

The Snyder Signal

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR

SNYDER, SCURRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1921.

NUMBER SIX

SNYDER WILL PULL OFF GRANDEST ENTERTAINMENT OF THE YEAR JULY 29 AND 30

METHODISTS TO HOLD REVIVAL

Our revival meeting will begin, July 31st, at 11 o'clock a. m. in the tabernacle. Rev. Zimmerman of Maples, Texas will do the preaching. He will also bring his singer with him. We are very anxious that everybody feel at home in this meeting. We extend a most cordial invitation to all the other congregations of the city. We want you to help us. We appreciate the words of well wishing on the part of the other pastors.

Brother Zimmerman comes to us highly recommended. Bro. Davis, pastor of the Baptist church, has been in revivals led by Brother Zimmerman, and speaks very highly of his work. We appreciate a personal letter from him which has to say:

July 16, 1921.

Rev. J. H. Hicks,
Pastor Methodist Church,
Snyder, Texas.

Dear Fellow Pastor:

It is with pleasure that I learn that you are to have Evangelist Zimmerman of Maples, Texas, to be with you and your church in an evangelistic campaign beginning August 31st. Having known Bro. Zimmerman before, and knowing something of the character of his work, I wish to add a hearty word of endorsement. Bro. "Zimm" is a man of deep piety and consecration. His messages are direct, forceful, and instructive. The results of his meetings are abiding, and that in my judgment, is the strongest test of any man's work. I shall be glad to cooperate with you and shall urge my people accordingly. For it is my conviction that "Zimm's" coming to our town will mean much in the days to come. May the Lord richly bless the campaign, is my prayer.

Fraternally,
Jeff Davis.

Let us all pray that we may have a gracious revival.

B. Y. P. U.

Song, "I'll go where you want me to go."

Prayer, Song.

Scripture Reading, Proverbs 31:10-31. Helen Boren.

Song, More Like the Master.

Group 1 in charge of program.

Subject: "Two Hervines of the Long ago."

Jabin and Sisera, Polly Porter.
Deborah, Pauline Jenkins.
The Battle, Ruth Rosser.
Duet, Ruby Hutcheson, Girlie Dane.

The part that Joel played, Eernestine Rosser.

Deborah's song of Victory, Alta Belle Davis.

Song, "He is Able to Deliver Me." Leader's ten minutes.
Closing song and prayer.

Reporter.

FIFE TO PREACH SERMON ON FISHING

On next Sunday morning, Evangelist Clyde Lee Fife will preach a sermon in keeping with the vacation season on "I Go a Fishing" from the words of the Apostle Peter.

In this sermon, Mr. Fife will refer to a very fine line of fishing tackle comprising various kinds of bait and fly fishing as an illustration of how to catch men. This collection of rods, reels and all kinds of baits he has gathered at much expense and used for ten years of his evangelistic travels.

The evening sermon at 8:30 will be from the text: "Thou Shalt Not Kill" in which he will have some pungent things to say about the wave of murder and suicide so prevalent in many parts of the country. Mr. Fife will sing at both services.
Clyde Lee Fife.

FLOYDADA BUILDS TOURIST CAMP

The Floydada Chamber of Commerce is building a tourists' camp ground which will be one of the most complete in this section of the country, according to R. E. Fry, secretary of the chamber who attended the meeting of the Panhandle Executives' Association here yesterday.

It will be equipped with a cook cabin, and free fuel, lights and water will be furnished. The Boy Scouts will keep the grounds clean.

Floydada is on the B. B. Highway and tourist travel is heavy, Fry says.—Amarillo News.

ICE, ICEBERGS AND OTHER THINGS

We were strolling around the other day, one of those days when the thermometer registered round a hundred and better, trying to find a cool place. We naturally drifted into the court house. The Court house is a nice cool place anyway, and if one ever gets the court house in their system, it is almost impossible to eradicate the effects. Any way what we started to say was this: At the entrance to the Tax Collector's and Assessor's office, or rather between them, was what you might call an elevated platform, whether there is any other kind of a platform except an elevated platform we do not know, but any way this platform was built out of a box, a gun powder keg, or a similar kind of keg, and on that platform was a water cooler and in that water cooler, water mixed with ice, ice is water or other fluid in a solid state from abstraction of heat. An iceberg is a vast and lofty body of ice floating in the ocean. Ice is a wonderful invention and for the past ten days most talked of and most used substance we know anything about.

But back to the subject, we were talking about ice. Our genial and pleasant deputy sheriff, Mr. Frank Brownfield was sitting at his desk with pen in hand and book before him, working. We thought Mr. Brownfield was responsible for the cool reception but he told us positively that Mr. Leath was responsible and that his business was to drink it up, but being kindly disposed said: Being that it was us we might help him drink it up of course, however, we realize the fact that if it had been anyone else he would have told them the same thing. Never the less we are grateful for the kindness shown us.

The little things of life are the ones that loom up in after years and make the pathway brighter. Little deeds of kindness will never return to the giver empty handed, but laden with ever recurring memories of service rendered. What is more inspiring than to see the tender youth respond to the kind appeal of his elder. What joy fills the heart of those who are journeying in the evening of life to have the tender sympathies of the young. Our joy and our success depend largely on the sympathy and encouragement we get from our fellowman.

Birth Record.

J. D. Moon and wife, July 18, a girl.
Robt. Haddon and wife, July 16, a girl.
Archie A. Gordon and wife, July 10, a girl.
James W. Crawford and wife, July 14, a girl.
W. O. Wellborn and wife, July 15, a boy.
Hiram P. Rogers and wife, July 14, a girl.

Marriage License.

Roy Floyd and Loretta Littlepage.
Elza C. Rollins and Laura Helms Parker.
Oran Wilson and Miss Myrl Moore.
J. W. Couch and family are visiting relatives at Childress.

If anyone doubts that Snyder will not pull off a real show on the 29th and 30th, let them disprove it by coming. The biggest thing of its kind ever staged in West Texas is the program. Word is coming from every section that big delegations will be here and representations from the various American Legion Posts in west Texas section will be on hand.

In addition to the regular program of the Barbecue some big features are on the program. Malones Big Arizona Rodeo with 30 wild steers and 15 pitching horses has been engaged. The Famous Boston Bloomer Girls will play a game of baseball which is a big attraction for any occasion. Entrees for the horse races have been received from 12 counties.

The prominent speakers on the program are Hon. Ewing Thomason of El Paso, the West Texas candidate for Governor and Speaker of the House; Hon. Alvin Owsley of War Fame and Chaplain Rev. Jeff Davis.

Owen Moore's screaming six reel comedy "A Poor Simp" will be shown one night on the court-yard lawn. It is one of the best pictures on the screen.

GOOD RAINS COVER SCURRY COUNTY

At the time when the farmer began to express a desire for rain it came. Wednesday evening soon afterward it began raining in the south part of the county and soon the clouds began to gather over the entire county and from reports coming in good rains covered the entire county with the probable exception of the immediate vicinity of Fluvanna.

Ira reports about two inches, Dunn and Hermleigh report good rains. Ennis Creek had a splendid rain. Mr. Brumley out west of town said it must have rained 3 inches at his place. W. T. Rhea of Dermott said about an inch fell around Dermott. 70 fell at Snyder.

This rain came in time to save the old feed and corn, will keep the cotton growing and with another rain later will almost insure the crop.

Epworth League.

Come to The Epworth League meeting next Sunday at 7:30.

League program subject, Constructing Our Standards of Judgment.

Scripture reading Matt. 7:1-5.
Song, Prayer, Song, Vocal Solo.
A round Table Talk.
Reading, announcements, Song, League Benediction.

Miss Gladys Clark and G. B. Jr., have returned from Dallas and other East Texas points. They were accompanied home by their sister, Mrs. Mabel Belcher, who will visit home folks for awhile.

BOY SCOUTS HAVE GREAT TIME IN THEIR CAMP

The annual encampment of our Boy Scouts on the Cauble Ranch south of Snyder was a success in every way.

We cooked over 350 meal for the boys in camp, played ball, swam, fished, frogged, dug wells cleaned the parade ground, built furnaces and no one sick, no one drowned and nobody hurt.

The presence and visits of many prominent people from Snyder, some of whom had boys in the camp, was wonderfully appreciated. This is what we have always wanted and needed—that the general public should take the proper interest in the work among our boys.

The next move is on Barbecue days, July 29th and 30th, when our Scouts

A big battle royal between 6 husky darkies is another feature of the program and always entertains in a big way.

Besides there will be a Merry-Go-Round, a Ferris Wheel, sack races, egg races, nail driving contests, special gift for the fattest lady, also for the mother and father bringing the largest family into town; one for the tallest man; one for the shortest man; must be over 21 years of age.

An immense display of fireworks will close the program and includes some very beautiful set pieces especially appropriate for the occasion of American Legion Day. Special music to accompany the patriotic display has been provided.

The decoration committee for the picnic says that they have secured all decorative material for the business houses and urge that all business men see that their places of business be decorated. Also all automobile owners are requested to get decorative material from the committee for their cars.

The Boy Scouts will have charge of the Novelty Concession and will have the privilege of working on the square as well as at the park and race track.

ABILENE LAWYER FATALLY WOUNDED

Abilene, July 20.—R. Cline Chambers of the law firm of Stinson, Chambers & Brooks, was perhaps fatally wounded in his office this afternoon when several shots were fired into his body. He was rushed to a hospital. His chances to recover are considered small.

Following the shooting Harry Carter, employed at a local cafe, surrendered to Sheriff John Bond. No details are available as to the cause of the shooting.

East Side Circle Organized.

The Baptist Ladies of East Side met Monday July 11th in the home of Mrs. Epps to elect officers and discuss plans for the circle.

All Baptist ladies living within this district are earnestly urged to attend. Your are a member already but we need your presence and cooperation. This is our part of the church's great work. A few of us can accomplish little, but great things may be done for our Master if we will all join forces and prayerfully trust God for results.

Our next meeting will be with Mrs. H. J. Brice, Monday Jul 25th at 5 p. m.

Reporter.

