

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JUNE 10, 1921

NO. 29

R. H. Ramsey, who has been buying cotton here for the past several months, left the early part of last week for his home at Denton.

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

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 co operate with them, that the Clinic may prove a blessing to the greatest possible number.

Give the children a square deal.

Red Cross Publicity Com.

MILK COW WANTED.

S. C. Bell.
Phone 438 L.

RECITAL

Misses Allen and Ingram will present their pupils in a Piano and Expression Recital Saturday evening, June 11th, in the Methodist church basement. Admission free.

See the Aluminum Ware on display at Thompson Bros. To be sold on Saturday, June 11th.

JUNIOR B. Y. P. U.

Song 312.
Memory verse—All.
Roll call.
Scripture reading, Philipplians 2:12-13—Glenn Acord.
A Babe in Christ—Opie Ellis.
Constantly Growing Better—Jessie Lee Pool.
Knowing and Doing God's Will—Hazel Boone.
Hating the Evil and Loving the Good—John Cooper.
Piano solo—Nellie Mae Chapman.
Song—by Marguerite Cooper, Pepe Walker, Vera Briason and Ila Acord.
Sword drill.
Song 206.
Closing prayer—Mrs. Hullum.

Subscribe for The Informer.

GIRLS PLAY BASEBALL; BOYS BEAT WELLINGTON

The baseball game of the season was played here Thursday of last week when the School Girls and the Town Girls crossed bats, the School Girls winning by a score of 28 to 9. Several home runs were knocked, a number of strikeouts, a few errors, etc., but it was a real interesting game all the way through.

The game was played for the benefit of the Hedley Baseball Club, the receipts amounting to \$23.78. All of the boys thank the girls for their help, which was especially appreciated by the finance committee.

Hedley Baseball Club.

A fast game was witnessed on the home lot here Wednesday of this week when the Wellington and Hedley boys met to play off a time game, resulting in a 4 to 2 score in Hedley's favor. Robert Watkins pitched the game, and did a good job of it, and he had good support behind him, although a few errors were made.

Come out and root for the Home Team. Ladies and children get in free.

ALUMINUM SALE POSTPONED

The Aluminum Ware Sale advertised by Thompson Bros for last Saturday was postponed until this Saturday on account of the bad weather. Don't fail to attend—tomorrow, June 11th.

We had a letter this week from John Turnbow, over at Lefors, enclosing a subscription check. He says they "couldn't get along without the home paper." Well, neither could the little old home paper get along without them and other prompt paying friends like them.

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

L. B. Muncie and family visited relatives and friends in Amarillo last Thursday to Sunday. They made the trip in their car, and on the return encountered very bad roads on account of the heavy rains, especially between Amarillo and Glade, which distance it required five and a half hours to travel. Lester intimates that he has seen all the mud he wants to see for quite a while.

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

OFFICIAL NOTICE

To All Householdors of Hedley: You are hereby notified to put your toilets in a sanitary condition at once, and to put thereon hinged board or boards to cover the back of same. Failure to comply with this notice will result in your toilet being declared a nuisance and penalty enforced. By order of City Council this June 6th, 1921.

W. E. Reeves, Mayor.

Attest:
U. J. Boston, Secretary.

HAIL NAIL

If it's Hail Insurance you want see me. I have something good in that line to offer you. I will take your note on Fall time, and my rates are the lowest.
Judge Hoggard.

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

Subscribe for The Informer.

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

All kinds of FARM LOANS. See 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 \$50,000.00

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 HEDLEY INFORMER

ED C. BOLIVER
Publisher

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

The Informer, \$1.50 a year.

Entered as second class matter October 29, 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.

New 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 APPLIGATION 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.

In Memory of W. H. Gayle

Although it has been some time now since the death of W. H. Gayle, at Sterling City, his memory still lives, and we wish to say a few words in regard to his life and death.

He and his family once lived in Hedley, he being manager of the J. C. Woldridge Lumber Co. here, but moved to Sterling City in search of health, which he realized was failing fast, though he battled with disease and worked as long as he could, and was with the South Texas Lumber Co. at the time of his death.

He was taken to Temple Sept. 24th and operated on Oct. 2nd, but the skill of physicians and all that loving hands could do failed, and he passed to his Home Beyond on the 6th of October. He was taken to his sister's home in Oak Cliff, his funeral was preached in the same room in which he had been married to Miss Nina Davis, and he was laid to rest in the Grove Hill cemetery at Dallas at 4 o'clock p. m. Oct. 6th, under a mound of flowers. The stewards and pastor of his church sent a handsome wreath of flowers, showing their appreciation and love for him. He was a steward in the M. E. Church when he died. His father, James Camdon Gayle, died Dec. 1, 1913, and his mother died when he was four years old. Thus he was deprived of a mother's love and care. He had four sisters and three brothers living; two sisters and two brothers were at his funeral.

He was 36 years of age Sept. 13, 1920, was born at Iola, in Grimes county, and when just a young boy joined the M. E. Church South. His family have lost a devoted husband and father, and his church a splendid member. We cannot express our sympathy to the bereaved, but can only point them to a Savior who understands their needs and knows how lonely will be their lives without him. But He is able to supply all our needs and will help you dear ones in this sad hour if you will only lean on Him.

Once more a husband has been called Away from wife and children dear, To sleep and rest from all earthly care Till the last trumpet call we hear.

'Tis sad to part with loved ones here, Where you know you'll meet no more, But a joy when you meet Over Yonder your husband so dear

Where he is waiting at the open door. To be reunited, forever to stay, Where parting will never be known, And husband and father with you will be always

If you are true to the Savior and Home. A Friend.

Rev. L. B. Hankins, pastor of the Methodist church, is spending a few days in Memphis.

My Dear Father

I've often thought of our Celestial Home, How blessed and how grand To dwell always with saints so free from care

In that blest Glory Land; But Heaven now means so much more to me,

And nearer, too, it seems, For now my own dear father's gone to join The host of saints redeemed.

My earliest recollections center 'round The family altar place, In my imagination now I see Each dear familiar face;

My father with the Bible in his hand Sits in his favorite place, There twice each day he read God's Word to us

And taught us of God's grace. Then, kneeling down, so earnestly he prayed

For wisdom, strength and love To live aright and lead us children all To God and Heaven above,

Where our sweet mother, waiting there for us, Was beckoning with her smile,

With tears he prayed we'd every one be true And meet her after while.

Now all my life I've felt his prayers for me, Wherever I have been,

Ah, how those prayers have strengthened, cheered and helped To keep me from all sin;

But now my saintly father has gone home His prayers for me are o'er, His loving voice, his counsel, help and cheer

Down here we'll know no more. Use to, when Sunday came we children knew

It was God's Holy Day, To Sunday School and Church we'd go And for each service stay;

Camp meeting time meant "Farewell plow and hoe," We moved to the camp ground,

There kneeling at the old time mourner's bench My father's Christ I found,

I've heard him say, while tears of joy would flow: "Now, if the good Lord wills,

I want to go on Sunday to that Home Where saints and angels live; I'd like to spend my first glad day in Heaven

On Sunday—God's own day; At any cost, some day I am going home In God's own time and way.

He lived a long and useful Christian life, Was nearly eighty-one, Did not remember when he did not pray

And trust the Holy One, He had his share of sorrow, trials and care, His faith in God was strong,

"All things will work together for my good," And thus he marched right on.

