBE

Tanlac Elements Come From Many Lands Far Away From Here.

The ingredients from which the celebrated medicine Tanlac is made, come from remotest sections of the earth, and are transported thousands of miles over land and sea to the great Tanlac Laboratories at Dayton, Ohio, and Walkersville, Canada.

The Alps, Appennines, Pyrenees, Russian Asia, Brazil, West Indies, Rocky Mountains, Asia Minor, Persia, India, Mexico, Columbia and Peru are among the far away points from which the principal properties of this remarkable preparation are obtained.

What is said to be the largest pharmaceutical laboratory in the United States has been completed at Dayton, Ohio, for the manufacture of Tanlac, which, according to recent reports, is now having the largest sale of any medicine of its kind in the world, over 20,000,000 bottles having been sold in six years.

The new plant occupies 60,000 square feet of floor space and has a daily capacity of 50,000 bottles. Uniform quality is guaranteed by a series of careful inspections by expert chemists from the time the roots, herbs, barks and flowers are received in their rough state from all parts of the globe, until their medicinal properties have been extracted by the most approved processes. The finished medicine is then bottled, labeled and shipped out to tens of thousands of druggists throughout the United States and Canada, to supply a demand never before equaled by this or any other medicine.

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

One can't "live his own life" and do much business with the world.

SUFFERED ALL A WOMAN COULD

Mrs. Meyer Finally Found Relief and Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

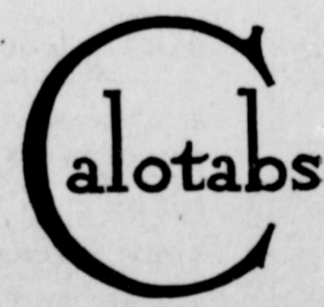
Orange, Cal.—"I always feel very grateful to you, as some twenty years ago three doctors said I had to have a serious operation. I had a tumor, and ulcers which would gather and break. I had displacement so badly that I could hardly sit down at times, and it seemed as if I suffered everything that a woman could suffer. Then some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it until I was cured and saved from the operation. I am told women of your wonderful medicine times without number, and I am willing that you should use these facts and my name if you like. I also used your Compound during the Change, and I can do all my own work but the heavy part, and can walk miles every day as I help my husband in the office."

—Mrs. J. H. Meyer, 412 South Orange St., Orange, California.

It is quite true that such troubles as Mrs. Meyer had may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource. On the other hand, a great many women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



The next time you buy calomel ask for



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

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
NOT ONLY FOR CHILLS AND FEVER BUT A FINE GENERAL TONIC.

ATTENTION FORD OWNERS. Eliminate carbon, give your motor more power, save gas with an Economy Steam and Hot Air Injector. Agents wanted, write for our offer. Economy Mfg. Co., 616 W. Monroe, Chicago.

126 MAMMOTH JACKS
Have a bargain for you, come quick. W. L. DeGLOU'S JACK FARM Cedar Rapids, Iowa

W. H. U., DALLAS, NO. 25-1921.

SCHOOL DAYS



Wandering Wishbones

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

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

By JESSIE ROBERTS

TRADE SCHOOLS.

LET your slogan be better and more trade schools for girls. There are far more trade schools for young men than for young women, yet it is becoming almost as usual for the girls of the family to earn their living as for the boys. Very few girls nowadays are satisfied with staying at home and going into society. They want to work at something; they want their independence. And they deserve training and proper opportunity.

Many women in the smaller towns are eager for training that will fit them to earn a living, and they cannot get it. This is all wrong, and it is up to us to get our schools. One girl I know wanted a course in photography, for which she had a strong leaning. She had to travel hundreds of miles and spend much money to get it. She could afford to do so and

she has now a good business back in the town from which she started. What is more, she is conducting a class in her specialty. But she believes that it would pay her town to run a vocational school for girls that would teach photography as well as many other vocations. And she is working for such a school.

It is a pity to force so many girls into the weary road of stenography simply because it is so often impossible to get the needed training in the hundreds of other vocations open to them. Let every town insist on its trade school. It will pay for itself a thousand times over.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

A life spent in brushing clothes and washing crockery and sweeping floors, a life which the proud of earth would have treated as the dust under their feet; a life spent at a clerk's desk, a life spent in a narrow shop, a life spent in the laborer's hut, may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown.—Canon Farrar.

ECONOMICAL DISHES.

ANYONE who can get to the fields to gather the delicious field mushrooms, has a luxury for which the wealthy pay a high price. If one learns a few varieties of the common mushroom and adheres strictly to that knowledge, never risking a doubtful one, there will be many delightful dishes which the family may enjoy, free of expense. Pounds of this wholesome food goes to waste each year because people either lack the knowledge of preparing and cooking it or

pass it by without a look. The simplest method of preparation is to peel the caps, cut up both stems and caps and saute in a little butter; when thoroughly cooked, add cream and serve on toast or as any creamed vegetable.

Chicken Jelly Salad.

Soften one-half teaspoonful of gelatin in four tablespoonfuls of water, add one cupful of chicken broth, very hot; stir until the gelatin is well dissolved, add salt, pepper, onion juice and celery salt and chill for a short time. Add part of this gelatin mixture to one cupful of finely minced cooked chicken. Set the mold in ice water, add two or three teaspoonfuls of the gelatin mixture, then decorate the mold with capers, slices of olives, or figures cut from hard cooked egg or carrots; add a few drops of the gelatin to hold the decorations in place then add more broth; when nearly set add a little of the chicken mixture then alternate layers of broth and chicken. Let each layer become firm before another is added. Serve turned from the molds with lettuce and French or mayonnaise dressing.

Smothered Califa's Liver.

Make 12 incisions in the upper surface of the liver with a sharp knife, having the cuts parallel. Insert bits of bacon in the cuts, sprinkle with salt, celery salt and dredge with flour; put three thin slices of bacon in a hot frying pan, put in the liver and brown the surface, turning frequently. Remove to a casserole, add five slices of carrot, half an onion, two sprigs of parsley, 12 peppercorns, two cloves and two cupfuls of boiling water. Cover closely and cook in a moderate oven an hour and a quarter, basting every 15 minutes. Remove the liver to a hot platter, reduce the liquid to one-half and strain over the meat. Surround with canned, freshly cooked string beans well seasoned with butter, pepper and a dash of vinegar and salt.

Nellie Maxwell
(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The kind night puts the world to bed And smooths away its scars And sings it lullabies with winds And kisses it with stars.



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 20

R. H. BEVILLE

Attorney at Law
General Practice

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

Clarendon, Texas

GEO. A. RYAN

Real Estate, Loans
and Insurance

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

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

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

meets each Sunday afternoon at
8:30 at First Christian Church.

Subject for Aug. 14: True Tem-
perance in Heart and Life.

Leader, Miss Ruth Coffey.

Song No. 222.

Song No. 163.

Scripture lesson, I Thes. 5:4-11
by Miss Velma Newman.

Prayer by Otis Alexander.

Song No. 6.

What Does True Temperance
Include?—Bro. Edwards.

Why Must True Temperance
Begin in the Heart?—Mary Pope
Walker.

How Can We Be Temperate in
Our Daily Life?—Walker Chap-
man.

Song No. 211.

How May We Gain Mastery
Over Our Appetites?—Miss Ila
Pool.

How does Moderation in Speech
Imply Self Control?—by Cecil
Thomas.

What Advantage Has the Tem-
perate over the Intemperate In-
dividual?—Rushton Hankins.

General discussion of Modern
Evils.

Solo—Robert Watkins.

Song No. 281.

Benediction.

Miss Gladys Sneddy, of Ben-
jamin, arrived Sunday night for
a visit to her friend, Miss Ruth
Coffey.

Messrs Jno. T. Robinson, A.
Dunbar, J. C. Adrian, and Mose
and Jess Kennimer, all of Gold-
en, Wood county, have been vis-
iting at the S. J. Ayer home the
past week.

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

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Watts and
daughter, of Clarendon, were
Hedley visitors for a short while
Monday afternoon.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS

The State of Texas,
County of Donley.

To those indebted to, or hold-
ing 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 Don-
ley 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 set-
tlement, 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.

HEDLEY'S SCHOOL FACULTY COMPLETED

The complete faculty for the
1921-'22 session of the Hedley
Public Schools has been select-
ed by the Board of Trustees, and
everything will soon be in read-
iness for the opening of the term
early in September.

The Board has been unusually
active this summer in an effort
to secure the best available tal-
ent on the faculty for the coming
year, and according to the infor-
mation that comes to us, these
efforts have been amply reward-
ed. Which is good news to all
the school's patrons and well
wishers.

Now, it's up to every citizen of
the school district to get in line
and co operate with the Faculty
and Trustees to the end that we
may have the best year's school
in Hedley's history. Our school
can get A1 classification—second
to none in the State—if we want
it so; and that with little trouble
or expense. Let's put it where
it belongs.

Following is the personnel of
the Faculty:

W. D. Biggers, Supt.

High School: Prof. Jackson, of
Nocona, Principal; Miss Willie
Merle Trapp, of Memphis; Miss
Monnie Kannady, of Panhandle.

Grades: Miss Ruth Coffey, of
Hedley; Miss Naomi Allison, of
Clarendon; Miss Alma Anderson,
of McLean; Mrs. Alva Simmons,
of Hedley; Miss Blanche Temple,
of Memphis.