T. J. Broxson came by the office yesterday with a big bunch of seedless grapes. This bunch weighed 11-2 pounds and was a fine specimen of grape. Mr. Broxson said Mrs. Broxson had put up lots of good jelly and preserves. He has a very good chance of grapes this year.

PLAINVIEW PETS GET "PICKLED"

Plainview, Texas, July 18.—Highly intoxicated pigs and chickens, doing all kinds of unusual stunts, drew the attention of Hale County officers Saturday night and resulted in the arrest of several parties in West Plainview on charges of operating a large still. The capacity of the still was about sixty gallons of high power liquor per day and it is believed that the outfit had been run at capacity for some time. Officers now believe that they have solved Plainview's biggest prohibition problem.

It seems that the poultry and swine on the suburban farm, where the still was located, had discovered some of the sour mash and had partaken of a generous portion of it. Officers saw pigs acting more like playful kittens and heard drunken roosters crowing in deep bass. Not being accustomed to such sights, they started an investigation with the aforesaid results.

Miss Ruth Boren and mother of Ennis arrived here Wednesday and are the guests of Hugh and Ike Boren.

Excessive Weather

Boston Transcript: All weather in this phenomenal season, runs to excess. We had, as everybody observed an excess of heat and of dryness in June. In July, thus far, we have an excess of heat and of moisture. The heaviest rainfall ever recorded has visited this section. Cloudburst seemed to follow cloudburst, and though the earth had grown so thirsty with drouth that at first the rain was absorbed as in a sponge, such a condition of watery surplus quickly resulted that the driver of a motor truck in Somerville who was accustomed to drive over a certain way every day, and who counted on the ability of his machine to pass through a little spatter, found himself in twelve feet of water, and was with difficulty rescued from drowning. The moisture long since permeated the houses and the people in in perpetual saturation; nothing dries, and people in the midst of an indoor temperature of between 70 and 80 degrees, have in some instances lighted their furnace fires to dry out the house. The public water supply, strangely enough instead of tasting of the clouds, gives out the ancient "cucumber taste," which in the good old days pervaded the Oochituate supply. Rheumatism is rampant, and aches and pains that were regarded as happily obsolete are distressingly revived. New England now takes the place of Scotland as the authentic "auld reekie."

In the meantime the Weather Bureau reports an accumulated excess of between 900 and 1000 degrees of temperature in Eastern Cities. Something unusual is surely happening in the solar system. We hear a great deal about sun spots, though nobody really knows anything about them. We hear also from a respectable astronomical source that the position of the planets Jupiter and Saturn is such as to cause an unusual precipitation of floating meteoric matter into the sun, resulting in unwanted combustion and unwanted heat, influencing the temperature on the earth's surface. But agreement of the astronomers and geologists on this point is far from being attained. To employ a watery simile which would appear to be entirely opposite to the situation, the solar system and its arrangements are all at sea.

Meanwhile the hot rage of the elements goes on, and it affects most unfavorably the inhabitants of our helpless planet, who are getting crosser as well as more uncomfortable every day. We attribute the general moral unrest to the aftermath of the war. Our ancestors would have attributed it to the machinations of Satan. But in reality it may all be attributable to some solar or sidereal

CREAM MARKET ON UPWARD TREND

You cannot always keep the price of everything down. Cream dropped from above 40 cents per pound butterfat content which was paid during the winter, to 16 cents per pound some time in June. Since then it has been recovering at a rapid rate and his buyers are 29c per pound.

Those who blew up and quit during the short spell of extremely low prices are in position where they cannot enjoy the proceeds of a good cream market. Be patient and stay with it. All will come around right after a while.

condition. All that suffering humanity can do is to submit, summoning up all its spiritual resources as it goes on its way, and possibly praying that the solar system will soon give up its deplorable excesses and return to normalcy.

Woman's Missionary Aux. Meeting.

The Woman's Missionary Auxiliary met Monday July 18.

Song, "O, Master Let Me Walk with Thee." Prayer, Mrs. Gann.

Scripture reading, Mrs. Lee Stinson.

Mrs. Lee Stinson, with the assistance of Mesdames Stokes, Avery Funk, Yoder, Jobe, Hall, and Bro. Hicks presented a most interesting Mission lesson, subject "The Church and the Community."

Monday July 25, will be a Voice Program. We urge all member to be present.

Supt. of Publicity.

Junior C. E. Meets Sunday, July 24.

The Junior C. E. will meet and go in a body to the B. Y. P. U. meeting at 5 p. m. Sunday, July 24, 1921.

This opportunity for a visit, which is extended to us, is greatly appreciated and a pleasant and profitable time for all is assured. All the boys and girls are urged to be present.

R. V. Colbert, J. F. P. Pool, Joe Smith and Ilic Pratt, of Stamford, L. P. Browning, Albany; Porter Campbell, Leuders; Joe Payne, Knox City, and Will A. Baker, Munday, all of the Bryant-Link Company, stopped off here the other day on their way to Post to attend the semi-annual meeting of that company.

T. L. Higginbotham and O. J. Denson went up to Post Wednesday to attend the semi-annual meeting of the Bryant-Link company.

Lucy Bartlett of Dallas is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Clark.

Hugh Boren has recently built a porch to the north side of his house.

WILLIAM LEE MCCULLOCH

The body of William Lee McCulloch arrived here Wednesday from France, where it has been resting since his death, the date of which we have been unable to learn.

William McCulloch was a Scurry county boy, who at his country's call went to the battle field of France.

We understand that his death was caused by wounds received in action. Upon the arrival of the body in Snyder it was taken in Charge by the American Legion and given a military burial.

The funeral rites were conducted by Rev. J. H. Hicks, also an address by Major Patterson.

W. T. Rhea who lives 1 1/2 miles N. W. of Dermott was here Thursday. He reports a good rain there Wednesday.

The Snyder Signal
CURRY & BELL, Publishers.

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THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Mount Vernon in Virginia is the home of the first president of the United States and is owned by private hands. The government is considering the plan of getting control of the memorable spot and maintaining it as a national shrine.

People from distant locations are planning to come to Snyder on the 29th and 30th. The committee who have this in charge are working to make this one of the biggest occasions Snyder ever had, and we believe they are going to do it.

What has become of the idea of building a tourist camp ground. Every day there are many tourists passing through, all those with whom you talk are high in praise of the splendid highway that Scurry county has and with the added convenience of a camp ground, Snyder would get lots of deserving praise.

It seems that Japan is not willing to enter into any discussion of disarmament with the United States but eventually join Great Britain, France Italy and China for discussion. The Washington government seeks no hasty decision from Japan until it has satisfied itself that the United States is acting in good faith.

Newspaper headlines, notes of discord heard at Austin. Lieutenant Governor Davidson, presiding officer of the senate, takes the position that the wisest thing the Legislature can do is to pass the appropriation bills and go home. Ignore the Governor's recommendations for law enforcement measures, prohibition act amendment and repeal of the suspended sentence law. Look out for further headlines.

The Dallas Safety Council is undertaking the impossible, that of defeating cupid. The complaints were that men would drive down Main street at a speed perilously near the limit with their arms around their fair companions. The council admits that no man can keep his head under such conditions. Love will find a way they say, but let it be some other place rather than on Main street. A problem of no small concern.

Senator Bledsoe of Lubbock has prepared and will introduce a resolution asking an appropriation to pay for the painting of a portrait of Ferguson and ordering that it be hung in the rotunda of the capitol, along with the galaxy of portraits of great men who have been the governors of Texas. We thought they were going to be pretty busy down at Austin, but this looks as if they haven't any thing to do to start with.

Uncle Ben Davis has recently returned from a trip to Anderson county.

LUCKY STRIKE
cigarette



The American Tobacco Co.

SAFE GUARDING TEXAS AGAINST FIRE LOSS

To the Fire Chiefs and City Fire Marshals of Texas:
The need for effective fire prevention work was never more in evidence than at the present time. Last year the total fire loss in the United States reached the enormous sum of approximately five hundred million dollars, the heaviest annual loss ever recorded in this country with the single exception of the year 1906 when the great San Francisco earthquake and conflagration occurred.

Of course we must reckon with the science who burns out for profit, individual with the asbestos con and the pyromaniac will be with us always, but carelessness and ignorance figure as the chief causes of the fires that occur, and just so long as the people themselves countenance the existence of hazards that can serve no purpose other than destroy life and property, just that long may we expect a continuation of the Nation's enormous fire loss that unchecked fortells a halt of its own motion sooner or later for the want of materials to consume.

What is the Difference.

Between the man who deliberately burns a property and the one who destroys it through inexcusable carelessness?

Between the anarchist who fires a food warehouse or a grain elevator, and the fellow who causes its partial or total destruction by indifferently throwing aside a lighted match or cigar or cigarette stub?

Between the arsonist who burns a building out of criminal intent, and the careless housekeeper or mill owner whose shiftless slovenly habits of mismanagement and untidiness permit fire dangers to accumulate that sooner or later must surely cause a serious fire and perhaps the loss of life as well as property?

Let us teach principles of conservation and Fire Prevention in every school. Its fundamentals should form a part of the training of every child and the science of fire insurance and its relation to the fire waste should become a prominent feature of discussion and study in the higher school grades. Further more, the business men of the state can well afford to take the time to inform themselves as to how the enormous disbursements made annually as fire losses are assembled and distributed.

It is for the purpose of aiding the country-wide effort being made to arouse the public to the meaning of all the reckless burning of wealth that has been going on for years, that this article is sent out. The Conservation Division of the Texas Inspection Bureau stands ready to render you any service within its power for the prevention of fire, or in securing improvements that may be needed in fire protection, and we shall be very glad if you will call us without hesitation.

Assuring you of the personal good wishes of the writer, and awaiting the opportunity to be of service, we are,

Very truly yours,
S. W. ENGLISH, Manager.
July 18, 1921.

The "R. S. & P." (W. D.) Fish has gone to California for vacation, sight seeing. He was accompanied by an uncle, Mr. Turner Collie, of Gorman, who visited in Snyder last week. They expect to go by Los Angeles, Long Beach, Hollywood to San Francisco and return by way of the Grand Canyon. Seeing many places of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Fish and son, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fish, drove over to Rotan early Sunday morning and met Miss Lillain, who was returning from a visit with relatives in Gorman. Roads were muddy from Plainview on to Camp Springs, but rain badly needed around Rotan.