One lonely quiet Sunday morn in Spring, Just at the dawn of day, As darkness fled before the morning sun,

To Heaven he winged his way; He left a glowing testimony here, He seemed to have no fear,

He said: "Gods love and glory flood my soul, My Savior is so near.

Dear father, I am going home some day, Your loving face I'll see, Not scarred with cancer, drawn with pain or care,

But radiant it will be; In that blest Home we'll live forevermore, All cares and sorrows o'er,

We'll sing and shout and bask in God's sunlight On Heaven's shining shore. —S. L. Wood and Wife. Pastor Nazarene Church.

BAPTIST REVIVAL

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

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

Y. F. Walker.

Revival Meeting

Rev. S. H. Holmes of Vernon will conduct a revival meeting at the First Christian Church in Hedley, beginning Sunday, July 10th, 1921.

Everybody cordially invited. Make your arrangements to attend and enjoy this meeting.

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.

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

DRIVE IN FILLING STATION

Startling Prices on CASINGS. New Stock. Five Thousand Mile Guarantee

30x3 Rib Tread, \$12.00
30x3½ Non Skid, \$16.00
32x3½ Non Skid, \$20.00
32x4 Non Skid, \$25.00

Always have the best and cheapest

Texhoma Oil & Ref. Co.
JOHN CROW, Agent

THIS WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE

Brings a Ray of Hope to Childless Women



Lovell, Mass.—"I had anemia from the time I was sixteen years old and was very irregular. If I did any housecleaning or washing I would faint and have to be put to bed, my husband thinking every minute was my last. After reading your book I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sensitive Wash, and have never felt better than I have the last two years. I can work, eat, sleep, and feel as strong as can be. Doctors told me I could never have children—I was too weak—but after taking Vegetable Compound it strengthened me so I gave birth to an eight pound boy. I was well all the time, and had all my work up to the last day, and had a natural birth. Everybody who knew me was surprised, and when they ask me what made me strong I tell them with great pleasure, 'I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and never felt better in my life.' Use this medicinal at any time."—Mrs. ELIZABETH SMART, 341 W. Sixth St., Lovell, Mass. This experience of Mrs. Smart is surely a strong recommendation for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is only one of a great many similar cases.

TAFT, TEXAS

Sale of Farms and Town Sites

COUNTY AGENTS WANTED

The world-famous Taft ranch of Texas has been subdivided into 200 tracts ranging from 40 to 100 acres each. These are now being sold on very attractive terms. This is the richest land in the famous black belt. The Town of Taft has been provided with all modern improvements and Town Lots will be offered at Public Sale on June 1. This is a big proposition for wide-awake agents. We want representatives in every county. Write or wire today for special agency proposition and

For Details, Maps, etc.
J. H. KIRKPATRICK CO.
General Trust Building, San Antonio, Texas

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Favorite

Children grow healthy and free from colic, diarrhoea, teething troubles, and other troubles if given this at bedtime time. Each glass contains 100 drops. Sold everywhere.

That's All Right.

By-laws proposed by the State Departmental Council, France, for street cars and omnibuses operating in the district, will compel men to give up their seats to elderly women or mothers with children.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Probably Made Tracks.

He—"Did you have much trouble learning to sing?" She—"Yes; especially with the neighbors."



GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM

tobacco makes 50 good cigarettes for 10c

ITCH!

It's your worst enemy—get it out of your hair. Use Itch-Itch-Itch. It's the only remedy that kills the itch and keeps it from coming back. It's the only remedy that kills the itch and keeps it from coming back. It's the only remedy that kills the itch and keeps it from coming back.

126 HAMBURGH JACKS

Write a letter for your next order. W. L. JACKSON'S FAIR BARK BOTTLED IN TEXAS.

FRECKLES

W. N. W. DALLAS, NO. 15-1821.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT THE JOB AND THE MAN

By F. A. WALKER.

FAITH

A YOUNG woman, at least her handwriting evinces youth, writes as follows: "I have lost faith in everything. Write something to help me to regain it."

You are mistaken my dear young woman. You have not lost faith. You only think you have.

You could not live for a day without faith.

Faith is the twin sister of hope, and both are absolutely necessary to human existence.

Stop for a moment and see how much you depend upon faith.

You open your eyes in the morning and the first thought is of the day and its duties, and you have faith that you will be able to perform them.

You have faith that you will live through the day; that you will have food to sustain you, shelter to protect you.

You start for your place of work and you have faith in the man who operates the conveyance that takes you there that he will see that you arrive safely.

As you go up in the elevator you have faith in the machinery that lifts you from the ground up into the air else you could not risk your life on the strength of those slender cables.

You go to work and for six days you labor with faith that at the end of the week your employer will pay you the money you have earned.

All through the day's work you have faith; faith that your fellow laborers will treat you honestly and kindly; faith that you will be able to fairly accomplish your task and go home to well-earned rest.

You have faith in nature, in tomorrow's sunrise and tonight's fair stars; in the coming of the spring-time and the springing grass and flowers. You have faith that the planted seed will bring forth fruit and that all logical results will follow right courses.

How could you go to sleep without faith that you will awaken or eat without faith that the food will nourish and strengthen you?

Older and wiser people than you have thought that they have lost faith and then found that it was not faith but judgment that had fled from them.

Voltaire, a wise man in many things, said and wrote much that was foolish. He said that "Faith consists in believing things because they are impossible."

Of course there is not an atom of truth in that statement. His daily life and your daily life proves its falsehood.

The apostle Paul, writing to the Hebrews, set down this truth, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for." Some translators of the original

have put the word "assurance" in the place of the word "substance."

"Substance" seems to me the better word because from its derivation it means literally "to stand under," and that means foundation. In other words, Faith is the foundation of things hoped for.

Since the present moment is all we have and all that we are assured of the future must be altogether a matter of hope, and hope depends entirely on faith.

Faith is our credulity.

The man who hopes for the impossible cannot have faith in his hopes. Genuine faith is based on truth which is unchangeable and everlasting.

So long as there is life there is faith as well as hope. Perhaps sometimes our faith may lessen because experience shows it to have been wrongly placed. But loss of faith we cannot, and our effort always should be to strengthen and sustain it.

Faith and hope are our mental crutches and the longer we are the more we need them.

How foolish it would be for us, who are at best, in ourselves, so feeble and helpless, to throw away the things which serve best to support and sustain us.

You have not lost faith. You have only turned away for a moment from the light which God has mercifully given to all of us and the darkness frightens and overwhelms you.

Turn back. Your faith will return.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"MACARONI"

MACARONI, as we know it at present, was first made in Sicily and tradition has it that it was invented by a chef in the establishment maintained by a wealthy resident of Palermo. Despite the genius of his cook, the nobleman grew weary of the same round of high-flavored, lightly-seasoned dishes and sent word to the kitchen that he desired something less pungent—a dish which savored of plain cooking and which was not as trying to the digestive apparatus.

At first, indeed, the chef determined to try his hand at a mixture of wheat flour and water, rolling the paste into tubes and serving them with grated parmesan cheese which his culinary instinct told him was the proper accompaniment for a dish of this nature. Hardly had he tasted the new delicacy than the nobleman exclaimed "Carri!"—the usual Italian ejaculation signifying delight, which may be freely translated as meaning "The darlings!" "Ma Carri!"—"What darlings!"—he repeated a moment later and followed this with "Ma Caroni!"—or, literally, "What dearest darlings!" The chef, who was lurking in the background anxiously awaiting the verdict upon his new dish, then came forward and explained how he had made it, adding "Since you have named it, master, so shall it be—macaroni."

