

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JUNE 3, 1921

NO. 28

Lake Dishman was an Amarillo visitor Tuesday.

J. Cobb Harris was here from Clarendon Wednesday.

Mrs. C. E. Johnson and Miss Closteal Moreman were in Quannah several days the past week as delegates to a District Conference of the Methodist church.

HEDLEY IS TO HAVE A FREE CLINIC

at the Hedley Millinery and Uncle Bob's Chili Stand, Saturday, June 11th, from 2 to 4 p. m., and each alternate Saturday through the summer. For children of the pre school age—infants to seven years.

The local physicians and the county nurse, Miss Yeager, are glad to give their time. No treatment given; merely examination and advice.

Is your child normal? Come and have him weighed and measured. In the threefold development of the child, the physical must be considered earlier than the mental and moral, and since so many mental and moral faults may be traced to bodily imperfections, we cannot be too zealous in our efforts to bring the body up to the standard.

If there is no disease, and your child is below normal, perhaps there is something wrong with his food. The Clinic can tell you.

We see on our streets every day so many men and women handicapped by a defect that could have been remedied in childhood. It is truly distressing to see a face distorted by adenoids; teeth that are so out of line that they are neither useful nor pleasing to the sight; frames that are warped due to improper posture; limbs that are useless through neglect; and eyes that are almost sightless from early strain.

The Clinic is working to make the coming generation more efficient than the present. Each handicap removed adds to a child's chance for success.

The local Red Cross extends an urgent request for aid to all, and insists that the mothers of small children cooperate with them, that the Clinic may prove a blessing to the greatest possible number.

Give the children a square deal.
Red Cross Publicity Com.

WANTED—Cattle on grass pasture. Good water. See Clarence Luttrell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Blankenship and children left the past week for a trip to the Rio Grande Valley, to visit relatives and possibly to locate. We would regret exceedingly to lose them as Hedley citizens, and hope they will decide to come back when they "get their visit out." Mrs. Blankenship has long been an active member of the Baptist Women's Missionary Union here and as a testimonial of their esteem the other members presented her with a set of nice cut glass water glasses.

MILK COW WANTED.
S. C. Bell.
Phone 43S L

S. C. Bell, late of San Jon, N. M., but now a full fledged Hedleyan, was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday. Mr. Bell traded for the J. T. Craddock farm, two miles west of town, and he and his family are now located there. Welcome, friends.

FOR SALE—One Go Devil. Would trade for feed. See or phone Clyde R. Owen.

Elmer Davis was a Hedley visitor Monday, from Clarendon.

KIRKPATRICK HOME DESTROYED BY FIRE

Monday afternoon about four o'clock the cry of "Fire" was heard over the town, and investigation showed that the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kirkpatrick, near the Presbyterian church, was in flames.

A large crowd quickly gathered and valiant work was done to check the flames and save the adjacent property. The latter attempt was successful, but water was not available in time to make any impression on the fire at the Kirkpatrick residence, which was totally destroyed together with practically all of its contents, including valuable furnishings and numerous treasures of a value not to be computed in dollars and cents.

The homes of Mrs. Shelton, Mr. Killian and Mr. Ayer were right in line, to windward, of the fire, and only hard work saved them from destruction. A large hole in the roof of the Shelton home and some damage to furniture, moved from these three homes accrued.

Some insurance was carried on the burned house, but none on the furnishings. We have not learned Mr. Kirkpatrick's plans regarding rebuilding.

Two fires within the past few weeks should cause us to do some serious thinking about an adequate water supply for Hedley.

See the Aluminum Ware on display at Thompson Bros. To be sold on Saturday, June 4th.

Miss Berta Johnson suffered some very painful bruises in a near serious accident Tuesday night when she stepped or slipped from the running board of a moving auto, in front of the Eastern Star hall. It was first reported that a broken limb had been sustained, but we are glad to learn that it was not so serious as that, and she will probably be up within a few days.

EXTRA FINE BUCKSKIN Sweet Potato Plants; 30c per 100. Leave orders at Barnes & Hastings Grocery.

Mrs. Inez Myers.

Fine rains this week!
Fine crops this year!
Fine!

LOST—Black felt hat, slightly worn, somewhere in west Hedley.
Clyde R. Owen.

P. V. Dishman had to return to the sanitarium at Dallas the past week for farther treatment for his leg and foot. Penn is having a time with those injured members, but we hope the trouble will soon submit to treatment and he will be as well as ever. Ed Dishman accompanied him to Dallas, returning Wednesday evening.

FOR SALE—The best Hail Insurance in the county. Will sell on fall time. J. Cobb Harris, Clarendon, Texas.

Willie Johnson returned one day last week from Roswell, N. M., where he attended the New Mexico Military Institute the past year. He was accompanied home by his cousins, Misses May and Alice Johnson, who will spend some time visiting the P. C. Johnson family.

TURKEY EGGS FORSALE—Bourbon Red; \$2.50 per setting of 10. Mrs. J. D. McCaats, Giles, Texas.

Subscribe for The Informer

M. W. Mosley and family of Clarendon visited relatives and friends here Saturday.

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

Groceries!

IF IT'S GOOD you'll find it here

All the Items You'll Need for your dinner table

Everything In Groceries

PAY CASH AND PAY LESS

Barnes & Hastings
CASH GROCERY CO.

EATING

is both a necessity and a luxury. At least, it's a luxury if you get the proper edibles. You can get them here. Make us prove it.

See Us for Anything You Need in the Grocery Line

PHONE 10

L. T. Hullum

Do you want to Succeed?

If you want to know if you are going to be a Success or a Failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible---

Are You Able to Save Money?

If not, drop out; you will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you.

Save and Succeed! Have a Bank Account.

The First State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$60,000.00

J. C. DONEGHY
President

P. T. BOSTON
Cashier

A Complete Line of

Hardware, Implements
Standard Brands

Household Furnishings
Everything for the Home

Leather Goods
A Complete Assortment

Queensware
Large and Varied Collection

Pathe Phonographs
and Records—The BEST

Moreman & Battle

Everything in Hardware and Furniture

Your Roosters PEN 'EM, OR SLAY 'EM!

Infertile Eggs keep much better and bring more money. In fact, it is a hard job to sell fertile eggs at any price during warm weather period. Pen the rooster

Phone 93

R. S. Smith
The Produce Man

HOW ABOUT A COW, A SOW AND A HEN?

Let's look back to 1920, painful as the reflection may be. Suppose each of our farmer customers had boarded and cared for one cow, one sow, and a dozen hens or so.

Continuing the supposition, let's say the milk and butter from the cow, came in handy, besides the yearling she raised; the sow raised a litter of eight pigs in payment of her board and keep; and the hens were on the job with fresh eggs and fryers. The farmer had his meat and lard without buying it at the grocery; had his eggs and chickens, and perhaps a few turkeys, and the "Missus" may have sold some butter and eggs. It's a safe bet that that sort of farmer got along with a small grubstake, and will be able to get along with a much smaller one this year "when it is hard to get money at the bank." He will maybe get another cow or two, and perhaps some more hogs, and branch out on his poultry. He will prepare to live at home, will raise more feed for his stock, and WILL RAISE LESS COTTON. SHALL WE REDUCE THE ACREAGE DEVOTED TO COTTON IN OUR COMMUNITY THIS YEAR?

YOUR FRIEND,

Guaranty State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

The STATE and the FARMER



THE population of the United States, as shown by the 1920 census, is 105,983,108, as compared with a population in 1910 of 91,792,296. The increase is therefore 13,710,842 or 14.9 per cent. The figures of the census show that the trend of population from the country to the city has become accentuated since 1910 and that for the first time in our history more than half of the entire population is living in urban territory, as defined by the census bureau. This is to say that 54,816,295 or 51.9 per cent are living in incorporated places of 2,500 or more inhabitants and 30,869,850 or 48.1 per cent in rural territory. In the census of 1910 the corresponding percentages were 46.3 and 53.7.

While the increase in total population was 14.9 per cent, there was an increase of the urban population of 12,192,826 or 28.6 per cent. On the other hand the increase of the rural population was 1,518,016 or only 3.1 per cent. Worse still, the figures show that the rural class living in incorporated places of less than 2,500 inhabitants increased 21.5 per cent, whereas that class living in purely country districts shows an actual decrease of six-tenths of 1 per cent.

The country is therefore off balance. There is trouble ahead for us if we continue to have more food consumers than food producers. Ways and means to meet this situation are therefore a national topic. There must be a return to the soil. One way to bring this about is to make it easier for the small farmer to secure title to the land on which he works and to help him make a success of his work. Consequently there are all sorts of national, state and community plans, under discussion, half established and under actual test.

California State Experiment.
One experiment that every sociologist and community worker, to say nothing of others, is watching with intense interest is the California land settlement scheme, which was launched in 1918 and is the first of its kind, at least in the United States. H. A. Crafts thus describes in the Scientific American the successful development of this California land settlement scheme:

The California state land settlement scheme at Durham, Butte county, was launched in 1918, and is the first settlement of the kind to be established in the United States.

A tract of 6,219 acres of farm land purchased by the state was subdivided into small farms, ranging in size from two to one hundred and fifty acres.

