

The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER I

What's that, fo' goodness sake? "Your home, you know," Dale explained with a smile. "Oh, my home. Why didn't ye say so, then? No, I won't," she declared. Dale put his bag down and rested his hands on his hips. "Why, may I inquire?" "Cause I won't. I don't never keep company with no strange men-folks. But yander comes By, and he'll show ye the way; he's a goin' over to the settlement."



"Cause I won't. I don't never keep company with no strange men-folks." Dale didn't like the stare—to him it was impudent. "Well, what's the verdict?" he asked sharply. "Spoke like a man," drawled By Heck. "I reckon you must be up here a-lookin' fo' coal."

David Moreland's Mountain.

Carlyle Wilburton Dale—known to himself and a few close friends as Bill Dale—had laid out a course of action almost before the northbound train had left the outskirts of the state capital behind. It incurred facing big odds; but other men had faced big odds and won out, and what others had done he could do. Indeed, he had already done several things which other men might not have thought of doing, and one of them was leaving a bride, not figuratively but literally, at the altar in a fashionable church! But he knew Patricia hadn't wanted to marry him any more than he had wanted to marry her.

When the noises of the little train and the fast mail it had just met had died away, there came the saucy chat of a pair of boomer-squirrels and the sweet twittering of birds. Dale caught the joyous spirit. He could have fairly shouted out of the fullness of his very human heart. Here all was unspiced and unperfumed, and something whispered within him: "They won't call you a savage here—make this your own country!"

From somewhere on a nearby mountainside a rifle's keen report split the air; a bullet whined like a mad hornet; Dale's hat jumped a little on his head. The awakening was exceedingly rude. Dale wheeled, his gray eyes ablaze, and saw only a tiny cloud of smoke mist rising from the laurels more than fifty feet away. "Come out, you coward!" he roared. "Come out and let me see you," curiosity taking the place of anger in his voice. "I've always wanted to know just what a real highwayman was like!"

I'm a goin' over thar now. Want to go long? Say—dang that picture of I didn't fo'git to ax what might be yore name, mister!" "Bill Dale," came quickly—"Bill Dale. Settlement? Sure! Lead the way, By Heck. Who's the young woman I was talking with when you came up?"

"Who? Her? That's old Ben Littleford's gyurl. Her name's Babe. That's what they call her. She's got another name; but it ain't been used fo' so long it's been fo'got, I reckon. She's the youngest one o' old Ben's children. She hain't like none o' the rest o' the Littlefords. By gosh, she's awful high-headed. She can read good, Babe can. Old Major Bradley, from down at Cartersville in the lowland, he spends his summers up here fo' his health, and he taught Babe how to read. Fine feller, Major Bradley. Lawyer. Babe she has done read everything in the whole dang country. The 'several Bibles, and a book about a Pilgrim's Progress, and a Baker's Hoss and Cattle Almanack, and a dictionary."

"The gyurl, or the coal—is that what's a-botherin' ye, Bill?" Dale's eyes twinkled. "Must I choose between them?" he laughed. "Shore!" By Heck wasn't even smiling. "Shore! The Morelands and Littlefords hates each other wuss no a blue-tailed hawk hates a crow. The gyurl, or the coal, Bill?"

"The mountain you had to come over to come here, Mr. Dale," Moreland began, his big voice filled with an old, old sorrow. "Is knowed as David Moreland's mountain mostly because David Moreland is buried in the very highest place on top of it, him and his wife. He was my brother, and was the best brother a man ever had. It was allus the talk o' the neighborhood how much we liked each other. Up onto the time he was married I went with him whar he went, and he went with me whar I went. I'd fight fo' him, and he'd fight fo' me. It's hard to tell, even after this long time..."

The man from the city rose and proffered his hand. "My name," he began, old habit strong upon him, "is Carlyle—" Before he could get any farther with it, John Moreland flung the hand from him as though it were a thing of unspeakable contamination. His bearded face went deathly white with the whiteness of an old and bitter hatred. His great fists clenched, and every muscle in his giant body trembled. "What's the matter, man?" Dale wanted to know. "Carlyle!" Moreland repeated in a hoarse growl. "You say yore name is Carlyle!"



"Carlyle!" Moreland Repeated in a Hoarse Growl. "You Say Yore Name is Carlyle!"