SCHOOL DAYS

Oh, Dedications! You make me tired! Stand by there and believe yourself! I hardly think you are being murdered! Quit your yapping! Will you with this towel? In a minute! I have to rinse the soap off you, don't I? Stand up, now!

A April shower

THE WOODS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE WANDERERS

A LITTLE clump through dense trees

Raised by its wooden spire, One of religion's purities

And one there came to open door Made timid by the mark he wore

And dared not enter in

The while he passed he heard a whirr—

Beside him trembled down Another outdoor wanderer.

The swallow of the town. It fluttered through the open place. It mounted to the chair.

Within the simple house of grace Poured forth its notes of fire.

And he who lonely lingered heard And something fell away;

He followed after singing bird Where swarms kneel to pray.

See, there the old remembrance died And there the new began;

For soon they worshipped side by side—

The swallow and the man.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I like religious people Who are good in all they do. I'd think that they were nicer If they didn't think so too.

Mother's Cook Book

Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others.—Henry Drummond.

UP-TO-DATE GOOD THINGS

A SALAD which is as good as it sounds is prepared as follows:

Raisin Salad.

Take one cupful of seeded raisins, one-quarter of a cupful of lemon juice, two cupfuls of chopped apples or pears, two cupfuls of shredded lettuce, and one cupful of cream mayonnaise. Wash and dry the raisins, add the apples and lemon juice. Line a salad bowl with the lettuce; pile the apples or pears in the center and cover with the mayonnaise. Take one-half cupful of whipped cream with a tablespoonful or two of highly-seasoned mayonnaise.

Raisin Surprise.

Beat one egg; add it to four cupfuls of cooked mush, one orange juice and rind; and five tablespoonfuls of sugar; stir and mix all together; add enough water to the orange juice to make a cupful; fold in one and one-half cupfuls of raisins. Pour into a mold, and when ready to serve, serve with whipped cream.

Grape Juice Punch.

Take the juice of one lemon, add a tablespoonful of sugar, and to this one-half cupful of grape juice, two cupfuls of cold water and shaved ice. Serve at once.

Steak With Vegetables.

Slice six large potatoes and three large onions in one-quarter inch slices. Cut one pound of round steak in two-inch squares. Brown the steak on both sides; remove from the frying pan and stir in flour and add water to make a thin gravy with a tablespoonful of fat. Put a layer of the potatoes in a casserole, next a layer of onions, then a layer of the steak, salt,

pepper and report. Pour over the gravy or brown sauce and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Remove the lid and brown before serving.

Nellie Maxwell
(Copyright, 1911, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

THE WOMAN DOCTOR

IT WAS not so long ago that the woman doctor was held more or less in contempt. She was supposed to be a freak, to put it clearly, and it was only freaks who would go to her for treatment.

It is still a surprise when you hear a college girl say that she is studying medicine. It will become less and less as prejudice fades and as more and more women enter the field. There are nowhere near enough good doctors and in the constantly extending work of preventive medicine women will find the fullest opportunity. It is there, more even than with children and with women, that women will do her greatest medical labor. Preventive medicine is only in its infancy. Those who know say that it will soon see an immense extension. The lessons of the war have been of tremendous value in teaching what may be expected, and even these are but fore-shadowings.

The woman who has a taste for medicine and who can give the necessary time to its study is preparing a fine future for herself. The day is over when the intellectual woman went into teaching as the one most interesting profession open to her. The woman doctor is already on her way. In a few years she will be known as commonly as her brother, and as favorably. No woman who feels drawn to the work should hesitate to follow it, if she can by any means accomplish the training required.

Gives Tanlac Credit For Splendid Health



T. J. PARKER
4246 Juneau Street, Seattle, Wash.

"I used to think all the Tanlac testimonials were exaggerated, but I have felt thankful a thousand times I ever believed in it strong enough to give the medicine a trial," said T. J. Parker, well-known salesman for Gately's Clothing Store, residing at 4246 Juneau St., Seattle, Wash.

"Several years ago I commenced having periodic spells of sickness and a few months ago I had an attack that I thought would finish me. When I did finally get up, I was scarcely able to go. I had no appetite and what little I forced myself to eat caused so much gas on my stomach I could hardly get my breath.

"At night I was often so bloated I couldn't breathe while lying down and just had to sit up and struggle for air. At times I had cramps so bad I could hardly endure it.

"All the men at the store know Tanlac put me back on my feet, and I am glad to give this statement for what it may be worth to others."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

"My liver was sluggish and sometimes I got so dizzy I would nearly fall. I felt tired and miserable all the time, couldn't even sleep and for days at a time I wasn't able to go to work."

"Well, a friend of mine finally got me to try Tanlac, and it certainly has done a good job for me. My appetite is fine now and although I am eating just anything I want and as much as I please, my stomach never gives me the least trouble. I have picked up in weight, my strength has come back to me, and I am now enjoying the best of health.

"All the men at the store know Tanlac put me back on my feet, and I am glad to give this statement for what it may be worth to others."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

Steady Stream.

A Brazilian living in New York has invented a machine to cast piston rings at a rate of 18,000 to 20,000 a day by whirling molten metal into shape by centrifugal force.

Catarrh

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and Blood Purifier. By cleansing the blood and building up the System, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE restores normal conditions and allows Nature to do its work.

All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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THE WRECKERS

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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"WHO—SHEILA MACRAE? SHE'S A WIDOW."

Synopsis—Graham Norcross, an all-around railroad man, having finished the construction work on the Oregon Midland, is on his way to Chicago. He intends to take a vacation and then consider a Canadian general manager's job. Jimmie Dodds, his secretary, is with him. They are marooned at Sand Creek siding, with a charming young woman, Mrs. Sheila Macrae, and her young cousin, Maise Ann. Unseen, they witness an exceedingly odd sort of train holdup. A special car is carried off into the hills. It turns out to be the car of John Chadwick, financial magnate, whom Norcross was to meet at Portal City. The "Boss" and his companions rescue "Uncle John."

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Mr. Norcross told what we had seen, and how we had come to be where we were able to see it, but that didn't help out much, either. From any point of view it seemed perfectly foolish, and the boss made mention of that. If we hadn't happened to be there to bring the engine back, the worst that could have befallen Mr. Chadwick and the crew of the special would have been a few hours' bother and delay. In the course of time the conductor would have walked out and got to a wire station somewhere, though it might have taken him all night, and then some, to get another engine.

Naturally, Mr. Chadwick was red-hot about it, on general principles. I guess he wasn't used to being kidnaped.

"I can't help thinking that it is connected with what is due to happen to-morrow morning, Graham," he said, at the end of things. "There are some certain scoundrels in Portal City at the present moment who wouldn't stop at anything to gain their ends, and I am wondering now if Dawes wasn't mixed up in it."

"Who is Dawes?"

"Dawes is a mining man in Portal City, and before I'd been an hour in town yesterday he hunted me up and wanted me to go over to Strathcona to look at some gold prospects he's trying to finance. I said 'No' at first, because I was expecting you, and thought you'd reach Portal City this morning. When you didn't show up, I knew I had twelve hours more on my hands, and as Dawes was still hanging on, I had our trainmaster give me a special over to Strathcona, on a promise that I'd be brought back early this evening, ahead of the 'Flyer' from the west—the train you were on."

Mr. Norcross nodded. "And the promise wasn't kept."

