

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, MARCH 17, 1922

NO. 17

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

Moreman Hardware
Everything in Hardware and Furniture

**Work and Vote
FOR THE BONDS!**

**AND HAVE YOUR TAILOR
WORK DONE BY**

CLARKE, the Tailor
Who Knows How

Scientific Examination of the Eyes

You are given only one pair of eyes in a lifetime—therefore it behooves you to look after them promptly and properly at the first hint of trouble. If your eyes hurt, smart, burn, feel tired after using them for any length of time in your work or reading, see an OPTOMETRIST at once.

Some people put off having their eyes attended to for fear glasses will spoil their appearance. Properly fitted glasses do not—often they improve the looks.

As you value your eyesight—God's best gift to man—pay us a visit at the first sign of trouble.

V. R. JONES, Optometrist

Office over The Princess Theatre

MEMPHIS, TEXAS

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

FIRE DESTROYS THE SMITH HOME

The fire demon visited our little city on Wednesday morning of this week, about 8:00 o'clock, and the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Smith was totally destroyed, together with all its contents.

The cause of the fire is not known, so far as we have heard, and was under good headway when discovered. The fact that no wind was blowing, and that workers were on hand in large numbers, doubtless saved much other property.

Some insurance was carried—possible enough to cover the loss of the building. But the hand some home furnishings, together with many highly prized articles that can never be replaced, were an entire loss and a heavy one.

We regret exceedingly this stroke of bad luck that has overtaken Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and trust that good luck will come now in volume sufficient to more than balance the account.

STRAYED, from Wellington, white horse, with wire cut on right shoulder. Will pay for any information leading to his recovery.
J. K. Ashton,
Wellington, Texas.

METHODIST CHURCH

Quarterly Conference will be held at the Methodist Church Saturday night, under direction of Presiding John R. Henson.

Bro Henson will also fill the pulpit at the Methodist Church Sunday, at both morning and evening hours.

You are invited to hear him.

Clyde Grimsley, one of our hustling young farmers and dependable citizens, favored us with a subscription renewal one day this week.

BARRED ROCK EGGS for hatching. Call at farm, or leave orders at Smith Produce House.
J. S. Grooms.

Miss Lula Pyle, from Mineral Wells, is visiting here, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. G. McDougal.

NAZARENE CHURCH

Everyone cordially invited to attend services at the Church of the Nazarene.

Sunday School 10 a. m.

Preaching 11 a. m.

Preaching 7 p. m.

By the Pastor,
I. L. Campbell.

Vote for the School Bonds.

LOTS OF PRODUCE BEING SOLD HERE

The poultry and produce industry is getting to be the all year round ready money erop in this community.

R. S. Smith, the produce man, informs us that on last Saturday alone he bought 13,000 pounds of chickens, and that during the week just past he paid out to produce raisers of this community the tidy sum of \$3,326.33.

A few months ago it was freely predicted that "1922 is going to be an awful hard year." No one seemed able to see any appreciable relief until another crop was marketed at good prices. But, as is usually the case, the future was not as black as it looked, and the "worst" failed to happen. On the other hand, everything is already looking decidedly better. And no small amount of the credit is due to increased activity in the poultry, dairy and hog industries.

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.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Boston, former Hedley young people, have moved from Altus, Okla., to Clarendon, where Carl has taken over the management of the Cameron Lumber Co. We are glad to have them back in Donley county.

NOTICE

To All Who Are Indebted to the Estate of L. T. Hullum, Deceased:

Mr. W. A. Pierce has been given charge of all accounts and collections, and this is to request that you see Mr. Pierce concerning same at your earliest convenience.

Mrs. L. T. Hullum.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

C. H. Kennedy, of Memphis, Texas, will preach on Saturday night before the 4th Sunday in each month, and also Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

FOR SALE:—A few good horses and mules.

J. G. McDougal.

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

FOR SALE: Purebred Barred Rock Eggs, 75c per setting. The hen that lays is the hen that pays. Mrs. J. W. Aldridge.

Abstracts

We Prepare Abstracts of Title on Short Notice.

Mail us your work and take advantage of our 24 hour service

P. O. BOX 81

Clarendon Abstract Co.

L. E. Crowder, Manager

Office in First National Bank Bldg.

Clarendon, Texas

HOUSE FOR RENT—5 rooms, close in, 1 block from postoffice. \$17.00.
Joe Devine.

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

LOST—An Eastern Star Past Worthy Matron's pin.
Mrs. J. B. Masterson.

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

**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!

**I AM ALWAYS IN THE
MARKET AND PAY
HIGHEST PRICES**

PHONE 93

R. S. Smith
The Produce Man

*Plan Today for
Tomorrow*

THE MAN who has been planning and saving the past few years is reaping the benefit today, as he can now invest his saving with safety.

PLAN TODAY FOR TOMORROW

As the day's end draws near, you will begin to think of the morrow. You will face it with confidence if you have saved your money. We will gladly assist you in every way possible.

Guaranty State Bank



DOES LAUNDRY WORK AND HOUSEWORK TOO

Surprised to Find Her-self Feeling So Well

Taunton, Mass. — "I used to have pains in my back and legs so badly, with other troubles that women sometimes have, that my doctor ordered me to stay in bed a week in every month. It didn't do me much good, so one day after talking with a friend who took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for about the same troubles I had, I thought I would try it also. I find that I can work in the laundry all through the time and do my housework, too. Last month I was so surprised at myself to be up and around and feeling so good while before I used to feel completely lifeless. I have told some of the girls who work with me and have such troubles to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I tell them how it has helped me. You can use my testimonial for the good of others." — Mrs. BLANCHER SILVIA, 69 Grant St., Taunton, Mass.

It's the same story—one friend telling another of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator, formula on every label. Guaranteed non-narcotic, non-drowsy. Cures colic, diarrhoea, flatulency, constipation and other trouble if given at bedtime time. Safe, pleasant—always brings remarkable and gratifying results. At All Druggists.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The infants' and children's regulator. Children grow healthy and free from colic, diarrhoea, flatulency, constipation and other trouble if given at bedtime time. Safe, pleasant—always brings remarkable and gratifying results. At All Druggists.

Cuticura Soap
The Velvet Touch
For the Skin

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

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. R. O., ATLANTA, GA.

Metropolitan BUSINESS COLLEGE

A. England, President, Dallas, Texas
"The School With a Reputation."
The Metropolitan has made good for thirty-three years—it stands first in Texas as a thorough and reliable Commercial School. Write for full information.

MITCHELL EYE SALVE

Don't treat sore, inflamed, smarting eyes with powerful drugs "drop" in by hand. A soothing, effective, safe remedy is best. 25 cents at all druggists.

WANTED
Factory Representative

to sell our line of high grade MONUMENTAL WORK, direct from factory to purchaser. Must be sober, energetic and reliable. COMMERCIAL MONUMENT CO., 326 E. 1st St., CANTON, GA.

You'll Smile Too
when you know the Comfort and Easy Stretch of

EXCELLO SUSPENDERS

Guaranteed One Year—Price 75¢
Always fast on NU-WAY or EXCELLO Garters, suspenders, Garters and Hose Supporters.

Ask Your Dealer If he hasn't them, send direct, giving dealer's name, to EXCELLO, C. F. Daniels' Sons, Waynesboro, Ga.

PISO'S SAFE AND SANE
for Coughs & Colds

This syrup is different from all others. Quick relief. No opiates. 35c everywhere.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 8-1922.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

UNIFORM CIVILITY

TO BE welcome to the world when everything seems to be going against you, is to exhibit the right sort of courage and to show yourself capable of overriding difficulties.

Though firebrands may be thrown across your pathway and backbiting tongues assail you, if you still remain amiable and courteous, you will emerge from the ordeal unscathed.

Civility and all that it implies gives you the staying strength to surmount obstacles and to press forward in all kinds of weather.

Scowls, frowns and short answers very frequently make of the talented and gifted, sorrowful toilers, while, on the other hand, urbanity and suavity elevate men and women of moderate attainments to power and affluence.

Civility commends itself to people who know not its name, but recognize it when they see it. The crabbed old boor and the proud youth are now and again arrested by its soft answer and smiling face, and even the rude

vagabond will stop a moment when it crosses his path and stare at it in open-eyed wonderment.

In some subtle way civility touches hearts and knits mankind closer together, yet, despite this fact, it has a long way to go and a great deal of hard work to do before it can overcome the masses and make them understand its true worth.

To those who are just starting careers, and especially to the young, good manners are as essential to their success as good commendations.

Indeed, politeness may be said to be the better thing of the two, for the reason that it builds character, and makes it imposing in the eyes of others.

There is no time in one's life that courtesy of behavior in the treatment of others fails to win recognition.

The employee who is uniformly civil, considerate of his or her employer, and thoughtful of associates as well, is usually the first to win promotion.

If you will think back, study cause and effect, you will find as you reflect that the greater number of failures in life had their beginning in incivility, and that those who today are conspicuously successful in the arts, professions and industries were in their beginning, and are now, habitually courteous in words and acts. (Copyright.)

The Friendly Path

By WALTER I. ROBINSON

SELFISHNESS

THINK of your tasks and not of yourself.

Most of those who find their daily work monotonous and imagine they could get much greater enjoyment out of other employment would not be likely to make any greater headway or find greater pleasure in doing any other job under the sun, unless they first had a change in their own viewpoint.

Usually it is not what one may be doing, but the spirit in which it is done which makes work pleasant or undesirable. When people are constantly thinking of self and placing themselves above the importance of the duty at hand, the task will seem distasteful and inconsequential, regardless of how much its successful accomplishment means to the world.

The story is told of a school teacher who hated her work and was extremely anxious to become a nurse. She complained that there was nothing to her life but a mile-long trip between two ugly fences twice a day and the intervening hours spent in teaching the same monotonous lessons over and over again. So she thought it would be so very lovely to don a white cap and apron and devote the remainder of her life to caring for the sick.

Fortunately she stated her opinion to a clear-headed and broad-minded physician and asked him to aid her in finding employment as a student in a hospital. When this man heard why she wished to give up teaching as a profession, he kindly told her that she was temperamentally unfitted to be a nurse, for nursing meant extreme self-sacrifice. If she thought so much of herself that she couldn't find enjoyment in the work of making good and able Americans through teaching, due to her constant thoughts of self, he contended that she would have even a smaller chance of getting enjoyment out of the nursing profession, which demanded more devotion to others' welfare.

The young woman was intelligent enough to know that what the physician told her was true. Hour after hour she battled with herself to get the right viewpoint, and finally she won her battle over selfishness. Then her work became enjoyable and she did it so well that its influence for good was reflected in her life and her smiles.

No work will make one happy if he thinks more of himself than his job. (Copyright.)

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK
by Nellie Maxwell

"Don't bring worries to the table. Don't bring anger, hate or scowls; Banish everything unpleasant. Talk and eat with smiling jaws. It will aid your own digestion. If you wear a smiling face, it will jolly up the others. If you only set the pace, knowing something funny, tell it; something sad, forget to kneel it. Something hateful, quick dispel it. At the table."

