

The Hedley Informer

HEDLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, DECEMBER 8, 1916

NO

JURY IN LOTT CASE

Considering the case for several hours and failing to reach a verdict the jury in the case of Lott was discharged on Monday morning. The jury stood in for nine days for conviction.

TAXPAYERS

Rolls in Hedley County are being made by the Tax Collector.

PARTY

son, daughter, C. E. Johnson, friends, and friends. After a fruitless search they then listened to little Lee Johnson. Music was furnished by Misses Golden Masterson and Vivian Rutherford. Those present were: Dannie and Lois Masterson, Leo and Cleo Coraelius, Clotel Moreman, Vera and Zola Binkenship, Reba and Agnes Aiken, Fay Moreman, Mamye Wood, Fay Cornelius, Beulah Lane, and Ruth Marsalis.

YULETIDE NEAR

The Yuletide season is with us again. It is with us, but not of us, for much of the earth knows little of joy today. Upon many millions of people the sun shines as brightly as in the days of old, but its lustre is dimmed by the shedded blood of suffering humanity. The benign smile of the Divine tender and as loving world was young, twentieth century finds the human race bent on profit and through and holler

wledge that community time, when we, gladness not sway the world if our the

Dr. Tomlinson drove to Amarillo yesterday accompanied by P. C. Johnson, C. Strong and J. C. Harris. They faced the blizzard and snow storm on the Plains and were glad to get to come back on the train. Dr. Tomlinson's car getting out of running order and had to be left there.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

White King, a Percheron stallion, registered. He is a dapple gray, 9 years old, weighs about 1700 pounds. Has a large number of colts around my place to show. Will either sell or trade, and at a bargain.

HONOR ROLL

- Following are subscriptions received since last issue.
- A. W. Worsham.
 - R. W. Scales.
 - Rev. G. A. C. Roy.
 - J. G. McDougal.
 - M. N. Parker.
 - S. D. Myers.
 - C. O. Cooper.
 - W. T. King.
 - G. R. Cash.
 - F. M. Osborn sends to R. B. King, Alba, Texas.
 - J. G. McDougal sends to S. C. McDougal, Wheeler, Miss.
 - N. M. Hornsby sends to N. D. Hornsby, Roanoke, Ala.

A HORSE AND A FORD COLLIDE

Lige Mace of Lelia Lake was painfully hurt in an auto collision near Lelia Lake Sunday. He was riding along on his saddle horse, and was about to meet a party in a Ford. The Ford skidded slightly throwing up a great cloud of dust which frightened the horse so he sprang immediately in front of the car. Two of the horses legs were broken, and he was so badly hurt that he had to be shot. Mr. Mace suffered a bruised leg and his back was badly wrenched, besides two or three ribs were torn loose. The occupants of the car were Mr. Hardy of Goodnight, his mother and two sisters. They were not hurt, but the car was slightly damaged.

Bozeman-Nanney

Last Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m. at McKnight Mr. J. W. Bozeman and Miss Bessie Nanney were united in marriage by Rev. J. H. Hicks. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bozeman of Hedley and the bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nanney of McKnight; both being well and favorably known in their respective communities. They have gone to housekeeping in the J. M. Bozeman residence in northwest Hedley. The Informer extends congratulations and best wishes.

Church of Christ

W. W. Brewer of Clarendon, will preach at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning and evening. The following subject for morning service, "The Possibility not the Probability." Evening, "The New Covenant." The Church extends an invitation to every one to attend these services.

The Battle Cry of Peace

This big picture will be shown at The Pastime Theater in Clarendon Monday Dec. 11. Matinee and night admission 15 and 25 cents.

BROKE HEDLEY'S SPEED LIMIT

N. M. Parker in describing how his team ran away one day recently told how they started at the gin, and soon broke Hedley's speed limit on the highway west towards his home, and they went so fast the rear wagon swung straight out and never touched the ground for a mile; also someone took in after them in a Ford but soon got so far behind that the team was lost to sight.

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU THIS WEEK

Readers of the Informer who have been keeping up with the Serial Story will be disappointed this week for the reason that the paper containing same for this week failed to come, and we are having to use some old paper that we happened to have in the office. We hope to have the matter straightened out by next issue and that you will not lose any chapters in the story. It is the first time in the six years we have been in Hedley that our paper failed to come in on time.

The Informer \$1.00 per year.

W. M. A.

W. M. A. Monday Dec. 11, 2:30. Song, Help Somebody Today. Bible Lesson—The Sighing of the Prisoner—Ex. 21, 12-22, 15. Prayer.

Give in your own words the New Criminology and the prison Philosophy of T. M. Osborne—Mrs. Boston.

Tell the story of the woman who tames Rebel Souls also of remaking men in middle Tennessee—Mrs. Masterson.

The Monthly News from Africa—Mrs. Hicks.

Converted in prison, a power for good—Mrs. Harrison.

Little stories from life in Brazil—Mrs. Davis.

Upper Room or Supper Room, "Try Religion" etc.—Mrs. Wimberly.

Hostess, Mrs. Hicks.

Leader, Mrs. Lively.

City Supt.

THE WIMBERLY BANK

... as "purely even the least pursuit of dollars. We know you personally. your business projects and projects ever ready to advise and assist with safe banking methods. of course to our own legitimate, we wish to be your FRIEND. You receive a cordial welcome at our bank, no small or how large your dealings with us

State Bank

HEY, TEXAS
G. A. WIMBERLY, V.-Pres.
SON, Cashier
T. R. MOREMAN

Dr. J. B. Ozier, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Teel went to Amarillo Sunday. Mr. Teel had a cataract removed from his eye and when Dr. Ozier came home Tuesday he reported the old gentleman doing nicely.

McKnight Correspondence

Mr. Walker of Quanah has taken charge of the J. E. White farm which he purchased.

Mrs. W. J. Hardy and Charlie are visiting their son and brother, W. T. Hardy.

J. E. White and family have moved to Bethany, Oklahoma.

Rev. J. H. Hicks delivered two very highly appreciated sermons Sunday.

C. Y. Tate had business in Sayre, Oklahoma Saturday.

John Lillie, Charlie and Alfred Neely, and T. N. Messer had business at Shamrock the other

Walter Bozeman was in the McKnight community Sunday.

M. D. Latimer and wife were visitors in McKnight Sunday.

Rev. Woods and family were pleasant callers in our community Sunday.

Farm Agent, Sam Williams, had business in our community Tuesday.

Closing with best wishes and plenty days of prosperity.

Locals

New Jewelry, Cut Glass, and Silverware. Latest design being received daily. Hedley Drug Co.

T. M. Pyle Jr. and family and Mrs. Stidham of Clarendon, E. M. Ewen and family and Sam Hamilton and family of Memphis spent Sunday with J. G. McDougal and wife.

FOR SALE—A good 3 year old horse. A bargain for someone. J. C. Wells.

