

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, AUGUST 5, 1921

NO. 37

Mrs. Ruth Surer, of Olustee, Okla., is here on a visit to Miss Lela Kinsey.

Subscribe for The Informer.

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

SINGING CONVENTION HAS BIG MEET HERE

The Donley County Singing Convention met with the Hedley Class last Sunday, July 31st. A large crowd from all over this section was present, a big dinner was spread, and a great day was enjoyed by all.

The house was called to order by the president, L. F. Scott of Goldston. The secretary being absent, S. J. Ayer was appointed secretary pro tem, which position he filled with the greatest care and satisfaction.

The preliminaries over, the following leaders led two songs, as arranged, with a special if desired: Clarence Luttrell of Hedley, Fred Boone of Lodge, C. A. Hicks of Hedley, James Smith of Lealie, Jim Reynolds of Lelia Lake.

Dismissed for preaching and dinner on the ground.

House was called to order at 1:30 p. m. by the president, and the following program was carried out: Fred Boone, Hawkins Bros. of Memphis, Judge McIntosh of Memphis, Olan Usrey of Lelia Lake, J. E. Chenault, Hudgins Quartette, N. C. Duggins of Bray, two songs; Willard Doom of Hudgins Quartette and K. K. Boise of Lelia Lake, duet; Jess Shannon of Goldston, one song; Albert Johnson of Giles, two songs; C. A. Hicks, two songs; Martin Class, two songs; Mr. Watkins, McKnight, two songs; Mr. Sides of Quanah, two songs.

On request of the president, a Committee on Resolutions was appointed by S. J. Ayer, as follows: Less Hawkins, N. C. Duggins, Judge McIntosh and Lee Workman.

The audience listened attentively for forty minutes to a lecture by Mrs. Irick on "White Slavery."

Convention reassembled by a song sung by James Smith. And then the

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

We, your committee on Resolutions, beg leave to submit the following:

1. We would respectfully recommend that the people of Donley county, and more especially the singers of the county, put forth their utmost efforts to make the next session of this body the best in the history of the county, a feast of song, thanksgiving and praise.

2. We would recommend that every community in the county make a special effort to organize and maintain a live and active singing class, for we believe that such organization will be a prime benefit to any community.

3. Every community in the county is respectfully asked to elect and send a delegation of their best singers as messengers to our conventions.

4. We recommend that our president appoint a committee of five to draft and submit to the next meeting of this Convention a Constitution and By Laws for the guidance and government of this body.

5. We thank the officers, committee on arrangements, and all who have worked to make this session of the convention a success. We commend them for their efficient work and painstaking efforts.

6. We further desire to extend the thanks of this convention to the people of Hedley for the elegant manner in which they have entertained the convention at

this time, for their hospitality, and for their cooperation in general.

7. We wish to thank all visitors for their attendance and assistance in this meeting.

8. We take this opportunity to invite all surrounding counties to co-operate with us in the song work and aid us in building up a convention second to none in this part of the state.

9. We further recommend that a copy of this report be furnished our county papers with a request to publish same.

Hawkins,
Duggins,
McIntosh,
Committee.

Resolutions read and adopted, and the following committees appointed:

On Constitution and By Laws: N. C. Duggins, J. L. Allison, C. A. Hicks, J. T. Bain and Jesse Shannon. Committee instructed to report at the next convention, which will be held at Martin School House the last Sunday and Saturday night before in November, 1921.

K. K. Boise, Judge McIntosh, S. J. Ayer, Fred Boone, Bill Weston and John Allison were appointed a committee to organize the counties of Donley, Hall, Collingsworth and Gray into a Grand District. Said committee also to report at the next convention.

Reported.

DISTRICT COURT BUSY; ASHER GETS 5 YEARS

The case of John Asher, on trial at Clarendon on a charge of murder in connection with the death of L. Welch, came to an end last Saturday evening, the jury finding him guilty and assessing his punishment at five years in the penitentiary. We understand an appeal will be taken. Defendant's plea was self defense.

District Court entered the third and last week at Clarendon last Monday with the taking up of the civil docket.

The Webb vs Carter boundary suit was begun Monday morning, going into Tuesday.

The Farmers State Bank of Clarendon vs H. Lott et al, set for Tuesday, began during the day. This case is of interest, being a suit on a note and foreclosure, in which a counter claim against the bank has been filed. There are three suits of like kind, and they will probably take the remainder of the week for trial, it is said.

The Court is hearing non jury civil cases early in the mornings beginning at 8 o'clock.

The grand jury, after having recessed for over a week, reassembled Wednesday to complete their work.

This term of the Court closes tomorrow evening.

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

NOTICE

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

Ruthford Walters and grandmother, Mrs. Walters, are here on a visit to the young man's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Acord.

Mrs. Mary Kinsey, of Altus, Okla., is visiting her son, C. L. Kinsey, and family.

Mrs. E. C. Herd has returned from a visit to Memphis.

Mrs. R. A. Mitchell and children, of Clarendon, visited her sister, Mrs. Acord, Sunday.

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

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Guaranty State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS
Member Federal Reserve System

RIBBONS STRAY INTO BY-PATHS



RIBBONS continue to wander into various by-paths—most of them familiar, but always alluring. Having made a place for themselves in almost every article of women's and children's apparel, they proceeded to make themselves useful in all sorts of little furnishings for the home, and time adds to their popularity for making all these things.

There is a world of pretty things at the ribbon counter to tempt us to try our hands at making them, and few of them are difficult for the average needlewoman.

For the baby bonnet at the left of the group a wide, soft satin ribbon in cream color, blue or pink is chosen and shaped to fit the head by rows of shirings. These form frills about the face and neck. The bonnet has a very soft interlining and a lining of very light, soft silk. Narrow satin ribbon makes the bridle which extends from side to side under the chin.

Wide and narrow ribbons are used for the child's hat shown at the right. The top crown and side crown are tucked in very narrow, hand-run tucks. Where they are joined straps

of narrow ribbon are placed and the same decoration is used for the edge of the brim—the straps overlapping. The same ribbon makes the hanging loops and ends at the back.

The sash bags illustrated are made of satin ribbons in light colors. They are merely oblongs of ribbon, sewed together at the edges, stuffed with scented cotton and tied in a bundle with baby ribbon. Sometimes a tiny safety pin is fastened to the end of each sash so that it can be quickly pinned in the dress or camisole.

Hemstitching and small tucks make the decoration for the camisole of wide ribbon, with shoulder straps of narrow ribbon and little clusters of chiffon roses adorn it. For the bags both plain and brocaded ribbons are used with celluloid mountings and ribbon handles. In the little coat or dress hanger, very narrow lace is used for embellishing the satin ribbon that is shirred to cover it. Plain satin ribbon is shirred to cover the pin-cushion that finishes the group, with narrow ribbon making the frill and bows, the flowers and cords that finish it.

To Swim or Not to Swim



THERE are bathing suits and bathing suits in materials and styles that differ considerably, designed to meet the needs of women who do more or less—considerably less—swimming. They may be conveniently classed as swimming suits, bathing suits and beach suits—and in buying them one has to bear in mind just what tests they will be put to.

The logical swimming suit is made of pure wool yarns firmly knitted, elastic and shaped to cling close to the figure. It should fit perfectly and hold its shape indefinitely. Such suits are to be had in new colorings and they consist of short close-fitting trunks reaching not quite to the knees and in an overgarment that is a little shorter than the trunks, sleeveless and having a round neck. They may slip on, or fasten on one shoulder. Belt hose and stocking cap to match often accompany them and they are usually woven in two colors, as orange and black, blue and red, green and white, black and red and so on. Such suits

are for the real business of swimming and are concerned chiefly with being simple and substantial.

For the average woman a bathing suit spends considerably more of its time on the beach than in the water and is designed to be attractive as well as useful. Such a suit is pictured, made of a light-weight, woven wool and ornamented with braid. It has trunks somewhat longer than the overgarment and is pictured in black and white, worn with black silk stockings and white canvas shoes. There is a sash of the fabric that slips through slides and ties at the front and a pretty cap of rubberized cloth brightens up this very smart looking affair. It is not so close fitting as the regulation swimming suit—which fact often is advantageous to its wearer—and it is becoming.

Julia B. B. B.

OFFICE OF THE HEDLEY INFORMER

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNEL

THE JOURNEY'S END.

The girl rubbed her eyes. So did the boy. They had been off for many adventures and at times it seemed almost as if it could not be true.

Now they saw a little brownie standing before them. "I'm Sir Gallantry," he said, "and I am here to welcome you to the House of Secrets!"

"The House of Secrets!" exclaimed the girl.

"The House of Secrets!" shouted the boy, who was just collecting his wits after a long sleep!

They looked about them then and saw just a little, little bit of a way from them—not any further than they could throw a stone—a house. It was a rounded house and there seemed to be doors everywhere. The doors from the different rooms opened outside into the garden, for there was a garden too, a garden with lovely flowers and soft, green lawns.

"To think that we're here," gasped the girl. "It seems too marvelous to be true."

"I thought—why yes, the last I knew we were at the Hospitality hotel," said the boy. "Did it stretch right over to the House of Secrets?"