GOOD THINGS WE ALL ENJOY

CHICKEN cooked as a pot roast is much superior to the ordinary fried dish, as it is moist and juicy. Cut it up as for frying, place in a tight kettle with a little fat, stir until hot, add a very little water to keep it from burning and cook closely covered. Usually no more water will be needed, but add a very little, a tablespoonful or two at a time. Season and cook very slowly for two or three hours. Longer is better.

Fruit Salad.

Place halves of stewed pears on crisp lettuce leaves. Remove the pits from white cherries and arrange around the pears. Serve with cooked salad dressing.

Potato Soup.

Boil four medium-sized potatoes in salted water and when soft put through a ricer. Slice one onion and scald with one quart of milk. Remove the onion. Add the milk to the potato season with a teaspoonful of

salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of celery seed, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley and a dash of white pepper. Melt three tablespoonfuls of fat in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and when well cooked, stir in the milk and potato. Sprinkle with the parsley and serve. Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

The Old Story.
Mrs. Wabash—I thought when I married you that you were original.
Mr. Wabash—And am I not?
"No; you're using the same excuses for staying out late that all my other husbands used."

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

This world seems rather strange to me. My way in life is often rough. I think I'll get adjusted though. If I can just live long enough.

KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

AT EVENTIDE

TWO little shoes, run-down and worn,
Tossed in the corner over there;
Two little stockings, soiled and torn,
Lying beneath the rocking chair.
One little sweater, one little cap,
One little knee pants, a shirt once white—
All in a heap, and in my lap
One little lad, his eyes shut tight.

Two little arms that 'round me twine;
Two sturdy legs worn out with play;
One little heart that beats 'gainst mine,
Full of joy at the close of day.
One little nightgown donned at last,
Ready the lad for slumber deep;
One more day with its joytime past—
One little moment—then asleep.

Sleep, little boy, till the morning breaks;
Dreamless sleep till the stars shall fade,
And the rising sun ev'ry songbird wakes
And music rings in the leafy glade.
Sleep, little boy, and watch the ward
Over thy cot may the angels keep.
Safe in the arms of the children's Lord—
Sleep, little lad—sleep, sleep, sleep!
(Copyright.)

SCHOOL DAYS



The young woman was intelligent enough to know that what the physician told her was true. Hour after hour she battled with herself to get the right viewpoint, and finally she won her battle over selfishness. Then her work became enjoyable and she did it so well that its influence for good was reflected in her life and her smiles.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

ONE JOB IS ENOUGH

A YOUNG reader has asked us if he can study law and the violin at the same time. He can. He also asks if he can be a great lawyer and a great violinist. He cannot.

A man who wants to be a great lawyer is not going to have time to master any musical instrument more complicated than the penny whistle.

The law requires time and thought. The violin requires time and practice. Kubelik spent about eight hours a day with his fiddle. At the end of that eight hours his tired brain would refuse admission to a single page of Blackstone, even were his fingers not too weary to hold the book.

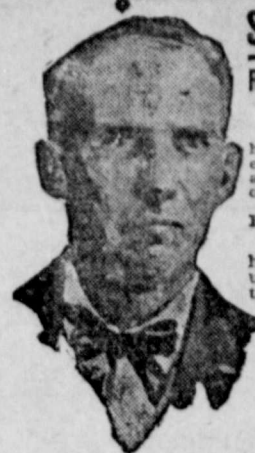
No boy should study the violin with a view to making it a profession unless his talent is such that he never could be contented with anything else. Of all the instruments in the world it is the hardest to master, and none but geniuses ever can prosper as well by playing it as can any fairly successful lawyer by following his profession.

A very great illustrator, known to the writer, discovered when he was twenty-one years old that he would have to stop trying to be a concert singer.

He had a good voice and good musical ability. But he found that cultivating one or either of these would take the time he needed for the study of drawing. Because he quit the music he became rich and famous.

Had he kept at it he might have become a choir singer, or sung small parts in musical pieces. But he never would have got any further—a fact he found out before it was too late.

Very few men can do any two things very well. Nobody ever born can do two things supremely well. Music is a fine accomplishment and brings much pleasure to people in other lines of endeavor if they follow it with moderation. But only musical geniuses should specialize in it. (Copyright.)



STANDS OFF A LOT OF DOCTOR BILLS

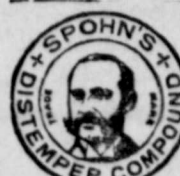
Recommends Pe-ru-na for Catarrh of the Stomach, Colds and Grip

"I have used Pe-ru-na for several years and can heartily recommend for catarrh of the stomach or entire system. I always get benefit from it for colds and grip. It stands off lots of doctor bills and makes one feel like a new person." R. F. SUTTLES, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 61, Waynesburg, Kentucky.

It is wise to keep a bottle of Pe-ru-na in the house for emergencies. Coughs and colds may usually be relieved by a few doses of Pe-ru-na taken in time. Nasal catarrh, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, rheumatism or other troubles due to a catarrhal condition of the mucous membranes all call for Pe-ru-na as the successful treatment. The health building, strength restoring qualities of this well known remedy are especially marked after a protracted sickness, the grip or Spanish Flu. PE-RU-NA is justly proud of its record of fifty years as health protector for the whole family.

TABLETS OR LIQUID

SOLD EVERYWHERE



SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

is indispensable in treating
Influenza, Distemper, Coughs and Colds
so prevalent among horses and mules at this season of the year. For nearly thirty years "SPOHN'S" has been given to prevent these diseases, as well as to relieve and cure them. An occasional dose "conditions" your horse and keeps disease away. As a remedy for cases actually suffering, "SPOHN'S" is quick and certain. 60 cents and \$1.20 per bottle at drug stores. SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, GOSHEN, INDIANA.

Don't Be Nervous

Renovine is a god-send for nervous men and women because it quiets and soothes.



RENOVINE

Relieves And Restores

Will quiet weeping, nervous women and girls. Will steady the hand and get the nerves back to normal. Absolutely harmless.

Ask Your Dealer

In purchasing your medicines, drugs, drug accessories, etc., look for this shield on label. It assures quality.

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

His Birthright.
Proud Father—He's a fine baby. He inherits his looks from me.
His Wife—I've been thinking of that myself. Can't you see a lawyer about inheriting him?

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

In buying poultry in the market remember that the good always displaces the bad.

Falling in love doesn't lower an egoist's opinion of himself.

Law suits are apt to wear out at the pockets first.

Fresh, sweet, white, dainty clothes for baby, if you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Never streaks or injures them. All good grocers sell it.—Advertisement.

A rare picture may be one that is not well done.

FOR COLDS, CROUP AND PAINS.
Use Vacher-Balm; it relieves at once. AVOID IMITATIONS.

If we have no agent where you live, write for a free sample to E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans, La.—Advertisement.

Cupid is always making matches but never marries.

CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Bilious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative in the world to physic your liver and bowels when you have Dizzy Headache, Colds, Biliousness, Indigestion, or Upset, Acid Stomach is 'candy-like' "Cascarets." One or two tonight will empty your

bowels completely by morning, and you will feel splendid. "They work while you sleep." Cascarets never stir you up or gripe like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

"Good to the Last Drop"



MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Also Maxwell House Tea
CHEEK NEAL COFFEE CO.

IN MEMORIAM

L. T. Hullum was born Oct. 19, 1879, at Stephenville, Texas; died at his home in Hedley, Texas, Saturday morning, 11:30 o'clock, March 4th, 1922.

The funeral service was held at the Baptist Church Sunday morning, March 5th, conducted by his Pastor, Y. F. Walker, assisted by Dr. R. F. Jenkins, of Amarillo, Texas.

He was married to Miss Dora Barber, of Terrell, Okla., Aug. 10, 1903. To this union one child was born—a son. He is survived by his wife, son, four brothers and three sisters.

At the early age of eighteen years Bro. Hullum heard the call of God, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," was converted and joined the Baptist church. Has lived an upright and consecrated Christian since that time. Seventeen years ago he was chosen from among his brethren as one Biblically qualified to fill the high office of Deacon of his Church, was ordained to that office, and has faithfully performed whatever duties that devolved upon him, to the very time of his death.

His presence and wise counsel will be sadly missed by his fellow Deacons, his Pastor, and his Church.

His loyalty to the Church was proverbial and his devotion to his Sunday School class was recognized and a subject of general comment and admiration. His class of boys will sorely miss him, and feel his absence perhaps more keenly than we can know. But may they say, as He of old, "Not my will be done, but thine."

His genuine unselfishness was evidenced on numberless occasions. His Church and Sunday School was always given first place and put before every other duty. His last service was to his Church, when he met his Sunday School class for the last time the night before he fell ill, never to rise from his bed of affliction till his spirit arose with Christ in Glory.

His voice is hushed, but his words do follow him.

He accepted his fate without a murmur, was uncomplaining throughout the long days and nights of suffering. A number of times he said: "It's all right; I'm ready to go if this is the time."

During his last days he spoke to his companion endearing words, and, clasping her hand, he sang in a full rich voice that age-old song, "Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine."

This manifestation of his eternal hope and praise to his Redeemer shall ever be a comfort to those who loved him most.

We commend his companion and son to Him "who doeth all things well" and makes no mistakes for consolation in this their inexpressible grief and sorrow.

His death, to him, was a happy release from pain and an entrance into the joy of his Lord. And you, in your sorrow, have more reason to thank God that for these years your lives were blessed by his counsel and companionship, and that after all, you are denied his presence for only a few fleeting years.

Let every remembrance of him be an inspiration to faithfully serve the God whom he loved and served. We commend you to a close walk with our Savior, whose presence can fill every vacancy and void, and whose precious promises are our unfailing comfort and hope in life's troubles.

His pastor,
Y. F. Walker.

Subscribe for The Informer.

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 10th day of March, 1922, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 17th day of March, 1922.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral.....	\$343,749.52
Loans, Real Estate.....	6,183.25
Overdrafts.....	1,864.66
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1,041.44
Due from other Banks and Bankers, and Cash on hand	10,645.78
Interest in Depositor's Guaranty Fund.....	3,298.54
Assessment Dep. Guar. Fund	10,426.90
Acceptances and Bills of Exchange.....	10,027.13
Total.....	\$387,237.22

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in.....	35,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	25,000.00
Undivided Profits, net.....	14,620.14
Due to Banks and Bankers, subject to check, net.....	7,500.00
Individual Deposits, subject to check.....	300,716.82
Time Certificates of Deposit.....	2,689.90
Cashier's Checks.....	1,711.22
Total.....	\$387,237.22

STATE OF TEXAS)
County of Donley) We, 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 15th day of March, A. D. 1922.

Sam M. Bond, Notary Public, Donley County, Texas.

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

IN MEMORY OF L. T. HULLUM

As the Ancients placed the wreath above the honored door, so we bring tribute of our praise, the expression of our love, and a sincere hope that he now enjoys the fruition of his Friendship, Love and Truth in the Assembly above.

Few were they in this world who excelled him in the best qualities of the soul. He was the personification of honor, generosity and true nobleness of mind.

In his death, this Order, the Church, the business world and the community suffer a serious loss. Thus by relentless death are the ranks of Rebekahism depleted, his home robbed.

