

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XIV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 30, 1923

NO. 2

PRODUCE!

Always in the Market.
Highest Cash Prices
Paid at All Times

R. S. SMITH

PHONE 93 HEDLEY, TEXAS

COAL COAL Oak Dale Coal

Shorts, Bran, Corn, Cotton Seed
Hulls and Meal

W. P. DIAL

J. T. CURTIS, Mgr.

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

Moreman Hardware

Everything in Hardware and Furniture

WINTER'S FIRST SNOW COVERS THIS SECTION

The first snow of the season descended upon us Tuesday, beginning about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and continuing more or less vigorously until Wednesday noon. At that time it looked as if it might clear up, and also as if it might not. As this is put into type (1 p. m., Wednesday) we predict that it will do one or the other.

Coming as it did in the midst of crop gathering time, the snow is damaging. How much so remains to be seen, of course, and we can only hope that it is but slight. Our gins are still running at full speed, as there was much cotton out when the snow started. Roads and streets are very sloppy, as the snow is melting fast.

Cotton receipts have continued to climb steadily, 2771 bales having been weighed at the local cotton yard up to Wednesday at noon, or just a hundred bales a day for the past week. There is enough additional cotton already picked here to run the total well past 3000 bales.

The price is good, and seems to be inclined upward. Cotton seed was bringing \$45 Wednesday.

**SAND AND GRAVEL FOR
Sale. 2 miles west of town.
S. C. Bell.**

D. W. Williams, former Hedley citizen now living in Wichita Falls, attended to business here this week. He has come out from behind the heavy suit of whiskers he used to wear, and the editor had to have three guesses before he could locate him.

**HALF Section LAND to lease
and two small teams to sell. See
J. T. Warren, Clarendon.**

HOW TO SAVE 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

If a new Mattress is worth \$12, and I can renovate your old one for \$6, isn't that saving you 50 cents on the dollar?

HEDLEY MATTRESS FACTORY
located one block west of
Christian Church
E. J. McCullough, Prop.

GRAND JURY REPORT IS BOOST TO COUNTY

Following is the report of the Grand Jury to Hon. R. L. Templeton, District Judge:

We your Grand Jury, having completed our labors for the term, now present this our final report and request that we be permitted to finally adjourn.

During the sessions which we have held we have examined many witnesses, and have heretofore returned six felony indictments into Court, four of which were against parties not citizens of Donley county. We send you herewith one indictment for misdemeanor. This makes a total of seven indictments.

Our work has been pleasant and we desire to especially thank the officers of the Court for their cooperation and assistance and courtesies extended to us.

We desire especially to commend the officers of our county for the splendid work they have done in enforcing the law. They have filed misdemeanor bills by complaint and information, thus saving the Grand Jury possibly several days investigating the smaller offenses against the law.

We have no special recommendations to make, unless it be that the good citizens of our county assist the peace officers in enforcing the law. The officers have a big job under the very best conditions, and they can be better successful if the citizens will lend their help in enforcing the laws of our State.

Respectfully submitted,
J. W. Martin,
Foreman of the Grand Jury

HEDLEY WAGON YARD IS OPEN ALL THE TIME

My Wagon Yard at Hedley is open all the time. Plenty of water and feed. Good camp house. Rates reasonable.

J. C. Doherty.

Rev. I. J. Spurlin and family left last week for Childress to make their home. Bro. Spurlin having been appointed pastor of the Nazarene Church there. We wish them the best of success in the larger field, though regretting to see them leave Hedley.

FOR SALE—Few good thrifty pigs
J. S. Grooms.

"Smoke It" IF IT'S WRIGHT'S—IT'S RIGHT

The essential of good eating is Good Meat, when measured by the American taste. You can save your meat from spoiling and rancidity and keep it pure, sweet and fresh by using Wright's Ham Pickle and Wright's Condensed Smoke.

BUY IT AT OUR STORE

Use it as directed, and you will realize from your meat that fresh, sweet, salty flavor so much appreciated by everyone. Wright's products are designed to preserve all kinds of meats—beef, pork, sausage, etc. Ham Pickle, 75c to \$1.50. Wright's Condensed Smoke, 32 oz., \$1.00. K. C. 16 oz., 50c. Don't lose your meat through spoiling, or the enjoyment of eating it at its best. Preserve it right, smoke it right, and you will save it right and be delighted with the last taste of the last bite.

Economy is the road to wealth. Let us help you to economize. We are "Always On the Job."

Try the Drug Store first. If It's Sold
in a Drug Store We Have It

HEDLEY DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store

YOU ARE ASSURED OF SATISFACTION

in every way, when buying goods from us. We appreciate your Grocery trade. Quality, service and moderate prices.

PAY CASH AND PAY LESS

Barnes & Hastings
CASH GROCERY CO.

Think!

Opportunities Are Slipping By!

Have you thought of the opportunities that have slipped by because you had no money to take advantage of them? A good bank account is the remedy for that trouble.

THE FIRST STATE BANK WILL
APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

The First State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

*Just Received
A 150-Pound Shipment of
Vassar Chocolates*

This is no doubt the largest display of High Grade Candies ever shown in Hedley

Come to Us First for Everything
in the Drug Line

BROOKS PHARMACY

"A Pleasure to Please"
PHONE 70

DO YOU VALUE FRIENDSHIP IN BANKING?

We realize that GOODWILL is the foundation of this bank. Its employees are never too busy to confer with you or advise with you in any manner. This is first of all a friendly bank. All we ask is a chance to prove to you that we desire your Goodwill.

Guaranty State Bank
Deposits Guaranteed



After Every Meal A universal custom that benefits every body. Aids digestion cleanses the teeth soothes the throat



Mothers of the World Write for 32 Page Booklet "Mothers of the World"

Pat. Process Lloyd Loom Products Baby Carriages & Furniture

REDUCE YOUR BARBER BILL We have the best razor on earth...

A "Biting" Retort. "I like cheerfulness. I admire one who sings at his work."

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND Are your horses coughing or running at the nose? If so, give them "SPOHN'S."

Prevents infection Use for cuts, burns, sores and wounds. Prevents infection. Cleanses and heals.

Vaseline CARBOLATED PETROLEUM JELLY CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

QUICK RELIEF FROM CROUP COUGHS COLDS with FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR ESTABLISHED 1875

W. N. U. DALLAS, NO. 45-1923

Something to Think About By F. A. WALKER

PRACTICE PATIENCE

IT OUGHT to be impressed upon all of us, whether young or old, that patience is one of the higher attributes of good breeding and gentility.

No person, however accomplished he may be, can continue to hold the respect of others if he is given to frequent outbursts of ill-humor.

Patience, it is generally conceded, is enabling. It builds character, courage, thoughtfulness and friendliness. It never consciously ruffles another.

