

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 26, 1915

NO. 12

Improvements Going on Here

Bain & McCarroll this week sold their stock of hardware to Moreman & Battle and now have a straight line of dry goods and groceries which they are moving into the corner brick that was occupied by Harris Bros. The building has been fixed up for their occupancy, the partition removed and in the opera house portion the elevated floor removed and new level floor put down. This makes their store 130 feet long and will comfortably contain their large stock.

Harris Bros. have leased Mrs. Dishman's brick which they will occupy after March 1st.

J. B. King will move his barber shop to the Reeves (old post-office) building.

Chas. Boles, who has been in the grocery business at Wellington several years, has made arrangements to move to Hedley and will engage in the grocery business. He has not closed a deal for a business building, but is expected to arrive soon to make final arrangements.

SINGING TEACHER GETS IN BAD

L. Q. C. Taylor, who was taken to Fort Worth last week to trial in the United States district court, plead guilty to a charge of using the mails to defraud, and was sentenced by Judge Meeks to one year and one day in the penitentiary.

Taylor is known over the Panhandle as a conductor of rural singing schools, and has been a number of them in the smaller towns near Amarillo. He was arrested about four months ago in Amarillo on a charge brought against him in Colorado, and has since that time been in Potter county jail waiting trial—Amarillo Daily Panhandle.

MISSION STUDY CLASS

Thursday March 4, 2:30 p. m. Chapter 3. The Red Man and His White Neighbor.

Devotional Service. Theme, "All Ye are Brethren." Scripture The parable of the good Samaritan. Luke 10: 30-37.

Roll call—Names of Indian Tribes.

Readings:—From Chief Ganesoga's Standpoint—Mrs. T. T. Harrison.

White the color of Superiority—Mrs. Kennedy.

Indian Homes—Mrs. Lively.

Comparison of the Indian and the White Man's characters—Mesdames Bain and Story.

Changes in clothing, weapons etc.—Mrs. Masterson.

Reasons for these changes: Responsibility of the White neighbor for these varying views—Mrs. Wimberly.

Discussion: Resolved that the White Man has helped the Indian more than he has injured him. Affirmative: Mesdames Bain and Allen. Negative: Mesdames Harrison and Story.

Mission Work among the Indians—Mrs. Kendall.

Story, "How White Wings and Youngman Atrid of His shadow went to school"—Mrs. Wimberly.

We will get you any book or magazine published by Hedley Drug Co.

The Commercial Club started a movement Tuesday night that is proving a winner. The plan is for every property owner in town to plant one or more trees along his street; also that every man, woman and child in town and community plant one or more trees in the park Wednesday, March 3, at 2 p. m. Every man that has been approached by the committee, except some three or four, pledged to plant one or more trees. The exceptions, we suppose, are not able, else they don't want Hedley to grow. Of course, it is a question of personal privilege. We deem it a pleasure to plant one. And if we were not able to buy one, we would beg, borrow or steal one. Yes, actually steal, for it would be in a good cause. Not able! Great Scott! And a 5 year old tree can be obtained for 25c.

Members of the Baptist church put out a number of shade trees around the church first of the week. A move that might be carried out to advantage by other churches in town.

C. E. Johnson, the telephone man, put out trees Wednesday in front of his four lots on Main.

The Wooldridge yard and the Informer have contracted for trees to be put out in front of their lots. Who next?

W. H. G. ?
Plant a tree.

B. Y. P. U.

JUNIOR

Program for Sunday Feb. 27. Song Service. Roll call, Minutes, Announcements.

Memory verse in concert. At Our Own Door—Leader.

Survey of our Town—Walter Bishop.

What a Boy Can Do—Robert Horschler.

What a Girl Can Do—Mary Horschler.

Instances of personal service in this week's Daily Bible Readings by five Juniors.

1. Paul, Annie Richey.

2. Phillip, Lena Mae Brinson.

3. Anias, Laurence Baker.

4. Peter, Alva Alexander.

5. Barnabas Joe Nipper.

Jesus our example—Leader.

Doing our part—Different ones.

Prayer.

W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. Auxiliary had a very pleasant afternoon with Mrs. Masterson. Several members present. Two new members and two visitors.

Circle No 4 proved themselves excellent entertainers also serving delightful refreshments.

The Society will meet with Mrs. Story Monday March 1. Lesson, Bible Study beginning with chapter 13 finish 1 Kings.

FIGARO PRESERVER

What is it?

A liquid compound made by condensing wood smoke and the addition of other beneficial ingredients. A perfect agent for curing Salt Meat; being better and more economical than the old fashioned smoke house. Put up in 1/2 gallon glass jugs. Regular price \$1.00, our price 50c.

THE DIXIE

Have a Pic with Charlie. The ad.

SEVERAL WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

Longfellow could take a worthless piece of paper and write a poem on it and make it worth \$65,000—that's genius. There are some men who could write a few words on a piece of paper and make it worth \$8,000,000—that's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and make it worth \$20—that's money. A mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make into watch springs worth \$1,000—that's skill. There is a man in Chicago who can take a fifty cent piece of canvas, paint a picture on it, and make it worth \$1,000—that's art. A Greek can take an article worth 75c and sell it for \$1—that's business. A woman could purchase a hat for 75c but prefers one worth \$27—that's foolishness. A ditch digger handles several tons of earth for \$1.50 a day—that's labor. The author of this can write a check for \$9,000,000, but it wouldn't be worth a dime—that's tough. There are some people who will tell you that other papers are as good as this—that's nerve. Take \$1 and get a year's subscription to the Informer—that's common sense.

SWAT THE FLY NOW'S THE TIME

Uncle Sam is waging a relentless war on the deadly housefly and in a late bulletin prepared by the Department of Agriculture, valuable information is given on the best means of combating this deadly pest. The most effective way of exterminating the fly, according to the bulletin, is to eradicate his breeding places. The breeding season of the fly begins early in March and continues throughout the spring and summer months. All dirt should be removed from the premises, stables cleaned and decaying vegetables destroyed. The fly has rightly been called the undertaker's traveling salesman, and in addition to his regular line of "typhoid bugs" he carries a side line of tuberculosis, Asiatic Cholera and other disease germs. Now is the time to "swat the fly".

BAPTIST CHURCH

On Sunday February 7, the Missionary Baptist Church moved to hold their summer revival meeting beginning Friday night before the 1st Sunday in August. No help has been secured yet.

An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure

It is said that the sword of Damocles was suspended above the head of that tyrant with but a single thread.

Every man, woman and child ought to think well of the lesson taught by this example.

The fire demon is the sword of destruction that ever hangs over the heads of the people. If you knew by the snipping of the thread all that you had ever saved would be wiped out, wouldn't you ever be on the alert to see that the thread was not snipped?

More property is destroyed by fire than all other destroying



elements combined. Storms come with the seasons, and warning of their coming is generally given. Winds reach a destructive velocity at rare intervals and floods follow expected courses.

But fires are catholic in their field. They visit the just and the unjust and everywhere there is food for the fire demon, he finds his victims.

Be on the watch tower of your own home all the time. He fattens on your own folly. You can prevent his paying you a visit if you but will.

LITTLE FOLKS MISSION

Song, Society Solo, Melba Johnson.

Reading, Ila Pool.

Scripture lesson, 1st Psalm.

Duet, Ila Pool and Fay Moreman.

Scripture reading, Book of Story.

Reading, Cloteal Moreman.

Song Reading, Jessie Lee Pool.

Reading, Fay Moreman.

Scripture reading, Dannie Mae Masterson.

Song

FOR SALE Good Gimball Organ. Only been used two years. Reasonable price. Inquire at Informer Office.



No other like it. No other as good. The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS.

Reliable Dealer wanted in this Territory.

Naylor Springs

Mrs. J. W. Bland visited relatives in Hedley Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Latimer visited the latter's parents at Bray Sunday.

Our neighborhood has been visited by a good rain which we were willing enough to have, as farming time is drawing near and all farmers wear a smile when there is a good season in the ground.

We are very glad that Grandma Gaut is still improving.

James Drinnon and wife, Misses Ruth Fields, Grace Tyree, Ava Naylor and Mr. Harlan Naylor attended the recital at Lelia Lake Friday night, all reported a splendid time and an excellent program.

T. N. Naylor and family were dinner guests of Mrs. M. O. Barnett Wednesday.

J. D. Dinnard has just returned from Memphis where he spent a few days visiting relatives.

NELDA.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ENTERTAINMENT

Tuesday afternoon, despite the inclement weather, quite a number of ladies gathered at the home of Mrs. Clint Phillips to celebrate the 183 birthday of the Father of Our Country. The guests were entertained with stories and conversation appropriate to the day until all had arrived. When for an hour or so the game of "Hearts" engaged the attention of all. High score was won by Mrs. Will McCarroll. During the afternoon a slip of paper with the name of some familiar song written on it was pinned on the back of each guest. The object being for each lady to guess the name of her song by others humming it. Mrs. W. N. Cotheron was winner in this contest.

The next in order was the chopping down the Cherry tree. Each guest was in turn blindfolded and required to pin a hatchet on the tree. Mrs. Kennedy wielded the hatchet best.

Delicious refreshments were then served by the hostess consisting of chicken salad, fruit sandwiches, pineapple salad and coffee for first course and hot chocolate and cake for the second course. The guests were then invited into the living room where a highly appreciated musical program was rendered. The first number was a duet by Misses Lucile Ellis and Luna Nobles. 2nd. Reading by Miss Myrtle Reeves. 3rd. Piano solo, Mrs. W. N. Cotheron. 4th. Solo, Miss Ina Reeves. 5th. Reading, Miss Luna Cotheron. 6th. Piano Solo, Miss Ina Reeves. This ended a very pleasant afternoon and the guests were unanimous in voting Mrs. Phillips an ideal hostess.

Out of town guests were Mrs. W. N. Cotheron and Misses Luna Nobles and Lucile Ellis of Lelia Lake and Mrs. George Ryan of Clarendon.

Mrs. Phillips entertained the young folks Monday night in honor of her niece, Mrs. Ryan.

FOR SALE—Bright bundle sorghum, \$3 per ton at the rick. J. G. McDougal.

The Methodist Ladies will serve

Dinner on Trade Day

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 27

Adamson Building

Fish and Chicken Pie and Coffee Cake and Chocolate

Proceeds for Basement of M. E.

Church

EPWORTH LEAGUE

Program for Sunday Feb. 27. Songs.

Subject, The Father's House and the Father's Business.

Leader, Oscar Alexander.

A short history on Church extension, Rev. Story.

It is God's will that his people shall have a place of worship (Duet 11: 10-14) Clara Jones.

What is the first step in church building (Luke 14: 28-29) Mittie Moore.

Duet, Clara Jones and Golden Masterson.

Who will furnish the material and in what spirit shall it be given (Ex 35: 4-5 2.) Travis Lively.

Was any debt left on the church (Ex 35: 5 7) Cleo moreman.

Solo, Ray Boone.

Prayer.

FIRE INSURANCE

FOR THIS WORLD ONLY

J. C. WELLS Agent

Leisure is a Most Powerful Agent
By A. WANGEMAN, Chicago

duced there can be no accumulation of capital—no residue by which the unemployed may be maintained. But if the product of labor—wealth—is greater, then arises an overplus out of which, immediately or remotely, everyone who does not by his own labor create the wealth upon which he lives is supported.

Thus an intellectual class becomes possible, these being enabled to give leisure to subjects for whom otherwise the economic pressure of their direct needs would leave them no time.

The progress of man depends upon leisure time, through wealth accumulation. At present there exists a vast accumulation of overplus wealth which is not fairly distributed but largely goes under our present industrial system of "privilege" production and distribution to those controlling special privileges.

It is self-evident that "leisure," the most powerful agent in democratizing knowledge, depends upon regularity, which is necessary in wealth production, and upon the actual return made to labor for changing the bounty of nature—land—by work into wealth. This we have neither fully understood nor can we solve the problem fairly until we enable the working masses, through more leisure, to gain a better fundamental knowledge of the relations of progress and poverty and the periodic effects of "privilege" production and distribution upon the welfare and destiny of us all.

Most persons think they have "no time" to obtain such basic knowledge. They prefer to use palliatives. Thus a vicious circle is formed in the minds of even intelligent men and women who assume that the social and economic knowledge of the masses can be insured without the "leisure" to acquire and apply such knowledge in the progress of democracy in the form of laws based upon an understanding of the natural rules of mankind in wealth production and distribution, which do not call for "check-book charity."