A form is missing from your home,
A voice you love is stilled,
A place is vacant in your heart
Which never can be filled.

Though our hearts are sad, we would not call you back, for God in His infinite mercy thought best to take you home, so we bow in humble submission and say "Thy will be done."

We followed his remains to the cold, silent grave; there, with aching hearts and tear dimmed eyes friends and relatives laid the last of him that was mortal beneath the earth.

Thy form alone is all, thank God!
That to the grave is given,
For we know thy soul—the better part
Is safe, yes, safe in Heaven.

1st Resolved That we as a Committee convey to the family of Bro L. T. Hullum the sincere sympathy of Beulah Rebekah Lodge No. 140, Hedley, Texas.

2nd. That a copy of these resolutions be placed on our minutes, also a copy be furnished the Informer, and a copy be sent to Sister Dora Hullum.

Fraternally submitted,
Lydia Milner,
Ethel Kendall,
Grace Muncie,
Committee.

W. L. Cram, candidate for Sheriff, was a pleasant caller at the Informer office today.

THE MILLINERY SHOP

is now open for the season. Come price our hats before buying.
Hedley Millinery Co.

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 10th day of March, 1922, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 17th day of March, 1922.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral.....	\$56,489.51
Loans Real Estate.....	5,065.00
Overdrafts.....	69.29
Bonds and Stocks.....	1,375.00
Real estate (banking house).....	8,891.45
Furniture and Fixtures.....	3,746.08
Due from other Banks and Bankers, and Cash on hand	14,255.44
Int. in Dep. Guaranty Fund.....	1,004.38
Assess. Dep. Guaranty Fund	2,316.32
Other Resources: Collections	135.00
Total.....	\$93,347.47

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	10,000.00
Undivided Profits, net.....	261.61
Individual Deposits, subject to check.....	45,257.11
Cashier's Checks.....	91.61
Bills Payable and Rediscounts	9,943.25
Other Liabilities.....	2,793.89
Total.....	\$93,347.47

STATE OF TEXAS)
County of Donley) We, J. G. McDougal, as president, and Lola Baker, 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.
Lola Baker, Asst. Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of March, A. D. 1921.

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

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

Vote for the School Bonds.

AFFIDAVIT

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Hall.

Before me, the undersigned authority, personally appeared Curry Green, who being by me duly sworn on oath deposes and says:

That he is now, and was at all times mentioned in this affidavit, the owner of a Garage business at Hedley, Texas, in Donley County, and that on or about the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1921, a certain Chandler Automobile, Motor Number 27320, State License Number 514141, was left with him, the said Curry Green, and in his said Garage for repairs with labor and material, by a certain man purporting to be the owner thereof, and that in accordance with the agreement made with the said person, he, the said Curry Green, did perform labor and furnish material for and upon the said Chandler Automobile, and that the reasonable, customary and usual compensation for such services was in the sum of One Hundred Seven Dollars and Twenty Seven Cents (\$107.27).

That the said person gave his name and address as Chas. H. Allen, General Delivery, Amarillo, Texas.

That the said charges accrued for more than sixty days prior to this affidavit, that the owner of the said Chandler Automobile is unknown to this affiant, and no person in his employ and within his knowledge.

(Signed) Curry Green.

Sworn to and subscribed this 21st day of January, A. D. 1922.
(Signed) Ewell Grundy,
Notary Public.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Hall.

Before me, the undersigned, on this day personally appeared Curry Green, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purposes and consideration therein expressed.

Given under my hand and seal

Two Weeks Special! Begins Sat., March 18

JUST BEFORE OUR BUYER LEAVES FOR THE New York market to pick up the mid-season bargains for our chain of stores, we're going to unload our stock of staple piece goods, shoes, clothing, ready-to-wear, etc

Come and Get Some Real Bargains

COTTON PIECE GOODS—17c Gingham at 12½c yd. Special lot Gingham at 10c. 12½c Brown Domestic at 8½c. 20c Heavy Blue Shirting at 15c yd.

MEN'S SUITS—Real Snappy Styles—\$40 values at \$25.00. \$25 values at \$14.50. \$20 values at \$9.50.

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS—\$2.50 values, special, \$1.45. Special lot of Men's Soft Collars, each, 25c.

PHOENIX SILK HOSE—For Ladies, \$1.50 values, all colors, \$1.25. Special lot of Ladies Black Hose at 10c pair.

A Special Lot of Men's Suits at \$5.00
Men's Heavy Blue Overalls, \$1.25 pair

FORBIS & STONE

CHAIN STORES

HEDLEY,

TEXAS

of office this 21st day of January, A. D. 1922.

(Signed) Ewell Grundy,
Notary Public.

NOTICE OF SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Hall.

Whereas heretofore, to wit, on or about the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1921, a certain Chandler Automobile, Motor Number 27320, State License Number 514141, was left in the repair shop of my Garage at Hedley, Donley County, Texas, for repairs by a certain person who gave his name and address as Chas. H. Allen, Amarillo, Texas, General Delivery;

Whereas, in accordance with the agreement entered into between myself and the person in possession thereof, and purporting to be the owner thereof, labor was performed upon and material was furnished for the aforesaid Chandler Automobile, the reasonable, customary and usual compensation therefor being in the sum of One Hundred Seven Dollars and Twenty Seven Cents (\$107.27);

And, Whereas, said charges accrued for more than sixty days prior to this date;

Now, therefore, know all men by these presents: That I, Curry Green, will on the 15th day of April, A. D. 1922, sell the said Chandler Automobile at Public Auction at my Garage at Hedley, Donley County, Texas, in accordance with Article 5685-5689 of the Revised Statute of the State of Texas, to the highest bidder, for cash, for the payment of said amount of One Hundred Seven Dollars and 27 Cents, together

with \$20.00 for Attorney's fees, and the cost of said sale and of this notice.

Witness my hand at Estelline, Texas, this 21st day of January, A. D. 1922.

(Signed) Curry Green.

PECANS—Halbert Paper Shells, three pounds \$1.00; ten pounds \$3.00. Prepaid. H. A. Halbert, Coleman, Texas.

MRS. HICKS' FATHER DIES

We sympathize with Mrs. C. A. Hicks in the loss of her father, Mr. R. N. Condon, who passed away at his home near Throckmorton several days ago, at the age of 83 years. He was born in Alabama, but had lived in Texas 73 years. He is survived by his wife and eight children. We will publish a more extended article next week.

O. R. Culwell received a couple of fine Langshan cockerels from Oklahoma last week.

J. T. Patman of Okla. was a Hedley visitor today.

Neptune

Registered Percheron

will make the season at my place, 4 mile north of the Cemetery. TERMS: \$12.50 to insure living colt. No cash required.

R. G. ADAMSON

LET US MEASURE YOU FOR A NEW SPRING SUIT

Large Samples to select from. Also bring your old ones and have them made like new—while you wait. We can do it.

MOBLEY, O. K. TAILOR

CITY MEAT MARKET

We will handle Nice, Fresh Meat at all times.

The Market will be open on Sundays from 8:30 to 9:30 in the morning. Call on us.

W. A. THOMAS, Prop.

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

I Eat, Sleep, Work and
Feel Better Than in
Twenty Years---I Owe
This Entirely to

TANLAC

It has made a new man
out of me. This experi-
ence, related by E. C.
Bayne, contractor, of
124 South Honore St.,
Chicago, may be your
experience also if

you take Tanlac, the world's
most famous system builder.
Feel fine, as nature intends
you to feel. Get Tanlac today.
At all good druggists.

People who can't sleep get up early
and boast about it.

DANDERINE

Stops Hair Coming Out;
Thickens, Beautifies.



35 cents buys a bottle of "Dander-
ine" at any drug store. After one ap-
plication you can not find a particle
of dandruff or a falling hair. Besides,
every hair shows new life, vigor, bright-
ness, more color and abundance.—Ad-
vertisement.

No girl appreciates a lover who is
unable to hold his own.

COLDS

"Pape's Cold Compound"
Breaks any Cold
in Few Hours

Instant relief! Don't stay stuffed-
up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A
dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken
every two hours until three doses are
taken usually breaks up any cold.

The very first dose opens clogged
nostrils and the air passages of the
head; stops nose running; relieves the
headache, dullness, feverishness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" acts quick,
sure, and costs only a few cents at
drug stores. It acts without assist-
ance, tastes nice, contains no quinine
—Insist upon Pape's!—Advertisement.

The honeymoon often ends with the
groom's last quarrel.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes
That itch and burn, by hot baths
of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle
anointments of Cuticura Ointment.
Nothing better, purer, sweeter, espe-
cially if a little of the fragrant Cuti-
curea Talcum is dusted on at the fin-
ish. 25c each.—Advertisement.

A blush also is not beautiful be-
cause it overdoes it.

"O Happy Day" sang the laundress
as she hung the snowy wash on the
line. It was a "happy day" because
she used Red Cross Ball Blue.—Adver-
tisement.

Ingenuity is what a man would need
in trying to tan the hide of a dog
with his bark.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



6 BELL'S
Hot Water
Sure Relief

BELL'S
25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

CURES COLDS - LA GRIFFE
in 24 Hours BELL'S in 3 Days
CASCARA QUININE

STANDARD remedy world over. Demand red box
bearing Dr. Bell's name and signature.
At All Druggists—25 Cents
W. H. HILL COMPANY, DETROIT

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
WINTERSMITH'S
CHILL TONIC

NOT ONLY FOR CHILLS AND FEVER
BUT A FINE GENERAL TONIC.

WELL DESIGNED COZY SMALL HOME

Charm and Appeal in House of
Story-and-Half Type.

BUILT OF FRAME AND STUCCO

Seven Rooms Well Lighted and Un-
usually Cheerful Supplied in This
Design—All Modern Comforts
Provided.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD
Mr. William A. Radford will answer
questions and give advice FREE OF
COST on all subjects pertaining to the
subject of building, for the readers of this
paper. On account of his wide experience
as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he
is, without doubt, the highest authority
on all these subjects. Address all inquiries
to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie
avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose
two-cent stamp for reply.