It is a subject about which in the present day probably nothing has been rightly spoken or written. We like to see its manifestation in others, but balk at its use ourselves when we are suddenly overwhelmed by a stress of passion which sweeps us off our feet and loosens an unruly tongue.

Poor, little, inconsistent mortals that we are, swept hither and thither by adverse forces, we have at least the courage sometimes to commend others for their good deeds. But through some imperfection in our makeup, or laxity of spiritual strength, we fail to emulate their worthy examples.

For some undiscovered reason we seemingly prefer the gale and the storm rather than to enjoy the quietude of our own friendly home.

We are so overwrought, so mentally muddled, that we are unable to compose ourselves or commune intimately with reason.

We risk our social position and good name by a stinging quip or an angry glare, caring not how deeply we may hurt our friends or injure ourselves.

Failure to practice patience in the home has often robbed the inmates of

comradeship and love, both of which are indispensable to continued happiness.

Penetrate as far into the truth as you are able, and you will discover that patience veils from our lives more joyous sunshine and inspiration than do many of our grosser iniquities.

A pleasant smile and a kindly word are the good disciples of patience, always striving for peace and content. Let us become their intimates.

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A NERVOUS SUITOR

You just understand, sir, that I want my daughter to have as good a home after marriage as before.



Well, you're not going to break up house-keeping, are you?

(© 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Has Anyone Laughed At You Because— By ETHEL R. PEYSER

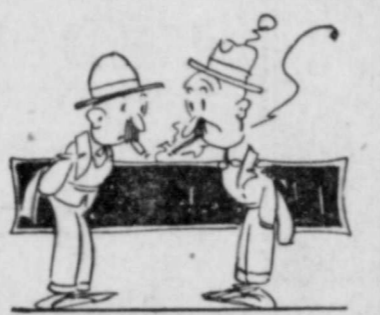
You Always Take Work Home Over Holidays or Week-Ends?

Maybe here the laughter has a good right to laugh. Maybe he hasn't. If you take your work home because there is no other way to keep your job, that is one thing. But usually you take it home because you haven't systematized your work enough in the shop to free you. Then, too, you are safe if you take work home because it does free you for other work during the working day.

Your get-away is: If you get stale on your job, don't blame the job. If you don't get stale on the job your home work is only making you one-sided. Choose!

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SCHOOL DAYS



THE SAFE BET "It's a long lane that has no turning." "Squared another grudge against somebody, eh."

Uncommon Sense... By JOHN BLAKE

YOUR CLOTHES CLOTHES do not make the man; but they advertise him. If they are good clothes he is well advertised. If they are sloppy clothes he is badly advertised.

Any sensible man out of a job will put up the best possible appearance before he hunts employment. It takes a keen judgment of character to go very far beyond clothes when he is hiring help.

THE UNSOUGHT By GRACE E. HALL SHE sits alone beside a dying fire, And sees her hopes to fleecy ashes go;

But good clothes, well cared for, give an air of competence to any man, and are of vast service to him in impressing others.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says Pola Negri looks as white as anybody in her photographs.

Mother's Cook Book

Not to the swift the race; not to the strong the fight; Not to the righteous perfect; grace; not to the wise the light; But often faltering feet come surest to the goal;

Broiled Kidneys. Order veal kidneys with the suet left on. Trim carefully, split, arrange on a buttered broiler and broil ten minutes.

COMMON FOODS A SOUP is never out of season and on a chilly night makes a good supper dish.

Steamed Apple Pudding. Mix and sift two cupsful of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt.

Baked Bean Soup. Put three cupsful of cold baked beans, three pints of water, two slices of onion, and two stalks of celery in a pan and simmer thirty minutes.

Neenie Maxwell (© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

Mothers Advise Their Daughters to Rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Keep Them in Health

A Mother's Advice Prevents Operation

Corona, N. Y.—"I had a terrible pain in my left side and had to go to bed every so often. Doctors had told me I must be operated on, but I do not believe in the knife and would rather suffer than go through it."

gave her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now she is a healthy, happy, hearty, strong girl and weighs 120 pounds. She has no difficulty in doing her 'gym' work, and she works at home every night and morning, too.

A Sickly Child

Mahoningtown, Pa.—"I would like to say a few words about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About a year ago I thought it would be necessary for me to take my daughter out of school. She was losing weight, was nervous, and when she would come home from school she would drop into a chair and cry, and say, 'Mamma, I don't believe I can go to school another day!'"

Every girl wants to be healthy and strong, and every mother wants her daughter to do well in school and to enjoy herself at all times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine for young girls just entering womanhood. Mothers may depend upon it. Remember it is prepared from roots and herbs, contains nothing that can injure, and tends to tone up and strengthen the organs concerned, so that they will work in a healthy and normal manner.

Another Mrs. Partington. Jefferson had something the matter with his eyes and he told such a long tale of woe about them that his friend became really alarmed.

But it's a fact. It is hard to realize that one and his romantic "crowd" of twenty years ago inevitably grow fat, baldheaded and more and more thoughtful of good dinners.

Marriage is sometimes a failure and always an assignment.

Two persons may be able to live as cheaply as one after they are married—but not while engaged.

ASPIRIN BAYER SAY "BAYER" when you buy—Genuine Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago Pain Toothache Neuralgia Rheumatism

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP The Infants' and Children's Regulator quickly relieves diarrhoea, colic, flatulency and constipation, and regulates the bowels. Non-narcotic, non-alcoholic. Formula on every label.

SMITH BROTHERS S.B. COUGH DROPS MENTHOL Famous since 1847 Two pleasant ways to relieve a cough

CONSTIPATION Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and Regulate Your Bowels. Mild—as easy to take as sugar. Genuine bear signature—Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

**IF YOU BUY IT FROM US,
IT'S WORTH THE MONEY**

**THE FLORENCE AUTOMATIC OIL COOK
STOVE**—a stove that has no equal
THE BUCKEYE RANGE COOK STOVE—a
stove that is equal to the best.

Also Heaters, Beds, Mattresses, Rugs, Win-
dow Shades, good stock of Floor Coverings,
in fact most anything in the Hardware and
Furniture lines.

For the next ten days will sell
8 1/2 foot Eclipse Windmill for \$50.00
10 foot Eclipse Windmill for \$55.00
12 foot Eclipse Windmill for \$75.00

The Store That Appreciates Your Trade

HEDLEY HARDWARE
J. A. MOREMAN

AUCTION SALE OF ARMY GOODS

to be held at Hedley, Texas
Wednesday, Dec. 5th, 1923
Beginning at 1:30 p. m.

The following merchandise will be sold, con-
sisting of U. S. Government Harness (with and with-
out breeching, old and new). Blankets, Collars, Hal-
ters, Lines, Tie Straps, Hame Strings, Lariat Picket
Ropes, Tents, Shirts, Gloves, and a lot of other
articles not listed.