"No promise is ever kept on the Pioneer Short Line," growled the big magnate. And then, with a beautiful disregard for the mixed figures of speech: "Once in a blue moon the chapter of accidents hits the bull's-eye whack in the middle, Graham. When Hardshaw wired me from Portland, I knew you couldn't reach Portal City before this morning, at the very earliest. That was going to cut my time pretty short, with the big gun due to be fired tomorrow morning, and you cut it still shorter by losing twelve hours somewhere along the road—they told me in the dispatcher's office that your train was behind a wreck somewhere up in Oregon. But it has turned out all right, in spite of everything. You're here, and we've got the night before us." Then I suppose he nodded toward me, for the boss said:

"Oh, Jimmie's all right; he knew what I had for dinner this evening, and he'll know what I'm going to have for breakfast tomorrow morning."

With the bridge off, the big man went ahead abruptly, cutting out all the frills.

"You finished your building contract on the Oregon Midland, Graham, and after the road was opened for business you refused an offer of the general manager's job. Would you mind telling me why you did that?"

"Not in the least. There is nothing in it. An operating head is now nothing more than a score-keeper for a national gambling game. The boss gamblers around the railroad post in the Stock exchange tell him what he has to do and where he has to get off. Stock gambling, under whatever name it masquerades—boosting values, buying and selling margins, reorganizations, with their huge rake-offs for the underwriters—is the incubus which is crushing the life out of the nation's industries, especially in the railroad field. It makes me wish I'd never seen a railroad track."

"Yet it is your trade, isn't it?" asked the wheat king.

"It is; but luckily I can build railroads as well as operate them; and there are other countries besides the United States of America. I'm on my way home to Illinois for a little visit with my mother and sisters; and after that I think I shall close with an offer I've had from one of the Canadian companies."

"Good boy!" chuckled the Chicago magnate. "In due time we might hope to be reading your name in the newspapers—'Sir Graham Norcross, D.S.O.' or something of that sort."

Then, with a sharp return to the sort of gritting seriousness: "You've been riding over the Pioneer Short Line since early this morning, Graham: what do you think of it?"

I couldn't see the boss' smile, but I could figure it pretty well when he said: "There may be worse managed,

worse neglected pieces of railroad track in some of the great transcontinental lines, but if there are I haven't happened to notice them. Suppose it is capitalized to death, like many of the others."

"Fictitious values doubtless have something to do with it at the present stage of the game," Mr. Chadwick admitted. "It has always been a good earning property, being largely, even yet, without much local competition. But from the day it was completed its securities have figured in the market only for their speculative values. The property itself has never been considered, save as a means to an end; the end being to enable one bunch of the Wall Street gamblers you speak of to make a 'killing' and unload on another bunch."

"The old story," said Mr. Norcross. "We are bumping over the net result, right now," Mr. Chadwick went on. "Pioneer Short Line is practical-

ly in the last ditch. The stock has slumped to forty and worse; Shaffer, the general manager and the only able man we have had for years, has resigned in disgust; and if something isn't done tomorrow morning in Portal City, I know of at least one minority stockholder who is going to throw the whole mess into the courts and try for a receivership."

Mr. Norcross looked up quickly.

"Are you the minority stockholder, Uncle John?" he asked, letting himself use the name by which Mr. Chadwick was best known in the wheat pit.

"I am—more the pity. I had a little lapse of sanity one fine morning a few years ago and bought in for an investment. I've done everything I could think of, Graham, to persuade Breck Dunton and his Wall Street accomplices to spend just one dollar in ten of their reorganization and recapitalization stealings on the road itself, but it's no good. Dunton has been making an inspection trip over the system with a dozen or so of his New York cronies. It's a junketing excursion, pure and simple, but while they're here they'll get together and go through the form of picking out a new general manager. I'm on the board and they had to send me notice, though it's an even bet they hoped I'd stay away."

"Are you really going to spring the receivership on the Dunton people to-morrow?"

"I'm going to give Dunton his chance. He can appoint the man I want appointed as general manager, with full power to act, and ratify a little plan I've got up my sleeve for providing a bit of working capital for the road, or—he can turn me down."

"And if he does turn you down?"

"Then, by George, I'll see if I can't persuade the courts to put the property into bankruptcy and install my man as receiver!"

"I don't envy your man his job, either way around; not the least little morsel in the world," said the boss, quietly. And then: "Who is he, Uncle John?"

The wheat king gave a great laugh. "Don't tell me you haven't guessed it," he chuckled. "You're the man, Graham."

But now Mr. Norcross had something to say for himself, sitting up straight and shaking his head sort of sorrowfully at the big man in the padded chair.

"No, you don't, my good old friend; not in a thousand years! You'd lose out in the end, and I'd lose out; and,

besides, I'm not quite ready to commit suicide." And then to me, "Jimmie, suppose you go and tap on the door and tell the ladies we're pulling into Portal City."

I hung around while the boss was telling Mrs. Sheila and Maise Ann good-by, and I was in the baggage-room, digging up the put-off stuff, at the good-by minute. But I guess they didn't quarrel any—the boss and Mrs. Sheila. She was laughing a little to herself as I helped her down from the car, and when I asked her where she wanted to go, she said I might ask one of the porters to carry the traps, and we'd walk to the hotel, which was only a few blocks up the main street.

She took Maise Ann on the other side of her and let two of the blocks go by without saying anything more, and then she gave that quiet little laugh again and said, "Your Mr. Norcross amuses me, Jimmie. He says I have no business to travel without a guardian. What do you think about it?"

I told her I hadn't any thinks coming, and she seemed to take that for a joke and laughed some more. Then she asked me if I'd ever been in New York, and I felt sort of small when I had to tell her that I had never been east of Omaha in all my life. With that, she told me not to worry; that if I stayed with Mr. Norcross I'd probably get to go anywhere I wanted to.

Something in the way she said it made it sound like a little slam on the boss, and of course I wasn't going to stand for that.

"There is one thing about it: the boss will make good wherever he goes," I hit back. "You can bet on that."

"I like your loyalty," she flashed out. "It is a fine thing in a day that is much too careless of such qualities. And I agree with you that your Mr. Norcross is likely to succeed; more than likely, if he will only learn to combine a little gentle cleverness with the heavy hand."

"I don't think you have any cause to blacklist Mr. Norcross," I said. "Hasn't he been right good and brotherly to both of you this evening?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," she said real earnestly. "But in the stateroom in Mr. Chadwick's car: the ventilator was open, you know, until Maise Ann got up and shut it, and we couldn't very well help hearing what was said about the kidnaping. Neither Mr. Chadwick nor Mr. Norcross seemed to be able to account for it."

"Can you account for it?" I asked, bluntly enough, I guess.

At this she smiled and said, "It would be rather presumptuous for me to try where Mr. Norcross and Mr. Chadwick failed, wouldn't it? But maybe I can give you just a wee little hint. You saw the two men who went over to the auto and smoked while they were waiting for the other two to come back? If I am not mistaken, I have seen them many times before, and they are very well known here in Portal City. One of them, the smaller one with the derby hat and the short overcoat, was either Mr. Rufus Hatch or his double; and the other, the heavy-set one, might have been Mr. Gustave Henckel, Mr. Hatch's partner in the Red Tower company."

This didn't help out much, but you can bet that I made a note of the two names.

"You are going back to Mr. Chadwick's car?" she asked, when she was telling me good-by and thanking me for coming up to the hotel with them. I told her I was, and then she came around to the kidnaping business again of her own accord.

"You may give Mr. Norcross the hint I gave you, if you wish," she said; "only you must be a good boy, Jimmie, and not drag me into it."

"I see," I nodded. "I'll tell the boss, when I get a good chance, and you can bet your last dollar he won't tangle you up in it—he isn't put together that way."