The spirit in which the colony was started is best indicated by the enabling act adopted by the California state legislature in 1917, which contains the following clause:

"The legislature believes that land settlement is a problem of great importance to the welfare of all the people of the state of California, and for that reason through this particular act endeavors to improve the general economic and social conditions of agricultural settlers within the state, and of the people of the state in general."

By provisions of this act the legislature appropriated the sum of \$200,000, of which \$200,000 was constituted a revolving fund for the purpose of purchasing and improving farm lands to be sold in turn to bona fide settlers.

The land purchased for this first settlement was a part of the old Senator Leland Stanford estate and with the exception of about one thousand acres is composed of deep, rich alluvial land, lying along the shores of Butte creek.

Under two allotments and sale in 1918 the entire tract was quickly disposed of, and provided beautiful and productive homes for 120 families, including 200 children.

The enterprise is not of an eleemosynary character, but one designed to help real farmers, possessing real capital, to accomplish better results in the way of practical agriculture. The state land settlement board, a body consisting of five members appointed by the governor of the state, exercised great pains in allotting the settlement farms to desirable purchasers. Due consideration was taken of moral character, practical farm experience and financial standing, with a view of welding the settlement into a permanent and prosperous community.

Terms of Sale Easy.
The cost of the land to the board was \$100 per acre for that portion which was susceptible of irrigation, and \$16 per acre for that portion that was non-irrigable. Of the latter there were only about 700 acres. This land in turn was sold to settlers at an average price of \$150 per acre, and the total price of farm units ranged from \$3,000 to \$15,000.

The terms of sale to settlers included a cash payment of 5 per cent of the purchase price, with deferred payments extending over a period of 40 years, at 5 per cent interest. Loans were extended for farmhouses and other permanent improvements up to 60 per cent of their cost with 20 years for repayment. No loan for this purpose was made above \$3,000.

Very wisely the state land settlement board took cognizance of the vexed question of farm labor and provided for the allotment of two-acre tracts for this class of settlers. These lots were eagerly taken. The initial payment on each lot was less than \$20, and deferred payments were arranged on the same basis as those made to farm settlers.

This arrangement was made with a double pur-

pose—that of providing the settlement with a permanent supply of farm help and also of raising the standard of general farm help to a higher level.

The farm laborers of the settlement were enabled to earn from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day, with board, or \$4.50 without board. Carpenters were paid \$5.25 per day of eight hours and were enabled to improve their allotments, outside of the working hours.

These settlement farm laborers have the option of either working inside or outside of the colony. They are permitted, as soon as they are financially competent, to purchase larger farms, and thus become proprietors or employing farmers.

The offices of the California state land settlement board do not cease with the mere buying and selling of this land, leaving the settlers to shift for themselves. The most important work comes after the settlers have selected farms and have begun the arduous task of producing a revenue, that will enable them to pay for and equip their new homes.

Expert Advice on Tap.
The board does all in its power to guide the collective work of the settlement along safe lines, supplying farm advisers, farmstead engineers and other experts to help the good work along. It is the plan of the board to assist the settlement in welding itself into a successful co-operative community, and to inaugurate a system of the most scientific and up-to-date cultural and administrative methods.

At the very outset the Durham settlers organized a co-operative stock breeders' association. This was done with the prime object of making the settlement the home of purebred live stock. The board inculcated the idea of uniform selection of breeds so that there should be no upward mixing of blood.

It was agreed that there should be but one or two breeds of cattle, sheep and hogs in the association. For cattle the Holstein was adopted as the type for dairy stock, and shorthorns for beef purposes. Duroc Jerseys were selected as the desirable type of hogs, and the Romney Marsh and Rambouillet for the sheep breeds. The executive committee of the Settlement Co-operative Live Stock association has done nearly all the buying of live stock for the settlers, thus simplifying and expediting matters.

Instead of leaving each of the 120 families, composing the settlement, to buy material, find workmen and secure designs for their dwellings and farm buildings the board took it upon itself to lend a most welcome helping hand. It aided the settlers in their purchase of fencing material, cement, lumber, pipe, etc., in carload lots, thus saving the new farmers much labor trouble and insuring them the best of material at lowest prices.

The plans for the new farmhouses and their proper location on the respective farms were worked out with much care by the farmstead engineer under the eye of the farmer and his wife and in co-operation with them. In fact, all the important details of farm improvement and farm methods have been carried out under the advice of the board's experts, free to the settlers. Nothing in the community has been done in a loose or haphazard manner and under this modus operandi a model farm community was evolved in less than one year.

Help on the First Crop.
In the meantime practical farm development was taken up, soil maps consulted, fields, orchards and gardens laid out, and crop production arranged. The board has made itself the friend and counselor of each settler, and has been unstinting

SPHON'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Spohn's Distemper Compound

will knock it in very short time. At the first sign of a cough or cold in your horse, give a few doses of "SPHON'S." It will act on the glands, eliminate the disease germ and prevent further destruction of body by disease. "SPHON'S" has been the standard remedy for DISTEMPER, INFLUENZA, PINK EYE, CATARRHAL FEVER, COUGHS and COLDS for a quarter of a century. 50 cents and \$1.15 per bottle at all drug stores. **SPHON MEDICAL COMPANY, GOSHEN, IND.**

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Not Spring Fever But Malaria CAUSES THAT LAZY TIRED FEELING.

WARDS OFF MALARIA AND RESTORES STRENGTH. TRY IT.

If not sold by your druggist, write Arthur Peter & Co., Louisville, Ky.

If there is another world war the nation that yells "enough" will have to give proof that it is satisfied. It is easier to convince a woman that she is foolish than it is to make her believe that she snores.

Large Can, 12 Ounces

25¢

The Best Low Priced Healthful Baking Powder Obtainable Contains no Alum

Use it -and Save!

DR. PRICE'S Phosphate Baking Powder

Write for New Dr. Price Cook Book—It's free
Price Baking Powder Factory,
1003 Independence Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Ink Spots.
For fresh ink stains apply an abundance of soap and wash hard. A little lard rubbed on the stained places before the soap is applied will loosen the stain. If this is not successful a saturated solution of oxalic acid is about all that will remove the ink. Soak the stain for a few seconds, then rinse in clear water and finally in water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added.

Oh, Those Children.
Little Eve—Say, auntie, can they fix people with new tongues same as they do with teeth?
Auntie—No; what made you think that?
Little Eve—Because papa said yesterday you had a false tongue.

Unfair of Him.
"It was cruel of you to throw Reginald over the way you did."
"I know; but what could I do? He quit smoking my favorite brand of cigarettes."

A farmer becomes accustomed to solitude—and it isn't so bad.

Jubilant Jubilee.
"Some years ago," says an American who used to live in London "before Queen Victoria's death and about the time the queen's jubilee was to be celebrated, there was over heard this conversation between two old Scotchwomen on a street corner."
"Can ye tell me, wumman, what it they call a jubilee?"
"Weel, it's this," said the other "When folk has been married twenty-five years, that's a silver wuddin'; and when they have been married fifty years that's a golden wuddin'. But if the men's dead then it's a jubilee."

Garden Spot, Anyway
A Boston geologist and philologist says he is convinced that the Garden of Eden was located in the area now occupied by the state of Ohio. Whether right or wrong, Ohio is certainly a garden spot when it comes to raising presidential timber.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Poets must suffer before they can write, says a philosopher. After that the public suffers.

If Coffee don't agree DRINK POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

ED C. BOLIVER
Publisher

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

The Informer, \$1.50 a year.

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

Advertising locals run and are charged for until ordered out, unless specific arrangements are made when the ad is brought in.

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

Now is the time to buy that Ice Cream Freezer or Milk Cooler. You can get them at Thompson Bros.

Notice of Application for Letters—Estate

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Donley County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the notice in the County of Donley, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for the period of ten days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LETTERS—ESTATE OF DECEDENTS.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,—

To all Persons interested in the Estate of John S. Smith and Susan E. Smith, deceased: J. T. Hampton has filed in the County Court of Donley County an application for Letters of Administration upon the estate of the said John S. Smith and Susan E. Smith, deceased, which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing the First Monday in July, A. D. 1921, at the Court House thereof, in the City of Clarendon, at which time all persons interested in said Estate may appear and contest said application should they desire to do so.

Herein fail not, but have you then and there before said Court this writ, with your return thereon endorsed, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, May 14, 1921.

W. E. Bray, Clerk County Court, Donley County, Tex.

Subscribe for The Informer.

GONE TO HIS REWARD

Last Saturday morning the citizens of Hedley were shocked and grieved to learn that Mr. A. G. Leveritt, one of our best citizens, had passed away suddenly that morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. Mobley.

He had been somewhat sick for a few days, but not to an extent that was considered serious. In fact, he was so much better that morning, that Mr. Mobley had gone to the field to work, and it was there the sad news was brought to him.

The remains were embalmed by a Memphis undertaker, and kept at the Mobley home until his children all arrived. Funeral services were held at 6:00 p. m. Sunday, at the First Baptist Church, conducted by Rev. Y. F. Walker. Probably the largest crowd that ever attended a funeral in Hedley was present.