Sir Gallantry laughed. "No," he answered, "it didn't do quite that. But all your friends there planned to bring you to the house as you slept. They said you had been such an adventurer that you should have a special sur-



"Turned the Enormous Key."

prise and they knew of none greater and more surprising than reaching the house before you expected to. So they sent for the airship which was in its garage up in the clouds and while you slept you were brought over here. The airship has gone now, but most of your friends are in the house."

"I just can hardly believe it," said the girl.

"And it's like something happening which is so wonderful that right away it can't be enjoyed. I'm almost out of breath with surprise and joy."

In a moment though they got up and jumped up and down with glee.

"We're at the House of Secrets; we're at the House of Secrets!" they shouted.

First they hurried over to the door which the old witch had shown them in the earliest part of their journey. Over the door were the words, in such great huge letters that they had to laugh at them.

"The reason for bumps you'll surely see, when you open the door after turning the key."

They turned the enormous key which was in the door and they walked inside.

There were many, many people there. Some of them looked poor, some of them looked rich, some of them were busy doing one thing and others busy doing another thing. And everyone looked in the best of spirits.

They stopped what they were doing and looked at the boy and the girl.

Then, from another room, their good friend, Master Thoughtfulness, joined them. "I'm going to show you around," he said. "In this room you see are people of all kinds, all doing different sorts of things, but all very happy and working well together."

"Why? Because they've learned by heart the great secret which owns this room—and that is that everyone in the world has something to do, no matter how simple it may be. Do you see how the rich are asking questions of the poor?"

"The rich don't think they're the ones who have the rights alone. And do you see the poor—how they smile at the rich? They haven't always had the good luck to have all that the rich have, but they are working together now."

"The poor don't want to make the rich mistakes the rich have made and turn the tables and be bossy. For look you! In the center are many other people! And they're talking too, and they have shown that if either the rich manage everything and grind down the others or the poor manage everything and strike, the people in the center are going to get horribly trampled upon and hurt."

"This room is the most important in the House of Secrets. It is known as the Real Brotherhood room!"

Vocational Training.

"My son," said his father, solemnly, "when you see a boy loafing about the street corners, at all hours, what place in life do you suppose he is fitting himself for?"

"To be a policeman," replied the young philosopher promptly.

DADDY THE DAIRY

TO GROW SUFFICIENT SILAGE

Experts Assert It Is Better to Carefully Figure on Silo to Fit Herd of Cows.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The planting season is the time when the dairy farmer should arrange to see that he has crops enough to fill his silo. As a case in point, a Mississippi farmer failed to take this matter into consideration when he bought a silo of 90 tons' capacity, for he found that he had corn and sorghum for only 20 tons of silage; and since, moreover, he had only 8 cows, he decided he had made a mistake, and tried to sell his new silo instead of setting it up. A field man from the dairy division of the United States Department of Agriculture, however, persuaded him to keep it until the next year, and to put up a small stave silo for immediate use. He did so, and found it such a help in feeding his cows cheaply that he bought more land and resolved to enlarge his herd to 50 cows, and thus make good use of his larger silo.

Both the height and the diameter of the silo must be considered. The proper diameter of the silo depends upon the quantity of silage to be fed daily; and this quantity will vary with the size of the herd. The silage should be fed out fast enough to remove it from the top of the silo at the rate of 1½ to 3 inches a day, depending upon climatic conditions. The warmer the weather the more silage must be removed from the surface daily in order to prevent spoiling. For the winter feeding season it is safer to figure upon removing 2 inches daily than any smaller amount.

A common error in building is to make the diameter too large for the size of the herd. The weight of a cubic foot of silage varies according to the pressure to which it is subjected, but in a silo 30 feet high the weight per cubic foot averages about 40 pounds. So, by knowing the quantity of silage to be fed daily, it is possible to estimate what the diameter of the silo should be to permit the removal of a certain number of inches each day. The table below shows the proper diameter of the silo, on a basis of 40 pounds of silage per cubic foot.



Laying the Foundation of a New Silo.

For herds of different sizes to be fed different quantities for winter feeding, when 2 inches of silage are removed daily:

Relation of Size of Herd to Diameter of Silo For Winter Feeding.

Number of animals that may be fed, allowing—	10 pounds per head.	20 pounds per head.	30 pounds per head.	40 pounds per head.
Quantity of silage in depth of 2 inches.	1000	2000	3000	4000
10....	13	17	21	25
11....	16	21	26	31
12....	19	26	32	37
13....	22	29	36	42
14....	25	32	40	48
15....	28	36	45	54
16....	31	40	50	60
17....	34	44	55	66
18....	37	48	60	72
19....	40	52	65	78
20....	43	56	70	84

A 900-pound cow ordinarily consumes 30 pounds of silage a day, and a 1,200-pound one about 40 pounds. Yearlings eat about one-half as much as mature animals; fattening cattle, 25 to 35 pounds for each 1,000 pounds live weight.

It happens, sometimes, that a silo is not wholly filled, because there is not enough corn planted for silage, and there are not enough of other crops make up the deficiency. The amount of silage that may be obtained from an acre of corn varies from 4 to 20 tons. A fair allowance on average land is 8 tons per acre. Hence for a 60-ton silo it might be well to plant 8 or 10 acres of corn.

It is by all means best to lay out land enough in silage crops to fill the silo to the very top; and if there is any doubt about how much will be needed, to allow a margin of safety, remembering that the season may cut down the yield of this as well as of other crops. On the other hand, if there is too much corn or sorghum to go into the silo, the excess can be cut as dry fodder, and other crops can be made into hay.

Two bulletins issued by the Department of Agriculture are useful in this connection; one is Farmers' Bulletin 855, *Homemade Silos*; and the other is Farmers' Bulletin 578, *The Making and Feeding of Silage*.

LIVE STOCK

PLAN TO ERADICATE CHOLERA

Swine Breeders of Indiana County Working to Stamp Out All Traces of Disease.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A county free from hog cholera this year is the goal to which swine breeders in Steuben county, Ind., are working under the guidance of the local county agent and the district veterinarian of the United States Department of Agriculture. As a result of a persistent campaign for the control



County Agent Inoculating Pigs With Hog Cholera Serum.

of cholera and strict organized effort to eradicate it, there has been a remarkable decrease in the disease in the county during the last two years. In 1917 the loss from cholera in the county, according to the county agent, was about \$10,000. In 1918 it was a little less than \$5,000, and in 1919 it was about the same. In 1920, however, only three cases occurred in the county, which leads the swine breeders to believe that if their efforts to control the disease are continued cholera can be practically eradicated.

CLUB MEMBERS SECURE PIGS

Registered Animals Given to Boys and Girls in Mississippi—Scholarship at End.

A public-spirited man in Fayette county, Mississippi, gave six registered pigs to the boys' and girls' pig-club work last year, with the understanding that each one who received a pig was to give back to the club one pig from the first litter and one from the second. The donated animals were drawn for by members from each beat and one from the county at large. The recipients were very proud of their pigs. The six from the first litters were distributed in December. If the plan is continued for five years it is estimated that 204 registered pigs will be given away at the close of that time, and it is hoped that purebred hogs will be found on every farm in the county. If these plans mature as is hoped, the 204 which will be available for gifts at the end of the five years will be put up at auction and the proceeds used for a scholarship to the State Agricultural and Mechanical college, which will be awarded yearly to the winner of the county pig-club championship.

ALFALFA AS HORSE ROUGHAGE

Plant Is High in Protein and Minerals and Is Especially Good for Young Stock.

Alfalfa receives great favor as a horse roughage. It is high in minerals and protein and is especially good for young stock. Because it is laxative in effect and high in protein, it is always best to limit the amount of alfalfa to one-half or two-thirds of the total hay ration. The rest may be timothy hay. Use alfalfa with a ration that is low in protein. Corn as a grain and alfalfa as a roughage make a balanced ration.

BEST LIVE STOCK CHEAPEST

Opinion of Virginia Farmer Who Thinks Breeders Are Aiming to Procure Purebreds.

"From 30 years' experience in breeding thoroughbred horses and later dairy cattle, I have found that the best is the cheapest." This is the opinion of a Virginia farmer in a statement to the United States Department of Agriculture. "I think all raisers of live stock in Virginia are aiming to procure purebred sires."

Good Mixture for Hogs.
It is good policy, where possible, to keep charcoal, wood ashes, slaked lime and salt in a sheltered trough where hogs can have access to same at will.

Silage for Horses.

Silage should not be considered as a mainstay for horses, as its use is preferable only in limited amounts as a small supplement to the regular ration.

Important in Sow's Ration.

High content of protein and mineral matter is required in the sow's ration, because her milk is high in these materials which form the bone and muscle of the young pigs.

BEFORE AND AFTER CHILDBIRTH

Mrs. Williams Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Kept Her in Health

Overpeck, O.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me both before and after my baby was born. I suffered with backache, headache, was generally run down and weak. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and decided to try it. Now I feel fine, take care of my two boys and do my own work."

I recommend your medicine to anyone who is ailing. You may publish my testimonial if you think it will help others."

