

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 16, 1921

NO. 43

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

See me about shipping your Watermelons.
Van Boone.

SAND AND GRAVEL FOR SALE—25c per yard at pit. At J. T. Craddock old place.
S. C. Bell.

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

HEDLEY FAIR AND BIG BARBECUE NEXT WEEK

SPECIAL, TO LADIES
It is especially urged that the ladies of the whole community bring in a well filled basket each of cakes and pies, to go with our fine barbecued beef Wednesday, Sept. 21st. This will make a fine dinner, add the picnic spirit, and make the whole occasion a greater success.

SPECIAL, TO EXHIBITORS
If possible, bring in livestock Monday evening, Sept. 19th, and agricultural stuff Tuesday morning.

Farmers should at once select their field exhibits, if they have not already done so. Bring in some of the best of everything that grows on the farm.

Stockmen and breeders should get their stock in shape, and not only plan to exhibit, but bring your stock in and show it—dairy cows, beef cattle, horses, mules and colts, hogs of all kinds, and poultry, or anything that will add to the value of the exhibit. No requirement of registration papers. Open entry. No fees. Plenty of room.

Deliver Field Products to J. B. Stogner, Clyde Bridges or T. N. Messer; Hogs to A. B. Cloninger; Poultry to J. S. Grooms; Cattle to H. F. Fortenberry; Horses and Mules to Claude Hill, or to R. E. Mann, manager Livestock department.

Reports from all the Fair committees are very promising, and we will no doubt have a splendid Fair. It should be remembered that this is Everybody's Fair, and all should be interested enough to lend what assistance they can in making it a success.

The ladies of the Flower, Textile and Culinary committees will be present to receive anything to go in these exhibits. These displays are always appreciated and very attractive, and should be well supported with contributions.

Fairs of this kind are both entertaining and educational, and should be well supported by every person that believes in advancement and enlightenment in his home community.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Mobley took their little son, Sample, to Amarillo last week and had a physician remove his tonsils.

THE O. K. TAILOR SHOP

Phone 121 when your Old Clothes need to be made like NEW. We are prepared to do all kinds of Tailor Work, and to take Suit orders. Satisfaction guaranteed. See us.

MOBLEY, O. K. TAILOR

WAR HERO IS BURIED HERE BY COMRADES

Every business house in Hedley was closed yesterday afternoon, and one of the largest crowds ever assembled here attended the funeral of Wesley Adamson, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Adamson, who was killed in action in France October 8th, 1918.

His comrades of Adamson Lane Post, American Legion, assisted by Aubyn E. Clark Post of Clarendon, conducted the funeral.

Owing to the fact that the hour for going to press is at hand, and much desired data is not immediately available, a detailed account will appear in this paper next week.

Hedley Millinery Hats will be out Friday. The shop is now open, some new Hats are in, and others arriving every day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brown left Wednesday evening for their home at Palacios, after a pleasant visit with their children in this section and with old friends in Hedley.

CALF LOST—Red male suckling calf, white face, branded JH on left hip. When last seen was leaving Clarendon, headed this way. Notify J. C. Hill, Hedley, Texas.

SHERIFF'S SALE

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Donley.

By virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Donley County, on the 1st day of September, 1921, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of M. C. Reed versus W. H. Johnson, Dora L. Johnson and Jeff Aduddell, No. 1153, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the First Tuesday in November, A. D. 1921, it being the 1st day of said month, before the court house door of said Donley county, in the town of Clarendon, Texas, the following described property, to wit:

The Southwest one fourth of Section Five in Block C6, Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway Company Certificate No. 4 680, and patented to David Wilson, Patent Number 189, Patent Records of The State of Texas, dated September 16, A. D. 1878, and containing 156.4 acres of land in Donley county, Texas. Levied on as the property of W. H. Johnson to satisfy a Judgment amounting to \$9,193.14 in favor of M. C. Reed, and cost of suit.

Given under my hand this 12th day of September, A. D. 1921.
J. H. Rutherford, Sheriff.

Dr. F. N. REYNOLDS
DENTIST
CLARENDON, TEXAS

Hedley Fair—Sept. 20 21 22.

FARM FOR SALE!—H. W. Richey will be in Hedley during the Hedley Fair, to sell his Lake Creek farm. Will take a good car as part pay. See him at the Informer office.

A Complete Line of Hardware, Implements Standard Brands Household Furnishings Everything for the Home Leather Goods A Complete Assortment Queensware Large and Varied Collection Pathe Phonographs and Records—The BEST

Moreman & Battle
Everything in Hardware and Furniture

FOR BREAKFAST!

FORTIFYING, CLARIFYING SATISFYING

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

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee and Tea

L. T. Hullum
AGENT

Protect your Money

A bank account not only protects your money from theft and loss, but also against the temptation to spend.

Every man owes himself and his family the protection of a Savings Account in a Strong, Substantial Bank like this one.

Why not start in a small way and save regularly.
"Great oaks from little acorns grow"

The First State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$60,000.00

J. C. DONEGHY
President

P. T. BOSTON
Cashier

Welcome to Our Fair

Sept. 20, 21, 22

Make Our Store Headquarters While You're Here

Thompson Bros.
Hardware and Furniture

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.

Produce

-- THAT'S ALL

Phone 93

R. S. Smith
The Produce Man

EVERY DOLLAR YOU PLACE IN A BANK

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

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

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

Guaranty State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS
Member Federal Reserve System

SAFE STORAGE FOR CORN CROP

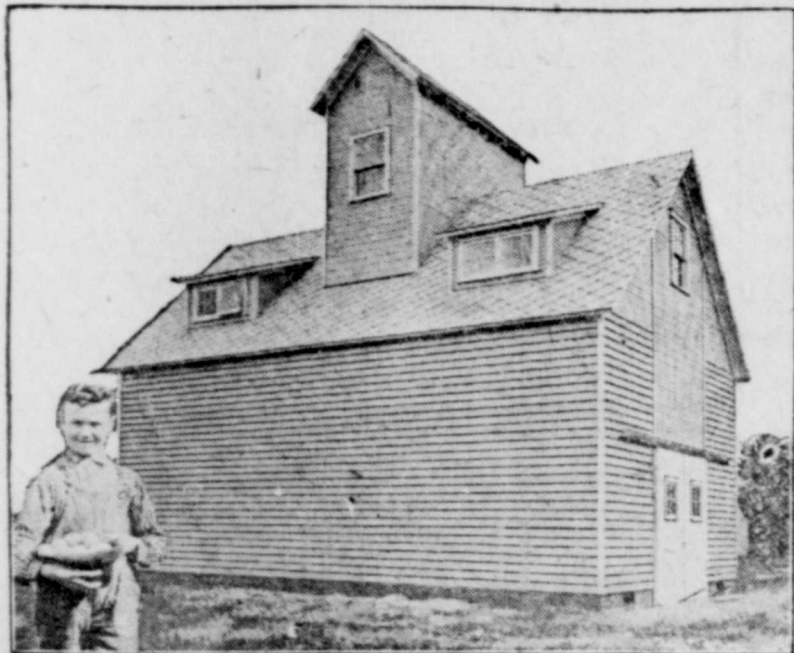
Millions Lost Every Year by Improperly Stored Grain.

POWER ELEVATOR IS HELP.

Building Contains Two Large Cribs and Bins for Small Grains—Equipment Cuts Down the Labor Cost.

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

It must be pretty discouraging for a farmer to raise a bumper crop of corn and then before it is marketed see no small part of his grain disappear because of the activity of rats and through spoilage by weather. Still millions of dollars worth of corn are

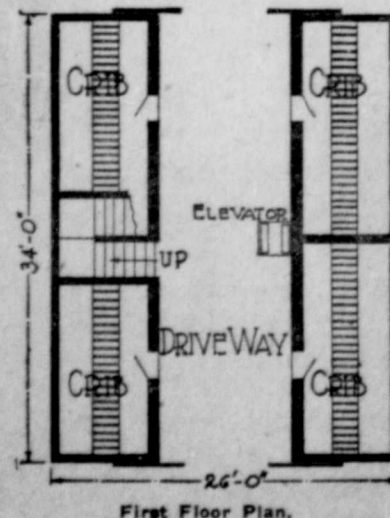


lost every year because of these enemies of corn.

Corn needs safe storage; that is, a store house that is impregnable to rats and weather. At the same time it must be exposed to the air, so that it will cure properly. To accomplish these results experienced farm building architects have designed what is generally known as a "high corn crib," but which in reality is a storage house for both corn and small grains, such as wheat, oats, barley, etc.

A good example of a high corn crib is shown in the accompanying illustration. This is a frame building set on a concrete foundation and a concrete floor. By reference to the floor plan, which accompanies the exterior view, it will be seen that a driveway, 10 feet wide, runs through the center of the building. On either side is a corn crib that extends to the roof. These cribs are eight feet wide, and 34 feet long, and will accommodate around 5,000 bushels of ear corn. The walls of the cribs are of plain, heavy boards nailed onto a heavy frame, slightly parted so that the air can circulate through the corn. The heavy construction is necessary because of the bursting pressure of the grain when the cribs are filled. The floor of the cribs is of concrete, but underneath has a channel or gutter, into which the corn may be allowed to drop so that it may be "dragged" out.

The inside walls of the cribs above the first floor ceiling, are tight, as is the floor, which allows for two bins for the small grains. These bins have

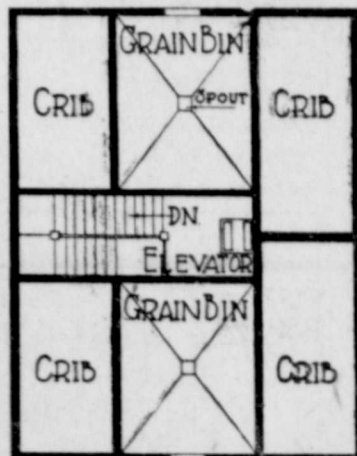


doors in the floor connected with chutes, by which the grain may be run by gravity to wagons in the driveway.

The cupola on the center of the building extends above the ridge. This is to accommodate the spout of the power elevator, located at one side of the driveway. The wagons containing the husked corn are driven into the building so that the rear ends are even with the elevator. In the floor is a "wagon dump," through which the carrier belt and cups run. The front of the wagon is lifted, the corn drops into the dump and is carried by the elevator to the spout in the cupola. This spout is movable, so that the grain may be spouted to any part of

either of the cribs. This elevator is operated by either electric motor or gas engine, and also may be used to carry the small grains to the overhead bins.

This building, equipped with a power elevator provides a safe storage house for corn and grain, and at the same time cuts the labor cost of storing them. Many farmers build a concrete hog



Second Floor Plan.

feeding floor at one end of the crib, thereby reducing the labor handling the corn that is being fed to the fattening hogs.

The construction of this building is simple, the principal points being to erect a sturdy building that will withstand the weight of the grain in

the cribs, and at the same time be open so that the air can get in, but the rain cannot. The high corn crib is one of the buildings that the modern farm owner uses to prevent waste. While such a building as this will be seen on many farms in the corn belt, there still are many farmers who cling to the old, wasteful method of putting their crops into old-fashioned cribs, built of fence rails, while some take no other care of the corn than to pile it and cover it with canvas. The waste of corn by these methods would soon pay for a modern, weather-tight crib.

WAR SECRET MADE PUBLIC
How the All-Red Cable Was Successfully Laid Between Scotland and Russia.

