

The Snyder Signal

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR

SNYDER, SCURRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1921.

NUMBER NINE.

ANNUAL MEETING SCURRY COUNTY WAREHOUSE CO.

The Scurry County Warehouse and Marketing Association held their annual meeting Thursday afternoon and elected Mr. Harvey Shuler to the office of manager for the ensuing season. With Mr. Shuler's general business knowledge and ability as a cotton classifier the association looks forward to a very prosperous season.

The association is fostered by our bankers, ablest farmers and business men for no other purpose than to obtain the very best price and grade for the cotton marketed here. Every effort is being made to place the Snyder market on a par with the very best, and with the hearty co-operation of the cotton grower there is no reason why cotton should not bring as much or more here than anywhere.

A great deal has been said about the inferiority of Scurry county cotton; careful inquiry to the State Department reveals the fact that Scurry county cotton is placed in the same class as all other cotton in this part of West Texas, and that Mitchell, Nolan and Fisher counties are in the same territory as we are.

CLAIREMONT YOUTH WINS CONTEST AT PLAINVIEW

Plainview, Texas, Aug. 7.—Berry Hart, a 19-year old youth of Clairemont, Texas, won out in the finals in bronc riding at the Plainview round-up Saturday. The West Texas boy defeated the best riders from all parts of Texas and several other states. Texas and New Mexico divided honors in the final events, each state taking three.

Miss Tad Barnes of Amarillo defeated Misses Billy Barnes of Amarillo, Gladys Kelly of Post, Sally Jones of Billings, Mont., and Lois Kitchen of Post for final honors in the ladies' contests. Milt Good of Brownfield maintained his championship record by being high average man in all roping contests.

The roundup was under the management of J. T. McDonald, a Bovina, Texas, rancher.

The results of the finals today were steer roping, Chick Northcutt, Tulla, first; Milt Good, Brownfield, second; Tom Riley, Clovis, third.

Calf roping, Jack Davis, Roswell, first; Jo D. Bursleson, Silverton, second; Milt Good, Brownfield, third.

Bronc riding, Berry Hart, Clairemont, first; E. A. Driver, Canyon, second; Charles Jones, Shamrock, third.

Run Over By Automobile.

Mrs. M. C. Millhollen was run over by an automobile at Sharon in the southwest part of the county last Sunday evening, and sustained a broken leg just above the ankle, besides other bruises. She is reported doing well and that no internal injuries resulted.

At the Baptist Church.

The pastor is back from a great meeting at Westbrook and will be in his pulpit Sunday morning. No evening services on account of the Methodist revival. Members of the Business Men's Bible Class are urged to come early. Jeff Davis, Pastor.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONFER ORDERS ON AUGUST 15

A large class will receive the Orders of the Temple as conferred in Snyder Commandery Monday night, August 15, 1921, commencing at 7 o'clock p. m., sharp.

All Sir Knights are requested to report at the Masonic Temple at six o'clock p. m., where refreshments will be served beginning at 6:30. A wagon load of the finest Scurry county watermelons will be placed on ice Friday evening to await proper attention on this occasion.

Work in the Red Cross degree will commence at 7 o'clock and the Orders of the Temple completed by 10 o'clock p. m., the degree team working in full uniform. Special music will be provided on the occasion.

NEWSPAPER SOLD AT SWEETWATER

Sweetwater, Texas, Aug. 6.—Announcement was made today that the Sweetwater Reporter had been sold by the Terrell Publishing Company to Porter A. Whaley of Stamford and W. M. Woodall of Austin. The price was not stated.

It is understood that Whaley will be managing editor while Woodall will be business manager. Both men are well known in commercial circles in West Texas and it is expected that the Reporter will be made an important factor in progressive moves for this section.

WHALEY DENIES SWEETWATER REPORT

Stamford, Aug. 9.—The report that Porter A. Whaley, general manager of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, has purchased an interest in the Sweetwater Reporter, is incorrect, according to W. K. Whipple, publicity manager of the organization. In an interview this morning, Whipple stated that he knew of no negotiations being made by Porter A. Whaley either for the ownership of the Sweetwater Reporter or any other publications. Whaley has been in Austin for the past two weeks in charge of the Austin bureau of the organization during the special session of the legislature. He was in touch with the general offices today and stated that the story was incorrect. In a telegram received this morning from Whaley, he said: "Sweetwater newspaper story incorrect. Beyond my comprehension to understand such a statement."

Accepts Position at Clairemont.

Miss Chloe Harris has accepted a position in the tax collector's office at Clairemont. Miss Chloe is quite experienced in that kind of work, having been deputy county clerk here for some time. The tax collector of Clairemont has acquired good service by securing Miss Harris.

Mrs. J. H. Sears, Mrs. J. W. Leftwich and Miss Lois Sears left the first of the week for the Eastern markets.

J. E. Coston and daughter, Mrs. Vernon, of Hermleigh, were shopping in Snyder Tuesday.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT SCURRY COUNTY CROPS

T. S. Worley of Camp Springs says crops in his community are very promising and are a good average.

Barney Murphy, who lives three or four miles northeast of town, says they were never better.

Joe Adams, out west of town, said his cotton now looks more promising than it ever did.

R. G. Grantham, up at Polar, says it is getting dry at Polar.

Jasper Helms at Hud says he has a little better than a five years' average.

J. E. Coston of Hermleigh says crops are all good around Hermleigh.

W. J. Lay of Duan: Crops are fine in the Duan community.

Braden Wasson: I am well pleased with my crop west of town. Would like to see a rain soon.

T. P. Martin north of town about seven miles: Crops are good but beginning to need rain.

O. F. Darby west of town: My crop is good but cotton will begin to need rain soon.

J. C. Maxwell says cotton is doing fine now but will need a rain soon.

General opinion is that crops will need a rain soon but at present seventy-five per cent of the county is in excellent crop condition.

Rev. Silas Dixon of Fluvanna was in the city Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Ponton of Ft. Worth are guests of Mayor and Mrs. M. A. Fuller.

Z. T. Champion had the misfortune of getting kicked by a horse the other day. He said it certainly was painful.

Mrs. T. C. Watkins is in the Eastern markets this week.

J. K. Blackard and sons returned Tuesday from Wichita Falls where they had been visiting relatives.

County Clerk Mrs. Kate Cotten issued marriage license to Richmond Gooden and Bettie Belle Robison, colored, on August 6.

Marvin Jones on Tax Revision

From speech of Hon. Marvin Jones in the House of Representatives, Aug. 4, 1921.

Tax revision is the all-absorbing topic of the day. On the street corner, in the busy marts of trade, in the field, the factory and on the farm, is the constantly recurring cry, "When is congress going to revise the revenue laws?"

We are still doing business under practically the same revenue laws that were passed under the stress of war times. From every community in America strong young men with eager eyes were hastening to a conflict three thousand miles away. It took billions to properly equip and supply them. It mattered little that business was interfered with. Business could be revived at a later date, but the Armies of Freedom were compelled to act at once and with driving power or everything, including business, would be lost.

The war time revenue measure passed the House of Representatives on May 23, 1917, just 47 days after the declaration of war, by a practically unanimous vote. Democrats and Republicans alike voting for the measure in these stirring times. No party claim the credit. Whatever of demerit the bill had and whatever glory came from it must be shared by all parties.

On September 20, 1918, the second war time revenue measure passed the House by a unanimous vote.

Thanks to co-operation, the war was won.

Just before the signing of the armistice the Republicans gained control of both branches of Congress.

With the coming of peace everyone realized that the one big problem in this country was to readjust the war revenue laws to suit peace time conditions. No one saw this more clearly than the Democratic President, and in his first message to the new Republican Congress on May 20, 1919, he urgently requested an immediate

revision of the war time tax laws. He stated in that message, "I hope that the Congress will find it possible to undertake an early reconsideration of the federal taxes. . . . that our taxation shall rest as lightly as possible on the productive resources of the country," etc.

During the nearly three years that have elapsed the Republicans have been in complete control and yet they have ignored the President's urgent message and the desires of the American people.

Whatever blame is to be had for the failure to revise the taxation laws of this country must rest where it belongs—at the feet of the Republican party. That party has been in complete control, and yet throughout the long weary months that have widened into years, the American people have been crying for relief and all that has been heard is the empty echo of that fruitless cry, for the Republican leaders have sat supinely by and watched the American people wear the yoke. They have watched business almost go to the wall; they have seen what a prosperous and flourishing country under Democratic control crash into what amounts almost to a panic under a Republican rule.

Even at this session instead of taking up the revision of the revenue laws the Republicans, grown rusty with tradition, began to tinker with the tariff. The American people asked for bread and they gave them a stone; they asked for tax revision and they gave them a tariff law. True to the historic traditions of the old party they have fed the American people on promises. The elephant has always been a slow-moving animal, but this time the leaders have kept him chained to a "stob."

The people of the United States have been long-suffering and kind to the Republican party, but when they realize the true facts I predict they will rise in their anger and sweep that party from power.

SNYDER STUDENTS AT DENTON STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

Preparation is in full sway for Commencement exercises which are to be held at the Normal College on August 20. The name of one of our Snyder boys, Mr. C. C. Deak, appears on the list for a diploma.

There are 2700 hundred students in the Denton Normal College this summer. The Commencement program promises to be the most formal and the best in the history of the college. On this occasion degrees, diplomas and certificates will be granted.

Scurry county is represented by nine students. They help the other members of the West Texas club in letting the other county clubs know where the best part of Texas is.

OF FROM THINKING OF OTHERS

Much matter has been written of the joys of thinking of the comfort of others. Ever and anon will loom a thought on this line, and it attracts attention. Some maintain that the world is becoming more fraternal, while at the same time there are others who hold to the contrary view. Certain it is that men and women have never found themselves the loser by being kind and considerate to and of those about them.

The following is the lead editorial of the San Angelo Standard of recent date:

"Tonight, neighbor, you'll crank up the bus an take the wife and children out for a cooling off spin along the country roads.

"The chances are, you won't think about the tired-faced little neighbor enough to own an automobile, and woman whose husband isn't fortunate who sits on her front porch close to your home, night after night, rocking her baby and trying to keep it cool.

"Have you any idea how much she would appreciate a trip into the cool country with her baby on one of these blistering nights?"

"Just drop over there tonight, and ask her to ride along with you. Get a taste of the joy of giving!"

The Standards editor evidences the fact that he has given thought to humankind, and senses the appreciation of those who may be served, without materially inconveniencing those extending the courtesy.—Clarendon News.

Visits Grayson County.

A. C. Alexander returned the first of the week from Grayson county where he had been on a visit. Mr. Alexander observed closely the conditions of things while there and reports them very bad compared to Scurry county, especially the crops.

The boll weevil has gotten to be a menace to the cotton crop of North and East Texas that is most ruinous. Corn is good, but the money crop is mostly a failure, he said.

Mrs. Ben Barnett and Mrs. Collins, both of Carlsbad, N. M., are in Snyder the guests of their sisters, Mrs. Joe Stinson and Mrs. Fred Grayum.

Barney Murphree left Tuesday for a visit to Ellis county, his old home.

MCMURRAY PLANS FOR BUILDING NOW PERFECTED

Plans are being made to break dirt for the erection of one or more of the buildings for McMurry College in this city at an early date, so states Rev. J. W. Hunt who, with the co-operation of the directors of the institution, has the business in charge. Meetings have been held this week of the various committees and plans are being perfected for the future, but no definite time has been set for the beginning of this work as this will depend to a great extent on the collections of notes now due, also Rev. Hunt states that he and the building committee desires that Bishop McMurry be consulted before this work has begun, and that the Bishop will visit Abilene early in next month at which time plans will be made for the erection of these buildings.

The committee appointed to have streets graded and otherwise put in first class condition is now working out these problems. In fact the details leading up to the construction of the college buildings are being carefully worked out, and also the architects are submitting plans and specifications to the building committee, so that when the matter of beginning the work will have been settled all the details of the work will have been worked out and little delay will be necessary.—Taylor County Times.

1,071 PRESBYTERIAN TITHERS IN TEXAS

Interesting facts for Presbyterians and members of other denominations are set forth in the minutes of the Southern Presbyterian church just issued. These minutes cover the proceedings of the general assembly at St. Louis in May and show the total membership in Texas to be 38,712, a gain in ten years of 32 per cent.

The Sunday school enrollment in Texas is 35,077, or about 90 for every 100 church members. The largest number ever reported received on profession of faith, 2,682, is shown in statistics and the number of tithers is placed at 1,071. A tither is one who pledges himself to give at least one-tenth of his income to the church.