The accumulation of wealth is the first great step in progress, because without wealth there can be no leisure and without leisure no knowledge. If wealth is consumed as fast as it is produced there can be no accumulation of capital—no residue by which the unemployed may be maintained. But if the product of labor—wealth—is greater, then arises an overplus out of which, immediately or remotely, everyone who does not by his own labor create the wealth upon which he lives is supported.

Necessity of Making Farms More Attractive
By J. Thomas Mathiot, Banker, St. Paul, Minn.

This situation is extremely serious, but it may prove a blessing in disguise. It may serve to impress upon the minds of the people of the United States the absolute necessity of making the farm a more attractive home center.

For the past decade there has been a steady emigration from rural districts to the towns and cities. Economists have preached against this condition, and sociologists have endeavored to point out the natural results, but the general public has paid little heed to their warnings.

When the residents of the congested centers, however, are called upon to pay six or ten cents a loaf for bread, and proportionately high prices for meat, the true import of the problem will be brought home to them.

The grain crops of this country this year were, to be sure, abnormally large, but were they proportionate to the population? In seeking a refutation of the contention that they were, one has merely to go into the agricultural states of the West. Ten years ago the great wheat fields of Iowa were tilled by their owners—men content to take a proper return for their labor. Today those farmers have turned into land speculators. They have secured their quarter sections, or more, and moved into the towns. They have gone where their children can have better educational facilities, and the older members of their families can find entertainment. The farms have been left to tenants.

This will eventually mean not only a lessening of the yield from the farm lands, but a robbing of the soil. The tenant has simply a temporary term on the land, and consequently he is going to get as much from the soil as possible with as little nurturing as possible.

This condition does not prevail in Iowa alone. It applies alike to agricultural sections throughout the country.

Human Being Cannot Help Telling a Lie
By M. A. BLISS, Attorney, Columbus, O.

The other side called an expert to prove that most everybody lies, and he introduced some statistics. This man declared that in six months he had found that a legislator in 30 interviews had lied 10 times. A doctor whom he had interviewed told 14 lies in 25 meetings, and a young lawyer in 40 conversations had departed from the truth 22 times. An older advocate falsified 28 times in 40 conversations. Out of ten remarks by a banker five were untrue, and one literally true statement was made with intention to mislead. A grocer in 15 talks lied 40 times, and the man's grandmother, he said, managed to get in seven falsehoods in eight conversations.

Young married women, according to this expert, are more prone to tell little lies than others, for the young woman whom he had kept tab on told untruths 15 times in 11 calls.

In six months this man's servant girl, he declared, told 150 lies. In all he had kept account of 377 conversations, and there were 324 lies. Of this number 100 were traceable to vanity, 60 were told to advance the speaker's personal interests, 50 were put forth to conceal some embarrassing defect, 50 to injure some other person, and 50 to make excuses for not doing what had been promised.

Curing Drunkards by Law Not Pleasing
By A. B. CLARKE, Indianapolis, Ind.

It does very little good to arrest a man for inebriety, which is a form of disease, and should be treated as such.

The city, county or United Charities should establish a free home where drunkards could be confined for a few weeks and given the liquor cure.

But some people cannot afford to go to them, nor have they the least desire to do so.

But if they were sent there instead of to a prison when arrested they could be compelled to take the cure.

What a blessing it would be to their families when they returned home, cured of the curse of drink!

With flour quoted above \$7 a barrel and predictions of an equal rise in meat prices, America is confronted with the most serious food situation since Civil war days.

The Utility Blouse, and Others



THE blouse for general wear is made of several materials besides those reliable cotton or linen wash fabrics which always have been and always will be good. Just now crepe de chine, which washes beautifully, and cotton or wool crepes are put into requisition and have proved themselves useful and afforded a means of variety as well.

The pretty blouses of crepe de chine are made in white and light colors, cut rather plain, and are usually decorated with sprays of embroidery in self color, very sparingly used. Collars of fine batiste, and sometimes cuffs of the same, make the prettiest finish for them. Sleeves are long and necks high, although it remains to be seen whether the high collar will hold its own or give place to the high necked gumples. A detachable high collar is far more practical than the blouse and collar in one. The latter has to be washed as soon as the collar becomes soiled, which is much too soon for the good of the blouse, or she who must pay for its tubbing.

A pretty blouse is shown here of wool crepe showing shaded stripes in yellow, brown, gray and occasional fine lines of black. It is made with a yoke and has long sleeves. A neat collar of batiste finishes the neck. Such a waist will wear a long time without needing to be washed, and will stand the washing, when it must be done, without detriment to its colors. That is, if care is taken, almost any waist made can be successfully washed.

Printed chiffons are liked for dressier waists and are made up with laces into the loveliest affairs. Embroidered voiles are dainty and more lasting than chiffons. If one wishes a sheer, fine, lacy-looking waist that will last long enough to pay for any amount of elaborate work in making and decoration, fine cotton voile is of all fabrics the best to use.

For Wear Under Southern Skies



THOSE who journey south to meet the spring, with heads bedecked in her honor, have a remarkably wide range of choice in the new millinery. In shape there are the diminutive "pill box," the numerous boat-shaped turbans, all sorts and kinds of sailors, many military styles, and lovely wide-brimmed hats in lacy straws and diaphanous materials.

As for trimmings, there are many new departures. All sorts of gayly-colored flowers (mostly small), a world of new ornaments of ribbons (mostly narrow), and innumerable hand-made decorations of silk, straw, kid, feathers and other things.

Handwork is featured in this new millinery. Ornamental stitches in needlework, much exaggerated in size, and cross-stitched designs are used in finishing and applying trimming. In fact, a large part of the decorations are sewed flat to the shape in the form of applique, the sewing being an important part of the scheme.

In colors, beside the beautiful sand, tawny, and tan colors, there are many white hats, including panamas, a gray which is called "battleship" gray, without any good reason, and many shades of blue and red that may be called "reserved." Black seems not to be in the running.

Three of the smaller hats are shown in the picture. At the left is a narrow-brimmed sailor of white satin. It is carefully made and distinguished by a trimming of small chrysanthemums cut from white kid, and stems made of kid also.

A dark gray hat of satin belongs among the boat-shaped models and is trimmed with short peacock feathers and leaf-shaped pieces of velvet sewed flat to the shape with the heavy black embroidery silk. The buttonhole stitch outlines the leaves, and the leaves overlap the edges of the peacock feathers holding them to place.

This shape fits the head and has much good style.

A little pill-box turban is made of brown satin and trimmed with narrow fallie ribbon, falling in two meager ends at the back. Bright satin daisies, in rich colors, and smaller flowers, are set in a prim row flat against the coronet. Besides the made hats, as they are called, the panama is the best liked hat for southern tourists wear.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

To Make a Warm Cap.

Take the sleeves of a discarded sweater, and use one sleeve for the crown and one for the band. Rip the sleeve, lay the double shape by sewing down the side seam to fit the head, which avoids a seam over the head. If the corners are rounded off you can fit the head without a seam on top. Put on the band and turn up, finishing the upper edge of the band with shell crochet, or trim with crocheted rosettes, ribbon, or any way desired. The back of sweater coats or any other parts can be used.

Black Silks Modish.

Such was the craze for taffeta last summer that rumor said it had had its day. For once rumor was wrong, however, and taffeta will be worn all winter upon all occasions.

Black taffeta vies with black velvet and black moire for dressy wear and is relieved by vivid touches of color in sash, lining or embroidery.

There is a fancy for black in all materials, especially for the street.

Style Revivals.

Cost tails and notched revers like the lapels of a man's dress coat have been revived, and one-piece cloth gowns worn out of doors are uncommonly like the redingotes of some past years.

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.
Copyright by McClure Newspaper Syndicate

THE ELEMENTS OF TRUE GREATNESS

A lawyer who recently died in New York city left instructions in his will that one-half of his fortune of \$300,000 should be devoted to establishing and maintaining a "bread line" for the hungry of the city.

Obsessed with the idea of perpetuating his name, he stipulated that it should appear in raised letters on each and every loaf of bread distributed by his agents to the poor and needy who might apply for aid.

It is said that this man had often expressed the opinion that the only immortality of which the individual can be certain is in the perpetuation of his name and acts through bequests in one form or another to posterity. Thus we can somewhat account for his ambition to have his name so prominently associated with his good deed.

While we would not belittle this man's philanthropy, which will undoubtedly prove a blessing to many a poor unfortunate, yet we cannot but regret his methods of gaining "immortality" and contrast him with the two great men whose birth we celebrate this month—Washington and Lincoln. How undimmed is their renown after all these years, and yet without any self-laudation, or advertisement on their part.

They gave themselves to their country and thus engraved their names on the hearts of their countrymen, and immortalized themselves for all time.

Abraham Lincoln, one of the most colossal figures in all history, was the apostle of modesty and simplicity.

An analysis of Lincoln's character shows that his marvelous career was due more to the moral qualities which everyone can cultivate than to any particular mental brilliancy or genius. Lincoln illustrates in a remarkable degree the power of common qualities, everyday virtues, in the making of manhood. His great horse-sense, his tenacity of purpose, his force of character, his keen sense of humor, and his power of self-expression; these were the foundations upon which he reared his great life structure.

When we think of Lincoln we form a picture of a great, hearty, kindly, helpful, accommodating, sympathetic soul, more than of a great intellectual genius.

To this sort of a man the world builds its monuments. Pure genius without a heart which matches it; great brilliancy without the virtues which are common to humanity, or mere wealth without character does not live very long in a people's regard. The world builds its monuments to those who have sacrificed self to the public good; it builds no monuments to selfishness or greed, however brilliant.

All through life Lincoln was true to the best, the highest that was in him, and so he never was, never could be, false to himself or to any man. "I am not bound to win," he said, "but I am bound to be true, I am bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right."

A rich life is worth a thousand times more to the world than a rich bank account. Who would have thought of asking how much money Lincoln left? Yet, is not the whole world richer for his life and example?

Lincoln's great ambition was to make the most he possibly could of himself. Who cannot have such an ambition? Who cannot succeed in it?

A STUDY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE MAN.

It has been said of Lincoln that he "grew to a great mental stature and achieved his masterful grip upon the intelligence of the world, not alone because he had extraordinary natural endowments, but because he had an insatiable interest in realities, and never allowed a book or a formula to obscure the sunlight of a living fact."

A great many people are inclined to look upon Abraham Lincoln as a marvelous being, raised up for a divine purpose, and endowed with sublime attributes which are not bestowed upon ordinary mortals. Yet if we analyze his character we find it made up of the humblest virtues, the most ordinary human qualities.

It was his incorruptible manhood, his unswerving honesty, his love of truth, his adherence to what he believed to be right in the face of all temptations and difficulties, that, more than all else, made him the sublime character he was.

Lincoln never shrank from espousing an unpopular cause when he believed it to be right. At the time when it almost cost a young lawyer his bread and butter to defend the fugitive slave, and when other lawyers had refused, Lincoln would always plead the cause of the unfortunate whenever an opportunity presented. "Go to Lincoln," people would say, when these hounded fugitives were seeking protection, "he's not afraid of any cause, if it's right."

His fellow lawyers called him "perversely honest." Nothing could induce him to take the wrong side of a case, or to continue on that side after learn-

ing that it was unjust or hopeless. Only the most sublime moral courage could have sustained him as president to hold his ground against hostile criticism and a long train of disaster; to issue the emancipation proclamation, to support Grant and Stanton against the clamor of the politicians and the press.

Everybody who knew him felt that he was every inch a man, a large-hearted, generous friend, always ready to help everybody out of their troubles, whether it was a poor widow in distress or a farmer who needed advice. He had a frank, transparent mind. He never covered up anything, never had secrets. He always left the door of his heart wide open, so that anyone could read his inmost thoughts.

Abraham Lincoln inherited no opportunities, and acquired nothing by luck. His good fortune consisted simply of untiring perseverance and a right heart.

Yet the romance and achievement of his marvelous life have no match in fiction or history. We shall search the biography of the world in vain for a man who reached such heights of power, and yet has graduated from such humble beginnings and such an iron environment.

Instead of a school and university training, Lincoln had little else than hardships, trials and struggles to lift him above relentless circumstances.

Behold him as a lank, awkward youth, felling trees on a little claim, building his homely log cabin, without floor or windows, teaching himself arithmetic and grammar in the evening by the light of the fire. In his eagerness to know the contents of Blackstone's Commentaries, he walked 44 miles to procure the precious volumes, and read 100 pages while returning.