Details of a ruse adopted by cable layers with the object of tricking the enemy intelligence department during the war were given in a paper read recently at a meeting of the London Telegraph and Telephone Society at River Plate house by A. Avery, who described how the "All Red" cable route came into being, the London Daily Telegraph states.

A cable was laid, he said, between Peterhead, on the Aberdeenshire coast, and Alexandrovsk, a small town on the shore of the inlet of the White sea, on the Kola peninsula. The utmost secrecy had to be observed and the cable ship Colonia, to throw dust in the eyes of the enemy, sailed out for the cruise in quite a different direction.

In spite, however, of all the precautions taken the fact that the cable had been laid was mentioned in the Cologne Gazette on the morning after its completion. This cable gave direct communication between the Central Telegraph office, London, and Petrograd, and it formed a most valuable link for the allies.

Many telegrams from countries south of Russia, such as Greece, etc., pass over the cable in making their circuitous journey from the Levant to north Russia. The staff in Russia was supplied from the Central Telegraph office, London, and the Eastern Cable company cooperated. Russians were brought to Alexandrovsk to be taught cable working and the English telegraphists bear tribute to the rapidity with which they learned.

Cause and Effect.
The young man had a decoration on his face. You could hardly call it a beauty spot, for it was a discoloration of the region surrounding his right eye. He tried to look as if he had got it through attempting some daring feat in sport or war, but neither in war nor sport does one, as a rule, get a black eye, so when he met his chum the latter wanted to know all about it.

"It was only a lovers' quarrel," said the young man.
"H'm," said his friend. "She must be a pretty powerful woman."
The young man sighed.
"She didn't do it," he said. "It was her other lover."—London Tit-Bits.

INTERPRETING THE STYLES FOR EARLY FALL WEAR



ACCEPTED styles in suits are interpreted in many ways. The art of the tailor is put to the test when he must adapt a mode to the age of his patron and modify it in accordance. In suits there are those that express the buoyancy of youth, those that convey the spirit and poise of later and fuller life, and those that attest to the dignity, quiet and richness of age. None of these have been altogether left out of the displays, but it is natural that suits for younger women should predominate and two of these are pictured here.

The suit at the left of the illustration is built on youthful lines to start with and is made of a soft cloth—"duvet de laine," in brown. The box coat, which flares somewhat, has a novel trimming at the bottom of the little fringe and a collar and cuffs of

brown curved fur. It fastens up the front with odd, oblong buttons. It is a youthful affair as it is, but a band of fur substituted for the chenille fringe will adapt it to very young women. The shortness of the skirt indicates that it was meant for them.

The handsome suit at the right, made of black suede cloth, is distinctly matronly. The coat is elaborated by side panels, by variations in its length and by a rich embroidery of black silk and silver tinsel. It has a modish collar of natural squirrel fur and both the skirt and coat approve the style of longer lines. It would be hard to find anything to excel this in a suit that is distinctive and rich enough for the usual social affairs that interest women. It is just what they need for their clubs, concerts, church entertainments, teas and other informal gatherings.

STARS IN MILLINERY SKY DEPICT WORK OF ARTISTS



FOUR distinct types of hats appear here, each one of them entitled to be called a star in the galaxy of its particular kind. They are forecasts of what we may expect to see in the millinery sky this winter, and they are fascinating. At a glance we perceive them to be the work of artists, from the frame foundations to the last minute details of their making and trimming, and concede that only expert professionals can make them. Think this over when the price of hats is under discussion and be willing to pay for faultless workmanship.

At the top of the group a dress hat, of black velvet, has a soft crown and straight wide brim with a novel finish about its edge. For this border numbers of shiny black ornaments having the sparkle of jet are used. The lines of the crown and brim are beautifully balanced, and the shape becoming to many faces.

One of the shapes that artists love appears in the youthful model at the

left. It is a picture hat of felt and seems to belong to girlhood, enhancing the beauty of faces that can wear it. It is simply trimmed—preserving its youthful character by refraining from any ornament except the quaint applique flower motif on the front of the very large crown.

The well-poised, spirited matron will find a hat that suits her in the brilliant turban of broadened satin at the right, with its odd, sophisticated drapery. This hat has a French accent, but whatever its origin, its distinction is clear.

The last hat in the group is a familiar shape draped with duvetyne and trimmed with beads and bead tassels. It is here because it is demanded, and is quite likely to prove the favorite type of hat for street wear.

DAIRY HINTS

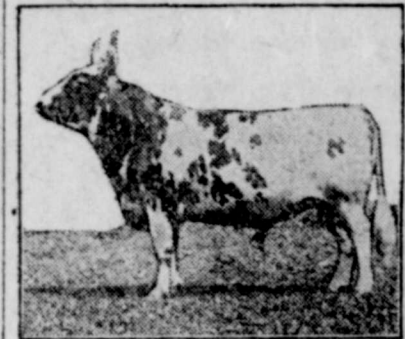
BULL ASSOCIATIONS HELPFUL

Acted as Wedge to Stimulate Dairy Interest and Promote Better Methods in South.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An example of how bull associations, organized through the help of the United States Department of Agriculture, act as a wedge to stimulate dairy interest and promote better dairy methods in a community is illustrated by the work which has been done in Spartanburg county, S. C. Five years ago little dairying was done in this county, according to dairymen of the department, but now the industry is making rapid progress and up-to-date methods are being practiced largely as a result of the organization of a bull association.

The interest in dairying dates from the beginning of the purebred bull movement in the vicinity of Campbellton in 1916. At that time a breeder, in



The Best Way to Improve a Dairy Herd Is by the Introduction of a Purebred Sire.

the hope of starting an interest in better stock and creating a demand for his animals, presented a purebred bull to the community. Little interest was taken, and the gift was accepted with reluctance. The community was made up of small farms and there were few cows.

Following this a dairymen's picnic and exhibition of live stock was held, and as a result of extension work carried on by the dairy division of the department in co-operation with Clemson Agricultural college more people became interested and bought cows. In 1917 a co-operative bull association was organized, from which developed a live stock show, and the members of the association developed a keen interest in comparing the dairy animals they raised.

Another show was held in 1920, at which prizes, offered by merchants and bankers consisting of cash, merchandise, and savings accounts were awarded. One of the features of the show was a program of short talks on local problems by the county agent, leading farmers, and representatives of the commercial club and the State Jersey Breeders' association. As an indication of the interest that was aroused those attending the show voted unanimously to hold a community fair next fall, to include not only dairy stock but other agricultural products.

SPRAY TO KEEP FLIES AWAY

Best Time to Apply Repellent Is in Morning After Milking or Early in Afternoon.

To keep cows quiet and contented they should be sprayed to keep flies off. A good time to spray is after milking in the morning and before milking time in the afternoon.

With a portable cart, made from a half barrel by attaching wheels and a spray pump and nozzle, two men can spray 40 cows in five minutes. Thirty gallons of mixture will spray 40 cows twice a day for 10 days.

Formula: 4½ quarts coal tar dip, 4½ quarts fish oil, 3 quarts coal oil, 3 quarts whale oil and 1½ quarts oil of tar. Dissolve 3 pounds laundry soap in water, add the above ingredients and bring the whole up to 30 gallons with lukewarm soft water.

PUREBREDS REPLACE SCRUBS

Nothing but Registered Sires Being Used at the Louisiana State Normal School.

"Within the past ten days we have sold to the butcher five scrub cows. We are now keeping only high grades and purebreds." With this explanation an official of the Louisiana State Normal school in Natchitoches parish enrolled in the "Better Sires, Better Stock" movement conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture and the various states. All the live stock on the school farm, which includes cattle, swine and poultry, are being bred only to purebred sires.

BEST TIME TO SELECT CALF

If Dam Is Wide, Deep-Bodied Cow Giving Liberal Supply of Milk Useful Animal Is Assured.

The best time to select a cow is at a few months of age, when it may be seen with its mother, or, at any rate, before it is weaned. Observe the calf's mother. If she is a wide, deep-bodied cow with plenty of size and is giving a liberal supply of milk, you may be reasonably sure that the calf, if sired by a good bull and properly cared for, will grow into a useful breeding animal.

MINISTER DISCUSSES HIS WIFE'S TROUBLE

Rev. A. H. Sykes, former pastor of the Watkins Park Presbyterian church, Nashville, Tenn., says:

"After seeing what Tanlac has accomplished in my wife's case, I am convinced that it is a medicine of great power and extraordinary merit. I do not think I have ever seen anything give such prompt results. Mrs. Sykes had been in delicate health for ten months, suffering from stomach trouble and nervous breakdown.

"I frequently, sought medical advice but Tanlac is the only thing that gave her any relief. After taking the medicine only a short time, she was able to sit up and help with the household duties. I think it only a short time until her health will be fully restored."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Don't ride a thin horse bareback if you enjoy comfort.

FOR SUMMER COLDS
Use Vacher-Balm; it relieves at once. If we have no agent where you live, write to E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans, La.—Advertisement.

You don't judge a man's religion by his actions in a horse trade.

YOUNG GIRL FINDS RELIEF

Wants to Tell Other Girls All About It

Evansville, Ind.—"I am eighteen years old and have been bothered for several months with irregular periods.

Every month my back would ache and I always had a cold and felt drowsy and sleepy. I work in a millinery shop and I went to work every day, but felt stupid and would have such cramps. I had seen Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and had heard several women talk of it, so mother got me some. This Vegetable Compound is wonderful and it helped me very much, so that during my periods I am not now sick or drowsy. I have told many girls about your medicine and would be glad to help anyone who is troubled with similar ailments. You may use my testimonial as you like."—STELLA LINXWILER, 6 Second St., Evansville, Indiana.

Some girls lead lives of luxury, while others toil for their livelihood, but all are subject to the same physical laws and suffer in proportion to their violation. When such symptoms develop as irregularities, headaches, backaches, bearing-down sensations and "the blues," girls should profit by Miss Linxwiler's experience and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

Do you know you can roll 50 good cigarettes for 10c from one bag of



GENUINE
"BULL" DURHAM
TOBACCO

The American Tobacco Co.



Keep Well
Don't wait until you are down on your back with chills and fever. Make your system immune from Malarial disorder.

OXIDINE

STOPS CHILLS & FEVER
Kills the germs of the disease before they get a foothold in your blood, and tones up the system making you well and strong.

The Bakers Drug Co., Waco, Texas.

Cuticura Soap The Velvet Touch For the Skin

Keep It, Chastity 25 and 50c. Tubes 25c.