Mrs. CARRIE WILLIAMS, Overpeck, Ohio.
For more than forty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been restoring women to health who suffered from irregularities, displacements, backaches, headaches, bearing-down pains, nervousness or "the blues." Today there is hardly a town or hamlet in the United States wherein some woman does not reside who has been made well by it. That is why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for such ailments.

The next time you buy calomel ask for

Calotabs

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

Human Frailty.

An argument between a man and his wife had been going on for some time, and at last the woman exclaimed:

"I suppose you think I am a perfect fool!"

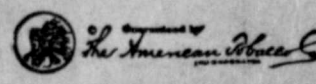
"None of us, my dear, is perfect," came the soft answer.

Well, Who Knows?

Auntie is always kissing, much to Paul's disgust. One day he said: "Mother, how old does a boy have to be before his aunts stop kissing him?"



A new size package!
Ten for 10c.
Very convenient.
Dealers carry both;
10 for 10c; 20 for 20c.
It's toasted.



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Mrs. O. D. Woodrow, Principal
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Fly Killers, DAISY FLY KILLER strips and pills all flies, house flies, mosquitoes, and other annoying insects. Kills all flies, no matter how many. Kills all flies, no matter how many. Kills all flies, no matter how many.

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CLARENDON, TEXAS

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS

The State of Texas,
County of Donley.
To those indebted to, or holding
claims against the Estate of
John S. and Susan E. Smith,
both deceased.

The undersigned having been
duly appointed administrator of
the estate of John S. and Susan
E. Smith, deceased, late of Don-
ley County, Texas, by W. T. Link,
Judge of the County Court of
said County, on the 6th day of
July, 1921, during a regular
term thereof, hereby notifies all
persons indebted to said estate
to come forward and make set-
tlement, and those having claims
against said estate to present
them to him at his residence, at
Memphis, Hall County, Texas,
where he receives his mail, this
the 12th day of July, A. D. 1921.

T. J. Hampton,
Administrator of the Estate
of John S. and Susan E.
Smith, both deceased.

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

NOTICE

This is to inform the public
that I am now associated with
Dr. Younger of Clarendon, and
that I will retain my office here
and be in same Friday of each
week, beginning May 6th.

Please take notice and come
early.

Dr. Reynolds, Dentist.

First Baptist Church Directory

Preaching each Sunday. Morning ser-
vice 11 o'clock; evening service at 8:15.
Sunday School session. Each Sunday
morning 9:45 o'clock; F. M. Acord, Supt.
C. O. Cooper, Secretary.

Jr. B. Y. P. U. Each Sunday afternoon
3:30 o'clock. Mrs. L. T. Hullum, Leader.
Womans Missionary Society. Each
Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock. Mrs. F.
M. Acord, President.

Prayer Meeting. Each Wednesday
evening; Leader appointed.

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

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

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

Y. F. WALKER, Pastor.

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

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

A. M. Sarvis, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas
Phone 45

MONEY MONEY

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

Subscribe for The Informer.

JUNIOR B. Y. P. U.

Subject: Gideon's Victory Over
the Midianites.

Song 198.

Prayer by Leader.

Roll call.

Memory verse—All.

Scripture reading, by James
Richey.

A Disobedient People—Frank
Painter.

A Sad State—Faye Cooper.

Gideon's Call—Robert Wadley.

Gideon's Army—Nellie Mae
Chapman.

Gideons Battle—Porter Pierce
Parant and Capture—Jessie
Lee Pool.

The Greatest Victory of All—
Vera Brinson.

Piano solo—Velma Maney.

Reading—Walker Chapman.

Song, by Mary Pope Walker,
James Richey, Nellie Mae Chap-
man, Walker Chapman.

Song 381.

Repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards, pas-
tor of the Presbyterian church,
was a visitor in McLean the past
week.

A letter from Mrs. R. S. Smith
to her husband, received Tues-
day morning, brings the disqui-
eting information that her sis-
ter, Miss Neal Marks, who has
been critically ill for some time,
still shows no improvement, and
her condition is extremely grave.
This is distressing news to Hed-
ley friends of the family, who
hope that a turn for the better
will come soon.

Miss Lee Johnson of Memphis
was a visitor the past week at
the C. E. Johnson home.

A. J. Newman has returned to
his home from the Spearman
country, where he has been
scampering around over the har-
vest fields.

Bud Lewis and family were
here from Plymouth last Satur-
day and Sunday, visiting friends
and attending the Singing Con-
vention.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Horsch-
ler and little son were visitors
in Wellington a day or two the
past week.

G. W. Giant, manager of the
R. S. Smith produce business at
Lelia Lake, attended to business
here Monday.

TO THE PUBLIC

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

A. N. Wood.

Mrs. V. C. Kersey and her son
were in town last Friday from
their farm home near McKnight
and remembered the Informer
family with an armful of choice
roasting ears. To say that we
enjoyed this succulent fruit is
expressing it mildly. Thanks,
awfully.

J. T. Cradock, erstwhile Hed-
leyan, wrote a card to Postmas-
ter Richey the other day which
contains information bordering
on the sensational. After writ-
ing that crops are good, and he
is well pleased—which of course
he has to say in self defense—he
winds up with the statement
that he is attending church and
Sunday school every Sunday.
Well, it may be safe a time or
two, but those folks out there
ought to be warned that there
ain't no meeting house that can
stand that sort of treatment in
definitely.

DRY GOODS Clothing, Etc.

LOW PRICES AND
HIGH QUALITY

DON'T GET THE IDEA THAT
we never have any bargains to of-
fer you only when we "put on a
special sale." That's a big mis-
take. You can get real bargains
every day in the week---every week.
Come in and make us prove it.

HIGH QUALITY
AND LOW PRICES

Forbis & Stone

HEDLEY, TEXAS



NECKWEAR

--- the newest styles and the best mate-
rials. Moderate prices. Nowhere in
this section will you find a stock of
Men's and Boys' Furnishings that will
equal ours. Come and see

HAYTER BROS.

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

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

LIKE AN IRON AND AROUND HEAD

Mrs. Osborne Says She Shudders
When She Thinks How
She Suffered.

"For years," said Mrs. V. B. Osborne, of 718 Lancaster Ave., Lexington, Ky., "I have been in a run-down condition; nervous, weak and dizzy. I was actually so nervous that my sudden noise or excitement would produce a palpitation of my heart that frightened me. I absolutely could not climb stairs, for to attempt such would thoroughly exhaust me.

"I had nervous headaches and when they came on it seemed that an iron band was drawn tight around my head. I now shudder when I think of those headaches. My stomach was weak and I could not digest the lightest liquid food. Any food of a solid nature caused nausea and the sickening sensation remained for hours.

"My misery was almost unbearable. My sleep was never sound and I was worn out all the time. My condition was indeed a very deplorable one. I finally sought treatment in Cincinnati, but nothing helped me one particle. I was on the verge of giving up in despair when a neighbor pleaded with me to try Tanlac. I obtained a bottle of the medicine and began its use.

"I began improving at once and soon felt my nervousness and dizziness disappearing. Then my headaches left me and I realized my strength had returned. My appetite and digestion improved and I am now so much better in every way. This Tanlac is a wonderful medicine and the only one that ever really helped me. I hope every poor woman who is suffering as I did will try it."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

Financial Backing.

"Your friend the reformer seems to be enjoying great prosperity these days."

"He had a stroke of luck."

"What was it?"

"He ran across a very rich person who had a troubled conscience."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of GASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

In Time.

"We arrived just in time."

"What do you mean?"

"I could tell from the way they acted when they let us into their house that they were just in the midst of a fine little family quarrel."

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Law Was Obeyed.

"I see it was against the old blue laws to kiss your wife on a Sunday."

"True."

"What was the penalty?"

"Dunno. No husband was ever brought up on charges."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

YOU CAN WALK IN COMFORT

If you shake into your shoes some ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the Antiseptic, Healing powder for shoes that pinch or feet that ache. It takes the friction from the shoe and gives relief to corns and bunions, hot, tired, sweating, swollen feet. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease in each shoe.—Adv.

Calling Teacher.

"Yes," said the teacher, "the egg represents all that is gentlest in creation—the cooling doves, the tuneful song birds and the stately swan. Johnny, what other gentle things are hatched from eggs?"

"Snakes, alligators, sparrow hawks and eagles," said Johnny.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Freshen a Heavy Skin

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

Four Million Shy.

France's population was reduced 4,000,000 by the war.

Jealousy bears a lot of fruit that should not be preserved.

A Scene Not in the Picture

By KATE EDMONDS

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"No," said the landlady stonily, "I'm sure I don't know where Miss Ford went to—some one said she had given up her position and gone out West to act in the movies, but I'm always busy and can't keep track of folks after they leave my house. Are you the young soldier she was engaged to?"

Dick Reynolds nodded.

"Yes—you look like the picture she had on her bureau. She read that you had been killed in action and so she just got pale and sick and went away. Sorry."

"Thank you," said Dick as he turned away. He wrote a letter to Marcia, addressed it in care of her old employers, marked it to be forwarded and waited. At last after months of fruitless waiting and searching he found a position in Chicago. Night after night he went to the movies, hoping for some clue, and then there came a time when he saw a well-acted screen-drama—and his own Marcia being kidnapped by a dark villain in a black evening cloak.

