

# The Snyder Signal

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR

SNYDER, SCURRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1921

NUMBER TWELVE.

## SNYDER PUBLIC SCHOOLS WILL OPEN MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

### SENIOR B. Y. P. U. AND SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION FOR SCURRY CO. FORMED

The week of August 21-28 was filled with activity at the Baptist church, A. B. Y. P. U. and Sunday School Training school was conducted throughout the week. Mr. O. J. Chastain, B. Y. P. U. Secretary, taught the Senior B. Y. P. U. Manual, Rev. Jeff Davis, the Convention Normal Manual for S. S. workers, and Miss Vera Hunt the Junior B. Y. P. U. Manual. One hundred and three were enrolled in the classes. Lunch was served each evening to all those attending the Training school. A bible readers' contest created much rivalry and hundreds of people were enlisted in reading the Bible daily. At least fifty will receive diplomas and seals as awards for the week's study.

On Sunday, August 28, 2:30 p. m. representatives from the various churches in the county met at the Baptist church, Snyder, for the organization of a Sunday school association and an associational B. Y. P. U. for Scurry county. The following officers were elected.

Baptist Sunday School Association of Scurry County, Associational Superintendent, Mr. E. C. Dodson, Associate Superintendent, District No. 1, Mrs. W. Gentry, Hermleigh. Associ-

at Superintendent, District No. 2, Mr. J. B. Adams, Sec. Treas. Miss Dorcas Porter, Superintendent of Standardization, Miss Vera Smithers, Superintendent of Publicity, Rev. S. M. McCray.

B. Y. P. U. Association of Scurry County, President, Mr. G. H. Leath, Vice President, District No. 1, Miss Davis, Hermleigh, Vice President, district No. 2, Mr. Holly Shuler, Secretary-Treas, Miss Lizzie Zeigler, Junior Leader, Mr. G. Eiland, Chorister, Mrs. Jeff Davis.

On Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m. the organization of a Senior B. Y. P. U. was completed with twenty charter members. The following officers were elected: Mr. Chas. Starkey, president; Mr. A. Pruett, vice president; Mr. O. J. Denson, Secretary. Mrs. Willie Mae Newton, Corresponding secretary and chorister.

Miss Dorcas Porter, Librarian, Mr. Elvin Thompson, Treasurer, Miss Gladys Clark, Group Captain; Miss Alma Morris, Group Captain. All officers expressed themselves as being ready to back up their president in maintaining a B. Y. P. U. that really fulfills its aim, training for church membership.

### Boy Scouts Enjoy Watermelon Party

On Tuesday evening the Boy Scouts, as usual, hurried down to their meeting which they have on each Tuesday evening and after dispensing with the usual routine of business, their Scout Master, Mr. Porter King, sprung a surprise on the boys with the announcement that up at his home there was waiting great juicy water melons, specially prepared for them, and besides other entertainments. Naturally they were in

high expectation and after having marched in order to the appointed place they were not disappointed for there were water melons for all, and after having become satisfied with the delicious repast, various kinds of games were indulged in until the time for departure.

Mr. King was the recipient of many kind words of thanks, by the boys, for the jolly good time furnished them.

### PALO DURO AS STATE PARK TO BE INSPECTED

Palo Duro Canyon will be inspected by the joint committee of the Senate and the House on September 19 and 20 for the purpose of finding whether it would be suitable for a state park. The party will be headed by Charles G. Thomas, speaker of the House, and Lieutenant Governor Lynch Davidson, and will arrive here at noon September 19 over the Fort Worth and Denver.

Through the efforts of Senator W. H. Bledsoe of Lubbock, the Palo Duro Canyon was substituted for the Davis Mountains in a resolution passed.

Entertainment of the committee will be turned over to the Panhandle-Plains Chamber of Commerce and Board of City Development, it is expected.

Details of the trip to the canyon were learned from Lee Satterwhite, representative from this district, who was in Amarillo Sunday en route to Panhandle. The Palo Duro Canyon, and senatorial and representative redistricting measures are of vital importance to the Panhandle, said Mr. Satterwhite.—Amarillo News.

### To The Public.

I will not be able to meet the public in house to house solicitation, but I trust you will call around to see me in my studios. I am preparing to organize a Women's Choral Club, Mrs. Hamilton accompanist, any lady is eligible, if she can read music, whether she has a trained voice or not. will give my first public concert in November and all vocal students will be given the leading parts, also advanced piano pupils will appear on these programs. The junior piano pupils will have separate recitals interspersed with Folk Dances, action songs, and readings. Studios: Mrs. Wilsford's Monday, Thursday, Mrs. Austin Erwins Tuesday and Friday. Tuition \$6.00 per month. Maud E. Riley.

### REV. I. D. HULL HOLDS MEETING AT CONWAY

Rev. I. D. Hull has just closed a very successful meeting at Conway in Mitchell county. He was assisting Rev. A. D. Leach.

There were 24 additions to the Baptist church, 16 by baptism and others to come later.

Brother Hull baptised the Conway meeting converts at Westbrook Sunday afternoon, and also preached there at night.

He met many old time friends while on this tour and otherwise spent many pleasant hours in work.

### Scurry County Baptist Association.

The Scurry County Baptist Association will meet with the Camp Springs Baptist Church, Sept 7, at 8 p. m. Baptist Churches all over the Association are urged to send messengers. The Camp Springs Saints are preparing in a large way to entertain the Messengers and visitors and it is hoped and expected that a large attendance will be had. The churches of the county have been wonderfully blessed during the past year and good reports will be had from every section of the county. Let's all go and stay till it is over.

### New Milliner at Matthews-Davis Co.

Mrs. Lucile Ross has been employed as milliner for the firm of Matthews-Davis & Co. She will have charge of the Millinery and ready-to-wear department. Mrs. Ross is very capable in this line and she will be pleased to show the many pretty hats and ready-to-wear now in stock.

### Sold Chocolate Shop.

A deal was consummated this week in which Mr. Paul Brumley becomes owner of the Chocolate Shop. Mr. Ollie Stimson was the former owner of the Chocolate Shop. We have not been apprised of what business Mr. Stimson will enter after having sold out.

The public school of Snyder will open Monday, Sept. 5th. The faculty has been completed and we will have with us this year able instructors and teachers. Prof. J. A. Burnett, superintendent is a very able man and the Principal, Mr. A'sup, comes highly recommended as an instructor, as well as all of the faculty.

The remaining members of the faculty were elected at a recent meeting of the school board and everything is in readiness to start work promptly on schedule time, Monday, Sept. 5th.

In order that the best results may obtain, and that our school may be the best, it is necessary that the school board, superintendent and the teachers have the united cooperation of the patrons and citizenship generally and the Signal believes that our people are going to do their part, and with a united effort we can make

this 1921-22 a most successful school term.

### The Faculty.

The following teachers will comprise the faculty for this term:

J. A. Burnett, Superintendent; E. Alsop, principal High School and Science; Miss Lois Carrall, English; Miss Altha Morton, History; Miss Lida May, Mathematics; Miss Zadie Runkles, Latin; Miss Farest Wicker, Spanish.

The grade teachers are: Miss Mattie Lee Palmer, Principal; Misses Irene and Corine Trowbridge, Miss Gladys Clark, Mrs. R. E. Clark, Miss Georgia Bolin, Miss Lorine Pearce, Miss Sallie Boon, Miss Vera Jones, Miss Leola Gilmore, Miss Joe Halley and Mr. Milton Merrell.

All the High school together with the seventh grade will assemble at the West Ward and th grades will meet at the central.

### HEAT POPS CORN ON STALK IN EAST TEXAS

Hagerville, Texas.—It's an ill wind that blows no good. The weather got so hot here last week that practically every crop was burned on the stalk. Apples were baked on the trees and sweet potatoes in the ground. Corn shriveled in the heat, turned up the blades and melted to the ground. Jim Bartley crawled out in the shade of a tree and lay there to watch his three acres of popcorn burn down.

But that popcorn was nearer maturity than Jim thought and as he lay there mopping his face with a big rag he saw something which made him bear-eyed and wild. As the sun climbed toward the zenith the grains began to pop. For three hours the cracking of the popcorn continued until the ground was covered with white, flaky grains. It looked as if a heavy snowstorm had visited the country.

Saved the trouble of popping his corn or even the expense of buying

a popper Jim began to scheme how to turn the work of the heat into coin. That night when it was cooler he worked out a plan. He would hitch the old grey mare to the cart the following morning and begin to haul the popped corn to the cribs. Then he would salt it down and later scoop it in a wagon and take it to the market. He would ship carloads of it to the northern markets and from the proceeds buy a farm in a cooler climate.

Other farmers in the vicinity, having lost their crops because of heat, were glad to assist Jim shovel up and haul in the popped corn. They accepted the popped corn as their pay, and Jim says he will be living on pop corn for a year. Meanwhile the farmers in the vicinity will have enough popped corn to "keep the wolfe from turns up that will help them live until time to plant another crop.

### JOINT SOCIETIES HAVE INTERESTING MEETING

The ladies of the Christian church entertained the Federated Societies Monday, Aug. 29th, at their church.

Mrs. J. H. Hamlett conducted the service and Mrs. S. T. Elza was reporter.

The following program was rendered.

Scripture, Eph. 6-1-18, Mrs. Hamlett.

Prayer, Mrs. Hicks.

Reading, Katherine Stallings.

Solo, Mrs. Wolcott.

Music, Mrs. Banks.

Solo, Mrs. Davis.

Piano Duet, Mrs. H. Boren and Helen.

Reading, Mary Francis Hamlett.

Round Table, How Shall Our Federation conserve our Summer Evangelistic work. Discussed by Mesdames

Cody, Bell, Hugh Boren, A. J. Towle, Davis, Standfield, Lee Stinson, Elza and Hamlett.

Out of town visitors that we gladly welcomed were: Mrs. Thomas Edger-ton, Dodd City, Kansas; Mrs. Stin, Corsicana; Mrs. W. T. Brice, Weatherford; Miss Arrington, El Paso.

The Meeting was indeed a very pleasant occasion it is always a pleasure to meet with these ladies, for they know how to make you feel glad you came.

Those who are not taking part in these meetings are missing a great time. Come let us know each other better.

### New Subscribers and Renewals.

The following is the new subscriptions and renewals since last issue: Mrs. R. O. Dawson, Vernon, Texas; M. K. Maples, Dunn; H. C. Cotton, Hermleigh; G. K. Crawford, Batesville, Ark.; Jno. A. Stave'r, Fluvanna; R. L. Sims, Ira; T. L. Winston, Jno. G. Davis, G. A. Glen, J. H. Byrd, D. N. Price and W. T. Walker, Snyder.

### El Feliz Club.

The El Feliz Club was entertained Friday afternoon by Mrs. Guy, E. Paxton.

After a short business session several games of "42" was played.

A two course luncheon of sandwiches, tea, olives and stuffed tomatoes, ice watermelon, was served to Mesdames Boren, Cody, Fuller, Erwin, Gross, Harless, Mamilton, McClanahan, McMillan, H. G. Towle, Joe Stinson, Strayhorn, Dixie Smith, Gertie Smith, Fritz R. Smith and Wilsford, with Mrs. Porter King as guest. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Joe Stinson, Sept. 9th.

### Epworth League Program.

September 4, 7:30 p. m.

Voluntary, Margaret Yoder.

Leader, Willie Fern Curry.

Song, 130, League.

Subject, Commandments for Righteousness before men.

Scripture Lesson Ex. 20:12-17, Francis McClure.

Scripture Reading, Mark 10:17-19, Leader.

Song 327, League.

Invocation, Theodore Yoder.

Roll Call.

Address, Leader.

Address by assistant leaders.

Fifth commandment, Edwena Barnes.

Sixth commandment, Ora Norrid.

Eighth commandment, Eva Strayhorn.

Piano Solo, Lucile Strayhorn.

Ninth commandment, Ellen Butler Johnson.