PREMIUM LIST

HEDLEY FREE FAIR

HEDLEY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 20, 21, 22, 1921

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Nat S. Perrine Orville Doherty
J. W. Noel R. E. Mann
F. M. Clark

FINANCE COMMITTEE

Van Boone J. P. Pool Mrs. L. E. Thompson
Jim Forbis Mrs. J. B. Masterson
Mrs. Ed Dishman Mrs. R. S. Smith
Mrs. Nat S. Perrine Mrs. R. E. Mann

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

Nat S. Perrine Tom Stoker
Jet Brumley J. P. Pool Orville Doherty
T. C. Johnson T. N. Messer
W. T. McBride

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

Jet Brumley P. C. Johnson
O. R. Culwell A. B. Cloninger
R. E. Mann

TEXTILE COMMITTEE

Mrs. R. B. Adams Mrs. L. E. Thompson
Mrs. U. J. Boston Mrs. P. C. Johnson

ADVERTISING COMMITTEE

Frank M. Clark Orville Doherty
Ed O. Boliver

BARBECUE COMMITTEE

Van Boone W. A. Chapman
L. B. Muncie R. O. McFarling
Fred Lovelace L. F. Stewart
Walter Deal Jet Brumley
Joe Gilliam J. M. Clarke
P. V. Dishman Mack Shaw
L. W. Willis

PREMIUM COMMITTEE

Mrs. Ida Chitwood Frank M. Clark
Roy W. Hendrix

Boys' Club Department—Roy Hendrix
Girls' Club Department—Mrs. Ida Chitwood
Baby Show—Miss Ella Yeager, Dr. J. W. Webb

AMERICAN LEGION DISPLAY

Sam Bond P. L. Dishman
L. M. Barnett

POULTRY EXHIBIT

J. S. Grooms

FARM DEPARTMENT

W. B. Franklin Clyde Bridges
J. B. Stogner Less Hawkins
T. N. Messer W. T. McBride
W. B. Ayers T. C. Johnson
T. N. Naylor

LIVESTOCK DEPARTMENT

R. E. Mann A. B. Cloninger, Hog Dept.
H. F. Fortenberry, Dairy Dept. Claud Hill, Horse Dept.

CONCESSIONS COMMITTEE

Murray Wolf Jim Forbis
J. W. Noel

THE TEXTILE DEPARTMENT

1. Articles in the Textile Department can only be exhibited by maker, and whenever the Superintendent has reason to believe that the article was not made by exhibitor, a satisfactory proof must be furnished.

2. No article can be exhibited to compete for more than one premium in the general display classes.

3. All competing for premiums must be entered in their places on the grounds not later than Tuesday, 2 p. m., Sept. 20. Old relics,

best embroidered gown,

best embroidered pillow slips,

best crocheted specimen,

best embroidery, any article,

best handmade handkerchief,

best white apron,

best misses' dress,

best embroidered towel,

best sofa pillow,

best quilt, any design,

best bed spread,

best luncheon set, crocheted,

best luncheon set, tatting,

best luncheon set, embroidery,

best center piece,

best tatting specimen,

oldest quilt,

best dresser scarf,

best specimen in water colors,

best specimen, pen and ink drawing,

best display in china painting,

FLOWERS

best geraniums,

best ferns,

best wandering Jew,

best colius,

best oleanders,

best begonias,

best dahlias,

POULTRY DEPARTMENT

1. Each variety will show in class by itself.
2. A breeding pen consists of 3 birds, 1 male, 2 female.
Best cock, best hen, best pullet, best pen,

TURKEYS

Breeding pen consists of 3 birds, 1 male, 2 female.
Best old tom, best young tom, best old hen, best young hen,
best pen, heaviest tom, heaviest hen, any breed,

PET STOCK

Shetlands—best mare, best stallion, best gelding,

RABBITS—ANY BREED

Best buck, best doe, best junior buck, best junior doe,

HEDLEY EQUITY UNION

offers to have a display booth for their members. For
3 best stalks (10 bolls) Acala cotton,

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

Blue and red ribbons for best display of each of the following:

10 heads milo maize	peck onions
10 heads kafir	watermelon
10 heads feterita	pumpkin
10 heads hegaria	cushaw
10 ears Indian corn	3 canteloupes
10 ears June corn	8 muskmelons
bundle kafir	8 cabbage heads
bundle feterita	half dozen carrots
Red top cane	half dozen peppers
Any variety cane	half dozen radishes
bundle Sudan grass	half dozen turnips
3 stalks cotton	gallon string beans
bale alfalfa hay	gallon dried beans
bale any other kind hay	3 clusters grapes
peck Irish potatoes	display of fruits
peck field peas	half dozen table beets
peck sweet potatoes	half dozen stock beets
8 bunches peanuts, any variety	

SWINE

O. I. C., Duroc Jersey, Poland China and Hampshire classes
Premiums on each class

best boar, one year and over,

best boar, six months and under one year,

best sow, one year and over,

best sow, six months and under one year,

sow and litter, at least three in litter,

HORSES

best stallion,

best mare,

best colt, one year old or under,

best farm team,

JACKS, JENNETTS AND MULES

best jack,

best jennet,

best mule colt, one year old or under,

best mule team,

CATTLE

Hereford, Shorthorn, Pol Angus, Jersey and Holstein classes
Premiums on each class

best bull, any age,

best cow, any age,

CULINARY DEPARTMENT

Exhibitors in this department must exhibit Canned Products in jars and jelly glasses.

best loaf white bread,

best angel food cake,

best layer cake, any kind,

best sugar cookies,

best pies,

CANNED PICKLES AND PRESERVES

best collection canned fruit,

best collection canned vegetables,

best collection of preserves,

best collection pickles,

best collection jelly,

FINE ARTS

Best oil painting,

best water color,

best collection of china,

Special Premiums

Best Community Exhibit \$15.00 \$10.00

Individual Farm Display \$10.00 \$ 5.00

BABY SHOW

Best baby girl - - - Blue Red

Best baby boy - - - Blue Red

For Best Set of Twins \$5.00

CULINARY

For best cake made of White Crest Flour—Premium, a

sack of White Crest Flour, by Barnes & Hastings

For best loaf of bread made of White Billows Flour—

one sack of flour by Tims & Culwell

For best cake made of Bewley's Best Flour—one sack

of flour, by L. T. Hullum

GIRLS' CLUB

For Largest collection of Canned Fruit and Vegetables,

1st prize \$1.50. 2nd 1.00, by First State Bank

Best Club exhibit—1st prize \$1.00, 2nd 50¢

Best Poultry exhibit—\$1.50 in mdse, by Thompson Bros.

BOYS' CLUB

Largest and best display of corn, maize, kaffir and feterita—\$1.50, by First State Bank

Best 3 stalks cotton, 10 bolls or more—Ribbons

For best senior gilt—1st \$2.00, 2nd \$1.00, by Guaranty

State Bank

Best junior gilt—\$1.50 in mdse, by Thompson Bros.

Biggest watermelon—\$1.50 in mdse, by Forbis & Stone

No. 94

Official Statement

OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE FIRST STATE BANK

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 6th day of Sept., 1921, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 16th day of Sept., 1921.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral,	\$377,232.72
Loans, Real Estate,	6,215.60
Overdrafts,	533.26
Furniture and Fixtures,	1,041.44
Due from other Banks and Bankers, and Cash on hand,	28,282.83
Interest in Depositor's Guaranty Fund,	2,558.75
Assessment Dep. Guar. Fund,	4,495.62
Other Resources,	
Entered for Collection,	1,657.88
Total,	\$422,018.10

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in,	\$5,000.00
Surplus Fund,	25,000.00
Undivided Profits, net,	13,863.60
Individual Deposits, subject to check,	300,897.96
Time Certificates of Deposit,	3,976.30
Cashier's Checks,	1,690.24
Certificates of Deposit, issued for money borrowed,	40,000.00
Certified Checks,	1,590.00
Total,	\$422,018.10

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

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

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 10th day of Sept., A. D. 1921.

H. N. Benson, Notary Public
Donley County, Texas.

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

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Coffey and little son, of McLean, visited at the J. P. Alexander home this week.

Bring your French Dry Cleaning to Clarke. He knows how to do it.

Clarke, the Tailor
Who Knows How.

NOTICE: SHERIFF'S SALE

STATE OF TEXAS, County of Donley.

By virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Donley County, Texas, on the 1st day of September, 1921, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of Walter Darlington vs. F. G. Hightower, C. W. Dubbs and F. J. Mahaffey, No. 1157, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the First Tuesday in October, A. D. 1921, it being the 4th day of said month, before the courthouse door of said Donley county, in the city of Clarendon, the following described property, to wit:

The Southeast one fourth (1/4) of Section No. five (5) in Block C9, Sale Script Patented to L. H. Carhart, containing 160 acres of land, less any deeded for public road purposes, and being in Donley county, Texas, said land being located about four (4) miles Northeast from the city of Clarendon, in Donley county, Texas, and being known as the old Walter Dubbs place.

Levied on as the property of F. G. Hightower, to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$4,770.85 in favor of Walter Darlington, and costs of suit.

Given under my hand, this 1st day of September, 1921.

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

No. 953

Official Statement

OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF The Guaranty State Bank

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 6th day of Sept., 1921, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 16th day of Sept., 1921.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral,	\$ 79,700.94
Overdrafts,	162.62
Bonds and Stocks,	235.00
Real estate (banking house),	8,311.45
Furniture and Fixtures,	3,746.08
Due from other Banks and Bankers, and Cash on hand,	11,375.12
Int. in Dep. Guaranty Fund,	852.46
Assess. Dep. Guaranty Fund,	1,073.79
Stock in Fed. Reserve Bank,	1,160.60
Collection Account,	62.70
Total,	\$107,239.66

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in,	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund,	12,500.00
Undivided Profits, net,	1,173.01
Individual Deposits, subject to check,	46,550.39
Time Certificates of Deposit,	398.60
Cashier's Checks,	661.66
Bills Payable and Rediscouts,	20,956.59
Total,	\$107,239.66

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

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

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 13th day of Sept., A. D. 1921.

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

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

No. 1253

Official Statement

OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE FARMERS & MERCHANTS STATE BANK

at Lelia Lake, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 6th day of September, 1921, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 16th day of September, 1921.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral,	\$28,813.78
Loans, real estate,	4,237.50
Overdrafts,	316.60
Bonds and Stocks,	18,000.00
Real Estate (banking house),	1,500.00
Furniture and Fixtures,	2,400.00
Due from other Banks and Bankers, and Cash on hand,	8,090.05
Int. in Dep. Guaranty Fund,	450.00
Assess. Dep. Guaranty Fund,	153.83
Total,	\$63,961.76

STATE OF TEXAS, County of Childress, J. M. Crews, as President, and B. G. Smith as Cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

J. M. Crews, President.
B. G. Smith, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1921.

Zuleme Howard, Notary Public
Childress County, Texas.

Correct—Attest: (Seal)
L. A. Byrd }
Guy Taylor } Directors
T. R. Moreman }

BAKERY AND RESTAURANT

Fresh Bread and an abundance of Good Things to Eat at all times. Cold Drinks and Confections. Come to see us.

W. A. Armstrong.

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

Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges, that dull, throbbing backache, may be warning of serious kidney weakness—serious if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back, look for other proof of kidney trouble. If there are dizzy spells, headaches, tired feeling and disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has helped thousands. Satisfied users recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

A Texas Case

L. L. Taylor, proprietor of blacksmith shop, First St., Clarendon, Tex., says: "I had a lame back and the pain across my kidneys was so bad it was very difficult to straighten up. Every time I bent over sharp twinges would shoot through my back. I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and I took a box. Doan's moved the pain and lameness away."

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

About All Summer Cottage Has.
A Kentucky woman swallowed five teaspoons. That woman would put the average summer cottage completely out of business.

Beware of the man who is only as honest as he has to be; he'll be as dishonest as he can be.

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

Accordion Pleating

of the Finest Workmanship
Hemstitching
Embroidery
Buttons
Buttonholes

Price list upon application
Mail orders given prompt attention
Agents wanted in each community

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

DROPSY

TREATED ONE WEEK FREE
Short breathing relieved in a few hours; swelling reduced in a few days; regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart; purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment.
COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO., Dept. H. G., ATLANTA, GA.

"Oh, you can never fool my Ma, I know just what she'll say, That that's as much like Faultless Starch As night-time is like day."