"Ain't it awful!" shivered a girl sitting next to Dick.

Her companion giggled. "It looks real, but 'tain't."

Dick found it difficult to believe that the characters were not real with Marcia's face so clear, so agonized. He saw the villain carry her away in a black motor car to a greasy looking tenement, where several well dressed people seemed to threaten her life. One man caught her slender wrist and pulled her toward the door.

"Hi!" yelled Dick, and everybody laughed. He looked fiercely around and sank back in his seat, grim and



"Dashed Away."

alert. He watched the picture until the doors closed and the next day he saw it again. By this time he was sure that his own sweetheart was acting in the movies. Then he saw the manager of the theater.

With the name of the producers he found the location of the company—Hollywood, California,—and packing his grip he set out in the search for Marcia. By this time he knew the picture by heart, learned that the name of the actress was Elizabeth Jayne, but strong in his own belief he declared the girl to be none other than Marcia.

At Hollywood the studios were all so busy that he barely escaped becoming famous because he had refused so many chances to act as a substitute or an extra in one of the many companies. Once he had an adventure that he never forgot.

"Say, young feller," yelled a hot-looking man, as Dick approached a studio. "Want a job?"

"Looking for a girl," returned Dick. "Plenty of girls here—can you ride?"

"Yes."

"Stunts?"

"Cavalry."

"Good. Come in. Man gone sick—scene waiting; you got to shoot a man and carry off a girl."

Dick grinned and followed the excited director. He was led into a dressing room, given a cowpuncher's outfit of clothes and come rolling out with a swagger that made the director stare.

"Say, you've been a puncher?"

"Yes."

"Steady job, maybe—now you hop into my car. The rest of the bunch waiting out on location ten miles away—just sent in word that Ames has broken his leg; listen now." He drove the car recklessly while he poured into Dick's ear the instructions he was to follow. "When you're called you ride up to the door of the cabin, shoot Arnold—he's the leading man—and grab the girl up and ride off with her."

"Anywhere—out of the picture—until you're called again, and then you—and so on—until Dick felt qualified to do his part perfectly; yet when he saw the expectant company his wits almost deserted him. He

watched the progress of the play with feverish interest because there was a girl—

She had appeared at intervals in the play, and while there was a vague familiarity about her face and even her graceful walk, he could not make up his mind whether it was his Marcia or not. Her face was made up a little, as was his own, and both were part of a grotesque looking company. Some one told him her name—Elizabeth Jayne—and because he was afraid to have his dream shattered, he did not pursue the subject further. Then it dawned upon him that this was the girl he was to rescue—surely, he would know then!

He played his part extremely well and found a strange fascination in the work; the girl looked at him once or twice with a faint show of interest, but the grease paint disguised him well. Then came the moment when Dick, the bad man, was to kidnap the hero's sweetheart. Dick mounted his horse, dashed up to the cabin door, shot the hero with a blank cartridge and swooping down, gathered the girl's slight form in his arms and dashed away to the big tree, where he had been told to await the glare of the director's megaphone. "That was fine," said the girl, cordially, as they stopped under the tree. "Set me down, please."

"Finding's keeps," grinned Dick, looking her straight in the eyes. "Oh!" she cried, then "Dick!" and she was hugging him tightly.

"Hi!" the megaphone blared at them angrily. "Quit that—it's not in the picture!"

"It's in our picture," grinned Dick as he rode up to the director. "I just found my girl after five years, and—"

"Excused!" bellowed the director: "stay out for awhile and come back when you get over it—meanwhile we'll do something else. Shoot!"

OBEDIENT, IF NOTHING ELSE

Man at Post Office Window Literal in Obeying Injunctions of Clerk in Charge.

The stamp clerk at the Grand Central post office says he has seen many funny things during his 15 years at the window.

A foreign-looking man stepped up to the stamp window the other day and handed the clerk a letter with a 2-cent stamp on it. It was overweight, so the clerk handed it back and said "Two cents more."

"No understand," said the man. "Two cents," repeated the clerk. "One, two! Two cents!" And he held up two fingers. After repeating this several times, the customer seemed to understand and produced 2 cents, for which he was given another 2-cent stamp. Thereupon he handed the letter back to the clerk and turned to go away.

"Here!" called the clerk, "put the stamp on here. It needs 2 cents more."

"I geeva you two da cent!" exclaimed the man.

"Yes, but put the stamp on here." And the clerk pointed to the corner of the letter.

The man's face brightened with understanding. "Oh!" he said, and licking the stamp he very carefully stuck it on top of the other one.—New York Sun.

Breaking It Gently.

"Oh, mamma," said little Charlie. "I've upset the salt-cellar over the clean tablecloth!"

"That was very careless," answered mother, "but go and brush the salt off, and see that you don't spoil the table cloth."

"But, mother, when any one spills salt they have a quarrel, don't they?" Charlie now asked.

"Yes, that is so," agreed the mother. "But why do you ask?"

"Well, mother," continued Charlie, "if they don't spill the salt they don't have a quarrel, do they?"

"No," answered mother. "That's quite right, but I can't see why you ask."

"Well, mother," replied Charlie, getting his back to the wall. "It wasn't the salt I spilled, it was the ink!"

The Shoe That Pinched.

The minister is not the only person who sometimes steps on people's toes at church. At one church the other morning two young women members who had been up late the night before were having difficulty to keep awake. One of them turned to the other and whispered, "I'm going to doze off a minute. Watch and don't let me snore."

Then was announced the choir's next song. It began, "Arise, awake and put fresh vigor on."

The two young women both did so too.—Indianapolis News.

Apprehensive.

She had just received a proposal of marriage from a man she had always regarded more in the light of a brother than a lover.

"Janet," he began, "you know I have always turned to you; that I have always thought of you. May I—that is—oh, will you be my wife?"

"What a start you gave me, Henry," said Janet at last. "Do you know I thought from your manner that you were going to ask me to lend you some money?"

Politeness Paid.

"My butcher congratulated me today on the rumor that clothes are going down."

"Well?"

"He was so nice about it that, of course, I couldn't kick when he charged me a little more for meat."—Detroit Free Press.

Home Town Helps

LOOK TO FUTURE EXPANSION

Civic Bodies of Kansas City Are Showing a Spirit Well Worthy of Emulation.

Just how valuable it may be to prepare for the orderly development of a city industrially is indicated in a piece of work which is now being undertaken by the city-planning commission and the chamber of commerce of Kansas City. The industrial department of the chamber aims to make a survey of industrial conditions in Kansas City which it may use in its own work, and the planning commission will seek much additional data through the survey which may be used to excellent purpose by various committees of the commission, by the industries themselves and by other agencies concerned with the most businesslike and systematic expansion of the entire city.

What the planning commission desires to ascertain in this respect is just what the most progressive and far-seeing business man would have in order to make possible the best development of his interests. The commission already has committees at work obtaining facts about Kansas City's present status and probable future expansion in respect to commercial, residential and industrial districts; recreation facilities, highways and transportation conditions; and it has prepared a basic map which makes zoning of the city possible. But the necessity of obtaining such facts as these about the city's industries, as well as the value of the facts, is at once evident.

What industries has the city? What is likely to be the expansion of these periods of ten, twenty or thirty years?

Where will the expansion be? What additional industries is Kansas City likely to have?

Where will they be placed? Where will the additional employees live?

HOW CITY CONSERVED TREES

Los Angeles Built "Island" Around Unusually Fine Cluster in Path of Grading.

When the city of Los Angeles recently cut North Broadway through Holgate square there was a clump of fine old pepper trees directly in the path of the grading. So the city, rather than cut the trees down, built an "island" around them. An unusual feature of the island is an ornamental drinking fountain which



This Fountain is a By-Product of Saving the Trees From Destruction by Building an "Island" Around Them.

was built for the purpose of supplying thirsty motorists and pedestrians with a refreshing draught of Adam's ale. The water is piped to the fountain from a street main.—Popular Science Monthly.



School Gardens.

Is there ground available for school gardens? Some schools have rented vacant lots and fields near the school house for their gardens and have succeeded in earning money on them, which has been used for other school projects or equipment. A certain school has an orchard of 100 trees, in which the children are given practical instruction on the care of fruit trees; the profit from the sale of the fruit goes to the school; and the orchard serves as a model for the community.

Is it possible or advisable in your school to have gardens and orchards so managed that they will make substantial contributions to the upkeep of various school activities, and at the same time provide valuable practical laboratory training for the pupils? This is a community problem, which may be solved best, perhaps, by general discussion.

"City Plan" Works Well.

The city plan has been tried in many cities with success. St. Louis and Milwaukee are examples. Under such a plan the city does not repeat obvious mistakes. At present the man who builds a home has no assurance that a filling station will not be his next-door neighbor tomorrow. He may move into another district and later see a factory shut off his light and air. The city plan idea, summed up, is that there is a place for everything and that everything should be in its place. The only way that idea can be made effective is through laws giving the planners the legal right to act.—Exchange.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Not in the Wholesale Line.

Anxious Mother—Yes, Mrs. Roxley, the fact is that I have three daughters I want to see settled in life. Is this friend of yours a marrying man?

