

The Hedley Informer

VOL. III

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1913

NO. 51

WORK STARTED ON NEW BRICK STORE AND PLAY HOUSE

Work has begun on the new brick building. The foundation is being put in, brick unloaded and the contractors will rush the work to completion. The building will be 25x130 feet. The front 60 feet will be used for mercantile business and the rear 70 feet will be fitted up as a play house, and moving pictures will be shown there. The entrance to be on First street. The aridome has been torn down and there will be no more shows until the brick is completed.

Dr. Ozier's office has been moved across the street to the corner lot north.

WATCH HEDLEY GROW!

B. W. M. SOCIETY

On account of the bad weather the B. W. M. U. Society did not meet Nov. 4 and had a call meeting Nov. 11 at Mrs. D. B. Albrights. Had a very interesting meeting and three new members enrolled. Next meeting will be November 18 at Mrs. W. W. Gammons. Lesson Genesis 10 to 22. 23 Bible questions, beginning at the 39th question in the book we are studying.

PRESS REPORTER.

TAKE NOTICE

All parties knowing themselves indebted to me will confer a special favor by calling at J. M. Rhodes & Co., my old stand, and settling same. Miss Laura Brinson will have charge of my books if I am not there when you come to pay your account and has authority to receipt you. After December 1st all unpaid accounts and notes will be placed in hands of my Attorney for collection.

O. H. Britain.

Rev. W. M. Dyer was taken to the sanitarium at Clarendon Monday where he believed an operation would possibly give him a chance. The physicians decided he had cancer of the stomach and did not operate, but had him brought back home Wednesday.

A WARNING

Three things they say you can't safely do—fool with the tail of a cyclone; tickle the heels of a mule; nor monkey with a gun that isn't loaded. Permit us to add a fourth:—You cannot make much of a success of life without forming a SAVING HABIT.

JUST A LITTLE SAVED from your earnings, a little each week, each month, carefully deposited with a good bank like ours, will amount to something at the end of the year. It may seem mighty slow at the start but in time you will thank your lucky stars that you started. RIGHT NOW is the time to begin, not next month.

We Want Your Business---

We Know We Can Please You
Capital and Surplus \$55,000.00

FIRST STATE BANK

WILL BUILD BRIDGE ACROSS RED RIVER

Tuesday was a red letter day in the history of Childress and Childress county, for on that day a contract was awarded for the bridging of Red River. The contract was awarded on a bid of \$25,000. The bridge is to be some 2300 feet long and will be built about half a mile east of the Wellington road, or old Shoe Nail crossing. There the bridge company has found a location where they can sink their piles into a good, solid foundation, which they are certain will stand indefinitely. The bridge is to be built on piles 36 feet long and will stand 12 feet above the water line. This is the same height as the Denver railroad bridge at Estelline that has been standing for a quarter of a century on a much poorer foundation.—Post.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS

The fifth annual convention of the Texas Industrial Congress, to be held at Dallas on December 13, when prizes for the best results in competitive crop production, aggregating \$10,000 in gold will be awarded, will be made up of officers and members of the Congress, delegates, contestants and visitors. The delegates will be appointed by County judges, mayors of towns and cities, commercial bodies, and State associations whose work is connected with agricultural betterment or otherwise allied with the purposes of the Congress.

The general attendance of all contestants and their friends is desired for the reason that these conventions inspire such a feeling of mutual encouragement and determination among them as is of the utmost advantage in carrying forward the work of the Congress for better farming during the whole of the ensuing year. The convention has been limited to one day, and the program and prize awards arranged accordingly. The railroads of the State have made a special low round-trip rate to Dallas for the occasion.

TRADED HEDLEY HOTEL PROPERTY FOR OKLAHOMA LAND

A deal was consummated this week wherein R. W. Scales traded the Hedley hotel and the west half of the hotel lots to W. C. Hess for 320 acres of land in Texas county, Oklahoma.

MAY ESTABLISH CREAMERY STATION

At the meeting last Saturday called by Messrs. Ragan and Willis several farmers expressed their willingness to patronize a creamery station should one be established at Hedley. The gentlemen will see further, and if they can get enough promised patrons to justify, they will establish a station here.

COTTON GINNED

The government report on cotton ginned for Hall and Donley counties for 1913 up to October 18th. Donley county 1913 1777 bales, 1912 555 bales. Hall county 1913, 5579 bales, 1912 5367 bales.

Farm for Sale

at a bargain. Will be for sale only 15 days from date of this issue at this price. 160 acres, 85 in cultivation, balance in grass. Right at school. On R. F. D. Price \$1600.00. \$1000 cash, 4 years on balance.

See J. W. Watt, at Moreman's gin.

WHITTINGTON SOLD MEAT-MARKET TO JOHN CROW

J. M. Whittington has contracted to sell his meat market and ice business to John Crow who lives northeast of town. Mr. Crow will take charge in the near future, we understand.

COTTON COMING IN A HURRY

The Hedley cotton yard has received 1310 bales of cotton up to Thursday night. The Hedley gins have ginned 1,050 bales this season. Cotton has been dropping off in price since the government report. The past ten days have been excellent for cotton picking—in fact the best weather we've had this fall. Three or four weeks more pretty weather and the crops will be out. About two-thirds of the cotton has been picked.

Since making the above spiel the wind has changed and is now blowing from the North, clouds are lowering and a few drizzly drizzle-drops are finding their winding ways down to kiss old mother earth.

20 Bbl Tanks \$12
10 Bbl Tanks \$7

Gutter cut to fit your house at 6 cents per foot. I am quitting business Dec 1st or before. If you have any tin-work, hurry up before all my stock is gone.

C. W. Turner, The Tinner.

NOTES FROM THE HEDLEY SCHOOL

SCHOOL REPORTER

Quite a number have returned to school after several weeks absence caused by their having to pick cotton or other work. Good many vacant chairs have been filled and this promises to be one of the best terms in the way of attendance we have ever had.

The Ciceronian Literary Society of Mr. Hufstetler's room met last Friday week and rendered an interesting program. The society is progressing nicely. The members are getting so they can recite "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" in the finest way imaginable. And the way a few of the boys deliver a solo is highly interesting and entertaining. If some of the debators keep improving we will some day be able to say, boastfully, of some famous Statesman, "I went to school with that man, he showed remarkable talent then." Very little shirking has been done so far. A fine of ten cents is imposed on all who fail to bring up the part assigned them and if not paid promptly interest at the rate of 100 per cent a week is added. If this fails to redeem them they are left to the error of their ways. A new set of officers were elected and the society adjourned to meet Friday evening November 14. The other rooms have Societies also and are doing splendidly. In fact, so well that the older ones were unwilling to invite them down because they were sure the younger ones had the best program.

There has been very little interest until now in athletic affairs but with the return of several of the larger boys to school, there was a re-organizing of the boys and a basket ball was bought. Extra quality back boards have been secured and we intend to have a very fast basket ball team this winter. The smaller boys have bought a ball and it promises to be a strong second team. Tennis absorbed a good deal of attention for a while but tennis isn't funny when played between four boys or four girls, and when a rule was made that prohibited boys and girls playing together it killed the game dead.

TRADED HEDLEY PROPERTY FOR A QUARTER-SECTION

E. H. Willis this week traded his home in McDougal Heights to Mr. Pierce of Estelline for 160 acres 12 miles northeast of Hedley. They will stay here until school is out before going to the farm.

THAT MEXICO SITUATION HAS NOT BEEN SETTLED

Mexico City, Nov. 12.—General Victoriano Huerta tactically refused tonight to accede to the demands the United States expressed in an ultimatum sent to him by President Wilson's personal representative, John Lind. Huerta was notified early in the day that unless he returned his answer by six o'clock to the effect that he would prevent the newly elected congress from convening and, furthermore, make his actions known to the members of the diplomatic corps by midnight, the United States would have no further parleying with the Mexican government.

Later—Members of Huerta's official family are working diligently for a reopening of negotiations and claim that they have the consent of General Huerta to make concessions which they believe will be acceptable to the United States.

Mexican Minister of the Interior, Sencr Adalpe, saw Charge Nelson O'Shaughnessy today and appealed to him to do all in his power to induce the United States to withhold action until Mexican officials could communicate with Mr. Lind, now at Vera Cruz. He based his appeals on the allegation that they were unable to get in touch with Huerta yesterday in order to present to him Lind's communication.

Some Little Girl is going to get the Doll. Buy your tablets at the Rexall Store and you get a ticket on the Doll with every tablet.

FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING

OF THE PANHANDLE ASSOCIATION TO MEET WITH THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH AT HEDLEY BEGINNING NOVEMBER 27, 1913

PROGRAM

THURSDAY

7:15 p. m. Devotional Service led by W. H. DeBord.
7:30. Introductory Sermon—M. S. Groom. Alternate, R. S. Garrard.

FRIDAY

9:15 a. m. Devotional Exercises—W. T. Hightower.
9:30 to 10:15 The Bible Our Only Rule of Faith, Polity and Practice—A. L. Duncan and Henry Simpson.
10:15 to 11:00 Duty of Every Member Toward the Sunday School, Prayer Meeting and other like services of the Church—F. D. Pearson and C. R. Teague.

11:00 Sermon—D. B. Hill.
2:15 p. m. Devotional Service led by Joe M. Jones.
2:30 Duty and Blessing of Systematic Giving—J. W. Hembree and W. R. Parry. General discussion
7:15 p. m. Devotional Exercises led by J. K. Duke.
7:30 Leadership of the Holy Spirit.
(1) Promise of such Leadership—W. H. DeBord.
(2) Evidences of such Leadership—R. S. Garrard.
(3) Results of Obedience or Disobedience to such Leadership—J. J. Smith.

SATURDAY

9:15 a. m. Stewardship—A. L. Duncan. General discussion
11:00 Sermon—J. W. Hembree.
2:15 p. m. Devotional Service led by A. H. Hefner.
2:30 Meeting of the Associational Board.
3:30 The Work of our State Convention—R. B. Morgan.
7:15 Devotional Exercises led by C. O. Jameson.
7:30 Sermon—A. L. Duncan.

SUNDAY

10:30 a. m. Sunday School.
11:00 Sermon—R. B. Morgan.
2:30 Sunday School Rally. Program to be supplied.

Brethren and Sisters, we urge you to come and let us have a profitable time.

COMMITTEE.

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THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Publisher

HEDLEY, TEXAS

Despite the numerous "cures," cancer continues to increase.

We often wonder if some self-made men do not suffer from remorse.

A new consumption "cure" is reported. This time the plot is laid in Rome.