Every Article Offered Will Positively Be
Sold to the Highest Bidder.

COL. BILL GAUSE
OWNER AND AUCTIONEER
DALLAS, TEXAS
V. B. Clements
MANAGER OF SALES

Auto and Truck Owners

WE ARE PREPARED FOR ALL KINDS
of mechanical work on your Cars and
Trucks, and have expert mechanics who
can repair every kind of motor.

HEDLEY GARAGE
PHONE 123 C. A. WOOD, Prop.
Repairs, Oils, Gas, Accessories

New Goods

arriving all the time. Come
to us for anything you need
in Dry Goods and Groceries.
The price is right.

Tims & Culwell

BRO. YOUNG WRITES

The Informer is in receipt of
an appreciated letter from our
former Methodist pastor, Rev.
S H Young, who went from this
city to Stanton three or four
weeks ago. We are glad to know
that they are pleasantly situ-
ated as is indicated by the fol-
lowing extract from his letter:
"We are in a great and growing
country. The town is full of
prospectors. Land selling every
day. The hum of saw and ham-
mer is heard on every side. A
very fine community spirit ex-
ists here. We are happy in our
new work, but remember kindly
many old friends of Hedley."

160 ACRE FARM for sale,
with \$500.00 cash payment. Lo-
cated 6 miles of Clarendon, See
J. T. Warren, Clarendon.

We were glad to hear a few
days ago that Grandpa Tate was
much better, and able to sit up a
part of the time.

POSTED NOTICE—This is to
notify the public that my place,
2 1/2 miles west of Hedley, is post-
ed according to law. No hunting
allowed. Trespassers will be
prosecuted. C. L. Goin.

F. A. White of Clarendon was
a visitor in Hedley the first of
the week, and paid this office a
business call.

POSTED NOTICE—This is to
notify the public that my place,
2 miles west of Hedley, is posted
according to law. No hunting
allowed. Trespassers will be
prosecuted. S. C. Bell.

L. B. Muncie was in from the
farm Monday and left with the
editor a bunch of shekels to ap-
ply on subscription.

FROM "THE CROW'S NEST"

Rev John H. Crow, thru the
Informer, writes the following
letter to Hedley friends:
Mobeetle, Texas, Nov 22nd.
Dear friends:

We arrived in Mobeetle on
Wednesday afternoon, and were
directed to the southeast part of
the town, where we found a neat
little five room house, well fur-
nished. This is to be our "nest"
for another year. As we were
unloading the few things that
we brought with us, and scratch-
ing around shaping the "Crow's
Nest," we noticed an army ap-
proaching. Our minds went back
to all the mean things we'd ever
done. We couldn't think of any
real bad crime we'd committed.
I have seen the ku klux a few
times, but these were not dress-
ed like the ones I saw. Still it
made us feel a little nervous.
This army proved to be several
of the good women of the town
coming to "pound the new
preacher;" and believe me, folks,
they put over a good job of it—
spuds, coffee, sugar, and canned
goods; in fact, everything good
to eat. So you see with this
line up we will not starve for a
while at least.

We have met lots of good folks
and are well pleased with our
new home. God bless these
good people. Our prayer is that
God will help us to make worthy
servants—worthy of all the good
things these people are doing
for us. Someone has been to the
Crow's nest every day with
something good for "the feath-
ered tribe."

We had a large congrega-
tion last Sunday and a good Sunday
school. Bro Griswold, our Pre-
siding Elder, was with us Sun-
day and brought a great mes-
sage on "Love" at the 11 o'clock
hour. We held our first Quar-
terly Conference in the after-
noon. Everything looks good
for a great year's work.
Jno. H. Crow.

STUDY CLUB

The 1919 Study Club met in
regular session Nov 14th at the
home of Mrs. T. B. Berry, with
eight members present. After
the business session, a peace
program was given.

Scripture Reading on Peace—
Mrs. Alva Simmons
What Would Be the Result of
World Disarmament,—by Miss
Ruby Watt.

Indian Ferment—Mrs P. V.
Dishman.

A delicious salad course was
served to the following members:
Mrs J. R. Adamson; Mrs P. V.
Dishman; Mrs. P. T. Boston,
Mrs U. J. Boston, Mrs. C. L.
Johnson, Mrs. Alva Simmons,
Miss Watt, Miss Esta Shaw.

POSTED NOTICE—All land
owned by Mrs W. T. White is
posted according to law. No
hunting. All trespassers will be
prosecuted. Frank White.

J. H. Chasteen and family are
leaving this week for their old
home at DeKalb, where they will
again reside. They have our
best wishes for success and
happiness.

H. M. BARRETT
AUCTIONEER
CLARENDON, TEXAS
Phone 174 2R



SAVE YOUR EYES
SEE FLESHER
and See Better

GHAS. FLESHER, Optometrist
at Brooks Pharmacy
Hedley, Texas

Franklin Said:

"If you would know the value of money,
go and try to borrow some."

We all know how hard it is to get hold of money—
and how easy to get rid of it. If you want your
money to go as far as possible, then let us figure with
you on your next Grocery bill, and you will find our
store a good place to trade.

Crawford Grocery Co.

We Are Headquarters for
**Lumber, Coal, Building
Material**

Good Quality Prompt Service
Fair Treatment Honest Values

J. C. WOOLDRIDGE LUMBER CO.
E. R. HOOVER, Local Mgr.

We want Your Trade

If good reliable goods, low-
est possible prices, fair and
SQUARE DEALING and po-
lite attention can get it, we
can count on you for a cus-
tomer. Phone 162.

Square Deal Garage
ROY SWAFFORD, PROP.



Copyright 1922 Hart Schaffner & Marx

Suits and Overcoats

Warmth, Style, Wearing Quality, Econ-
omy--- those are things every man looks
for in winter clothes.

They're the things you get here.

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

INDIGESTION, GAS, UPSET STOMACH

"Pape's Diaperine" is the oldest... stomach distress caused by indigestion, gas, flatulency, heartburn, sourness of stomach, etc. It gives almost immediate relief. Carry your stomach and digestion over for a few cents. Druggists sell billions of packages of Pape's Diaperine.—Adv.

The New Song.
When you're young you hear the name of the new song long before you hear it sung and whistled; when you are old, you hear it sung and whistled long before you hear its name.

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 Cents.



Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.—Advertisement.

Observant.
"She was married in the same church where three ceremonies had been previously performed for her?"
"Yes."
"A familiar environment, eh?"
"Quite. She even noticed that a tear in the altar carpet hadn't been mended since her last trip."—Bismarck Ham Age-Herald.

BURNS OIL IN ANY STOVE RANGE OR FURNACE

New Device Burns 95% Air and 4% Kerosene—Better Than City Gas.