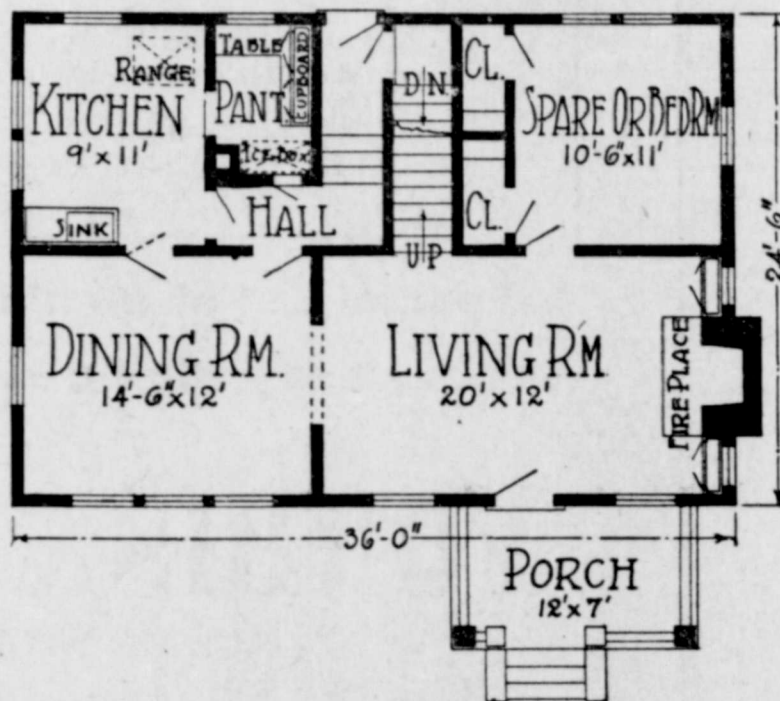
As Dulcy would say quite innocently
and just as bromidically, "Good things
come in small packages." She might
have in mind candy, diamonds, or
some other precious material, but
when we hear that expression a quite
different thought comes to mind. We
immediately think of homes—small
homes. How many people are dismayed
when they read the housing shortage
figures in the United States? We ven-
ture to say that those who are con-

and roof, painted white in striking con-
trast to the dark brown stain of the
shingled siding. The trim about the
house is also white, while stucco with
timber panels is used above the first
floor plate.

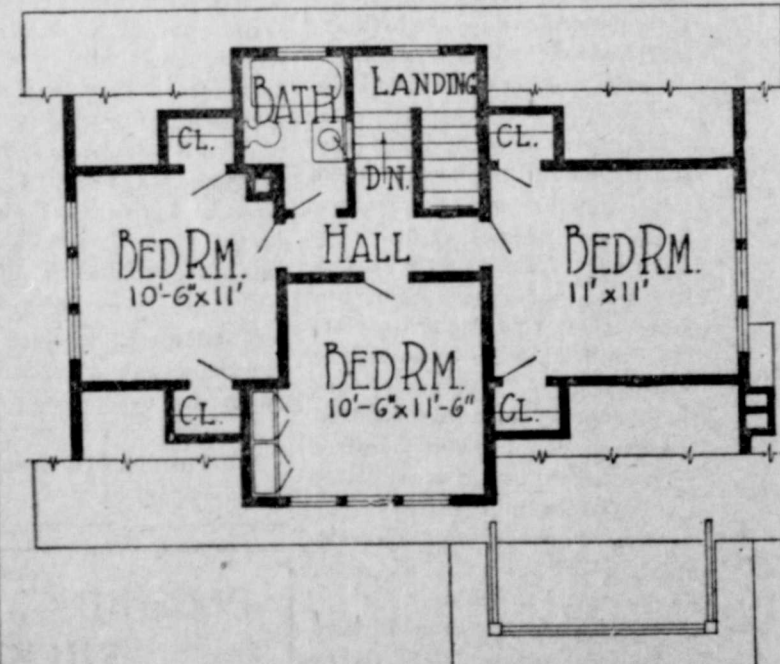
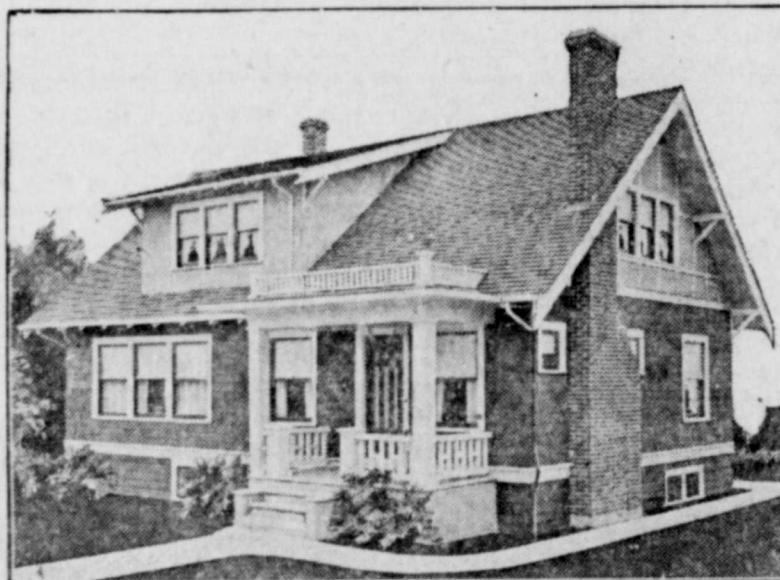
One enters the living room directly
from the porch and finds himself in a
large bright room with open fireplace
and wall bookcases. This room is 20
by 12 feet and has two large windows
facing front and two small ones on
each side of the chimney on the side.

To the left of the living room is the
dining room connected with the former
by a cased opening. The dining room
is equally bright and cheerful, getting
sunshine from a triple window in front
and another large single window on
the side. It is 14 feet 6 inches by 12
feet.

It opens in turn through the usual
swing door into the small efficient
kitchen. Many people cannot get used
to the idea of the small kitchen be-
cause they were raised in a home in
which the kitchen was one of the
largest rooms in the house. They
perhaps forget or were too young to
realize at the time that this same large
kitchen was a mighty burden for their
mother. There is no question about
the smaller kitchen being just as
practical and infinitely easier to keep
in order. In this house the kitchen
has a small pantry adjoining and
equipped with an outdoor icing refrig-
erator which is one of the most popu-
lar innovations in homebuilding. This
icebox arrangement eliminates the
necessity of the iceman tracking
through a clean kitchen to put ice in
the box. He puts the ice through the
door from the porch without disturb-



First Floor Plan.



Second Floor Plan.

fronted with another raise in rent on
May 1 read them with much fear and
trembling.

Now is the time to announce for
the attention of those concerned a
declaration of independence. How can
it be done? By building a home of
their own—if they cannot afford a
large one, why not a small one.

This year will see many small homes
constructed. It has been demonstrated
very convincingly that rents will not
come down until more homes are built.
As a suggestion we submit the charm-
ing little home shown in the illustra-
tion. Here is a small house of inex-
pensive but attractive design, built
of frame and stucco. It has a cute lit-
tle front porch with artistic railing

ing the housewife or messing up the
kitchen.

On the other side of the first floor,
opening into the living room, is a good-
sized spare bedroom which can be used
very nicely as a library if not needed
for sleeping purposes.

On the second floor are three large
bright bedrooms excellently ventilated
by several windows and unusually
cheerful. They are grouped about a
hall in the popular way.

The house is 36 feet wide and 24
feet long.

For those who cannot afford a large
house or who have no need for a
larger dwelling, this house should
prove a source of much comfort and
satisfaction.

MOTHER!

Your Child's Bowels Need
"California Fig Syrup"



Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of
"California Fig Syrup" now will thor-
oughly clean the little bowels and in a
few hours you have a well, playful
child again. Even a cross, feverish,
constipated child loves its "fruity"
taste, and mothers can rest easy be-
cause it never fails to work all the
sore bile and poisons right out of the
stomach and bowels without griping or
upsetting the child.

Tell your druggist you want only the
genuine "California Fig Syrup" which
has directions for babies and children
of all ages printed on bottle. Mother,
you must say "California." Refuse any
imitation. Advertisement.

A face that cannot smile is seldom
worth while.

Gas, Indigestion, Stomach Misery —"Diapepsin"

"Pape's Diapepsin" has proven itself
the surest relief for Indigestion, Gases,
Flatulence, Heartburn, Sourness, Fer-
mentation or Stomach Distress caused
by acidity. A few tablets give almost
immediate stomach relief and shortly
the stomach is corrected so you can
eat favorite foods without fear. Large
case costs only few cents at drug store.
Millions helped annually.—Advertise-
ment.

Large Artificial Lakes.
Sardinia, one of the island posses-
sions of Italy, will soon have artificial
lakes ranking among the largest in
the world. These lakes are being con-
structed for irrigation and hydroelec-
tric-power purposes. At the present
time, the mining industry of this is-
land forms more than a quarter of the
entire Italian output. Zinc alone is
produced in the amount of 200,000
tons yearly, but has to be transported
to other countries for manufacture.
With the hydroelectric power soon to
be available, it is expected that, in-
stead of the zinc being exported and
then imported in the finished state,
this and various other mining products
can be manufactured at home.—Popu-
lar Mechanics Magazine.

Unromantic Age.
"Remember when you used to whis-
per sweet nothings in your girl's ear?"
"Yes; she couldn't hear them now
for her ear plugs; it takes the toot
of a waiting automobile to attract a
girl's attention nowadays."—Boston
Transcript.

Making Sure.
"Druggist, can you sell me some al-
cohol to rub a horse with?"
"I'll ask the law clerk."—



WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are
not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians
over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



"My fair face was my fortune once—
But ev'rybody knows
That since that box of 'Faultless' came,
My fortune's in my clothes."

**FAULTLESS
STARCH**

SOUTHERN SOIL IMPROVEMENT CO. INC.

Houston and Commerce Sts., Dallas, Texas
Alfalfa Seed Sweet Clover Seed Grass Seed Garden Seed
Seed Potatoes Fertilizer Insecticides Spraying Material
Poultry Supplies Double Duty Soil Bacteria
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND CALENDAR

E-Z STOVE POLISH

Shining-up Days Are Here. Use
E-Z Stove Polish
Save the coupon for kitchen aprons. Martin & Martin, Mfrs., Chicago

MORE THAN SHE COULD STAND

Most People Will Be Inclined to Sym-
pathize With Complaint Made
by Young Mother.

The Woman was surprised and dis-
tressed when she stopped in to see the
young mother the other day to find
that usually cheerful little person
with tear-stained cheeks.

"Jim and I have simply got to have
a little place of our own," wailed the
young mother, in answer to the Wom-
an's unspoken question. "Jim's moth-
er is a dear, and I love her, but now
the baby has come we simply can't
live together."

"Don't you agree about the way to
bring up children?" queried the Wom-
an, with wisdom born of the experi-
ence of her friends.

"Oh, it isn't that," almost sobbed the
young mother. "But she seems to
think the baby belongs to her. She
calls him mamma's boy, and the other
day, after she had been cuddling him,
she passed him over to me and said,
'Go to auntie.'—Chicago Journal.

Almost Nothing at All.
Voice (over the telephone)—What's
going on tonight, Biffkins?
Biffkins—Very little. My wife's
dressing for the ball.—Wayside Tales.

In marriage he who hesitates is—
hossed.

Scotch Thrift.
Donald MacTavish lay a-dying. He
had been all day about it, and his
wife, who had watched with patient
expectancy since early morn, began
to feel the call of her neglected house-
hold duties.

"Aweel, Don," she said, as she
moved the light to the table by his
bed. "I mus' gang along to the kitch-
en the noo. Ye'll no be takin' yer de-
parture afore I come back. But if
ye should, ye'll not forget to blow out
the candle afore ye dee, will ye?"—
Pictorial Review.

Without Notice.
He (reading paper)—Here's a note
about an accident at White's house.
The servant girl put some gunpowder
in the fire and she was blown through
the roof.