Yet it was this man, born in a log cabin, without schooling, or books, or teacher, or even ordinary opportunities, who won the admiration of mankind by his homely, practical wisdom while president, and who emancipated 4,000,000 slaves.

What an inestimable blessing to the world, what an encouragement, an inspiration to the poor and lowly born, that his great achievements can be accounted for by the triumph in his character of those qualities which are beyond the reach of money, of family, of influence, but are given freely to the lowest as well as to the highest. There is no quality of integrity, perseverance, or industry that distinguished Lincoln, that any one, no matter how poor and humble, how hardy circumstanced, cannot cultivate.

His career is a rebuke to the indolent, faint-hearted youth of today, who, in this age of opportunity, dares to cry "No chance!"

Abraham Lincoln is becoming more and more our national hero, and he would drop into oblivion, were we to discover that he had ever bartered that most precious attribute—his manhood, his character—or ever offered it for sale.

"Die, when I may," said this king among men, "I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower, where I thought a flower would grow."

What a glorious ideal, and how gloriously realized!

No man ever lived of whom it could have been more truly said that,—

"The elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand
up
And say to all the world, 'This is a
man!'"

Elephant Office Boy.

A few years ago, when Lord Dufferin became viceroy of India, among his gifts was a young elephant whose tusks had been sharpened and who had been taught to open the daily mail of his master. Oriental rulers in all ages sought collections of wild animals whose savage instincts have in some way been overcome and made to do the bidding of man. In 1897 the people of Beirut saw a wonderful collection of tamed animals sent by the negus of Abyssinia to the former sultan of Turkey. I once helped tame a small bear from Mount Hermon until he was as playful as a kitten, though not easily handled by reason of his strength. The promise in this reign of peace is not the extirpation of predatory animals, but having their habits and instincts changed.—Christian Herald.

All Not Lost.

"Here, my son," said the father to Willie, "what does this mean? Your report gives you only fifty for arithmetic, and your teacher makes the comment that you can't count straight up to twenty-five. What are you going to do with such a record when you go into business?"

"Now, don't worry, father," replied the son. "To count up to twenty-five isn't necessary for success in business nowadays."

"Not necessary?" gasped the father. "No, sir, I can start a ten-cent store."

Bone.

At the urgent request of an umpire, the pitcher plodded his weary way to the clubhouse.

"I lost my head, I guess," he vouchsafed, as he hesitated near his manager.

"I saw a dog gnawing something outside the gate," sympathized the manager.—Puck.

Dodging Responsibility.

"Yes," said Mr. Growcher, "I intend to keep up the idea of Santa Claus in my family as long as possible."

"What for?"

"I don't want the children to blame me when they don't get just the presents they were looking for."

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious and, after reviving him, goes for assistance. Spicer South, head of the family, tells Samson South and Sally 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. Samson reproves Tamarack Spicer for telling Sally that Jim Holliman is hunting with bloodhounds the man who shot Purvy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer South's door. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarack discovers Samson to a jeering crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. Lescott tries to persuade Samson to go to New York with him and develop his talent. Sally, loyal but heartbroken, furthers Lescott's efforts.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Thar's a-goin' ter be a dancin' party over ter Wile McCager's mill come Saturday," he insinuatingly suggested. "I reckon ye'll go over thar with me, won't ye, Sally?"

He waited for her usual delighted assent, but Sally only told him absent-mindedly and without enthusiasm that she would "study about it." At last, however, her restraint broke, and, looking up, she abruptly demanded:

"Air ye a-goin' away, Samson?"

"Who's been a-talkin' ter ye?" demanded the boy, angrily.

For a moment, the girl sat silent. Finally, she spoke in a grave voice:

"Hit hain't nothin' ter git mad about, Samson. The artist man 'lowed as how ye had a right ter go down thar, an' git an eddication." She made a weary gesture toward the great beyond.

"He hadn't ought to of told ye, Sally. If I'd been plumb sartin' in my mind, I'd a-told ye myself—not but what I knows," he hastily amended, "that he meant hit friendly."

"Air ye a-goin'?"

"I'm studyin' about hit."

He awaited objection, but none came. Then, with a piquing of his masculine vanity, he demanded:

"Hain't ye a-keerin', Sally, whether I goes, or not?"



"I Reckon Hit's A-goin' Ter Jest About Kill Me."

a small library of carefully picked books, which the mountaineer eagerly agreed to devour in the interval.

Lescott consented, however, to remain over Saturday, and go to the dance, since he was curious to observe what pressure was brought to bear on the boy, and to have himself a final word of argument after kinsmen had spoken.

Saturday morning came after a night of torrential rain, which had left the mountains steaming under a reek of fog and pitching clouds.

But, as the morning wore on, the sun fought its way in on a scrap of overhead blue. From log cabins and plank houses up and down Misery and its tributaries, men and women began their hefting toward the mill. Lescott rode in the wake of Samson, who had Sally on a pillow at his back. They came before noon to the mouth of Dry-hole creek, and the house of Wile McCager. Already, the picket fence was lined with tethered horses and mules.

From the interior of the house came the sounds of fiddling, though these strains of "Turkey in the Straw" were only by way of prelude. Lescott felt, though he could not say just what concrete thing told him, that under the shallow note of merry-making brooded the major theme of a troublesome problem. The seriousness was below the surface, but insistently depressing. He saw, too, that he himself was mixed up with it in a fashion, which might become dangerous, when a few jugs of white liquor had been emptied.

While the young persons danced and "sparked" within, and the more truculent lads escaped to the road to pass the jug, and forecast with youthful war-farer "cleanin' out the Hollimans," the elders were deep in ways and means. If the truce could be preserved for its unexpired period of three years, it was, of course, best. In that event, crops could be cultivated, and lives saved. But, if Jesse Purvy chose to regard his shooting as a breach of terms, and struck, he would strike hard, and, in that event, best defense lay in striking first. Samson would soon be twenty-one. That he would take his place as head of the clan had until now never been questioned—and he was talking of desertion. For that, a pink-skinned foreigner, who wore a woman's bow of ribbon at his collar, was to blame. The question of loyalty must be squarely put up to Samson, and it must be done today. His answer must be definite and unequivocal. As a guest of Spicer South, Lescott was entitled to that consideration which is accorded ambassadors.

None the less, the vital affair of the clan could not be balked by consideration for a stranger, who, in the opinion of the majority, should be driven from the country as an insidious mis-

chief-maker. Ostensibly, the truce still held, but at no time since its signing had matters been so freighted with the menace of a gathering storm. The attitude of each faction was that of several men standing quiet with guns trained on one another's breasts. Each hesitated to fire, knowing that to pull the trigger meant to die himself, yet fearing that another trigger might at any moment be drawn. Purvy dared not have Samson shot out of hand, because he feared that the Souths would claim his life in return, yet he feared to let Samson live. On the other hand, if Purvy fell, no South could balance his death, except Spicer or Samson. Any situation that might put conditions to a moment of issue would be observed, or open the war—and yet each faction was guarding against such an event as too fraught with danger. One thing was certain. By persuasion or force, Lescott must leave, and Samson must show himself to be the youth he had been thought, or the confessed and repudiated renegade. Those questions, today must answer. It was a difficult situation, and promised an eventful entertainment. Whatever conclusion was reached as to the artist's future, he was, until the verdict came in, a visitor, and, unless liquor inflamed some reckless trouble-hunter, that fact would not be forgotten. Possibly, it was as well that Tamarack Spicer had not arrived.

Lescott himself realized the situation in part, as he stood at the door of the house watching the scene inside.

There was, of course, no round dancing—only the shuffle and jig—with champions contending for the honor of their sections.

In the group about the door, Lescott passed a youth with tow-white hair and very pink cheeks. The boy was the earliest to succumb to the temptation of the moonshine jug, a temptation which would later claim others. He was reeling crazily, and his albino eyes were now red and inflamed.

"Ther's ther damned furriner ther's done turned Samson inter a gal," proclaimed the youth, in a thick voice.

The painter paused, and looked back. The boy was reaching under his coat with hands that had become clumsy and unresponsive.

"Let me git at him," he shouted, with a wild whoop and a dash toward the painter.

Lescott said nothing, but Sally had heard, and stepped swiftly between.

"You've got ter git past me fust, Buddy," she said, quietly. "I reckon ye'd better run on home, an' git yore mammy ter put ye ter bed."

CHAPTER VII.

Several soberer men closed around the boy, and after disarming him, led him away grumbling and muttering, while Wile McCager made apologies to the guest.

"Jimmy's jest a peevish child," he explained. "A drop or two of leker makes him skittish. I hopes ye'll look over hit."

Jimmy's outbreak was interesting to Lescott chiefly as an indication of what might follow. Unwilling to introduce discord by his presence, and involve Samson in quarrels on his account, he suggested riding back to Misery, but the boy's face clouded at the suggestion.

"Ef they kaint be civil ter my friends," he said, shortly, "they're got ter account ter me. You stay right hyar, and I'll stay close to you. I done come hyar today ter tell 'em that they musn't meddle in my business."

A short while later, Wile McCager invited Samson to come out to the mill, and the boy nodded to Lescott an invitation to accompany him.

The mill, dating back to pioneer days, sat by its race with its shaft now idle. It looked to Lescott, as he approached, like a scrap of landscape torn from some medieval picture, and the men about its door seemed medieval, too; bearded and gaunt, Lard-thewed and sullen.

All of them who stood waiting were men of middle age, or beyond. A number were gray-haired, but they were all of cadet branches. Many of them, like Wile McCager himself, did not bear the name of South, and Samson was the eldest son of the eldest son.

"Samson," began old Wile McCager, clearing his throat and taking up his duty as spokesman, "we're all your kinfolks here, an' we almed ter ask ye about this here report that yer 'lowin' ter leave the mountings?"

"What of hit?" countered the boy.

"Hit looks mighty like the war's a-goin' ter be on ag'in pretty soon. Air ye a-goin' ter quit, or air ye a-goin' ter stick? Ther's what we wants ter know."

"I didn't make this here truce, an' I hain't a-goin' ter bust hit," said the boy, quietly. "When the war commences, I'll be hyar. Ef I hain't hyar in the meantime, hit hain't nobody's business. I hain't accountable ter no man but pap, an' I reckon, whar he is, he knows whether I'm a-goin' ter keep my word."

There was a moment's silence, then Wile McCager put another question: "Ef ye're plumb not on gettin' larnin' why don't ye git hit right hyar in these mountings?"

Samson laughed derisively.

"Who'll I git hit from?" he caustically inquired. "Ef the mountain won't come ter Mohamet, Mohamet's got ter go ter the mountain, I reckon."

Caleb Wiley rose unsteadily to his feet, his shaggy beard trembling with wrath and his voice quavering with senile indignation.

"Hev ye done got too damned good for yore kinfolks, Samson South?" he shrilly demanded. "Hev ye done been follerin' atter this here puny witch-doctor twer ye can't keep a civil tongue in yer head for yore elders? I'm in favor of runnin' this here fur-

rier outen the country with tar an' feathers on him. Furthermore, I'm in favor of cleanin' out the Hollimans. I was jest a-sayin' ter Bill!"

"Never mind what ye war jest a-sayin'," interrupted the boy, flushing redly to his cheekbones, but controlling his voice. "Ye've done said enough a-ready. Ye're a right old man, Caleb, an' I reckon ther gives ye some license ter shoot off yore face, but ef any of them no-count, shifless boys of yores wants ter back up what ye says, I'm ready ter go out thar an' make 'em eat hit. I hain't a-goin' ter answer no more questions."

There was a commotion of argument, until "Black Dave" Jasper, a saturnine giant, whose hair was no blacker than his expression, rose, and a semblance of quiet greeted him as he spoke.

"Mebby, Samson, ye've got a right ter take the studs this a-way, an' ter refuse ter answer our questions, but we've got a right ter say who kin stay in this hyar country. Ef ye 'lows ter quit us, I reckon we kin quit you—and, if we quits ye, ye hain't nothin' more ter us then no other boy ther's gettin' too big fer his breeches. This furriner is a visitor here today, an' we don't 'low ter hurt him—but he's got ter go. We don't want him round hyar no longer." He turned to Lescott. "We're a-givin' ye fair warnin', stranger. Ye hain't our breed. Atter this, ye stays on Misery at yore own risk—an' hit's a-goin' ter be plumb risky. That thar's final."

