

The Snyder Signal

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR

SNYDER, SCURRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1921.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

PLANS NOW BEING PERFECTED FOR SCURRY CO. FAIR

Tentative plans are now being drawn for Scurry county's first annual fair by the Chamber of Commerce. It is not intended to limit the exhibitors to Scurry county alone but our neighbors in the trade territory of the adjoining counties will also be invited to partake. Inasmuch as this is the first event of the kind, naturally some things may not receive the attention this year that they will on later occasions. The livestock and poultry classes will be well represented, and prizes for all winners will be distributed very much in accordance and in value with the State Fair exhibits.

Rules for entries will be published at a later date and in plenty of time to permit the exhibitors to comply with them by fair time, which will be some time in October. Except in special classes live stock must be pedigreed to be eligible.

The live stock classes will cover cattle, horses, mules, swine and sheep; poultry classes, chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese and guineas.

Grain, the best peck of wheat, oats, etc.

Corn will cover on best ten ears. Best peck of peanuts.

Best five heads of maize.

Best five heads of Kaffir corn.

Best five heads of feterita.

Best bundle Sudan grass, millet, field peas.

Best bundle seeded ribbon cane.

Best peck of Irish potatoes.

Best peck of pumpkin yams.

Best peck of white yams.

Best watermelon, pumpkin, cushaw, squash, turnips, onions, cantaloupe. Other vegetables and fruits to be added.

Best five pounds of seed cotton (short staple).

Best five pounds of seed cotton (long staple).

Best 20 bolls long staple cotton.

Best stalk short staple cotton.

Best two pounds short staple cotton direct from gin.

Best two pounds long staple cotton direct from gin.

Best (two fleeces this year's clip).

Special prizes will be paid to boys and girls making best showing in the pig and poultry clubs.

A list of classes covering canned fruits, vegetables and other domestic products will be given in next week's issue of the Signal.

Operated on For Appendicitis.

A. C. Alexander, cashier of the Snyder National bank, was operated on Tuesday evening at the Protestant Hospital at Fort Worth for appendicitis, and a message Wednesday stated that he was doing nicely.

FIRST AND SECOND 1921 BALES FOR SCURRY COUNTY

Scurry county's first bale of cotton was ginned Friday, August 19, for Oscar Farrar, living about three miles southwest of Dunn by the Fuller Gin company. This is perhaps the earliest bale of cotton ever ginned in the county.

The bale weighed 454 pounds and classed strict middling; J. E. Ketner bought the bale paying 17 1-2 cents per pound, and in addition a premium of \$60.00 was given by the business men to Mr. Farrar which, along with the free ginning, netted this gentleman considerably over 31c per pound.

Saturday morning the second bale

appeared on the Snyder market, coming from the other extreme of the county, near Hud. It was grown by Mr. S. P. Murphy and made a 575 pound bale from 1585 pounds of seed cotton. This was sold to Bryant-Link company for 13 1-4 cents per pound, and the business men also gave this gentleman a premium of \$34.00.

Prospects are that Snyder is going to have the best and most active cotton market in years, and every legitimate inducement will be put forward to see that top prices will be paid throughout the season.

MEETING OF DISTRICT EPWORTH LEAGUE HERE AUGUST 20

The Epworth League of the Sweetwater district met at the Methodist church last Saturday.

While the representation was not as large as was expected, because of the extremely hot weather, there were five Leagues represented, comprising about thirty-five visitors. The program was very interesting, consisting of talks by visiting members on "League Methods: How Best Results May be Obtained Through the Four Departments." The completion of the district organization was perfected.

At the noon hour the visitors were served lunch and ice cream in the basement of the church. In the afternoon a watermelon slicing was participated in.

About seventy Leaguers were in attendance.

WORLD'S BIGGEST LINER EQUAL TO 800 APARTMENTS

The New 56,000-ton liner Majestic, the largest ship in the world, will be put into service on the New York Southampton Cherbourg run next spring, the International Mercantile Marine company announced recently. The Majestic, which was to have been called the Bismarck by her original German owners, is being finished at Hamburg.

The giant craft, which is 2,000 tons larger than the Leviathan and 10,000 larger than the Olympic, will carry a crew of 1,100 and have passenger accommodations for 4,100. She is equipped with four huge oil burning engines, capable of developing from 62,000 to 84,000 horsepower. Her normal speed will be about twenty-three knots.

The ship's agents estimate that the space occupied by the 1,245 state rooms, engines and machinery equals that of about 800 average 4-room city apartments.

Bro. Hicks Holding Meeting at Plainview

Rev. J. H. Hicks is doing the preaching in a revival meeting at Plainview this week. He is assisting Rev. Griffin. Great interest is manifested and good crowds are attending.

Bro. Hicks will go to Blackwell next week where he will be in a revival. Alex Murphree will go with him to conduct the music.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ezell of El Paso are visiting Mrs. Ezell's parents Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nelson and meeting old time friends in the city.

A. E. Walton is suffering with a burned foot this week.

STATE SCHOOL APPORTIONMENT IS FIXED AT \$13

Austin, Texas, Aug. 23.—At a meeting of the State Board of Education today the State apportionment was fixed at \$13.00 per capita. The total number of scholastics in the State was reported by the State superintendent as 1,298,282. The estimate of expenses for the purchase of free textbooks for the scholastic year of 1920-21 was given as \$1,681,603. The balance in the textbook fund on Sept. 1 was estimated as to be \$300,000. The board

set aside \$1,381,603 as a textbook fund, the board being required to include each year the balance in the textbook fund to meet the expenses of the ensuing year.

The product of the 15c tax for textbooks was estimated at \$4,044,563. Deducting from this the amount set aside as the textbook fund it was found that from this 15c tax there would remain in the available school fund for the session of 1920-21 \$2,662,959.

Snyder Man, Attending Canyon School, Weds at Amarillo

Miss Elsie Pool of Canyon and Floyd D. Golden of Snyder motored to Amarillo from Canyon yesterday afternoon, and after purchasing a marriage license were quietly married by Rev. C. D. Potts, pastor of the Glenwood Baptist church at his residence on 1109 Polk Street.

The young couple were accompanied by Mrs. Pool, mother of the bride, Miss Winnie Pool, sister of the bride, and Mr. William Falls, a friend of the groom and a student of West Texas State normal.

The impressive ring ceremony was

performed about four o'clock, after which Mr. and Mrs. Golden returned to Canyon where they will remain until the latter part of the week, after which they will visit relatives of the groom at Snyder, Texas.

Miss Pool only recently graduated from the West Texas State normal and Mr. Golden is a senior there this year.—Amarillo News.

Floyd Golden is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Golden of the Canyon neighborhood. The many friends of these young people around Snyder wish for them a very pleasant married life.

HOW THE NEW DISTRICTS ARE MADE UP

The senatorial redistricting bill provides for the following districts:

- 1—Titus, Bowie, Marion, Cass, Morris.
- 2—Harrison, Gregg Rusk, Panola, Shelby.
- 3—Cherokee, Nacogdoches, San Augustine, Angelina, Sabine, Newton, Jasper, Tyler.
- 4—Orange, Jefferson, Hardin, Liberty.
- 5—Grimes, Montgomery, Trinity, Leon, Houston, Polk, Madison, Walker, San Jacinto.
- 6—Navarro, Henderson, Anderson, Freestone, Kaufman.
- 7—Camp, Wood, Upshur, Smith, Van Zandt.
- 8—Lamar, Delta, Franklin, Hopkins, Red River.
- 9—Coke, Grayson, Fannin.
- 10—Rockwall, Collin, Hunt, Rains.
- 11—Dallas.
- 12—Johnson, Hill, Ellis, Hood, Somerville.
- 13—McLennan, Falls, Limestone, Milam.
- 14—Bastrop, Lee, Burleson, Washington, Brazos, Robertson.
- 15—Fayette, Lavaca, Colorado, Austin, Waller.
- 16—Harris.
- 17—Wharton, Fort Bend, Matagorda, Brazoria, Galveston, Chambers.
- 18—Wilson, Atacosa, Karnes, De Witt, Victoria, Goliad, Live Oak, San Patricio, Bee, Refugio, Aransas, Calhoun and Jackson.
- 19—Blanco, Hays, Comal, Caldwell, Guadalupe, Gonzales.
- 20—San Saba, Lampasas, Llano, Burnette, Williamson, Travis.

At the Methodist Church. Sunday school at 9:45. Had a splendid school last Sunday. Now is the time for you to be in your class.

Preaching at 11:00 and 8:15. The pastor will continue at both hours the series of sermons on the Secrets of Blessedness.

Epworth League at 7:30. We are always glad to have you in any of our services.

J. H. HICKS, Pastor.

At the Tabernacle. Elder Joe S. Warlick of Dallas will preach at the tabernacle Friday night. Bro. Warlick has preached in all the leading cities in the United States and Canada. He is a great man. Be sure and come hear him.

E. Christian.

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

At the Church of Christ. Bible studies at 9:45, preaching at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. The public is invited to attend.

E. Christian, Minister.

J. P. Floyd Dead. A message was received here Wednesday that J. P. Floyd died at Dawson, New Mexico, August 23. Mr. Floyd was a resident of Snyder for many years and a good man.

Holding Meeting at Fluvanna. Rev. C. G. Wright is holding a revival meeting this week at Fluvanna. He will be there during the entire week.

Bro. Wright has held meetings this year at Rochester, Lorraine, Ira, Fluvanna and other places which have been very successful.

TEXAS COTTON CROP PUT AT 1,578,531 BALES THIS YEAR

Austin, Texas, Aug. 23.—Present conditions show the cotton crop of Texas to be alarming and the worst in the history of cotton growing in the State, according to Commissioner of Agriculture George B. Terrell. Reports of condition have been received by Commissioner Terrell from 127 counties, showing average condition of crop 37 per cent. Boll weevils have caused damage of 32 per cent, bollworm 6.3 per cent, drouth 24.7 per cent, a total of 63 per cent damage by boll weevil, bollworm and drouth.

Fifty-two counties showing best condition make an average of 49.3 per cent. Forty-five counties showing worst condition make an average of 35.3 per cent.

The crop in some counties is practically a failure. It is stated that in some localities gins will not run this season, while in others cotton fields are being pastured with cattle. All reports show deterioration continuing, in a few places it is said rain would be beneficial.

Cotton is opening in nearly all parts of the State, while in some localities picking is about done, notably in some of the extreme southern counties.

Nueces county apparently has the best crop in Texas, with more than half of it gathered.

Cotton acreage and yield show for the years: 1919, acreage 10,476,099 bales 2,950,335; 1920, acreage 12,576,000, bales 4,148,339; 1921, acreage 8,803,000 bales 1,578,521 (estimated).

The yield in 1920 was produced on a condition of 97.1 per cent. Figuring upon the same base with a 37 per cent condition this year the above result is obtained.

RUBY NELL JOHNSON UNDERGOES OPERATION

Ruby Nell Johnson, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Johnson, was taken to Lubbock last Monday and operated on for appendicitis. Reports say that the operation was successful and that Ruby Nell was doing nicely.

BRO. DAVIS HELD MEETING AT IRA

Rev. Jeff Davis held a revival meeting last week at Ira. Interest through the meeting was manifest and splendid crowds were in attendance at all the services.

E. B. Baugh brought to this office the other day a stalk of rhubarb. He said that he grew it in his garden and was very fine for making pies.

LONG STAPLE COTTON IS A SUCCESS IN THIS COUNTY

There is considerable long staple cotton planted in Scurry county this season and an effort is being made by the Chamber of Commerce to have all of this cotton pooled for the purpose of getting the best prices possible. Durango and Acala cottons are the principal long staples planted this season. Last year these cottons brought a premium of as much as 10c per pound, some of the staple measuring 1 1-4 inches, on account of

PIONEER SCURRY CO. CITIZEN HONORED WITH BIG PARTY

C. W. Angel, one of Scurry county's oldest and most highly respected citizens, rounded out his eighty-second year of good citizenship last Sunday, and the occasion was celebrated by a great number of his relatives by making him the honor guest of the family reunion at the home of A. C. Martin near Ira.

Fifty-nine of a possible eighty-seven relatives of the fine old veteran gathered at the Martin home to attest their love and esteem, and the day was given over to a program of loving courtesies and acts of appreciation of a life of love, honor and Christian fortitude.

Throughout the day of gladness and good will there was mingled games and amusements to the joy of all the fifty-nine relatives and others present, but the feast indulged in at the noon hour was almost overwhelming in its appetizing quality, great variety and quantity. Long tables set 'neath shade of spreading trees in the yard of the Martin home provided accommodations for all the throng, and after divine blessing was asked by P. A. Miller, an hour was spent in leisurely disposing of one of the finest dinners ever attended by the guests.

During the afternoon a program of appropriate music was rendered by many of those present under the leadership of Claude Miller and Homer Angel of Big Springs. The music was followed by a watermelon slicing at three o'clock in the afternoon, which delightful pastime was indulged in until the time came for those who lived some distance away to depart. Then was experienced a sadness in the knowledge that never again would all those there assemble together.