Noel Lane and wife came this week from Colorado City where they have been residing for the past year or two. They will likely make their home near here on the Dr. Mickle farm.

I will call for and deliver your clothes at all times. C. O. Strickland.

Mrs. Loyd, two sons and a daughter of Afton, Dickens county, stopped over Wednesday night with their old friend, Mrs. W. A. Brown. They were en route to McLean to visit relatives.

I will paint your automobile. It will look like new at the best possible price. Lloyd

Dr. J. W. Mickle and wife were in Hedley last night. They have been in Memphis lately.

Just received new line stationery, cards, latest out of the press. Hedley Drug Co.

HOW IS THIS FOR BOLLIES?

"Bollies" mean money. Here is one that like a fairy tale. E. sold a bolly bale and same last week the bolly \$164.35 after the ginni paid for. Talk about inflated prices; that bale was an inflated bolly.

LEARNED TO RUN HIS FOOT

John Lilley has a new Ford several weeks ago. It has not been reported by the Informer. John says he has even made one trip to Goodnight one to Shamrock, and one through his hour

BILLIE BURKE HERE TONIGHT

That woman's hair is her hair has been cut by connoisseurs of the world over. Such gloriously finished-gold hair stowed on a dainty as that which graced the head of the \$4,000 per year novel, "Glorious George Klein." Pleasant Hour at Gloria's Romance on last night, and there is a player done by Billie Burke.

Carry your girl a nice of candy next time and note results. Maybe your wife forgotten how good candy try her and see. Hedley Drug

PROSPERITY POINTERS FOR FARMERS

In the interest of further developing and upholding the ritory through which their are operated, the Fort Denver City and Railway Company issued an attractive little booklet entitled "Prosperity Pointers For Farmers" and of valuable information on soil conditions, making crops to best adapted as the production of bumper crops which have duced generally prosperous ditions and are constantly making it possible for Renters become prosperous Home Owners. A few of these booklets still available for those who may be possible to interest the question of making in New west Texas. If therefor have any friends who you to interest, and will send names and addresses, find pleasure in mailing copies of the booklet referred to. If you have friends to whom you would like to send copies yourself, instead of asking us do so. We will be glad to send you the booklets desire free of cost. W. Sterley, G. F. & P. A., F. & D. C. Ry Co. For North, Tex. I can make your old furniture look like new by magic of the paint brush. Lloyd

WELLS
 Publisher
 every Friday.
 Year in Advance
 second class matter
 10, at the postoffice
 Texas, under the Act
 1879.

es make a newspaper
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 have been bringing from \$17.50
 to \$19 per ton. The gin has
 ginned 1125 up to date

Do your Christmas shopping
 any old time you please. Just as
 we'd tell you that as any thing as
 you will shop just when it suits
 your own convenience. Those
 who shop early get choice of the
 goods and more of the clerk's
 time to wait on you.

Land is selling right along, and
 advancing in price very rapidly.
 Unless one wants to sell he
 had better not price his land at a
 low and reasonable figure, for
 some one will sure take him up

Miss Rankin, the new con-
 gresswoman is receiving more
 proposals for marriage since her
 election than she can possibly ac-
 cept

World is full of opportu-
 nities. If you go out and look for
 them, they will be there every
 day

Let me do your tailor work
 Satisfaction guaranteed. Claude
 Strickland.

FOR SALE—3 Jersey cows.
 B. L. Kinsey.

NOTICE
 Section 93 about ten miles N. E.
 of Hedley is posted according to
 law. The public is warned not
 to hunt on same.
 J. M. Calhoun.

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Several years ago to his
 automobile on the country
 roads was a rare occurrence but
 if you start on any of them
 from Odessa you will find out a
 short time until a Ford car
 will pass you. Odel Reporter.

But why didn't you stick to
 your text, Bro Ross? You start-
 ed in to tell about the great num-
 ber of automobiles on the roads,
 and drifted off on to Fords

We are going to disappoint you,
 just as you did us. Several years
 ago Mrs. Jane Johnson of this
 city, while patching the bosom of
 her husband's trousers lost her
 needle. After a thorough search
 she finally gave up the task of
 finding the lost needle and never
 thought of the matter again until
 one day last week when Mrs.
 Johnson felt a pain in her knee.
 The pain grew more and more
 intense and she finally made an
 examination which caused her to
 notice the sharp point of some
 thing protruding through the
 skin. She called in the family
 physician who succeeded in re-
 moving a splinter which Mrs.
 Johnson had got in her knee
 while scrubbing the kitchen
 floor.—Foard County News.

Man fondly believes that he is
 the master of his own home. But
 he's the only one that believes it.

If the high cost of white paper
 interfere, love letters can be just
 as silly on any other color.

We don't charge for smiles at
 this office. They are free every
 time you hand us a dollar.

Make it a war on the high cost
 of living and you have our un-
 qualified approval.

The man who poses as a model
 citizen is usually the biggest
 fake in town.

An excellent way to get rid of
 a grouch is to forget that you
 have one.

For the best of service go to
 King's Barber Shop where you
 can get fresh shaves, wet baths
 and clean clothes. Satisfaction
 guaranteed or whiskers refund-
 ed.

NOTICE
 Section 93 about ten miles N. E.
 of Hedley is posted according to
 law. The public is warned not
 to hunt on same.
 J. M. Calhoun.

Let me do your tailor work
 Satisfaction guaranteed. Claude
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FOR THE YEAR'S CLUBBING OFFER

365 COPIES No Part Year Orders
DURING BARGAIN DAYS Dec. 1 to 15 Annually
 You Can Subscribe or Renew for a Complete Year to The Port Worth
STAR-TELEGRAM
 40,000 DAILY (8 Editions) 45,000 Sunday
 You Get the One Which Can Reach You the Quickest.
A \$6.00 Daily and Sunday Newspaper for \$3.65.
A PENNY A DAY
IMPORTANT NOTICE!
 With the exception of black ink, all raw materials used in manu-
 facture of a newspaper have advanced in cost during the past twelve
 months approximately 100 per cent. This means that it will cost your
 publisher practically double to supply you with a newspaper the coming
 year.
 Under stress of these unusual conditions, The Star-Telegram has
 been forced to increase its "Bargain Days" rate from \$3.25 to \$3.65. An
 increase of 40c per year (3 1-3c per month) or 12 per cent. Based on the
 conservative estimate increase in production cost of 100 per cent, under
 this price the division of added expense will be as follows:
 Increased expense to The Star-Telegram 88%
 Increased expense to The Reader 12%
 This situation means that after "Bargain Days" the regular rate of
 \$6.00 per year must be strictly enforced. We have battered the price
 to the very bottom in order to protect our Annual Subscription Cheap
 Rate Period, which has been in effect since the establishment of The
 Star-Telegram.
 Do not take chances, save the \$2.35, by ordering before Bargain
 Days expire. Take advantage of the \$3.65 rate.
 The high standard of The Star-Telegram will be maintained as long
 as there is a Star-Telegram regardless of any war burdens.
 Bring Your Order to This Office.
365 CENTS