"This man," blazed the boy, before Lescott could speak, "is a-visitin' me an' Unc' Spicer. When ye wants him ye kin come up thar an' git him. Every damned man of ye kin come. I hain't a-sayin' how many of ye'll go back. He was 'lowin' that he'd leave hyar ter-morrow mornin', but atter this I'm a-tellin' ye he hain't a-goin' ter do hit. He's a-goin' ter stay as long as he likes, an' nobody hain't a-goin' ter run him off." Samson took his stand before the painter, and swept the group with his eyes. "An' what's more," he added, "I'll tell ye another thing. I hain't plumb made up my mind ter leave the mountings, but ye've done settled hit fer me. I'm a-goin'."

There was a low murmur of anger, and a voice cried out from the rear:

"Let him go. We hain't got no use fer damn cowards."

"Whoever said ther's a liar!" shouted the boy. Lescott, standing at his side, felt that the situation was more than perilous. But, before the storm could break, some one rushed in, and whispered to Wile McCager a message that caused him to raise both hands above his head, and thunder for attention.

"Men," he roared, "listen ter me! This here hain't no time fer squabblin' amongst ourselves. We're all Souths. Tamarack South has done gone ter Hixon, an' got inter trouble. He's locked up in the jailhouse."

"We're all hyar," screamed old Caleb's high, broken voice. "Let's go an' take him out."

Samson's anger had died. He turned, and held a whispered conversation with McCager, and, at its end, the host of the day announced briefly:

"Samson's got somethin' ter say ter ye. So long as he's willin' ter stand by us, I reckon we're willin' ter listen ter Henry South's boy."

"I hain't got no use fer Tam'rack Spicer," said the boy, succinctly, "but I don't 'low ter let him lay in no jail-house, unless he's got a right ter be thar. What's he charged with?"

But no one knew that. A man supposed close to the Hollimans, but in reality an informer for the Souths, had seen him led into the jailyard by a posse of a half-dozen men, and had seen the iron-barred doors close on him. That was all, except that the Holliman forces were gathering in Hixon, and, if the Souths went there en masse, a pitched battle must be the inevitable result. The first step was



"This Hain't No Time for Squabblin' Amongst Ourselves."

to gain accurate information and an answer to one vital question. Was Tamarack held as a feud victim, or was his arrest legitimate? How to learn that was the problem. To send a body of men was to invite bloodshed. To send a single inquirer was to deliver him over to the enemy.

"Air you men willin' ter take my word about Tamarack?" inquired Samson. There was a clamorous assent, and the boy turned to Lescott.

"I wants ye ter take Sally home with ye. Ye'd better start right away, afore she hears any of this talk. Hit would fret her. Tell her I've had ter go 'cross ther country a piece, ter see a sick man. Don't tell her whar I'm a-goin'." He turned to the others. "I reckon I've got yore promise ther Mr. Lescott hain't a-goin' ter be bothered afore I gits back?"

Wile McCager promptly gave the assurance.

"I givens ye my hand on hit."

"I seed Jim Asberry loasin' and jest beyond ther ridge, as I rided over hyar," volunteered the man who had brought the message.

"Go slow now, Samson. Don't be no blame fool," dissuaded Wile McCager. "Hixon's plumb full of them Hollimans, an' they're likely ter be full of water—hit's Saturday. Hit's apt ter be here death fer ye ter try ter ride through Main street—ef ye gits thar fer ye dassent do hit."

"I dast do anything!" asserted the boy, with a flash of sudden anger.

"Some lar 'lowed awhile ago that I was a coward. All right, mebby I be. Unc' Wile, keep the boys hyar. I'll be hears from me—an' keep 'em sober." He turned and made his way to the fence where his mule stood hitched.

When Samson crossed the ridge and entered the Holliman country, Jim Asberry, watching from a hilltop point of vantage, rose and mounted the horse that stood hitched behind a nearby screen of rhododendron bushes and young cedars. Sometimes, he rode just one bend of the road in Samson's rear. Sometimes, he took short cuts and watched his enemy pass. But always he held him under a vigilant eye. Finally, he reached a wayside store where a local telephone gave communication with Holliman's Mammoth Department store.

"Jedge," he informed, "Samson South's done left the party of ther mill, an' he's a-ridin' towards town. Shall I git him?"

"Is he comin' by hisself?" inquired the storekeeper.

"Yes."

"Well, jest let him come on. We can tend ter him hyar, ef necessary." So Jim withheld his hand, and merely shadowed, sending bulletins, from time to time.

It was about three o'clock when Samson started. It was near six when he reached the ribbon of road that loops down into town over the mountain. His mule was in a lather of sweat. He knew that he was being spied upon, and that word of his coming was traveling ahead of him. What he did not know was whether or not he should slide from his mule, dead, before he turned homeward. If Tamarack had been seized as a declaration of war, the chief South would certainly not be allowed to return. If the arrest had not been for feud reasons, he might escape. That was the question which would be answered with his life or death.

The "jailhouse" was a small building of home-made brick, squatting at the rear of the courthouse yard. As Samson drew near, he saw that some ten or twelve men, armed with rifles, separated from groups and disposed themselves behind the tree trunks and the stone coping of the well. None of them spoke, and Samson pretended that he had not seen them. He rode his mule at a walk, knowing that he was rifle-covered from a half-dozen windows. At the hitching rack directly beneath the county building, he flung his reins over a post, and, swinging his rifle at his side, passed cautiously along the brick walk to the jail. The men behind the trees edged around their covers as he went, keeping themselves protected, as squirrels creep around a trunk when a hunter is lurking below. Samson halted at the jail wall, and called the prisoner's name. A tousled head and stony face appeared at the barred window, and the boy went over and held converse from the outside.

"How in hell did ye git into town?" demanded the prisoner.

"I rid in," was the short reply.

"How'd ye git in the jailhouse?"

The captive was shamefaced.

"I got a little too much leker, an' I was shootin' out the lights last night," he confessed.

"What business did ye have hyar in Hixon?"

"I jest slipped in ter see a gal."

Samson leaned closer, and lowered his voice.

"Does they know that ye see them shoots at Jesse Purvy?"

Tamarack turned pale.

"No," he stammered, "they believe you done hit."

Samson laughed. He was thinking of the rifles trained on him from a dozen invisible rests.

"How long air they a-goin' ter keep ye hyar?" he demanded.

"I kin git out tomorrow ef I pays the fine. Hit's ten dollars."

"And ef ye don't pay the fine?"

"Hit's a dollar a day."

"I reckon ye don't 'low ter pay hit, do ye?"

"I 'lowed mebby ye mout pay hit fer me, Samson."

"Ye done 'lowed plumb wrong. I come hyar ter see ef ye needs help, but hit 'pears ter me they're a-lyin' ye off easy."

He turned on his heel, and went back to his mule. The men behind the trees began circling again. Samson mounted, and, with his chin well up, trotted back along the main street. It was over. The question was answered. The Hollimans regarded the truce as still effective. The fact that they were permitting him to ride out was a wordless assurance of that. Incidentally, he stood vindicated in the eyes of his own people.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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When you give away happiness you all do time gits richer an' richer in it—Atlanta Constitution.



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A College Education.
"Is your boy learning much at college?"
"No, but I am."—Indianapolis Star.

Quite Probable.
Teacher—The passive verb, Johnny, expresses the nature of receiving an action. For instance, "Johnny is spanked." Now tell me what does Johnny do?
Student (with imagination)—Johnny hollers.

Not an Original Remark.
"Ah, my dearest Angelina!" exclaimed Ferdie, as he slowly settled to his knees at the feet of his adored one, after having imprinted a kiss upon her ruby lips, "a kiss from you is indeed a taste of heaven on earth."
Placing her gentle hand upon his contracted brow, she remarked in a low, soulful tone of voice: "Bah! Can't you say something original? Forty different young men have got off that same stereotyped remark."

Attitude of the Believer.
I feel that goodness, and truth, and righteousness are realities, eternal realities and that they cannot be abstractions, or vapors floating in a spiritual atmosphere, but that they necessarily imply a living, personal will, a good, loving, righteous God, in whose hands we are perfectly safe, and who is guiding us by unflinching wisdom.—Thomas Erskine.

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and it agrees with me," writes a doctor, "better than any breakfast food on the market—unless there is one I have not tried."

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JC WOOLDRIDGE

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 postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Four issues make a newspaper month.

Advertising local 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.

Some Hedley people are getting the tree planting spirit. Are you? A movement is on foot to line each side of Main street with trees, and to encourage people along all other streets to do likewise.

The splendid rain of Saturday and Sunday has put a season in the ground that will be much toward starting off a favorable crop year. It has been thoroughly demonstrated heretofore that with plenty of rain during the winter months the best crops are made and sometimes with less rainfall during spring and summer.

If every citizen would attend the Commercial Club meetings, they would catch the spirit of progress and would do much toward making this a town worth while. Perhaps, the reason some will not attend is because it might cost them something. It does cost something to do things; it costs still more to do nothing. By the growth of a town those living within its confines, whether property owners or otherwise, profit thereby. By pushing to make things better for a town, all profit not only collectively, but individually. It is easier to be a booster than a knocker when one once gets the hang of it. Don't get it into your head that the Commercial Club is for the benefit of a chosen few; it is not. It is primarily for the advancement of all public interests of town and country, and is hindered from doing much for the public good in proportion to the operation of the citizens.

tend next Tuesday night. Don't let the faithful ones carry their load and yours too; but do what you can. That's the way towns are built.

The park and pavilion could be made a place of beauty, by concerted action of our people. Let's get busy, enclose the pavilion and put out trees over the park. Every man, woman and child would get pleasure out of a place like that. Women of Hedley—to you we would appeal. Some of the public spirited men of Hedley take time from their business and home fireside to meet once a week as a Commercial Club to do what they can toward civic improvement, but their efforts are much hindered by the non-cooperation of other citizens—possibly your own husbands. Of course it is a question of personal privilege; they can do as they please. Now, here is where the women can do something. When you want somewhere to go on Tuesday nights, get that husband of your by the collar and take him to the Club meeting, and take a part in the proceeding. If this plan don't work, here is another. Every woman likes to do society work, and does to some extent. Make civic improvement a part of your proceedings. Your work is needed. Every child and every man's work is also needed. Beautify your park, your church yards, your school yard, your cemetery your own yards and your streets. Are you willing to spend some of your time in behalf of the town, its welfare and improvement.

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.

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.

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

FOR SALE—Milk cows, work horses and mules and Farm Implements. Bain & McCarroll.

DONLEY COUNTY FINANCIAL REPORT

GENERAL FUND

RECEIPTS	
Balance from last year's business	\$ 4,652.40
Transferred from Court House Fund	1,000.00
Collected Taxes and Redemptions from rolls 1914	4,761.13
Interest from Donley County State Bank	319.56
DISBURSEMENTS	
J. C. Killough	\$ 898.06
W. T. Link	121.40
J. J. Alexander	777.00
Sam Williams	506.66
J. T. Patman	525.80
G. W. Baker	862.90
Pat Longan	102.00
N. L. Fryar	117.00
J. T. Bain	108.00
E. D. McAdams	96.00
J. H. Wrenn	21.09
Election expense	216.00
J. D. Stocking, Health Officer	117.69
Pauper expense	433.90
Printing and Stationery	835.28
Janitor expense	455.85
Court House Supplies	2,298.20
Lunatic expense	92.50
Water	42.70
Lights	81.20
Telephones	49.80
Jail expense	149.30
Wolfe bounty	196.00
Miscellaneous expense	1,033.82
Holding Inquest	5.00
Treasurer's Commissions	245.55
Total expense	\$ 10,298.01
Deficit year	435.08
Deficit for the year	\$ 10,733.09 \$ 10,733.09 \$ 435.08

ROAD & BRIDGE FUND

RECEIPTS	
Balance from last year's business	\$ 8,798.12
Interest from County Depository	1,227.45
Transferred from Court House Fund	1,285.46
Transferred from Jury Fund	4,000.00
Fines Collected	326.94
Road Tax Collected	488.50
Collected on Tax Rolls 1914	2,553.82
DISBURSEMENTS	
Commissioners paid for service	\$ 598.00
J. C. Killough Criminal fees	66.00
Viewing roads	42.00
Paid for Right-of-way	1,049.10
Paid for Bridges and Culverts	2,043.15
Lumber for road work	1,023.20
Road Machinery	305.25
Surveying in road right-of-ways	38.90
Road Supplies	300.15
Miscellaneous expenses	148.18
Pay for work on roads (laborers)	10,717.84
Treasurer's Commissions	358.25
Total expenses	\$ 16,690.02
Balance on hand	1,739.77
Balance on hand	\$ 18,429.79 \$ 18,429.79
Balance on hand	\$ 1,739.77

Approved in open court February 22, 1915.
 J. C. Killough, County Judge.