Comprising the fifty-nine relatives of Mr. Angel who were present on this occasion, were:

P. A. Miller and family, A. E. Miller and family, N. W. Autry and family, Edgar Taylor and wife of Ira, P. L. Price and family of Dunn, Jess Green and wife of Maytown, Owen Miller of Knapp, C. D. Miller and family, T. W. Angel and family and Almond Angel and family of Big Springs, Fred Miller and family of Lubbock, Albert Leach and family and A. A. Bagget and family of Amarillo, Mrs. Owen and children of Rising Star, A. L. Martin and wife of Snyder, Oliver and Leon Davis of San Antonio and Mrs. G. W. McGaha of Ira.

Mr. Angel has seven children, twenty-eight grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren, all of whom were present on this joyous occasion except two sons, Edgar and Walter Angel of Los Angeles, Calif.

Watermelon Slicing and Ice Cream

A very delightful party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. (Pat) Johnston Tuesday night by Misses Myrtle, Lois and Bess Johnston. Watermelon slicing and delicious ice cream was served. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

Those present and enjoying the hospitality of the evening were: Misses Susie Hamlett, Madge Darby, Lois Woodfin, Lois, Myrtle and Bess

Johnston, Messrs. Sam Hamlett, Claude Sims, Robert Fife and Rev. Clyde Lee Fife. The out of town guests were: Everett Hailey of Midland and Glen Akers of Brownfield.

Marriage License.

W. B. Taylor and Miss Georgie L. Sims, August 19.

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

The Snyder Signal

CURRY & BELL, Publishers.

Foreign Advertising Representatives THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

The watermelon crop in Scurry county has been immense this season.

Has any one ever conceived the idea of consulting the Irish republic on the peace question?

There is hidden treasure in Scurry county land if we will only plow deep enough to find it.

What do you say about cutting some weeds around the premises and down by the vacant lot?

The tax revision bill of 1921, estimated to cut \$818,000,000 from the nation's tax burden by 1923, was passed by the house 274 to 125.

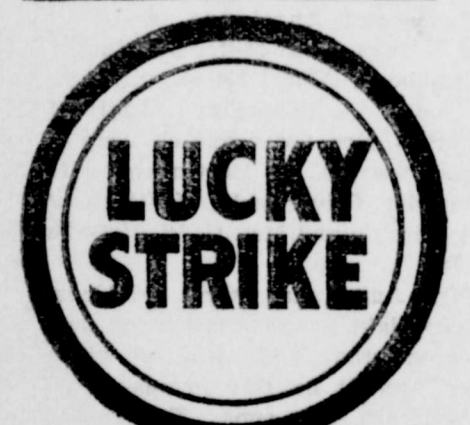
It is said that misery loves company, and we can get a good deal of satisfaction out of the fact that the Lapland reindeer are sweltering terribly at 86 degrees.

Two million bales of cotton in Texas this year is the present indicated yield, according to reports furnished by the Texas Industrial congress, based on advices received from practically all cotton producing counties of the state.

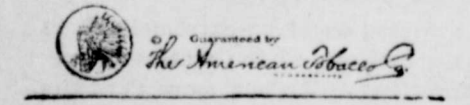
The Bureau of Census, Department of Commerce, issued a preliminary statement giving the sex distribution of the population of the United States as shown by the census taken as of Jan. 1, 1920.

Following the announcement of the Rev. John W. Inzer, Baptist minister of Chattanooga, Tenn., that he would marry free of charge all service men attending the third annual convention of the American Legion at Kansas City this fall, provided they furnish the brides, a Kansas City jeweler has announced that he will furnish wedding rings for the couples.

B. F. Cooper of Friona, caused a good deal of comment Monday by driving into town behind seventeen burros pulling two wheat wagons and a camp wagon.



To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor. It's Toasted



majestically, it slowly, out of town toward New Mexico. While Mr. Cooper's mode of locomotion is slow his ratio of profit for hauling is said to be high owing to the fact that the burros do not eat high-priced gasoline and lubricating oil, but rather "live on the country," so to speak.—Hereford Brand.

A FEAST OF WATERMELON AND ICE CREAM

Last Sunday evening we accepted a seat in A. M. Curry's car and drove out to his farm east of town to the home of Mr. Graham. Upon arrival we found about a dozen melons waiting to be carved, and it wasn't long until "Uncle Bill" Graham, as he is commonly called, performed the carving act to the satisfaction of all present, unless it was Bud Rogers and Uncle Al. They wanted to do the carving because they thought they would have an opportunity of getting the biggest piece.

After a seemingly short time three ice cream freezers begin to grind, and the result was that everybody was soon full, and distressingly so. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Graham, who served us royally; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Graham; Mr. and Mrs. Bud Rogers; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Curry; Mr. Thomas and several children, who made up the party.

Jim Massey Wins at Clovis.

Jim Massey, son of J. W. Massey of Snyder, won first money as champion bulldogger at Clovis, New Mexico, at the roundup at that place on last Saturday.

Jim holds the world's championship. He has entered the rodeo which will be staged there in connection with the Labor and Industrial Show.

Program Joint Societies, August 29.

At the Christian church, 4 p. m. Opening song. Scripture—Mrs. Hamlett. Prayer—Mrs. Yoder. Music—Mrs. Barnes. Reading—Katherine Stallings. Round Table—Leaders: Mesdames Fritz Smith, Bell and Shell. How shall our federation conserve our summer evangelistic work? Solo—Mrs. Wolcott. Music—Mrs. Banks. Solo—Mrs. Davis. Reading—Ruby Nell Johnson. Reading—Mary Frances Hamlett.

D. Olenbusch of Dunn passed thru town Tuesday with a truck load of watermelons for Post. This was his third load to Post and Slaton, where he found a ready market for his melons. Off of two acres he has realized already \$200, he said. The Tom Watson was his principal melon, which averaged around 50 lbs. each, and deep plowing was the secret of their marvelous growth, he said.

W. A. Louder of Hermleigh was in town Monday. He was suffering from an attack of rheumatism and was getting around on a crutch. He reports lots of maize being made and that the thresher has started up.

Mr. A. Johnston and daughter, Miss Bess, of Snyder, left Tuesday for their home. They were accompanied by Mrs. Johnston and grandson, Hugh Boren, Jr., who have been here visiting with Mrs. Lane's brother and sisters, Ben F. Smith, Mrs. W. R. Stone and Miss Elizabeth Smith.—Lockney Beacon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Clark of Dallas and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clark of Brownfield have been visiting their brother, R. E. Clark, and family.

Miss Maud Riley will arrive in Snyder August 27 to make arrangements to begin her class in piano and voice, beginning September 5.

BOOKS FOR ALTRURIAN CLUB LIBRARY

The Altrurian Club has just received a big shipment of new books for the public library. This money was raised by the ladies of the club through various channels during the past year and it is their intention to reopen the library as soon as possible after re-cataloging and arranging the reading matter.

The newly added works are as follows:

- Boys' Life of Edison—Meadow-craft. Boys' Life of Lincoln—McCauley. Story of Joan of Arc—Carpenter. Robinson Crusoe—De Foe. Swiss Family Robinson—Montolieu and Wyss. South Sea Tales—London. Huckleberry Finn—Twain. Adventures of Tom Sawyer—Twain. King Arthur and His Noble Knights—McLeod. Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates—Dodge. Why the Chimes Rang—Alden. Miss Minerva and William Greenhill—Sampson. Billy and the Major—Sampson. Miss Minerva's Baby—Sampson. Little Lord Fauntleroy—Burnett. Stories of the Niebelungen—Schottlenfels. Under Two Flags—Ouida. Lorna Doone—Blackmore. Man Without a Country—Hale. The Lady of the Decoration—Little.

Treasure Island, Prince Otto, Kidnapped, The Black Arrow, in the South Seas, New Arabian Nights—Stevenson.

Ten Great Adventures—Sweetser. Heroes of Today—Parkman. Heroines of Service—Parkman. Woodrow Wilson—Eaton and Reed.

An Uncrowned Queen: Frances E. Willard—Babcock.

Louisa Alcott, 8 volumes: Little Men, Little Women, An Old Fashioned Girl, Eight Cousins, Jo's Boys, Under the Lilacs, Rose in Bloom, Jack and Jill.

Annie Fellows Johnston's Little Colonel series, 12 volumes: Little Colonel's House Party, Little Colonel's Holidays, Little Colonel's Hero, Little Colonel at Boarding School, Little Colonel in Arizona, Little Colonel Stories, Little Colonel's Christmas Vacation, Little Colonel, Maid of Honor, Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding; Mary Ware, Little Colonel's Chum; Mary Ware in Texas, Mary Ware's Promised Land.

Good Man Gone.

Last Sunday night the death angel claimed our fellow townsman and former county commissioner, J. E. Voss.

Mr. Voss had been in poor health for some time, and his death was no surprise for his family and friends. He was a good man and a valuable citizen, and the Post extends its sympathy to the family left behind. He was buried Monday afternoon in Terrace cemetery.—Post City Post.

The Cancer Doctor Will Be In Snyder August 29.

Dr. Peebles, the Cancer Doctor, will be in Snyder Monday, August 29, at the Woodrow Hotel. A. E. Birdwell.

D. L. Littleton, out on Rt. 1, was in town Monday and called round at the Signal office and had the Signal sent to his father at Palestine, Texas. Mr. Littleton has recently sold his crop and will move to town.

Mrs. Jess Thompson of San Antonio is in the city the guest of her mother-in-law, Mrs. T. J. Thompson.

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

Horace Wills Passes On.

Horace Wills of Edgewood, Texas, was born near Athens, Texas, on March 3, 1899.

While on a visit to the home of his sister, Mrs. G. O. Wilson, near Wills Point, Texas, he was taken sick with typhoid fever, and died there Monday morning, August 15, 1921.

On May 29, 1920, he married Miss Mabel Pierce of Snyder. She, with his four brothers, three sisters and grandmother, are the surviving members of his immediate family.

Left an orphan at an early age he made use of the resources of his own life and became a man strong of will and of the best ideals. He was honorable, kind and tender in all the relations of life. When he knew that the end was very near he quietly gave directions as to his affairs and with almost his last breath comforted his family with words of gratitude and affection.

In 1920 for a few months he lived at Wills Point, where he made many friends. While there he and his wife had rooms at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Childs.

The funeral services at White Rose were attended by a large number of friends from Wills Point and other parts of the county.

Why one such as he, in the very beginning of useful life, loving and loved, should be called away, is one of the secret things of God.

It is enough that when the call came, he was ready. As one who has finished the task assigned, so he went. Here the departure and the tears; there the things about which we deem even the house of the Father.—Wills Point Chronicle.

Mrs. Wills is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lon Pierce of this city, and her many friends at Snyder extend condolence in this sad hour.

N. B. Ross of Hico, Bosque county, is here the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Sed Harris.

Richard McFarland of Dunn was in the city Monday and while here visited the Signal office and moved his Signal date up a year. Thanks.

Mrs. Noah Jones left Wednesday to visit her father at Sherman who is quite ill.

Miss Floy Smith of Snyder is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Milligan.—Amarillo Tribune.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. McKnight of Dickens county have been visiting B. F. Hargroves and family and other relatives in the city.

Rev. Mack McCray, pastor of the Baptist Church of Hermleigh, was in the city Monday.

R. O. McClure, rural carrier on Rt. 4, is taking his vacation this week at Bonham.

Mrs. A. J. Knowles of Abilene is here this week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Early.

\$100 Reward, \$100 The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Removal Notice. I have moved my office from over the Grayum Drug Co. to the offices vacated by Dr. R. G. Davenport over Snyder National Bank. Phone No. 334. Dr. A. O. Scarborough. 13c

Subscribe for the Signal. 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. Peebler General Medicine. Anne J. 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.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF IT? Every time you withhold a dollar from circulation, you are not only in great danger of losing it, but you remove it from circulation; you make an idle dollar of it; you thereby reduce the working capital of your community; you withhold bank credit from someone—and you gain nothing whatever for yourself. There is no possible argument in favor of withholding your money from the bank. With you the full facilities of this modern institution. THE SNYDER NATIONAL BANK

Saving Develops Manhood and Strength of Character. Money saved and banked is an evidence of your stability, thrift and foresight. Without money you cannot accomplish much. It is a handicap that invites mental and physical depression. The First National Bank solicits your account and will help you in your determination to forge ahead--to overcome your proneness to wastefulness. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SNYDER, TEXAS.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL. A Little Praise Where It is Due. WHEN ALL YOUR CASH HAS FADED QUITE AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE SCARCE IN YOUR LARDER'S LIGHT, WHO GIVES YOU GRUB TILL TOMORROW NIGHT? THE MERCHANT! OR IF YOU EVER FARM AT ALL, AN' HAVEN'T A BIT OF GRAIN TO HAVIL TO HAVIL WHO CARRIES YOU TO THE FOLLOWING FALL? THE MERCHANT! AND THEN IF CROPS ARE A LITTLE SLACK AND YOU SKIP OUT AND NEVER COME BACK WHO'S TH' POOR GUY WHO HOLDS THE SACK? THE MERCHANT! WHEN DEBTS PILE UP THAT YOU CAN'T PAY AND YOU GO THROUGH THE BANKRUPT COURT SOME DAY WHO LOSES, BUT SMILES IN THE SAME OLD WAY? THE MERCHANT! WHEN CHURCH FUNDS ARE RUNNING LOW CAUSE TH' MEMBERS' "TENTH" IS VERY SLOW WHERE DO THE DEACONS GET THE DOUGH? THE MERCHANT! BALLS AND PICNICS, LODGES GALORE, ALL TAKE THEIR TOLL FROM THE GENERAL STORE, BUT WHO'LL GET HIS REWARD ON THE HEAVENLY SHORE? THE MERCHANT!