The Presbyterians in Texas contributed \$281,782 to benevolent causes, which is \$9.83 per member. The total contributions to all causes amounted to \$1,103,642, or about \$28.48 per member. This is the largest amount ever contributed.

The report further shows that for the year just closed the membership increased in the Southern Presbyterian church by 20,541, making the total membership 397,058. The receipts for benevolent causes in the Southern church amounted to \$4,938,650, or about \$12.43 per member. The total receipts for all causes amounted to \$12,124,891, or about \$24.53 per member. These surpassed all previous records.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Caton left the first of the week for the Eastern markets. They will go to Dallas, St. Louis and probably New York.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughro



You Gotta to Read the Papers to Keep Up to Date

The Snyder Signal
CURRY & BELL, Publishers.

Foreign Advertising Representatives
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Crops are good in Scurry county.

The Snyder band is making some good music, and with some help just at this time from Snyder we will have a band to be proud of. Snyder ought to have a good band. Other towns not so large have bands.

It requires quite a little time, from its inception, for any organization to do effective work, or rather to get in working order so that they may do effective work. The Scurry County Chamber of Commerce, has probably been an exception to the general rule, for, from the very beginning of their organization a few months ago they have laid foundation for permanent benefits to both county and town. The primary aim of the Scurry County Chamber of Commerce in its inception, was to encourage a close relationship between town and county which has been, we are glad to note, partially successful. With the renewed confidence now in evidence and the present relationship existing between town and county, there is no reason why the Scurry County Chamber of Commerce should not be the means of entirely recovering for Snyder the things that have been lost, and we believe this will be accomplished this fall.

A very poor place to practice economy it seems to us, is at the expense of our educational facilities. Our state has always been inferior in the matters pertaining to education, and now the Legislature under the guise of economy has cut the appropriation for professors and instructors salaries. Granted, that there has been a slight reduction in a good many things, there are a few things that will never be reduced much, and ought not to be, and that is the teachers' salaries.

Instead of the aged and infirm pinning their faith to the introduction of "glands" from goats and monkeys, they should, according to the physiological experts, be giving a little time and energy to the proper exercising of the decadent bodies. It is declared that there is a style of physical exercise that is good and helpful for the human body, so long as there continues life.—Amarillo Daily News.

Burke said that "to tax and to please is as impossible as to love and be wise."

A cartoon in the Sunday Dallas News represented the war-time tax with a ferocious bull panned up, and with him was the G. O. P. congress and President Harding trying to dehorn him. On the fence was the democrats saying "Sail right in, boys, and grab him by the horns." The promise of tax revision by the republicans is fraught with many difficulties. Finding a place to get hold of, and holding to it when caught, is an extremely perilous job.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
Cigarette
Flavor is sealed in by toasting

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

When to Quit Advertising.
When the grasshopper ceases to hop
And the cows quit bawling.
When the fishes no longer flop
And the baby stops squalling
When the dinner no longer douts.
And the hoot owl quits hooting.
When the rivers cease to run
And the burglar stops his looting.
When the vine no longer twines.
And the skylark stops his larking.
When the sun no longer shines.
And the young men quit sparking.
When the heavens begin to drop.
And the old maids stop advising.
Then—it is time to shut up shop.
And quit your advertising.—Unknown.

From J. S. Hardy.
Ennis, Tex., Aug. 6, 1921.

To the Signal:
I regretted that I couldn't be with you for the picnic, but I guess you pulled off just a sbig a stunt as if I had been there. I am rejoiced to read about the timely rains and the good crop prospects in West Texas.

Looks now like there will be a call for me and Uncle Ben Davis to make good our promise to help Periman pick his cotton crop.

Weather conditions in Ellis county are far from favorable for cotton. The boll weevil is still on his job, though the excessively hot weather has served to check his ravages to some extent, but the drouth takes up were the weevil leaves off and the county farm agent estimates that not more than a third of a crop is in prospect. Corn cut short by dry weather.

Peoples here persist in knocking on West Texas, because of supposed drouthiness in face of the fact that crops and grass are flourishing there while everything here is parching up. People talk loudest about things of which they know nothing, especially where prejudice is the ruling passion.

The reunion of Parsons Texas Cavalry Brigade was held here this week and it was my pleasure to mingle with the old vets for two days.

There is considerable interest here being manifested in the legislature wrangle over the state university pay roll. The major sentiment seems to be opposed to reducing salaries of professors. Personally I believe the emergency raise made last year ought to be lopped off and the salary basis of 1919 restored.

It looks now like West Texas is to get her regulation dose of disappointment in the matter of senatorial redistricting. Sure, West Texas must fare like the proverbial step child. Let the cream go to the elect while the crumbs are doled out to us.

J. S. HARDY.

They Paid Up.
A story is told of a Texas newspaper man who wanted to publish something sensational, and after thinking over several things, decided to print the following:

"There is a certain business man in this town who is mighty bold of late, and if he does not quit kissing and making love to his stenographer we are going to publish the whole affair next week so that the public may know who he is."

When the paper came out thirteen business men came in and paid their subscriptions. Five of them paid four years in advance and he got \$165 worth of job printing from the rest. Each of them requested him not to publish the rumor in next week's paper as there was not a word of truth in it.—Ex.

Hon. M. E. Rosser was here Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Rosser said that he was hopelessly in the minority on most everything the legislature was doing. They were going wild, he said, on the subject of economy. Economy, he said, "is a thing that is very important and should be practised by us all," but the majority has a dose that is unreasonable."

R. E. Curry and family of Miles are visiting his father, A. M. Curry, and family. Elmo will visit on the Plains before returning home.

Mrs. W. R. Wilson of Kansas City, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Minor.

J. Q. Richardson has returned from New Mexico, where he has been on business and visiting.

WILL USE THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Amarillo public schools are going to have the Bible, in which is the sublimest literature in the universe, for a study the coming session. The Amarillo Daily News has the following to say:

As a radical departure in the literary work of the Amarillo public schools, the Bible is being introduced for the incoming session. This work is mentioned in the outline of study course, soon to be issued, in the following manner:

"It is generally admitted by English scholars that the Bible contains some of the choicest selections in all literature. In spite of the fact that it is a translation from a foreign language and that, too, an oriental tongue which cannot ordinarily be successfully translated, we do not feel when we are reading it that we are reading a translation, but its thoughts fit into our language with the same exact precision that they fit into all other languages and take hold of us in such a way as to make us feel that we are reading from a native author who knows our lives and just the message that we need.

"Surely selections from this wonderful Book stored away in the heart of the child will be worth as much to him in after years, to say the least, as the selections we usually confine him to in the schools. No one would doubt that there is as much educational value in the Twenty-third Psalm as there is in 'Wynken, Blynken and Nod,' and as much in the Thirteenth Chapter of Corinthians as in 'The Merry Brown Thrush,' to take some of the selections usually required to be memorized in the schools. In fact, there is no comparison between Biblical literature and much of the literature emphasized in the schools. The former is as far above the latter as God is above man, and we owe it to the child at least to introduce him to the Bible and teach him that it contains not only the sublimest of literature but, indeed, the very words of life. This is what the Amarillo Public schools, within the law, undertakes to do in the brief course outlined below.

"This work is under the supervision of the English teacher. The room teacher will read each morning in the opening exercises, from the portion of the Bible assigned to her grade and will also devote as much time as she can to having the children memorize and reproduce the memory selections for their grade. In addition to this, the language teacher will use the stories and memory selections in her language work and will see that the children know and are able to reproduce them.

"In the lower grades, before the pupil learns to read for himself, the teacher will read him stories from the Bible and help him to fix them clearly in his mind. In each grade, some of the time devoted to story telling will be devoted to the reproduction of these Bible stories. After the pupil has learned to read, he will, of course, be expected to read these stories for himself, fix them clearly in his mind so as to be able to reproduce them when called upon.

Joe Merrett and family got tired looking at the same thing around home so last week they hooked up their automobile and started for the plains, and they went most every place you could think of. Joe is quite an expert observer of crops and he came back home saying that Scurry county crops were ahead of anything he had seen on his trip. He wasn't quite satisfied with his trip so they left again Tuesday for a visit into New Mexico.

Snyder Training School, Aug. 21-26.

The Sunday School and B. Y. P. U. Training School for Snyder will be held August 21-26th. Miss Lucie Sprecker, State Junior B. Y. P. U. Secretary, will teach the Junior B. Y. P. U. Manual. Miss Vera Hunt, of El Paso, who has been in Scurry County in the Sunday School and B. Y. P. U. work since June 1st, will teach the Senior B. Y. P. U. Manual. The Sunday School Manual will also be taught Music in charge of Mrs. Jeff Davis, Snyder. Plans are made to make this school a great success.

Guy E. Paxton returned Sunday from Abilene. He reports crops in Scurry county much better than crops in Taylor county. He predicts a crop in Scurry county this year equal to 1914.

Martin Wilson and family of Sterrett, Ellis county, are here as guests of Mrs. Wilson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Curry.

C. L. Norris and family have returned from South Texas, where they have been on an outing for a month.

CURIOS RELICS OF OLD MEXICO WILL BE SHOWN AT STATE FAIR OF TEXAS DURING SEASON 1921



RECENT DISCOVERIES TEND TO SHOW THAT THE MEXICO OF PAST AGES HAD INTERCOURSE WITH ASIA (SUPPOSED CRADLE OF HUMAN RACE) AND THAT CHINESE ACTUALLY SETTLED THERE.

In the dim ages that lie behind us comes evidences constantly of races that have passed on before—types of humanity which enjoyed a civilization peculiarly their own, yet interesting to all of us to a rare degree. These remnants or excavated discoveries picture in partial fashion the progress of the human race toward the higher civilizations, touching to the quick the lively, healthy curiosity we all bear toward our common origin.

There are few areas on the two American continents richer in the relics of the past than the Republic of Mexico, and few countries have pursued the study of past civilization with a greater degree of success than Mexico and the Mexican scholars.

It is this group that are now working avidly on the constantly developing theory that Mexico has had, at one time in the ages past, intercourse with Asia, and that Chinese explorers or settlers left a distinct impression on the civilization they found there. The age in which these Chinese came is not definitely known, but indications are first found about the time of the birth of Christ. Mongolian symbols and Mongolian character are also expressed in Aztec sculpture of a date not more than one thousand years ago.

The accompanying picture clearly

shows the resemblance of Mexican discoveries to the ancient Chinese and Mongolian eras—when the Chinese was the leading civilization of the world, and the Mongol the most hardy explorer and daring warrior in all Asia. There is a startlingly distinct resemblance to Asiatic customs in the head dress, in the designs, and in the writing.

These things were found in the Toltec stratum (or depth of earth) in an exploration near the city of Mexico. The Toltecs were a hardy race, supposed to be the native people of that area.

The Aztecs, a fierce and warlike race, came to Mexico on a mysterious migration when the Toltecs were at their best, and swiftly conquered the heart of Mexico. The Toltecs were swept from existence by this wave of hardy fighters, who built a wonderful empire, and held it until Cortez and his Spaniards came and wrested it from them.

Who were these Aztecs? Perhaps the mysterious Chinese relics that were imbedded in the earth by a vanished race of Toltecs, were brought to them by Asiatic explorers, who made their way back to Asia and told of a great continent. Could these Aztecs have been a branch of the then mighty Mongolian race of North

ern Asia? Did a great tribe of them boldly launch forth on a migration of 3,000 miles by land (round through Northern Asia by the Bering Straits, and across a few miles of water to this continent) which took them perhaps a half-century? Did they follow the wild coast of the Pacific and its mountain ranges straight into the heart of Mexico, where their fierce warriors soon carved out an empire? These are curious questions indeed, and the study of the past stirs in us all a desire for more knowledge. This can easily be obtained at the great Mexican National Exhibit at the State Fair of Texas, October 8 to 23. There the government of Mexico will place before us all a wonderful study of curios that have been collected painstakingly by scholarly men. These tell an eloquent story of the past. Everyone should see them, as it is one of the rare sights of the world, and a collection that seldom leaves Mexico City itself.

The Mexican National Exhibit will be one of the features of the great State Fair of 1921. It will show the development of Mexico in an artistic and industrial way, and illustrate the great fund of raw resources that country has in store for the world's use. It is certain to be one of the principal attractions of this season's Fair, and well worth seeing in itself.

METHODIST TO BEGIN REVIVAL MEETING

A Revival Meeting will begin Saturday night Aug. 13th, at Crowder. Rev. Griffin, pastor, will do the preaching.

H. P. Wellborn reports crops good on his farm in the southwest part of the county. With the exception of being a little late crops are good, he said.

