

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XIV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, DECEMBER 28, 1923

N. J. 6

PRODUCE!

Always in the Market.
Highest Cash Prices
Paid at All Times

R. S. SMITH

PHONE 93 HEDLEY, TEXAS

COAL COAL Oak Dale Coal

Shorts, Bran, Corn, Cotton Seed
Hulls and Meal

W. P. DIAL

J. T. CURTIS, Mgr.

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 Hardware

Everything in Hardware and Furniture

Think!

Opportunities Are Slipping By!

Have you thought of the opportunities that have slipped by because you had no money to take advantage of them? A good bank account is the remedy for that trouble.

THE FIRST STATE BANK WILL
APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

The First State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

... eleven children, six of whom are living. Mrs. Tate and one son died several years ago.

Tom Tate was in many ways a remarkable man. He was a man of strong physical endurance, what one would call a strong man. He was a man of strong moral and religious principles. In this capacity few men equaled him. He was converted and joined the Methodist church sixty-six years ago, lived a most consistent Christian life and was known far and near for his religious piety. He was honored of men as a Christian gentleman of the highest rank. Yet he was generous in tolerance for all men and all faiths. It was said of him that when he went to church of another faith and practice he went just as far with them in worship as it were possible, and that in any meeting of revival nature where he had a chance he worked as though it were his own. He was one man of whom it might be said: He had no enemies; and as far as Tom Tate was concerned it was pre-eminently true.

As a Methodist, he loved the Church. For her his prayers ascended; to her his toils and cares were given till toils and cares were ended. Truly a good man has gone from us. Truly his children have been deprived of a good father by the limits of life. But he has left a heritage which we all should covet; a name and character that should be the ideal of his children; and has gone where sorrow and troubles never come to annoy. Good in his life; crowned with glory in his death. For angels wafted his spirit on their wings to his home in Heaven.

Good two room house for sale. Must be moved off lot.

J. B. Ozier.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this method of thanking the dear people of McKnight and surrounding communities for their kindness and help during the extended illness and death of our loving father. May God's richest blessings be upon each and every one of you in our prayer.

T. B. Tate's Children

The Methodist church has installed new seats for the choir and placed a new communion table on the platform, all of which adds greatly to the beauty and efficiency of the church.

COTTON RECEIPTS AT YARD NOW 4507 BALES

Cotton weighed at the Hedley cotton yard up to Wednesday noon amounted to 4507 bales. Thus, in spite of the fact that bad weather prevailed nearly all of last week, the receipts averaged 81 bales a day since the preceding Wednesday. This total exceeds the entire receipts at Hedley last year by 518 bales. The gins are again "entirely surrounded"—and the end is not yet. Also the price is going up. The Informer editor has about decided to go into the cotton-raising business—if he can find somebody to do the work.

E. T. JUDD

A sad message came to our townsman, Grady Judd, Tuesday night of last week, announcing the sudden death of his father, E. T. Judd, at his home in Denison. Mr. Judd, accompanied by his cousin, P. V. Dishman, left on the first train for Denison to attend the funeral.

The following is taken from an article in the Dallas Morning News of Dec. 19:

While discussing business affairs with his son, Ed, E. T. Judd, for more than forty years a prominent cotton merchant of Grayson county, died suddenly at his home, 1012 West Gandy street, at 8:30 o'clock Tuesday evening.

Mr. Judd was at his office Tuesday, but had been in ill health for several months. He did not complain of any undue illness before death, but was lying on a bed talking to his son when he suddenly passed away.

Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon by Rev. J. S. Hodges, pastor of the First Presbyterian church.

Mr. Judd came to Grayson county from Kentucky forty years ago, settling in the Whitesboro community. Later he opened a cotton office at Pottaboro, finally extending his business to Denison, under the name of E. T. Judd & Son.

Surviving are his wife, four sons, Ed, Lloyd and Raymond Judd of Denison, and Grady Judd of Hedley, and two daughters, Mrs. G. R. Bell of Preston and Mrs. Everhart of Corsicana.

The Informer is late again this week—too much Christmas

We Thank You

for the generous patronage given us thruout the year now closing, and wish for every one of you

A Happy and Prosperous
New Year

Come to Us First for Everything
in the Drug Line

BROOKS PHARMACY

"A Pleasure to Please"
PHONE 70

1924

"New Year's Greeting"

Nineteen Twenty Three

—the old year—has come and gone. We are thankful for its joys and blessings. We have tried to meet its inexorable demands as to duties and responsibilities. It has been the best year we have ever had.

And it is with profound pleasure that we extend to our friends and customers our expressions of appreciation for their loyalty and support.

OUR CHRISTMAS BUSINESS
HAS BEEN MARVELOUS

—we thank you for making this possible.

For 1924

We extend to you our hearty good wishes for a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous Year. May it be a blessing to you all the entire 365 days

HEDLEY DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store

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.

DO YOU VALUE FRIENDSHIP IN BANKING?

We realize that GOODWILL is the foundation of this bank. Its employees are never too busy to confer with you or advise with you in any matter. This is first of all a friendly bank. All we ask is a chance to prove to you that we desire your Goodwill.

Guaranty State Bank
Deposits Guaranteed



**IF YOU BUY IT FROM US,
IT'S WORTH THE MONEY**

THE FLORENCE AUTOMATIC OIL COOK STOVE—a stove that has no equal
THE BUCKEYE RANGE COOK STOVE—a stove that is equal to the best

Also Heaters, Beds, Mattresses, Rugs, Window Shades, good stock of Floor Coverings, in fact most anything in the Hardware and Furniture lines.

For the next ten days will sell
8½ foot Eclipse Windmill for \$50.00
10 foot Eclipse Windmill for \$55.00
12 foot Eclipse Windmill for \$75.00

The Store That Appreciates Your Trade
HEDLEY HARDWARE
J. A. MOREMAN

Christmas Greetings

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

Hiway Filling Station
P. V. Dishman, Prop.

We Are Headquarters for
Lumber, Coal, Building Material

Good Quality Prompt Service
Fair Treatment Honest Values

J. C. WOOLDRIDGE LUMBER CO.
E. R. HOOKER, Local Mgr.

Franklin Said:

"If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some."

We all know how hard it is to get hold of money—and how easy to get rid of it. If you want your money to go as far as possible, then let us figure with you on your next Grocery bill, and you will find our store a good place to trade.

Crawford Grocery Co.

Auto and Truck Owners

WE ARE PREPARED FOR ALL KINDS of mechanical work on your Cars and Trucks, and have expert mechanics who can repair every kind of motor.

HEDLEY GARAGE
PHONE 123 C. A. WOOD, Prop
Repairs, Oils, Gas, Accessories

THOMAS B. TATE

Brother Tom Tate was born in North Carolina June 11, 1888. Came to Texas with his parents when just a baby in arms and resided in Texas until his death Dec 21, 1923. He was married to Miss Mary Gibson in San Saba county. To them were born eleven children, six of whom are living. Mrs. Tate and one son died several years ago.

Tom Tate was in many ways a remarkable man. He was a man of strong physical endurance, what one would call an iron man. He was a man of strong moral and religious principles. In this capacity few men equaled him. He was converted and joined the Methodist church sixty six years ago, lived a most consistent Christian life and was known far and near for his religious piety. He was honored of men as a Christian gentleman of the highest rank. Yet he was generous in tolerance for all men and all faiths. It was said of him that when he went to a church of another faith and practice he went just as far with them in worship as it were possible, and that in any meeting of a revival nature where he had a chance he worked as though it were his own. He was one man of whom it might be said: He had no enemies; and as far as Tom Tate was concerned it was pre-eminently true.

As a Methodist, he loved the Church. For her his prayers ascended; to her his toils and cares were given till toils and cares were ended. Truly a good man has gone from us. Truly his children have been deprived of a good father by the limits of life. But he has left a heritage which we all should covet; a name and character that should be the ideal of his children; and has gone where sorrow and troubles never come to annoy. Good in his life; crowned with glory in his death. For angels wafted his spirit on their holy hands to its home in Heaven. Such a life is blessed in two worlds. May his life be repeated in the life of his children. And may the Comforting Spirit be with them.

Bro. Tate was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Hedley, Texas, Dec 24, 1923.
His Pastor,
J. G. Thomas.

HOGS—Dressed Hogs for sale Pigs for sale.
R. E. Mann.

NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given that I will sell one three year old mule at the court house door of Donley county, Texas, on Tuesday, January 8th, 1924, levied on as a property of Wilfred Collinson, by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the County Court of said county, to satisfy a judgment in cause No. 517 in favor of the First National Bank of Clarendon, Texas, a plaintiff, against the said Wilfred Collinson, defendant. Said property will be sold to the highest bidder for cash.
H. O. Brumley, Sheriff,
Donley County, Texas.

POSTED NOTICE—All land owned by Mrs. W. T. White is posted according to law. No hunting. All trespassers will be prosecuted.
Frank White.

Subscribe for The Informer.

STOP THAT ITCHING

Use Blue Star Remedy for Eczema, Itch, Tetter or Cracked Hands, Ring Worms, Chapped Face, Poison Oak, Sunburns, Old Sores or Sores on Children. It relieves all forms of Sore Feet.
For sale by
Hedley Drug Company.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

I will be in Hedley January 10, 1924, to collect taxes for one day.
H. O. Brumley,
Tax Collector.

Good two room house for sale. Must be moved off lot.
J. B. Ozier.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM

Sunday, Dec 30 1923
Subject: China Calls
Leader, Velma Raney.
Introduction by Leader
The Wide Open Door—Allie Mae Caldwell.
China Unchanged—Tommie Hines.
China's Call Is China's Need:
(a) There Is Great Physical Need—Norvel Cook
(b) Confucianism Has Developed No Hospitals—Charlie Far-
ris.
(c) There Is a Great Mental Need—Marguerite Cooper.
(d) There Is a Great Social Need—Birdie Stogner.
(e) The Spiritual Need—Walter Ginn.
China's Call a Divine Challenge—Emer Marsalis
News Notes on China—Faye Cooper.
Foreign Board's Last Report—Dovie Eppers.

MEAT HOGS for sale. One sew and one stag. Both extra large.
J. S. Grooms.

Our good friend B. N. Stewart called at the Informer office one day the past week and left with us a sack of fine sundried Arkansas apples. They were raised and dried on the place where Mr. Stewart used to live, and we herewith inform the wide world that they are "mighty good to eat." Thanks.

FOR SALE—A good young mule. Or will trade him for maize.
C. F. Sanford.

Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Moore, of Wheeler, spent Christmas with Rev. J. G. Thomas.

SAND AND GRAVEL FOR Sale. 2 miles west of town.
S. C. Bell.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hurst a fine boy baby. The Hursts live at Dalhart but Mrs. Hurst has been visiting for several weeks at the home of her father, B. L. Kinsey.

FOR SALE—One four room house and two lots in west part of Hedley, at a real bargain.
U. J. Boston.

Top Adams is now conducting the Jitney Express Service formerly owned by Fred Lovelace and H. C. Drnell. Mr. and Mrs. Adams recently returned here from East Texas. We are glad to welcome them, though some what late in doing so.

Write Draughton's College, at Abilene or Wichita Falls for Special Holiday Offer and Guarantee Position Contract.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
Senior B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.
Preaching at 7:30 p. m.
You are invited to attend any or all of these services.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

R. R. Price will preach for us, at the Presbyterian church, on the first and third Sundays in each month, at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.
Brother C. H. Kennedy will preach on the fourth Sunday at the same hours.
Everybody invited to attend.

Huffman's Barber Shop

W. H. Huffman, Prop.
Expert Facial Work.
Hot and Cold Baths.
Laundry Agency
You Will Be Pleased With Our Service. Try It.
Hedley, Texas

GOFFINS AND CASKETS

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES

Day Phone 145
Night Phone 94

THOMPSON BROS.

MONEY MONEY

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

H. M. BARRETT AUCTIONEER

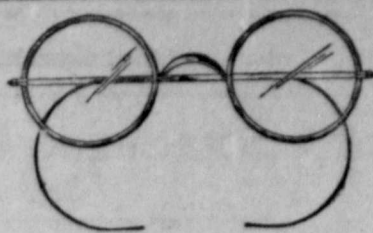
CLARENDON, TEXAS
Phone 174 2R

J. W. WEBB, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas
Office Phone 3
Residence Phone 20

J. C. Carley, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas
Residence Phone 133
Office Phone 3



SAVE YOUR EYES
SEE FLESHER
and See Better

CHAS. FLESHER, Optometrist
at Brooks Pharmacy
Hedley, Texas

GET THEM SHOES
MADE NEW

while you wait, at
HEATH'S SHOE SHOP

WHY GO ELSEWHERE

to have your Tailor Work done, when you can get First Class Work done here at same price?

We specialize in Ladies' Work. You will like our service. Try us. Call phone 121.

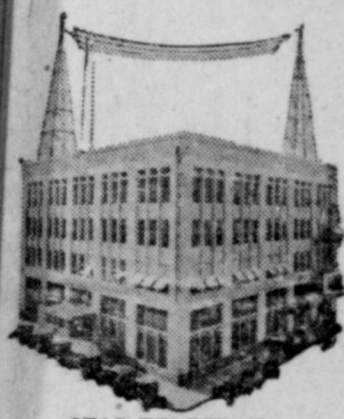
O. K. TAILOR

HAMBURGER KING
1000 Miles to Next One

Quick Lunch
Cold Drinks

W. B. LAWRENCE, Prop.

ANNOUNCING ANNUAL BARGAIN DAYS



STAR-TELEGRAM
Home of Radio WBAP

DAYS

From Now Until
December 15th

ON THE

STAR-TELEGRAM

Fort Worth's Only Texas Owned Newspaper
MORNING EDITION

Correct Produce and Poultry Prices

COMPLETE MARKETS

Quick News and Market Service

DURING BARGAIN DAYS—Now Until Dec. 15th—the Rate Has Been Reduced Daily and Sunday one year, from \$10.00 to..... **\$7.45**

Daily Except Sunday one year from \$8.00 to..... **\$5.95**

Political Campaign Next Year

During the coming exciting political campaign in Texas, a metropolitan Texas owned newspaper which will report the entire race, completely and impartially, is a necessity if you wish to be as well informed as your neighbor.

TEN LEASED WIRES

The big Sunday paper prints many exclusive clean features suitable for all the family. Be sure and include it in your order.

Circulation Largest in Texas.
Over 95,000 Daily—110,000 Sunday
Now Higher Than Ever Before.

Save Money—Order Today

**Bargain Days Extended to
January 5, 1924**

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

LANGUAGE

THE scene and the sounds of a great city speak in a vernacular which is readily understood by him whose eyes and ears are attuned to the splendor and the din.

And what is true concerning the seasoned citizen, is proportionately true of the errand visitor who, at a glance interprets the meaning of the smile of a sturdy beggar grinding a hand-organ while his picturesquely frocked companion carries a tambourine, and passes it solicitously among the gaping group of music lovers to catch the stray pennies.

The chime in the church steeples, the tinkling bells of the itinerant peddler of many wares, speak to all in a familiar tongue.

The Russian or the Greek who cannot frame a word of English knows well the lingo of the clattering milk cans in the early morning and answers their call with alacrity.

Who is so situated that he cannot read the joy in the sound of the babbling brooks, or the love in the song of the happy bird that is singing among the green hills to his mate.

And the cumulus clouds with their ever-changing forms, their happy tints of purple and gold and silver, go sailing by in the evening sky telling their tales of magnificence which cannot be put in words, but which are easily comprehended by the lovers of the sublime and the worshippers of Him who changes in a second the colors of the world.

The sigh and the songs of the winds!

Who does not delight in their whisperings among the forest trees and the flowers, their roaring over the waters of the deep, their lullabies in the night when the earth is still, and sleep, half dreaming, closes weary eyes to refresh and give them new luster for a day unborn.

Their language is universal, understood by creeping things, by beasts, by men and the angels.

This is no dead classic whose message is obscure.

Every word is liquid gem, requiring no scholarship, no knowledge be-

yond that which nature bestows to make its meaning comprehensible and inspiring, like the master stroke of a painter's brush or the magic note of a nightingale alone with the listening stars in praising his Maker.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says Mr. Lloyd George is a wonderful man, and she simply doesn't see how he finds time to write for the papers in addition to performing his other duties.

THE LITTLE OAK CHAIR

By GRACE E. HALL

THERE'S a little black mound on the hillside today

That was not there a short year ago, And a little oak chair in the closet must stay.

When the others are placed in a row;

And a little checked apron, that she used to wear,

Is hanging, all crumpled, beside of the chair.

In a little blue room that is empty and cold

There is standing a little white bed, And a gay little mirror, with flowers of gold,

Seems waiting to frame a dark head;

In a low-wicker cradle beside of the wall,

Untouched lies a treasure—her battered rag doll.