FAULTLESS STARCH

In flavor, as unchanging as time

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Also Maxwell House Tea

Good to the drop CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO., MAXWELL, HOUSTON JACKSONVILLE RICHMOND

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Not Only For Chills and Fever But a Fine General Tonic
Wards Off Malaria and Restores Strength. Try It

YOU NEVER CAN TAME A WILD-CAT

Mr. Dodson Warns Against Use of Treacherous, Dangerous Calomel.

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

If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic 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.

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

Difficult Task.
A soul was about to start for the earth.

"Just a minute," said the recording angel. "One word before you go. When you get down among the human race you can accomplish something no man has ever done before if you have the will."

"What is that?"
"It doesn't sound like much to do, but it is. Be the one man among millions who has never complained about the weather."

ASPIRIN
Name "Bayer" on Genuine



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

Surprise the Weapon.
Rub—"I surely got even with Brow." Duh—"How?" Rub—"Paid him that \$10 I owed him."

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. Walker

MOTHERS MAKE MEN.

SAMUEL MATTHEWS VAUCLAIN, head of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, has had wide experience in the selection as well as the handling of men.

He admits that he has a method, a secret, in making his selections. HE FINDS OUT WHAT KIND OF A MOTHER A BOY HAS, and pays no attention to the father. In the course of a long business life he has made few exceptions to this rule.

This theory of Mr. Vauclain has a negative as well as a positive side. It explains not only why so many undistinguished fathers have distinguished sons, but also why so many fathers who are failures have sons who are successful.

There are two sides to the question. For one thing there is a tendency on the part of a boy to derive his predominant traits from his mother.

For another, the mother is obviously more instrumental than the father in creating the environment which plays a large part in the development of the sons.

In the average home the problem of providing a minimum of income—which is the duty of the father—is much less complicated than the problem of making both ends meet—which is the problem of the mother.

Long before statesmen ever dreamed of a budget system, that method was familiar to the women. In one generation after another they have had to pay their way with resources that did not increase in proportion as the families grew.

The carefulness, prudence and foresight that a woman displays in running her house naturally show themselves in the bringing up of her children. If she is incompetent and shiftless in one direction, she will be the same in the other.

The mother, as distinguished from the father, has played a leading part in the formative period of men of conspicuous genius who have lifted themselves "by their bootstraps" into places of great eminence.

The mothers of Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon Bonaparte supply the only available explanations of the rise to leadership of two men who are types of success, under the most difficult circumstances.

In each case a powerful, dominant character made possible the passage from a log cabin to the White House and from Corsica to the leading place in Europe and an imperial throne.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK by Nellie Maxwell

Let the furrows be plowed deeply enough while the brain cells are plastic, then human energies will result in efficiency and the line of least resistance will be the right line.

THE FAMILY FOOD.

TAKE one pound of chopped round steak, form into cakes one inch thick. Make a depression in the center of each, remove to a hot dish and fill the centers with grated onion pulp. Pour over and around the meat balls the following sauce: Sift one quart of tomatoes, cook down until thick, add salt to taste, four sweet, green peppers, steamed and cut into shreds. Serve with a border of finely shredded cabbage.

Melon Cream.

Choose small nutmeg melons that are fine flavored, after removing the seeds take out the pulp and put through a sieve. To one quart of whipped cream add one-half cupful of powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla and one pint of melon pulp. Freeze until stiff and serve with a cordon ginger sauce with some of the ginger finely minced sprinkled over the cream. A half cupful of orange or pineapple juice may be added to the above mixture and glass oranges may be used for a garnish.

Banana Cream.

Scald one pint of milk, add two well-beaten eggs, two cupfuls of sugar and, when cooked until smooth, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Add one pint of cream and partly freeze, then stir in one pint of banana pulp, the juice of two oranges and one-half of a lemon. Serve in glasses garnished with banana balls dipped in lemon juice and rolled in powdered sugar.

Melon Lilies.

Cut small melons in halves after scrubbing them well. Remove the seeds and cut them into pointed petals ten or a dozen. Arrange on a plate and serve a small ball of vanilla ice cream in the center of each. A melon leaf or a small leaf from a squash or pumpkin vine will make an appropriate doily. A sauce of canton ginger syrup or a dusting with cocoa may be used over the cream if desired.

Frozen Fig Pudding.

Wash one pound of figs and let soak over night, add one cupful of sugar and simmer until the figs are very tender.

In our own time the supreme qualities of Marshal Foch are traceable to the powerful individuality of his mother.

From the dawn of history to the present day, in sacred and secular affairs, the influence of the mother has always been the greatest factor in the development of ability or genius. She has been the source of inspiration as she was the source of being.

Sometimes she has pulled the children, handicapped by the father's characteristics up to her own level. Sometimes she has pushed them above both herself and the father by an indomitable determination that neither poverty nor ill fortune of any kind should interfere with her ambitions.

Mr. Vauclain's plan of selection will serve its purpose in the great majority of instances. He is safe in concluding that if the boy had the right kind of a mother he can count on his being the right kind of a boy.
(Copyright.)

SCHOOL DAYS

The human race

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good
By JESSIE ROBERTS

OFFICE JOBS, PENURY.

I VISITED a woman who I greatly respect; the sort of woman who is a credit to America and an asset to her neighborhood. She has three daughters, the oldest just fifteen, and as we sat over our tea she began to discuss her plans in regard to the future of her girls.

I thought that it would be well to give them training in some business capacity.

"Yes. But I don't want them simply to be fit for an office job and penury. And I rule out teaching. The life is too hard—and, again, too poorly paid. I want them to know how to do something that will lead to freedom, not slavery. And I want them to work at something that will grow an interest, not become a bore."

It was quite a large order, and yet reasonable. One of the girls was distinctly an artist, and her mother was going to give her a course in commercial designing. The second daughter was to be trained in domestic science and catering, and the oldest girl was to take an agricultural course. For each girl the mother had invested a sum of money that, while not large, would give the required start in their different professions.

If there were a little more of this sort of scheming for girls, things would be a lot easier for them. Most girls are driven to office jobs as the easiest road to follow. Which is one reason why they are so poorly paid.
(Copyright.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I sit beneath the big night sky And wonder with a wistful sigh IF from this vast infinity A little verse may come to me.
R. J. CARR

Like Salamanders.

Chinese stokers seem to be immune to the fierce heat of the fireroom on the ocean steamships, and can stand temperatures that would speedily prostrate white men.

LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

LADY SEEKING BEAUTY.

LADY seeking beauty, who Beautiful would be, Where is beauty? Near to you Waiting quietly If you will but see.

Nature is articulate; Can't you hear her call? You need only imitate Beauty by your will, Nature, that is all.

Here is beauty: 'Tis a rose, 'Tis a rose of red; Yet she does not all disclose—Beauty, he it said, Shown too much is fled.

Only dignity may dare Crimson harmonies, Only women wise may wear Colors such as these, Lady, if you please.

Here is beauty: Quietness, Modesty, repose; Beauty is not fair unless Dignity it knows—Lady, here's a rose.
(Copyright.)

STOMACH CATARRH
Causes untold misery and suffering, all of which is relieved by Doan's Stomach Catarrh. It is a quick and sure remedy for all cases of stomach and bowels as in cases of that common form, nasal catarrh.

DOAN'S PERUNA
IN USE FIFTY YEARS

Exercises a soothing, healing effect upon all mucous linings. Relieves gas, sour stomach, nausea, vomiting, cramps, pains in the abdomen, diarrhoea, constipation are all symptoms of a catarrhal condition in the organs of digestion. Don't suffer another day. It is needless and dangerous. Two generations have found Peruna just the medicine needed for such disturbances. Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid

It doesn't hurt any less to be howled over by a street car than by an automobile.

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition. Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

Everybody knows what to do with the things he hasn't got.

LUCKY STRIKE

Cigarette

To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor.

It's Toasted

VICTIMS RESCUED

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

GOLD MEDAL HADLEY OIL CAPSULES

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

Comfortable, Healthful Nights for Baby

Follow the use of the safe, pleasant, purely vegetable, guaranteed non-alcoholic, non-narcotic preparation

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator
Medical skill has never devised a safer or more satisfactory remedy for over-coming colic, diarrhoea, flatulence, constipation and similar disorders. Thousands of parents owe baby's bounding health to Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. They find it never fails to bring quick and gratifying results. Pleasant to take, pleasant to give. Open published formula appears on every label.
At All Druggists

\$79 A WEEK GUARANTEED

For selling 4 average Cresco Raincoats a day. **JUST FREE.** We Deliver and Collect. Imported Mfg. Co., Dept. 151, Ashland, O.

The Wreckers

By
FRANCIS
LYNDE

Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

—15—

"Where—whereabouts are we, Jimmie?" she asked.

Before I could open my mouth the black shadows of the crooked valley beyond the switch were shot through with the white, shimmering glow of a bright beam, and a second later the special flicked into view on the curve of approach.

As we looked, there was a short, sharp whistle yelp, the brakes gripped the wheels, the one-car train, with fire grinding from every brake-shoe, came to a jerking stop a short car-length on our side of the switch, and a man dropped from the engine step to go sprinting to the rear. And it was plain that neither the engineer nor the man who was running back saw our outfit waiting on the leg of the old "Y."

Kirgan was the first one to understand. With a shout of warning, he jumped and ran toward the stopped train, yelling at the engineer for God's sake to pull out and go on. Back in the hills beyond the curve of approach another hoarse murmur was jarring upon the air, and the special's fireman, who was the man we had seen jump off and go running back, and who, of course, didn't know that we had our man there, was apparently trying to reach the switch behind his train to throw it against the following engine to shoot it off on the "Y."

By this time the boss was off of our engine and racing across the angle of the "Y" only a little way behind Kirgan. He realized that his plan was smashed by the stopping of the special, and that the very catastrophe we had come out to try to prevent was due to happen right there and then. Whatever our man waiting at the switch might do, there was bound to be a collision. If he left the points set for the main line, the wild engine would crash into the rear end of the stopped special; and if he did the other thing, our engine and coach standing on the "Y" would get it.

"Get the people out of that car!" I heard the boss bellow, but even as he said it the pop-valve of the stopped engine went off with a roar, filling the shut-in valley with clamorings that nothing could drown.

Two minutes, two little minutes more and the sleep-sudden bunch of men in the special's car might have been roused and turned out and saved. But the minutes were not given us. While the racing fireman was still a few feet short of the switch the throwing of the switch would have saved the one-car train only to let the madman's engine in on our engine and coach, and our man—already at the switch—was too scared to know which horn of the dilemma to choose, the end came. There was the flash of another headlight on the curve, another whistle shriek, and I turned to help the major take Mrs. Sheila off our car and run with her, against the horrible chance that we might get it instead of the special.

But we didn't get it. Ten seconds later the chasing engine had crashed headlong into the standing train, burying itself clear up to the tender in the heart of the old wooden sleeper, rolling the whole business over on its side in the ditch, and setting the wreckage afire as suddenly as if the old Pullman had been a fagot of pitch-pine kindlings and only waiting for the match.

If I could write down any real description of the way things stacked up there in that lonesome valley for the little bunch of us who stood aghast at the awful horror, I guess I wouldn't need to be hammering the keys of a typewriter in a railroad office. But never mind; no soldier sees any more of a battle than the part he is in. There were seven of us men, including the engineer and fireman of the special, who were able to jump in and try to do something, and looking back at it now, it seems as if we all did what we could.

That wasn't much. About half of the people in the sleeping-car—six by actual count, as we learned afterward—were killed outright in the crash or so badly hurt that they died pretty soon afterward; and the fire was so quick and so hot that after we had got the wounded ones out we couldn't get all of the bodies of the others.