A wonderful new invention that burns common kerosene (coal oil) in any stove, range or furnace; and that gives two or three times the heat at one-half the cost has just been perfected by the Standard Oil Burner Co., Dept. 970, 101 North Main Street, St. Louis, Missouri. This simple and inexpensive device does away with all drudgery connected with tending ordinary coal and wood fires. The company offers to send a burner at a special low price on thirty days free trial to the first user in each community to help them introduce it. They even offer to give one away free. Send today for full particulars and for a mailing free booklet on home heating. They also want agents. Write them today.—Advertisement.

The Grand Chartreuse.
The Grande Chartreuse was the original monastery of the Carthusians founded in 1084. It is situated among the mountains in the French department of Isere, about fourteen miles northeast of Grenoble, and is famous for an aromatic cordial made by the monks, the secret of which they have long possessed. The monastery was despoiled during the French revolution, and the inmates exiled from 1793 to 1816. They returned after the restoration of Louis XVIII (1814).

A BAD COLD BREAKS IN A FEW HOURS

"Pape's Cold Compound" Acts Quick Costs Little, and Never Sickens!
In a few hours your cold is gone, head and nose clear, no feverishness, headache, or stuffed-up feeling. Druggists here guarantee these pleasant tablets to break up a cold or the gripple quicker than nasty quinine. They never make you sick or uncomfortable. Buy a box of "Pape's Cold Compound" for a few cents and get rid of your cold right now.—Advertisement.

Before the Stars and Stripes.
The flag which the colonies all used before the Stars and Stripes was adopted was variously known as the Congress colors, the grand union flag, and the first navy ensign. It consisted of 13 stripes, alternately red and white, typifying the 13 colonies; with a union bearing the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew combined—the national flag of Great Britain—signifying the mother country.

For your daughter's sake, use Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. She will then have that dainty, well-crowned appearance that girls admire.—Advertisement.

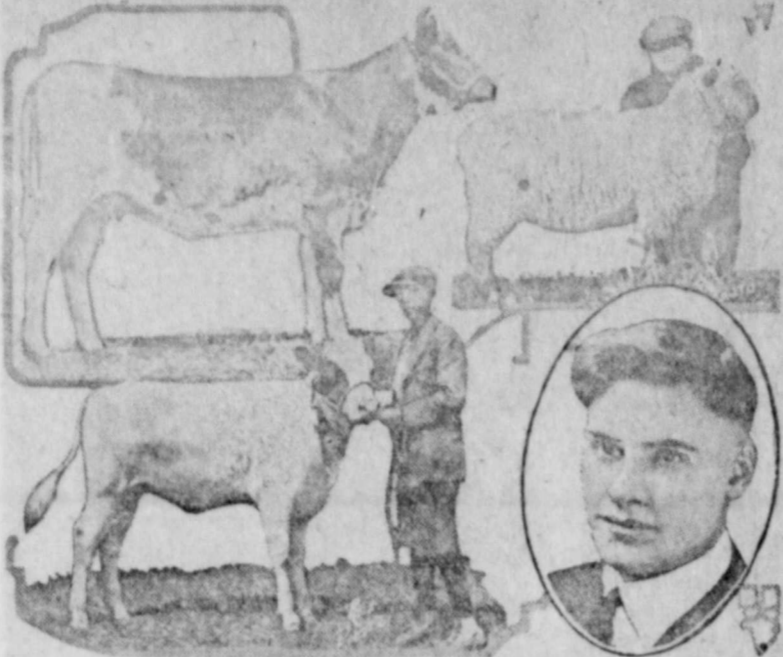
The Gob's Bride.
The barons of the veil or something seem to make young Americans in Constantinople very susceptible to feminine allurements; so much so that the Greek priests have been asked to put the brakes on their marriages and the embassy has felt constrained to go a little slow with facilities. An American gob wanted to borrow an embassy car for his wedding. "Whom are you going to marry, anyhow?" they asked him. "She says she's a Holland," said the sailor, "but I think she's nothing but a gosh-bermed..."

How many bottles of other vermin-killers will you buy without fail? Adv.

Feed the Brute.
You can generally reach a man's heart through his stomach.
"Yes, or by feeding his vanity."

A man may not know when he is well off, but his wife can always tell him when he was well off.

American Farm Bureau



The photograph shows the senior yearling Holstein heifer, grand champion at Rock county and champion at six fairs—W. G. Miles and champion Shropshire ewe—Marvin Helgesen and champion calf, and J. C. Nesbit, live stock agent of the Rock county farm bureau.

Farm bureau members of Rock county, Wisconsin, have a slogan—"Rock County First!"

To be first in agriculture is the objective of the 4,000 farmers of this northern Wisconsin county, having one of the largest farm bureau memberships in the United States. Through bureau co-operation Rock county farmers put over a unique venture in the exhibiting of farm products on a circuit of fairs and interstate dairy expositions. At the recent Wisconsin state fair—"the dairy classic of the West"—Rock county, as a result of this co-operative effort, backed by the bureau, won the county sweetestakes championship awarded to the county scoring the most premium awards and won first prize on the cattle exhibit determined by the number of ribbons won. The county show herd plan of exhibiting live stock has been successfully carried out in Rock county.

Bureau Put Over Project.
Practical farmers oftentimes do not have the time, nor can they spare the money to properly fit, train and exhibit stock beyond their local fairs. The Rock county farm bureau put over a project of collecting 12 carloads of cattle, swine and sheep from the county to be shown under the county's name. There were 75 head of cattle in the exhibit, the largest collection of blooded stock ever sent out of any county on a fair circuit.

HONOR FOR JOHNNY DAWSON

Cherokee County, Iowa, Youth Wins Championship With Steer at Sioux City.

Winning the championship in the second largest Baby Beef club in the world is the honor that has come to Johnny Dawson of Washta, Iowa—Cherokee county.

His Angus steer was the outstanding animal of two hundred and fourteen



Johnny Dawson and His Champion Steer shown at the recent Interstate Fair of Sioux City.

Cherokee county, according to Glenn A. Ellis, county agent, has done consistent Baby Beef club work for several years and has won two firsts and a second at Sioux City in the last four years in addition to the winnings last year.

TUBERCULOSIS LAW VIOLATED

Farm Advisers and Others Intreated Favor Apprehension of Those Disregarding Rules.

Resolutions urging that everything possible be done toward apprehending violators of the rules and orders regarding tuberculosis eradication were adopted by northern Illinois farm advisers, officers of the Illinois Holstein-Friesian association and others at a conference held a short time ago in the office of the Illinois Agricultural Society.