Primary: Miss Gladys Sneddy,
of Benjamin; Miss Margaret
Hightower, of Hedley, assistant.

Elmer Davis was in town sev-
eral days the past week, bright-
ening up the B. W. Moreman
house, occupied by Mr. and Mrs.
P. V. Dishman, in west Hedley.
It was treated to two new coats
of paint, which adds much to its
attractiveness.

Miss Ruth Coffey returned last
Friday from a few days visit to
friends in Claude.

A letter, with a subscription
check enclosed, comes from the
J. B. Kings at Santa Ana, Calif.
Mrs. King does the writing (J.
B. probably being out on the
beach turning somersets or lis-
tening to the wild waves) and
says they like California real
well, the climate being wonder-
ful. She admits, however, that
they occasionally get homesick
for Hedley, and is kind enough
to say that they couldn't get
along without The Informer.
Thank you.

Miss Ruth Surer, after a very
pleasant visit with Miss Lola
Kinsey, left Monday evening for
her home at Olustee, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Adamson
are in Colorado, visiting with a
daughter.

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

A. M. Sarvis, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas

Phone 45

MONEY MONEY

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

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.

DRY GOODS Clothing, Etc.

LOW PRICES AND
HIGH QUALITY

DON'T GET THE IDEA THAT
we never have any bargains to of-
fer you only when we "put on a
special sale." That's a big mis-
take. 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 mate-
rials. 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

Back Giving Out?

Is a constant headache spoiling your summer? Do sharp pains stab you at every sudden move? Are you so tired and downhearted you can hardly keep going? Likely your kidneys have slowed up, causing an accumulation of poisons that will kidneys would have filtered off. Is it any wonder you feel so tired and depressed and have headaches, dizzy spells and annoying bladder irregularities? Use **Doan's Kidney Pills**. Doan's have helped thousands. Ask your neighbor.

A Texas Case
Mrs. J. B. Riggins, 1022 Travis St., Wichita Falls, Tex., says: "Two months ago my back was so lame and sore I could hardly get up or down. There was a bearing down pain across the small of my back. Often I would become dizzy and would have headaches. My kidneys became weak. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of this attack and put me in fine shape."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
The Infant and Children's Favorite
Children grow healthy and free from colic, diarrhoea, flatulency, constipation and other trouble if given this soothing syrup. Safe, pleasant—always brings remarkable and gratifying results.
At All Drugstores

ECZEMA
Don't neglect Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm or any other skin trouble and let it get to be a serious matter. Stop it with **Gottlieb's Blue Star Remedy**, which disinfects, soothes and heals. Eczema, scalds, stings, insect bites, etc. Manufactured by The Star Products Co., Cameron, Texas. Sold under guarantee.

Cuticura Soap
Complexions Are Healthy
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

VICTIMS RESCUED
Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Head the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES
The world's standard remedy for these disorders will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Oriet Pomade Grows Hair
When you have tried all others—don't get disappointed—give a THOUGHT to ORIENT POMADE. It GROWS hair—stops falling hair in a few applications. \$2 per bottle. To prove my statement you may have a trial size to last a month for 25 cents. Ask Arthur Lincoln, 33 West 33rd Street, New York. He was bald over 25 years. Oriet is growing his hair. Order NOW. P. L. Diver, 4 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.

Allen's Foot-Ease
The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet
Takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, Sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.
Over 1,000,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.
Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

What to Take for SICK HEADACHE
Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. A few doses restore your organs to their proper functions and the Headache and the causes of it pass away. In the same manner they regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation.

DODSON KILLING USE OF CALOMEL

Says Drug Is Mercury and Acts Like Dynamite on Your Liver.

Dodson is making a hard fight against calomel in the South. Every druggist has noticed a great falling off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason, Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place. "Calomel is dangerous and people know it, while Dodson's Liver Tone is perfectly safe and gives better results," said a prominent local druggist. Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist. A large bottle costs but a few cents, and if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, you have only to ask for your money back. Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine; no biliousness, sick headache, acid stomach or constipated bowels. It doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience all the next day like violent calomel. Take a dose of calomel today and tomorrow you will feel weak, sick and nauseated. Don't lose a day's work! Take Dodson's Liver Tone instead and feel fine, full of vigor and ambition.—Adv.

A Conservationist.
Mother—"Willie, have you no manners?" Willie—"Well, if I waste 'em now I won't have any when company comes."

ASPIRIN
Name "Bayer" on Genuine


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

Why Druggists Recommend SWAMP-ROOT
For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do. Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends. Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

You Know the Kind.
"Edith is so vivacious and witty—especially when somebody else is singing."—Boston Transcript.

FARM LIVE STOCK

MUCH LOSS IN BEEF CATTLE

Average Price Per Head Dropped From \$44.22 in 1919 to \$31.41 in 1921—Hogs Also Drop.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Beef cattle on farms lost in average value per head from January 1, 1919, to January 1, 1921, all that they gained during the participation of the United States in the World War and more than half as much again, according to the bureau of crop estimates, United States Department of Agriculture. The loss occurred mostly in 1920. This has been established beyond doubt by the recent annual investigation of prices of farm animals per head made by the bureau. The average price per head, all ages, of cattle other than milk cows was \$35.92 in 1917, \$44.22 in 1919, and \$31.41 in 1921. On January 1, last year, the farm price was \$4.51 below that of 1917, some months before this country declared war.

In the case of swine on farms, the average price per head, all ages, declined in the two years 1919 and 1920, 88 per cent of the gain in 1917 and 1918, and two-thirds of the decline was in 1920.

From 1916 to 1919, the average farm value of the product of corn per acre increased from \$21.67 to \$38.54. The corn crop of 1920, taking the average value of the product of one acre, fell to \$20.93, and this drop not only wiped out the gain of the preceding three years but perceptibly exceeded it. The



Cattle on a Southern Range.

commonly used percentage of decline since the break in price began, fails to discover this fact, because a percentage of decline from a higher number is not comparable with a percentage of gain during the preceding years, which is based on a comparatively low number.

FARM DOG IS ALSO PUREBRED
Ohio Farmer Keeps Registered Cattle and Hogs—Poultry Entirely of Pure Breeding.

Of 95 head of live stock on an Ohio farm, 90 are purebred, according to the owner, who is co-operating with the United States Department of Agriculture in the better-sires movement. His statement of the pure breeding is verified by two other live stock owners.

A registered Aberdeen-Angus bull and a registered Duroc-Jersey boar are kept. One grade Angus cow and four crossbred mares are the only stock not purebred. The poultry are entirely Bred Plymouth Rocks of pure breeding. The farm dog, a beagle, is also purebred.

TREES THRIVE IN ODD LAND
Hillside, Corners and Waste Strips Can Be Made Quite Useful in Growing Timber.

By planting hillside, odd corners on the farm where a road or railroad has cut it off and places where erosion has been had, a good return on such an investment can be gotten. If land is subject to overflow cottonwood will grow and it will in a short time furnish desirable rough lumber. Soft woods make excellent fence posts when treated with creosote and have been found to last over ten years which makes them desirable from the standpoint of cost.

SUMMER ATTENTION TO HOGS
Foundation Laid at This Time to Begin Things Necessary for Cheap Production of Pork.

You may think that your hog crop needs the least of your thought and attention during the summer months, but it would pay many pork producers immensely to give deeper thought to this summer handling of the herd than they do, for at this time can easily be laid the foundation of successful avoidance of many troubles as well as to begin some things necessary for cheap pork production.

SUPERIORITY OF SUGAR BEET
Authoritative Reports and Opinions on Feeding Value of By-Products for Live Stock.

There is now available a considerable library of authoritative reports and opinions on live stock feeding with sugar beet by-products. Experiments extending over a term of years have been conducted, showing the comparative superiority of these feeds.

Home Town Helps

NEVER FORGET "HOME TOWN"

However Humble, Sentiment Enhances Spots in the Hearts of Its Sons and Daughters.

It isn't the fine buildings and the broad streets, the gorgeous homes and spacious gardens that count—it's the sentiment hovering around the spot that marks the "home town" as the best place on earth, writes Florence Webster Long in the Indianapolis Star. If this were not the case, only the big cities would count in the summing up of the earth's worthwhile places. And where is the cross-roads town that hasn't as many boosters as it has residents? Even the secluded homestead way off in a lonely corner of the backwoods looms up largely as the center of the universe. It's a sort of patriotism, it's a brand of native pride, and it's all mixed largely with sentiment without which life wouldn't be worth living anyway.

I can remember long ago visiting a school friend whose glowing accounts of her home had held out the glamor of a glorious prospect. I can see in memory that simple little home circle set amid the humdrum monotony of small village life, and my surprise as I contrasted it with my friend's tales. But now I know that the girl was simply describing things as they seemed to her, softened by distance, hallowed by sentiment, and tinged by the softening influence of a homesickness for the magic spot "home."

LAYING OUT FLOWER GARDEN
Even With Small Space, Much Can Be Accomplished in Making Effective Home Surroundings.

With a long narrow lot there is not much choice in the arrangement of borders and beds, but the effect will be more pleasing if the center is left in the grass, and have flower borders along the sides, while at the far end there might be a border of flowering shrubs, the shrubs starting in the corners of the side borders and running across the end of the lot, the shrub border being widest in the middle. By having a nice curve to this border which narrows down very much near the corners an effect will be obtained of recesses or alcoves, which will be more pleasing than if it were a straight line.