Tenth commandment, Zona May.

Announcements.

Song 256, League.

Benediction.

We had a good League service last Sunday evening. The League will meet in the basement next Sunday night.

Come and bring someone with you.

Subscribe for the Signal.

### GREAT IMPROVEMENT NOTED IN LOCAL BUSINESS CONDITIONS

The streets this week remind us of Saturday each day because of the number of people you see stirring about.

Quite a lot of work has started up, gathering feed and picking cotton. A good many bales have been marketed this week and it is bringing a nice price which is calculated to make the farmers feel better as well as the business man.

Cotton has been bringing all the way from 15 to 17 cents here this week, one long staple bale bringing

19 cents per pound and it is generally believed that the price will continue to be better as the crop is extremely short being estimated now at about 7,150,000.

Some conservatively estimate the Scurry county crop at from ten to twelve thousand bales. A marked improvement was noticed in the crop last week due to the fact that there was a considerable change in the temperature. Cool nights have made a material change in the growth and it seems to be taking on new life.

### Improvements Made on Bridge St. Gin

H. J. Brice has been overhauling his two gins recently and making added improvements on the Bridge street gin, preparatory for the coming season.

A representative of the Signal was over at the Bridge Street Gin Tuesday and looked over the new improvements. A new 100 horse power Skinner Engine has been installed, also new heater, the engine room has been enlarged which gives ample room for the new equipments.

A new latest improved Murray air tight cleaner has been installed. The cotton passes through the ordinary

cleaner and up into the air tight cleaner where all dirt and trash is eliminated. This process it is said, eliminates all foreign substance and the lint comes out white and clean.

S. A. Taylor is bookkeeper, Otway Hedges has charge of the stands and Geo. Brooks, Willie Waldrip and R. L. Coulter have charge of the press rooms.

Manager H. J. Brice says they are now prepared to serve their customers better than ever before and in fact up to the best standards to be found anywhere.

Notice their adv in this week's Signal.

### A DREAM OF "WHEN EVERYBODY WORKS."

Mr. Bremond a prominent business man of Austin had the following dream:

"I thought there was some psychological wave, and every man, woman, and child woke up one morning with the desire and will to devote every leisure hour to some form of work. The Elks put aside their dominoes and, meeting with the Lions, Kiwanians and Rotarians in their neighborhood streets, cleared the drains and gathered up the loose stones; the swarm of loafers at the Littlefield corner melted away, taking the best jobs offered, cheerfully accepting one dollar if no one offered five; the League of Women Voters adjourned its meeting and the members found plenty to do in their own households; the moving picture censor closed his desk and went home to whitewash a chicken coop; the children pulled up the weeds in the school yard, the preacher talked about the dignity of labor, and made it clear that one could pray just as effectually in overalls as in pajamas; the ladies found the garden trowel just as restful to tired nerves as bridge, and the men that more could be accomplished with the hoe than with the golf club. Even the university professor quit his job of superintending the earth to mow the campus lawn. The great army of up-lifters disbanded. Everybody was busy and there was nobody to reform. One afternoon the fire truck swung down the street, and not a single automobile chased after it. There was a dog fight on Congress avenue and no crowd gathered to see how it came out. A pretty girl got on the street car, exposing a dimpled knee, but nobody saw it. The man who had always stood on that corner was painting his front gate. Everywhere was heard the swish of the paint brush and the cheerful music of the hammer and saw. After a bit a stranger came to town. He found the most cheerful, friendly and self-respecting people he had ever seen, and Austin became the cleanest, most orderly and beautiful city in the world. A man who had been asleep for sixty days woke up. He thought he was in heaven."

There's a dream that is more than a dream. It's a prescription for what a's us.

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

### Junior B. Y. P. U. Program.

Groupe I.

Song, "Oh, How I Love Jesus."

Song, No. 106, prayer.

Business and records, announcements.

Sword drill, Groupe I, in charge.

Subject: "The Sad End of a Handsome Prince."

Introduction by leader, Girlie Dane.

Poem "Only a Dad," Mac Knox.

Scripture Reading, Pauline Jenkins.

I. A Sad Rebellion, 1. Reaping, Fannie Glen.

2. Absalom's selfishness, Ema Mae Garner.

Absalom's Lawlessness, Alene Doak.

Absalom's Hypocrisy, Herbert Banister.

Absalom's Rebellions, Elaine Rossner.

Absalom's Death, Lillian Abbott.

Absalom's Downward Steps, Buster Stacy.

Address to Juniors, M. E. Rosser.

Quartett, by Juniors.

### Formed Partnership.

Lit Chapman and Pete Bridgeman have formed a partnership in the dray and car service business. Mr. Bridgeman having bought out the interest of Mr. Abbott. They are located back of the Matthews-Davis store.

### Operated on For Appendicitis.

Miss Bessie Garner, daughter of G. M. Garner, was taken seriously ill Monday with appendicitis and hurried off Tuesday for Lubbock to be operated on.

### Dr. Davenport Locates at Denver

Denver, Col. 8-3021.

Snyder Signal, Snyder, Texas:

Gentlemen: Please forward the Signal to 847 E. Colfax, Denver, Colorado. We arrived ere Sunday 21st. All stood the trip well.

Yours truly,

R. G. DAVENPORT.

Frank Dowell, Nat Talkington and Jess Carroll stopped off at Snyder the other day to see their old friend Mr. Noah Jones. They all live at McKinney.

Mrs. E. B. Barnes has returned from a visit to her parents at Dallas. She was accompanied home by her father, Mr. Parkhouse, who will spend a few days in the city.



**The Snyder Signal**  
CUNRY & BELL, Publishers.

Foreign Advertising Representatives  
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Cool, pleasant nights are here.

Snyder is going after the trade this fall and winter. It's in Snyder.

It is possible to get into the society column by marrying, but it's a desperate method.—Dallas News.

The boll weevil, the boll worm, the Texas legislature, the hot weather, all in August, 1921. We may live through the ordeal.—Ennis Weekly Local.

Another use has been found for the tin lizzie. Down at Kingsville, Texas, a driver of a Ford truck some time ago securely wrapped an egg in a sack and placed it under the hood of his car. At the appointed time he was awarded with a healthy baby chick, which he declares he will either name Henry or Lizzie, just owing to circumstances.—Richardson Echo.

The future of this nation depends largely, in fact, principally, upon the training and efforts of the parents and school teachers of the country towards boys and girls who, we might say, will be the men and women of tomorrow. If we would save and preserve the honor and virtue among them, there must be some right training in the home and school. And mother, father and teacher must set an unquestionable example before the rising generation. School teachers cannot spend the greater portion of five or six nights in the week out on the commons and be capable of rendering efficient service. And neither can they do these things and keep them hid from their pupils.—Merkel Mail.

The World is Growing Better. The skies were never bluer, your friends were never truer, than they are today. They offer more assistance, you meet with less resistance, the world is growing better every way. There's some who will deny it; they scoff, complain, decry it, but it's true just the same. So quit your old complaining, a cheerful mind maintaining, brace up and play the game. Sometimes the clouds of

sorrow may dim your hopes tomorrow, but push those clouds aside; you'll find them light as feather, or blooms upon the heather, they'll scatter far and wide. Cast off the things that fetter, for the world is growing better, better all the time. You can hear the distant humming of many good things coming, they're sounding like a chime. So get in the game and hustle, develop mind and muscle, take a club and kill your grouch. Yes, the world is growing better for all except the quitter and the pessimistic grouch.

From Lee Boren.

Long Beach, Calif., 8-25-1921. Snyder Signal: Dear Sirs:

Please change address on my paper from Rt. 1 Box 61, Fresno, to 939 East 19th St. Long Beach, Calif.

Arrived here last Friday by auto and are enjoying the ocean breeze and the beautiful surroundings to the fullest extent.

They have discovered oil on Signal hill just outside the city limits, and all adjacent property is on a boom. You can see autos on the streets and in camps on the beach from almost any state in the union.

It is said you can live cheaper in Long Beach than any other place in the state but there are many attractions for your money.

With Best regards,

Lee Boren.

A separate peace treaty between the United States and Germany has been signed.

The redistricting bill as passed by the first called session of the legislature does not take effect until 1924. This was politics pure and simple, and was put through in that shape in order that some senators would get the benefit of another two years in office. Governor Neff should veto this bill and keep on at it until they make one that will be a law immediately.

Prof. M. K. Maples of Dunn was in the city Monday. Mr. Maples is superintendent of the Dunn school and said they would begin their school on Monday, Sept. 5.

Notice is hereby given that the compulsory school law will be in force in the Dunn school on Dec. 26, 1921. M. K. Maples, Supt.

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

**POST CATTLEMAN TURNS MAIZE CROPS INTO PROFIT**

In a very recent issue of a prominent Amarillo paper, it was stated that according to official figures there are now more cattle in Kansas and other north central states fattening for the fall market than in 1919 or 1920.

This is doubtless unavoidable, but is a lamentable fact, especially when there are farmers all over West Texas who have sufficient grain on hand to fatten and finish a carload of cattle each. Many of these farmers are new in the West and have grown the native sorghum grains only to be sold on the market, and this last year when prices slumped, it left them with granaries filled with grains for which there was practically no market.

Necessity has ever been the mother of new enterprises; it was necessity that brought the farmer West to dot the Plains with little pioneer homes, and it is this same spirit that is teaching them the profit of feeding cattle for market.

A notable step in this direction was made by J. W. Jackson and his sons, who live several miles west of the town of Post.

Mr. Jackson, like countless other ambitious farmers wanted to utilize his surplus maize which was left on hand after the first of January. He carried his problem down to the little town of Post, and laid it before his friend, J. F. Hartford, who has had a life long experience in the livestock industry and who had for many years tried to interest the farmers of the section in cattle feeding. Mr. Hartford urged him to feed his grain to cattle.

Mr. Jackson saw the bigness of the idea and immediately purchased twenty-two head of calves from the range, and put them in the pen on feed. His process of feeding was simple. He made a grinder and ground the feed himself by hand. He fed nothing but ground bundle maize, ground threshed maize with a small amount of ground cotton seed with the maize. The calves were fed nothing else, and gained an average of over three pounds daily. They weighed when put in the pen on January 15, 450 pounds and when shipped to the Fort Worth market on May 10, weighed an average of 816 pounds per head.

These calves easily topped the market that day bringing the best price paid that day in Fort Worth. Why? Because they were finished baby beef, and cattle of that class do not come to the market every day. Mr. Jackson's profit on this operation, after charging the full market price of the grain against the calves, paying the freight to market and commissions for sale, was \$30 per calf.

This was a test well worth following up. Perhaps in every case the margin of profit would not be so wide but certainly there is nothing about it that the average farmer could not do, without previous experience or training.

Many people from various parts of Texas have visited Mr. Jackson's pen and have gone away deeply impressed with the phenomenal showing these cattle have made. He has also had visitors from Illinois and Indiana who are quite ready to confirm the story this article contains.

This same man is now feeding, by the same process forty-four head of two-year old steers, which he purchased from the range herd of the Double U Company. These cattle will be ready for the market within the next forty-five days, after having been fed from 100 to 120 days, and they will be finished, dry-fed cattle. Mr. Jackson's profit on this latter operation will be very considerable, even at the low price of cattle.

W. E. Doak and family and J. B. Peddy and family have returned from a two weeks' visit at Center, Shelby county, in East Texas. Mr. Doak reports crop conditions unfavorable in that country.

**FROM J. S. HARDY.**

Ennis, Texas, August 22, 1920. To the Signal:

When I read in some newspapers last week that West Texas is delighted over the passage by the Legislature of the senatorial redistricting bill I didn't believe it. I don't believe it yet. West Texas people desire honesty and that bill fell short of that element.

Possibly the formation of the proposed 24th district is about as near right as we may hope to get, but the disposition to gerrymander the state to suit certain politicians carries dishonesty in big chunks and the disparity of population falls short of equal representation.