Gordon Tomlinson who has been visiting here for two weeks returned Wednesday to his home at Cisco.

THE LUBBOCK SANITARIUM

A Modern Fireproof Building Equipped for Medical and Surgical Cases—X-Ray and Pathological Laboratories

- Dr. J. T. Krueger General Surgery
 - Dr. J. T. Hutchinson Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
 - Dr. M. C. Overton General Medicine
 - Dr. O. F. Foebler General Medicine
 - Anne D. Logan, R. N. Superintendent
 - Mamie A. Davis, R. N. Asst. Supt.
 - Helen E. Griffith, R. N. Dietitian
 - C. E. Hunt, Business Mgr.
- A chartered Training School is conducted by Miss Anne D. Logan, R. N., Superintendent. Bright, healthy young women who desire to enter may address Miss Logan

BLIND TO OPPORTUNITY
No matter what chances would be offered you, without the money you could not avail yourself of the opportunity.
Why Not Be Ready?
As an aid to acquiring money, this Bank should hold first place in your mind.
THE SNYDER NATIONAL BANK

The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe
Illustrations by Irwin Myers
Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlisle Wilburton Dale, or "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—determined to make his own way in life. 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 Carlisle. Moreland's description of "Carlisle" 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.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and the fight is on. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the mining of the coal. The two clans find their weapons, which the women had hidden, and line up for battle. "Babe," in an effort to stop the fighting, crosses to the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded.

CHAPTER VI.—To get proper surgical aid, John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Dale convey "Babe," unconscious, to the city. Doctors assure them she is not seriously hurt. Dale meets an old friend, Bobby McLaurin, who had married Patricia Clavering. Telling his father of David Moreland's coal, the gentleman's actions convince his son of his father's guilt in the killing of Moreland.

CHAPTER VII.—It is arranged that "Babe" is to stay with Mrs. McLaurin to be educated. Dale, refusing his father's proffered financial aid to develop the mine, interests Newton Wheatley, capitalist, who agrees to furnish the money. Dale realizes he loves "Babe."

CHAPTER VIII.—Returning to the Halfway Switch, Dale meets Major Bradley, lawyer, and real friend of the mountaineers, whom he engages as counsel for the company. A man named Goff, of evil repute, tries to bribe Dale to betray the Morelands by selling him the coal deposits, and selling them they are of little value. Dale attempts to thrash him, but Goff draws a revolver. Dale is unarmed.

CHAPTER IX.—Goff enlists the aid of a turbulent crowd, the Balls and Torreyes, to make trouble for Dale's company. The Littlefords and Morelands agree to forget the old feud and dwell in harmony.

"What?"
"Let me ask you a question," with a mock solemnity that was ultra-ridiculous. "Please don't try to joke with me, yore pore hungry chedd. Maw, lawdest to goodness, will ye tell me the truth?"

Hopeful, she bent toward him. "Of course, honey boy, I'll tell ye the truth. What it is, darlin'?"

He whispered it: "Maw, don't deceive me. What was my maiden name?"

Granny Heck became so angry that she trembled. To her, baffled curiosity was but little better than torture.

"I wish I may drop dead right here in my tracks," she declared shrilly. "ef I git you a dashed little to eat ontel you gi' me a sensible answer: Who, I said, done it all, did you think it was killed Black Adam, the hound dawg o' purgatory?"

"Don't talk so infernal loud, monner," and By Heck smiled a pale smile. "I know who killed Black Adam. But igid, it needn't worry Bill Dale none! Git this here, nother done—whoever it was done it shone aint' n'goin' to let nary hair in Bill Dale's head suffer fo' it!"

One of old Granny Heck's bony fingers shot out toward her son like a weapon.

"It was you, By!" she sneered. "It was you killed Black Adam Ball! Now own up to me, son, and I'll take ye some cawmbread with sugs and honey-renderin' in it. Wasn't it you that done it?"

By Heck looked toward some trevy white clouds that were sailing slowly, like ships of silver and pearl in a sunny cerulean sea, over the rugged crest of the majestic Big Pine.

"The rain in the air," he drawled, "ef it don't rain, it'll rain to-night; and ef it rains to-night, it'll rain tomorrow. Yeah; the rain in the air, nother, as shore as dawm-it."

CHAPTER XII.

Jailed.

Cartersville nestles close between the points of two outlying foothills, and it is a delightfully lazy and old-fashioned town. For the most part it is made up of gabled old brick houses, which have pretty settings of green lawn, roses, honeysuckles and trees. Even in the small business district, the streets are lined with trees. They have electric lights there, and water mains, a common school and a high

of a courthouse, a jail and a theater.

It was a little after midnight when Dale and the other two men rode through the shaded streets. Dale noted that the people they met under the swinging lights spoke cordially and with marked courtesy to his companions. It was very evident that the officer and Major Bradley were in high standing in their home town.

Sheriff Tom Flowers drew in before a hitching-rack that stood in front of the courthouse, a great old wooden building with a clock in its tower.

"We'll dismount here," said he. They did. The major took the rein of Dale's horse.

"I'll see that the animal is well cared for, sir," he said to Dale. "And as soon as I have seen to our horses, I'll be with you. I wish to talk matters over with you. Suppose I bring supper for us both, eh?"

Dale thanked Bradley, and turned away with the officer. They walked a short block and entered a low, square



"No, Maw," Grinned Her Son.

building of brick and stone of which the windows were small and high and barred with iron. Dale knew that it was the Cartersville jail, and his heart sank in spite of him. Just as death by violence had been entirely new to him, so also was this entirely new to him.

Flowers took a ring of heavy keys from the hand of the jailer, and led the way down a whitewashed corridor. It was not yet bedtime, and the other prisoners were still up; some of them were reading newspapers, others were trying to mend their clothing, still others were doing nothing. A few of them called out boldly and bade the new prisoner welcome—and each of these received a gruff order from the sheriff to keep quiet. Dale paid no attention whatever to his would-be tormentors.

At an iron door at the end of the corridor, the officer halted and faced about.

"If there could be such a thing as a comfortable cell here," he said in low and kindly tones, "it's this one." He went on earnestly: "Now I want you to believe me when I tell you that it is with real regret that I put you behind a door of iron. But if I didn't do it, somebody else would do it; and it's possible that I can be a little more decent about it than another officer would be."

"I realize all that, y'know," replied Dale, "and I'm very much obliged to you, sheriff."

Flowers unlocked the door, and Bill Dale walked in. Flowers locked the door and went away.

Dale began to inspect his quarters. To all appearances, they were at least clean. There was a narrow bed covered with a pair of gray blankets, a stool and a soapbox, and nothing more. The light in the corridor behind him made snaky black lines of bar-shadows on the brick partition walls and the outer wall of stone. Dale shuddered in spite of himself. He put up one hand and turned on a small light, which dissipated the uncanny shadows—and showed him a line from Dante's "Inferno" that to him seemed very miserable; some former occupant of that cell had written it with charcoal on the whitewashed outer wall.

Then Dale sat wearily down on the narrow bed, leaned his head upon his hands, and began to think.

He had always wanted difficulties

to overcome, barriers to surmount, a work to do, a fight to fight for himself. In full measure he had found them every one. He did not doubt his ability to overcome the difficulties, surmount the barriers, do his work well and fight his fight as a good man fights, and win—if it were not for the charge of having shot and killed Black Adam Ball! It seemed to him now that that must end all that was worth while for him. For that was more than a difficulty, more than a barrier.

He firmly believed that it had been his bullet that had finished the earthly existence of the giant hillman. True, it had been an accident. But how was he to convince a jury that it had been an accident? Would the jury take his word for it? The jury would not, of course.

The mysterious third shot, that had come from a little distance—but he could not reasonably expect deliverance from that source. If only he had held down his abominable, savage temper; if only he had—

Major Bradley interrupted his unpleasant train of thought.

"No brooding there, my boy!" Dale looked up. The old attorney, as neat in appearance as though he had not even seen a saddle that day, was standing just outside the hateful door of bars. Beside him stood a whitehead negro boy with a big tray of steaming food on one hand and a pot of steaming coffee in the other.

The jailer came and unlocked the door; also he very considerably brought another stool and fresh water. The major entered the cell, and the negro followed.

An amused twinkle appeared in Dale's eyes as Bradley put the tray down on the soapbox. There was enough for five, threshing-machine hands! The black boy was sent to the front door to wait.

"I thought you'd be as hungry as I am, and I'm as hungry as poor old By Heck ever was!" laughed the major, as he sat down and began to pour the coffee. "Riding always made me as hungry as a bear in April. Light right into it, Dale. There's nothing like a good steak, for any meal, when a fellow is half starved; eh, Dale? Try that one, won't you? I told Massengale I'd cause his headachin' if these steaks weren't perfect. Massengale," he added, "runs the hotel here, the Eureka Funeral Parlor, and the One-Price Clothing Emporium."

"I wonder," smiled Bill Dale, "what he does with his spare time?" Bradley laughed, his eyes twinkling merrily. Dale found that he too was hungry, now that savory odors had invaded his nostrils. A minute later, and he had pronounced his steak delicious.

"Massengale shall not suffer by headachin'," said the major; and he began to carve his own steak.

It was an excellent meal, the grim surroundings notwithstanding. When it was over, the negro boy came and took away the dishes, and received with a gladsome grin the two silver coins that were given him. Then Bradley produced a handful of cigars, and two of them were promptly lighted.

"Now, sir," said the old lawyer, "I feel like talking. Let's see, you gave your man Hayes orders to carry the work right along as though nothing had happened, didn't you? And the sheriff is to go back the day after tomorrow to arrest two or three Balls and two or three Torreyes, to see what he can find out concerning the dynamiting of the two buildings and the trestle—today was not a good time to make the arrests. Am I correct?"

"Correct," nodded Dale. Bradley regarded his cigar thoughtfully.

"Now," he said in a low tone, suddenly lifting his gaze to the other's face, "tell me about the thing that brought you here. Don't omit even the slightest detail. Nobody can overhear you if you will hold your voice down. These walls are very thick, you see. Well, you may begin."

In carefully guarded tones, Bill Dale gave a straightforward account of the whole unfortunate occurrence. The major listened intently to every word of it, so intently that he allowed his cigar to go out. Often he stopped his client and asked him to repeat certain portions of the story in order that he might be doubly sure of a point.

As Major Bradley rose to ask the jailer to come and let him out, Dale muttered downheartedly:

"Tell me, major: what do you think of my case? It looks rather bad, doesn't it?"

"Not bad enough to warrant your feeling blue over it, my boy!" said Bradley, showing his polished white teeth in a smile that was meant to be reassuring. "I think we'll get you out of it. Anyway, don't worry about it. Worry will kill a cat, they say; you didn't kill Adam Ball, John Moreland had taught you how to shoot pretty well; and if you took even half as careful an aim as you think you did, you couldn't have missed Ball's bet by so much."

"I have an idea, Dale," he resumed, "that if we knew who fired that third shot we'd know who did for Ball. It might have been done in order to save you. Ball was tricky, I understand, as an unfair and tricky fighter. He might have been trying to trick you when he rose and fell groaning. Perhaps he meant to draw you into the open, that he might have a clean shot at you. Eh?"

Dale shook his head gloomily. "Hardly plausible, major. In that event there was nothing against the man whose bullet finished Ball, because he did it to save me; and he would have owned to it and prevented my arrest. A man who liked me well enough to kill Ball to save my life

would like me well enough to confess and save me from suffering for it. I am sure of that, major."

"Ah, my boy," smiled the older of the two, "you don't yet know the mountain heart. Jail is a terrible thing to the liberty-loving mountaineer. But love of you, and love of fair-dealing, will soon overcome the fear of jail, and you will be freed—if what I strongly suspect proves to be well founded. I'll leave you now, Dale. I'll see you in the morning, sir. Good-night!"

When his optimistic attorney had gone, Dale glanced once more at the to him miserable line from Dante's "Inferno," and began to remove his outer clothing preparatory to going to bed. He did not feel anything like so confident concerning the outcome of his trial as Major Bradley evidently felt. Then he became even more dejected, and he told himself that the major had spoken so reassuringly merely to help him keep up heart.

The night passed, and another bright summer day dawned, and in the Cartersville jail there was one prisoner who had not slept at all. Each of those long and heavy black hours had been an age to this prisoner to whom jail was so new.

At noon a furious windstorm, accompanied by mass vivid lightning and blinding rain, sprang out of the west and began to sweep the countryside and out of the lowering wet gloom there came one to deliver Bill Dale. He was a mountaineer, young and stalwart, and strong, about him there was much of that certain English fineness that was so striking in his father.