There's a twisted red tam on a nail by the door,

And a coat that has buttons but three,

Though their owner will need them, alas! nevermore.

They hold their old place tenderly; And a bit of a scarf, with the needles awry,

Is there in her basket of knitting, laid by.

Oh! the berries will glow on the holly, blood-red,

And prayers will be mumbled and fast

As little bare feet scamper swiftly to bed,

The waiting of weary months past; The stockings will hang by the grate in a row—

But the little black mound will be under the snow;

And the seats will be placed by the board, Christmas day,

But the little oak chair in the closet must stay.

(© by Dodd, Mead & Company.)

The Kitchen Cabinet

True social feeling, true warmth and cordiality, naturally expresses itself in words, and is strengthened by the expression.

CHRISTMAS DISHES

Small cakes, sweets of all kinds, including candy, are appropriate at this season. Let the children make candy at home; it is wholesome and if not eaten at the wrong time or in too great amount will do no harm.

Chocolate Drop Cookies.—Cream one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of sugar, one well-beaten egg, one cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-fourth cupful of milk, one and one-half squares of melted chocolate, one-half cupful of raisins and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix and drop from a teaspoon on a buttered sheet and bake in a moderate oven. Cover with white, boiled frosting.

Worcester Pound Cake.—Cream together one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar until light and creamy, then add the yolks of four eggs beaten thick, and beat again. Mix and sift three cupfuls of pastry flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla and one-fourth teaspoonful of mace. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk and fold in at the last well-beaten whites. Bake in a floured tube cake pan for forty-five minutes. Ice with a plain white boiled frosting if desired.

Date Bars.—Take one cupful of dates cut into small pieces, two cupfuls of walnut meats chopped, two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful salt, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, six tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Add the sugar to the beaten yolks, then the flour, and fold in the beaten whites at the last. Flavoring may be added if desired but the dates and nuts will be sufficient. Bake in a sheet and when cold mark off into bars.

Molasses Drop Cookies.—Take one-half cupful each of butter, sugar, molasses and sour milk. Add one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of soda to two cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of currants or raisins, cinnamon, nutmeg, and ginger to taste. Stir up at night or the day before baking. Drop by spoonfuls on a baking sheet.

When'er a noble deed is wrought, When'er is spoken a noble thought, Our hearts, in glad surprise, To higher levels rise.

—H. W. Longfellow.

MORE HONEY IN COOKERY

The use of honey as a sugar substitute or partly in place of white sugar, makes a food that keeps fresh and moist longer than foods made exclusively with sugar for the sweetening agent.

Honey Ginger-Snaps.—Bring to a boil two cupfuls of honey, add one cupful of butter or a mixture of butter and lard and cool. Add three tablespoonfuls of soda and beat until very light. Add two tablespoonfuls of ginger to the flour, pour in the butter and honey and mix until stiff enough to roll. Bake in a rather quick oven, rolling the mixture quite thin.

Another Ginger-Snap.—Take a pint of honey, three-fourths of a pound of butter, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, boil together and then cool. When nearly cold add flour to make a mixture to roll. Roll out very thin and bake quickly.

Cambridge Ginger Bread.—Take one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of boiling water, one cupful of honey, one egg, three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of ginger. Melt the butter in the water, add the honey, then the beaten egg and the other ingredients well blended. Bake in a dripping pan for 45 minutes in a very moderate oven.

Honey and Almond Cakes.—Put into a saucepan two cupfuls of liquid honey with three-fourths of a pound of powdered sugar. Cook two or three minutes, add three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar and cook three minutes; add one-quarter of a pound of blanched almonds chopped, and cook five minutes longer. Now add flour to make a stiff dough. Add one-half pound of candied orange peel cut fine, the grated rind of a lemon, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg and soda, a dash of salt and grape juice to soften the batter so that it may be rolled. Chill before rolling and stamp with sprengerle rectangles. Bake in a sheet and when cold dip into icing.

Oatmeal Honey Gem Cakes.—Take one-half cupful each of sugar and honey, one cupful of shortening, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, one cupful of raisins, two cupfuls of oatmeal, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful each of nutmeg and ginger. Bake in gem pans.

Our national wild life resources, if capitalized on the basis of a 6 per cent annual income, are worth more than \$1,000,000,000

SCHOOL DAYS



THAT MADE HIM WORSE

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"CANNON"

SOMETIMES a slightly different method of spelling disguises the fact that two apparently dissimilar words rest on the same common foundation and are really so closely related that they may be said to be one and the same. A notable example of this is the "canon" or law—as used in Scripture and church writings—and "cannon" or heavy artillery.

The word "canon" first meant the measuring rule or line of the carpenter. Then, figuratively, any measure or rule by which we gauge other things. But the carpenter's rule was properly a reed or "canna," this being selected on account of its straightness, and mention of this measuring reed is made in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. A reed, however, in addition to being straight, is also hollow. Therefore, when the hollow engines of war—artillery—were invented, it was considered appropriate that they, too, be called by a word derived directly from the Greek "canna," the additional "n" being supplied to distinguish the military armament from the ecclesiastical. Much the same process appears in the German, where "rohr," at first signifying a cane or reed, has in like manner been applied to the barrel of a gun.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Our national wild life resources, if capitalized on the basis of a 6 per cent annual income, are worth more than \$1,000,000,000

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. A. PEYSER

Has a Man Like This Proposed to You?

Symptoms: Neat, almost too neat, clothes always parted on the seams, hands well manicured, a good-looking but not too good looking. He is a banker, a sub-officer in a bank, always has a buttonhole fastened with a flower, talks of concerts, theaters, benefits which cost him six; also of high-priced cars. Takes you to a "movie." Afterward says, "I'm not hungry, but if you are we'll go somewhere." So you go! He says, looking at menu, seeing only the price column and buttoning up his coat, "You see, I am a ten o'clock chap. I've got to get home early as I open the bank every morning. How would a sandwich suit you?" So he sees his skin.

IN FACT

He's the original little taxidermist—saves his skin with

Take all he offers you or he'll give you nothing but care.

Prescription for His Bride: a ride in his car. Sleep day-times, as he'll be up all night reading and will want you around for home atmosphere.

Absorb This: MARRIAGE OFTEN TURNS OUT TO BE A SMOKE SCREEN FOR TIGHT HABITS.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

Service is one of the ways by which a tiny insect like us of us can get purchase on the wheel universe. If he finds the job where he can be of use, he is hitched to the wheel of the world, and moves with it.—Richard Cabot.

TASTY FOODS

TO HAVE a well-served larder with keepable foods is a thrifty idea for a busy mother and housewife. There are many little food necessities which, though not strong in food value, add a touch of festivity to the table.

Don't fail to have waffles come of these frosty mornings.

Waffles

Take one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, one cupful of rich, thick sour milk, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add three teaspoonfuls of melted butter and fill on a hot well-greased waffle iron. Mix the dry ingredients. Separate the yolks and

whites, beating well; add the yolks to the milk and flour; fold in the whites just after adding the melted butter. If the family is at all fond of waffles it will be best to double the recipe.

Cheese With Olives.

Put one-fourth pound each of cream and Roquefort cheese in a bowl, add a little evaporated milk to soften and mix well together. Chop a small bottle of stuffed olives, add a little salt, cayenne, and a few drops of onion juice. Made into balls they make a nice salad or may be used as sandwich filling. Put in a glass fruit jar and keep on ice.

Nellie Maxwell
(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Durban, South Africa's first port, lies midway between America and Australia and the East.

Children Cry for



To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

SICK HEADACHE

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills** then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They restore the organs to their proper functions and Headache and the causes of it pass away. THEY REGULATE THE BOWELS and PREVENT CONSTIPATION. *Carter's Little Liver Pills* Small Pill; Small Dose; Small Price.

SHINOLA

AMERICA'S HOME SHOE POLISH. Black - Tan - White - Ox-Blood - Brown. SHINOLA preserves leather as paint preserves buildings. Quick and easy to use. SHINOLA HOME SET. Makes Shining Easy. Genuine Bristle Duster cleans around the sole and applies the polish thoroughly. Shines in a hurry. Lamb's Wool Polish just fits the hand. Brings the brilliant Shinola shine with a few strokes.

Beware of the man who is envious of the happiness of others.

Some men believe that they could give Providence pointers well worth considering.

Freshen a Heavy Skin With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Advertisement.

PRISON SHAPED LIKE EAR

Tyrant of Syracuse Constructed Cave So That He Could Hear Conversations of Suspects.