Star-Telegram and Informer \$ 4.25 \$

America's First News- paper Short-Lived

America's first newspaper was
 published 226 years ago. This
 pioneer of a continent
 which reports nearly
 30,000 news items was the
 subject of the book "The
 First Newspaper," which
 is now being published by
 the London House, a
 London, England, firm.
 The book is written by
 the author, and is
 a most interesting
 and valuable
 work.
 The following sub-
 scription service, "The
 Probabilities," "The
 New Covenant,"
 church extends an invitation
 to every one to attend these
 services.
 The Informer \$1.00 per year.
**PROSPERITY POINT-
 ERS FOR FARMERS**
 In the interest of further de-
 veloping and upbuilding the ter-
 ritory through which their lines
 are operated, the Fort Worth &
 Denver City and Wichita Valley
 Railway Companies have issued
 an attractive thirty page booklet
 entitled "Prosperity Pointers
 For Farmers" and containing

The Battle Cry of Peace

This big picture will be shown
 at The Pastime Theater in Clar-
 endon Monday, Dec. 11. Matinee
 and night, 7:15 and 9:15.
 valuable information regarding
 soil conditions and the money-
 making crops to which same is
 best adapted as proven through
 the production of the numerous
 bumper crops which have pro-
 duced generally prosperous con-
 ditions and are constantly mak-
 ing it possible for Renters to
 become prosperous Home Own-
 ers. A few of these booklets are
 available for those whom it
 is possible to interest in
 question of locating in North
 Texas. If, therefore, you have
 many friends that you desire
 to interest, and will send us their
 names and addresses, we will
 find pleasure in mailing them
 copies of the issue referred to.
 If you have friends to whom you
 would like to send copies your-
 self, instead of having us do so,
 we will be glad to send you the
 booklets desired free.
 W. F. Sterney,
 G. F. & P. A., F. W. & D. Co.,
 Port Worth

I can make your future
 look like the past and touch
 of the past.
 Lloyd Lane
 The publisher hereby warned
 that no one will be allowed
 on my land.
 H. Jones

BU... Cafe- Confectio

has a large fresh line
CANDY & CIGAR
 West side Main Street.

A. M. Sams, M. D.
 Physician and Surgeon
 Office at Hedley Drug
 Phones: Office 32r. Home 28

J. B. Ozick, M. D.
 Physician and Surgeon
 Office Phone No. 45-8r.
 Residence Phone No. 45-2r.

DR. B. YOUNGER
 DENTIST
 Clarendon, Texas

DR. J. W. EVANS
 DENTIST
 Clarendon

JOHNSON'S GARAGE
 Caraway, Proprietor
 Full Stock of
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F. B. ERMANN, D. V.
 GRADUATE
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 REAL ESTATE & BOND
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 Money to Loan on Farms
 and Ranches
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PRINTING
 not the cheap
 but the
 good kind done here

NEW HONOLULU
 I'll get it for
 my wife

 OTHER LIKE IT.
 NO OTHER AS GOOD.
 Purchase the "NEW HONOLULU" and you will have
 a life worth the price. The elimination of
 the expense of the "NEW HONOLULU" and the
 quality of material used in the "NEW HONOLULU"
 make it the "NEW HONOLULU" for all time.
WARRANTY
 Covers the cost of
 any repairs or
 replacement of
 any other parts.
 THE NEW HONOLULU SEWING CO., ORANGE,
 CALIF. U.S.A.
 Dealers wanted

WINDS OF THE GREAT NORTH

E. ROE

STORIES BY RAY WALTERS

BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

Continued.

leaves this way and that. Coosnah had crawled to where Siletz knelt, weeping, with her hands over her face.

Siletz crouched low to the ground and his heavy muzzle against her foot, moaning dolorously.

Suddenly, in the momentary silence, Poppy Ordway spoke. Her face was flushed like an April dawn. Chance and the courage of the last throw lent it the last touch of ravishing charm.

"Kismet!" she said. "I am the only one who wins in this game! Hampden, you're right. I've bought you with your own coin. And let me tell you Hampden, that you were disgustingly easy."

The timberman winced at the brutal words.

His florid face darkened with rage. "Ah, yes! So you won his love with your pretty detective work! You'll marry him and settle down."

It was the crucial moment before Poppy Ordway all suddenly, she recognized it instantly. It was a chill to her daring heart, then it was that love of chance, that she cast great stakes on a single throw, which in a better nature would have made her great.

She felt with a flash of her genius the drama of the situation, the tense readiness of the moment for wild, fantastic things, and accepted it at once.

"Yes!" she cried, "yes! I offer Sandry you—and myself!"

With a beautiful gesture she stepped toward Sandry and held out both hands, her golden head up, her lustrous blue eyes sensuous and back with excitement, her whole exquisite body a lure with the mighty abandon of her passion and her reckless gift.

"Walter," she said tremulously, "I have said there is no law for a genius I say it again. I can save your future—and I give you myself along with it, because I love you! Oh, you can never know how I love you!"

Her golden voice rose with the force of the emotion that shook her, broke and failed, and she stood panting.

"Will you not take my hands, Walter?" she almost wailed, "I have done it all for love of you!"

Sandry, his eyes upon her face, as if in fascination, did not move. It was as if he could not, though every fiber in his jaded body answered to her call.

"For love!" breathed Poppy Ordway, "for great love!"

Across her words there cut a shrill cry.

"She lies!"

Siletz had sprung to her feet, both hands feeling wildly in her empty blouse.

Miss Ordway swung heavily toward her.

"Hush!" she said warningly. She slipped a hand inside her own gown and showed a corner of the soiled packet of proofs that Siletz had

When it had died to Sandry where he his grime, a prey to things.

"I've said you like poison," he said, "I first clapped eyes on you, Johnny Eastern face. You thought you had me beat—and so did she," he jerked his head at Poppy, "but I'm too great a force for both of you. She's the greatest woman in all th' world an' I'm glad I seen her like—that I loved her."

There was infinite pathos in his heavy voice for the moment.

"But th' play's over. Th' curtain'll drop in thirty minutes—forty or fifty at most—an' I'm the winner at last! You'll never marry her! But how I had you on th' hip—eastern lawyers an' all!"

"An' old Fraser—clumsy fool! Found your East Belt deed unrecorded, didn't you? Laid it to him. Why didn't you lay it to Hampden, who had th' brains an' the power of the whole country? It was recorded all right, but I owned th' recorder same as I owned th' commissioner. Fools, fools, all of you! An' I win at last!"

It was again the East and the West that Sandry saw with aching eyes in the two women who took Hampden's



"Who Wins Now?" He Said. "Brains—Brains!"