As you'd imagine, the boss was the head and front of that fierce rescue fight. He had stripped off his coat, and he kept on diving into the burning wreck after another and yet another of the victims until it seemed as if he couldn't possibly do it one more time and come out alive. He didn't seem to remember that these very men were the ones who had been trying to run him—that at least once they had set a trap for him and tried to kill him. He was too big for that.

After we had got out all the victims we could reach, there was still one more left who wasn't dead; we could see him above the blazes of the

steam and the crackling of the flames, screaming and begging us to break in the side of the car and kill him before the fire got to him. Kirgan had found an ax in the emergency box of our day-coach, and was chopping away like a madman.

The minute he got a hole big enough, the big master-mechanic dropped his ax and climbed down into the choking hell where the screams were coming from. Our fireman picked up the ax and ran around to the other side of the wreck where Jones, the engineer of the special, and his fireman were trying to break into the crushed cab of the 416.

The old major, the boss, and I stood by to help Kirgan, and the minute his head came up through the chopped hole we saw that he needed help. He had pried the screaming man loose, somehow, and was trying to drag him up out of the smoking furnace. It was done, amongst us, some way or other, Kirgan had wrung the man up in a Pullman blanket to keep the fire from getting at him any worse than it already had, and as we were taking him out the blanket slipped aside from his face and I saw who it was that the master-mechanic had risked his life for. It was Hatch, himself, and he died in our arms, the major's and mine, while we were carrying him out to where Mrs. Sheila was tearing out of the Pullman sheets that I had got hold of into strips to make bandages for the wounded.

With the chance of saving maybe another one or two, we couldn't stay to help the brave little woman who was trying to be doctor and nurse to half a dozen poor wretches at once. But she took time to ask me one single breathless question:

"Have they found him yet?—you know the one I mean, Jimmie?"

"No," I said. "They're digging away at that side now," and then I ran back to jump in again.

Though the fire was now licking at everything in sight, Kirgan, who had taken the ax from our fireman, had managed to cut some of the car timbers out of the way so that we could see down into the tangle of things where the cab of the 416 ought to have been. There wasn't much left of the cab. The water-gauge was broken, along with everything else, but in spite of the reek of smoke and steam we could see that Hogan and his fireman were not there. But down under the coal that had shifted forward at the impact of the collision we could make out the other man—the murderer—lying on his back, black in the face and gasping.

That was enough for the boss. It looked like certain death for anybody to crawl down into that hissing steam-bath, but he did it, wriggling through the hole that Kirgan had chopped, while two or three of us ran to the little creek that trickled down on the far side of the "Y" and brought back soaking Pullman blankets to try to delay the encroaching fire and smother the steam-jets.

I couldn't see very well what the boss was doing; the smoke and steam were so blinding. But when I did get a glimpse I saw that he was digging frantically with his bare hands at the shifted coal, and that he had succeeded in freeing the head and shoulders of the buried man, who was still alive enough to choke and gasp in the furnace-like heat.

Kirgan stood it as long as he could—until the licking flames were about to drive us all away.

"You'll be burnt alive—come up out of that!" he yelled to the boss; but I knew it wouldn't do any good. With Collingwood still buried down there and still with the breath of life in him, the boss was going to stay and keep on trying to dig him out, even if he, himself, got burned to a crisp doing it. Loving Mrs. Sheila the way he did, he couldn't do any less.

It was awful, those next two or three minutes. We were all running frantically back and forth, now, between the wreck and the creek, soaking the blankets and doing our level best to beat the fire back and keep it from cutting off the only way there was for the boss to climb out. But we could only fight gaspingly on the surface of things, as you might say. Down underneath, the fire was working around in front and behind in spite of all we could do. Some of it had got to the coal, and the heavy sulphurous smoke was oozing up to make us all choke and strangle.

Honestly, you couldn't have told that the boss was a white man when he crawled up out of that pit of death, tugging and lifting the crushed and broken body of the madman, and making us take it out before he would come out himself. We got them both away from the fire as quickly as we could and around to the other side of things, Kirgan and Jones carrying Collingwood.

The poor little lady we had left alone with the rescued ones had done all she could, and she was waiting for us. When we put Collingwood down, she sat down on the ground and took his head in her lap and cried over him just like his mother might have, and when the boss knelt down beside her I heard what he said: "That's right, little woman; that's just as it should be. Death wipes out all scores. I did my best—you must always believe that I did my best."

She choked again at that, and said: "There is no hope?" and he said: "I'm afraid not. He was dying when I got to him."

I tried to swallow the big lump in my throat and turned away, and so did everybody else but the major, who went around and knelt down on the other side of Mrs. Sheila. The wreck was blazing like a mighty bon-

fire, lighting up the pine-clad hills all around and snapping and growling like some savage monster gloating over its prey. In the red glow we saw a man limping up the track from the west, and Kirgan and I went to meet him. It was Hogan, the missing engineer of the 416.

He told us what there was to tell, which wasn't very different from the way we'd been putting it up. They—Hogan and his fireman—hadn't suspected that they were carrying a maniac until after they had passed Bauxite and Collingwood had told them both that what he wanted to do was to overtake the special and smash it. Then there had been a fight on the engine, but Collingwood had a gun and he had threatened to kill them both if they didn't keep on.

"I kept her goin'," said the Irishman, "thinkin' maybe Jones'd keep out of my way, or that at the least I'd get a chance to shut the 'Sixteen off an' give her the brake. He kept me fr'm doin' it, and when I saw the tail-lights, I pushed Johnnie Shovel off an' went after him because there was nawthin' else to do. Johnnie's back yonder a piece, wid a broken leg."

Just then Jones, the special's engineer, came up, and he pieced out Hogan's story. The wire to Bauxite had warned him that a crazy man was chasing him and overrunning stop-signals. He had thought to side-track the chaser at the old "Y" and that was what he had stopped for.

Thereupon the three of us went after the crippled fireman, and when we got back to the "Y" with him it was all over. Collingwood had died with his head in Mrs. Sheila's lap, and the boss, fagged out and half dead as he must have been, was up and at work, getting the wreck victims into our day coach, which had been backed up and taken around to the other leg of the "Y" to head for Portal City.

When it came time for us to move Collingwood, Mrs. Sheila pulled her veil down and walked behind the body, with the good old major locking his



"I Shall Always Believe That You Are One of God's Own Gentlemen."

arm in hers, and that choking lump came again in my throat when I remembered what Collingwood had said to the boss the night he came to our office: "Sheila made her wedding journey with me once, when she was just eighteen. The next time she rides with me it will be at my funeral."

I guess there's no use stretching the agony out by telling about that mournful ride back to Portal City with the dead and wounded. We left the wreck blazing and roaring in the shut-in valley at the gulch's mouth because there wasn't anything else to do; Kirgan and Jones and one of the firemen handled the engine and pulled out, while the rest of us rode in the day-coach and did what we could for the suffering.

At Banta we made a stop long enough to let the boss send a wire to Portal City, turning out the doctors and the ambulances—and the undertakers; and though it was after three o'clock in the morning when we pulled in, it seemed as if the whole town had got the word and was down at the station to meet us.

I couldn't see Mrs. Sheila's face when the major helped her off at the platform; her veil was still down. But I did hear her low-spoken words to the boss, whispered while they were carrying Collingwood and Hatch, and two of the others, who were past help, out to the waiting string of dead-wagons.

"I shall go east with the body tomorrow—today, I mean—if the strikers will let you run a train, and Cousin Basil will go with me. We may never meet again, Graham, and for that reason I must say what I have to say now. Your opportunity has come. The man who could do the most to defeat you is dead, and the strike will do the rest. If I were you, I should neither eat nor sleep until I had thought of some way to take the railroad out of the hands of those who have proved that they are not worthy to own it."

I didn't know, just then, how much or little attention Mr. Norcross was paying to this mighty good, clear-headed bit of business advice. What he said went back to that saying of hers that they might never meet again. "We must meet again—sometime and somewhere," he said. And then: "I did my best; God knows I did my best, Sheila. I would have given my own life to save the living world

have saved Collingwood's. Don't you believe that?"

"I shall always believe that you are one of God's own gentlemen, Graham," she said, soft and low; and then the major came to take her away.

CHAPTER XX

P. S. L. Comes Home

By nine o'clock the next morning, as soon as I'd swallowed a hurried bite of breakfast in the grill-room I swiped a camp-stool and a magazine out of the lounge and trotted upstairs to plant myself before the boss's door, determined that nobody should disturb him until he was good and ready to get up.

He turned out a little before twelve, looking sort of hazy and drawn, of course, and having some pretty bad burns on the side of his neck and on the backs of both hands. But he was all there, as usual, and he laid a good, brotherly hand on my shoulder when he saw what I was doing.

"They don't make many of them like you, Jimmie," he said. And then: "Have you any news?"

I had, a little, and I gave it to him. Fred May had come tip-toeing up into my sentry corridor about ten o'clock to tell me that Mr. Perkins had arranged with the strikers to have a special go east with the major and Mrs. Sheila and Collingwood's body to catch the Overland at Sedgwick; and I told the boss this, and that the train had been gone for an hour or more.

Also, I gave him a sealed package that a strange boy had brought up just a little while after May went away. We took the elevator to the grill-room for something to eat, and at table Mr. Norcross opened the package. It contained a bunch of affidavits, eleven of them in all, and there was no letter or anything to tell where they had come from.

He handed the papers over to me, after he had seen what they were—sort of frowned across the table at me and said: "Do you know what it means—this surrender of those bribe affidavits, Jimmie?"

I said I guessed I did; that Hatch being dead, and Collingwood, too, there wasn't nerve enough left in the Red Tower outfit to keep up the fight; that the surrender of the affidavits was a kind of a plea for a let-up on our part.

"We'll begin to show them, in just about fifteen minutes, Jimmie," was the short comment. "Reach over and get that telephone and tell Mr. Ripley and Mr. Billoughby that I want them to meet me at my office at half-past twelve. Any news from the strike?"

"Nothing," I told him, while "Central" was getting me Mr. Ripley's number. "Fred May said it was going on just the same; everything quiet and nothing doing, except that the wrecking train had gone out to pick up the scraps at Timber Mountain 'Y.' Kirgan is bossing it, and the strikers manned it for him."

Nothing more was said until after I had sent the two phone messages, and then the boss broke out in a new spot.

"Has anything been heard from Mr. Van Britt?" he asked.

"Not that I know of."

Again he gave me that queer little scowl across the table.

"Jimmie, have you found out yet why Mr. Van Britt insisted on quitting the service?"

I guess I grinned a little, though I tried not to.

"Mr. Van Britt is one of the best friends you've got," I said. "He thought you needed this strike, and he wanted to go out among the pay-roll men and sort of help it along. He couldn't do a thing like that while he was an officer of the company and drawing his pay like the rest of us."

"I might have known—he as good as told me," was the reply, made kind of half-absently; and then, short and quick: "How's the stock market? Have you seen a paper?"

I had seen both papers, at breakfast-time, but of course they had nothing startling in them except a last-minute account of the wreck at Timber Mountain "Y," grabbed off just before they went to press. They couldn't have anything later from New York than the day before. But Fred May had tipped me off when he came up to tell me about the Major Kendrick special. The newspaper offices were putting out bulletins by that time.

I told Mr. Norcross about the bulletins and was brash enough to add: "We're headed for the receivership all right, I guess; our stock has tumbled to twenty-nine, and there's a regular dog-fight going on over it at the railroad post in the Exchange, Wall Street's afire and burning up, so they say."