It is easier to check the baggage than it is to check the baggage smasher.

Men who boast that their souls are their own might not know a soul if they saw it.

So far the airplane's chief distinction is as a spectacular engine of manslaughter.

Count among the benefactors of the race the man who has invented the painless cucumber.

It's surprising how much news people can give a reporter that is not intended for publication.

A Baltimore man has been operated upon two hundred times. But the last time an undertaker did it.

The Russian government is so determined to get rid of unrest that it is creating a vast amount of it.

Another comet has been discovered, heading this way. But, having survived Halley's comet, who cares?

It is almost time for somebody to break a valuable tooth finding a ten cent pearl in a free lunch oyster.

A Michigan doctor says we must cultivate health instead of disease. No one will deny it is a much better crop.

Still, telephone operators probably have more than a fifth-grade child's knowledge of the vocabulary of irritation.

Gold production has fallen off more than \$3,000,000 in the United States, but most of us prefer paper money, anyway.

In view of the shortage of corn, may we not be driven to watch the supply of glucose lest it be adulterated with sugar?

The American sewing machine has invaded southeastern Arabia. Eastward the march of feminine independence takes its way.

Women cab drivers are said to be disappearing from Paris through lack of patronage. Perhaps cab riders in Paris prefer to confide in men.

Through all these years it has been customary to speak of Philadelphia as "slow"—and now it develops that the old city is built on a bed of quicksand.

Vesuvius has had its temperature taken, and as it amounted to over six hundred degrees, it may be easily seen that the investigators did some hot work.

That Oregon alderman who said "Let the women dress as they choose, but make them let the men alone," should go down in history with the author of "Give me liberty or give me death."

A Chicago policewoman arrested a young man for trying to flirt with her. The magistrate took one look at her and discharged him. You are welcome to either of the two possible reasons.

It doesn't take a bride long to discover that no woman can live in absolute content and a vine-clad cottage with a tightwad husband.

According to the latest definition, the man who induces somebody else to turn in a false fire alarm is a "gooph." Don't be a gooph.

All is lost! Throwing the javelin is the newest sport for women. The bachelors who have escaped Cupid's bow will now be brought down.

In the days of ancient Rome the populace was contented with bread and circuses. Now it demands peanuts and moving picture shows.

Men in Ohio, in a contest of skill, are defeating women in embroidery. This invasion of feminine fields by masculine boldness is enough to rouse determined protest.

"City falls are unfit even for animals," says a headline. Pursuing that line of thought, what offenses do animals commit that call for a jail sentence as a punishment?

The octopus is going to manufacture automobiles. About the only field of industry at present overlooked is for it to lubricate slumber by composing lullabies.

A London court has decided that theatergoers has the right to hiss when he does not like the performance. It is a right, however, that that as a general thing an American audience would not care to assert. The most poignant rebuke which a bad play or a bad actor receives here is for the theatergoers to stay away.

The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETH HARRIS

(Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman)

The blank, serious and unresponsive stare with which the janitor received his Scandinavian assistant's intelligence, disconcerted that usually stolid individual quite perceptibly and the chuckle that he began died gutturally in his throat. The janitor continued to stare and the grin faded from the assistant's face.

"Well, and what of it?" demanded the autocrat, sternly.

"Pooty fierce," he mimicked. "I should say it was 'pooty fierce.' It's a pity a person can't have a little private conversation with his own wife in his own kitchen without a thing like you interesting yourself in his remarks. What blame business was it of yours? What was you doing there tying your shoe lace, was you? Yes, you was! Tying it with one hand and the other behind your ear so you wouldn't lose nothing, and then instead of keeping it to yourself like a gentleman, you come blabbing to me. Nels, you give me a pain.

"Say, suppose they was smashing dishes," continued the janitor, severely. "Haven't they got a right to smash 'em if they felt like it? Was them dishes yours or theirs? But what gets me is that you can't keep your mouth shut. It's folks like you makes trouble and wrecks homes and blasts reputations wherever you go shooting off your mouths about people and knocking 'em. How would you like it, yourself? What would you think of me if I done that way? Maybe you think I've got poor eyesight and can't see nothing for myself. Well, I ain't."

"What kind of a skate would I be if I got to telling around some of the things that's going on here? Where do you think Mrs. Jipper's mother lives that she's gone to visit for the

if you're inclined to be nosy, Nels, my friend," said the janitor. "If I wasn't naturally close-mouthed, I could surprise you. Them Brudnicks, for instance. Great front they put up, don't they? You'd think they had money to throw to the birds, wouldn't you? Well, they have, and what the birds don't get, they burn; but they're shy when it comes to digging up what they owe Strunk's market, and from what I've found out by putting two and two together out of their waste paper basket, it won't do Strunk much good to sue. All he's got's his judgment, and you can't buy a shelf full of canned goods with a court house full of judgments. That's what I told him. It ain't my business, of course, but Strunk treats me pretty white and I don't want to see him throw good money after bad. If I was as slack-jawed as you, I might make trouble for that oldest girl of Tupper's, too. Not but what the boy's all right and she's all right, but he ain't the one that old man Tupper has got picked out for her. I know that from what I heard when I was cleaning the windows on the floor below.

"Certainly, if a man wanted to talk, there's enough happening here all the time to talk about," said the janitor. "I could run a society journal with less than I pick up every day, but I ain't inquisitive and I ain't gabby, and I won't have nobody working for me what is. You understand that, don't you, Nels, my friend? That's all right then."

"Hold on a minute, Nels," called the janitor, as his assistant turned to go. "Did I understand you to say that they was throwing dishes or just that some dishes got smashed? Who began the racket anyway. Was it him or her?"

BATTLE WAGED IN BIRDLAND

Orioles Try to Rescue Baby Bird From Woodpecker—Robin Butts In for Amusement.

A free-for-all bird fight occurred at the home of Mayor Shank the other day, during which a baby oriole, the cause of the trouble, was killed, the



THE JANITOR CONTINUED TO STARE AND THE GRIN FADED FROM THE ASSISTANT'S FACE.

summer, for instance? Clinton, Iowa? Guess again. How about Reno? You don't believe that. Well, let me tell you there was a letter in her handwriting with a Reno postmark in the mail box last Tuesday, and another one, document size and the address typewritten, same postmark, that I'll bet the cigars come from her lawyer, and when Jippers got 'em, he opened hers right there in the vestibule, and when he had read it, he swore and crumpled it up and shoved it in his pocket, then went right past me as if I hadn't been there, chewing on his moustache. He didn't come home that night either. Well, it ain't no business of mine, as I told my wife, but you can bet there's one apartment in this building that's going to be sublet this summer.

"I don't blame her," declared the janitor. "I kept pretty close tab on that mail box of theirs when she was over to White Lake with the kid last year, and there was some letters to him in dinky square envelopes with sealing wax on them that I was kind of curious about, and after she got back, and up to the time she went to visit with her mother, in Clinton, Iowa—not, she had trouble with her eyes all the time. They was generally red and swelled up, but one time, one of 'em was black and swelled up. He's a lalalalooosa, that Jippers guy. Ferguson wanted to go over and beat his head in when I told him about it.

"What do you think would happen if I got to tattling? Suppose I got to buzzing over the back fence what the Gollups kept that trained nurse for. Old Lady Gollup's subject to heart trouble or something, ain't she? You bet she is—something. If I had the kind of trouble she's got, I know what kind of a nursing I'd get from my wife. She'd serve notice on every santon in the neighborhood inside of two hours. Yes, I got hep to that before the nurse came. Them tonic prescriptions the old lady got from the druggist on the avenue about every other day, used to tone her up a plenty. She got reckless once and left about three fingers in the bottle she put out, and I wouldn't have considered I was taking any particular risk if I'd drunk it. Most generally though, there wasn't much left in them bottles but the cork and the smell. Mrs. Anglin, in 17, said she suspected it on account of the flushed look Mrs. Gollup had all the time. She's a wise dame, Mrs. Anglin is, but she's kind of careless with her bottles, herself. Peroxide, they are, mostly. But that's her look out. It's her own hair, too, if you come to that, but it won't be long if she don't let up using that dope.

"Sure there's plenty going on here,

Indianapolis News states. The mayor said it was the most exciting thing that has happened since he has been laid up with the lumbago. He believes a bird fight has a cock or dog fight backed off the boards when it comes to genuine excitement.

The trouble started when the baby oriole flew from the nest of its parents in a big maple tree across the street, to a huge elm tree in the mayor's yard. Here, proud of its first flight alone, the little oriole perched itself on a limb to rest.

A woodpecker, peeping out of its nest in the elm, saw the intruder and made an attack on the oriole. The watchful parent orioles, just across the street, saw the attack and fled to their baby's rescue. Mrs. Woodpecker arrived on the scene, and the fight began in earnest.

Feathers flew, and the fighters gave vent to birdland profanity. First the woodpeckers would seem to have the best of it, and then the orioles. When the fight was at its height a robin that had its nest in the elm tree with the woodpeckers decided to take a hand, presumably as a peacemaker. The robin would fight one bird and then another. Once all five birds fell to the ground, but were on the wing again in an instant and the fight was renewed.

A crowd of probably 25 people living in the neighborhood gathered. The robin did not make any great headway as a peacemaker and the mayor was of the opinion that he just butted in for a little excitement. At any rate the robin did not appear to have any favorites in the melee.

The birds fought for more than half an hour until they were almost exhausted. Finally the orioles flew back to their maple tree and the woodpeckers flew to a limb in their own tree.

The baby oriole, the cause of the trouble, was found hanging from a tiny limb, dead.

"It was certainly a great fight," said the mayor, "but I feel sorry for that poor little baby oriole."

Plan to Fool St. Peter.

A group of men were discussing their probable chances of entering the heavenly gate. Some were extolling their virtues and religious zeal, and felt sure they could not be ignored. Several were willing to take chances when the situation presented itself.

One said he had his plan mapped out, and, when pressed for details, said: "Well, I intend to walk up the golden stairs and take hold of the door and keep opening and closing it, making as much noise as possible, till I get St. Peter good and peeved; and then he will say: 'See here, either you come in or stay out.'"

Most Popular Fur-Trimmed Finery



EVERYTHING is trimmed with fur and already furriers are making up in what are called "millinery furs" imitations of martin, ermine, skunk, leopard, moleskin, mink and sealskin. These furs are used in bands and are used for trimming muffs, turbans, neckpieces and dresses. They border gowns at the hem, and sleeves at the wrist. Occasionally a high-necked blouse shows a narrow band of fur hugging the throat.