It is sometimes a good plan if it works in with the back of the house to have a strip of grass close to the house where the ground is raised above the main part of the lot, so one can sit there and look down on the garden, but if there is a back veranda it will answer. Instead of breaking the center of the garden up with paths, it would be better to have one leading from the house to each side border, and if a nice curve is given these will look pleasing.—Housewife.

Town-Planning Pays.
Town planning is the study and analysis of all the different activities which go to make up the complex organism of a city, the analysis of the city's establishment, its growth and its future demands, with the resultant laying out of plans, laws, regulations, etc., which will insofar as practicable, correct bad conditions, remove obstacles and will allow the future growth of all activities along well thought out and carefully studied lines, in such a way that each will bear proper relation to the other, function properly within itself and as a whole. Tersely, city planning is the means of bringing order out of chaos, and safeguarding the future from a recurrence of improper conditions.

Health of Trees.
Just as with folks, health is of the utmost importance in shade trees, and no agency is more potent in marring the appearance of these trees than insects, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. A defoliated or otherwise bedraggled shade tree is not only worse than none at all, but, as a result of insect injury, it is a menace to the health or life of similar trees in the neighborhood.

Ways of controlling most of the injurious shade-tree insects are told in Farmers' Bulletin 1169. Send for it.

City Planning in Los Angeles.
Los Angeles has a city planning commission of 51 members, appointed by the city council, who serve three years each, without compensation, 17 retiring each year. From this membership an executive committee of nine is appointed, one for the head of each of the eight divisions and one who acts as president of the commission and presiding officer of the executive committee.

Good Flowers to Plant.
The nine best annuals for planting may be listed as the snap-dragon, cosmos, calendula, cornflower, mignonette, aster, clarkia and petunia; while for the perennials Japanese iris, phlox, chrysanthemum, oriental poppies, larkspur, Canterbury bell, hollyhocks, peony and columbine are very satisfactory.

The Hunt for the Gold Thimble

By DORA MOLLAN

(Copyright, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Come in here, Frank," said Mrs. Isham to her son, as she opened the door of her private sitting-room, and when the young man had entered and closed the door the pretty little white-haired lady burst into tears.

Frank knelt beside her with scared eyes. What had happened to upset his calm mother? Something more than the vexations of departing servants or the perplexities of social entertainment. "What has happened, mother?" he asked.

She lifted her head and smiled at him through her tears. "I am so foolish to feel sad about it, but it was a gift from your father—and I thought the girl so charming—but you are a lawyer and ought to help me discover the truth!"

Frank smiled secretly at his mother's colossal faith in his wisdom, but he tried to look very solemn as he assured her that his wits were at her command.

"Bring on your problem," he cried, pulling forward a comfortable chair. "What has happened?"

"My gold thimble has disappeared—the one with the sapphires—I know you are going to make some joke about 'hunting the thimble,' but this is serious, dear, because it involves the girl."

"What girl?"

"Miss Lawson, that pretty child who comes in to read to me every day, and write my letters and keep my check book straight! She was showing me how to do a new kind of embroidery and I gave her my thimble to wear—I have not seen it since."

"When was that?"

"A week ago—and to made matters worse, the girl has not been here since that day. She has not telephoned to me and I cannot find her address, although I called up Teresa Bonny, who sent her to me."

"It looks very strange, mother, but before we wrongfully accuse your little

secretary I will investigate the matter. Did you say that Mrs. Bonny recommended her?"

"Yes, Miss Lawson had been with her a year, but Teresa couldn't remember where she lived."

"Perhaps I may be able to trace her—I will start on it this afternoon—I was planning some golf but we must clear up this matter."

"I have searched the house thoroughly and questioned the servants closely, and I am mystified. I was very fond of Viola Lawson."

"Don't remember the girl, but here goes for a test of my superior knowledge, motherkins!"

He kissed her tenderly and went out to the speedy little car which stood at the curbstone. He called first on Mrs. Bonny, a large and rosy widow who insisted upon taking his call as a personal compliment to her charms. She was reluctant to talk about Viola Lawson.

"Your mother called me up about Viola," said Mrs. Bonny pettishly. "I cannot remember where the girl lived—somewhere over on the factory side of the town. She has had a superior education and evidently had known better days. I felt compelled to give the position to a penniless little cousin of mine and so I let Viola go to your mother. Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing serious," evaded Frank. "She hasn't been in for ten days and mother thought she might be ill."

"I'll ask the nursery governess, Hilda Nelson, and Teresa teetered out on her high-heeled pumps, looking like an animated satin-covered pin cushion. When she returned, she bore a card on which Miss Nelson, had scribbled a few lines. "Some number on Beaver street," remarked the widow as she gave it to Frank.

Presently Frank found himself in the little gray car threading a street of the little cottages, all built of flimsy materials and, in spite of their newness, bearing a look of instability. At the end of the street, a tiny old-fashioned house left over from another century was perched on a slope above

the others. Frank left his car below and walked up a narrow lane, through a garden of old-fashioned flowers, fruit trees, grape vines and White Leghorn chickens to a vine-lung front porch. Repeated ringing at the bell brought at last a neat little old lady who was so deaf that Frank could not make her understand his errand. At last a faint, sweet voice came from another room.

"Please come in here," it said; "Granny is deaf and cannot hear."

The young man opened the door into a delightful living room, where on a sagging old couch before the fire he found a girl, wan and big-eyed, with soft brown curls tumbling into her marvelous eyes. She was racked with a terrible cough, and before she could speak Granny gave her a spoonful of medicine. As the old lady put the cup back on the table she peered into it anxiously. "It's most gone, darling," she said in the unconsciously loud voice of the very deaf. "And where the next's coming from I—remembering Frank, she put a finger on her lip and hurried out of the room. The girl's face was suffused with blushes and there was a palpitating breath that Frank did not like. He told her his name.

"Oh, how kind of Mrs. Isham to send you—I could not get any message to her—Granny is feeble and we are not well known here—and I took a bad cold the day I was there last—I was showing your mother a new embroidery stitch, I remember."

"Have you a good doctor?" he asked abruptly.

"Granny is my doctor—she has home remedies—always helps me," the girl's voice died out as she fell asleep.

Frank went out into the kitchen and communicated with Granny by means of pencil and paper. He was so anxious about the sick girl that he quite forgot his original errand, and by the time he had telephoned for his own physician and a trained nurse, and brought a carload of necessities and luxuries to fill the empty larder, had ordered ice and fruit and flowers, it was dusk and he looked younger and happier than if he had played a round of golf. But there was latent anxiety in his eyes as he described the condition of the sick girl.

"I shall take her South with me as soon as she is able to go," declared his mother. "I am going down to Virginia soon and the change will do the child good—and, oh, Frank, I found my thimble!"

Frank stared.

"Right in my workbag, where the child had put it. There was a little hole in the lining and it slipped between the layers of silk, I shall look more thoroughly next time."

Frank smiled sheepishly. "Do you know mother," he confided, "I believe that when I hunted the thimble for you I discovered a wife for myself."

And Mrs. Isham gave Viola the gold thimble for an engagement present.

ARE ALL OF ROYAL BLOOD
Going Back a Thousand Years, Ancestors of at Least Three Races Were Monarchs.

Even allowing for numerous intermarriages of relatives it is highly probable that all people of English or French or German stock are descended from common ancestors of a thousand years ago.

A book has been published recently in which several of our Presidents, heads of universities and captains of industry and finance are shown to be descended from Charlemagne. This distinction is one which they share with probably more than half the citizens of this republic. Einhart, the contemporary biographer of Charlemagne, says that he had nine wives, besides many concubines, and although he was fond of his children he never knew how many he had. If it were possible to trace our genealogies far enough into the past and through all the ramifications it would be found that all of us are literally descendants of Alfred and Charlemagne and William the Conqueror and of any and every other person of one thousand years or more ago who left many descendants—including nonentities and worse; we hunt up our noble ancestors and forget others.—From "The Direction of Human Evolutions," by Edwin Grant Conklin.

Easy for "Flatfoots."
At last the flat foot is to come into its own.

In a new step which is being introduced on Broadway's dance floors the man with a "flatfoot" comes away with all the honors. The one step requires that the dancer push himself forward and his partner backward in a sort of gliding gait, in which the movements are executed after the fashion of a lame giraffe.

People without flat feet have a hard time conquering the new step, as the need of equilibrium is its supreme attribute.

Discriminating.
Recruit (late of the criminal bar)—I say, old top, do you believe in corporal punishment in the army?

Seasoned Soldier—Now, the corporals ain't a bad lot, but these dern sergeants ought to have sompin' comin' to 'em.—American Legion Weekly.

Not Important, Anyway.
"Have you a book called the 'Iliad,' written by a man named Homer? I've forgotten his initials."

"Yes, ma'am," said the tactful book-dealer. "Do you know, ma'am, it's quite a coincidence. I've forgotten his initials, too."

