

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JANUARY 13, 1921

NO. 8

Program Fifth Sunday Meeting

ESTELLINE BAPTIST CHURCH

January 27, 28, 29, 1922

FRIDAY

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

SATURDAY

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

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

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

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

SUNDAY

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

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POULTRY SHOW AND SCHOOL IN HEDLEY

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

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

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

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

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

T. Jones & Co.,
Clarendon, Texas.

MRS. MOFFITT DIES

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

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

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

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

FOR SALE—A mile of second hand hog wire.

J. L. Allison.

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

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

THE QUEEN ESTHER CLASS ENTERTAINS

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

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

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

At this juncture the guests were invited into the dining room where delicious refreshments were served.

The invited guests were The Gideon Band, Valiant Knights, and following individuals: Rev. and Mrs. Y. F. Walker, Messrs. and Mesdames F. M. Acord, W. D. Biggers, C. O. Cooper, C. L. Goia, J. G. McDougal, and L. T. Hullum; and Miss Lola Baker. Out of town guests were Miss Jessie Ingram of Clarendon and Mrs. E. Hall of San Diego, Calif. A Guest.

CITY TAXES DUE

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

City Council.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Times Change and We With Them



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SUMPTUOUS FUR FABRICS; AMONG PRETTY FURBELOWS

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

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

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



SUIT OF GLOSSY FUR FABRIC

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

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



SOME PRETTY FURBELOWS

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

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

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

Julius Bottomley

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CLASS MEETING

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

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

Reporter.

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

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

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

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

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

J. C. Coffey, M. D.

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Hedley, Texas

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THE STATE OF TEXAS

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

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

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

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

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

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

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

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

A true copy, I certify.
J. H. Rutherford, Sheriff
Donley County, Texas.

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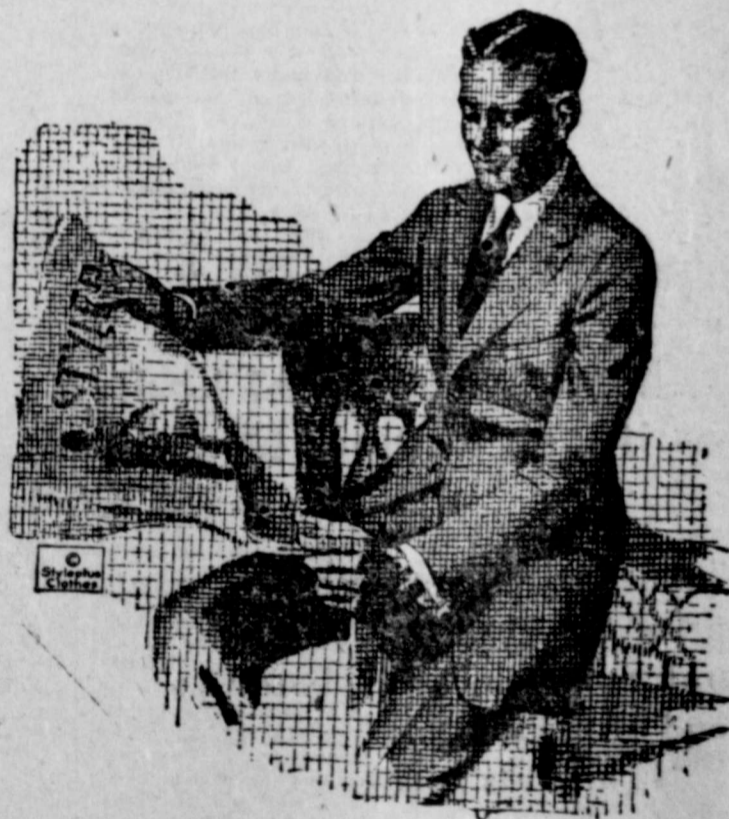
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Clarendon, Texas



MEN AND BOYS

who wish to be properly dressed should
come to a store which specializes in that
business. Quality clothes at reasonable
prices is our life-work and study.

HAYTER BROS.

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

YOU CAN'T TRUST CALOMEL AT ALL

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

The next dose of calomel you take may salivate you. It may shock your liver or start bone necrosis. Calomel is dangerous. It is mercury, quicksilver. It crashes into sour bile like dynamite, cramping and sickening you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

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

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

COMPANION KNEW "OLD BIRD"

Inquiry Brought Instant Response Considerably Embarrassing to Youthful New Teacher.

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

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

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

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

MOTHER!

Clean Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"



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

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

OLD SAYING PROVED UNTRUE

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

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

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

Foul Play.

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

Auriferous Matter.

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

The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

WITH THE SPOON

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

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

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

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

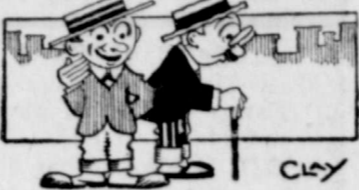
Soft-boiled eggs are eaten with a spoon from the shell. It is a good idea to have bone egg spoons that do not discolor with the action of the egg, as do silver spoons.