JURY FUND

RECEIPTS	
Balance from last year	\$ 8,329.15
Received Taxes	1,188.98
DISBURSEMENTS	
Paid to District Court Jury service	\$ 1,517.50
Transferred to Road and Bridge fund	4,000.00
Paid to County Court Jury service	440.00
Treasurer's commissions	48.68
Total expense	\$ 6,006.14
Balance on hand	3,511.97
Balance on hand	\$ 9,518.11 \$ 9,508.11
Balance on hand	\$ 3,511.97

JAIL FUND

RECEIPTS	
Balance from last year	\$ 3,080.22
Received from Taxes	253.03
Received from Taxes	11.85
DISBURSEMENTS	
Interest on Jail Bonds	\$ 400.00
Treasurer's Commissions	15.71
Investment in school district bonds	1,800.00
Total expense	\$ 2,215.71
Balance on hand	1,029.39
Balance on hand	\$ 3,245.10 \$ 3,245.10
Balance on hand	\$ 1,029.39

COURT HOUSE FUND

All court house bonds have been paid off, and fund is discontinued.

Summary of All Funds

The general fund expenditures for the year ending January 31, 1915	\$10,298.01
Road and Bridge fund expenditures for the year ending January 31, 1915	16,690.02
Jury fund expenditures	2,006.14
Jail fund expenditures	415.71
Total amount expended in above funds	\$28,409.88

CASH ON HAND IN ALL FUNDS, AS FOLLOWS:

Road and Bridge fund	\$ 1,739.77
Jury fund	3,545.55
Jail fund	1,029.39
Total	\$ 6,314.71
General fund, overdrawn	\$485.08
Less deficit in General fund	435.08
Balance on hand all funds	\$ 5,879.63

THE STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF DONLEY:
 I, J. J. Alexander, Clerk of the County Court, of Donley

County, Texas, do hereby certify that the foregoing statement is a true and correct account of the Financial receipts and disbursements for said county (except the school fund) as the same are shown by the receipt stubs and other charges made and approved on the Treasurer's reports, and from the Warrants issued from the Clerk's office. The reason that collections for the year show so much smaller than the expenditures, is from the fact that the Treasurer's report year that should have closed Jan. 31st 1914, was in fact closed Feb. 17th 1914 and thereby included all the January collections, which were very large.

Given under my hand and seal of office Feb. 22, 1915.
 J. J. ALEXANDER, Clerk County Court.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.
 Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.
 Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.
 Don't believe that everybody else is happier than you.
 Don't conclude that you never had any opportunities in life.
 Don't believe all the evils you hear.
 Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.
 Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.
 Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have an earache, headache or rheumatism.
 Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.
 Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman; and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."
 —Christian World.

LOST—Sunday between my home and M. E. Church, a nice Eastern Pin. Finder leave at Informer office or with and receive liberal reward.
 Mrs. E. G. Dishman.

Every Woman Needs Today's Magazine

Because *Today's* is helping, inspiring and entertaining over 800,000 home-making and home-loving women as no magazine has ever done before.

Every number of *Today's* you miss is a genuine loss to you. Price only 50 cents a year including any May Manton Pattern free. Subscribe now.



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SPECIAL OFFER—For only 5 cents we will send you postpaid, the two latest numbers of *Today's*. This is so you can see for yourself that for Latest Styles, Newest Fancywork, Fascinating Stories, Best Recipes, Household Labor and Money Savers, Recreation and Good Cheer, *Today's* is superior to any magazine you ever saw. Send 5 cents now.

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 Office Phone No. 45—3r
 Residence Phone No. 45—2r
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 The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains news of State, National and foreign news, the market reports, a strong editorial staff and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the women and the children.

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 The special agricultural feature of the News consists chiefly of contributions of subscribers, whose letters in a practical way voice the sentiment and experiences of its readers concerning matters of the farm, home and other subjects.

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 Published once a week, is a magazine of ideas of the home, every one the contribution of a woman reader of the News about farm life and matters of general interest to women.

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 Is published once a week and is filled with letters from the boys and girls who read the paper.

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Get Our Prices.--Buy Now

STORM HARDWARE CO.

We are making bargain prices on Poultry Netting, and all Enamelware and numerous other things on Trades Day. Come in and look them over and save yourselves money.

HEDLEY DRUG CO.

TRADE DAY SPECIALS

We will give a 25c box Rexall Cold Tablets with each 50c purchase of Rexall Goods, 75c value for 50c

With each 50c purchase of other goods we will give a 40c bar Toilet Soap, 60c value for 50c

Come in and try the best line of Cigars in town

J. L. TIMS

Come to Hedley on Trades Day and bring me your Chickens, Egg and Butter and get the highest market price for same, and make my store your headquarters while in town.

M & M COMPANY

Our motto: Better service, better values, new goods each season.

We invite you to visit our store Trade Day and see our Bargain Table of Dress Goods, Laces and Wool Shirts.

Don't forget the Star Brand Shoes are put together to stay together; as good to wear as they are to see.

Figure the saving and come early to the Good Clothes Store.

King's Barber Shop

We invite you to call at this shop when in need of Barber work, Bath or Laundry Will soon be located in the old P. O. Building on Main street.

MOREMAN & BATTLE

Special Prices are offered on Leather Goods for Trade Day. Come in and see what we have. A good supply of leather on hand which will be made into heavy harness.

We have an up-to-date tin shop and a first class tinner to do all kinds tin work.

THE DIXIE

TRADE DAY SPECIALS in the Dry Goods Dept.

- 50 pcs 10 & 12c Ginghams.....7½c
- 25 pcs White Goods, worth 12½ to 25c a yd, to clean up.....10c
- Blue and White Table Damask, 40 and 50c values, yd.....25c
- 50 prs men's shoes, all weights, up to 10's worth from \$3.00 to \$3.50.....\$2.00 to \$2.50
- 50 prs \$3.00 women's lace and button shoes, 3's to 4's.....\$1.00
- Children's and High Tops, worth \$2 to \$4.....\$1.50 to \$2.00

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

- Good High Patent Flour, every sack guaranteed, sack.....\$1.75
- 10 lb pail Morris Compound\$1.00
- 1 bushel Idaho Potatoes\$1.00
- 4 lbs full-head Jap Rice25c
- 3 10-lb pails Royal Sorghum\$1.00

We carry full line Apples, Oranges, Nuts, Candies, Cakes, Cheese, and Lunch Goods--good stock.

PRICES SLIDING DOWN



It is time of the year to paint. See our line while in town. We will give a good brush with each \$8 to \$10 bill of Paints and Oils.

J. C. WOOLDRIDGE

The Hedley Informer \$1.00 per year

FRANK KENDALL

Best line of Harness and Jumbo Collars to be found in Hedley is here.

Also money savers in all lines of Racket Goods.

Special Bargains in Gloves, Enamelware, and Pocket Knives.

Remember my motto:
KENDALL HAS IT FOR LESS!

**TRADE DAY
SATURDAY, FEB. 27
HEDLEY**

This day has been set apart by Hedley as Trades Day, and thereafter on each Saturday before the First Monday. No matter if you live many miles from Hedley it will be worth your while to come Saturday February 27. The previous Trade Days held in Hedley were so successful that the proposition has again been taken up with more enthusiasm than ever, and we are looking for the greatest crowd that ever came to Hedley. Each merchant offers at least one special bargain on a staple article, and some are offering many more. Practically every line of merchandise is represented here, and all are making special offers for that day.

Bring along your trading stock as there will be a number of traders here to "swop" with you.

Bring all the family and let them spend a day of enjoyment in a town that will appreciate their presence.

Bidwell's Confectionery

Visit my Confectionery. I have all kinds of fresh fruits, candies, pop corn and peanuts, cigars and smoking tobaccos.

THE CITY CAFE

Come to the City Cafe on Trades Day for our "eats." Drinks free with orders.

J. M. CLARKE, the Tailor

Let me take your measure for a Spring Suit. Samples now on display.

CICERO SMITH LUMBER COMPANY

We will make close prices on any bill of lumber bought.

Stags Bros. Barber Shop

We have bought the Imperial Barber Shop and invite the patronage of the public not only on Trade Day but all other days as well. All work guaranteed first class. We also do Cleaning and Dressing. Will appreciate your patronage.

BAIN & McCARROLL

Come to our Store on Trades Day. All Farm Products bought here or taken in exchange for merchandise.

O. K. WAGON YARD

is the place for you to put up while in town. Bring your trading stock to this yard. All kinds of breeding stock kept here.

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals off—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gas—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels and an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets clean your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Not Giddy.

May was taken down South to visit her relations. For the first time in her young life she was thrown in contact with little darlings. Her admiration and awe was great. Meeting a little negro boy one day, she screwed up courage to ask his name.

"I is dun called David," said the boy.

"Oh!" exclaimed May, her face lighting up with surprise and pleasure, "are you the David that killed Goliath?"

The little black boy gave a frightened glance around and, beginning to whimper, he shrieked: "Naw, I ain't nebber teched him."

WHEN KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE GLASS OF SALTS

Eat Less Meat if Kidneys Hurt or You Have Backache or Bladder Misery—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then be fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.—Adv.

A First Offender.

Each of two little Boston girls has a black-and-tan terrier dog. It was not long before the two dogs fought, and it required the effort of a man to separate them.

Each little girl was disposed to blame the other's little dog for starting the trouble, and one of them said: "I don't care, your dog is a sneaking little thing, anyhow!"

"Well, so is your dog," was the reply. "And this time it snooked first, too!"

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

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

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

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

One sign that you are growing more humane is that you blanket your motor car engine. Nashville Banner.

Tibet no longer forbidden

TIBET is no longer a closed kingdom; we have opened it up, says Col. Sir Frank Younghusband, the famous English explorer, in a published interview. As the most important result of the expedition which I led to Lhasa, he continues, a formal treaty was signed by which the country was practically thrown open to foreigners. Trading posts have been established, and the natives are anxious to cultivate friendly relations with the outside world.

The city of Lhasa is situated in a lovely valley, well irrigated, richly cultivated, and watered by a river broad as the Thames at Westminster. It is exceedingly picturesque, the town being huddled about the base of a lofty hill, on which stands the huge palace of the grand lama—an imposing structure of masonry, very solidly built.

Many of the houses are of stone and substantially constructed, and not a few of them are surrounded by shade trees. The picture presented to the eye by the rock-perched palace, with the stray city at its base—the whole set in a beautiful valley, deep in the heart of the mountains—is wonderfully impressive.

Our expedition started from Darjeeling, and the first part of the journey lay through the wonderful tropical forests of Sikkim—the mountain sides covered everywhere with a wealth of tropical vegetation. Marvelous orchids and innumerable butterflies of brilliant hues lent additional beauty to the scenes through which we passed.

Steadily ascending, we finally emerged upon the high Tibetan tableland, and found ourselves in view of a magnificent panorama of 150 miles of the tallest peaks of the Himalayas.

had several fights. The distance from the frontier to Lhasa is 320 miles, and Gyantse is just about half way. The town is situated in a flat, open valley, dotted all over with flourishing hamlets, and watered by numerous streams. It was an agreeable change for us, especially as spring was coming on, and the bitter cold had been left behind.