The CLAN CALL by Hapsburg Liebe Illustrations by Irwin Myers

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlisle Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known...

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

CHAPTER IX.—Goff enlists the aid of a turbulent crowd, the Balls and Torreys, to make trouble for Dale's company.

CHAPTER X.—"Babe" returns to her home, fearing she is a burden to the McLaurins. Dale, remorseless, and she agrees to go back, for the sake of an education.

CHAPTER XI.—There is much speculation as to who really killed Ball, the general opinion being it was By Heck, who had constituted himself Dale's guardian.

CHAPTER XII.—Caleb Moreland, son of John Moreland, admits being the shot which killed Ball, and takes Dale's place in jail.

CHAPTER XIII.—On the pretext of investigating another coal deposit, Dale is decoyed to a gathering of the Balls and Torreys. They "try" him for the murder of Adam Ball, find him guilty, and sentence him to be hanged next day.

CHAPTER XIV.—"Babe" writes Dale that she is living with her parents and that her education is progressing. Jimmy Payne, rich and dissolute, asks "Babe" to marry him, but she tells him she loves Dale.

Dale did not speak again until they had entered the broad valley that was home to him.

"I guess you are too good for me," he said. There was weakness in his voice, and it was the first weakness she had ever known in him.

"Will you always think of me as the finest and most beautiful woman in the world?" she asked.

"Always."

"It's the best I can hope for," murmured Elizabeth.

"What do you mean?"

"It's the best I can hope for," Elizabeth repeated as though she were talking to herself.

They rode on in silence.

There was no sleep for Bill Dale that night. The sweetness of his liberty had all been taken away by Babe Littleford's refusal to marry him.

was unworthy. But Bill Dale was intensely human, and to be human is to be unworthy.

It turned cold that night. A little before noon of the next day, By Heck stepped into the Moreland Coal company's office.

Dale looked wearily up from his littered desk.

"I am very much obliged to you for shooting Adam Ball, By."

"It's—l—, Bill, ain't it?"

Heck leaned over and rested his knotty hands on the muzzle of the inevitable rifle.

"Whatever it is you're agrievin' about, o' course. Babe Littleford she

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.

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.

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.

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.

CHAPTER IX.—Goff enlists the aid of a turbulent crowd, the Balls and Torreys, to make trouble for Dale's company.

CHAPTER X.—"Babe" returns to her home, fearing she is a burden to the McLaurins. Dale, remorseless, and she agrees to go back, for the sake of an education.

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they looked back at Elizabeth Littleford. Dale smiled a fatherly smile. Mrs. Dale's eyes narrowed. The old stiffness rose within her and began to make stubborn war against her more recently acquired common sense.

"Have you quarreled?" she asked.

"No."

"Well," old Dale said bluntly, "what's wrong?"

"It isn't his fault," Elizabeth told them. "I'm a savage," she went on desperately—"and he isn't my kind."

John K. Dale retired very early that night. When the sound of his footsteps had died away, his wife bent toward Elizabeth and said curiously:

"Why did you call yourself a savage?"

Elizabeth told of her early life in the hills, of the feud between her people and the Morelands and of how she had hated the bloodshed.

She told of the coming of Major Bradley, of her burning thirst for education, of the old trainman who had thrown her a newspaper each day, and of the coming of Bill Dale.

"I was lonesome," she continued, "and nobody ever seemed to understand how I felt. That is, until Bill Dale came. After I met him, I couldn't see anything but him; he seemed to me like something I'd had and lost. . . ."

"Then," said Mrs. Dale, "why did you refuse to marry?"

"Wait—you don't know it all," Elizabeth interrupted her. "There was the killing o' that heathen, Adam Ball. I went to 'tend the trial because I knew

she murmured—"I took Sam Heck's rifle from him, and killed Adam Ball myself."

CHAPTER XVII.

Bill Dale Laughs.

Bill Dale sat thinking of what he had done there in the Big Pine country. From the stone-and-clay chimneys of the cabins of the Littlefords on the other side of the river the howling wind snatched sprays of blue wood-smoke.

The Morelands had gone to farms lying around Cartersville in the lowland, on each of which a fair-sized first payment had been made, the borrowed capital was to remain borrowed for another year.

The Morelands were already losing their outlandishness and growing into universal respect. David Moreland's dream was at last being realized.

Then Dale frowned heavily. If only he could do as much for Babe's people! But he couldn't. The men of the Littlefords still worked the coal mine.

They received almost twice the customary wages, but even that wouldn't buy them farms and educate their children.

Under his eyes lay two unanswered letters from his parents. He found little pleasure in answering their letters, for he was still somewhat bitter toward them—toward his father because of his father's ill treatment of David Moreland and David Moreland's people; toward his mother because she had let him go hungry for mother-love as a baby, as a child, as a boy, and as a man; toward them both because he had been reared a do-nothing.

The door opened suddenly, and By Heck came stamping in with a gust of cold air at his back. He carried in one hand the mail satchel; in the other was his ever-present rifle. After throwing the satchel to the floor at Dale's feet, he turned to the glowing wood stove.

"I'm dang nigh friz, Bill," he chattered. "My gosh, I couldn't be no colder'n what I am ef I'd ha' dh'm' the nawth pole neck-end. Say, Bill, why'n't ye burn coal 'stid o' wood? 'Ged, it's hotter."

"Coal is worth money. Wood isn't," Dale ran through the mail hastily. He threw aside a letter from the Alexander Crayfield Coal corporation, which took the entire output of the mine at an extraordinary figure, and picked up a letter which bore the postmark of his home city.

It was from Babe Littleford. Since he paid so little attention to the letters of his parents, they had requested her to write to him—they wanted him to come home for Christmas dinner. Wouldn't he come?

He arose and paced the office floor for two or three minutes, then he sat down at his desk and dashed off a letter that contained only two sentences.

By Heck sat beside the stove and watched his god with thoughtful eyes. He understood, he believed. How any woman on earth could turn down a man like Bill Dale was utterly beyond him. By Heck was a great deal like a good-natured dog.

"If Bill would only laugh, it would be good for him. It had been so long since he had heard Bill laugh. By Heck decided that he would make Bill Dale laugh.

"Old boy?"

"Do ye want me to tell ye a funny tale?" drawled Heck. He barely heard the answer:

"I guess I don't mind, By."

Heck's sympathy made him gulp. But he swallowed the lump that came up in his throat and began bravely:

"One time the' was a feller named Smith. Odd name, Bill, ain't it? 'Hossfly' Smith, they called him, 'cause it was said 'at he could easy shoot a hossfly off a hoss's ear and never break hide on the animal. He was a heilion, too. One time Hossfly, he was a-tryin' to git appointed the chairman o' some sort o' politics deht's, and on that same day he was a-dinkin' sort o' tofable heavy. They agreed to make him the temp'rary chairman, but Hossfly, he didn't want that. So he hops right up in the middle o' the meetin', and he boilers out and says:

"Feller citizens," he says, 'I want to be the permanent chairman! I ain't a-goin' to get in the capacity of a durned temp'rary chairman; I ahsod—lately ain't!'

"His old enemy, Eb Wright, he yells back and says smart-like: 'Set down thar, Hossfly,' says Eb—'you're drunk, and you don't know the difference a-tween temp'rary and permanent!'

"Well, they knowed Eb had it a-comin' to him right then, and they listened fo' it. Hossfly, he addresses the whole meetin', and this here is what Hossfly says:

"Feller citizens," says he, 'Eb Wright thar 'bows I don't know the difference a-tween temp'rary and permanent. I'll prove to you that I do know the difference. Eb Wright says I'm drunk, I am. That's temp'rary. Eb Wright is a poke-nosed idjit. That's permanent!'

Heck finished with a lazy laugh: "Haw, haw, haw! Hee-haw, hee-haw!"

"That story," Dale said wearily, "has been told on dozens of politicians. It has become a part of the history of this state."

"Well, my gosh!" moaned By Heck. He thought deeply for a moment, decided that Bill Dale wouldn't laugh at the story of Tom Jones' pig—which had drunk all of a nation-pail of buttermilk and then gone to sleep in the self-same pail—and went on:

"Here's one, by Jake, 'at ain't been told on dozens of politicians. And every word of it is the solemn, dym death-bed truth, too."

"One time I was out in the mountains a-huntin', a-goin' along slow and a-lookin' fo' a squirrel, when all of a sudden I hears a skeery noise right ahead o' me in the laurels—Z-z-z-z-z!"

Z-z-z-z-z! Just like that, I stops, stops de-ad still. I looks keen, thoo was a den o' rattlers, and the very least one was as big around as my leg. I looks keen. Then I hears a rattler growl right ahead o' me. I looks keen. Thar stands a big old snake and with her teeth a-stovin' and a-tearin'—"



"Will You Always Think of Me as the Finest and Most Beautiful Woman in the World?" She Asked.



"Then," Said Mrs. Dale, "Why Did You Refuse to Marry?"

went back to yore home town this mornin', Bill. Sort o' quare, I thought, 'at you never went with her over to the switch. Sort o' quare, too, 'at she never rid over on the little ingyne instid o' walkin'. But mebbe she was afeard o' gittin' her fine city clothes all smutted up. Say, Bill, old boy, I wish I may drap dead in my tracks ef you don't look like a d-d-d corpst, 'ged. It haf to be l—l, or you wouldn't grieve about it. 'Smatter? Babe?"

Dale rose and glared at By Heck.

"I'm going to have the truth, By; now get that. Did you, or did you not, kill Adam Ball to save me?"

By Heck realized that he would have to be very cunning if he evaded the question now. Bill Dale, his god, would not be put off longer.

So By Heck answered: "I wish I may drap dead this minute and turn into a cross-eyed mink with a green tail and pink eyes; I wish the devil may take me and spend ten thousand eternities a-stickin' red-hot, pepper-coated pitchforks in me and not let me have any tobaccoer; I wish I may be struck blind and deaf and dumb and paralyzed and ha' my tongue cut out and my ears and toe-nails tore off—'I killed Adam Ball to save you or anybody else."

And then, having answered, he favored Dale with an odd look, took up his rifle and strode out of the office humming:

"When I die, don't bury me deep. Put no tombstone at my head and feet. Put a beak's jawbone in my right hand."

"But he's the biggest liar in the state," muttered Dale, turning back to his desk.

He closed his desk, and he didn't work any more that day. Babe Littleford had gone without even bothering to tell him good-bye!

CHAPTER XVI.

Confession.

If the impulsive, fighting Bill Dale could have heard across the intervening miles the conversation that took place in his old home the next evening, he would probably have followed Ben Littleford's daughter by the next train if he had had to hold it up at the point of an honest blue gun in order to get aboard it.

John K. Dale and his wife had gone into the library with Elizabeth at her request. The three sat down facing each other. The younger woman was ill at ease; she was glad that the lights were subdued and soft. When the silence had become heavy, she straightened in her chair and blurted out fatherly:

"Bill asked me to marry him, and I wouldn't do it. I—I thought maybe I—I ought to tell you."

The Dales exchanged glances; then

I could clear your son if Major Bradley couldn't. You see, Mrs. Dale, I happened to know who did kill Adam Ball, and I meant to tell if it was necessary.

"On the mornin' of the killin' Bill had started up the river by himself, it was dangerous for him to go off like that, on account o' them Balls and Torreys. Back in the Big Pine country there is a tall, thin man named Sam Heck. He's a big enter, an awful liar, and a worshiper of Bill Dale. Sam heard my father say it was dangerous, and he whispered: 'I'll jest sneak through the laurels and gyard Bill from ahind him.' I heard him say it, Mrs. Dale.

"So he went snakin' along the foot o' the north end o' David Moreland's mountain, with his rifle in his hand, to guard your son. Bill didn't know he was bein' followed, because Heck is as crafty as a cat. I got nervous about Bill, so I went into the laurels and followed Sam Heck. When I overtook him, he was standin' behind a clump o' sheep laurel and lookin' toward the river.