"Well, then, good-night," she smiled, giving me her hand. And with that she sort of edged the little girl into the elevator before we could get a chance to shake hands, and I heard her tell the boy to take them up to the mezzanine landing.

By and by, I went down to the station and began to hunt for the Alexa. The boss and Mr. Chadwick were facing each other across the table, which was all littered with papers and maps and reports, and they hardly noticed me when I blew in and sat down a little to one side.

Just after I broke in, Mr. Norcross jumped up and began to pace back and forth before the table, with his hands in his pockets.

"No, I can't see it, Uncle John," he said, still sort of stubborn and determined. "You are trying to make me believe that I ought to take the biggest job that has ever been set before the expert in any field; to demonstrate, on this rotten corpse of a railroad, the solution of a problem that has the entire country guessing at the present time; namely, the winning of success, and public—and industrial—approval for a carrier corporation which had continuously and persistently broken every command-

ment in all the decalogues of business; of fair-dealing with its employees; of common honesty with everybody."

Mr. Chadwick nodded. "That is about the size of it," he said.

"I wouldn't say that it can't be done," the boss went on. "Perhaps it is possible, for the right man. But I'm not the right man. You need somebody who can combine the qualities of a pretty brutal slagger with those of a fine-haired, all-things-to-all-men, diplomatic peacemaker. I can do the slugging; I've proved it a time or two in the past. But I'm no good at the other end of the game. When it comes to handling the fellow with a 'pull,' I've either got to smash him or quit. I am too heavy-handed for this job of yours. And as for the other thing—the industrial side of it: that's a large order; a whaling big order. I'm not even prepared to say, off-hand, that it's the right thing to do."

"Right or wrong, it's a thing that is coming, Graham," was the sober reply. "If we don't meet it half-way—well, the time will come when we of the hiring-and-firing side won't be given any option in the matter. You may call it Utopian if you please, and add that I'm growing old and losing my grip. But that doesn't obliterate the fact that the days of the present master-and-man relations in the industries are numbered."

"We'll let it rest until morning and give you a chance to sleep on it. You have spoken only of the difficulties and the responsibilities, Graham; but there is another side to it. In a way, it's an opportunity, carrying with it the promise of the biggest kind of a reward."

"I don't see it," said the boss, briefly.

"Don't you? I do. I have an idea rambling around in my head that it is about time some bright young fellow was showing the people of the United States that a railroad needn't be regarded as an outlaw among the industries; needn't have the enmity of everybody it serves; needn't be the prey of a lot of disloyal and dissatisfied employees who are interested only in the figure of the pay-day check; needn't be shot at as a wolf with a bounty on its scalp. Let it rest at that for the present. Get your hat and we'll walk up-town to the hotel."

When we got out of the car, Mr. Norcross told me to go by the station and have our luggage sent to the hotel.

It was some time after eleven o'clock when I got around to the hotel with the traps. Mr. Chadwick had disappeared, but I saw the boss at the counter waiting for his chance at the clerk. The people melted away at last, all but one—a young swell who would have been handsome if he hadn't had the eyes of a maniac and a color that was sort of corpse-like with the pallor of a booze-fighter. He had his hat on the back of his head, and he was ripping it off at the clerk like a drunken hobo.

It seemed that he had caught a glimpse of somebody he knew—a woman, I took it, because he said "she"—looking down from the rail of the mezzanine, and he wanted to go up to her. And it appeared that the clerk had told the elevator man not to take him up in his present condition.

The boss was growing sort of impatient; I could tell it by the way the little side muscles on his jaw were working. When he got the ear

of the clerk for a second or so between cusses, he asked what was the matter with the lunatic. I caught only broken bits of the clerk's half-whisper: "Young Collingwood... President Dunton's nephew... saw lady... mezzanine... wants to go up to her."

The boss scowled at the young fellow, who was now handing himself around the corner of the counter to get at the clerk again, and said: "Why

don't you ring for an officer and have him run in?"

The night clerk was evidently scared of his job. "I wouldn't dare to do that," he chattered. "He's one of the New York crowd—the railroad people—President Dunton's nephew—guest of the house."

The young fellow had pulled himself around to our side of the counter by this time and was hooking his arm to make a pass at Mr. Norcross, trimming things up as he came with a lot more language. The boss said, right short and sharp, to the clerk, "Get his room key and give it to a boy who can show me the way," and the next thing we knew he had hushed that lunatic square in the face and was cuffing him along to the nearest elevator.

He came back in a few minutes, looking as cool as a cucumber.

"What did you do with him?" asked the clerk, kind of awed and half-scared.

"Got a couple of the corridor sweepers to put him in a bath and turn the cold water on him. That'll take the whisky out of him. Now, if you have a minute to spare, I'd like to get my assignment."

We hadn't more than got our rooms marked off for us when I saw Mr. Chadwick coming across from the farther of the three elevators. He was smiling sort of grim, as if he'd made a killing of some sort with Mr. Dunton, and instead of heading back for his car he took the boss over to a corner of the lobby and sat down to smoke with him.

They didn't seem to be talking anything private, so I sat down just beyond them, so sleepy that I could hardly see straight. Mr. Chadwick was telling about his early experiences in Portal City, how he blew in first on top of the Strathcona gold boom, and how he had known mighty near everybody in the region in those days.

While he was talking, a taxi drove up and one of the old residents came in from the street and crossed to the elevators; a mighty handsome, stately old gentleman, with fierce white mustaches and a goatee, and "Southern Colonel" written all over him.

"There's one of them now; Major Basil Kendrick—Kentucky born and raised, as you might guess," Mr. Chadwick was saying.

I grabbed at the name, "Basil," right away; it isn't such a very common name, and Mrs. Sheila had said something—under the water tank, you recollect—about a "Cousin Basil" who was to have met her at the train. I was putting two or three little private guesses of my own together, when one of the elevators came down and here came our two, the young lady and the chunky little girl, with the major chuckling and smiling and giving an arm to each. They had apparently stopped at the Bullard only to wait until he could come after them and take them home.

I saw the boss sit up in his chair and stare at them. Then he said: "That's Mrs. Macrae with him now. Is she a member of his family?"

"A second cousin, or something of that sort," said Mr. Chadwick. "I met her once at the major's house out in the northern suburb last summer."

Mr. Norcross let the three of them get out and away, and we heard their taxi speed up and trundle off before he said, "She is married, I'm told. Where is her husband?"

Mr. Chadwick looked up as if he'd already forgotten the three who had just crossed the lobby.

"Who—Sheila Macrae? Yes, she has been married. But there isn't any husband—she's a widow."

For quite a while the boss sat staring at his cigar in a way he has when he is thinking right hard, and Mr. Chadwick let him alone. Then, all of a sudden, the boss got up and shoved his hands into his coat pockets.

"I've changed my mind, Uncle John," he said, looking sort of absent-like out of the window to where the major's taxi had been standing. "If you can pull me into that deal tomorrow morning—with an absolutely free hand to do as I think best, mind you—I'll take the job."

CHAPTER III

The Directors' Meeting

I was up bright and early the next morning, and after breakfast I took a little sashay down Nevada avenue to have a look at our railroad. Of course, I knew, after what the boss had said to Mr. Chadwick the night before, just before we went to bed, that we weren't ever going to see Canada, or even Illinois.

I'll have to admit that the look I got didn't make me feel as if we'd found a Cullinan diamond. Down in the yards everything seemed to be at the loosest kind of loose ends. A switching crew was making up a freight, and the way they slammed the boxes together, regardless of broken drawheads and the like, was a sin and a shame.