Maize knives at Bryant Link Co.

Mrs. Clifton Perkins has returned from Mineral Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McClanhan, Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Miss Sarah Wallace motored to Slaton Sunday returning the same day.

WOODROW WILSON.

Sovereign without a scepter, soldier without a sword;
Spokesman for countless millions hanging breathless on thy word;
Pride of deep-visioned countrymen; hope of a world undismayed;
Friend of the helpless exploited; soul of the greatest crusade!
Sickness of body and spirit, failure of plans well conceived,
Venom and envy incarnate—these have oppressed and aggrieved.
Peace and repose now await thee, fruition of labors deferred.
The future will hold thee immortal; God will bestow thy reward.
—Benjamin F. Bledsoe.

Maize Forks at Bryant Link Co.
Hermleigh B. Y. P. U. Program.

July 24, 1921.
Subject Doctrinal meeting, The Safety of Believers. (Romans 8:1, 11:31-39).

Leader, Mrs. H. B. Carden.
Scripture Lesson, John W. Adams.
Introduction, Mrs. Carden.
What this doctrine does not do, Mrs. Chas. Adams.
What this doctrine means Miss Vertna Hudson.
Jesus Clearly Teaches this doctrine, Miss Velma Foster.
Paul Clearly Teaches this doctrine Miss Minnie Lee Williams.
Teachings of Peter and John, Mr. Hugh Clift.
Song and benediction.
Motto: "We study that we may serve."
Reporter.

ALL FOR HEALTH FOR ALL.

By Dr. M. M. Caririk, State Health Officer.

Few people who "get mad" live to be old. Anger and worry are the two great shortener of life.

The people who live to be old are usually those to whom nature has given at least one sharp warning—a warning which they have heeded.

The greater porportion of people are born healthy, and their ways of living make them sick.

We all have our playthings. Happy are they who are contented with those they can obtain; those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequence.—Lady Montague.

A baby in the home may mean shorter nights and longer days for its dad and mother, less money in the bank and less gadding around in society for a time. But baby in the home also means love ties strengthened, home made happier, the past forgotten and the future worth living for.

Good habits are always a legal tender for good health.

Moderate muscular exercise in the open air to the extent of slight fatigue, or until there is a perceptible perspiration is a greater preventative of disease than the whole apothecary shop.

Wherever community nursing is undertaken by a competent nurse, with a reasonable amount of public support, the work grows rapidly and the community readily recognizes the value of the service. It is prophesied by the more farseeing public health

authorities that, in another ten years no town, city or county, endowed with reasonable vision, will attempt to conduct its public health and philanthropic affairs without nursing service.

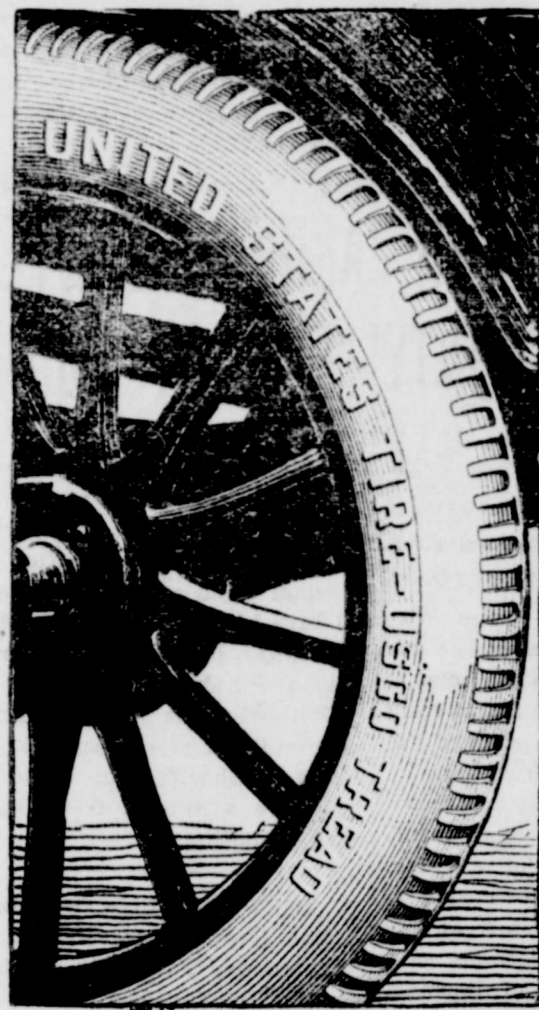
TIME TO RE-TIRE



We have them at prices to suit, call and look them over. We have some of the new light Six Studebakers on floor. Price \$1335.00 f. o. b. factory.



McGLAUN
Service Station
Phone 27



The standard tire likes nothing better than to prove its service

PEOPLE used to be secretly envious of the young fellow who came tearing up the street and stopped his car with a jerk.

Now they are inclined to criticise such abuse of tires. A mark of the growing consciousness about tires—their service, their work, their value.

This same respect for a good tire is the reason why the four-square tire dealer has passed up odds and ends, "job lots", "seconds", "cut prices"—and come out squarely with the standard quality service of U. S. Tires.

He is getting a bigger, and also better, tire business than he ever had before.

He is dealing now with his own kind



"Here is a man in close touch with one of the 92 U. S. Factory Branches"

of people. The substantial citizen. The man who knows that you can't get something for nothing. The steady customer—not the bargain hunter.

To the man who has not yet learned the standard tire service he is entitled to we say—

Go to the dealer in U. S. Tires and make him show you.

Here is a man in close touch with one of the 92 U.S. Factory Branches—a constant supply of fresh, live U. S. Tires.

The U. S. Tire you buy is a tire built for current demands. No overproduction. No piling up of stock. No loss of mileage by hanging around on the dealer's racks.

Every way you look at it, a par quality tire at a net price.

United States Tires are Good Tires

- U. S. USCO TREAD
- U. S. CHAIN TREAD
- U. S. NOBBY TREAD
- U. S. ROYAL CORD
- U. S. RED & GREY TUBES

United States Tires
United States Rubber Company

STRAYHORN'S GARAGE

Snyder, Texas

Fluvanna, Texas

C. P. NUNN

Hermleigh, Texas

8 per cent Money on Farm Loans

We have funds to place at the above rate, giving quick service. If you are in need of money, see us at once. Liberal options to repay, commencing the third year.

BAKER, GRAYUM & ANDERSON
Snyder, Texas

The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, of "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

Littleford hung his daughters' arms from him. He was king, even as John Moreland was king. His keen eyes stared at the young woman's face as though they would pierce it.

"What made you hide 'em?" he growled. "Say, what made ye do it?" "To try and save human lives, at's why!" Babe answered. "That man from the city—what'll he think o' us a-doin' this-way, a-fightin' like crazy wildents?"

"I don't like the way we do here, he can go back home," retorted the angry mountaineer. "He ain't tied, is he?"

Babe smiled a smile that was somehow pitiful, and turned off.

"The ain't no use in a-argyin' with you, pap," she said hopelessly. "I might 'nigh wish I was dead."

At that instant the gate creaked open. Babe glanced toward it and saw coming that black beast of a man, Adam Ball the Gollath, and he was armed heavily; in one hand he carried a new high-power repeating rifle, and around his great waist there was a new belt bristling with long, bright, smokeless cartridges fitted with steel-jacketed bullets.

Why Suffer?

Cardui "Did Wonders for Me," Declares This Lady.

"I suffered for a long time with womanly weakness," says Mrs. J. R. Simpson, of 57 Spruce St., Asheville, N. C. "I finally got to the place where it was an effort for me to go. I would have bearing-down pains in my side and back—especially severe across my back, and down in my side there was a great deal of soreness. I was nervous and easily upset.

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"I heard of Cardui and decided to use it," continues Mrs. Simpson. "I saw shortly it was benefiting me, so I kept it up and it did wonders for me. And since then I have been glad to praise Cardui. It is the best woman's tonic made." Weak women need a tonic. Thousands and thousands, like Mrs. Simpson, have found Cardui of benefit to them. Try Cardui for your trouble.

ALL DRUGGISTS

L-80

"Come over here, Ben Littleford!" shouted John Moreland. "Ye've shot yore own gyral!"

And to his brother Abner, whose right forearm was wrapped in a blood-stained blue bandana.



"Held Up the White Flag, John Moreland—Hurry!"

meadow; go and ketch him, and don't take no chance with him. Shoot him like a dawg if he tries to trick ye!"

A dozen men ran to look for the would-be sniper. The Littlefords, still armed, came dashing across the river. Ben Littleford threw down his rifle and knelt beside his daughter; he wrung his big hands and cursed the day that had seen him born.

Dale held her close. His face was as white as hers, and his eyes were flaming.

"Why don't you shoot all your women-folks?" he said to the Littleford chief, and every word cut like a knife. "It's by far the simplest way; it's merciful, y'know. See, she isn't breaking her heart over your murderous fighting now. No, keep your hands away—you're not fit to touch her!"

They brought water and wet the young woman's face, and bathed the red streak across her temples. They did all they knew how to do to bring her back to consciousness, but, except for her beating pulse and her breathing, she remained as one dead. Hours passed, leaden hours, and her condition was unchanged.

Dale beckoned to John Moreland, who had just returned from having seen Adam Ball caught, disarmed, and imprisoned in an old tobacco barn. Moreland hastened to Dale, the new master.

"When does the next south-bound train pass the Halfway switch?" Dale wanted to know.

Moreland looked toward the sun. "We could make it, all right, but it's a fast train, and it don't never stop at the switch."

"Then we'll hold it up," declared the new master in a voice of iron. "This is a case for a surgeon. Get a blanket and two poles and make a litter."

John Moreland hastened away obediently. Dale turned to Ben Littleford, who sat in a motionless heap beside the still figure of his daughter.

"It was only a few hours ago," he said accusingly, "that this poor girl told me she'd be glad to give her life to stop your fighting, and now, perhaps, she's done it! You're a brute, Littleford. I like to fight, myself, but not when it costs women anything."