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FEW FOUND TO BE PERFECT

According to Tests Made the Ideal Husband Seems to Be a Somewhat Rare Animal.

In a recent husband show each competitor was required to do certain things and answer certain questions, says Pearson's Weekly.

The ideal husband answered all the questions and did all his tasks without fail.

Are you the husband every wife should have? If so:

Can you give the day of the week you were married on and its full date?

Do you know when your mother-in-law's birthday is?

When you left for the office this morning what kind of dress was your wife wearing?

Can you say offhand what the market prices of eggs, butter, cheese, meat and bread are?

Do you know the cheapest shopping places in your neighborhood?

One of the tests the husbands had was as follows: The wives stood behind a curtain and placed one hand above it. Each husband was required to pick out his wife's hand. A good many failed!

Do you make a point of always praising your wife when she has cooked anything more daintily than usual?

Do you tell her she's the best wife in the world?

Have you ever acknowledged to her that you are wrong and she is right in an argument?

Can you answer these questions then you can put yours on the perfect husband—no matter how interesting and important any rate.



Ferns Over the...

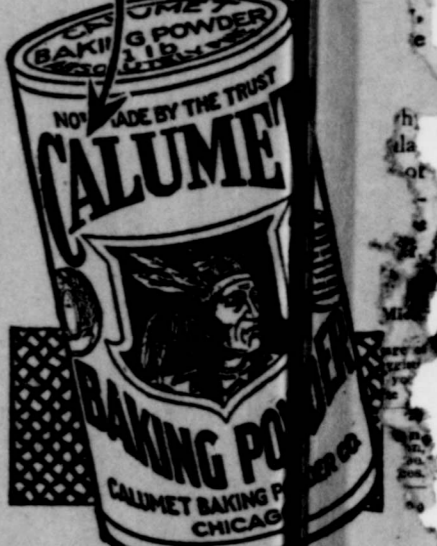


Experiments with Baking Powder

Be Safe—Use

Millions of housewives know this is the truth—they realize the cost of a single bake-day failure. That's why they stick to Calumet.

Be on the safe side—avoid disappointments—use Calumet baking powder—be sure of uniform results—why Calumet is the most economical to buy and to use. It's pure in case—pure in the baking. Order now.



Cheap and big can Baking Powder do not save you money. Calumet does. Pure and far superior to sour milk powder.

The "Original Cast" of your. "Too busy to talk today," declared a local producer as a friend dropped in for a chat.

"What's the trouble?" asked the other, preparing to keep on his travels. "I'm sending my show on the road with the original cast," explained the manager, "and it will take all afternoon to engage the company."—New York Telegraph.

It is a sign of rain when someone hypothecates your umbrella.



FREE Color Plan for Your Spring Decorating

Madam—

The Alabastine staff of interior decorators is at your disposal—to assist you with your spring decorating.

These experts offer you a valuable free advice on how to treat your walls so that they will harmonize with your furniture, draperies, curtains and wearing apparel.

They also want to tell you about the handsome decorative wall covering called Alabastine—the wrinkle in wall decoration.

Stencils ordinarily cost from 25 cents to \$1.00 each, but if you write for the free "Alabastine Decorating Service" hand colored proofs of the very latest stencil effects, with full instructions on how to use them, you can have these and 500 others at practically no expense. Write today for your free Alabastine free decorating service.

Alabastine is a dry powder form, ready to use with cold water, is sold by paint, hardware, drug and general stores everywhere.

Alabastine Co.
185 Grand St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

ALFALFA (corn, fruit, livestock feed in the wonderful Grand Valley of the West. B. F. Kiefer, Grand Valley, Colorado)

AN OPPORTUNITY for making money, a new scientific discovery of increasing the efficiency of motor cars. Write today for exclusive territory. THE AUTO REMEDY CO., Dept. 100, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sudan Seed getting scarce. Write today for exclusive territory. B. F. Kiefer, Grand Valley, Colorado.

The Iron Claw

by Arthur Stringer

THE SHIP
WERE TAP-
PER'S "GUN
RUNNERS," ETC.
Novelized from
THE PATHE
PHOTO PLAY
OF THE
SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS

On Whitehead Island Pallardi intrigues his cousin George, captures and murders him by branding his face and taking his mask. Pallardi flees the island and comes to New York. Years later in New York he meets Margery from Legar's gang. She is his father's daughter. She demands a demand for the ship's log which is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's men. She is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Legar's gang figures in an attempt to entrap Legar and they are killed. Legar is used during a masked ball. Legar is captured by the police. Manley finds out that Margery is his love. He saves her from Manley's poisoned arrow. Manley is a mock funeral which fails to accomplish the desired purpose, the capture of the Iron Claw and the gang. Manley is moved from death at the hands of the Iron Claw by the Laughing Mask. The Laughing Mask discloses the change is frustrated in the nick of time. Margery overcomes the Laughing Mask prisoner and hastens to warn the police. They escape both the police and the Iron Claw. Later the Laughing Mask tells her that the Mask has not been seen. A mysterious woman frightens Legar's henchmen into a promise of confession to clear the Laughing Mask. She meets Margery and discloses herself to be that young lady as David Manley. Legar and his gang get possession of some of the loot and escape, taking Margery with them. The Laughing Mask adds to his list of victims by once more saving her from death. Margery rescues the chart from an Iron Horn boat. The police attempt to capture her. She escapes. Margery and her friends from Legar's henchmen, one of whom loses his life, try to escape.

SEVENTEENTH EPISODE

The Vanishing Faker

Wilson, who in his many faithful services as butler in the household had seen many and unusual happenings, was somewhat perplexed. His beloved young mistress had lately been of her senses why indulging in such queer and antics out there in the rose garden. Wilson turned from the window looking his old head the object of his anxiety turned to her and companion. "I think I understand the code fairly well now," she said with quiet satisfaction, "and you certainly have been an efficient teacher."

"I mention it, Miss Golden," another flattered companion.

"A man speaking in this locust grove was the redoubtable Captain Brackett of headquarters, who had been upon himself, to the exclusion of all other duties, the self-assignment of standing up that mocking and personage known as the Laughing Mask.

"The set-detective now came briskly along the grass-bordered path and saluted his chief. After a brief conference with this man, Brackett excused himself and went away. Left alone, Margery sat down on a rustic bench close by a flowering bush of fragrant lilacs, her eyes resting idly with the mirror as she gazed herself up to her not altogether pleasing thoughts. For these thoughts, in large measure, concerned the young secretary, David Manley, whom she had been greatly disappointed to see that young man.

"The silver-backed mirror slipped from her fingers of the abstracted thought, and with a little clatter it lay on the ground at her feet. She picked it up and as she did so a reflection of a man, peering out through the opening in the lilac bush. Covering his face with the familiar yellow mask of the laughing mouth-slit. More determined than ever to ascertain the identity of her mysterious protector, Margery quickly dodged around the bush, hoping by this flank movement to take the intruder by surprise. To Margery, herself, was the one surprise, for no trace of that masked and elusive figure rewarded her thorough search.

