

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 12, 1915

NO. 10

Improvements Going on Here

TELEPHONE EXCHANGE MAKING CHANGES

The Hedley Telephone Exchange has had a force of line-men working several days, hanging a cable of wires from the office south along Main street to across the railroad, and stringing new wires on the new poles preparatory to doing away with the old poles and lines. When this work is finished Hedley will have an up-to-date telephone system. This enterprise has grown greatly in the past two years, and the new directory printed last week shows a lot of new names added since the directory issued last year.

Watch Hedley grow!

INFORMER HAS A NEW FRONT PORCH

Watch Hedley grow! The Informer office has added a new porch, and the building will be treated to a coat of paint some day, we hope. We find that a front porch is more beneficial to mankind than a giraffe. It has many uses, but the main use we have for it is when we want to see up or down the street we don't have to put on our hat, but just step out under the shade and look all we please without danger of sunstroke. There are other uses, but we cannot take time and space to enumerate them.

Watch Hedley grow!

LET TEXAS FEED ITSELF MOVEMENT

The opening skirmish in the campaign to induce Texas to feed itself has been fought out and while the battle is far from won, the skirmishers made a most satisfactory impression.

Over one hundred towns were visited last week by evangelists from Dallas and Fort Worth and they went right to the root of the matter. They conferred with the banker who is to furnish the money; the merchant who is to credit and the land owner who is to furnish the land on which the next crops in Texas are to be grown. They made as plain as a pipe stem the fact that this campaign is in no sense an acreage reduction proposition in so far as cotton is concerned. Every one knows that in cotton section, cotton is the money crop and the basis of both credit and prosperity. But they did not stop there. They went further and showed that it did not profit a cotton farmer to raise all cotton and spend every dollar he can rake and scrape for feed for his animals and food for his family. And a further fact was emphasized: The cotton farmer, who for years has mortgaged his crop before it was planted for food on which to subsist while he was making that crop, is apt to find this year that the merchant who fed him last year, and the banker who financed that merchant, neither of whom has been able to collect last year's accounts, are not going to be in a position to advance the same

J. WALKER LANE IS COMING BACK

J. Walker Lane came up from Memphis this morning and stated that his car of blacksmith tools is to arrive from that place today. He has rented the Bond W. Johnson shop vacated last week by C. H. Stone, and will be ready for business Monday. Mr. Ray and family are also coming from Memphis to live and he will work for Mr. Lane. As soon as he can obtain a house in which to live Mr. Lane will move his family here. The Informer welcomes them back to Hedley.

MOVES FROM COMMERCE

R. L. Cornelius of Commerce, brother of L. L., arrived last Friday with his car of household effects to make his home here. His family will come as soon as he finds a place to live. The Informer welcomes them to our great country.

BLACKSMITH SHOP CHANGE

T. E. Lee has bought the Whittington & Kendall blacksmith shop, and has taken charge of same. Mr. and Mrs. Lee moved here a week or two ago to make this their home.

BOUGHT BARBER SHOP

Frank Kendall bought the E. L. Yelton barber shop last week.

line of credit this year. They have sounded the warning that the farmer must think about feeding himself and make his plans accordingly.

Ways and means of helping the farmer do this have been outlined and discussed. It is admitted the farmer will have to have help in order to meet this condition. He will have to have credit to secure a sow or two and seed for a garden. Furthermore the land owner will have to help instead of hindering, by restrictions in his lease, he will have to not only permit but encourage the tenant to become self-supporting.

The result of these conferences was more than satisfactory. A good start has been made. And it will be kept up and must be kept up if the tenant farmers of Texas is escape hardships and the prosperity of the State is not to suffer a serious set back.

CARD OF THANKS

With sad hearts we wish to thank all who have given a helping hand or spoken a kind word to us in the sickness and death of our father. We feel like we want to take each one by the hand and thank them. It is such a comfort to have friends in this dark hour. We thank Dr. Ozier for being so faithful and our Pastor for such words of comfort. We will miss the fatherly advice and words of encouragement, but our loss is heaven's gain, and we will try to say the Lord's will be done. We thank those who are still helping to nurse and care for the dear mother who is left to suffer a

INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DIST. BILL INTRODUCED ELECTION ORDERED

Austin, Texas, Feb. 10.—Senator Johnson yesterday introduced a bill providing for the creation of an independent school district at Hedley, in Donley county. It is thought that this bill will go through, since a large number of the residents of Hedley signed the petition.

Naylor Springs

Miss Dessie McFarling spent the latter part of the week with her sister, Mrs. M. O. Barnett.

We are glad to note that little Walter Lyell is doing nicely.

Lucian Barnett is spending the week with relatives in Wellington.

We are very glad to learn that Mrs. T. L. Naylor and mother, Mrs. Gaut, are improving.

Mrs. J. S. Hall was in our midst a few days again during the threshing season but has returned to Lelia Lake where their children are attending school.

Mr. Alexander's friends are indeed glad to see him able to be about.

Little Hazel Hefner fell Sunday and received a painful injury about the mouth.

NELDA.

COMMERCIAL CLUB GETTING IN HARNESS

Last Tuesday night the Commercial Club met in regular session in the new Club quarters in Bond Hall. Had a fair attendance and an interesting session.

After reports from committees the subject of a local publicity campaign came up and brought out some excellent plans. The Club will do much good for the community at large if it can only have the co-operation of the citizenship. And a standing invitation is extended to every citizen of town and country to attend any and every Tuesday night as the meetings are all open and none held behind closed doors.

Come next Tuesday night.

Little while longer. May the Lord bless and reward you all for your kindness to us.

W. G. Brinson and relatives.

An election has been ordered to be held Saturday, February 27, for the purpose of determining whether Hedley shall be incorporated or not.

WALKING FROM N. Y. TO SAN FRANCISCO

F. E. Rogers, 71 years old, was here last Saturday. He left New York on November 2nd, 95 days out Saturday, and is walking the entire distance from New York to San Francisco on a wager. Thus far he has traveled 2133 miles. He has yet a distance of 1250 miles to make and 55 days in which to make it within the time limit of 150 days from the time he left New York, in which event he is to get \$1500. He was strong and hearty, says he has been well all the trip, and thus far he has averaged 33 miles a day.

B. Y. P. U.

SENIOR

Program for Sunday, Feb. 14. Song. Prayer. Song. Bible Study Meeting—Psalm 23.

Leader—Lucile Caldwell. Psalm 23, and the Psalm as a Poem—Leader.

What It Teaches About Faith—Willie Caldwell.

What It Teaches About God's Leadership—Herman Horschler.

What the Psalm Teaches About God's Protection—Eulys Bishop.

My Lord and I—Mellie Richey.

Song. Closing Prayer.

JUNIOR

Program for Sunday Feb. 14. Leader—Willie Johnson.

Song. Scripture, Acts 16: 1-12.

Map—Walter Bishop.

Timothy a new worker—Annie Richey.

Strengthening the Churches—Glennie Brooks.

A New Field of Labor—Alva Alexander.

A Riverside Prayermeeting—Lena Mae Brinson.

Lydia, The First European Convert—Lawrence Baker.

Brief Outline of Paul's Second Missionary Journey—Leader.

The Present Macedonian Call—Mary Horschler.

News of Hedley Public School

BY SCHOOL REPORTER

ATHLETICS

The teachers and students have organized an athletic association. The object and purpose of the organization are mutually understood and agreed upon.

The one object in view is to improve school conditions. This is accomplished by fixing certain rules and conditions.

In order for a pupil to participate in athletics of any nature he must carry at least three full courses and make a general average of 80 per cent. He must also make at least 85 per cent of deportment each month. All days absent, times tardy and each misdemeanor make seriously against the deportment. Pupils who must repeatedly be corrected are by no means eligible.

This association has applied for membership in the Texas Inter-scholastic League, which was founded by the most able public school men of our State, and the league is based upon the same basic principles as adopted by our local organization. We are glad to note some visible results already in the organization. The officers elected are: Miss Elvina Wiggins, President; Bill Baker, Vice-President; Oscar Alexander, Manager and Orby Adamson, Secretary-Treasurer.

SCHOOL ITEMS

Graham, Jewel and Lena Mae Brinson were absent from school several days last week on account

of the sickness and death of their grandfather.

Our school work is becoming more interesting each day. Chapel exercises are conducted every Monday morning. The different rooms have several numbers on program each meeting, and the pupils render their parts nicely.

One evening last week when Mrs. Parker's family were eating supper, Dixie insisted on eating several pieces of pie. Mrs. Parker said "My dear, I wouldn't eat so much for it is not good for you. Once I knew a man who eat so much pie that he died." Dixie, "Well mamma if the man died what became of the rest of the pie?"

A DREAM

Up life's path I wandered,
Old, wrinkled and gray;
On a memory dear I pondered,
My thoughts were far away.

I sat on the bank of a stream
And watched the water run by,
I had a pleasant dream,
Of happy days gone by.

The school bell was ringing,
I heard the happy throng
Lift their voices in singing,
That dear old opening song.

I woke with a yell of gladness,
For I dreamed 'twas time to play,
But my joy turned to sadness,
As my vision faded away.

My thoughts seemed in a medley
And was lost in meditation,
As I dreamed of dear old Hedley
Where I started my education.
—JESSIE ALEXANDER.

ENTERTAINERS

Mrs. Ranson Johnson entertained the young people Saturday evening with a conversational party. Refreshments were served in dainty boxes. Mrs. Johnson presided over the punch bowl.

Those present were: Misses Johnnie Clark, Grace Myers, Jack Storm, Annie and Jessie Alexander, Lizzie and Eunice Wimberly, Lela and Alva Waldron, Mayme and Floy Simmons, Vada Hicks, Era Johnson, Ruth Miller, Eunice Morrow and Mae Simmons of Memphis. Messrs. Akers, McCarroll, Boone, Waldron, Adamson, Dishman, Harris, Kinslow, Alexander, Caldwell, Morrow and Lively.

Mrs. Johnson was declared a delightful entertainer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Reeves entertained a number of friends last Saturday night with a two-course luncheon and music. Out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Guinn of Amarillo, Mrs. Heath of Houston, Messrs. Gentry of Clarendon and Dave of Lakeview. A splendid time is reported by those present.

W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. Auxiliary met with Mrs. R. W. Scales. Two new members were added. A very interesting program was rendered. The Auxiliary will meet Monday 2:30 p. m. Lesson 27th

to 13 chapter of 1st Kings. Leader—Rev. Story. Hostess—Mrs. Stroud.

DOINGS AT THE STATE CAPITOL

By R. L. T.

The Legislature has been knuckling down to business the last week. The House Committee on Agriculture reported favorably the Tenant Rental bill sponsored by the Governor, and the representatives are very much interested. The House Committee on Common Carriers acted favorably on the full crew bill and unfavorably on the Railroad Hospital Bill, while the Senate Committee reported the Full Crew Bill unfavorably. The House Committee on Education has acted favorably on a compulsory education bill and on the bill to abolish fraternities and sororities at the University of Texas. The Senate has voted to create a new court of civil appeals at Houston and to change the court of civil appeals from Galveston to Beaumont. The House of Representatives passed the nine jury bill while the Senate passed a bill repealing the sworn pleading act, and the House Committee acted favorably on this bill. The House Committee appointed to visit the penitentiary reported that the management of the penal institutions has a poor system of bookkeeping and very unbusinesslike ways of running them. It is recommended that better men be placed in authority and given the authority to inflict punishment to maintain this discipline and work.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor. ady

INFORMER WANT-ADS
BRING RESULTS
TRY ONE

Real Purpose of Our Public Schools

By J. J. HARDING, Milwaukee, Wis.