The remains were taken to the old family home, at Stephenville, for burial, accompanied by Mrs. K. W. Howell, Mr. and Mrs. L. Mobley and A. G. Leveritt Jr.

Andrew Gideon Leveritt was born in Alabama May 30, 1849; died at Hedley, Texas, May 28, 1921. Was married March 12th, 1874, to Sarah Armstrong, in the state of Alabama. To this union ten children were born, four of whom are dead. The remaining six were present at the funeral. They are O. J. Leveritt, Amarillo; A. G. Leveritt Jr., Amarillo; Mrs. K. W. Howell, Brownfield; Mrs. C. L. Goin, Mrs. L. Mobley, Mrs. P. T. Boston, of Hedley. Mr. Leveritt came to Texas, from Alabama, when he was about 35 years old, spending the greater part of the time in Erath county. After the death of his companion, January 13th, 1918, he spent the time with his children here and at Brownfield.

For more than fifty years Bro. Leveritt has been a member of the Baptist church. As a deacon, his service has been long and valuable. He was wise in his planning and tactful in his executions. His loyalty to every righteous cause was certain. The esteem in which he was held by the people of this community was clearly in evidence by the beautiful floral offering, the large numbers who attended the service and the many expressions of grief because of his death. The deacons of the First Baptist Church were the honorary pall bearers, while members of his Sunday School class were the active pall bearers.

Truly the life of this good man was blessed and his home going glorious.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE
BY BROTHER MIZZELL
Editor Hedley Informer:
I have learned with deep and

sincere grief of the passing of our mutual friend, A. G. Leveritt, and crave the privilege of a word concerning him as citizen and Christian. It was mine, as you know, to be his pastor for some months, and as he was a deacon, it gave me special opportunity to learn his true worth.

Brother Leveritt had lived to an advanced age, but had grown sweeter and more docile with the passing years. Not only so, but he seemed to realize in a special sense that this world was not his home, and always was ready to tell of his hope in Another for life and happiness eternal. He was one of those men who grew stronger as he gave himself to a cause, and the reason was that he never engaged until he KNEW he was right. It was mine to test him during our special campaign, when all was not to our liking, and that gave me to the better know and appreciate his real worth. Never while memory lasts can I forget his talk on the night of Victory Sunday; neither can I forget how his face, now paled in death, then shone with an increasing splendor, even as the face of Moses shone as he descended from the Mount. Yes, we had been on the Mount all that blessed day, and as we descended, his voice thrilled my own poor heart, and the recollection of it has filled my soul to overflowing more than once. I am so glad that I said these words to him while he was yet with us, and before I came away; I am glad, too, that I repeated them to him in a letter just the other day.

But he has gone from us and all things earthly, and the Savior he loved so well and served so devoutly has told him all about it before now. His is a rich heritage, and the children have something left to them far better than worldly wealth or earthly renown. I beg that they and all his friends shall know that these lines are written by one who loved him, and who always found in him a true friend and helper. Sincerely, but sorrowfully yours,

J. M. Mizell.

Hallettsville, Texas,
May 30th, 1921.

George W. Taylor, District Manager, and Geo. H. Gardner Jr., State Supervisor of the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company, are in the city today for the purpose of establishing an agency for their company.

I AM AGENT

for the Amarillo Union Laundry and will appreciate any business you give me. I will call for and deliver your Laundry. Basket leaves here each Tuesday and returns the following Friday.
Call No. 1.

DUCK MOORE.

NEWS FROM BRAY

This country was visited by several good showers which are appreciated by all.

J. H. Spier and family spent Sunday with T. O. Hill's folks at Hedley.

The young folks enjoyed a party at W. W. Johnson's.

The Bray boys have organized a baseball team and play most every Saturday.

Little Thelma Oller has gone to Kansas with her grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Newman.

Misses Ella Horn and Nora Morrison spent a day or two with Mrs. L. A. O'Hair, at Hedley, this week.

Miss Lois Robinson is at Memphis visiting her sister.

Little Dreamer.

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

DRY GOODS BARGAINS!

THERE ARE STILL A LOT OF THEM HERE, and you are simply "Standing in your own light" if you fail to get your share. This is the Home of

LOW PRICES AND
HIGH QUALITY

--a mighty hard combination to beat. Our prices have reached the bed rock, and Service is our "long suit." When you buy here, you buy the best.

Forbis & Stone

HEDLEY, TEXAS



MEN'S SHIRTS and UNDERWEAR

The newest patterns and finest materials, many of them imported. It's been years and years since you could buy garments like these for so little money. Better select yours today.

HAYTER BROS.

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

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin.

Samples Not Impressive. "Why couldn't you secure a job from the employment agent?"



Lucky Strike Cigarette

No cigarette has the same delicious flavor as Lucky Strike. Because Lucky Strike is the toasted cigarette.

KILL RATS TODAY



By Using the Genuine, STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

DAISY FLY KILLER PLACED ANYWHERE ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLIES

Awful Sick With Gas

Eatonc Brings Relief

"I have been awful sick with gas," writes Mrs. W. H. Person, "and Eatonc is all I can get to give me relief."

MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions.

GOLD MEDAL HAZLE OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1896; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 18-1921.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

LOOK BACKWARD.

IN A Fifth-grader which I studied in a New Hampshire country school was a selection which began "An aged man was standing at a window."

There is one picture that we all paint—rich or poor, successes or failures. It is the portrait of "The Man I Might Have Been."

THE WOODS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

RAIN.

RAINING, is it? So it is—An I knew it would. When a man has rheumatism in this old left stem of his

Do not waste your time or worry your mind about "The Man I Might Have Been."

There is an excuse for everything but quitting. Just say over to yourself those two splendid lines that Henley was inspired to write:

"I am the master of my fate. I am the captain of my soul." And put the accent on the "I."

Ad, besides, there's quite a line of such signs of rain.

When you see a cat eat grass. When you see a small-mouth bass send up a bubble.

When you let life's half-hitch slip. When you kind of lose your grip.

When you hear a rain-crow caw. It is simply Nature's law indicatin' trouble.

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see where we might have planned more wisely, acted more discreetly, bulldozed more substantially.

There never was a man who, if he could have lived his life a second time, would not have varied it in some way.

Who knows what would have happened to Abraham Lincoln if Mary Owens had not told him she could not marry him because he was "deficient in those little links which go to make up the chain of a woman's happiness."

She meant that Lincoln in his awkwardness did not know how to make love after the fashion of the day.

But Lincoln was very fond of her and many times, perhaps, long years after she had refused him, he thought of "The Man I Might Have Been" had she married him.

You can imagine, too, that she must have thought sometimes of what would have been her history had she been the wife of the Great Emancipator.

The man you might have been, which you picture with greater or less regret is only a fanciful being, perhaps less lovable, less capable of good, less fitted for your real tasks, than the man you are.

The man you are is a reality, and realities are the only things worth thinking much about.

Regrets never built much of a success. You have to add right action to get a substantial and worth-while result.

Do not waste your time or worry your mind about "The Man I Might Have Been."

There is an excuse for everything but quitting. Just say over to yourself those two splendid lines that Henley was inspired to write:

"I am the master of my fate. I am the captain of my soul." And put the accent on the "I."

Ad, besides, there's quite a line of such signs of rain.

When you see a cat eat grass. When you see a small-mouth bass send up a bubble.

When you let life's half-hitch slip. When you kind of lose your grip.

When you hear a rain-crow caw. It is simply Nature's law indicatin' trouble.

When you see a cat eat grass. When you see a small-mouth bass send up a bubble.

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When you see a cat eat grass. When you see a small-mouth bass send up a bubble.

Mother's Cook Book

Blossoms are spread like a tapestry price-less. Orient opulence over the land. And skies have grown bluer. And hearts have grown truer.

WHAT TO EAT.

FOR those who are fond of hominy, Fry cooking it in bacon fat after it has been cooked in boiling water until tender, or the canned variety may be used, draining it before frying.

May Party Cakes.

Break into a large bowl six eggs, one cupful of sugar and three-fourths of a cupful of softened butter (not melted). Set the bowl in hot water and beat until the butter is well mixed with the ingredients.

Bran Bread.

Take two cupfuls of bran, one-half cupful of molasses, one-quarter cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, three and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of chopped raisins, add one beaten egg, mix all together and bake in a slow oven an hour and twenty minutes.

Nellie Maxwell

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Coming home from work at night Gladness in my heart just wells As I hurry down the street Sniffing all the dinner smells



Most Remarkable Echo. A wonderful echo can be heard in a room in the castle of Simonetta, near Milan. A loud noise, such as a pistol shot, is repeated 60 times.

SCHOOL DAYS



THE GIRL ON THE JOB

By JESSIE ROBERTS

THE JOY OF A JOB.

YOU can just about divide people into two groups—those who love their work, and those who don't.

For most of us our work is the chief part of our life. It is up to us to choose the sort of work that we are going to like.

But the truth is that the woman who is enjoying her work usually makes more of it than she would at other work.