The chief hadn't eaten enough to keep a cat alive, but at that he pushed his chair back and reached for his hat.

"Come on Jimmie," he snapped. "We've got to get busy. And there isn't going to be any receivership."

We reached the railroad headquarters—which were as dead and quiet as a graveyard—a little before Mr. Ripley and Billoughby got down. But Mr. Editor Cantrell was there, waiting to shoot an anxious question at the boss.

"Well, Norcross, are you ready to talk now?"

"Not just yet; tomorrow, maybe," was the good-natured rejoinder.

"All right; then perhaps you will tell me this: Do you, yourself, believe that four or five thousand railroad men have gone on strike out of sheer sympathy for a few hundred C. S. & W. employees, most of whom are merely common laborers? Can you look me in the eye and tell me that you haven't fantasized this story in on

the quiet to get the better of the Red Tower crowd in some way?" demanded the editor.

"I can, indeed," was the smiling answer.

Cantrell looked as if he didn't more than half believe it.

"Being a newspaper man, I'm naturally suspicious," he put in. "There are big doings down underneath all this that I can smell, but can't dig up. Everything about this strike is too blamed good-natured. I've talked with half a dozen of the leaders, and with any number of the rank and file. They all grin and give me the wink, as if it were the best joke that was ever pulled off."

Again Mr. Norcross smiled blandly. "If you push me to it, Cantrell, I may say that this is exactly their attitude toward me!"

"Well," said the editor, getting up to go: "It's doing one thing to you, good and proper. Your railroad stock is tumbling downstairs so fast that it can't keep up with itself."

"I hope it will tumble still more," said the boss, pleasantly, with another sort of enigmatic smile; and with that Mr. Cantrell had to be content.

As the editor went out, Fred May brought in the bunch of forenoon telegrams and laid them on the desk. They were quickly glanced at and tossed over to me as fast as they were read. Most of them were plaintive little yips from a strike-stricken lot of people along the Short Line who seemed to think that the world had come to an end, but there were three bearing the New York date line and signed "Dunton." The earliest had been sent shortly after the opening of the Stock exchange, and it ran thus:

"Morning papers announce strike and complete tie-up on P. S. L. Why no report from you of labor troubles threatening? Compromise at any cost and wire emphatic denial of strike. Answer quick."

The second of the series had been filed for transmission an hour later and it was still more saw-toothed.

"Later reports confirm newspaper story. Your failure to compromise instantly with employees will break stock market and subject you to investigation for criminal incompetency. Answer."

The third message had been sent still later.

"Your continued silence is inexcusable. If no favorable report from you by six o'clock you may consider yourself discharged from the company's service and criminal proceedings on charge of conspiracy will be instituted at once."

I thought things were beginning to look pretty serious for us if Mr. Dunton was going to try to drag us into the courts, but Mr. Norcross was still smiling when he handed me the last and latest telegram in the bunch. It was from Mr. Chadwick, and was good-naturedly laconic.

"To G. Norcross, G. M.,

Portal City.

"Just returned from trip to Seattle. What's doing on the Short Line?"

"Chadwick."

"A couple of telegrams, Jimmie," said the chief, as he passed this last wire over, and I got my note-book ready.

"To B. Dunton, New York. Strike is sympathetic and not subject to compromise. Mails moving regularly, but all other traffic suspended indefinitely. My office closes today, and my resignation, effective at once, goes to you on Post Mail tonight."

"Now one to Mr. Chadwick, and you may send it in code," he directed crisply. Then he dictated:

"See newspapers for account strike. Hatch and eight of his associates were killed last night in railroad wreck. Dunton has demanded my resignation and I have given it. Have plan for complete reorganization along lines discussed in beginning, and need your help. At market opening to-morrow sell P. S. L. large blocks and repurchase in dribbles as price goes down. Repeat until I tell you to stop. Wire quick if you are with us."

Just as I was taking the last sentence, Mr. Ripley and Billoughby came in, and Mr. Norcross took them both into the third room of the suite and shut the door. An hour later when the door opened and they came out, the boss was summing up the new orders to Billoughby: "There's a lot to do, and you have my authority to hire all the help you need. See the bankers yourself, personally, and get them to interest other local buyers along the line, the more of them, and the smaller they are, the better. I'll take care of Portal City, myself. I've had Van Britt on the wire and he is taking care of the employees—yes, that goes as it lies, and is a part of the original plan; every man who works for P. S. L. is going to own a bit of stock, if we have to carry him for it and let him pay a dollar a week. More than that, they shall have representation on the board if they want it. And while you're knocking about, take time to show these C. S. & W. folks how they can climb back into the saddle. Red Tower is down and out, now, and they can keep it out if they want to."

I suppose I might rattle this old type-machine of mine indefinitely and tell the story of the financial fight that filled the next few days; of how the boss and Mr. Ripley and Billoughby got the bankers and practically everybody together all along the Short Line and sprung the big plan upon them, which was nothing less than the snapping up, on a tumbling sick market, of the opportunity now presented to them of owning—actually owning in fee simple—their own railroad, the buying to be done quietly through Mr. Chadwick's brokers in Chicago and New York.

There was some opposition and

jangling and see-sawing back and forth, of course, but the newspapers, led by the Mountaineer, took hold, and then, pretty soon, everybody took hold; after which the only trouble was to keep people—our own rank and file among them—from buying P. S. L. Common so fast that the New Yorkers would catch on and run the price up.

They didn't catch on—not until after it was too late; and the minute Mr. Chadwick wired us from Chicago that we were safe, the strike went off, as you might say, between two minutes, and Mr. Norcross called a meeting of stockholders, the same to be held—bless your heart!—in Portal City, the thriving metropolis of the region in which, counting Mr. Chadwick in as one of us, a good, solid voting majority of the stock was now held. The Mountaineer printed the call, and it spoke of the railroad as "our railroad company."

The meeting was held in due time, and Mr. Chadwick was there to preside. He made a cracking good chairman, and the way he dilated on the fact that now the country—and the employees—had a railroad of their own, and that the whole nation would be looking to see how we would demonstrate the problem we had taken over, actually brought cheers—think of it; cheers in a railroad stockholders' meeting!

Following Mr. Chadwick's talk there was the usual routine business; reports were read and it was shown that the Short Line, notwithstanding all the stealings and mismanagements, was still a good going proposition at the price at which it had been bought in. A new board of directors was chosen, and as soon as the new board got together, Mr. Norcross went back to his office in the headquarters, not as general manager, this time—not on your life!—but as the newly elected president of Pioneer Short Line. And by the same token, the first official circular that came out—a copy of which I sent, tied up with a blue ribbon, to Maisie Ann—read like this:

"To All Employees:

"Effective this day, Mr. James F. Dods is appointed assistant to the president with headquarters in Portal City.

"G. Norcross, President."

That's all; all but a little talk between the boss and Mr. Upton Van Britt that took place in our office on the day after Mr. Van Britt, still kicking about the hard work that the boss was always piling upon him, had been appointed general manager.

"You've made the rifle, Graham—just as I said you would," said our own and only millionaire, after he had got through abusing the fates that wouldn't let him go back east and play with his coupon shears and his yachts and polo ponies. "You're going to be the biggest man this side of the mountains, some day; and the day isn't so very far off, either."

It was just here that the boss got out of his chair and walked to the other end of the room. When he came back it was to say:

"You think I have won out, Upton, and so does everybody else. I suppose it looks that way to the man in the street. But I haven't, you know, I have lost the one thing for which I would gladly give all the business success I have ever made or hope to make."

Mr. Van Britt's smile was more than half a grin.

"It isn't lost, Graham; it's only gone before. Can't you wait a decent little while?"

"If I should wait all my life it wouldn't be long enough, Upton," was the reply. "What you said to me—that time when we first spoke of Collingwood—was true. You said she loved the other man—and so she did."

This time Mr. Van Britt's smile was a whole grin.

"I said it, and I'll say it again. She didn't realize it or admit it, even to herself, you know; she's too good and clean-hearted for anything like that. But I could see it plainly enough, and so could everybody else except the two people most nearly concerned. I didn't mean Howie Collingwood; you were the other man, Graham."

At this the boss whirled short around and tramped to the other end of the room again, standing for quite a little while with one foot on the low window-sill and making out like he was looking down at the traffic clattering along in Nevada avenue. But I'll bet a quarter he never saw a single wheel of it. When he came back our way his eyes were shining and he put his hand on Mr. Van Britt's shoulder.

"It ought to have been you, Uppy," he said, dropping back to the old college nickname. "You're by long-odds the better man. When—when do you think I might venture to take a little run across to New York?"

At that, Mr. Van Britt laughed out loud.

"Hot! hot!" he said. "I suppose I ought to say a year. You can wait one little year, can't you, Graham?" "Not on your life!" rasped the boss. And then: "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll compromise with the proprietors, or whatever it is that you're insisting on, and make it six months. But that's the limit—the absolute limit!" And so it was.

(THE END.)

Tribute to Good Heart.
A good heart is the sun and the moon, or, rather, the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes but keeps its course truly. —Shakespeare.

How a busy man does love a pet silently cheerful animal who can read only in being loved.

HEDLEY HOGS WIN

A phone message from Frank Clark this morning informs us that Hedley hogs took practically all the blue ribbons in the inter county swine exhibits at the Hall County Fair in Memphis yesterday. Fuller details will be given next week.

Frank says they have a great fair down there this year.

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Spurlin and four of their children have returned from a trip to Bell county and intermediate points. Mrs. Spurlin's father and sister accompanied them to Hedley for a visit.

MONEY MONEY

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

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

ED C. BOLIVER
Publisher

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

The Informer, \$1.50 a year.

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

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

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

NOTICE: SHERIFF'S SALE

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Donley.

By virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Donley County, Texas, on the 2nd day of September, 1921, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of J. T. Warren vs. C. W. Meador, W. H. Greer and Ed Salmon, No. 1154, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the first Tuesday in October, A. D. 1921, it being the 4th day of said month, before the court house door of said Donley County, in the city of Clarendon, the following described property, to wit:

All of the Southeast one fourth of Section 108 Block C6, Certificate No. 138, issued to Hooper & Wade, patented to L. H. Carhart, Assignee, by Patent No. 201, Vol. 32, containing 160 acres of land, more or less, situated in Donley county, Texas.

Levied on as the property of C. W. Meador to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$1920.96 in favor of J. T. Warren, and cost of suit.

Given under my hand, this 2nd day of September, 1921.

J. H. Rutherford, Sheriff.

NOTICE: SHERIFF'S SALE

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Donley.

By virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Donley County, Texas, on the 1st day of September, 1921, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of Walter Darlington vs. Hobart I. Carver, Mattie L. Means and husband W. F. Means, Della Means and husband, A. J. Means, Grace Mackey and husband, Henry Mackey, E. W. Carver, Mrs. H. A. Carver, widow of H. A. Carver, deceased, Leora Carver and Virgil Carver, minor children of H. A. Carver, deceased, Mrs. Effie Carver (also known as Mrs. H. A. Carver), the duly appointed Guardian of the person and estate of the said Leora Carver and Virgil Carver, minors, J. H. Pritchard, the unknown heirs of Austin Carver and Kate I. Carver, both deceased, and the Unknown Claimants to the lands hereinafter described, No. 1112, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the first Tuesday in October, A. D. 1921, it being the 4th day of October, A. D. 1921, before the court house door of said Donley County, in the city of Clarendon, the following described property, to wit:

First Tract: The Northeast one fourth (1/4) of Section No. Thirty one (31), in Block numbered and lettered C 2, and containing 160 acres of land; and

Second Tract: The south one-half (1/2) and the northwest one-fourth (1/4) of the northwest one-fourth (1/4) of Section No. Thirty one (31), in Block C 2, and containing 120 acres of land; Both of said tracts of land

lying and being situated in Donley county, Texas, and lying and being situated about 3 1/2 miles southwest of the town of Jericho, in said county, and being known and designated as the old "Austin Tarver place;"

Levied on as the property of Hobart I. Tarver, Mattie L. Means, W. F. Means, Della Means, A. J. Means, Grace Mackey, Henry Mackey, E. W. Carver, Mrs. H. A. Carver, Leora Carver, Virgil Carver, Mrs. Effie Carver and J. H. Pritchard, to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$2,571.32, and costs of suit.