Students of politics are abashed at the brazenness of selfish senators in fixing 1920 as the time for the new districts to come into their rights.

The people have been outraged and the constitution has been crucified for ten years already by the failure to get redistricting and now when the work is to be accomplished another stab at the constitution must be suffered, merely to gratify a few senators whose district would lap and force them to relinquish their seats.

Gov. Neff, Cullen Thomas and others are appalled at this disregard for the constitution and possibly before you receive this the radical outrage may be set aside and justice be done, or otherwise the people may be told to keep their mouths shut. It may be expected that should Mr. Neff veto the bill, he will be abused for preventing the redistricting but what else can he do.

It would be to his discredit to approve a measure which does violence to the constitution and the Democratic platform.

Gov. Roberts once told his secretary of state that if the State of Texas goes to hades during his term of office she must go according to law.

Just a few weeks ago an American confined in a Russian prison was told by Lenin that he would be released if he would agree to urge the United States to give Russia national recognition. The prisoner replied that he would rot in prison before he would

ask his country to recognize the Soviet government of Russia and on the same lines I believe the people of West Texas would rather have no relief than to obtain a patched up structure built on the ruins of the constitution. J. S. Hardy.

G. H. Barnhart attended the primitive Baptist association at Floydada.

Mr. Hale of Young county was here the first of the week visiting his sister, Mrs. B. F. Hargroves and family.

**DR. J. P. AVARY**  
VETERINARY SURGEON  
Office Stinson Drug Co.  
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**N. C. LETCHER**  
DENTIST  
Office in Williams Building  
Snyder, Texas

**LABOR DAY**  
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1921

It is just and right and altogether fair that we pay tribute today to the Cause of Labor, a cause which is justly entitled to our earnest thought and thanks.

For the things which Labor has accomplished in the past, we are grateful; for the herculean tasks which have been undertaken and so speedily accomplished by the brain and brawn and sinew of the workmen of America, we are rendering this tribute.

Now, there are new tasks to accomplish—tasks which call for added strength and fortitude. After destruction, reconstruction—moral and physical reconstruction, demanding much of the citizenship of America during the years to come.

With renewed spirit we must take up the work before us; looking always upward and onward, remembering that the well-being of our nation and the world itself depends upon the way in which we serve. Let us rejoice in our nation; in its principles, its freedom, its ideals, and in the blessed privilege presented to each of us—high and low—young and old—to serve and toil, for the glory and honor of our land, with all the strength of our bodies and energy of our minds.

**THE SNYDER NATIONAL BANK**

**MISS IRENE CLARK**  
TEACHER OF PIANO

STUDIOS NEAR CENTRAL AND WEST WARD SCHOOLS FALL TERM BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 6

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**MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL** By Charles Sughroe

TH' MAN WHO DOESN'T ADVERTISE BECUZ HIS GRANDFATHER DIDN'T, OUGHT TO WEAR KNEE BREECHES 'N A QUEUE, SAYS DAD SMITH!

TH' FELLER WHO DOESN'T ADVERTISE BECUZ IT COSTS MONEY, SHOULD QUIT BUYING CLOTHES FER TH' VERY SAME REASON!

TH' MAN WHO DOESN'T ADVERTISE BECUZ HE CAN'T WRITE ADS, SHOULD QUIT EATING BECUZ HE CAN'T COOK!

TH' MAN WHO DOESN'T ADVERTISE BECUZ "IT DOESN'T PAY" SHOULD APPLY FOR ADMISSION TO THE "ORDER OF THE UNBURIED DEAD", TO WHICH THAT REMARK IS THE PASSWORD

WE PRINT EVERYTHING BUY DOLLAR BILLS

SMILE! IT DONY COST ANYTHING

WE'RE AS CLOSE AS THE NEAREST PHONE

SLIP US YOUR PRINTING

CHARLES SUGHROE



# The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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"What's that for?" demanded Dale. "We haven't any ammunition to throw away!"

"Why, Bill," replied Littleford, "didn't ye never bounce a bullet off a rock and make it go toward a man behind of a tree?"

It lasted hotly for two hours, but the casualties were comparatively few, because there was so much cover available. From the beginning the Balls and the Turners had the worst of it, which was due to uphill shooting, white whisky, and lack of the iron that makes real fighting men. The cartridges of those below were giving out; they had fired too many shots needlessly.

Bill Dale's room. Dale arose from his sheepskin-lined rocker before the cheery log fire, went to the door and



"Give 'em H—l, Boys!"

"It's about time to rush them," Dale said to John Moreland, who had crept up beside him.

"Jest give the word," Moreland nodded.

A few minutes later, Bill Dale sent the wings of his line down the mountainside, forming a half-circle of his force once more; then the whole line rushed, surrounded the enemy and called for a surrender.

But the Balls and their kinsmen wouldn't give in yet. They left their cover and started to run, found themselves facing Morelands and Littlefords in every direction, clubbed their rifles and fought. It was not true courage that prompted them to offer resistance thus; it was utter desperation; they had never been givers of mercy, therefore they did not expect mercy. Dale's men forebore to fire upon them, which was at Dale's command, and met them with clubbed rifles. The woodland rang with the sound of wood and steel crashing against wood and steel. Everywhere there were groans and threats and curses from the losing side, victorious cries and further demands for a surrender from the winners.

opened it. Before him stood a slim, barefoot boy in the poorest of rags; in the pitifully slender arms there was something wrapped rather loosely in crumpled brown paper. Dale did not remember having seen the lad before, but he knew it was no Littleford.

"Come in, son," he invited cordially—"come in and warm yourself. My goodness alive, it's too cold to go barefooted like that! Haven't you any shoes, son?"

"Shoes?" muttered the boy, queerly. "Shoes?"

He was shivering from the cold. His thin face looked pinched and blue, his eyes big and hollow. Dale scooped, picked him up bodily, carried him to the old rocker he had just vacated, and put him into it with hands as gentle as any woman's.

"H—l," began the boy, staring hard—"what?"

"Now rick your feet out and warm them, son—that's it," and Dale chafed the poor little, dirty, half-frozen feet and legs.

"Son," he went on after a moment, his heart throbbing out of sheer pity, "you go to the commissary clerk and tell him to dress you up like the crown prince of England, if he's got it, and charge the same to the account of Bill Dale. It will be my Christmas gift to you, little boy. What's your name?"

The lad turned his surprised black eyes upon the face of the big and sun-browned man.

"Are you Bill Dale?"

"Yes."

That which the boy said next struck



"So You're Bill Dale. Well, D— My Soul!"

the big and sun-browned man with all the force of a bullet.

"So you're Bill Dale. Well, D— my soul!"

"Don't, buddy, don't!"

The boy went on: "My name, it's

Henary. I come here with a Christmas gift fo' you." He pointed a dirty forefinger toward the bundle in his lap. "But you ain't a-goin' to git it now."

"Why?" Dale asked smilingly.

"Why! Shoes—! At's why. H—l, did I ever have any shoes afore? Barefooted as a rabbit. That's me. Barefooted as a d—n rabbit!"

"Son," protested Bill Dale, "you're entirely too small to swear. You mustn't do it, y'know."

"Yes," quickly, "I'm small, I'm small to my age. I'm done twelve year old. I've been measured fo' the go-backs."

"Measured for the go-backs," laughed Dale, "what's that?"

"Why," soberly, "when ye grow littler 'stid' o' bigger, ye've got the go-backs. Now, she measured me with a yarn string out o' a stocking which had been wore by a woman seventy-seven-year old, and 'en she wrapped the yarn string around the door-hinge, I'll 'git to grow higher, or die, one or 't'her, afore the string wears out on the hinge. Bound to."

Again Dale laughed. Mountain superstitions always amused him. Ben Littleford came into the room, and Dale arose and faced him.

"Do you know this boy, Ben?"

"It's Lyss Ball's boy," answered Littleford, puckering his brows. "What's he a-doin' here?"

"He brought a Christmas present for me," said Dale, "but he has decided that I shan't have it."

"The only Christmas present you could git from a Ball would be a bullet," frowned Ben Littleford.

He stepped to the rocker and took the bundle from the boy's lap; he took away the crumpled brown paper—and there in his hands was a loaded and cocked revolver!

"By George!" exclaimed Bill Dale. "What'd I tell ye?" smiled Ben Littleford.

An hour later Dale and a score of Littlefords and Morelands entered the big downstairs room of the office and supplies building. The defeated Balls and Turners lounged here and there, sullen and silent, on the rough-board floor of their temporary prison.

Dale walked into their midst and addressed them quietly.

"You'll admit, won't you, that I've got what you fellows call 'the dead-wood' on you? And that it lies in my power to send every single one of you to the state penitentiary?"

"I reckon so," admitted Adam Ball's father. He was pretty well cowed, and so were the others.

"But I've decided not to do it," went on Bill Dale. "I can't forget that this is Christmas day. You may have your liberty as a present from the man you've tried so hard and so unjustly to kill. After the doctor gets through with Little Tom and Saul Littleford he will come here to dress all your wounds; then our guards will give you back your rifles, and you may go home. I'm not asking you to promise me anything, you understand. I'm simply trusting the human heart, and I don't believe I'll be disappointed."

Dale turned to John Moreland. Moreland's rugged face wore a puzzled, displeased smile.

"If your brother David was here," Bill Dale demanded with a bare shade of anger in his voice, "what do you think he'd do about it? It's Christmas day, isn't it?"

The old Moreland chief's countenance softened; his grey eyes brightened. "Yes," he said, "it's Christmas day, Bill." He looked toward the Balls and Turners.

"Merry Christmas, gentlemen!" he said.

Adam Ball's father immediately asked him for a chew of tobacco.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Perfect Cross.

On the floor of the richly-furnished library of the Dale home, near a west window, Miss Elizabeth Littleford sat reading by the fast fading light of an early March afternoon. Somehow she liked to sit on the floor, and always she liked to read; for one thing, books helped her to forget that she was lonely.

There were footsteps behind her, soft footsteps because of the thick velvet carpet; then a low voice inquired: "Aren't you afraid you will injure your eyes, Elizabeth? Better have a light, hadn't you, dear?" The old coal king turned toward the switch on the wall.

"No," she answered quickly. "I'm through reading for today, and I like this twilight."

Her improvement in speech and in manners had gone on at a surprisingly rapid rate. She rarely spoke with any but the simplest words, but she never fell into anything more than bare semblance of the old drawing hill dialect unless it was while she was under the stress of some strong emotion.

She closed the book and looked up with eyes that were like the first stars in a summer sky. Her beauty was wonderful; it was finer and sweeter than it had ever been before.

Old Dale stopped looking thoughtfully into her upturned face. He was a little pale, and he seemed troubled and uneasy.

Elizabeth shook her head. "You're worrying again."

He dropped into a nearby chair, leaned slowly forward and let one hand fall gently on her thick and silky chestnut-brown hair.

"I wish," he said as though to himself, "that I had a daughter like you."

He took his hand from her head, lay back wearily in his chair and closed his eyes. Then he bent forward again.

"The Morelands, Elizabeth—they've moved away from the settlement,

haven't they?"

"Yes; Bill Dale has done wonderful things for them!" the girl answered.

John K. Dale was silent for a moment, after which he said suddenly: "I want to see my son; there is something I must tell him. Will you go with me, Elizabeth?"

"Of course, I'll go with you."

She thought she knew what it was that stirred him. By intuition, supplemented by Bill Dale's occasional cryptic utterances, and pieced out by hill tradition, Elizabeth Littleford gradually had come into possession of the old coal man's grim secret.

Neither of them knew that John Moreland was then visiting his beloved old hills for the sake of some shooting.

The following day John K. Dale and Elizabeth Littleford alighted from a northbound passenger train at the Halfway switch. The mountains were covered with three inches of snow, and the hemlock and pines bore heavy burdens of the beautiful white stuff; but the air was still, and it wasn't very cold.