The conscience-stricken hillman gave no sign that he had heard. There was silence save for the low murmur of the river and the tragic song of a bird somewhere in the branches of the big white sycamore.

CHAPTER VI.

Back Home.

Every mother's son of the feudists was numbered in the party that fled across David Moreland's mountain to intercept the next south-bound train. The old enmity was for the time being forgotten. Members of one clan rubbed elbows with members of the other clan, and thought nothing of it. John Moreland himself carried one end of the crude litter that held the limp form of Babe Littleford; Bill Dale carried the other end.

Close behind the litter walked Babe's father, seeming old and broken with remorse for the thing he had done. The grief of Ben Littleford was touching now, and Dale was a little sorry that he had spoken so bitterly to him.

They reached the Halfway switch ten minutes before the arrival of the fast mail. A short passenger train was on the long siding, waiting for the south-bound to pass. Dale gave his end of the litter to Caleb Moreland, and strode up to the locomotive. The engineer sat quietly smoking in his cab.

Dale wanted the fast mail stopped, and gave his reasons.

The engineer smoked and considered. It was against rules. Dale swore at rules. The engineer said he would see the conductor. He did, and the conductor stepped to the ground and began to consider.

"Better put her on my train," he said finally, "and take her to Barton's station. There's a good doctor at Barton's."

"But this is a case for a surgeon!" impatiently interrupted Bill Dale. They disagreed. The old trainman

was a close friend of the doctor at Barton's station. What was the difference between a doctor and a surgeon, anyway?

Dale became angry.

"You'll stop the fast mail for us," he snapped, "or we'll take your d-d red flag and hold her up long enough to put the girl aboard, and you've got only half a second to decide which!"

The conductor was obdurate. The mountain men were too hot-headed to bear with him longer. The positions of a dozen rifles underwent a sudden change. The conductor immediately went pale and mentioned the law—but he agreed to stop the southbound.

As he ordered his flagman up the tracks, the sound of the fast train's whistle came to their ears.

The fiercer came to a screeching halt with sparks streaming from its wheels. Bill Dale and John Moreland passed the litter and its burden into the baggage car and followed it hastily, and Ben Littleford climbed in after them. John Moreland leaned out of the doorway and ordered his son Luke to pass him his rifle, and Luke obeyed promptly.

There was a shriek from the whistle, and the brakes were released; the train began to gather momentum. A baggageman approached John Moreland and asked why the rifle. Moreland half closed one keen grey eye and patted the walnut stock of his repeater.

"Oh, I jest brought it along to see at everybody has a straight deal," he drawled—"go on about yore business, mister."

The baggageman went about his business.

The conductor of the fast train was very unlike the conductor of the north-bound. When he had learned something of the circumstances, he instructed that Dale had done exactly the right thing. He would see whether there was a doctor aboard.

Within five more minutes he returned in company with an elderly man wearing a pointed beard and nose glasses.

"Doctor McKenzie," he said politely; "Mr. —"

"Dale."

The two nodded, and the physician knelt beside the litter, which had been placed with its ends on boxes to allow the center to swing free. He made as though an examination as was possible under the conditions, then arose and stood looking down upon the young woman with something like admiration in his sober, professional eyes.

"Perfect physique," he said as though to himself. ". . . She will have to undergo an operation," he told Dale. "The bone there is broken in slightly, making a compression; she will doubtless be unconscious until the pressure is relieved. But she has fine chances for a quick and entire recovery, with a good surgeon on the job, so there's not much ground for worry."

Dale was glad. They were all glad. Ben Littleford laughed nervously in his sudden joy. He went down to his knees beside his daughter, took up one of her limp hands and stroked it

in a way that was pitiful.

When he arose he spoke cordially to Moreland. But Moreland didn't reply. He still looked upon his old enemy with contempt.

Doctor McKenzie was leaving the train at the next town of importance, and he would wire Doctor Braemer to meet them with an ambulance, if Dale wished.

"If you please," said Dale.

They reached the city shortly before midnight, and were promptly met by the surgeon. Braemer took charge of the patient, put her into his ambulance and hurried her to his private hospital. Bill Dale and the two clan chiefs followed in an automobile. The hillmen had never before seen an automobile; but they asked no questions about it, and the only word of comment was this, from John Moreland: "I don't like the smell."

Everything had been made ready for the operation, and Babe received surgical aid without delay.

The two mountaineers and Dale waited in another room. Dale had induced John Moreland to unload his rifle, both chamber and magazine. Babe's father paced the floor anxiously now and then. Moreland sat like



"Perfect Physique," He Said, as Though to Himself.

a stone, with his empty rifle between his knees, and watched his old enemy queerly.

It seemed a long time before Braemer came to them and told them smilingly that it was all over and that the girl was then coming from under the effects of the ether. She would be all right soon, he was reasonably certain. No, they'd better not see her just then. But perhaps they could see her at

some time during the afternoon of the following day.

Dale escorted his two companions to a modest hotel and then put them in a room that had but one bed; by thus throwing them together in a strange land, he hoped to do something toward making them friends. Then Dale went to another room, undressed and went to bed.

It may be noted, parenthetically as it were, that John Moreland and Ben Littleford quickly reached a wordless agreement not to sleep together—they divided the pillows and linens evenly, tore the odd coverlet exactly in half, and slept on the floor.

When Dale went down to the lobby the following morning an alert-eyed young fellow sprang from a chair and hastened up to him.

"By George, Bobby!" Dale exclaimed, as they began to shake hands. "How did you know I was here, anyway? Your boasted nose for news, eh?"

"Gully," smiled McLaurin. "I got word last night that a mountain girl had been brought to Braemer's, accidentally shot, and I smelled a feud; so I hurried over to get the story. You had just left, and Braemer's didn't know much about it. It was too soon after the operation, they said, for her to see me; then one of the nurses whispered to me that you had brought her, and said that I would find you here. So here I am, Bill, and I want the story. I'll phone it in, and then I'll give you some news."

"The story mustn't be published, Bobby," Dale replied. "For one reason, there is a feud; and if the law knew, it might take a hand—you see, I think there is a better way to take care of that feud. And I am of the opinion that the girl wouldn't like the publicity. Suppose you forget all about it, Bobby."

If McLaurin was disappointed, he kept it well to himself.

"They said she was handsome, a sort of primitive Venus," he winked. "Is there a romance connected, Billy?"

"Not yet," smiled Dale.

"But soon?"

"Who can tell?" Dale shrugged a little. "Tell me the news."

"All right," McLaurin drew his friend toward a pair of empty chairs. "I married Patricia Clavering the day before yesterday. We—"

"Bully! Go on."

"We were married in an automobile, with her father and 'poor dear Harry' chasing us like wildfire in another car. Yesterday we went to housekeeping in a cute little suburban bungalow, furniture on the installment plan. Her people won't even look at us, Bill! But do we care? Bill Dale, I ask you, old dear, do I seem to be worrying? Honest, I'm so happy I'm afraid something is going to happen to me. I'm to have a lift in salary soon, and we won't be long in paying for the furniture; and when that's done, we'll buy the bungalow."

"And I'm informing you now, old savage," he continued, "that you're

(Continued on page 6)

Here's why CAMELS are the quality cigarette



BECAUSE we put the utmost quality into this one brand. Camels are as good as it's possible for skill, money and lifelong knowledge of fine tobaccos to make a cigarette.

Nothing is too good for Camels. And bear this in mind! Everything is done to make Camels the best cigarette it's possible to buy. Nothing is done simply for show.

Take the Camel package for instance. It's the most perfect packing science can devise to protect cigarettes and keep them fresh. Heavy paper—secure foil wrapping—revenue stamp to seal the fold and make the package air-tight. But there's nothing flashy about it. You'll find no extra wrappers. No frills or furbelows.

Such things do not improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons. And remember—you must pay their extra cost or get lowered quality.

If you want the smoothest, mellowest, mildest cigarette you can imagine—and one entirely free from cigarette aftertaste,

It's Camels for you.

Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CREAM
29 CTS

CREAM
29 CTS

CREAM
29 CTS

The only thing on the market that is going up. Don't sell your cows and separator, they are your best friends: Hens 13c per lb.

WHITE PRODUCE COMPANY

PHONE 71

Next to the Bridge

R. L. TERRY, Manager

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE MEETS

The first thing of importance that transpired after the legislature met was the message of the governor. It was replete with ideas on laws, and commands the legislature to hold down appropriations to the very lowest minimum. He said that he would not approve "any bill that comes to my desk that has for its purpose the placing of additional taxes against property, enterprise or institution." But, "in order that you may provide free schools, and in order that you may provide the revenue for every

dollar you appropriate, there is hereby submitted to you, for your legislative action the entire field of revenue, getting by means of taxation." Charles G. Thomas, speaker of the House in convening the body asked that the governor be asked to prove his charges of graft and corruption in the various departments. Lieutenant governor Davidson, said the best thing to do was to pass the appropriations and go home. Tuesday the governor had his first defeat at the hands of a committee during this session, when the committee on Criminal Jurisprudence refused to report favorable the bill by

Brinkley and Melson, repealing outright the suspended sentence bill. A resolution by Senator W. H. Ble so that Ferguson's picture be hung in the "Circle of Fame" in the rotunda of the State Capitol passed by a vote of 10 to 6. There was a storm in the house when Williams of Waco in a fiery speech attacks the governor. The governor was likened to a "patent medicine vendor, who goes about and tells everybody to beware that they are sick and ill, and beware of every thing but me and Saint Jacobus Liver Oil." Neff's tactics have been "political boucumbé, pure and simple," and all of Neff's messages, he said, "teem with criticism." Quick-sal also from Waco came to the governor's rescue. He said: "There has been made here an attack upon the governor of Texas and I have a right to reply to it. I consider the tirade heaped upon the governor of Texas an insult to every member of this Legislature. Talk about harmony, I know members of this legislature who, when they came down here last session predicted that they were going to do everything they could to defeat the governor's program."

entitled. I renew that statement now. Then the governor serves notice on the Legislature that in the future if he has any charges to make, "if you are in session, I shall transmit it to you, if you're not I propose with no padlock on my lips and with no censorship on my tongue, to tell it to my constituents, the people of Texas." **At the Baptist Church.** All the regular services at the Baptist Church Sunday. Everyone cordially invited to attend. Jeff Davis, Pastor.