"That's diff'rent." The mountaineer's countenance became lighter. "This man I'm a-thinkin' about, he was from West Virginy. I hope you won't hold nothin' ag'in me fo' actin' up that way. I couldn't he'p it, shore, it seems. You'll know how I felt when I tell ye about it, Mr. Dale. I owe it to ye to explain. Jest a minute—" He stepped into the cabin and brought out another chair, sat down heavily and crossed his legs. Dale, too, sat down. "The mountain you had to come over to come here, Mr. Dale," Moreland began, his big voice filled with

an old, old sorrow. "Is knowed as David Moreland's mountain mostly because David Moreland is buried in the very highest place on top of it, him and his wife. He was my brother, and was the best brother a man ever had. It was allus the talk o' the neighborhood how much we liked each other. Up onto the time he was married I went with him whar he went, and he went with me whar I went. I'd fight fo' him, and he'd fight fo' me. It's hard to tell, even after this long time..."

"One day I got a letter from David, which said that a man named John K. Carlyle was a goin' to buy his mountaintop and the coal, and said that his wife was pow'ful sick. A week later she died, and left a baby which died, too, accordin' to a old Injun by the name o' Cherokee Joe, who knowed my pap and knowed David. And a month later we was all dragged from our beds by this same Cherokee Joe, tellin' us that Carlyle had shot David, Carlyle, Cherokee Joe said, was a-drinkin' hard. The Injun seed the shootin' through a window."

"It was might' nigh to three days later when we got here and found pore David a-layin' whar he'd fell. We scoured the mountains fo' miles and miles around in a s'arch fo' the dawg who killed him, but we never found him. The land up here looked purty, and it belonged to us by David's death; so we all moved up here to live, and built us cabins. "Major Bradley found out about the end o' my brother, and he wanted us to put the case in the hands o' the law. But we wouldn't do it. A Moreland never goes to law about anything. He pays his own debts, and he collects what is his due—" John Moreland arose and paced the porch floor, which creaked under his weight. He stopped before Dale, and went on sadly: "Now ye'll know why I was so much tore up when I heered yore name, the Carlyle part. John K. Carlyle killed the best man 'at ever lived. And mebbe ye'll understand why we ain't never had the conscience to sell the coal, which cost Brother David his life."

John K. Dale had come from West Virginia, and he had refused, time upon time, to make investigation of the Moreland property. The hillman interrupted young Dale's thinking: "Addie, she's a goin' to have dinner ready purty soon. Would ye like to wash, Mr. Dale?" "Yes," was the answer, and in the tones of Bill Dale's quiet voice there was a shade of meaning that Moreland did not catch. "Yes, I'd like to wash."

CHAPTER II

In the Cup. Dale found the humble home of his mountaineer host a home in the fullest sense of the word. At the noonday meal, he met Mrs. Moreland and the sons of the household, and they were exactly as he had pictured them. Mrs. Moreland was quiet, motherly, always smiling, as straight and real as her husband. The sons, Caleb and Luke, were as much alike as the fingers on your hands; they were tall and broad-shouldered, gray-eyed and brown-haired. Before sundown Dale had become acquainted with the rest of the Morelands, and he liked them, every one. He was at the cabin of his host's gray old father and mother for a long time. When supper was over John Moreland lighted the big glass lamp in the best room, and the family and their guest gathered there to spend the evening. Then the lanky moonshiner and his mother came in. "Granny Heck had the sharp features and the stooped, thin figure of a witch. She wore a faded blue bandana about her white head, and she carried a long hickory staff; there was a reed-stemmed clay pipe in her mouth, and her dark calico skirt had a tobacco pocket in it. Her son preceded her into the room. He walked to the center table, faced about, and said with a low and airy sweep of his right hand: "Bill, old boy, this here's maw. Maw, she tells forchunes."