"You'd get your clothing all black on the coal train," Dale said to his companion, "so you'd rather walk over, wouldn't you? Anyway, the train isn't here. I'm good for six miles, I think."

"Yes," smiled Ben Littleford's daughter. "I'd rather walk—if you're sure that six miles won't be too much for you."

Together, with the girl leading the way, they set out across David Moreland's mountain. The old trail showed not one footprint ahead of them; it was not so much used now. They said little. Each thought their own thoughts, and neither cared to speak them to the other.

Just before they reached the mountain's crest, they passed a group of snow-laden pines that concealed a big, brown-bearded man who had been stealthily following the trail of a lone wild turkey. He wore khaki hunting-clothes and high laced boots, and there was a certain English fineness about him. In his bare hands he carried a repeating rifle, which marked him as one born in the hills; a lowlander would have had a choke-bored shotgun.

When he saw John K. Dale he stopped suddenly. It might have been intuition, or it might have been sheer curiosity, the average hillman being a stranger to neither—he followed and watched the two, unseen by them.

On the pine-fringed crest, Elizabeth Littleford halted to view that which lay around and below him. Old Dale stopped close at her side, and he, too, looked at that which lay around and below them; and to his mind also there came memories crowding.

The young woman brushed back a wayward wisp of brown hair and turned to the man beside her.

"The Moreland part of the settlement looks lonesome, don't it?" she said. "See, there's no smoke comin' from their cabin chimneys. . . ." She went on absently, "But the Littlefords are there yet."

Old Dale caught the meaning that was in the latter sentence. It was no

shallow meaning.

"We are going to take care of the Littlefords, Elizabeth," he assured her. "I've thought much over it, and just now I've decided. When I decide, it's for all time! you know that, don't you?"

A great gladness filled Elizabeth's heart. It did not occur to her to ask how, in what manner, he was going to take care of her people; it was enough to know that he was going to take care of them. He put a father's arm lightly around her shoulders. She tried to speak, choked, and couldn't utter a word. But it didn't matter. John K. Dale understood perfectly.

Then he took his arm away, faced to the right, and drew his hat rim low over his eyes. For two minutes he stood there and looked for the little old cabin down near the foot of the north end of the mountain, and he failed to find it. His mind had gone back once more to that awful night that had cut his life in twain. He remembered plainly waking in the early morning with an aching head and with the rankling taste of much dead whisky in his mouth. Remembered seeing David Moreland, with a bullet hole through and through him, lying on the floor beside him. Remembered his horror, his smothered cries of anguish, and his hurried flight. . . .

He had wondered, he remembered, why the law made no attempt to track him down. He had not known that the mountaineer's code of honor demands that the mountaineer himself collect that which is due him.

"Tell me," he said in tones so low that Elizabeth barely heard, "where is David Moreland buried?"

He had turned, and stood facing her. She pointed to the southward.

"They buried him out the crest of the mountain a little ways, on the highest place, by the side of his wife. That was always a touchin' thing to me, that he buried his wife on the very highest point of his own mountain. You know why, don't you? David Moreland believed in God and a hereafter, and he believed that heaven was up. He wanted to get even his wife's ashes as close to heaven as he could."

"I—I'd like to go out there," John Dale said, his voice almost a whisper. "I'd like to see the place."

"I wouldn't," replied Ben Littleford's daughter. For she knew—oh, she knew.

"Yes, yes, my dear—I must see the place," declared John K. Dale, hoarsely whispering—"let's go out there."

There was never any disobeying him when he was determined, and he was determined now. It is strange, that dread human thing that drew him—

Elizabeth turned and started out the snowy crest of the mountain, wending her way here and there between clumps of snow-heavy laurel and ivy and under snow-heavy pines. After a quarter of an hour of this somewhat difficult traveling, the two drew up before a small inclosure made of round oaken posts and round open railings and hand-split and pointed oaken post-

ings as high as a man's shoulders, all of which were gray and weather-beaten. Elizabeth knew the spot well. She swung the gate stiffly open on its wooden hinges and stepped inside. Old Dale, trembling in every fiber, followed her. His face was very, very pale.

Before them were two snow-covered mounds bordered with the dead stalks of flowers of another year—marigolds, pretty-by-nights, zinnias. Near the two graves there grew bare-branched wild honeysuckle and redbud, and green-leaved laurel, which in the summer time were covered with beautiful and fragrant blossoms of golden yellow, royal purple, and waxen white. At the head of one mound a great, roughly-shaped slab of brown sandstone marked the last resting place of David Moreland's young wife; it had been erected by David Moreland himself,

and it was a crude but sincere tribute to womanhood.

On the face of the other great slab of brown sandstone were chiseled other ill-shaped letters and misspelled words. The hands of John Moreland had done this. Old John Dale stepped unsteadily closer and read:

HEAR LAYS DAVID MORELAND  
THE BEST MAN GOD  
EVER MAID  
KILLED  
BY JOHN K CARLILE  
MAY GOD  
DAM HIS  
SOLE

It was a living curse, a breathing curse—a terrible anathema. If dead David Moreland himself had arisen from the tomb and uttered it, it would not have struck John K. Dale with greater force. He grew weak, as though with a fatal sickness. He sank to his knees in the snow, and his iron-gry head fell forward to his breast. Elizabeth Littleford knelt in the snow beside him. She tried to find comforting words, for she loved him and was sorry for him, but no words would come.

There was a slight sound, the muffled breaking of a dry twig in the snow just beyond the railings in front of them. Elizabeth Littleford looked up to see the giant figure of John Moreland, whose face was white and whose eyes were filled with the fire of hate and anger, who held a rifle in his cold, bare hands. The rifle's hammer came back, and the fine trigger caught it with a faint click.

Moreland took another step forward and leveled the weapon across the railings.

"Ef it was any use fo' ye to pray, Carlile," he said, and his voice was shaking and hoarse and choked, "I'd give ye time. But it ain't no use at all. Look up. Face it. 'Try to be a man fo' one second in yore low-down life."

Old Dale raised his head, saw David

(Continued on page 6)

## I'd walk a mile for a Camel

The pleasure is worth it. There's no substitute for Camel quality and that mild, fragrant Camel blend.

The fellow who smokes Camels, wants Camels. That's because Camels have a smoothness, a fragrance and a mildness you can't get in another cigarette.

Don't let anyone tell you that any other cigarette at any price is so good as Camels.

Let your own taste be the judge. Try Camels for yourself. A few smooth, refreshing puffs and you'd walk a mile for a Camel, too.

# Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



# T H I N K

Of the White Produce Company when you have Chickens, Eggs, Hides or Cream to sell. We are in the market at all times with the highest cash prices. Call anywhere in the city for your chickens.

PHONE 71

Next to the Bridge

R. L. TERRY, Manager

**Funeral of Mrs. D. A. Clark.**  
A large concourse of friends gathered at the Presbyterian church last Wednesday at 4 o'clock to pay their last tribute of love, and friendship to one of the most highly esteemed and sincerely loved women who has ever lived in Sweetwater.

With sorely stricken hearts and tear dimmed eyes, friends have come from all parts of the city and messages have been sent to the bereaved husband and little son, of Mrs. D. A. Clark, who died Tuesday at 12:30 o'clock, expressing in soothing words sincerest sympathy for their great sorrow.

The solemn funeral services were conducted by her pastor Rev. E. W. McLauren, who delivered an impressive discourse. Rev. R. A. Stewart, pastor of the M. E. Church, assisted, and as they spoke the air was laden with the rich fragrance of flowers in greatest profusion and elaborate designs, testimonials from loving hearts and ministering friends.

The music was especially beautiful with piano and violin accompaniments which seemed an echo to the beautiful life, which had ended in its prime, and will be so hard to spare. Mrs. Clark was born and reared in Tennessee and was married to D. A. Clark 11 years ago.

She united with the Methodist church early in life, and joined the

Presbyterian church that she might be with her husband, after coming to Sweetwater and has lived a life of devotion to the cause of Christianity and the betterment of humanity.

Her life has been an inspiration for good to everyone whom her influence has touched. Her sincere Christian-like character will long be remembered, though her sweet spirit has gone to its heavenly reward.

Through the seven years residence in our city, she has endeared herself to hundreds of friends by her frank appreciation of good in all those with whom she came in contact. Her sincerity of purpose and loyalty to her high ideals of right living, and that devotion to her Savior's spirit of doing unto others as He would have done, will never be forgotten.

Vain are all our tributes, to bring consolation to her heart broken loved ones in this dark hour of sorrow, they will have to lean on the everlasting arm of Him "who doeth all things well."

"It is well that we should sigh when the dark death shadows fall; But there's an eternal sky Behind the tear-cloud of the pall."

Though the hour of parting brings Anguish that we groan to hear Hope, sweet bird, of promise sings In the yew-tree of despair.

Let us harken, while her story: Whispers to the aching breasts:

Those ye mourn are crowned with glory.

Where the weary are at rest.— Sweetwater Reporter

Mr. and Mrs. Clark lived at Snyder one year and the many friends here of the family go out in sympathy to the bereaved husband and little son in this dark hour of sadness.

### Bermott News.

Mr. Harrison Brown and wife, of Justiceburg, visited relatives in Bermott last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall and family of Fluvanna spent Saturday evening and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Claud Wilson.

Mrs. Cora Burrough spent Thursday evening with Mrs. W. T. Rhea.

Mr. Bob Browning and wife spent Tuesday with Mr. Jimmie Browning and wife.

Mr. Wiley Martin from Slaton spent the week end with his parents at this place.

Misses Lois and Bess Johnston are our school teachers for Bookout this year.

Mr. Warren Scrivner from Kansas City, is visiting relatives at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Brown and family spent Saturday with Mrs. W. T. Rhea.

Mrs. Leslie of Hermleigh spent the weekend with friends in Dermott.

Miss Bonnie Sanders of Post City spent the weekend with her parents.

Miss Methol Evans of near Fluvanna is visiting friends here this week.

Mr. Warren Scrivner made a business trip to Snyder Monday.

Mrs. Milton West is visiting relatives on the plains this week.

Mr. Paul McDermott made a business trip to Justiceburg Wednesday evening.

Mr. J. W. Sanders and Mr. John Browning made a business trip to Snyder Monday.

Rev. Jones and family of Justiceburg attended church at Dermott Tuesday night.

Rev. Lee King of Ennis will preach at Bookout on the second Sunday in each month. He is called as pastor at Bookout.

Party Thursday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Rankins was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Clarence Scrivner and family left Friday for their home in Tatum, N. M.

Miss Aften Smith is visiting relatives in Lorraine this week.

Miss Mary Ruth West spent Thursday night with her friend Johnnie Martin.

Mr. Zeke Rhea left Thursday to visit relatives in Tatum, N. M.

Our Sunday school is still progressing nicely.

Mr. Greer West and wife spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander.

### LITTLE SUNSHINE.

Snyder Grain and Seed Company Sold Messrs. Fields and Brown have sold out their grain and seed store on the south east corner of the square to Frank Gensberg of Sweetwater. Mr. Gensberg has already taken charge.

Miss Vela Bell, and her mother Mrs. S. E. Bell, who have been visiting in the home of W. R. Bell, left Wednesday Morning for Forrester, Texas for a short visit with relatives, and from there will go to Ennis, where Miss Veia will be a teacher in the public schools.

Mr. N. B. Ross of Hico, Texas, spent Tuesday with his old friend G. C. Buchanan, and family.

Miss Ida Ware left this week for Roswell, New Mexico, where she will enter the school as teacher of public school music.

Miss Frankie Wren has returned to Abilene.

Tom Heath of Miles is here this week representing the Kansas City Life Insurance Company.

A. E. Dennis is making preparation to go to Runnels county, where he has traded for a sheep ranch. He will leave in about a week or ten days.

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

We prepare your Abstracts of land Titles.

BOREN & ERWIN,  
Northwest Corner Court House.

Insurance of every kind.