"Her further bewilderment she experienced when David Manley, dressed in his motorcycle togs, standing on the grassy side of the strangely peering man's bush.

"What are you doing here?" she asked. "You seem to have a rather impolite habit of startling people by springing out on the ground quite unexpectedly."

As David reddened under the sting of this cutting remark he realized that Margery's faith in him was decidedly shaken.

"I'm awfully sorry I am, Miss Margery," he stammered apologetically, "but Auntie Ricks over at the home-restaurant telephoned I could have a litter of collie pups—these are the litter, you know. Before I went out I thought I'd ask you if you had any particular preference for a young one."

Margery promptly and ungratefully rejected this proposed peace offering. But despite her cool treatment, David, Margery sent a look of concern after his dejected figure.

and intently into the night. "I'm going to have a light on in a minute," he said quietly. "I and his men are getting ready to rush the place."

Almost as he spoke, a group of determined and grimly silent figures, each armed with a formidable-looking revolver, came storming up the peaceful hillside. The Laughing Mask, with a quick movement, drew his companion to a place of safety. Then he leaned slightly over the natural stone breast-work and leveled his black automatic at the foremost of the oncoming bandits.

With the spiteful crack of the pistol that figure stopped short, wavered uncertainly for a moment, and then plunged headlong into the valley. From that advancing line of gangsters came a sharp fusillade of answering shots, but the man in the mask seemed to bear a charmed life. He continued to pump his automatic in apparent indifference to the rain of bullets flattening against the rocks about him. A second gunman spun about in his tracks, and dropping heavily, caught on a projection, where he hung limply suspended.

When the third of Legar's evil soldiery dropped his revolver, and with a howl of pain clapped his hand to his shoulder, his companions broke and scurried for cover, followed by their blaspheming captain. Legar's attempt to rally his demoralized forces to a fresh attack was apparently futile, for there followed a long and oppressive silence. But as the Laughing Mask warily raised his head for a brief reconnaissance of the situation, a bullet whistling perilously close to his ear gave warning that his hidden enemies were decidedly on the alert.

He flung up his automatic for a quick shot at the sniper whom he saw half-concealed behind a tree trunk. But only a dull click followed his pressure on the trigger. Margery's defender hastily explored his pockets, but his search proving fruitless.

As he turned to tell her of the desperate situation confronting them, he could not repress an exclamation of startled surprise. For at this most danger-fraught hour of her existence, he saw Margery Golden apparently

making herself up in a room. "I do not care to accept a gift of any kind from your hands." As she finished speaking the wrathful girl turned and swept into the house. "A sudden young man was standing a drawing collie plan window arms. The dice were in a large un-uravid Manley. But he entirely high under a certain woman had a full mouth of food. If you return it, you are consumed."

As Margery rose to her feet there came into her face an expression of intense scorn.

"This is the second deliberate falsehood you have told me," she replied.

"I haven't been near Seven Oaks hill today," he replied slowly, after a little pause. "I have been over to Auntie Ricks' ever since I talked with you this morning. I thought you might change your mind about wanting a puppy, so I picked out the best of the lot for you."

As Margery rose to her feet there came into her face an expression of intense scorn.

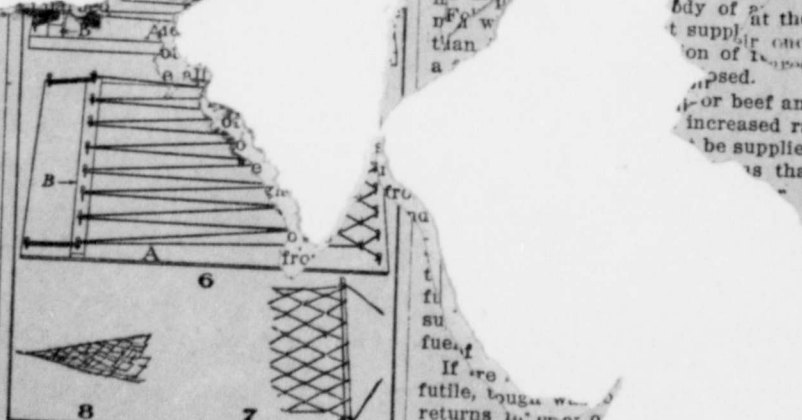
"This is the second deliberate falsehood you have told me," she replied.



Enoch Golden Grasped Him Tremulously by the Hand in Silent Thanks for Their Deliverance From Disaster.

amusing herself with a round hand mirror. "Isn't this a chosen time for such a catch the fish, he inquired a little by two, and the preceding. The blundered cure a full mouth of food. If you return it, you are consumed."

The dice were in a large un-uravid Manley. But he entirely high under a certain woman had a full mouth of food. If you return it, you are consumed."



strands that will take the knots come halfway between those of the first row. Then make a third row one inch from the second row, with the knots in line with those of the first row, a fourth row one inch from the third row in line with the second, and so on until stick B is reached. As the strands are tied they will become shorter, and this shortening will be taken care of by the rubber bands which will allow stick B to slip along board A, as shown in Fig. 7. With the strands knotted, remove the loops from one row of nails and slip them over a short stick (Fig. 8). Then tie together the opposite ends, as shown in Fig. 8. Slip the stick between two strands and fasten it with a rubber band.

ing was... Tony... paper from... and... his... destruction.

Dressed in a rusty tuxedo, the supposed waiter emerged from the gaily striped marquee where the long supper table was receiving its finishing touches and passed for a moment on his way to the small service tent which was pitched near by. His eyes roved over that assemblage much as the eyes of a cold-blooded butcher might appraise a flock of sheep headed for slaughter. As his glance rested upon the massive oak towering over the refreshment tent, he made a little grimace of evil satisfaction.

Several feet from its base the great trunk had been nearly sawn through by Legar's picked henchmen. And now their ruthless handiwork had been supplemented by the charge of powerful explosive which waited only the spark of ignition to send that huge oak patriarch crashing down upon the ill-fated affair of canvas under its branches.

The dark-skinned Italian, exulting over the successful completion of the first part of his deadly mission, stood amidst a scene of wondrous beauty. High in the heavens swung the full moon, casting its mellow effulgence over shimmering lake and wooded hill. Dispersing the wavering shadows were myriads of softly glowing lights, festooning the trees and bespangling the shrubbery. From the rose garden came the sound of gently splashing fountains as they flung their silvery cascades into the scented air. Beautifully gowned women and their somber clad escorts danced on the velvety lawns to the softly swelling music of the great orchestra, or strolled arm in arm about this brilliant land of enchantment.

A slender, golden-haired girl was the center of a laughing group. As she caught sight of something moving at her feet she stooped and picked up a sleepy and blinking-eyed collie puppy, which she held snuggled in her arms for a moment.