After a while, after I'd loafed through the shops and around the yard and got a few more whiffs of the decay, I strolled back to the hotel.

I was wondering a little what had

become of the boss—who was generally the earliest riser on the job—when two men came bulging through the screen doors of the cafe, picking their teeth and feeling in their pockets for cigars. Right on the dot, and in the face of knowing that it couldn't reasonably be so, I had a feeling that I'd seen those men before. One of them was short and rather stocky, and his face had a sort of hard, hungry look; and the other was big and barrel-bodied. The short one was clean-shaven, but the other had a reddish-gray beard clipped close on his fat jaws and trimmed to a point at the chin.

After they had lighted up they came along and sat down three or four chairs away from me. They paid no attention to me, but for fear they might, I tried to look as busy as an all-night bell-hop in a sleepy hotel.

"The Dunton bunch got together in one of the committee rooms up-stairs a little after eight o'clock," said the short man, in a low, rasping voice that



"You Wait and See What Comes Mit the Commiddee Room Out."

went through you like a buzz-saw. "Thanks to those infernal blunderers Clananan sent us last night, Chadwick was with them."

"I think that was choost so," said the big man, speaking slowly and with something more than a hint of a German accent. "Beckler was choost what you call him—a tam blunderer."

Like a flash it came over me that I was "listening in" to a talk between the same two men who had sat in the auto at Sand Creek siding and smoked while they were waiting for the actual kidnapers to return. You can bet high that I made myself mighty small and unobtrusive.

After a while the big man spoke again.

"What has Uncle Chon Chadwick up his sleeve got, do you think?"

"I don't think—I know" was the snappy reply. "It's one of two things: a receivership—which will knock us into a cocked hat because we can't fool with an officer of the United States court—or a new deal all around in the management."

"Vich of the two will it be that will come out of that commiddee room up-stairs?"

"A new management. Dunton can't stand for a receivership, and Chadwick knows it. The securities would be knocked out and the majority holders—Dunton and his bunch—couldn't unload. Chadwick will name the man who is to take Shaffer's place as general manager of the railroad outfit. We might have stood it off for a while, just as I said yesterday, if we could have kept Chadwick from attending this meeting."

"But now we don't could stand it off—what then?"

"We'll have to wait and see, and size up the new man when he blows in. He'll be only human, Henckel. And if we get right down to it we can pull him over to our side—or make him wish he'd never been born."

The big man got up ponderously and brushed the cigar ashes off of his bay-window. "You wait and see what comes mit the commiddee room out. I go up to the office."

When I was left alone in the row of lobby chairs with the snappy one I was scared stiff for fear, now that he didn't have anything else to think of, he'd catch on the fact that I might have overheard. But apart from giving me one long stare that made my blood run cold, he didn't seem to notice me much, and after a little he got up and went to sit on the other side of the big rotunda where he could watch the elevators going and coming.

I guess he had lots of patience, for I had to have. I had been sitting in my corner for two full hours when I saw the boss coming down the broad marble stair with Mr. Chadwick.

"Now let's go and get our fighting clothes on."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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NOTICE

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

Dr. Reynolds, Dentist.

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.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

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

You are hereby commanded that by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the county of Donley for four weeks previous to the return day hereof you summon J. W. Davis, John W. Davis, Mrs. S. F. Johnson and her husband, — — Johnson, and the unknown heirs of each of them, whose residence is unknown to plaintiff, and the Interstate Savings and Investment Company, a corporation, and its successors and assigns, whose principal office and place of business is Denver, Colorado, to be and appear before the District Court to be holden in and for the County of Donley at the court house there of in the city of Clarendon on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1921, file number being 1155, then and there to answer the petition of W. W. Crawford, filed in said court on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1921, against the said J. W. Davis, John W. Davis, Mrs. S. F. Johnson and her husband, — — Johnson, the unknown heirs of each of them, and the Interstate Savings and Investment Company and its successors and assigns, and each of them, defendants, alleging in substance as follows: That on or about the first day of May, 1920, plaintiff was lawfully seized and possessed of the following described land and premises situated in Clarendon, Donley County, Texas, holding and claiming the same in fee simple to wit: Lots five and six in Block 86, according to the map of said city recorded in the deed records of said county and state; that on the day and year aforesaid the defendants unlawfully entered upon said premises and ejected plaintiff therefrom and unlawfully withholds from him the possession thereof to his damage \$2250 00. Plaintiff further alleges that on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1900, Wm Hildebrand and his wife, Kate Hildebrand, who were on said date the owners of said land and premises, executed and delivered to E. E. Solomon, Trustee, for the defendant, Interstate Savings and Investment Co., a deed of trust on said land to secure the payment of one principal note for \$300 00 and one interest note for \$158.40 payable in sixty six monthly installments, said principal note to become due in sixty six months after date; that said notes have been fully paid but no release of same is shown to have been made. Plaintiff further alleges that he and those under whom he claims title to and possession of said land and premises have been in peaceable, adverse, open and continuous possession of same for more than ten years prior to the first day of May, A. D. 1920, using, enjoying and paying taxes on same. Plaintiff prays judgment of the Court, that defendants be cited to appear and answer this petition, that he have judgment for the cancellation of said deed of trust and the lien securing the payment of said notes in favor of the defendant, Interstate Investment and Savings Co., that he have judgment for the title and possession of said land, that writ of restitution issue for his damages, costs of suit and for

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

Witness W. E. Bray, Clerk of the District Court of Donley County. Given under my hand and seal of said Court this the 4th day of June, A. D. 1921.

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

CARD OF THANKS

We want to thank every one for their help during the fire when it looked like everything was bound to burn, and it would if it hadn't been for your kind assistance.

Grandma Shelton
and Children.

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 9:55, instead of 10:05.

No change in the two evening trains.

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. Hullum, Leader. Womans Missionary Society. Each Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock. Mrs. F. M. Acord, President.

Prayer Meeting. Each Wednesday evening; Leader appointed. Choir Practices. Each Saturday evening at 8:15. C. A. Hicks, Choir Director.

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Y. F. WALKER, Pastor.

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



LINCOLN FLOOR PAINT

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

J. C. Wooldridge Lbr. Co.

Subscribe for The Informer.

PASTIME THEATRE

H. Mulkey, Prop.

Clarendon, Texas

Program for Current Week

MONDAY, June 13th—Fox Special: WILLIAM FARNUM, in "THE GREATEST SACRIFICE." One of his heavy plays.

TUESDAY, 14th—Paramount Picture: MARGUERITE CLARK, in "EASY TO GET." This little star is too well known for us to use much time in trying to tell you.

WEDNESDAY, 15th—First National Attraction: WESLEY BARRY (the freckled face newsboy) in "DINTY." You must prepare to do some laughing.

THURSDAY, 16th—Realart Picture: JUSTINE JOHNSON in "SHELTERED DAUGHTERS." Your daughter should see this.

FRIDAY, 17th—Our Serial Night: 2nd number of "FANTOMAS." It will make you sit up and take notice. Also Two Reel Comedy.

SATURDAY, June 18—Fox Picture: WILLIAM RUSSELL in "COLORADO PLUCK." A Western play that will please you.

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.

Find the Cause!

It isn't right to drag along feeling miserable—half sick. Find out what is making you feel so badly and try to correct it. Perhaps your kidneys are causing that throbbing headache or those sharp, stabbing pains. You may have morning lameness, too, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of ailing folks. Ask your neighbor!