Styles in Hats for Mid-Winter; Fabric-Fur Coats for Girls

There may be little difference between a fall hat and a winter hat so far as material and trimmings are concerned, but there is considerable difference in the way materials and trimmings are used. Styles do not stand quite still and mid-winter millinery, now being shown, differs from that of early September, even though the velvet, hatters' plush and ostrich



SMALL CLOSE-FITTING TURBANS

of the first fall hats are just as extensively used now.
In the latest hats, metal cloches, gold and silver inces, metallic flowers and fur trimmings of various sorts make their appearance. Lines, too, have changed a little and small close-fitting turbans, or poke shapes, with deep sectional crowns are coming into prominence. Novel brim treatments are selected from the county, and at these conferences the county-wide projects are considered, passed upon and put through.



LITTLE GIRL'S FABRIC-FUR COAT

by clever little dance hats of silver or gold brocade and by evening bandeaux in the form of wide metallic ribbon or wreaths of metallic leaves.

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Julia Bottinley
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CLARENDON, TEXAS

NOTICE OF SALE

The State of Texas.
To All to Whom These Presents Shall Come, Know Ye:

Whereas, heretofore on the 2nd day of February, 1923, in the District Court of Donley county, Texas, in Cause Number 1247, wherein R. J. Bradley was plaintiff and C. D. Akers and P. H. Williams were defendants, the said R. J. Bradley recovered a judgment against the said C. D. Akers and P. H. Williams for the sum of \$8606.27, and in the same judgment foreclosed the pledgee's lien upon three certain vendors lien notes each in the sum of \$1800.00, dated August 18, 1919, and respectively due on or before the first day of January in the years 1925, 1929, and 1930, said notes being payable to the order of C. D. Akers, and each having been executed by J. M. Johnston as part of the purchase price for all of Section Number 14 in Block 21 in Donley county, Texas, conveyed by the said Akers to the said Johnston by deed of even date with said notes. And in the same judgment the pledgee's lien was also foreclosed on two notes dated May 28, 1920, and respectively numbered 8 and 9, and being respectively due on the first day of February, 1925 and 1929, each signed by Ira W. Neely and payable to the order of C. M. Shaw, each note being in the sum of \$700.00, said notes being given in part payment for the East one-half of Section Number 15 in Block 21 in Donley county, Texas, and each note bearing eight per cent interest, payable annually.

And, whereas, thereafter on the 16th day of November, 1923, the clerk of the District Court of Donley county, Texas, delivered said notes to me, together with an order of sale directing and requiring me to sell said notes at the court house door of Donley county, Texas in satisfaction or part satisfaction of said judgment.

Now, therefore, know ye that I, H. C. Bramley, as sheriff of Donley county, Texas, into whose hands said writ has come, shall on Tuesday, the 4th day of December, 1923, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. at the court house door of Donley county, Texas, at Clarendon, Texas, sell the notes above described to the highest and best bidder for cash, and deliver said notes to the purchaser thereof, and apply the proceeds as the above said writ and the law direct.

Witness my hand at Clarendon, Texas, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1923.

H. C. Bramley, Sheriff,
Donley County, Texas.

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THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
ED C. BOLIVER
Publisher

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

All obituaries, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, advertising of church or society doings, when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

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Subscribe for The Informer.

The Cortlandts of Washington Square

By JANET A. FAIRBANK

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"DO YOU LOVE HIM?"

SYNOPSIS—Returning to her home in a small town, Milton Center, from a visit to New York, the widowed mother of ten-year-old Ann Byrne announces her wedding to Hudson Cortlandt, socially and politically prominent. Her husband has not been told about Ann, and the new wife fears he will be displeased. With Ann, Mrs. Cortlandt returns to New York, to the house of Hendricks Cortlandt, her husband's brother, with whom the latter is living. Hudson practically refuses to have anything to do with Ann, and the child is gladly adopted by Hendricks Cortlandt. Ann's mother and stepfather are lost at sea. Ann fills a gap in Hendricks Cortlandt's lonely heart. The situation is resented by Mrs. Rensselyer, Hendricks' sister, whose son, Hendricks, has been looked upon as the natural heir of the Cortlandt wealth. The Civil war breaks out.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

A subdued exclamation arose about him. Young men dropped their clinging partners, and drew together, frowning nervously.

Ann looked at Hendricks with a new respect. "Oh," she cried, "if I were only a boy!"

"Yes," he said importantly, "I shall fight, of course." As he spoke he took in, for the first time, her new maturity, and his face dropped. Of all the strange events of this curiously unreal evening, the change in Ann was perhaps the strangest; there was something about her that awoke his sluggish spirit, something beyond his whispered comment to Fanny, "Why—Ann's grown pretty!"

In the crowded, overheated room, with its drooping hothouse roses and its flaring lights, a new sentiment was suddenly diffused. A little group of men burst from the supper room, Mr. Rensselyer in the lead, flushed of face and noisily threatening; they were louder than any in their resentment. Ann pressed through the crowd to where the musicians stood idle, their instruments dangling in their hands; she whispered a direction to the leader and suddenly the opening strains of "America" rose, inspiring, over the ardent confusion. Here and there a daring voice took up the words, but a leader was needed, and the song would have died had not Mr. Rensselyer, who was standing near the musicians, chanced to turn his roving eye on Ann's excited face. Without a moment's thought he caught her up in his arms, and swung her to a chair, where she stood above the crowd, tremulous and frightened, until the thrill of the moment caught her again; then she laughed down at Mr. Rensselyer's efforts to lead, and began to sing the words which Mrs. Allen had taught her long ago.

Before the end every one was singing with her, in a great burst of sound that was strangely satisfying to the emotion of the moment. When it was over she paused, and dropped, suddenly abashed, and there was young Hendricks below her; in his eyes was an expression that bewildered her. He held out both his hands, and she would have jumped lightly down, only he caught her clumsily in his arms, and set her carefully on the floor again. She thought that he was trembling. Or was it she who shivered, nervously? "God, Ann!" he said feebly. "What a beauty you are!"

She looked at him unbelievably. "If" she demanded incredulously. Her amazed face was distinctly provocative.

There had been a sudden sweep of guests toward the door, and in the corner where the musicians had played the two were momentarily alone. The boy was breathing unevenly and hard, as though he were quite carried away by the extraordinary events of the evening. He reached out suddenly, and drew his companion behind the window curtains; meeting no opposition from the startled girl, he bent and kissed her.

CHAPTER V

A Promise.

At seventeen the loss of a night's sleep is a comparatively unimportant matter, and no one would have known the morning after her birthday party, that Ann had not been plunged in dreamless slumber. Instead of that, however, she lay wide-eyed in the dark, the music of "America" running through her head, accompanying her riotous thoughts. From the tangle of them one astonishing fact arose clear: a man had called her beautiful.

She would not frankly face the fact that she had been kissed, and not for worlds would she have admitted to herself why she lay with her hand against her cheek.