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HAS LABOR-SAVING FEATURES

Contains Nine Large, Comfortable Rooms, Six of Which Are Bedrooms—Has All Conveniences of a City Home.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

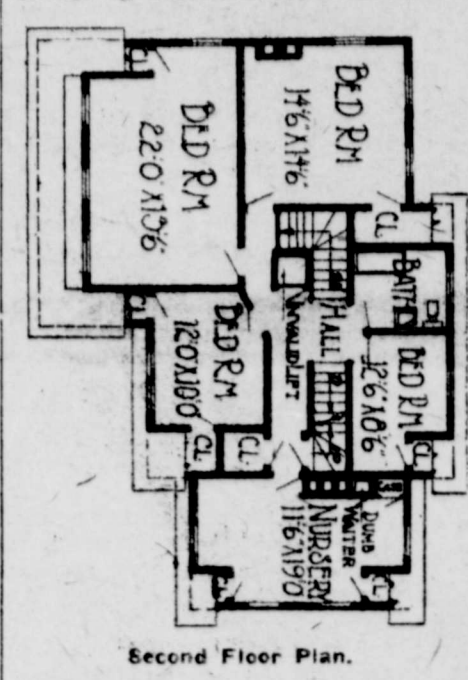
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address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

"I am going to make home life so attractive on this farm that my boys won't care to go to the city for excitement and variety when they grow up to manhood," remarked the farmer in his talk to the contractor. "That is one reason why I am planning a modern home with every convenience known to the building art."

What he had in mind was a home like the one illustrated here with floor plans. He had learned the lesson from the experience of many of his neighbors and he was determined to profit by their mistakes. Alert and progressive, he had very soon recognized the vital fact that to keep the children on the farm contented—a happy home life and freedom from the drudgery which has so often driven the boys to the larger cities just when the father had planned to turn over the reins to them was essential.

The first important step in his program was the farm home. This he decided was to be so attractive as to arouse the envy of city visitors. He could not have picked a prettier and more charming design than the col-

onial type shown in this picture. At ways appealing, never falling in its popularity, although it is one of the oldest types of architectural styles in the country, it has a homelike atmosphere that cannot be excelled. Combined with its quaintness is the modern touch of the building science.



located in the farm home, because the amount of work to be done is always considerable.

Upstairs are the sleeping quarters. Here the floor plans call for four bedrooms of various sizes, a bathroom and a splendid nursery in the far wing over the kitchen. The dumb-waiter is extended to this room, so that in case of illness the prepared meals can be carried direct to the sick room. In addition to the dumb-waiter there is an invalid lift in the side hall.

All of the bedrooms have good lighting facilities, most of them having ex-



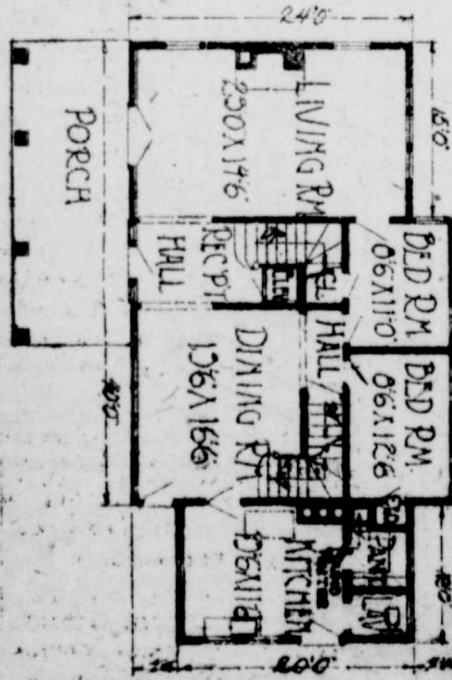
posed on two sides. The corner bedrooms are large, 22 by 13 feet 6 inches and 14 feet 6 inches square, and can be used as a sewing room or library if the occasion demands.

It goes almost without saying that this is a most distinctive farm home and one that will insure a large amount of comfort and satisfaction to the farmer, his wife and especially his children. The girls and boys have a real home in which to entertain their friends. There is electric light, running water, modern lavatories and bathroom. A modern heating plant in the cellar keeps the home comfortable all year round. If more homes like this were built on American farms, and they can be, for they are not very expensive, there would be less worry over farm help and less hue and cry about keeping the children on the farm. Human nature is alike the world over, in that it craves comfort, convenience and attractive surroundings. That is the basis of all honest ambition.

There is something about this hospitable home that is most inviting. Perhaps it is the quaint green shutters on the windows, the open front porch set on a level with the ground, the low rambling appearance, the unusual chimneys.

This home is designed for a family with plenty of children. There will be no crowding, for there are ten rooms in all, six of which are bedrooms, and a large nursery for the smaller "kiddies."