The Ear of Dionysius was the name given to a celebrated cavern near Syracuse in Sicily, said to have been constructed by Dionysius the Elder, tyrant of Syracuse, and used by him as a prison for suspected persons. This cave was 250 feet long and 80 feet high. It was fashioned in the shape of a human ear, and so constructed that the faintest sounds were conveyed from all parts to a central chamber, corresponding to the tympanum or drum of the ear. There this tyrant secreted himself, sometimes, it is said, for days, and listened to the conversations of the unfortunates imprisoned within.

The workmen who built the dungeon were put to death to prevent them from divulging the use to which it was put. A whisper at one end could be distinctly heard at the other, by putting one's ear close to the rock, while the tearing of paper sounded like a series of explosions.—Detroit News.

"Silence is golden" is popular among those who can't talk.

Vermont lays claim to the largest privately-owned orchard in this country. It is located at Bennington, being the property of Edward H. Everett of Old Bennington. In this planting there are more than 50,000 apple trees and 15,000 trees, partly of pear, plum, quince and cherry.

The area occupies more than 3,000 acres of land at the base and on the eastern slope of Mount Anthony, and extends over a large portion of Carpenter hill. It is understood that the ultimate goal is 100,000 fruit trees. Some of the rows of trees in this orchard are almost a mile long.

The orchard trees are set out in large divisions and the divisions are subdivided into blocks lettered after the alphabet. Some of the blocks are so numerous that the manager has had to double back on the alphabet in the same division. Every row of trees is given a letter and every cross row is given a number. In this way each tree has its specific identification.

Different blocks in the orchard are insured against damage by hail, likewise against damage by fire.—Detroit News.



The Winter Breakfast

which includes Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk, will have one dish that has both engaging flavor and true nourishment.

Grape-Nuts is more than "something good to eat." It is a building food in most digestible form; rich in proteins, carbohydrates, mineral elements and vitamin B—all vitally essential to the daily rebuilding of every part of the body.

It pays to keep oneself in the highest physical condition, for with the strength and vigor that go with health you can "do things" and be happy.

There's a way—and "There's a Reason"

for Grape-Nuts



The Cortlandts of Washington Square

By JANET A. FAIRBANK

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GETTYSBURG

SYNOPSIS—Returning to her home in a small town, Milton Center, from a visit to New York, the widowed mother of ten-year-old Ann Byrne announces her wedding to Hudson Cortlandt, socially and politically prominent. Her husband has not been told about Ann, and the new wife fears he will be displeased. With Ann, Mrs. Cortlandt returns to New York, to the house of Hendricks Cortlandt, her husband's brother, with whom the latter is living. Hudson practically refuses to have anything to do with Ann, and the child is gladly adopted by Hendricks Cortlandt. Ann's mother and stepfather are lost at sea. Ann fills a gap in Hendricks Cortlandt's lonely heart. The situation is resented by Mrs. Rensselyer, Hendricks' sister, whose son, Hendricks, has been looked upon as the natural heir to the Cortlandt wealth. The Civil war breaks out. A tentative engagement between young Rensselyer and Ann is understood, the youth enlisting. War hospitals are established in New York, and Ann takes up the work of cheering the wounded back from the front. With her guardian, Ann visits Rensselyer in his encampment on the outskirts of Washington and meets noted people. Ann devotes herself to Densley Howard, a dying soldier, who tells her she must not marry Rensselyer. Rensselyer's name appears in the death list, soon after Ann had secretly written breaking off their engagement. Hendricks Cortlandt goes to Europe. Ann hears that Rensselyer is alive, and starts for the front.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

The "Coal Men's Regiment," and the "Union League Brigade" were especially active; it seemed to Ann that their banners hung from every house; that every boarding detailed the advantages they offered. Before the recruiting office at Twelfth and Girard streets, there was such a dense throng of men eager to enlist that she found some difficulty in proceeding on her way to the Sanitary commission rooms. The building was placarded with signs: "The Washington Grays," "Woodward's Light Battery," "Fall In, Men," and an appeal to negro citizens, "Men of Color—come forward." It was like the early days of the war, in New York, only here there was an added tenseness because of the nearness of the enemy. All the while, over the hoarse tumult of the crowd, the shrill voices of newsboys could be heard calling: "Confederate cavalry approaches Harrisburg!" And in inarticulate answer Ann saw the men press sullenly forward.

At the Sanitary commission rooms the girl interviewed the lady manageress, but she could learn nothing definite.

"Miss Byrne? Yes? Oh, Mr. Hendricks Cortlandt's niece? . . . Won't you sit down?"

Ann did so reluctantly. "I hate to take the time to," she admitted, smiling ingratiatingly at her interlocutor. "You see—I want to go to the front. Do you know where the Army of the Potomac is?"

"No one knows that, exactly; somewhere in southern Pennsylvania, of course."

"I heard newsboys calling out that Lee has crossed the Potomac."

"Yes. There will be another terrible battle soon. You can see how busy we are, here. The most sensible thing you could do would be to settle down and help us."

"I can't wait," Ann said hastily. "I must get in touch with the army, before the battle."

"But, my child, the front is no place for a young lady. Surely you realize that?"

"But I can nurse!" Ann cried. "I have been working in the hospitals in New York ever since they were opened!"

"Nurse? So young? Extraordinary! In Philadelphia! However, that is neither here nor there. . . . If you can nurse, I dare say we might find you a place on our hospital train; it will start as soon as we get orders."

Ann shook her head. "I can't wait," she said stubbornly.

"You would not be allowed to go beyond Baltimore without a pass from the governor."

"How can I get a pass?"

"You would have to go to Harrisburg for it—and it is a great question if you could succeed in reaching the capital. You know Ewell is raiding in that neighborhood. We fear that at any moment he may cut off the city."

"Well," Ann murmured, regardless of high-bred Philadelphia eyebrows lifted at her expense. "Harrisburg next."

She was rather cast down at the delay, and she was moreover, afraid that Mrs. Cortlandt might succeed in reaching and stopping her. She looked about her for possible aid, and her eyes fell on the only man in the room. He was a young chaplain, gaunt of figure and exalted of face. He was looking at her when she noticed him; his eyes were the sort in which pity lies in ambush; he was a young man sure to be gulled.

Ann went over to him at once. "I wish you would help me," she said, trustfully as a little child.

"Anything I can do!" stammered the young man. "Are you in trouble?"

"Yes, a great trouble," she sighed deeply. "I must get to the front," she said, "and I hear I have to have a pass, to go beyond Baltimore."

"They are hard things to get, these days," he murmured sympathetically, "and only fancy—I have one here that isn't needed."

"You have—a pass?"

He pulled a folded paper from his pocket, and, sure enough, it was a pass. It bore the governor's necessary signature, and it was made out to Mrs. Edward Blake. When she looked up at him, the young man observed that the girl's gray eyes seemed suddenly black. "Why isn't she—this Mrs. Blake—going?"

"Her son died before she could start."

"Oh, the poor woman! . . . Don't you think it seems a pity to waste it?"

He looked bewildered at this direct attack, so she added smoothly, "Of course I know that the governor would give me one—he is a great friend of my uncle's, you see—but I can't bear to delay. . . . There's going to be this battle. . . . I want to get



"I suppose not," Ann drooped again, hopelessly.

there before it's fought. . . . I want to find some one. If I could only have this pass!"

"It wouldn't do you any good. It isn't made out to you."

"Would anyone know that?"

"It wouldn't be right," the young clergyman said firmly, but a wave of color swept from his inordinately low collar to his blond hair.

"I suppose not," Ann drooped again, hopelessly.

"I wish I could give it to you."

She turned pleadingly to him, and she laid one beseeching hand upon his arm. "Oh, do give it to me! If you will, I can start for Baltimore at once. Please let me have it—please!"

He looked at the slender white fingers irresolutely. Somehow, his was not an arm upon which beautiful young women often leaned, and he burned to be worthy of this appeal. Ann swept her gray eyes up to his. "You will, won't you?" she said confidently. She held out her other hand, trustfully.

Her evident dependence was too much for him. He put the folded paper in her outstretched fingers, and tingled with a delightful feeling of wickedness. "Of course," he said virtuously, "I shouldn't let you have it, if it were not a case of life and death!"

"No, of course not. . . . I can never thank you—but I'll never forget you! . . . Come on down with me, and help me find my cab."