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The Wreckers

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

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, Malsie 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 kidnapping, their object being to keep Chadwick from attending a meeting of directors to reorganize the Pioneer Short Line, which would jeopardize their interests. To curb the monopoly controlled by Hatch and Henckel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms the citizens' Storage and Warehouse company. He begins to manifest a deep interest in Sheila Macrae. Dodds learns that Sheila is married, but living apart from her husband. Norcross does not know this. The Boss disappears; report has it that he has resigned and gone east. Jimmy turns deathly pale. He has been kidnapped 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. Jimmy 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.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

It was up to me to move again. Henckel was striking matches and holding them so that Clannahan could look under the cars, and I could feel, in anticipation, the shock of a bullet from the big gun in the divekeeper's fat fist as I crawled cautiously out on the far side. Creeping along behind the string of coal cars I came presently to the great gantry crane used for unloading the fuel. It was a huge traveling machine, straddling the tracks and a good part of the yard, and the clam-shell grab-bucket was down, resting on its two lips on the ground.

At first I thought of climbing to the frame-work of the crane and trying to hide on the big bridge beam. Then I saw that the two halves of the clam-shell bucket were slightly open, just wide enough to let me squeeze in. If they were looking for a full-sized man—Tarbell, for instance, who was as husky as a farm-hand—they'd never think of that crack in the bucket; and in another second I had wriggled through the V-shaped opening and was sitting clamped up in one of the halves of the clam-shell.

That was a mighty good guess. When Hatch came back with his gun, they combed that coal yard with a fine-tooth comb, using a lantern that Hatch had gotten from somewhere and missing no hole or corner where a man might hide, save and excepting only the one I had pre-empted.

As it happened, the search wound up finally under the crane, with the three standing so near that I could have reached out of the crack between the bucket halves and touched them. "Der tyffel has gone mit himself oder der fence, yes?" puffed Henckel. And then: "Vot for iss he shoot off dem pistols, ennhaw?"

Clannahan confessed, I suppose because he knew he would have to, sooner or later. "It was a hold-up," he growled. "Th' warrant's gone out av my pocket."

Hatch's comment on this was fairly blood-curdling in its profanity.

"Then it's up to you to get him some other way, you blundering son of a thief!" he raged. "I don't care what you do, but if you don't make this country too hot to hold him, it's going to get too hot to hold you!" And what more he was going to say, I don't know, for at that moment a belated police patrol began pounding at the gates on the town side and wanting to know what all the shooting was about.

It was after they had all gone away, leaving the big coal yard in silence and darkness, that I got mine, good and hard. Sitting all bunched up in the grab-bucket and waiting for my chance to climb out and make a getaway, the common sense reaction came and saw what I had done. With the best intentions in the world, in trying to kill off the chance offered to the enemy by the Oregon warrant and the trumped-up charge of murder, I had merely saved the boss an arrest and a possible legal tangle and had put him in peril of his life.

CHAPTER X

The Man at the Window

Of course, the first thing I did, the morning after that adventure in the coal yard, was to tell the boss all about it, and I was just foxy enough to do it when Mr. Ripley was present. Mr. Norcross didn't say much; and, for that matter, neither did the lawyer, though he did ask the boss a question or two about the real facts in the Midland right-of-way squabble. But I noticed, after that, that our man Tarbell was continually turning up at all sorts of times, and in all sorts of odd places, so I took it that Ripley had given him his tip, and that he was sort of body-guarding Mr. Norcross on the quiet, though I am sure the boss didn't know anything about that part of it—he was such a square fighter himself that he probably wouldn't have stood for it if he had.

Meanwhile, things grew warmer and warmer in the tussle we were making to pull the old Short Line out of the mud; warmer in a number of ways, because, in addition to the fight for the public confidence, we began just

then to have a perfect epidemic of wrecks.

The boss turned the material trouble over to Mr. Van Britt and devoted himself pretty strictly to the public side of things. Everywhere, and on every occasion—at dinners at the different chambers of commerce, and public banquets given to this, that, or the other visiting big-wig—he was always ready to get on his feet and tell the people that the true prosperity of the country carried with it the prosperity of the railroads; that the two things were one and inseparable; and that, when it came right down to basic facts, the railroads were really a part of the progress machinery of the country at large and should be regarded, not as alien tax-collectors, but as contributors to the general prosperity and welfare.

By this time, also, Red Tower Consolidated was beginning to find out what it meant to have active competition. The C. S. & W. people were hammering their new plants into working shape, and they were getting the patronage, both of the producers and consumers, hand over fist. Track facilities and yard service were granted freely; and while no discrimination was permitted as against the Red Tower people, the friendly attitude of the road counted for something, as it was bound to.

During those few pre-election weeks the New York end of us seemed to have petered out completely. We heard nothing more from President Dunton, worse than an occasional wire complaint about the number of wrecks we were having, though the stock was still going down, point by point, and, so far as a man up a tree could see, we were making no attempt to show net earnings—were turning all our money into betterments as fast as it came in. I knew that couldn't go on. Without a flurry of some sort, the New Yorkers would never be able to break even, to say nothing of a profit, and I looked every day for a howl that would tear things straight up the back.

While all these threads were weaving along, I'm sorry to say that I hadn't yet drummed up the courage



I Had Butted In With a Telegram.

to tell the boss the truth about Mrs. Sheila. He kept on going to the major's every chance he had, and Malsie Ann was making life miserable for me because I hadn't told him—calling me a coward and everything under the sun. I told her to tell him herself, and she retorted that I knew she couldn't; that it was my job and nobody else's. We fussed over it a lot; and because I most always contrived some excuse to chase out to the Kendrick house at the boss' heels—merely to help Tarbell keep cases on him—there were plenty of chances for the fusing.

It was on one of these chasing trips to "Kenwood" that the roof fell in. The major had gone out somewhere—to the theater, I guess—taking his wife and Malsie Ann, and the boss and Mrs. Sheila were sitting together in the major's den, with a little coal

blaze in the basket grate because the

nights were beginning to get a bit chilly. I had butted in with a telegram—which might just as well have stood over until the next morning, if you want to know. After I had delivered it, Mrs. Sheila gave me that funny little laugh of hers and told me to go hunt in the pantry and see if I could find a piece of pie, and the boss added that if I'd wait, he'd go back to town with me pretty soon.

I found the pie, and ate it in the dining-room, making noise enough about it so that they could know I was there if they wanted to. But they went right on talking, and paid no attention to me.

"Do you know, Sheila,"—they had long since got past the "Mr." and "Mrs."—"you've been the greatest possible help to me in this rough-house, all the way along," the boss was saying. "You have held me up to the rack, time and again, when I have been ready to throw it all up and let go. Why have you done it?"

I heard the little laugh again, and she said: "It is worth something to have a friend. Odd as it may seem, Graham, I have been singularly poverty-stricken in that respect. And I have wanted to see you succeed. Though you are still calling it merely a 'business deal,' it is really a mission, you know, crammed full of good things to a struggling world. If you do succeed—and I am sure you are going to—you will leave this community, and hundreds of others, vastly the better for what you are doing and demonstrating."

"But that is a man's point of view," the boss persisted. "How do you get it? You are all woman, you know; and your mixing and mingling—at least, since I have known you—has all been purely social. How do you get the big overlook?"

"I don't know. I was foolish and frivolous once, like most young girls, I suppose. But we all grow older; and we ought to grow wiser. Besides, the woman has the advantage of the man in one respect; she has time to think and plan and reason things out as a busy man can't have. Your problem has seemed very simple to me, from the very beginning. It asked for a strong man and an honest one. You were to take charge of a piece of property that had been abused and knocked about and used as a means of extortion and oppression, and you were to make it good."

"Again, that is a man's point of view."

"Oh, no," she protested quickly. "There is no sex in ethics. Women are the natural house-cleaners, perhaps, but that isn't saying that a man can't be one, too, if he wants to be."

At this, the boss got up and began to tramp up and down the room; I could hear him. I knew she'd been having the biggest kind of a job to keep him shut up in this sort of abstract corral, when all the time he was loving her fit to kill, but apparently she had been doing it, successfully. There wasn't the faintest breath of sentiment in the air; not the slightest whiff. When she began again, I could somehow feel that she was just in time to prevent his breaking out into all sorts of love-making.

"The time has come, now, when you must take another leaf out of my book," she said, with just the proper little cooling tang in her voice. "Up to the present you have been hammering your way to the end like a strong man, and that was right. But you have been more or less reckless—and that isn't right or fair or just to a lot of other people."

The tramping stopped and I heard him say: "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that matters have come to such a pass now that you can't afford to take any risks—personal risks. If the plan the enemy is trying doesn't work, it will try another and a more desperate one."

"You've been talking to Ripley," he laughed. "Ripley wants me to become a gun-toter and provide myself with a body-guard. I'd look well, wouldn't I? But what do you mean by 'the plan the enemy is now trying?'"

She hesitated a little, and then said: "I shall make no charges, because I have no proof. But I read the newspapers, and Mr. Van Britt tells me something, now and then. You are having a terrible lot of wrecks."

"That is merely bad luck," he rejoined easily.

"Rashness is no part of true courage," she interposed, calmly. "As a private individual you might say that your life is your own, and that you have a perfect right to risk it as you please. But as the general manager of the railroad, with a lot of your friends holding office under you, you can't say that. Besides, you are fighting for a cause, and that cause will stand or fall with you."

"You ought to be a member of this new reform legislature that some of our good friends think is coming up the pike," he chuckled; but she ignored the good-natured gibe and made him listen.

"I was visiting a day or two at the capital last week, and there are influences at work that you don't know about. If the opposition can't make

your administration a failure, it won't hesitate to get rid of you in the easiest way that offers."