The front door leads into a small reception hall. Another door opening from the porch leads into the large living room, so essential in the colonial



type of home, and an ideal lounging and resting place for the family after the work of the day. This living room is 23 by 14 feet 6 inches, with a large open brick fireplace built in the side. It extends the full depth of the house, thus providing for excellent lighting from front and rear as well as the side on which the fireplace is located. At the far end a door leads to a small bedroom, 8 feet 6 inches by 11 feet, very convenient for the men who have to arise early.

The reception hall also opens into the dining room on the opposite side. This room is not quite as large as the

living room, but is ample for the needs of the family. It opens at the far end into a hall which gives access to another small bedroom and to the stairs leading to the cellar, and to the floor above. At the right end, which forms a sort of wing to the main building, is the large kitchen which is necessary in farm homes where many must be fed. Off one corner is a handy lavatory. In a corner adjacent to the pantry and kitchen a dumb-waiter has been installed, which makes the carrying of food and other supplies from the storage cellar to the kitchen a very easy task and lightens much of the work which falls on the shoulders of the housewife. Too many of these labor-saving conveniences cannot be in-

FIGURE LARGELY IN HISTORY

Animals and Reptiles That Have Been Held in High Reverence for Various Reasons.

Perhaps no animal ever built its way into the literature of childhood so successfully as did Mary's little lamb, and today no animal gets as much petting and fanciful reverence bestowed upon it as does the white elephant of Siam, and the elephant in America has its following. In Siam the worshippers believe that the soul of a dead person, perhaps of a Buddha, may be lodged in the white elephant. Consequently he is baptized, dined and wined, and mourned at his death.

The snake figures as much in history as a peccator perhaps any other reptile or animal. The sinuousness of its body made possible by the hundreds of vertebrae in its backbone, and the never-winking eyes have given it a fascination conducive to a belief that some sort of occult power is embodied in it. The ancient Incas made in the rocks of their temples, even in the Temple of the Sun, small holes leading to circular enclosures for the snakes to nest therein. It has been surmised that the priests probably kept in the temples a few tame snakes in order to use them in prophesying. One snake always gets a prominent place in the histories of Egypt and Rome—the asp which Cleopatra used to end her life because Octavian's Caesar scorned her charms.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

INGALLS' TRIBUTE TO GRASS

Beautiful Word Painting of Kansas Statesman That is Recognized as a Classic.

Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead. Grass is the forgiveness of Nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Belonged to by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impenetrable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle agriculture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enhancing than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fall for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.—From a "Collection of the Writings of John James Ingalls."

THEY'LL GET YOU SOME WAY

City Scalawags Hard to Beat, According to Testimony of Visitor From Jimson Junction.

"If them infernal scalawags up there in Kay See can't get you one way they will another!" disgruntledly asserted the gent from Jimson Junction, who was just back from a brief stay in the Big Burg. "Pretend to do you a favor and then skin you alive! Tuther night in my room in the hotel I was tending to my own business when a feller in the next room yelled what in all this and that was coming off.

"I'm pulling my clothes to the floor, if it's any of your by-gosh business!" I hollered back. "I'm a follable sound sleeper, and don't aim to have my best suit stole while I'm slumbering."

"Why, you pea-green yokel!" he yelled back, "what will you do if the fire department goes roaring by in the middle of the night and you can't yank on your clothes and run after it?"

"By cripes! I hadn't thought of that!" says I. "I would be in a dickens of a fix, wouldn't I? I'll claw my clothes loose from the floor and run the risk of having them stole. I wouldn't like to miss a good fire. Much obliged to you, sir!"

"Well, I done so, and went to sleep, and as far as I know the fire department never made a run the whole night long. And next morning my clothes were gone, and so was the feller in the next room."—Kansas City Star.

Ribbon Fish's Oddities.

"The ribbon fishes," said John T. Nichols, head of the department of recent fishes at the Museum of Natural History, according to the New York Times, "are perhaps the least known of the larger marine species. They are elongate, flattened from side to side with a rattlelike fin on the back. Specimens are 15 to 20 feet long, being from 10 to 12 inches deep, and about an inch or two broad at their thickest part. They have big eyes and small mouths."

Very few specimens ever come to light and these are usually washed up on some shore or are found floating at the surface in a dead or dying condition. The larger ones are known to grow to be 20 feet or so in length and very likely attain a considerably greater size, but this is a matter of pure conjecture. Young individuals of some of the species but a few inches long are not rarely met with near the surface.