"Now, Sandy," she admonished, as she set him down, "it is time all good little dogs were in bed, so run home as fast as you can."

The dutiful Sandy started for the house in obedience to the commands of his mistress, but as he passed the caterer's service tent sundry whiffs and odors assailed his nostrils with an insistent temptation that was not to be denied. He quietly slipped through that inviting opening and finding no one to dispute him, nosed inquisitively into various hamper of savory edibles. As the clumsy puppy bumped against an improvised table consisting of a board resting on two barrels, a large bowl containing a siruplike mixture toppled onto his back and deluged him with its entire contents.

At that moment there entered the tent a swarthy Italian dressed in the garb of a waiter. Either through a dogish distrust of this forbidding figure or because of a galling dread of the punishment his recent mischief might bring, the sirup-drenched puppy shunk into a dark corner of the tent and waited for Black Tony to leave. But that worthy showed no immediate intention of departure. Instead he seated himself on a cracker box and studied a small square of paper with every evidence of satisfaction.

He made a movement to stuff that soiled bit of parchment into his hip pocket, but in his haste he missed the pocket and the paper fell to the ground, where a puff of wind, creeping under the tent, fluttered it under the nose of the frightened puppy. He sniffed at it curiously, but the stinked substance now soaking through his shaggy coat was a matter needing much more urgent attention. Forgetting the menace of that repellent stranger, he rolled frantically on his back, endeavoring to rid himself of that cohering and exasperating liquid with which he was encased. His long



As David hold on the he had pale, thin him tremulous blood causes thanks for their elation their elation. "I don't know what you have impulsively. But the deeply acknowledged his stiffly formal box strode away without a backward glance."

Although I... for all animals... with his... much aggrieved... of pained sympathy... "Give Y... can't... the home of... place of... "his had ever been... he maltreated... "how my farmhouse... "I have his home... open door into... room where a... young man... "Sally's sluggish liver... come by... "patented waste... "Her system and making... "I guarantee that a... with the... "Margery G... "Then he... "sticking in the... "his face grew... "one he lost... "superficially... "asked... "over by... "tricky upho... "FREE... "Q-Ban... "and... "a sudden... "fession of those... "less drawings... "had passed the... "had seen the... "fete to which... "vitation. He... "mammoth... "That... "supper... "No... "is in... "It... "the fright... "Paying no heed to... "the air... "queries of his... "wondering... "rushed from... "room in a... "As he lunged... "sputtering motorcycle and shot out into the... "darkness. His fear would have been a... "hundredfold intensified could he have... "seen the murderous Italian, who at... "that moment touched a lighted... "to the end of the time fuse projecting... "from the nearly severed oak.

It was a race between a spark of fire eating its way up the ever-shortening fuse and a wildly driven motorcycle lurching through the night. The stakes of that desperate race were precious human lives. Once the machine missed by a hair's breadth a heavy touring car with blinding headlights. Then it careened into the driveway of the brilliantly lighted grounds, raced madly across the level stretch of lawn and into the very tent itself before its white-tipped rider leaped from the saddle.

"Run, all of you! Run for your lives!" he cried frantically.

As his meaning dawned upon the startled guests they started from that threatened tent like a flock of fear-crazed sheep. Even they cleared the guy-ropes a detouring detonation split the air and the oak swayed unsteadily; then it came toppling down, its deserted walls of canvas roar like the mighty crash of clouds.

As David hold on the he had pale, thin him tremulous blood causes thanks for their elation their elation. "I don't know what you have impulsively. But the deeply acknowledged his stiffly formal box strode away without a backward glance."

18. "You mean that you understand best, Cortwright?" Brouillard said half-singly. Then, with sudden vehemence: "It is altogether a question of mine with me, Mr. Cortwright; of a mine which you couldn't understand a thousand years. If that motive reveals, you get your railroad and a little longer lease of life. If it doesn't, Mirapolis will go to the devil some few weeks or months ahead of its schedule—and I'll take my punishment with the remainder of the fools—and the world on his feet and moving toward the door of exit when the promoter got his breath.

"Here, hold on, Brouillard—for heaven's sake, don't go off and leave it up in the air that way!" he protested.

But the corridor door had opened and closed and Brouillard was gone.

Two hours later Mirapolis the pharmacist had a new thrill, a shock so electric that the rumor of the railroad's halting decision sank into insignificance and was forgotten. The sudden, evoked excitement focussed in a crowd besieging the window of the principal jewelry shop—focussed more definitely upon a square of white paper in the window in the center of which was displayed a little heap of virgin gold in small nuggets and coarse grains.

While the crowds in the street were still struggling and fighting to get near enough to read the labeling placard, the Daily Spotlight came out with an extra which was all headlines, telegraph wires to the East were buzzing, and the town had gone mad. The gold specimen—so said the placard and the news extra—had been washed from one of the bars in the Niquola.

By three o'clock the madness had culminated in the complete stoppage of all work among the town builders and on the great dam as well, and gold-crazed mobs were frantically digging and panning on every bar in the river from the valley outlet to the power dam five miles away.

**CHAPTER XI
Bedlam**

It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon of the day in which Mirapolis went placid mad when word came to the reclamation service headquarters that the power was cut off and that there were no longer men enough at the mixers and on the forms to keep the work going if the power should come on again.

Handley, the new fourth assistant, brought the news, dropping heavily into a chair and shoving his hat to the back of his head to mop his seamed and sun-browned face.

"Why the devil didn't you fellows turn out?" he demanded savagely of Leshington, Anson and Grislow, who were lounging in the office and very pointedly waiting for the lightning to strike. "Gassman and I have done everything but commit cold-blooded murder to hold the men on the job. Where's the boss?"

Nobody knew, and Grislow, at least, was visibly disturbed at the question. It was Anson who seemed to have the latest information about Brouillard.

"He came in about eleven o'clock, rummaged for a minute or two in that drawer you've got your foot on, Griszy, and then went out again. Anybody seen him since?"

There was a silence to answer the query, and the hydrographer righted his chair abruptly and closed the opened drawer he had been utilizing for a foot-rest. He had a long memory for trifles, and at the mention of the drawer a disquieting picture had flashed itself upon the mental screen. There were two figures in the picture, Brouillard and himself, and Brouillard grasping the little buckskin sack and getting into the drawer where it lay undisturbed ever since.

"That's all right," retorted Leshington; "maybe they didn't see a thing or two over at Bob's last night that set me guessing. There's a piece of gossip coming up the pike about the railroad pulling out of the game, or, rather, that it had already pulled out."

Once more silence fell upon the group in the mapping room, and this time it was Grislow who broke it.

"I suppose Harlan is getting ready to exploit the new sensation right?" he suggested, and Anson nodded.