Mr. Roxley—Not to any great extent. I'm afraid he wouldn't care about taking more than one of them.—Boston Transcript.

If You Have a Pain

Try Vacher-Balm. Keep it handy, and avoid imitations.—Adv.

Leather Furniture.

It is said that to wash a leather chair in milk will make it look new. Go over it once, as more will make it look white.

Details Desired.

"He pressed his cheek to hers. The color left her cheek."

"You mean he rubbed it off?"

16799 DIED

in New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against this trouble by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's National Remedy since 1895. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

As One Raised From Dead

STOMACH PAINS GONE Eatonie Made Him Well

"After suffering ten long months with stomach pains, I have taken Eatonie and am now without any pain whatever. Am as one raised from the dead," writes A. Percifield.

Thousands of stomach sufferers report wonderful relief. Their trouble is too much acidity and gas which Eatonie quickly takes up and carries out, restoring the stomach to a healthy, active condition. Always carry a few Eatonies, take one after eating, food will digest well—you will feel fine. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

To Be Washed.

"What do you think of the elephant, Bud?" "Glad I haven't got ears like that."

Nothing seems to please a gossip so much as a telling situation.

What to Take for CONSTIPATION

Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and regulate your bowels. Mild—as easy to take as sugar. Genuine bear signature—Don't trade. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

WARDS OFF MALARIA AND RESTORES STRENGTH. TRY IT. If not sold by your druggist, write Arthur Wintersmith & Co., Louisville, Ky.

WAS FAMILIAR WITH CHROMO

Mrs. Newby, Rich Somewhat Too Anxious to Air Her Knowledge, and Her Ignorance.

Harvey Maltland Watts, a Philadelphia art critic, said at a dinner in Rittenhouse square:

"The ignorance of the new rich in art matters is quite incredible. The wife of a new rich profligate was buying pictures in a Walnut street shop the other day. After she had bought a number of costly pictures she said: 'Now show me something a little cheaper for the back hall. It's dark there.'"

"The salesman brought out another picture."

"This, madam," he said, "is only a chromo, and we could let you have it for nearly nothing."

"The new rich lady nodded in a sage way."

"Yes, of course," she said. "Chromo is a struggling and obscure artist, and he can't expect to command good prices till he makes a popular hit, can he?"

Culture and Cooking.

Critical Husband—Where did you get the recipe for this mess?

Cultured Wife (calmly)—When speaking of the directions for preparing foods you should say "receipt." When referring to medicinal preparations you may, if you choose, use the term "recipe" from the Latin "recipe"—take.

Husband—I used the correct word, then. This pudding is a dose.—Boston Transcript.

BIRDS AS STREET CLEANERS

Vultures Employed for the Purpose in Costa Rica, and Traveler Says They Are Efficient.

Garbage collectors in Costa Rica enjoy their occupation, because they eat what they find. In his book, "Sailing South," Philip S. Marden writes as follows:

"I was awakened on the first morning in town by a sound of wheels in the street below, and looked out. It was an impressive sight. The garbage man was abroad on his scavenging rounds. Ahead of his open wagon walked in a sober platoon four enormous vultures, all in sable and maintaining the chastened demeanor of undertakers at an open grave. Behind the wagon walked half a dozen other vultures similarly sedate. And around the rim of the cart, perched in solemn row, sat twenty-one other birds of the same species and same somber hue. I would fain have immortalized the scene, but the camera, alas, wasn't loaded. I began to understand why the streets of San Jose, which leave much to be desired in other respects, are at least so notably clean. The buzzards attend to that!"

No Workers.

"How many daughters has she?" "Three. And not a dish washer among them."

A long life without accomplishment is but a row of numbers on a calendar.

Let This Food Help You to Health

Sound nourishment for body and brain with no overloading and no tax upon the digestion, is secured from

Grape-Nuts

It embodies the nutrition of the field grains, and it makes for better health and bodily efficiency.

Ready to serve—an ideal breakfast or lunch. "There's a Reason"

The Wreckers

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

JIMMIE TO THE RESCUE AGAIN.

Synopsis—Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmy Dods, are marooned at Sand Creek siding with a young lady, Sheila Macrae, and her small cousin, Maise Ann. Unseen, they witness a peculiar train hold-up, in which a special car is carried off. Norcross recognizes the car as that of John Chadwick, financial magnate, whom he was to meet at Port City. He and Dods rescue Chadwick. The latter offers Norcross the management of the Pioneer Short Line, which is in the hands of eastern speculators, headed by Breckinridge Dunton, president of the line. Norcross, learning that Sheila Macrae is stopping at Port City, accepts. Dods overhears conversation between Rufus Hatch and Gustave Henckel, Port City financiers, in which they admit complicity in Chadwick's kidnapping, their object being to keep Chadwick from attending a meeting of directors to reorganize the Pioneer Short Line, which would jeopardize their interests. To curb the monopoly controlled by Hatch and Henckel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms the Citizens' Storage and Warehouse company. He begins to manifest a deep interest in Sheila Macrae. Dods learns that Sheila is married, but living apart from her husband. Norcross does not know this. The boss disappears; report has it that he has resigned and gone east. Jimmy turns sleuth, suspects he has been kidnapped and effects his rescue. Norcross resumes control of the Pioneer Short Line, refusing to give place to Dismuke, whom Dunton has sent to take charge as general manager.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

The execution details had been turned over to Clannahan, the political boss of Port City.

The plot itself was simple. At a certain hour of a given night an anonymous letter was to be sent to Mr. Norcross, telling him that a gang of engine from the Port City yard for the purpose of running down the line and wrecking the Fast Mail, which often carried a bullion express-car. If the boss should fall for it—as he did, when the time came and he went in person to stop the raid, he was to be overpowered and spirited away, a forged letter purporting to be a notice of his resignation was to be left for Mr. Van Brit, and a fake telegram, making the same announcement, was to be sent to President Dunton in New York. Nothing was left indefinite but the choosing of the night.

"I suppose Hatch was to give the word," said the boss, who had been listening soberly while the lawyer talked.

"That is the inference. Hatch probably gave the word after his talk with you, but the time was made even more propitious by the arrival of the two telegrams; the one from Mr. Chadwick, and the one from Mr. Dunton, both of which they doubtless intercepted by means of the tapped wires."

Mr. Norcross looked up quickly.

"Ripley, did Dunton know what was going to be done to me?"

"Oh, I think not. It wasn't at all necessary that he should be taken in on it. He has been opposing your policies all along, and had just sent you a pretty savage call-down. He didn't want you in the first place, and he has been anxious to get rid of you ever since. The plotters knew very well what he would do if he should get a wire which purported to be your resignation. He would appoint another man, quick, and all they would have to do would be to make sure that you were well off stage, and would stay off until the other man could 'ake hold."

"It worked out like a charm," admitted the boss, with a wry smile. "I haven't been talking much about the details, partly because I wanted to find out if this young fellow, Tarbell, was as good as the major's recommendation of him, and partly because I'm honestly ashamed, Ripley. Any man of my age and experience who would swallow bait, hook, and line as I did that night deserves to get all that is coming to him."

"You can tell me now, can't you?" queried the attorney.

"Oh, yes; you have it all—or practically all. I fell for the anonymous letter about the Mail hold-up, and while I don't 'rattle' very easily, ordinarily, that was one time when I lost my head, just for the moment. The obvious thing to do—if any attention whatever was to be paid to the anonymous warning—was to telephone the police and the round-house. I did neither because I thought it might be too slow."

"So you made a straight shoot for the scene of action?"

"I did; down the back streets and across the lower end of the plaza. As it appeared—or rather as it was made to appear—I was barely in time. There were men at the engine, and when I stepped across the yard they were ready to move it out to the main line. I yelled at them and ran in. Three of them tackled me the moment I came within reach. I got one of the three on the point of the jaw, and they had to leave him behind; but there were enough more of them. Before I fairly realized what was happening, they had me trussed up like a Christmas turkey, and loaded into the cab of the engine. From that on, it was all plain sailing."

"Then they took you to the old lumber camp?"

"As fast as the engine could be made to turn her wheels, Arroyo has no slight operator, and when we sneaked through the Banta yard and past the station, the operator there was asleep. I saw him, with his head in the crook of his arm, at the telegraph table in the bay window as we passed."

"We ran out to the Timber Mountain 'Y,' and from that on up the old saw-mill line. The rail connections were all in place, and I knew from

that preparations had been made beforehand. They wouldn't tell me anything except that I was to be locked up for a few days."

"You knew what that meant?"

"Perfectly. My drop-out would be made to look as if I had jumped the job, and Dunton would appoint a new man. After that, I could come back, if I wanted to. Whatever I might do or try to do would cut no figure, and no explanation I could make would be believed. I had most obligingly dug my own official grave, and there could be no resurrection."

"What then?" pressed Ripley, keenly interested, as anybody could see.

"When they took the clothes-line from my arms there was another scrap. It didn't do any good. They got the door shut on me and got it locked. After that, for four solid days, Ripley, I was made to realize how little it takes to hold a man. I had my pocket-knife, but I couldn't whittle my way out. The floor punctured went down, and I couldn't dig out. They had taken all my matches, and I couldn't burn the place. I tried the stick-rubbing, and all those things you read about; they're fakes; I couldn't get even the smell of smoke."