There was silence in the major's den for a minute or so, and then the boss said:

"As usual, you know more than you are willing to tell me."

"Perhaps not," was the prompt answer. "Perhaps I am only the on-looker—who can usually see things rather better than the persons actually involved. Hitherto I have urged you to be bold, and then again to be bold. Now I am begging you to be prudent."

"In what way?"

"Careful for yourself. For example; you walked out here this evening; don't do it any more. Come in a taxi—and don't come alone."

I couldn't see his frown of disagreement, but I knew well enough it was there.

"There spoke the woman in you," he said. "If I should show the white feather that way, they'd have some excuse for potting me."

There was a silence again, and I got up quietly and crossed the dining-room to the big recessed window where I stood looking out into the darkness of the tree-shaded lawn. It was pretty evident that Mrs. Sheila knew a heap more than she was telling the boss. Just as he had said, and I couldn't help wondering how she came to know it. What she said about the increased number of wrecks looked like a pointer. Was she in touch with the enemy in some way?

Then my mind went back in a flash to what Malsie Ann had told me. Was the husband who ought to be dead, and



I Saw That He Had a Pistol in His Hand.

wasn't mixed up in it in any way? Could it be possible that he was one of those who were in the fight on the other side, and that she was still keeping in touch with him?

Pretty soon I heard the murmur of their voices again, but now I was so far away from the bamboo-screened door that I couldn't hear what they were saying. I wished they would break it off so the boss could go. It was getting late, and there had been enough said to make me wish we were both safely back in the hotel. It's that way sometimes, you know, in spite of all you can do. You hear a talk, and you can't help reading between the lines. I knew, as well as I knew that I was alive, that Mrs. Sheila meant more than she had said; perhaps more than she had dared to say.

It was while I was standing there in the big window that I saw the man on the lawn. At first I thought it was Tarbell, who was never very far out of reach when the boss was running loose. But the next minute I saw I was mistaken. The man under the trees had on a long traveling coat that came nearly to his heels, and his cap was the kind that has two visors, one in front and the other behind.

Realizing that it wasn't Tarbell, I stood perfectly still. The house was lighted with gas, and the dining-room chandelier had been turned down, so there was a chance that the skulker under the trees wouldn't see me standing in the corner of the box window. To make it surer, I edged away until the curtain hid me. I was just in time.

The man had crept out of his hiding-place and was coming up to the window on the outside. As he passed through the dim beam of light thrown by the turned-down chandelier, I saw that he had a pistol in his hand, or a weapon of some kind; anyway, I caught the glint of the gas-light on dull steel.

That stirred me up good and plenty. I still had the gun I had taken out of Fred May's drawer; I had carried it ever since the night when it had mightily nearly got me killed off in the Red Tower coal yard. I fished it out and made ready, thinking, of course, that the skulker must certainly be one of Clannahan's gunmen. I still had that idea when I felt, rather than saw, that the man was pulling himself up to the window so that he could take a look into the dining room.

The look satisfied him, apparently, for the next second I heard him drop among the bushes; and when I stood up and looked out again I could just make him out going around toward the back of the house. I knew the house like a book, and without making any noise about it I slipped through the butler's pantry and got a look out of a rear window. My man was there, and he was working his way sort of blindly around to the den side of the place.

I knew there was only one window in the major's den room, and that was nearly opposite the screened doorway. So I ducked back into the dining room and took a stand where I could see the one window through the door-curtain net-work of bamboo blinds. I was so excited that I caught only snatches of what Mrs. Sheila was saying to the boss, but the bits that I heard were a good deal to the point. "No, I mean it, Graham . . . it is as I told you at first . . . there is no standing room for either of us on that ground . . . and you must not come here again when you know that I am alone . . . No, Jimmie isn't enough!"

I wrenched the half-working ear-earrings aside and jammed it into my eyes, concentrating hard on the window at which I expected every second to see a man's face. If the man was a murderer, I thought I could beat him to it.

The suspense didn't last very long. A hand came up first to push the window vines aside. It was a white hand, long and slender, more like a woman's than a man's. Then against the glass I saw the face, and it gave me such a turn that I thought I must be going batty.

Instead of the ugly mug of one of Clannahan's gunmen, the haggard face framed in the window sash was a face that I had seen once—and only once—before; on a certain Sunday night in the Bullard when the loose-lipped mouth belonging to it had been babbling drunken curses at the night clerk. The man at the window was the dissipated young rouser who had been pointed out as the nephew of President Dunton.

CHAPTER XI

The Name on the Register

So long as I was holding on to the notion that the man outside was one of Clannahan's thugs, hanging around to do the boss a mischief, I thought I knew pretty well what I should do when it came to the pinch. Would I really have hauled off and shot a man in cold blood? That's a tough question, but I guess maybe I could have screwed myself up to the sticking point, as the fellow says, with a sure-enough gunman on the other side of that window—and the boss' life at stake. But when I saw that it was young Collingwood, that was a horse of another color.

What on earth was the president's nephew doing, prowling around Major Kendrick's house after eleven o'clock at night, lugging a pistol and peering into windows? I could see him quite plainly now. He had both hands on the sill and was trying to pull himself up so that he could see into the end of the room where the fireplace was.

Just for the moment, there wasn't any danger of a blow-up. Unless he should break the glass in the window, he couldn't get a line on either the boss or Mrs. Sheila—if that was what he was aiming to do. All the same, I kept him covered with the automatic, steadying it against the door-jamb.

While the strain was at its worst, with the man outside flattening his cheek against the window-pane to get the sidewise slant, I heard the boss get out of his chair and say: "I'm keeping you out of bed, as usual; look at that clock! I'll go and wake Jimmie, and we'll vanish."

Just as he spoke, two things happened: a taxi chugged up to the gate and stopped, and the man's face disappeared from the window. I heard a quick padding of feet as of somebody running, and the next minute came the rattle of a latch-key and voices in the hall to tell me that the major and his folks were getting home. I had barely time to pocket the pistol and to drop into a chair where I could pretend to be asleep, when I felt the boss' hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Jimmie," he said. "It's time we were moving along," and in a minute or two, after he had said good-night to the major and Mrs. Kendrick, we got out.

At the gate we found the taxi driver doing something to his motor. With the scare from which I was still shaking to make my legs wobble, I grabbed at the chance which our good angel was apparently holding for us.

"Let's ride," I suggested; and when we got into the cab, I saw a man stroll up from the shadow of the sidewalk cottonwoods and say something to the driver; something that got him an invitation to ride to town on the front seat with the cabby when the car was finally cranked and started. I had a sight of our extra fare's face when he climbed up and put his back to us, and I knew it was Tarbell. But Mr. Norcross didn't.

When we reached the Bullard the boss went right up to his rooms, but I had a little investigation to make, and I stayed in the lobby to put it over. On the open page of the hotel register, in the group of names written just after the arrival of our train from the West at 7:30, I found the signature that I was looking for, "Howard Collingwood, N. Y." Putting this and that together, I concluded that our young rouser had come in from the West—which was a bit puzzling, since it left the inference that he wasn't direct from New York.

Waiting for a good chance at the night clerk, I ventured a few questions. They were answered promptly enough. Young Mr. Collingwood had come in on the 7:30. But he had been in Portal City a week earlier, too, stopping over for a single day. Yes, he was alone, now, but he hadn't been on the other occasion. There was a man with him on the earlier stop-over, and he, also, registered from New York. The clerk didn't remem-

ber the other man's name, but he obligingly looked it up for me in the older register. It was Bullock, Henry Bullock.

I suppose it was up to me to go to bed. It was late enough, in all conscience, and nobody knew better than I did the early-rising, early-office-opening habits of Mr. Graham Norcross, G. M. Just the same, after I had marked that Mr. Collingwood's room-key was still in its box, I went over to a corner of the lobby and sat down, determined to keep my eyes open, if such a thing were humanly possible, until our rouser should show up.

Finally my patience, or whatever you care to call it, was rewarded. Just after the baggage porter had finished sing-songing his call for the night express westbound, my man came in on the run.

When he rushed over to the counter and began to talk fast to the night clerk, I wasn't very far behind him. He was telling the clerk to get his grips down from the room, adjectively quick. While the boy was gone for the grips, my man made a straight shoot for the bar, and when I next got a sight of him—from behind one of the big onyx-plated pillars of the bar-room colonnade—he was pouring neat liquor down his throat as if it were water and he on fire inside.

That was about all there was to it. By the time Collingwood got back to the clerk's counter, the boy was down with the bags. Collingwood looked up sort of nervously at the big clock, and paid his bill. And while the clerk was getting his change, he grabbed the pen out of the counter inkstand, and made out as if he was shading in a picture, or something, on the open register.

A half-minute later he was gone. When the taxi purred away I turned to the open register to see what our maniac had been drawing in it. What he had done was completely to obliterate his signature. He had scratched it over until the past master of all the hand-writing experts that ever lived couldn't have told what the name was.

It was while we were eating breakfast the next morning in the Bullard cafe—the boss and I—that we got our first news of the Petrolite wreck. The story was red-headlined in the Morning Herald—the Hatch-owned paper—and besides being played up good and strong in the news columns, there was an editorial to back the front-page scream.