She determinedly tried to think of the momentous fact that Fort Sumter had been captured, but instead she found herself recalling the expression on young Hendricks' face when he said that she had grown to be a beauty. Over the trees in Washington square the dawn soared up on rose and

silver wings, but Ann found that by closing her own eyes she could see Hendricks' quite plainly, with their intent and troubling expression.

In the meantime, the young man himself had not been enjoying his usual complacent peace. It is true that his sleep was not interrupted, for Hendricks was not the sort of person to be kept awake by mere emotions, and the Sunday morning church bells roused him about ten o'clock. He awoke with the consciousness that something was wrong, and as he recalled the climax of his eventful evening he was sorry he had left Cambridge and its safe remoteness. He wondered, as he lay blinking at the dazzle of the sunlight reflected from the bowl of water on his washstand to the white ceiling above him, if Ann would tell his uncle that he had kissed her. And war! The thought came harshly atwart his softer recollections, and abruptly he jumped out of bed. He knew that his mother would expect him to accompany her to church, and he dressed with some expedition.

There was a great crowd at church; people looked very solemn. Hendricks



"Fort Sumter Has Fallen."

thought, and they joined in the service with an extraordinary fervor.

Behind him Ann's voice rang distinct and clear in the hymn, and reminded him, first of her song the night before, and then of some revival meetings long ago. He began to dislike her again, under the force of this reminiscence, and he had lost himself in wonder at his behavior at the ball, when the minister gave out the text of the sermon.

"Matthew ten, thirty-four—'Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword!'" Hendricks jumped in his seat, and a flutter of nervous movement agitated the congregation. "I came not to send peace, but a sword." Up above him the minister stood, white-robed and remote, speaking in a deep voice that reached some far place in his soul, and tortured it. "My brethren, this is no ordinary Sabbath; today is a momentous one in the history of our nation. Fort Sumter has fallen." Every one inside the church already knew of that appalling fact, but in spite of that, a suppressed outburst of emotional sounds arose.

Hendricks frowned. He hated this atmosphere of hysteria; he didn't think much of the way the minister was talking, extemporaneously, without his usual sedate notes. Nevertheless, he couldn't help listening.

As a matter of fact, he couldn't remember ever listening like that in church before. The old boy evidently believed there would be a war, all right. He would just as soon go to fight, he thought, but he didn't hold with stirring up a fellow like this. He supposed Ann was in a great state over it, being only a silly girl.

At last it was over. The boy breathed deep in his relief. He turned half round, and met with Ann's eyes; they were blazing with excitement, but at the same time there was something humid about them, and he swung back reluctantly. She was pretty, he realized, above the tumult of his sensations.

Outside, he found his uncle waiting for him. "I won't take you home with me today, my boy. Your mother will want you."

Ann did not look at him at all. She stood demurely beside her guardian, tense and remote. She gave the young man only her profile, but he found her irregular little nose charming. He was very gloomy as he dutifully accompanied his parents home, for the giddy sweep of his emotions had left him rather cross.

In the morning he amazed his mother by coming down to breakfast before nine o'clock—he who ordinarily slept until noon, when the tyranny of chapel at eight was removed from his life. "Where are you off to so early?" she asked.

"I thought I would go over to Uncle Hendricks'," the boy said, fushing. He

dumbly resented his mother's penetrating gaze.

"What did you think of Ann?" Hendricks lifted his cup, drank hastily of the too-hot coffee, and said, "She's pretty."

Mrs. Rensselyer nodded. "She is all of that. . . . Your uncle is devoted to her, Hendricks." She looked rather sharply at him, as she continued, "There is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that he adores her. We shall just have to meet it. . . . If she gets it all she will be a great catch. There will be plenty of suitors—when people see how devoted your uncle is to her."

"I suppose so." Mrs. Rensselyer allowed her son to eat in peace for a moment. Then she shot a question unexpectedly across the table at him. "Do you like her, Hendricks?"

The young man flushed again. "She is pretty," he said, appraisingly. "And she is a bit soft on me, I don't mind telling you."

"Well," she said crisply, "worse things than that could happen to you!" And with these mystifying words she allowed him to escape.

As he crossed from Union square to his uncle's house he found the city in a tumult; now that he had grown accustomed to the idea of the fall of Fort Sumter he thought that it was rather silly to be so excited, and he wondered at his own exhilaration on hearing the news. He bought a paper from a boy who was selling them as fast as he could deal them out; in the headlines he read that the president had issued a call for seventy-five thousand men to enlist in the army.

"D—d nonsense!" he said to a man who also paused to buy. "The New York police could do 'em up! That man Lincoln is scared!"

"Scared?" echoed the stranger pugilistically. "I reckon, Bub, he's more'n likely to be mad!" Hendricks walked on, with an affection of a great and superior calm. "Bub" indeed—and only that morning he had cut himself while shaving!

In Washington square he found Ann pouring her guardian's coffee; she handed the big silver urn with a state-little air that impressed him. He looked furtively at her, in her bright green taffeta dress, with a black velvet Greek key pattern on the enormous skirt, and he saw, with a distinct shock, that she was still charming. Unconsciously he had been counting on her returning to her old days of gawky girlhood, and he was unable to cope with this fresh beauty in the morning sunlight.

Mr. Cortlandt smiled across the table at his ward. "You may tell him, Ann," he said.

The girl kindled immediately. "What do you think uncle has done?" she demanded.

"I don't know," the boy answered sulkily. He was cross because she would not look at him.

She flung an announcement at him with the suddenness of a bomb. "He has found you a place in the Seventh regiment!" she cried triumphantly.

"Ann made me do it," Mr. Cortlandt said, laughing. "I had to send a note over to my friend the colonel before I was dressed!"

"Think of it, Hendricks—you can fight!" the girl cried. "Oh—I wish I were a man!"

Her guardian smiled. "Hendricks will fight for you, my dear."

For the first time that morning Ann looked full at the uncomfortable young man.

His enthusiasm grew under her eager eyes. "How long before we can start?" he asked his uncle.

Mr. Cortlandt frowned impatiently. "I am afraid that it will take four or five days."

"Oh," Hendricks said, crestfallen, "the war will be all over in a week!"

His uncle rose. "We shall hope so," he said sulkily, and added, "Come with me, Hendricks. I wish to talk with you."

The young man followed him miserably, with reviving fears. He lifted a nervous eyebrow at Ann, on his way to the door, but she was apparently interested only in the contents of her coffee cup, and he left her unreprieved.

In the library Mr. Cortlandt faced him with considerable sternness. "I am not satisfied with you, my boy," he said.

Hendricks' face lengthened. "But," he stammered, "I don't know what you mean."