MRS. REIFENSTEIN, AGED 67, GAINS 25 POUNDS

Declares She Would Like To Put a Bottle Of Talcum In The Hands Of Every Sick Man, Woman and Child In This Country— Never Saw Its Equal.



MRS. EMMA REIFENSTEIN, 337 Webster Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

"I am sixty-seven years of age, but in all my experience I have never known a medicine like Talcum. Think of it! At my age to gain twenty-five pounds in weight, but that is just what I have done."

medicine has brought me health and happiness and I just can't say enough in its praise.

Healthy Babies Sit Up and Play. Good digestion and keeping the bowels open insure good health in babyhood. Thousands of babies are kept healthy and happy by MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP.

If eccentricity were genius all mad-houses would be universities.

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin. Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Why, Sure. "My wife has a terrible memory."

Who Can Tell? You cannot always tell. The patriot who is quickest to rise when the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" is often slowest to get up when the government asks for his income tax.

Artistic Improvement. "Do you think it's wrong for a woman to paint her face?"

Like a Letter. Absentmindedly the young woman yawned. "Pardon me!" she said. "I didn't mean to do that."

The Higher Education. "Is your boy learning anything at school?" "He's learning how little I know about arithmetic."

There's More Than Flavor. Many foods, while pleasing to taste, contain but little nourishment. Grape-Nuts combines with its rich, sweet flavor the full nutriment of wheat and malted barley which makes it an ideal food.

THE WRECKERS

By
FRANCIS
LYNDE

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THE WRECKING OF THE WRECKERS

"She is married now, and her husband is still living."
For a little I couldn't do anything but gape like a chicken with the pip. It was simply fierce! I knew, as well as I knew anything, that the boss was gone on Mrs. Sheila; that he had fallen in love, first with the back of her neck and then with her pretty face and then with all of her; and that the one big reason why he had let Mr. Chadwick persuade him to stay in Portal City was the fact that he had wanted to be near her and to show her how he could make a perfectly good spoon out of the spoiled horn of the Pioneer Short Line.

There's "The Wreckers" in a nutshell—a railroad story by Francis Lynde; that's enough for anyone. The "Boss" is a first-class all-around railroad man. "Mrs. Sheila" is as lovable as they make 'em. The Pioneer Short Line is a sick road which has been shamefully misused by successive groups of Wall street speculators. And Jimmie Dodds, who tells the story in his own inimitable way, is the "Boss's" secretary and handyman.

CHAPTER I

At Sand Creek Siding
As a general proposition, I don't believe much in the things called "hunches." But there are exceptions to all rules, and we certainly uncovered the biggest one of the lot—the boss and I—the night we left Portland and the good old Pacific coast. It was this way. We had finished the construction work on the Oregon Midland; and were on our way to the train, when I had one of those queer little premonitory chills you hear so much about and knew just as well as could be that we were never going to pull through to Chicago without getting a jolt of some sort. The reason—if you'll call it a reason—was that, just before we came to the railroad station, the boss walked calmly under a ladder standing in front of a new building; and besides that, it was the thirteenth day of the month, a Friday, and raining like the very mischief.

Just to sort of toll us along, maybe—the fates didn't begin on us that night. They waited until the next day, and then proceeded to shove us in behind a freight-train wreck at Widner, Idaho, where we lost twelve hours. It looked as if that didn't amount to much, because we weren't due anywhere at any particular time. The boss was on his way home for a little visit with his folks in Illinois, and beyond that he was going to meet a bunch of Englishmen in Montreal, and maybe let them make him general manager of one of the Canadian railroads.

So Mr. Norcross was in no special hurry, and neither was I. I had been confidential clerk and shorthand man for the boss on the Midland construction, and he was taking me along partly because he knows a cracking good stenographer when he sees one, but mostly because I was dead anxious to go anywhere he was going.

But, if it hadn't been for that twelve-hour lay-out we would have caught the Saturday night train on the Pioneer Short Line, instead of the train Sunday morning, and there would have been no meeting with Mrs. Sheila and Maizie Ann; no telegram from Mr. Chadwick, because it wouldn't have found us; no hold-up at Sand Creek siding; in short, nothing would have happened that did happen.

It was on Sunday that the jolt began to get ready to land on us. Right soon after breakfast, with the help of a little Pullman berth table and me and my typewriter, Mr. Norcross turned our section into a business office, saying that now we had a good quiet day, we'd clean up the million or so odds and ends of correspondence he'd been letting go while we were tussling for the Midland right-of-way through the Oregon mountains.

From where he sat dictating to me the boss was facing forward and now and then an absent sort of look came into his eyes while he was talking off his letters, and it puzzled me because it wasn't like him. One of the times after he had given me a full gist of letters and had gone off to smoke while I typed a few thousand lines from my notes to catch up, I made a discovery. There were two people in Section Five just ahead of us, a young woman and a girl of maybe fifteen or so, and the Pullman was the old-fashioned kind, with low seat-backs. I put it up that in those absent-eyed intervals Mr. Norcross had been studying the back of the young woman's neck. I was measurably sure it wasn't the little girl's.

quiet, breaking out once, in the meat course, to tell me that he'd just had a forwarded telegram from an old friend of his that would stop us off for a day or two in Portal City, the headquarters of the Pioneer Short Line. Farther along, pretty well into the ice-cream and black coffee, he came to life again to ask me if I had noticed the young lady and the girl in the Pullman section next to ours.

I told him I had, and then, because I had never known him to bother his head for two minutes in succession about any woman, he gave me a shock; said they were ticketed to Portal City—and to find that out he must have asked the train conductor—adding that when we reached Portal it would be the neighborly thing for me to do to help them off with their hand-bags and see that they got a cab if they wanted one.

"Sure I will," says I. "That is, if the lady's husband isn't there to meet them. Her suit case has her name, 'Mrs. Sheila Macrae,' on it."

The boss has a way of making two up-and-down wrinkles and a little curved horseshoe line come between his eyes when he is going to reach for you.

"There are times, Jimmie, when you see altogether too much," he said, sort of gruff.

"Macrae," you say; that is Scotch. And so is 'Sheila.' Most likely the names, both of them, are only hand-downs. She looks straight American to me."

"She is pretty enough to look anything," I threw in, just to see how he would take it.

"Right you are, Jimmie," he agreed. "I've been looking at the back of her neck all day. There are so many women who don't measure up to the promises they make when you see 'em from behind. You catch a glimpse of a pretty neck, and when you get around to the face you find out that the neck was only a bit of bluff."

If I had been eating anything in the world but ice cream I believe it would have choked me. What he said led up to the admission that he had been making these face-and-neck comparisons for goodness knows how long, and I couldn't surround that, all at once. You see, he was such a picture of a man's man in every sense of the word; a fighter and a hard-hitter,

right from the jump. And to a man of that sort women are usually no more than fluffy little side-issues, as Eve said when they told her she was made out of Adam's rib.

That ended the dining-car part of it. The sure-enough, knock-out round was fought at the rear end of our Pullman, which happened to be the last car in the train. As we walked back after dinner Mr. Norcross gave me a cigar and said we'd go out to the observation platform to smoke. When we reached the door we found the young lady and the girl standing at the rear railing to watch the train unroll itself under the trucks. The young lady was wearing a coat with a storm collar, but the girl had a

thing around her neck, and her stocky, chunky little arms were elbow deep in a big pillow muff to match, though the April night wasn't even half-way chilly.

The boss stepped out on the platform to close the side trap door which, with the railing gate on that side, had been left open by a careless rear flagman. Just then the big "Pacific type" that was pulling us let out a whistle screech that would have waked the dead, and the air-brakes went on with a jerk that showed how beautifully reckless the roadrunning was on the Pioneer Short Line.

Mr. Norcross was reaching for the catch on the floor trap and the jerk didn't throw him. But it snapped the young woman and the girl away from the railing so suddenly that the little one had to grab for hand-holds; and when she did that, of course the big muff went overboard.

At this, a bunch of things happened, all in an eye-wink. The train ground and jiggled to a stop; the girl squealed, "Oh, my muff!" and skipped down the steps to disappear in the general direction of the Pacific coast; the young woman shrieked after her, "Maizie Ann!—come back here—you'll be left!" and then took her turn at disappearing by the same route; and, on top of it all, the boss jumped off and sprinted after both of them, leaving a string of large, man-sized comments on the foolishness of women as a sex trailing along behind him as he flew.

Right then it was my golden moment to play safe and sane. With three of them off and lost in the gathering night, somebody with at least a grain of sense ought to have stood by to pull the emergency cord if the train should start. But, of course, I had to take a chance and spill the gravy all over the tablecloth. The stop was at a blind siding in the edge of a mountain desert, and when I squinted up ahead and saw that the engine was taking water, it looked as if there were going to be plenty of time for a bit of promenade under the stars. So I swung off and went to join the muff hunt.

Amongst them, they had found the pillow thing before I had a chance to horn in. They were coming up the track, and the boss had each of the two by an arm and was telling them that they'd be left to a dead moral certainty if they didn't run. They couldn't run because their skirts were too fashionably narrow, and there were still three or four car-lengths to go when the tank spout went up with a clang and a clatter of chains and the old "Pacific type" gave a couple of hisses and a snort.