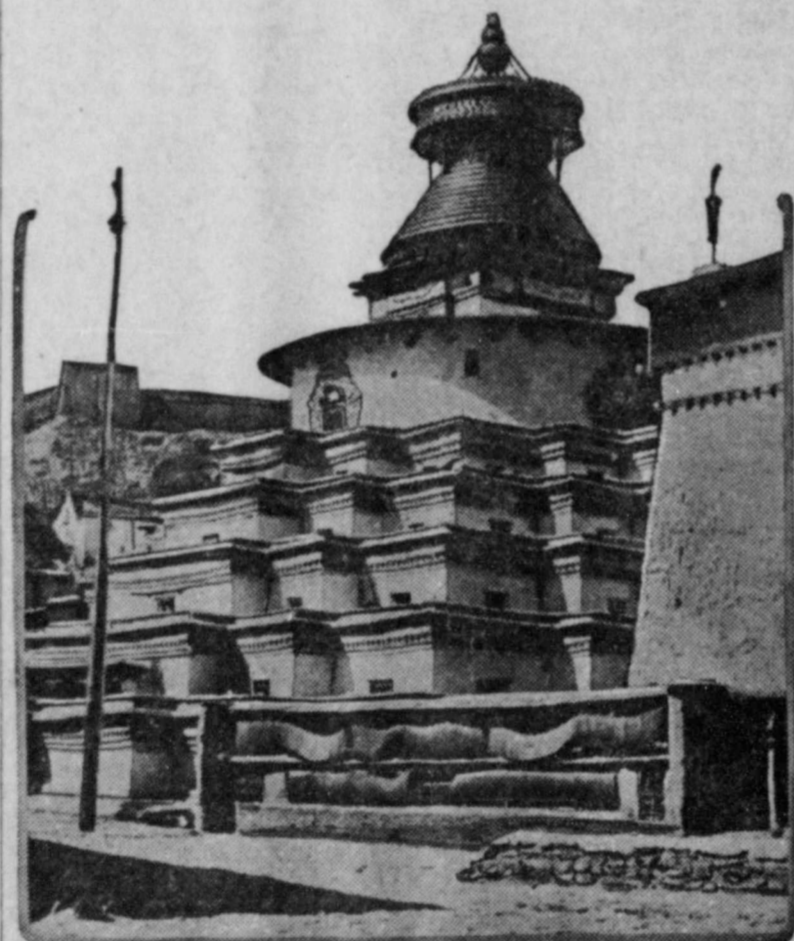
On the fifth day of May our camp was awakened by wild shouts and firing, which were the prelude of an attack in force by the Tibetan troops. For fully two months we were besieged; then re-enforcements arrived, and we were enabled to proceed. On July 14 we set out for Lhasa in the midst of a rainstorm. Frequent rains thereafter went far to destroy the delusion that Tibet is a rainless country.

Lhasa, the Forbidden City.

As we passed over range after range of hills we looked eagerly for the mysterious city. It was on the second day of August that we beheld at last the golden roofs of the Potala—the huge group of buildings on the hilltop composing the "official quarters of the grand lama—glittering in the distance; and on the following day we pitched our camp beneath the walls of Lhasa, the forbidden capital, which no living European had ever seen before.

The first fact of importance that we ascertained was that the grand lama had fled. He had sought refuge in Chinese territory.

We found much to interest us meanwhile in the monasteries, which might be described as ecclesiastical settlements, surrounded by high walls and gathered about one or more temples. The temples always have red walls, and in many instances the roofs are covered with plates of pure gold. In



BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN TIBET

with Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world, as the culminating object. In the dim, mysterious distance lay the sacred city of which so little is known, and entrance to which was barred by every obstacle man or nature could raise.

Not Opposed at First.

At a place called Yatung a trading post had been established under an old treaty. But a wall had been erected to shut out all intruders, and beyond it our traders had never been allowed to pass. The wall was built directly across the road and high up the mountain side on either hand. We thought we might have to fight our way through, but the great door in the tower which guarded the road was standing open, and thus we passed peacefully through the gate of Tibet, and descended into the Chumbi valley.

In the valley bottom and on the hillside were comfortable villages and cultivated fields. The people seemed well-to-do, and were decidedly well disposed toward us. They soon showed themselves keen traders, and must have made a small fortune out of their dealings with the expedition.

After three weeks, which were devoted to military preparations, we started again. A force of the Tibetan troops attempted to oppose our progress, saying to us over and over again, "Go back to the frontier!"

It was not until early April that, after exhausting every possibility of peaceful agreement, we finally proceeded to Gyantse. On the way we

each temple is usually a long altar, behind which stand huge images of the gods. Inside they are very dirty and grimy, with highly decorated imaginative pictures of demons and dragons. Before the images of the gods burn many bowls of butter night and day, just as candles are burned in Roman Catholic churches before the figures of saints.

People Were Hospitable.

When once we had entered Lhasa we found the people hospitable as well as friendly. They even gave us free access to the monasteries and temples. They are very fond of theatrical performances, which are conducted in the open air. On one occasion I was routed out of bed at seven o'clock in the morning to attend such a performance, which lasted until seven in the evening. It was got up expressly for my entertainment, and consisted mainly of pantomime, accompanied by dancing and music, the latter being chiefly drumming. They wanted to go on with it for three days more, but one day was enough for me.

We saw a good deal of the women of Tibet. They are not veiled or secluded in any way, as in other oriental countries. Many of them came to our camp, between fights, bringing eggs, poultry, mutton, butter, wheat, barley, and other produce for sale.

Polyandry is practically restricted to the agricultural laboring class. It is an expedient of economy, the arrangement usually being one under which a woman is the wife of several brothers. She does not choose her husbands from different families

GETTING MA AWAY

By BARBARA COOPER-CUSHMAN.

(Copyright.)

When we finally decided to go to Chicago to live, Nettie said: "Well, we must take the canary and the coffee-urn, and—ma." Ma just put her hand up to her face, so—a way she has—and smiled. She said nothing. That usually means considerable anxiety for the family. It certainly did this time.

Pa went first, a week or two ahead, then ma was to go to finish settling, and Nettie and I—Nettie is twenty-five and I am only nineteen—were to follow two weeks later. The main thing was to get ma off.

Everything went beautifully as far as we were concerned. Nettie left the office—Nettie works; she's very clever; I just help ma keep house—well, as I said, Nettie left the office for a whole morning to get ma a through ticket and check her baggage, and we both saw her aboard the express for Chicago.

Truly, we nearly missed the train even then, because ma had packed her best bonnet. We hunted high and low for it till nearly train time. Then Nettie finally concocted some sort of an affair out of a piece of crape that no one had packed because we didn't think it good enough.

Well, I think I told you before, we saw ma off, crape bonnet and all. Then Nettie sent a telegram to pa in Chicago, saying:

Ma left on the noon train. Meet her tomorrow. NETTIE.

Nettie and I were pretty busy that afternoon and evening. Several people came in, and there were a dozen and one things to be done about the house.

So that night Nettie and I slept the sleep of the just. We thought we knew where ma was.

Next day Nettie went to the office as usual, and I was busy sorting out the papers in my desk when I saw a telegraph boy mount our steps and ring the bell. Maybe I didn't hurry then! I just snatched the telegram from that boy and tore it open. This is what it read:

Noon train is in from New York. Where is ma. PA.

"It was signed 'pa.'" Nettie came along the street just here, and I rushed to her like a maniac waving the paper at her and shouting in a high key:

"Pa wants to know where's ma." Nettie stared at me in dumb amazement. Then light came, and with it revelation.

"Pat, she has stopped off at Philadelphia," declared Nettie solemnly. I forgot to tell you that ma's father, Grandpa Klein, lives in Philadelphia, and her brother and youngest sister. Well, when we got ma placed in Philadelphia, mentally, we felt better. However, Nettie telegraphed back to pa to ease his mind:

Ma left Tuesday. Probably stopped Philadelphia. Where is ma? NETTIE.

That last sentence she just put in for sarcasm, but at the end of a week it had come to be so well known at the telegraph office near our home, that the operator thought that it was some sort of signal or code phrase. She used to try different ways of spelling it to see if it mattered. Once she had it, "Where is maw?" Another time, "Where's ma?" Sometimes she put an exclamation point after it; sometimes a question mark. Once she just had "W's M?" but we knew what it meant.

Our telegram became such a daily affair that it was like the newspaper or the milk. Every night we had a telegram for dinner. In the meantime, where was ma?

II.

Of course, we found out afterward. Indeed, while we were fussing in New York, ma was taking her ease and a lovely vacation in Philadelphia.

On the arrival of the New York-Chicago train at Philadelphia, no one was visible to meet her. So ma went to the ticket office, got her ticket validated, or extended, or whatever it is that postpones the trip from one train to another, and then found that she had forgotten my uncle's new address. Ma thought a few minutes, and then went to the telegraph office, and there if she didn't trace Nettie's telegram! She found the address.

Just as ma started up the street, she was met by a colored maid, who, recognizing her from a picture that she—the maid—had dusted many times on the mantel in aunt's sitting room, stopped and asked her if she was Mrs. Gilpatrick. Naturally ma said yes. She soon came to the house, and was welcomed with open arms. It seems the telegram had not reached them, through some delay or other, so they did not know about meeting the train.

The family would not hear of ma's leaving that night, and they coaxed and cajoled her day by day until she had stayed a week.

All this time we had no word from her, and Nettie and I were getting frightfully worried.

Finally, at the end of the week—we had telegraphed to the City of Friends twice—we received a dispatch saying:

Stayed over Philadelphia. Am leaving tonight for Chicago. MA.

Nettie and I sighed relievedly. We thought we had ma located. We sent word to pa that same morning.

Next afternoon we got our daily. It was changed slightly:

Ma not here. Where is she now? Nettie groaned. I shrieked with laughter.

"There's Bud in Wilmington, and Aunt Harriet in Washington." I gasped between my spasms of hilarity. It did seem too absurd. By the way, Bud is my younger brother.

But Nettie looked unhappy. "This is too awful," she sighed. "Will she ever get there?"

This time we were at a loss. Ma might be in Wilmington, she might be in Washington, or she might not have left Philadelphia. So we decided to await developments. And indeed we did. We waited another week.

In the meantime, ma had started from my uncle's home with the best intentions in the world. She was going to Chicago.

However, when she got to Wilmington the temptation was too great. So off went ma to see Bud, my brother. She went for an hour, and stayed two days. Poor pa!

Well, ma thought she wouldn't worry us with any more telegrams—that's what she said—so she decided to send no word from Wilmington, but to go straight through to Chicago, which was now her one and only thought—until she got to Washington. But why continue? Exactly two weeks from the time ma waved a fond farewell to us at the Jersey City terminal she landed in Chicago. The trip usually takes 23 hours, except by the limited, when it takes 18.

Pa, by this time, had business which took him to Duluth. He was staying at a hotel not far from the house which we had leased, waiting for ma to come and finish settling. When it became a necessity for him to go to Duluth for a day or two, pa racked his brains considering how he should describe ma to the hotel people well enough to have them put her in his room and look out for her until he got back.

Finally he thought of her picture, which he always carried in his watch, and he gave it to the clerk.

"This is my wife," pa said. "Now, if she arrives before I get back, don't let her go away again. Put her in my room, give her the best of everything, but don't let her go away."

This was on Friday. Early Wednesday pa came back from Duluth and found ma sound asleep, snug and warm abed.

That evening Nettie received a telegram: Congratulations are in order. Ma is here. PA.

A week later, when Nettie and I started to join them, I sent a telegram. It read:

Nettie and I are starting for Chicago. Where's ma?

AS TO "COLOR BLINDNESS"

Many Strange Things Connected With Faulty Vision Which Has Been So Designated.

When a woman is able to match a sample of material from memory, she is said to have a good eye for color. If the possessor wants to select, say wall paper to match a rug, or ribbon to match her frock, she does not find it necessary to take time to find a piece of the original material to carry with her, which piece, by the way, is often mislaid when the time comes to use it.

Children should be trained to recognize colors and the difference in colors, an important point in both the Montessori and ordinary kindergarten systems. But it is found that not all children or grown-ups either can define difference in colors, or indeed even recognize a color when they do see it. When this fault in vision is so pronounced as not to yield to training it is known as "color-blindness."

The strange thing about this faulty vision is that it has been found to be like extra fingers and toes, an inherited trait, but unlike most hereditary diseases it is transmitted only from the mother's side. Thus, while a son may have inherited the trait from his mother, he would not transmit it to his own children, although his sister, if she has a child, will pass it on to her offspring.

To Test Eggs Before a Candle.

For the benefit of farmers and all persons who handle and use eggs the Department of Agriculture has recently published a colored egg-candling chart, which if used will enable persons to test eggs accurately before they are opened.

This chart shows the eggs in their natural size as they appear before a candle, and also as they look when in an open shallow glass dish or saucer. The pictures show absolutely fresh eggs, slightly stale eggs, decidedly stale eggs, eggs with yolks sticking to the shell, eggs where the chicken has developed so far that blood has been formed, moldy eggs, addled eggs and eggs with a green white. Generally housewives do not know that a green color in the white of eggs is due to the presence of billions of a certain species of bacteria that make a green coloring matter. Eggs with this greenish tint, even though the yolks seem to be perfect, are not fit for food.

A STRONG DEFENSE

against general weakness can only be established and maintained by keeping the digestion good and liver and bowels active.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

will help wonderfully in restoring the "inner man" to a strong and normal condition.

Breaking It Gently. Maid—Thieves got into a house in this street last night and stole all the silver.

Mistress—What stupid people to leave doors unlocked! Whose house was it?

Maid—It was at number 7.

Mistress—Why, that is our house!

Maid—Yes, ma'am, but I did not want to frighten you.