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

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

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

(Copyright)



PROUD

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

"What's in a Name?"

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

By MILDRED MARSHALL

OLIVE

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Copyright)

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"ACADEMY"

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

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

(Copyright)

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

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

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

(Copyright)

Billie Dove



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

CALUMET BAKING POWDER SAVES THREE WAYS



YOU SAVE WHEN YOU BUY IT



YOU SAVE TIME WHEN YOU USE IT



YOU SAVE MATERIALS IT IS USED WITH



A moderate priced Baking Powder of greatest merit. Honestly made. Honestly sold. Economical in every way. Every particle is full of actual leavening value. A full money's worth.

You save time when you use it. Calumet is all baking powder. It begins to raise bakings the instant they are put into the oven. You don't have to keep "peeping" to see if bakings are all right. You know they are. Calumet is sure—never fails. That's economy. And true economy—in cost—in use—in time.

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

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

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

Highest Quality Highest Awards



HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS?

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

Proof.

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

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

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

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

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

USE THE BEST FAULTLESS STARCH FOR LAUNDRY WORK FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

SHOE REPAIRING BY MAIL

Send your shoes to us, and we will repair them, using the best material, and do you good honest work. Return them promptly, and let us pay for them on delivery. Our prices are reasonable, and we will do our best to please you. Address: BEEMAN SHOE COMPANY, INC., DALLAS, TEXAS



For All The Ills of All The Family

Every standard drug or medicine, every kind of special preparation that has proved effective; every kind of health accessory needed by the average person—may be had at your drug store or general store in a "V. V." brand. "V. V." means Freshness, Strength and Quality—the Best. Insist on "V. V." medicines and accessories.

Van Fleet-Mansfield Drug Co. South's Largest Wholesale Druggists. Memphis, Tenn.

The Shield That Protects You



Thompson Bros. Co.

Everything in
**HARDWARE and
FURNITURE**

Thompson Bros. Co.

NOW THAT COLD WEATHER IS HERE

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

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

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

The Square Deal Garage

ROY SWAFFORD, Prop. PHONE 162

NAZARENE CHURCH

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

The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

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

Come thou with us and we will do thee good.

I. L. Campbell, Pastor.

MISS LANE FOR CLERK

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

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

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

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

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

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

EPWORTH LEAGUE

For Sunday, January 15.

Subject: Thy Will Be Done With Our Plans.

Silent prayer. Music. Song, Jesus Calls Me.

Three minute discussions: A Needy World, Matt 9:35-38, Velma Newman.

A Divine Commission, Acts 20:28-35, Leland Pickett.

A Divine Preparation, Jer. 1:6-10, 17-19, Gertrude Noel.

My Response, Isa 68, Condrion Hicks.

Scripture lesson, Matt 6:7-15, Acts 16:6-10, Nina Thomas.

Talk by Leader. Prayer, Bro Fuller. Song.

Deciding One's Life Work, Dannie Battle.

The Next Step, Miss Anderson. Song. Benediction.

BRUMLEY FOR SHERIFF

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

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

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

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

Subscribe for The Informer.

LOOK AND LISTEN!

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

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

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

HEDLEY GARAGE

PHONE 123

C. A. WOOD, Prop.

THANK YOU

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

Yours to Serve,

Hedley Equity Union

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

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

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

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

THE INFORMER--\$1.50 a Year

HALF PRICE SALE!

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

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

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

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

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

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

LESS THAN HALF PRICE

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

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

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

GREENE DRY GOODS CO.

MEMPHIS

THE BIG DAYLIGHT STORE

TEXAS

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

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

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

HEDLEY POULTRY BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

MOVED!

OUR STOCK OF FRESH
GROCERIES
HAS BEEN MOVED

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

R. M. BELL

Political Announcements

Subject to the will of the Voters
at the July Primary

For District and County Clerk:
MISS LOTTIE LANE

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

ANNOUNCEMENT

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

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

W. L. Crane.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TAILOR SHOP

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

CLARKE, THE TAILOR
Phone 77. Who Knows How.

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

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

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

Our Motto:

**HONESTY, SATISFACTION
AND SERVICE.**

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

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

MOBLEY, O. K. TAILOR

COAL Grain, Feed and Seed

JIM CURTIS

At A. N. Wood old feed barn

COFFINS AND CASKETS UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

Day Phone 145
Night Phone 94

THOMPSON BROS.

"RED GOOSE" SHOES

Are Half the Fun of Having Feet

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

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



Sold by **TIMS & CULWELL**

**PLUMBING, HEATING, WINDMILLS,
SHEET METAL WORK**

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

STEWART & ANTHONY

CLARENDON, TEXAS

PHONE 10

Forbis & Stone

HEDLEY, TEXAS

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

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

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

Forbis & Stone

HEDLEY, TEXAS