BOREN & ERWIN,  
Northwest Corner Court House.

When you want Notary Work or Legal Instruments drawn, come to

BOREN & ERWIN,  
Northwest Corner Court House.

We write a first class Life Insurance policy. Let us explain it to you.

BOREN & ERWIN,  
Northwest Corner Court House.

Fire Insurance is very important, more especially at this season of the year. We represent the strongest Old Line Insurance Companies in the world.

BOREN & ERWIN,  
Northwest Corner Court House.

A. M. Herron was a business visitor at Fort Worth last week.

We are in receipt of "The Pike's Peak Breeze," published from the Auto Highway Summitt House and is the highest newspaper office in the world. This paper was sent us thru the courtesy of Mr. Gay McGlaun, who, with his family, ascended the Peak and viewed the beauties of the world while they were on their recent trip west.

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. 12c

T. J. Gassaway and family returned Thursday last from a two weeks visit in the east. They visited Breckenridge, Fort Worth, Sulphur Springs and Pickton in Hopkins County, while away. Mr. Gassaway said that crops looked better in Scurry county than any he saw on the trip.

W. D. Alldredge, M. D., eye, ears, nose and throat, Eyes tested, glasses fitted. I can save you money on your spectacles and eyeglass work. Office over Caton-Dodson's, Snyder, Texas 13p.

MAUD E. RILEY

TEACHER OF  
PIANO AND VOICE  
CHORAL DIRECTOR

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

Beginning Sept., 5th.

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, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## 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

## THOSE SCHOOL SUPPLIES For The Children

are to be had at our store. Pencils, pens and pen points, Inks, Crayolas, Tablets, both scratch and ink, book satchels, straps, etc.

Send the children along and we will fix them up without you having to come if you find that to be more convenient.

:: STINSON DRUG COMPANY ::

Snyder, : : : Texas

## Attention, Parents

Wednesday afternoon, just after school, we are offering  
**A Free Matinee**

To you and your children for the purpose of giving you a chance to see the kind of pictures we are showing during the run of the two New Serials just starting, viz.:

"The Sky Ranger"

and

"The Phantom Foe"

With these serials we are offering a single reel boy's adventure stories, Bob and Bill

"Trapping the Bob-Cat"

and others. Also PATHE NEWS

We believe that this program will prove interesting and instructive, and will furnish you and your children lots of fun and entertainment.

ON EACH WEDNESDAY after school we will run matinees at 10 and 15 cents. Night shows at 10 and 25 cents.

# NEW PERFECTION OIL STOVES

Good all the year 'round—and it takes a

**Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet** to complete the arrangement—we have them

And we have other things to make the home beautiful and comfortable.

Our new art squares are here, and we have a nice line of new designs in linoleum.

Those Sealey Mattresses will make your rest worth while. Attractive designs in beds, and springs that will add materially to your comfort.

We Have a Complete Line of Leather Goods

Knee Pads, Wagon Sheets, Maize Knives and Forks

Deering Binder Twine

# Blackard Hardware Co.

Graniteware

Snyder, Texas

Enamelware



## Buy Those School Supplies at the Economy Store

We now have on display the most complete line of SCHOOL SUPPLIES we have ever shown. Our prices are right, so plan now to buy your School Needs here where you can save money. We want your school business and will give you the SERVICE and PRICES that deserve it. Below are four bargains from our regular stock:

### Ladies' Silk Hose

Pure Silk Thread, Black and Cordovan

\$1.00 Pair

### Imported Dressed Doll

16 inches long, fully jointed, goes to sleep; each 75c

This doll sold for \$2.00 last year.

### Cotton Sacks

9-Foot 8 oz.

\$1.00 Each

You can't make them for this price

### Preserving Kettle

Triple Coated Blue and White Enamel, size 3 and 4 pt. each 48c

"A Regular Dollar Value"

:: :: L. and H. ECONOMY STORE :: ::

#### "The Phantom Foe," Pathe Serial Stars Jaunita Hansen.

Those persons who find their most satisfying relaxation in tussling with puzzles, riddles or enigmas of all sorts, are promised a veritable carnival of joy when "The Phantom Foe," the new Pathe serial starring Jaunita Hansen, begins its run at Cozy Theatre, where it is booked as the attraction for Wednesday of each week until the completion of the fifteen episodes.

"The Phantom Foe," is a mystery story calculated to make all its predecessors appear quite obvious in comparison with it. The story, by George B. Seitz, who produced the picture for Pathe, was put in scenario form by that expert in serial photoplay writing, Frank Leon Smith. Miss Hansen appears as the daughter of an immensely wealthy house. Janet Dale is singled out for persecution by an enemy whose identity is not disclosed until the final reel. This villain's method of procedure is most fantastic. His victims never see him. Upon occasion they have the fleeting glance of a huge framed man, bundled up in a great fur overcoat, fur cap, and a collar-piece which entirely covers the face, leaving only

a small aperture through which his piercing eyes dart venomous glances.

Janet's first encounter with him comes when she is seated with her father in the library of their handsome home on Long Island. Her father disappears before her very eyes. It seems a dream, but there is the realization of her father's total disappearance. This is the comment of a series of attacks which grow in number and fury, until Janet herself is spirited away and is threatened with death.

The hero is a detective. He is mystified as much as anybody else for a long time, but finally solves the problem. Then it is discovered that the suspected man, Leo Sealkirk had nothing to do with the attacks. Leo was suspected because once upon a time he swore vengeance on Dale, whose summary dealing with some Indian trappers in Canada years before had precipitated a massacre. Leo's wife was killed and he made his vow. But later he retracted and was taken in as Dale's partner in New York.

Since its mystery element is the most compelling force in this drama it is desirable to neither the prospective spectator, nor fair to the story

to divulge here the methods employed by the villain. However, we might say, there is no visualized dream stuff in the piece, and add that this villain numbers among his possessions an ability to exercise a hypnotic influence over his intended victims.

The star is surrounded by an excellent company. Warner Oland, the featured player, records another wonderful character sketch as Lea Sealkirk. Wallace McCutcheon as Roycroft, William Bailey as Bob Royal and Nina Cassavoy as Janet's friend are the principles. The story was filmed under the direction of Bertram Millhauser.

#### "Is Life Worth Living."

In "Is Life Worth Living," in which Eugene O'Brien, popular, Selznick screen star, is scheduled to appear at the Cozy Theatre next Monday, readers of the Saturday Evening Post, will recognize a story which appeared in that widely circulated publication not many months ago under the title of "The Open Door." The story is from the pen of George Weston, whose contributions are to be found in the Post and other magazines with great regularity from time to time.

In some respects "Is Life Worth Living" is quite a departure from the average of photoplay narratives. A whimsical blending of laughs and tears, it might be called a serio-comic screen production. Its serious thoughts have to do with the injustices which are sometimes visited upon the innocent by laws which can acquit but cannot always vindicate. Its delicate humor comes from the representation of the little, inconsequential, but nevertheless strikingly effective things which the laws of the universe bring forth to bolster up each failing spirit in order that the average of happiness and success may be achieved.

Eugene O'Brien, in the leading role of a typical young American office employee, has a part so human that its appeal is as wide as the scope of any community of theatre goers. Winifred Westover and Arthur Housman appear in leading support of the star.

"Protect" your feed by keeping the "bugs" out of it, we have the dope that will keep them out. Grayum Drug Company. 12c.

Failed to Get the Signal. Batesville, Ark., Aug. 29-21 The Snyder Signal, Snyder, Texas.

Dear sirs: I have failed to get the Signal for the last two weeks so I suppose my subscription has run out. Enclosed find a check for one dollar (\$1) for please send me the Signal for that time. Yours truly,

G. K. CRAWFORD, Rt. 1, Box 107 Batesville, Ark.

#### WAS SURPRISE OF MY LIFE, HE SAYS

Oklahoma Business man Says Tanlac Restored Him a Year Ago And He Still Feels Fine.

"I endorse Tanlac from the bottom of my heart, for it set me right a year ago and I have enjoyed the best of health ever since," said Claude E. Andread, 200 Garfield st. Sand Springs, Okla. Mr. Andread is a member of the firm of Andread & Day, and his standing and influence are too well-known to require further comment.

"I hadn't been in good health," he went on, "for some two years and was so run-down generally I could hardly take care of business. What little I ate did me more harm than good and I felt tired out from morning till night. I was nervous and restless and my whole system seemed to

be out of order. I didn't know what it was to feel good, and I was worried over where it would all lead to.

"I saw Tanlac so highly recommended that I made up my mind to try it, and nothing ever surprised me more than the way I picked right up. Three bottles simply put me to feeling like I had been wanting to feel, and to this day I have been in as good health as I ever was in my life. Tanlac certainly proved its worth in my case and there is no question about its being a great medicine."

Tanlac is sold in Snyder by Grayum Drug Company.

J. F. Arrington of Franklin is in the city the guest of his daughter, Mrs. J. R. Joyce and family.

#### Cheaper Than Dirt.

Eleven room house, on large corner lot, one block from square in Snyder. Located just right and suitable for first class boarding house or apartment house. The owner can have an income of seventy-five dollars per month from renting furnished apartments, or a family may use four rooms and rent out three apartments of two rooms each for fifty dollars per month. Building in first class condition and in case of sale immediate possession will be given. Priced at a sacrifice for quick sale or will trade for farm.

Also have a small three room residence on quarter block, well located for sale and three hundred and fifty dollars buys it if you have the cash and come quick. Or would sell this

place on the instalment plan with small cash payment down at four hundred dollars.

If you are interested in either of these places phone 331, or see Autry Realty Company, Snyder. 12c

Miss Vera Hunt who has been in Scurry county for the past three months working in the B. Y. P. U. Training school work, left this week for her home in El Paso, for a visit before returning to Fort Worth to be in the seminary. Miss Hunt has done a good work in this line and has made lots of friends in the county.

W. G. Joyce of Brady is here visiting his brother, J. R. Joyce and family.

### SELLING A TEXAS RANCH

The famous Lem on Ranch and adjoining lands comprising 13480 acres, adjoining the city of Dalhart, Texas at public Auction, on Thursday Sept 15th, 1921, commencing promptly at 10:30 a. m. This entire body of land is in adjoining square sections and will be sold in parcels of 1-4 section with privilege of purchase taking the remaining three quarters at the same price per acre, if desired, according to the following attractive terms. 25% of the purchase price to be paid in cash on day of sale, the balance to be paid in six equal annual payments at the rate of 6% interest; in other words, SIX LONG YEARS TO PAY IN FULL.

Address KING BROS., Hutchinson, Kansas.

### WHAT'S ON AT THE COZY

#### TONIGHT—

WANDA HAWLEY in "THE SNOB," A Clean and Wholesome comedy drama.

#### TOMORROW—

"LOVE TIME" with SHIRLEY MASON. A story of a girl whose heart was worth more than the rank and fortune she won. A stirring romance of picturesque Savoy and Gay Paris.

#### MONDAY—

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING." Eugene O'Brien, from George Weston's Saturday Evening Post story "The Open Door." A whimsically entertaining answer to a question most of us have asked. INTERNATIONAL NEWS, A BUNCH OF KISSES.

#### TUESDAY—

"THE FIGHTING ACTOR."

#### WEDNESDAY—

PATHE NEWS.  
"THE SKY RANGER," 1st Episode.  
"PHANTOM FOE," 1st Episode.  
FREE MATINEE JUST AFTER SCHOOL.

#### THURSDAY—

J. WARREN KERRIGAN, in "GREEN FLAME." A very cleverly developed detective mystery story.

#### FRIDAY—

"THE MAGIC CUP," with CONSTANCE BENNEY. Story by E. Lloyd Sheldon.

## Fall Fashions Are Arriving Daily at the New Store of

# MATTHEWS-DAVIS COMPANY

Where you will always find just what was wanted in Dependable goods that are always correct in style.