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

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

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

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

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

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

Long Drawn Out.

Uncle Jeff, an aged negro driver of Augusta, was piloting several northern visitors around just after the first golf links had been put in there. Uncle Jeff was a little short in his knowledge according to St. Andrew, but long on local pride.

"How many holes have they," inquired a visitor, "eighteen?"

Uncle Jeff pulled up to make his answer more impressive. "More'n dat, suh," he said, "dey's got a passal er land and de holes ain't bigger'n a tin can—I reckon dey's got a thousand holes already, suh."

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

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

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

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

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

Wedded Life.

"Did your wife ever get the best of you?"

"Yes. Didn't she marry me?"

Sore Eyes

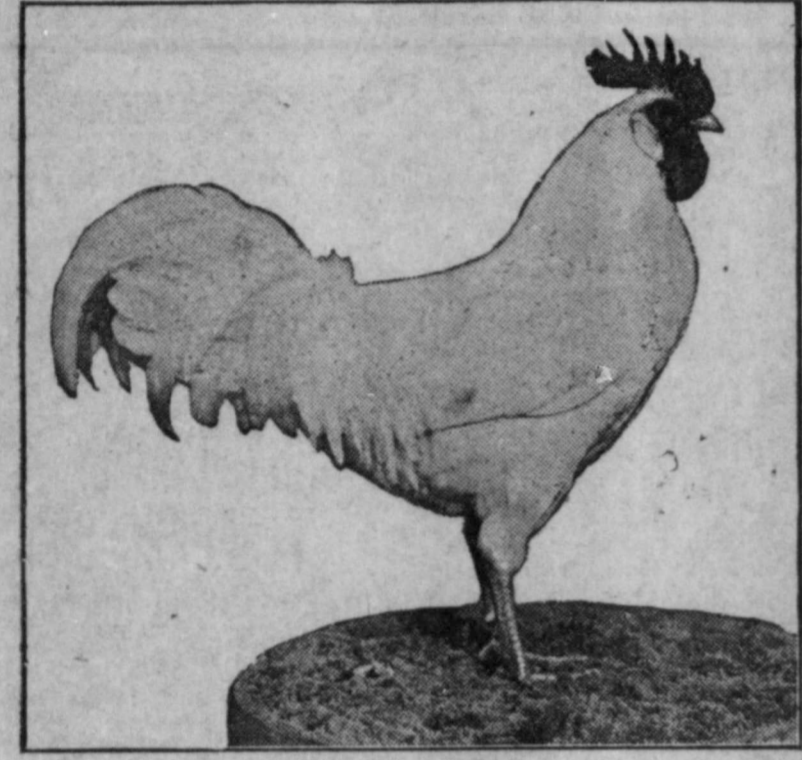
Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Sale at the Eye-Frank Drug Store or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

PRODUCTION OF EGGS

Poultry Tend to Make Farm Self-Sustaining.

Every Southern Farmer Should Aim to Keep at Least Fifty Hens for Laying Purposes and Home Consumption—Few Essentials.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) The farmer who has a well planned and well cared for garden has gone a long way toward supplying his family with healthy and economical foods.



White Leghorn Cockerel.

the money derived from the sale of poultry eggs buys the groceries and clothing for the entire family. Every southern farmer can do as well, and should aim to keep at least fifty hens for laying purposes and home consumption.



A Mixed Flock on a Government Experiment Farm.

most of their feed by scratching in a litter composed of about four inches of dry straw, leaves, or chaff. The following ration will give good results when proper care is given to their feeding:

or buttermilk is excellent for poultry. Green feeds, such as cabbages, mangel beets, alfalfa or clover, should be added to these rations when grass is not available. Young chickens should be fed from three to five times daily, depending upon one's experience in feeding.

Cracked corn, and pinhead oatmeal or hulled oats, to which about five per cent of cracked peas or broken rice and two per cent of charcoal, millet, or rape seed may be added.

As soon as the chickens will eat whole wheat, cracked corn, and other grains, the small-sized chick feed can be eliminated. In addition to the above feeds the chickens' growth can be hastened if they are given sour milk, skim milk or buttermilk to drink.

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.

Keep the brood sow in good, thrifty and healthy condition. Allow her plenty of exercise. Feed her green food in the winter. She is very fond of alfalfa hay and mangel beets with one feed per day of middlings and milk.

CALOMEL SICKENS! IT SALVATES! DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver. If you are bilious, feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Courage is the universal possession of the German, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Belgian, the Austrian, the Russian and the Japanese. The stories of individual coolness and daring are so many that they have almost ceased to attract special attention.

For Steadfast Peace. God puts within our reach the power of helpfulness, the ministry of pity; he is ever ready to increase his grace in our hearts, that as we live and act among all the sorrows of the world we may learn by slow degrees skill and mystery of consolation.

OUCH! PAIN, PAIN, RUB RHEUMATISM

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.

SOFT WHITE HANDS

Under Most Conditions if You Use Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better or more effective at any price than these fragrant supercreamy emollients.

His Collection. Wife—John, the bill collector's at the door. Hubby—Tell him to take that pile on my desk.—Penn State Froth.

under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated.

I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tone to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable, liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel.

HIS PRESENTS ALL PAID FOR

Referring to the promptness of some people in settling their accounts, Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan recalled a little incident about a party named Jones.

STOMACH MISERY GAS, INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sick, sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes.

Time! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, or foul breath.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which doesn't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known.

Crowning Achievement. "Was the inventor of the destroyer rewarded?" "They knighted him."

"He was made an earl." "One more question, if you please—what reward, if any, fell to the author of the book which proves that war is a biological necessity?"

"He was made a duke." "A duke!" "Yes. We are a cultivated nation, and but for his grace's work we should never have had the face to make use of the inventions of the others."

Knew the Ropes. Bacon—You can depend on him. Egbert—Are you sure? "Oh, positively. He knows all the ropes."

"How do you know?" "Because he worked for a long time in one of those factories where they make cheap cigars."

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

Voluble. "Is he a man of his word?" "I don't believe so. He's a man of too many words."

The heart of a pretty girl may be as chilly as a dog's nose.

UNITED STATES RANKS HIGH

Percentage of Literacy Compares Well With That of Other Countries of the World.

In the United States the percentage of illiteracy is 7.7, the total population (over ten years of age) and 3 for the native white population.

Obedient Tommy. "Now, Thomas," said the teacher, severely, "how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers? Put your hand down and presently I'll hear from you."

There was a man in the entry a while ago," said Thomas serenely, "and he went out with your new silk umbrella."—New York American.

ASHAMED OF HER BAD COMPLEXION

Many a nice, and otherwise attractive, girl is a social failure because of her poor complexion. If you, too, are embarrassed by a puffy, blotchy, unsightly skin, resinol will probably clear it.

Beginning the Day. Oh, God, give me freedom. Loose me from the shackles of fear and hate and all sin. Break my cage and lead me out. Let me feel the wings which I have dreamed about.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and pure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fitcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fitcher's Castoria.

Probably Not. "This scientific article says that chocolate is great for relieving fatigue," commented Mr. Wohmaat.

Prosperous Appearance. "Some men live for their stomachs." "That's true, but a man with an unusually large abdomen has a prosperous look withal, as if he can drape a heavy watch chain across the illusion is complete."

For the treatment of colds, sore throat, etc., Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops give sure relief.—See at all good Druggists.

A female cynic is one who declares that all men are alike.

The General Says: Why accept a doubtful guarantee on roofing when you can get one signed by the largest manufacturer of roofing and building papers in the world, with a saving in cost in the long run.

Certain Teed

Roofing is guaranteed in writing for 10 years for 2-ply, and 20 years for 3-ply, and the responsibility of your big mills stands behind this guarantee. Its quality is the highest and its price is the most reasonable. For sale by dealers everywhere.

General Roofing Material Company. World's largest manufacturer of Roofing and Building Papers.

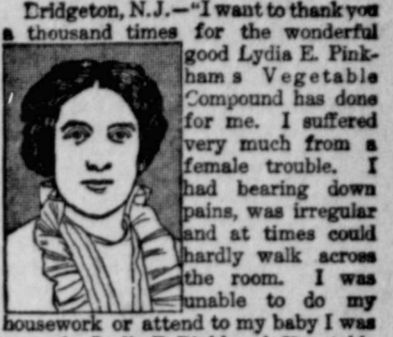
New York City Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Philadelphia Atlanta Cincinnati Detroit St. Louis Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco Seattle London Hamburg Sydney

SEEDS You Need

Field and Flower Seed. Write for Catalogue. DAVID HARDIE SEED CO. Dallas, Texas. It will be mailed free. Scientific Seed Co., Dallas, Tex.

THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Bridgeton, N.J.—"I want to thank you a thousand times for the wonderful good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered very much from a female trouble. I had bearing down pains, was irregular and at times could hardly walk across the room. I was unable to do my housework or attend to my baby I was so weak. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me a world of good, and now I am strong and healthy, can do my work and tend my baby. I advise all suffering women to take it and get well as I did."—Mrs. FANNIE COOPER, R.F.D., Bridgeton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

A Sacrifice Hit. She—Would you leave your home for me? He—I'd leave a baseball game in the ninth inning with the score a tie.

He is a poor sign painter who is unable to make a name for himself.



Cigarettes are the mildest and most pleasing form of tobacco. Three out of four smokers prefer FATIMAS to any other 15c cigarette.



WANTED MEN on SALARY to operate by County or Township presenting our 12c. FOR COTTON plants and showing King's COTTON PICKER'S TRUCK. AUTO or BUGGY supplied men who prove efficient. Special \$35.00 per Week try out offer. Write at once for full particulars. King Seed & Implement Corp., Richmond, Va.

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

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A perfect preparation of herbs. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Build Up With 50 year tested and appetizer and general reliable remedy for malaria, chills and Tonic fever, colds and grip. 50c.

DROPSY TREATED, usually gives quick relief, soon removes swelling and short breath, often gives entire relief in 12 to 24 days. Trial treatment sent FREE. DR. THOMAS E. GREEN, Successor to Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box 4, Chatsworth, Ga.

DAIRY AND STOCK FARM—485 A. IN Anderson Co., Tex.; 175 a. cult., 16 f. house, 2 barns, 2 tenant bases, orch., etc. Price \$20 per acre. Geo. Scarborough, Palestine, Tex.

WELL IRRIGATED ALL CULT. 48 A. IN Hidalgo Co., Tex.; best in co., house, out-bldg., etc. Margin Box 612, McAllen, Tex.

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send description and price. Subscribers: Houston Agency, P.O. 4, Houston, Tex.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 7-1915.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

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

Locals

Subscribe for the Informer

C. L. Fields was in town from Naylor Thursday.

J. C. Hill and wife were in town trading Tuesday.

Have a Fit with Clarke, the Tailor.

Price Cates and family moved to Memphis first of the week.

Spurgeon Bishop was in town several days this week.

The latest Books and Magazines at Hedley Drug Co.

J. T. Patman was down from Clarendon Thursday morning.

D. C. Moore and Frank Jones went to Shamrock this week.

Little Carroll Horschler has been quite sick several days.

Born February 19, a girl to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rice of Wild Valley.

G. A. Wimberly made a business trip down the Denver first of the week.

W. T. McBride of Lelia Lake was transacting business in the city Monday.

T. C. Lively's father and brother were up from Hall county this week visiting.

D. A. Crouch and family and R. H. Belcher and family have located at Logan, N. M.

We will get you any book or magazine published Hedley Drug Co.

R. H. Jones put out some trees around his residences in East Hedley this week. Next!

Mesdames Oxier and Franklin left Tuesday morning for Dallas to buy their spring millinery.

Miss Ethel Whittington went to Quanah Saturday morning to visit an uncle and aunt a few days.

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

C. M. Shook bought a farm one mile southeast of town from J. G. McDougal, and moved there last week.

Miss Maggie and Gordon Wilson were up from Memphis first of the week visiting Mrs. Wimberly.

Mrs. Henry Lovel of Clarendon visited her brothers, L. L. and R. L. Cornelius from Sunday to Monday night.

Mr. Bales who has been living in Mrs. Dunn's residence, moved Tuesday to his farm he recently bought near McKnight.

H. K. Jones of Valley View stopped off on his way home from Amarillo Saturday night for a short visit with his brother, R. H.

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

WANT-ADS

FOR SALE—Barred Rock eggs for hatching J. S. Grooms

FOR SALE 4 year old mare Cash or good note. E. C. Kerley

FOR SALE—Bright bundle orghum, \$3 per ton at the mill. J. G. McDougal.