Given under my hand, this 1st day of September, 1921.

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

NOTICE: SHERIFF'S SALE

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Donley.

By virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Donley County, Texas, on the 1st day of September, 1921, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of Mrs. W. H. Condron, a feme sole, vs. W. H. Johnson and Dora L. Johnson, No. 1140, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the first Tuesday in October, A. D. 1921, it being the 4th day of October, 1921, before the court house door of said Donley county, in the city of Clarendon, the following described property, to wit:

Ten (10) acres out of the East part of Section forty five (45), in Block C 6, Certificate No. 4 672, issued to the G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co., and described by notes and bounds as follows:

Beginning at a point 592 4 vrs. south and 24 feet west of the N. E. corner of said survey No. 45, Block C 6;

Thence south 397 vrs. to a stake, for the S. E. corner of this tract;

Thence west 142 2 vrs. to a stake for the S. W. corner of this tract;

Thence north 397 vrs. to a stake for the N. W. corner of this tract;

Thence east 142 2 vrs. to the place of beginning, and being in the north part of a 44 acre tract heretofore conveyed to August Wiedman by G. S. Hardy in deed recorded in Volume 37, page 58, Deed Records of Donley county, Texas;

Said tract of land lying partially within the city limits of the city of Clarendon and the remaining portion thereof lying immediately adjacent thereto, and being located about one mile southwest of the court house in the city of Clarendon, Texas, and being a part of what is known and designated as the "Hardy Place;"

Levied on as the property of W. H. Johnson and Dora L. Johnson, to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$1,227.60, and costs of suit.

Given under my hand, this 1st day of September, 1921.

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

JUNIOR B. Y. P. U.

Program for Sunday, Sept. 18:
Subject: The Fall of Jerusalem.
Roll call.

Scripture reading—Myrtella Mann.

The Prophet Jeremiah—Claud Simmons.

The Sureness of Punishment for Sin—Willie Johnson.

The Siege—May Johnson.

The Message of That Dark Picture—Letha Masten.

Memory verse—Glenn Accord.

God's Remedy—Olson Blankenship.

Piano solo—Velma Raney.

Song. Prayer.

Curry Green Garage

Full line of Ford Parts.

United States and
Racine Tires

Telephone 79

The Store of Better Values

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

DRY GOODS and
GROCERIES

Tims & Culwell

Come to us for

Lumber & Coal

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

U. J. BOSTON, Manager

Let Us Grease That Car

for you---we will find all the cups, and see that they take grease.

All Work Guaranteed, and inspected by myself before it leaves the building. 30x3 1/2 Flak Non-Skid Casings \$15.00. All other sizes as low in proportion. Give us a chance and let us prove to you that we want to give Satisfaction and a Square Deal.

The Square Deal Garage

OPEN ALL NIGHT PHONE 162
ROY SWAFFORD, PROP.

I HAVE PURCHASED THE DRIVE-IN STATION

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

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

TEXHOMA FILLING STATION
FRANK PAINTER, PROP.

Some Samples of the Reductions which we pass on to you---

Dimensions are 45% lower. Siding prices are 60% lower. Flooring is 65% less. Boxing is 45% under. Shiplap is down 45%. Shingles 35% lower. Paint 40%. Oils 50%.

If you have planned any building or remodeling, let us give you figures on the job complete. Price facts will prove that now is the time to go ahead.
BUY YOUR COAL NOW.

J. C. Wooldridge Lbr. Co.

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

PUT YOUR CAR IN OUR HANDS

No matter what work you may want done on your car, you can rest assured that it will be properly done if it comes to us. Only the most capable men are employed here, and CAREFULNESS is our motto.

RAY STORAGE BATTERY, guaranteed for two years. A full line of Accessories.

HEDLEY GARAGE

PHONE 123 C. A. WOOD, Prop.

FOR BLOOD SUCKING INSECTS Such as HEAD-LICE, BLUE-BUGS, and STICK-TIGHT-FLEAS, simply feed "MARTIN'S INSECTICUM" to your chickens. Your money back if not satisfied.
Ask HEDLEY DRUG CO., or Any Druggist.

The Man Who Would Be Wild

By MARY MORISON

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

John Carey's sister swung her pretty self down from the littered top of his big mahogany desk and regarded him with stern approval.

"What do you get out of life, anyway, Johnny?" she demanded. "You sit here all day figuring out how Tom Smith can win his old lawsuit against Ben Jones, or how Mrs. Brown can get a divorce from her horrid husband—your head all tied up in musty law books—and then you come home dog-tired and go to bed. What sort of existence is that?"

Her young voice was growing louder and louder with pent-up indignation. "What you need is to live—even if you do get into a scrape like some of your clients and have to engage another lawyer to pull you out of it," she continued. "For heaven's sake, Johnny, show that you are human—be wild, for once in your life!"

And, with a toss of her head, she slammed the office door behind her, leaving the room oddly cold and sunless.

John Carey laughed at the storm his refusal to neglect his carefully built-up practice for one afternoon and go to a tea dance instead had raised. He picked up his interrupted work with a determined air, as he muttered to himself:

"Tea dance! Good Lord! John Carey at a tea dance would be like a warship in a fish bowl. Ridiculous!"

But somehow the afternoon work was spoiled. John looked at the paper before him and read to himself—

"Party of the first part," while in his ears echoed his sister's parting words to tantalize and distract him: "What do you get out of life, anyway, John? Be wild for once in your life. Show that you are human!"

He gazed somberly in front of him, seeing nothing, but thinking hard. After all, was the girl right? He didn't seem to be getting much joy out



A Little Table for Two.

of life. Perhaps he was walking example of the adage that says all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. This was a new and disturbing thought for John Carey, middle-aged attorney-at-law. He left his desk abruptly and walked across to the window, looking moodily out at the early spring sunshine.

"Wild? Jove, I believe I'd like to be wild," were the surprising words he found himself muttering. "I've worked too hard all my life and have forgotten how to enjoy things—that's the unpalatable truth of the matter. How the deuce does a fellow go about it, though?"

The click, click of his stenographer's machine in the little waiting room outside penetrated his thoughts with an odd persistency. He opened the door and looked across to where she sat, tapping out words and knitting her brow over some especially difficult phraseology. For the first time in the two years Miss Bronson had been working for him John noticed that her hair was very pretty when the sunlight caught it and that her brown eyes were quite unusual in size and beauty.

"By Jove," he muttered to himself, "that's the answer. A man to be wild always asks his stenographer out to lunch or dinner. It's 4 o'clock—I guess tea at the Biltmore will do as a starter. I'll do it!"

Miss Bronson looked up in surprise when he walked over to her desk and stood looking down at her silently. She regarded him inquiringly, waiting for him to speak.

"Look here, Miss Bronson," said John Carey at last, "you've worked here now for two years and must have formed an opinion of some kind during that time. What sort of man do you think I am?"

Hilda Bronson laughed, and for the first time John noticed how white and even her teeth were.

"I think I'd call you a 'nice' man, Mr. Carey," she answered.

"That's the deuce of it!" exclaimed John. "I don't want to be 'nice'—I want to be wild—be human—enjoy life, and I find I don't know how.

Will you help me? Will you, for instance, go out to tea with me and teach me how to toddle? My sister tells me that's the latest thing in the dance line."

Hilda threw back her head in the most musical burst of laughter John had ever heard—or ever noticed. "I should say. 'Of course I will,' she said. 'I've never been wild, either, and I think it would be too dashing for words to teach my employer how to drink tea and toddle.'"

When, fifteen minutes later, John Carey and Miss Bronson left the office behind them and entered a taxi for the Biltmore, John told her he had never felt so utterly young and reckless in his life before.

"I suppose I ought to have a dreadful conscience to be leading you astray like this—to be taking a young thing of your tender years out for a toddle when I've just had my fortieth birthday?"

He looked so naively anxious that Hilda Bronson didn't have the heart to tell him that she had just celebrated her thirtieth!

"You certainly should," she murmured. "It's the sort of thing the villains in the movies do—and they all come to a bad end, too."

"Well, I must say it's well worth a bad end," replied John gallantly, as he helped her out. He couldn't help wondering what his sister would say could she see how quickly and magnificently he was following her advice.

They secured a little table for two at a window overlooking the street and John ordered tea and toast and raspberry ice and French pastry. And between mouthfuls they joined the fox trotting crowd on the floor and John learned how to toddle.

It was six o'clock when he left Hilda Bronson at the door of her little apartment. "I can't thank you enough," he said at parting. "I feel twenty-five years old and a much better man for having been so awfully wild. Will you go again tomorrow at the same time?"

So it happened that at four o'clock the following day John Carey put down his unfinished brief and called through the door to Hilda: "Four o'clock, Miss Bronson. The wild hour is upon us."

One night he took her out to dinner. She protested a little at first, but it was feeble resistance, and they dined at a gay restaurant on Broadway, and Hilda pointed out to him the noted actresses and screen favorites who passed in and out.

"This is seeing life, indeed, for a middle-aged lawyer," sighed John, and he wondered why the crowds annoyed him and why he wanted to punch a big fellow in the jaw because he stared at Hilda. Surely that was all part of the game—and yet he resented it.

"I wish we could go to some quiet place after dinner," he sighed, involuntarily.

Hilda looked at him with raised brows. "We could," she said. "I'd rather thought of asking you before, but I was so sure you preferred all this. But if you come home to my apartment we can sit before the open fire and discuss our wild pasts. How about it?"

"You're a wonderful woman, Hilda Bronson," said John, with fervor in his tones. "The open fire it is."

It was the first time John had ever been in Hilda's apartment. As he sat in a big chair in front of the fire he looked around wondering. How dainty everything was—and yet how livable. It was the sort of room a man dreamed about if he were away from home. Hilda sat opposite him, and he watched the reflection of the fire play on her hair, and he thought, thought hard.

"You are a wonderful woman, Hilda Bronson," he said finally, for the second time that night. His eyes smoldered with something in them that made Hilda catch her breath. "Will you marry me—a man without a past—and give me the only future that is worth a ha'penny bit?"

"But that wouldn't be wild—" began Hilda. John interrupted her. "D—no wilderness!" he said. "What we all want is happiness, and happiness for me is just this—and you."

AS MEASURE OF PRECAUTION

Custom of Touching Glasses Before Drinking Had Origin in the Fear of Poison.

The custom of touching glasses before drinking had its origin in the same idea of safety which led men to shake hands with the right hand—as an assurance that they were concealing no weapon—and to raise the helmet to women or others whom they respected.