He entered the low, square building of brick and stone and stopped in the center of the corridor, where he stood, while water ran from his wet clothing and gathered in little pools at his feet, and looked to his right and to his left. Dale saw him, and cried out in surprise:

"Caleb!"

Caleb Moreland walked straight, his head up and his shoulders back, a splendid picture of virile young manhood, to the end of the corridor. He gripped two of the door's hated bars, bars that had long been worn smooth by other human hands; he pressed his smoothly shaven, sunburned face against the iron, and smiled.

"How are ye a-feelin' by this time, Bill? It's some h—l of a place, ain't it?"

Dale took a step toward him. "Well, a queen's boudoir is nicer. What are you doing here, Caleb?"

"I've come to set you free," said Caleb Moreland.

Dale stared unbelievably. "But that is impossible, Cale. How could you set me free?"

"Call Tom Flowers, and I'll sight ye."

Dale called, and the officer came immediately. Caleb Moreland turned from the cell door and faced him.

"I've come here to own up to the killin' o' Black Adam Ball," began the young hillman.

He swallowed, went a trifle pale un-

der his tan, and continued bravely: "Bill Dale thar, he never done it. I am the one 'at done it. Bill he shot at Adam, but he missed—Adam had done shot at Bill fust, y'understand, Tom. But I didn't miss. I don't never miss. I'm a plumb tombstone shot. They allus rules me out at any shootin' match. I'd ha' owned up to it yest'erd'ay, but the thought o' jail had me skeered bad. I jest can't let as good a man as Bill Dale thar suffer fo' a thing I done myself. So you let him out, Tom, and put the right man in thar."

Flowers had a good heart, and this



"I've Come Here to Own Up to the Killin' o' Black Adam Ball," Began the Young Hillman.

He touched it. But he was not very much surprised.

"Tell us about it, Caleb," he requested.

Caleb looked toward Dale, then he faced the lord of Cartersville's little prison again.

"Well, sheriff, when I seed Bill Dale go off toward the trustle by hisself and alone, I knowed right then he was in danger o' bein' haywayed by some o' them thar lowdown Balls and Cherokee Torreyes. So I decides to foller after him and gyard him, without him a-knowin' anything about it, which same I done. When he net Adam Ball—"

He broke off abruptly.

"Go on," urged Flowers.

"I reckon I won't," smiled Caleb, and his eyes were still twinkling. "I reckon I won't do no more talkin' jest now. Yes, I reckon the proper place fo' me to do my big talkin' is in the co'thouse at my trial. Lock me up

will ye Tom?"

"We'll see," said Flowers. Forthwith he dispatched a deputy for Judge Carter and Major Bradley, who hastened to the jail.

An hour later Caleb Moreland was the occupant of the cell at the end of the whitewashed corridor, and Dale was mounting his bay horse Fox to ride back into the heart of the ever-lasting hills. He arrived two hours after nightfall. The Morelands were glad to see him, and the Littlefords were glad to see him. There was rejoicing there in the broad valley that lies between David Moreland's mountain and the Big Pine. Everybody had been expecting him, and many were the pairs of eyes that had been watching for him. He found himself suddenly wishing, with a tightening at his throat, that his father could know how much bigger and how much better it was to be thus esteemed than to be wealthy.

Luke took charge of his tired horse and led it away to the old log barn and to some fifteen ears of yellow corn. Luke's father escorted him proudly, the guest of honor, in to one of Addie Moreland's incomparable old-fashioned suppers, which was none the worse for being late. Several Littlefords sat at the long, homemade table.

John Moreland turned up the light a little, and cracked a worn but timely joke; then he looked toward one of the men whom he had fought throughout many years, and muttered into his thick brown beard:

"Saul, friend, will ye do us the favor o' axin' the blessin', ef ye please?"

"Shore, John, o' course."

Saul Littleford, the very illiterate, laced his big fingers together across his plate, bent his head, and told the good Almighty that they were all very much obliged to Him for the fine supper they had before them, for Addie Moreland had cooked it, for peace, and for Bill Dale.

It was almost midnight when the visitors left. They had been sitting outside, on the honeysuckle-scented front porch and in the cabin yard. At last Bill Dale and John Moreland were left together on the porch.

"There's a thing that has puzzled me since the moment I got here this evening," said Dale. "Why is it that nobody seems to be grieving over Caleb's being in jail?"

The big hillman's answer came almost sharply: "No Moreland ever grieved over a sacrifice, Bill."

Dale sat up straight. "A sacrifice! What do you mean?"

"This time the big hillman's answer came slowly. "I mean 'at Cale he's a-takin' all o' the load off o' yore shoulders 'at he can. Cale he's a-takin' yore place in jail ontel the trial comes off, which'll be at the October term o' co'te. He trusts you to come back and set him free on the day o' the trial. O' course you'll do it; we hain't never doubted that fo' one little minute, Bill. But it wasn't all done fo' yore sake. You're the hope o' the

(Continued on page 6)



Come on along!

Fill up your makin's papers with P. A.

Greatest sport you know to pull out your makin's papers and some Prince Albert and roll up a cigarette! That's because P. A. is so delightfully good and refreshing in a cigarette—just like it is in a jimmy pipe! You never seem to get your fill—P. A.'s so joy'usly friendly and appetizing.

easily because it's crimp cut and it stays put.

It's the best bet you ever laid that you'll like Prince Albert better than any cigarette you ever rolled!

And listen! If you have a jimmy pipe hankering—by all means know what Prince Albert can do for you! It's a revelation in a pipe as well as in a cigarette! P. A. can't bite or parch. Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process.

Prince Albert will be a revelation to your taste! No other tobacco at any price is in its class! And, it rolls up

Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin holders and in the good crystal glass humidifier with sponge moisture tray.



PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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STILL IN THE MARKET AT THE SAME OLD STAND

Buying anything that you may have to sell in the poultry line. Call anywhere in the city for your chickens.

WHITE PRODUCE COMPANY

PHONE 71 Next to the Bridge R. L. TERRY, Manager

To the Trade.

About 35 per cent of all freight handled by the railroads is coal. About 70 per cent of all available coal cars are now in use and at that the mines are only operating at about half-time. The grain movement is taking all cars suitable for that purpose and this will continue indefinitely. What will the conditions be when cotton begins to move?

Railroad Rates.

With the railroads losing money each month, do you think there is even a chance of freight reduction this season? We believe that it will be most fortunate, indeed, if there is a reduction of 10 to 15 per cent by next storage period.

Mine Prices.

Miner's wages represents over 70 per cent of the cost of coal at the mine to you and the existing wage agreement runs till March 31, 1922. A majority of mines report heavy financial loss every month this year and certainly prices will be MUCH HIGHER a little later. We predict that "mine-run coal will bring a premium this winter for domestic uses."

Coal Stocks.

Never before at this time have the dealers' stocks been so low. Never has there been a season when the consumer bought so lightly. Your present stock and additional shipments that you can secure this fall and winter will be inadequate, even, at the higher prices you will gladly pay at that time.

Order Coal Now.

In order to give our consumers, who have not purchased their winter coal, an opportunity to supply their winter fuel needs, we have a car of Rockvale coal at a very reasonable price. This price, however, is subject to change at any time during the month, but all orders given now will be protected during this month. You can expect an advance in the price of coal from this time on.

So, BUY WINTER COAL NOW and keep warm this winter.
J. C. Dawson, Phone 34.

Marriage License.

William Hunter Wood and Miss Bertha Elizabeth Sanders.
Caleb Browning and Miss Eula Lavender.

Judge Horace Holley left Thursday day on a business trip to Austin.

The redistricting bill finally passed by the senate. The act will not become effective until April 1, 1924.

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,

Lucas County, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1921.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, etc.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A SNYDER MAN GIVES EVIDENCE

His Testimony Will Interest Every Snyder Reader.

The value of local evidence is indisputable. It is the kind of evidence we accept as true because we know we can prove it for ourselves. There has been plenty of such evidence in the Snyder paper lately, and this straightforward testimony has established a confidence in the minds of Snyder people that will not be easily shaken.

John Brown says: "I was troubled with uric acid. I had a frequent desire to pass the secretions which were scanty and caused a lot of pain. I felt pretty bad off until I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, which I took and I am glad to say I received wonderful relief. Doan's regulated the kidney action and made me feel better in every way." 60c, at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Junior C. E. at Presbyterian Church.

Sunday, Aug. 14, 5:30 p. m.
Subject—God in Nature.
Song—In the Garden. Prayer.
Song—He Rolled the Sea Away.
Scripture—Job 36:26-31.
Prayer.
"He Makes His Sun to Rise"—Matt. 5:43-45—Aida Andrews.
"Gives Us Snow and Rain"—Job 37:5-6—Margaret Dell Prim.
"He Rules the Wind"—Psalm 148:1-8—Doris Buchanan.
"The Tree"—Joyce Kilmer—Ben Shell.

"He Gives the Lightning His Charge"—Job 36:32—Thora Cotten.
"The Mountains Sing His Praise"—Isa. 55:12-13—Elinor German.
"He Controls the Sea"—Jer. 5:22—Grady Ferguson.
Song—"The Unclouded Day."
Memory verse contest.
Closing prayer.

FOR SALE—A Liberty Flyer bicycle with good tires in good shape, with New Departure coaster brake. Price \$10. McCall Davenport. 10p

STRAYED—From my place in East Snyder, 2 black male pigs. Liberal reward for same. Horace Holley. 9

Lenox Soap Cheap.
We have a large shipment of Lenox Soap which we are going to sell at 33 bars for \$1.00, and 16 bars for 50c. Ware & Ware. 9c

Wayne Boren has accepted a position in the grocery department of Bryant-Link Co.

Mrs. Charley Ligon is here from Eastland, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Billie Lee.

G. G. Hazle, former county attorney of Eastland county, and who at one time was a resident of Snyder, was here a few days this week looking after business matters and meeting old friends.

Rev. Zimmerman says that there is no use to get panicky about the world going to the "bow-wows," as there are lots of men even in Snyder that would die for Jesus.

The Meeting at Dunn.

Our meeting is progressing nicely. Have large congregations and the best of behavior. Have had quite a number of conversions.

The congregation pounded the pastor last night after services with groceries enough to do them for quite a while. This young pastor and his wife are greatly beloved by the people here. In fact, Dunn community has in it such families as Mr. N. H. Durham, W. H. Richardson and W. P. Clay. These are all Methodists. Then we might speak of C. R. Brown and family, John Hancock and family, J. C. Beakley and family and Mr. Ellis and family. In fact, this community measures high in citizenship. It would not do to leave out Hoyt Murphy and Mr. Johnson, the phone manager, with his fine family; Uncle Buck Taylor is aged but still in the ring. Your scribe has his home with Mr. N. H. Durham. This family has in it at present three children, a grown son whose name is Byron, and one whose name is Harrison, and a grown daughter, Ola. These children are so very nice and quiet. They constitute an admirable home.

Am to begin my protracted meeting at Crowder Saturday night and hope to have the co-operation of all the religious forces of the whole community. God is wonderfully blessing his people in all our services. Come one, come all.
J. W. Griffin.

For Benefit of Suffering Humanity.

I write this for the benefit of suffering humanity. I have had a cancer on my lower lip for four years and have been treated by the most eminent specialists of the country and received no results. I took X-Ray, Radium and Caustic treatment from the supposed experts in administering these treatments in this state at great expense and with no results. After long suffering and all the unavailing treatments I was advised by a friend to go to Dr. Peebles of Marlin, Texas, for treatment, which I did and he has cured my lip. He is honest with his patients. If he cannot cure a case he so tells the patient and will not take his money. I have been to Marlin where Dr. Peebles has lived nearly all his life and I have investigated him as a man and a specialist on cancer and skin diseases and he has the greatest reputation of any specialist I know of in his line of work.

I have arranged with Dr. Peebles to spend a while in Snyder so the afflicted in this country would have an opportunity to see him. He makes no charges for examinations, etc. No cure no pay.
He will be in Snyder Aug 22 and remain about two weeks.
E. A. BIRDWELL.

Lost.
Small red and black spotted sow pig. Finder report to Signal office. 9p

Henry Ware of Ware & Ware is on the sick list this week and has gone to the home of his parents near Fluvanna to recuperate.

W. R. Stone of Lockney was visiting Mrs. Lane and other relatives here the first of this week. On his return home he was accompanied by Mrs. D. P. Lane, Mrs. A. (Pat) Johnston and Hugh Boren, Jr., who will visit for awhile at Lockney.

Sheriff Byrd has been suffering with a sore foot and is hobbling around on crutches.