A Texas Case

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



Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

COCKROACHES

EASILY KILLED TODAY



Stearns' Electric Paste

Also SURE DEATH to Waterbugs, Ants, Flies and Mice. These pests are the greatest carriers of disease and MUST BE KILLED. They destroy food and property.
Directions in 15 languages in every box. Ready for use—two sizes 50c and \$1.25. U. S. Government buys it.

"Ware's Baby Powder Relieved My Twins of Stomach Trouble"

"After other remedies failed this medicine brought quick and lasting relief" says Louisiana woman.

Mrs. P. D. Morgan of Winnsboro, La., is now a firm believer in Ware's Baby Powder. She writes, on May 6th, 1920: "My twin boys suffered from stomach and bowel trouble, and nothing would free them. I was nearly frantic, and consulted various physicians without result. Then I tried Ware's Baby Powder and was gratified to see almost instant relief, and shortly my babies were entirely well. I do not believe they would have lived had it not been for Ware's Baby Powder."

This simple, harmless remedy is equally effective in cases of teething and summer complaint. Given to babies in liquid form, mixed with sugar and water, they love to take it. At all druggists for 50c and \$1.25 the package.
THE WARE CHEMICAL CO., Dallas.



Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

FOR CONSTIPATION AND UPSET STOMACH.

Wisdom is the knowledge of knowing what to do next.—E. Markham.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DOES IT

When shoes pinch or corns and bunions ache, get a package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It takes the sting out of corns and bunions, gives instant relief to smarting, aching, swollen feet. 2,500,000 pounds of powder for the feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.—Adv.

Gloomy penitence is only madness turned upside down.—Dr. Johnson.

Sure Relief



LUCKY STRIKE cigarette



CLEVER POINTS IN NEW COATS



IT IS a little late in the day for the appearance of new developments in coats, yet they appear and need make no apology, for the last efforts of the designers appear to be their best. Furthermore, there is little prospect of any radical change in present styles—they are too satisfactory to be soon neglected or discarded. The coat purchased now is destined to pay its due of service and discharge its duties well. The new arrivals are smart in line, skillfully made and, when bought in good qualities of wool materials, may be depended upon for a long life in the world of fashion.

Two very handsome models, as pictured, present the advantages of the scarf collar. At the left a model brings to mind again the unflinching charm of the Russian blouse inspiration, with its fastening at the left side of a long row of buttons and loops. It is cut with dolman sleeves and thus preserves the trimness of the straight line mode without its severity. Its very

clever trimming of an embroidered band somehow manages to simulate a short cape. The scarf ends, and also those of the long and narrow grille, are finished with ball trimming.

The cape-coat or mantle, at the right is another example of skillful designing in which the body of the garment, with dolman sleeves cut in it, is set onto a deep cape. Turned-back cuffs, ornamented with rows of machine stitching, bespeak the most painstaking tailoring, and rows of covered buttons defining the shoulder line bear out this testimony. The scarf ends support handsome and dignified silk tassels. Both coats have inconspicuous and practical slit pockets and both are elegant and graceful.

On the dressier coats for this season French knot embroidery is effectively used in bands or otherwise to redeem the simple lines and plain materials from severity. It is newer than solid embroidery, but not its rival.

As in a Kaleidoscope



LOOKING at millinery this season is like looking in a kaleidoscope at the ever-changing and beautiful forms that know no limit to their variations. Hats and trimmings are infinitely varied, changing from day to day, no styles holding the attention of the public to the exclusion of others for even a few brief weeks. The milliner knows not what to expect next, but she has the consolation of knowing that all materials are usable—nothing really unfashionable, everything saleable, if made into becoming hats. The lines in high-class hats are subtle and flattering—women are in high good humor with them; and in sport hats there are several beautiful high colors that are in great demand. This is about all the generalizing that can be safely done in millinery styles.

In the group of smart hats shown above something of the various dependable styles and types of hats are shown. At the top a street hat with visor brim is made of milan braid as

pictured. It depends for its decoration on a rich ribbon collar with two outstanding loops at the right side. Just below, at the left, one of the many surviving off-the-face shapes, of viscra braid, is elaborated with an embroidered pattern, with a bead placed at the center of each motif and these beads joined by a narrow ribbon. To the right a sailor shape, with draped crown, is made of candy cloth, or other lustrous fabric, the brim faced with silk or georgette crepe and clusters of grapes for trimming. This particular millinery fruit, and other fruits made of silk, are among the things that can be depended upon to outlive the season. In black with white camellias, and other black and white flowers, they adorn many lovely black and white hats for midsummer.

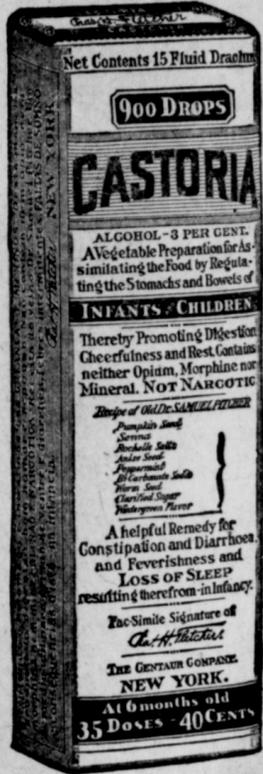
Julia Bottomley
COPYRIGHT BY WESTERN NEWS SERVICE UNION

Why Castoria?

YEARS ago Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups were the remedies in common use for Infants and Children; Castor Oil so nauseating as to be almost impossible and the others all containing Opium in one form or another, but so disguised as to make them pleasant to the taste, yet really to stupify the child and give the appearance of relief from pain.

It required years of research to find a purely vegetable combination that would take the place of these disagreeable, unpleasant and vicious remedies that from habit had become almost universal. This was the inception of, and the reason for, the introduction of Fletcher's Castoria, and for over 30 years it has proven its worth, received the praise of Physicians everywhere and become a household word among mothers.

A remedy ESPECIALLY prepared for Infants and Children and no mother would think of giving to her baby a remedy that she would use for herself, without consulting a physician.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For



Have You Tried It?

Everybody has read the above headline; how many believe it? Have you a little one in the home, and has that dear little mite when its stomach was not just right felt the comforts that come with the use of Fletcher's Castoria? You have heard the cry of pain. Have you heard them cry for Fletcher's Castoria? Try it.

Just help baby out of its trouble tomorrow with a taste of Castoria. Watch the difference in the tone of the cry, the look in the eye, the wiggle in the tiny fingers. The transformation is complete—from pain to pleasure. Try it.

You'll find a wonderful lot of information about Baby in the booklet that is wrapped around every bottle of Fletcher's Castoria.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Men can be but men.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

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

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

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Fame is an undertaker.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



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

Loan oft loans both itself and friend.

But Seldom Are.

Cobb—"Does he consider himself a big gun?" Webb—"Yes. Men of small caliber usually do."

Pay \$5 for a dog and he will be as agreeable a companion as if you paid \$500 for him.

Opportunity makes brief calls and if you are out he seldom returns.

If You Have a Pain try Vacher-Balm. Keep it handy, and avoid imitations.—Adv.

A good name lost is hard to regain.

In flavor, as unchanging as time



MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Also Maxwell House Tea
CHECK-NEAL COFFEE CO., NASHVILLE, HOUSTON, JACKSONVILLE, ETC.

What to Take for SICK HEADACHE

Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. A few doses restore your organs to their proper functions and the Headache and the causes of it pass away. In the same manner they regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation. Genuine bear trademark. Small Pill; Small Box; Small Price.