"You can trust Harlan for that. He's got the valley wire subsidized, and he is waiting for the first man to come in with the news of the sure thing and the location of it. When he gets the facts he'll touch off the fireworks, and the world will be invited to take a running jump for the new Tonopah." Then, with sudden anxiety: "I wish to goodness Brouillard would turn up and get busy—or his job. It's something hideous to be stranded this way in the thick of a storm!"

"It's time somebody was getting busy," snarled Handley. "There are a hundred tons of fresh concrete lying in the forms, just as they were dumped—with no puddlers—to say nothing of half as much freezing to solid rock right now in the mixers and on the telpers."

Grislow got up and reached for his coat and hat.

"I'm going out to hunt for the boss," he said, "and you fellows had better do the same. If this is one of Cortwright's flip-flaps, and Brouillard happened to be in the way, I wouldn't put it beyond J. Wesley to work some kind of a disappearing racket on the human obstacle."

The suggestion was carried out immediately by the three to whom it was directed.



Frantically Panning on Every Bar in the River.

made, but for a reason of his own the hydrographer contrived to be the last to leave the mapping room. When he found himself alone he returned hastily to the desk and pulled out the drawer of portents, rummaging in it until he was fully convinced that the little buckskin bag containing the nuggets was gone. Then, in others, he too looked to the south window to focus the gale cabin, stationary and distinct in the its high, shelflike.

The powerful figures on the wall and a man, and the man Grislow lowered telescoping snap.

new kind of panhandler has developed since the European war. He clusters around the quays of Rotterdam and Southampton, with bandages on his head and on his arms and legs. He shambles and shunts his way into the storage of the big liners going to America. And on the way over, he tells pitiable stories of the frightful suffering the war has brought upon him.

He starts the telling of his harrowing tales in the steerage and tells them incessantly, so that finally they get to the ears of the steerage stewards, then to the ears of the second class, then to the first-class stewards and presently the affluent passengers of the upper deck know the stories. And these may be depended upon, with their sympathies enlisted, to look up the unfortunate near-lavish charity in the steerage.

The feature of the story of this brand of panhandler that always calls out the biggest flow of gold is when they say they are coming to America to try to build new homes and send for families left half starving in their wrecked native land, but that they are without the wherewithal—the \$30 of cash necessary—to permit them to be admitted to the new country. They usually get about five times \$30 from the wealthy passengers.

SETTLED A KNOTTY POINT

Professor of Law in Missouri University Has Made a Somewhat Important Decision.

On what day does one become of age?

This question was suggested by a story in the Missouriian which told how a couple had to wait 24 hours for a marriage license, because they applied on the day before the prospective bride's eighteenth birthday anniversary.

Of course no one thinks of having a birthday celebration on any day except the anniversary, but, according to Manley O. Hudson, professor of law in the university, a person's age changes legally the first instant of the day before the anniversary of his birthday.

"The reason," said Professor Hudson, "is that it is not convenient to count the fractions of a day as would have to be done in case the change were determined by the exact time the person was born. On the day before one's birthday, one has completed an even number of years of life, and it is figured that the age changes on that day."—University Missouriian.

Happiest Man in World.

The happiest man in the world lives in Pittsburgh, according to Charles M. Schwab. In other words, Mr. Schwab gave out a name conundrum that not many New Yorkers could guess, but to which almost any Pittsburgh school-boy or girl could give the answer without batting an eyelash. Here is the manner in which he conveys his meaning without mentioning any names: "In Pittsburgh is an old friend of mine, an astronomer, who at thirty or forty was known as a master of his chosen field. He has hardly any money. But I'd give up mine if I could be a supremely great scientist like that man." Mr. Schwab predicated his guessing contest with the statement that riches do not bring wealth, although brains do. "You get your real enjoyment out of life if you possess brains, the ability to do productive, creative work," he said.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Leap Year Gull.

When young Popshaw called round at Acacia Villa on a recent evening he found Angelina wearing worry lines on her forehead.

"O Arthur," she said, "I had such a terrible dream last night!"

"Silly little girl," answered Popshaw, "fancy letting a dream trouble you. It's all nonsense. You always go by contrary, you know."

"You mean because I'm a gull?"

"Oh! she gasped.

"How can you be sure?"

"I've given up," she said gravely, "all my hope of ever being a girl."

"What's that?"

"I'm a gull, Arthur. I'm a gull."

"What's that?"

"I'm a gull, Arthur. I'm a gull."

Mix in One Minute with Cold Water—Ready to Apply Immediately

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PATENTS—E. H. Hodges, Patent Attorney, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sauce for a Goose.

"Look, mother," said little Bobby proudly exhibiting a handful of marbles. "I won all these from Willie Smith."

"Why, Bobbie," claimed his mother, "don't you know I'm wicked to play marbles for peeps? Go right over to Willie's house and give him back every one of those marbles."

"Yes, mother," said the boy obediently. "And shall I take that valise you won at Mrs. Smith's whist part and give it back to her?"

For thrush use Sanford's Balsam. Get it into the bottom of the affected part. Adv.

A stiff upper lip is nothing in common with a limber tongue.

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Will sell you from 40 acres up to as much as you want.

Terms: \$3.00 per acre cash to pay two years, except interest; 8 years on balance at 6 per cent.

Price: From \$7.00 to \$15.00 per acre.

This land is located on the Southwest Plains and is adapted to Corn, Wheat, Kaffir, Maize, Beans, Peas, Peanuts, Fruits of all kinds.

- \$120 down buys 40 acres.
- \$240 down buys 80 acres.
- \$480 down buys 160 acres.
- \$960 down buys 320 acres.
- \$1920 down buys 640 acres.

Will furnish responsible parties money to stock land, with interest at 8 per cent. This is an exceptionally good opportunity to buy land. This is fine farming and grazing land and I do not know of any land in Texas, located as far as this, that can be purchased anywhere near this price on these terms. It is selling and selling fast. If you want some of it, do not wait, but let me know and I will show you to see it. This is a bona fide proposition and will stand the most thorough investigation.

SEE, WRITE, WIRE OR PHONE

T. WARREN

CLARENDON, TEXAS

Locals

Our Dodge car from me. A. L. Miller.

Walker bought a Dodge car from the local agent. A. L. Miller.

A. A. Stewart moved from Windy Valley this week to his new home at Quail.

Wood has bought out J. E. Brown's interest in the feed business.

E. Brown and Bert Whitman transacted business in Clarendon Wednesday.

Two residences in east Clarendon worth the money. L. L. Cornelius.

Mr. King came home this week from Kirkland where he has been working all fall.

Mr. and Mrs. King left in their car for a visit of a few days to Grayson county.

SALE—40 shoats, weighing from 60 to 125 pounds. S. E. Lyell.

Mr. King informs us that he has located for New Mexico next week.

Mark White sold his Ford to W. E. Bray last week and bought a Chevrolet.

Your suits called for, cleaned and delivered. Work satisfactory. Claude Strickland.