But it is in millinery and muffs (which are made of velvet or other fabrics) that fur bands appear as an indispensable part of the composition. Round, close-fitting turbans, Oriental turbans, small hats, a few of the larger ones that are beginning to emerge from their eclipse, are all taking to themselves the luxury and suggestion of warmth and comfort which is lent them by the fur band.

Millinery furs are called by the names of the furs they imitate, as "sealskin," "fox," "martin," "mole," "leopard," "ermine." It is more than likely that Molly Cottontail provides many of the skins which are transformed by furriers into almost anything they wish to imitate. The opossum, the skunk, the muskrat, the coyote and others have, and help out in providing furs for trimming, because there is a tremendous and increasing demand for them. The skins of these people of the wild are so disguised by the dyeings and markings and pieces and clippings of furriers that their masquerading is accepted easily. No qualifying "imitation" prefixes their borrowed names. They are used in the handsomest of millinery and garments, and they make it possible for "the many" as well as "the few," to indulge in good-looking furs.

The hats on which fur bands and collars are used are small and close fitting as a rule. Mostly velvet turbans, although plush and satin figure in the making of a good number of models. The combination of fur and velvet, or fur and satin, is more effective than that of fur and plush, in millinery. When long-haired furs are used they are cut in narrow bands,

but short-haired furs, not so bulky, are invariably this season cut either narrow or wide.

In passing, it may be mentioned that furs must not be cut with scissors. The home milliner or dressmaker may cut them satisfactorily by marking a line with tailor's chalk on the skin side of the pelt and cutting along this line with a razor blade. In sewing seams two edges are held together and overcast. Furriers use a triangular needle, and it is far easier to sew skins with than the round needle. All three edges are cutting edges.

It will be seen from the picture that the muffs and hats are made to match, while the neckpieces are odd—of another kind of fur or plush. This is only a fancy not an established fashion. The vogue of plain skirts with plush jackets to match in color does away with the need of a neckpiece other than a band of fur around the collar. With such a suit a hat and muff to match, trimmed with fur like that on the collar, is delightfully chic and also delightfully comfortable.

The materials used for the muffs and turbans are many, velvets, plushes, brocaded silks, brocaded crepes, wide heavy brocaded ribbons, satins and chiffon all contribute to the making up of these smart accessories.

Muffs are flat and soft. Lace is used for their trimming, and a touch of lace on the turban corresponds with that on the muff. As is usual when furs are much in fashion (they are never out) metallic laces have reappeared and are sparingly used as a decoration on fancy muffs and neck wear, and in touches of gold and silver on millinery.

Some of the muffs and turbans shown may be attempted by the home dressmaker with good chances of success. Before attempting them, however, she should examine a set made by professionals. There are many small items which if overlooked spell failure.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

FILMY LINGERIE FASHION'S EDICT FOR THIS SEASON

Whether it shows through or not, it is elegant, and will make a Christmas gift that will delight the heart of its fortunate recipient.

From one and a quarter to one and a half yards of all-over lace will make two of these without any seams. Lace 18 inches wide is cut in two lengthwise and the straight strip forms the little bodice. Beading and lace edging trim the top and form the straps over the shoulder. A wider beading of fine Swiss embroidery is made to the waist measure.

Baby-ribbon is run in the beading at the top of the garment and tied in a full bow at the front. It is run in the shoulder straps, which are made of beading with lace edging whipped to each side. A narrow hem finishes each side of the front. Wider ribbon is run through the beading at the waist and tied in a bow at the front.

By way of adding the most frivolous and dainty of finishing touches, tiny chiffon roses in pink, blue and white, with little ribbon rose foliage, is applied (in a short festoon) over the bust at each side. They are baked on, to be removed when the corset cover is washed.

The sewing on such garments is to be done by hand, but there is so little of it that only a short time is needed. Considering its beauty and inexpensiveness this corset cover is to be recommended as among the choicest of gifts. It is good enough for a millionaire, costs little, but, bought in the shops, sells for a high price.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

German val and cluny—are very strong and will wear as long as nain-sook or muslin.

Here is a corset cover which will please every woman who loves dainty finery. And is there one who does not? This pretty little furbelow is meant to be worn under sheer waists.

Novel Paris Bag.

Bags continue to be popular, and a new one which has come from Paris is made of silk, either striped or of all black, and is daintily fitted with card case, mirror and a watch

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The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

The Politician's Boy



The papers scold my pa; they say Bad things about him every day, And often ma begins to cry

When she looks at the paper—then I kind of get to wishin' I Could lick a few newspaper men.

Pa doesn't care; he says no man That tries to do the best he can To get ahead and help along

Has any right to think they'll not Hurrah about it when he's wrong Or prod him in his sorest spot.

I don't blame ma for feelin' sad Because they say my pa is bad; He's always good to her and me,

And when her eyes were wet, one day, He kissed us both and said that he Had joys they couldn't take away.

One time they had his picture so He looked like old Nick down below— I wish the papers all would please

Just print nice things about my pa To make him always glad, for he's The dearest pa I ever saw.

MERE OPINION.

People who go to watering places generally get soaked.

The boy who inherits a barrel of money starts right out to whoop it up.

No woman ever boasted that she was born in a log house.

The man of one idea is always in danger of being laughed at by people who have none.

It is impossible for any man to be true to himself by deceiving others.

The mountain stream is regarded as the emblem of purity, but it is generally very crooked and always has a downward tendency.

His Vacation.

He worked for years and sighed because He could not have a holiday; He mourned what his condition was,

And longed to put his work away And then, with care left far behind, Go forth to play, with peace of mind.

He envied other men who went To fish beneath the shadows cool; He envied them the days they spent Released from Duty's rigid rule.

And thought how happy he would be For but a single day care-free.

At last his glad old wish came true; He put his wearing tasks away, And left his office, feeling blue,

And fearing that he ought to stay— He spent three sad weeks feeling sore To think they would so soon be o'er.

TERRIBLE POSSIBILITY.

"Well, I see you're borrowing trouble again. What's the matter now?"

"Oh, George," she replied, "I've just been thinking what if our dear little darling should when she grows up become a minister's wife."

"That wouldn't be so terrible, would it?"

"Mercy, yes. Think of what the women in the congregation would always be saying about her."

The Chauffeur's Fault.

"But why didn't you take the number of it when the automobile ran over you?" asked the court.

"Well, I'll tell you, judge," replied the man on the stretcher, "I would have done it if the fellow had only waited till I came to."

Discouraging Habit.

"Your husband seems to have great stability of character." "That's what I've always found fault with Josiah for. If he would only learn not to act so; he people know right off that he got his first start by workin' in a livery stable!"

His Falling Sight.

"Waiter, I asked you for green tea." "That is green tea, sir."

"Oh, is it? I must be getting color blind. I thought it was blonde."

He's Always Willing.

"Is he a man you can trust?" "Oh, yes, he's a man you can trust if you want to, easy enough."

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By **RANDALL PARRISH**
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.
Illustrations by **V. L. Barnes**

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SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Brics" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain LeFevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Lieutenant Gaskins accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeFevre. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly tells Hamlin her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to trace her. McDonald is ordered to Fort Ripley. Hamlin finds McDonald's murdered body. He leaves Wason, a guide, and two troopers and goes in pursuit of the murderers, who had robbed McDonald of \$2,000 paymaster's money. He suspects Dupont. Conners, soldier accomplice of Dupont, is found murdered. Hamlin's party is caught in a fierce blizzard while heading for the Cimmaron. One man dies from cold and another almost succumbs. Wason is shot as they come in sight of Cimmaron. Hamlin discovers a log cabin hidden under a bluff, occupied by Hughes, a cow thief, who is laying for LeFevre, who cheated him in a cattle deal. His description identifies LeFevre and Dupont as one and the same. Hughes shot Wason mistaking him for one of LeFevre's party. Hamlin and Hughes start up the trail of LeFevre, who is carrying Molly to the Indians' camp. Two days out they sight the fugitives. A fight ensues in which Hughes is shot by an Indian. Dying, he makes a desperate attempt to shoot LeFevre, but hits Hamlin, while the latter is disarming LeFevre. LeFevre escapes, leaving Hamlin and Molly dead. Molly tells Hamlin that her father was implicated in the plot to steal the paymaster's money. Hamlin confesses his love for Molly and finds that it is reciprocated. Molly declares her father was forced into a robber's plot. They meet an advance troop of Custer's command, starting on a winter campaign against the Indians. Hamlin remains as guide.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

From the top of the ridge they could look down on the tolling column of cavalrymen below in the bluff shadow, and gaze off over the wide expanse of valley, through which ran the half-frozen Canadian.

"What was that pony herd?" Hamlin pointed up the valley to the place where the swerve came in the stream.

"Just below that point; do you see where the wind has swept the ground bare?"

"Sure they weren't buffalo?" "They were ponies all right, and herded."

The two men spurred back across the hills, and made report to Elliott. There was no hesitancy in that officer. The leading squadron was instantly swung into formation as skirmishers, and sent forward. From river-bank to crest of bluff they plowed through the drifts, overcoats strapped behind and carbines slung forward in readiness for action, but as they climbed to that topmost ridge, eager, expectant, it was only to gaze down upon a deserted camp, trampled snow, and blackened embers of numerous fires. Hamlin was the first to scramble down the steep bluff, dismount, and drag his trembling horse sliding after. Behind plunged Corbin and Elliott, anxious to read the signs, to open the pages of this wilderness book. A glance here and there, a testing of the blackened embers, a few steps along the broad trail, and these plainmen knew the story. The Major straightened up, his hand on his horse's neck, his eyes sweeping those barren plains to the southward.

"Corbin," he said sharply, "ride back to General Custer at top speed. Tell him we have discovered a Cheyenne camp here at the mouth of Buffalo Creek of not less than a hundred and fifty warriors, deserted, and not to exceed twenty-four horses. Their trail leads south toward the Washita. Report that we shall cross the river in pursuit at once, and keep on cautiously until dark. Take a man with you; no, not Sergeant Hamlin, I shall need him here."

"The scout was off like a shot, riding straight down the valley, a trooper pounding along behind him. Major Elliott ran his eyes over the little bunch of cavalrymen.

"Captain Sparling, send two of your men to test the depth of water there where those Indians crossed. As soon as ascertained we will ford the river."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Ready to Attack.