As she took her seat in the train, Ann observed that there were fewer women traveling that day; the car was filled for the most part with soldiers. They were interested in her, that was quite evident, for she never looked up without meeting a pair of smiling boyish eyes, but she was disposed to be discreetly shy with them, and she struck up a protective acquaintance with a grizzled major who was returning to his regiment with one empty sleeve.

She consulted him about her probable destination. "Where do you think the Army of the Potomac is?" she demanded.

"I am ordered to Frederick City, as the nearest railroad point. I should try to go there, if I were you. It's your best chance for information. You might even run into the Fifty-Fifth. No one knows. You'll have to spend the night in Baltimore."

"The night!" Ann echoed, with a sinking heart. Nights on trains were all very well, but nights in strange cities were more than she had bargained for. "I—don't know anyone there," she faltered childishly.

The major frowned. "I do," he said at length. "I think the woman who runs the Eutaw house would remember me. I was taken there when

I lost my arm, and she was very good to me. She'll look after you, I am sure. I'll take you to her."

"Oh, thank you!" murmured Ann. How would the world revolve, she wondered, if it were not for kindly men?

The hostess of the Eutaw house welcomed Ann querulously. "Take you in?" she said doubtfully. "Well, I don't see as I can do anything else. There ain't a mite of room—but I'll have to manage. There's a sofa in my room. I reckon you can have that."

"I shan't sleep anyway," Ann said hastily. Nothing seemed more impossible to her than that.

"That's what they all say," her hostess remarked, with sinister cynicism.

Ann shut her eyes experimentally; she was certain that she could not sleep; when she opened them again the morning sun was streaming into the room, and her hostess was standing over her, urging upon her the necessity of haste, if she were still determined upon her mad idea of catching the train to Frederick City.

She dressed in a bewildered flurry, and protested impatiently as she choked down the hot coffee and cornbread brought her by a weeping darky maid. She had but one thought in her mind—to get to the train before it started, for now added to her wish to find out if it were true that Hendricks lived, was a desire to drink more deeply this exhilarating draught of excitement. She would find out about Hendricks, and then, somewhere, she would find a hospital.

Her drive to the station—dashing through the crowded streets and swinging crazily around corners—was gorgeously exhilarating, and her spirits soared in response. The station was the center of excitement, and the streets leading to it were filled with people; they tossed aimlessly about, regardless of the hot July sun, and shouted and gesticulated. As she drove through the crowd Ann caught scraps of news; the Confederates were concentrating their forces north of the Potomac river, and Harrisburg was in great danger. Here and there she heard execrations of General Lee, but often a glimpse of an exultant face betrayed the presence of a secessionist. Little groups of men in blue uniform marched past her, clearing the street as they went, and once an army band swung along at the head of a whole regiment, riving the warm air with the shrill clamor of fife.

The train stood puffing and ready before the station, and six or eight soldiers hung out of every window, shouting to their fellows on the platform, and waving indiscriminate greetings.

Ann was a Godsend to them; the entire train waved at her, with wild glee. She could scarcely make her way through the crowd, and when she finally reached the ticket window the agent hesitated over her request for transportation to Frederick City, but the eloquent plea of her deep mourning, as well as the governor's signature on the pass she mutely offered him, overcame his scruples. When the train started she was sitting in it, surrounded by admiring young soldiers who were joyfully disposed to forget their threatened baptism of fire in the presence of the pretty girl. There was no question, today, of her withdrawing from their attentions; the boys were wildly excited at the prospect of an immediate battle, and Ann was softened by a grim realization that these skylarking youngsters might be among the ill-fated ten thousand for whom sinister preparations were being made; she would not have snubbed them even if she could have done so, which was doubtful. They swarmed about her, firing eager questions at her, and told one another that she was "a plucky one, all right!" Their very numbers made her at ease with them.

The train made poor time; often it backed mysteriously up the track it had so laboriously traversed, while the boys shouted hilariously. "We've changed our minds! We aren't going to fight the Johnnies, after all!"—and sometimes it stopped for long intervals, for no apparent reason. When that happened the soldiers swarmed out along the right of way, shouting and leaping like little boys. One of them brought a stalk of goldenrod back to Ann, and she stuck it in her belt. It made a gay note of color on her black tweeds. She nodded ungraciously at each new delay, for she was still afraid of being turned back. Even a trainload of forlorn prisoners, caught in a raid and rushing northward, did not distract her for long.

At the Monocacy river three miles from Frederick City, they came to a final halt. The bridge was unsafe, the train men announced, and every one was hurried off the cars into the blinding heat of a late June afternoon. Immediately the officers began collecting their men in some sort of order; as Ann stood, bewildered, waiting for events to shape her next move, she saw the advance column march off down the rutted, dusty road.

As she stood somewhat forlornly a young captain came hurrying up to

her. "Where are you going?" he asked, curtly.

"To Frederick City," Ann replied, turning white and confident eyes upon him. "I am trying to find Captain Rensselyer. He was with the Fifty-fifth New York. Do you know where that regiment is?"

"No—and you can't go wandering around this country. There's likely to be a battle almost anywhere, any time. The best thing you can do is to go back to Baltimore."

"I wouldn't think of doing that," Ann protested.

"Sorry," he said, "but back you go. Get right into this train again—the one you came down in. It will be leaving in a few minutes."

"I won't do anything of the kind," Ann declared furiously.

The officer laughed. "I'm in command here," he reminded her. "It's an order."

To escape further humiliation Ann went into the car and sat down. She was vehemently angry, but quite impotent. Presently a covered black wagon drove up to the train, and a crooked old driver climbed laboriously down to open the door in the rear. Ann watched him curiously; there was nothing else for her to do. A bevy of young women swarmed surprisingly out of the wagon; it was incredible that it could have held so many hoop-skirts, and so many agitated and fluttering girls. A calm nun followed them, prim and self-contained and hot in her coil and black habit; while her flock boarded the train she stopped to speak to the driver. The girls came trooping into Ann's car, chattering excitedly.

"Where are you all from?" Ann demanded.

"The Convent school at Emmitsburg. We all live in the North, and the mother superior is sending us home just because she thinks there may be a battle around here somewhere. Isn't it mean?"

The other girl interrupted eagerly. "There were soldiers in the convent grounds this morning," she declared, round-eyed. "They gave their horses a drink, and the mother superior sent milk out to the men."

"What regiment?" Ann asked in idle curiosity.

"The Fifty-fifth New York."

Ann shot to her feet. "I'm going!" she declared hotly.

"Going where?"

"To find the Fifty-fifth!"

"She has a lover in it!" one of the girls whispered romantically.

Stooping, Ann reconnoitered. The nun had turned toward the train, and the old driver was beginning to climb to his high seat. Ann swung herself into the aisle. . . . At the door she almost ran down the placid nun. . . . On the step she halted. The bus was beginning to move off, in a leisurely and inviting fashion. The train made a convulsive start, and Ann leaped to the ground. The door in the end of the departing bus had swung open with a jolt of its first motion; there was dark sanctimony within. She sprang after it. The horses were barely started; she caught up easily, and grasping the handrail in the rear, she



She bolted into the dusty, hot interior of the covered wagon.

bolted into the dusty hot interior of the covered wagon. She settled herself deliberately in the most comfortable corner, and marveled at the ease of her escape.

It was a forlorn way they traveled, for the fences had been torn from before the houses, to be used for fuel, and the straggling gardens had been trampled by careless hundreds.

Ann wondered uneasily what her reception might be at the convent. Suddenly the bus ceased lurching and groaning, and ran smoothly over a good road. Ann looked out; her unconscious driver had turned in between iron gates, and was taking her down a well-kept driveway. She stood up and peered through a tiny loophole in the front. All that she could see was the austere black outline of a cross, high against the angry sky. In

a moment they had arrived before a high front stoop, and stopped.

A woman's voice asked, "Any mail, David?"

"No, Sister."

"Did you bring anything back with you?"

"No, Sister."

The bus vibrated uneasily, as the tired horses gathered themselves together for a last effort, which should carry them to the town. Ann knew that the moment of revelation had come, and she reluctantly poked her abashed face out of the door. "Yes, he did," she said slyly. "He brought me."

On the top of the high steps was a pretty nun; under her white coil her face looked extraordinarily young and childlike. Her eyes met Ann's with an unmistakable sparkle of amusement. "Did you get in without David's knowing it?" she demanded.

Ann nodded, and ran up the steps. "I had to come," she said, "I am looking for an officer—Captain Rensselyer."

The nun nodded in her turn. "Come in," she said, slipping her arm through the newcomer's, "and tell the Mother Superior all about it."