When a speaker on educational topics or a would-be leader in the school affairs of a city or state wishes to prove that he is essentially modern in his point of view nowadays he usually proclaims with great unction that our schools should prepare for life. By this he means that their chief purpose should be to fit the pupil for a trade or for some other form of employment. The natural inference is that the only part of life worth while is that spent in the shop or at the desk.

It is sad to realize that life is being so persistently diminished that whereas a few years ago a workman was expected to "live" ten hours a day, now he is limited to eight, usually with Saturday afternoon also subtracted from his "life."

It seems a pity that there is a little said in response to this shallow conception of the real purpose of schools in a country where the citizen has the largest need for the power to think and for knowledge of the broader aspects of human progress and achievement.

If this notion of the school as merely an institution to help a boy learn how to earn a dollar gains a stronger influence the inevitable result will be to set up a social demarcation in childhood which will make our boasts of equal opportunity the veriest nonsense.

The man who values the intellectual development of his child will inevitably choose a private school for his education, and the tendency of recent years to look upon the public school as a place of preparation for the best colleges will be replaced by a very different situation. We shall have the public schools made into a training place for workmen and clerks, and the boy from a family which cannot afford to pay tuition will have his choice of life employment determined not by his tastes but by the limitation put on his opportunities.

The vocational school has its place, but that place should be a subordinate and not a controlling one.

Diet Has Pernicious Influence on Conduct

By JENNY B. ROSE, St. Louis, Mo.

"Why is it that unfailingly every year a wave of crime recurs when the cold weather sets in?"

The eating of heavy foods in hot weather is without doubt the cause. This means a diet consisting mainly of meat and eggs.

In all the years that I have been a housekeeper and personally done my marketing I have never noticed that women—especially the poorer classes—have bought any less meat when the heat registered 90 degrees than when it was below zero. They even bought more, because it was easier to prepare. Becoming overheated is the first and direct result of such ignorance, but the more serious things come on slowly.

Often when I have returned home late from a shopping trip in extremely hot weather I have noticed the tired men and women who I was sure had been in an office all day without taking a stroke of physical exercise, and I knew that most of them were going home to a heavy meat dinner. I shuddered to think what was to come to hundreds of them—with the arrival of the cold weather.

Not long ago a man committed murder. Since he had been an honest, right-thinking man, full of high and noble ideals, willing to help everyone with a heart full of sympathy, he could not himself comprehend what he had done. The papers told his story. He was born and bred a poor boy in a poor country, a cold climate. He had been hard working and naturally he had had no rich living. In this country he became a student, took no exercise, had plenty of meat and eggs, till at last his overprotein-fed brain gave way. Then came the awakening, the awful realizing of his crime.

It is necessary for men and women to moderate their meat and egg diet and to bring their children up without these foods, for the sake of those who must suffer so bitterly from the consequences of such fare.

Winter Suffering of Our Faithful Horses

By ALBERT JENSEN, Albany, N.Y.

Winter brings with it much suffering to our faithful friends, the horses. It is a painful sight to witness every day in this city the abuse and cruelty these useful animals suffer at the hands of drivers. If you call the attention of a driver to the fact that if he would keep his horses properly shod they would not fall, thereby insinuating that he is at fault, you are lucky if he does not turn the whip on you, and limits himself to verbal vagaries and to threats that if you do not "beat it" he will beat you. Such was my experience.

Every teamster worthy of his trade is able and willing to keep his horses sharp shod all the time, and he refuses to drive horses that are sick, crippled, blind or sore. He sees that the harness fits for both pulling and backing up the wagon without hurting the horse and he does not attempt to use his whip expecting the same result as an engineer opening the throttle of his engine.

Even an engineer does not expect an engine to take hold unless suitable friction to surface is provided.

An old, crippled, poorly fed or shod horse driven on the streets constitutes an indictment against somebody for brutality or neglect, and it is only proper that all who see some of this brutality displayed should let the guilty parties know what we think of them by refusing to do business with them.

It is only fair to assume that a man who is not fair to a horse will not give a square deal to anybody.

Military Trainings Favored for Boys

By A. B. HUGHES, Washington, D.C.

The condition of our country in case of invasion by any first-class nation, as told by Gen. W. W. Wether- spoon, is, to say the least, somewhat startling.

I would include a two-hours' strict, vigorous military drill every other week for all boys in the public schools of the country between the ages of fifteen and seventeen years, the drill to be given by persons well qualified to teach the young American how best to help his country when needed.

There are plenty of veteran trained soldiers all over the land who could train the boys effectively, teach them how to walk, with head up and shoulders back.

This would take the slouch out of them and use up lots of that nervous energy which leads all smart boys into mischief.

If a boy left school and got but the year of drill, good; but if he got two years, so much the better; or if he gets but six months, that is better than none.

Then they will be ready, and when called will come from the shop or the farm or the store.

When a speaker on educational topics or a would-be leader in the school affairs of a city or state wishes to prove that he is essentially modern in his point of view nowadays he usually proclaims with great unction that our schools should prepare for life. By this he means that their chief purpose should be to fit the pupil for a trade or for some other form of employment. The natural inference is that the only part of life worth while is that spent in the shop or at the desk. It is sad to realize that life is being so persistently diminished that whereas a few years ago a workman was expected to "live" ten hours a day, now he is limited to eight, usually with Saturday afternoon also subtracted from his "life." It seems a pity that there is a little said in response to this shallow conception of the real purpose of schools in a country where the citizen has the largest need for the power to think and for knowledge of the broader aspects of human progress and achievement. If this notion of the school as merely an institution to help a boy learn how to earn a dollar gains a stronger influence the inevitable result will be to set up a social demarcation in childhood which will make our boasts of equal opportunity the veriest nonsense. The man who values the intellectual development of his child will inevitably choose a private school for his education, and the tendency of recent years to look upon the public school as a place of preparation for the best colleges will be replaced by a very different situation. We shall have the public schools made into a training place for workmen and clerks, and the boy from a family which cannot afford to pay tuition will have his choice of life employment determined not by his tastes but by the limitation put on his opportunities. The vocational school has its place, but that place should be a subordinate and not a controlling one.

Leopard Plush Motor Coat With Hood



NO wonder the devotees of motoring are braving the coldest weather. They may envelop themselves from crown to toe in cold-proof coats having hoods attached made of the same material as the coat. The fur fabrics that have had so great a vogue this season have been developed in patterns especially suited to midwinter motor coats. These plushes are used also for lining coats of other fabrics, and are as warm as skins.

Fetching and unusual is the coat of leopard plush pictured here. The youthful motorist looks as cozy as a kitten in it. It is a long straight garment of the simplest outlines, comfortably roomy. The sleeves and yoke are cut in one, and the skirt part allows plenty of room in walking. A broadtail plush is used to make deep plain cuffs, and as an inlay on a small neckpiece that fastens about the throat. The hood is a close-fitting cap with a wide bonnetlike border turned back at the front and trimmed with a flat bow of broadtail. The coat is double breasted, fastened with a large button at the top and in the front.

Smart coats for warmer climates are made with more concessions to new style features and allow themselves a little frivolity of composition. Drop yokes and flaring skirts, not so long as the figures, are noticeable among them. It is safe to predict that with things military imposing themselves everywhere else, the newly designed motor coats for spring will reflect something of military modes. But to face the sterner requirements of the passing season in the North, coats of plush lined with a plain wool fabric, or of a wool fabric lined with plush, with hood attached, promise both comfort and style. And with them goes the comfortable thought that they may be made at a moderate price, and that there is no end of durability in them.

Discard Small Turban.

In Paris the leaders of fashion have discarded the small turban hat for the larger models of white satin. These stunning hats appear in a wide variety of shapes, with gracefully rolling brims or brims which flare more on one side than the other. The favorite, however, is the wide, straight-brimmed sailor, smoothly covered with white satin of a good quality. These are trimmed with a simple bow of white satin, the ends of which are sometimes fringed. Fantasies of plume appear on a few models, but the majority are simply trimmed with the satin or moire.

The crowns of these hats are rather low, and the tops are unlined and scantily gathered about the edge.

A Fur Tip.

Two furs are very often combined in the small neckpieces and muffs—beaver and seal, seal and ermine, seal and leopard, ermine and monkey, breitschwanz and ermine or monkey, etc.; but the best looking sets shown are in one fur.

Handsome Coiffure Ornaments



IT is wonderful what miracles of improvement in looks can be brought about by means of the coiffure and its decorations. Only beautiful and audacious youth can afford to wear plain, severe styles of hairdressing. Waves that mitigate the austerity of straight lines, curls which suggest femininity, are almost invariably becoming. And aside from becomingness, a well-groomed appearance (more evident in the coiffure than anywhere) has a compelling charm in itself.

When the least and most tasteful of hair ornaments are worn, to set off the chic coiffure, a chance is given for the exercise of individual taste. There are many pretty hair ornaments, unpretentious and elegant, that any clever woman can fashion for herself. Nearly all of the new ones are made of strands of small rhinestones, used in single or double bands, about the head, in the manner of Greek bands. But with them flowers, feathers, or velvet ornaments are used.

Two of the best designs are shown here and one hardly needs more than the picture to be able to go about copying them. One consists of a rhinestone band sewed to a fine silk-covered wire which terminates in a loop at each end. A hairpin thrust through

these loops holds the band in place and is concealed under a strand of hair. Fastened on the band at one side is a cluster of grayish blue full-blown roses of velvet, with small sprays of tiny rose foliage in sage green. One might wear such subdued colors with almost any costume. The sparkle of the rhinestones gives life to the pretty affair, and altogether its beauty makes an instant appeal. The second ornament is made of a narrow bias strip of cerise velvet, hemmed in a very narrow hem at each side, into which a fine shirring wire is run. It is mounted with rhinestones supported by silk-covered wire, as in the first ornament described. The velvet terminates in a long pointed ear, outlined with a strand of rhinestones. Rhinestones are to be had set in tiny bands, and sell at a moderate price by the yard in dry goods stores. Other bead passenteries and strands of pearl beads are used for making hair ornaments, also narrow fancy ribbons and braids. If in making the last ornament described, bright green velvet, instead of cerise color, is used the handsomest of decorations for white hair is the result.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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PREACH THE DOCTRINE OF CHEERFULNESS.

Smile once in a while. It will make your heart seem lighter. Life's a mirror—if we smile, Smiles come back to greet us; If we're frowning all the while, Frowns forever meet us.

Mr. Paul Polret, the well-known Frenchman who visited our shores last fall, carried away some not very flattering impressions of our people and country—says we do not know how to laugh, or at least must be "made" to laugh. With the French laughter is the expression of a gay heart, while with the American humor is appealed to through the intelligence.

Even in our sports we are serious, says M. Polret. "Those who take part in them do it as soberly and as intensely as if it were an act of business. And the spectators! They might be watching a man being tried for his life. They could hardly look more concerned if they were."

Many people give us the impression that the famed Damoclean sword of pain, suspended by a thread, hangs over them constantly, ready to fall and pierce them at any moment, even in their joys and pleasures. They never seem to enjoy anything without alloy. They give you the impression that they are conscious of the skeleton's presence at every feast.

The American people as a rule take life much too seriously. They do not have half enough fun. Europeans look on our care-worn, solemn-faced people as on pieces of machinery run at forced speed and which squeak for lack of oil.