There was a ford but it was rocky and dangerous, and so narrow that

the horses quietly saddled, and noiselessly the tired cavalrymen moved out once more and took up the trail. The moon had risen, lighting up the desert, and the Osage guides, together with the two scouts, led the way. At Custer's request Hamlin rode beside him in the lead of the troopers. Not a word was spoken above a whisper, and strict orders were passed down the line prohibiting the lighting of a match or the smoking of a pipe. Canteens were muffled and swords thrust securely under saddle flaps. Like a body of spectres they moved silently across the snow in the moonlight, cavalry capes drawn over their heads, the only sound the crunching of horses' hoofs breaking through the crust.

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Corbin had gone with the detachment circling to the left, and "California Joe" was with the other in the valley, but Hamlin remained with the chief. About them was profound silence, the men standing beside their horses. There was nothing to do but wait, every nerve at high tension. The wintry air grew colder, but the troopers were not allowed to make the slightest noise, not even to swing their arms or stamp their feet. After the last detachment swept silently out into the night, there still remained four hours of daylight. No one knew what had occurred; the various troops had melted away into the dark and disappeared. No word, no sound had come back. They could only wait in faith on their comrades. The men were dismounted, each holding his own horse in instant readiness for action. Not a few, wearied with the day's work, while still clinging to their bridles, wrapped the capes of their overcoats over their heads and threw themselves down in the snow, and fell asleep.

At the first sight of dawn Hamlin was sent down the line to arouse them. Overcoats were taken off and strapped to the saddles, carbines loaded and slung, pistols examined and loosened in their holsters, saddles reclinched, and curb chains carefully looked after. This was the work of but a few moments, the half-frozen soldiers moving with an eagerness that sent the hot blood coursing fiercely through numb limbs. To the whispered command to mount, running from lip to lip along the line, the men sprang joyously into their saddles, their quickened ears and eager eyes ready for the signal.

Slowly, at a walk, Custer led them forward toward the crest of the hill, where the Osage guide watched through the spectral light of dawn the doomed village beneath. To the uplift of a hand the column halted, and Custer and his bugler went forward. A step behind crouched the Sergeant, grasping the reins of three horses, while a little to the right, beyond the sweep of the coming charge, waited the regimental band.

Peering over the crest, the leader saw through the dim haze, scarcely five hundred yards distant, dotting the north bank of the Washita for more than a quarter of a mile, the Indian village. There was about it scarcely a sign of human life. From the top of two or three of the tepees light wreaths of smoke floated languidly out on the wintry air, and beyond the pony herd was restlessly moving. Even as he gazed, half convinced that the Indians had been warned, the village deserted, the sharp report of a rifle rang out in the distance.

Hamlin saw the General spring upright, his lips uttering the sharp command, "Sound the charge!" Even while the piercing blare of the bugle, out the frosty air, there was a jingle of steel as the troopers behind spurred forward. Almost at the instant the three dismounted men were in saddle. Custer waved his hand at the band, shouted "Play!" and to the rollicking air of "Garry Owen" the eager column of horsemen broke into a mad gallop, and with ringing cheers and mighty rush, swept over the ridge straight down into the startled village. To Hamlin, at Custer's side, reins in his teeth, a revolver in either hand, what followed was scarcely a memory. It remained afterward as a blurred, indistinct picture of action, changing so rapidly as to leave no definite outlines. He heard the answering call of three bugles; the deafening thud of horses' hoofs; the converging cheers of excited troopers; the mingling ring of revolver shots; a sharp order cleaving the turmoil; the wild neigh of a stricken horse; the guttural yells of Indians leaping from their tepees into the open. Then he was in the heart of the village, firing with both hands, before him, about him, half-naked savages fighting desperately, striking at him with knives, firing from the shelter of tepees, springing at him with naked hands in a fierce effort to drag him from the saddle. It was all confusion, chaos, a babble of noise, his eyes blinded by glint of steel and glare of fire. The impetus of their rush carried them irresistibly forward; over and through tents they rode, across the bodies of living and dead; men reeled and fell from saddles; riderless horses swept on unguided; revolvers emptied were flung aside, and hands closed hard on sabre hilts. Foot by foot, yard by yard, they drove the wedge of their charge, until they swept through the fringe of tepees, out into the stampered pony herd.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.
The Battle With the Indians.
Corbin had gone with the detachment circling to the left, and "California Joe" was with the other in the valley, but Hamlin remained with the chief. About them was profound silence, the men standing beside their horses. There was nothing to do but wait, every nerve at high tension. The wintry air grew colder, but the troopers were not allowed to make the slightest noise, not even to swing their arms or stamp their feet. After the last detachment swept silently out into the night, there still remained four hours of daylight. No one knew what had occurred; the various troops had melted away into the dark and disappeared. No word, no sound had come back. They could only wait in faith on their comrades. The men were dismounted, each holding his own horse in instant readiness for action. Not a few, wearied with the day's work, while still clinging to their bridles, wrapped the capes of their overcoats over their heads and threw themselves down in the snow, and fell asleep.

At the first sight of dawn Hamlin was sent down the line to arouse them. Overcoats were taken off and strapped to the saddles, carbines loaded and slung, pistols examined and loosened in their holsters, saddles reclinched, and curb chains carefully looked after. This was the work of but a few moments, the half-frozen soldiers moving with an eagerness that sent the hot blood coursing fiercely through numb limbs. To the whispered command to mount, running from lip to lip along the line, the men sprang joyously into their saddles, their quickened ears and eager eyes ready for the signal.

Slowly, at a walk, Custer led them forward toward the crest of the hill, where the Osage guide watched through the spectral light of dawn the doomed village beneath. To the uplift of a hand the column halted, and Custer and his bugler went forward. A step behind crouched the Sergeant, grasping the reins of three horses, while a little to the right, beyond the sweep of the coming charge, waited the regimental band.

Peering over the crest, the leader saw through the dim haze, scarcely five hundred yards distant, dotting the north bank of the Washita for more than a quarter of a mile, the Indian village. There was about it scarcely a sign of human life. From the top of two or three of the tepees light wreaths of smoke floated languidly out on the wintry air, and beyond the pony herd was restlessly moving. Even as he gazed, half convinced that the Indians had been warned, the village deserted, the sharp report of a rifle rang out in the distance.

Hamlin saw the General spring upright, his lips uttering the sharp command, "Sound the charge!" Even while the piercing blare of the bugle, out the frosty air, there was a jingle of steel as the troopers behind spurred forward. Almost at the instant the three dismounted men were in saddle. Custer waved his hand at the band, shouted "Play!" and to the rollicking air of "Garry Owen" the eager column of horsemen broke into a mad gallop, and with ringing cheers and mighty rush, swept over the ridge straight down into the startled village. To Hamlin, at Custer's side, reins in his teeth, a revolver in either hand, what followed was scarcely a memory. It remained afterward as a blurred, indistinct picture of action, changing so rapidly as to leave no definite outlines. He heard the answering call of three bugles; the deafening thud of horses' hoofs; the converging cheers of excited troopers; the mingling ring of revolver shots; a sharp order cleaving the turmoil; the wild neigh of a stricken horse; the guttural yells of Indians leaping from their tepees into the open. Then he was in the heart of the village, firing with both hands, before him, about him, half-naked savages fighting desperately, striking at him with knives, firing from the shelter of tepees, springing at him with naked hands in a fierce effort to drag him from the saddle. It was all confusion, chaos, a babble of noise, his eyes blinded by glint of steel and glare of fire. The impetus of their rush carried them irresistibly forward; over and through tents they rode, across the bodies of living and dead; men reeled and fell from saddles; riderless horses swept on unguided; revolvers emptied were flung aside, and hands closed hard on sabre hilts. Foot by foot, yard by yard, they drove the wedge of their charge, until they swept through the fringe of tepees, out into the stampered pony herd.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The faith that counts is the kind that always counts on results.

No Way of Knowing.
"Do you know that your husband is a terrible flirt?"
"How do you expect I could find it out? You don't suppose he flirts with me, do you?"

What It Did for Her.
"I suppose your daughter's trip abroad did her a wonderful amount of good?"
"Yes, she always says 'I fancy' instead of 'I guess.'"

Precaution.
"Where are you going with that ambulance?"
"To the depot to meet my family. They're been boarding at a farm for the past six weeks."

Fine for Two.
"Did you ever tell that young man that late hours were bad for one?"
"Well, father," replied the wise daughter, "late hours may be bad for one, but they're all right for two."

The Scout Was Off Like a Shot.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The ONLOOKER

BY HENRY HOWLAND

The WORD OF HOPE



A poet in whose heart despair
Had sunk her fingers tore them loose,
And putting on a hopeful air
Sent out a song of courage where
He feared 'twould be of little use.

"The proud," he said, "perhaps will sneer
And make my song of hope a jest,
But I shall triumph if I cheer
One weak and weary soul or clear
But one doubt from some aching breast.

"The ones who scoff, self-satisfied
And free from woes that warp and kill,
Will toss my song of hope aside
And in their wisdom and their pride
Show pity for my lack of skill."

"The strength," he sang, "gives faith to seele
The glad, fair ways that lie ahead;
They fall who sit downcast and meek,
For hope is strong and doubt is weak—
Joy comes by patient courage led."

There came from those he thought to be
Self-satisfied one who confessed,
Who bowed in deep humility
And cried: "New hope has come to me—
Despair was hidden in my breast."

Why fear to preach good cheer? we need
May guess what heart lies deep in pain;
Each golden arrow shot in air
Is fated to descend somewhere—
No hopeful word is said in vain.

Not as Bad as He Feared.
It was during his first visit to the city, and the noise and confusion had naturally made him a little nervous.

Suddenly jumping up he started toward the door, without waiting for his hat.

"Where are you running to, Uncle Abner?" his niece anxiously called.
"Gee Whillikins," he answered, "don't you hear them dogs a-fightin'? They must be just natchelly chawin' one another all up."

"Do you mean that noise out in the street? That's not a dog fight. That's Willie and some of his friends saying 'Rah, rah, rah,' and the rest of their class yells."

Joke That Failed.
"Tell the court just how it happened," urged the lawyer. "Why did you hit this man?"

"Well," replied the prisoner, "it was this way: Ye see, yer honor, OI was walkin' down th' strate and I met this felly leadin' a yellow dog. 'Oh, ho,' says OI, thinkin' to joke a bit wid im, 'what kind av a dog is that you're ladin'?' says OI. 'An Irish setter,' says he."

Bravery? Huh!
"Really, I think it is very brave of him to work the way he does, seeing that his father is a millionaire."

"Brave?" he answered, jealous notwithstanding, the splendid arch of her instep, "nothing brave about that. Why, there's more danger in riding a polo pony ten minutes than there would be to work in that old bank for 30 years."