Natal Superstition.

Persons born between October 23 and November 23, when the sun is in Scorpio, have a courageous, loving disposition. Have natural dignity and great persuasive ability. Make friends readily. Have more power over minds of others than over their own impulses. They are aggressive and executive, and naturally fitted to spy on others. They are capable of great things if they can be induced to stay at one thing long enough—but are impatient of results. They are well equipped for government jobs.

Unlucky Birthday.

People born on Saturday (Saturn's day), will have much difficulty in acquiring money and will have to work hard. This may make them melancholy and aversive and inclined to run into debt. They should guard against carelessness in dress and the reading of evil books. They will be subject to disease of legs and knees. They will have much luck in finding hidden treasure; will be apt to be uncommon and unpopular.

And He Would Not Smile.

"That head waiter would smile and take four last dollar." "Probably not. He wouldn't accept as little as a dollar under any circumstances."

COVERED HEADS IN CHURCH

Before the Year 1661 Men Did Not Remove Their Hats During Religious Services.

About 1661 an agitation commenced to have men remove their hats in church—Pepys makes gentle fun of it. The custom was first to remove the hat to cover the eyes in prayer, and later it was taken off altogether.

The introduction of the wig helped the custom—for it proved difficult to keep one's hat on over a tousled mass of false curls. This also led to large hats with plumes going out of style.

Then, instead of wearing hats indoors, men went to the other extreme, and often carried them in their hands when out of doors. The Puritans in England continued to wear their broad-brimmed hats, however, indoors and out.

Men's hats and clothing were changed with the French Revolution; wigs went out, and then with the rise of Napoleon, dress became military in style. In 1815, during the Restoration period, arose the "stovepipe hat," and breeches, at the same time began to be worn to the ankle.

How Old Armor Was Made.

Ancient armor cost money. A complete iron suit of exclusive design might "stick" the purchaser for as much as \$1,000, which was a great sum in those days. Baronial gentlemen, however, had their own professional armorers to turn out such metal garments. The common soldiers went to battle with nothing better to protect them than leather jerkins and steel caps. Recently samples were taken from a dozen of ancient pieces and put through a chemical and microscopical examination by experts in order to find out something about how the stuff was made. It was found that all the pieces thus tested were made from very pure wrought iron, converted into steel by the old "cementation" process. The original iron was produced much like our modern wrought iron. It was carbonized, hammered into sheets and the sheets welded together. The whole was then hammered into shape while heated and plunged into water, thus producing the final hardening.

Religion in Everyday Life.

The widespread impression that religion is a thing of life apart and not an essential part of profitable life is at the bottom of all our social problems. Were the people taught, not merely preached to on Sundays, but taught in school from infancy to old age that to deal justly, to be kind and generous, and to revere the powers above earthly powers, our social affairs would soon assume, or approximate, the equities contemplated by the Master in the more enlight-

ened times men want to know the value of religion as a personal asset in life rather than a promised assurance of peace and comfort after death. An occasional sermon on the value of religion as a personal asset in social and business life would be helpful to many toilers.—Erasmus Wilson.

"SABBATH DAY" NOT SUNDAY

Modern Writers Display an Amazing Carelessness in Their Misuse of the Words.

In English there is not a more definite word than sabbath, yet it is used with an amazing carelessness as a synonym for Sunday. The writers and translators of the New Testament use sabbath correctly, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle.

It is always Hebrew and in no instance is it associated with the New Testament dispensation—now universally known as Christianity. Indeed the apostles were severely rebuked by the Jews for breaking the sabbath. Christians cannot break the sabbath, for they do not have it to break.

Sabbath and Sunday are observed on separate days, but this is not necessary, as astronomy shows that the identity of days from year to year is impossible; since the year and day are incommensurable. The leap years show that any given date varies a day; even this does not correct the dates, as other corrections—the centennial leap years—become necessary. There is a still deeper reason for discarding the severity of the sabbath, namely, our seven-day week is uncounted thousands of years older than

the book of Genesis. Evidence is strong that it was founded on quaranting the sidereal month—the "true month." Long before anything even approaching astronomy arose man noticed that the moon slowly moved into another group of stars each night, and by rough eye measurement, completed her revolution in 28 days—"the 28 mansions of heaven" of the Chinese and Japanese.