I Am Leaving Snyder permanently on Wednesday, the 17th. All those knowing themselves indebted to me will kindly call and settle before that date.
9p R. G. Davenport.

J. F. Merrell is at Dallas on business.

Raymond Reed and family are visiting Mrs. Reed's parents in Amarillo.

A few more refrigerators real cheap at Bryant-Link Co. 9c

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

WITH OUR EXCHANGES

Perhaps the legislators feel that since the people refused to raise their pay recently the professors are no longer entitled to high salaries.—Roscoe Times.

There may be something in that, people are prone to "get their hog back" and we suppose that is one way. The Legislators ought to have more pay and the professors salaries should not have been cut.

The News must be behind the times a small boy called at this office Wednesday and inquired if we carried in stock a supply of "Striped" ink. We were compelled to admit that the shop was just out.—Lynn County News.

Being out doesn't excuse you. You are supposed to have everything in stock and especially are you supposed to know everything. "Striped" ink to a boy is a reality, and is on a par with the lad that gave a definition of editor. He said an editor was a man who "cut out."

Says the Gustine Tribune: "The reason some people don't recognize Opportunity when they meet it is because it usually goes around wearing overalls and looking like Hard Work."—Clarendon News.

With every opportunity there is a corresponding responsibility and responsibility ordinarily means work. No doubt our vision is dimmed oftentimes because of a lack of, or a desire for work.

When Adam lost a rib it weakened his backbone.—Dallas News.

Smile awhile. Its fine tonic, not only for yourself, but will do your neighbors good. The fellow who goes about with his under lip dropped

down below his chin, who can never see any of the beauties of our grand old world, who can never see any good in others, who grouches at every public enterprise that is started in his town who does not enjoy the prattle of little children and the happy laughter and frivolity of the young girl, who sees so many things to laugh about, we say such a fellow ought to be in a trash pile and forever prohibited from trespassing upon the streets where he lives and people pass to and fro. What this old world needs today is sunshine, smiles and laughter. Be cheerful, cultivate optimism and feel right.—Sweetwater Reporter.

An American doctor is reported to have removed his own appendix. We

learn subsequently, from the force of habit, he sent himself in a bill and suffered a serious relapse.—Passing Show (London.)

We have an extraordinary bargain in Lenox Soap. Plenty to supply. Tell your wants. 33 bars for \$1.00. Ware & Ware. 9

FOR SALE—Second hand Ford touring car, good condition. Snyder Garage. 9

Binder twine and maize forks at Bryant-Link Co. 9c

W. J. Lay, postmaster of Dunn, was in the city Tuesday. Mr. Lay says that crops are fine at Dunn, that they have had plenty of rain all the time.

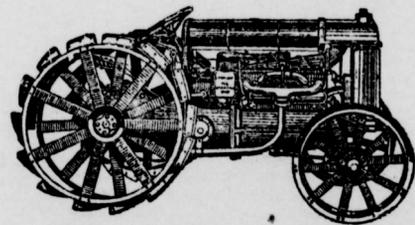
WHAT'S ON AT THE COZY

TONIGHT—
Babe Daniels in "Duck and Drake."
TOMORROW—
William Russell in "Bare Knuckles."
MONDAY AND TUESDAY—
Eugene O'Brien in "The Last Door."
WEDNESDAY—
Alma Rubens in "Thoughtless Women"
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY—
"Nomads of the North" by James Oliver Curwood.

Fordson

TRADE MARK

TRACTOR DEMONSTRATION



We want every farmer in the country to see the Fordson Tractor Demonstration August 16.

Both plowing and belt power will be demonstrated From 9 o'clock until 5

See
JOE STRAYHORN
North of Santa Fe Depot August 16, 1921

MODEL TAILORS

BASEMENT FIRST STATE BANK

Make up your mind today to spend a little more for that

Fall and Winter Suit

and get a real hand tailored suit made to your individual measure. If it doesn't pay you in the long run, we will take down our sign. You take no chances on a fit at the Model. Abe knows how.

A Full Line of Samples

METHODIST REVIVAL GREAT ONE

The revival in progress at the Methodist church is growing in interest and a wonderful revival of religion is being manifested in the hearts of men. The burning messages of the preacher is that "Men should put on the whole armor of God." The greatest sin in the world is no bigger in the sight of God than the smallest. "If you offend in the least of these you offend in all."

At the close of the Spnday morning service an offering to God was called for and \$711.00 was brought and placed in God's treasury.

A tithing church of 107 members to date has been organized and others are being added daily. The Snyder Tithing church is the fifty-first church that Bro. Zimmerman has organized in the state of Texas. There have been about fifteen conversions to date.

Bro. Hay is doing a great work among the young people and each evening there assembles a large representation of young people and under his leadership they have been made to renew their allegiance to God with a determination for active service. The song service has been a great spiritual feast.

The meeting will continue over Sunday.

We Carry in Stock

High Grade Merchandise

Mallory Hats

Breslin Silk Shirts
Notaseme Hose

Come in and see

These and Other High Grade Lines.

Baugh & Webb

East Side Square

HARVEY SHULER WILL HAVE CHARGE OF WAREHOUSE

Harvey Shuler will resign his position as Cashier First National bank about 1st of 15 of September, to take charge of the Scurry county Warehouse Association.

Mr. Shuler has recently returned from College Station where he received his certificate as a bonded cotton classifier.

Mr. Shuler is a home man having lived in Scurry county for many years and his knowledge of cotton and acquaintance of the farmers makes it very fortunate for the Warehouse Association in securing his services. He will bulk, sell and deliver the cotton for the farmers.

Minutes of Snyder School Board.

The Trustees of Snyder Independent School met in called session on the evening of Aug. 10, with A. Johnston, president presiding, other members of the board present were D. P. Strayhorn, Harvey Shuler, Hugh Boren and W. M. Curry.

Harvey Shuler and Hugh Boren were instructed to confer with A. E. Erwin and buy a car of good coal at the best price obtainable.

Motion and carried that Miss Ida Kelly be paid \$12.50 per month for collecting the school taxes, effective the first of Sept., 1921.

Motion and carried that Mr. W. J. W. Moffett be employed as janitor for the central school building and to be paid \$40.00 for the first two months, per month, \$45.00 for the month of November, \$50.00 per month for Dec. Jan. and Feb. \$45 for March and \$40 per month for the remaining school term.

Motion and carried that Mr. Alsop be elected as principal at a salary of \$1,500.

Harvey Shuler was instructed to order three cases of crayon and a gross of erasers.

Following bills were allowed: Ida Kelley, \$2. P. M. Bolin \$5. A. J. Towle \$30.80, Snyder Signal \$11.15

The school term will begin on the 5th of September, with the following constituting the faculty. Supt. J. H. Burnett, Principal Mr. Alsop, High school teachers Misses Lois Carrell, Lyda B. May, Altha Morton and one other who has not been elected as yet. Miss Mattie Lee Palmer principal of the grade school and teachers Mr. M. F. Merrell and Misses Georgia Bolin, Vera Jones, Sallie Boone, Lorene Pearce, Joe Hailey, Gladys Clark, Irene and Corine Trowbridge, Leola Gilmore and Mrs R. E. Clark.

The High School will be taught in the West Ward building and the Grade school will be taught in the Central School Building.

Meet After Fifty Years.

Grandma Daniels is here visiting her brother, Dr. W. A. Palmer. After her arrival here she learned that one of her girlhood friends lived here. Mrs. E. S. Bell and they immediately made arrangements to get together and spend a happy day talking over the long ago, which they did Wednesday. Very pleasant memories of "Ye Olden times" were renewed.

They had not seen each other for fifty years. Mrs. Bell is 76 years old and Mrs. Daniels is 78.

We have Notaseme Hose for ladies. Baugh & Webb 9c

Lenox Soap Cheap.

We have a large shipment of Lenox Soap which we are going to sell at 33 bars for \$1.00, and 16 bars for 50c. Ware & Ware. 9c

PROFIT BY WHAT HER MOTHER DID

Little Rock Woman Induced to Take Taulac Through Parent's Restoration.

"Taulac restored my mother's health so perfectly that I began taking it, too, and just two bottles have helped me wonderfully," said Mrs. Goldia Bird, 310 1/2 E. Markham St., Little Rock, Ark.

"A short time ago I seemed to have a general breakdown," she continued. "My stomach became so disordered that nothing tasted good and I just didn't want to eat a thing. I fell off in weight and became weak and rundown. My complexion was pale and sallow and my back ached so I could hardly lift my little baby. I took little or no interest in anything and was going from bad to worse."

"But I think Taulac is just wonderful to have helped me so in such a short time. I have only finished my second bottle but already I feel like a different person. I enjoy what I eat and am gaining in weight. The pains have about all gone from my back and I have been built up so I feel better and stronger in every way. I have nothing but the highest praise for Taulac."

Taulac is sold in Snyder by Grayum Drug Company.

D. P. Lane says that he is the "best looking grass widower in town."

H. W. Waterman has accepted a position with the First National Bank.

We have in stock nice line ladies silk hose. Baugh & Webb, east side square. 9c

Miss Connie Isaacs has accepted a position with the First National bank.

A. M. Curry, R. E. Curry, G. M. Wilson and Mr. Rodgers have gone to the plains prospecting.

FOR SALE—Second hand Ford touring car, good condition. Snyder Garage. 9

G. M. Wilson and family and Mr. Rodgers of Waxahachie are visiting Mrs. Wilson's father, A. M. Curry and family, this week.

Don't Forget the Demonstration

The Ford Tractor Demonstration will take place next Tuesday, Aug. 16th, up north of the Santa Fe depot. Mr. Strayhorn would like to have you present.

A. D. Holt, who has been considerably under the weather for the past few weeks was down town Saturday feeling much improved.

We have an extraordinary bargain in Lenox Soap. Plenty to supply. Tell your wants. 33 bars for \$1.00. Ware & Ware. 9

One car of Peacemaker Flour and Feed has arrived. Let us quote you prices. None better, none cheaper. Price and quality. Phone 28. 10c Farmers Mercantile Co.

J. W. Couch has sold his place in East Snyder to A. L. Stoker and has moved his family to Abilene. Mr. Couch will remain in Snyder himself most of the time.

Did you say soap? We have the bargain you have been looking for. 16 bars Lenox Soap for 50c, 33 bars for \$1.00. Ware & Ware. 9

L. S. Doak and family attended the big barbecue at Snyder Friday. Lynn County News.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Creasy of Balhager, representing the Creasy Rotary Filer Co., passed through Snyder Saturday. They said it looked like the spring of the year when they struck Scurry county, and the best road they ever saw.

One car of Peacemaker Flour and Feed has arrived. Let us quote you prices. None better, none cheaper. Price and quality. Phone 28. 10c Farmers Mercantile Co.

Philip Pryor of Pecos is here visiting friends and taking an outing.

D. F. Ware of Robinson county is here to visit T. E. Ware and family. Mr. Ware is working at Ware & Ware grocery store a few days and is considering locating in Scurry Co.

F. H. Taylor returned the first of the week from Dallas where he had been to visit his daughter, Mrs. E. D. Curry, who had undergone a serious operation. He reported her getting along very well.

Plenty Cane Bottom Chairs

We now have in our cane bottom chairs and are able to supply you with all you will want of them.

Floor Coverings

Our new Axminster rugs are here and they are very beautiful. You should make your selection now while you can choose from the big assortment we have.

We also have a nice line of odd rugs and linoleum.

New Perfection Oil Stoves

Now is the time to buy one while the weather is hot. Just turn off the fire and open the windows and doors and you can eat the midday meal in peace.

Buy Some Furniture Cheap

We have some furniture that we can sell at a very reasonable price. Buy the extra beds and other things that you will have to have to care for the cotton pickers who will come to help you gather your crop.

A Full Line of Keen Kutter Cutlery

We have lots of maize knives.

Did You Say Flower Pots?

We have them.

We Sell Aluminumware

Blackard Hardware Co.

A Sealy Mattress will help these hot nights. Buy one. Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets

SWEETWATER DISTRICT EPWORTH LEAGUE CONFERENCE

SNYDER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20

11:00 A. M. MODEL LEAGUE PROGRAM COLORADO

12:00 M. Lunch in Basement of Church

AFTERNOON

1:00 p. m.—Song and Devotional Service.

A Sweetwater Leaguer.

1:30-3:30—Discussion of Methods:

How the Best Results May Be Obtained Through the Four Departments.

1. Devotional—Roby. 2. Social Service—Big Springs. 3. Recreation and Culture—Crowder. 4. Missions—Snyder.

3:30-4:00—The League's Connectional Relations—Rev. J. H. Hicks.

4:00-4:30—Completion of District Organization.