Mrs. W. R. McCarroll visited her sister, Mrs. R. L. Duckworth first of the week.

J. M. Bozeman and family moved last of last week into the old tennis house.

Saunders soap 10c or 3 for 25c. Best made. Hedley Drug Co.

Water Deahl and wife moved first of the week into their new home in east Hedley.

T. F. Brown and A. W. Worsham left Monday for the south plains prospecting.

Get a Flashlight for these dark nights. Safe, no danger of fire. Hedley Drug Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Paulson are spending their honeymoon in the mountains.

W. E. Walker, who recently bought the J. E. White place, bought a Chevrolet car last week.

On account of the war Horns by will sell you gas this week and next for 10c per gallon.

Earl Reeves came in first of the week from their ranch in New Mexico. He reports every thing doing nicely there.

W. E. Bray has bought the F. M. Harp farm in Windy Valley and will move to same next Spring.

Mrs. W. G. Brinson, Graham and Vera spent Saturday night and Sunday in Lelia Lake with relatives.

Dr. W. C. Mayes, specialist of Memphis is now able to work after being sick some time.

J. B. Hilburn and son Byron Groom visited his parents, F. T. Hilburn and wife, from Friday to Monday.

Mrs. W. T. King and children returned home Sunday from a few days visit with her parents at Clarendon.

B. W. Moreman moved the old red gin boiler to Lelia Lake this week, his boiler there having about blown out.

Rev. W. H. McKenzie, Mrs. J. H. Richey and Miss Era Johnson attended the Workers Council meeting at Estelline Tuesday.

Mr. Sharp and wife were down from Amarillo last of last week visiting their daughter, Mrs. T. M. Little.

B. L. Kinsey and son Alva, Buzz Boone and N. M. Parker made a prospecting trip to New Mexico this week.

Mrs. W. H. McKenzie and children returned Tuesday night from a three weeks visit at Carlton, Waco and Bowie.

The Battle Cry of Peace

This big picture will be shown at The Pastime Theater in Clarendon Monday Dec. 11. Matinee and night. Admission 15 and 5 cents.

We call your attention to the work of J. T. Warren of Clarendon, who is in the real estate business and believes in advertising to help his business.

Dr. W. M. Curl will be in Hedley from Dec 11 to 22 inclusive. All desiring dental work will please call. Office over Stallsworth's store.

C. C. Phelps was down from Clarendon first of the week making preparation to build a house on the land he recently bought from T. W. Owens.

NOTICE

Lloyd Munn's Barber Shop on east side always satisfactory service by expert workmen. Your patronage will be appreciated.

Church of Christ

W. W. Brewer of Clarendon, will preach at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning and evening. The following subject for morning service, "The Possibility not the Probability." Evening, "The New Covenant." The Church extends an invitation to every one to attend these services.

T. M. Pyle Jr. and family and Mrs. Stidham of Clarendon, E. M. Ewen and family and Sam Hamilton and family of Memphis spent Sunday with J. G. McDougal and wife.

FOR SALE—2 Iron bedsteads, 1 dresser and wash stand, coal stove, oil stove, and few other articles. Mrs. S. W. Howell.

Dr. J. F. Thompson of Memphis, owner of the Memphis Co store, wearing a pair of shoes made of knots tied, one inch away from the heels.

Noel Lane and family of this county from Colorado window where they have been residing for several years. They will be here for a few days.

Dr. Michael of Memphis, Tenn. has a large supply of beef and mutton. Increased quantities supplied.



strands that will make the knot come halfway between those of the first row. Then make a third row one inch from the second row, with the knots in line with those of the first row, a fourth row one inch from the third row in line with the second, and so on until stick B is reached. As the strands are tied they will become shorter, and this shortening will be taken care of by the rubber bands which will allow stick B to slide along board A, as shown in Fig. 2. With the strands knotted, remove the loops from one row of nails and slip them over a short stick (Fig. 3). Then tie together the opposite ends as shown in Fig. 4. Slip the stick between two strands and fasten it with a rubber band.

J. E. Walker, who recently bought the J. E. White place, bought a Chevrolet car last week.

On account of the war Horns by will sell you gas this week and next for 10c per gallon.

Earl Reeves came in first of the week from their ranch in New Mexico. He reports every thing doing nicely there.

W. E. Bray has bought the F. M. Harp farm in Windy Valley and will move to same next Spring.

Mrs. W. G. Brinson, Graham and Vera spent Saturday night and Sunday in Lelia Lake with relatives.

Dr. W. C. Mayes, specialist of Memphis is now able to work after being sick some time.

J. B. Hilburn and son Byron Groom visited his parents, F. T. Hilburn and wife, from Friday to Monday.

Mrs. W. T. King and children returned home Sunday from a few days visit with her parents at Clarendon.

B. W. Moreman moved the old red gin boiler to Lelia Lake this week, his boiler there having about blown out.

Rev. W. H. McKenzie, Mrs. J. H. Richey and Miss Era Johnson attended the Workers Council meeting at Estelline Tuesday.

Mr. Sharp and wife were down from Amarillo last of last week visiting their daughter, Mrs. T. M. Little.

B. L. Kinsey and son Alva, Buzz Boone and N. M. Parker made a prospecting trip to New Mexico this week.

Mrs. W. H. McKenzie and children returned Tuesday night from a three weeks visit at Carlton, Waco and Bowie.

T. M. Pyle Jr. and family and Mrs. Stidham of Clarendon, E. M. Ewen and family and Sam Hamilton and family of Memphis spent Sunday with J. G. McDougal and wife.

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HEDLEY BAPTIST CHURCH
Every 1st Sunday—Pastor, T. J. Stansel.
Sunday School every Sunday 10 a. m. N. M. Hornsby, Supt.

Got Something You Want to Sell?
Most people have a piece of furniture, a farm implement, or something else which they have discarded and which they no longer want. These things are put in the attic, or stored away in the barn, or left lying about, getting of less and less value each year.

WHY NOT SELL THEM?
Somebody wants those very things which have become of no use to you. Why not try to find that somebody by putting a want advertisement in THIS NEWSPAPER?

Worship
Every 2nd Sunday at 10 o'clock
J. C. Welch, Pastor
L. A. Stroad, Clerk

I. O. O. F.
meets on Tuesday nights
M. E. Bidwell, L. A. Stroad, Ba Bloo

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There is a...
The first point is to...
The second point is to...
We gladly welcome an investigation...

BELL & CRE...

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. H. O'Neal
Clerk, J. J. Alexander
Sheriff, G. R. Doshier
Treasurer, E. Dabbs
Assessor, B. F. Naylor
County Attorney, E. F. Ritchey
Justices of the Peace Precinct 3, J. P. Johnson
Constable, L. F. Stewart

District Court meets third week in January and July
County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

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ATTENTION

If you are planning improving around your place, glad to figure with you that we always have...

Cicero Lumber