Not Spring Fever But Malaria CAUSES THAT LAZY TIRED FEELING. WARD OFF MALARIA AND RESTORE STRENGTH. TRY WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC. It will cure you of Malaria, with Arthur Parke & Co., London, Eng.

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 \$350 each

\$149 Each

Labels for items: SELF-BASTING ROASTER, 8QT. COLONIAL KETTLE, 5 QT. TEA KETTLE, 2QT. DOUBLE BOILER, 9" COLANDER, 4-QT. COVERED LIPPED SAUCE PAN, 3-QT. COLONIAL SAUCE PAN, SET OF THREE LIPPED SAUCE PANS - 1-1/2, 2-QT, 8 CUP COFFEE PERCOLATOR.

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 11th
THOMPSON BROS. CO.

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE

HEDLEY, TEXAS

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

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 \$12.50 per Suit. Let us take your suit order NOW.
Best French Dry Cleaning done. Best Busherman Work. Satisfaction Guaranteed
MOBLEY, O. K. TAILOR

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

COFFINS AND GASKETS
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.
CLARENDOON, TEXAS

CITATION BY PUBLICATION
THE STATE OF TEXAS,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Denley 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 Denley 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 8th day of June, A. D. 1921, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 1158, wherein M. C. Reed is plaintiff and W. H. Johnson and wife, Dora L. Johnson, and Jeff Adudell are defendants, said petition alleging that the plaintiff, M. C. Reed, joined by his wife, A. E. Reed, sold and conveyed unto the defendant, W. H. Johnson, a cer-

tain tract of land situated in Denley County, Texas, and described as the S. W. 1/4 Sec. 75, Block C6, G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co. Cert. No. 4680 and containing 156.4 acres of land; that the defendant, W. H. Johnson, in part payment of the purchase price of said land, made, executed and delivered unto the plaintiff, M. C. Reed, his eight, several, promissory vendor's lien notes, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, respectively; said eight notes being in and for the following principal sums, to wit: Notes Nos. 1 and 2, for \$1500.00 each; Notes Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, for \$1000.00 each; each and all of said eight notes bearing date on the sixth day of March, 1919, and bearing interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum from date until paid, and providing that the interest thereon shall be paid annually as it accrues; Each of said eight notes together with all accrued interest thereon being made payable to M. C. Reed or order at The Denley County State Bank; Each of said promissory vendors' lien notes maturing and becom-

ing due, in order as numbered, beginning with No. 1, on March 6, A. D. 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926 and 1927, respectively; Each of said notes reciting that it was given in part payment of the purchase price of the said land described as the S. W. 1/4 Sec. 75, Block C6, G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co. Cert. No. 4680, conveyed as aforesaid, and that a vendor's lien is retained both in the note itself and in the conveyance from M. C. Reed et ux to W. H. Johnson to secure the payment of the said note; Each of said eight notes providing that the principal therein and all past due interest shall bear interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from maturity until paid and that failure to pay the note or any instalment of interest thereon when due, shall, at the option of the holder of said eight notes or of any of them, mature all of said eight notes given by W. H. Johnson to M. C. Reed on March 6, 1919; Each of said eight notes providing for an additional ten percent of the amount of the principal and interest due on said note as an attorney's fee if placed in the hands of an attorney for collection or collected by legal proceedings; That each and all of said notes are signed "W. H. Johnson" and that thereby the said W. H. Johnson promised to pay and became liable and bound to pay unto this plaintiff the sums of money in said notes specified together with all interest and attorney's fees due thereon according to their legal tenor and effect.

That the payment of the principal, interest, and attorney's fees in each and all of said eight notes is secured by a vendor's lien on the said S. W. 1/4 Sec. 75, Block C6, G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co. Cert. No. 4680, containing 156.4 acres of land and situated in Denley County, Texas; That said vendor's lien on said land is expressly retained in each and all of the said eight notes and in the said conveyance from M. C. Reed et ux to W. H. Johnson.

That the plaintiff was on March 6, 1919, and is now the owner and holder of said notes Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 as aforesaid; That Note No. 2 together with the annual instalments of interest on said notes Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 matured and became due and payable on March 6, 1921; That said Note No. 2 and said instalments of interest as aforesaid are now long past due and unpaid; that by reason of the said W. H. Johnson's failure to pay said note No. 2 and the said past due instalments of interest as aforesaid, at maturity, the plaintiff exercising his option in said notes given, has declared and does hereby declare Notes Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 matured and due; that said notes Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 together with all the accrued interest on the same are now due and unpaid; that the defendant, W. H. Johnson, has failed and refused and still fails and refuses to pay said notes or either of them and said accrued interest or any part thereof to the plaintiff's damage in the sum of Ten thousand dollars.

That the plaintiff has placed said notes in the hands of an attorney for collection and has promised to pay him an amount equal to the additional ten per cent in said notes stipulated. Plaintiff prays for citation and that on a final hearing hereof he have judgment for his debt, his interest and his interest on interest, his attorney's fees, his costs and for the foreclosure of his vendor's lien on the land hereinbefore described and for general and special relief. And in the alternative should the Court refuse to grant the relief hereinbefore asked for, the plaintiff alleging that he owns

said land in fee simple and that he was ejected from the same by the defendants, W. H. Johnson and Dora L. Johnson, on March 6, 1919, and that they have and do unlawfully withhold the possession of the same to plaintiff's damage in the sum of \$10,000 00, prays that he have judgment for the title and possession of the above described land and for a writ of restitution, for damages, costs and relief, general and special.

Herein fall not, but have before said Court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness W. E. Bray, Clerk of the District Court of Denley County, Texas.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, in the City of Clarendon, this the 8th day of June, A. D. 1921.

W. E. Bray, Clerk District Court, Denley County, Tex. Issued this the 8th day of June, A. D. 1921.

W. E. Bray, Clerk District Court, Denley County, Tex.

"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?
P. C. Johnson 2
G. A. Wood
Leslie M. Long
John Turabow
L. B. Muncie

HEDLEY L. S. AND F. A. FARM AND CROP NOTES

While the record breaking rains that have recently fallen have caused much planting over, we have the assurance of abundant moisture for some time to come. Farmers will be very busy planting and cultivating from now till crops are laid by.

Those who took advantage of the wet weather last week to put out a generous lot of sweet potato slips are fortunate.

In the rush to plant and cultivate the cotton and grain crops, the truck patch and garden should not be overlooked. The more to eat that can be raised at home will materially reduce living costs as well as general production costs.

Watermelon patches that were washed or covered up by the rains should be planted over immediately, as there is ample time for them to mature for the fall market.

Peas, beans and peanuts thrive here, are soil builders, are good to eat, and an all round good risk. More should be planted.

For the information of those who are interested in Acacia cotton we will say that this is a somewhat new variety in the United States. It takes its name from the place in southern Mexico where it originally came from. It is perhaps the longest staple variety that is adaptable to most all soils that grow cotton successfully.

As warm weather is here, likewise will parasites of various kinds be in the hog pens and chicken houses. Most everybody knows how to remedy this, but it is often neglected. Hogs and chickens like to be comfortable, and eternal vigilance is the price we have to pay for their comfort, but it's worth it.

The crop outlook is encouraging, especially from a moisture standpoint, as there is almost an assurance of a feed crop in the more sandy farms. It is questionable as to whether cotton planted now will be gathered at a profit, owing to the probable lateness in maturing.

Hedley Livestock and Fair Association.