Mrs. Lucille Ross of Dallas will have charge of our Millinery and Ready-to-Wear Departments, and will be pleased to show you some smart and nifty models in the Fisk and Lazarus Hats.

We are not showing just a few styles in these high-class hats for show purposes, but have a stock of them for you to choose from.

## Our Men's Furnishing Department

Is fast being filled with Men's Clothing, Boy's Clothing, Hats and all kindred lines.

You will have a full stock to select from, of the latest styles and of the quality that you know so well, as it has always been our policy---The Best at all times.

Come to see us every time.

Matthews-Davis Company  
The New Store



THE CLAN CALL

(Continued from page 3)

Moreland's brother, and realized all there was to realize. His eyes widened a little; then a look of relief flitted across his heavy countenance.

"Shoot and even up the score," he said bravely, and his head was high. "According to your code, it is just. And I'll be able to forget at last, at last. So shoot and settle the account."

Moreland winced perceptibly. The big, crooked finger came way from the hair-line trigger. He had never expected to hear the man whom he knew as John K. Carlyle say that which he had just said. It had never entered his mind that John K. Carlyle could be sorry.

Then the great and bitter desire for revenge rushed into his brain again, and his head went down, and his keen right eye looked along the sights and to the kneeling man's breast. His trigger finger began slowly to crook—

Until this instant Elizabeth Littleford had been as one frozen, had been as a figure carved in stone. Now she sprang to her feet and went between Moreland and his ancient enemy.

"Put 'at gun down—wait until I tell ye, John Moreland, what I've got to tell ye!" she cried tensely, lapsing into the old dialect in her excitement. While Moreland stared, she went on:

"It wasn't Newton Wheatley 'at put up the money to start yore coal mine a-goin'; it was this man here! And the Alexander Crayfield Coal operation—which has been a-payin' you two prices fo, yore coal—that was this man here! Mr. Hayes was his—his ally through it all. And he's sorry, John Moreland, this man is—so sorry that he wants to die; and can't ye see it, John Moreland?"

She caught her breath again and continued tearfully: "Oh, he don't deserve to be killed, and ef he did—you're too good a man to kill him. He's done paid—you don't know, like I do, how he's paid. You mustn't fo'get that. And you mustn't fo'get Bill Dale, his son. Put down that gun, John Moreland! Yore people is saved, as David wanted 'em saved. Now d-d-don't go and s-s-spoil it all, fo' God's sake!"

The big mountaineer's eyes were wide with amazement, for Elizabeth Littleford's every word had borne the ring of truth. He was too dazed to understand her allusion to Bill Dale as his old enemy's son. The rifle came back from across the palings, and his steel-shod butt found a place in the snow beside John Moreland's foot.

Slowly John K. Dale arose and drew close to him, and then from John K. Dale's soul came pouring the pent-up anguish of remorse that had seared it through the years. The torrent of words flowed on, while the mountaineer stood rigidly regarding him with a strange light in his piercing eyes.

"I can't ask you to forgive me," Dale finished brokenly. "I don't expect forgiveness; my crime was too great. But can't you, for the sake of the boy, let me keep on trying to atone for my sin?"

John Moreland looked long and searchingly into the face of the pleading man before him. The bitter struggle that was going on within him was mirrored on his rugged countenance. But gradually the bitterness faded; his huge frame trembled; he put a hand slowly down on the other's shoulder.

"The boy," he muttered—"Bill Dale; is he yore boy? Yore name was Carlyle then—"

is he yore boy? Yore name was Carlyle then—"

"My boy, yes—my boy, Bill Dale. Carlyle is an old family name. My father was at the head of a big coal concern; he sent me down here inognito to get a line on the Moreland vein. Maybe he thought the price would be high if it were known that he wanted it; I don't know. I—I can't remember."

Ben Littleford's daughter was watching closely, hoping against hope, praying to heaven with all her heart; and then she saw John K. Dale put his right hand up to John Moreland's forehead.

He talked coal with his father until bedtime, and he was wiser in the ways of the black diamond when nine o'clock came. After Ben Littleford had haltingly conducted family prayers—and in this he mentioned even the Balls, Turners and Torreys—Bill Dale bade them all good night and started for his office to sleep, rolled in a blanket on the floor. There was a lack of beds at Ben Littleford's that night.

A little later, John Moreland drew old Ben out to the cabin yard. The skies were clear, and the moon was shining brightly; everywhere there was beauty and peacefulness. "Ben," softly, "I've got to bother ye a minute, as late as it is. I wanted ye to find me a hammer and a chisel and a lantern."

"I've got 'em all three right thar in the house," replied Littleford. "But what'n the name o' Torment and thunderation do ye want with a hammer and a chisel and a lantern, John, old friend?"

The answer came straightforwardly. It was the Moreland way.

"I'm a-goin' up thar to whar pore David he's buried at, and cut off some them letters often the stone, Ben. I can't sleep out 'is done. You can guess what part I'm a-goin' to cut off, can't ye?"

"Yes," said Littleford. "Babe told me about what happened up thar afore dark. And I'm pow'ful glad ye're a-goin' to do it, John, old friend."

He went with Moreland to the little enclosure on the high point of David Moreland's mountain. He held the lighted lantern while Moreland worked. They were there for hours.

When the work was finished David Moreland's brother arose from his knees in the snow, put the hammer and the chisel into his pocket, and spread open his cold, cramped fingers. "Ef David could know," he said wearily, "I believe he'd be glad 'at I done it. Anyway, it makes me feel better."

Ben Littleford put a big hand on John Moreland's shoulder. "Yes," he agreed, "ef David could know about it, he'd be glad 'at ye done it, John. The' hain't no doubt o' that. And who can say he don't know about it?"

Elizabeth learned of it early on the following morning. When breakfast was over, she whispered to John K. Dale that there was something she had to show him. She wouldn't tell him anything in advance. So he went with her to see for himself.

When at last they stood inside the weatherbeaten palings, Elizabeth pointed and said: "Look there, and thank God!"

Dale looked and saw. The color left his face, then came back. He shut his eyes, swayed a little on his feet, opened his eyes, looked and saw again. He turned to the young woman with a great joy shining on his face.

"I haven't been so glad," he told her, "for twenty-five years." The chiseling away of the lower five lines had not only obliterated the curse; it had left an almost perfect cross. Then John Moreland's bare, cold and tireless hands had gone to work and made it, in every respect, a perfect cross.

CHAPTER XX

The End of It All.

The sun shone very brightly that day, and the snow began to melt on the places that were not shaded. When he returned with Elizabeth from the crest of David Moreland's mountain, John K. Dale took a rocker before the fire and sat there thinking, thinking, until the midday meal was announced. When the midday meal was over, he resumed his chair and sat there thinking, thinking, until the afternoon was half gone.

Then he called Elizabeth to him. "Will you go to my son and tell him I wish to see him?" he said. And he nodded under his breath; "I think it is best that they should know."

Elizabeth heard that which he had said to himself as well as she heard that which he had said to her. Should she know? Know what? She had a sudden wild fear that Mrs. Dale had broken her promise never to breathe a word of the truth concerning the Adam Ball affair. Nevertheless, she put on her hat and her gloves and went to Bill Dale's office.

Dale sat with his elbows on his desk and with his head in his hands. To all appearances, he was unaware of the presence of the girl in the doorway.

She spoke. "Bill!" He sat up—straight and faced her. He seemed surprised. "Well, Babe?"

"Your father wants you," in a low voice. "He's got something to tell you that—that will make you think almost nothing of me!"

Young Dale frowned. "What is it?" "I'd rather he'd tell you about it, Bill Dale. I don't think I could bear to tell you myself—"

She turned and was about to hasten away, when she called to her: "Wait!"—and she waited. "Has he," he asked, "anything to do with your marriage to Jimmy Payne?"

"No!" He arose and put on his broad-

rimmed hat. "I'll admit," he smiled, "that I'm worse than a granny woman for poking my nose into other people's affairs—when are you going to marry Jimmy, Babe?"

The answer came quickly: "Never." "Never!" repeated Elizabeth, very quietly.

"Never?" pursued Dale. "Never!" cried Elizabeth, exasperated. "Goodness!" laughed Dale. "You're dramatic, or vehement, or both. May I walk home with you, Babe?"

"Yes, sir," promptly, "if you want to." They set out across the snow-covered meadows, and neither spoke another word until they had reached Ben Littleford's log house. The girl looked at him queerly as they entered. After he knew—

Old Dale still sat before the fire, and near him sat silent John Moreland. Old Dale motioned toward an inside door.

"Please close it, Elizabeth," he requested, and she obeyed. "Now sit down. I've got something to tell the three of you. And I fancy it will interest all of you."

The two who had just come in took chairs at the fireside. After a moment, John K. Dale began:

"You've often wondered, Bill, about that savage streak—as you choose to call it—that is in you. You inherited it. Much of that which we are, it is claimed, is inherited, and it must be correct; like begets like, of course. But there is no savage streak in you, Bill. You are hot-headed, that's all. Your virtues overbalance that, by far. I have never seen another man who had a greater love for honesty and fair play, or a greater hatred for all that is hollow and false, or more courage to stick up for that which seems to be right, than you. Now I'll tell you how you came by those fine qualities and the hot-headedness—"

Elizabeth littleford sat wide-eyed, tense, half breathless. If he meant to tell it, why didn't he tell it! Why did he beat about the bush like that?

"Bill, this is hard for me. It brings back a terrible thing. You know about David Moreland. . . . When I awoke that morning and found him lying dead at my crazed, drunken hands, I wished that I, too, were dead. . . . That great and silent wilderness smothered me. I imagined that I could hear voices calling to me, saying—

"'Cain! Cain!' "They came from the laurel thickets, from the trees overhead, from the ground, from everywhere. You see, I wasn't all bad, even in my wild-onts days. Then I thought of the law, and I ran. . . .

"But the cry of a child from the cabin I was leaving halted me before I had gone thirty yards. David Moreland's wife had left him with a baby only a few weeks old, which I didn't pay any particular attention to until that morning, that black morning. At that time there was no other house for miles around. I couldn't leave the child there to die of starvation, after killing his father. So I went back and got the baby, and all its clothing, and took it away with me. I left it at a farmhouse down in the lowland, and went to another city, and started life afresh. . . .

"But later I married, and shortly after that I went to the farmer and persuaded him to let me adopt the child. I brought it up as my own, and educated it, as a sort of compensation. And I came to love it. But it was years before my wife loved it. She didn't like children then. But she does now. She is paying now, and I am paying. Don't you understand, Bill—don't you understand?"

There was a choke in his voice toward the last. Bill Dale went to his feet. His eyes were wide, but he did not seem unhappy; and for that Elizabeth was grateful. John Moreland sat as still, with his bearded, viking face as expressionless as though he had known it all along.

"And so I really am in my own country!" cried Bill Dale. "I am a Moreland, and the Morelands really are my own people!"

"Yes, you are in your own country and you are a Moreland—and your baby name was David," said John K. Dale.

It was then that John Moreland spoke. "Bill, when I first seed you, you made me think of my brother the day he was married. I ain't never fo'got that, I sartinly ain't surprised none at all. We didn't know about the baby. Cherokee Joe told me the baby had died."

"And now, son," pleaded old Dale his voice breaking, "say that you forgive me."

Bill Dale, David Moreland's boy kneeling beside the old sheepskin-line rocker, took the old coal king's hand in both his own and bent his head over it.

"It's all right," he said thickly. "It's all right."

Elizabeth Littleford arose and stole blindly out of the house. Her feet steps led her, quite without her realizing where she was going, across the meadow and to the river above the blown-down sycamore. And there on that sacred spot, where she had first felt her heart leap at the sound of Bill Dale's voice, she sank down in a heap in the snow and cried, and cried. . . .