"I question if care and doubt ever wrote their names so lightly on the faces of any other population," says Emerson. "Old age begins in the nursery."

Why take life so seriously, anyway? A lot of play will not only improve your health, but increase your efficiency wonderfully.

If a man is living in a perfectly normal way he ought not to have, as so many have, a haunted, hounded look, as though he suspected either a policeman or a detective were on his track. He ought not to be worried and anxious every minute. He ought not to take his vocation so very seriously, and should not give the impression that the whole universe is hanging upon the result of his task.

A great many men fail because they are too serious; because they develop unsocial, morose, cold qualities, which repel and which make them poor mixers. It is the sunny, happy nature which attracts friends and trade. The too serious people seem to say, "Keep away from me, life is too serious a matter to be spent on trivial things." They are dry and rutty because there is not enough play in their lives to furnish the necessary lubrication, variety, or change.

Not long ago I heard a young clergyman preach a sermon which was so very serious, and so very gloomy, that it made everybody in the congregation feel melancholy and depressed. There was no uplift, no encouragement, nothing to stimulate one to greatest endeavor. People did not go out of the church, as they should have gone, resolved to try a little harder than ever before, to do something worth while; but the whole congregation went away with a gloomy look on their faces. There had been nothing inspiring in the clergyman's appearance. His face was so serious and his whole manner so depressing that it was really painful to listen to him.

People have burdens enough of their own to bear, and do not want anybody to inject dark, doleful pictures in their minds. They go to church for uplift, encouragement. They want to rid themselves of the enemies of their happiness and prosperity. Thousands of people who now remain away from church would gladly go if they could come away feeling uplifted, encouraged, and with increased hopefulness. "He that cannot laugh and be gay should look to himself," wrote Henry Ward Beecher. "He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light."

TRAGEDIES CAUSED BY THE TONGUE.

They had "heard rumors and became frightened." This was the only reason the panic-stricken depositors would give for their mad rush on the bank for savings in New York a few days ago.

The silly gossip of a servant, it was thought, started the rumor that the bank was in difficulties. Although its president stated that the deposits were ninety-seven million dollars, nearly eleven millions of a surplus, and that the largest banks in New York had offered to come to the rescue with fifty million dollars if necessary, yet thousands of men and women crowded one another in their frantic haste to get their money out of one of the soundest institutions in the country!

The whole fabric of the business world hangs upon confidence. Or vast credit system depends absolutely upon it. Anything which throws the slightest suspicion upon it causes disaster. Nothing else is so sensitive as confidence. And there is nothing quite so malignant in its power to destroy it, to blast everything it touches, as rumor, the baseless gossip of idle or malicious people.

Sometimes the least breath of suspicion will seriously injure a man's credit which it has taken a lifetime to build up. It has often made havoc of a woman's reputation.

One of the cruellest things that a human being can do is to peddle gossip, to pass along slander, or even a true story which tends to injure another, or to put him in an unfavorable light. It is fatally easy to say things which will cause lifelong wounds, and many people are so careless with their tongues!

Only a short time ago a woman in Brooklyn was driven to suicide by the gossip of her neighbors. They told her that her husband was paying attention to other women; and although he assured her that he was doing nothing of the kind the gossips succeeded in making her so jealous that she poisoned herself.

I know people who would never forgive themselves for striking another with their hands, but who do not hesitate to stab an absent person in the back with an unkind, uncharitable, cruel remark, or to spread a bit of slander which may have disastrous effects on the victim.

Some years ago this headline appeared in a New York daily: "Georgia Cayvan Dies on a Sanatorium Cot! Falsehood Ended Her Career." Miss Cayvan was an actress. She began her career by reading selections from Shakespeare to customers in her mother's "candy store" in Bath, Me. Later she graduated from the School of Oratory in the Boston university and attracted the attention of Daniel Frohman, who brought her to New York. In a short time she became a star, and one of the most popular actresses in New York city.

Her beauty, brilliancy, vivacity and remarkable talent made her such a favorite that those envious of her began to reflect upon her character. A scandal was started which so preyed upon Miss Cayvan's sensitive mind that she fell into melancholy and never returned to the stage. Although it was proved that the actress was in Europe at the time of the scandal in this country with which her name was falsely connected, and notwithstanding the fact that her character received a sweeping vindication, yet the wagging tongues continued to peddle the scandalous gossip until her melancholy developed into paresis, and finally put her beyond medical aid.

There are thousands of people in the great failure army today who might have been a success but for the gossips. The unkind criticisms of companions or neighbors, the scandals calculated by the thoughtless or evil-minded unscrupulous. They lost heart when even those they thought were friends stabbed them in the back and they gave up the struggle.

We probably have all of us come to points in our careers when it would not have taken very much to have discouraged us and turned us the other way. Who can ever estimate the number of failures, the wrecks, that have been caused by gossips? How many people have been driven to suicide by cruel slander? How many people have become disheartened and have laid down their burdens and given up the struggle because their sensitive natures could not stand the strain of misrepresentation?

There is no meaner, more cowardly or contemptible thing than to take advantage of another's absence to discuss his shortcomings, and to peddle idle gossip and slander about him.

I believe the time will come when the person who says unkind, cruel things about another in his absence will be ostracized as an enemy of the race, will be despised as a traitor to everything that constitutes real friendship and true manliness or womanliness. There is no more despicable habit than the gossip habit. The people who indulge in it little realize that they are exhibiting their own defects; that they are showing themselves up in the most unfavorable light possible. Everybody who knows them knows that he may be the next victim.

The Fresh Air Cure.

Plenty of fresh, pure air is an essential part of a patient's treatment. Pure air is just as important and necessary for good health as pure food and pure water.

Fresh air and sunlight are the cheapest and best agents for the recovery of an ill person.

Let fresh air and sunlight enter your sick rooms, through open windows as much as possible.

Expose the bed clothing to the open air and sunshine for some time each day.

Sleep with the bedroom windows open, says nurse. The old superstition that night air is unhealthy even for an invalid is entirely false. On the contrary, night air, especially in large cities, is purer and better than day air, because it contains less dust and fewer microbes.

To get the best ventilation have the window open at both top and bottom.

Why He Preferred the Moon.

Two negroes got into a discussion concerning the relative values of the moon and the sun to the world. After listening to the advocate of the sun the other proceeded to demolish his argument with the following logic: "De sun am all right, but de moon am wuff two ob it; de moon shines in de night when we needs it, but de sun done shine only in de day when we got light enough without it."

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek, at the foot of a rock from which he has fallen, Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious, and after reviving him goes for assistance. Samson South and Sally, taking Lescott to Samson's home, are met by Spicer South, head of the family, who tells them that Jesse Purvy has been shot and that Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting of Jesse Purvy breaks the truce in the Holliman-South feud.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

He sauntered down the road, but when he had passed out of vision, he turned sharply into the woods, and began climbing. His steps carried him to the rift in the ridge where the white oak stood sentinel over the watch tower of rock. As he came over the edge from one side his bare feet making no sound, he saw Sally sitting there, with her hands resting on the moss and her eyes deeply troubled. She was gazing fixedly ahead and her lips were trembling. At once Samson's face grew black. Some one had been making Sally unhappy. Then he saw beyond her a standing figure, which the tree trunk had hitherto concealed. It was the loose-knitted figure of young Tamarack Spicer.

"In course," Spicer was saying, "we don't 'low Samson shot Jesse Purvy, but them Hollimans 'll 'spicion him, an' I heered just now that them dawgs was trackin' straight up hyar from the mouth of Misery. They'll git hyar against sundown."

Samson leaped violently forward. With one hand he roughly seized his cousin's shoulder and wheeled him about.

"Shet up!" he commanded. "What d—n fool stuff hev ye been tellin' Sally?"

For an instant the two clansmen stood fronting each other. Samson's face was set and wrathful. Tamarack's was surly and snarling. "Hain't I got a license ter tell Sally the news?" he demanded.

"Nobody hain't got no license," retorted the younger man in the quiet of cold anger, "ter tell Sally nothin' thet'll fret her."

"She air bound ter know hit all pretty soon, Them dawgs—"

"Didn't I tell ye ter shet up?" Samson clenched his fists, and took a step forward. "Ef ye opens yore mouth again, I'm a-goin' ter smash hit. Now, git!"

Tamarack Spicer's face blackened, and his teeth showed. His right hand swept to his left arm-pit. Outwardly he seemed weaponless, but Samson knew that concealed beneath the hickory shirt was a holster, worn mountain fashion.

"What air ye a-reachin' atter, Tam'rack?" he inquired, his lips twisting in amusement.

"That's my business."

"Well, git hit out—or git out yerself, afore I throws ye offen the cliff."

Sally showed no symptoms of alarm. Her confidence in her hero was absolute. The boy lifted his hand, and pointed off down the path. Slowly and with incoherent muttering, Spicer took himself away. Then only did Sally rise. She came over, and laid a hand on Samson's shoulder. In her blue eyes, the tears were welling.

"Samson," she whispered, "ef they're atter ye, come ter my house. I kin hide ye out. Why didn't ye tell me Jesse Jarvey'd done been shot?"

"Hit tain't nothin' ter fret about, Sally," he assured her. He spoke awkwardly, for he had been trained to regard emotion as unmanly. "Thar hain't no danger."

She gazed searchingly into his eyes, and then, with a short sob, threw her arms around him, and buried her face on his shoulder.

"Ef anything happens ter ye, Samson," she said, brokenly, "hit'll jest kill me. I couldn't live withouten ye, Samson. I jest couldn't do hit!"

The boy took her in his arms, and pressed her close. His eyes were gazing off over her bent head, and his lips twitched. He drew his features into a scowl, because that was the only expression with which he could safeguard his feelings. His voice was husky.

"I reckon, Sally," he said, "I couldn't live withouten ye, neither."

The party of men who had started at morning from Jesse Purvy's store had spent a hard day. The roads followed creek-beds, crossing and re-crossing waterways in a fashion that gave the bloodhounds a hundred baffling difficulties. Often, their noses lost the trail, which had at first been so surely taken. Often, they circled and whined, and halted in perplexity, but each time they came to a point where, at the end, one of them again raised his muzzle skyward, and gave voice.

Toward evening, they were working up Misery along a course less broken. The party halted for a moment's rest, and, as the bottle was passed, the man from Lexington, who had brought the dogs and stayed to conduct the chase, put a question:

"What do ye call this creek?"

"Hit's Misery."

"Does anybody live on Misery that—er—that you might suspect?"

The Hollimans laughed.

"This creek is settled with Souths thicker'n hops."

The Lexington man looked up. He knew what the name of South meant to a Holliman.

"Is there any special South, who might have a particular grudge?"

"The Souths don't need no partil'ar grudge, but thar's young Samson South. He's a wildcat."

"He lives this way?"

"These dogs air a-makin' a bee-line fer his house," Jim Holliman was speaking. Then he added: "I've done been told that Samson denies doin' the shootin', an' claims he kin prove an alibi."

The Lexington man lighted his pipe, and poured a drink of red whiskey into a flask cup.

"He'd be apt to say that," he commented, "These dogs haven't any prejudice in the matter. I'll stake my life on their telling the truth."

An hour later, the group halted again. The master of hounds mopped his forehead.

"Are we still going toward Samson South's house?" he inquired.

"We're about a quarter from hit now, an' we hain't never varied from the straight road."

"Will they be apt to give us trouble?"

Jim Holliman smiled.