"They're going!" gritted the boss, sort of between his teeth, and without another word he grabbed those two hobbled women folks up under his arms, just as if they'd been a couple of sacks of meal, and broke into a run.

It wasn't a morsel of use, you know. Old Hercules himself couldn't have run very far or very fast with the handicap the boss had taken on, and in less than half a minute the "Pacific type" had caught her stride and the red tail lights of the train were vanishing to pin points in the night. We were beautifully and artistically left.

When he saw that it was no manner of use, the boss quit on the hand-cap race and put his two armfuls down while he still had breath enough left to talk with.

"Well," he said, in his best rustling rasp, "you've done it! Why, in the name of common sense, couldn't you have let me go back after that muff thing?"

It was the young woman who answered the boss.

"I—I didn't stop to think!" she fluttered, taking the blame as if she had been the one to head the procession. "Isn't there any way we can stop that train?"

The boss said there wasn't, and I know the only reason why he didn't say a lot of other things was because he was too much of a gentleman to say them in the presence of a couple of women.

So far as we could see, the sure roundings consisted of a short side-track, a spur running off into the hills, and the water tank. The siding switches had no lights, which argued that there wasn't even a pump-man at the tank—as there was not, the tank being filled automatically by a gravity pipe line running back to a natural reservoir in the mountains.

By this time the boss was beginning to get a little better grip on himself and he laughed.

"We've all earned the leather medal, I guess," he chuckled. "It's done now, and it can't be helped."

"But isn't there anything we can do?" said the young woman. "Can't we walk somewhere to where there is a station or a town with people in it?"

I saw Mr. Norcross look down at her skirts and then at the girls.

"You two couldn't walk very far or very fast in those things you are wearing," he grunted. "Besides, we are in one of the desert strips, and it is probably miles to a night wire station in either direction."

We trailed off together up the track, two and two, the boss walking with the young woman. After we'd counted a few of the cross-ties, the girl said: "Is your name Jimmie Dodds?" And when I admitted it: "Mine is Maizie Ann. I'm Sheila's cousin on her mother's side. I think this is a great lark; don't you?"

"I can tell better after it's over," I said. "Maybe we'll have to stay here all night."

"I shouldn't mind," she came back briskly. "I haven't been up all night since I was a little kiddie and our house burned down."

We reached the big water tank, and the boss picked out one of the square footing timbers for a seat. It seemed as if he were finding it a good bit harder to get acquainted with his half



"Out of Sight—Quick, Jimmie!" He Whispered.

of the combination than I was with mine, but after a little the young woman thawed out a bit and made him talk—to help pass away the time, I took it—and the little girl—and I sat and listened. When the young woman finally got him started, the boss told her all about himself, how he'd been railroading ever since he left college, and a lot of things that I'd never even dreamed of. It's curious how a pretty woman can make a man turn himself inside out that way, just for her amusement.

The boss asked her if she were warm enough, saying that if she were not, he and I would scrape up some sage-brush or something and make a fire. She replied that she didn't care for a fire, that the night wasn't at all cold—which it wasn't. Then she showed that she was human, clear down to the tips of her pretty fingers.

"You may smoke if you want to," she told the boss. "I shan't mind it in the least."

The boss lit his cigar. Then there was more talk, in which it turned out that the young woman and her cousin were to have been met at Portal City by somebody she called "Cousin Basil," but there wouldn't be any scare, because she had written ahead to say that possibly they might stop over with some friends in one of the apple towns.

Then Mr. Norcross said he wouldn't miss anything by the drop-out but an appointment he had with an old friend, and he guessed that could wait. I listened, thinking maybe he would mention the name of the friend, and after a while he did. The forwarded Portal City telegram the boss had gotten just before we went to dinner in the dining-car was from "Uncle John" Chadwick, the Chicago wheat king, and that left me wondering what the mischief Mr. Chadwick was doing away out in the wild and woolly western country where they raise more apples than they do wheat, and more mining stock schemes than they do either.

We had been marooned for nearly an hour when I struck a match and looked at my watch. Mr. Norcross was doing his best to kill time for the young woman, and he was just in the exciting part of a railroad story, telling about a right-of-way fight on the Midland, when the little girl grabbed my arm and said: "Listen!"

I did, and broke in promptly. "Excuse me," I called to the other two, "but I think there's a train coming."

The boss cut his story short and we all listened. It seemed that I was wrong. The noise we heard was more like an auto running with the cut-out open than a train rumbling.

"What do you make it, Jimmie?" came from the boss' end of the timber.

"Motor car," I said, pointing in the darkness toward the east.

My guess was right. In less than a minute we saw the lights of the car. It stopped a little way below the water tank and about a hundred yards north of the track, or maybe less, and four men came tumbling out of it. If I had been alone on the job I should probably have called to the men as

they came tramping over to the side-track. But Mr. Norcross had a different think coming.

"Out of sight—quick, Jimmie!" he whispered, and in another second he had whipped the young woman over the big footing timber to a standing place under the tank among the braces, and I had done the same for the girl.

What followed was as mysterious as a chapter out of an Anna Katherine Green detective story. After doing something to the switch of the unused spur track, the four men separated. One of them went back to the auto, and the other three walked down the main track to the lower switch of the short siding, which was on the same side of the main line as the spur. Here the fourth man rejoined them, and the girl at my elbow told us what he had gone back to the car for.

"He has lighted a red lantern," she whispered. "I saw it when he took it out of the auto."

I guess it was pretty plain to all of us by this time that there was something decidedly crooked on the cards, but if we had known what it was, we couldn't very well have done anything to prevent it. There were only two of us men to their four; and, besides, there wasn't any time. The lantern-carrying man had barely reached the lower switch when we heard the whistle of a locomotive. There was a train coming from the west, and a few seconds later an electric headlight showed up on the long tangent beyond the siding.

It was a bandit hold-up, all right. One of the men stood on the track waving the red lantern; we could see him plainly in the glare of the headlight. There wasn't much of a scrap. There were two or three pistol shots, and then, as near as we could make out, the hold-up men, or some of them, climbed into the engine.

Before you could count ten they had made a flying switch with the single car, kicking it in on the siding. Before the car had come fully to a stop, the engine was switched in behind it, coupled on, and the reversed train, with the engine pushing the car, rattled away on the old spur that led off into the hills; clattered away and was lost to sight and hearing in less than a minute.

It was not until after the train was switched and gone that we discovered that two of the bandits had been left behind. These two reset the switches for the main track, leaving everything as they had found it, and then crossed over to the auto.

I was just thinking that all this mystery and kidnaping and gun play must be sort of hard on the young woman and the girl, but, though my half of the allotment was shivering a little and snuggling up just a grain closer to me, she proved that she hadn't lost her nerve.

"Did you see the name on that car when the engine went past to get in behind it?" she asked.

"No," said the boss; and I hadn't, either.

"I did," she asserted, showing that her eyes, or her wits, were quicker than ours. "I had just one little glimpse of it. The name is 'A-l-e-x-a,' spelling it out."

Mr. Norcross started as if he had been shot.

"The Alexa? That is Mr. Chadwick's private car—they've kidnaped him!" Then he whirled short on me. "Jimmie, are you man enough to go with me and try a tackle on those fellows over there in that auto?"

I said I was; but I didn't add what I thought—that it would probably be a case of double suicide for us two to go up against a pair of armed thugs with our bare hands. The young woman put in her word.

"You mustn't think of doing such a thing!" she protested; and she was still telling him all the different reasons why he mustn't, when we heard the creak and grind of the stolen engine coming back down the old spur.

After that there was nothing to do but to wait and see what was going to happen next. What did happen was as blind as all the rest. The engine was stopped somewhere in the gulch back of us and out of sight from our hiding-place, and pretty soon the two men who had gone with her came hurrying across out of the hill shadows, making straight for the auto. A minute or two later they had climbed into the machine, the motor had sputtered, and the car was gone.

CHAPTER II

Mr. Chadwick's Special
Of course, as soon as the skip-out of the four hold-up men gave us a free hand we knew it was up to us to get busy and do something. It was a safe bet that the Alexa was carrying her owner, and by that case Mr. John Chadwick and his train crew were somewhere back in the hills, without an engine, and with a good prospect of staying "put" until somebody should go and hunt them up.

"We've got to find out what they've done with Mr. Chadwick," Mr. Norcross broke out. And then: "It can't be very far to where they have left the engine, and if they haven't crippled it—" He stopped short and stung

a question at the two women: "Will you two stay here with Jimmie while I go and see what I can find in that gulch?"

They both paid me the compliment of saying that they'd stay with me, but the young woman suggested that it might be just as well if we should all go up the gulch together. So we piked out in the dark, the boss helping Mrs. Sheila to hobble along over the cross-ties of the spur, and the little girl stumbling on behind with me. We had followed the spur track up the gulch for maybe a short quarter of a mile when we came to the engine. As we had feared it might be, the big machine was crippled. There was a key gone out of one of the connecting-rod crank-pin straps; one miserable little piece of steel, maybe eight inches long and tapering one way, and half an inch or so thick the other; but that was a plenty. We couldn't make a move without it.