WHAT'S ON AT THE COZY

TONIGHT—
Harey Carey in "The Wallop." The story of a rugged adventurer who strikes it rich and returns to the girl he thought had been waiting for him, only to find her promised to another man; of a whirlwind of thrilling incidents in which the life and reputation of his rival are in his keeping, and of a supreme sacrifice of a strong man to bring happiness to one he loves.
Also the 14th episode of the Son of Tarzan.

TOMORROW—
CONSTANCE TALMADGE, in "Dangerous Business." "Stop! I'm married already" shrieked Nancy at the altar. "Who are you married to?" wailed her ma. "To Clarence Brooks" Ned Nancy. Clarence might have been a boob, but when he heard about it he made her go through with it.
Saturday night, The Toonerville Trolley series, the most original comedies on the screen.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY—
Elaine Hammerstein in "Poor Dear Margaret Kirby" Story by Kathleen Norris. A photoplay that draws aside the curtain on a drama of drama of domestic integrity, and reveals the soul of a courageous woman who strove to save her home and happiness. A PICTURE YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS. Playing it two days in order to give you a chance to see it.

WEDNESDAY—
"Stolen Moments" with Marguerite Namara, famous opera singer. What lovely woman stoops to folly, and learns too late that men betray, what hope can crush her melancholy, what hope can brush her tears away?

THURSDAY—
Gladys Walton in "Desperate Youth." Don't miss "Desperate Youth." If you do you'll miss the prettiest Missie that ever played a symphony on your heart strings. It's Gladys Walton's latest Universal photodrama.

FRIDAY—
Mary Miles Minter, in "The Little Clown." Running all day 10:30 to 11 p. m.

SATURDAY—
"THE NUT" Douglas Fairbanks. ALL DAY LONG. NO SERIAL.

PALACE of SWEETS

We will have the help to give you

"Service Worth-while"

During the Barbecue and Race Meet. Our equipment is the best to be had and a comfortable Ice Cream parlor will give you the seclusion you will want.

Fresh Shipment King's Candy

Governor Neff said he was ready to prove charges that he has made and that he does not desire to wait for them to demand proof of him. "Not desiring to be put in the attitude of concealing any matter, and especially objecting to the strong insinuations of falsifying on my part, I desire," the Governor declares in his special message to the house, "to state what I said and why I said it."

"In some of my speeches I charged that for years there had been theft, graft and mismanagement in connection with our penitentiary system. I renew that charge now. I charged that the records reveal the fact that an employe in one of the departments of the government had recently stolen more than \$12,000 of the people's money. I renew that charge now.

"I charged that the records revealed the fact that the sacred school funds of the State had not escaped the greedy hand of graft. I renew that charge now.

"I charged that I had in my possession evidence and official papers showing that bogus checks, made payable to people who did not even work for the state, had been fraudulently drawn on the public funds. I renew that charge now.

"I stated that an investigation revealed evidence and official documents that were convincing to me that certain employes of the government had padded their expense accounts and thereby collected from the State money to which they were not

entitled. I renew that statement now. Then the governor serves notice on the Legislature that in the future if he has any charges to make, "if you are in session, I shall transmit it to you, if you're not I propose with no padlock on my lips and with no censorship on my tongue, to tell it to my constituents, the people of Texas."

At the Baptist Church. All the regular services at the Baptist Church Sunday. Everyone cordially invited to attend. Jeff Davis, Pastor.

FOR SALE—My home in east Snyder. Good location, 2 acres of land, 2 good well and wind mills, good orchard, four room house and fairly good barn. Phone 108. R. M. McGinnis.

W. P. Humphrey of San Angelo was here this week visiting at the home of Mrs. Kate Cotten.

J. S. Cotten of Sterling City was here this week visiting his daughter in law, Mrs. Kate Cotten and family.

J. B. Curry has returned from the Plains where he has been in the harvest.

Uncle Dick Shotwell leaves today for Nevada, Texas, to visit for a while after which he goes to Jacksonville.

Card of Thanks. We wish to express our heart-felt thanks to all the good people who showed us kindness in helping work our crop during the illness in the family. May God's richest blessings rest on each and every one, is our prayer. Mrs. J. T. Ramsey and children.

Rooms to rent for light house keeping, three blocks south of central school building. Mrs. Nettie Wasson.

Theresa Cotten is visiting relatives at San Angelo.

Mrs. Tilley and son, Clarence, of Ennis, are here visiting her brothers Hugh and Ike Boren.

Tom Jenkins and Billie Lee left the first of the week for South Texas to buy cotton. The new cotton season has opened in South Texas.

L. Beiner who recently moved to Elida, New Mexico, is here on business.

Miss Zoe Doss of Mineral Wells is in the city the guest of her cousin, Miss Dorcus Porter.

John Wesley Pringle came back to his old home town with his fortune made and nothing to be filled but the void in his heart. He came back to find Stella Vorhis and to tell her that he wanted her. They met in the town's dinky little movie theatre and left in the middle of a picture to go out into the twilight. They walked down the main street, illuminated by flickering lights and turned into an ice cream parlor. They climbed aboard the whirling seats and then John Wesley Pringle knew that something had gone wrong in his absence.

Stella looked out through the window, seemed a little flustered, and said: "I want you to meet the man I love."

Sort of a tough blow for John, eh? Well, instead of shooting him full of holes, as he could have done blindfolded, John Wesley Pringle went

out to meet the man who held Stella's heart and look him over.

First he made sure that he was all he-man. Then he satisfied himself that he was good enough for Stella and then—he started in to help him and got into the most amazing tangle of gunfighting adventure that ever sent cold chills promenading up and down the Chiropractor's delight.

Harry Carey plays the role of Pringle in "The Wallop," the Universal photodrama which is to be shown in this theatre beginning TONIGHT.

Eugene Manly Rhodes wrote the story, which was produced at Universal City under the direction of Jack Ford, and a popular cast is seen in the star's support.

Waize knives at Bryant Link Co.

Misses Lois Curnutte, Ella Curnutte and Dimple Gross, are attending a house party at the Waskom ranch this week.

JULY Clearance Sale

T. C. WATKINS

We are going to close out all seasonable goods left in stock in our Ready-to-Wear and Piece Goods Departments. You will miss some great bargains if you fail to take advantage of articles we list in this midsummer sale.

One lot of silks, crepes, and Satins values up to \$4.50 per yard, to close out at **1.49**

One lot Childrens gingham dresses at **1.49**

One lot Flesh and white Nainsook gowns **1.38**

One lot Embroidered Teds in Flesh and White at **1.49**

One lot Ladies Middy Blouses, values up to \$3.00 to go at **1.49**

One lot boys wash suits at **1.49**

One lot Nonpareil Lace Trimmed Batiste gowns, that were \$5.00 at **2.69**

One lot of Summer Volles that formerly sold up to \$1.50 to go at **.49**

One lot Childrens gingham dresses, values up to \$2.75 at **1.89**

There is a big reduction on all Ready-to-Wear, including Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Blouses, Miss Saratoga Middy Suits and Silk Underwear.

This is your opportunity to get a supply of seasonable merchandise at prices that are a great saving.

One lot Ladies Low Shoes, values up to \$12.50 per pair at **2.95**

T. C. WATKINS STYLE SHOP

Two Biggest Days of the Year at Snyder

JULY 29, Chamber Commerce Day
JULY 30, American Legion Day

No effort or expense has been spared to make these two days the biggest entertainment in West Texas.

Something doing every minute after 10 o'clock each morning.

Free Barbecue Each Day
Band Concerts
Moving Pictures
Speaking

by Hon. Ewing Thomason of El Paso and Hon. Alvin Owsley of Denton

THE FAMOUS BOB MALONE RODEO, Best in the West, with 15 horses and 30 Arizona steers to ride.

Ten of the Biggest Horse Races Ever Run in West Texas

World Renowned "Boston Bloomer Girls" in a Matched Game of Baseball.

A BIG BATTLE ROYAL
BETWEEN 6 HUSKY DARKIES

Merry-Go-Round, Ferris Wheel, a dozen other high-class attractions.

Sack Races, Pony Races, Egg Races, Old-Time Contests for Children and Grown-Ups.

July 30 will be devoted to a Grand Reunion of all the American Legion Posts in this section.

The entertainments will close with the Grandest Display of Fireworks in West Texas.

American Legion
and Chamber of Commerce

Snyder, Texas

PROGRESS OF B. Y. P. U. WORK IN SCURRY COUNTY

Miss Vera Hunt reports one of the most encouraging weeks of the Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. campaign in the county was spent at Union July 10 to 17. A Senior B. Y. P. U. was organized and the Sunday school graded in a most satisfactory way. One will receive diplomas and certificates as a result of the classes in B. Y. P. U. and Sunday school manuals.

This week will be given to the China Grove church and the work begins with a promising outlook.

The week beginning July 24 is the date for the Dunn training school.

Plans are being made for the organization of the Association Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. in Snyder, Sunday, August 28.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking those who assisted us in any way during the sickness and death of our dear father. Your kind words, sympathetic feeling and willing assistance has made the burden lighter. May God in His infinite mercy bless you and keep you.

T. P. Martin and Sisters.

Albert Floyd Huddleston is here from Gilliam, La., visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Meador and other old time friends. Mr. Huddleston was in the submarine service during the late war and visited several foreign countries while in that service. He is here with a view to locating in Snyder.

Mr. and Mrs. Lon Adams were visiting in Fisher county last Sunday. They were accompanied home by Mrs. Adam's sister, Miss Thelma Weathersby, who will visit them.

She Said
"I Love Him"
For That She
Was Imprison'd
See "DESPERATE YOUTH"
THURSDAY

JOHN W. BAKER RESIGNS AS STATE TREASURER

Austin, Texas, July 16.—John W. Baker today tendered his resignation to Governor Neff as state treasurer to become effective immediately after appointment and qualification of his successor. The governor appointed G. N. Holton, chief clerk of the treasury department, to succeed Mr. Baker and he will qualify Monday.