Home.
Home is not the stately palace
With its acres stretching far;
Home is not the cottage under
Those outspreading branches yonder—
Home is where the loved ones are.

Home, when all the tasks are ended,
May be on some distant star,
Or it may be where the clover
Scent the breezes blowing over—
Home is where the loved ones are.

Making It Easy for Honesty.
"I tell you honesty pays in the long run."

"I suppose it's easy for honesty to do that, because there are so few people who don't try the short cut."

No Way of Knowing.
"Do you know that your husband is a terrible flirt?"
"How do you expect I could find it out? You don't suppose he flirts with me, do you?"

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Our motto is "Not how cheap, but, oh, how good."

Clarke the Tailor who knows how

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W. H. Henry and family went to Decatur this week where they will make their future home.

At the Lewis Tailor Shop "The price fits the pocket, and the Suit fits the man."

L. A. Wells brought a prospector from Amarillo Monday to see the Gist ranch proposition.

Bob Dishman left Wednesday for Portland, Oregon, to accept a position with a business firm.

See Mrs. O. R. Culwell at S. L. Adamson's residence for first class sewing. adv.

A young man is learning the trade at my shop, and he will do your shaving and hair cutting free. E. L. Yelton.

E. C. Kerley has been threshing a lot of grain south of the depot this week for local dealers.

Yes we are still selling salmon 3 1 lb cans for 25 cts,
T. C. Lively & Co.

Miss Naylor has accepted a position in the dry goods department at Bain & McCarroll's store.

Brick, lime, cement, post, wire, lumber and builders material can be bought worth the money.
J. C. Wooldridge.

G. A. Blankenship is building a good barn at his place in northeast Hedley. Watch Hedley grow.

Bring your laundry to the Imperial Barber Shop, where it will be sent to the Panhandle Steam Laundry.

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Physician and Surgeon

Office at Albright Drug Co.
Phones: Office 27, Res. 28

Hedley, Texas

J. B. Ozier, M. D.

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Office North of M & M Co.
Office Phone No. 45-3 r
Residence Phone No. 45-2 r

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Mrs. J. C. Wells returned from Armstrong county Tuesday. She says it certainly looks like Donley county people ought to be thankful for the splendid crops; that it looks like desolation in Armstrong county, and their only hope of wintering their stock is the wheat fields.

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We carry a complete line of lap robes, wagon and buggy harness, Jumbo cellars, made to order saddles, and in fact any kind of first class goods or repairing that you are in need of. Give us a chance. We want your business. No saddles or harness so sick we cannot doctor them.
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BIBLE STUDY

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Write L. A. Wells, Amarillo.

WITHIN THE LAW

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Leaving the statutes for the interpretation of lawyers and eliminating from the discussion the personality of all public officials past or present, there is no escaping the power of men in the affairs of government. Standing at the source of every movement, good or evil, in government is a man, and upon the wisdom and experience of those who wear the mantle of authority depends our final destinies. Our progress, and indeed our safety, is in the hands of those who guide the ship of state. It is upon their knowledge of the high seas of commerce, their experience in seamanship, that we must depend to keep us off the reefs of destruction and in the roadstead of success. It is through our leaders that we must knock at the door of opportunity to enter the gate to the cemetery of despair.

There is no more noble purpose in life than a desire to be useful and no one for a moment questions the motive of our public officials, but the pathway of civilization is strewn with the wreckage of good intentions and pinned under its timbers are the people whose leaders have displayed more courage than wisdom.

Those who have torrents of energy to turn loose in the name of the state should realize that folly has its limits as well as its rights and that the public can reasonably expect those whom it honors to do something more than meddle with fate and scuffle with progress.

As a rule responsibility steadies rather than intoxicates public officials, but the surest way to promote our prosperity is to elect to office men seasoned in business affairs and who have had experience in actual transactions. Government is a big business institution and only those who possess masterful qualities can properly manage it.

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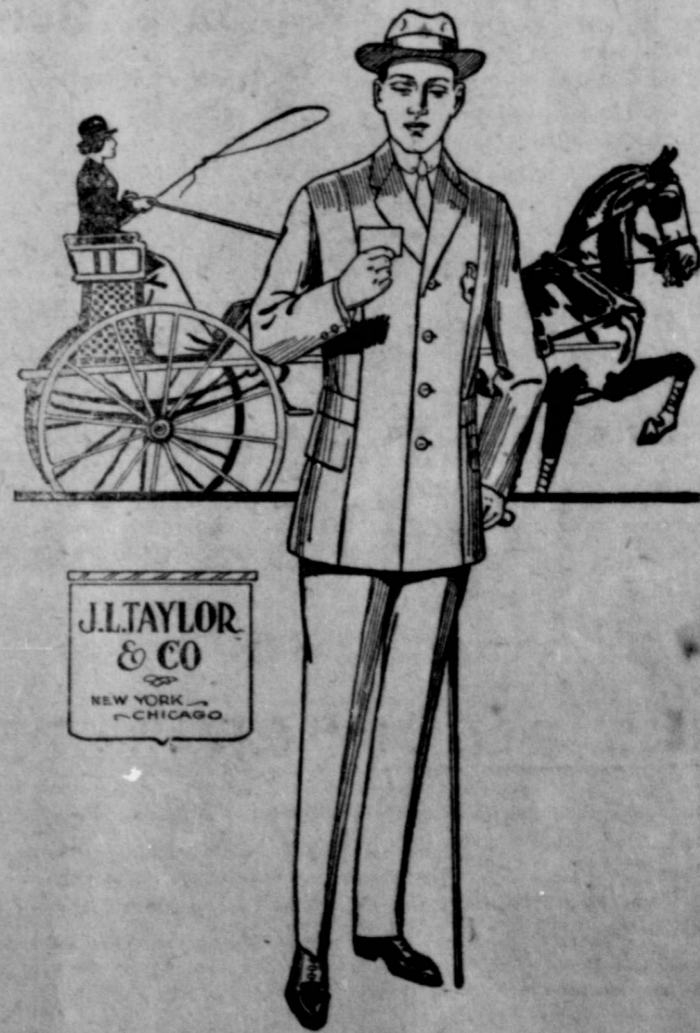
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THE CHURCH OF CHRIST PROTRACTED MEETING

To the public, we will begin our meeting Saturday night before the 3rd Sunday in November. It will be conducted by Elder. Tice Elkins of Childress, and will be held in the Presbyterian church. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.
Church of Christ.

Panhandle Steam Laundry is where I send laundry.
E. L. Yelton.



CLARKE The Tailor

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WITHIN THE LAW

Whether the Attorney General in filing the so-called anti-trust suits is within the law has no bearing upon the immediate effects accompanying such litigation. The fact stands out boldly that corporate investments in Texas have been thrown in the hands of a receiver without a hearing and a railroad is now being tried for high crime for alleged minor offenses. Perhaps the statutes may justify and duty demand such action, but in the chancery court of industry, a verdict must be rendered that the law of common sense has been violated.

Leaving the statutes for the interpretation of lawyers and eliminating from the discussion the personality of all public officials past or present, there is no escaping the power of men in the affairs of government. Standing at the source of every movement, good or evil, in government is a man, and upon the wisdom and experience of those who wear the mantle of authority depends our final destinies. Our progress, and indeed our safety, is in the hands of those who guide the ship of state. It is upon their knowledge of the high seas of commerce, their experience in seamanship, that we must depend to keep us off the reefs of destruction and in the roadstead of success. It is through our leaders that we must knock at the door of opportunity to enter the gate to the cemetery of despair.

There is no more noble purpose in life than a desire to be useful and no one for a moment questions the motive of our public officials, but the pathway of civilization is strewn with the wreckage of good intentions and pinned under its timbers are the people whose leaders have displayed more courage than wisdom.

Those who have torrents of energy to turn loose in the name of the state should realize that folly has its limits as well as its rights and that the public can reasonably expect those whom it honors to do something more than meddle with fate and scuffle with progress.

As a rule responsibility steadies rather than intoxicates public officials, but the surest way to promote our prosperity is to elect to office men seasoned in business affairs and who have had experience in actual transactions. Government is a big business institution and only those who possess masterful qualities can properly manage it.

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THE CHURCH OF CHRIST PROTRACTED MEETING

To the public, we will begin our meeting Saturday night before the 3rd Sunday in November. It will be conducted by Elder. Tice Elkins of Childress, and will be held in the Presbyterian church. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.
Church of Christ.

Panhandle Steam Laundry is where I send laundry.
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THE AMERICAN HOME



WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 175 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A little house we've got on a flower-bordered lot, in a hustling, breezy, busy little city; it's big enough for two, for our wants are very few; there's only just myself and little Kitty.

A simple little house like this is very much like going back to first principles, but it furnishes accommodation for a small family, just as well as a more elaborate affair. We all have acquaintances, especially among our older friends who commenced life simply and who are now enjoying the accumulations resulting from frugality and good management.

If a young couple forms the habit of paying rent they are very likely to pay rent as long as they live.

We often hear the remark that it is cheaper to rent than to own your own property. There never was a more foolish or misleading statement. The man who lives in a rented house seldom gets ahead financially. This holds good whether he is working on salary or is conducting a business on his own account. It would be difficult to say why, but it probably is because in the majority of cases a renter fails to give attention to the advancing value of real estate.

I knew a man, a clerk in a lubricating oil manufactory who rented a new house on a pleasant street about 20 years ago. At first he paid \$20 per month, but in seven or eight years' time the rent was raised to \$25. He is still living in the same house and is now paying \$35 per month. The house has not improved with age, and he is continually looking about to better his condition, but can find no other



property that suits him so well or that he can rent at a cheaper rate in proportion to the advantages he now has. He has paid enough rent to buy the house, to pay all street improvements, city taxes, insurance and repairs. He tells me he was offered the property years ago for \$2,500, which he thought was too much money. The lot itself is worth more than that today.

This is one instance in a great many similar ones that have come to my notice. It is not always that a neighborhood improves so rapidly and substantially, but generally speaking, all property in American towns advances in value.

There is another very great advantage in owning a home, and that is the comfortable feeling you have of being a landed proprietor and the fact that you are not obliged to have your rent money, ready promptly when the month comes round. You can plant a tree or a shrub or some flower bulbs without the permission of the landlord, you can make alterations in the house when it suits your convenience, and if the house or neighborhood is not to your liking, you can rent it and borrow the money to build another, and the rent from the old one will help pay for the new.