I thought we were done for, but Mr. Norcross chased me up into the cab for a lantern. With the light we began to hunt around in the short grass. I had been sensible enough to show the little girl the other connecting-rod key, so she knew exactly what to look for, and it did me a heap of good when it turned out that she was the one who found the lost bit of steel.

"I've got it—I've got it!" she cried; and sure enough she had. The hold-up people had merely taken it out and thrown it aside on the extremely probable chance that nobody would be foolish enough to look for it so near at hand, or, looking, would be able to find it in the dark.

It didn't take more than a minute or two, with a wrench from the engineer's box, to put the key back in place. Then, with one to boost and the other to pull, we got our two passengers up into the high cab. I threw a few shovel-fuls of coal into the firebox and put the blower on; and when we were all set, the boss opened the throttle and we went carefully nosing ahead over the old track, feeling our way up the gulch and keeping a sharp lookout for the Alexa as we ground and squealed around the curves.

It must have been four or five miles back in the hills to the place where we found the private car, pushed in on an old mine-loading track at the end of the spur. The other members of the crew were off and waiting for us; and standing out on the back platform, in the full glare of the headlight as we nosed up for a coupling, there was a big, gray-haired man, bareheaded and dressed in rough-looking old clothes like a mining prospector.

The big man was "Uncle John" Chadwick, and if he was properly astonished at seeing us turn up with his lost engine, he didn't let it interfere with our welcome. Mr. Chadwick seemed to know Mrs. Sheila; at any rate, he shook hands with her and called her by name. Then he grabbed for the boss and fairly shouted at him: "Well, well, Graham!—of all the



"I've Got It!" She Cried.

lucky things this side of Mesopotamia! How the dev—how in thunder did you manage to turn up here? And all that, you know.

The explanations, such as they were, came later. As a matter of course, the talk jumped first to the mysterious hold-up and kidnaping and the reason why. There had been no violence—the pistol shots had been merely meant to scare the trainmen—and there had been no attempt at robbery; for that matter, Mr. Chadwick hadn't even seen the kidnapers, and hadn't known what was going on until after it was all over.

"I've changed my mind, Uncle John—I'll take the job."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE STATE OF TEXAS,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Donley County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon W. H. Johnson, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Donley County, Texas, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Clarendon, on the third Monday in July, A. D. 1921, the same being the 18th day of July, A. D. 1921, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 9th day of May, A. D. 1921, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court as No 1149, wherein Dora L. Johnson is Plaintiff, and W. H. Johnson is Defendant, and said petition alleging, in substance, that plaintiff and defendant were legally married on or about December 25th, 1897, at McKinney, in Collin County, Texas; that they continued to live together as husband and wife up until about February 15th, 1921, when defendant abandoned plaintiff; that the bonds of matrimony still exist between them; that defendant is a man of violent and impulsive temper and defendant was guilty of periodical fits of cruelty toward plaintiff, which cruel treatment was begun by defendant toward plaintiff shortly after their marriage, and continued up to the time of said separation; that on one occasion, while plaintiff was recovering from an operation and was then ill, defendant struck her, inflicting great physical injury and nervous shock; that often during their married life defendant would curse and abuse plaintiff, calling her vile names; that during the latter years of their married life defendant developed a systematic course of abusive treatment toward plaintiff, and by his every act and conduct showed to plaintiff that he had no love or affection whatever for her; that about August 20th, 1920, defendant, without cause or provocation, abandoned plaintiff, leaving her alone at their home in Clarendon, Texas, and leaving dependent upon her and without means of support the five minor children of plaintiff and defendant; that about the month of December, 1920, defendant returned to Clarendon and plaintiff forgave him and permitted him to return to her home; that plaintiff and defendant again continued to live together as husband and wife until about February 15th, 1921, when defendant again, without cause or provocation, after realizing about \$3,100 from the sale of community property, abandoned plaintiff and said minor children, and left them stranded in the town of Clarendon, without means of support, and defendant absconded to some place unknown to plaintiff; that the following named are minor children of plaintiff and defendant, to wit, Jewel, a girl, about 15 years of age, Ruby, a girl, age about 14 years, J. C., a boy, about 11 years of age, Jimmy D., a boy, about 7 years of age, and Aubrey Woodrow, a boy, about 5 years of age; that plaintiff is able and willing to support educate and maintain said minor children and is a proper person to have the care, custody and control thereof; that during the time plaintiff and defendant lived together as husband and wife they acquired considerable property, consisting principally of about 985 acres of land in Hall and Donley Counties, Texas, and in notes owed by various parties to defendant; that in the month of August, 1920, the defendant deeded 384 acres of said land to Star Johnson (son of plaintiff and defendant) and Mrs. Kittie Salmon and Mrs. Susie Martin (daughters of de-

pendant by a former wife) which said 384 acres of land defendant agreed to accept and did accept as his portion of the community estate of himself and this plaintiff, and in full satisfaction of his claims to said community estate; that other portions of the community estate have purchase money notes pending against same which plaintiff cannot pay so that foreclosure proceedings will be had against same, so plaintiff says the only community property left of the community estate of herself and defendant is as follows:

(1) One promissory note, dated February 10, 1921, due October 1, 1921, for \$289 20, bearing 10 per cent interest from maturity until paid, signed by Jeff Adudell, payable to W. H. Johnson;

(2) One promissory note, dated February 25, 1921, due May 25, 1921, for \$252, bearing 8 per cent interest from date until paid, signed by M. M. Noble, payable to W. H. Johnson;

(3) Four (4) vendors lien notes, dated at Clarendon, Texas, December 30th, 1919, due on or before January 1st, 1923, 1924, 1925 and 1926, respectively, bearing 7 per cent interest from date until paid, the first three for \$1,000 each and the fourth note for \$600, signed by M. M. Noble and payable to W. H. Johnson, which said four notes contain a vendors lien against the Southeast 1/4 of Section 3, Block G, and the South half of Section C3, containing 306.4 acres of land, situated in Donley County, Texas;

(4) One fire insurance policy issued by the Commonwealth Fire Insurance Company of Texas, to the defendant, dated February 5th, 1919, expiring February 5th, 1922, for \$9,500, being upon a dwelling house, barn, furniture, feed, vehicles (except automobiles), and windmill, situated upon the real estate herein after described;

(5) A part of Section 45, Block C6, Certificate No. 4672, Abstract No. 180, and described by metes and bounds as follows: Beginning at a stone mound, an iron pipe on the East line of said Section 45, and 382 vrs. South from the Northeast corner of said section; Thence West 24 feet to a stake for the Northeast corner of this tract; Thence South 210 40 vrs. to stake for the Southeast corner of this tract; Thence West 136 16 vrs. to stake for the Southwest corner of this tract; Thence North 210 40 vrs. to stake for the Northwest corner of this tract; Thence East 186 16 vrs. to place of beginning, and containing five acres of land and being same tract of land conveyed to Frank Whitlock by G. W. Medley, and by Frank Whitlock and wife to W. H. Johnson.

Plaintiff prays for an absolute decree of divorce from the defendant, in all things cancelling the marriage bonds now existing between them; that she have the exclusive care, control and custody of the five minor children herein named; that the title, right and interest of defendant in and to the personal and real property herein described be divested out of defendant and invested in plaintiff, as her own separate property, to be by her sold, transferred, assigned, endorsed, negotiated and released, the same as if she had acquired same in her own proper name, and that the title to said real estate be vested and confirmed in her, free and clear of all claims of the defendant, and for costs of suit.

Herein fail not, and have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Clarendon, Texas, this the 9th day of May, A. D. 1921.

W. E. Bray, Clerk District Court, Donley County, Tex
By S. Hightower, Deputy.

PASTIME THEATRE

H. Mulkey, Prop.

Clarendon, Texas

Program for Current Week

MONDAY, June 6th—Select Pictures: "THE MELODY MAIDS," a Girl show, bubbling with perfect joy, clean and refined. Also OWEN MOORE, in "THE CHICKEN IN THE CASE." 25c and 50c.

TUESDAY, 7th—Paramount Picture: THE MELODY GIRLS; Eight Girls, and they will entertain you. Also Five Reel Paramount Picture, "APRIL FOLLY."

WEDNESDAY, 8th—First National Attraction: NORMA TALMAGE in "THE BRANDED WOMAN," another big success. Don't miss a Talmage night.

THURSDAY, 9th—Reelart Picture: BEBE DANIELS (you know her) in "OH LADY LADY"—a dandy comedy drama that will please you.

FRIDAY, 10th—Our Serial Night: Last number of "RUTH OF THE ROCKIES," and first number of "FANTOMAS." See them both.

SATURDAY, June 11th—Fox Picture: EILEEN PERCY, in "TOM BOY." "FANTOMAS," and One Reel Comedy.

Cut This Out for Future Reference

Matinee Every Day, 2 o'clock

The Store of Better Values

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

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES

Tims & Culwell

Come to us for

Lumber & Coal

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

U. J. BOSTON, Manager

The Square Deal Garage

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.

SQUARE TYPE IS ALWAYS POPULAR

Has Many Advantages That Appeal to Home Builder.