At two o'clock in the morning a fast westbound freight had left the track in Petrolite Canyon, and before they could get the flagman out, a delayed eastbound passenger had collided with the ruins. There were no lives lost, but a number of people, including the engineer, the postal clerk and the baggageman on the passenger, were injured.

The editorial, commenting on the wire stuff, was sharply critical of the Short Line management. It hinted broadly that there had been no such thing as discipline on the road since Mr. Shaffer had left it; that the rank and file was running things pretty much as it pleased; and with this there was a dig at general managers who let old and time-tried department heads go to make room for their rich and incompetent college friends—which was meant to be a slap at Mr. Van Britt, our own mad only millionaire.

Unhappily, this fault-finding had a good bit to build on, in one way. As I have said, we were having operating troubles to beat the band. With the rank and file apparently doing its level best to help out in the new "public-be-pleased" program, it seemed as if we couldn't worry through a single week without smashing something.

Later, even the newspapers that were friendly to the Norcross management were beginning to comment on the epidemic of disasters, and nothing in the world but the boss' policy of taking all the editors into his confidence when they wanted to investigate kept the rising storm of criticism somewhere within bounds.

Mr. Norcross had read the paper before he handed it over to me, and afterward he hurried his breakfast a little. When he reached the office, Mr. Van Britt was waiting for the chief.

"We've got it in the neck once more," he gritted, flashing up his own copy of the Herald. "Did you read that editorial?"

"Never mind the newspaper talk. How bad is the trouble this time?"

"Pretty bad. The freight is practically a total loss; a good half of it is in the river. Kirgan says he can pick the freight engine up and rebuild it; but the passenger machine is a wreck."

"How did it happen?"

"It's like a good many of the others. Nobody seems to know. Brockman put the freight engine crew on the rack, and they say there was a small boulder on the track—that it rolled down the canyon slope just ahead of them as they were turning a curve. They struck it, and both men say that the engine knocked it off into the river apparently without hurting anything. But two seconds later the entire train left the track and piled up all over the right-of-way."

The boss was sitting back in his chair and making little rings on the desk blotter with the point of his letter-opener.

"Upton, these knock-outs have got to be stopped."

"Howard Collingwood, New York."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



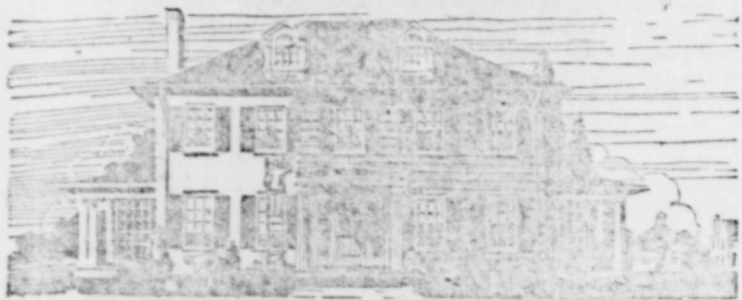
Close Call!

Every motorist recalls with shivers the last time he nearly had a serious accident. Suppose it had been a head-on collision, or the car had gone over the embankment! Accidents are possible.

Were you prepared to meet your God—*are you ready now?*

Churches do not try to scare people into accepting Christianity. Many a man thoughtlessly says he will begin to attend church next month. We invite you to come *this* Sunday.

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.



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THE HEDLEY INFORMER

ED C. BOLIVER
Publisher

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

The Informer, \$1.50 a year.

Entered as second class matter October 28, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Four issues make a newspaper month.

Advertising locals run and are charged for until ordered out, unless specific arrangements are made when he ad is brought in.

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

Notice of Application for Letters—Estate

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the notice in the County of Donley, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for the period of ten days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

NOTICE

The State of Texas.

To All Persons Interested in the Estate of M. F. Gray, will take due notice that J. L. Gray has filed in the County Court of Donley County an application for the probate of the Last Will and Testament of M. F. Gray, and for appointment as executor of same, which will be heard at the court house thereof, in the town of Clarendon, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said estate of M. F. Gray may appear and contest said application, if they see proper.

Herein fail not, under penalty of the law, and of this Writ make due return.

Given under my hand and seal of office, in the town of Clarendon, Texas, the 6th day of August, A. D. 1921.

Attest: W. E. Bray,
Clerk County Court.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Donley.

By virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Donley County, Texas, on the 10th day of August, A. D. 1921, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of E. B. Johnson vs. John Monroe Mashburn, et al. No. 1147 on the docket of said Court, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the First Tuesday in September, A. D. 1921, it being the 6th day of said month, before the court house door of said Donley County, in the city of Clarendon, Texas, the following described property, to wit:

Parts of Sections Nos. 24 and 25, in Block C 2, containing 266 acres, and more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a bois d'arc post set for northeast corner of the townsite of Jericho, as the same is platted, and being on the south side of the right of way of the C. R. I. & G. Ry. Co., 100 ft. from the center of the track, in Section 24, Block C 2;

Thence south with the east line of said town plat 140 yds. to a corner;

Thence east 108 yds. for a corner;

Thence south 150 yds. to north line of public road leading from Jericho to Alanreed;

Thence east with the north

line of said road 2005 yds. to the west line of Rockwall County School Land;

Thence north with the west line of said Rockwall County School Land survey 708 yds. to the south line of right of way of said railway.

Thence west with said right of way to the place of beginning, and being the same land conveyed by J. H. Altizer and wife to Kathryn Pyron by deed of record, in Vol. 24, page 509, of the Deed Records of Donley County, Texas, to which reference is here made for purposes of description;

Levied on on this the 10th day of August, A. D. 1921, as the property of the defendants, John Monroe Mashburn, Ruby May Mashburn, and J. M. Burt, and in obedience to the command of said writ to seize and sell said property to satisfy a Judgment amounting to \$10,752.52 in favor of E. B. Johnson against the said James Monroe Mashburn, Ruby May Mashburn, and J. M. Burt, with interest thereon from the 19th day of July, 1921, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and all costs of suit.

Given under my hand, this the 10th day of August, A. D. 1921.

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

BAPTIST REVIVAL

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

Rev. Geo. C. Hutto, of Seminole, Okla., will be with us for the meeting.

Y. F. Walker.

C. L. Kinsey, Mack Shaw, A. N. Wood and possibly others are buying and shipping out a good many hogs to market these days. The price is up, and a good many dollars have thus been put into circulation throughout this section of the county.

BIDS WANTED FOR SCHOOL DEPOSITORY

We will accept sealed bids from parties wishing to act as Depository for Hedley Independent District School Funds for the 1921-22 school term.

Bids must be in not later than August 20, 1921.

T. R. Moreman, Chairman
Van Boone, Secretary.



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ROY SWAFFORD, Prop.

COLONIAL HOUSE ALWAYS IN STYLE

Its Simplicity, Quaintness and Comfort Are Irresistible.

NEVER LOSES ITS APPEAL

Fundamentally It Embodies All That Goes to Make the Home the Center of Life—Can Be Built at a Cost Within Reason.

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, 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. 127 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

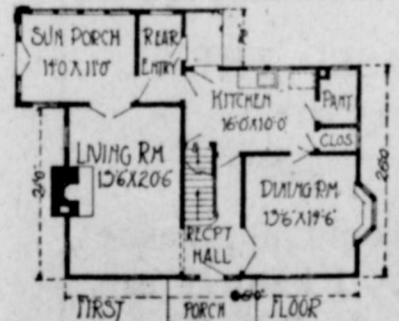
When the early settlers came to the western continent they had certain ideas on homebuilding which they had brought from Europe. In England the predominant type of architecture was known as Georgian. It called for simplicity and dignity and a certain quality that made hospitality the cornerstone of the home. Once established in this country the settlers began to carry out this same scheme with some modifications. This development led to what is known as colonial architecture. The colonial home is as popular today, if not more so, than a century ago, and there is no reason to believe that it will lose its hold upon the people in the years to come. For fundamentally it embodies all that goes to make the home the center of life. Its delightful simplicity, quaintness and comfort are irresistible.

In the colonial home the entrance is one of the dominating features of the exterior treatment. It is the most important element in the facade. Usually it consists of a white door with old-fashioned knocker and narrow side panels. If covered, the hood is supported by white pillars such as those shown in the picture. This house is an excellent example of colonial treatment and expresses very eloquently the hospitality and comfort which are found in a home of this type. There is something alluring about the white clapboard siding (white seems to be the standard color of colonial houses).



although other colors can be used very successfully, green shutters, regular windows, well spaced and small panes. An extra decorative touch can very easily be added in the form of lattice work about the entrance or around the house.

There are seven rooms in this house, three on the lower floor and four above. The three first-floor rooms are large and the living room is ideal. The old idea of a large room where the family can lounge and entertain has come back with a vengeance. No more the small ornate parlor, now it is the living room and this room is the center of all home activity. Other rooms such as the dining room and kitchen have been made smaller and



First Floor Plan.

the extra space added to the living room. In the colonial house this room is the outstanding feature. It has the old-fashioned open fireplace which is now considered quite modern. In this house the living room is 13 feet 6 inches by 20 feet 6 inches.