"I whispered, 'Where's Bill?'

"He said, 'He still, Babe!' And then he thumbed his rifle's hammer back without a sound.

"I looked toward the river and saw Bill Dale a-walkin' up the nearest bank, and I saw Black Adam slip behind a tree not far away. Bill saw Adam, and he slipped behind a tree, too. Adam shot at Bill's hat, and teased Bill. Bill shot at Adam's hat—and then Adam Ball jumped up groanin' like he was done for, and fell, all a-twistin', to the ground. But he wasn't hit. He put his gun out by the tree to kill Bill as soon as he showed himself. It was one o' his old tricks."

Elizabeth Littleford raised her head slowly and went on in a voice that was much shaken:

"I had always talked against killin', and yet I stood there and begged Sam Heck to finish him. The rest happened in no time. Ball was already a-lookin' along his sights. Bill Dale was nearly out in the open. I—I faltered, and then came a rush of words: 'I wouldn't marry him without tellin' him, because it wouldn't be fair to him; and if I told him, he—he wouldn't have me. The woman he marries mustn't be a—s-savage.'"

She stopped and stared at Mrs. Dale almost defiantly. Her head was high, and her hands were clasped in her lap so hard that they trembled.

"I think you have made a moubrin out of a molehill, my dear," the older woman said gently. "What you did was right, not wrong; any good woman would have done just what you did, Elizabeth, I am sure."

Elizabeth Littleford faced Mrs. John K. Dale squarely. There was a strange glow in her eyes.

"But I haven't told you everything,"



A pipe's a pal packed with P. A.!

Seven days out of every week you'll get real smoke joy and real smoke contentment—if you'll get close-up to a jimmy pipe! Buy one and know that for yourself! Packed with cool, delightful, fragrant Prince Albert, a pipe's the greatest treat, the happiest and most appetizing smokeslant you ever had handed out!

You can chum it with a pipe—and you will—once you know that Prince Albert is free from bite and parch! (Cut out by our exclusive patented process!) Why—every puff of P. A. makes you want two more; every puff hits the bulls-eye harder and truer than the last! You can't resist such delight!

And, you'll get the smokesurprise of your life when you roll up a cigarette with Prince Albert! Such enticing flavor you never did know! And, P. A. stays put because it's crimp cut—and it's a cinch to roll! You try it!

PRINCE ALBERT the national joy smoke

Prince Albert is sold in tippy red boxes, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin tins, and in the grand crystal glass tins, and in the sponge molasses tin.



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BRING YOUR COTTON TO SNYDER

Our business men are determined that no better cotton market shall be found in West Texas than at Snyder. We feel safe in assuring you that every bale marketed through legitimate buyers or the warehouse will bring top prices. The first bale marketed this season brought 31c per pound net to the producer.

Our merchants are selling their wares at close figures and invite comparisons with any other town in this section. Come to Snyder and be assured of a square deal.

SCURRY COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

The following is a list of the subscribers to the Cotton Premium paid Messrs. Farrar and Murphy for the first and second bales ginned this season:

Snyder National Bank\$5.99
 First State Bank5.00
 Fuller Gin Co., Ginning6.00
 Bryant-Link Co.5.00
 Higginbotham Bros. & Co.5.00
 J. H. Sears Co.5.00
 Blackard Hardware Co.5.00
 Joe Strayhorn5.00

Higginbotham-Bartlett Co.5.00
 Caton-Dodson Dry Goods Co.5.00
 Matthews-Davis Co.3.50
 Stinson Drug Co.3.00
 Snyder Garage2.50
 Grayum Drug Co.2.50
 O. L. Wilkerson Lumber Co.2.50
 Farmers Mercantile Co.2.00
 J. W. Templeton2.00
 F. T. Wilhelm2.00
 L. & H. Economy Store2.00
 Baker, Grayum & Anderson2.00
 Baugh & Webb2.00

Taylor & Dodson2.00
 Strayhorn & Elza2.00
 T. C. Watkins2.00
 Snyder Signal2.00
 Snyder Utilities Co.2.00
 H. G. Towle2.00
 Boren & Erwin2.00
 W. G. Ralston1.00
 Ware & Ware1.00
 G. W. Bynum1.00
 Star Market1.00
 Chocolate Shop1.00
 Harpole & Taylor1.00

W. T. THOMPSON PASSES AWAY.

W. T. Thompson a prominent citizen of this place fell dead at his home in West Snyder Sunday evening, about 8 o'clock of heart failure.

Mr. Thompson was down town Sunday afternoon, jolly as ever. He complained to some of his friends of a hurting in his chest but attributed it to a cold. He went to his home late in the afternoon and told his wife that he was not feeling well and while she had gone into an adjoining room to get a cold cloth, on returning he had fallen dead.

Mr. Thompson was a good man and has a host of friends in and around Snyder who are sad because of his departure. He was a loving husband and kind father, always cheerful, looking on the bright side of life, with a strong faith in God. He was prominent in business circles, having accumulated quite a lot of property, also prominent in church affairs, being at the time of his death deacon

of the First Baptist Church of Snyder.

William Thomas Thompson was born Aug. 7, 1868 in Collin county, Texas. Twenty seven years ago he was converted and united with the Baptist church at Copeville, Texas. Nov. 27, 1892, Mr. Thompson was married to Miss Kate Bowen. To this union nine children were born, Alma, Edward, Mell, Elvin, Mary, Virgie, Albert, Ora and Ora, four boys and five girls, all of whom still survive. Of his fathers family only one survives, a sister, Mrs. J. D. Parvin of Copeville, Texas. Bro. Thompson quietly fell on sleep, Aug. 21, 1921, being 53 years and fourteen days old.

Grandmother Thompson, his stepmother, who is about 75 years old has been with the family for many years and is a source of great comfort to the family.

In the midst of life there is death, but the comforting thought for those who weep is that their loved ones have passed over to the sweet beyond. He will wait and beon for those left behind, and some sweet day, if we are faithful, we can go to him and be a reunited family in heaven.

The Signal together with a host of friends, extends sympathy to the bereaved family in this sad hour.

Junior C. E. at Presbyterian Church

Sunday Aug. 28, 5:30 p. m.

Subject: How four friends helped, and how we may help our friends.

Leader, Rowena Grantham.

Song, Prayer, Song.

Scripture, Mark 2:1-5.

Prayer.

Plan help. 2 Cor. 9:1-3. Eoris Buchanan.

Help Willingly, Acts 3:6, Grady Ferguson.

Help by friendship, 1 Sam. 18:1-4. Thora Cotten.

Reading, "Others", Aida Andrews.

By supporting the needy, 2 Sam. 9:1-7 Cecil Rhodes. By leading friends to Christ, John 1:40-41. Adele Baugh.

By serving them, Rom. 16:3-4. Elinor German.

Song.

Memory verse contest, Closing prayer.

R. W. Ramage Dead.

A message was received here this week that R. W. Ramage had died at Elkins, New Mexico. Mr. Ramage lived for a long time on Ennis creek and at Snyder.

A. M. Willer dropped into our office yesterday, said he had been painting and weather boarding his house and that he now had a good warm house ready for the cold northers this winter that is sure to come.

Ed Ward returned the first of the week from Rotan where he had been on a visit.

Charlie Ben Shell returned home Monday from a week's visit with relatives in Abilene and Sweetwater.

CLARA HAMON WEDS MOTION PICTURE MAN

Los Angeles, Aug. 22.—Clara Smith Hamon, who was acquitted in Ardmore, Okla., several months ago, when tried for the murder of Jake L. Hamon, was married here late today to John W. Gorman, a motion picture director. After obtaining license to marry the couple drove to the residence of the Rev. Howard Fagan, pastor of the Wilshire Boulevard Christian church, who performed the ceremony.

Mr. Gorman announced he and his wife would make their home here. Mrs. Gorman has been engaged since last April in making a film under his direction.

Caught Big Fish.

T. F. Blackard, accompanied by his nephew, Melvin Blackard, went down on the Colorado river Tuesday in search of the finny tribe and they were not disappointed for they caught one cat fish weighing 8 1-2 pounds and two or three others not quite so large. Melvin brought its head to our office and exhibited the catch which proved to be an extra fine one.

Cyclone.

When the cyclone at Cisco passed over there was sidewalks, foundations, cisterns, water troughs, basements, that the houses were blown from over them, cement tanks out of town still there, all built by C. M. Thornhill, now located at Higginbotham Bartlett Co. 11p

Colorado gins report 23 bales ginned Tuesday of this week and expect 30 bales on Wednesday. Up to Wednesday Snyder had ginned four bales, the last bale selling to the Blackard Hardware Company at 14c per pound.

Tom Jenkins has returned from South Texas where he has been buying cotton.

W. M. Davis and Mrs. Geo. Dixon of Memphis, are here visiting in the home of Oliver McElyea, and other relatives in the city.

"A Ridin' Romeo"

In "A Ridin' Romeo" Tom Mix has cut loose and put over a five-reel farce of the Mack Sennett brand with a whoop. Laugh getting is the one and only object of the picture and, unless blessed with the steel muscles and untiring energy of the ready and willing Mr. Mix no other man would think of planning such a staggering amount of strenuous comic business. Even the lively Mr. Fairbanks never expended as many pounds of muscular activity in stunts for one of his pictures. Tom of the trim legs never takes time to breathe, once he starts to make things interesting for the neighbors. Of course, his horseback riding is as spectacular as ever, and he gives an exhibition of driving a four-horse stage coach that is a great piece of stunt work. At times his acting, when unaccompanied by his natur

al gifts for risking his neck with every indication of having the time of his life, is somewhat crude, but to see him make a flying mount onto a horse is to receive a million dollar thrill. It doesn't matter how often you've seen him do it: the trick has the fresh inspiration of a "Babe" Ruth home run. If "A Ridin' Romeo" doesn't shake up your liver, you had better call in a doctor. Tom's horse and the other members of his supporting company are always on hand at the right moment.

Casey-Condra.

G. E. Casey and Miss Nora Condra were married in Cisco Wednesday August 24th. Miss Condra is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Condra of this city and G. E. Casey is a brother of Guy E. Casey and is well known in Snyder.

The Signal together with their friends wish them a long and happy life's journey.

B. Y. P. U. Special Training School.

Miss Vera Hunt, who has been in the B. Y. P. U. special training work in this county during the past two months is holding the institute at Snyder this week, assisted by Mr. A. J. Chastain and Rev. Jeff Davis.

Much interest is being taken in the work with an interesting class of workers.

Miss Hunt and Mr. Chastain are very fine in this line of work, very capable with special training. Bro. Davis is teaching the teachers training class which leads to a King's Teacher Diploma, which specially equips teachers for the Sunday School.

Reports of these classes will be published later.

Birth Record.

Henry Grady Walton and wife, August 23rd, a boy.

Andrew H. White and wife, August 22nd, a boy.

Arthur D. Cook and wife, August 20, a boy.

Luther W. Whitehead and wife, August 21st, a girl.

W. B. Rhodes and wife, August 18th, a boy.

Luther Thornhill and wife, August 15th, a boy.

Melvis Neal, and wife, August 18th a boy.

Den Cartenas and wife, August 20, twin boys.

Mr. J. A. Stallings of the Santa Fe was in the Signal office Wednesday and stated that business over the Santa Fe was increasing, due to the increased tonnage of shipments, and also increased passenger travel. The coal situation, Mr. Stallings said, would, he thought, be acute this fall unless more laid in their supply of coal early.

J. W. Hill, who used to make Snyder every week traveling for the Wooten Grocery Co., was in the city Wednesday. Mr. Hill had been down in Louisiana and said he was glad to get back to this country.

Ladies' Altrurian Club.

The play of "Stop Thief" is progressing nicely under the direction of Mr. Monroe Hopkins. The cast will include fourteen of our home boys and girls.

The play of "Stop Thief" was originally produced by Cohan and Harris in the city of New York not long ago. It is one of the funniest comedies that has been written in years, and is always a laugh from beginning to end.

In addition to the play of "Stop Thief" Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Hopkins will render one of their vaudeville acts between the second and third acts of the play.

All special scenery and electrical effects will be used in this production.

Tickets are being sold by the ladies of the Altrurian club.

Members of the cast will include: Lois Sears, Ola Mae Davis, Ora Wilson, Hazel Littlefield, Opal Vick, J. P. Strayhorn, Grady Whitmore, Jim Templeton, Weston Templeton, Wayne Boren, Raymond Sims, H. V. Williams, Walla Fish and Slim Nored.

J. A. Hood of Hermleigh was in the city Thursday.

Miss Sarah E. Wright

Announces the opening of a class in Expression and Folk Dancing on Monday, September 5. Session will be held at West Ward School building on Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays. Applications for enrollment are now being received. Phone 185. 13c

Mary Bob Huckabee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Huckabee is visiting her aunt, Mrs. T. A. Coma, at Tulsa, this week.