"I hain't never heered of no South submittin' ter arrest by a Holliman."

The trailers examined their firearms, and loosened their holster-flaps. The dogs went forward at a trot.

CHAPTER V.

From time to time that day, neighbors had ridden up to Spicer South's stile, and drawn rein for gossip. These men brought bulletins as to the progress of the hounds, and near sundown, as a postscript to their information, a volley of gunshot signals sounded from a mountain top. No word was spoken, but in common accord the kinsmen rose from their chairs, and drifted toward their leaning rifles.

"They're a-comin' hyar," said the head of the house, curtly. "Samson ought ter be home. Whar's Tam'rack?"

No one had noticed his absence until that moment, nor was he to be found. A few minutes later, Samson's figure swung into sight, and his uncle met him at the fence.

"Samson, I've done asked ye all the questions I'm a-goin' ter ask ye," he said, "but them dawgs is makin' ter this house. They've jest been sighted a mile below."

Samson nodded.

"Now"—Spicer South's face hardened—"I owns down thar ter the road. No man kin cross that fence withouten I choose ter give him leave. Ef ye wants ter go indoors an' stay thar, ye kin do hit—an' no dawg ner no man hain't a-goin' ter ask ye no questions. But, ef ye sees fit ter face hit out, I'd love ter prove ter these hyar men that we Souths don't break our word. We done agreed ter this truce. I'd like ter invite 'em in, an' let them damn dawgs sniff round the feet of every man in my house—an' then, when they're plumb teetotally damn satisfied, I'd like ter tell 'em all ter go ter hell. Thet's the way I feels, but I'm a-goin' ter do jest what ye says."

Lescott did not overhear the conversation in full, but he saw the old man's face work with suppressed passion, and he caught Samson's louder reply.

"When them folks gets hyar, Uncle Spicer, I'm a-goin' ter be a-settin'."



"They Have Followed Their Noses Here."

right out thar in front. I'm plumb willin' ter invite 'em in." Then, the two men turned toward the house.

Already the other clansmen had disappeared noiselessly through the door or around the angles of the walls.

Fifteen minutes later, Lescott, standing at the fence, saw a strange cavalcade round the bend of the road. Several travel-stained men were leading mules, and holding two tawny and impatient dogs in leash. In their number, the artist recognized his host of two nights ago.

They halted at a distance, and in their faces the artist read dismay, for, while the dogs were yelping confidently and tugging at their cords, young Samson South—who should, by their prejudiced convictions, be hiding out in some secret stronghold—sat at the top step of the stile, smoking his pipe, and regarded them with a lack-luster absence of interest. Such a calm reception was uncanny. After a whispered conference, the Lexington man came forward alone. Old Spicer South had been looking on from the door, and was now strolling out to meet the envoy, unarmed.

And the envoy, as he came, held his hands unnecessarily far away from his

sides, and walked with an ostentatious show of peace.

"Evenin', stranger," hailed the old man. "Come right in."

"Mr. South," began the dog-owner, with some embarrassment, "I have been employed to furnish a pair of bloodhounds to the family of Jesse Purvy, who has been shot."

"I heard tell thet Purvy was shot," said the head of the Souths in an affable tone, which betrayed no deeper note of interest than neighborhood gossip might have elicited.

"I have no personal interest in the matter," went on the stranger, hastily, as one bent on making his attitude clear, "except on supply the dogs and manage them. I do not in any way direct their course; I merely follow."

"Ye can't hardly foce a dawg." Old Spicer sagely nodded his head as he made the remark. "A dawg jest natcherly follers his own nose."

"Exactly—and they have followed their noses here." The Lexington man found the embarrassment of his position growing as the colloquy proceeded. "I want to ask you whether, if these dogs want to cross your fence, I have your permission to let them?"

The master of the house crossed the stile, the low sun shining on his shock of gray hair, and stood before the man-hunter. He spoke so that his voice carried to the waiting group in the road.

"Ye're plumb welcome ter turn them dawgs loose, an' let 'em ramble, stranger. Nobody hain't a-goin' ter hurt 'em. I sees some fellers out thar with ye thet mustn't cross my fence. Ef they does"—the voice rang menacingly—"hit'll mean that they're a-bustin' the truce—an' they won't never go out ag'in. But yo air safe in hyar. I gives yer my hand on thet. Ye're welcome, an' yore dawgs is welcome. I hain't got nothin' 'gainst dawgs that comes on four legs, but I shore bars the two-legged kind."

There was a murmur of astonishment from the road. Disregarding it, Spicer South turned his face toward the house.

"You boys kin come out," he shouted, "an' leave yore guns inside."

The leashes were slipped from the dogs. They leaped forward, and made directly for Samson, who sat as unmoving as a lifeless image on the top step of the stile. There was a half-moment of terrific suspense, then the beasts clambered by the seated figure, passing on each side and circled aimlessly about the yard—their quest unended. They sniffed indifferently about the trouser legs of the men who sauntered indolently out of the door. They trotted into the house and out again, and mingled with the mongrel home pack that snarled and growled hostility for this invasion. Then, they came once more to the stile. As they climbed out, Samson South reached up and stroked a tawny head, and the bloodhound paused a moment to wag its tail in friendship, before it jumped down to the road, and trotted gingerly onward.

"I'm obliged to you, sir," said the man from the Bluegrass, with a voice of immense relief.

The moment of suspense seemed past, and, in the relief of the averted clash, the master of hounds forgot that his dogs stood branded as false trailers. But when he rejoined the group in the road he found himself looking into early visages, and the features of Jim Holliman in particular were black in their scowl of smoldering wrath.

"Why didn't ye ax him," growled the kinsman of the man who had been shot, "whar the other fellers at?"

"Whar other fellow?" echoed the Lexington man.

Jim Holliman's voice rose truculently, and his words drifted, as he meant them to, across to the ears of the clansmen who stood in the yard of Spicer South.

"Them dawgs of yore'n come up Misery a-hellin'. They hain't never turned aside, an' unless they're plumb ornery, no-count curs thet don't know their business, they come for some reason. They seemed mighty interested in gittin' hyar. Ax them fellers in thar who's been hyar thet hain't hyar now? Who is ther feller thet got out afore we come hyar?"

At this veiled charge of deceit the faces of the Souths again blackened and the men near the door of the house drifted in to drift presently out again, swinging discarded Winchester rifles at their sides. It seemed that, after all, the incident was not closed.

The man from Lexington, finding himself face to face with a new difficulty, turned and argued in a low voice with the Holliman leader. But Jim Holliman, whose eyes were fixed on Samson, refused to talk in a modulated tone, and he shouted his reply:

"I hain't got nothin' ter whisper about," he proclaimed. "Go ax 'em who hit war thet got away from hyar."

Old Spicer South stood leaning on his fence and his rugged countenance stiffened. He started to speak, but Samson rose from the stile and said, in a composed voice:

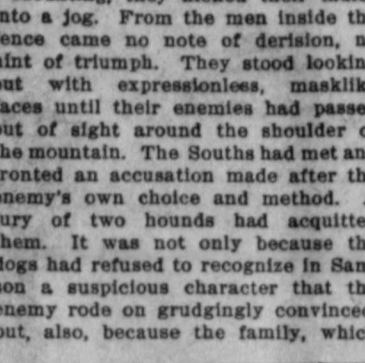
"Let me talk to this feller, Unc' Spicer." The old man nodded and Samson beckoned to the owner of the dogs.

"We hain't got nothin' ter say ter them fellers with ye," he announced, briefly. "We hain't axin' 'em no questions, an' we hain't answerin' none. Ye done come hyar with dawgs an' we hain't stopped ye. We've done answered all the questions them dawgs has axed. We done treated yo an' yore houn's plumb friendly. Es fer the other men, we hain't got nothin' ter say to 'em. They done come hyar because they hoped they could git me in trouble. They done failed. Thet road belongs ter the county. They got a license ter travel hit, but this strip right hyar hain't the healthiest section they kin find. I reckon ye'd better advise 'em ter move on."

The Lexington man went back. For a minute or two Jim Holliman sat scowling down in indecision from his saddle. Then he admitted to himself that he had done all he could do without becoming the aggressor. For the moment he was beaten. He looked up and from the road one of the hounds raised its voice and gave cry. That baying afforded an excuse for leaving and Jim Holliman seized it.

"Go on," he growled. "Let's see what them d—d curs hes ter say now."

Mounting, they kicked their mules into a jog. From the men inside the fence came no note of derision, no hint of triumph. They stood looking out with expressionless, masklike faces until their enemies had passed out of sight around the shoulder of the mountain. The Souths had met and fronted an accusation made after the enemy's own choice and method. A jury of two hounds had acquitted them. It was not only because the dogs had refused to recognize in Samson a suspicious character that the enemy rode on grudgingly convinced, but, also, because the family, which



Jim Holliman.

had invariably met hostility with hostility, had so willingly courted the acid test of guilt or innocence.

Days passed uneventfully after that. The kinsmen dispersed to their scattered coves and cabins. Now and again came a rumor that Jesse Purvy was dying, but always hard on its heels came another to the effect that the obdurate fighter had rallied, though the doctors held out small encouragement of recovery.

One day Lescott, whose bandaged arm gave him much pain, but who was able to get about, was strolling not far from the house with Samson. They were following a narrow trail along the mountain side, and, at a sound no louder than the falling of a walnut, the boy halted and laid a silencing hand on the painter's shoulder. Then followed an unspoken command in his companion's eyes. Lescott sank down behind a rock, cloaked with glistening rhododendron leafage, where Samson had already crouched and become immovable and noiseless. They had been there only a short time when they saw another figure slipping quietly from tree to tree below them.

For a time the mountain boy watched the figure and the painter saw his lips draw in a straight line and his eyes narrow with a glint of tense hate. Yet, a moment later, with a nod to follow, the boy unexpectedly rose into view and his features were absolutely expressionless.

"Mornin', Jim," he called.

The slinking stranger whirled with a start and an instinctive motion as though to bring his rifle to his shoulder. But, seeing Samson's peaceable manner, he smiled and his own demeanor became friendly.

"Mornin', Samson."

"Kinder stranger in this country, hain't ye, Jim?" drawled the boy who lived there, and the question brought a sullen flush to the other's cheek bones.

"Jest a-passin' through," he vouchsafed.

"I reckon ye'd find the wagon road more handy," suggested Samson. "Some folks might 'spicion ye fer stealin' long through the timber."

The skulking traveler decided to lie plausibly. He laughed demagogically. "Thet's the reason, Samson. I was kinder skeered ter go through this country in the open."

Samson met his eye steadily and said slowly:

"I reckon, Jim, hit might be half as risky fer ye ter walk upstandin' along Misery es ter go a-crouchin'. Ye thinks ye've been a-shadderin' me. I knows jest whar ye've been all the time. Ye lies when ye talks 'bout passin' through. Ye've done been spyin' hyar, ever since Jesse Purvy got shot, an' all thet time ye've done been watchin' yerself. I reckon hit'll be healthier fer ye ter do yore spyin' from 't'other side of the ridge. I reckon yer allowin' ter git me of Purvy dies, but we're watchin' ye."

Jim Asberry's face darkened, but he said nothing. There was nothing to say. He was discovered in the enemy's country and must accept the enemy's terms.

"This hyar time I lets ye go back said Samson, "Ter the reason thet ye tryin' like all h—l ter keep this truce. But ye must stay on yore side else ride the roads open. How Purvy terday?"