Twilight was gathering rapidly, but she did not notice it. She did not notice, either, that the air was growing steadily colder with the approach of the mountain night. To her a warm sun was shining above in a bright blue vault; to her the spirit of summer was everywhere; in her ears there was the liquid song of a meadow-

lark, the sweet twittering of wood thrushes, the low humming of wild bees. The pouring of the crystal waters between the two boulders above the pool made music to her, and blended with it she seemed to hear the voice of a big, clean, strong man—

"I was thinking of the difference between you and some other women I know."

Then a ray of hope shone into her heart. Bill Dale was really a Moreland and, therefore, of the hill blood, and that should make them more nearly equal. She told herself that he wouldn't be so apt to condemn her for being able to take a human life easily as one of another blood would be; he would be more apt to understand. And yet, the women he had known were gentle, tender and refined, like, for instance, Patricia McLaurin. Soon the ray of hope died within her, and she bent her head and sobbed again.

One of her bare hands began to grope idly in the snow at her side, and she did not feel the cold. Suddenly she realized that her hand was full of shavings, whittlings. Some man had been sitting there whittling with a pocket knife—it must have been a man, for who ever heard of a woman whittling? She felt in the snow with both hands, and found more whittlings—there were bushels of whittlings, it seemed to her, lying there under the snow.

Then she wondered—wondered who it could have been.

It was quite dark now, but the moon was not yet up. A great, bright star blazed above David Moreland's tomb like a beacon fire. She heard the muffled sounds of slow masculine footsteps in the snow behind her. She did not turn her head, in her soul she knew it could be but one man.

Bill Dale's head was down, and he moved as though he neither knew nor cared whether he went. Then he saw the dark heap on the river's bank before him, and he halted. He knew in his soul that it could be but one woman.

Dale went on and sat down on a stone the size of a small barrel that lay at the river's rim.

"Babe?" he said. It was the mating call of his heart in the springtime of his life.

"Who d-done all o' this whittlin', Bill?" asked Elizabeth. "I did," softly.

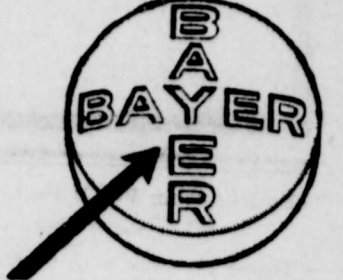
"But I thought you were so busy here! It's nobody but idlers, of course, that whittles—that is, most of the time it's nobody but idlers that whittles."

"But I'm not busy on Sundays, y' know," replied Dale.

(Concluded on page 7)

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



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

WE SELL SERVICE

WE ARE NOT SIMPLY DEALERS Those who are acquainted with the service of this Drug Store and who have been customers here for sometime are going to continue their patronage with us. We say that because we believe the more you are acquainted with the service of this store the more you will be pleased.

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The best fabric tire made for heavy service or rough roads—

RED-TOP

Extra Ply—Heavy Tread

30 x 3 1/2

\$22.00

Reduction on all styles and sizes

A New Low Price on a Known and Honest Product

THE CASH GARAGE, Dealer Phone 99 Snyder, Texas

Advertisement for ECZEMA! featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the treatment.

IS YOUR HEALTH GRADUALLY SLIPPING?

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

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

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

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

"I was . . . nervous and easily upset.

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

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

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

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

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

13



THE CLAN CALL

(Continued from page 6.)

"Tell me this," Elizabeth asked pointedly: "What made you come to this one spot to do your whittling? Couldn't you whittle up there in my daddy's cabin yard?"

He answered her unhesitatingly: "Because I like to be here. This place is a shrine to me. It was here that I first loved you, Babe. Now you tell me this: Why did you come to this particular spot to sit down in the snow? There's snow in your daddy's cabin yard?"

Said Elizabeth, in a voice that sounded smothered: "Because I like to be here—this place is a shrine to me, too—it was here that I first loved you, Bill Dale!"

"Then why," he demanded, "won't you marry me?"

"Because it was me that shot—Adam Ball."

She went on, and though emotion had set every fibre of her to quivering, she did not fall into the old hill talk, which was proof of the magnificence of her:

"I thought you wouldn't want me if you knew that I did that, and I couldn't marry you without telling you. But you know now! And do whatever you feel like doing or saying, you can't hurt me; I can never be hurt any—any m-n-m-more—"

Bill Dale shot erect. Truly, this was a day of surprises for him. He stooped and caught her up.

"A real woman!" he said happily, straightening with her in his arms. "A real, all gold, pure gold woman! You loved me well enough to kill a man to save me, and wouldn't let me know it! Woman is a mystery, sure enough. But perhaps it's because women are



"Well, Babe, Kitten, Must I Drag You to the Altar, or Will You Go With Me of Your Own Free Will?"

so fine and so far above menfolk that menfolk cannot understand them. Well, Babe, Kitten, must I drag you to the altar, or will you go with me of your own accord?"

She put her arms around his neck and drew them tight.

"I'd go with you, Bill Dale—or David Moreland, whichever it is—to the very last inch of the end of the world," she said.

Early the next morning, there came strolling lazily up the river's bank a tall and lanky mountaineer who wore among other things, a Niagara Falls mustache and cowhide boots that seemed ridiculously short because of the great length of his slender legs. He carried a rifle in the hollow of one arm; he was looking for rabbit tracks in the snow. Near the pool above the blown-down sycamore, he came upon tracks that had not been made by any four-footed animals. There were the footprints of a man coming from one direction, and the footprints of a woman coming from another direction.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions. After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENRY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

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

BAKER, GRAYUM & ANDERSON Snyder, Texas

only the footprints of the man went away toward Ben Littleford's cabin.

By Heck was puzzled, "Here comes Bill," he frowned, "and over here comes Babe. And that, as plain as day, goes Bill; but what become of Babe? What in the name of the devil's pet child's name did she go to? No, straight up, shorely!"

He scrutinized the signs with the understanding eye of the born woods man. Then he grinned broadly and said to himself:

"Well, dang my farrard and blast my eyes! The danged old Injun, he jest picked her up bodily and carried her off home, and I know what that means, thank God. I can't pray, but I shore can sing—"

"Oh, when I die, don't bury me deep; Put a torch in my eye, and a nail in my hand; Put a horse's tail in my right hand, the old Injun's in my left hand!"

High Prices Here to Remain, Noted Economist Claims.

Washington, Aug. 22—High prices are here to stay. W. Jett Lauck, one of the leading economists of the country, made this statement today. The good old days when Mr. Common Citizen's salary met living costs without stretch of imagination or strain of pocket book are gone, never to return, Lauck declared.

Return to normalcy means return to conditions of 1919-1920, not to those of 1913-1914, according to the economist.

"To expect a return of the prices and conditions of prewar years is merely the blindness of men in always looking into the past for the golden age," he said.

According to present indications, prices have reached their lowest level and are moving upwards, the economist declared.

"There can be no doubt that prices are advancing," Lauck said. "Moreover, when fundamental industrial conditions are examined it is perfectly clear that such advances are inevitable. The price of an article is the combined result of actual production costs, in which labor is the chief item and the profits of the producer, wholesaler, retailer and others through which it passes before reaching the consumer."

"During the war these profits were excessive and profiteering rampant. Some improvement in this particular have taken place and much greater improvement could take the place. But the cold hard fact is that no important scaling down of profits is to be anticipated in the near future."

According to Lauck, neither can any important reduction in the general wage level be anticipated. Contrary to popular belief, wages on the whole have fallen to a surprisingly small extent, he declared and continued:

"Here and there wages have fallen but the striking fact is not that some wage rates have fallen, but that wages, on the whole, have fallen so little. This is partly due to the growing strength of labor to resist wage cuts, but primarily to a more alert public conscience which feels that the average wage earner for his own sake and for the sake of the community must have a higher standard of living than he has had in the past. The present business depression, he declared, is primarily financial, not industrial."

Hermiteigh B. Y. P. U. Program.

For Sept. 4, 1921.

Subject, devotional meeting. The High Calling, (Philippians 3:1-16)

Leader, Mrs. H. B. Cardon.

Scripture reading, Mr. Hassel.

In seeking The High Calling, We are to put "No confidence in the Flesh", Miss Verna Louder.

We need a righteousness from God by Faith, Mrs. Mack McCray.

Forgetting the past, Mr. John W. Adams.

Cultivating a Divine discontent with past achievements, Mrs. Chas. Adams.

Stretching toward the glories of the Future, Miss Lottie Davis.

Special music, Miss Neighbors.

Conclusion, song, and benediction. —Reporter.

Mrs. L. N. Periman and daughter, Miss Lena, were in the city last Friday and paid the Signal an appreciative call. Miss Lena teachers at Canyon and has the Signal come to her there.

WEST TEXAS NEEDS MORE CATTLE ON SMALL FARMS

By Victor H. Schoffelmayr, Field Editor of The Semi-Weekly Farm News.

Fort Worth, Texas, Aug. 21.—Conditions point unmistakably to the dawn of a new day in the live stock industry of the Southwest and it seems certain that the bulk of Texas beef cattle of the near future will not be produced on the grass of the ranches, but in the feed lots of thousands of small farmers and feeders. Ranching, which for generations held its own against the advance of the "nester" and farmer into the Plains regions of the Southwest, is no longer the only method for live stock production over a vast territory, parts of which are gradually coming under the plow. In a time of tightened credits and scarce money with which to purchase and graze steers at attention is being directed to a much more economical side of the live stock business, namely, producing beef cattle in numerous small groups on numerous farms. Grassing steers has had its day and just as it has disappeared on the prairies of Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, must it disappear from the Southwest in a large measure, except on such land as is too arid for farming and too remote from irrigation waters.

The recent Texas banker-farmer tour through the Middle West and Northwest showed a real prosperity based upon intelligent live stock farming and dairying. Not a farmer or banker on this trip but who realized why the corn belt is prosperous one year with another.

Ranching used to be profitable, but it has not been profitable of late years, according to the testimony before Congress and other bodies on the part of leading ranchers who have been hard hit by the price decline. Time was when a rancher could get practically unlimited credit, often with the cattle as chief collateral. New regulations have gone into effect among bankers making cattle loans who demand bed-rock security before such loans are made. The prime reason for this is the hit-and-miss side of the cattle business. When grass is good on the range and cattle are cheap the rancher may make some money. In times past he has made fortunes in disposing of his vast herd increase. In dry years he suddenly may be ruined. At all times his live stock business is not as safe as that of the farmer who raises both cattle and feed and fattens his own animals.

Baby Beef Offers Chance.

The production of baby beef on the small farm offers unusual opportunities to the man of limited means who will study the live stock business and raise his own feed. A comparison between ranching and farm beef production will show a decided advantage in favor of the latter system of live stock raising. C. C. French, industrial agent for the Fort Worth Stockyards Company and formerly baby beef and pig club agent of the extension service of Texas A. & M. College, presents interesting figures on this subject as follows:

Two ranchers living side by side raise beef cattle at the same time under equal conditions of grass and season. Each has sufficient pasture to support 100 stock cattle. Some are fat, some are poor and some are medium. Allowing 100 per cent efficiency for both ranches, each will have on the ranch twenty cows, twenty calves, twenty yearlings, twenty 2-year olds and twenty 3-year old steers. Under ideal conditions grazing the highest possible average weight for finished steers in one year would be about 900 pounds or a total of 18,000 pounds of meat from twenty steers ready for market.

The other rancher takes his twenty 3-year old steers and puts them in a feed lot and adds 300 pounds to their weight by feeding concentrates and a balanced ration and when he is ready to put his cattle on the market they will average 1,200 pounds in weight, or a total of 24,000 pounds of meat instead of 18,000 or a gain of 6,000 pounds over the rancher who only grassed his cattle. But this is not all, says Mr. French, who then produces an almost irresistible argument for baby beef feeding by proving that baby beef can be produced at practically 50 per cent of the cost of the finished steer.