CUTS COST OF CONSTRUCTION

Design Shown Here Is Built of Concrete Blocks, but Will Work Out Equally Well in Frame, Brick, Hollow Tile and Stucco.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

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

While many people prefer the one-room, so called condensed apartment of the large apartment buildings in the cities, and others like the small, unique and original bungalow brought from the West Coast a few years ago, a great many still hold a profound regard for the familiar and ever-popular square lined, hipped roof home of many rooms, the home that always gives the impression of highest, comfort, and substantial security. This home is found in the large and small cities, suburbs, small towns, villages and on the farms. It has its supporters everywhere and will continue to be built for many years to come.

That is why we are showing a picture of an excellent example of this type. In this case the house is built of concrete blocks, although the same design may be constructed of frame.



brick, hollow tile and stucco. There are no freakish corners, expensive innovations that tend to increase costs which are high enough as it is. In fact the contractor can build this kind of home as reasonably as any. Concrete block is growing in favor because of its attractive exterior appearance and insulating features. The hollow air space prevents extreme cold from penetrating the walls in the winter and likewise stops excessive heat from getting in during the warm months. Moreover it is easily laid and quickly. This block is smooth-faced. The foundation is poured concrete.

One of the appealing features of this home, one that indicates its comfortable arrangement is the expansive roomy porch, part of which has been glazed to form a sun parlor. In the summer time this glass can be changed for screens and a very comfortable sun porch built. The front door opens into a small reception hall which contains a clothes closet and which opens on one side into the living room and leads to the stairway going to the second floor. The living room is a large



First Floor Plan.

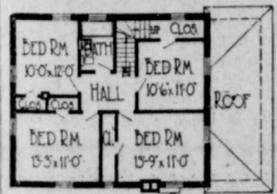
spacious and cheerful room, 14 by 16 feet 6 inches, with a great open brick fireplace, easily one of the most attractive comforts that can be installed in the home. On either side of this fireplace are two small windows providing additional light and ventilation.

Directly in the rear of the living room and joining it by a large open doorway is the dining room, slightly smaller in size, 13 by 15 feet 6 inches, looking out into the rear through a large triple window. Another large double hung window on the side provides additional light. The dining room is connected with the kitchen by a small door on one side. In the construction of modern homes the kitchen is considered one of the most important rooms because of its importance to the wife. Unless arranged efficiently it will cause her a whole lot of unnecessary work and make her home life decidedly more difficult and slavish.

On the upper floor are the four bedrooms, small cheerful well-lighted rooms of about equal size and each containing exceptionally large clothes closets. These bedrooms are grouped

about a central hall. The bathroom is also located on this floor.

There are many features in this substantial home that will appeal to the man of family who wants plenty of breathing space. Moreover this type of house is very economical in cost. This is due to the absence of frills of any kind which always mean extra expense. In these days of high costs, if people planning on homes would overlook many of the whims which they may want to incorporate in their new home they would find it quite



Second Floor Plan.

profitable. For every added feature means special labor, millwork, and a whole lot of extra expense.

Last year there were 100,000 marriages, and only 40,000 homes were built. It is estimated that today there are 121 families for every 100 homes. If this be true the situation is very acute. There must be home building, and work must be started soon or there will be an actual home famine.

TRACES ORIGIN OF HAWAIIANS

New York Scientist Finds Them Cousins to Asiatics and to United States Indians.

Whence came the ancient Hawaiians and others of the Polynesian race is a query which baffled the members of the pan-Pacific scientific congress when, it was in session at Honolulu last August, and which is answered in part by Louis R. Sullivan of the American Museum of Natural His-

tory, New York, who has been conducting investigations in the islands since the close of the congress.

Bodily, facial and cranial characteristics of the Polynesian, according to Mr. Sullivan's tables, show that he is 11 parts Mongolian, five parts European, five parts Mongoloid-European and two parts Mongoloid-Melanesian. The seemingly unavoidable conclusion is that the Hawaiian and his Polynesian brothers originally came from Asia.

The ancient Hawaiians were a race of regal proportions, the most commanding physically, Mr. Sullivan believes, the world has ever seen.

Polecats Become Food.

The spirit of economy caused by the high prices in Paris is leading people to eat animals only valued hitherto for their skins, writes the London Daily Telegraph correspondent.

It is now possible to buy at some shops near the central markets joints of foxes and polecats, and by way of variety the flesh of squirrels and badgers is offered. It seems that these novelties are prepared for the table with varied sauces.

The prefect of police is disturbed at the idea of people eating the flesh of foxes and polecats, and he has found it necessary to issue a circular, in which he points out that they run a grave danger, since some of the animals may have been destroyed by poison. After this, it is not expected that there will be a big trade in the new game.

Natural Inquiry.

There is a certain congressman who, it appears, is unable to talk for five minutes, even on an ordinary subject, without falling into a funeral tone. Now this grates exceedingly upon the sensibilities of a colleague. One day while the first mentioned statesman was holding forth in his usual mourning cadence the second member's attention was caught by the melancholy tones. Turning to a friend, the second member asked in a drawing but solemn voice: "Judge, were you acquainted with the deceased?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Perfect Identification.

The French have hit on a new idea for the making of finger-prints. Instead of rubbing the finger-ends with ink and making impressions on paper, the X-ray is used. The finger is first dusted with a fine powder of bismuth, and then an X-ray picture is taken of it. The picture shows not only the ridged convolutions of the skin texture, but also the terminal bones of the digit. These bones are not exactly alike in any two human beings, and thus identification is made much easier.

New Offerings in Lingerie



Now that June is not far away, the shops are all showing fine underthings, or the materials for making them, for brides-to-be; and they are entitled to point with pride to the quality and character of this year's offerings. Designs are simple and practical, materials fine and beautiful. Trimmings are not at all lavishly used, but present themselves with a flavor of refinement, which has not been excelled; with drawnwork, hemstitching, faggoting, infinitesimal tuks and delicate embroidery, all done by hand. In materials, crepe de chine, chiffon cloth, handkerchief linen, fine batiste predominate and the color favored is rose pink, which is even a little more liked than white. Other colors are shown, but none of them have become rivals of pink or white, except among negligees and dressing jackets or bed jackets. These select what they will in color and their choice falls upon many a flower-like hue in georgette, satin, crepe de chine, with cream-colored lace and ribbon flowers bearing their company. Two combinations, in which knickerbockers take the place of the usual short petticoats, are among the under-silks that entice the bride, to add the most up-to-date of garments to her trousseau. In one of these the bodice is decorated with embroidered flowers and the knickers with a band of lace insertion about the knees, with little bows of narrow ribbon for embellishment. In the other, the knickers are plain and the bodice enriched by a band of flet lace at the top. Shoulder straps of satin ribbon are almost universal in combinations. Fine white lace is not undervalued, but has competitors in net braidings and borders, which make a very new decoration for petticoats of crepe de chine. Applique flowers, cut out of silk, and outline embroidery find the net their ideal background.

No Hat Outclasses the Sailor



FOR sports, for travel, for street wear, there is no hat that outclasses the sailor, and therefore it returns with every season, summer and winter, in unending variations. It seems impossible that one type of hat could present itself in such an exhaustless number of modifications of the original sailor shape, but with of brim, height and shape of crown, character of material used and other items in the construction of sailors, make the endless little points of difference that maintains interest in this trim bit of headwear. The sailor hat, like the cloth tailored suit, for which it makes so good a companion, should be selected in as good a quality as one can afford to buy. Being so simple, it must have something to offer that is noteworthy, and this something is found in fine materials and irreproachable workmanship. At the upper left of the group a lovely example appears with square crown of hatter's plush and brim of milan hemp, faced with the same braid in white. The contour of the brim edge is soft and rolls upward a little. For neatness and trimness such a sailor invites comparison with other styles of headwear. Its band is of heavy grosgrain ribbon. Another black satin, similar in shape, but banded with a wide faille ribbon, appears at the right in a rough, high-luster braid. Its brim also rolls slightly. Between the two, a small sailor, which has been shown in many colors, appears in gray, with band of pale gray ribbon. It has a straight brim, which one finds often supporting an upright length of hair braid about its edge and boasting a cluster of cherries matching it in color. Two aristocrats in milan complete the group, one at the left, in navy blue, has a flange of blue satin on the under brim and a drape of the satin about its crown. The large buckle at the side is made of the milan braid. The straight-brimmed, square-crowned sailor in black, milan at the right is suitably finished with a band of heavy faille ribbon.

Julia Bottomley
COPYRIGHT BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

One of the Newest Capes. A smart three-piece cape sport costume in black and white striped cheviot, trimmed with black olecloth.

Catarh Can Be Cured

Catarh is a local disease greatly induced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. All Druggists, Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Every dog has his day—and the watchdog also has his night.

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

Where there's a will there is usually a contestant.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

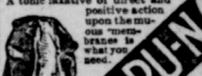
Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test 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.

What does a woman with a drug-store complexion do when she wants to make a bluff at blushing?

Check that Cold and Get Rid of that Cough

It is dangerous to let them run. A tonic laxative of direct and positive action upon the mucous membrane of the throat, chest and lungs.



DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

For Two Generations
Dr. Williams has proved the reliable treatment for ridding the system of all catarrhal poisons. It aids digestion, stimulates the liver and bowel action, enriches the blood, tones up the nervous system and soothes the inflamed and congested mucous linings.

Honest and dependable is the verdict of thousands. Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid

Ware's Black Powder Quickly Relieves Sick Headache

Rarely takes over 15 minutes for all pain and nausea to disappear. One Dose does the work.

If you suffer from occasional or chronic attacks of sick headache, you will be glad to know that Ware's Black Powder has quickly relieved many thousands of sufferers from this annoying and dangerous form of stomach distress.

Purifying and sweetening the stomach and intestinal tract, this remedy rapidly absorbs the gases and neutralizes the poisons that cause the trouble, bringing quick and lasting relief if directions are followed.

Ware's Black Powder is equally good for other disorders of the stomach and bowels. Contains no harmful drugs. Is not a purgative, 6c and \$1.20 the package at all druggists. Send for Dr. Ware's booklet on treatment of the stomach and bowels—free. THE WARE CHEMICAL CO., Dallas

Renew your health by purifying your system with



Quick and delightful relief for biliousness, colds, constipation, headaches, and stomach, liver and blood troubles.

The genuine are sold only in 35c packages. Avoid imitations.

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. *Carter's* Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



TAKES CARE OF 5 CHILDREN

Mrs. Taylor's Sickness Ended by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Roxbury, Mass.—"I suffered continually with backache and was often dependent, had dizzy spells and at my monthly periods it was almost impossible to keep around at my work. Since my last baby came two years ago my back has been worse and no position I could get in would relieve it, and doctor's medicine did not help me. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have found great relief since using it. My back is much better and I can sleep well. I keep house and have the care of five children so my work is very trying and I am very thankful I have found the Compound such a help. I recommend it to my friends and if you wish to use this letter I am very glad to help any woman suffering as was until I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. MAUDE E. TAYLOR, 5 St. James Place, Roxbury, Mass.



Backache is one of the most common symptoms of a displacement or derangement of the female system. No woman should make the mistake of trying to overcome it by heroic endurance, but profit by Mrs. Taylor's experience and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

TREATED ONE WEEK FREE
Short breathing relieved in a few days; regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart; purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment. COLLIER DROPSY REMEDY CO., Dept. 8, ATLANTA, GA.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Hiram's Chem. Works, Paterson, N. J.

HINDERCOINS Removes Dandruff, Colic, Headache, etc. Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Hiram's Chem. Works, Paterson, N. J.

Furs
Sold Stored Remodeled
We Are Experts Write for Prices
ALASKAN FUR CO.
1021 Capital Ave. Houston, Texas

Woodrow School of Expression and Physical Culture
1200 1/2 Elm St., Dallas
Mrs. O. D. Woodrow Principal
Normal Term Open Jan 6th

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

NEXT TIME ASK FOR Redskin Tubes

126 MAMMOTH JACKS
I have a bargain for you, come quick. W. L. DECKLAW, JACK, FARM, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

"SNAP"
The new hair tonic. Delightfully perfumed. The hair dressing supreme. Your barber sells it. Try an application today. C. E. HOFFMAN CO., Dallas, Texas

Accordian Pleating
of the Finest Workmanship
Hemstitching, Buttonholes, Embroidery, Etc.
Work Promptly Done and Well Order Satisfied
Houston Pleating & Sewing Co.
201 Elm St., Houston, Tex.

KREMOLA
MAKES THE SKIN BEAUTIFUL. THE WEATHER IS YOUR ENEMY. KREMOLA IS YOUR FRIEND.

Down they Come

SPECIAL SALE

Aluminum Ware Prices Tumbling

A One Day Special Sale of Guaranteed "Quality Brand" Aluminum - Come Early While the Selection is good

Values up to \$3.50 each

\$1.49 Each



No Telephone or Mail Orders During This Sale All Ware Guaranteed to be Genuine QUALITY BRAND ALUMINUM WARE

The Quantity is Limited - To Avoid Disappointment We Urge You To Shop Early - No Ware Set Aside - It Must Be "FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED."

These Low Prices Will Attract Crowds of Buyers

ON SALE SATURDAY, JUNE 4th THOMPSON BROS. CO.

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE

HEDLEY, TEXAS

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

Reduced Prices!

We have been favored with a Reduction of from \$2.50 to \$1.25 per Suit. Let us take your suit order NOW.

Best French Dry Cleaning done. Best Busherman Work. Satisfaction Guaranteed

MOBLEY, O. K. TAILOR

J. W. WEBB, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Hedley, Texas

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Subscribe for The Informer.

COAL Grain, Feed and Seed
JIM CURTIS
At A. N. Wood old feed barn

COFFINS AND CASKETS UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES
THOMPSON BROS.

GEO. A. RYAN
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

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

ICE Hamburgers, Chili, Soda Pop, Etc.
In Johnson building, next to the Postoffice

WATSON & CHRISTIE

You can get Stone Jars, Churns and Crockery ware at
Thompson Bros.

R. H. BEVILLE
Attorney at Law
General Practice
Office A. M. Beville & Sons,
Phones 74 and 163.
Clarendon, Texas

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

First Baptist Church Directory

Preaching each Sunday. Morning service 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. Hillum, 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. Wednesday 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.

Now is the time to buy that Ice Cream Freezer or Milk Cooler. You can get them at
Thompson Bros.

S. W. Smith has traded his Hedley property to Frank Dunaway for property in Amarillo, and he and his family left Tuesday to make their home in the Panhandle metropolis. Our best wishes go with them.

TO THOSE WHO ATTEND THE BALL GAMES IN HEDLEY-- PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

The boys are out mopey on every game they play, and they have to have money to bear expenses. If the game isn't worth 25c. I would be ashamed to go out there and scab on the boys and stand on the outside for the small amount of 25c.
If you only stop and think it over, you can see that it looks very short in anyone to do that. So if you can't pay and come in like a man, stay away like a gentleman and don't scab on the boys and the town that way.
So, one and all are invited out to the games, providing you can pay the small amount of 25c.
HEDLEY BALL CLUB.

HEDLEY SINGING CLASS

The Hedley Singing Class met last Sunday afternoon in the First Christian Church and had a good attendance and a most interesting session.
Next Sunday afternoon, at the same place, the following program will be carried out:
Opening song, by C. A. Hicks
Prayer by R. E. Mann.
Special music by Uncle Bob Watson.
Short talk by J. D. Gilliam.
Two songs led by S. J. Ayer.
Two songs led by Robert Watkins.
Two songs led by C. B. Battle.
Special song arranged by Will Huffman.
Volunteer leaders.
Closing song, W. A. Chapman.

W. E. Grimsley and family left last week for Petrolia, in Clay county, where they will reside. We very much regret to have them leave Hedley, but our best wishes go with them to the new location.

DENVER SCHEDULE CHANGE

Agent R. B. Adams informs us that a slight change has been made in the schedule of the two morning passenger trains on the Fort Worth & Denver.
No. 2, southbound now arrives at 9:25, instead of 9:30.
No. 7 northbound, now arrives at 9:58, instead of 10:05.
No change in the two evening trains.

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.

"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?
C. A. Anderson
G. C. Heath
J. R. Benson 2
Quite a number of Hedley folks attended the Memorial Day services at Clarendon last Sunday, and those at Memphis Monday.

C. A. Hicks and family and R. N. Condron made an auto trip to points in Oklahoma the past week on a visit to relatives. The Hicks family returned Tuesday, Mr. Condron remaining for a longer visit.

Dr. A. M. Sarvis, Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Rushton Hankins, Ernest Johnson, Willie Pool and R. F. Newman went to Clarendon Monday and secured temporary possession of some band instruments for use in practice, pending the purchase of equipment for the Hedley Band.

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.

JOINT MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Women's Missionary Societies of Hedley met last Monday afternoon in joint session at the First Baptist Church. The attendance was good, and an excellent program was rendered and much enjoyed.

The meeting was called to order at 3:30 by the leader, Mrs. L. B. Hankins. "Help Somebody Today" was sung, and Mrs. Y. F. Walker led the devotional exercises.

Reports of personal service workers were made and approved, after which Mrs. J. C. Coffey gave a report of the State Convention with reference to Foreign Missions.

A piano solo solo by Mrs. L. E. Thompson was an very pleasing number, this being followed by an excellent Missionary Paper by Mrs. F. M. Acord.

Prayer was offered by Mrs. S. L. Wood for Missionaries in the Orient, after which a beautiful vocal solo was given by Miss Grace Myers.

Revs. Walker and McGabe made some timely remarks an offering taken for European sufferers, and then all joined in the closing song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

The next Fifth Monday Meeting will be held at the Nazarene Church August 29th.

F. W. & D. OFFICE HOURS

Agent R. B. Adams asks us to state, for the benefit of the public, that office hours at the Fort Worth & Denver station have been changed as follows:

On Sundays: 7:30 to 10:30 a. m. After 10:30 a. m. there will be nobody at the station until 7:30 p. m.
On week days: 8:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.
Please keep these hours in mind when you have business at the station.

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