A little house like the one illustrated here may be made attractive by making a nice lawn and planting a few trees and flowers. The lawn is most essential and at the same time the most difficult undertaking on the average town lot. The ground often is not very good, it is mixed with cellar earth and rubbish that is not well calculated for a good seed bed for grass. It is easy to put the ground in proper shape, however, if the job is started from the bottom. The ground must be plowed deep, and thoroughly worked to get the objectionable grass roots out of it. The condition of the soil will determine whether to seed the first year or the second year. If there is no humus in the soil it will pay to cover it thick with coarse manure and plow it under. This again leads to complications in the moisture problem, but if you have a hose attachment you can easily keep the ground moist. The top two or

three inches of earth must be repeatedly worked with a disk harrow, or some such implement, every other day for a week or two to kill the weeds as they sprout, then if the top is well mixed with a good commercial fertilizer the grass seed may be sown and you have a lawn that will last as long as you want it, a lawn that will be green when others are parched with sun, a lawn that will look velvety and add ten or twenty per cent to the value of the property.

This is a secret that not many householders understand. It is not the house itself that makes a home desirable. I have seen cheap little houses made so attractive that strangers passing would stop to admire.

A young man can build a house like this for \$2,000; and the money that he would naturally pay out for rent will pay for it in a few years' time. He can grow fruit trees and have fruit enough for home use and some to sell without going to much expense or spending a great deal of time in the garden. An hour or two at night for a few weeks early in the season will accomplish a good deal if the work is intelligently laid out. In building a house like this don't forget the outside embellishments. The lawn and the garden will be the making of the property, at the same time you will be setting a good example that is almost sure to benefit the neighborhood.

Another very important item is the painting. A little house sometimes is conspicuous just because it is small and more attention is paid to it than other houses in the neighborhood, especially if it is nicely painted and neatly kept. Always choose quiet colors for a small house; never attempt to make it showy. A drab with white trimmings always looks well. You may deviate from this without serious injury possibly, but you cannot improve on a light drab with white trimmings for a small house, especially if it is

partly hidden among the trees and screened with vines. This little home illustrated is attractive in outside appearance, and the interior is all that could be desired in a dwelling of this size. A glance at the floor plans show the arrangement of the rooms to be convenient; they are well lighted, cheery and comfortable.

TELLING APPROACH OF STORM

Many Signs Herald Rain if People Will but Take Note of the Indications.

Many people are sufficiently familiar with weather lore to know some of the signs that herald rain. The repeated performance of its toilet by the domestic cat, the apparent nearness of distant objects, unusual activity on the part of the snails in the garden—such indications are familiar to most people.

But there are other signs more easily to be noted by homekeeping town dwellers. Here are a few, as catalogued by a weather prophet:

"If, on picking up your newspaper in the morning, it displays a tendency to tear almost on its own account, a downpour of rain is not far off. Rain is also presaged when the contents of the salt-cellar are in a moist and cloggy condition. At such times your boot-laces have a more than ordinary tendency to snap and your kid gloves will have a cold, clammy feeling and be difficult to pull on.

Even the walking stick or umbrella will act the part of a barometer. The handles before rain will reveal a slight deposit of moisture and be sticky to the touch. In this way the question whether it is wiser to take a walking stick or umbrella on leaving home will be settled for the observant person by an inspection of the articles themselves.—The Bits.

Valuable Secret.
"That Stix ferry business was fine," said one manager.
"How so?" asked another.
"Its ferryman had a way of making all the deadheads pay their way."

Most Expensive Street in World



FAMOUS BOARDWALK

THE boardwalk at Atlantic City is one of the most famous streets in the world. It is likewise one of the most important, reckoned by the number of people whose footsteps traverse it. And it is undeniably one of the most interesting, having no counterpart as a thoroughfare anywhere on the earth.

It is the most expensive street, bar none. Every three or four years it has to be repaved with planks at a cost of about \$140,000—though the work is done gradually, and not all at once. The annual bill for keeping it clean and in repair is \$35,000. As it stands today the boardwalk represents an expenditure of nearly \$45,000 for construction.

In reference to the cleaning item it should be said that no broom or mop is ever applied to the surface of the boardwalk. It keeps itself clean. "Swept by ocean breezes" (to quote a phrase most dear to proprietors of seaside hotels), it is ever free from dust, while the rain and the sea-borne mist continually wash it. However, four men, at \$2.10 a day, are constantly busy at the rather curious task of keeping the cracks clear between the boards—the object being to drain off the wet.

Always Clean and Dry.

Other streets may be wet, other streets may be dirty; other streets may be obstructed—but the boardwalk never. When snow falls in winter it is cleared away with a celerity almost incredible. The thoroughfares of Philadelphia and New York may be well-nigh impassable, but the ocean pathway at Atlantic City, 60 feet wide, is bound to be open for traffic, and dry at that. Presently the sun appears, and out come the invalids in chairs on wheels.

As it stands today, the boardwalk cost slightly more than \$100,000 a mile to build—the length of it being four and a third miles. Originally it was composed of planks laid upon the sand of the beach, but these were repeatedly washed away by the cruel, crawling waves, and the loss and discomfited occasioned eventually brought about the erection of the permanent structure of today, upheld by pillars and girders which defy the tooth of time and energy of the elements.

Hyperbole aside, however, it may be confessed that this element-defying condition is only now beginning to be reached through the substitution of re-enforced concrete for steel piles, which, as sad experience has proved, are hardly more enduring than wood, owing to the destructive action of salt water and mist-laden sea air. Indeed, one may, in spots, poke one's finger an inch deep into the metal supports. But concrete appears to satisfy all requirements admirably, and before very long it will have entirely replaced steel in the construction of the wood-paved roadway.

The boardwalk, one should realize, is no mere local affair. It is in a sense a national thoroughfare—the great summer street of the United States, and the common meeting ground of the people from all parts of the country. No other place in the Union is so cosmopolitan. The Californian is as much at home there as the man from Philadelphia or the citizen of Texas. It is the great health and amusement resort of the common people, having the notable advantage of cheapness for those who can not afford to spend much money, while for the rich there are accommodations in luxurious and proportionately expensive hotels.

The thoughtful many who visit Atlantic City, however, have little notion of the more intimate peculiarities of the boardwalk and the beach along which it runs. Its landward edge is fringed by a row of shops of every imaginable kind, which offer for sale all sorts of merchandise, from candy to dry goods. There are also clairvoyants, and palmists and various other dealers in the mysterious, but these are merely incidental, for there is no proper likeness between this roadway and the streets of Coney Island. Rents are enormously high. A season's occupancy of a mere window space six feet square costs \$1,000. The purchase price of real estate along the most desirable blocks, from Maryland avenue to Michigan avenue, is \$4,000 a front foot.

Sunday on the Boardwalk.
Sunday is the big day of the week on the boardwalk. On that day the shopkeepers and amusement proprietors expect to do nearly as much business as in the other six put together. But there is one block that is always closed on the Lord's day; it is owned by Philadelphia Quakers, who value their religion more than

gain, and renters of their property take it on this condition.

Obvious "bums," technically so called, are forbidden the thoroughfare. Likewise shabby people. This does not mean that honest poverty is excluded—the boardwalk being one of the most democratic of streets—but that ragged folks are discouraged. Even the chair pushers, all of whom are colored men, are required to dress themselves neatly. It is desired that the roadway shall present at all times an attractive appearance, and rags are disfiguring. Beggars are absolutely barred. The policing of the boardwalk is extremely strict, and at midnight or in the small hours of the morning a woman traversing it is as safe from annoyance as at high noon.

From dusk until dawn the boardwalk is brilliantly lighted by arc lights and by festoons of incandescent electric bulbs strung at frequent intervals across the thoroughfare. The illuminative effect is both attractive and beautiful.

As already implied, the regulations governing the boardwalk are very rigidly enforced. Special rules apply to the pushing of wheeled chairs. No pusher is allowed to hasten the speed of his chair beyond the pace of a slow walk, and he is not permitted under any circumstances to go ahead of the chair in front of his in the endless procession that continually traverses the thoroughfare. "Crabbing" is positively forbidden—this term signifying the picking up of a casual passenger en route. The pusher must first go back to the chair stand after relinquishing a customer.

The boardwalk here described connects with a similar plank roadway that runs along the shore through Ventnor, Margate City and Longport. With this extension, now almost complete, it covers a distance of nine miles, stretching almost the entire length of the island on which Atlantic City stands.

REAL CAUSE OF HER WOE

Not Lovers' Quarrel, but Something of Moment Occasioned the Sleepless Night.

They had quarreled at the ball the night before over some trivial matter, as lovers will, and had parted in anger.

At the earliest possible hour the following morning he hastened to seek her and beg her forgiveness.

She was already in the drawing room when he arrived, sitting silent among a group of sympathizing friends. His heart smote him when he saw her heavy eyes and noted that she was still wearing her gauzy ball gown.

"You are ill," he gasped.

She shook her head.

"Only a woman can appreciate what she has endured," ventured one of her companions.

The girl smiled wistfully. "Leave me alone with him," she murmured. "Perhaps I can make him understand."

"My love, my love," he moaned, "have my unthinking words wrought this havoc? Was it for my sake that those eyes kept veiled through the long night? Did my cruel words so crush you that you had no heart even to remove your dainty gown?"

"We were both to blame," she said gently; "but if you knew what I have suffered you would forgive the unjust reproaches I have heaped upon you. Listen! When I entered the house last night all was dark and still; every one was asleep, and I—!" her voice trembled; "I had to sit up through the long hours because—"

"Because of my unthinking words, darling," he broke in deeply.

"No," with a fresh burst of weeping; "because my dress is fastened in the back"—Life.

Fish Travel Far.

The distance fish travel is described in the Scottish Fishery Board blue-book, issued recently. A female plaice traveled 215 miles in three months, and another 150 miles in two months. The first fish moved from the Firth of Forth to a point forty-seven miles east of the Spurn Lightship. The fish were, with numbers of others, marked and liberated in order to obtain data regarding their migration. An interesting fact discovered at experimental stations in the Firth of Forth and Moray Firth is that, among the plaice the females predominate more and more according to the size of the fish, until at sizes over twenty inches, males are scarcely to be found. It is calculated from inquiries of fishing catches since 1265 that, except in the cases of codling, small lemon soles, and small plaice, there are unmistakable signs of a decrease in the numbers of trawl-fish.

Old People Need A Bowel Stimulant

The Ideal One Is a Mild Laxative-Tonic That Will Keep the Bowels Gently Active.

Healthy old age is so absolutely dependent upon the condition of the bowels that great care should be taken to see that they act regularly. The fact is that as age advances the stomach muscles become weak and inactive and the liver does not store up the juices that are necessary to prompt digestion.