THE CLAN CALL

(Continued from page 3)

Morelands, and you can do a heap more here 'an Caleb can."

He leaned toward Bill Dale and went on in a confidential tone:

"And I can tell ye this here, ef you're found guilty o' killin' Adam Ball, and sentenced fo' even one year, the Morelands and the Littlefords is a-goin' to take ye from the officers and turn ye loose with a good, long start on the law."

"Wouldn't that be rather—"

Dale broke off because he had seen the tall figure of a man appear in the open gateway. It was By Heck, and he spoke.

"Hello, John Moreland!"

"Hello yerself!" growled Moreland, who was not at all pleased at the interruption.

Heck advanced, carrying his rifle by its muzzle. He halted with one foot on the stone step.

"I've got news fo' ye, Bill," he said, recognizing Dale even in the darkness.

"I've been a-eavesdrappin' up at old Ball's house, and I had to choke about ten dawgs to do it. Bill, old boy, them Balls has done swore by everything on earth and in Heaven and in Torment 'at they'll kill you ef the law don't. I god, ye'd better watch out, Bill."

John Moreland rose from his chair. "Much obliged to ye, By. And good-night to ye. Let's go into the house, Bill. I didn't think them d-d peccants had that much nerve—and I don't hardly believe it yet. It might ha' been white licker a-talkin'. Their kind o' white licker ain't hawest, like By Heck's is, though his'n is had enough. Their kind'll make a man resurrect his dead enemies out o' the graveyard and shoot 'em up all over again. It ain't a-goin' to do a great deal o' harm, Bill, ef ye don't light no lamp when ye go to bed. A man can't never tell jest what's a-goin' to happen."

"And the Ball-Torrey outfit—" Dale began, when the Moreland chief cut in:

"Ef the Ball-Torrey outfit pesters you, they're every one guilty durned apt to die with what is known gen'ally in this section as the rifle-bullet disease."

CHAPTER XIII

Sentenced to Mang.

Sheriff Tom Flowers and four able deputies rode out of Cartersville very early on the following morning. They went to the Big Pine mountain country, and, by a scheme that entailed some shrewdness on the part of the chief officer, arrested two Balls and two Torreys on suspicion and took them away without trouble.

The two Balls and the two Torreys were lodged in the Cartersville jail and offered their liberty and exonerated from all blame in the dynamiting affair if they would give the names of the other guilty parties and appear against them. The mountaineers declared stoutly that they knew nothing whatever of the matter, and when pressure was applied they grew sullen and refused to talk at all.

It was plain to Flowers that they did know something about it, and he finally ordered that they be kept in a cell on a diet of bread and water until their tongues loosened. At which the Balls and Torreys swore loudly and swore that they would rot in jail first—unless their kinsmen came and shot up the town and liberated them by force!

"Do me that is proof that you four are guilty," growled the sheriff. "And if your folks want to try sterming the jail, let them. A full company of militia can be rushed here within an hour, at any time, and we'll give your folks all the fun they want."

It may be recorded that the four hillmen never confessed.

Bill Dale, closely shadowed by one lanky Samuel Heck with his inevitable, ever-ready rifle, went among the workers with a cheer that he did not feel. For Caleb Moreland was in jail, and Caleb Moreland was innocent. But

there was one sincere delight for Dale: Hayes was driving the little railroad ahead with all his might and all the might of his men. Hayes was in high favor with those under him; they worked even harder when he was absent than they worked when he was standing over them.

The days ran on, and there was no sign of a hostile demonstration from the Balls and Torreys. Judging from appearances, they were wholly satisfied with Caleb Moreland's being in jail.

Henderson Goff had disappeared. Dale hoped that he was rid of the man for all time, but he wasn't. Goff was not so confident as was Major Bradley that he could establish his innocence in the matter of the dynamiting of the two buildings and the trestle. He wished very much to steer clear of arrest, for reasons of his own, and he was biding his time in a little town in western North Carolina. When the dynamiting affair had blown over, he would go back and try again, perhaps by an altogether new scheme, to get himself into possession of the Moreland coal.

Then there came to the neighborhood a man whom no Moreland, and none of the Littlefords, had ever set eyes upon before. He was a very uncouth mountain man, with long black hair and shaggy beard; his clothing was outlandish and ragged. He had not much to say; there was about him, somehow, an air of mystery.

Two days after his arrival, in the afternoon, the stranger met Dale midway between the Halfway switch and the opening of the coal vein, and stopped him with an unpraised hand.

"Do you know good coal when ye see it?" he drawled.

"Why?" asked Dale, on his guard. The stranger looked sharply in all directions, as though he wished to make sure that no person was within earshot of them. Evidently satisfied, he drew from a trousers pocket a shining black lump of coal, which he held out for Dale's inspection.

"What do ye think o' this here?" he wanted to know.

Dale took the lump and examined it closely. It was apparently as good as the Moreland coal, which had sent the expert Hayes into raptures. Dale



"What Do Ye Think o' This Here?" He Wanted to Know.

then looked closely at the stranger. He appeared to be honest; his gaze was steady, and seemed very innocent.

"Where did you get this?" Dale asked.

The alert eyes narrowed. "Do ye think this here vein you're a-fixin' to mine is the only vein in the whole country?"

"Where did you get this?" Dale repeated.

"Do ye think," drawled the other,

"at I'm plumb foot enough to give my find away fo' nothin'? I been pore all o' my life, mister!"

"How am I to know," frowned Dale, "that you've really got a find?"

"Ye'd believe yore own two eyes, wouldn't ye?"

"Yes," Dale agreed, "I'd believe my own two eyes, of course. What's your name, and where are you from?"

"What do I git osten it? I don't own the mountain it's in, but it shore can be bought fo' fifteen cents a acre. And nobody knows about it but jest me. It lays closer to the railroad 'an this here Moreland vein, too. What do I git outen it, mister?"

The mountaineer seemed more honest than ever, but Dale was still on his guard. He asked again:

"What's your name, and where are you from?"

This time the answer came readily: "My name it's Walt Turner, and I'm from Turner's Laurel, Madison county, state o' Nawth Carolina. But my find it ain't nowhere close to home. 'Tain't no more'n about two hours' walkin' from right here, mister. Ef you'd jest up and go along w' me, I'd show it to ye."

Dale considered. There might be a considerable vein of this new coal. Even if he was sent to the state penitentiary for a term of years, Hayes was entirely capable of carrying on the mining operations.

"I'd like to take my mining man, Hayes—"

"No!" quickly objected Walt Turner. "I don't want nobody else to know what it's at but jest you and me. That away, ye see, ef I'm treated crooked I'll know edactly who done it—and I'll shore git you! But I heard tell 'at you was powerful square, mister."

"Could I get back here before night-fall?"

Turner's eyes lighted. "Shore!"

"Then lead the way," ordered Dale.

Walt Turner from Turner's Laurel, Madison county, state of North Carolina, crossed the little creek on stones and went straight to the northeast, missing the Ball settlement by a good mile, and hard on his heels followed the Moreland Coal company's stalwart general manager.

The way was exceedingly rough. The two men climbed rugged cliffs, threaded dense thickets of great laurel, mountain laurel, sheep laurel, and huckleberry bushes. They were one hour in a stretch of woods where the hemlocks, poplars and hickories stood so thickly that the interlacing branches overhead shut out completely the light of the sun and half the light of day.

Fearing a panther, or a wildcat, Dale kept his revolver loosened and ready in his holster. Walt Turner armed himself with a long staff—for snakes, he said; and then he proved it by killing a rattler that had eight rattles to its tail.

But they traveled rapidly, notwithstanding the fact that the going was difficult; and two hours after the beginning of the little journey Dale saw before him a small and almost circular, level-bottomed basin walled in by low cliffs. A small creek ran through this basin and made two easy ways of entrance. In the hollow they saw clumps of laurel and huckleberry bushes, and wild grasses knee-high; toward the center stood a solitary big and gnarled black walnut tree.

They entered at the point at which the creek ran in, and went to the walnut tree. There Turner halted and faced Bill Dale with a peculiar glint in his eyes. Dale was looking at the rugged walls of stone, and at the thick green forest that rose above them; he was marveling, as only a true lover of beauty can marvel, at the wonderful grandeur of it all.

Walt Turner, of Turner's Laurel, opened his slit of a mouth and spoke, "Here's the kiddy!"

Dale was brought out of his enjoyment most rudely. From behind clumps of laurel and huckleberry bushes, from the tall grasses, from everywhere—it seemed from nowhere—there sprang dozens of Balls and

Torreys with rifles in their hands! Bill Dale had walked, as gently as a kitten, straight into a trap.

His right hand moved toward the butt of his revolver, then dropped at his side. It was foolish, worse than useless, to show fight; dozens of rifles were staring at him with their

frowning, murderous eyes, and their bullets would riddle him if he showed fight. He glanced toward Walt Turner, kinsman of the Balls.

Turner was laughing openly. "Pore little kiddy!"

"If ever I have the chance," muttered Bill Dale, "I'll thrash you for this cute little joke of yours."

"You won't never have the chance," laughed Walt Turner.

The Balls and the Torreys began to close in on all sides, and a solid ring of dark and for the most part bearded, wickedly triumphant faces formed itself around Dale. Adam Ball's father, the acknowledged leader of that band of cutthroats that was now the Ball-Torrey faction, glared at Dale with black eyes that were filled with the fire of intense hatred; then he seized Dale's revolver and thrust it inside the waist-band of his worn jeans trousers. Dale felt the grip of rough hands on his shoulders and arms. He fully realized his great danger; but he strove to keep all signs of fear out of his countenance, and he was not unsuccessful.

"I presume this is what you call taking the law into your own hands, isn't it?" he said with a smile that was forced.

"Edzactly!" snapped old Ball. "We ketched ye fo' the law, and we held ye fo' the law, and we turned ye over to the law; and 'en, by gonnies, the law turned ye loose the very next day! And 'en the sheriff he comes out here and arrests four o' us! Ef the law won't try ye and punish ye fo' a-shootin' my son Adam in cold blood, by gonnies, we'll try ye and punish ye fo' a-doin' it. But ye needn't be skeered none at all. Ye're plumb shore to git justice. I'll promise ye justice."

"You've evidently overlooked the fact that another man confessed to the killing, and that that was why they liberated me," said Dale.

"It's some cussed frame-up," snarled the leader of the gang. "No man on earth don't like no other man well enough fo' that. Asides, you're the one 'at killed my son Adam, by gonnies, and you're the one 'at must suffer fo' it. Right here under this hery walnut tree we're a-goin' to hold co't and have yore trial, by judge and jury and you'll shore git what's a-comin'—"

Bill Dale cut in with some bitter ness: "And you'll be the judge, and your plans have already been laid, and I'm to be hanged by the neck until dead; eh? Well, you'll pay dearly fo' it. I promise you. We always have to pay for what we get, you know. The Morelands and the Littlefords will be quick to settle the account. You know that."

"No," old Ball disagreed hotly, "I don't know that!"

He turned to the others.

"Set down, boys. It's the same price as standin'. The jury will please set over thar," pointing to his right. "The prisoner and his gwards will please set right over thar," pointing to his left.

"The honorable judge, which same is me, will please set right thar," indicating a spot at the base of the gnarled walnut.

"The rest," he finished, "will set anything they d-n please. Set down, men."

His orders were obeyed. Dale found himself sitting on the ground between two pairs of mountaineers and facing a line of twelve mountaineers—the so-

called jury. To his left was the self-appointed judge, and to his right lounged a score or more of men whose attention was then being turned toward a jug of fiery new whisky that had never been near to a revenue stamp or anything else that was honest. The jug traveled rapidly from one hairy mouth to another.

Old Ball passed the jug to a member of the "jury," and announced:

"Well, dammit, co't's open now."

"Kitty, kitty, kitty!" taunted Walt Turner. "Pore little kiddy!"

The mockery began. It was ridiculous, and yet it was grim. Adam Ball's father himself furnished most of the evidence; also he acted as prosecuting attorney. Of course there was no counsel for the defense, and it wouldn't have helped if Dale had had a proverbial Philadelphia lawyer on the grounds; all the proof and eloquence and pleading in the world never would have changed, in the slightest degree, the sentence that had been cut and dried for Bill Dale. The mock trial was being held solely because the Balls and Torreys felt that by holding it they were insulting the majesty of the law and making their vengeance sweeter. It became worse than a travesty.

Night fell during the wordy and profane harangue of the Ball leader, and it was ordered that a fire be built at once. At once a fire was built, dry brushwood being used, and in its red and flickering glare the faces of the hillmen looked doubly dark and doubly wicked. Then the judge begged a chew of tobacco and deliberately kept the whole twist, and told the jury to go out and bring back a verdict without losing time.