Mr. Baker resigned to accept appointment as active vice president of the Breckenridge State Bank of Breckenridge, the largest state bank between Fort Worth and El Paso. Mr. Baker expects to assume his new duties next Tuesday. At the time of his resignation he was serving his second term as state treasurer.

Breckenridge, Texas, July 16.—News of the election of John W. Baker as the first vice president of the Breckenridge State Bank was confirmed here today by Will C. Jones, vice president of the bank. Mr. Baker resigned his office as state treasurer today. He will enter upon his duties with the bank Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Roper of Dallas were here a few days the last of the week visiting Mr. Roper's parents. They left Sunday for Colorado to visit Mrs. Roper's people before returning home.

A. H. Trice of Camp Springs was in town Saturday. He was accompanied by his father, Rev. J. T. Trice of Tye, Taylor County, and his brother-in-law C. E. Coggins of Taylor county. Bro. Trice was on his way to the plains to hold a revival meeting.

Mrs. Mary Banks and children left Monday for Plainview for a two weeks visit with Mrs. Bank's mother, Mrs. A. B. Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hart of Seminole have been visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davis.

Maize knives and maize forks at Bryant-Link Co.

New brick home near McMurray College and a good business to trade for a ranch. Write P. O. Box 748, Abilene, Texas. Sp

R. A. Murphree who lives out on route five was round to see us Saturday. He renews for the Signal another year.

Mrs. Gann has returned from an extended visit in New Mexico.

Maize Forks at Bryant Link Co.

Baugh & Webb
Tailors and Furnishers
EAST SIDE SQUARE

Special Sale
(This week)

Kaiki Shirts

We are selling
10 dozen Kaiki
Work Shirts for

48c

apiece.

**COME
AND
BUY
NOW**

They won't last long at
this price

We invite you
to make our store
your store
during the big
Barbecue



The place to buy your Dry Goods,
Hardware and Groceries
Plenty of ice water and fans



Bryant-Link Co.
Phone No. 8 Snyder, Texas

THE CLAN CALL

(Continued from page 3)

having dinner with us this evening. You'll find it pleasant. We do as we please, you see. If you like, you may stir your coffee with your finger, eat with your knife, reach clean across the table, and pick your teeth with your fork. You can eat with your hat on, and you may have your dessert first. You can have an extra chair for your feet, and you can go to sleep at the table. Don't fall us. Pat wants to thank you for 'casting her aside' at the altar."

Dale laughed boyishly. McLaurin went on: "There's more news. Your father has been trying hard to find you. He sent a man to Atlanta to look for you. He told me he'd give me a house and lot if I'd find you—and if there was a little more of the highway robber in me, I'd call his hand!"

"And mother—have you seen her?" Dale muttered.

"I've seen her twice since the near-wedding."

"Did she have anything to say about me? Tell me the whole truth, Bobby. I can take it, old man. I'm big enough."

McLaurin frowned. "Since you've asked me, Bill, your mother—I ever heard her telling your father that she would never forgive you for the 'utterly shameless, disgraceful scene' you made in church."

"I see," said Dale. He brightened and went on, "As soon as I can get my two friends down to the dining room, Bobby, you're going with me to father. We're going to claim that house and lot for you."

"For Patricia's sake, I've a thundering big notion to take you up," laughed McLaurin. "Your dad would never miss it."

"That's it—take me up for Pat's sake," said Dale, rising. "You'd be foolish if you didn't. You should be willing to do anything, almost, for Pat. She's a jewel, Bobby."

Half an hour later they caught a passing car that soon carried them to a palace of granite and stone and cream-colored brick—the home of the old coal king, John K. Dale.

At the wide front gateway young Dale drew back.

"Bring father out here," he said in a low voice. "From what you told me I guess mother wouldn't want me to come in. But you can find out about that."

He hoped his mother would want to

see him. While she had never seemed to care for him as other mothers cared for their boys; while she hadn't been quite so dear to him as she might have been—

"And if she wants to see me, Bobby, let me know."

McLaurin smiled a somewhat worried smile, and went up to the front door. A moment later he was shown in. Yet another moment, and John K. Dale, his florid face beaming with gladness, hastened out to the gateway. Young Dale was instantly touched by his father's new attitude toward him; then he remembered the long night of David Moreland's people, and he stiffened a little and drew back a pace.

"You've come home to stay, haven't you, Carlyle?" said the older man, and his voice was filled with pleading. "What you did is all right; we'll never mention it again. You'll stay, won't you, Carlyle, my boy?"

"No," answered the son, a trifle coldly in spite of himself. "I've spent all the idle, useless years I'll ever spend in getting ready to develop the coal in David Moreland's mountain."

"David—Moreland's—mountain!" The retired coal magnate breathed the three words in a husky tone. He put forth a hand and rested it against one of the huge stone gateposts, as though to steady himself, and some of the color went from his face.

"You say David Moreland's mountain, Carlyle?" jerkily.

"Yes."

"And you—you learned about David Moreland?"

"Yes," Bill Dale folded his arms and stood there looking at his father with eyes that accused.

"You know who killed him?" old Dale muttered.

"I do, and it was a shame—a black shame."

"Yes, it was a shame. Nobody knows that half so well as I know it," said John K. Dale. His mouth quivered, he looked downward, looked up again.

"Son, you can never say or think worse things about me than I have said and thought about myself—because of that."

Dale the younger glanced toward the house. Robert McLaurin was coming slowly down the veranda steps. Mrs. Dale was nowhere in sight. She didn't want to see her son; she didn't even want him in the house. Bill Dale read it all in his friend's downcast countenance, and it was somehow a great disappointment.

"You'll need money if you're going to develop that coal property," Dale the elder was saying. "You haven't any money, and those mountain folk haven't any. I'll give you all that's

needed. I'll send you mining machinery, and expert mining men; I'll—"

"You needn't," broke in the embittered Bill Dale. "I can get the necessary funds without difficulty. I'll pay the debt myself. You've had a great many years in which to try to make money, and you haven't done anything. You might have helped the Morelands without their even knowing that it was you—especially as they seem to have known you by another name—and that's the only way you could have helped them. Here you have one reason why I cannot accept assistance from you; don't you see, father? The Morelands wouldn't have

it, and I couldn't lie to them."

He motioned to McLaurin, who had halted on the lower veranda step in order that he might not overhear, and turned and walked away. McLaurin followed, and soon overtook him.

Bill Dale stopped suddenly and faced back to his father.

"Remember that Bobby gets his house and lot?"

"Yes," replied John K. Dale. "Bobby gets his house and lot."

He went sadly toward the mansion that seemed to him now a good deal like a tomb. Young Dale touched his friend on the arm.

"Tell me, what did mother say? I know it's going to hurt, but—tell it."

"She was sitting beside an open window in the library," said McLaurin. "I told her that you were at the gate, and asked if she would like to see you. At first I was afraid she hadn't heard me. Then she opened a book that she was reading, found her place and marked it with a finger, and looked at me."

"Who did you say was at the gate, Mr. McLaurin?" she asked.

"Your son Carlyle," I answered. "Mr. McLaurin," she said to me coldly, "I want you never to forget this: To me there is no such person on earth as Carlyle Dale."

They went downtown in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

Lonesome.

When John Moreland and Ben Littleford had finished their breakfast there in the dining room of the Blaisdell, they drank the water from their Engerhows, threatened with sudden death the waiter who snickered, and found the way to the lobby.

To Littleford the minutes dragged suddenly. Finally he told Moreland, in a sentence filled with double negatives, that he could bear the suspense no longer, and proposed that they set out at once for Doctor Braemer's hospital. The hotel manager overheard some of the one-sided conversation; he phoned the surgeon and learned that the young woman was resting easily, which information he passed on to the mountain men.

Ben Littleford was quiet for five minutes, more or less. Then he again proposed to John Moreland that they go to the hospital to see Babe. Moreland refused flatly, and accompanied by refusal with an unmistakable look of contempt.

"You're as restless as a dawg in a hen town," he told his old enemy, and with that he walked away.

A few minutes later Ben Littleford stole out unnoticed by his neighbor from the Big Pine, and went at a brisk gait up the street. Moreland found it out shortly afterward; he followed the Littleford chief hoofed, and overtook him. Trust your hill dweller to note landmarks when he goes into unknown territory—Littleford was headed straight for the hospital.

They walked for two blocks in silence. Moreland had assumed the attitude of one who has had the guard-

broke a few days ago in the cotton smash. He was here yesterday, and left last night for Cincy."

Dale did not try to conceal his surprise and disappointment. Harris, for all his youth, had been a business marvel.

"I'll have to try somebody here, I guess. But I won't take it from father—mother wouldn't permit it, anyway, if she knew—and there are several other reasons. Queer how a fellow's mother would turn him down like this! Usually, y'know, it's a fellow's mother that sticks by him the longest."

"I wonder where I could find old Newton Wheatley, of the Luther Wheatley Iron company? I know him all right. He always liked me, Bobby."

"You'll find him at home," McLaurin answered. "He's out of business, and here all the time now. He might take a shot at coal. Why not 'phone him from here?"

"I'll do that," Dale decided. "Look up my two friends for me, Bobby, will you?"

He was soon speaking to Newton Wheatley. He was brief in stating his wishes. To the question as to why he did not go to his father for funds—well, he had his reasons, and it was rather a private matter. Wheatley, of course, remembered the near-wedding.

The old iron man was silent for what seemed to Dale a very long time. Then his voice came over the wire with an almost ominous calm:

"Who besides you has seen this vein, Carlyle? Anybody that knows coal?"

"Yes, my father," Dale answered quickly. "He went over it years ago. Ask him about the coal in David Moreland's mountain. 'Phone him, and then 'phone me. I'm waiting at the Blaisdell."

Wheatley agreed a little reluctantly. Dale waited patiently for fifteen minutes. Then the clerk called him to the 'phone. He took up the receiver with boyish eagerness.