She (sympathetically)—Poor Mrs.
White has so much trouble with her
girls. That makes the fourth that's
left her without giving notice.

Had the Chance, All Right.
"It's lucky dar wasn't no submarines
when Noah sailed de ark," said Uncle
Eben. "If dey wuz some o' dem
wicked neighbors would have sent one
out an' blowed up de intire animal
kingdom."

It is usually the attorney a man has
to pay that makes him figure in a di-
vorce suit.



Save the bird in hand— The others may be hard to catch

With enough money, enough time
and enough luck, a man may get back
the health he has lost—or part of it.

It takes patience, too.

And then there may be no success,
or only a little.

It's better to save what you have
than hunt for what you've lost—as
the most successful health-restorers
will tell you.

Much of the loss of health is due to
faulty, careless diet. Wrong meals at
all times and right meals at wrong
times load the long-suffering digestive

organs with elements of destruction,
or starve the tissues and glands of
needed elements.

Grape-Nuts is a delicious cereal food
which has the qualities of scientific
nutrition. It supplies the full richness
of those splendid food grains, wheat and
malted barley, together with the vital
mineral elements, so often lacking from
foods. Served with cream or good milk,
Grape-Nuts gives full nourishment
without over-loading the stomach.

A splendid thought for breakfast
or lunch, for those who would keep
health—

Grape Nuts—the Body Builder
"There's a Reason"

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

The Girl, a Horse and a Dog

By
FRANCIS LYNDE
Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

BULLERTON AGAIN.

Synopsis — Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$100,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy. On his way to Denver Stanford hears from a fellow traveler, Charles Bullerton, a mining engineer, a story having to do with a flooded mine. He has a "hunch" this mine is the "safe repository" of the will. Bullerton refuses him information. On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angels. Unable to secure a conveyance, Broughton seizes a track-inspection car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Bessie, that he is demented. Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness he is overtaken by the girl, the horse and the dog. After he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine. Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter, Jeanie. Stanford does not reveal his identity. Hiram and Stanford go puttering about the mine.

CHAPTER VII.

Honorable Scars.

If I had been what I had invited Jeanie Twombly to imagine me; merely an ordinary drifting tourist set afoot in the wilds by circumstances over which I had no control, my cue to be on my way the following morning couldn't have been delayed much beyond the appetizing breakfast to which I sat down a little after seven o'clock. But once I had reached the end of the rainbow, and had no intention of moving on before I could have my chance to dig for the pot of gold which is said to be the reward of successful rainbow chasers, I was casting about for an excuse to prolong my stay when Twombly, in accordance with the bit of talk which I had overheard in the loft chamber, took the matter out of my hands.

"When we was talkin' about auter-mobies and such, las' night, you let on to me that you knowed something about machinery," was the way he began. "If you ain't in a tearin' hurry to be goin' somewhere, maybe I could get you to hang 'round for a spell and show me how to take a steam engine to pieces so 't I could clean it up and keep it from goin' to rack and ruin."

"With all the pleasure imaginable," I hastened to say, before he could have time to change his mind.

While the curly-eyed maiden was carrying the dishes out of the kitchen, the old man donned overalls and a jumper, and a few minutes later I was introduced to the mine—my mine, if you please—or rather to so much of it as was open to any visitor other than a submarine diver.

My heart went hot in sympathy for good old Grandfather Jasper. The scoundrels who had done him up had not been content with merely selling him the gold brick; they had let him spend thousands more for the pumping machinery, after that, themselves, were well assured that he was merely throwing money away.

I asked Daddy what he wished to do with the machinery. He said he was afraid it might be rusting inside, standing unused so long, and he wanted to take it apart; especially the steam engine. So I told him how to begin, and he fell to work; but in just a few minutes his awkwardness with the tools gave me a fit of the willies.

"See here," I said, "if you've got another pair of overalls and a jumper

desperadoish-looking Angelican who had impressed me with the fact that he belonged to the Ancient and Honorable Order of the Silver Star, I'll have to tell about that visit, because it proved what a tremendously lucky thing it was for me that I had fallen among friends.

It was this way. On the second day of my stay in the bosom of the Twombly family I noticed that a battered surveying instrument—a transit which was probably a left-over from the time when the Cinnabar was a working proposition, with an engineer to figure out its dips and angles—had been moved from its place in the corner of the living room and was stood upon its three legs at a small, square window which looked out over the plateau-bench of the mountain to the south-eastward.

Two mornings afterward I found out the why and wherefore of the old transit and its "set up," as an engineer would say. Daddy Hiram and I were standing with our backs to the hearth fire, waiting for breakfast to be put on the table, when Jeanie came in from the kitchen with a great stack of hot butter-cakes. As she darted out again after the coffee and bacon, she paused just a fraction of a second to put her eye to the telescope. I didn't see what kind of a signal it was that she passed to Daddy Hiram, but whatever its nature, it made him get action in a tearing hurry.

"Up into the loft with you, quick, Stannie!" he yelled at me; and as I went stumbling up the ladder in blind obedience I saw him hastily helping his daughter to remove my plate, knife and fork, spoon, coffee cup and chair; in other words, to obliterate swiftly and completely all signs of the presence of a third member of the family.

In a minute or so there was a gruff hail from somebody outdoors and Daddy got up to go and look out.

"Why, hello, like, you old geezer!" he called. "What under the shinin' sun fetches you up on old Cinnabar this early in the mornin'? 'Light down and come in; you're just in the nick o' time for breakfast."

While I was cudgeling my brain in a vain effort to recall what, if any, memory association there should be awakened in me by the mention of an "like" person, this particular Isaac presented himself at the cabin door and clumped in with the stiff-legged walk of a man who has ridden horseback far and hard. I knew then why I should have been able to dig that memory association. This was Mr. Isaac Bessie, my Angelic friend of the overgrown silver star and the unshaven countenance.

"Huh!" he grunted, "them griddle-cakes shore do look mighty righteous to me! I been ridin' sense two hours afore sun-up; wild-goose chase clear over on 't'other side o' Lost mountain. Couple o' prospectors blew into Angels day afore yistiddy and said they'd seen that con-dummed lunatic that got



"Up in the Loft With You Quick, Stannie!" He Yipped at Me.

loose from us and busted up a car fr the railroad; them yoddleheads said they'd seen him workin' in the Lost Creek placers."

"A looney?" said Daddy Hiram, as innocent as a two-weeks-old lamb. "Yep; that feller that stole an inspection car and got it smashed up and then took to the hills. You hain't seen anything of him, have ye?"

"Nary a lunatic," said Daddy Hiram calmly.

His breakfast eaten, Friend Isaac showed no disposition to hurry away—much to my chagrin. He took time to smoke a leisurely pipe with Daddy Hiram and to ask a lot of indifferent questions about the drowned mine.

"Hain't heard nothin' fr'm yer owners yit, have ye, Hiram?" he wanted to know, after—as it seemed to me—the subject had been pretty thoroughly talked to death.

I heard Daddy's voice, as he said to

one with whom the matter had been canvassed before.

"Nothin' but that clippin' from some newspaper back East, tellin' about Mr. Dudley's passin' out."

"Kinda curious somebody don't tell ye somethin', ain't it?" the marshal put in. "Looks like the heirs'd be either fishin' 'r cuttin' bait on this here Cinnabar layout—not as it'd do 'em any good if they did. Didn't any letter come with the newspaper piece?"

"Nary a pen-scratch."

"Whereabout was the envelope posted?"

"Washin' ton."

"Aha!" said I to myself, "I have you, Cousin Percy! For some reason best known to yourself you didn't want Daddy Hiram to get hold of Grandfather Jasper's proper address!"

His pipe smoked out, the marshal prepared to take horse. Daddy went with him to the far side of the dump and the murmur of their voices came to me in diminishing cadences. After a bit Daddy came back and called up to me in the sing-song of the miners after the final blast has been fired: "A-a-I over, Stannie. I reckon ye can come down now and get you some breakfast."

Jeanie served me in silence when I took my place at table and the good old man stood in the doorway, keeping watch, as I made no doubt, against a possible second-thought return of Friend Isaac, the bristle-bearded. Throughout the working day which followed he never made the slightest reference to the episode of the morning, and, truly, I think the whole incident would have been buried in oblivion by those two simple-minded souls if I hadn't first spoken of it myself.

This I did in the evening of the same day, when Daddy had gone to make his entirely useless night round of the mine property. As on most evenings, Jeanie sat at her corner of the hearth, knitting, and I was filling a bedtime pipe.

"Jeanie," I broke out, "I wish you'd tell me why you and your father are so good to me. How do you know that I'm not the crazy criminal that other people believe me to be? I did steal the car and get it smashed, you know."

"You are not a criminal and I am sure you didn't mean to get the car smashed. Besides, you had taken shelter under our roof."

"You are true bedouins," I laughed. "Is that the code in the West?—your code?—to defend anybody who has eaten salt with you?"

"I should think it would be anybody's code."

"You and your father were expecting this man Bessie to come here looking for me?"

"Daddy thought he might just happen along. We are only four miles from Atropia, you know."

"And was that the reason you put the old transit at the window?—so you might watch for him?"

"Of course."

By Jove! Another woman, any other woman in the world, I thought, would have let some little shred of sentiment show; she couldn't have helped it. But this one didn't. A boy couldn't have looked me in the eyes any more frankly and squarely than she did when she said "Of course." Since I had eaten their bread, I was, for so long as I chose to stay, a member of the clan.

It was near the end of the fortnight, and Daddy Hiram and I had scoured and rubbed and scraped and reassembled the engine and pumps, and were finishing the cleaning of the boilers. These were pretty badly rusted and scaled, and to do the job properly, we had taken the manhole heads out of the holes left to give access to the interior of the shells, and had had a good-natured squabble as to which of us should crawl inside as to the scraping; Daddy insisting upon doing it, because as he pointed out, he was the smaller man, and I arguing that I should because I was the younger and stronger.

To settle it finally we flipped a coin—one of those inch-wide copper pennies that Daddy carried for a pocket-piece—and I won the toss. The job wasn't exactly a picnic, but I got along all right until we came to the last of the battery. I found that the repairs had at some past time inserted a couple of extra stay-rod, so that there was little enough room left in the old steel shell for a professional boiler-monkey to wriggle about in, to say nothing of a husky young chap who tipped the beam at around a hundred and seventy pounds, stripped.

Just the same, I made shift to knock the worst of the scale off and rattle it down so that it could be washed out from below, and was backing out to make my escape, when I found that one of the extra stay-rod was loose. At my asking, Daddy screwed up the nut on the outside of the boiler head to tighten the rod, and then passed the wrench in to me so that I could screw up the nut on the inside. To this good day I don't know just what did happen, but I guess the big S-wrench must have slipped off the nut while I was pulling on it. Anyhow, something hit me a stunning crack over the eye, and I promptly faded out, blink, like a penny candle in a gust of wind.

When I came to myself again it was night, and I was lying undressed and in a real bed in a room that was totally unfamiliar. In the looking-glass which hung on the opposite wall I got a glimpse of myself with a regular Turk's turban of white stuff wound around my head and skew-angled to cover one eye. When I stirred, Jeanie popped in from somewhere to ask what she could do for me.