Some help can be obtained by eating easily digested foods and by plenty of exercise, but this latter is irksome to most elderly people. One thing is certain, that a state of constipation should always be avoided, as it is dangerous to life and health. The best plan is to take a mild laxative as often as is deemed necessary. But with equal certainty it is suggested that cathartics, purgatives, physics, salts and pills be avoided, as they do but temporary good and are so harsh as to be a shock to a delicate system.

A much better plan and one that thousands of elderly people are following, is to take a gentle laxative- tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which acts as nearly like nature as is possible. In fact, the tendency of this remedy is to strengthen the stomach and bowel muscles and so train them to act naturally again, when medicines of all kinds can usually be dispensed with. This is the opinion of many people of different ages, among them Mrs. Mary A. P. Davidson of University Mound Home, San Francisco, Cal. She is 78 and because of her sedentary habits



MRS. MARY A. P. DAVIDSON

had continual bowel trouble. From the day she began taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin she has had no further inconvenience and naturally she is glad to say kind things of this remedy.

A bottle can be bought of any druggist at fifty cents or one dollar. People usually buy the fifty cent size first, and then, having convinced themselves of its merits, they buy the dollar size, which is more economical. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded. Elderly persons of both sexes can follow these suggestions with every assurance of good results.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 415 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

Landscape Would Be Hazy.

"I wonder why it is that joy rides are always taken at night?"
"Chiefly, I suspect, because the person who is in the mood for a joy ride is seldom in a condition to view the scenery."

RUB RHEUMATIC, ACHING JOINTS

Rub pain away with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil"

Rheumatism is "pain only." Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging! Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" directly upon the "tender spot" and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and can not burn the skin.

Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" at the store and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness and stiffness. Don't suffer! "St. Jacobs Oil" is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, back-ache, sprains. Adv.

Naturally.

"Was Harry angry when father ordered him from the house last night?"
"He certainly was put out."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle 10c.

Hash is the stuff some queer dreams are made of.

Why Old Backs Ache

What a pity that so many persons past middle age are worried with lame backs, aching kidneys, poor eyesight, sick headache, dizziness, gravel, dropsy or distressing urinary ills. Kidney weakness brings these discomforts in youth or age and is a dangerous thing to neglect, for it leads to Bright's disease and uric acid poisoning. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new strength to thousands of lame backs—have rid thousands of annoying urinary trouble.

An Arkansas Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story."
C. A. Hendricks, Rose Hill, De Queen, Ark., says: "I was injured, and my kidneys were weakened. I suffered a great deal from kidney disorder and I had gravel. I took all kinds of medicine, but found no relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Two boxes cured me and I haven't suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



are not only Purgative. They combine remedial properties whose special function it is to restore to healthy activity all the digestive and diuretic processes.

Use them for poor appetite, sour stomach, sick headache, constipation and indigestion.

CANCER FREE TREATISE
The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind., has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of Cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

AUTOMOBILES 1910 op. Hudson, Buick, Overland, Ford and others. Also tires, bodies, engines. EXETER MOTOR SALES CO., Dept. 161, Newark, N. J.

PATENTS Watson & Coleman, Wash. D. C. Inventors. Also inventors, Washington, D. C. Patent attorneys. Best results.



Few of Them Think So.
"No, Cordelia, a young man isn't necessarily slow because it takes him a long time to fasten a pretty girl's glove."

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Didn't Quite Understand.
At a draper's shop they employed a small boy to run errands. The other day, while he was waiting in the shop, a lady came in and asked the assistant for a yard of silk.

When it was placed before her she exclaimed:
"Oh, really, I must be mad; I want muslin!"

On hearing this the boy rushed out of the shop, and, seeing a policeman across the way, ran up to him, shouting:

"Come over here. There's a woman in our shop gone mad. She wants muslin!"—London Tit-Bits.

Signatures on Paintings.
Experts rarely rely on signatures alone to determine the authenticity of an old painting, but trust rather to their knowledge of the painter's technique. Sometimes the name is found in a conspicuous place, as, for instance, in Raphael's "Sposazio" at Milan.

Proud of having surpassed his master the youthful genius wrote on a frieze in the very center of the canvas, Raphael Urbinas.

Reynolds hardly ever signed his work. But upon the completion of the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," he wrote his name large on the gold embroidery of her dress. He was unable, he said, "to resist the temptation of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

A FOOD DRINK
Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:
"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not an irritant like coffee. I began to use Postum 8 years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long, weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day."

"On advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully, as suggested on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend wanted her coffee to look—'like a new saddle.'"

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years. I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep and am not nervous."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."
Postum comes in two forms:
Regular Postum—must be well boiled.
Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a reason" for Postum.

COOKIES IN DEMAND

POSSIBLY ON ACCOUNT OF WAY THEY WERE MADE.

At Least There May Be Ideas in Recipe This Young Person Followed—Cordially Indorsed by Brother Frank.

The Young Person was about to bake cookies. Brother Frank watched her tip up the molasses jug.

"Let me," he said, "that's pretty heavy." Then, as he watched the thick brown syrup drip slowly into the cup—"I like 'lasses."

The young person laughed appreciatively.

"I know you do—Sally and Molly and Susie and—my cookies—all sorts of 'lasses! There!" her voice rising to a little shriek. "You'll spill it. Thanks!" with relief as Frank got the big jug safe to the table again.

"Now, go read Chapter II in your book there, and by that time I may have a cookie for you—if you don't read too fast." So Frank left her to her devices, and she went quickly about her task.

While the cup of molasses was reaching the boiling point in its granite pan on the stove, she mixed in the big bowl two cups of whole wheat flour, one of rolled oats, and one of white flour, a teaspoon (powdered), of cloves—no ginger—for Frank did not like ginger.

To the hot molasses she added four level tablespoonfuls of shortening, quarter of a cup of sugar, and quarter of a cup of milk. She mixed this with the dry ingredients, and put it on the fire to chill while she mixed her cake, to take advantage of the oven at its hottest.

By the time her cake was out of the oven Frank had wandered back, hungry boy fashion.

"Aren't those cookies ready yet?" "No; but they will be soon now," she replied, rolling the cold dough very thin, cutting it deftly with the round top of a cocoa tin and laying the trim circles on a wire cake tray.

Into the oven it went, and Frank soon sniffed while she still rolled and cut.

"They must be done, Sir; that's a piping oven."

"Just in a minute," and as the second tray was filled it went in, and the first came out, brown and crisp and tender.

"Yum-yum," said Frank, and went off with both hands and his mouth full, and periously near to burning.

The Young Person busily rolled and cut, communing wisely with herself.

"Very wholesome, as good as medicine, and just what Frank needs for his digestion. Luckily it's a good big recipe for, add Hal's capacity to Frank's, allow a few for father, and you need quite a lot of cookies."

Green Tomato Pickle.

One gallon sliced tomatoes, the greener the better; salt them in layers, and let them stand over night; in the morning drain them well; slice four large onions; put a layer of tomatoes in the vessel, then a few slices of onion; proceed in this manner until they are all put in; cut six green peppers very fine and spread over the top; take one tablespoonful black pepper, one tablespoonful allspice, two tablespoonfuls cloves, three tablespoonfuls mustard; put in a bag and boil in the vinegar till the strength is extracted, then put the bag on the top of the pickles, pour on boiling vinegar enough to cover them. Cover the vessel tightly and let it stand three weeks without opening.

Stew From Cold Roast.

This dish provides a good way of using up the remnants of a roast, either of beef or mutton. The meat should be freed from fat, gristle and bones, cut into small pieces, slightly salted, and put into a kettle with water enough to nearly cover it. It should simmer until almost ready to break in pieces, when onions and raw potatoes, peeled and quartered, should be added. A little soup stock may also be added if available. Cook until the potatoes are done, then thicken the liquor or gravy with flour. The stew may be attractively served on slices of crisp toast.

Peach Pie.

This is a recipe for peach pie which is famous in the family where it is made. Make a soft dough of a cupful and a half of flour, half a cupful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, a quarter of a cupful of sugar and enough milk—as little as possible—to make a soft dough. Roll this out and line the pie plate with it. Fill it with sliced peaches, well sweetened, and cover them with sweet or sour cream. Bake in a moderate oven until the fruit is cooked through.

Cucumber Salad.

A most attractive way to serve cucumbers for a salad course, or as an accompaniment of a fish course, is to pare and cut each in half, taking the round end off so that the piece will stand upright. Cut out the inside and mix it with a salad dressing and replace it in the tiny cubes. Stand each on a crisp leaf of lettuce and chill thoroughly before sending to the table. In their season, finely chopped chives may be added.

Eggs in Nest.

Six eggs, one cup of crumbs, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-quarter teaspoon of pepper, one-quarter of a cup of butter melted. Mix crumbs, seasoning and butter together, form into nests. Drop eggs into nests and cook in the oven till eggs are firm.

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother!—If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

JUST THROWING OUT A HINT

If Charity Fund Was to Be Given to the Needy, He Could Use Part of It.

The children of a Boston Sunday school class had contributed their pennies for weeks to a fund which was to be devoted to charitable purposes, and on the day when they were to decide on the matter of its distribution each child was called upon to express an opinion as to how it should be spent.

The teacher explained to them that there were several charities which would be glad to receive the fund, either in Boston or among the foreign missions. She had impressed upon them, however, that the money might be spent to good advantage among the sick and needy children of their own parish.

Several bright speeches on the subject had been made, when one seven-year-old boy arose and, evidently bearing in mind the teacher's remarks about charity beginning at home, said:

"I want you to know that I have put a good many pennies in that box—and then, after some delay—and I've got a terrible cold myself."—Boston Post.

AT DALLAS FAIR VITALITAS SHOW

Display of Texas' Most Wonderful Product—Effects Upon Human Race.

At the Dallas State Fair a display of that marvelous product, known as Vitalitas is to be made. Booth No. 126 in the main Exposition building, has been reserved for this display. A capable Demonstrator who will answer all questions will be in charge. Crude mineral Vitalitas as taken out of the earth will be shown and there will be a miniature plant in constant operation, disclosing the exact process by which the heavy, golden fluid is extracted.

Throughout all Texas, thousands of people are regaining lost health and strength by use of Vitalitas. It is effective even where everything else fails. Such disorders as indigestion, rheumatism, biliousness, catarrh, nervous debility, eczema, and all kidney and liver ills are swept away by it. All Fair visitors are cordially invited to see this exhibit. Detailed information in advance of the fair can be obtained by writing the Vital Remedies Company, Beatty building, Houston, Texas.—Adv.