Edwena Barnes and Mary Strayhorn spent last week on the J. C. Dorward ranch near Gail.

H. M. Blackard and family of Wichita Falls were here Thursday on a visit with relatives.

THE MANHATTAN HOTEL

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\$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50

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Rags
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The place where Service plus Quality are the features that make you come back.

Our Equipment is up to the minute.

Our entire establishment has been thoroughly gone over and we feel now that there is not a better equipped confectionery in West Texas.

OUR NEW 16 Foot Fountain

has been installed. This is the very latest thing in soda fountains. It is absolutely sanitary throughout and it is so constructed that there is no chance of running together of syrups; every jar is thoroughly air tight. The construction is such that we will be able to serve a greater number of people. Our floor has been recovered and our parlor redecorated and arranged to please you and make you comfortable.

Candies, Confections, Quality, Comfort

COFFIN OF ATTILA

Burial Place of the Great Hun Leader Reported Found.

Tradition as to Final Resting Place of "Scourge of God" Seems to Have Been True.

A correspondent of the London Times reports the discovery in southern Hungary of what archeologists declare is the coffin of Attila the Hun, known to the Christian nations of the Fifth century as "the Scourge of God." The find was made in the bed of the Aranka river, a small tributary of the Theiss between the towns of Szegedin and Temesvar.

This discovery seems to support the persistent tradition regarding the great Hun leader's burial which has lived for almost 1,500 years. His death

occurred soon after his invasion of Italy and on the night of his marriage. His body was carried across southern Austria at the head of his army and in Hungary, at a spot which was known only to a few of his chief officers, the corpse was inclosed in three coffins, the first of gold, the second of silver, and the third of iron, and buried. The captives who were assigned to the task of burying the body were strangled in order that the place of the interment might be kept a secret from Attila's foes.

For centuries there has been a great fascination in the search for relics of the Huns, for it was thought that they might throw some light upon these strange, almost unknown Asiatic invaders of Europe. The country along the Aranka river and around Szegedin has been industriously searched for evidence of their successes in Europe.

Some rare and beautiful gold vessels have been unearthed in this region. These relics are preserved among the Hapsburg treasures. While these

have been identified as belonging to some of the peoples of the early migration from the East they have not been proved definitely to have belonged to the Huns. The latest find is thus especially noteworthy; not only is it the most valuable, but at the same time it is the most sought after of all the Hun treasures.

The memory of Attila and his bands of savage barbarians was revived during the World war. The devastation they wrought in the land over which they swept seemed to furnish the only apt comparison for the desolation left by the modern invader. The people of central and southeastern Europe would question today if the ravages of their country by the Fifth century Huns left in their trail as much suffering and sorrow as were left by the World war.

HIGHWAYS IN SOUTH DAKOTA

State Has 6,000 Miles of Improved Roads—Only Ten Other States Exceed in Mileage.

South Dakota has 6,000 miles of main highways, out of a total of 203,523 in the United States. Definite road systems have been established in 44 states, either through legislative action or through state and local officials. North Dakota has 4,000 miles and Minnesota 12,700. Only ten states exceed South Dakota in mileage, while several of them have less than 1,000 miles of main highway.

BIG HIGHWAY APPROPRIATION

State of Wyoming Has Let Contracts for Improvements to Cost \$3,000,000 in 1920.

The total estimated cost of highway improvements for which the Wyoming state highway department has let contracts, and which will be completed during the present year, exceeds \$3,000,000. This total represents \$15 for each inhabitant of the state.

Moroccan Road Traffic.
Traffic on the (French) Moroccan highways is very large. In addition to the transport of passengers by private or public automobiles, the roads permit an important movement of merchandise by motortrucks.

Cities Could Not Survive.
Without roads, cities could not survive, and country-folk would be without many of the present necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life, which they are now able to enjoy.

Mr. John Crenshaw has been here from Collin county for a few days looking after his ranch interests near Snyder, but has returned.

A POISON MASH FOR GRASSHOPPERS

Almost every year, some sections of Central and West Texas pay an immense bill to the grasshopper. Every person who has lived on a farm in one of these sections has witnessed at least one invasion in which whole fields were almost entirely defoliated. The damage from this pest annually mounts into thousands of dollars. Practically no field crop is free from their attacks, and sometimes even the trees are ruined by having their leaves chewed off.