"He's mighty porely," replied other, in a sullen voice.

"All right. Thet's another reason why hit hain't healthy fer ye o' hyar."

The spy turned and made his way over the mountain.

"D—n him!" muttered Samson, his face twitching, as the other was lost in the undergrowth. "Some I'm a-goin' ter git him."

Tamarack Spicer did not at once reappear, and when one of the South met another in the road the customary dialogue would be: "Heered anythin' of Tamarack?" . . . "No, hev yo?" "No, nary a word."

As Lescott wandered through the hills, his unhurt right hand began leaning out for action and a brush nurse. As he watched, day after day the unveiling of the monumental hills and the transitions from hazy, writhing whispers of hues to strong, flaming riot of color, this fret of restlessness became actual pain. He was wasting wonderful opportunity and the creative instinct in him was clamoring.

One morning, when he came out after sunrise to the tin wash basin at the well, the desire to paint was him with compelling force. The hand ended near their bases like things went off. Beyond lay limitless stretchers of mist, but, while he stood at the filmy veil began to lift and higher. Trees and mountains grew taller. The sun, which showed as a ghost-like disk of polished aluminum, struggled through orange vermillion into a sphere of livid flame. Lescott heard a voice at side.

"When does ye 'low ter commence paintin'?"

It was Samson. For anewer, artist, with his unhurt hand, indently tapped his bandaged wrist.

"Ye still got yore right hand, hain't ye?" demanded the boy. The other laughed. It was a typical question, long as one had the trigger finger one should not admit disqualification.

"You see, Samson," he explained, "this isn't precisely like handling a gun. One must hold the palette; the colors; wipe the brushes and half a dozen equally necessary things. It requires at least two perfectly good hands. Many people don't find it enough."

"But hit only takes one ter do paintin', don't hit?"

"Well"—the boy spoke diffidently but with enthusiasm—"between two of us we've got three hands. I reckon ye kin learn me how ter do them other things ter ye."

Lescott's surprise showed in his face and the lad swept eagerly on. "Mebby hit hain't none of my business, but, all day yestiddy an' day before, I was studyin' 'bout here thing, an' I hustled up thar thet corn weeded an' now I'm through. Ef I kin help ye out I thought nary—"

He paused and looked appealingly at the artist.

Lescott whistled and then his lighted into contentment.

"Today, Samson," he announced, "Lescott, South and Company is busy."

It was the first time he had seen Samson smile, and, although the expression was one of sheer delight, herent somberness loomed at the top of the wistful.

When, an hour later, the two stood out, the mountain boy carried the paraphernalia and the old man standing at the door watched them off with a half-quizzical, half-disapproving glance.

As the boy, with remarkable aptitude, learned how to adjust the palette and arrange the paraphernalia, Lescott sat drinking in through thirsty lips the stretch of landscape he had determined to paint.

Then, while he painted, the boy held the palette, his eyes riveted on a canvas which was growing from a blank to a mirror of vistas—and the boy's pupils became deeply hungry.

The day of painting was followed by others like 'it. The disabling of Lescott's left hand made the constant companionship of the boy a matter that needed no explanation or apology, though not a matter of approval to the uncle.

Another week had passed without the reappearance of Tamarack Spicer. One afternoon Lescott and Samson were alone on a cliff-protected spot, and the painter had just blocked in with amber and neutral tint the sketch of his next picture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tribute Money. Fancy long ago said that the marks on either side of the head of the haddock were made by the Apostle's finger and thumb as they held the fish from his mouth. But alas for the haddock! Most of the fish there belong to the barbel family, and no one has ever told us authoritatively that particular variety the tribute being fish belonged to. The "half st" of the tribute was 112 grains, the weight of silver, say nearly a quarter of an ounce, worth about thirty cents today, but greatly more in old days.

The Girl Who is in Demand. There is a price on the head of a pretty girl who can bake good bread. Most any girl can look pretty in the parlor chandelier or in the moonlight, but, ah, how few will look at next morning at 6:30, and fewer can set before the hungry at breakfast a plate of appetizing biscuits, and for the one who can be girls are searching the world.

Solved. Professor Grouch has at last solved the problem of abolishing distress in the world.

"What's his scheme?"

"To starve the poor off the face of the earth."

For Five Years I was Troubled with a Chronic Disease. Peruna Cured me Sound and Well.



Mrs. Maggie Durbin, 209 Victory St., Little Rock, Ark., writes: "I was troubled for five years with a chronic disease. I tried everything I heard of, but nothing did me any good. Some doctors said my trouble was catarrh of the bowels, and some said consumption of the bowels. One doctor said he could cure me: I took his medicine two months, but it did me no good. A friend of mine advised me to try Peruna and I did so. After I had taken two bottles I found it was helping me, so I continued its use, and it has cured me sound and well. I can recommend Peruna to any one, and if any one wants to know what Peruna did for me if they will write to me I will answer promptly."

The Pan-American Union. The Pan-American union is an official organization made up of the twenty-one republics of the American continent. Its office is in Washington and its executive officer is John Barrett, with the title of director general of the Pan-American union. The governing board which controls its activities is composed of the diplomatic representatives at Washington of each of these nations, with the secretary of state of the United States as its chairman. Its home is in a beautiful white marble palace which cost one million dollars, of which Andrew Carnegie gave three quarters of a million dollars and the various governments gave a quarter million dollars.—Leslie's Weekly.

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach. Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

The Conqueror's Return.

Mr. Mouatt, born tired, also father of a large family, spent most of his married life in bed, while Mrs. Mouatt worked in the glass factory, just to keep things moving. One morning Mr. Mouatt became impregnated with the large idea of getting out of bed at last and offering his services to his country. On calling at Mrs. Mouatt's one day last week a lady found her in tears.

"Why, Mrs. Mouatt, what is the matter? Has your husband been wounded?"

"No, miss. (Loud sniffles.)

"Well, dear me! I hope he has not been killed!"

"Oh, it's worse than that, miss! 'E's coming 'ome!"—Judge.

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, backache, sprains. Adv.

Solved. Professor Grouch has at last solved the problem of abolishing distress in the world.

... M & M CO ...

The People's Store

OUR MOTTO: Better Service, Better Values, New Goods Each Season.

Knowing the people of Hedley trade territory are entitled to and demand the best in merchandise, our buyer will leave for the Eastern Market Feb. 13, to buy our Spring stock.

It will pay you to see our Bargain Tables; 1 lot Lace, choice per yd 3c; one lot 25 & 50c Dress Goods---just the thing for school wear---on table at 19 & 39c per yard.

Clean fresh Groceries--we sell nothing but Standard Goods.
We pay the highest market price for POULTRY AND EGGS.

Hedley Drug Co.
All Prescriptions Carefully Compounded
from Purest Drugs. No substitute.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Ed and Pub

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

Entered as second class matter October 28, 1910, at the post office at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Four issues make a newspaper month.

Advertising locals run and are charged for until ordered out, unless specific arrangements are made when the ad is brought in.

All Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Advertising Church or Society doings when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

Plant trees.

W. H. G. ?

Join the Commercial Club

Subscribe for the Informer

Have you planted any trees yet? If not, are you going to plant any? If not, why not?

Saturday, February 2, is Trade Day, and Hedley business men are beginning to plan to offer inducements and entertainment to the visitors.

We wonder how a 15 cent tax would take in Donley county now. The Informer would like to have expression from its readers in regard to such a tax.

It pays to advertise. We have secured several new subscribers and several old ones renewed on the strength of the ad we had last week offering the Informer, Farm & Ranch and Holland's Magazine, all three 10 months for \$1.20. This offer is good for only a few weeks yet.

It is being circulated around that the Democrat charges for publishing news items. This is an error as we are always glad and appreciate it very much when anyone has a visitor, to phone the item to us or should you make a visit we would like to know it also. We do charge for business locals but nothing for news items--Democrat.

So you are having the same kind of trouble are you, Democrat? It seems that some people can not differentiate between news and advertising. News is something that's done, and advertising is something that is wanted to be done for a consideration.

The Informer has the best lot of subscribers in Texas. We have not sent out any statements this past twelve months, neither have we printed a request in the paper nor personally asked any one to pay up their subscriptions, and yet they have been paying up all along. It's because they like the Informer and get their money's worth. We seldom ask a man to subscribe, because we haven't time in the first place, and it's a business proposition in the second place, for if people want the paper, they will subscribe just like they would go to a store for flour, sugar or coffee when they want it without the merchant coming along personally and asking them to buy. And our list is steadily growing on the merits of the paper.

The time for tree planting and tree culture is fast passing and The Post would remind its readers that what is to be done in this line should be done very soon. No possible investment in town property will yield bigger returns than a little money and labor expended on planting trees. If you ever want to sell your property a few real good trees will add much more than their cost to the price of same. In fact, a few trees will often cause the closing of a deal that would otherwise be missed altogether. If you do not sell but merely live in your home, there is no doubt that a few trees planted for shade will add very much to the pleasure of same. So the logical conclusion is that if you have not all the trees needed, get busy and plant some before it is too late--Childress Post.

The Informer has a Scholarship in the Bowie Commercial College for sale at a bargain. If you expect to attend a business college come in and talk it over.



FARMER RADFORD ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The home is the greatest contribution of women to the world, and the hearthstone is her throne. Our social structure is built around her, and social righteousness is in her charge. Her beautiful life lights the skies of hope and her refinement is the charm of twentieth century civilization. Her graces and her power are the cumulative products of generations of queenly conquest, and her crown of exalted womanhood is jeweled with the wisdom of saintly mothers. She has been a great factor in the glory of our country, and her noble achievements should not be marred or her hallowed influence blighted by the coarser duties of citizenship. American chivalry should never permit her to bear the burdens of defending and maintaining government, but should preserve her unsullied from the allied influences of politics, and protect her from the weighty responsibilities of the sordid affairs of life that will crush her ideals and lower her standards. The motherhood of the farm is our inspiration, she is the guardian of our domestic welfare and a guide to a higher life, but directing the affairs of government is not within woman's sphere, and political gossip would cause her to neglect the home, forget to mend our clothes and burn the biscuits.

WANT-ADS

FOR SALE--Two Poland China male pigs. Pedigrees furnished. J. Grooms.

FOR SALE--Black Locust trees 5 years old, 25c each. Mrs. Effie Dunn.

FOR SALE--Full blood Brown Leghorn roosters, \$1 each. J. R. Cox.

FOR SALE--Span of big work mules, 6 and 7 years old. A. J. Sibley.

FOR SALE--My residence and lots; terms, half cash, balance trade or good notes. J. M. Killian.

FOR SALE--Several teams of coming 3 year old mules. Cash or good notes. W. A. Kinslow, Hedley, Tex.

FOR SALE--50 bushels pure Mebane Cotton Seed at 75c per bushel. The seed from which this was raised cost me \$1.50 per bushel. Frank Simmons.

WANTED--3 or 4 boys and girls in Hedley to distribute samples. Make from 50c to \$1.00 after school. Every thing free, post paid. Write today. Wichita Falls Speciality Co. Box 527. Wichita Falls, Texas.

Informer and Semi-weekly Ft. Worth Record, or Semi-weekly Farm News, one year \$1.75.

Informer, Farm & Ranch and Holland's Magazine, all three 10 months for \$1.20.

WANTED--More people in this territory to become readers of the Informer.

The Informer \$1 and Woman's Home Companion \$1.50, both for \$2.10.

The Commoner (William J. Bryan's paper) and the Hedley Informer both one year for \$1.50.