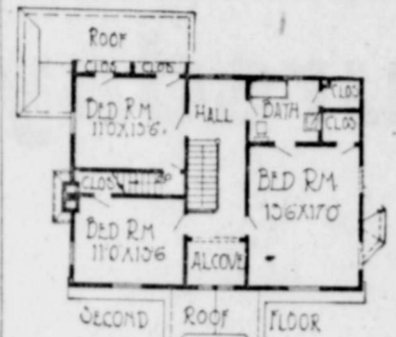
At the rear end of the living room is a pair of French doors opening out onto a sun parlor, 14 by 11 feet. The sun parlor is an essential addition to any home and should be provided whenever possible. The comfort it affords easily offsets the extra cost required to build it. An attractive entrance similar to the one in front leads from this porch to the garden. On the other side of the small reception hall which leads the way into

the house is the dining room, smaller in size than the living room, but ample for its purpose. It is lighted from two sides. A swinging door leads the way to the kitchen, 16 by 10 feet.

On the second floor are three bedrooms—an alcove and bathroom. The large bedroom is 13 feet 6 inches by 17 feet, and the other two smaller ones are 11 by 13 feet 6 inches. If four bedrooms are needed this second-floor plan can be easily changed to accommodate that number.

This is the kind of home that is being built in all sections of the country regardless of climate or location. It is ideal for the suburb, the small town, or even the farm. It is surprising how many farm homes of the colonial type are being built.

Another feature of the colonial house that recommends it very strongly is its economy in cost. Because there are no frills or unusual additions, there is no extra expense for millwork. The design is more or less



Second Floor Plan.

standardized and the construction developed to a high degree. It gains beauty through simplicity, and because of this simplicity can be built at a cost within reason.

If you are planning on building a new home this spring, do not overlook the colonial design. It affords the maximum amount of comfort, charm, and convenience. There is no possibility of its growing old and out of date, for it has survived generations and is more popular today than ever.

"ROOM OF THE LAST SUPPER"

Rightful Possessor of Holy Place in Jerusalem Has Not Been Finally Decided.

The question of the right of Italy to the "Cenacolo," or Room of the Last Supper, in Jerusalem, is still unsettled, reports the Rome correspondent of the London Observer. It may be remembered that after the armistice

the sultan renounced all claims to the "Cenacolo" in favor of the king of Italy, as being the rightful heir of the kings of Naples, the old possessors of the holy place. Representations were made to the British government by the Italian with a view to obtaining a confirmation of the cession. The foreign office referred the matter to the high commissioner for Palestine, Sir Herbert Samuel, who decided that it must come up for decision by the mixed religious commission created by the treaty of Sevres to decide on the disposition of contested holy places.

The Italian claim is based on the grant of the holy place in the year 1333 to Robert of Anjou and his consort Sancta by the sultan of Egypt and Damascus.

I went into a department store to buy a pair of hose, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. After selecting the pair I wanted, the saleslady sent them up in the wire basket to have them wrapped. I waited quite a while for them and became impatient. Going up to the saleslady I said in quite a loud voice: "Are my stockings down yet?" People around me stopped and stared. First they smiled, then they tittered, and finally laughed outright. The saleswoman was doing all she could to keep from laughing herself. I did not realize what I had said until I recalled my words. I hurried out of the store as fast as I could go without my stockings.

Just What Did He Mean?

They were engaged, and in one cozy armchair they were discussing, when they were not busy with other things, arrangements for the future.

After a long period of silence, she said: "Supposing you lost your position after we were married, how would you keep the wolf from the door?"

"Darling," he exclaimed, "no wolf will come to our door. The mere sight of your face would keep the wolf away!"

DAIRY FACTS

RULES FOR FEEDING CALVES

Desired Nutrients Furnished by Giving Young Animal Variety—Avoid Sudden Changes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Feeding is an important factor in developing a good breeding animal, or a favorite in the show ring. There are many points to be remembered. These points may be called rules of feeding, among which specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture give the following:

1. Provide a variety of feeds at all times, if possible. It is easier to supply the proper amounts of the desired nutrients which the calf needs if several different feeds are used. The ration will also be more palatable.
2. Do not make sudden changes in the feeds used or in the amounts given. If it becomes necessary to change feeds from, say, clover to alfalfa hay,



Grain in Medium Amount, Fresh Water and Pasture Are Necessary for Success With Calves.

feed part clover and part alfalfa for a few days. Gradually reduce the amount of clover and at the same time increase the alfalfa.

3. Do not overfeed the calf. Feed as much grain as it will clean up in 30 minutes and wish it had just a little more. Feed left in the trough to be breathed over is worse than wasted. If any remains it should be removed and less given the next time. Digestive disorders occur from feeding too much rather than too little.

4. Do not underfeed the calf. It should make a continuous gain. If it does not grow each day the feed given it is about the same as wasted. It never pays to starve a calf. In fact, the calf does not begin to pay for feed until it is given more than enough to make some gain.

5. Do not annoy or disturb the calf unnecessarily. It requires more feed to keep it growing while standing or moving about than while lying down at rest.

6. Do not feed moldy, musty, or spoiled feeds. To do so may cause serious digestive disorders. All hay should be bright, well cured, and free from mustiness, dirt, and coarse weeds. The grain also should be free from dirt, mold, and mustiness. If ground feeds get wet they are likely to mold. This is, especially true of cottonseed meal and ground corn.

7. Do not waste time in feeding the calf, or in preparing feed, since wasted time needlessly increases the cost of gains. Grain should be fed whole except when teaching the calf to eat and possibly also near the end of the fitting or finishing period. Whole grain as a rule is more palatable than ground feeds. Ear corn may be shelled, broken, or chopped up in the feed box rather than ground. Husks on snapped corn need not be removed for this purpose. It rarely pays to shred stover or to cut or chaff hay for the calf. It need not be fed three times a day when twice a day will do as well, although the former may be practiced when fitting the animal for show or sale. Do not go to the expense of buying prepared "stock feeds" or "remedies." Home-mixed feeds are cheaper and equally, if not more, satisfactory. A healthy calf does not need condition powders.

ENCOURAGE FENCE JUMPERS

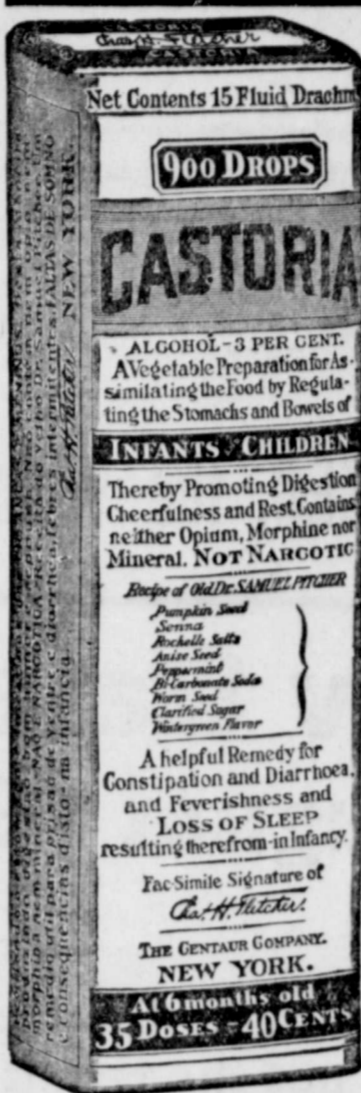
Dilapidated Fencing Is Source of Constant Trouble for Owner of Dairy Herd.

Half broken down fences help to teach the cows to be fence jumpers. Heifers that are constantly jumping the fences in easy places are difficult to break in later life and nothing is more wasteful of time and patience than constantly chasing your cattle out of your neighbor's crops or your own. Good fencing is necessary equipment for the dairyman and poor fencing is a constant risk.

GIVING YOUNG CALVES MILK

Care Should Be Taken That Temperature Is Uniform—When Poor in Quality, Give Less.

Care should be taken to see that any milk fed to the young calves is of uniform temperature of about 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Many feeders attempt to overcome poor quality in the feed by increasing the quantity. This is radically wrong. When on account of age, souring, dirt, etc., the quality of the milk is poor, the quantity should be reduced rather than increased.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Special Care of Baby.

That Baby should have a bed of its own all are agreed. Yet it is more reasonable for an infant to sleep with grown-ups than to use a man's medicine in an attempt to regulate the delicate organism of that same infant. Either practice is to be shunned. Neither would be tolerated by specialists in children's diseases.

Your Physician will tell you that Baby's medicine must be prepared with even greater care than Baby's food.

A Baby's stomach when in good health is too often disarranged by improper food. Could you for a moment, then, think of giving to your ailing child anything but a medicine especially prepared for infants and children? Don't be deceived.

Make a mental note of this:—It is important, Mothers, that you should remember that to function well, the digestive organs of your Baby must receive special care. No Baby is so abnormal that the desired results may be had from the use of medicines primarily prepared for grown-ups.

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Rotation of Numbers.

Numbers run as follows: Units, tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, septillions, octillions, nonillions, decillions.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio.

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

Her "Chickens."

A charming little French war bride whose husband brought her last year to a home in an Indiana town, received the assessor, this spring, and in her husband's absence from home, endeavored to assist him in filling out his blank. In her broken English, she mentioned the machine, which, in its modern case, the assessor took for a graphophone. After many desperate attempts, she finally opened the case, and let him see for himself that it was a sewing machine. Then he continued down the list, finally inquiring if she had any chickens. "Oh, yes, yes," she replied, nodding, "yes, I have asked the assessor, 'No douzaine, no! chickens.' 'How many dozen?' 'no!' she said, 'I have just only a lady and her husband.'—Indianapolis Star.