Ann's heart sank, but when she was face to face with the nun and kindly head of the convent school she found little difficulty in telling her story, and she thankfully agreed to stop for the night.

Ann slept for twelve hours, lost to the world and her plights. When she awoke she glanced bewilderedly about the white room where she lay. There came a sharp knock on the door, and the pretty nun thrust her face into the crack. "Good morning," she said. "Do you know anything about bandage making? And scrubbing?"

"Do I? I did nothing else for six months!"

"Then dress quickly, and come down. The battle will be right here in Emmitsburg! The Confederates are just pouring down every road. The Mother Superior says that the convent will undoubtedly be used for a hospital! Think of it! As we have no dressings, all the sisters are gathered in the refectory, cutting the linen into strips. . . . Come quickly, and show us how!"

Ann's intention had been to start very early in the morning, but she could not refuse this urgent request. For hours she showed the panicky nuns how to scrape lint and roll bandages. She was eager to be gone, for she knew that she could never bring herself to leave, once the place was really turned into a hospital, but the Mother Superior was quite firm in forbidding any such thing. "You must stay here, my daughter, as long as the convent is tenable," she said smoothly.

Before supper the Mother Superior called together the half-dozen Southern girls who remained in the school. "I have decided to send you, North, my daughters," she announced, "and Miss Byrne, too. I cannot take the responsibility of keeping you here. At ten o'clock every morning a train leaves Emmitsburg for the north, and I have advised that the road is passable in that direction. . . . You can all be accommodated in the convent at Harrisburg until you have had time to communicate with your families. You, too, Miss Byrne. I cannot take the responsibility of having you remain here."

The idea of leaving Emmitsburg, where a great battle was about to be fought, and going to an untried-of little junction like Gettysburg, was almost more than Ann could bear, but there was a certain definiteness about the Mother Superior, and immediately after breakfast, she allowed herself to be packed, together with seven other girls, into the convent bus.

Gettysburg was strangely quiet as they drove into it. There were no children playing in the streets, and the square in the center of the town was deserted. There were no soldiers to be seen, either; it was like a place under a spell. At the station they found the Harrisburg train waiting to start, but no one could say when. The nun in charge of the young women decided to take them aboard, and there await events.

All at once the nun remembered that she had not bought tickets, and arose in a great hurry to get them. Ann, observing her faller's panicky rush to the station, smiled grimly. She rose tranquilly and strolled to the rear door of the car. The girls, hating the North, allowed her to go in silence, and she walked calmly down the steps and across the platform. The main street lay before her, hot and empty, and she marched briskly off down it. It was as simple as that; no one noticed her departure; there was not so much as an exclamation over it.

CHAPTER XII

Gettysburg.

Ann found shelter in a little house on Chambersburg street; she was sure that it must be respectable because it stood next door to a righteous appearing Lutheran church, and she liked the look of the place besides. She liked its hostess also. She had found her trimming geraniums with an extraordinary placidity, in view of the fact that there were said to be enemy soldiers in Gettysburg.

She took Ann into her study, a little house and brought her cold water from the pump in the backyard. When the girl had washed away the dust of her journey, the two settled down in the stifling parlor to wait, and to watch from behind the Nottingham curtains for a glimpse of Confederate soldiers. The little town remained ominously silent.

A little boy came running down the street shouting, and as he came near they could hear that he was saying:

"The Johnnies are coming!" Ann ran out into the front yard to question him.

"There's a whole brigade with wagons; they're after clothing and shoes. That's all I know! Lemme go on!"

Suddenly into the stillness of the house broke clamorous sounds—shouts and the thunder of horses' feet. "That's from the Emmitsburg pike, it must be our men!"

"It's Buford's cavalry—it must be!" They opened the door and the noise came louder. It was infinitely reassuring. As they watched, the end of the street was filled with a great cloud of dust, and suddenly a front rank of cavalry broke through it, and bulked huge and black against it. In five minutes they were gone; in half an hour they came loafing back, gay with triumph.

"We drove 'em out all right!" a blond Swede from Illinois told Ann, as he stopped to drink the water she offered him.

"Where are you going now?"

"We are ordered to camp on the ridge by the seminary on the other side of town, but we are placing vedettes on all the roads. They say General Reynolds has been ordered to occupy the town; looks as if this is the place all right. It's a pity you ladies aren't safe away."

Ann laughed. "I can nurse," she said. "If there is going to be a battle I can be useful."

"Why don't you report to the Medical corps? They have taken over the seminary building for a hospital."

Into Ann's mind rushed the tales she had heard of field hospitals and the atrocious care men received in them—care vastly different from the well-equipped wards in which she had worked.

"I am going," she said to her hostess. "I have worked for a year and a half in hospitals in New York."

The woman smiled at her anxiously. "Reckon you belong there, then," she said reluctantly, "but I kind of hate to see you go off like this."

Her dubious glance followed Ann down the street and gave the girl a warm sense of being looked after. She thought she would always remember this kind friend bound to her by such exciting events. It was not until she had crossed the town that it struck her she did not know her hostess' name.

There was great confusion at the seminary, which was being transformed from a school into a hospital with a speed in which, it seemed to Ann, there was a sort of panic. She found the doctor rather indifferent to her proffered assistance. He had, he said, half a dozen men nurses, whom he had picked up in Gettysburg. She set humbly to work bringing cold water to the patients, and fanning them as they lay exhausted. No one of them was alarmingly ill, and as the darkness settled down they all went to sleep. There was nothing for Ann to do, so she found an empty room in the seminary, and locked herself into it.

The seminary yard was crowded with troops; the men lay about on the grass laughing and talking, so Ann kept her curtains drawn until she blew out her candle. Her window faced the mountains, and when she threw it open she gasped in amazement. The night was velvet black and the stars in the sky were hot shining dots; Ann could follow the outline of the mountain range only where it cut arbitrarily against them. The long swelling slope was invisible, but on it were myriads of points of light, bright and hot like the stars, only nearer and more flickering. They were the campfires of the enemy, and as she looked at them Ann thrilled with a sensation that was as much anticipation as fear.

The next morning the girl was awakened by picket firing down the pike. She sprang up, dazed, and for a moment glared about her wildly at her strange room. There were no more volleys, but down in the yard beneath her window there was a great turmoil. Peering out she saw a wagon had been backed up to the main door and that two or three men were being taken from it on improvised stretchers. She flung on her clothes and ran down to find that a group of wounded pickets, the first casualties of the fight in a railroad cut not far from the seminary, lay in one of the recently cleared lower rooms. There were no cots for them, and it was a fortunate man who had a blanket between him and the floor.

At nine o'clock a report reached the hospital that General Reynolds had arrived in Gettysburg, in advance of the first corps, and that he had mounted a fresh horse and galloped out past the seminary to the front. Some soldiers reported they had seen him, surrounded by a half-dozen aides. The hospital corps felt the stimulus of this good news at once; even Ann was certain that the horrid tide of wounded would ebb with the arrival of the popular Union leader. She was engaged in cutting the uniforms from horribly mangled men; the regular nurses were unable to cope with the wounded, and she was welcome to do what she could.

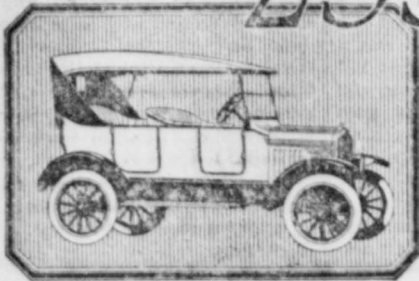
"Ann!" he gasped at length. "Good G—d, Ann!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Answer to Correspondent. A bucket-shop, Euphemism, is the sort of modern cooerage to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung-hole.—Boston Transcript.

Not Fast Enough for Express. Beeche—He is fast, isn't he? Ashe—Yes, but not fast enough to keep up with rum—Boston Transcript.

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JOINT MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Joint Missionary Society will meet Monday, Dec 31st, 2 p m., at the Methodist church. Following is the program: Leader, Sister Keller. Scripture reading by Mrs. R. E. Newman. Prayer by Mrs. Kendall. Song, Bringing in the Sheaves. Paper: What Is the Purpose of the Joint Missionary Society?—Sister Thomas. Special song—Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Peninger. Paper: What Are We Doing for Our Community?—Mrs. P. C. Johnson and Mrs. Masterson. Special song—Imogene Moreman. New officers will be elected. We would like to see every woman in the community present. Come and let's have a real live meeting. Benediction—Mrs Coffey.