He Obeyed.

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson. "No, said the captain," he read, "it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a."

The word was new to him. "Barque," supplied the teacher. Still Willie hesitated.

"Barque!" repeated the teacher, this time sharply.

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then with an apprehensive glance around the class he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Little* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Good positions far exceed the supply of good material available to fill them.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

Don't neglect a cold. It means Consumption or Pneumonia. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops check colds—5c at Druggists.

Many a man gets to be conceited by thinking he isn't.

FIGURING OUT THE SCHEDULE

Farmer Needed No Time Table to Know Just When the Car Would Come Along.

"Out at Stop—well, on second thought we will not give the number of the stop, because that would identify the person this story is about a little too closely. Out in the country, at a place where the interurban cars stop, we waited for a home-bound trolley, the other day. A man came out of a house by the side of the road, and walked beside us.

"Are you going to take this car?" we asked.

"Hope so," he replied, "if my wife gets here in time, I will."

"How soon does the car come?"

"Wait an' I'll see," was the reply. Then he shouted to the house:

"Mary, how soon are you goin' to be ready?"

"In just ten minutes, John," came the reply through an open upstairs window. The farmer nodded to us.

"If she's tellin' the truth," he said, "the car 'll be here in jest nine minutes an' a half. An' they ain't another car fer an hour."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Finance as She Is Wrote.

To add to troubles of the Wall street man forced to spend his summer in the city comes the necessity of employing a substitute stenographer in vacation season. Wall street diction is hard enough for the regular stenographer; the substitute finds it next to impossible.

The employer of one of the substitutes not long ago tried to be particularly careful and distinct in his dictation. Nevertheless, "comptroller of the corn belt." A remark about the "drought district in Kansas" was interpreted as "crouch district in Kansas."

Reverting to money matters again, the employer talked about taking bullion into the Bank of England, and the copy showed that bouillon soup had been taken into the bank.

Right there the bell rang for a new typist.—Wall Street Journal.

SAGE TEA DARKENS GRAY HAIR TO ANY SHADE. TRY IT!

Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark, Glossy and Thick With Common Garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger.—Adv.

Cupid's Lottery.

"Whatever became of that woman who was married on a bet?" "She is now giving her time to a crusade against gambling."—Judge.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. WRITE FOR FREE booklet, calendar, blotters, etc. NONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

Passing.

"It's very evident that the old school of press agents is passing away."

"What's the new school?" "There isn't any."

Hurrah! They're Here from Hot Springs, Arkansas

Don't worry and don't take Calomel. Put your sluggish liver in fine condition and get rid of sick headache, biliousness and heaviness.

Get a box of the famous HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS of any worthy druggist today, 25 cents.

Gentle, blissful, wonderful workers they surely are; take one tonight and free the bowels from poisonous waste and gas. You'll feel bright and happy tomorrow.

Be sure and get some, for besides being a wonderful laxative they are a great system tonic. They give you a keen appetite, make your stomach and bowels antiseptic and clean and rid the blood of impurities. They are simply marvelous and make you feel good in no time.

Free sample of HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS and 100 of our 17,000 testimonials from Hot Springs Chemical Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

Too Economical. "He'll never be rich." "But he's just bought himself a fine out!"

"Yes, but he bought it to save street car fare."

Women of Middle Age

From 40 to 50 Woman's Critical Period.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, severe headaches, melancholia, dread of impending evil, palpitation of the heart, irregularity, constipation and dizziness are promptly treated by intelligent women who are approaching the period of life.

This is the most critical period of woman's life and she who neglects the care of her health at this time invites incurable disease and pain. Why not be guided by the experience of others and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It is an indisputable fact that this grand old remedy has helped thousands of women to pass through this trying period with comfort and safety. Thousands of genuine and honest testimonials support this fact.

From Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, Cadiz, Ohio. Fort Worth, Texas.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and derived great benefit from its use. It carried me safely through the Change of Life when I was in bad health. I had that all gone feeling most of the time, and headache constantly. I was very nervous and the hot flashes were very bad. I had tried other remedies and doctors, but did not improve until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has now been some time since I took the Compound and I have had no return of my old complaints. I always praise your remedies to weak women."—Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, R. F. D. No. 5, Cadiz, Ohio.

From Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa. Fleetwood, Pa.—"During the Change of Life I was hardly able to be around at all. I always had a headache and I was so dizzy and nervous that I had no rest at night. The flashes of heat were so bad sometimes that I did not know what to do.

"One day a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me a strong, well woman. I am very thankful that I followed my friend's advice, and I shall recommend it as long as I live. Before I took the Compound I was always sickly and now I have not had medicine from a doctor for years. You may publish my letter."—Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

From Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORF, Munford, Ala. Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates for I could not stand to have a gate slam.

"I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend it to all women afflicted as I was."—Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORF, Munford, Ala.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chicago and Indianapolis, Coshon, Ind., U. S. A.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how long they have been in the distemper, by using COLT'S Liquid DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue, or in food. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for horses in food. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. Send a bottle to all breeders of draft and harness horses, or send orders paid by manufacturers. Cut shows how to positively insure. Cut from booklet gives everything. Local agents in every market. Largest supply home remedy in existence—twelve years.

WANTED HOMES FOR THE FAMOUS FAULTLESS STARCH DOLLS

Send 6 time from ten cent packages of Faultless Starch and ten cents in stamps to cover postage and packing and get Miss Kilsbath Ann, 25 inches high. Send three time from ten cent packages and four cents in stamps and get Miss Florida Prim or Miss Lily White, twelve inches high. Send four time from five cent packages. If you wish, but prices as many are required. Out this ad. out. It will be accepted in place of one cent, one cent or two five cent stamps only one ad. will be accepted with each application. Write your name and address plainly.

THE BEST STARCH FOR ALL PURPOSES FAULTLESS STARCH CO. KANSAS CITY, MO.

WINCHESTER

BIG GAME CARTRIDGES

The time of all others when reliable cartridges are invaluable is in big-game hunting. A miss-fire, an inaccurate cartridge, or one having poor penetration may mean the loss of a coveted trophy or even injury to the hunter. Winchester, the W brand of cartridges, smokeless or black powder, can always be relied on to be sure fire, accurate, and to have speed and penetration. You can help MAKE YOUR HUNT A SUCCESS BY USING THEM.

Why Scratch?

"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded WITHOUT QUESTION if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other Skin Disease. 50c at your druggist's, or by mail direct if he hasn't it. Manufactured only by A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

FIFTY ACRES. Three Miles Palestine. Best road in county. 4 1/2 house, tenant house, 2 a. well, hot water spring, well. Price on application. Herbert Hinkle, Palestine, Tex.

AGENTS WANTED

in every town to sell Iron Fence

Any profitable work for spare time. No capital required. Write for Agency and Free Selling Order. Home Fence Co., 840 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS! BIG PROFITS AND BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS

for selling the old reliable Japanese Oil (now called Sun-Oil) and our other standard Remedies. See How They Sell. Write us at once for terms. MATTHEW BISHOP CO., 180 Charlton Street, New York City.

FOR INFORMATION about best part of Florida, write BOARD OF TRADE, FT. MEADE, FLORIDA.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 42-1913.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

30 DAYS

Our First

30 DAYS

ANNUAL DISCOUNT

CLOSES SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6

ALL WHO are acquainted with our business methods and our stock of goods are aware of the fact that we act upon the principle of "Live and Let Live," and that our stock of Dry Goods consists of staples--the best that money can buy. We have no old stock--no dead stock--to offer; but in view of the fact that we have enjoyed a nice and liberal trade during the past season we feel disposed to give to each and every one for 30 days on each purchase made a

10 Per Cent Discount in Cash

in our Dry Goods, Hardware, Wagons and Buggies. We will pay you back the cash or give you 10 per cent of your purchase in goods. Remember we have been appreciative of your patronage and wish to reciprocate for same, hence this Discount sale.

NOW is the opportunity for you to get your winter's supply of the best lines of merchandise at a reduced price. Remember that a reduction of 10 per cent on such merchandise as we carry is a rare bargain; also bear in mind that we have the largest and most complete stock of Dry Goods ever shown in Hedley.

Just A Few Of Our Many Choice Articles:

Warm, Stylish Coats

Our assortment of coats is our particular pride. No one need to go away without being fitted. Prices ranging from \$5.50 to \$25. Also our Misses and Children's Coats, \$1.50 to \$10

Our Staple Goods Department

is complete; the goods were bought before the advance of high priced cotton, and we can save you money on all staples.

Men and Boys Hats

When in the store ask to see our magnificent line of Stetson, Lyon Special, and Davis hats consisting of Big Four, Congress, and the latest in Novelties, Velvets, Derbies, that will please the most stylish.

Hosiery

We have a complete line of Men, Women, Boys and Girls' Hose--the kind you have been looking for.

GLOVES FOR MEN

We handle the Hansen Gloves for men--the best on the market.

WINTER SHIRTS

Now is the time to buy your wool Shirts and Underwear. If you go cold it won't be our fault.

OUTINGS

We are headquarters for Outings. and at prices from 8 1-2c to 10c. A special Outing, suitable for quilt lining at . . . 6c



If it is Shoes you want we have them for the whole family.

PETERS SHOES ARE STANDARD SHOES



Our Dress Goods Department

is the most complete in this or nearby towns, consisting of all New and Novelty Woolen Goods, Silks and kindred lines. Get our new Buttrick Patterns, select your dress styles; we have the patterns and trimmings.

Stylish Furs

We have a few sets of Furs left, and our Wool Sets for children can't be excelled for quality and beauty

Sweaters

Women's Pure Wool Sweaters in Novelty Fancy Styles, ranging in prices from \$2 to \$6 each.

Our line of Misses and Children's Sweaters is complete, and are splendid values.

Just-Rite Corsets

Ladies, don't fail to see our line of stylish Just-Rite Corsets--all new and made of a splendid grade of Batiste and Coutil.

RUBBERS

Boots, Arctics 4-buckle, 2-buckle, 1-buckle for men and nice line of Ladies Rubbers.

OVERALL

Diamond Brand are the best Overalls on the market

BLANKETS

You will find our Blanket stock complete in every respect, consisting of the famous Nashua wool-nap solid colors, and also in plaids, also high grade all wool. Complete line of all prices in cotton blankets

NECKWEAR

In our line of Neckwear for Young men there is nothing more becoming and you will marvel at the ingenuity of the selections.

. BAIN & McCARROLL .