The twelve mountaineers rose unsteadily and went to the creek, and there one of them uncovered another jug of fiery new whisky that was alien to a revenue stamp. They drank heavily and returned to the walnut tree court without mentioning the trial.

The foreman was a Torrey, and a particularly bad one. His swarthy face, with its high Cherokee cheek-

bones and its thin-lipped mouth, was ultra-cruel, ultra-vicious. He entered the circle of red and flickering freight slowly, smiling evilly, and the other eleven crowded up close behind him. He cleared his throat, spat between two fingers at the fire, and turned to the judge.

"Gentlemen o' the jury," growled the ruling Ball, "have ye reached a verdict?"

"We have, yore honor," very promptly answered the Torrey who was foreman. "And we ha' found the pris'n'r guilty o' the wust kind o' coldblooded, premeditated mudder in the fust degree, yore honor."

(Continued next week)

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Be ware! 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.

WE SELL SERVICE

WE ARE NOT SIMPLY DEALERS

Those who are acquaint'ed with the service of this Drug Store and who have been customers here for sometime are going to continue their patronage with us. We say that because we believe the more you are acquainted with the service of this store the more you will be pleased.

STINSON DRUG CO. Phone 33

THE "OLD RELIABLE" THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

White Haired Alabama Lady Says She Has Seen Medicines Come and Go But The "Old Reliable" Thedford's Black-Draught Came and Stayed.

Dutton, Ala.—In recommending Thedford's Black-Draught to her friends and neighbors here, Mrs. T. F. Parks, a well-known Jackson County lady, said: "I am getting up in years; my head is pretty white. I have seen medicines and remedies come and go but the old reliable came and stayed. I am talking of Black-Draught, a liver medicine we have used for years—one that can be depended upon and one that will do the work."

"Black-Draught will relieve indigestion and constipation if taken right, and I know for I tried it. It is the best thing I have ever found for the full, uncomfortable

feeling after meals. Sour stomach and sick headache can be relieved by taking Black-Draught. It aids digestion, also assists the liver in throwing off impurities. I am glad to recommend Black-Draught, and do, to my friends and neighbors."

Thedford's Black-Draught is a standard household remedy with a record of over seventy years of successful use. Every one occasionally needs something to help cleanse the system of impurities. Try Black-Draught. Insist upon Thedford's, the genuine.

At all druggists. U. 70



Bill Dale Had Walked, as Gently as a Kitten, Straight into a Trap.

Torreys with rifles in their hands! Bill Dale had walked, as gently as a kitten, straight into a trap.

His right hand moved toward the butt of his revolver, then dropped at his side. It was foolish, worse than useless, to show fight; dozens of rifles were staring at him with their

In which we double-cross a master mind



TALK ABOUT dime novels. THEY SENT Jim down. TO TEXAS to investigate. SOME OIL wells there. WHICH THEY might buy. IF JIM said O.K. AND HE was to report. BY WIRE in secret code. NOW—ENTER the villain. A SLIPPERY crook. GOT WIND of it. AND TRAILED Jim down. COPIED OFF his code. AND BRIBED a boob. IN THE telegraph branch. SO THE crook could get. THE EARLIEST word. AND CORNER stock. AND WORK a hold-up. IT LOOKED like easy con. BUT JIM got wise.

AND THREW away his code. AND WHEN he sent. THE FINAL dope. HE FOILED the villain. THE MESSAGE just said. "CHESTERFIELD." AND HIS directors knew. THAT ALL was well. WITH THOSE oil wells. FOR OIL men know. THAT "CHESTERFIELD" means. "THEY SATISFY."

YOU'LL know you've "struck it rich" when you discover Chesterfields. You'll say "they satisfy." A wonderful blend—the pick of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—put together in the Chesterfield way—that's why "they satisfy." And the Chesterfield blend can not be copied!

Did you know about the Chesterfield package of 10?



Col. Wilmeth Writes of Things Seen in California

(Continued from last week.)

All farms are nearly alike. The law allows no stock loose and therefore there are few fences. The orchards grow close to the roadside and are, as a rule, irrigated by some means. The favorite method in this section is by pump, using either gas engines or electricity. The Edison Electric company covers every portion of southern California where there is much pumping to do, therefore homes all through this desert have electric lights. The electric light and power is generated by waterfall in mountains north and east, and is conveyed hundreds of miles into all the south half of the state. Los Angeles also has a great electric plant that harnesses the rush of waters through its great aqueducts and turns it into electricity and sells it and thereby makes water cheaper and gives power and light in competition with the great Edison corporation.

Of all the great things in California, I think the aqueduct overshadows all. It gathers the water off 300 miles of forested watershed 350 miles north of Los Angeles and as it comes down through a tortuous course through mountains, across

a desert (the north end of Death Valley) many times through tunnels in the mountains and in deep, wonderful siphons under the rivers, it emerges here as it forces and gives its life-giving energies and fluid to the great maw of the desert, and turns all southern California into a Garden of Eden. It is wonderful in its power, its entrancing beauty, its silent force and its life-giving force as it spends itself into mother earth, to spring again and again into flower and fruit. For, mind you, they use it over and over. Again, because one man buys from the city and lavishly pours it on his decomposed granite, called soil, and the soil is so open that it rushes down in root and rock and the man below there pumped it up and pours it back to root and rock till finally it reaches the sea, but the major portion is used up in fruit and flower.

I have wandered over much of southern California and if you can see it through my eyes, Mr. Editor, and wish to, I will try to describe the general things that concern life of the common herd, but, mind you, it is impossible to convey to others the scenes of beauty and desolation that are so close always that reminds

one of the shortness of the step from sublime to ridiculous, from God to man. The Californian boasts that it is "man-made," forgetting that God gave him the "climate," which is the sum total of southern California. The climate is based, not on its latitude, but by the formation of the mountains and desert. For, mind you, they are so placed that it only rains in the winter, and this condition is caused by the position of the mountains to the ocean.

In my former letter I told you of the desert we passed through, and that this desert was a great plateau or table land of the mountains. When you reach the west edge of the plateau, the mountains are thrown, as it were, in ridges that run in a northwest course to the sea and are from 20 to 50 miles apart, winds follow the line of least resistance, of course, and blow up these wide canyons. The winds during the warm months blow up these, carrying the fogs of the sea but at the edge of the plateaus meet the hot winds of the desert and the vapor or fog is drunk up. No clouds form, no rains fall. In the winter the same conditions exist, but the cold increases till it overcomes the heat of the desert, and cold winds meeting the vapor from the sea, congeals the same into rain and it falls in soft, slow rain without thunder or lightning over the lower coast country, and they have southern California.

The rain falling on this decomposed granite, which is but fine gravel, is drunk up and is stored, and thereby gives a great ocean to pump from during the summer. So you see God made it, but they applied what He gave and are entitled to much praise. If one-hundredth of work was put on our conditions in the Colorado valley it could be made more beautiful and more productive. Our land has fertility; their's as a rule is merely a lazy men's reservoir. The country has certain districts where certain things grow best, and so coming down from San Bernardino where we encountered the first large city, we were impressed very much at the lack of the necessary things to live on. The most beautiful orchards of oranges, lemons, walnuts, peaches, apricots and plums, but very few gardens. If a man has oranges, he has nothing else; if walnuts, nothing else, and so on. Of course, this is because he can put all his oranges on that one crop for 30 or 40 days and have nothing to do but sit around for months.

To me, it makes farm life precarious, in that if he misses a crop he is all in for that year. He is just like a Texas man who does not diversify. Speaking of these orchards, walnuts are all planted 50 feet apart and when they get up 5 or 6 years old, nothing else is allowed to grow on the land. It is plowed beneath the trees and then worked with a fine spring-toothed harrow till the soil is as fine as doodle dust. Oranges and lemons, as a rule, are about 20 feet except in some valleys, which are rich apart and are cultivated to walnuts, in soil, oranges and lemons require fertilizing, as do peaches and plums in some places.

Orange, lemon and walnut orchard run from \$2,000 to \$6,000 per acre; vineyards from \$500 to \$5,000 per acre; peaches, plums, apricots, apples and pears run from \$500 to \$3,000; olive orchards, \$500 to \$5,000.

There is very little land, mountain or otherwise, in southern California under \$50.00, and no land in 20 miles of Los Angeles can be bought for less than \$1,000 per acre; some coun-

ties you cannot buy for less than \$1,000 per acre, for instance, Orange county.

The fruit belts are made by the position of the mountains to the sea. As the winds blow here just like they do in Texas and control the frost. If the wind gets still at times in the winter, it frosts, and in the early spring very often catches the fruit. So they study the currents and place certain fruits in certain places to meet the varying flow of the wind. But where they have extra good land many plant the fruit they desire and then depend on smudging. Some fruit farms will look like an oil field by the big oil tanks they have to store crude oil for this work.

In San Fernando Valley we saw the largest olive farm in the world. Up in San Bernardino we saw the largest winery in the world. It used to produce the Virginia Dare wine; it now makes grape juice. These wine growers were awfully mad when prohibition was adopted, but inasmuch as the grape juice demand and the raisin demand have trebled, they are now content to let it stand.

The walnut almost overshadows the citrus fruits, and I cannot say for the life of me which is prettiest, oranges or walnuts. The farmers have all their fruit under different selling associations, one for each fruit, because the citrus men want the best price for their products, and the walnut, peach and apricot men most for theirs. If it were not for co-operation of the associations in selling, the farmers would fall.

Farming outside of fruits is small comparatively with Texas. The greatest commercial crop in any one thing is lima beans. They have to have certain localities to grow in, the soil must be good and they must be near the coast, as they thrive best where the fog from the ocean hangs lowest. They are most grown in Ventura county, north of Los Angeles 70 miles.

The other farming is mostly wheat, oats and barley; very little corn and less maize. This year wheat, oats and barley have nearly been a failure, for they have had a drought over all the country south of Ventura. You cannot imagine how little was produced. It was so short it does not make hay hardly, and many places are being pastured at \$1.00 per acre, not enough to pay for the seed, or one per cent of the taxes, and therefore the grain growers are hard hit. Thousands are bankrupt, yet they hold their ranches tenaciously, and prices instead of slumping from 1919 are inflated. It seems to me to be the hardest place for a poor man in the world; luxury on every hand, but priced so high that an outsider cannot think of looking in.

We visited many factories, canneries, etc., and studied the fruit growers' chance with others. Fruit sells by the ton. The canneries, or hydrating plants, buy by the grade and judge the grade by size. The way they ascertain the size is to pour the fruit into a sieve, the mesh of which is the size of the grade. All the undersized fruit is either profit to the cannery or is sold much below the standard price.

There are two systems of drying fruit: one by the sun and another by heated air. In the sun method they place the fruit in long trays and lay it out on a grassy lawn. In the hydrated method it is placed in similar trays which are then placed in racks about ten deep, and then rolled into a highly heated room wherein it takes 14 hours to make raisins, 8 to 12 hours to make dried peaches, apricots and apples. The paring of fruit is by box, not by the hour or day, and the hands make from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per day. A great many of the employes are Mexicans or Indians. Packers are of a different class, the majority being American.

At one of the great Sunkist factories I saw a long row of women, running from 18 to 47 it looked like, and they looked like a bunch of un-kist lemons.

Right here allow me to tell you that there is something here that preys upon the mind some way of the southern Californian. There is not as much laughter here as on the deserts of the east or the farms of Texas. I do not know why the solemn visage and the lack of smiles unless it is the fog that pervades the coast every morning. It seems just like suicide fogs of the east and I presume it gets every one so blue they cannot clear their faces through the day. It stamped itself so markedly that one looks in a thousand faces for one beautiful and cheerful. To me, it grinds till it hurts, and I think it is caused by the eternal struggle for existence, for nearly every house sends one into the maelstrom called business, and they wear threadbare. Girls have old faces before their teens. It may be satiety of the beautiful, like a mirror one reflects, a hundred mirrors a jumble of everything. Too much of any-

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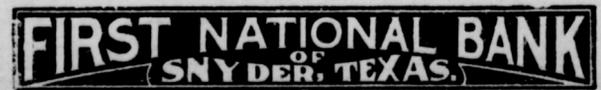
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thing lowers its worth and the excess of sun and beauty has dried their cheerfulness and dimmed their glory.

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S. S. and B. Y. P. U. Associational Organization Aug 28.