R. E. Curry of Miles is here this week on business and prospecting with a view of moving here.

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. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
 (Seal) 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. 3c.
 Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

MARE LOST—One black mare, 16 hands high, 9 years old, scar on left shoulder, X4 on left thigh. Finder please phone O. P. Wolfe. 11p

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One King player piano. Will trade for live stock or Ford car. See Jim Harless, Snyder, Texas. 11p

ROOM FOR RENT—One south room for rent furnished or unfurnished, just north of W. R. Bell. Mrs. Myrtle LeDlow. 12c

UNFURNISHED ROOMS to rent 3 blocks south of central school building. Mrs. Nettie Wasson. 11p

LOST—In east Snyder, one 36x4 new grey inner tube. Reward if returned to White and White, east side square Snyder, Texas. 11c

HOME MADE SYRUP—I have home made syrup at the mill for sale, 65c per gallon, you furnish pails, or will pay 7 1-2 cents for all good gallon syrup buckets you bring me. Leave buckets at Blackard Hardware Co., also orders for syrup. Phone Snyder 9002F-12. T. W. Gabbert, Dunn, Texas. 12p

ESTRAYED—One two year old roan Durham heifer branded Z G on left side, both ears cropped, liberal reward. Notify W. S. Gillum, Snyder, Texas, Rt. A., Box 71. 11p

NICE FURNISHED light house-keeping rooms for two, also nice furnished bed rooms, teachers preferred. Mrs. N. B. Moore, East Snyder, 11p-tf

ROOM FOR RENT—I have large south room to rent, 1 1-2 block south Central school building. Inquire for T. M. Logan at the court house. 11c

NICE FURNISHED LIGHT HOUSE-keeping rooms for two; also nice furnished bed rooms. Teachers preferred. Mrs. N. B. Moore, East Snyder. 11p-tf

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

FOR SALE—My place on north Clarendon Street, first house north and west of church. Apply to J. A. Miller. 8tf

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

FOR SALE—Auto trailer will carry 800 to 1000 pounds, equipped with Cord Tires, 34x4. See me at Highway Hotel, Ed Souterland. 11p

LOST—Dodge Rim and Worn casing between Snyder and Hermleigh. Finder please return to W. R. Bell.

HORSE TALK

We shoe your horses and guarantee to shoe them right. We shoe cripples and remove lameness or money back. We also do all kinds of blacksmithing, will appreciate your patronage.

E. W. DITTO

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

JUST RECEIVED 100 BOLTS OF GINGHAM

ALL GRADES

We are prepared to take care of the school children's wants.

CATON-DODSON DRY GOODS COMPANY

CONWAY TEARLE IN STORY BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Author's Greatest Narrative, "The Fighter," Picturized Under Direction of Henry Kolker—Provides Selznick Star with Role that is Both Powerful and Popular.

The whole world knows that fighters do not all wear boxing gloves. There are those, however, who may consider "The Fighter" as the title of a photoplay that finds its plot impulses centering around the prize-ring without thought of the fighters who battle for success in life without ever donning a glove—boxing or dress.

Conway Tearle, in his newest Selznick Picture, story of which is by Albert Payson Terhune, delineates the part of a fighter of the sort who battles all the world without centering attacks upon too many individuals at one time. Man by man, incident by incident, and conspiracy after conspiracy, the prowess of the fighter who wins his way to success makes of this photoplay an entertainment of continuous interest.

Tense love interest develops as the story progresses. In the role of fighting man of business Conway Tearle impersonates a man who is in

love with his ward without realizing it. He of course learns of his love in due time but the manner of his awakening makes "The Fighter" one of the most engrossing and absorbing photo-dramas in which Mr. Tearle has appeared.

As he battles his way to success and happiness with the girl he loves, the fighter meets many rebuffs and is forced to surmount countless obstacles. Life and love do not run any too smooth for the fighter—he makes his way by sheer force and gains his objects because he simply will not be denied. "The Fighter" tells just such a story as usually captivates the American public for it has much fine dramatic action, an absorbing love theme and a thrilling wreck incident that is bound to win favor from theatregoers who appreciate the spectacular.

Exhibitors who played Conway Tearle's recent big success, "Bucking the Tiger," will remember Winifred Westover's sterling performance in that photoplay. Miss Westover admittedly is one of the most capable and popular leading women of the screen and her splendid portrayal of the leading role in "The Fighter" will go far toward maintaining the enviable reputation she now enjoys.

Tom Mix Coming With

Stunts, Humor, Thrills. Stunts, humor and thrills are on the program for tomorrow when Tom Mix, the William Fox star, showing at the Cozy Theatre in his latest picture, "A Ridin' Romeo."

Mix, as a cowboy, invents many home comforts in this photoplay, some of which may be a help to those who hate to get up early on cold mornings. But he can't think of anything that will keep him out of trouble. He loves excitement, but he fails to see the humor in excitement pursuing him. His big heart opens wide when he finds a baby on a rock. He thinks it has been abandoned. He takes it home to his cabin. The next thing he knows the sheriff is after him for kidnapping.

Many other big, thrilling and laugh-provoking scenes are promised in "A Ridin' Romeo," of which Mix himself is the author.

At Plainview.

Bro. John Hicks of Snyder is doing the preaching at Plainview this week, and it is well done. The congregations are good and responsive. Souls are being saved all for which we thank God and take fresh courage. Rev. Allen Walton is attending the services some. He has had his foot badly hurt by running a row binder over it and had a bone broken in his arm by getting it hung in some part of the machine, but he comes to church without a shoe on the afflicted foot. Several of Snyder's citizens are attending the services and lending a helping hand.

We had a great victory at Crowder. Rev. Earnest Dorsett took charge and did the preaching Sunday morning and night, so the pastor could commence the Plainview meeting. The congregation was delighted with his preaching. Snyder Mission is developing very rapidly this year. We are looking forward to the time soon that it may be a first class circuit.

The membership is a fine class of citizens, devout and self-sacrificing. Therefore such people will be blessed of God. We go from Plainview to County Line in Fisher county, which will end our summer campaign on the mission for this season. Are to hold a meeting for Bro. Dunkin, and one for Bro. Dixon, which will keep us busy till conference.

J. W. Griffin.

W. H. Peckham of Abilene has taken charge of the Manhattan Hotel. Mr. Cox has gone back to Ozona.

How to Plant Grapes.

A rich, sandy, post oak loam, on red clay is the ideal, yet other good soil will do. For field culture we know of no form so well adapted as the Murison Ideal Trellis, which is constructed by setting upright posts six feet in length extending four feet above the ground, sixteen feet apart at top of each post being nailed so as to be T shape, a cross arm of 1x4 inch lumber, two and one half feet in length, on wire being run the entire length of the trellis over each end of the cross arm to hold the lateral vines in a canopy shape, when complete the trellis having the appearance of a three wire telephone line.

Grapes must receive heavy pruning in January or February of each year, just before the sap starts. Allowing not over four lateral vines from the main vine the first season after the main vine has grown to the height of the trellis, each year, there after cutting back each lateral within two eyes of the main vine and the other in the opposite direction on the trellis, and the vineyard should have good cultivation to keep down weeds, and conserve moisture, fertilizer should be liberally applied for best results, barn yard manure being the best. Spray to prevent insects and diseases of vine and fruit is necessary for successful results.

When planting trim the roots slightly, cut back the tops, so as to leave two eyes to each cane or pruned vine. Plant eight feet a part in rows nine feet apart requiring 605 vines to the acre.

G. H. Barnhart

Card of Thanks.

We want to take this opportunity of thanking all those who in any way ministered to us in the illness and death of our dear husband and father, for all kind expressions of sympathy and beautiful floral offerings. May God in His infinite mercy bless and keep you all.

Mrs. W. T. Thompson and family and Grandmother Thompson.

What have you to trade, or would you buy at a bargain on easy terms a farm of 325 acres near Snyder on hard road, about one-half in cultivation? R. W. Cleavenger. 11p

In the 8 round boxing contest here Saturday night, between Fred Crowder of Snyder and Kid Smith of New Orleans, a decision was rendered in favor of Crowder.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Egerton and children of Dodge City Kansas, are visiting Mrs. Egerton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Buchanan.

UNFURNISHED ROOMS for rent—two light housekeeping rooms, unfurnished. Apply Box 592, Snyder, Texas. 11p

P. E. Pearson of Ennis creek was in town yesterday and paid the Signal office an appreciated call. Mr. Pearson said he was going to make worlds of feed and as much cotton as he could gather.

Professor Hall returned Tuesday from Canyon where he has been teaching history during the summer normal. Mr. Hall says his work has been very pleasant. He will not teach this season but will attend the State University in order to finish some work.

Mr. S. H. Kelley and son, Fort of Breckenridge, are here on a visit.

Kid Smith and wife of New Orleans La., are here, the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Smith.

Subscribe for the Signal. \$1.50.

NORTHERS AND OVERCOATS.

Speaking about northers and overcoats, wouldn't it be pleasant to have an opportunity of buttoning up your good warm overcoat and taking a brisk walk around the square. Do you remember when Deep creek froze over? And when your pipe froze six inches under the ground and you had to rush out to your neighbor somewhere, to find just a little water to cook with? Do you remember when the streets and side walks were covered with a thick coat of ice and you had to be careful of your walk for fear you would fall? Do you remember all this? It seems ages since all this happened but it did and the good old northers will come again and then we will forget about the hot days in August and will be glad we're living, glad of the different season and glad of everything. What a wonderful world this is with all its beauties with all its different seasons, with all its wonderful vegetation and a thousand other things, if we will only stop to enumerate them, yes, the good old northers will come, in season.

Misses Vera and Aetna Jones of Camp Springs have returned from Denton where they have been attending the N. T. S. N. College. Aetna did splendid work, making five college subjects and completing one course of High school English. She will return for the fall term.

W. A. Johnson returned Tuesday from Roswell, New Mexico. Mr. Johnson said part of the country out there had received rain, but Snyder looked better than any town on the route with but probably one exception.

Ed Southerland of Rome, Ga., is here to take charge of the Maxwell Hotel. He has driven to Snyder in his car, and says boll weevil has practically destroyed cotton from Ft. Worth east, but feed crops are good. He says our crops are as good as any he saw along the way.

Choice South Texas Comb Honey cheaper than it has been in three years. Ralston Grocery Co. 11c.

Uncle Sam's Honor Roll.

On Uncle Sam's honor roll in Washington, known as the "Limit List," will be found the names of a gratifying number of the citizens of Snyder, says a report made by Postmaster Barnes.

Explaining, he said: "These are the names of persons or corporations that have the distinction of having invested in their own names all of the money that Uncle Sam will allow them to place in Government Savings Securities in a single year. This amount is \$1000 maturity value, or \$836 in August which is the investment required to own a \$1000 Registered Treasury Savings Certificate, ten \$100 Registered Treasury Saving Certificates or forty of the \$25 certificates."

Among the most recent Mr. Harvey Shuler, Treasurer, Snyder Chapter, American Red Cross, Mr. Ralph Mathison, Mr. David J. Jobe and Mrs. Margaret O. Jobe.

Mrs. W. L. Forrester and two daughters, Ruby and Pearl have returned from Canyon.

MAUDE E. RILEY TEACHER OF PIANO AND VOICE CHORAL DIRECTOR

Pupil of Philip Keet, 33 years teacher of Piano and Choral director, St. Joseph, Mo.

Beginning Sept. 5th.

WHAT'S ON AT THE COZY

TONIGHT

"TWINBEDS."

A Farce Comedy, by Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven. A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION.



TOMORROW—

Tom Mix in "A RIDIN' ROMEO." This is Tom's quickest moving and Biggest laugh getting picture, with a fresh assortment of stunts. Read the write-up elsewhere in this paper.

Also that Funny Toonerville Trolley Car and Skipper in "TOON-ERVILLE TACTICS."

MONDAY—

Conway Tearle, in "THE FIGHTER." Story by Albert Payson Terhune, a photoplay that radiates strength and power. A story of struggle and victory. Containing the most spectacular train wreck ever screened.

TUESDAY—

Beginning a series of short reel programs. For this day we have a Two Reel Western, "The Pony Express Rider," A Two Reel Comedy "Stuffed Lions," and International News Reel, giving news items that happened during the last twenty to twenty-five days.

WEDNESDAY—

"Stop Thief," by local talent, auspices Altrurian Club.

FRIDAY—

WANDA HAWLEY in "THE SNOBS." A clean and wholesome comedy drama that will please you, and make you feel like Wanda is one of your friends. Oh, Yes! That inimitable Clyde Cook, again. This time he plays in "The Guide." Also Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins in a Vaudeville act.

SATURDAY—

Shirley Mason in "Lovetime" an old fashion romance, the scenes of which are laid in France, years before the war. "And the Skipper Strikes it Rich." You will wake up nights and laugh at the skipper. Also Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins in a vaudeville act.

COZY THEATRE

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31st.