"The chimney?"

"There wasn't any. They had heated the place, when it was a commissary, with a stove, and the pipe hole through the ceiling had a piece of sheet iron nailed over it. And I couldn't get to the roof at all. They had me."

Ripley nodded and said, snappily: "Well, we've got them now—any time you give the word. Tarbell has a pinch on one of the Clannahan men and he will turn state's evidence. We can railroad every one of those fellows who carried you off."

"And the men higher up?" queried the boss.

"No; not yet."

"Then we'll drop it right where it is. I don't want the hired tools; no one of them, unless you can get the devil that crippled Jimmie Dods, here."

They went on, talking about my burn-up. Listening in, I learned for the first time just how it had been done. Tarbell, through his hold upon the wretched Clannahan striker, had got the details at second-hand. A lead had been taken from a power wire at the corner of the street and hooked over the outer door-knob. And inside I had been given a sheet of copper to stand on for a good "ground," the copper itself being wired to a water pipe running up through the hall. Tarbell had afterward proved up on all this, it seemed finding the insulated wire and the copper sheet with its connections hidden in a small rubbish closet under the hall stair, just where a fellow in a hurry might chuck them. "Tarbell is a striking success," Mr. Norcross put in, along at the end of



"They Had Me Trussed Up Like a Christmas Turkey."

things. "We'll keep him on with us, Ripley."

Past this there was a little more talk about the C. S. & W. deal, and about what the Hatch crowd would be likely to try next; and when it was finished, and Ripley was reaching for his hat, the boss said, "There is no change in the orders: we've got 'em

going now, and we'll keep 'em going. Drive it, Ripley; drive it for every ounce there is in you. Never mind the election talk or the stock quotations. This railroad is going to be honest, if it never earns another net dollar. We'll win!"

"It's beginning to look a little that way, now," the lawyer admitted, with his hand on the door knob. "Just the same, Norcross, there is safety in numbers, and our numbers are precisely one; one man—holding up a single finger. 'As before, the pyramid is standing on its head—and you are the head. For God's sake, be careful!'"

It was late in the afternoon when Ripley made his visit, and pretty soon after he went away the boss and I closed up our end of the shop and left May pecking away at his typewriter on a lot of routine stuff. I don't know what made me do it, but as I was passing Fred's desk on the way out, stringing along behind the boss, I stopped and jerked open one of the drawers. I knew beforehand what was in the drawer, and pointed to it—a new .38 automatic. Fred nodded, and I slipped the gun into my left hand pocket, wondering as I did it, if I could make out to hit the broad side of a barn, shooting with that hand if I had to.

A half-minute later I had caught up with Mr. Norcross, and together we left the building and went up to the Bullard for dinner.

CHAPTER IX

In the Coal Yard

I knew, just as well as could be—without being able to prove it—that we were shadowed on the trip up from the railroad building to the hotel, and it made me nervous. There could be only one reason now for any such dogging of the boss. The grafters were not trying to find out what he was doing; they didn't need to, because he was advertising his doings—or Juneman was—in the newspapers. What they were trying to do was to catch him off his guard and do him up—this time to stay down.

It was safe to assume that they wouldn't fumble the ball a second time. Mr. Ripley had stood the thing fairly on its feet when he said that our campaign was purely a one-man proposition, so far as it had yet gone. People who had met the boss and had done business with him liked him; but the old-time prejudice against the railroad was so wide-spread and so bitter that it couldn't be overcome all at once. Juneman, our publicity man, was doing his best, but as yet we had no party following in the state at large which would stand by us and see that we got justice.

I was chewing this over while we sat at dinner in the Bullard cafe, and I guess Mr. Norcross was, too, for he didn't say much. I don't know whether he knew anything about the shadowing business I speak of or not, but he might have. We hadn't more than given our dinner order when one of Hatch's clerks, a cock-eyed chap named Kestler, came in and took a table just far enough from ours to be out of the way, and near enough to listen in if we said anything.

When we finished, Kestler was just getting his service of ice-cream; but I noticed that he left it untouched and got up and followed us to the lobby. It made me hot enough to want to turn on him and knock his crooked eye out, but of course, that wouldn't have done any good.

After Mr. Norcross had bought some cigars at the stand he said he guessed he'd run out to Major Kendrick's for a little while; and with that he went up to his rooms. Though the major was the one he named, I knew he meant that he was going to see Mrs. Sheila. I remembered what he had said to Ripley about a woman's giving him germ ideas and such things, and I guess it was really so. Every time he spent an evening at the major's he'd come back with a lot of new notions for popularizing the Short Line.

When he said that, about going out to the major's, Kestler was near enough to overhear it, and so he waited, lounging in the lobby and pretending to read a paper. About half-past seven the boss came down and asked me to call a taxi for him. I did it; and Kestler loitered around just long enough to see him start off. Then he lit out himself, and something in the way he did it made me take out after him.

The first thing I knew I was trailing him through the railroad yard and on down past the freight house toward the big, fenced-in, Red Tower coal yards.

At the coal yard he let himself in through a wicket in the wagon gates, and I noticed that he used a key and locked the wicket after he got inside. I put my eye to a crack in the high stockade fence and saw that the little shack office that was used for a scale-house was lighted up. My burnt hand was healing tolerably well by this time and I could use it a little. There was a slack pile just outside of the big gate, and by climbing to the top of it I got over the fence and crept up to the scale-house.

A small window in one end of the shack, opened about two inches at the bottom, answered well enough for a

peep-hole. Three men were in the little box of a place—three besides Kestler; Hatch, his barrel-bodied partner, Henckel, and one other. The third man looked like a glorified bar-keep. He was of the type I have heard called "black Irish," fat, sleek, and well-fed, with little pin-point black eyes half buried in the flesh of his round face, and the padded jaw and double chin shaved to the blue.

I knew this third man well enough, by sight; everybody in Port City knew him—decent people only too well



Kestler Was Telling the Three How He Had Shadowed Mr. Norcross.

when it came to an election tussle. He was the redoubtable Pete Clannahan, divekeeper, and political boss.

Kestler was telling the three how he had shadowed Mr. Norcross from the railroad headquarters to the Bullard, and how he stayed around until he had seen the boss take a taxi for Major Kendrick's. This seemed to be all that was wanted of him, for when he was through, Hatch told him he might go home. After the cock-eyed clerk was gone, Hatch lighted a fresh cigar and put it squarely up to the Irishman.

"It's no use being mealy-mouthed over this thing, Pete," he grated in that saw-mill voice of his. "We've got to get rid of this man. Every day's delay gives him that much better hold. We can choke him off by littles in the business game, of course; we have Dunton and the New Yorkers on our side, and this co-operative scheme he has launched can be broken down with money. But that doesn't help you political people out; and your stake in the game is even bigger than ours."

Clannahan looked around the little dog-kennel of a place suspiciously.

"This not here that we can talk much about him things, Mister Hatch," he said cautiously.

"Why not?" was the rasping question. "There's nobody in the yard, and the gates are locked. It's a d-d sight safer than a back room in one of your dives—as we know now to our cost."

Clannahan threw up his head with a gesture that said much. "Murphy's the man that leaked on that engine job—and he'll leak no more."

"Well," said Hatch, with growing irritation, "what are you holding back for now? We stood to win on the first play, and we would have won if your people hadn't balled it by talking too much. One more day and Dismuke would have been in the saddle. That would have settled it."

"Yah; and Mister Dismuke still here in Port City remains," put in Henckel.

The divekeeper locked his pudgy fingers across a cocked knee.

"This feline, brave gentlemen ye are, you two, when ye've got somebody else to pull th' nuts out av th' fire for ye," he said. "Ye'd have us croak this felly fr ye, and thin ye'd stand back and wash yer hands while some poor devil went to th' rope fr it. Where do we come in, is what I'd like to know?"

"You are already in," snapped Hatch. "You know what the big fellow at the capital thinks about it, and where you'll stand in the coming election if you don't put out this fire that Norcross is kindling. You're fellow, Clannahan. That's all that is the matter with you."

"Tell me wan thing!" insisted the divekeeper, boring the chief grafter with his pin-point eyes. "Do you stand fr it if we do this thing up right?"

Hatch's eyes fell, and Henckel's big body twisted uneasily in the chair that was groaning under his beer-barrel weight. There was silence for a little space, and I could feel the cold sweat starting out all over me. I hadn't dreamed of stumbling upon anything like this when I started out to shadow Kestler. They were actually plotting to murder the boss!

It was Hatch who broke the still-

"It's up to you, Clannahan, and you know it," he declared. "You've had your tip from the big fellow. The railroad people must be made to get into the fight in the coming election, and get in on the right side. If they don't; and if Norcross stays and keeps his fire burning, you fellows lose out."

Clannahan sat back in his chair and shoved his hands into his pockets. "Ye'd string me as if I was a boy!" he scoffed. "Tis your own game fr'm first to last. D'ye think I'm not knowing that? 'Tis bread and butter and th' big rake-off for you, and little ye care how th' election goes. Suppose we'd croak this man in th' hot par-rt av th' p'litical fight; what happens? Half th' noospayers in th' state 'd play him up fr a martyr to th' cause av good government, and we'd all go to hell in a hand-basket!"