The big difference involved in grazing cattle and sending an average of perhaps 20 per cent of the herd to market, as indicated in the above outline of the two ranchers, lies in the inability of the rancher to force weight onto his steers. Range grass while nutritious to a high degree, is not like concentrates where market beef is concerned. That is why range cattle go to Northern corn belt farms for finishing. In a

few months live stock farmers add several hundred pounds to the steers' weight and make a good profit, all of which should have gone to the rancher if he had been equipped to finish the steers.

The question naturally arises why the rancher does not finish his cattle when all he has to do is either to raise the feed or turn the cattle over to a near-by live stock farmer who knows the principle of finishing cattle for market. However, the average ranchman does not take to farming. He loves to ride the range. If he could farm and still ride a horse he might take to it, but he has little taste for following a plow or gathering corn. A century of life in the open has unfitted him for the drudgery of farming. The rancher must combine ranching with farming to maintain himself or else pass like the buffalo and the Indian of the plains. The big ranches sooner or later will be cut up into farms. Live stock will be raised on them, but it will be finished at home instead of going north to finish. There is no use shipping Texas grass steers from the Panhandle to the corn belt for finishing and then shipping the dressed carcass back to Texas in the form of frozen beef. Texas steers ought to be finished at home on the grain sorghums grown in West Texas. They can if the ranchers would take hold of the matter and adapt themselves to modern conditions. Land must be made to produce a maximum at all times, not a minimum, such as is the case on the average big Texas ranch.

The live stock farmer, no doubt, would never think of starting with twenty cows, twenty calves, twenty 1's, twenty 2's and twenty 3-year-old steers, as the rancher does. He would rather start with 100 head of calves and begin feeding them at weaning time. A balanced ration would put the fat on them so fast that the average rancher's eyes would bulge with wonderment. Instead of steers weighing 900 pounds at the end of three years, the calves from pure bred beef type mothers would weigh 1,000 to 1,200 pounds at the age of 14 to 16 months. It has been done in the pens of the corn belt feeders and it will have to be done in the pens of Texas feeders, whether on the big ranches or on the farms.

Every small farm should have some cattle of recognized beef type, the kind which put on weight economically. There is no use wasting time with any others. The great grain or sorghum crop grown in the Panhandle and all over the plains of West Texas should be fed into lattie and hogs and only finished animals would ever leave West Texas for market. The success with feterita and other grain sorghums attained by the Spur experiment Station is proof enough to convince the hardest-headed ranchman that West Texas has a rare combination in its grain sorghums and its beef herds if the two would only be brought together on the same farm. The small farmer with a few cattle must show the way. He can grow the feed and put it into the cattle. Ranching is a business and its success must be measured not by the size of the ranch but the dividends shown on the investment at the end of the year.

From our Local Reporter.

The trustees of the Snyder Independent school met at the Central building one day this week to make some repairs on the building. They discovered that bees had took charge of the upper part of the building. After taking up the floor they found about 25 pounds of nice honey. The trustees agreed to go fifty fifty in the honey, but after they checked up Hugh Boren had gotten the best of the boys as he usually gets the best of everything that is good and sweet. —Reporter.

Scurry County Club Meets.

The Scurry County Club, which maintains a permanent organization in this institution, met Aug. 1, to reorganize for the summer. Mr. C. V. Hall acted as temporary chairman. The following officers were elected: President, William Falls; Vice-President, Thelma Williams; Secretary and Treasurer, Ethel Isaacs.

After brief discussion it was unanimously voted that President Falls send, on the same day to Representative M. E. Rosser at Austin, a telegram expressing the attitude of the Scurry County Club toward the Budget Bill.

The Club is preparing to organize a joint club within Scurry county to be maintained throughout the year by students and teachers who have attended the West Texas State Normal College. Special effort will be made to keep the clubs in the two sections in close relation with each other.—The Prairie.

Removal Notice.

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

Do You Want to Go

Where it rains, if so I will exchange 520 acres of land near Cloudcroft, N. M. for land in Texas. A. C. Wilmett. 12c

Rev. Ernest Roper filed the pulpit at the First Methodist church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and at night.—Colorado Record.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Light, who live out west of town, happened to a painful accident when their team ran away and threw them out of the buggy. Mr. Light had his hand badly mashed, and Mrs. Light sustained injuries about her arm, which necessitated having to take several stitches.

W. D. Moon and wife left yesterday for Abernathy, where they will make their home.

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Knowing the desires of the scholarship of the Snyder schools, we have again procured a sufficient stock of Rexall school series and supplies.

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A perforated and sewed tablet, it does not tear to pieces, an excellent grade of paper, and 15 more sheets than last year. JUST THE SAME PRICE—5 cents

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now in comparison with its appearance when it was sent here to be dry cleaned. All spots have disappeared, all dinginess removed. A new coat wouldn't look any better—it couldn't. If you have a house coat or any other garment that you cannot wear but is too good to be thrown away, send it here. We make it as wearable as it ever was.

### Institute at The Baptist Church.

The First Baptist Church has just closed a week's Institute which was successful in every respect. Mr. Chastain of Dallas was with us and taught the Senior B. Y. P. U. Manual, Miss Vera Hunt of El Paso taught the Junior Manual, and the pastor taught the Sunday school Manual. There were something over one hundred names enrolled in the three classes. More than thirty have taken the written examinations and will receive their diplomas for the work done.

As a result of the Institute a religious census of the city has been taken and the work of the young people has been greatly stimulated. A senior union has been organized with Mr. Chas. Starkey as president, a full supply of literature has been ordered and everything is starting

off as if these young people mean business. It is planned to make the B. Y. P. U. and Sunday school Institute an annual affair.

Jeff Davis, Pastor.

### Sunday With the Baptists.

All regular services will be held at the Baptist Church Sunday. The pastor will preach at both hours. Sunday School at 9:45. The Business Men's Bible Class meets at nine-thirty at the county court room. It is hoped that a large attendance will be had at all of these services Sunday. The fall-time is approaching, cooler weather has come, school opens Monday, let's all get busy for the Lord. Come Thou with us, it will do thee good.

Jeff Davis, Pastor.

### Ginners Report.

Fullers Gin ..... 47  
Bridge Street Gin ..... 19

### 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 and Central School buildings on Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays. Applications for enrollment are now being received. Phone 185. 12c

Mrs. W. W. Beall and son, Graham, of Sweetwater, spent several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Buchanan, returning home Sunday evening.

### Mrs. Bettie Wasson Died.

As we go to press we learn that Mrs. Bettie Wasson, wife of Mr. Walter Wasson died last night at the home of her son, R. W. Webb, in east Snyder.

Mrs. Wasson was brought here some time ago from their home at Mena, Ark., seriously ill. She lingered on until last night, when the Heavenly Father said "it is enough, come up higher."

Mrs. Wasson was a good consecrated woman, loved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, devoted to her husband and children.

Funeral services will be held this evening at 4:30 o'clock at the home of her son, R. W. Webb.

### Notice to Stockholders.

The stockholders of the First State Bank & Trust Company of Snyder, Texas are hereby notified that the annual stockholders meeting will be held in the building of the said bank and trust company on Tuesday, October 4, 1921, for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the coming year and such other business that may properly come before said meeting. Respectfully,  
Clyde Funk, Cashier.

### At Church of Christ.

Bible study at 9:45. Preaching at 11. You are invited to be with us at all these services. We want to do you all the good we can.

E. Christian Minister.

Mrs. T. J. Thompson has returned from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. W. P. Arnold at Abilene.

We said last week that A. M. Weller had painted his house, weather boarded, etc., and it should have been John Weller. A. M. denies doing anything like that so we take it back. Fact is Mr. John Weller can handle a job like that better than A. M. can for he is just a spry young fellow only about 68 years young, jolly and full of life, so you see it was a big error we made.

A Durango long staple bale of cotton raised by W. M. Clanton at Polar brought 19 cents a pound. The bale was bought by T. E. Jenkins.

J. H. Patterson of Midland came in Tuesday to visit his sister, Mrs. Walter Wasson, who is seriously ill at the home of her son, R. W. Webb.

### Junior Christian Endeavor.

Presbyterian church Sunday, Sept. 5, 5:00 p. m.

Consecration meeting. Subject: Lessons from the Book of Proverbs.

Leader, Doris Buchanan. Song, prayer, Scripture, Prov. 1-7-10.

Roll Call, response, My Favorite Proverb, and why. Song.

About envy, Prov. 24:1. Joseph Andrews.

About mercy, Prov. 25:21-22. Kathryn Stallings.

About strife, Prov. 26:21. Doris Eliza.

Music, Eula Ferguson. About friendship, Prov. 27:17. Connie Grantham.

About laziness, Prov. 28:19. Charlie Ben Shell.

About learning, Prov. 17:10. Margaret Dell Prim.

Song, offering presented. Election of officers and other business.

Memory verse contest. Closing prayer.

Mr. Barnes and Mr. Parkhouse made a trip to Post Monday and went on upon the cap rock. Mr. Parkhouse reports that crops look good around Post and that Scurry county crops looked good.

P. P. Gassaway and wife of Hopkins county are here the guests of his brother, T. J. Gassaway and family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Brice of Weatherford are here, the guests of their son, H. J. Brice and family.

Miss Irene Clark is here from her home at Corsicana ready to take up her work as teacher of piano.

There will be a meeting at the Turner School house beginning Sunday night and continuing each night during the week. The public is invited to attend these services.

E. Christian Minister.

Miss Ivo Wilson and her mother, Mrs. A. S. Wilson were here from Friday till Sunday visiting at the homes of A. M. and W. M. Curry. Miss Ivo will enter Southwestern University to take a course in public school music.

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

### Labor Day.

Monday, September 5th, Labor Day being a legal holiday, the unredsigned banks will be closed all day.

Snyder National Bank, First National Bank, First State Bank & Trust Co.

Woodson Stinson is here from his home at Rockwall, visiting his father and brothers.

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

Mrs. Walter Wasson is seriously ill at the home of her son, R. W. Webb. Her home is at Mena, Ark.

After spending a two weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ezell left Wednesday for their home at El Paso.

When in need of fresh meal call for O. K. Cream. It being ground every day and every sack guaranteed by Snyder Mill & Coal Co. 12c

## CLASSIFIED ADS

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

NICE FURNISHED LIGHT HOUSE-keeping rooms for two; also nice furnished bed rooms. Teachers preferred. Mrs. N. B. Moore, East Snyder. 11-p-1f

TWO LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS, for rent—Unfurnished, two blocks of Central school, Apply Box 592, Snyder, Texas. 12p

NICE FURNISHED light husekeeping rooms for two, also nice furnished bed rooms, teachers preferred. Mrs. N. B. Moore, East Snyder. 11p-1f.

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 3002F-12. T. W. Gabbert, Dunn, Texas. 12p

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Buick Little Six, 5 passenger, in fine condition. New tires, new top. Will sell for cash, trade for Ford or take part in other trade. Enquire at Signal office or address P. O. Box 267. 15c

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

FOR SALE—Five room cottage in north part of Snyder, 2 blocks from north ward school. One half down, other easy payments. Ed A. Warren, Post, Texas. 12c

COTTON PICKERS WANTED—I want a family to pick cotton. Will furnish house to live in apply to W. S. Reed, Camp Springs. 12c

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 Clairmont Street, first house north and west of church. Apply to J. A. Miller. 9tc.

COTTON PICKERS WANTED—I want a family that will pick at least a bale or more of cotton a day. House furnished. R. L. Sims, Ira, Texas. 12p

GOOD MILK COW for sale. See Gay McGaun. 13c.

LOST—Man Pocket book, contained railroad passes. If found return to E. S. P. freight office, Snyder. 12p

FOR SALE—1 Studebaker 7 passenger touring car. 1 Ford truck, 1 6 H. P. Gasoline Engine, all in good order. Will sell cheap or trade for cattle, phone 94, W. W. Nelson. 12tc

FOR RENT—Furnished or unfurnished rooms for rent. Ladies preferred. Three blocks from square. See Miss May McClinton at Higginbothams. 12c

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

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