THE LADIES ALTRURIAN CLUB

Presents

"STOP THIEF"

A

Comedy in three acts

Directed by

Mr. and Mrs.
Monroe Hopkins

And

Produced with
the local talent
of Snyder

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Hopkins will render one of their big time vaudeville acts between the second and third acts of the play. Tickets being sold by ladies of the Altrurian Club.

For a Correct Idea of Our Style Offering of Suits.

YOU OUGHT TO SEE OUR FALL DISPLAY OF MODELS FOR FALL AND WINTER

We have every style in vogue, together with wealth of beautiful fabrics that is sure to appeal to you, no matter what your taste may be.

Ordering your clothes to Measure will compensate you in many ways in return for the time consumed in having them specially cut and made for you.

When it comes to saving money on your new suit or overcoat made to your measure—Our Prices Are the Lowest, Quality considered. Priced from \$22.50 up to \$65.00. We invite comparison.

Real Cleaning and Pressing

PROLONGS THE LIFE OF YOUR WARDROBE. WE DO ALTERING AND REMODELING

Also your Fur and Plush Coats made to look new. We guarantee you better cleaning than you are accustomed to.

No Odor—No Trace of Gasoline

On the clothes we deliver, even though it's only a one-day service. We invite you to come and get acquainted and let us show you, or phone—We'll do the rest.

If you live outside of Snyder, ship us your work Parcel Post—we pay postage one way. We will return it the following day after date received.

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO APPEAR WELL YOU ARE JUDGED BY YOUR CLOTHES.

The

Buckhorn Tailors

T. L. McMillan, Prop.

Phone 440

Snyder, Texas

THE CLAN CALL

(Continued from page 3)

Clothes, and there was a rawhide quilt in his hand.

"You scared me, Jimmy!" laughed Miss Elizabeth, a trifle nervously.



"You Scared Me, Jimmy?" Laughed Miss Elizabeth, a Trifle Nervously.

didn't know you were anywhere around!" "Beg pardon," Jimmy smiled.

"Yes."

He sat down beside her and began thoughtfully to flick the toe of one of his shining boots with the tip of his quirt.

"Once more," looking pleadingly into her eyes—"won't you marry me and make me happy forever afterward?"

She turned the letter over in her lap in order that Payne might not see, accidentally or otherwise, the address.

"Jimmy," she finally said, "I'd like to have a little more time to think about it. Things like this oughtn't to be decided in a hurry."

"You've already had months? Or were they years—or ages? Why do you keep putting me off like this, Elizabeth?"

"As I told you, Jimmy, I don't—"

He interrupted sharply: "I know you don't love me. But you'll learn to—after you've seen how much I shall adore you."

He made a move as though to take her into his arms, and she shrank from him; he had done that same thing, and she had done that same thing, dozens of times before.

With unseeing eyes Elizabeth watched Mrs. Dale step from her motor at the porte-cochere and go into the house.

Jimmy Payne, too, saw Mrs. Dale, but he was wholly unaffected by the sight of her; Mrs. Dale, somehow, did not object to his seeing the girl quite as much as she had once objected.

"Jimmy," after a long silence had passed between them, "I'm afraid I ain't the right woman for you."

If you knew, for sure, that I once took a rifle gun and killed a man with it,

would you—would you still want me?" Payne laughed as though at a good joke.

"You kill a man? Why, I couldn't believe it. But if you had killed a man, or a dozen men, it—could hardly make any difference to me. If you did do it, you did it because there was nothing else to do; I'm sure of that. We won't mention it again, if you're willing. I neither criticize nor attempt to understand your hill codes. Marry me, won't you, Elizabeth?"

"If I did," asked Ben Littleford's daughter, "would you help my people back in the hills?"

"Educate 'em? Yes! Every blessed one of 'em."

"Freely?"

"Yes!"

Once more Elizabeth Littleford tried to decide. Payne's eyes grew more and more hopeful as he watched her lips. He became impatient.

"Tell me," he begged.

The girl took up the letter she had just received from Bill Dale.

"As soon as I read this," she murmured, "I'll tell you, Jimmy. If you don't mind, please look the other way for a minute."

She tore off one end of the envelope, drew out the single sheet and unfolded it. Her eyes narrowed; her face flushed, and then became just a little pale. Her underlip quivered as she folded the sheet and put it back into the envelope.

"I can't marry you, Jimmy," she told him.

Without another word she arose and left him. She hastened to the house, hastened upstairs, and went to her room.

Half an hour later Mrs. Dale found her lying face downward on her bed, and beside her lay a crumpled sheet of paper. Mrs. Dale picked up the sheet, straightened it out, and read this, in the bold handwriting of her son:

"Believe me, I am very appreciative of your invitation. But I am having Christmas with your mother, here in my own country."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Last Fight.

It was early in the morning, and Bill Dale had just sent for Ben Littleford. The hillman hurried to the office, for he believed he knew what was in the air. He had already gone to work at the mine, and his thick beard, his face and his hands were black with the dust of coal.

"Sit down, Ben," said the general manager, "We're going to hold a council of war."

Littleford took a chair and crossed his legs.

"Is it the Ball outfit?" he drawled.

"Yes," answered the younger man, and forthwith he told the other of the news that By Heck had brought him a few days before; he had not given the matter really serious consideration until that morning. "Now," he finished, "I want to know whether you think there's any danger?"

Littleford tugged at his blackened beard and frowned.

"Bill," he said soberly, "do you rickollect what John Moreland told you once about them Balls? He told ye 'at you wasn't safe, and 'at he wasn't safe, ontel they was dead and buried, didn't he? I believe he did. By Heck says the's a whole big passel o' them Nawth Ca'liner Turners; he's shore them and the Balls'll outnumber us more'n two to one. Yes, the's danger, Bill, and 'specially to you. They think it was you killed Adam, and they don't think the law handed 'em a square deal at the trial."

"Then listen to this plan," said Dale.

"I'll keep By Heck up the river watching for them. He will have three sticks of dynamite tied together and capped and fitted with a fuse. If he sees them coming this way in anything like a force, he will fire off the dynamite as a signal to us. Our men will gather here in the upstairs of this building, and bar the doors—"

"Oh, Bill," moaned the old fighter, "you shorely don't think we'd ever let 'em get to the doors?"

"I hope they don't, certainly," called Dale. "Where are your rifles,

to the river's nearest bank and went rapidly, under cover of the thickly-standing sycamores, to a point within seventy yards of the office and supplies building. Then they made a dash across the open space, and Ben Littleford, with one arm bound up in a red-stained blue bandana, opened the door for them.

"Who else is hurt?" panted Dale.

"Little Tom," answered Littleford, "and Saul. Little Tom, he got a bullet onder the shoulder. Saul, he got one in might' nigh the same place. They've riddled the whole 'other side o' the house to splinters. They're a-cullin' fo' you."

"They'll get all they want of me," Dale growled.

He turned and ran up the rough stairway, and Ben Littleford and the Morelands followed close upon his heels.

At the front and side windows, behind anything they had been able to find that would stop a bullet, knelt Littlefords with rifles in their hands, patiently watching for a human target to appear on the mountainside above.

Saul and Little Tom lay in a corner, where they were fairly safe from chance bullets. Hayes had bound up their wounds as well as he could with the material at hand. They were both white and helpless and suffering, but still full of the old Littleford fighting spirit.

Dale seized his Winchester and belt of cartridges from the hands of the man who had brought them to him, and turned to the others. A bullet crashed through the wall and struck the floor at his foot; he paid no attention to it.

"Listen to me, boys," Dale was buckling his cartridge-belt with rapid, steady fingers. "From where they are hiding, the Balls and Turners can hardly see the lower story of this building. We'll go downstairs, open the front door, and run to the edge of the laurels at the foot of the mountain. Then we'll turn to the right, make a wide detour, and get above the Ball outfit; we'll be fighting down-hill instead of up-hill. Get me? Are you all ready?"

To a man, they were ready.

They reached the thick undergrowth without being seen by the enemy. While the Balls and Turners fired more or less aimlessly at the building, drank white whiskey and called drunkenly for the surrender to them of Bill Dale, Bill Dale and his men were making their way steadily in a wide half-circle up the side of David Moreland's mountain.

Half an hour after they had left the office building, Dale had stationed his men, deployed as a line of skirmishers, behind sheltering trees some two hundred feet above the Balls and their kinsmen.

John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Bill Dale were not far apart. "It's a shame to do it," said Dale. "I swear, we can't shoot men in the back like this."

John Moreland, twisted his mouth into a queer smile of contempt, and so did Ben Littleford. They knew, far better than their leader, the ways of that people without a principle. The Balls and Turners wouldn't hesitate to shoot them in the back!

"Well," John Moreland replied, and it was almost a sneer, "ye might go down thar and give 'em some candy,

and kiss 'em, and ax 'em won't they please surrender!" Dale leaned around his tree, a great gauged chestnut, and called boldly: "You've got a chance to surrender now—and you'd certainly better take it quick!"

One of those below yelled surprisedly: "Who're you?" Then they all whipped to the other side of their sheltering timber.

The answer came at once: "I'm Bill Dale, and I'm peeved! You're at the mercy of the finest hill clan that ever looked along rifle barrels; will you surrender, or fight it out?"

"You said it—we'll fight it out!" cried a burly cousin of Black Adam Ball, deceased.

"You're on!" growled Bill Dale, slipping his rifle out beside the tree. "Give 'em h—l, boys!"

He was unused to this sort of thing, and he was incautious. He showed a little too much of himself—there was a sudden keen report from below, and a bullet hole appeared in the rim of his hat! John Moreland fired the next shot, and he broke the right arm of the man who had just fired at Bill Dale. This opened the battle in earnest.

Soon the thunder of the many rifles became almost a steady roar. The air was filled with the pungent odor of burning powder. Bill Dale emptied the magazine of his repeater, and sank behind the big chestnut to fill it again with cartridges from his belt.

Bullets now whined on both sides of him; they cut greenish white furrows in the bark of both sides of the tree, and knocked up little spurts of black earth to his right and to his left; they cut off twigs within an arm's reach of him. A dozen Balls were now firing at him, seeking to avenge

the death of their kinsman, the Goliath. John Moreland's strong voice came to him through the din and roar: "Don't show no part o' yourself now, Bill; ef ye do, ye'll shore be hit!"

Dale fired again, pumped a fresh cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and slipped another into the magazine

and arose behind the chestnut. "Down, Bill!" cried John Moreland. If Dale heard, he gave no sign of it. He fired four shots rapidly, and before the wind had carried away the blinding smoke he was behind another tree and shooting toward the Balls again. Soon there came a short, loud peal of laughter from his left; he turned his head and saw Ben Littleford taking a careful aim at a long, angle toward the side of a boulder. Then Littleford fired, and a puff of stone dust showed that his bullet had gone true to its mark.

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"Oh, Bill," moaned the old fighter, "you shorely don't think we'd ever let 'em get to the doors?"

"I hope they don't, certainly," called Dale. "Where are your rifles,

cartridges around their waists and with repeating rifles across the pommels of their saddles, and joined Dale. The four hastened to the homes of the other Morelands; and not long afterward the old clan, in full strength, rode toward the big, double hills with Bill Dale acting as its leader. It was to be the clan's last fight, and a fight for a good cause, and every man of it was eager for the fray.

Bill Dale bore himself proudly, and he rode like a man born to the saddle. He found a queer joy—a joy that brightened his steel-grey eyes and flushed his sunburned cheeks, a joy that he didn't even attempt to understand—in the thought:

"For this one day I am a clan chief; I am leading my own people against a foe, in my own country—"

And so overwhelmingly did the idea take hold of him that he wished, even then, for the repeater that awaited him at his office back in the heart of the mountains. Once his conscience asked him a question—and he answered it with another question. Was he doing that which was right? Might not the Littlefords all be killed by those drunken cutthroats while he was waiting for the arrival of a company of militia from a city miles distant?

Anyway, the militia would fight. His clan would do no more than that. He satisfied his conscience quickly.

When they had reached the lower end of the cleared valley, there came to them the sounds of slow firing, the firing of snipers. Each man kicked his horse's flanks and rode faster.

When they came in sight of the besieged building, they saw puffs of powder-smoke rising lazily from the upper windows and from the mountain side above and to the right. Again they kicked the flanks of their horses and rode faster.

At John Moreland's old cabin they dismounted hastily and turned their horses into the drab meadow. With Dale still leading, they hurried on foot

to the river's nearest bank and went rapidly, under cover of the thickly-standing sycamores, to a point within seventy yards of the office and supplies building. Then they made a dash across the open space, and Ben Littleford, with one arm bound up in a red-stained blue bandana, opened the door for them.

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"Listen to me, boys," Dale was buckling his cartridge-belt with rapid, steady fingers. "From where they are hiding, the Balls and Turners can hardly see the lower story of this building. We'll go downstairs, open the front door, and run to the edge of the laurels at the foot of the mountain. Then we'll turn to the right, make a wide detour, and get above the Ball outfit; we'll be fighting down-hill instead of up-hill. Get me? Are you all ready?"