Wheatley began cordially: "Your father tells me it is a good proposition, Carlyle, so I'll let you have all the money you'll need. And if you want a good mining man, I know where you can lay your hands on one; also I can furnish you, at half the original cost, all the necessary machinery and accessories. You didn't know the old Luther-Wheatley company dickered in coal as well as iron; eh? Well, it did. Let me see you at three o'clock this afternoon—"

Dale was jubilant. Here was a rare stroke of good fortune. He went to McLaurin—who had not yet found John Moreland and Ben Littleford—and told him about it. McLaurin was almost as happy as Dale over it. A bellboy appeared like a jack-in-the-box in the center of the floor. "Mistoh Cahyle Dale! Mistoh Cahyle Dale!" Dale wheeled. "Well?"

"Wanted immediately at Doctor Braemer's hospital, sah!"

Dale shook hands with McLaurin and hurried toward the street.

A few minutes later Doctor Braemer met him in the reception room.

"What's wrong, doctor?"

The surgeon beckoned. "Come with me."

He turned and led the way through a long corridor and to a sunny white room where Babe Littleford lay with a bandage about her temples. Ben Littleford was on his knees at his daughter's bedside; he was slowly wringing his big, rough hands and beg-

ging piteously be forgiven.

Babe stared at him a trifle coldly. She had not yet seen the two men who stood in the doorway. Then she interrupted her father:

"You hush, pap, and go away. I'd told ye a hundred times about fightin' n-ben murder, and 'specially to us wimmenfolks, and you never would pay any 'tention to me. You hush, pap, and go away. Ef I die, I'll jest haf to die. And ef I die, I shore do want to die in peace. Go way, pap."

"But ye must live, Babe, honey!" Ben Littleford moaned. "Ef you was to die, what'd I do?"

"I don't know what ye'd do, pap," Babe said weakly. "You ought to thought of that afore, pap. It may be too late now. I want ye to go on off and be 'me alone. Ef I die, I want to die in peace. The Lord knows I never got to live in peace!"

There was a worried look in her wonderful brown eyes, and the doctor saw it. He strode forward decisively and helped Littleford to his feet. The hillman wiped away a tear with his faded blue bandana, and hung his head. He had been made a broken man in one day.

"Go out to your friend Moreland," smiled the doctor, "and wait there for a little while."

Babe's father walked unsteadily out of the room. Dale went to Doctor Braemer and whispered, "Isn't she going to make it?" anxiously.

"Certainly she's going to make it," Braemer assured him. "Go on; she wants to see you."

(Continued next week)

Sugar Once Considered Medicine.

Sugar was at first sold by apothecaries, both as a medicine and as a thing to sweeten and make other medicines more palatable, for in those days a medicine which was not bitter and nauseous was not considered effective. The sugar habit grew on people, the production was stimulated and today the whole world uses it as food.

In October. October 17 (1835)—Some of the oaks are now a deep brown red; others are changed to a light green, which at a little distance, especially in the sunshine, looks like the green of early spring. In some trees, different masses of the foliage show each of these hues. Some of the walnut trees have a yet more delicate green. Others are of a bright sunny yellow. —Nathaniel Hawthorne, "American Note-Book."

Call Frank Darby.

For your plumbing work and wind milling, piping. Residence Phone 92 or 152. 5c

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



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

Cold Drinks and Ice Cream

Headquarters during the Barbecue and Race Meet. Makes our store your meeting place.

STINSON DRUG CO.

Phone 33

FISK TIRES

Sold only by dealers

give tire mileage at the lowest cost in history

30 x 3 1/2

NON-SKID RED-TOP CORD
\$15.00 \$22.00 \$27.50

Reduction on all styles and sizes

A New Low Price on a Known and Honest Product

THE CASH GARAGE, Dealer
Phone 99 Snyder, Texas



"You know who killed him?" Old Dale muttered.

friendship of an irresponsible person thrust upon him. But soon he softened somewhat.

"I shore can't understand, Ben," he growled, "how Bill Dale ever could bear it to live here."

"I wonder," Littleford said absent-mindedly, as though he had not heard, "what Bill Dale is at? It's mighty darned lonesome without him, ain't it? That was good him we had for breakfast, John."

"It wasn't him. It was beef."

"It was ham."

"It was beef."

"It was ha—"

"Don't ye reckon," fared John Moreland, "that I know a dang cow's meat when I see it? It was beef!"

They had halted in the middle of a stream of pedestrians. A policeman crowded his way to them.

"Move on!" he growled.

Bill Dale was at that moment entering the lobby of the Blaisdell with Robert McLaurin at his side. Dale had just told McLaurin that he meant to go to Cincinnati to borrow money from his wealthy friend Harris. Then McLaurin told Dale something that saved him the journey to Cincinnati.

"You haven't heard about Harris Bill? I'm sorry, because he would have accommodated you. He went

This ghost was a 1921 model



LAST MONTH, on a bet, WITH THE boys up home, I SPENT a night, ALONE IN the old, HAUNTED HOUSE, AND WHEN I heard, MOANS AND groans, I SAID "The wind," AND TRIED to sleep, I HEARD rappings, AND SAID "Rats," AND ROLLED over, THEN I heard steps, AND IN the light, OF A dying moon, A WHITE spook rose, I WASN'T scared—much, BUT DIDN'T feel like, STARTING ANYTHING, BUT THEN I caught, JUST A faint whif.

OF A familiar, AND DELICIOUS smell, WHICH TIPPED me off, SO I gave the ghost, THE HORSE laugh, AND SAID "Ed, YOU FAT guys, MAKE BUM ghosts, BUT BEFORE you fade, LEAVE WITH me one, OF YOUR cigarettes, THEY SATISFY."

THAT spicy, delicious aroma of fine tobaccos, both Turkish and Domestic, makes you almost hungry for the "satisfy-smoke." And there isn't a ghost of a chance you'll ever find its equal anywhere—for the Chesterfield blend is an exclusive blend. It can't be copied.

Have you seen the new AIR-TIGHT tin of 50?

They Satisfy Chesterfield CIGARETTES

LEGGITT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

**UNCLE THOMAS MARTIN
83 YEARS OLD, PASSES ON**

Uncle Thomas Martin, 83 years old, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. I. S. Davis, seven miles north of Snyder last Friday.

The body was prepared by Undertaker R. M. Stokes and shipped to

Lampasas where it was interred by the side of his wife, who preceded him to the better world some eleven years ago. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Harris, pastor of the Methodist church at that place, of which church Uncle Tom was a faithful member. He was an old Civil War veteran, and the service was made more impressive by the fact that several of the old veterans took charge of the burial and paid him the last tribute of respect.

In the year 1877 Uncle Tom Martin left his old native state of Tennessee and went to Illinois where he remained for awhile, after which he settled in Kaufman county, and in 1899 he moved from there and located in Scurry county about seven miles north of Snyder where he has

been residing for the past 30 years.

He was one among the first settlers of Scurry county and had seen the country at its best and at its worst.

He had been in ill health for ten years, and for the past year had been almost helpless, but through all this he was patient and ready, only waiting for the call to come up higher. Five children survive him: T. P. Martin and Mrs. I. S. Davis, Snyder; Mrs. T. A. Lindsey, Saratoga, Texas; Mrs. J. E. Johnson, Spur; Mrs. Minnie Douglass, San Juan, N. M., and Mrs. Dora Lindsey, Medor, Texas. All were in attendance at the time of his death except the two Mrs. Lindseys, who could not arrive in time. Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Davis and T. P. Martin accompanied the remains to Lampasas, and were met there by Mrs. T. A. Lindsey of Saratoga.

Many sympathizing friends will join the Signal in extending condolences to the bereaved ones.

Mrs. F. A. Hamer of Austin is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Johnson.

Rosemary Merridew.

Back from the California mountains came Rosemary Merridew, the best blood of the old South coursing in her veins.

But to her aunt in her stately old Alabama mansion the girl was a disquieting element—"poor white trash"—because her father had found it more to his liking to live in the cloud-veiled hills of the West than in the stuffy town.

So when Rosemary arrived she was assigned to a room in the servant quarters, put to work with the carkies and treated with the ghastly politeness of an unwanted guest.

Rosemary's cousin, the attractive and haughty Pauline, was soon to be married to Dr. Tom Dowling, a young physician of the village, and her only hope was that Rosemary would never refer to their relationship and embarrass her by her uncouthness.

But—! Bless your heart if that odd looking little Rosemary didn't pile her hair on top of her head and sail through the hushed drawing room of the mansion and right into the affections of young Doc Dowling himself.

It was just like another battle of Gettysburg around the Merridew home, but it all ended happily—just the way it was first written by F. Hopkinson Smith in his classic of popular literature, "A Kentucky Cinderella."

The delightful story has been filmed by Universal with Gladys Walton as Rosemary and is to be seen here next Tuesday under the title of "Desperate Youth."

Card of Thanks.

We take this method of thanking all those who ministered to us or spoke words of sympathy to us, on the death of our infant baby. Your kindness and words of sympathy have made our burden lighter.

May God's mercies and richest blessings be your lot.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Wellborn.

School Transfers Notice.

Those wanting to transfer their children to the Snyder school must do so by August 1st, after that date transfers cannot be made.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cody are spending their vacation at Necessity and other points east.

Are You Held Back?

*For the little man who wants to grow big---
For the big man who wants to stay big---*

For every man, every-where, there's nothing more important than a friendly connection with a strong bank.

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 through 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, Inc.

SEMINOLE BAPTIST REVIVAL.

We have just closed a splendid meeting. Rev. Jeff Davis of Snyder doing the preaching and Mrs. Davis conducting the song services.

Miss Leather Estes of Stanton played the piano and Miss Edna Cobb added much to the music by playing the violin in some of the services. Pastor J. T. Weems and his people of the Methodist church tendered us their house and co-operated beautifully, other denominations also co-operating in the meeting. It makes our hearts rejoice to have this spirit existing among the Christian people of this community.

We had ten additions to the Baptist church, seven by baptism.—Seminole Sentinel.

What Life is Like.

As I write this I can look out of my window and see a Cloud, a Hill, a Spire, a House, a Wall, a Road, and a River, in just this order from top to bottom.

Life is not a cloud, for a cloud has no substance, save the mist.