Modern Priscilla, Pictorial Review and Ladies World, all three \$3.00, and Informer \$1; all four for the extraordinary price of \$2.65.

GOT RESULTS

The following want-ads brought results:

FOUND--A boys overcoat. Owner can get same by calling at the Informer office and paying for this notice. Found the owner.

LOST--Watch, size 16, 7 jewel. Return to Informer Office and receive reward. Will Tompt. Watch came home and went to bed between the mattresses.

A. M. Sarvis, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Hedley Drug Co.
Phones: Office 27, Res 28
Hedley, Texas.

J. E. Ozier, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office North of Harris Bros.
Office Phone No. 45-3r
Residence Phone No. 45-2r.
Hedley, Texas.

DR. B. YOUNGER

DENTIST

Clarendon, Texas

DR. J. W. EVANS

DENTIST

Clarendon, Texas

CLEVE FLOYD

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

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Eye Glasses and Spectacles
Made to Order.

At HEDLEY DRUG CO
1st and 2nd Thursdays in Each
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INSURANCE

J. C. WELLS
Agent

Meal and Chops

I have meal and chops for sale at all times at my mill. And will grind, chop or crush any and every day. When you want good good meal just try mine you will like it. N. M. Hornsby.

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**TRADE
DAY**

**SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 27**

**Watch This Page Next
WEEK FOR DETAILS**

TURKEY RAISING PAYS

Fowls Have Proved of Benefit to Growing Crops

City Buyers Are Willing to Pay Fancy Prices for Birds Provided They Come Direct From Farms Free From Disease

(By M. E. WHITLACK.) It has been said again and again that turkeys are destructive to crops, but in the writer's experience they have, instead, proved a benefit to growing crops of hay or grain; they are in search of insects, not grain food.

As soon as, or before, the hens show an inclination to seek for insects in the spring a sufficient number of barrels or large boxes should be placed where they can find them, preferably on the ground so that the hen may walk into the nest; if she has to jump down into the barrel or box the chances are some eggs will be broken. Seclude these boxes or barrels by partly covering them with brush or straw. After the hen begins to lay, remove the eggs each day, placing one or two hens' eggs in their place.

If the hen lays more than fifteen eggs, give all over that number to a chicken hen, but when the eggs are hatched, give all to the turkey hen. After the hen has been shut her in safely from anything that might harm her, but let her off the nest each morning very early, shutting her in again when she returns.

Some claim that the chicken hen makes the best mother, but if those who claim this will notice when feeding young turkeys with chicken hen, they will see that often the turkeys will, after eating a few mouthfuls, go off in search of an insect, called back by their unnatural mother and encouraged to stuff themselves with unnatural food.

They do not wish to eat much at one time and when being fed should, at the same time, be supplied with water; but when allowed to roam they do very well if watered at night and morning, but if they come in from the field during the day it is because they want water.

Nature has taught them to eat insects almost exclusively when young, while the same teacher instructs the turkey hen to take her brood where such food is abundant, showing them to secure it for themselves.

The hen scarcely ceases her watch long enough to secure the necessary food to sustain herself, for she seems always to have her head in the air to see that the coast is clear.

The turkey crop hatched previous to June 1 should attain good growth by the last of November, the cock birds reaching ten to twelve pounds. The turkey is not fully matured



Young Bronze Turkey.

until two years of age, and in his prime at three years, and nearly as good at four years old. It is, therefore, a mistake to sell off the older birds and retain the young ones for breeding purposes.

Young turkeys are of a delicate nature until they are fully feathered and have thrown out most of their heads, which usually occurs at about three months of age. After that they are hardy, and may be allowed unlimited range at all times.

To fatten turkeys for market they should be confined in pens of about ten feet square and from six to eight birds to the pen. The quarters must be warm and dry, and the birds must be protected from the rains and storm. A good fattening food is a mash of two parts bran and shew, one-fourth ground wheat, mixed with a little water. Whole corn and wheat is also an excellent fatterer, and they may be given as much of this as they will eat. A little beef fat, finely chopped, given once or twice a week, is relished and has a good effect. Skim milk should be kept before the birds always.

Turkey raising can be made a very profitable business, particularly in the West, where all kinds of grain grow at small cost. It will pay well if only the regular markets are used, but if a private trade is worked up, which is easily done in any part of the country today, the profits can easily be increased from 25 to 50 per cent.

Molasses to Dairy Cows. When molasses is fed to dairy cows, it is usually preferable to mix it with the grain feeds in the feed cart; the molasses being poured over the mixed grain feed and the mass then worked over thoroughly with the shovel or a fork, until all the particles have a molasses coating. Diluting the molasses with an equal amount of water will make the mixing easier.

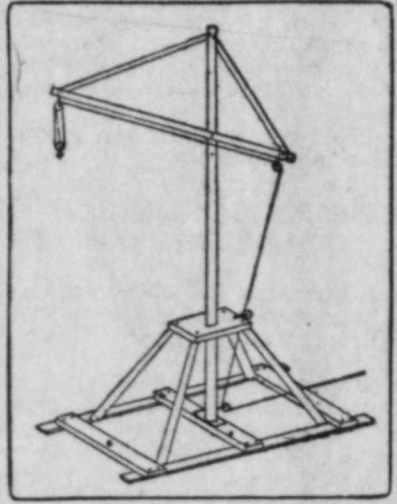
Business Farming. Growing alfalfa is good business farming.

EVERY FARM NEEDS A HOIST

Many Little Inexpensive Contrivances Can Be Built for General Use Around the Farm.

There is a lot of heavy lifting about farm work. There are, however, many little inexpensive contrivances, some of which it is necessary to buy and others of which can be homemade, which will save a great deal of very hard labor. One of the things which should be on every farm is a light hoist costing \$2, or possibly a little more, the cost depending upon the lifting capacity. A hoist 2,000 to 4,000 capacity is the most satisfactory size for general farm work.

With a good hoist you can do all the heavy lifting without calling your neighbor or interrupting the hired man in his work. It is surprising the great number of jobs on which a hoist can be used, at a great saving of time and labor. A hoist will lift stones, logs, sacks of grain to loft, pull stumps



Farm Derrick.

and small trees, lift pump pipe from wells, bind loads of hay, lift windmills, change wagon boxes, etc.

A hoist hung in the wagon shed will pull the hay rack or wagon box up out of the way when not in use. Drive into the shed, attach the hoist to the hay rack, put it up and drive out from under it, and when again wanted on the wagon, back the wagon under the rack and let it down onto the gear.

A hoist can be used to good advantage when butchering for lifting the carcass. It enables the man to swing up a 300-pound hog where it would otherwise take two or three men on a dead lift.

VALUE OF WINTER MANURING

Gives Spring Rains Chance to Soak Decomposed Fertilizer into Soil, Instead of Washing It Away.

(By G. A. FORMOSA.) I think manures can be applied cheaper in the winter, as most farmers are not very busy at this time of the year, consequently they should not be so much occupied as in the spring when they should be rushing in their crops.

I think when the manure is applied in the winter it gives the spring rains a chance to soak the decomposed manure into the soil instead of washing it away, as some writers think, and also helps rot the coarse manure that is left, so by the time the land is ready to work, it does not gather under the plow beam or clog the cultivator teeth as it does when applied in the spring.

I think, and a large part of the best farmers think, that the fresher manure is applied the more valuable it is, for when it is placed in a large heap to rot, part of it will be almost useless by the time all of the heap is rotted.

The reason why some of it is spoiled is this, the large heap generates so much heat that the bottom and middle of the heap is burned until there is very little fertilizing matter in it.

Manure, properly applied, we all know is very beneficial to the soil, inasmuch as it supplies much of the lost fertility, but manure can be so applied as to be an injury instead of a benefit.

Always try to apply your coarse manure to clay soils, as they need something to keep them porous as well as to fertilize them.

Do not apply coarse manure to loamy soil, as it keeps it too open and will consequently dry out.

For two years we have applied as soon as the ground froze, a light coat of manure to our winter wheat. It keeps the snow from being all blown off, leaving it all exposed, and also protects it in the early spring, as well as fertilizing it.

POULTRY NOTES

Stronger fertility is secured from birds on range.

Allow the hens free range. Wire in the garden, not the hens.

Spray the brood coops once a week with some good solution and move to fresh ground.

Be sure and feed the table scraps to the fowls. Milk is one of the best feeds for egg production.

See that there is absolutely no draft in the poultry house. The birds can stand much cold, but drafts will kill them.

A flock of chickens will level a pile of sand or chaff as often as it is raised for them. The exercise they get in this way is the best sort for them.

M'Millan's Juja Farm

OUT in British East Africa, almost directly under the equator, lies Juja Farm, the immense ranch owned by William N. McMillan, once a business man in St. Louis. After twenty years of exploration and adventure, he has settled down there to the relatively quiet life of a farmer and hunter, and his greatest excitement nowadays comes in the entertainment of some noted hunter of big game, like Theodore Roosevelt, the sultan of Zanzibar, Lord Lonsdale, Aga Khan and Chase Osborn of Michigan.

The 40,000 acres of Juja Farm, and the smaller 15,000-acre holdings of Mrs. McMillan, Maa Farm, some 15 miles away, stand 5,500 feet above sea level, on the great Maa escarpment of Eastern Africa, 325 miles inland from Mombasa, principal British African port in the Indian ocean.

Here, in a long, low, one-story farmhouse, with vine-covered verandas and numerous outbuildings, Mr. McMillan lives the life of a British landed proprietor, in almost feudal splendor, ruling the natives residing on his holdings, hunting the elephant, the rhinoceros and the lion, and protecting his herds and flocks and people from their ravages. On his broad acres, the lordly lion and his vicious spouse, king it over their fellow creatures; here are rhinoceros, hideous hyena and beautiful leopard; here graceful gazelle and powerful, ungainly gnus, alert and wary, cross the endless flats; from the vine-covered veranda of the low-beamed house can be seen black and white striped zebra and ruddy hartebeest, reed buck and waterbuck, immense eland and tiny dikdik, and all the other half hundred antelope varieties that disport on the equatorial plains. In the papyrus marshes dotting the bosom of the swamps and rimming every sea-green lake, the terrible

part is under cultivation, but the wide fields of sprouting maize, the great stretches of sisal hemp and coffee, the clustering blossoms of the American orchard and the sweet fragrance of the gardens all testify to the wealth and generosity of the soil of the farmstead. Cattle and sheep, horses and monkeys graze in the thick lush grass of the high slopes, beside the queer, beehive huts of the natives, under the care of Masai shepherds.

Buffalo Most Dangerous. Unlike Mr. Roosevelt, who has expressed the opinion that the lion is the most dangerous of African animals to hunt, and Sir Samuel Baker and other mighty hunters, who find the palm to the elephant, Mr. McMillan, after almost 15 years' experience, unhesitating places the water buffalo as the most dangerous foe to human life, when wounded and brought to bay by the huntsman.

The rhinoceros, in Mr. McMillan's opinion is of little actual danger to an experienced and thoroughly alert man. Possessed, apparently, of the most savage and erratic temper of any of the larger animals, it can see but poorly out of those red, pig-like eyes, being scarcely able to distinguish a man a short distance away. Then, when he charges, he runs blindly, throwing his huge bulk forward in a straight line from which he seldom deviates. The hunter, if he be sure-footed and collected, should his fire fall to stop the gigantic beast, can easily evade him by dodging, stepping aside when the charge is almost upon him, and there is but little likelihood of the rhino returning to the attack.