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I have plenty of money to loan on farms, and will give you Quick Service. Come in and see me and let us talk it over. The rate of interest is low, and the reliability of my company is without question.

L. A. STROUD,
Hedley, Texas.

POSTED—This to notify the public that my place is posted and no hunting will be allowed. Trespassers will be prosecuted. T. F. Hefner.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas. To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon T. J. Wood to be and appear before the Justice Court of Precinct Number 2, Donley county, Texas, to be held at my office in Clarendon, Texas, on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1923 then and there to answer the suit of Drs B. L. Jenkins and O. L. Jenkins, plaintiffs, against the said T. J. Wood, defendant, filed December 4th, 1923, being numbered No. 1258, in which plaintiffs sue defendant for \$25.00 for medical services rendered in July, 1922.

You will summon the said defendant, T. J. Wood, by making publication of this citation once each week for four successive weeks previous to the return date hereof in some newspaper published for more than one year continuously in Donley county, Texas.

Herein fail not, but make due return of this citation, showing how you have executed the same, on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1923.

Given under my hand officially this December 4th, A. D. 1923

Leon O. Lewis,
Justice of the Peace,
Precinct No. 2,
Donley County, Texas.

Subscribe for The Informer

We Appreciate Your Business

NEW SUITS, MADE TO FIT, and Old Suits made to Look Like New Ones. Also Laundry Agency. Our work pleases.

Clarke, The Tailor
Who Knows How

Phone 77

NOTICE TO BIDDERS

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Commissioners' Court of Donley County up to 2 o'clock p. m. on Monday, the 15th day of January, 1924, for the purchase by said County of Donley of one Ten Ton Holt "Caterpillar" Tractor with regular equipment to be used upon the public roads of said County, and one Russell Super Mogul Grader. A certified check of 5 per cent of the amount of the bid shall be filed with each bid and the successful bidder shall be required to give a good and sufficient bond in the full amount of the contract price executed by some surety company authorized to do business in the State of Texas. Bidders shall be required to bid on condition that such tractor or road machinery shall be demonstrated upon the roads of said County for a period of three days prior to the date of awarding the contract, and all bids shall be addressed to the County Judge of said County, and shall be marked 'SEALED BIDS,' and bids not so marked shall not be considered. The Commissioners' Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

J. R. Porter, County Judge
Donley County, Texas
Attest: Lottie E. Lane,
[Seal] County Clerk
Donley County, Texas.

STRAY MULE at my place, black mare mule, 18 or 20 years old. Owner come and get her L. Z. Land.

TEXHOMA FILLING STATION

100 per cent pure Pennsylvania AMALIE MOTOR OILS, Gas, Tires, Tubes and Accessories. Come here for BEST GOODS AND BEST SERVICE
M. L. PENINGER, Prop.

JUST RECEIVED

Two cars most beautiful Monuments. Come in and make your selection, or write for prices.

EVERYTHING IN MARBLE AND GRANITE

CLARENDON MONUMENT WORKS

Phones 106, 219 or 490

CLARENDON, TEXAS

Before You Build-- See Us

Talk over with us your building ideas—it costs nothing and we may be able to suggest something of benefit.

Among the many distinctive home plans we have to show you may be just the one for your need and means. We have, ready for your inspection and use, complete stocks of dependable building material.

We are here to serve you to the best of our ability and welcome a chance to demonstrate that ability.

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

U. J. BOSTON, Manager

New Goods

arriving all the time. Come to us for anything you need in Dry Goods and Groceries. The price is right.

Tims & Culwell



Copyright 1922 Hart Schaffner & Marx

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

to our Hedley friends. We appreciate your past business, and hope to see you often during the coming year.

HAYTER BROS.

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

A Raw, Sore Throat

Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Musterole
And Musterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Just spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest. Keep it handy for instant use.

To Mothers: Musterole is now made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35c and 65c, jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.00.



Better than a mustard plaster

NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright

KEEPING WELL—An NR Tablet (a vegetable aperient) taken at night will help keep you well, by soothing and strengthening your digestion and elimination.

Used for over 30 years

Get a 25-Box

Chips off the Old Block
NR JUNIORS—Little NRs
One-third the regular dose. Made of the same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.

SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST

MADE THE SAME AS THIRTY YEARS AGO

FOR 30 years physicians have prescribed Gude's Pepto-Mangan because it contains a form of iron which is readily absorbed, does not upset the stomach or affect the teeth, and is a splendid tonic and blood enricher. At your druggist's, in both liquid and tablets.

Gude's Pepto-Mangan
Tonic and Blood Enricher

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic
A Body Builder for Pale, Delicate Children. 60c

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

HINDERCORNS Remove Corns, Calluses, etc., stop all pain, ensure comfort to the feet, make walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists. Hilsco Chemical Works, Paterson, N. Y.

EYEWATER
HELPFUL EYE WASH

Hall's Catarrh Medicine
will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

Lloyd Products
Baby Carriages & Furniture

Ask Your Local Dealer

Write Now for 32-Page Illustrated Booklet

The Lloyd Manufacturing Company
Holland, Michigan

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 49-1923.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Our Pet Peeve



But Fanny Never Ran On a Track Team



A Reprisal in Order



GIRLS! HAIR GROWS THICK AND BEAUTIFUL

35-Cent "Danderine" Does Wonders for Lifeless, Neglected Hair.



A gleamy mass of luxuriant hair full of gloss, luster and life shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalps with dependable "Danderine." Falling hair, itching scalp and the dandruff is corrected immediately. Thin, dry, wispy or fading hair is quickly invigorated, taking on new strength, color and youthful beauty. "Danderine" is delightful on the hair; a refreshing, stimulating tonic—not sticky or greasy! Any drug store.—Advertisement.

World More Liberal.

The world is getting more liberal, anyway. In the old days heretics were placed on the rack, and now they are pined on the first page.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Makes You Feel "Cheap"

Nobody knows better than the boy or girl who has been slighted time and again by their supposed "best friend," how humiliating it is to have to stand for such "cutting" things when they know they can expect nothing more as long as they don't look attractive on account of a pimply, blotchy or rough skin.

But such heartaches don't have to be put up with. Any boy or girl who is troubled with these skin blemishes can get rid of them if they will just use Black and White Ointment. The fact that Black and White Ointment sells at the tremendous rate of nearly two million packages a year shows how popular it is. It is economically priced, in liberal packages. Any dealer can supply you with it. The 50c size contains three times as much as the 25c size.—Advertisement.

Vacations Necessary.

Marriage is often a failure because neither of the interested parties has sense enough to take an occasional vacation from the other.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear if You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Conceit.

"Did any of your family ever make a brilliant marriage?"
"Only my wife."

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 Cents.

Diamond Dyes

Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.—Advertisement.

Silence is golden, but the average woman is willing to take someone else's word for it.

The Best External Remedy for all local aches and pains, the result of taking cold, over exertion or strain, is an Alcock's Plaster.—Adv.

It is sometimes good for a young man to smash his environment and get away.

One 25-cent bottle of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" will save money, time, anxiety and health. One dose expels Worms or Tapeworm. 212 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Extraordinary.

"Rastus, are you a married man?"
"Nossah, Boss. Ah earns mah own livin'."

Saved my baby

Zollor Springs, Fla., March 5, 1923

Anglo-American Drug Co., 215 Fulton St., New York.

Dear Sirs:
I am using Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. It saved my baby from dying of colic, which she had for three months. Some one advised me to get Mrs. Winslow's Syrup and I did. Yours truly,
(Name on request)

Colic is quickly overcome by this pleasant, satisfactory remedy, which relieves diarrhoea, flatulency and constipation, keeping baby healthy and happy. Non-narcotic, non-alcoholic.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

Formula on every label. Write for free booklet containing letters from mothers. At all Druggists.

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 215-217 Fulton Street NEW YORK
General Selling Agents: World's F. Drake & Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, London, Sydney

Take It at Night Makes Day's Work Light

St. Joseph's LIVER REGULATOR
for BLOOD-LIVER-KIDNEYS
The BIG 25¢ C. N.

CURES COLDS - 24 HOURS

CASCARA QUININE

CURES LAGRIFFE - 3 DAYS

DETROIT, W. H. HILL CO. INC.

No Soap Better For Your Skin Than Cuticura

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Toilet 25c.

Save your money for a rainy day and your heirs will enjoy it in fair weather.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-AN'S
6 BELL-AN'S Hot water Sure Relief
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Prevents infection

Use for cuts, burns, sores and wounds. Prevents infection. Cleanses and heals.