Life is not a hill, for a hill is beautiful at a distance only, while life is near and dear, and its microscopic ways are as charming as its perspective.

Life is not a spire, for a spire points to a happiness in another world than this; whereas happiness grows in but one place, here, and at one time, now. The kingdom of life is about us.

Life is not a house, for a house is permanent, while life is infinite, and has no bounds.

Life is not a road, for life roams the fields and goes where other men have not gone. It flies over the hedges as a bird, it treads the forest as a deer.

Life is a river, always the same, yet different; always passing, always present; fluid, yet outlasting all walls and houses; flowing, yet enduring; going yet eternal.

"The river of life" is a true symbol. The river is the one natural object that is both fleeting and permanent.—Dr. Frank Crane in Farm Life.

Maize knives and maize forks at Bryant-Link Co.

Abe Rodgers and family are visiting Mrs. Rodgers' people at Stephen ville.

S. L. Johnson and wife left Monday for a trip into Colorado. Mr. Johnson said they were going for a pleasure trip and would be gone probably a month.

Mr. L. T. Condra's daughter, who has been ill is improving.

ECZEMA
Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap) fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, 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
MONDAY, JUNE 13

N. C. LETCHER
DENTIST
Office in Williams Building
Snyder, Texas

DR. L. E. TRIGG
Office in Perkins Bldg.
Phone 122 Res. Phone 243

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

The State Fair Association is sending out advertising contracts to some Texas papers, offering them from \$5 to \$10 for carrying their display advertising for the coming Fair. That is alright and every publisher should sign and return the contract giving them as much display as the amount specified will pay for at regular rates. Then ask for use of the publisher's columns free for their "free plate" advertising. This is where the backbone of the editor will be tested. The Texas Press Association went on record at McAllen to give all free plate "the box", but give editorial support to such laudable organizations as the Fair and the Cotton Palace, but then ask the management of these splendid institutions to pay for what they get just like they pay for the making of the plate and pay some man for writing the copy that goes to make the plate. Are the editors of Texas going to stay on a business basis? We believe they will.—Richardson Echo.

Charley Starkey of the Snyder National Bank has returned from a vacation in South Texas.

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

Saving Develops Manhood and Strength of Character

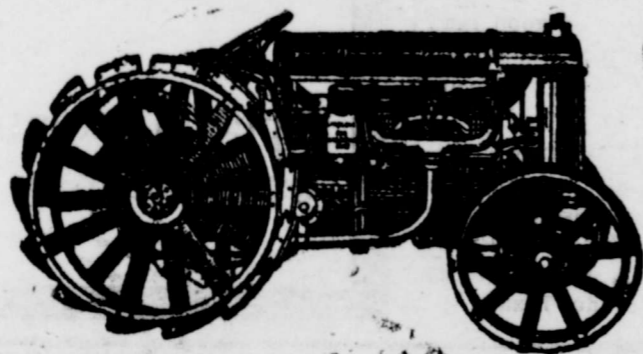
Money saved and banked is an evidence of your stability, thrift and foresight.

Without money you cannot accomplish much. It is a handicap that invites mental and physical depression.

The First National Bank solicits your account and will help you in your determination to forge ahead---to overcome your proneness to wastefulness.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
SNYDER, TEXAS

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TRADE MARK



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Steady, light, alert, power to spare, economical of operation. Watch a Fordson Tractor in action and you will wonder how those apparently contradictory qualities, of strength, lightness, power and speed could ever be combined in one unit.

The Fordson's speed is available for hauling heavy loads for long distances. Its power is available for dragging plows or disc-harrows through the heaviest soil or for running the cutting-box, grinder or threshing machine.

We take pride in handling such a compact, portable power plant.

We are equipped with every facility for giving quick service for the Fordson.

JOE STRAYHORN Dealer

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Caton-Dodson Dry Goods Co.

Headquarters during THE BARBECUE AND RACE MEET

Plenty of Ice Water

We are making Special arrangements for your comfort

**OLD CONFEDERATE REUNION
AT TEMPLE, TEXAS**

On account of the reunion of the Texas division of U. C. V., to be held in Temple, Texas, Sept 15 and 16, 1921, the U. C. V., S. C. V. and D. C. V. (and dependent members of their families) a reduction of one and one half fare for round trip tickets on the certificate plan will be given from all points in Texas.

1. Tickets at the normal one way fare for the going journey must be purchased on the following dates only: Sept 13, 14, 15, 1921.

2. Be sure when you purchase your going ticket to ask the ticket agent for a certificate receipt. Each person should have a separate certificate receipt covering ticket purchased. If it is impossible to get a certificate receipt from the local agent, a regular receipt from him will be satisfactory, and must be secured when the ticket is purchased. See that the ticket reads "to Temple, Texas." See that your certificate receipt is stamped with the same date as ticket. Sign your name to the certificate in ink.

Present your ticket to the clerk



TEXAS KING

A sixteen hand Tennessee Mammoth Jack. Will make the season at the O. K. wagon yard. I have a very fine five year old Percheron horse and the Welch Shetland Pony horse. Terms will be cash for the season.

J. W. Berry

at registration office in Stegall Hotel on 1st street in Temple.

If 250 persons, or more, are registered then a one half rate will be granted to return home on the same route you came.

H. E. Patterson, Joint Agent.

**KATHLEEN NORRIS DID NOT
START TO WRITE UNTIL
AFTER MARRIAGE**

What is the magic touch that lifts a story right out of the ranks of merely an idle tale and into a breathing, realistic cross section of humanity? This question was put to Kathleen Norris, author of "Poor Dear Margaret Kirby," the Selznick Picture which comes to the Cozy theatre next Monday and Tuesday.

"There is no magic about it," the celebrated author replied positively. "It is a question of concentrated effort, and untiring attention to details. When success first came to me it was truly a surprise. I wrote simply about the folks I knew, and found that they were like the folks other people knew, and there was almost an instant demand for more of my stories. The problems of everyday life are of interest to everybody. But you must love your fellow beings before you can understand them and write about them."

Mrs. Norris was born in San Francisco, and did not begin writing until after her marriage to Charles Gilman Norris of her home city. Her best stories have appeared in all the best magazines, including The Atlantic, American, McClures, Everybody's, Ladies Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, and her novels rank among the "best sellers."

Pure Comb and Extracted Honey. New goods and lowest prices.

Miss Lizzie Smith of Abilene is in the city visiting her brother, Judge Fritz R. Smith and family.

Mrs. J. H. Hamlett has returned from an extended visit in California.

The Misses Lindsey were visitors at Colorado Wednesday.

**BELIEVES TANLAC
KEPT HIM ON THE JOB**

Tulsa Citizen Declares His Wife Was Also Greatly Benefited by Taking It.

"It was certainly money well spent when I bought Tanlac, for I doubt if I would be able to be on the job today if it hadn't been for this medicine," said J. E. Chandler, of 32 Olympia St., Tulsa, Okla.

"For a long time before I got Tanlac I was troubled with what I believe was rheumatism. I had awful pains and soreness in my shoulders,

and many times my arms were so stiff and ached so bad I could hardly raise my hands to my head. I don't believe I could have been in more misery had some one been sticking me with a knife, and it was just all I could do to stay on the job. I couldn't find anything to help me, and I was certainly in bad shape.

"I have taken six bottles of Tanlac and it has relieved me of rheumatism so completely that I never have an ache or pain and I have regained my full strength and energy.

"My wife was not well and had no appetite to speak of, she took Tanlac at the same time I did, and it has given her such a splendid appetite that she said to me the other day it

looked like she would eat us out of house and home. I believe Tanlac is all that kept me on the job, and there are so many others in ill health

that I feel it is my duty to tell every body I can about it."

Tanlac is sold in Snyder by Grayum Drug Company.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Want Ads Bring Results—10c a line each issue—40c minimum price. No Classified Ads Charged. It's Cash

WANTED TO BUY—Team of young horses or mares from 1100 to 1300 pound, well broke and gentle. See W. A. Oliver, 6 miles west of Snyder on Lemon's place. 6p

FOUND—A pair of spectacles in case on Clairmont road about 3 miles north of town. Owner call at Signal office, pay for this ad, and get the glasses. 6

LOST—Between Snyder and Fuller's ranch, a pair of gold frame spectacles, finder please leave at Signal office. 6

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Thorough bred O. I. C., 2 bred gilts, one male, pedigree furnished; one Duroc gilt bred. See A. P. Morris. 7c

20 ROOM ROOMING HOUSE—For sale, or will trade for small farm close in. See A. P. Morris. 7c

FOR SALE—House and lot at Hermleigh, also good farm. See E. N. Cummings, Hermleigh, Texas. 6p

FOR SALE OR TRADE—160 acres of land six miles east of town, close to Plainview school house, will trade for good place on West side in Snyder, Texas. Write Mrs. L. O. Smith, Clairmont, Texas. 3c

FOUND—A pocket book containing some money. Owner can get it by describing pocket book, amount of money and paying for this adv. See A Johnston at Farmers Mer. Co.

POSITION WANTED—A position wanted as governess. Good recommendations furnished. For further information apply at Signal office. 8

FARM WANTED—Wanted to hear from owner of a farm or good land for sale for fall delivery. L. Jones. Box 551, Olney, Ill. 5p.

FOR SALE—A good modernly equipped 4-stand 70 saw gin near Colorado, expect 4000 bales this season for farm land north of T. & P. R. R. Address J. S. Hardy, Ennis, Texas, or J. A. Murphy, Colorado, Texas.

The Chocolate Shop



Has a nice cozy corner
for you to rest and eat
your light lunch or cold
drinks

During the Barbe-
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Meet



Special attention given to ladies
and children.

\$1.28 PER YARD

July Silk Sale

\$1.28 PER YARD

For Saturday and Monday, July 23rd and 25th
Taffeta, Messaline, Georgette, Fancy Plaid Silk and Fancy Georgette will be on
sale on these two days at the Special Price of

\$1.28 Per Yard

Also a large Stock Children's Gingham Dresses on Sale at 50c and \$1.00

Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

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AT THE CENTER OF SCURRY COUNTY ACTIVITIES

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