Following the Snyder Training school on Sunday Aug. 28, the Sunday school of Scurry county will be organized into a Sunday school association, and the B. Y. P. U. s will also be organized into an Association at B. Y. P. U. The meeting will be held at the Snyder Baptist Church, 2:30 p. m., Aug. 28th. Members from all B. Y. P. U. s and Baptist Sunday schools in the county are expected to be present.

The program is as follows:
Music led by Mrs. Jeff Davis, Snyder.

Devotional, Mr. Warren C. Fargason, Hermleigh.

"The Associational B. Y. P. U. and Sunday School: What Is It?" Miss Vera Hunt.

Organization of Associational B. Y. P. U. and Sunday school.

Special Music.

What the Study Course did for our B. Y. P. U., Mrs. G. Eiland, Ira. Echoes from Christoval.

The value of grading to my Sunday school, Mr. J. B. Adams, Union. Glimpse of Educational Work in Scurry County—Rev. J. W. Humphries, associational missionary. Dismissal.

Dermott News.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Scrivner and family from Burkburnett are visiting relatives near Dermott.

Mrs. Dollie Solomon and three daughters are visiting relatives at Cuthbert this week.

Mr. Elva Scrivner of Cap Rock, N. M., is visiting his parents at this place.

A singing last Sunday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Edmonson, was a large crowd attended and was greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. Fish and little son of Snyder, spent the week end with Mrs. C. B. Alexander.

Mrs. Vergie Scrivner from Amarillo is visiting relatives at this place.

Mary Rhea of Dermott spent Friday and Saturday with her friend Miss Emma Cargile at Polar, Texas.

Miss Velma Slight of Snyder spent the week end with Mrs. Neva Greenfield.

Had a splendid Sunday school talk Sunday evening by Uncle Charlie Dodson and others, who came with him. Good singing also. We would be glad to have them come to visit us again.

Bro. Ross will preach at Bookout next Sunday at eleven; everybody invited to come.

Mrs. Mollie Scrivner of Goldthwaite spent the weekend with Mrs. Jim Russell of Dermott.

Mr. Hermon West is very ill this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Brown and family and Mary Rhea took supper Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander.

Miss Bonnie Sanders of Post City spent Saturday with her parents.

Miss Vernett and Annie Sanders, and Messrs. Sam and Willie Sanders

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BLACK-DRAUGHT

Purely Vegetable **Liver Medicine**

spent Friday and Saturday with relatives at Polar.

Miss Una and Aften Smith and Mr. Floy Smith, spent last week with relatives at Colorado.

—Little Sunshine.

A Trip to Bookout.

Last Sunday morning after Sunday school was over, Uncle Charlie Dodson, Prof. Frank Haley, R. M. McGinnis, Isaiah Walton and A. P. Morris mounted a Buick and went straight up the highway and landed at Bookout school house at about 11:45 a. m. A nice shower had fallen that morning in that community and it looked for a while as if it had bluffed the folks from coming out, as there were only about half dozen present when we arrived, but the clouds cleared away and pretty soon the house was filled with a fine looking bunch of people, and they were there with the goods too, tried chicken, pies, cakes, most anything that was good to eat, they had it. Well you ought to have seen those Snyder guys, as usual, always hungry, and rearing to get to the table, but those clever Bookoutites would not stand for any rush, so they told us if we got any chicken there we would have to come across with a few quartettes. Well you ought to have seen those boys sing.

I have known of the tramp getting on the wood pile and earning his breakfast, but these boys had the tramp beat more ways than a farmer could whip a mule. After a few songs a delightful dinner was spread. Dinner over, the house was called to order and Prof. Haley, McGinnis, Walton and Morris took it turn about leading some songs. During the afternoon program, Bro. McGinnis and Bro. Chas. Dodson gave us some good talks on Sunday school work.

Then the hour for Bookout Sunday school to be called was reached and we expressed our thanks as best we could for the chicken, etc., and said good bye and returned to Snyder, safe and sound.

The surrounding communities had better watch those said Snyder boys for they are watching for just such a chance as that again.

—One of the Party.

We are always looking for a bargain for our customers and have now one of the biggest we have been able to find. Lenox Soap 33 bars for \$1.09, 16 bars for 50c. Ware & Ware. 9

A pretty girl baby arrived at the home of Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Walton Wednesday.—Gail Gazette.

FOR SALE—Second hand Ford touring car, good condition. Snyder Garage. 9

One car of Peacemaker Flour and Feed has arrived. Let us quote you prices. None better, none cheaper. Price and quality. Phone 28. 10c Farmers Mercantile Co.

Binder twine and maize knives at Bryant-Link Co. 9c

Hermleigh B. Y. P. U. Program.

For August 14, 1921.
Subject—Bible Study Meeting—Psalm 103.
Leader—Miss Ina Callis.
Concert Scripture Reading—Psalm 103.
Introduction—Miss Ina Callis.
Remembering God's Benefits—Miss Alma Etheredge.
God's Blessings on the Godly Man—Miss Vertna Hudson.
Blessings of a Saved Soul—Mr. Chas. Adams.
Blessings of a Satisfied Soul—Miss Vertna Lauder.
God's Blessings on the Universe—Mr. Warren Fargason.
Conclusion—Remarks by the president, and benediction.
"Bless the Lord, O my soul."—Psalm 103, studied in the B. Y. P. U. Sunday evening, August 14, 7 p. m. COME THOU WITH US.
Reporter.

Bro. Wright Holds Meeting at Ira.
Bro. C. G. Wright, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Snyder, returned the first of the week from Ira where he had been holding revival services during the past week. Bro. Wright reports a good meeting.

B. B. Beard and family of Muskogee, Okla., are here visiting the former's sister, Mrs. J. R. Burdett, and family. Mr. Beard has not seen his sister in twenty years.

Dr. R. G. Davenport has sold his place in West Snyder to A. C. Alexander. Dr. Davenport and family will probably locate at Denver, Col.

Grandma Boren, Miss Ruth Boren and Mrs. Tilley left the first of the week for their home at Ennis. Grandma Boren had been quite ill since returning from her Plains trip, but had rapidly recovered. They were visiting their sons and brothers, respectively, Hugh and Ike Boren, and their families.

A local news item in last week's Signal said that "Mrs. W. R. Wilson and daughter of Kansas City will arrive Friday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wren and other relatives," which should have read "Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Minor."

One car of Peacemaker Flour and Feed has arrived. Let us quote you prices. None better, none cheaper. Price and quality. Phone 28. 10c Farmers Mercantile Co.

A number of Borden county people attended the big barbecue and race meet at Snyder Friday and Saturday of last week, and report it a very enjoyable affair. Lots to eat and amusements to please everyone.—Gail Gazette.

OUR TRIP

By W. T. Thompson.

On July 7 we, Mell, Elvin and myself, started to California in a Ford car. We left Snyder at 4 o'clock p. m., and camped within eleven miles of Tahoka. Friday we went to my brother-in-law, Jim Bowen's, home at Plains. While there we enjoyed fishing, hunting and bathing. We resumed our journey across the plains after a day or so. It was a pretty sight to see the big herds of white-faced cattle roaming over the green pastures, but after we left Tahoka the country began to look real dry, but this was quickly passed, and we came to the Bottomless Lakes and Lowers Lanes. As we drove down these cool, shady lanes of cottonwood and weeping willow, we could look on either side of us and see the large apple orchards with their fruit just beginning to ripen. Sunday night we camped on the Hondo river.

As we passed through this country we could see herds of two or three thousand goats as they grazed over the hills. The houses here were made of mud bricks and had flat roofs. After we left Captain, N. M., we saw the trees loaded with mistletoe. We traveled until we came to the mountains. They looked only a short ways off, but many times they would be fifteen miles away. We got to see one mountain that was 14,000 feet high above sea level, and was snow-capped.

On Thursday we passed through the petrified forest. In this forest the logs are about 100 feet long and six to eight feet through. This forest is the remains of the Norfolk Island pines. When these trees grew it is supposed that there was an abundance of rainfall, and now that various chemicals have changed the wood into stone. We saw two bridges and a house made of this petrified wood.

We went to see the "Bad Lands." They sure were a sight. We went from there to Holbrooks, an Indian city. We got to see an Indian fight, but one of the Indian women came out of a house with a six-shooter, and the sheriff also had arrived, so we decided we had better be traveling. We drove several miles from there and topped at a Mexican's farm where eggs and milk were advertised for sale. Here we had to pay 60c a gallon for buttermilk and 50 cents a dozen for eggs.

We spent Thursday night in a pine grove near Flagstaff. From there we could see the Sunset Mountains. There is an extinct volcano only a few miles east of the San Francisco peaks. No matter at what hour it is seen, nor what weather, it appears to be flooded in sunshine. At the foot of these mountains are huge caves and their walls are solid ice the year around. We saw the old creek canyon. It is rugged and precipitous, but the bottom is beautifully clothed with green trees, grasses and flowers. We had to outrun a rain for thirty miles and got to see a cloudburst.

We passed through Kingman, Arizona, and passed through the gold mining district at Oatsman. When we arrived at Topock the thermometer was 110 in the shade. We saw the tall needle peaks only a few miles from here. The grass and trees grow only around the oasis. The bear grass grows from twelve to fifteen feet high. We passed through the desert at night.

When we crossed the Colorado river we left Arizona and went into California. After we left the desert we went into the Lone Pine Canyon and we could look several hundred feet below us and the railroad looked about like a pencil mark. At San Bernardino we saw the beautiful flowers growing everywhere, and the houses were almost covered with the close-clinging vines. The big orange orchards were loaded with golden fruit.

At Long Beach we enjoyed a ride on a steamer and a swim in the ocean. I have enjoyed a swim in three important places: The Gulf of Mexico, the Pacific Ocean and Martin's tank. Late in the evening we started for Fresno, Cal. The only trouble we had here was to keep our car from running too fast. The roads were of asphalt. The roads sure were steep and rough between Fresno and Big Creek, and the canyons were about two or three thousand feet deep. We saw the tall pines which were about 150 feet high and several feet through. These trees were hanging with deep green moss. The ice cold springs were fine to drink out of. The long fumes were also a sight.

When we arrived at Big Creek we discovered that my son was out on a pack drive and we couldn't follow him up into the mountains. The misinterpretation over the telephone was the cause of our disappointment. We certainly enjoyed our trip, al-

though it rained on us a few days. We arrived at home on Saturday evening and got to enjoy some of the Snyder picnic.

Birth Record.

Lindsey R. Shoemaker and wife, August 9, a girl.
H. Pitts and wife, August 6, a boy.
George Robert Wren and wife, August 8, a girl.
J. B. Weaver and wife, July 15, a girl.
David K. Cox and wife, July 30, a boy.
J. R. Daniels and wife, July 23, a girl.
R. A. Currant and wife, August 2, a boy.
Ascencion Vasquez and wife, Aug. 6, a girl.

T. E. L. Class Meets.

Mesdames Henry Brice, Charles Glenn and R. M. McGinnis were hostesses to the T. E. L. class Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Henry Brice. Reports of different committees for past month showed that excellent work had been done. We were then favored with some good readings and music, after which dainty refreshments of sherbet and cake were served. Reporter.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

WANTED—Clean syrup buckets, with bails and lids. See Horace Jones, next to Maxwell Hotel. 9p

WATERMELONS ON ICE—Get your watermelon ice cold at the Bottling Works. 9p

WANTED—One or two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Call 292. 10c

FOR SALE CHEAP—Good sewing machine, also bicycle. Phone 207. 10c

FOR SALE—Second hand Ford touring car, good condition. Snyder Garage. 9

PASTURE FOR LEASE—Three thousand acre ranch, 300 acres in cultivation, good house, well watered, 80 miles from Snyder. See Dr. R. G. Davenport. 10p

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. 10p

FOR SALE—House and lot at Hermleigh, also good farm. See E. N. Cummings, Hermleigh, Texas. 11p

FOR SALE—My place on north Claiborne Street, first house north and west of church. Apply to J. A. Miller. 9tc

WANTED—by an experienced grocery or dry goods man, a position with some reliable firm. J. L. Dietz, Forney, Texas. 12c

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Coats, Coat Suits, Dresses and Blouses.

We are proud to present to you the new Fall Styles, feeling sure that they will meet with your approval as the styles are very fascinating along the silhouette lines richly trimmed with beads and fringe still clinging more to the straight lines. The more conservative tailored garments are very much more favored. As a season the styles are very pleasing and we would be pleased to show you some of the new early garments that have already come in.

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The race for fall business has started and we're in it to win. We have entered against the field, the most famous line of Tailoring in America and every man who puts his money in our hands will cop a prize for sure. We have the widest range of Rock-bottom prices and the finest array of new Fall and Winter furnishings you have ever laid your eyes on.



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