These animals are much given to wanton attacks, seemingly running amuck at times. On one such occasion, a rhino came out of the nearby brush and charged wildly through the Juja Farm garden. Coming upon one



RHINOCEROS HUNTING ON JUJA FARM

of the native laborers who, squatting savage style on his haunches, was weeding the flower beds, he impaled the unsuspecting negro on his long horn, tossed him high into the air, and trampled on in his errand of destruction. He reached the road outside, charged lengthwise through a 16-yoke oxen team, upsetting the wagon, and then, going out to the plain beyond, charged the farm overseer and was promptly shot by that experienced huntsman.

Future of East Africa. Mr. McMillan sees a great future ahead for that part of Africa in which he is settled. Though at present there are dangerous beasts that prey upon the flesh of man, and he finds fresh dangers wherever he may go, overhead and underfoot, foes that crawl and bite and sting and poison, that kill his flocks and ruin his growing grain, yet for all that he is positive in his belief that it is essentially a white man's country. It is almost directly under the equator, yet with its high altitude, its clear, cool nights, and its dry, bracing atmosphere, there is but little of the tropic sickness, malaria is unknown, the terrible sleeping sickness is being rapidly eliminated, and the soil is so amazingly fertile that in a few generations it should prove the granary of the world. Almost any ordinary European and American fruit or vegetable will flourish there; cotton is already being extensively cultivated along the coast lowlands; sisal hemp, corn and apples have proved most successful crops, and he thinks the coffee of the future will all ship out of Mombasa and other East African ports.

An Army of Servants. There are some 600 natives of the various tribes employed on Juja Farm. House servants and farm hands, laborers, horse boys, shepherds, porters and askari, or native soldiery. Over these Mr. McMillan rules with a kindly rein, being mayor and chief of police, board of city fathers and municipal justice, all bound up in one stalwart, impressive presence, for under the colonial system of British government, as a landed proprietor, holding acreage under purchase from the crown, and more than 15 miles from town or other seat of permanent justice, he is endowed with magisterial powers, and may settle all cases of minor misdemeanors, theft and petty savage knavery, which carry with them no deprivation of liberty.

Of this vast plantation only a small

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Modesty Rewarded.
"She quit because the manager of the show asked her to wear tights."
"You seldom see a chousu girl like that."
"Seldom, indeed. The incident gave her so much free advertising that she is now drawing a fancy salary in vaudeville for posing seminude as a living picture model."

TENDER SENSITIVE SKINS
Quickly Soothed by Cuticura. Nothing Better. Trial Free.

Especially when preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap. Many comforting things these fragrant super-creamy emollients may do for the skin, scalp, hair and hands and do it quickly, effectively and economically. Also for the toilet, bath and nursery. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A New Cure.
A bedpost has not generally been regarded so much as an eye-opener as an eye-shutter, but if a story that comes from Boston is true—and what story from Boston was ever untrue?—our oculists should go to school to the handmaids of Morpheus. Mr. Frank H. Hayes, who has been stone blind for nine years, so the tale runs, struck his head violently against the bedpost on arising, and was astounded a few minutes afterward to find that his sight had been entirely restored. We do not know whether the virtue of this cure lay in the bedpost or in the fact that it was a Boston bedpost, but if it was really effected in this way there would seem to be a good deal in such inanimate objects not heretofore dreamed of in the philosophy of optics. One of the morals of this modern miracle would seem to be that "knocking" is sometimes a very efficacious process, and that the only way to make some folks see things is by knocking them into their heads.—Baltimore Sun.

Poor Doggy!
"Say, mister, will you give me five cents?"
"What for?"
"I want to buy a loaf of bread for my starving family."
"Oh, certainly, in that case. Here's your nickel."
"Thank you, sir. Now, if it isn't asking too much, will you give me a dime more?"
"What for?"
"I want to buy some meat for my dog."

Solace.
"Ah," he murmured, "if there were only something in this mundane world that would solace all these vague yearnings, satisfy one's wildest longings, and fill the aching void within!"
"Well, what's the matter with pie?"

THREE REASONS
Each With Two Legs and Ten Fingers.
A Boston woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys.

Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys, Bob, Jack, and Dick, respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given candy."
"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3-year-old child was a weakened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work, and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts."
"Both husband and I use Grape Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is soon shown in greatly increased health, strength and mental activity.
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Their Pastor's Faults.
Warden—So you got rid of your pastor?
Elder—Yes; he was a good man, but he was too dry in his preaching—always giving us a history of the Jews. But we don't like our new pastor much, either.
Warden—What's the matter with him?
Elder—Well, he preaches with tears in his voice all the time.
Warden—I see. The old pastor was too historical, and the new one too hysterical.

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS
It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

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 on each bottle. Adv.

The masculine idea of an intellectual woman is one who is built like a hairpin and wears spectacles.

What you do counts for a great deal more than what you say.

A Stitch in Time
Colds, fevers and germ diseases are pretty sure to overwork the kidneys and leave them weak. In convalescence, in fact, at any time when suspicion is aroused by a lame, aching back, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness or disordered urine, the use of Doan's Kidney Pills is a stitch in time that may avoid serious kidney disease.
No other medicine is so widely used, so freely recommended or so generally successful.

A Texas Case
D. C. Cole, Main St., Bastrop, Tex., says: "I was told that my case was developing into a bright disease. The kidney secretions were filled with sediment and I noticed purty sacs under my eyes. My ankles swelled, I had dizzy spells and had to pass the kidney secretions too often. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after doctors had failed."

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

DEFIANCE STARCH
is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money.
DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

\$ 6% LOANS \$
On Farms and City Property
Money available after January 1st, 1915. To loan on improved and unimproved farm and city property, in amounts \$100.00 up to \$5,000.00 for terms of 1 to 5 years. File applications at once with Farmers Securities Co., Hedley Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

A Big Influence

It is surprising the wonderful influence good digestion has on your general health. It not only promotes strength, but also keeps the liver active and bowels open.

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters



THICK CREAM GAINS FAVOR

Colorado State Dairy Inspector Answers One of Most Common Questions Bothering Dairymen.

(By R. McCANN, State Dairy Inspector, Colorado Agricultural College.) One of the most common questions arising among cream producers and handlers of cream is that of how thick cream should be skimmed, when the same is to be used in butter-making.

Cream skimmed so as to test between 35 per cent and 40 per cent is of the most desirable thickness. Thick cream keeps better than thin cream, there is also not the waste in handling a smaller bulk of cream than there is of larger amounts in the way of hauling and express charges, more over the skim milk is kept on the farm for feeding calves and pigs. If it is too thick, there is a loss in some of the cream going over into the skim milk and also a considerable waste from the amount of cream that will adhere to cans and utensils.

A uniform richness of cream may be obtained at each separation.

1. By using the same amount of waste or skim milk when flushing the bowl.

2. By keeping the cream screw the same.

3. By running the separator at the same and at a uniform speed.

4. By having the temperature of the milk the same each time.

5. By keeping a uniform inflow to the bowl.

6. By washing the separator thoroughly after using.

Exactly the same butterfat test cannot be expected every time from the observation of the above, as there are other factors entering affecting results, but a close following of the six named checks on variation will work wonders toward getting a uniform thickness of cream throughout the season.

PREVENT COW FROM KICKING

Device Arranged Around Hind Quarters Acts as Simple Means of Educating Animal to Be Good.

With this new arrangement hooked up to her hind quarters, "bossy" will kick nobody but herself when she undertakes to show her resentment by a rear thrust at the milk pail or the dairy maid. After a few experiences with a kick which rebounds every time on herself, she soon becomes cured of the kicking habit.



Reflex Kicking Strap for the Cow.

Kicking cow is an aggravation about the dairy and the device referred to has been recently patented and is a simple means of educating her to be good. It will be quickly seen how the device is applied to the hind leg of the bovine and also how any pressure exerted upon the device, as in an effort to kick, the energy thus expended will give her a sharp reminder that she is not to have it all her own way.

BEST FEEDING FOR PROTEIN

Necessity for Giving More Than One Grain—Wheat Bran, Corn and Stover Make Good Ration.

Dairymen who are on a short allowance in the matter of grain naturally wish to keep down the expense bill, and make the mistake of feeding one grain only. For example, a correspondent asks which would give him the best results, corn or wheat bran, when, as a matter of fact, he should feed both to get anywhere near a balanced ration, and they should be fed in the proportion of one part of the wheat bran to six parts of the corn. This, with corn stover as roughage and with an occasional feed of oil meal or a change to some of the concentrated feeds like gluten meal, will supply a fairly balanced ration and not a costly one. Those who have to do with farm affairs are coming more and more to figure out these problems instead of guessing at what they should do or working on the same plans they followed years ago, when conditions were, perhaps, much different. This is going in the right direction and the ultimate results will not fail to be satisfactory.

CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVATES

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels With "Dodson's Liver Tone."

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. Take a dose of the vile, dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with your bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't

straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

Return of the Walnut.

The wood of our fathers, the good old "black walnut" that was reckoned the supreme cabinet material of 50 years ago, has come back. True, they call it "American walnut" now, and give it a shiny finish and try to hide the deep, purplish brown which is the true glory of the stuff; but it is the same old wood in spite of all. May it soon get back its ancient name and more than its ancient popularity.

HOW TO HEAL THAT RAW, ITCHING, SCALY SKIN

If you are suffering with eczema, ringworm, rash or similar tormenting skin disease, try resinol ointment and resinol soap. You will be surprised how quickly the itching stops and the skin becomes clear and healthy again. Prescribed by doctors for 20 years. All druggists sell resinol ointment (50c and \$1.00), and resinol soap (25c).—Adv.

Frank Comment.

In his very early youth Mr. Mumpser had been a pretty child. His friends did not believe this was possible, and even he had forgotten all about it until one day he unearthed a painting of himself at that period from among the old lumber.

This he handed to his wife as some compensation for his present somewhat worn-eaten appearance.

"There, Alice," said Mrs. Mumpser, proudly exhibiting the picture to the servant. "That is a portrait of your master, painted when he was a child."

Alice gazed open-mouthed at the production.

"Lor, mum," she said, after some moments, "what a pity it is we have to grow up, ain't it?"—London Answers.

A GLASS OF SALTS WILL END KIDNEY-BACKACHE

Says Drugs Excite Kidneys and Recommend Only Salts, Particularly If Bladder Bothers You.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.—Adv.

Powerful Russian Statesman.

Michael D. Tchelisheff, the man responsible for the present governmental ban on vodka, the demoralizing Russian drink, is a peasant by birth and originally a house painter. Then he became mayor of the city of Samara, and is now a millionaire. Physically he is a giant, standing over six feet four inches in his stocking feet and of powerful build.

The fellow who is good at making excuses isn't very valuable for anything else.—Toledo Blade.

A man looks cheap when his wife calls him "dear" in public.

WANTED TO CONTINUE GAME

Secretary Lane Couldn't Understand Defeat in Golf While He Had Clubs to Play.

Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, was invited the other day to go out and play golf.

"I can't play it," said Daniels; "I made up my mind some time ago not to go in for golf until they change the rules."

"How do you mean?" "Well, until they change the rules and make it as good a game as shindy."

That recalls the tale they tell about the time Franklin K. Lane, now secretary of the interior, first undertook the mastery of golf.

Two enthusiasts over the game lent a large set of clubs to Lane and they played a round. When they had reached the last hole Lane walked over to the nearest teeing place and began attempts to drive off with each club in his sack, one after another.