To a man, they were ready.

They reached the thick undergrowth without being seen by the enemy. While the Balls and Turners fired more or less aimlessly at the building, drank white whiskey and called drunkenly for the surrender to them of Bill Dale, Bill Dale and his men were making their way steadily in a wide half-circle up the side of David Moreland's mountain.

Half an hour after they had left the office building, Dale had stationed his men, deployed as a line of skirmishers, behind sheltering trees some two hundred feet above the Balls and their kinsmen.

John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Bill Dale were not far apart. "It's a shame to do it," said Dale. "I swear, we can't shoot men in the back like this."

John Moreland, twisted his mouth into a queer smile of contempt, and so did Ben Littleford. They knew, far better than their leader, the ways of that people without a principle. The Balls and Turners wouldn't hesitate to shoot them in the back!

"Well," John Moreland replied, and it was almost a sneer, "ye might go down thar and give 'em some candy,

and kiss 'em, and ax 'em won't they please surrender!" Dale leaned around his tree, a great gauged chestnut, and called boldly: "You've got a chance to surrender now—and you'd certainly better take it quick!"

One of those below yelled surprisedly: "Who're you?" Then they all whipped to the other side of their sheltering timber.

The answer came at once: "I'm Bill Dale, and I'm peeved! You're at the mercy of the finest hill clan that ever looked along rifle barrels; will you surrender, or fight it out?"

"You said it—we'll fight it out!" cried a burly cousin of Black Adam Ball, deceased.

"You're on!" growled Bill Dale, slipping his rifle out beside the tree. "Give 'em h—l, boys!"

He was unused to this sort of thing, and he was incautious. He showed a little too much of himself—there was a sudden keen report from below, and a bullet hole appeared in the rim of his hat! John Moreland fired the next shot, and he broke the right arm of the man who had just fired at Bill Dale. This opened the battle in earnest.

Soon the thunder of the many rifles became almost a steady roar. The air was filled with the pungent odor of burning powder. Bill Dale emptied the magazine of his repeater, and sank behind the big chestnut to fill it again with cartridges from his belt.

Bullets now whined on both sides of him; they cut greenish white furrows in the bark of both sides of the tree, and knocked up little spurts of black earth to his right and to his left; they cut off twigs within an arm's reach of him. A dozen Balls were now firing at him, seeking to avenge

the death of their kinsman, the Goliath. John Moreland's strong voice came to him through the din and roar: "Don't show no part o' yourself now, Bill; ef ye do, ye'll shore be hit!"

Dale fired again, pumped a fresh cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and slipped another into the magazine

and arose behind the chestnut. "Down, Bill!" cried John Moreland. If Dale heard, he gave no sign of it. He fired four shots rapidly, and before the wind had carried away the blinding smoke he was behind another tree and shooting toward the Balls again. Soon there came a short, loud peal of laughter from his left; he turned his head and saw Ben Littleford taking a careful aim at a long, angle toward the side of a boulder. Then Littleford fired, and a puff of stone dust showed that his bullet had gone true to its mark.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Last Fight.

It was early in the morning, and Bill Dale had just sent for Ben Littleford. The hillman hurried to the office, for he believed he knew what was in the air. He had already gone to work at the mine, and his thick beard, his face and his hands were black with the dust of coal.

"Sit down, Ben," said the general manager, "We're going to hold a council of war."

Littleford took a chair and crossed his legs.

"Is it the Ball outfit?" he drawled.

"Yes," answered the younger man, and forthwith he told the other of the news that By Heck had brought him a few days before; he had not given the matter really serious consideration until that morning. "Now," he finished, "I want to know whether you think there's any danger?"

Littleford tugged at his blackened beard and frowned.

"Bill," he said soberly, "do you rickollect what John Moreland told you once about them Balls? He told ye 'at you wasn't safe, and 'at he wasn't safe, ontel they was dead and buried, didn't he? I believe he did. By Heck says the's a whole big passel o' them Nawth Ca'liner Turners; he's shore them and the Balls'll outnumber us more'n two to one. Yes, the's danger, Bill, and 'specially to you. They think it was you killed Adam, and they don't think the law handed 'em a square deal at the trial."

"Then listen to this plan," said Dale.

"I'll keep By Heck up the river watching for them. He will have three sticks of dynamite tied together and capped and fitted with a fuse. If he sees them coming this way in anything like a force, he will fire off the dynamite as a signal to us. Our men will gather here in the upstairs of this building, and bar the doors—"

"Oh, Bill," moaned the old fighter, "you shorely don't think we'd ever let 'em get to the doors?"

"I hope they don't, certainly," called Dale. "Where are your rifles,

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EVER BILIOUS? Charleston, Miss.—Mrs. R. V. Heins, of this place, says: "I have never had to use very much medicine, because if I felt headache, dizziness, or colds, bad taste in the mouth, which comes from torpid liver, I would take a dose or more of Black-Draught, and it would straighten me out and make me feel as good as new. We have used in our family for years THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT and it certainly is the best liver medicine I ever saw. It has not only saved me money, it has helped keep my system in shape, and has never weakened me as so many physics do. I recommend it to my friends and am glad to do so." Black-Draught is the old, reliable liver medicine which you have doubtless heard much about. When you feel badly all over, stomach not right, bad taste in your mouth, bilious, or have a headache, try Thedford's Black-Draught. At all Druggists. Always Insist on the Genuine!



"Guns and Horses, Boys!"

and kiss 'em, and ax 'em won't they please surrender!" Dale leaned around his tree, a great gauged chestnut, and called boldly: "You've got a chance to surrender now—and you'd certainly better take it quick!"

and arose behind the chestnut. "Down, Bill!" cried John Moreland. If Dale heard, he gave no sign of it. He fired four shots rapidly, and before the wind had carried away the blinding smoke he was behind another tree and shooting toward the Balls again.

(Continued next week)

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"I smiled—and he shot me" AFTER MONTHS and months. MY WIFE persuaded me. TO HAVE it done. SO I went around. TO THE photographer. AND GOT mugged. WHEN THE pictures came. I SHOWED them to a gang. OF AMATEUR art critics. AND PROFESSIONAL crabs. DISGUISED AS friends. WHO FAVORED me. WITH SUCH remarks as. "DOESN'T HE look natural?" "HAS IT got a tail?" "A GREAT resemblance." AND THAT last one. MADE ME sore. SO WHEN friend wife. ADDED HER howl. I TRIED again. THIS TIME they were great. FOR HERE'S what happened. THE PHOTOGRAPHER said. "LOOK THIS way, please." AND HELD up something. AS HE pushed the button. AND NO one could help. BUT LOOK pleasant. FOR WHAT he held up. WAS A nice full pack. OF THE cigarettes. THAT SATISFY. LIGHT up a Chesterfield and I sense the goodness of those fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in that wonderful Chesterfield blend. Taste that flavor! Sniff that aroma! You'll register "They Satisfy." You can't help it. Did you know about the Chesterfield package of 10? They Satisfy Chesterfield CIGARETTES LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

A TRIP TO THE WESTERN STATES

(By L. McQuinn.)

After leaving Santa Monica we came to Venice, another pretty coast town. A little miniature rail road was in operation around the town and the little train was ready and steamed up and the whistle blowing ready to start.

It was a real little passenger train with little coaches attached. Our boys enjoyed the ride fine around the town. I believe the tickets cost ten cents per passenger. We were almost worn out from the day's journey. The following afternoon we took a street car for Long Beach, another modern coast town. We went in surf bathing in the Pacific Ocean and found it very cold. It was great pleasure to ride over those big waves as the tides came in. We froze out and went to a municipal bathing pool in an auditorium and they had the water warmed which we appreciated.

After leaving Long Beach we visited the city markets in Los Angeles and it was a regular bee hive of people purchasing all kinds of food and vegetables. The next morning we took the Southern Pacific train for Santa Cruz and got there after night. We passed through some beautiful

scenery along the coast and nice orchards along the way. We looked over the town at Santa Cruz and the beach and enjoyed our visit so much.

At ten o'clock we took the Southern Pacific train for the big Red Wood trees a few miles out from Santa Cruz. The guide showed us through and explained the height and circumference around the trees. Several of our presidents have been there and they have named trees in honor of them. The Grant tree was 306 feet high and used to be 381 feet before the top was broken off. 65 feet around it, 4000 years old.

The Jumbo 290 feet high and 46 feet around it, 5000 years old.

The General Fremont tree 290 feet high and had a room 16x20 inside with windows and doors. General Fremont and his family camped there during the war. The tree was 5000 years old. After leaving Santa Cruz in the afternoon, we passed through a wonderful grain section of California and late in the afternoon we reached San Francisco.

After the day's journey we left San Francisco through Northern California on the famous Shasta line of the Southern Pacific. It was night when we passed through Sacramento and when it became daylight we passed some fine orchards, and the farther we went the scenery grew more beautiful; pretty mountain streams, and we finally came in sight of Mount Shasta, a large snow-capped mountain. Before getting there the train was stopped at Shasta Springs and all the passengers got off and got a drink of ice water as it was coming off the mountain over the cliffs as melted snow water. It was a beautiful sight to see it coming off that mountain. It wasn't long until we came near Mount Shasta covered with snow, and the elevation was 14,380 feet. We

traveled all day through Northern California, the most picturesque scenery in the world. Forests of large timber and evergreens, wild flowers and pretty mountain streams. They said there was lots of fish in those streams. Game in the mountains. Before entering Oregon we passed Siskiyou Pass at a high elevation. In ascending those mountains the train made a serpentine trail winding around and around until it reached the top with two powerful mogul engines pulling us up. At one place on the trip we could see three trains coming up the mountain.

It was late in the evening when we entered Oregon. We traveled down the Rogue River Valley, pretty scenery and fine orchards and grain farms. The clover fields were beautiful, and fine stock. The banks of Rogue River were lined with people fishing with hook and line. Several were camping and equipped with tourists' outfits. We spent the night in Grant's Pass, a pretty town situated near the mountains. A fine fruit and berry country. The following morning we continued our journey across the mountain and saw some nice towns and lumbering mills along the way. Rosenberg and Cottage Grove are progressive little towns. We ate our first Loganberry pie at Rosenberg and they have some fine peaches grown in that country.

We next arrived at Eugene, another progressive, up-to-date town about the size of Abilene, Texas, situated near the McKenzie and Willamette Rivers. The state university is located here. Business of all kinds is represented here. We visited the lumbering mills, woolen mill, excelsior plant and canning factory. Eugene is situated in a great fruit and berry country and also a wonderful grain country. Clover grows fine, too.

They have a pleasant climate and very healthful. Pure mountain water and shallow depth. It don't require irrigation for crops. Land varies in price owing to location and improvements. It is also a great stock and poultry country. Fine class of people and good schools and churches.

We were delighted to meet up with Brother Grayum's folks and took dinner with them. Saw Mr. Hodges' family and also Mr. Hargis' folks. It was a great pleasure to meet our Texas friends. They were well pleased with Oregon.

We visited the pheasant state farm

and they said when the birds get about half-grown they would turn them loose over the state. It is a fine place to hunt and fish. We visited Springfield and Junction City, two nice towns near Eugene. They have paved roads through the county.

After spending two days in Eugene we again took the Southern Pacific for Portland. Passed up through the Willamette Valley and seen pretty homes, nice orchards and fields of ripening grain. Passed through Salem, the state capital, a pretty town in the valley. We arrived in Portland after night and the following morning we visited the Chamber of Commerce building.

The secretary showed us through all the exhibits of farm and orchard products and a specimen of all the game and birds. He showed us also the mineral exhibits and finished products of the lumber industry of Oregon. He had some of the exhibits they used at the World's Fair at San Francisco. Portland is a beautiful city situated on the Columbia River, and is a great shipping point. We went to the highest point of the city on a street car and got a splendid view of the town from the observation tower. It was wonderful scenery going up those mountains. Beautiful homes up in those mountains. We next visited the city park and zoo. The little boys enjoyed the monkeys and the wild animals. The park has a large collection of pretty flowers and large trees and shrubbery. Portland has an annual flower show during the month of June, and they say it is a great event always and attended by thousands of people.

We left on the Great Northern in the afternoon for Seattle, Washington. Passed through the lumbering districts of Washington and orchards on the way. Pretty scenery and nice towns. We arrived in Seattle after night and the following morning we took a street car for Aurora Avenue and had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Nora Gover, a daughter of B. B. Gardner. We had a pleasant visit with her and her little girl. Visited the city park in the afternoon and the zoo. They have a beautiful park and large collection of animals. We next went to Volunteer Park and observation tower and took a look over the city. Seattle is a large, progressive city and built on the hills. We next visited the park auditorium and hundreds of people were in there with a collection of all kinds of flowers and shrubbery on the tables for exhibition. It was a beautiful sight. One of the city officials was awarding prizes and calling them off for the best exhibit.