"Your work at Harvard has been poor," his uncle went on. "You have wasted your time at college, and I am not sorry to have you leave. A campaign will harden you, I hope. . . . You must do me credit, Hendricks. Thirty-five years ago I was an officer in the Seventh."

"Oh," murmured Hendricks, vastly relieved, "I'll do that, of course, sir." "And when the war is over—soon, please God—I want you to understand that you are to come back here to New York, and go to work. You have your own way to make."

"Well—I won't say nothing. . . . Ann is to have the bulk of my fortune, of course."

"Mother said so," the boy blurted out.

"In that case, my sister has shown her customary acumen. She will not be disappointed."

"Oh, yes, she will," young Hendricks exclaimed. "It is one thing to suspect, and quite another to know!"

He made his way gloomily out of the room; to find himself actually cut off was catastrophic. He stood for a moment in the hall, trying to adjust himself, and to recall what it was that his mother had said to him at breakfast, in regard to this calamity. She had appeared to have in mind some panacea that was not clear to her son.

Suddenly, as he stood frowning, Ann appeared on the stairs above him. She leaned confidently down from the landing. "Uncle scold you?" she demanded, smiling demurely.

"No," Hendricks said shortly, as he glanced about for his hat.

Ann sidled down a step or two, sliding her hand along the stair rail. "You'll have to get your uniform," she suggested brightly, "and all that."

"I suppose so."

She looked at him with eyes that were starry with her new appreciation, and she came down the last remaining steps in a little rush. "Imagine it—a uniform and everything. You will sleep in a blanket, Hendricks. I just wish I had the chance to!"

Young Hendricks was conventionally shocked. "A girl!" he protested.

"It is not my fault that I'm not a boy. I am sure I wish I were!"

A sudden consciousness of his manhood rose in Hendricks. "I am glad you are not," he said stoutly, and caught her hand in his.

Ann stood arrested, in her perfect stillness there was the threat of one poised for flight. "You shouldn't," she gasped, her glance holding his.

"Why not? You are the prettiest girl I know."

Her lips drooped, and in her eyes were all the sorrows of the world. "I am not, really," she pleaded. It seemed to Hendricks she grieved that he should be so deceived.

He slipped a blundering, unaccustomed arm about her waist, and an acrid little shiver ran through the girl; suddenly she turned to him, and buried her face in his shoulder. The boy held her for a moment, half frightened, half cautious; then he bent and pressed his lips to her hair. She felt his touch and started back; as she lifted her face, he caught it in both his hands, and kissed her cool lips.

This time she fought him off valiantly enough, and faced him furiously, with flashing eyes and uneven breath. He was frightened, as he met her accusing glance.

"It is all right," he said lamely. "I couldn't help it. . . . I am awfully gone on you, Ann." He added, feeling that the situation demanded something in the nature of a declaration.

"Really?" she queried. "Because if you are—it's all right!"

"Then I am," he assured her, "and—and we are engaged?" she



Hendricks Rensselyer Walked Home With His Head in a Whirl.

demanded, her eyes very wide and innocent, as they searched his.

"Why—why—" He was wondering if this had been what his mother had meant.

"Do you want to be engaged to me?"

"I don't know. . . . I guess so." He wanted to talk with his mother. He was sure that she must approve of what he was doing. "Well, then," he said condescendingly, "we will be."

"It doesn't seem right—so quick like this," Ann protested. "I thought it took a long time to get engaged."

"Better not," he hinted darkly. "Why?"

"Well, I don't want to seem conceited, but I do think she likes me quite a lot."

"Oh," exclaimed Ann, "that is romantic, too!" And in her voice there was envy of Fanny, and her unrequited passion.

Hendricks Rensselyer walked home with his head in a whirl. He had left college, and was going to war, he was disinherited, and he had engaged himself to be married. He felt that he had put in a full morning's work, look at it as he would.

Mr. Cortlandt was standing at the window of his library, looking out into the faintly misted green of Washington square. His upright figure was drooping; he looked old and discouraged.

"What is it?" Ann cried from the threshold. "Has there been a defeat?"

Her guardian turned, a steady melancholy in his deep eyes. "No," he said, "it is not that. . . . Is this true—what my sister tells me?"

"That you are engaged—and to young Hendricks?"

"Yes, uncle." She crossed the room to him with lagging feet. "I—I hated to tell you. . . . He wants me to be engaged to him."

"Engaged? So soon! And young Hendricks! Why?"

"Well—he thinks I am—rather nice."

"Good lord, of course you are rather nice! Is that all?"

Ann slid her hand into his. "No," she confessed confusedly. "If you won't laugh, I'll tell you." She put her fresh lips very near his cheek, and murmured, "He thinks I am—pretty! He really does."

Mr. Cortlandt took her by her slender shoulders, and looked into her shamed eyes. "It is my fault," he said heavily.

"What is your fault?"

"You are in love with him for that! Pretty? . . . I have brought you up wrong, Ann. Instead of trying to keep you unspoiled, I should have told you each morning that you are a beautiful creature! I should have protected you in that way."

"Do you mean it, uncle? Am I really—like that?"

"My dear, you really are!"

She smiled at him radiantly. "Now imagine!" she said quaintly. "And I have been so afraid that Hendricks would wake up!"

"Do you love him?"

"I think so, uncle. . . . He says I do."

"It may be years before he can afford to marry. He must make his own way."

"There's no hurry," Ann said hastily, and then added sweetly: "Aren't you a little glad to have me marry into your family?"

Mr. Cortlandt looked deep into her lifted eyes. "My dear child," he said unbelievably, "my family isn't good enough for you." And he kissed her smooth cheek, and sighed.

CHAPTER VI

Out and In.

The Seventh regiment volunteered for one month only; in five weeks it was back again in New York. Ann was enormously glad to see Hendricks, but she had been looking forward so ecstatically to his return that when he appeared she was possibly a trifle disappointed. In her thoughts she had endowed him with extraneous charm, and looking at him she was conscious of a sudden sinking of her spirit. She made him tell her all about his brief campaign. They spent hours in the high dim library talking of it, and Ann glowed with martial excitement. She always thought of Hendricks as a soldier, ready, at the call, to sacrifice his life for his country, and she felt that it was only right for him to have everything he might want, including her, as that was his strange wish. She was extraordinarily supple and unselfish with him in these days, but, while she understood that the Seventh regiment was to be demobilized immediately, she would not frankly face the fact that once her lover was mustered out, he would be merely a civilian again. When he came in one day, his uniform exchanged for a smartly checked coat and waistcoat and loose snuff-colored trousers, she looked at him agast, and turned in his arms so that his lips pressed her hair instead of her cheek.

"How queer you look," she said querulously.

"It is good to get out of that uncomfortable uniform, I can tell you," Hendricks returned indignantly. "Now you listen to me. I have something to tell you."