The grasshopper lays its eggs in the fall, in holes bored to a depth of an inch or two in the ground. These egg masses are usually deposited in the grass lands or along the fence rows or ditches through the fields. There are usually about 50 eggs in one mass, and one female deposits from 2 to 4 masses. These eggs hatch in the spring and the young hoppers, then less than 1-8 inch long work their way to the surface and begin to feed on the vegetation. They do not have wings at this time, and being so small, are scarcely noticeable, but their appearance in numbers presage the armies that will be present in the summer when they become full grown.

If these egg masses were broken up by winter plowing many of the eggs would be destroyed. Therefore, good winter methods of cultivation will destroy most of those that grow in the actual farmlands. But in the western portion of the state where so much of the land is in pasture, other methods must be employed.

Various mechanical contrivances known as "hopper-doers" have been designed and used with varying degrees of success. In alfalfa fields and in similar situations this seems to be one of the successful methods. However, for general farm use, where all kinds of crops and conditions must be dealt with, the use of bran mash has given the best results. The mash is made as follows:

Coarse wheat bran 20 lbs.
Paris green 1 lb.
Mix together dry
Cheap molasses 1-2 gal.
Lemons, finely chopped 6 fruits.
Water 3 1-2 gals.
Put chopped lemons in water, add molasses, then wet the dry mixture with this liquid. Mix thoroughly and sow at the rate of 2 to 4 lbs. per acre. SOW BROADCAST VERY THINLY. This is better than put-



How Do You Stand With Your Bank?

As a business man, are you taking your banker into your confidence?

Confidence and co-operation are collateral traits which are necessary to the life and maintenance of all business.

Rest assured if you co-operate with us you will receive the benefit of one of the unvarying policies of the bank—that of strict secrecy as to any business problems intrusted to us.

Feel free to come in and talk with us.

THE SNYDER NATIONAL BANK

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

ting out in piles because it is more easily accessible to the insects. Also, there is no danger of poisoning chickens, birds, or other animals if thinly sowed. The mash should be put on late in the afternoon, so the hopper will find it in the early morning before it dries. They will not eat it after it dries, therefore sow thinly and repeat in a few days, rather than waste a lot of the material by drying in lumps. It is suggested that the mash be sowed in a belt around the field, and along the turn rows and ditches, if the pest is just beginning to come from the grass lands.

Now this is not a new method. It is no experiment. One thousand tons of mash were used in Kansas alone in one year. Many other states have used it for years. There is no doubt that it will kill grasshoppers. It has paid in the other states. Why not on your farm?—J. B. Watkins.

Rev. J. W. Griffin, preacher in charge of the Snyder Mission was a pleasant visitor at the Signal office Tuesday. Rev. Mr. Griffin is very optimistic about his work. He has a big wide field which is about fifty miles long, and it keeps him on the road most of the time. He has had some very successful revival meetings and will begin one next week at Arah. Crops generally, over the county are very fine, he says.

C. Nation who has been visiting his brother, D. Nation, left Tuesday for Lubbock, where he will visit for a while, with relatives before returning to his home at El Paso.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Bernard, who have been visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cruickshanks, left the first of the week for their home at Lancaster.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Shuler, left the first of the week for an outing in East Texas. They will visit Mrs. Shuler's parents in Dallas and will visit other places while in the east.

Harve Eastman, an old-time resident of Snyder, and now engaged in the sheep business near Ozona, Texas, came in Sunday morning to visit his brother, Charley, for a few days.

W. W. Nelson, Nannie Sue Ezell, Orine and May Julia McMillan, attended the barbecue on Rough Creek the Fourth and report a good time.

Mrs. Fisher of Roswell, N. M., is visiting her father, Geo. W. Johnson, and taking care of the babies for a few days while Mrs. Nelson is away on her visit to El Paso.

Mr. Ab Perry of Camp Springs is sporting a new Chevrolet bought of Mr. Couch.

ECZEMA!

Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap) fail in the treatment of Itch, Scabies, Ringworm, Tetter, or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.