"What was it?" I asked; "an earthquake?"

"Daddy says you hit yourself with a wrench. Does it hurt much now?"

"Not more than having a sound tooth pulled; no. But I was inside the boiler, wasn't I? How did you manage to get me out?"

She turned her face away and even with one eye I could see that she was trying to hide a smile.

"It was funny," she confessed, "though we were both scared stiff at the time. Daddy called me and I ran over. You were all doubled up inside of the boiler, and there wasn't room for Daddy to crawl in and straighten you out. And unless you could be straightened out, we couldn't pull you out."

"I see. What did you do?—send for a boiler-monkey?"

"What is a boiler-monkey?"

"It isn't a 'what'; it's a man; usually the littlest man in the shop."

"I was the monkey," she said.

I tried to sit up, but the blinding headache I had somehow acquired said No.

"You crawled into that rusty old coffin?"

She nodded.

"Daddy lent me his overalls and jumper. It wasn't hard; but when I got in and saw how badly you were hurt . . . there wasn't anything to laugh at, then. Daddy says you'll be apt to carry the scar as long as you live."

"Honorable scars," I muttered. "You straightened me around—I'll believe it if you say so—and then what?"

"Then I got out and we pulled you out—Daddy and I. I was glad you didn't know; that you were past feeling things, I mean. We must have hurt you frightfully. I don't see how you ever crawled in through that little hole."

"It's much easier when you're alive," I offered.

"I'm going to bring you a cup of herb tea, and then I'll go and lie down for a while."

Since, as I afterward learned, the dose she gave me was some sort of home-brewed sleeping draft, I very nearly slept the clock round. Daddy came in and helped me into my clothes—they were eating their noon meal when I woke up and called—apart from being still a bit headache and tottery, I was all right again. But for two whole days they made me sit around and be waited on, hand and foot, and coddled and petted, those two; for their own flesh and blood they couldn't have done more.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Laboring Pumps.

On the third day after I had tried to brain myself in the old boiler I was pretty nearly as good as ever, and my two Good Samaritans reluctantly consented to my going back to work, Jeanie renewing the bandage on my broken head, and laying many injunctions upon Daddy Hiram to send me right back to the cabin if I didn't behave; "behaving," in her use of the word, meaning that I was to take it easy on the job.

That sounded mighty good to me, the way she said it. Most men, I fancy, are only overgrown children in the sense that they like to be fussed over by their womankind. Don't mistake me, please; I wasn't in love with her—then. Candidly, I don't think I knew what a real love was. But it was mighty pleasant to live in the same house with her, and to eat her delicious cooking; to be with her every day, and to have those undisturbed evening half-hours with her in front of the fire. If I had had to get out; or if there had been another man . . . but I won't anticipate.

In due time and after we had completely overhauled the rusted and gummed-up machinery, Daddy and I happened upon a day when we were ready to put fire under the boilers and we did it. If I should live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the tense, suppressed excitement that gripped me as we brought the wood for the furnaces that bright, hot, July morning. By eight o'clock we had ninety pounds of steam pressure on the boilers, but we held off until it had climbed to the regular working pressure of one hundred and twenty. Then I started the pumps; two big centrifugal suction, mounted on a platform in the shaft mouth and so arranged that they could be lowered to follow the water level down—if it should go down; pumps that each threw a stream six inches in diameter.

After the pumps were started and the indicators showed, or seemed to show, that they were working up to full capacity, I rigged up a measuring gauge; a bit of wood for a float, with a string tied to it, and the string passing over a pulley in the shafthouse roof-beaming with a weight on the end of it. If the water level should go down, the float would sink with it, pulling the weight up. A smooth board, with feet, inches and fractions penciled on it, was stood up beside the weight to answer for a measuring scale.

At the end of the hour the float hadn't moved a hair's breadth; not a hundredth part of an inch, so far as we could see.

"I don't believe the pumps are working!" I exploded. "Surely they'd make some little difference in the level unless that shaft's got all the underground water in the world to back it up. Those indicators must be out of

whack in some way. Where does the discharge water empty itself?"

Daddy knew this, too.

"Over in the left-hand gulch—into the creek."

"Show me," I directed.

We found the discharge from the pumps a little way below the end of the path; a ten-inch pipe which had been laid underground from the shaft-house, presumably to keep it from freezing in winter. The end of the pipe stuck out over the stream and it was projecting pretty nearly a solid ten-inch jet of water. The pumps were working all right; there was no doubt about that. I dug up enough of my college math to figure that two six-inch streams would just about fill a ten-inch pipe, and here it was, running full and pouring like another torrent into the gulch. So back we went to the mine buildings to pile more wood into the furnaces and to resume our watching of the indicator and its pencil-marked scale.

Noon caught up with us after a while—with nothing doing save that we were rapidly diminishing our wood-pile. For a solid week we chopped down trees and split them up, Daddy and I, and kept the fires roaring under the boilers and kept those monster pumps whirling and grinding away at the shaft mouth—night and day, mind you; watch on and watch off. And, right straight through it all, that little indicator weight I had rigged up stood stock still; never moved the width of one of the pencil marks I had drawn on its gauge board.

By this time my stubbornness was yielding something to the still more stubborn fact. If all this pumping hadn't even started the flood toward



I Consented to Let the Fires Die Down.

its diminution, truly all the waters under the earth must be backing the unfailing well of that drowned shaft.

Toward the last I think we kept on more from force of habit than anything else, but at the end of the week I gave in and consented to let the fires die down, though it was like pulling teeth to do it. Something, indeed, I brought out of the overtime work, disappointing as it had been in the major sense; I was muscled up as hard as a keg of nails; as strong as a mule, and the fierce toll of wood-chopping and boiler-firing had given me an appetite for real work that fairly made me ache when I thought of stopping. We thrashed it out that evening, the three of us before the living room fire, after Daddy and I had finally stopped the pumps and let the steam run down.

"I reckon you hain't no call to take it so hard, Stannie," Daddy said, after I had growled and groused like a bear with a sore head over our failure. "After all, you must recollect that it ain't no skin off 'n you if the old Cinnabar stays right where she is and soaks till kingdom come."

"No skin off of me?" I yelled, with a sort of wild laugh. "Listen—both of you," and then I told them the entire heart-breaking story of Cousin Percy's letter and my grandfather's joke; of my starting out on the fantastic search for the girl, a horse and a dog—a search which would doubtless have failed before it had fairly begun if I hadn't happened to ride in a Pullman smoker with the man, Charles Bullerton.

I remembered afterward that I had got just that far—to the naming of Bullerton—when Barney, the pie-faced heath, got up from his corner of the hearth, stalked to the door and began to growl. The next minute we heard a horse's sh-r-r, and Daddy Hiram rose, pushed the dog aside and opened the door. Then Jeanie and I, still sitting before the fire, heard him say gruffly: "Well, hello, Charley Bullerton! What in Sam Hill are you doin' up in this neck o' woods?"

I turned to look at Jeanie—and missed. In the moment when I had glanced aside she had vanished.

When Bullerton came in, which was after Daddy Hiram had lighted the lantern and shown him where to put his horse, he didn't seem half as much surprised to find me sitting before the Twombly house fire as I thought he might have been.

"Well, well!—look who's here!" he bawled. "How are you, Broughton? This old world isn't so infernally big as it might be, after all, is it? Who would have thought that our next meeting would be in such an out-of-the-way corner of the universe as this! I hope you've been well and chipper all these weeks."

I said what I was obliged to, and

wasn't any too confounded, cordial about it, either, I guess.

Bullerton drew up a chair and began to talk, much as if we'd invited him to, about his hard-working year in South America; about the fabulously rich mines in that far-away Utopia of the gold-diggers; about his voyage up from the Isthmus; about the oddness of his meeting me on the train, combined with the more exasperating oddness of his meeting me again, here in the Eastern Timanyonis; things like that.

He was just comfortably surging along in the swing of it when a door opened behind us and he jumped up with another "Well, well, look who's here!" and when I turned, he was holding Jeanie's two hands in his and braying over her like a wild ass of the plains. And, if you'll believe me, that girl had gone and changed her dress! That was what she went to do when she slipped out and left me to stare at her empty chair, after she had heard her father say, "Well, hello, Charley Bullerton!"

It was all off with me from that time on. For what was left of the evening, Bullerton played a solo. I got full-up on the performance about nine o'clock, and climbed my ladder and went to bed, muffled my head in the blankets so that I wouldn't have to lie there and listen to the bagpipes, drone of Bullerton's voice in the room below.

I hoped—without the least shadow of reason for the hope, of course—that the next morning would show me a hole in the atmosphere in the space that Bullerton had occupied. But there was no such luck. He was present at the breakfast table, as large as life and twice as talkative.

I made my escape from the cabin as soon as I could and tramped over to the mine. A glance into the shaft showed the black pool in its depths as placid and untroubled as if we hadn't just lifted a million or so cubic feet of water out of it by hard labor.

In morose discouragement I recalled the few things I had learned about drowned mines while I was knocking about in the Cripple Creek district trying to trace Bullerton. Particularly, I remembered my talk with Hiltou, the man who had finally put me upon what had proved to be the right track in the tracing job. He had talked quite freely. Sometimes the flood was only the tapping of an underground stream, as when one digs a well; in other cases—and these were most common in the Cripple Creek region—the source of the flood would be found in a buried lake or reservoir, large or not so large, as the luck might have it. If the source were a lake—so Hiltou had said—there was little use in trying to pump the mine dry.

Mulling over these discouraging bits of information, I was naturally led back to the Pullman smoking-room talk with Bullerton. I remembered, with a sharp little flick of the memory whip, that he had given an expert opinion, which, as it seemed, he had backed up a year earlier with a thousand dollars of real money—the deposit in the Omaha bank made to cover my grandfather's bargain binder. What he had said was, "I'm reasonably certain that I discovered a way in which that mine can be drained at comparatively small expense."

Had he really discovered a way?—and with no better data than a study of the maps? Starting down at the black pool which Daddy and I hadn't been able to lower by so much as a fraction of an inch in a week's pumping, I doubted it.

I was stumbling out toward the engine room with my head down and my hands in my pockets when I heard footsteps coming from the direction of the cabin beyond the dump. Looking out, I saw Bullerton sauntering over toward the shaft-house. Though I knew that some sort of a wrangle with him was inevitable, I was perfectly willing to postpone it, so I edged in to the blacksmith shop and sat down on the anvil, hoping he might miss me and go away. But there was nothing coming to me on that bet.

"I saw your lead when you 'left the house," he began, after he had found me and had dusted off an empty dynamite box for a seat. "Don't you think you've played it rather low down on me?"

"How so?"

"By taking in my story of this mine when I told it to you without giving me a hint that you were the person most deeply interested—since my old gentleman was your grandfather."

"It didn't strike me that way, and it doesn't yet," I shot back. "I notice you were mighty careful not to tell me the name of your old gentleman—or rather, I should say, you lied about it when I wired you."