She looked up eagerly; already the members of the Seventh were volunteering into other regiments and she thought Hendricks was about to announce that he had done the same thing.

"You have re-enlisted already!" She clasped both her hands about his arm and lifted an adoring face.

"Don't be silly! The president will have eighty-five thousand men under the new call; let them take their turn at it; I have done my share."

"But those men are enlisting for three years, Hendricks."

"Yes—or the duration of the war, Ann. You'll see—it will be over in six months." The girl's hands dropped, while bleak indifference swept into her face. Hendricks' tone was defensive as he added, "I've got a position in a bank—third assistant receiving teller—and I am going to work tomorrow morning. They will pay me sixty dollars a month."

"Will they? Her tone was as un-sounded as a new stranger's."

Ann! . . . that is seven hundred and twenty dollars a year. When I'm making a thousand I think we might be married."

Ann! . . . new her arm away precipitately. "I'm married!" she said, as though the idea were entirely new to her.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "I don't know what you mean," she said.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

W. M. A.

Lesson in Mission Study book "The Woman and the Leaven in Japan" Study location, climate and chief industries of Japan.

Song
Scripture lesson Matt 5:43-48.
Prologue, The Spreading Leaven—Mrs Noel.

Japan Revolutionized in Seventy Years—Mmes Johnson, Masterson, Pierce, Clarke, Killian and Webb.

Internationalization—by Mrs. Thomas.

Political and Social Progress—Mrs Kendall.

Woman's Field—Mrs Culwell
A Home—Mrs Pickett.

Sam Bond came down from Lelia Lake and spent Sunday with home folks. He is book-keeper at the Mereman Gin, and reports that they had turned out 1080 bales at Lelia up to last Saturday night.

C Y Tate was an appreciated caller at this office the first of the week, and favored us with a liberal renewal, running his figures up to March, 1925.

Mr and Mrs E B Weber and family left last Saturday for their home in Denver.

Paul Culwell of Altus, Okla., came over Sunday and visited in the O R Culwell home until Tuesday.

Miss Fay and Nita Culwell went to Childress Tuesday to spend Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Adams.

Rev. J. J. Spurlin came up from Childress last Monday and brought his daughter, Miss Pauline, to re enter school here.

A J Akers, former Hedleyan now living at Brownfield, was in town this week looking after his property interests.

Hiway Filling Station

THE BEST OF EVERY THING IN OUR LINE

P. V. DISHMAN, Prop.

THE DORCAS CLASS

The Dorcas Bible Class met with Mrs. M. L. Peninger last Friday evening, Nov 23. After a business session, the following program was given:

Scripture Reading, by Mrs. Peninger.

Prayer by Mrs W. C. Bridges.
Piano Solo—Mrs Thompson.
Jesus Crucified—Mrs. Clements.

Triangular Churches of Jerusalem—Mrs. H. C. Tims.

Vocal Solo—Mrs. Simmons.

Closing Prayer by Mrs. Simmons.

We were glad to have with us Mrs. P. T. Boston and Mrs. A. T. Simmons, associate members, and Mrs E W. Alley, Mrs. J. D. Key and Miss Mae McFarling, visitors.

Dainty refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Moreman, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Thompson and children, Miss Faye Moreman, Miss Pauline Crawford and Mr. Sam Thomas were guests at a big turkey dinner at the Onell Hotel Thanksgiving Day. All report a good time and a fine dinner.

POSTED NOTICE

My pastures are posted according to law. No hunting allowed. Come play with me, but leave your guns at home.

J. E. Blankenship,

Mrs J. M. Green and children are in Gainesville, where she was called by the illness of her mother. We are glad to know that the latest report from her is that her mother's condition is much improved.

NOTICE, CITY TAXPAYERS

The City Tax Books are now at the First State Bank. Tax payers are requested to call there and pay their taxes.

City Council.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie, of Clarendon, took dinner at the Onell Hotel Sunday.

J. K. Shelton, prominent cotton man, came in the past week and is busy greeting friends and attending to business.

T. E. Bailey headed us off last Monday and made a liberal donation to the religious weekly's subscription fund. Thanks.

BRAY ITEMS

Come on, let's have a snow fight! You are not "game" enough? Well, then, let's make a snow man.

Rev. Fitzgerald had charge of the 11 o'clock services Sunday morning. He announced that he will fill an appointment here one Sunday of each month until other arrangements are made.

Singing was well attended last Sunday night.

Miss Ida Spier was a guest in the T. O. Hill home, near Hedley, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Papasan have returned to their home at Abilene, Texas.

Mrs. A. A. Nipper is quite ill at this writing. We sincerely hope she will soon be well again.

R. M. Webb returned last week from Jack county. We are sorry to report that his mother died the night of Nov. 19th.

A number of the young people were entertained in the Brown home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Randall enjoyed a short visit from his brother, Cliff Randall, of Mountain Park, Okla., one night this week.

Rev. Willie DeBord has an appointment here for Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night, Sunday School in the morning.

Reporter.

FROM J. B. KING

We received this week a letter from our old friend and former townsman, J. B. King, who now lives at Huntington Beach, Calif. Mr. King still owns property in Hedley, and wants to know why we have let up on our battle for water and lights here. (We have not quit, J. B.; we're just taking a breathing spell.) He says he talked for the proposition while he was here, and wants us to keep up the fight—which we shall do. He adds:

"A town without water and lights does not appeal to people who have lived where there is plenty of both. I wanted to invest this \$100,000 that I have been after out here; (I don't lack very much now—just \$99,997.80) Maybe by the time I get that, you'll have water and lights in Hedley."

TURKEYS FOR SALE—Daf from Strain Battleship Bronze Turkeys. Tom \$8.00; hens \$5.00. Apply to D. D. Adkisson, Tulla, Texas, or Mrs. T. A. Hart, Hedley, Texas.

C. Y. Tate and family of Strong City, Okla., W. M. Tate of Alma, N. M., Mrs. Mollie Smelser of Matador, Mrs. Stella Robb of Sulphur, Okla., and Mrs. Agnes Davis of Stratford, Okla., have all been here the past two weeks at the bedside of their father, Grandpa Tate, who has been seriously ill.

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School song service begins at 9:45 a. m.

Class period begins at 10.

Preaching at 11 in the morning and 7 p. m.

League every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Woman's Missionary Society meets each Monday afternoon at 2.30.

Prayer Meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

J. G. Thomas.

POSTED—This to notify the public that my place is posted and no hunting will be allowed. Trespassers will be prosecuted.

J. T. Pearson.

C. A. Whitfield, former Hedley druggist, sends in his Informer renewal this week. He is now in the drug business at Pate, Georgia.

Geo. M. Thompson of Memphis attended to business in Hedley the first of the week.

Stop! Look! Listen!

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P. V. Dishman, Prop.

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Automobile and Garage. Each issue

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