In the days when duelling was at its height it was customary for the combatants to pause for a moment before taking their positions and drink a glass of wine supplied by the seconds. In order to make certain that this wine had not been tampered with, one glass was filled to the brim and then half of its contents was emptied into the glass of the adversary, so that if any attempt had been made to poison the wine of the duellists, each of them would be equally affected.

The practice, reminiscent of the days of the Borgias, passed out with the custom of the duel, but the habit of touching glasses or holding them up as if preparatory to touching them, remained as a silent reminder of the time when no man dared trust anyone, but went always armed and prepared for trouble.

The Cynic
New—I was touched by her sweet manner.
Ted—For how much?

LIVE STOCK NEWS

TEMPORARY SHEEP PASTURES

Results of Experiment Made by Department of Agriculture on 30-Acre Field in Maryland.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

On a 30-acre field in Maryland, used by the United States Department of Agriculture to test the carrying capacity of temporary pastures for sheep, sufficient pasture was produced to furnish an average of 505 days' grazing on each acre for a mature ewe. This is equivalent to about two sheep an acre for a season of 250 days, or two and one-half sheep for a 200-day period.

This pastureage is much more than could be obtained from perennial grass grown on land of the character and value of that used in the experiment, the department sheep specialists say, but not more than can be obtained from the best blue-grass pastures. Good land used for such a succession of temporary pastures should produce from 50 to 100 per cent more pastureage than was obtained in this instance.



Lambs on Pasture in Maryland.

In such a system as the one under trial there is not much choice of crops to be used in different months. It is chiefly necessary to make sure of having one crop ready when the preceding one is finished. All the crops used in 1919, the third year of the experiment, stimulated a good flow of milk in the ewes, produced good growth in the lambs, and, after weaning, put the ewes in good condition for fall breeding.

The ewes and lambs were all pure-bred Southdowns. Some of the ewes raising lambs received a half-pound of grain each daily until May 10, and 22 head of ewes in a fall-breeding experiment received a light feed of grain during September and October. All the lambs were kept for breeding purposes and were fed some grain throughout the summer. In calculating how far the feed actually produced would go for grown sheep it was considered that a lamb ate one-fourth as much as a sheep until July 1, and after that one-half as much. A total of 530 hours' work for a man and a team was required for plowing and seeding the 60 acres used in 1919.

Under the conditions of this experiment fall-sown wheat and spring seedlings of oats and peas sown together at the rate of 1½ bushels per acre have been most satisfactory for grazing in spring and early summer. Soy beans are ready for grazing about the middle of July and furnish most of the feed until October. In November fall-sown wheat and rye have been used most, though late seedlings of corn and velvet beans were used in 1919 for the first time on 1½ acres that had received an extra top-dressing of manure.

The number of days of grazing from one acre of each crop in 1919 was as follows, calculated on its pasture value for one mature ewe:

	Days.		Days.
Rape	322	Cowpeas	210
Soy beans	313	Alfalfa	82
Oats and peas..	319	Barley	277
Wheat	306	Rye	180

TYPES OF BABY BEEF COWS

Three Important Factors Should Be Kept in Mind in Making Selection of Breeders.

In selecting cows from which baby beef is to be produced, three very important factors should be kept in mind:

1. The cows should have at least a fair amount of beef blood. Purebreds are not necessary, but two or three crosses of such breeding is essential. Cows with a preponderance of dairy blood will not do for the production of baby beef.

2. Cows best suited for this type of breeding usually weigh 900 pounds or over in thrifty breeding condition. So long as early maturity is not sacrificed, the heavier cows are the most suitable for baby-beef production. Size of frame rather than weight should govern in selecting cows which are to be used for this purpose.

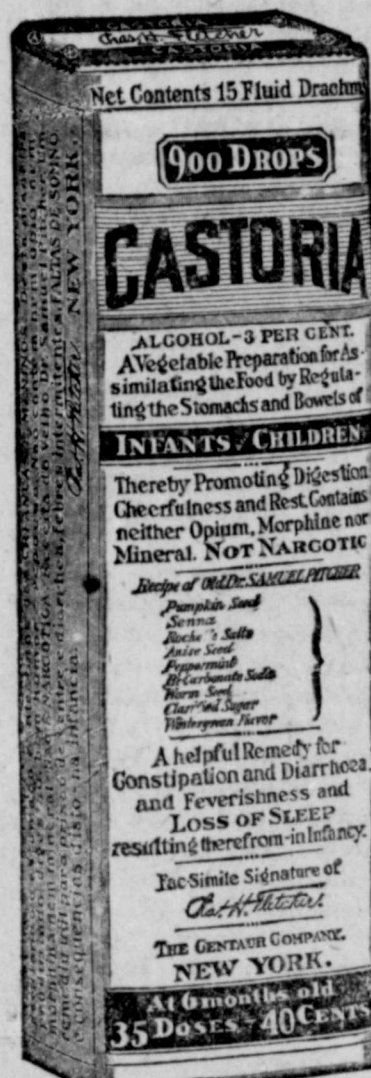
3. The cows used to produce baby beefs should produce enough milk to keep the calves fat and growing without much additional feed up to weaning time.

In addition to these three factors, such things as constitution, uniformity of breeding, color, size and early maturity should be considered.

Making History.

INFANT MORTALITY in past ages has been something frightful, something almost beyond belief, and even today it occupies the time and the mind of leading physicians in all countries. The death rate among infants is being gradually reduced through new methods of hygiene, new preventatives and new remedies for infants. This reduction in the death rate has NOT been accomplished by adapting the precautions taken and remedies used by adults. Rather has it been to keep clear of the old methods, and choose after long research the precautions and remedies specifically applicable to infants.

This being so, is it necessary for us to caution mothers against trying to give her baby relief with a remedy that she would use for herself? Will she remember that Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for infants and children?



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For

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You love it because of its very helplessness, because it can't tell you what is the matter when it feels bad. It can only cry and look to you for help. But the more you love baby, the more you want to help baby, the more you ought to realize what a wonderful remedy Fletcher's Castoria is. It has been used for babies' ailments for over thirty years.

An experienced doctor discovered Fletcher's Castoria especially for babies' use. It is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. Doctors who know what is safe and best for babies have only good to say of it.

Don't neglect your baby. Get a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria and give baby a few doses of it. See how the little one smiles at you as if trying to thank you for helping it. Soon you will learn to depend on Fletcher's Castoria, made just for Infants and Children, and of course you would not think of using anything for them that was not prepared especially for Infants and Children. So keep it in the house.

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Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

IF IT HADN'T BEEN SUNDAY

Cook Certainly Would Not Have Overlooked the Use of That Insulting Pronoun.

The ritual of society, as women make it, is very exacting the world over, even in almshouses. In this relation there is told a story showing the serious difficulty that arose among a set of workhouse officials in a Western town.

The infirmaries nurses, three in number, had demanded a separate sitting room and the delight of Sunday dinner therein, and the matron had sought to humble them by sending the cook to enjoy her Sunday dinner in their company. The brawny cook described what occurred as follows:

"Well, Nurse Jones, she comes down and gets inside the door. 'Four plates?' she says. 'Four? Who's the fourth?' 'Me,' says I. 'You!' she says, and with that she tosses her head and walks away."

Here the cook drew a long breath, and then continued: "If it hadn't been Sunday, gentlemen, I should have let her have it for calling me 'you'!"—Exchange.

Airplanes to Aid Surveyors.

Railroad engineers in the future when making reconnaissance surveys in unknown countries will find the airplane a great saving in time and money. An aerial survey of a proposed Philippine railway showed the possibilities of the method.

Well, Well.

"That Boston girl seems agitated." "Yes, a fresh drummer called her 'Cutie.'"—Courier-Journal.

The closer you get to some people the more distant they are.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes. That itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each everywhere.—Advertisement.

A Real Compliment.
Rub—You don't look like the pictures I've seen of you in the newspapers.
Dub—Thanks.—Judge.

When You Feel That Way.
She (gushingly)—There are days when we seem more in unison with nature than at other times; when our hearts seem to beat in accord with the sublime harmony of the universe. Have you ever noticed it?
He—Indeed, I have. It is always that way with me on pay day.

New Cause for Lightning.
An old negro preacher in a southern rural district accounted for the lightning in this way:

"Ever time Satan looks down an' sees de Lawd's work gwine on, fire flashes fum his eyes. Dat's de lightning! An' w'en he falls ter hit a church wid it he lays back and hollers. Dat's de thunder."

"But, parson," said an old deacon, "whar is Satan in de winter time? We don't have no lightning den."

The preacher studied a minute and then said: "Well, hit may be, Br'er Williams, dat hell's froze over den!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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"NEWS ARE SCARCE"

The Informer is somewhat shy on local news matter this week, and has been, in fact, the past three or four weeks. This is due principally to the "Fair dope" we've been running, and which we considered of first importance just now. There come times in the life of every small town business when its capacity is sorely taxed by the demands made upon it,—when a fellow can do his ding'dest, and no more. This is one of the times.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC

The teachers of the Intermediate department of the First Baptist Church took their pupils out on a picnic last Saturday. The young folks report a most enjoyable time.

J. C. Coffey, M. D.

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

TO THE PUBLIC

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

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CLARENDON, TEXAS

Dr. F. N. Reynolds, Dentist, informs us that he will be forced to discontinue his weekly visits to Hedley. He has bought out Dr. B. Younger, at Clarendon, and all his time will be taken up with the business there. Note his card in this issue. He invites Hedley people to visit him in Clarendon.

Bring your French Dry Cleaning to Clarke. He knows how to do it.

Clarke, the Tailor
Who Knows How.

Rev. and Mrs. Cal C. Wright and three of their children were here yesterday from Shamrock. Bro. Wright came down in answer to a request that he take part in the funeral services over the remains of Wesley Adamson. Their many Hedley friends were glad to see them and to know that they are pleasantly located.

FOR SALE—A few February and March Gilts. Prices are right and breeding the best.

Walnut Hill Live Stock Farm
R. E. Mann, Owner.

J. C. Doneghy, of St. Louis, President, and J. R. Benson, of Wellington, Vice President of the First State Bank of Hedley, are spending a part of the week here.

Note the financial statements of the two Hedley Banks and the Lelia Lake Bank in this issue. These showings are remarkably strong—especially so when you consider that they come at the wind up of an unusually disastrous crop year, and before any of the present year's crop has reached the market. Read the bank statements.

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

FOR SALE or Trade—Registered Big Bone Poland China Sow. J. M. Clarke, the Tailor.

W. M. SOCIETY

The W. M. Society will meet Monday in Bible Study. Please study carefully and be ready to answer any question in the first three chapters of Genesis.

There will also be an important business meeting. Each member urged to be present.
Supt. Publicity.

M. H. and Arthur Bell have been buying grain at Miami the past week.

Alva Alexander of wife, from McLean, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Alexander first of the week.

Miss Esther Ferrell, teacher in the Giles school, spent Sunday visiting Miss Jessie Davis.

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Fresh Bread and an abundance of Good Things to Eat at all times. Cold Drinks and Confections. Come to see us.

W. A. Armstrong.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Leader—Mamie Evans.
Opening Song.
Sentence prayers.
Scripture reading and talk by leader.

Blackboard outline.
Song, "I Love to Tell the Story."
Short Talks—Mollie Newman, Mayme Wood, Annie Lee Farris.
Song—Miss Temple, Miss Coffey, R. F. Newman.

Debate: Resolved, There are more heartaches and trouble caused by words than by deeds.

Scripture readings:
Matt. 12:34-37, Gertrude Noel.
James 1:26, Claud Simmons.
Phil. 2:11, Julia Alexander.

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