"An ordinary business precaution," he chuckled. "But we needn't waste our time bickering over what might have been—and wasn't. I have a contract with your grandfather which is legally binding upon you as his heir to this particular piece of property—always provided you can prove that you are his heir. What I'm here to say is that I'm ready to carry out my part of the contract; to unwater this mine. What do you say?"

"How are you going to do it?"

"That, my young friend, is particularly my own affair."

I felt pretty scrappy that morning; there is no use in denying it.

"No, by Jove! I want you to marry me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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ROY SWAFFORD, Prop. PHONE 162

NOTICE OF BOND ELECTION

Whereas, on the 14th day of February, 1922, the Board of Trustees of the Hedley Independent School District passed and caused to be entered on the Minutes of said Board the following order, to wit:

"On this the 14th day of February, 1922, came on to be considered a petition in writing signed by W. E. Reeves and forty four other persons, asking that an election, as hereinafter ordered, be ordered by this Board for the purpose hereinafter set forth;

"And it appearing to the satisfaction of the Board that said petition is signed by at least twenty taxpaying voters of this district and that the election petitioned for should be ordered;

"It is therefore ordered by the Board of Trustees of Hedley Independent School District that an election be held at the Odd Fellows Hall, in the Town of Hedley, in Donley County, Texas, within this district, on the 18th day of March, 1922, to determine whether the bonds of said Hedley Independent School District shall be issued to the amount of Thirty-five Thousand Dollars (\$35,000.00), payable serially in annual installments as follows,

to wit: Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) each year from one to ten years, inclusive, after the date of said bonds, and One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00) each year from eleven to forty years, inclusive, after their date, and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent (6%) per annum, for the purpose of constructing and equipping public free school buildings of brick material and purchasing sites therefor, within said district, and whether there shall be annually levied, assessed and collected on all taxable property in said district for the current year and annually thereafter while said bonds, or any of them, are outstanding, a tax sufficient to pay the current interest on said bonds and provide a sinking fund sufficient to pay the principal at maturity,

"Ed Dishman is hereby appointed Judge of said election, and W. D. Biggers and J. W. Bond are appointed Clerks of said election, which shall be held as nearly as may be possible in conformity with the general election law of the State.

"No person shall vote at said election unless he or she be a qualified voter under the constitution and laws of this State and a taxpayer in said Hedley Independent School District.

"Those in favor of the issuance of the bonds and the levying of the tax shall have written or printed upon their ballots 'For the issuance of the bonds and the levying of the tax in payment thereof;' and those against the issuance of the bonds and the levying of the tax shall have written or printed upon their ballots 'Against the issuance of the bonds and the levying of the tax in payment thereof.'

"Public notice of said election shall be given by the Secretary of this Board, who shall post a copy of said notice at three different public places within the boundaries of this district at least three weeks prior to the date of said election, which notice shall state its substance the contents of this order and the time and place of holding said election."

Therefore, notice is hereby given, as directed, that said election as above ordered will be held at the time and place set out in said order for the purpose mentioned therein and in accordance therewith.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Hedley Independent School District this the 30th day of February, A. D. 1922.

Van Boene.

Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Hedley Independent School District.

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NOTICE OF SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of Donley.

Whereas, by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the District Court of said county, in cause No. 1180, wherein Joe M. Warren is plaintiff and J. E. McDowell, B. F. Wallin, B. F. O'Neal and C. E. O'Neal are defendants, on a judgment in favor of plaintiff against defendants rendered January 13th, 1922, I did on the 28th day of February, 1922, levy upon the following described property, as the property of said defendants, to wit:

Situated in Donley County, Texas, being part of League No. 3, Franklin County school land, patented to Franklin County by Patent No. 616, and described by metes and bounds as follows: Beginning at a stone mound in the East line of the 850.7 acre tract out of said League No. 3 purchased by Mrs. Mary M. Hertsinger from J. B. Wagner by deed dated March 23rd, 1907, recorded in Volume 22 Page 324 Deed Records Donley County, Texas, and 712.14 varas North of its S E corner, thence West 950 varas to an iron pipe; thence North 1187 1/2 to a post in the North line of said 850.7 acre tract; thence East 950 varas to the most easterly N E corner of said 850.7 acre tract; thence South 1187 1/2 varas to the place of beginning.

And on the 4th day of April, 1922, being the first Tuesday in said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. on said day, at the Court House door of said County, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said J. E. McDowell, B. F. Wallin, B. F. O'Neal and C. E. O'Neal in and to said property.

Dated at Clarendon, Texas, this February 28th, A. D. 1922. J. H. Rutherford, Sheriff Donley County, Texas

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

SHERIFF'S SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of Donley.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Donley County, on first day of March, 1922, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of George A. Ryan et al versus Sam Silvers et al, No. 1175, 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 April A. D. 1922, it being the fourth day of said month, before the Court House door of said Donley County, in the city of Clarendon, the following described property, to wit:

The West one half of Section No. 48, Block C 7 G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co. survey, situated in Donley County, Texas, containing about 329 acres of land and known as the Sam Silvers place, and about seven miles Northeast of Clarendon.

Levied on as the property of Sam Silvers and wife, Laura Silvers, C. D. Ardrey, I. H. Miller, Lon Browder, R. L. Powell and Dr. B. Younger, to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$1219.82 in favor of George A. Ryan and John Ryan and cost of suit.

Given under my hand, this first day of March, 1922.

J. H. Rutherford, Sheriff.

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PHONE 123

C. A. WOOD, Prop.

Taffeta Triumphs Anew; Entrancing Millinery

THERE is something so unpretentious and appealing about taffeta silk that it comes gently rustling in each season to triumph anew among afternoon and evening frocks. It has a certain dignity that belongs to silk and a certain degree of youthfulness that belongs to itself, but can be accommodated to women of any age. In the frocks pictured here the styles bespeak in the wearer something of youthfulness. This is a quality that some women preserve for many years, and it is worth recalling that taffeta helps them to look young—

for lovely millinery. Almost every one of the new hats is in itself the best possible excuse. Besides, there are no better hats than the first efforts of the designers and an early choice means that one need not be hurried and has a wide variety at hand to make a selection from.

The newly arrived spring hats, deserve to be called entrancing, their lines are beautiful and immensely becoming, the colors and materials a continuous exhibit of splendid performance on the part of the manufacturers. There is much that is new



Taffeta for Afternoon or Evening.

If any of them have forgotten it. The pretty dress at the left is shown in black taffeta, and has a draped bodice fastening at one side, with a large jet buckle over a long bead fringe. The bodice is unusually graceful. The neck opening allows a dainty chemise of net and lace to show, and the kimono sleeves will recommend it to slender women. Ruffles of the taffeta finish the collar, sleeves and loose side panels and make a pretty adornment for the skirt.

Taffeta is sufficient unto itself in the gay party frock in which two colors are combined in a changeable weave. The wide skirt is scalloped at the bottom and bound with a fold of the silk. The new neck line is finished in the same way and emphasized by two full ruffles which serve

in fabrics and trimmings and designers have found these things inspiring. Careful hand work characterizes the milliner's part in the creation of new headwear.

Four of the new models, as shown here, disclose spirited shapes and novel materials, but the values of the lovely colors are lost in a picture. A soft, silky and pliable braid makes the hat at the top of the group with bordered ribbon laid in fine plaits about the coronet. A cluster of little, many-hued posies is much at home against this brilliant background. The drooping-brim model below it makes use of silver fillet lace over cornflower silk as a covering and has a facing of light crepe de chine, which may be chosen with reference to the wearer's complexion. The deep, strong



Four of the New Models in Hats.

blue is becoming to every one. A very new trimming appears on the hat of braid and silk at the right. It is called "match" trimming from its resemblance to matches and is used in many clever ways. The last hat has its soft, up-turned brim covered with folds of crepe de chine and is draped with wide and handsome ribbon.

There is no doubt that women are inclined to rush the season when the first spring hats make their appearance. They buy them while the snow is flying, but there are several good excuses for this small weakness

Julia Bottomley

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Rheumatism.

Calomel is mercury; quicksilver. It crashes into your bile like dynamite, cramping and sickening you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

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

Don't take calomel! It makes you sick the next day; it loses you a day's work. Dodson's Liver Tone straightens you right up and you feel great. No salts necessary. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and can not salivate.—Advertisement.

Smokestack Quickly Wrecked.

Five workmen recently brought a 148-foot smokestack to the ground in 55 minutes, by a new method. This stack, on Staten Island, N. Y., measured 47 feet in diameter at the base and weighed 350 tons. Three openings were made at the base, and wooden blocks, 4 feet high, 4 inches in diameter, were inserted as shoring. A gap, 4 feet high, was then made in more than half of the circumference by removing the bricks. Two of the shoring blocks were removed and the center block, soaked with kerosene, was burned out. The stack crashed with such force that some of the bricks were buried 2 feet in the ground, but most of them remained intact and can be used again.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Hard Luck.

"I took my wife to the opera last night."
"Did she enjoy it?"
"She wanted me to demand my money back. Half the people whose names were on the program as box-holders were not there at all."—Exchange.

If the writer's prejudices agree with ours, then his book fills our "long-felt want."

Stinginess and thrift are as different as they are similar.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

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

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

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism. You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

Regrettable Error.

The battalion was in camp. Tents had been pitched and all made ship-shape.

The cooks had lit their fires and dioxies were sizzling sweetly.

The sergeant major made his rounds. "Tripe and unyuns for supper," he said. "Get the tripe ready."

One of the cooks looked up in surprise.

"But where's the tripe, sir?" he asked.

"Hanging up on that tent pole," was the reply.

"Lor," said the cook, "an' I just been wiping me 'ands on it! Tort it was a dirty towel."—London Answers.

New Use for Old Clock.

Little brass or fancy clocks, which were very popular a while back, but which have lost their "going" powers and stay stopped, the face indicating a time that is wholly wrong all the time, can be saved for a new purpose by taking out the glass crystal with ease, inserting a picture and pressing it back in. Thus the little clock will be transformed into a picture frame and its prettiness will still adorn the mantel shelf.

How many town men would like to go "back to the soil" if sure of \$10 a day?

Nerve gets you into trouble and nerve gets you out.

ASPIRIN INTRODUCED BY "BAYER" IN 1900

Look for Name "Bayer" on the Tablets, Then You Need Never Worry.

If you want the true, world-famous Aspirin, as prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

The name "Bayer" is stamped on each tablet and appears on each package for your protection against imitations.—Advertisement.

There is joy in anticipation because reason remains silent.

DYED HER SKIRT, DRESS, SWEATER AND DRAPERIES WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.—Advertisement.

MERELY MONKEYS, AFTER ALL

Scientists Unduly Agitated Over the Reported Discovery of New Human Race in India.

Recently there was announced the discovery of a new human race in the Himalaya mountains. They were the "abominable men of the snows," particularly hideous, haired ferocious beings, of whom an explorer had revealed traces.

Well, these abominable men, says the Petit Parisien, are no men at all, but big monkeys, already known by science. One of them can be seen in the galleries of the museum. To tell the truth this langur (such is its name) is stuffed, which, however, does not prevent its having been alive and its having come from the regions of the Himalayas, where its fellows are living in numerous troops.