"The game's all over," they explained, gently.

"Well," asked Lane, picking up another kind of club, "can't I play my hand out?"—New York Sun.

INDIGESTION, GAS OR SICK STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Diapepsin, jot this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food.

Go now, make the best investment you ever made by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

No Change.

"He became run down from his overworking himself at agricultural pursuits, and the doctor advised a change of occupation, which is why he came back to town and set up as a fashionable dentist."

"That's no change of occupation. He's still cultivating achers."

Formation of Opinions.

"What do you think of the president's speech?"

"I don't like it!"

"Have you read it?"

"No. When I disagree with a man's politics, I don't have to read his speeches to know I don't like 'em."

Not What He Meant.

"I'll bet I can tell what you are laughing at."

"I'll bet you can't. Perhaps your nose doesn't look as funny as you imagine it does."

Hicks' CAPUDINE

CURES HEADACHES AND COLDS—Easy To Take—Quick Relief.—Adv.

London Crisis.

"Walter! Vienna steak, please!"

"Ush, sir, we calls 'em Petrograd patties now, sir!"

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU why Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Stinging, No Itching, No Burning. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Poor relations are almost as easy to accumulate as empty tomato cans.

WANTED A PERMANENT BOND

Mite of Seven Years Had Worked Out Solution of Problem of His Satisfaction.

He is the merest mite, only seven, and his widowed mother, who married the other day for the second time to "daddy"—a really very nice person who had long been fast friends with the stepson-elect and had no idea of being an interloper.

There are problems to be figured out—even when you are seven.

"Mother," asked the mite, "who are you going to marry when daddy dies?"

"Why, my dear," she replied, "what a curious question."

"Well," responded the mite, "when father died you married daddy—and now, when daddy dies, I know just who I want you to marry."

"Why, my little son!" exclaimed the perplexed mother. "You shouldn't speak like that. Daddy is going to die."

"Yes, mother, I know, but he might die. Then, if he ever does, mother, I want you to promise me that you'll marry me—'cause then—then, you see—we would never have to be separated."

Thus, even at seven, does a heart know its own sorrow.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of the famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it. No one can possibly tell that you have darkened your hair, as it does it naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.—Adv.

Khaki for the Navy.

Naval medical authorities, after experience gained in naval operations at Vera Cruz, are of the opinion that white clothing, particularly white hats, are too easily penetrated by the sun's rays and are therefore unsuitable for use in the tropics. It is recommended that only khaki or forestry neutral clothing be supplied to the navy for landing parties. The Pathfinder.

Admiration.

"What do you think of my latest series of observations?" asked one scientist.

"Wonderfully interesting," replied the other. "If you had not been a scientist you would have made a great press agent."

In Mineralogy.

Professor—Name the best known diamond.

Mr. A.—The ace.

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Montpelier, Vt. — "We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me." — Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.



An Honest Dependable Medicine. It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtues and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

"If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, 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."

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 5-1915.

Build Up With Wintersmith's Tonic

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FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Heartless Prophetess.

"Harold says that after we are married he will want me to dress like a queen."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "And for a while he will be as proud as a king. After that he will grumble like a taxpayer."

The Opportunist.

He—I love the true, the good, the beautiful, the—

She—Oh, George, this is so sudden!

—Take CAPUDINE—

For HEADACHES and GRIP. It's Liquid—Prompt and Pleasant.—Adv.

Where a pretty girl is concerned it doesn't take an egotist to make eyes.

How a girl does hate a male flirt—unless he is flirting with her!

To Cool a Burn and Take the Fire Out

Be Prepared For Accidents

A Household Remedy

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. OR WRITE C. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WHY NOT TRY POPHAM'S ASTHMA MEDICINE

Given Prompt and Positive Relief in Every Case. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00. Trial Packages by Mail 10c.

WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Blansfield Dr. Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

Locals

Plant trees.

J. H. White spent Sunday Carey.

Barney Harrison is at Estelle buying cotton.

Banker Ramsey was here from Clarendon Tuesday.

Mrs. Clint Phillips spent Monday in Clarendon.

E. C. Kerley bought T. T. Harrison's car this week.

Elgin Curry is here from Lake to make his home.

Lyman Davenport was here from Lakeview Sunday.

Bob Adamson left today for his home in New Mexico.

T. R. Moreman and family went to Clarendon Sunday.

C. H. Stone moved his blacksmith shop to Carey last week.

H. E. Cross of Saint Paul, Minn., visited a friend here last week.

County Atty. Link was here from Clarendon Tuesday looking after business.

Will Crawford and family of Clarendon visited his father, M. M., last Friday.

Miss Era Johnson visited relatives in Clarendon a few days first of the week.

Miss Myrthel Parker left for Childress last week to visit her sister, Mrs. Griffith.

F. O. Doherty returned this week from Paducah where he spent several weeks.

J. P. Sarvis, wife and mother and Miss Jack Storm visited Memphis Wednesday.

O. E. Hill and wife of Nola, N. M., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Hill.

Cecil Johnston was up from Dallas last week attending the funeral of W. C. Brinson.

Paul Sarvis took Dr. Mickel and Mr. Kinsner of Memphis to Roswell, N. M., this week.

Geo. Tomberlin and family of Smith, N. M., came this week to visit S. L. Adamson's family.

W. B. Robinson and wife left Tuesday morning for home to make their future home.

Jess Stiles returned this week from Dumont, Texas, where he had been visiting his little son.

Mrs. Heath of Houston has been visiting her friend, Mr. Clint Phillips, a few days.

M. L. Putman and family were in town trading Wednesday from their home in Windy Valley.

FOR SALE--Bright bund sorghum, \$3 per ton at the risk of J. G. McDougal.

Robt. Thomas and wife of Wellington visited his sister, Mrs. V. J. Luttrell, a few days this week.

Mrs. J. G. McDougal went to Memphis Thursday. Her sister underwent an operation for appendicitis there that morning.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor.

S. L. Guinn and wife of Amarillo spent several days last and this week with friends in Hedley.

Commissioner J. T. Bain went to Clarendon Monday to the regular term of Commissioners Court.

The Commoner (William J. J. Bryan's paper) and the Hedley Informer both one year for \$1.50.

Clarence Luttrell returned home Wednesday from Wellington where he has been several weeks.

Mrs. Otis Oiler and baby of Clarendon visited her parents, A. J. Newman and wife, Friday of last week.

Get your countenance worked over, and your head fixed up so that you will enjoy life at King's Barber Shop.

Miss Belva Solomon of Memphis visited from Friday to Sunday with her uncle J. T. Bain and family.

Mesdames A. S. Moss and Jim Wilson of Memphis were the guests of Mrs. T. T. Harrison Wednesday.

Miss Eva Godfrey of Wellington came Thursday to visit her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Madden.

J. C. Harris left last of last week for Dereco, N. M., where he has taken up land, and expects to live on same.

Miss Mae Simmons came up from Memphis last Friday and is spending the week with relatives and friends.

LOST--Log chain belonging to my engine and thresher outfit. Finder please return to E. C. Kerley.

B. W. Johnson, T. T. Harrison, J. W. Carraway and wife and Era Johnson went to Amarillo in Mr. Johnson's car Thursday.

Hedley is the town, and King is my name; no matter if it's just down, or whiskers, we shave 'em just the same. J. B. King.

Rev. Jas. A. Long preached the funeral sermon of Rev. W. M. Horn last Sunday. All the near relatives of deceased were present.

Rev. J. F. Kilman of Bowie has been preaching at the B. M. A. Church every night this week, and has been having a good attendance.

Pearl Boston came home from the Normal at Canyon last week. He was called to Claude to take charge of a school in that county last Monday.

Mrs. J. K. Caldwell was brought home last Friday from the sanitarium at Memphis where she underwent an operation. She is doing nicely.

Some horse buyers were here first of the week. Some good horses were offered, but none were bought so far as we have been able to learn.

Mesdames E. C. Herd and Watson and Miss Lucile Craft came up from Memphis Tuesday in Mrs. Watson's Ford to visit Mrs. B. W. Moreman.

BRIDE TREATED TO A MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER

Mrs. U. J. Boston was given a miscellaneous shower at A. F. Waldron's home in east Hedley Wednesday afternoon. She received many beautiful and useful presents.

Mr. Messer of Robstown, Tex., has been here visiting his brother T. N. This is not Mr. Messer's first trip here, and we are inclined to believe he likes this country.

R. F. Morris of Wellington, S. C., came last Saturday to look after his farming interest around Hedley. He owns several splendid farms here, and makes a trip from South Carolina once to twice each year.

FOR SALE--50 bushels pure Mebane Cotton Seed at 75c per bushel. The seed from which this was raised cost me \$1.50 per bushel. Frank Simmons.



ANNIVERSARY WEEK OF BOY SCOUTS

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13
10:00 A. M. Delivery of report on Scout work and Scout greetings to commercial club of officials, newspaper offices, members of local Troop Committee. Troop Good Turn.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 14
7:15 p. m.—Church Service. Rev. M. L. Story will preach on

the work of the Boy Scout Movement; his subject "Service to Others." Scouts will attend this service en masse.

Meal and Chops

I have meal and chops for sale at all times at my mill. And will grind, chop or crush any and every day. When you want good good meal just try mine, you will like it. N. M. Hornsby.

WANTED--3 or 4 boys and girls in Hedley to distribute samples. Make from 50c to \$1.00 after school. Every thing free, post paid. Write today. Wichita Falls Speciality Co. Box 527. Wichita Falls, Texas.

FIRE INSURANCE

J. C. WELLS
Agent

The only way to get the genuine **New Home** Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name **NEW HOME** on the arm and in the legs. This machine is warranted for all time.

No other like it
No other as good

The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS.

Reliable Dealer wanted in this Territory

WANTED--More people in this territory to become readers of the Informer.

Special Offer: All three of these papers for 10 Months for \$1.20. Subscribe!!!

All Three for \$1.75 for One Year.



\$1.75 will bring us on the run to your address regularly for one year.

Are You a Hollander?

DO YOU know just how much there is in a copy of Holland's Magazine? Have you ever looked over the table of contents? If not, you have a surprise in store for you. Just glance through one. Half a dozen to a dozen choice stories well written and well illustrated; a splendid cooking department,

with pages of reliable recipes and household helps; "Late Things in Fashions," a much enjoyed children's department, and so on. Thus is Holland's from cover to cover, filled with material of keen interest and value to every member of the family.

The Farmer's Right Hand Man

FARM AND RANCH is to the Southern farmer what Holland's is to the housewife. Its splendid articles by experts in agriculture, its mediums of correspondence with other farmers as to their problems, its Questions and Answers page are all sources of endless benefit to him. The Cousins

League department will bring pleasure to the children and the Household is enjoyed by the women. It's printed on good paper, from type that is easy to read and every issue contains many attractive illustrations. It is mailed in time to reach subscribers every Saturday.

Your Home Newspaper

TO complete the home library there remains only one thing--the home newspaper. This paper is one that will interest you in many ways, and give you all the local, and as much of the state and foreign news as we have space for and believe will be of interest. The advertising columns will tell

you, quickly and accurately, where you can make your purchases to the best advantage, thereby saving you unnecessary visits to the different stores. This paper is for the entire family, and no home in this community ought to be without it.

If subscribed to singly the subscription price of the above three publications is \$3.00. Order now and we will send all three of them to you regularly one year for only \$1.75.

Can you afford to neglect this opportunity?