Wood Carving With Sand.

A process of carving wood by special application of the sand blast is giving highly satisfactory results in California, especially when applied to the redwood of that state. Portions of the surface are covered by protective stencils which leave figures in relief and a uniform background. Very rich effects are produced in paneling the walls of a dining room, hall or den. While much of the work is done in the natural color of the rich, reddish brown wood, striking color effects are brought out by the use of paints, deep blues, reds, browns and gilt.—Compressed Air Magazine.

Times Have Changed.

Thirty years ago it took 3,000 worms to spin silk enough to make a lady's evening dress. Nowadays, of course, one small worm, working short time, can easily manage the job.—London Passing Show.

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.—Adv.

Her Frank Opinion.

Last year my mother went to visit a friend of hers in a neighboring town. One day they went to the sewing club that was sewing for Belgian orphans, and it happened that she was asked to give her opinion as to what they might do for charity.

My mother replied that she thought that charity begins at home; that as she was leaving for the club she saw some of the most ragged children playing before the house across the street.

A woman present replied "Excuse me, but those were my children," and left the club.—Exchange.

She Knew.

Ethel had taken Edith into confidence touching the manner of her husband's proposal.

"Why, I felt so sorry for the poor fellow," said Edith, "do you know his voice actually stuck in his throat?" "I don't doubt it in the least," said Edith, "but however did you know he was proposing?"

"Well, you see," said Edith, with a blush, "I took a lip-reading course at college."

Ontario's Mining Production.

Since the building of the first railway in northern Ontario, in 1863, led to the discovery of silver in that region, approximately \$3,000,000,000 has been produced by the gold and silver mines of Ontario.

In a country that isn't fit for a republic, the men defeated at the polls go to shooting.

Doesn't Sound Right.

"She's clever, isn't she?" "Wonderful. I sat with her an hour and she never said a word."

Sure Relief



Have you tried the new 10c package? Dealers now carry both; 10 for 10c, 20 for 20c. It's toasted.



Freed From Torture

Eaton Cleared His Up-Set Stomach

"The people who have seen me suffer tortures from neuralgia brought on by an up-set stomach now see me perfectly sound and well—absolutely due to Eaton," writes R. Long. Profit by Mr. Long's experience, keep your stomach in healthy condition, fresh and cool, and avoid the ailments that come from an acid condition. Eaton brings relief by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases—does it quickly. Take an Eaton after eating and see how wonderfully it helps you. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

Accordion Pleating



We have the largest business of this kind outside of New York or Chicago
Houston Pleating & Button Co.
201 Kiam Bldg., Houston, Texas

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. J. C. ...

Tastes Fine, and Better for Health

POSTUM CEREAL

is a pure, wholesome cereal beverage, containing nothing harmful to nerves or digestion.

It should be boiled at least twenty minutes. Then Postum Cereal will reveal a true coffee-like richness of color and flavor.

"There's a Reason"
Sold by grocers everywhere.

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

THE JAYHAWKER, the Wonderful Son of The Rainbow

Bred Sow Sale, Next Thursday

August 18th, 1921

Rome was not built in a day. Such perfection as has been attained in THE JAYHAWKER is not the result of a season's work. It has taken years of scientific breeding to produce the many superior qualities that he possesses. Size, conformation, quality, and vitality, are his. But these would all be worthless unless he also had that indispensable quality---prepotency. His get show that he is transmitting these characteristics. You can be the beneficiary of years of proper breeding that are behind THE JAYHAWKER by securing a sow bred to him in the splendid offering that I am placing before the public on AUGUST 18---NEXT THURSDAY.

SILVER CREST FARM

Frank M. Clark, Owner Hedley, Texas R. E. Miller, Auctioneer

MILLINERY

The Hedley Millinery Co. wish to announce to the public that they will be ready for business again this season. Orders are now out for new Fall stock.

We also have a branch house in Panhandle, established last Spring, which will be open again this season.

HEDLEY WINS 2, LOSES 1

The Hedley baseball team played two games at McLean last week, winning Thursday by a 4 to 2 score, and lost to McLean Friday.

Saturday Hedley again defeated Lakeview, on the local diamond, 7 to 3.

Hedley has a good ball team, and they give a good account of themselves in every game.

Van Boone was a business visitor in Fort Worth and Dallas the past week.

First Baptist Church Directory

Preaching each Sunday. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening service at 8:15.

Sunday School session. Each Sunday morning 9:45 o'clock; F. M. Acord, Supt.

C. O. Cooper, Secretary.

Jr. B. Y. R. U. Each Sunday afternoon 3:30 o'clock. Mrs. L. T. Hullum, Leader.

Womans Missionary Society. Each Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock. Mrs. F. M. Acord, President.

Prayer Meeting. Each Wednesday evening; Leader appointed.

Choir Practice. Each Saturday evening at 8:15. C. A. Hicks, Choir Director.

Regular Church Conference. Wednesday evening before 2nd Sunday in each month. C. E. Johnson, Church Clerk.

You are cordially invited to attend all of the services of the church.

Y. F. WALKER, Pastor.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXPANDS

The Baptist Sunday School is growing so fast that it was necessary to rent the building just across the street from the church as a Sunday School annex, and move a part of the Intermediate department over there. They have their charts, maps, music, song books, and conduct opening exercises just the same as the main school.

A new class was organized last Sunday for the Intermediate boys of the Baptist Sunday School, making two classes for boys of that department. They are to be known as "The Gideons." The class officers are as follows: James Riehey, class president; Alva Hullum, 1st vice president; Willie Johnson, 2nd vice president; Walker Chapman, secretary; Therrel Dunn, treasurer; Leonard Tims, reporter. Other members are Bill Pool, Alton Quisenberry, and Claude Simmons. Reporter.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Boston, of Altus, Okla., are visiting home folks and friends in Hedley and Clarendon.

J. W. Robinson and family, of Hollis, Okla., are here on a visit to their relatives, the J. W. Reeves family.

Mrs. Frank Simmons and son, Louis, have returned from a visit to Amarillo.

Miss Esta Shaw is visiting in Vernon, the guest of Misses Leta and Lucile Milner.

Subscribe for The Informer.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS

The Minnesteka Camp Fire Girls met August 9th at Mrs. Masterson's in weekly meeting. New officers were elected, as follows:

President, Melba Johnson. Vice President, Nina Thomas. Secretary, Jessie Lee Pool. Treasurer, Myrtella Mann. Press Reporter, Gertrude Noel.

We have different work for each meeting: First Tuesday we have ceremonial meeting; second Tuesday everyone bring fancy fancy work; third meeting is social; and the fourth is business meeting.

The President appointed two committees, one for hiking, and the other social. Those on the hiking committee are Loraine Hankins, Velma Newman and Gertrude Noel; those on the social committee are Myrtella Mann, Ila Acord and Mollie Newman.

Every member is urged to be present at the next meeting.

Press Reporter.

Martin, Arthur and Roy Bell are spending considerable time in Claude and vicinity these days buying and shipping wheat.

J. P. Woodward left last Friday evening for Fort Worth to consult a specialist about his eyes. His eyesight has failed rapidly of late, leaving him almost blind. We hope he gets them treated successfully.

Misses Fay Culwell and Stella May Adamson are visiting relatives in Amarillo.

METHODIST REVIVAL

The Revival at the Methodist Church has been going for five days and the crowds have been extremely large for the first week of the meeting. Can't seat the people at the night hour.

Rev. R. B. Freeman, of the New Mexico conference, our pastor at Clovis, is doing the preaching. We have had many men with us heretofore, but none like Freeman. He is a powerful preacher, has a definite knowledge of God, prays much, believes more, and every method used by him is sane and calculated to deepen the Spiritual life of the Church and to save the lost.

If you fail to hear him—you have missed a great opportunity.

L. B. Hankins.

Mrs. Alva Simmons is visiting in Texarkana with her father, Rev. J. M. Mizell, who is there from Hallettsville. Texarkana is the old family home.

The revival at the Missionary Baptist church started last Sunday, and has been drawing good crowds all week. Rev. L. J. Crawford is doing the preaching and J. T. Daniels of Quanah is the choir leader.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Acord left Wednesday night for Dallas, where Mr. Acord will enter the Baptist Sanitarium for treatment. All his Hedley friends hope that he may recover his full strength and robust health, and that speedily.

E. L. Adamson and family are visiting relatives at Bowie.

"HONOR ROLL"

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

Maek Shaw, city
J. B. King, Santa Ana, Calif.
H. W. Richey, Haskell

Carlton Chapman left first of the week for Dallas, which city will be his business headquarters henceforth.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Chapman of Estelline are spending the week here with the W. A. Chapman family.

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.

At the Methodist Church, 8:30 p. m. Sunday, Rev. Freeman will preach to the men only.

Rev. Y. F. Walker is holding a meeting at Chalk, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Thompson and little daughter returned Wednesday night from California. They report a most delightful trip.

I HAVE PURCHASED THE DRIVE-IN STATION

on the Highway, and would appreciate a trial at your business. I know I can please you. We handle the Best line of Gas and Oils in town; also handle 6000 Mile Guarantee Casings at prices that can't be equaled. Come, let us show you.

SERVICE is our Trade Mark. Free Air and Water just installed.

TEXHOMA FILLING STATION
FRANK PAINTER, PROP.