This revelation, so unpleasant for the manufacturers of prodigious adventures, comes from Mr. Goodwin-Austin, who has given in La Nature the most complete details about this monkey of Tibet, which for a moment was promoted to the superior rank of man.—New York Tribune.

Trims Him.

"Trim little craft, that wife of yours, old man." "Craft? Well, she's a revenue cutter, anyway."

A kick against fate is often but an apology for laziness.

Run-down, Nervous? Weak Women Can Find The Help They Need.

Greenville, Miss.—"When I first began taking Dr. Pierce's medicine I only weighed 103 pounds; I now weigh 112. I was a nervous wreck and could not do any of my housework. At first I was afraid I had heart disease. A friend told me of Dr. Pierce's wonderful medicines, and I began taking them. Now I do not know what it is to feel fatigued. I highly recommend both the Favorite Prescription and the Medical Discovery for I have proof that they are good even when other things fail to help. I always recommend them to my neighbors."—Mrs. Jinny Scott, No. 610 Deaton Street.

Write to Doctor Pierce, President Indalide Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

Leggett & Myers
**KING PIN
PLUG TOBACCO**
Known as
"that good kind"
Try it—and you
will know why

ISLANDERS SHOULD BE HAPPY

Fortunate Inhabitants of Lundy Altogether Free From Visitations of the Tax Collector.

The stipend of £60 (\$300) a year offered by the ecclesiastical commissioners to any clergyman disposed to take spiritual charge of Lundy Island seems a fair one, in view of the fact that the island measures only three and a half miles by one mile and numbers barely two hundred inhabitants.

The people of Lundy pay neither rates nor taxes; there are no poor, because all the inhabitants have work found for them; and there are no police, because there are no law-breakers.

Lundy has twice been in the hands of foreigners—once when captured by a band of Turkish pirates, and again, in the time of William III, when French privateers gained temporary possession.—London Tit-Bits.

The Difference.

"Mrs. Spender's husband seems bent with pain!" "No, only with pay!"—Wayside Tales.

Football made safer might also be made more comprehensible to untrained spectators.

A miss is worse than a mile, sometimes

WHEN one thing isn't at all like another, there may be no danger of deception. But when a thing looks like another without being like it—that's where it's worse to miss by a little than by a mile.

And that's why the thousands, who have found that there's nothing like Post Toasties in taste or quality, need to be sure of ordering by name, and getting the YELLOW and RED package. Imitations

sometimes come close enough in looks to result in a mile of disappointment in quality.

Post Toasties are the thick, crisp, golden-brown flakes of toasted corn, that the people of the Southwest have for so long selected as their universal favorite.

There's nothing else so delicious or satisfying as these perfect flakes of food goodness.



Be sure it's the
YELLOW and RED package
and the name —

Post Toasties

DRUGS

DRUGGIST'S SUNDRIES, REGISTERED PHARMACIST, FINE STATIONERY, CIGARS, TOBACCOES, NEWS STAND

HEDLEY DRUG COMP'NY

We Have the Following:

Oak Timber for Double Trees, Niggerhead Coal, Bois d'Arc Posts, Ford Windshields, besides full line of Lumber and Building Material.

GIVE US YOUR TRADE

J. C. Wooldridge Lbr. Co.
L. W. WILLIS, Mgr.

GREEN'S GARAGE for SERVICE

General automobile service, full lines of Parts and Accessories. We handle the National Storage Battery at the price of \$25; also handle the United States Casings.

Pay Us a Visit. We Will Appreciate a Part of Your Business

Green's Garage
Phone 79 Hedley, Texas

Come to us for

Lumber & Coal

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

U. J. BOSTON, Manager

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
ED C. BOLIVER
Publisher

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

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

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

The Informer, \$1.50 a year.

Political Announcements

Subject to the will of the Voters at the July Primary

For District Judge, 47th Judicial District

HENRY S. BISHOP
re election

For District and County Clerk:

MISS LOTTIE E. LANE
W. E. BRAY re election

For County Judge

J. J. ALEXANDER

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:

H. C. (Harry) BRUMLEY
W. L. CRANE
J. H. RUTHERFORD
re election

For Tax Assessor

J. L. ALLISON
HARRY WARREN
re election
B. F. NAYLOR

For County Treasurer

MRS. WILLIE GOLDSTON
re election

For Commissioner Prec. 3

J. B. PICKETT
re election
T. N. MESSER

For Public Weigher at Hedley

F. M. OSBORN
ALVA T. SIMMONS
J. S. BEACH re election

Huffman's Barber Shop

W. H. Huffman, Prop.

Expert Tonsorial Work.
Hot and Cold Baths.
Laundry Agency

You Will Be Pleased With Our Service. Try It.

Hedley, Texas

FOR SALE—240 acres of land sowed in wheat, coming up; good cotton land, some Johnson grass; three teams and tools. For particulars write Box 131, Goodnight, Texas.

Dr. F. N. REYNOLDS
DENTIST
CLARENDON, TEXAS

COFFINS AND CASKETS
UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES
Day Phone 145
Night Phone 94
THOMPSON BROS.

GEO. A. RYAN

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

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

PANHANDLE BEAUTY

By Lillie Crawford, of Hedley High School

The Panhandle has a beauty and charm that cannot be resisted. The very atmosphere is charged with refinement and culture, and nature displays her beauty with marvelous simplicity and skill.

The level plains, rippling brooks, sighing trees, deep canyons, beautifully colored rocks and high peaks, with only the blue horizon as a boundary, all blend together and make a scene ever restful and welcome to the tired eyes.

The level plains of the Panhandle afford a charming view of the surrounding country. They are also very productive agricultural sections.

The murmuring brooks that ripple through our pleasant land are very beautiful and are splendid places to have picnics as the water usually comes from a clear, bubbling spring of fresh, cool, satisfying water.

There are different kinds of trees with different kinds of beauties. The tall poplar trees that lift their proud heads toward the skies, and seem to scorn the smaller trees that surround them, remind one of a proud and beautiful lady of noble birth who looks scornfully upon all fellow men. The weeping willow, with the wind sighing mournfully through her branches and her head drooping gracefully, is a symbol of wounded pride. There are the locust trees that make a charming shade from the sun's beautiful rays and lend an enchantingly sweet odor when in blossom. The large orchards of fruit trees, that give us their healthy products, with their green foliage, make a beautiful picture.

The deep cliffs that are overlooked by high, commanding cliffs, afford excellent backgrounds for pictures and furnish splendid exercise to anyone who wishes to explore their depths.

and heights.

In the brooks, on the hills, and in the canyons are beautifully colored rocks that attract much attention and inspire great admiration.

Taken on the whole, the Panhandle is one of the most pleasant places to live, and affords a great many advantages that are not offered by other sections of the country.

ELECTION NOTICE

An election has been called in the City of Hedley on the first Tuesday in April, 1922 same being the 4th day of April, 1922, for the purpose of electing a Mayor and five Aldermen to serve the City of Hedley for the coming year.

J. W. Bond is hereby appointed to hold said election.

By order of the City Council.
W. E. Reeves, Mayor

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Fields, for many years prominent citizens of Hedley community, were here this week from Abernathy, Hale county. Mr. Fields is in the mercantile business down there and reports everything in good condition. He paid his Informer subscription way up in advance, for which we thank him.

TRUSTEE ELECTION

On Saturday, April 1st, 1922, an election will be held for the purpose of electing four Trustees for the Hedley Independent School District, to serve for a term of two years.

T. R. Moreman, Pres.
Van Boone, Sec'y.

J. C. Hickerson, one of our good friends living out on Route 1, was a pleasant caller at this office one day the past week and renewed for the Informer and the Southwest Painsman.

Tom McDougal was in Amarillo last week, attending the big Auto Show.

McKNIGHT ITEMS

The farmers are very much elated over the recent rain. They say there is enough moisture in the land to bring stuff up that is planted even a month from now.

Roy and Exie Sweat and their families visited their father, W. T. Sweat, and family Saturday night and Sunday.

The lectures given on Daniel and Revelations by Eder J. T. Bentley Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night were well attended and highly instructive.

We'll just say as we expected! We understand that the High Priest walked down to the Synagogue one day last week and ordered three of the Sanhedrim members suspended. No wonder they can't do any business as a house divided against itself can not stand.

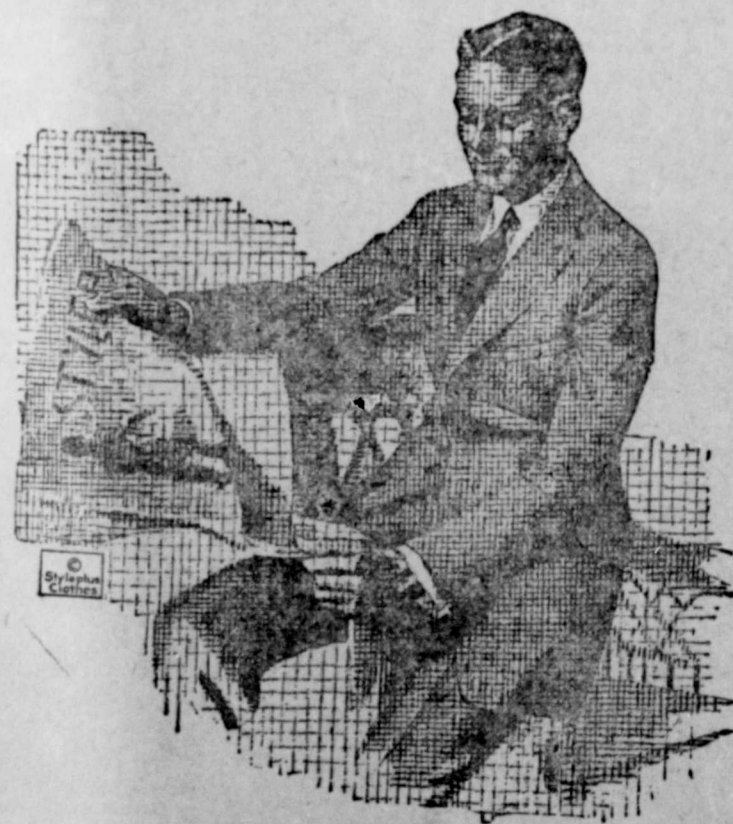
Uncle Bill Crow, while meditating upon the vicissitudes of life last Wednesday, fell into a profound reverie and dreamed he saw an invisible empire. Awakening from his stupor, the first thought that came to him was that the K K were after him, and ever since Uncle Bill has seemed to be looking for something impossible to happen. Cheer up, Uncle Bill, there's nothing in a dream. Frou Frou.

FOR SALE—Pure blood White Leghorn Eggs \$1.00 per setting. Phone or see
Lee Snodgrass.

J. H. Pierce, the popular Mc Knight merchant, attended to business in town Tuesday and paid this office an appreciated visit. We enjoyed a chat with him, and thank him for subscription renewal.

J. M. Hensley is up from a severe attack of pneumonia. We were glad to see him on the streets last Saturday.

Mrs. U. J. Boston and Miss Myrtle Reeves are spending the week in Amarillo.



MEN AND BOYS

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

HAYTER BROS.

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