Vaseline CARBOLATED PETROLEUM JELLY

CHEMBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
State Street New York

EYES HURT?

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

WALL & BUCKLE
147 Waverly Pl., New York

Avoid & Relieve COLDS INFLUENZA MALARIA BY TAKING WINTERSMIT'S CHILL TONIC

It is a Reliable General Invigorating

Marvelous Cures of Rheumatism and disorders by the use of Winters' Warming Restorer. Send for pamphlet.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY C. BOLIVIER
Publisher

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 the ad is brought in.

All obituaries, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, advertising of church or society doings, when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

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.

The Informer, \$1.50 a year.

LOST.—Between my place and town, bumper off my Buick car. Also lost \$30 on way to town or in town. Reward for return.
W. B. Ayers.

LOST.—\$88, between McKnight and my home, 1 mile east and 3 miles north of McKnight. All in \$5 bills except \$3 in \$1 bills. Also deposit slip for \$55 with my name on it. Finder please notify Grover Moore.

Write Draughon's College, at Abilene or Wichita Falls, for Special Holiday Offer and Guarantee Position Contract.

COME TO JOE'S PLACE

when in need of
BARBER WORK

We are equipped to give you the best of service, and anxious to please. Your business will be appreciated.

JOE GILLIAM, PROP.

R. H. BEVILLE
Attorney at Law
General Civil Practice
District Attorney 100th Judicial District
Clarendon, Texas
Office A. M. Beville & Sons,
Phone 74

Merry Christmas

To Our Hedley Friends

We appreciate your business, and are always glad to see you at our place, whether you buy anything or not.

Whitlock's Barber Shop
CLARENDON, TEXAS

Christmas Greetings

To Our Friends in Hedley

Here's hoping our friendly relations of the past will continue throughout the years to come. If we can be of any service to you, just let us know.

ODOS CARAWAY

CLARENDON, TEXAS

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

All those interested in our Cemetery, and who wish to give to the good work of keeping up the graves and yard of our dear departed loved ones, can leave their donations at the Guaranty State Bank. We still have \$85, but need more in the future to keep it in good shape.

We, the committee, make every effort to save every cent and make every dollar go as far as possible to keep things in good repair. We certainly appreciate and thank you for your liberal donations to this good cause in the past, and for the future we ask you to give what you think you ought to give.

J. R. Boston,
S. L. Adamson,
C. C. Nash,
W. J. Luttrell,
Committee.

To All Parties Interested

This is to notify you that on or about Sept 1st, 1923, there was left in our garage in Hedley, Texas, one Ford Touring Car for storage.

Car No. 28 018, Okla.
Motor No. 2470025.
And same will be sold to the highest bidder on Feb 2nd, 1924, for storage and cost charges.
Square Deal Garage.

HEDLEY WAGON YARD IS OPEN ALL THE TIME

My Wagon Yard at Hedley is open all the time. Plenty of water and feed. Good camp house. Rates reasonable.
J. G. Doherty.

Denver Passenger Schedule

Southbound
No. 2, at 8:14 a. m.
No. 8, at 8:35 p. m.
Northbound
No. 7, at 10:05 a. m.
No. 1, at 10:02 p. m.

WANTED. Men or women to take orders for genuine guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Eliminates darning. Salary \$75 a week fulltime, \$1 50 an hour spare time. Cottons, heathers, silks. International Stocking Mills, Norristown, Pa.

AT J. B. STOGNER'S

One of the most pleasant days the Informer family has enjoyed in a long time resulted from our acceptance of an invitation to eat Christmas dinner with the J. B. Stogner family.

It would take more space than we have and more word juggling ability than this editor possesses to do justice to that fine dinner or to the whole hearted hospitality accorded us and the other guests. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

Other guests included Rev. and Mrs. K. F. Keller, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hammock, H. Cook and children, W. E. Hammock and family, and Mr. C. Stogner.

Our advice to friends is this: Whatever else you do, don't be foolish enough to turn down an invitation to eat with the Stogner family.

Good two room house for sale. Must be moved off lot.

J. B. Ozier.

J. W. Bond returned the past week from an extended trip over the North Panhandle and into Oklahoma, New Mexico and Colorado, making collections for nursery stocks he had sold some time ago. He reports a good business, but declares that at times he had to wade thru snow and slush waist deep to a giraffe.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Rev. A. D. Rogers of Memphis will preach at the First Christian Church Sunday afternoon, Dec. 30, at 3 o'clock. Subject: "The Christian's Heritage." Everybody invited.

FOR SALE

One Lyon & Healy piano with player attachment; one Pathe talking machine with about 100 records; 1 book case; 1 duofold; 1 sewing machine; 1 folding bed; 1 dresser; 1 heater; 1 four burner Quick Meal oil stove; 2 bedsteads with springs; 1 kitchen cabinet; 1 buffet, 1 kitchen safe; 2 tables. All good. See, write, or phone 387. O. E. Dever, Clarendon, Texas.

Robert Stroud came down the first of the week from Amarillo and spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Stroud. Bob holds a lucrative position with Russell & Cookrell, the Panhandle's biggest printing house, stationers and office outfitters. Bob still packs that genial and continual smile, and looks to be in the "pink of condition."

WEDDING FEAST

A large number of friends were entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. L. Snodgrass on Christmas day, honoring their son, Lawrence, who was united in marriage to Miss Ruth Jordan of Clarendon on Saturday evening, the 22nd.

The dining room was beautifully decorated in the Christmas colors, and a big turkey dinner was served.

Thirty guests from Clarendon were present, and a hilarious time was had.

A Guest.

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School song service begins at 9:45 a. m.
Class period begins at 10.
Preaching at 11 in the morning and 7 p. m.
League every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Woman's Missionary Society meets each Monday afternoon at 2:30.

Prayer Meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

J. G. Thomas.

MOFFITT-CRAWFORD

One of the happy events of the Christmas season was the marriage of two of Hedley's most popular young people, Mr. Hobart Moffitt and Miss Pauline Crawford. The wedding occurred at the Methodist parsonage in Clarendon last Sunday evening.

The groom is prominent in Hedley's business circles, being connected with the Moreman Hardware Co. He is capable and energetic, and holds a high place in the esteem of his fellow townsmen.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Crawford—a talented young lady, charming and refined. She is a member of the faculty of Hedley Public Schools, and is loved by all her pupils and associates.

Mr. and Mrs. Moffitt will soon be at home in their handsome cottage which is now being put in readiness for them.

VENDOR'S LIEN NOTES WANTED

If you want to cash your Vendor's Lien Notes, come to see me. I will buy First Lien Notes in any quantity up to \$100,000.00.
L. A. STROUD,
Hedley, Texas.

Miss Dorothy White of Clarendon visited the past week with her grandmother, Mrs. W. T. White.

LOST.—Between Hedley and the Harris farm, 4 miles north east of town, a new Duck Coat. Finder please return to J. F. Hill.

Many of Hedley's young people who are teaching or attending school at other places, are spending the holidays at home. Among the number are, Misses Ruth Coffey, Vada Hicks, Melba Johnson, Mollie Newman, Cleo Moreman, Cloetel Moreman, Ila Pool, Eleanor and Ora Belle Hefner, and Ruth Grimsley, and Homer Pool and Jimmy Hays.

Good two room house for sale. Must be moved off lot.
J. B. Ozier.

D. G. Moore and family are now comfortably situated "at home" in the handsome residence they recently purchased from J. K. Shelton, in the south part of town. This is one of the most desirable residence properties in Hedley.

The Informer family has been feasting on fresh and fine pork sausage the past week, for which pleasing luxury the R. W. Scales family is directly responsible. Thank you.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. McCarroll of Wellington spent Christmas in Hedley with their mother, Mrs. W. T. White.

Sam Bond came down from Lelia Lake and spent Christmas with the home folks.

Mrs. J. W. Talley and daughters and Mrs. Mongold and daughters, from Clarendon, visited Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Thomas this week.

C. A. Luttrell and family left last week for Kennedale, Tarrant county, where they will make their home. We regret to lose them from our community, but wish them success and happiness "down in Texas."

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

I will be in Hedley January 10, 1924, to collect taxes for one day.
H. C. Brunley,
Tax Collector of CLAR.

Last Call!

Bargain Rates

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

THE FORT WORTH RECORD

THE WICHITA DAILY TIMES

Special Clubbing Rates on all the above, also

THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS

SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS

THE SOUTHWEST PLAINSMAN

FARM & RANCH

and many others

IF INTERESTED

See The INFORMER Man