I was cramped and sore and one of my legs had gone to sleep, but I couldn't have moved if I had wanted to. My heart was skipping beats right along while I waited for Hatch's answer. When it came, the drumming in my ears pretty nearly made me lose it.

"Clannahan," he began, as cold as an icicle. "I didn't get you down here to argue with you. You've bungled this thing once, and for that reason you've got it to do over again. We haven't asked you to 'croak' anybody, as you put it, and we are not asking it now."

"Tis d-d little you lack av asking it," retorted the divekeeper.

"Listen," said Hatch, leaning forward with his hands on his knees. "Besides keeping cases on Norcross here, we've been digging back into his record a few lines. Every man has his sore spot, if you can only find it. Clannahan—just as you have yours. What if I should tell you that Norcross is wanted in another state—for a crime? Before he came here he was chief of construction on the Oregon Midland. There was a right-of-way fight back in the mountains—fifty miles from the nearest sheriff—with the P. & S. F. Norcross armed his truck-layers, and in the bluffing there was a man killed."

Though it was a warm night, as I have said, the cold chills began to chase themselves up and down my back. What Hatch said was perfectly true. In the right-of-way scrap he was talking about, there had been a few wild shots fired, and one of them had found a P. & S. F. grade laborer. I don't believe anybody had ever really blamed the boss for it. But there had been a man killed.

While I was shivering, Clannahan said: "Well, what av it?"

"Norcross was responsible for that man's death. If he was having trouble over his right-of-way, his recourse was to the law, and he took the law into his own hands. Nothing was ever done about it, because nobody took the trouble to prosecute. A week ago we sent a man to Oregon to look up the facts. He succeeded in finding a brother of the dead man, and a warrant has now been sworn out for Norcross' arrest."

"Well?" said Clannahan again. "Ye have the string in yer own hand; why don't ye pull it?"

"That's where you come in," was the answer. "The Oregon Justice issued the warrant because it was demanded, but he refused to incur, for his county, the expense of sending a deputy sheriff to another state, or to take the necessary steps to have Norcross extradited. If Norcross could be produced in court, he would try him and either discharge him or bind him over, as the facts might warrant. He took his stand upon the ground that Norcross was only technically responsible, and told the brother that in all probability nothing would come of an attempt to prosecute."

"Thin ye've got nothing on him, after all," the Irishman grunted.

"Yes," Hatch came back; "we have the warrant, and, in addition to that, we have you, Pete. A word from you to the Port City police headquarters, and our man finds himself arrested and locked up—to wait for a requisition from the governor of Oregon."

"But you said th' requisition wouldn't come," Clannahan put in.

Hatch was sitting back now and stroking his ugly jaw.

"It might come, Pete, if it had to; there's no knowing. In the meantime we get delay. There'll be habeas corpus proceedings, of course, to get him out of jail, but there's where you'll come in again; you've got your own man for city attorney. And, after all, the delay is all we need. With Norcross in trouble, and in jail on a charge of murder, the railroad ship'll go on the rocks in short order. The Norcross management is having plenty of trouble—wrecks and the like. With Norcross locked up, New York will be heard from, and Dismuke will step in and clean house. That will wind up the reform spasm."

"Tis a small chance," growled the chief of the ward heelers. "I'll talk it over with the big fellow."

Again Hatch leaned forward and put his hands on his knees.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Pete. You'll act, and act on your own responsibility. If you don't, somebody may wire the sheriff of Silver Bow county, Montana, that the man he knew in Butte as Michael Clancy is..."

The divekeeper put up both hands as if to ward off a blow.

"Tis enough," he mumbled, speaking as if he had a bunch of dry cotton in his mouth. "Slip me th' warrant."

Hatch went to a small safe and worked the combination. When the door was opened he passed a folded paper to Clannahan. Through all this talk, Henckel had said nothing, and I suspected that Hatch had him there solely for safety's sake, and to provide a witness. With the paper in his

pocket, Clannahan got up to go, was time for me to make a move.

It's curious how an idea will soon times lay hold of you and knock reason and common sense and eye, thing else. Clannahan had in his pocket a piece of paper that simply meant ruin to Mr. Norcross, and the blowing up of all the plans that had been made and all the work that had been done. If he should be allowed to get up town with that warrant, the end of everything would be in sight. But how was I to prevent it?

The three men were on their feet, and Hatch was reaching for the wall switch which controlled the single incandescent lamp hanging from the ceiling of the scale-house. If I could only think of some way to blow the place up and snatch the paper in the confusion.

Up to that minute I had never thought once of the pistol I had taken from Fred May's drawer, though it was still sagging in my left hip pocket. When I did think of it I dragged it out with some silly notion of trying to hold the three men up at the door of the shack as they came out. Hatch's stop to light a cigar and to hand out a couple to the other two gave me time to chuck that notion and grab another. With the muzzle of the automatic resting in the crack of the opened window I took dead aim at the incandescent lamp in the ceiling and turned her loose for the whole magazineful.

Since the first bullet got the lamp and left the place black dark, I couldn't see what was happening in the close little room. I could hear them gasping and yelling and knocking one another down as they fought to get the door open. Sticking the empty pistol back into my pocket I jumped to get action, hurrying my sore hand like the mischief in doing it.

Hatch was the first man out, but the big German was so close a second that he knocked his smaller partner down and fell over him. Clannahan kept his feet. He had a gun in his hand that looked to me, in the darkness, as big as a cannon. I was flattened against the side of the scale shack, and when the divekeeper tried to side-step around the two fallen men who were blocking the way, I snatched the folded paper from his pocket; snatched it and ran as if the dickens was after me.

That was a bad move—the runaway. If I had kept still there might have been a chance for me to make a sneak. But when I ran, and fell over a pile of loose coal, and got up and ran again, they were all three after me, Clannahan taking blind shots in the dark with his cannon as he came.

Naturally, I made straight for the wagon gate, and forgot, until I was right there, that it, and the wicket through one of the leaves, were both locked. As I shook the wicket, a bullet from Clannahan's gun splattered into the woodwork and stuck a splinter into my hand, and I turned and sprinted again, this time for the gates where the coal cars were pushed in from the railroad yard. These, too, were shut



They Were All Three After Me.

and locked, and when I ducked under the nearest gondola I realized that I was trapped. Before I could climb the high fence anywhere, they'd get me.

They came up, all three of them, puffing and blowing, while I was hiding under the gondola.

"It's probably that cow-boy sputter of Norcross," but he can't get away," Hatch was gritting—meaning Tarbell, probably. "The gates are locked and we can plug him if he tries to climb the fence. There's a gun in the scale-house. You two look under these cars while I go and get it!"

"We've got it in the neck once more."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cause of Forest Fires.
Of thousands of fires only a fraction are due to lightning and unpreventable accident, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington, which adds that the great majority of the fires that are constantly enlarging our deserts of barren sand, scrub oak, chaparral and briars, are due to the carelessness of human beings—dead, not only to the carelessness of persons who are directly responsible for the fires, but to the indifference of the great body of people whose composite opinion permits the campers, the farmers, the railroads, and others to start and leave or lose control of the fires that do the damage.



Close Call!

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

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

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

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



Paint your house with

THE above picture shows that one gallon of SWP house paint covers 360 square feet of surface, two coats. Ordinary paint covers from 200 to 250 square feet. That is the first saving. SWP, though heavy-bodied, flows easily and evenly, thus cutting down the time required to apply it. That is the second saving. SWP outlasts two or three paintings with ordinary paint, saving the cost of materials for repainting and also saving the labor cost which is about 75 per cent of the total expense. In buying paint it's the area a gallon covers, not the cost per gallon, that determines its economy. We carry a complete line of SWP. If you plan to paint your house, let us help you.

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

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HEDLEY GARAGE

PHONE 123

C. A. WOOD, Prop.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

ED C. HOLIVER
Publisher

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

The Informer, \$1.50 a year.

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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.

REVIVAL STARTS SUNDAY

Rev. Freeman of Clovis, N. M., will reach Hedley Monday morning, and do the preaching at the revival at the Methodist church. He is a great preacher. Come and hear him.

The meeting will begin Sunday at 11 a. m.

BAPTIST REVIVAL

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

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

Y. F. Walker.

Gene Herd, after an absence of several weeks, has returned to his home in Hedley. He has been vacationing up in the Colorado mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Adams, of Choice, Texas, arrived this week and will spend the summer at the home of their son, R. B. Adams.

Mrs. D. D. Davis left Wednesday for her home at Childress, after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Adams.

Sam Thomas and family have returned home, from Bovina and Turkey.

E. T. Watkins and family are here from San Angelo, on a visit to home folks and friends.

S. N. Bond and wife, of Wellington, and John Hansen and wife, of Childress, visited the J. W. Bond family and attended the singing convention.

Frank Kendall left last night for Boise, Idaho, to spend a few days with his father, who is 76 years old and in feeble health.