Sold by Grayum Drug Company

DR. J. P. AVARY
VETERINARY SURGEON
Office Stinson Drug Co.
Phone 35 Res. Phone 140

MISS IRENE CLARK
TEACHER OF PIANO
Studio at Residence of H. P. Brown
Fall Term Opening Sept. 5 '21

MISS SARAH WRIGHT
Will Teach a Summer Expression Class
Beginning
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Snyder, Texas

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W. D. ALLDREDGE M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Special attention to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Eyes tested, Glasses fitted.
Office over Caton-Dodsons Store
Snyder, Texas

Lucky Tiger

The Nation's Best and Safest Remedy for itching and burning skin diseases. Positively eradicates dandruff, cures eczema, itchy scalp, itching eyes, itching nose, itching throat, itching ears, itching hands, itching feet, itching all over the body. Money-Back Guarantee. At druggists and hardware, or send for free literature.

LUCKY TIGER CO., Kansas City, Mo.

STOP SUFFERING.

Use the reliable Blue Star Remedy for all skin diseases such as: Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Prickly Heat, Old Sores on Children, Pimples, Poison Oak, Red Bugs and Insect Bites, Dandruff and Scalp Diseases. Highly antiseptic, soothing and healing. Sold on a guarantee by all Drug Stores.

Second-Hand Shoes.

I have lots of good second-hand shoes for sale. E. F. Walker, 49

C. L. Harless and family of El Paso are expected to arrive in Snyder soon for a visit with home folks.

IS YOUR HEALTH GRADUALLY SLIPPING?

Interesting Experience of a Texas Lady Who Declares That if More Women Knew About Cardui They Would Be Spared Much Sickness and Worry.

Navasota, Texas.—Mrs. W. M. Peden, of this place, relates the following interesting account of how she recovered her strength, having realized that she was actually losing her health:

"Health is the greatest thing in the world, and when you feel that gradually slipping away from you, you certainly sit up and take notice. That is what I did some time ago when I found myself in a very nervous, run-down condition of health. I was so tired and felt so lifeless I could hardly go at all.

"I was just no account for work. I would get a bucket of water and would feel so weak I would have to set it down before I felt like I could lift it to the shelf. In this condition, of course, to do even my housework was a task almost impossible to accomplish.

"I was . . . nervous and easily upset.

I couldn't rest well at night and was . . . just lifeless.

"I heard of Cardui and after reading I decided I had some female trouble that was pulling me down. I sent for Cardui and began it . . .

"In a very short while after I began the Cardui Home Treatment I saw an improvement and it wasn't long until I was all right—good appetite, splendid rest and much stronger so that I easily did my house work.

"Later I took a bottle of Cardui as a tonic. I can recommend Cardui and gladly do so, for if more women knew, it would save a great deal of worry and sickness."

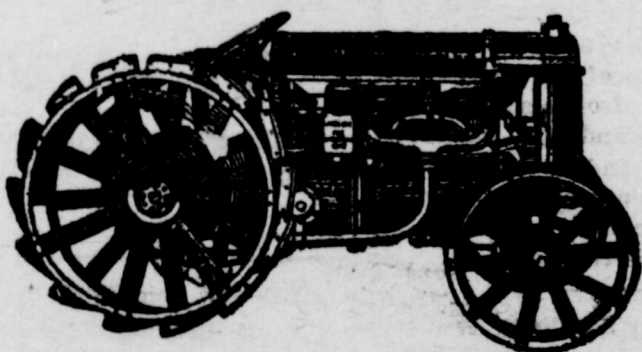
The enthusiastic praise of thousands of other women who have found Cardui helpful should convince you that it is worth trying. All druggists sell it.

COTTON SEED

Guaranteed Pure Mebane and Lone Star Cotton Seed for sale by the Scurry County Chamber of Commerce. We will be glad to assist farmers needing help on their seed. See the Sec'y

Fordson

TRADE MARK



\$625 f. o. b. Detroit

What Henry Ford Says About Machine Power Farming

"In the tractor the farmer now has a machine in which is harnessed one of the most adaptable, efficient, economical sources of power in the world—the internal combustion engine.

"The tractor will multiply the productive capacity of each individual farm worker from three to four times over.

"It will put the farmer on a par with the city manufacturer. It will put his produce-producing factory—for that is what a farm is—on to an efficient production basis

"It will enable each worker to earn so much more than he can be paid more and still leave a greater profit for the man who hires him. It will enable the farmer to work fewer hours in the day, giving him more time to enjoy life.

"I believe the tractor will make farming what it ought to be—the most pleasant, the most healthful, the most profitable business on earth."

JOE STRAYHORN Dealer