The next morning we visited the Washington State University and the residence districts. They have beautiful homes and the University buildings and campus were something wonderful. Quite a number of students were there taking summer courses. At the far end of the campus we visited the state museum. It is a large building constructed out of Washington fir, large logs split with the bark on them. It gives it a rustic appearance and is very pretty. They removed it from the World's Fair at San Francisco. They have a collection of all the field and orchard products grown in Washington, minerals and lumber, specimens of animals and game, relics of the early settlers, petrified stone and also petrified trees in their natural state and a nice collection of paintings.

In the afternoon we visited the wharfs and docks of Seattle harbor. They were bringing in all kinds of merchandise from the foreign countries and shipping our products out. Large steamers and freighters ready to sail for Alaska, China, Japan, Siberia, Hawaiian Islands and other foreign countries. We never saw so much fish in all our lives being shipped in on those boats. We took a government launch and went out to the Navy Hospital Ship where they care for the sick sailors. We visited all over the boat with a guide, which took about an hour. Everything was spotless white, especially the operating rooms. Saw several of Uncle Sam's sick Navy boys.

After lunch a visit to one of the largest shows in Seattle, we left over the Union Pacific for Spokane and got there the next morning. Spent the day in Spokane looking around. It is a nice business city, not quite as large as Fort Worth. Visited the various business districts and attended a large show while there. We left that night over the Union Pacific for Salt Lake City.

It became daylight in Eastern Oregon on our way east. We passed through Pendleton, Oregon, a great stock and grain country. They have an annual roundup and cowboy celebration once each year at Pendleton. In the afternoon we struck the irrigated sections of Idaho and Utah, and prosperous towns and communi-

ties. Fruit, alfalfa and grain are the leading crops. We traveled part of the day through a desert with no vegetation scarcely. It was hot and dusty and the desert winds were blowing. We reached Salt Lake City the following morning. It is a very beautiful city, originally laid out and built according to the plans of Brigham Young.

We took a sightseeing automobile and the guide took us to various places of interest about the city. In his lecture he explained to us the different Mormon institutions, and passed by the home of Brigham Young and the homes of his twenty-six wives. He had a special school for his children. Had sixty-six children and over one hundred grandchildren. Passed around the state capitol and near the University of Utah; both very beautiful buildings and campus. He took us through the residence and business districts of the city. Brigham Young had laid out the city in ten acre blocks and the streets two hundred feet wide. They have a stream of water flowing down the side of the pavement which keeps the streets clean.

In all of these Western towns they have public drinking fountains in the business sections of the cities. Ice cold water from the snow mountains; water bubbling up through these fountains ice cold at all times. Our guide took us to the Mormon temple and we heard an organ recital on the largest pipe organ in the United States.

The Mormon temple was built in the year of 1847, and was constructed before nails and carpenter's tools were invented. It is built of split boards and put together with raw hide leather and wooden pegs and plastered. He requested us to stand at one end of the temple and he would drop a pin on the floor and we could hear it fall. He showed us the Mormon tabernacle and said that no one was permitted in there, only Mormon members and then only for special services. They ordain the elders in there and pray for the dead. The guide said it was a sacred place. All the marriages were performed in there, and when they were married he said they were married for life and eternity, and no separation of families in heaven. An outside member that had been married would have to be married again in the tabernacle so they could all be together in heaven. He further said that hell wouldn't be eternal punishment and compared an earthly parent punishing his child and said that a parent wouldn't want to punish his child forever.

The guide told us the reason they had more wives than one in early days they thought they were doing like the old prophets, Solomon and other great patriarchs that had so many wives. He said the laws of the United States forbid them to have more than one wife now. He said that some of the old women of early days were living that were married to Brigham Young and they were consecrated Christian women.

We visited the museum near the Mormon temple and saw Brigham Young's little log cabin he had lived in during those pioneer days. The little chimney fireplace and fire dogs and pot hangers were still there. He

had made a table out of rough boards, and a slab and four legs for a seat to sit on at meal time. The log house was chinked with clay and mud. The Mormons came to Utah in ox carts, and we saw the old ox yokes and one-horse plow. The museum was a wonderful collection of relics of old days. The old flintlock gun and horse pistol that shot one time only, spinning wheel, the old loom, wearing apparel they used in old times, specimens of minerals, petrified wood and all kinds of Indian relics, mounted birds and game.

In the afternoon we visited the Great Salt Lake, and they said it was fifty miles wide and seventy miles long. Hundreds of people were in bathing. It is 25 per cent salt and 75 per cent water. The people were just floating around in the lake. They couldn't sink on account of the water containing so much salt. They were refining salt in factories out near the lake and shipping it all over the world.

The following morning we left over the Denver and Rio Grande for Colorado Springs. We traveled through irrigated sections where they were engaged in alfalfa, sugar beets and fruit raising for an occupation. Mining in the mountains. Beautiful scenery in the mountains. Creeks and rivers, clear, sparkling water, flowing over the rocks. It was in the night when we got on top of the Tennessee Pass of the Rocky Mountains. Very cold, and snow. We all got real cold, and the conductor said he would have the engineer to couple the steam connections to the passenger coaches and give us some warmth. I jumped off and got a cup of coffee, it was so awful cold, and my wife put on two pair of stockings to keep warm. We began to descend the mountain and enter the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River, the most wonderful scenery on earth. The railroad running between two large mountains of rock. By looking up above the top of the train it looked like the rocks and cliff were a mile high. The Arkansas River was a raging torrent running between those mountains.

We reached Canyon City about 8 o'clock. The state penitentiary is located there. The train had wrecked in front of us and delayed our journey about two hours. We kept following the Arkansas River until we reached Pueblo, the town that the flood washed away. It was a sad looking sight to see the destruction that had occurred. Buildings torn all to pieces, box cars and some of the homes washed upside down, steel rails twisted in all shapes, brick buildings caved in and rubbish of all kinds, and mud, stock and furniture crushed to pieces.

The city of Pueblo has a crew of men with army trucks cleaning up the mud and wreckage now, and the day before we got there they found two bodies under the mud and sand. They have a tent colony up on top of the hill for the refugees without homes. From there we passed thru a stock and grazing country and before night we arrived at Colorado Springs.

A beautiful town with Pike's Peak nearby, with snow and ice on top of it the year round. The following morning we took a sightsee-

(Concluded on page 8.)

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PHONE 8

"WE BUY COTTON"

SNYDER, TEXAS

(Continued from page 7.)

ing automobile with other tourists and drove through the business districts and residence sections of the city. Passed by the Garden of the Gods, large, picturesque rocks with formations on them representing various animals and birds. We passed through the town of Manitou, a pretty little town situated at the foot of the mountains. It is a great summer resort. They have a long incline railway leading up to the top of the mountain. They also have a cog railroad leading up to the top of Pike's Peak, and they have a splendid automobile road leading up there, too. A great many people can't ascend Pike's Peak on account of the altitude being so high. While we were in the Tennessee Pass my ears stopped up and my head began to feel dizzy as the mountain was so high. From Manitou we went to the Cave of the Winds, a cave in the mountain 3-4 of a mile long.

The guide would turn on the electric lights as we entered the cave and in places we would have to stoop and crawl under from one entrance to another. Beautiful icicles or formations hanging down with all colors of mineral represented. We had to have the guide to give our little boy a coat to wear as it was so cold under there. At the end of the entrance we saw a large heap of hair pins left there by the young lady tourists. They were left there as an omen of good luck, or opportunity of getting married.

Before we reached Manitou we saw an Indian dressed in Indian costume, with feathers, and with cheeks

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painted yellow, with his little boy dancing in the road and singing an Indian song in their native language. On the inside of the building was an Indian petrified and turned to stone, lying in a coffin near the entrance. His body and features were a solid rock and was an interesting sight to look at. We passed through the town of Colorado City, the old, original capital of Colorado. Saw the old capitol building. We traveled on through Stratton Park and to Shoshone Falls, one of the Seven Wonders of the world. Water coming off the cliffs and ice cold. After climbing the stairway and up the creek we kneeled down on some rocks and took a drink out of the creek as the snow water run off the pebbles. It was sure fine. It reminded me of my old home in Kentucky on those mountain streams. We saw an arrow pointing to Helen Hunt's grave, a lady that traveled in the mountains and wrote a book. She requested them to bury her on top of the mountain. We kept going and climbing and almost out of breath at an altitude of 7,000 feet, and finally reached her grave. There was a large pile of rocks over the grave. Some one reported that the body had been moved back East.

From there we resumed our journey back to Colorado Springs by way of the Broadmoor Hotel, situated in the mountains. It was a very fine building and exclusively for tourists.

In the afternoon we left for Denver and got there before night and visited the city park and zoo, and the boys enjoyed the animals and birds. The next morning we went to the state museum and also the park museum. They were nice buildings and had a fine collection of anything you desired to look at. I believe it was there we saw some dried up Indian skeletons with the flesh dried up and probably they were taken from the desert regions of the West or Rocky Mountains.

We also visited the state capitol and went through the building. It is a wonderful building and constructed out of native stone. Out in front of the capitol the Cheyenne Indians and cowboys from Cheyenne were holding a reception and speaking. The Indians were dressed like they were in ancient days. Blankets and feathers on them. Beads around

their necks and ear rings through their ears. Their faces were painted yellow and red. They had their bows and arrows, and the cowboys were dressed in cowboy costume and they had a cowboy band. They were celebrating frontier life. They marched through the business part of town and around the capitol.

We took the Colorado Southern in the afternoon on our way to Texas. Stopped off at Kirkland, Vernon, Ft. Worth, Denison, Leonard, Celeste and Dallas visiting relatives. Had a very pleasant trip and arrived home on the morning of August 2.

Epworth League Program.
 7:30 p. m. Sunday.
 Subject — Commandments of Righteousness Toward God.
 Song.
 Scripture Reading—Ex. 20:3-11; Matt. 22:34-35.
 Prayer.
 Commandments with responses.
 Piano Solo—Willie Fern Curry.
 Leader's Address.
 Address by assistant leaders.
 Song.
 Questions.
 Song.
 Announcements.
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 Ask your neighbor!
 Mrs. M. Neal, Snyder, says: "A few years ago when I would bend over to pick up something, it was painful for me to straighten again, as the pain in the small of my back was so severe. I was greatly annoyed by the irregular action of my kidneys and mornings I would feel awfully tired and languid. Doan's Kidney Pills had been used by other members of my family with such good results that I took them. I only had to use one box of Doan's when my back was strengthened. I take a few Doan's occasionally as a preventive."
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MERCHANT TELLS OF A REMARKABLE CASE

Writing from Maxeys, Ga., A. J. Gillen, proprietor of a large department store at that place, says:
 "I have a customer here who was in bed for three years and did not go to a meal at any time. She had five physicians and they gave her out. One bottle of Tanlac got her up, on the second bottle she commenced keeping house and on the third she did all the cooking and housework for a family of eight."
 This sounds really incredible, but it comes unsolicited from a highly creditable source and is copied verbatim from the letter.
 Tanlac is sold in Snyder by the Grayum Drug Company. 11
 Mrs. B. W. Hudgins of Dallas and three children, Torrence, Myron and Baby B. W., are here visiting her sister, Mrs. Kate Cotten.
 Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

Dermott News.
 Mrs. C. A. Rankin from Burkburnett is visiting relatives at this place.
 Mr. Everett Scrivner of Amarillo is visiting relatives here.
 Mr. Jim Steel and family made a business trip to Snyder Friday.
 Mr. Paul McDermott and wife returned home Tuesday from New Mexico where they had been visiting relatives.
 Mr. Jim Russell and wife made a business trip to Fluvanna Thursday.
 Mrs. Sallie Scrivner and son, Welch, spent Tuesday evening with Mrs. Flora Wilson.
 Mr. W. C. Scrivner and family from Tatum, N. M., are visiting relatives at this place.
 Mr. Clarence Whatley and wife spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harve Browning.
 Mr. Lee King of Ennis is visiting friends in Dermott this week.
 Mrs. Pearl McDermott and family of Justiceburg are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Paul McDermott.
 Miss Eula Adams and Mr. Noah

Smith spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Greenfield.
 Mr. and Mrs. Boyd of Snyder spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Loy Edmonson.
 Mr. Jessie Rankin is visiting friends in New Mexico this week.
 Mr. and Mrs. Dick Brown spent Sunday with Mrs. Solomon and girls.
 Rev. Leslie is holding a protracted meeting here this week. Mr. Joe Merritt is leading in song services. We are glad to have them with us.
 Miss Mary Ruth West spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Janie Martin.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Scrivner and son and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Scrivner and family, Mr. Everett Scrivner, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Russell, Mr. Clarence Scrivner and family, were dinner guests at Mr. and Mrs. Warren Scrivner's Sunday.
 Little Sunshine.
 Mr. Elza of Bell county, is here the guest of his son, S. T. Elza, and family.



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