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

FOR SALE or TRADE—Hackney black stallion, weighs 1200, age 7. Will sell or trade for livestock Frank Clark.

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.

FOUND—A girl's white wool sweater. Owner call at Informer office and pay for ad.

LOST—Sunday between my home and M. E. Church, a nice Eastern Pin. Finder leave at Informer office or with and receive liberal reward. Mrs. E. G. Dishman.

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.

Mrs. N. B. Gage and children, moving from Quanah to Clarendon, stopped off here this week to visit friends, Mrs. Parker and family.

Mesdames Adamson and Culwell have received some fine chickens and turkeys. They are the White Brahmas and White Hollands, and cost a goodly sum.

Mrs. Tarpley and children left Wednesday morning for Tucumcari, N. M., to make their future home. Miss Vida went out there several weeks ago and we understand has a good position in the printing office at that place.

A big rain fell Friday night and Saturday morning the prettiest fall of snow took place, the flakes were extremely large, but melted upon reaching the ground. Look for good crops this year as the ground is full of moisture to start in with.

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.

BAPTIST CHURCH
On Sunday February 7, the Missionary Baptist Church moved to hold their summer revival meeting beginning Friday night before the 1st Sunday in August. No help has been secured yet.

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS
Judge, J. C. Killough
Clerk, J. J. Alexander
Sheriff, G. R. Doshier
Treasurer, E. Dabbs
Assessor, B. F. Naylor
County Attorney, W. T. Link
Justice of the Peace Precinct 3, J. A. Morrow
Constable, W. W. Gammon
District Court meets third week in January and July
County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

WHAT CITIES ARE DOING

Winnipeg is to have an athletic club house of 12 stories, at an estimated cost of \$750,000.

Panama City is to have a laundry, ice plant and ice cream factory operated jointly under one roof.

Spirit Lake, Ia., comes into the year's homestretch with a record of \$300,000 spent in improvements.

Chicago reports 1,250 holdups during the last 12 months. More policemen are needed to put down the hold-ups.

Cincinnati is seriously considering the advisability of advertising the city. Money could not be put into a better asset.

Chicago experts figure out a loss of \$16,000,000 a year in wasted time due to traffic congestion in downtown streets.

The city of Niagara Falls is going into the city manager business, hoping thereby to cut out the profits of municipal middlemen.

The Lyons County Farmers' Produce association of Emporia, Kan., organized a year ago, did a business of \$80,000 in 12 months.

Milwaukee has a cat and dog cemetery of five acres. It is the only place in the neighborhood where canine and feline observe strict neutrality.

Soup kitchens are booming in St. Louis under municipal auspices. At the grand opening of the plant 200 gallons of noodle soup were used as a filler for 900 men.

To give winter jobs to as many idle hands as possible the school board of Des Moines has ordered work to proceed on repairs and improvements usually done in summer.

The New York novelty of hiring out young men as escorts for women has reached St. Louis and Kansas City. Engaging manners is a prime requisite for an escort job, which blazes a new route for romance and elopement.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Imagination is the mother of most of our troubles.

Ever meet a girl who was as pretty as her own picture?

A misdirected search for happiness is the stepmother of selfishness.

And sometimes a word to the wife is sufficient to start something.

To the man who says "I will" the chains of destiny are mere cobwebs.

Contentment comes to those who desire but little and are satisfied with less.

Our idea of a wise man is one who is just a trifle less foolish than the majority.

But if a man is foolish and doesn't know it, it's a sign that he has no wife to instruct him.

A man never realizes just how foolish he can feel until he has attended a five o'clock tea.

The average woman never calls it flattery when a man praises her for qualities she knows she doesn't possess.—Chicago News.

GENTLE CYNICISMS

A genuine skeptic has lost all faith in himself.

Many a fellow never gets to the front because he is too fast.

It is sometimes easier to do the proper thing than the right thing.

On the other hand, a man is also the architect of his own misfortune.

Too many men measure success by the standard of their own littleness.

The most common form of pessimism is the belief that a good beginning makes a bad ending.

Fewer young men would sow their wild oats if they should first stop to look for a needle in a haystack.

The only time we notice an impediment in the speech of some people is when an occasion arises to praise others.

SOME POSTSCRIPTS

For sorting fruit as it is picked in a tree there has been invented a tube that separates the small from the large as they slide down it.

Because from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 tons of potatoes rot every year in Germany the government is fostering the erection of drying plants.

A riveting machine which is a miniature internal combustion engine is said to be operated at one-twentieth the cost of a pneumatic riveter.

KEPT TIME WITH THE MUSIC

Knitting Finally Got on Nerves of Individual Who Was There to Enjoy the Contest.

"I was at an orchestra concert recently said a noted musician of Cleveland and was enjoying it thoroughly when, about the middle of the first number I began to feel a strange and regular movement about me. At first I thought it was the beat of the music because I felt it grow slower and faster as the music went but I never knew that Mr. Stockowski's beat extended as far into the auditorium as my seat. Gradually the movements grew more pronounced. Finally it became physical. I edged into my ninth or tenth rib. I'm not sure which. Slow in the andante movements, vigorous in the allegros, it edged into me.

"I looked at my neighbor, a pretty woman of about thirty. She was knitting. Oblivious of the music she knitted and knitted, responding unconsciously to the rhythm. Of course, it was for the Belgians or I should have ventured a protest. But I feared the worst. In the dignified Sibelius number the elbow of my neighbor nudged me in appreciative gentleness. In the dance played by Zimbalist they insisted a little, but joyfully and respectfully. Then the orchestra began to play the 'Marche Slave' With the first blare of the trumpets my innards were attacked. With the beat of the drum my whole body was pounded by the knitting enemy's bayonets. As the crescendo rose I saw her arm coming in a flanking movement and—died for my life."

USE OF QUOTATION MARKS

Protection Against Libel Suits as Well as An Excuse for Eccentric Style.

Judge Bodkin's book of reminiscences contains many good things. Among them is his description of one of the editors under whom he served, John B. Gallagher who is said never to have read a book in his life. It was he, says the Dublin General Advertiser, who revised the reporter's copy and mercilessly mutilated the manuscript. He had one curious delusion. He fancied that inverted commas were a protection against libel action, and stranger still an excuse for his eccentricities of style. On one occasion Mr. Bodkin, in describing a theatrical performance, wrote that it was exquisitely amusing. "Old G." cocked his head critically on one side. "I don't like that word exquisitely," he said. "All right, sir," I answered, "I'll strike it out."

"No, no; it's a good enough word, but it's a little unusual there. Tell you what, we'll quote it." "Quote it from what?" I asked in amazement. "Oh, it does not matter; just simply quote it." Next morning the Freeman's Journal duly reported that the performance was "exquisitely" amusing.

The Man Who Disobeyed.

* A corporal of the Scottish Borderers pays a fine tribute to the Indians. "It's an honor to fight with them," he says. "After their first fight some of their wounded were lying out under heavy fire. It was a critical moment for us, and there were strict orders that no man was to leave the trenches. In spite of that, one of the Indians collected some chapatties and rushed out under fire to give them to wounded men of his own village, who were out there. He came back without a scratch, though he was under fire all the time. The queer thing was that the man who had faced death from German bullets and shells without quailing, was frightened out of his life at the thought of what would happen to him for disobeying orders on the field of battle."

Wife Sues "Wage Slave."

Mrs. Lottie May Place, in Judge Neff's court at Cleveland testified her husband Frank told her he wouldn't work because he didn't want to be referred to as a "wage slave." She is suing him for divorce. "He talked about the suffering of the workmen, but wouldn't work himself," she said. "I supported him." She told of a visit to market with her husband a year ago. "He wanted a spring chicken and I had to buy it for him," she said. "He bought three glasses of buttermilk and drank two of them himself." Place is sixty and his wife is forty-eight.

Medals to English Boy Scouts.

Arrangements have been made by the executive board of the national council of Boy Scouts of America for the award of individual thanks medals to each of the members of the troop of English Boy Scouts which has been constantly on duty, co-operating with the American relief committee in London. This badge is a swastika design with a tenderfoot badge superimposed. If possible the presentation will be made by the American ambassador to England through Lieut. Gen. Sir Robert S. Baden-Powell.

Our Sawed-Off Sermon.

It's easy for a minister to tell his congregation how to reach heaven, but he might find it difficult to personally conduct them there.—Indianapolis News.

BEN
I have the Jack formerly owned by Sam Smith. He is a good black Jack, 5 yrs old and is in good condition. He will make the season at my place 3 miles northeast of Hedley. \$10 to insure living colt; \$8 to insure foal.
A. W. WORSHAM

LONG AND SUCCESSFUL LIFE
Evan P. Howell a Man of Whom H's Native State Might Well Feel Proud.
Probably no Georgian was ever more popular than was Evan Howell, born at Warsaw, Ga., December 10, 1829. Several of his ancestors were distinguished in the Revolution and Evan P. was prominent as an officer in Georgia regiments in the Civil war, one of his activities being the organization of Howell's battery. Previous to the war, in 1859, he had been graduated from the law school of the University of Georgia. Emerging from the war without a dollar he went to work on the old and dismantled Howell farm near Atlanta and with his own hands built a house in which he lived for a year with his wife and two children. In 1867 he took a position on the Atlanta Intelligencer as city editor until he could begin his law labors, at which he was quite successful. In 1876 he was attorney for the Atlanta Constitution, which was in financial trouble at the time. In his examination of the books he saw that it was really good property, bought a half interest, assumed charge of the paper and the stock soon soared until it was so valuable that there was none on the market. Captain Howell had been a warm friend of the brilliant Henry W. Grady, gave him a position on the Constitution and sold him a fourth interest. Under such management the paper became one of the most influential and profitable in the South. Clark Howell, son of Captain Howell, succeeded Mr. Grady when the latter died in 1889, and became sole manager and editor when his father retired in 1897. Captain Howell's home was one of the most attractive in Atlanta.

City Directory

Every 2nd and 4th Monday nights
J. M. Bozeman, C. C. L. A. Stroud, Clerks
I. O. O. F. Lodge meets on every Tuesday night
J. M. Killian, N. G.
H. A. Bridges, Secretary
Meets Saturday night on or before the full moon.
R. A. Bayne, W. M. Gene Dishman, Secretary Pro Tem
EASTERN STAR CHAPTER meets on each First Monday night at 7:30.
Mrs. C. W. Kinslow W. M.
Mrs. S. L. Guinn, Secretary

CHURCHES
BAPTIST, Jas. A Long, pastor
First Sunday in each month.
METHODIST—M. L. Story, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning and night, except every First Sunday morning
SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday 10 a. m. F. Kendall, Supt
PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening
MISSIONARY BAPTIST
C. W. Horschler, Pastor
Telephone No. 30 S. L. S.
Services 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 11 o'clock.
Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.
G. C. Meadows, Supt.
Senior B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.
Junior B. Y. P. U. at 5:00 p. m.
Regular weekly prayer meetings Thursday night—All night services begin at 7:30 p. m.
CHURCH OF CHRIST meets every Lordsday morning 10:30, and also preaching every first Lordsday morning and night.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED
Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.
Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.
Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.
Don't believe that everybody else is happier than you.
Don't conclude that you never had any opportunities in life.
Don't believe all the evils you hear.
Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.
Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.
Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have an earache, headache or rheumatism.
Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.
Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman; and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."
—Christian World.

POOR REWARD OF RESEARCH
English Scientist Bemoans Fact That He Has Been Able to Accomplish So Little.
Lecturing at Charing Cross hospital, Sir Ronald Ross, discoverer of the life history of malaria parasites in mosquitoes, spoke of his disappointment at the slow progress of the fight against malaria. "When I had completed my work in 1899, I had fondly dreamed that a few years would see the almost complete banishment of malaria from the principal towns and cities in the tropics; that those benign climates and those beautiful scenes would be almost rid at once of a scourge that has blighted them from time immemorial. In this I have been disappointed. True, much has been done in certain places, as in Panama, Ismailia, Italy, West Africa, and parts of India and the Malay states, and in some other spots; but much more might have been done had we remained fully alive to our opportunities—and our duties. It is not the fault of science that we do not fully utilize the gifts that she gives to us. None of us here will live to see the full fruition of those gifts in this particular case; but we have it ever thus with science. Her slaves are like laborers condemned to drive tunnels through mountains—working, perhaps for years, in darkness, and oppressed by the immense splendors of nature above them; but always encouraged by the hope that at any moment they may emerge into the sunlight and upon the vision of a new world."—Youth's Companion.