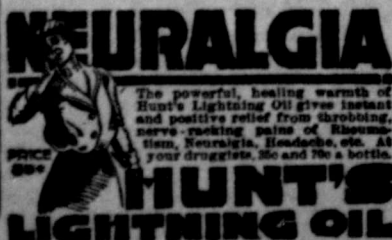
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Mendenhall left yesterday for Dalhart, where they will try ranch life. We wish them the best of luck, but hope they don't decide to stay away permanently.

Dr. T. M. Montgomery of Amarillo has been visiting the R. E. L. Snodgrass family.

Mrs. C. B. Battle has gone to Clovis, N. M., for a visit with her mother. She was accompanied by her grandson, little Charley Mendenhall.

H. M. McCaskell and family and Mr. VanPelt of Boyse City are visiting at the R. E. L. Snodgrass home. They may locate here, we understand. Come on in, folks.

Subscribe for The Informer.



"HONOR ROLL"

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

J. L. Allison
W. D. Shelton
H. C. Sturdivant

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Glascoe of Clarendon were guests of the J. S. and Nat S. Perrine families several days the past week.

J. D. McCants, one of the bulwarks of Giles for the past forty or fifty years, was a business visitor in Hedley Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Moore and little son, of Memphis, were here last Sunday and spent the day at the D. C. Moore home.

Mrs. S. C. Richerson and children have returned from Wichita Falls, and Si's famous yard-wide grin is again in evidence.

N. N. Martin, Clarendon real estate man, attended to business here last Friday.

T. M. Washam, good citizen of Giles, was here yesterday.

MICKIE SAYS



LINCOLN FLOOR PAINT

will form a smooth, non absorbent, wear resisting coating that will make cleaning so much easier—save hours of back breaking scrubbing. Grime and dirt are quickly removed from the hard tile-like surface. Very durable. Attractive colors. Call and see us about it.

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

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OPEN ALL NIGHT

New and complete line of Genuine Ford Parts, Gas, Oil and Fisk Tires. One Price and a Square Deal to all. Phones 6 and 162.

ROY SWAFFORD, Prop.

Why Did They Use Texhoma Gasoline?

The three fastest drivers in the Automobile Races used **TEXHOMA GASOLINE**.

Here are the facts gathered by the Automobile Editor of the Abilene Reporter, Abilene, Texas, after the Auto Races recently held in that city: Glenn Breed, of San Antonio, driving a Hudson Special, the car that beat them all and won every race it entered, used **TEXHOMA GASOLINE**. Breed won \$800 in money, being first place in three races.

George Clark, of San Angelo, driving a Hudson Special, won \$400 in money, being second man in the three races, and he used **TEXHOMA GASOLINE**.

Red Shafer, of Fort Worth, driver of the Chevrolet with a Duesenberg motor, winner of \$400 in money, being first man in one race, second man in one race, and third man in one race, used **TEXHOMA GASOLINE**.

Of the eight cars that entered the 25 mile race, six were filled with **TEXHOMA GASOLINE**. The only three cars that finished the 25 mile race, the two Hudson Specials and the Duesenberg, used **TEXHOMA GASOLINE**.

If **TEXHOMA GASOLINE** is good enough for racing cars, it is good enough for any motor. The **BEST** is none too good for racing cars. We always sell the **BEST** Gasoline and Oils that the market affords.

Out of the total of \$2,200 prize money, the winners of \$1,875 used **TEXHOMA GASOLINE**.

Six of the nine racers who won prize money in the Automobile Races used **TEXHOMA GASOLINE**. The following table shows the names of the winners who used **TEXHOMA GASOLINE**, and the amount of money they won:

Glenn Breed, San Antonio, Hudson Special—\$800.00.
used Texhoma Gasoline.
Red Shafer, Fort Worth, Duesenberg Motor Special—\$400.00.
used Texhoma Gasoline.
George Clark, San Angelo, Hudson Special—\$400.00.
used Texhoma Gasoline.
Tennill, Taylor, Ford Special—\$125.00.
used Texhoma Gasoline.
Fields, San Angelo, Ford Special—\$100.00.
used Texhoma Gasoline.
King, Cleburne, Mercer—\$50.00.
used Texhoma Gasoline.

The majority of all the money of the twenty racers used **TEXHOMA Gasoline**. Why did they choose Texhoma in preference to all other kinds of gasoline? There's only one answer. They were taking no chances of losing, and selected the **BEST** on the market.

Texhoma Oil and Refining Co.

JOHN CROW,
Local Agent

General Offices and Refinery
Wichita Falls, Texas

Where Service Is
Supreme

NOTICE, CAMP FIRE GIRLS

All Camp Fire Girls are urged to be present at the meeting next Tuesday, August 9th, at 4 o'clock p. m.

Mrs. Dr. L. B. Wood and four children, of Jacksboro, came in last night for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Acord.

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

B. W. M. U.

The Society met last Monday afternoon at the church. We had a most interesting lesson from "All the Word in All the World," led by the Pastor. All who were absent missed a treat.

At the meeting next Monday afternoon we will have a lesson in the Manual. We urge all the ladies to be present.

Rev. Y. L. Walker left Tuesday evening for Paducah, on a business mission.

ENTERTAINED

On Thursday evening, July 21, the Intermediate Department of the First Baptist Church was most pleasantly entertained on the lawn by the pastor's home.

At the appointed hour, seven o'clock, the guests began to arrive in large numbers, and immediately the fun began. Outdoor games, such as "the con hunt," flying dutchman, etc., were indulged in heartily. Just at this time it was discovered that quite a number of the guests had become suddenly ill and were in need of "medical attention;" so the city ambulance was summoned and they were taken at once to the hospital of the famous Dr. Martin (in reality Mr. McDougal) of New York City, where he and his "able assistants" administered the desired relief(?)—much to the discomfort of the patients. All declared Dr. Martin had made himself quite popular, and his visit to our city would long be remembered by all those who were so (un)fortunate as to secure his services.

Miss Jessie Ingram of Clarendon favored us with a number of excellent readings, after which delightful refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

As a parting diversion, the guests clustered together and gave "nine rousing raps" to each of their teachers and departmental officers.

The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Acord, Rev. and Mrs. Y. L. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Hullum, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. McDougal.

Reporter

DONLEY CONTESTANTS WIN

Donley County's representatives in the Home Demonstration Department of the Farmers' Short Course, at A & M College last week, did themselves proud.

In competition with young ladies from all over the state, Miss Nellie Mae Chapman of this city and Miss Hazel Holly of Lelia Lake won second place in each of two contests, both receiving valuable prizes. Thus the young ladies and the county have been honored by their going.

In addition to the instruction received and the helpful features of the trip, the young ladies declare they had a most delightful time. They returned home last Saturday evening.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wall, Monday, August 1st, a fine girl baby. A. L. says all his boys are girls.

We are glad to learn that Willie Johnson is recovering from an illness of several days duration.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brown, who moved from Hedley to Palacios about two years ago, are here for a visit of several weeks with relatives and friends. We have not seen them at this writing, but understand they are looking fine and apparently enjoying the best of health. Which is good news, indeed.

A. J. Bridges and family are here from Wellington this week, visiting in the homes of H. A. and W. C. Bridges.

BIDS WANTED FOR SCHOOL DEPOSITORY

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

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

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

LOST—Little mare mule colt, black. Finder please notify A. M. Ellis, Hedley, Texas.

Dave Mendenhall, prominent Lelia Lake business man, was a Hedley visitor Monday.

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.

Walter Deal left one day last week for the old home in Tennessee, in response to a message stating that his father was very seriously ill. We hope for a favorable change in his condition right away.

Arthur Kinsey and wife, of Dallas, have been visiting at the G. L. Kinsey home.

W. B. Dyer & Son Strictly Hand Made Boots and Shoes. Repairing that Pays

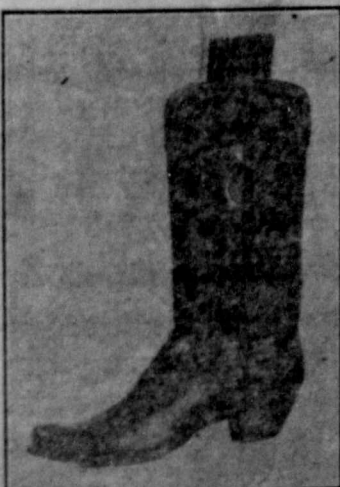
LADIES' WORK
Half sole, sewed.....\$1.00
Half sole, tacked.....1.00
Rubber heels......40
French heels, wood.....1.50
Baby Louise heels, wood.....1.50
French heels, leather.....1.00
Baby Louise, leather.....1.00
Cuban heels......75
Military heels......75
Let us cut your Shoes down to Oxfords......75

MEN'S WORK
Half sole, sewed.....\$1.25
Half sole, tacked.....1.25
Whole sole and heel, rubber or leather.....\$2.50
Rubber heels......50
Leather heels......50

Give us a trial. We guarantee to please.

Send us your next work by Parcel Post. We repair all work same day received. We pay postage both ways on all work amounting to \$3.50 or more. Write us for order blanks for our Boots and Shoes. P. O. Box 134.

MEMPHIS, TEXAS



I HAVE PURCHASED THE DRIVE-IN STATION

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

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

TEXHOMA FILLING STATION
FRANK PAINTER, PROP.